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Crimson and White

APRIL, 1913

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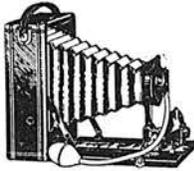
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Vol. IX

APRIL, 1913

No. 4



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

SPRING.

Awake, old earth,
Bestir thy drowsy self,
Stretch forth thine arms
And let all bloom.

Let grasses peep again from thy
dull breast—
Let buds burst off their wintry
coats
And greet the sun.

Awake as does each heart,
Which, sluggish through the cold,
Now bubbles o'er
And makes us sing.

Let every semblance of the dreary
time of death be gone.
Awake, bestir thyself,
'Tis Spring!

R. K., *Adelphoi*.

THE CLOUD.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.
I bring fresh showers for the
thirsting flowers,
From the seas and streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves
when laid
In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the
dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their
mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail
And whiten the green plains
under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

To listen to the reading of this poem is but another way of seeing nature's beauty through other eyes. Immediately, at the opening, the soul is transported through the medium of its appreciation of practical beauty to the open out-of-doors. "I bring fresh showers to the thirsting flowers," the cloud

proclaims, and then tells in a wonderfully fascinating rhyme of its home in "heaven's bare blue," and its manner of fulfilling its heaven-given duty in sending down the storms, gentle in summer but fearful in winter. "I sometimes change but I cannot die," is the thought predominating throughout the whole poem. The "daughter of earth and water" lives on and on, sometimes nearly annihilated by the rising sun with its "meteor eyes," and again reigning all powerful in the darkness of night, guided by the pilot lightning and laughing as she "passes in thunder" or "sleeps in the arms of the blast." But what a beautiful thought is that of giving gentle shade to the leaves in the noon-

day! What a picture of quiet beauty is brought to the mind's eye! A meadow adorned with magnificent, almost majestic, oaks and here and there perhaps a running brook was the picture that came to me, supplemented happily by the darting hither and thither of chirping birds, the sunlight wonderfully warm and tender, and then the cloud, beautifully spotless and fleecy just passing before the sun, imparting its individual portion of beauty toward the harmonious whole.

Scarcely a summer day passes that we do not, if we are so fortunate as to be in the country, see and admire the clouds, but who of us will not now be more truly appreciative? C. B., '13.

APRIL FOOL.

The tall stair clock was just striking four, on the afternoon of the first of April, as Molly Williams walked thoughtfully down the broad stairs of the fine old colonial mansion. She looks very sweet and girlish in her dainty, white dress, with the long rays of the late sun playing fitfully in her lovely golden hair. Her face still wore that thoughtful expression as she lifted the receiver of the telephone at the end of the hall. But then she started suddenly for there were familiar voices talking over the wire.

"Oh, Don, do stop that teasing and tell me what this most wonderful joke is," came a coaxing voice, which Molly instantly recognized as that of her chum, Alice Graham.

"Well please don't blurt it out before Molly if you see her this

afternoon," responded the masculine voice of Molly's brother, Donald.

"Of course not, silly, if it's on her," indignantly from Alice.

By this time Molly was very deeply interested indeed, dropped into a chair that was nearby, and prepared to eavesdrop.

"Well," resumed Donald, "this is our plan. Molly is going up to the church to-night to help the little kids in that rehearsal, and she insists on coming home alone up through 'Spook's Alley,' just to show us that she isn't afraid of that dark place, even if the other girls are. So we are going out there and hide and when she comes along rush out and attack her. We'll wear masks and take a lantern, and I'll bet she'll be scared to death for all of her professed

bravery.—Now isn't that some April Fool?

"Oh! what fun," Alice exclaimed, "it will be perfectly great. how many are there to be?"

"Five of us; Jim, Marjorie, you, and myself."

"Splendid! What time and where are you going to meet?"

"Why about nine, I think. She will certainly be along by half after and we don't want to miss her by any chance. We'll start from Jim's house, because that's the nearest. I'll come over for you, anyway."

"All right I'll be ready."

"Don't forget the mask and you'd better wear a long coat."

"All right. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Molly banged up the receiver with a chuckle. Every serious thought had fled and she said to herself,

"Ho-ho, Donald Williams. So you thought you'd April Fool me, did you. Well we'll see."

She called up one of her friends and asked her to go to the rehearsal in her stead, saying that she had a slight headache—which wasn't too big a fib—and wouldn't be able to go. When Donald came in she was reading quietly in the library.

"Oh, sis," he called from the hall, "are you going out to-night?"

"Yes, Don," Molly replied sweetly.

"And are you sure you don't want me to come after you?" he continued.

"Yes, quite sure, thank you."

"Well, I don't think you ought to come home through 'Spook's Alley.' Do change your mind."

Don knew that the best way to make Molly do a thing was to persuade her against it.

"No, I shan't change my mind. It's a good deal shorter and that's the way I'm coming."

"Very well, stubborn," and he winked wickedly at the placid face of the clock.

Supper that night was a jolly meal. Shortly after Molly came down-stairs with her coat and hat on, and, calling good-by, went out. But instead of going on into the street she stole around the house, slipped in the back door when no one was looking, crept up the back stairs, and was soon locked safely in her room.

* * * * *

Nine o'clock saw five stealthy figures making their way cautiously toward "Spook's Alley." Arrived at this gruesome place they concealed themselves on either side of the narrow path and settled down to wait. At half after nine the tension was at its highest and the anxious watchers expected any minute to see Molly's slight figure come tripping along toward home. But the minutes dragged on to ten, and she did not appear. The would-be robbers stirred and murmured uneasily, but the fleeting seconds brought no Molly. Where could she be? That was the question uppermost in all their minds. Finally, when Jim's watch registered eleven, five perplexed and disappointed persons rose from their respective hiding places and held a hurried council as to what they should do.

