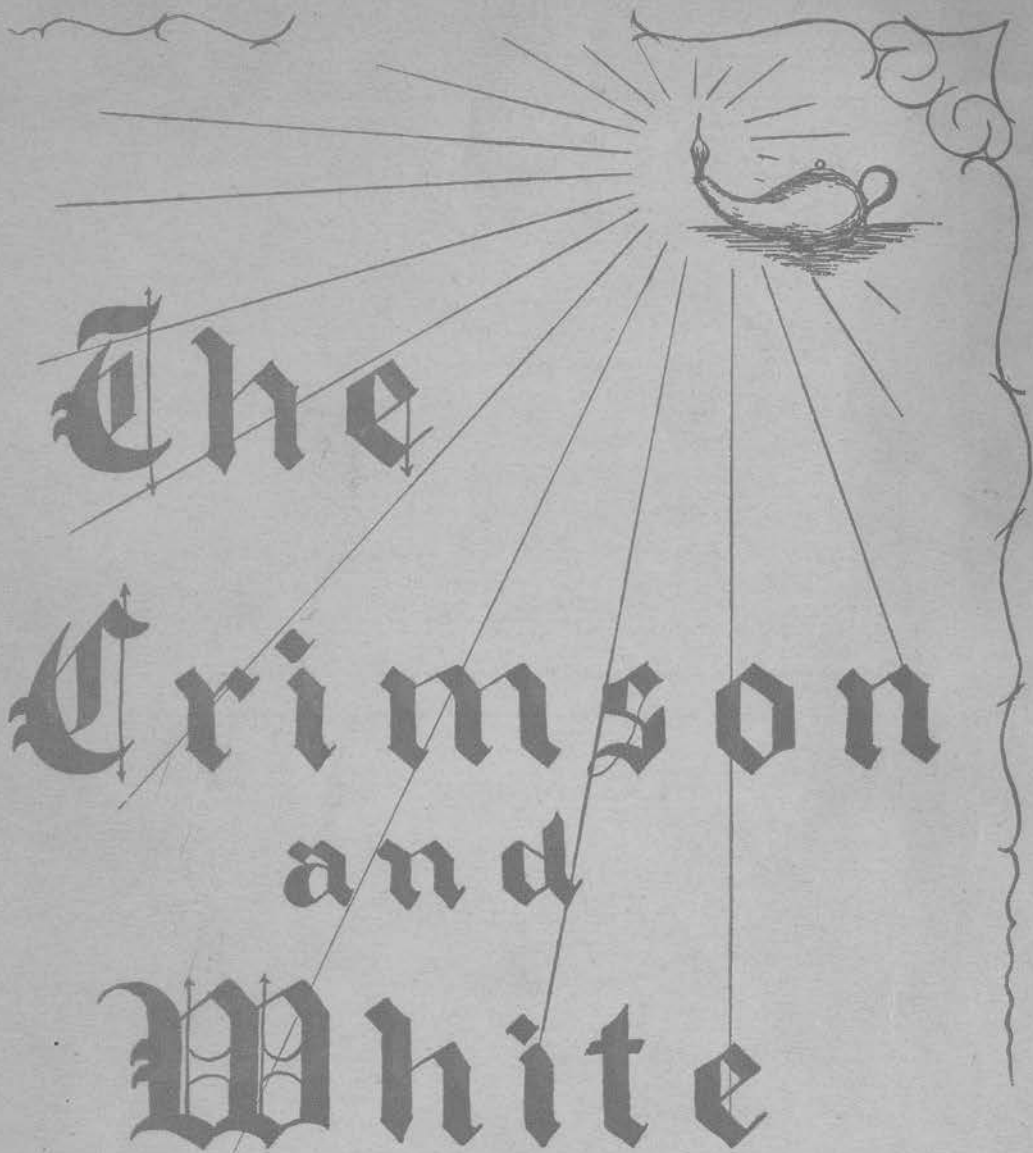


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February 1911

VII-3

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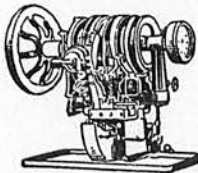
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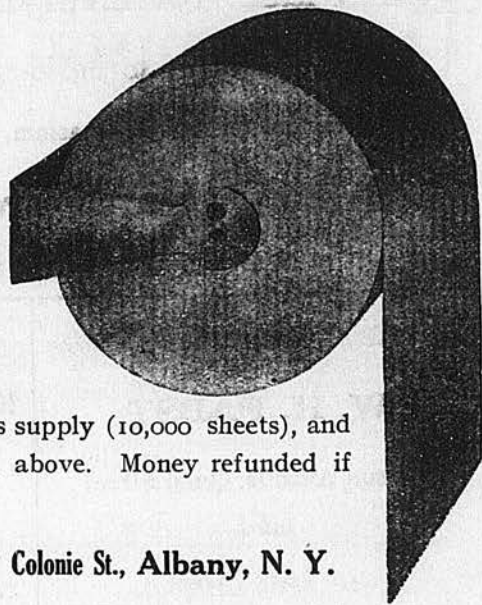
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Vol. VII

FEBRUARY 1911

No. 3



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE STRANGER.

It was early in October and the days were growing shorter and shorter. The people of the little village of Yarmouth were busy harvesting their crops, salting their fish for winter use and talking about the Harvest Home supper at the church. It was the grand event of the year which every one attended and in which nearly every one took part. A new organ was to be installed and played by Prof. Strout of the next village.

Just two days before the "grand event," Uncle Josh Winthrop, as he was called in Yarmouth, was working hard and grunting harder in his cornfield when he was attracted by a slight noise, and looking up saw a stranger coming down the road.

The man saw Uncle Josh, stepped up to the old snake fence and stopped his humming long enough to ask for work. Uncle Josh looked at him.

He was rather dark, of medium height, had wavy brown hair and looked quite strong. His coat was old and much too small, and his trousers were large and baggy.

"Wall," said Uncle Josh, "I dew need help. Zeke's most tuckered out with this here harvestin'. Kin ye talk English? About how much do ye calkulate t'get a day?"

"Ja," answered the foreigner, "one doll' und eat."

"Alright," replied Uncle Josh, "one dollar an' board. You finish huskin' this here corn an' come t' the house." Then he hurried away to tell of his good luck.

When he told his wife, she was astonished. "Land sakes, Josh, dye ye mean t' say ye've gone an' hired a furriner? What is he?" she demanded. "Hev I got t'work an' worry, an' fret, an' stew fur some outlandish sinner?"

