



The
Crimson and White

DECEMBER, 1914

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The Crimson and White

VOL. XI

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 2



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A HALLOWE'EN PRANK.

Uncle Johnathan was very fond of legends. So fond that he was sometimes a bore to some people, but never to his niece, Mildred. She was always ready to sit and listen to his stories, and her eagerness pleased her uncle very much indeed. Often he would sit in his big chair with Mildred on its arm and talk for hours at a time.

On this particular evening of the thirtieth of October, Mildred had invited some of her friends in to have some fun. Dorothy, Gertrude, Jack, Phil and Stuart had come, and they were sitting in the comfortable living room around the open fire when Uncle Johnathan came in. All the young people had heard of his story telling, so his coming was greeted by a chorus of,

“A story! A story! Do tell us a story.”

The old man protested at first, but after he was sufficiently teased he seated himself in the group and told them a legend of the old house at the farthest end of the village street, which was now dignified by the title of “Haunted House.” It was a strange house, and had long been owned by a family who lived in Europe. It had stood vacant for the last fifty years, and no one ever entered it. Uncle Johnathan told of a fair maiden who had once lived there, how her lover had gone to war and never returned, and how she had finally died of a broken heart. Before her death it was known that she spent many hours of the night in the attic, sometimes singing and sometimes weeping. Now it is said that the maiden’s ghost haunts the place, and many of the villagers have declared that they have

heard her sweet voice floating out of the attic window on moonlight nights.

When Uncle Johnathan had finished his story Mildred thanked him, and he went off upstairs, leaving the young people in a rather nervous state, that is, the girls. Of course the boys laughed and teased the girls about being "so ridiculously superstitious."

"Do you believe it?" asked Dot.

"Of course not," answered her brother Stuart, in his best big-brotherly manner.

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it were so," declared Mildred.

"Neither would I," said Gertrude.

"Well, supposing we find out," suggested adventurous Jack.

"That's a fine idea," affirmed Phil. "To-morrow is Hallowe'en, and if there really is a ghost it will be there on that night. Are you girls game to go?"

The girls would not consent at first, but when they were sufficiently teased for being "Fraid-cats" they said that they would.

The next night was clear and cool, with a brilliant moon. A mist was rising from the nearby river, and between the moon and the mist and the silence of 10:30 in a country village, the young people were awed into a painful silence. When they reached the house all three girls had lost their courage and secretly wanted to turn back, but they didn't want the others to see it, so they kept still and followed the boys through the creaky old gate and up the overgrown path bordered by tall, thick bushes. Phil lifted the latch of the door, and one by one the members of the party filed into the dark, musty-smelling hall. Not a sound could be heard except the occasional gnawing of a rat in the wall. The stillness was so oppressive that Dot caught her brother's arm in terror. No one spoke. Suddenly a sound came drifting to them from above, a faint, sweet sound, the sound of a woman singing! The boys and girls stood motionless, as if rooted to the floor. The song softly died away and silence fell again. Jack started for the stairs and said in a whisper:

"Come on."

The girls shrank back, but when they saw the other two boys follow they went along for fear of being left alone.

They reached the second floor and groped around for the attic stairs. Finding them, they were about to ascend, when again the soft, sweet singing broke the stillness, now sounding much plainer. The pauses in the song were filled with low moans, and the whole effect was so weird that the entire party started for the lower stairs, and hurrying down rushed out into the yard; the girls didn't stop running until they were well in sight of the village lights. When

the boys caught up with them they laughed and asked why they hurried away so fast.

"Did we hurry away any faster than you did?" inquired Mildred, sarcastically.

"Well, we came because we didn't want you girls to be out alone in the dark," responded Phil.

"Oh, indeed!" said Dot.

"What do you suppose it was?" cried Gertrude. "I am shaking yet, I was so frightened."

"Wasn't it awful?" whispered Dot.

"Why, I don't see anything so awful about it. It was just the ghost," said Jack in an off-hand manner.

Phil and Stuart admitted that they wouldn't like to be in that position every night of their lives, and, as for Dot, she was really so scared that she had hysterics then and there.

They reached Mildred's house and were so glad to be in a lighted room that they all sat around the fire and made as much noise as possible to relieve their strained nerves. They were talking and laughing so much that they didn't hear the outer door open, and were all startled when they heard a merry laugh at the door of the room. Looking up they saw a pretty girl of fifteen, Mildred's sister, wrapped in a sheet, standing in the doorway, laughing in the merriest possible fashion. The boys and girls jumped to their feet, all guessing the truth. The first to speak was Mildred.

"Joyce Dinsmore, did you go into that attic and play that awful trick on us?"

Joyce only laughed on, and, dropping the sheet from her shoulders, sat down in one of the big chairs. She might just as well have said yes. The older girls and boys were ready to shake her, but they saw the extremely funny side of it and laughed instead.

"To hear you all go rushing down those stairs was too good. I nearly gave myself away by bursting out laughing," said mischievous Joyce.