"I can't imagine where she can be," said Don, the originator of the bold scheme.

"You don't suppose she stayed at home, do you?" suggested Marjorie.

"No, I don't because I saw her go out myself."

"Well, it's my opinion that she was afraid after all and went home another way." This last from Alice.

"I'll tell you," Tom put in, "let's all go over to your house, Don, and see if she's there."

"Agreed," they cried in chorus, and immediately set out. What was their surprise, on entering the Williams' house a few minutes later, to find it in total darkness.

"Goodness! It's awfully spooky," shivered Alice. Then Don tried to turn on the light, but was unsuccessful.

"Come on into the library," he called.

So they all groped their way in and suddenly the lights came on with a blinding flare. They turned involuntarily toward the end of the room, and there, pinned on the

portieres, which had been drawn together, was a huge white card, on which was written in the boldest of bold, black letters,—

April Fool.

They stared at each other in a bewildered manner until, hearing a slight noise, they wheeled about and beheld Molly standing calm and serene in the doorway.

"What's the matter?" she asked smilingly.

"Matter! You little sinner," cried Alice, who had suddenly had an inspiration. "How did you find it out?"

You can imagine the chagrin they felt when Molly told them the story.

"Well, it surely is one on us," they agreed.

And when they went home at about twelve, Molly called gaily from the steps,

"'He laughs best who laughs last,' you know."

M. C. W., '15.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

At the side of an old cathedral in a city of the middle west, a group of laborers were digging a trench. As they entered the hole under the church, returning laden with earth, they reminded me of ants, and caused me to question how much better we are than the little busy insects that set us so fine an example of thrift and activity. But I had little time for moralizing for I had been sent by an Eastern Valve Manufacturing Company, to install a water-motor to run the old cathedral organ. Our contract specified that the

motor must be in place by Sunday; and this was Friday.

As I approached the foreman of the gang, I asked him how his men were getting on. He replied with a grimace.

"Eh! Work's slow, hard work sir!"

"Haven't you plenty of men. If not get more."

"Now, that ain't de trouble sir, it's de place where them bishops are buried."

"Oh!" I said, "the crypt of the church."

The trench had to be dug

through the crypt of the church where, it is said, that many bishops and celebrities were buried.

"My men are 'fraid, they think the bishops no like them, diggin' near thar bones."

"Poor superstitious Slavs and Poles," thought I but I told him to encourage the men, and to do the best he could.

The next morning I entered the church and looked down through the little trap door that opened into the cellar or crypt of the church. Everything was in fine shape, and the work was nearly completed. Many candles had been placed the entire length of the underground passage, for not a ray of light could penetrate this dismal place. The sounds of the picks, as the men moved to and fro, were encouraging to me.

I began my work near the organ. All at once, the church seemed to be unusually quiet. I immediately returned to look down through the trap door to see if everything were as it should be. To my astonishment the lights were out and all was inky blackness. I might have been looking down into the bottomless pit, for out of the depths came the sounds of mutterings and prayers, yes prayers, for I surely heard "Holy Mother protect and save us!" Was I dreaming or were the bishops taking their revenge! I lighted a candle and let myself down into the darkness.

I am not a nervous or superstitious man, but as the light from my candle fell upon the faces of the kneeling men I shuddered involuntarily. The darkness seemed intensified by the light of my

candle. The air seemed to vibrate, pulsate, as if by the presence of some invisible force. I gathered myself together and cried, "Don't be cowards, be men! Up here, help me light these candles!"

I lighted one candle, two—three, and to my amazement, looked back and the candles that I had lighted were put out so quickly that, were it possible, I would think an unseen hand had closed over them.

I retraced my steps and lit the first candle again. This time I reached the tenth, when on looking back I saw that half of the candles were out. Was some one playing a joke on me, or were there intangible spirits at work in this underground burial place.

"See here!" I cried, "the fellow that is playing this joke can quit it!"

The cold sweat stood in drops on my forehead, indescribable chills ran over me, my knees trembled as I again retraced my steps to light the candles. The pale faces of the still kneeling men crossing their foreheads and muttering prayers added to the weirdness of the scene.

I held my hand over the candles to see if I could detect a draft which might have blown them out, but the air was so still, that it would not have moved even a feather. Yet I could feel the presence of something imperceptible.

I think I added my prayers to those of the kneeling men. I started to light the candles again, when something hit me on the side of my face. Instinctively I put out my hand and caught,—not the

hem of a bishop's gown,—but a bat!

There were big bats and little bats, fat bats and lean bats in this underground passage. We

breathed much more easily when we found that the bishops were resting in peace and only the bats were taking their revenge for our intrusion. D. R., '15.

MISS BROWN'S BURGLAR.

The time was midnight; the place, one of those small villages nestling among the friendly mountains and overlooking the lovely Hudson. Miss Mary Ann Brown had never married; regardless of the numerous and urgent offers she had received. She and a number of good ladies, were returning from the annual church festival, discussing the gown of Mrs. Smith and the good or bad qualities of the new minister.

They parted at Miss Brown's little white cottage, which glistened brightly in the soft moonlight. Her small home was eloquently expressive of neatness and unmolested ownership.

She fitted the key in the door, and, entering, found the lamp, which was soon lighted. Cautiously, as was her evening habit, she peered into all the closets and presses and finally, thoroughly satisfied with her scrutiny, mounted the stairs to her bedroom.