"Naow, Mariar," replied Uncle Josh, "I knowed ye was goin' t' say thet. What if he is a furriner? You jest set a plate fer him and fix a place t' sleep. Zeke an' I'll do the rest." Then he hurried to the barn to escape another outburst of feminine wrath.

At supper the foreigner distinguished himself by a profound silence. Afterwards he resumed his humming and went to the village store.

While he was gone a heated debate was held as to whether or not he should remain.

Dominie Henclers and Deacon and Mrs. Lott had come to make the final arrangements for the supper, while Captain Keeler had come to discuss the unusual size of the mackerel being caught.

Aunt Mariar, Mrs. Lott and the Deacon, because he was afraid to differ from his spouse, were against the stranger. Uncle Josh, his niece Molly, and Captain Keeler were for him. The good minister tried to establish a truce, while Zeke stayed "to see the show," as he expressed it. Aunt Mariar vowed that the foreigner was a desperate character, that he would rob and then kill the "hull" family. Mrs. Lott mentioned the way in which he had appeared and then recited several newspaper accounts of terrible deeds. The Deacon echoed his wife's sentiments with such vigor that his shrill voice sounded not unlike the screeching of a buzz-saw when it strikes a knot, while his thin goatee bobbed up and down like the tail of his old blind horse.

Captain Keeler swore that the stranger was as honest as himself and thought Uncle Josh was very fortunate in getting him. He said the stranger looked like a nobleman and that he was either French or German.

"Josh Winthrop," shrieked Mrs. Lott, "Is it possible thet ye hev so fur forgot yer Christian bringin' up as t' wilfully bring a heathen furriner into our midst? Dew ye think yer treatin' your poor, dear, hard-workin' wife right? What'll the neighbors say?"