When the party broke up, Jack's parting words to Joyce were, "You wait and see, young lady; I'll get even with you."

And I guess he did.

C. W., '16.

He is truly great that is little in himself and that maketh no account of any great honors.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.—*Macaulay.*

THE LIEUTENANT'S MISSION.

"Show Lieutenant Wheeler in at once," commanded the Major. The attendant left the room and Lieutenant Wheeler entered.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?" asked Wheeler.

"I did," came the brisk reply, "Or you probably wouldn't be here. Please close that door behind you and then take this chair."

"Now," went on the Major, "I wish to send a minute model of a war engine to General Wood, who is stationed four miles from Beverly. I wish this to be in the General's hands on Wednesday. This is Monday."

"Very well," replied the Lieutenant. "Where is the package?"

Going to the safe, Major Winters took out a square box of about six inches in length, and, handing it to Wheeler, commanded, "Do not under any circumstances let this out of your sight until you reach the General."

Wheeler was indeed pleased with the task; it did not seem hard to keep a box in sight for twenty-four hours, and then, too, he far from disliked the General's eldest daughter Ellen.

The next morning found the Lieutenant on his way. By five o'clock he would reach Beverly and by eight or half-past he would be at the camp. The day's ride was uneventful enough. The only other occupants of the car were an old woman whose chair was at the end, and a middle-aged man with a scar under his left eye, about two seats behind him. The train was just on time, and, turning over all his baggage except the box to a waiting porter he followed him out to a coach.

"To a good florist," were his directions to the coachman. He would take Miss Ellen some flowers; yellow roses were her favorites. Arriving at the florist's, he found that roses were out of season and decided upon violets.

By seven-thirty, he had finished dinner and was about ready to start upon the last lap of his journey. He had ordered a machine to drive him to camp, so that by eight his duties would be over and he would be free to spend the evening as he chose.

On his way up stairs he left word at the desk for a boy to follow him to get his luggage. Then turning to take the elevator, his glance fell upon his traveling companion of the morning, the man with the scar.

He was all ready when the boy came, and, giving him his suitcase and other things, except the cherished box, followed him down stairs to the waiting machine.

By ten minutes of eight, he was but a short distance from camp when a sharp report was heard and their rear tire was flat.

"Well, that is hard luck," muttered Wheeler as the chauffeur got out.

"Why couldn't it have waited a few minutes longer?" Just then a machine which had been behind them stopped.

"Want some help?" called a man from the front seat as he sprang out. Wheeler was somewhat surprised to see once more his friend with the scar. Before he had time to be more than surprised some one struck him over the head and when he regained consciousness he was lying empty handed in the tonneau of the car with the chauffeur bending over him.

He sat up suddenly and looked around him. "What happened?" he asked, somewhat bewildered.

"They must have been after the box in your hand," replied the chauffeur, "and they got it. It was a put up job. Someone has been fussing with my rear tire."

With that, Wheeler reached quickly for the flower box on the floor of the car. It was safe and he drew it up on his lap.

"I am ready to go," he announced. "Everything is all right. I changed the contents of the box just before I left the hotel."

H. M., '16.

THE CONFESSION.

Far out at sea a boat rocked on the turbulent waves, rising and falling without ceasing. The sun shone brightly on the white ship and glistening waves, so that it dazzled the eyes of the travelers who paced its deck.

The ship was a huge one and carried many hundreds of persons, who were returning from their respective trips of business and pleasure. Many had crossed before and with the same captain, the dear, merry old captain who was so friendly to them all.

He was a handsome man, broad-shouldered and tall. His hair, now white, was thick and glistening, his face, tanned by the sun, seemed to bespeak kindness from every feature, especially his blue eyes. Before this trip his travelers had found him jolly and gay, but now that that light of happiness had gone out of his eyes, his mouth was stern and set. No inquiries were needed as to the cause of this change. All knew it to be too true that the Bishop, the lifelong friend of Captain Newell, lay dying in his cabin.

The captain nodded to some of his men on the deck and softly entered the Bishop's cabin. The old man lay still, with one hand moving over the white and wasted face. At the sight of his friend he smiled a little and stretched out a thin hand, motioning the captain to be seated.

"Fred," his low voice whispered, "I have something I must confess to you before I leave this earth. It will be short, for I have little time; but someone must know."

The voice became almost a sigh and the listener bent his head nearer.

"Long ago, when I was but a lad of twenty, I went to Japan with my parents. I was a strange youth, full of romantic fancies. While there, I met a girl, the only girl I have ever loved in my life. She was a Japanese, beautiful and young, scarcely seventeen. Her love for me was nearly as great as mine, I believe.

"One night we ran away and were married. We did not dare to tell our families, for mine was proud and noble; hers, stern and unforgiving. At the end of our visit, with many promises to return, I left her one night beneath the wonderful immortal magnolias. Night there is glorious, beautiful, unbelievable, and never has that vision left me.