Contrary to her usual custom she neglected to look under the bed before she drowsily blew out the lamp and retired for the night.

Shortly afterward, she heard a sound, similar to a snore or a groan. Miss Mary Ann crowded closer into the bedclothes and, terrified, covered her head with them. The noises continued with still greater force, so poor Mary Ann Brown summoned all the scattered frag-

ments of her courage together and shiveringly put one foot upon the floor. To her horror, it was met by a touch as of flesh itself, and the frightened lady ran breathlessly from the room.

She threw a convenient raincoat about her shoulders, thrust her feet into a pair of rubbers, and when she finally stood upon the threshold, she screamed "Burglars!" with such force that soon lights were twinkling in the windows of neighboring houses.

Within ten minutes a strange procession, armed with still stranger weapons, and headed by Sheriff Jones, entered Miss Brown's immaculate hall, and made muddy tracks upon her clean carpet.

The sheriff came with a hatchet and a big umbrella, and accompanied by his buxom wife who carried her heaviest rolling pin. Joe Dean followed with a shovel and close behind him marched Billy his ambitious young son, clutching a small iron cart tightly in one chubby hand.

After much excited consultation between the sheriff and Miss Mary Ann, the would-be-detectives started slowly and somewhat reluctantly toward the scene of action.

The noises were still going on, and continued despite the sheriff's thundering command to "surrender in the name of the law!"

After some hesitation, the valiant chief and his bold assistant pulled the end of the collar which extended from under one corner of the bed, and much to the surprise of their interested audience, rolled onto the floor in great and rather undignified haste.

It was nothing but a man's coat, but *how* had it come there? The rescuers began to look with a little suspicion at poor Miss Brown.

Meanwhile, Billy crawled under the bed and triumphantly pulled a very much frightened young man out by the ear. All looked on in astonishment, but soon Sheriff Jones awoke to his official duty, walked over to the young man, and claimed him as his prisoner.

To the great amazement of the spectators, Miss Brown shrieked

and fell into the arms of the burglar, who rather hurriedly kissed her, and explained sheepishly that he had only intended to play a joke on her. When he had arrived and found her away, he had crept in the unlocked back window, which she had forgotten, and crawled under the bed to await her arrival. During her prolonged absence he had fallen asleep from the effects of his long journey, and thus his snores had caused the trouble.

Miss Mary Ann Brown delightfully introduced "her nephew, James, from Harvard College," to the highly indignant officer, who left the house in a rage, with his brave aids swearing that he would never again answer to the cry of "burglar!" E. L., '14.

GETTING INTO THE GAME.

"You kin git a cayuse over there." Lem Williams waved his whip carelessly toward the only house in all the broad expanse of prairie, then, continuing his stroke, brought it singing about the ears of his leaders. "So-long," and the coach rumbled away in a cloud of dust.

Paul Warren felt suddenly very much alone. To be shipped, without any preliminary warning, to southern Wyoming, with directions from his "Governor" to "get into the game, and learn the ranching business, Sir," would be rather disconcerting to most. But not to him. Here was a new land to conquer. He would dazzle these westerners with his worldly wisdom; he would set up a new standard. *He* would be leader. But now it was different. How-

ever, recovering some of his lost equilibrium, he finally procured a gentle horse, and started on his thirty-five mile ride to the Yellow Jacket Ranch.

Like all other easterners, he desired to look as western as possible, so, for the furthering of that effect, he had purchased a sombrero of the most pronounced type, a silk shirt, a red silk bandana handkerchief, sheepskin "chaps" with the wool still on them, high-heeled Mexican boots, ornamented by silver spurs, and as a final touch, two monstrous guns. By the time he reached the ranch the weight of this outfit was slightly alarming.

Johnny Billings saw him first. After one look he bolted into the bunk-house, nearly upsetting Steve Burns, and began to hunt frantic-

ally for the Temperance Pledge the Sky-Pilot had given him the summer before, and faintly gasped, "I saw it comin' down the road. Boys, it's simply fierce! *Where's that pledge?*" The bunch stampeded to the corral just in time to see Paul dismount.

"I'm Mr. Warren's son," he said grandly, "where is the foreman?"

"Here," said Burns, stepping forward and taking the letter of introduction. "Oh. I see. Well, we'll show you all we can about ranching. Come into the house."

Just then Johnny, who had recovered, accidentally shot off his gun, while the honored guest only jumped about three feet. Johnny, very apologetic, explained, but privately told Tank Jones how much satisfaction he got out of it. Though Paul said he was rather tired, Johnny wished very much to show the last consignment of cattle brought in, but insisted that Warren ride one of the ranch horses to the lot.

"Yuh see," he persuaded, "this here pinto is as gentle as a baby. He couldn't buck if he tried. Broke him myself. Come now, try him."

But the trying was another matter. No sooner was he mounted than the non-buckable pinto threw him with spirit. When he came to, Halibut Smith was near with good advice.

"Now, this time, mount from the other side. Yuh see, old Monty ain't used tuh havin' any-one mount that-a-way. Climb on over his tail, from the fence here. He kinda knows yore strange, but

if he don't see yuh, why you'll jest git along fine."

The mounting *was* rather a ticklish affair, but finally Paul found that by hanging on for dear life he could still keep in the saddle. By this time Johnny was unable to stand, while old Monty took the opportunity to bolt, leaving the astonished guest in the corral. Lassos were found and by some very odd chance, they succeeded in roping "Mr. Warren's son," for which they were profoundly (?) sorry.