"Yes! yes! Josh, what'll the neighbors say? Fire him! Throw him out! Call the constubble! Git

rid of thet—thet—dinged furriner," exclaimed the Deacon with an unusual burst of eloquence.

At that moment the "dinged furriner" entered and stopped the argument, just as Captain Keeler's fist began to shake under the Deacon's nose. The visitors left almost immediately, but the foreigner stayed.

That night Aunt Mariar heard all kinds of peculiar sounds and noises. But the next two days passed without anything unusual happening.

Then came the day to which they had looked forward for a long time. Great preparations were made and Uncle Josh decided to invite Jake, as he called the foreigner. He waited until they were in the barn together before he spoke.

"Say, Jake, would ye like t' go t' the supper with us t'night?" he asked, and tried to make it plainer by motioning down the road.

Jake didn't understand and answered, "Nein, I not seen heem."

Uncle Josh repeated his invitation and this time also pointed to his mouth. "Ja," replied Jake. "I get heem," and started for the road. Again Uncle Josh repeated his invitation, but this time he motioned to Jake,—then to himself, and finally opened his mouth very wide and pointed to it as if eating. Jake stared into it a minute and then suddenly exclaimed, "Ja, I seen heem, I get heem," and thrust two long fingers in Uncle Josh's mouth in a vain attempt to get that mysterious something that so troubled his employer.

"Hey thar! carsarn it all! What be ye tryin' t' dew?" gasped Uncle Josh.

"Vait, vait, I get heem, dar he goes," replied Jake, and made a des-

perate attempt to get his whole hand in.

"Help! murder!" yelled Uncle Josh. Molly heard his cries and hurried out. She parted them and finally succeeded in making Jake understand what Uncle Josh meant. Jake was delighted and borrowed enough clothes to last all the winter. How he ever put them all on at one time was a mystery.

At the church Jake cut quite a figure. He wore a pair of cow-hide boots, striped high-water trousers, a red shirt, a saffron colored vest and a swallow-tail coat. The sleeves were much too short and his hands encased in white cloth gloves, dangled in the air. A high celluloid collar sawed his ears and a purple necktie added color to the costume, while a linen duster and an ancient beaver hat completed the outfit. He further attracted attention by humming loudly.

Jake ate his share of the supper as well as several others, and took a front seat when the time came for the entertainment. But it did not begin. Prof. Strout had not arrived. Ten minutes passed and still no Professor. Twenty minutes passed with the same result. At half past eight Dominie Henclers announced that the entertainment could not be held. He apologized and then to satisfy the audience called for a volunteer to play the new organ. The room was very still. Every one was waiting and hoping for good results.

They came!

First a grunt, then a shuffling of feet and Jake arose.

"You?" questioned the minister.

"Ja," I blay a lettle vonce," replied Jake, and seated himself at the organ.

For a minute he was motionless.

Then a soft, sweet chord was heard. It grew louder and louder until with a tremendous crash, the whole organ seemed to burst into life. Loud and clear were the tones. The melodies ran now with each other, now far apart, then nearer and finally intertwining and whirling about like so many dancers. Yet never a discord. The story of a whole life was told; its beginning, love, pleasures, mistakes, sorrows, sufferings, pain—everything was depicted as clearly as in a book. Then it ended in a mighty hymn of thanksgiving and praise.

The audience sat spellbound, while Jake calmly took his seat. Needless to say, the people of Yarmouth made no more uncomplimentary remarks concerning the foreigner.

R. K. '11.

A MAID OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Prue! Prue!" The cries came nearer in a clear, boyish voice. A silence followed and then—"What do *you* want Bob? Don't you know that I am in great haste to finish the lace for Aunt's dress?" At that a tall, pretty, young girl appeared in the doorway, peering into the dim light of the hall.

"Oh, just listen Prue," cried the unseen boy, whose voice came from the region of the stairs. "The rebel troops are coming here on their march to Long Island. Oh, think of it Prue! If we could only see them."