"As you know, I have never returned to Japan until this year. My wife had died many years ago, living only long enough to teach our son about me and tell him to wait for my coming.

"This time I met him. He is a splendid lad, tall and handsome, with nothing of the Oriental about him. He will come to England on your next trip to study for the ministry. Look after him, my friend; he is yours, the only gift I have for you.

"The reason I did not return to her was the old one. I was young and my people stern. The Church called me and never have I left it for any trip save the last one.

"But I never forgot my wife, never the beautiful night, and have longed always for my little son. And now the end is near, I am going to my wife, my secret is yours, my son is yours, and now — — —."

The recital was at an end. The story was finished, as was the lonely life. The captain dropped to his knees, and in broken sobs cried to his friend:

"John, do not leave me, I am alone, John. You were my only friend."

And then, becoming calmer, he whispered, as he rose:

"Your son is my son. I will love him as my own. Good-bye, my friend."

F. M., '16.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never, for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.— *B. Franklin.*

ONLY A BOY.

Through the haze of falling snow one could see the outlines of a magnificent touring car, standing like some huge monster trembling from recent exertion. On such an unpleasant night, very few pedestrians were seen on the streets, and these few took no notice of a ragged lad roaming aimlessly about. The urchin, shivering with cold, and attracted by the purring of the huge motor-car, was sorely tempted to take refuge within it. He edged nearer, looking fearfully about the while, and finally, risking all for the warmth of the thick robe inside, he clambered in, lying down in the bottom and snuggling into the warm, furry rug. Poor lad! The comfortable, unaccustomed warmth soon brought sleep to him, and on this, as the authors say, hangs the tale.

In the meanwhile, within the house before which the car was standing, two men were talking in low, guarded tones. They were very much absorbed in the conversation, and sometimes the face of the larger man would darken for a moment, then clear again as he thought of obstacles, and then the means of overcoming them. The other, a short, wiry little fellow, had an expressionless face, except for his piercing gray eyes, which seemed able to look through a stone wall. Finally the men ceased talking; the larger one arose, and, with a curt nod, left the room. He went from the house to the waiting machine, climbing in without another look around, and started off, never dreaming of his strange little passenger.

* * * * *

When the lad awakened, a few hours later, he was at first stupefied and frightened, but as memory flashed back, his face cleared, then clouded again. For the car was speeding far from the city, as he could see by a cautious glance without, and he had no way of knowing whether he could ever find his way back again if he were discovered. Then he turned his attention to two men in front. They were very silent, speaking to one another only at long intervals. Finally one of them said, "Here it is, Fred." The other answered, "Right you are, George."

The machine was brought to a standstill before a very old, darkened farmhouse. The two men descended from the machine, and walked up to the house. After one of them had rapped sharply three times, the door opened and the men entered quietly, closing the door after them. In a short time, however, the man who had driven the car, reappeared, to get a fairly large package from under the cushion in front. This he carried back with him. Soon after, each minute seeming like an hour to the wondering, frightened lad, both men came back. The boy's presence was not noted, for they started off

on the return trip at once. This time, however, they talked a good deal, and seemed in high good humor. The urchin in the back could hear most of their conversation, and, hearing, wondered at them and at the strange situation in which he found himself.

"Well, Fred, the Old Man treated us pretty good after all, eh?"

"Sure he did, but no thanks to him. He knew what was best for his health."

"I say, Fred, just how did you get the Bradleigh stones? You know that's a mystery to everyone."

"Well, George, I can't tell you much, but here's part of it, anyhow. You see, I had it all planned this way" — and here the one called Fred lowered his voice so that it was undistinguishable to the interested and attentive lad. At the conclusion of his recital, Fred said, "And, pal, you know that what I say, goes."

"Sure, I understand. You sure were clever, though. I s'pose those poor dubs of detectives are still on the wrong trail. That reminds me, do you think we'll be suspected for this? Between the Bradleighs and this one, Dawntons, we'll sure get it badly if we're ever caught."

"What's the matter, are you scared?" contemptuously asked Fred.

"No, but I don't want to take any chances."

"Well, we'll stay in town to-night, and then to-morrow we can ——" but here his voice was again lowered, and the boy, with wilfully beating heart, crouched yet lower, in fear of discovery.

The city was reached at last, and the machine taken to a quiet street in the outskirts of the city, where it stopped before a modest brick house. Both men got out here, and Fred said, "I'm going up for a minute to get a key, then I'll take this car back. You go to Chambers, and see what he says, then come back here to me."

He disappeared within the house, to which the boy gave his particular notice, and the other hurried up the street. Then the lad sped away. He had quickly decided what to do, so he entered the first police station he came to. There he told his queer story to the captain who quickly examined his books.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "This little fellow was in the car of Fred Malcolm, whom the 'great' detectives couldn't capture." The captain dispatched men to the house whose location the lad told them. There, after a desperate struggle, the two gentlemen thieves were arrested. The ragged urchin, almost unconscious of the part he had played in the capture of these noted criminals, wandered, unnoticed, from the court room to look for food and shelter. The

reward to which he was entitled did not reach him until months later, when an officer brought him, almost starved, to this same station. Then, of course, he "came into his own," for by means of the reward he was enabled to dress comfortably and have decent food and lodging. He became the most petted person at that police station, which he visited daily, and he soon won the good wishes of his employer, for the captain had secured a good situation for him near by.