Later, after supper, they all gathered about the fire and told stories. Johnny had a very particular one about a snake he had killed.

"Oh, do you find many snakes around here?" timidly asked the would-be-conquerer, looking slightly wilted.

"Shore there is," eagerly assented the historian. "Something fierce. Why sometimes we even find them in our bunks. Yuh have tuh be awful careful. Poisonous, too."

That night Paul awoke, startled. Great Scott! something was moving at the foot of the bed. Putting out a cautious hand he felt—a snake.

He sprang from the bunk, grabbed his melodramatic western clothes, and raced for the corral. In the bunk-house Johnny Billings, nearly choked with laughter, silently pointed to the old boss' stuffed snake, to which was tied the manipulating string. Far out on the prairie there gleamed, even in the soft moonlight, a parti-colored figure for whom the game had become too hot. S. D., '15.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

VOL. IX

ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL, 1913

No. 4

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of the N. H. S.

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Single copies	- - - - -	.15

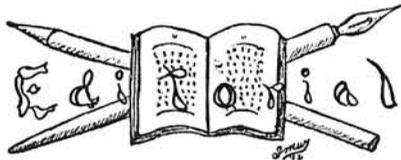
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Normal students, we're proud of you for the loyal support you have given us this year! You have responded to our request for stories not with a sense of duty alone, but with an apparently enthusiastic desire to fulfill your obligations to the school paper. Some of you have assisted in obtaining the advertisements which have aided us so materially in covering our expenses. We are very grateful to you for the co-operative interest which nearly all have displayed in their cheerful manner of writing for THE CRIMSON AND WHITE. This is certainly about the best proof of the school spirit which has always prevailed in old Normal. School spirit does not mean simply yelling at a ball game, al-

though this is included under the same name; it means an interest in every branch of school activity, so deep, that it produces a willingness to work for it, sometimes where the work shows itself least.

There is but one thing that we regret, and that is that it is always the same ones who are so willing to work—but do not think that we complain for that number includes a large majority.

We have begun by praising the students and we do not intend to recant that praise, deserved as it is. However, we are going to ask that more support be given to our musical, which, as most of you know, is to be given April twenty-fifth and for which, so far, the students have displayed little eagerness to purchase tickets. We are not giving this musical for the sake of having an enjoyable evening but because the proceeds which we will realize from it are neces-

sary for the publication of the last issue. It is our plan this year to make our June issue the best it has ever been, practically making it an annual. Such will necessitate not only work but more money than our subscription funds are able to produce for our subscription price is small in comparison with that of many school magazines. Certainly THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is worth that

much of your interest. Furthermore the talent we have obtained for the evening is the best available so that you need not feel that your time and money will have been spent for the benefit of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE only, but also for your own enjoyment and pleasure. We therefore ask that each one of you at least buy a ticket willingly and try to sell a few if it is possible.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a time coming when your school cares will be over, when, as a graduate of the High School, you will ponder over those friends so dear to you and will long to know what has become of this friend and of that? Stop and consider how you can keep in touch with those who graduate yearly and how after you have been graduated you may hear of the High School friends, never to be forgotten by you! It is with the greatest earnestness that in this column we strive to give you some trace of the former graduates of the Normal High School and the wonderful work which each and every one is accomplishing, in his own sphere.

Caroline Lansing of the class of 1912, who is this year a student at Wellesley, spent her spring vacation with her parents in Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Meany have been in Albany recently. Mr.

Meany is a graduate of the class 1907 and in October last was married to Minnie Van Sandtford of this city. They are at present residing in New York where Mr. Meany has a fine position with the Hudson River Day Line.

Chester Hane of the class of 1912 is a freshman at the Albany Medical College.

Pearl B. Shafer, a graduate of 1911 N. H. S., and who is a sophomore in the Normal College spent a part of her spring vacation with relatives in Mechanicsville.

Warren Vosburgh who is a sophomore at Union has attained an average of 98% in chemistry for the year.

W. Irving Goewey, a graduate of 1912 N. H. S., and who is this year taking a Post Graduate course in the Albany High School, was one of the delegates this year sent from the Albany High School to Wesleyan.

Miss Cushing: "This test will last half an hour only. I know you can make enough mistakes in that time to suit me."

While Moses was not a college man
And never played football;
In rushes he was said to be
The first one of them all.—*E.r.*

SCHOOL NOTES.

Here we are, back in school again, after the spring vacation. We are well rested now, and ready to work earnestly, and faithfully until June.

The Junior class has held several meetings and the class officers have been elected. They are as follows:—

President—Chester Long.

Vice-Pres.—Marguerite Clark.

Secretary—Edna Class.

Treasurer—Joseph McEntee.

The class has, after much delay, given the annual reception to the Seniors. The affair took place on Thursday, April 3, '13, just before vacation, under the auspices of a committee composed of—Marguerite Clark chairman, Helen Page, Edward McDowell, and Gordan Scott. The "gym" was effectively decorated with the class and school pennants and with crepe paper of the class colors, scarlet and black.

The music was fine, being furnished by O'Niel's orchestra. During the course of the afternoon, ice cream and cake were served, in which task John Butler figured prominently, as the teachers know. The Misses Johnson, Clement, Shaver, and Cushing and Professor Sayles acted as chaperones. It was a very enjoyable affair, was well-attended, and a great success.

On Lincoln's birthday, an address was given in the auditorium, by Dr. Blue, dean of the college. It was entitled, "The Giant of the Ages"—and there was not one of us who did not agree with Dr. Milne that this was a far better

way of celebrating the birthday of such a hero than having vacation.