"Hush, Bob, not so loud! Can you never remember to keep a wise tongue in your head?"

As he came into the room, Bob Van Twinkleton revealed a fine, manly figure, great broad shoulders and the usual ungainly arms and legs of a lad of seventeen. He

threw himself upon a small stool at his sister's feet and began an eager account of what he had heard on his way home from Sir Humphrey's.

"Just to think, we can see the troops of brave General Washington, Prue! They are marching toward Long Island and some of the boys in the village are forming a company to go with them. Oh, Prue! How I wish I could go."

"Bob! You go to war? Why boy, you are too young and besides if you should leave me here with the Cliftons all alone, what would I do?"

"Oh, you would be glad enough if I went and you could think that you had a brother in the war, and as for my age, why I look as if I were nineteen or twenty. What do I care about my age. They should never know that I am only seventeen. Oh dear, here comes 'Old Dame Trot' and I wanted to talk to you so much."

Prue hardly had time to admonish Bob when the door flew open and a middle-aged woman leaning on a cane came hobbling in.

"What, sitting here with all that lace to mend and your sampler to finish? Come Prudence, go about your work, and you sir, didn't Sir Humphrey's tutor give you plenty to do? Fie for two such lazy bones."

She seated herself in the large chair which Prue had quickly vacated, panting and puffing, throwing invectives upon the heads of the two departing figures.

"Bad enough—ugh, oh my heart, bad enough I say, to have to—oh my, to have to support 'em, but to see 'em sittin' doing nothing!" Down came the cane on the floor, "nothing at all, ugh, ugh, got to be stopped."

And this was Lady Clifton! She was repulsive in feature and as she sat in the big arm chair, arrayed in a flowered silk which would have looked very sweet on Prue, her hair piled high and powdered white, punctuating her angry chatter by banging her cane on the floor, she was indeed an "Old Dame Trot."

Prudence and Bob Van Twinkleton were her half-sister's children, and when that relative, the only one she had, had died, she had felt it incumbent upon herself to take them and bring them up.

Two women could not have been more different than the children's mother and her step-sister. Mrs. Van Twinkleton had been sweet and gentle and it was with rebellious hearts that they had left their pretty homelike little cottage and come to live in the great mansion which overlooked the Hudson with Lord and Lady Clifton holding full sway over their lives. Their mother had been a staunch supporter of the American cause and had given her all to it, her husband. The news of his death had killed her, but her last words had been, "Fight for the cause, if they need you, Bob, and Prudence, help all you can."

But neither Lord nor Lady Clifton gave it a thought that their young niece and nephew might be rebels. (It may be said here that Bob and Prue had seen the futility of making their own views on the subject known.) It seemed to the old couple that they were doing the greatest kindness to the orphans to give them a home and accordingly expected that when the young folks were not working for them that they would spend their time in showing their gratitude. Although both Prue and Bob were grateful to them in their way, it was rather

hard to love the cross aunt and forbidding uncle.

And now the rebel troops were going right through Walton and both brother and sister knew that it would be hard to try to see them, for Lady Clifton was very industrious in bringing up the two young charges.

That evening after desert, which they were allowed to share with their elders, Bob and Prue went to the school room to "talk things over."

"Prue, we must see the troops. I couldn't bear to think that the General himself stopped here, and I didn't see him," said Bob, after Prue had taken care that the door was closed.

Thus it was decided that they should both see the brave continentals. Bob was to go from Sir Humphrey's, where he shared the instruction of a tutor with that gentleman's son. He knew it would be easy enough to linger in town for a while. But Prue's chance was not quite as well assured. Lady Clifton herself made it easy for her although she was not aware of the fact. She wanted some ribbons and silks matched and as she knew the servants could not do it correctly for her, she sent Prue and informed Bob that he should meet his sister and be sure that she shopped unannoyed by those "dirty, vulgar rebels," as the Lady called them. This eased matters wonderfully and they were both strangely obedient and industrious the next morning.