Only a boy, but this tale proves that even a ragged urchin may be of use in this world, and that poverty is not always a drawback.

I. W., '16.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

"Your Honor, the garment workers are on strike. Early this morning they deserted the shops and benches where they had toiled for years and are now collected in a dense mob before the factory."

"Are they violent?"

"Not especially, but they may be."

"Very well, Carson, take a squad of men to the factory with you. Do not make any arrests; only terrorize."

"Yes, your Honor."

The mob *was* very dense indeed, and made up mostly of girls, very pale and tired-looking girls who were out on strike with their fellow workers contending for better conditions. As he saw the crowd of half-fed workers he felt a little pity, but he had his orders, and to do his duty he must have no heart. So he forced his way into the crowd in order to separate them.

The gunmen employed by the head of the establishment were doing their best to create a disturbance. Of course, they only needed a little excuse to use violence, and so a striker was knocked down and it was blamed, quite naturally, on another striker. The accused happened to be Louise Bradt, a young girl who was standing near Carson. When she saw what had happened, she looked up at the large policeman, only to see his club descending upon her head. Too late! She could not avoid it and so the blow fell upon her forehead. Then everything seemed black and she sank back unconscious, upon a mass of women.

When she regained consciousness she found herself on a hard cot in the ——— Precinct, and she also learned that on her forehead was a large scar that would be with her all her life. She found out from her guard that she was to be tried for assault the next day. Being only a poor working girl without friends or money, the result of the trial was, as one might expect, six months' imprisonment.

Louise was physically very weak, and six months' imprisonment does not improve a weak person's condition. So she grew weaker and weaker until it was necessary to take her to the hospital.

There she received better care and at the end of six months she left the prison with a happy heart, ready to start her life over again. But as is usually the case when one builds air castles, there was a great drawback. She found that no work was to be obtained, for the factories had laid off their hands on account of the war, which had started a few weeks previous. The only ones that seemed greatly needed were nurses, and so Louise decided to become a nurse.

After her training she set out for the battlefield. Arriving at her destination, she found that she was greatly needed there, because there were many more soldiers with arms and legs shot off, sides ripped, faces torn and bodies maimed in every possible way, than there were nurses and doctors to care for them.

She had just finished putting the last pins in her apron when a doctor called her to the side of a young soldier. He was unconscious when he was brought into the hospital, and for a long time, through weakness and pain, consciousness of his surroundings remained dim. He knew vaguely that he was at the front — or had been until the shot and the fall into darkness — knew that he was not far from the battlefield, knew that he was in the care of the doctors and nurses, but sometimes it seemed to him that he was back in the New York streets and was watching, not the fighting lines of soldiers he had just left, but the streams of people passing up and down, and crowds gathering or dispersing, or processions — processions of women. He had not liked those processions and he had not liked some of the crowds — the crowds in which there were women, struggling, panting, falling * * * The nurse would pass, stop, just shake his pillow or change his position and he would come right back to the war and his wound and know that the New York streets were very far away.

Gradually, as strength came back, he was always in the hospital, saw only the rows of other patients and the nurses. His own special nurse became quite clear to him, though he had always known her from the others by a little limp. Now, as the face stood out from the other faces, it seemed in a way familiar to him — he supposed because in his delirium it had been constantly near him — for he did not really know it. It was a square-shaped face, not pretty, but with a certain sweetness of expression; the hair was drawn low across the forehead. Somehow it came into his head to wonder how she would look if her hair were drawn back. and the idea haunted him in a queer sort of way till sometimes he felt almost compelled to ask her to push it up from her brow. And then one day the thing that he had thought about came to pass.

He was sitting up and was almost well enough to be sent home. The thought of returning and of getting quite well had made him unusually cheerful, and disposed to talk about himself.

"I am a reservist, you know," he said.

"So I supposed," she answered.

"I was in the force — the police force."

"Yes. I know."

"You know? How?"

"I remembered."

"Remembered? I don't * * * ."

"I have seen you," she said, "on duty."

"On my beat?"

"No; special duty."

He looked at her, and dimly, vaguely, a recollection came to him, a recollection from which he wished to turn away.

"You were not * * * ?"

"Yes, I was. You had orders — do you remember? — not to arrest, but to terrorize."

"I — I —"

"They were your orders," she said.

"You are lame?"

"That was not your doing, though it was done that day."

Again he looked at her. His lips quivered as he spoke.

"Push back your hair!"

"Oh, no!"

"Yes!"