On Monday evening, March tenth we had the privilege of hearing and seeing Mr. George Kiernan impersonate Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Kiernan, a friend and scholar of the great actor, made each one of us who attended (and that number was not small) feel that our time could not have been spent in a manner more profitable or interesting. It was not at all hard for us to see through imagination's eye scenes in the little village of Falling Waters instead of the accustomed platform in the auditorium so vividly did Mr. Kiernan represent not only Rip but also the other characters in the laughable yet pathetic scenes of Irving's sketch.

The two history classes alone were permitted to hear Professor Sayles' lecture on "Traces of European Principles of Government in Our Government." In vain did the other members of the school lament that they were not in either the English or American History classes and the scholars in those classes know what they missed for the lecture was interesting to the end.

The Senior class has, after due and weighty consideration, chosen its colors. Who could have thought that the dignified seniors would be so adherent to style as to choose the most fashionable color-combination of the season—dark blue and orange? There surely is "some class" to those Seniors!

Several of our members have

been absent from school because of measles. Among those afflicted are: Gertrude Lathrop, Margaret Lovett, Kathleen Hayes, and our worthy critic, Miss Shaver. The first mentioned has also suffered from a sprained ankle.

A very interesting debate took place on Friday, March 28th, in one of the divisions of the third-year English class, on the subject: *Resolved*, That the *St. Nicholas* is a better magazine than the *Youth's Companion*. It was firmly supported by Dorothy Burton, and heartily opposed by Edward McDowell. After much deliberation, the class voted in favor of the negative.

Another debate, in the same class, was held the following Friday on the subject: *Resolved*, That secret societies should be abolished from our high schools. On the affirmative were Gordon Scott, Edward McDowell, and Albert Hoyt; on the negative, Eloise Lansing, Marguerite Clark, and Marion McDowell. The affirmative was greatly handicapped by the absence of Mr. Hoyt, who was to have been the first speaker on that side. The judges were Frances Vosburgh, Elmetta Van Deloo, and Joseph McEntee, who awarded the victory to the negative.

On the same day a debate was held in the other third year English class on the subject: *Resolved*, That Washington was a greater man than Lincoln. Chester Long, Gilbert Daring, and John Butler supported the affirmative, while Dorothy Himes, Edna Class, and Eleanor Dunn were on the negative. The judges were

Miss Kernan, Nelson Covey, and Katherine Blessing. They found it rather difficult to render a decision between the two sides, but soon decided in favor of the affirmative. The girls intend in the near future to challenge the boys to another debate and win back their lost laurels.

The two new rooms, at either end of the corridor, are now completed, and Professor Sayles is located in his new quarters, at the end of the hall, between the Freshman and Sophomore study halls. The worthy students occupying those study halls will now have to "look out for themselves," especially the green little Freshies.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE Board has arranged for the annual entertainment for the benefit of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE fund. This year it is to be a musical given by Miss Helen Jeffrey, violinist and the Albania quartette, and will take place in the college auditorium, on April 25th. The board asks and expects the hearty support of the students, and the cause is well worth your help. Remember it is for the benefit of your school paper! Tickets may be obtained, at thirty-five cents apiece, from any member of the board. Come and bring your friends!

In the December issue of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE there appeared Miss Holder's story "The Night Terror"—a thrilling account of the saving of a baby dying with croup by a burglar who had intended to rob the house. It is a singular coincidence that a similar occurrence actually happened, although several months

after the story was written, and an account of it appeared in the *Knickerbocker Press*.

Several fortunate students were unable to attend school on account of the flood. Yet all of these students declared that had they been able to utilize their Virgils they could have floated to school in safety. *So much for our spirit of prophecy.*

On Monday, March 31st a meeting of the boys was held for the purpose of electing a manager for

the baseball team. Mr. Knapp was elected. A motion was made and carried to organize an athletic council to be composed of the managers of the various teams, one representative from each class and Professor Sayles as chairman. The motion was carried and the election of representatives followed. The following were chosen. Mr. Kirk, '13; Wilcox, '14; Hanna, '15; and H. Wright, '16.



Zeta Sigma.

During the past month our alumnae have organized themselves into a "Zeta Sigma Alumnae Association." The first meeting was held in the auditorium on March eleventh. At this time the following officers were elected:

President—Mabel Wood.

Vice-President—Florence Van Vranken.

Recording Secretary—Mary Horton.

Corresponding Secretary—Mat-ion Flanders.

A meeting will be held again on April nineteenth.

Nor have the present members of Sigma been any less active in their work. The election of Freshmen took place on February twenty-fifth and as a result Ruth Wishart, Carolyn White, and Gertrude Lathrop were admitted to membership. On the afternoon

of April second, after strengthening our victims with a fine spread, we initiated them; but it must be noticed that Ruth Wishart was not in school on the following day. However badly we may seem to have treated them, we are very glad to welcome these new members into our sorority. Sigma has now about forty active members.

On March eighteenth a most exciting debate occurred with Marion Packer and Marguerite Taylor supporting the affirmative and Marion White and Helen Page the negative, on the question: *Resolved*, That the parcels post system is of a great benefit to the nation. The judges decided in favor of the negative. On April first Miss McDowell gave the Alpha Iota Phi in a delightfully original and interesting fashion.

Miss Caroline Lansing, who,

during the week of March thirty-first, was home from Wellesley was present at our meeting on April first. Miss Mabel Wood

was also present at this meeting. You may be sure that we were delighted to have these two old members with us again.

In this world a man must be either a hammer or an anvil.—
Longfellow.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul.—*Addison.*



Quintilian Literary Society.

In February, Q. L. S. elected its officers for the remainder of the year, with the following highly satisfactory results: President, Marguerite Clark; Vice-President, Mildred Birdseye; Secretary, Margaret Lovett; Treasurer, Phyllis Clark; Editor, Clara Holder; Assistant Editor, Hazel Schilling; Marshal, Pauline Dinkel; Mistress of Ceremonies, Margaret Shirtz.

All Quin. girls were delighted to hear that one of its members—namely, our president, Marguerite Clark—had been elected vice-president of the class of 1914.

Once on a certain dire red letter day—
Indeed 'twas March the twenty-fifth,
I've heard them say—
Three freshmen, innocent and frightened, too,
With their forebodings somewhat heightened, too,
With ever lessening courage and increased dismay,

By solemn Quin girls to the gym were led away.

They underwent there, with amusing agitation,
The sacred ordeal of initiation.
You'd grin to just hear how they acted there—
The crazy stunts that were enacted there!
And later came a joyful celebration
With the jolliest kind of fun and recreation.

'Twould never do if I forgot
To name the heroines here on the spot.
Ruth Bruce and Marjorie Dunn were both attended to,
While Marion Poole showed courage really splendid, too.
Now they are full fledged members, glad enough, I wot,
That they resolved with Q. L. S. to cast their lot.



Adelphoi

The attendance has been very regular and the meetings have been very interesting. The literary programs have been excellently prepared. Messrs. Scott, McDowell and Covey displayed exceptional talent in debates on: *Resolved*, That Washington was a greater man than Lincoln, *Resolved*, That the United States should interfere with the Mexican Revolution and *Resolved*, That the city of Albany should take charge of the garbage situation.

Mr. Wright has been admitted to membership.

We were addressed at a recent meeting by Mr. Burnett, an alumnus.

The music furnished by Messrs. Kirk and Relyea has been enjoyed by all and has added greatly to the interest of the meetings.

Preparations are underway for a reunion banquet to be held after vacation.



Theta Nu

The meetings of Theta Nu have been, as usual, very good. One of our meetings, a few weeks ago, was made unusually amusing and interesting by a mock trial.

The trial started off in fine shape but as soon as some of the witnesses were examined matters became difficult. Some of the brilliant and prominent witnesses gave such varied evidence that the trial proved to be a very serious one. When it came to the summing up

and the decision by the judges it was an extremely difficult task for them. The judges finally held the man guilty.

The Theta Nu members are glad that the baseball season is coming on and that Normal is beginning to think of a team. Since some of the members of Theta Nu are good ball players we intend to be represented on the coming team.

GLEE CLUB.

Soon after the mid year the officers for the last half were elected. Eleanor Dunn presides over these gentle peace disturbers, with Mary Blue as her assistant. Caroline Lipis is recording secre-

tary and Marjorie Dunn, corresponding. Gertrude Lathrop is pianist. Jennie Dodds was elected treasurer and Euretta Avery her assistant but the former realizing the peril of her position promptly

resigned and the burden of the office fell upon Loretta Reilly's meek and unoffensive shoulders. Of late we have had no regular programs and the girls turned their attention toward having a party. On the fifteenth of March the gym was given over from three o'clock until six, to the Glee Club girls, together with our honored faculty. Marion Packer had charge of the affair—in other words everyone had a good time—and each girl invited a friend. In Blind Man's Buff, Racing and other games of Marion's own manufacture, our worthy critics displayed certain accomplishments with which we had never credited them.

Eloise Lansing and Miss Lamb won prizes for "certain stunts." Miss Clement and Miss Cushing arrived late but in time to take part in the most exciting game of the afternoon. Two teams were lined up; a dumb bell was given to each leader and a hard cracker to each member of the teams. The side that first chewed and swallowed its crackers and passed the dumb bell to the other end of the line won the race. Misses Clement, Cushing, Valentine and Secor by their ability in that line (no offense meant) carried off the laurels from Miss Johnson and Miss Schafer. Lastly orange sherbet was served and enjoyed by all.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Nothing reveals character like the company we like and keep.—*Hillis.*

"Get off the fence!"—*J. M. S.*

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

Men will talk of little things and great things as if they knew what things were little and what things were great! — *Phillips Brooks.*

Better to wear out than to rust out.—*Cumberland.*

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed what we say.





The Kuay possesses that quality characteristic of most Western school organs; it is a paper of the students and by the students. It is filled with bright scintillating news; an account of events from Dramatic and Debate to the latest society happenings. The business men of Seattle have very good taste. The advertisements are the most artistic we have seen.

That the *Literary Novice* is literary, we admit, but it is more of a folio of the student's best productions than a spirited school magazine. There is scarcely anything concerning school activities but the deficiency is repaired by an unusual supply of pretty poems. "Votes for Women" is a clever parody and of interest to us since several of our worthy citizens were in that band. "A Gondolera" and "The Evening Star" are two charming poems.

The Magpie has the qualities the *Novice* lacks. It has a "Magpie" for a school editor, the school notes are most entertaining. "Old Tom's Easter" and "Lauretta's Party" strike two different chords of pathos. The exchange editor

wastes space that could be devoted to criticism.

A journal from Japan, the *Kucassui Quarterly*, has been received and duly admired by the students. This magazine has a very dainty and unusual cover and we found the editorial and in fact the English half of the paper very interesting.

The Bayonet (February) is enhanced by several photographs of St. Augustine and of the celebration which has taken place there. The paper on the whole is good. The social and athletic news is not bad—but the jokes! There are entirely too many of them and some not in the best of taste.