Slowly she raised her hand and for an instant showed her forehead, then let the hair fall again. But he had seen the scar and knew why, vaguely, her face had seemed familiar.

"I — I — Did you know me all the time?"

She nodded. "Somehow, I don't quite know why, your face stayed with me."

"I — I can't —," he began.

"Oh, that's quite all right," she said. "And now you must have your tea."

H. K., '16.

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

It is a great thing to do the right thing at the right time.— *Æsop*.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.— *Schiller*.

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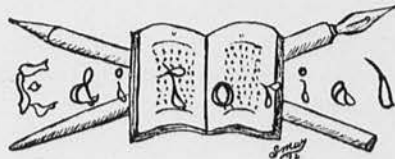
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Three months of this school year have passed — three months fraught with work and play — a period of experience, advantages and opportunities never to be regained. We have had our first reports. Oh, that fatal day when tremblingly we received them from our teachers, when tremblingly we opened them and forced ourselves to read our fate! What delight and relief we felt if we could boast good ones and how proudly we carried them home. But what despair we exhibited if we had F's or even E's, and how we dreaded to show those cards to our parents to whom our success or failure means more than anything. With how much more pleasure we ate our Thanksgiving dinners and enjoyed our fine vacation if we knew that so far our work had been well and faithfully done, than if we had to face the result of ten weeks of dawdling, of lessons unlearned, of advantages neglected, of opportunities missed, and realized that there were hanging over us conditions to be made up. If we only might all learn of what immense value these school days of ours are now and will be in the future, if those of us who have

shirked could look ahead and see how sorry they will be that they did not take the advantage of learning when they could, then perhaps school might be treated in a more serious manner. In this enlightened age when in every branch of work there is need for judgment and accurate knowledge, no one, man or woman, can get along without at least the fundamental principles of education. It is the college graduate, the man of culture and education, who attains the highest influence, and the best positions. So what can we expect to amount to if we cannot even "get through" the high school? So let us think more of our future welfare and less of our present desires and strive to do our best to prepare ourselves for whatever life may have in store for us.

There seems to be in this High School an element almost entirely lacking. Yes, school spirit. Not, however, school spirit in its ordinary sense; there is great need but little use to discuss that phase of it, for you already must know it by heart, even if you do not always practice it. But here, unlike many other schools, there is no organized union, no direct intercourse, no personal bonds between the students as a whole. There is a very great necessity of such conditions in order to produce perfect school spirit. Lately the Faculty has attempted to bring this about to a certain extent by giving us chapel exercises twice a week, but it is to be feared that we do not take as great an interest in this fact as we might; in a school of the size of this one, in thus getting together we could easily promote a feeling of fellowship and good spirit if only we would try. Again, no Faculty can in any possible way accomplish such an end alone. It is up to the students themselves. The trouble with us is that we are too exclusive; our societies are exclusive, our parties and entertainments are exclusive, our interests are exclusive. Why can we not establish some organizations and institutions of a more democratic nature? There are many ways of creating such a democracy and many such democratic organizations; debating clubs, clubs connected with the different branches of school work, glee clubs, school choirs and orchestras, general literary societies, dramatic clubs, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Any or all of these are conducive to a better school, educationally and socially. Let us all think it over and see if we cannot find some effectual means to get together oftener; you know, "Where there's a will there's a way," and we can surely accomplish any plan we truly wish for and attempt to carry out. At least we can do all in our power to help the present institutions; contribute freely and cheerfully to "The Crimson and White." One day not long ago a student approached a member of the board and handed her some jokes and little anecdotes concerning happenings in classes

or during school hours. That was greatly appreciated, for it showed the true spirit. If every one would follow that student's example, the excellence of "The Crimson and White" would far exceed our hopes. Then, there is the basketball team. Go to the games whenever it is possible and learn some yells to encourage our boys; it does more help than you might imagine. If we could bring about all these things so necessary to school spirit, then indeed we would have a High School with a fine reputation and considerable prestige among other schools.

And now, at the beginning of our vacation, "The Crimson and White" wishes to extend to each and every one of you the earnest wish that you may have a very "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

ALUMNI NOTES.

May Le Compte, '13, was home from New Paltz Normal School for Thanksgiving vacation.

Guy Ferguson, ex-'13, is attending the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy.

Marguerite Clark and Frances Vosburgh, both of the Class of 1914, were home from Vassar for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Ruth Jeffreys is attending Miss Very's Art School in Albany.

Edith Picken, '14, is attending the Academy of the Holy Names.

Marion McDowell, Eleanor Dunn and Clara Holder, all of the Class of 1914, have been elected into the Kappa Delta Sorority of the N. Y. State College for Teachers.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We are delighted that our ten weeks' examinations are over at last. We have looked forward to them with so much dread for the last five weeks that we cannot express our joy in words; especially those who passed everything. Don't think, Freshmen, that by any chance your troubles are over. This is only one of the many frolics you will have with "exams." We congratulate those who came out with good marks and offer our sympathy to those who did not.