The style of *The Cardinal* is rather heavy. All of the write-ups are rather drawn out and there is no genuine humor in it. "Correspondence" is an excellent idea and the "Value of Athletics," although we have written expositions and debates on the subject, we liked.

"1814-1912" in *The Academe* is a direct contradiction of the loyal sentiments expressed in "Albany Academy for Girls" and

it weakens the loyalty and good will which is evident in the well supported alumnae notes and the enthusiastic "Athletics." The stories are not of any unusual merit. The exchanges are written in a clear, concise and pleasing style.

The cover design of *The Occident* (Feb. number) is attractive and its art work fair, yet the paper gives one an irresistible impulse to shake it! It lacks vigor in spirit and stiffness in the paper used. "A Question of Right or Wrong" is out of place here (or anywhere) to say the least and "Sara" has no point to it. The athletic notes are excellent. The last paragraph is a splendid expression of good will and school fellowship.

The Canton H. S. Monthly possesses a rare sense of humor. The literary department is very good. "Winter Among the Poets" is a very fair appreciation. The "literary" poems must give place to those side-splitting rhymes among the jokes.

The general appearance of *The Tattler* varies. One month it appears in a pleasing form and the next in a much poorer condition. It would be better to adopt a certain standard and keep it. *The Tattler* always has, however, attractive cover designs, an interesting story or two and it is always out on time. One knows the date by the appearance of *The Tattler*.

The Tech Monthly ranks well as a "live" school organ. "Any Early Flight" is a very good story, an atmosphere of mystery pervades and the climax clears all so well

that one overlooks the hackneyed implication that "they lived happily ever after." "Betty Morley Breaks Quarantine" is also thrilling. We commend too the exchanges, but the class notes could bear great improvement.

The Toka leaves no suggestions to be made unless it is that the exchange criticisms should not be "mono-sentence." The social news is perhaps the most pleasing feature of the paper. Each event is fully and vividly chronicled.

The subscription price of *The Acropolis* is one dollar but "there's a reason." It is a live paper sparkling with wit and humor and displaying not a little talent in its stories and art work. "Miss Hallucination" has all the delightful qualities of a "College Prank" story. "Well Mr. Bones?" is a roaring success. The Raving of the Exchange Editor could be advantageously replaced by a few sensible criticisms.

The Daisy Chain is a small magazine representing a school that is managed, it seems, mostly by girls. "Over the Phone" is a sketch true to life. "10 Little Seniors" should not be included under "Literature." The Latin and German departments are amusing at least. The exchange editor might hope to excel his feminine colleagues by more detailed criticisms. So much for the Easter number, which fortunately we read before the Valentine one. The latter has a would-be witticism *i. e.*, "Her Ten Commandments" which would be of no

credit to any paper least of all to a school organ.

Six stories, and good ones at that, seems to disprove the statement that boys cannot write stories. At least it is untrue as far as *Irving's School* (Tarrytown) is concerned. The style of "Rabowitz's Treasure" and "Where the Trail Dipped" is more pleasing than the other stories although they are good. The exchanges might be given a more prominent place. The school notes are delightful to read. "Hercules the Giant" was the "funniest yet."

The Oracle is a magazine that one thoroughly enjoys and reads for the pleasure they derive and not to find something to criticise as is the case with most exchanges. It contains poems of no mean merit, stories and sketches, an unique department civics; domestic science notes and very commendable exchanges. What pleased us

(In debate.) — Consider the Mighty Lincoln who wrote his famous Gettysburg speech on a train going to Gettysburg on a piece of brown wrapping paper!

McEntee doesn't seem to be able to master Latin Syntax. He answered correctly once and Miss Johnson was unable to eat her lunch.

Marion Baker moved to Schenectady and it made her so tired. Marion's part in the moving consisted in attending fifteen parties given in her honor.

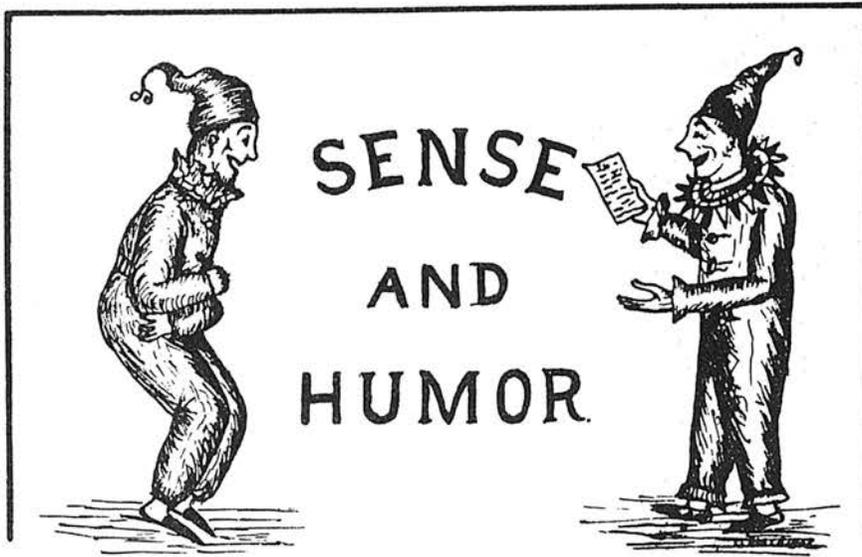
most was the athletic notes. They were bursting with pardonable pride over the State Championship. We cannot yell with you but we do offer congratulations. The editorial on "Where is Your School Spirit" is not in quite the secure tone of last year's editor. We hope this will not continue.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Academe, Acorn, Acropolis, Adelpian, Aerolith, Argus, Bayonet, Black and Gold, Cardinal, Chief, Chronicle, Comet, Canton H. S. Monthly, Criterion, Daisy Chain, Echoes, Enterprise, Forum, Gleaner, Huisache, Iliad, Irvionian, Kuay, Kevassui Quarterly, Ledger, Malachite, Tech Monthly, News, North Star, Opinion, Oracle, Occident, St. Helen's Quarterly, Palmetto and Pine, Recorder, Register, Sentinel, Shucis, Stylus, Tattler, Tecktonian, Toka, Triangle, Totem, Voice, Vexillum, Whirlwind.*