Mr. Sayles has decided that we will have chapel exercises on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at nine o'clock for at least ten minutes. We have had many enjoyable times so far, although we have not met quite as regularly as we hoped for. One morning we were summoned to the auditorium third period and were very greatly entertained by a man who explained the study of music in schools

and illustrated his lecture by playing numerous records on the Victrola. We would not mind having this performance repeated. Shortly before the close of school the College and the High School students were addressed by Dr. John H. Finley. His subject was the "Importance of Purer English," and his lecture was very much enjoyed.

We are very much refreshed after our prolonged Thanksgiving vacation, which lasted over a week on account of the Teachers' Convention. We are again ready for hard work and hope to do much better work during the next ten weeks.

Paul O'Brien has returned to school after an absence of three weeks on account of an attack of chicken pox.

John P. Henry has once more resumed his studies at the C. H. S.

Graham Martin has come here from the Albany High School.

Willard Johnstone is *still* taking Caesar at our school!

Agnes De Mers has entered the school.



ZETA SIGMA.

Our meetings for this year have been very interesting and well attended. We find that our new members possess remarkable talent. Miss Kirk certainly has a sweet voice for singing. Dorothy Pease recites very well. But Henrietta Knapp is a jewel for recitations and piano solos; she can do either or both. When it comes to debating, Luella Karl ranks among our best. Anna Willig is an interesting little member and a very good one. With all this talent added to that which we already had we are indeed rich. At our last meeting we enjoyed a very interesting debate, "*Resolved*, That the present European War is wholly unjustifiable." Those on the affirmative were Mary Blue and Anna Willig, while the negative was upheld by Grace Cramer and Luella Karl.

On Thursday afternoon, October 28, 1914, our annual entertainment for the Freshmen was given in the College gymnasium, which was decorated with our school and society colors. Most of the Freshmen girls attended and proved themselves to be a very jolly set of girls, who are as able to perform stunts and unravel puzzles as they are to eat doughnuts and fudge. They are certainly lovely girls and we hope that some day many of their names will appear on our list of members.

And now, Sigma girls, although we have been having good meetings so far this year, I think there is still more that we can do for Sigma, and in striving to do this we shall each one of us derive more of real benefit from the society. So let us make an effort to obtain that result which will be an advancement of the society and a benefit to ourselves. Let us wake up our sleeping Sigma spirit and get to work.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On November 27th the annual "Quin" dance was held at Graduates' Hall. The hall was very prettily decorated with banners, pennants and the society colors—black and gold. Among those present were two of our alumnæ, Marguerite Clark and Elmetta Van Deloo. The dance was very well attended, and greatly enjoyed by all.

The programs of late have been very interesting. A joke paper, read by Miss Lee at a recent meeting, was greeted with shouts of laughter; and the vocal solos by Miss Hayes and Miss Walter are greatly enjoyed, and very much in demand.

Before breaking up for the holidays the "Quin" girls unite in giving to their classmates the best of wishes for a happy vacation.



ADELPHOI.

Adelphei's meetings continue to prove enjoyable and beneficial to the members. Many excellent debates have taken place. At our last meeting a mock trial was held, Mr. Soule, the prisoner, being found guilty of attempted arson.

We have recently received visits from Messrs. Sweet and Brandow, Alumni.

Plans are under way for the mid-winter social activities.



THETA NU.

The meetings of Theta Nu have been regular and well attended for the past two months. At the last meeting in October the election of officers for the ensuing term was held.

The officers are as follows:

President.....	Raymond Fite
Vice-President.....	Culver Sperry
Secretary.....	George Ward
Treasurer.....	William Nead
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	James Seymore
Critic.....	Joseph Sweeney

We have elected into our members Messrs. Carr and Baker. Theta Nu is well represented on the basket ball team as usual.



We would like to quote a portion of an excellent editorial in the *Frog* (Bay City, Texas), in the hope that it may be beneficial not only to us hard-working editors, but also to you, good readers.

“Somebody said that it couldn't be done
 But he with a chuckle, replied:
 Maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he tried,
 So he buckled right in
 With a trace of a grin on his face.

If he worried he hid it.
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done,—
 And he did it."

The exchange editor of the *Frog* would do well if he would remember this exhortation and, instead of placing a "History of Local Newspapers," some jokes, poems and a short essay on courage in his columns to fill out his empty space, if he would repay us cruel fellow exchange-editors with some real scathing criticisms. Even if he had received no new exchanges, last year's would do just as well.

The *Literary Novice* (Newark, New Jersey), contains five interesting essays on Robert Browning in its October issue. In fact, the whole paper is saturated with Browning. Now, the study of Browning is very, very instructive we all know, but, my dear editor, don't you believe that the students of your seminary expect a little pleasant diversion from their studies, when they subscribe to your paper? The "Ivy Song" and the "Ivy Cration" are both very deserving of praise.