Isabel Johnston was asked on an exam to give the preventative of typhoid fever. She wrote: "Keep a cow." The answer was "pasteurized milk" and realizing her error, she rushed frantically to the teacher and asked if she might take the cow off her paper.

Euretta Avery says she can't keep her hands off anything she likes. That's the reason she hugs her geometry so passionately in going to school every morning.

Of all the sad words of pen or brush. The saddest are these: the street's all slush!



OUR BOOKSHELF.

Little Miss Sunshine—Miss Valentine.

The School of Saints (?)—N. H. S.

Vanity Fair—Lucile Walkers.

Prudent Priscilla—Ruth Lape.

Daddy Long Legs—Hamilton Adams.

The Iron Woman—Corabel Bissell.

Rebecca—Marian Domery.

The Little Minister—McEnany.

Bad Little Hannah — Gladys Miller.

Princess Sunshine — Ruth Jeffrey.

The Sky Pilot—Ferguson.

The Marooned Traveler—Miss Ablett.

The Man of the Hour—Edward McDowell.

He Comes Up Smiling.—Chester Long.

Saracinesca—Eleanor Dunn.

The Melting of Molly—Helen Page.

Little Duke—Van Slyke.

The Man Who Laughs—"Ike" Blauvelt.

Father's Recompense — Report Cards.

Thru Pain to Peace—Virgil Class.

Old Oak Chest—Edith Mead.

Last of the Fairies—Olga Meyer.

Not Dead Yet—Seniors.

The Coopers—Ethel Fryer's pet chickens.

The Barefooted Maiden — Marion Baker.

Fair Maid of Perth—Pearl Sharp.

Ministering Children—Krauch, Seymour, Sweeny and several others who 'minister unto the "humorous" needs of their classmates and the misery of their teachers.

Queen of Hearts — Marion Packer.

Flowers of Innocence — The Faculty.

The Angel in the House—Marie Stuart.

Practical Piety.—Miss Schafer.

WE ARE WONDERING

How Florence Gale happens to know so much about the banking system of N. Y. State.

Why a certain Quin girl foregoes the pleasure of Q. L. S. to talk to Ferguson?

Why Lodge must block the traffic by practising the "Boston" in the corridors?

Where Corabel gets that inordinate flow of adjectives?

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

One naive senior declares that she has learned since she came to high school that pedagogues require and relish sustenance.

AT THE RECEPTION.

John Butler (appearing with four plates and speaking in his courtly basketball tone).—"Any of youse teachers have anything more to eat?"

Decided Refusal (heard in the distance).—"Here fellows, four more plates for you!"

A favorite dish in Normal: Lamb and Peas served by a Poole.

A smiling young lady named White,
They say is musical quite;
First she'll sing then she'll play
And keep it up night and day
Will this charming little Miss White.

French Teacher.—"In France people cannot kiss each other good night in the daytime."

A. Gazely (regretfully).—"Neither can we.

The following notice was written on Todd's English examination paper: "Your essay was very pleasing. It might have been more so had I been able to decipher the same. I have mastered none of it beyond the title, which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. Your essays have a singular and perpetual charm. They never grow old and one can lose nothing in them as they never can allure the least information from them. Other papers are read and forgotten but yours remain forever—unread."

Teacher.—"Give me a synonym for sober."

Harriet Gardiner (who had attended a temperance lecture the night before).—"Dry."

FOLLOWING SINGERS ENGAGED AT THE NORMAL HIGH SEE'EM.

My Little Persian Rose—Ruth Bennett.

I'm the Guy—Eugene Molitor.

You're My Baby—Margaret Shirtz.

I Want You Dearie, Deed I Do—Jennie Dodds.

Oh You Beautiful Doll—Alice Griffin.

The Harbor of Love—May LeCompte.

That Old Girl of Mine—Richard Kirk.

"My son," said the new parson to Ed. Brandow. "I fear you are one of those wayward sheep, long strayed from the fold."

"Oh, no," he replied reassuringly, "I'm a Bull Moose."

Aspiration,
 Anticipation,
 Expectation,
 Realization,
 Mystification;
 Hard occupation,
 Conditionalization,
 Exasperation,
 Examination,
 Short vacation,
 Passification,
 Gratification,
 Four year's duration,
 But at last salvation,
 In sweet graduation,
 Or desperation
 In quituation!

Miss Sharer: "Decline 'are.'"
 Luckless Freshie: "Die, es,
 Ihre, ihr; die seinem Ihren ihm."
 (Authentic.)

Courage, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not liable to catch it.—
Prentice.

Konsider the postage stamp, my son; its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.—*Josh Billings.*

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done something in a spirit of love.—*Drummond.*

Whatever things are true honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report—if they be any virtue and any praise, think on these things.—
St. Paul.

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