The story, "An Erstwhile Idol," in the *Pioneer* (New Orleans, La.), is so ridiculous that it is almost funny. Imagine a man being so excited that he "jumped so high in his enthusiasm that he landed two tiers below." I wonder what happened to the people's heads as he accomplished his flying leap. One of the editorials in this same paper states that a law has just been passed in the "Isidore Newman Manual Training School" to the effect that any pupil reported by the Health Club official for scattering papers, etc., is hereafter to be marked with a failure. I imagine if this law were put into effect in the High School Department of the New York State College for Teachers, there would not be half so many drinking glasses used for footballs during recess.

St. Benedict's College Quarterly (Newark, N. J.), is so very well edited that we can find no important criticism to make upon it. We congratulate you upon your paper, but warn you not to expect "knocks" from other papers unless you stop omitting the "knockable" points.

The Orange and Black (Falls City, Neb.), has several splendid pictures in the November number. Cuts are lacking, but the pictures make up for this deficiency.

Not in the clamor of the crowded streets,
 Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
 But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.—*Longfellow.*

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Tennis Tournament.

The tennis tournament has recently been finished, but owing to the numerous entries and closeness of the score, Mr. Swaim has not yet announced the final result. The winner, however is to be presented with a silver loving cup well worth the trouble that has been taken to obtain it.

Basket Ball.

The basket ball team has recently opened its season with a team well worth any support the school can give it. After three weeks of hard practice the team played its opening game with the Faculty, and an exciting time ensued.

The Faculty put up a good game, but the speed and shooting of their smaller opponents finally prevailed.

Up to date the team had won two games and lost one, defeating Waterford in one of the most exciting games ever played on our home court. Gloversville defeated our boys in Gloversville by a very close score, and the team expects to reverse the tables when they play in Albany.

A word about the support: Owing to the numerous expenses, Manager Covey has a hard time in meeting the guarantee of opposing teams. If the student body wishes to see fast teams in action, they must support the team and encourage them in playing.

SCORE — FACULTY GAME.

<i>High School.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Johnstown	3	0	6
Scott	1	0	2
Fite	2	5	9
MacNamee	0	0	0
Cassavant	0	0	0
Covey	1	0	2

19

<i>Faculty.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Anderson	0	6	6
Swaim	2	1	5
Dr. Epstein	0	0	0
Dr. Quackenbush	0	0	0
McArty	1	0	2
Dr. Reynolds	0	0	0

13

The next game took place on November 6th. The aggregation representing Waterford High School put up so stiff a fight as to make it necessary to play an extra period to settle the winners of the game. This game was fast and exciting throughout. The passing and shooting was excellent notwithstanding the fact that it was so early in the season that the team had had very little practice.

SCORE.

<i>High School.</i>	F. B.	F.P.	Total
Cassavant	1	0	2
Scott	2	0	4
Fite	3	5	11
MacNamee	0	0	0
Johnstown	5	0	10
Covey	0	0	0
Dedikee	0	0	0
			27
<i>Waterford.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Isles	1	1	3
Mitchell	0	0	0
Munro	2	1	5
Hallett	4	2	10
Conley	4	0	8
			26

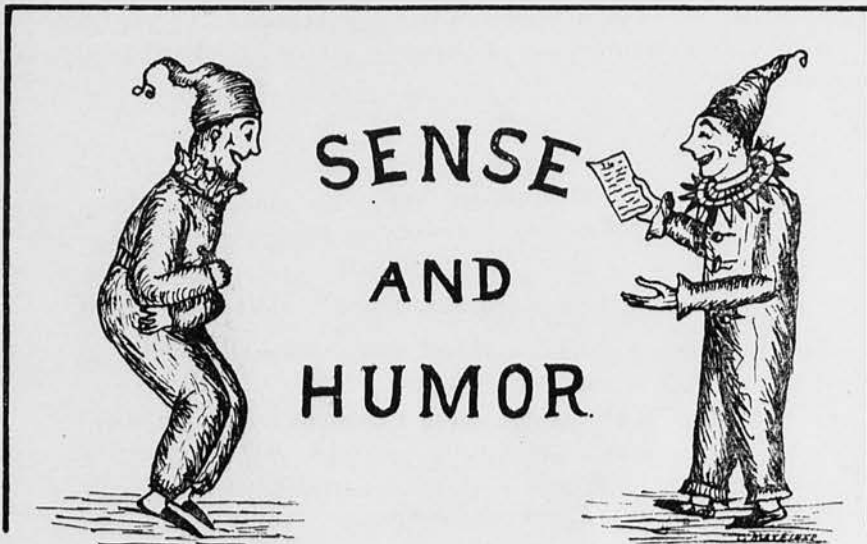
On November 19th we dropped a game to the College Reserves. This does not detract from our credit, as the boys representing old Normal worked in such a manner that she may well be proud of them. Time and time again they took the ball under the enemy's basket only to be jumped upon by some college player. It was a case of boys against fully-developed men, and the boys were simply defeated by superior strength, not skill.

SCORE.

<i>High School.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Scott	2	0	4
Dedikee	1	0	2
Fite	1	5	7
Covey	1	0	2
MacNamee	0	0	0
Henry	0	0	0
			15

<i>College Reserves.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
MacConnel	4	0	8
Molitor	0	0	0
Horowitz	3	0	6
Doyle	2	0	4
Epstein	2	0	4
			22

Manager Covey has noticed that a few of us are stealing into the game. Now, while your fifteen cents is not such a great loss to the team, is this the right kind of school spirit to have? Think it over.



Mr. Hidley — “What’s your name?”

John P. Henry — “Henry.”

Mr. H. — “Just simple Henry?”

G. Scott — “Doctor, will you give me something for my head?”

Doctor — “My dear boy, I wouldn’t take it as a gift.”

T. Hoyt — “My, but it’s cold in the study room. I found ice in the dictionary.”

“A Freshman says he handed in some jokes about a week ago. Did you see them?”

Joke Editor — “I read them, but I didn’t see them.”

Please support your paper;
 Don't just laugh;
 Don't think it can support itself,
 Because it has a staff.— *Ex.*

Guest — “ Oh, Mrs. Blank, I seldom get as good a dinner as this.”
 Johnny Blank — “ Neither do we.”

Parson — “ How is it I haven't seen you in church lately?”
 Mr. Martin — “ I haven't been.”

G. Miller — “ I'm so glad you've taken German.”
 Miss Lee (absently) — “ I haven't taken it. I've only been
 exposed.”

Throughout life's range,
 Her maiden aim,
 Was just to change
 Her maiden name.

Miss Boughton — “ Hello, Hazel, what makes that bump on your
 head?”

H. Shilling — “ Oh, that's where a thought struck me once.”

Popular Songs.

(Early and Late.)

He's a Devil in His Own Home Town.— *Chester Blauvelt.*

I'm Looking for a Nice Young Fellow.— *Lucile Walter.*

They Always, Always Pick on Me.— *Eugenia Lee.*

Down on the Farm.— *John P. Henry.*

Poor Pauline.— *Pauline Dinkel.*

I Need Sympathy.— *Ray Carr.*

The High Cost of Loving.— *Jack Vos.*

Along Came Ruth.— *Ruth Bruce.*

Mr. Nead — “ I have so much on my hands at present I don't
 know what to do.”

Mr. Schilling — “ Why not try some soap and water?”

Gordon (furiously) — “That man is the biggest fool in the world!”

Mildred (comforting) — “Gordon! Gordon! You are forgetting yourself!”

Favorite Slang Expressions.

The Judge's — Go hang.
 The Dentist's — You have a nerve.
 The Minister's — Good Lord.
 The Sportsman's — Oh, shoot it.
 The Drummer's — Beat it.
 The Doctor's — Dead easy.
 The Detective's — After you, my dear Alphonse.
 The Dyers' — Fade away.
 The Printer's — The devil.
 The Spendthrift's — Dear me.

Paul MacNamee (proud of his success in Latin) — “Pop, what's the word for ‘people’ in Latin?”

Father — “I don't know.”

Paul MacNamee — “Populi.”

Father — “What! You young scoundrel; I lie, do I?”

The Voice of Experience.

Love and a porous plaster, son,
 Are very much alike,
 It's simple getting into one,
 But getting out — good night!

A shoemaker in America has been divorced six times. Evidently he could not stick to his last. We presume he's still looking for his solemate. — *London Standard.*

“When the donkey saw the zebra
 He began to switch his tail;
 ‘Well, I never,’ was his comment,
 ‘There's a mule that's been in jail.’”

Mr. Hidley — “Miss Corwith, did you ever count wrongly?”

G. Corwith — “No, but sometimes I make a mistake in counting.”

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling upon Mr. Wilcox.

Mr. Wilcox — "Round."

Teacher — "How do you know it's round?"

Ansley — "All right, it's square then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

English Teacher — "Mr. Baker, have you read *Oliver Twist*?"

C. Baker — "No, ma'm."

E. T. — "Have you read *Silas Marner*?"

B. — "No, I haven't."

E. T. — "Well, then, what have you read?"

B. — "I have red hair."

Comparison — Get on, get honor, get honest.

Freshman (getting her theology) said — "Where is *Revelations*?"

Soph — "In the New Testament."

Freshman — "And here I have been looking all this time in the Bible."

"Oh, Papa!" called Culver, excitedly, "there's a big black bug on the ceiling."

"All right, son," said the professor, busy with his essay, "step on it and don't bother me."

In Chemistry.

"Now, in this bottle we have oxygen. Now, as you see, you don't see anything."

Be a live wire and you won't be stepped on; it's only the dead ones they use for doormats.

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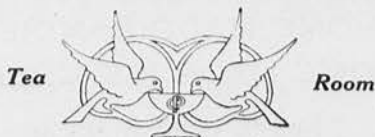
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