It was a bitter March day when Prue started out for town. She said she preferred walking to riding in the great barouche in which Lady Clifton said she might go. After having quickly discharged her duties, she met Bob and it was not long

before the band of brave Continentals marched into town. Cold and hungry, they delighted the hearts of the good housewives by eating practically everything in sight. There was no place of shelter for them save the partly completed church which had been begun in the fall. This the eager townspeople offered to their fellow countrymen who were going to fight for their country.

Lured by curiosity both Prue and Bob forgot how time was flying and it was not until after they had seen the troops quartered in their strange shelter that they realized that it was growing dark and that they must walk home.

Of course Lady Clifton reprimanded them for being so late, but Bob explained that the streets had been so crowded that one could hardly make one's way and they couldn't help being curious to see what would happen.

Lady Clifton seemed to think that they could have managed some way to have avoided the "horrid rabble" and so they were deprived of their desert.

Long after the lights were out, Prue was still thinking of the soldiers and the grave gentleman whom they said was going to whip the British. Suddenly she heard her name whispered just outside the door. Recognizing Bob's voice, she asked what he wanted. All he said was "Hurry and come out." Dressing quickly, Prue was soon out in the hall with her brother. He led her to his room and she was surprised to see that he was fully booted and cloaked for a journey. Before she had time to speak, he drew her in and closing the door, said "Prue, I am going to join the army."

"Oh, Bob! you mustn't. Think of me and of how angry Aunt and Uncle would be," cried Prue in terror.

"Now listen Prue, I have thought it all over, and it took me but a moment to know that you would never prevent me from joining the army. You know what mother said, Prue."

Their eyes were filled with tears as she answered, "Yes, Bob, go if you think best; but what of Aunt and Uncle?"

He was silent, for what answer could he give? Suddenly Prue said quietly, "Bob, I guess if you are brave enough to go to war, I can at least stay home and not fear what Aunt Sarah or Uncle William say to me."

With a happy heart Bob turned to Prue, "There I knew you would say it, Prue." He hurried to the bed where lay the few belongings which he had packed up. Then he gave a last look around the tiny room. No doubt it was the last time he would ever see it, and he had spent a few happy moments there at least.

Prue insisted on stealing down stairs with him to bid him good-bye and before he knew it she had found a little food which she made him take with him. "You cannot go to Walton and enlist there. You must join the troops after they have left and you will need it before you meet them," she said. The parting was hard, for this brother and sister loved each other and were not ashamed of it. Motherly Prue took care that his coat collar was turned up and the last thing she said was, "Bob, if you are in trouble, you know I will do all I can for you. Be sure and write to me when you can, and be careful. What would I do without you."

"Don't worry, Sis, I'll be all right," was the reply, and then he was gone.

"What was he destined to go through and when would she see him again," Prue wondered as she returned to her room, stealing up the servants' stairway that she might not disturb her Uncle and Aunt.

There was no more sleep for Prue that night, nor for many nights to come.

When her Aunt and Uncle found out that Bob had joined the army, their wrath knew no bounds. But that was not the worst, for they vented it all upon poor Prue. They filled her days so full of work of all kinds that she had hardly time to worry about Bob, although when she sat sewing on her sampler, her thoughts were always with him.

When the news of Washington's defeat at Long Island came to her ears, great was her anxiety. And the Cliftons in their exultation made it doubly hard for her to bear the thoughts which filled her mind. But shortly afterward, she received a short note from him which simply said he was well, but that he did not know when he would see her.

Time passed quickly, even for Prue in her anxiety and soon the many defeats of the British troops began to tell upon the temper of Sir William and Lady Sarah, and, as usual, Prudence bore the weight of it all. But do not think that Prue was a model heroine. She was far from it and every day secretly rebelled against the unhappy life that she was leading at the manor house. It was only the thought that she must stay until Bob came home from war, that kept her many times from running away.

The little town of Walton was all astir with the news that the troops were going to fight a battle at Stony Point. Again Prue was in the village, when the American troops marched through, but how different everything was. She was a young woman now and had grown grave during the past three years by the sad experience she had undergone.

She looked eagerly through the ranks of weary, poorly clad Continentals, for perhaps Bob might have come with them. As the last ragged, haggard fellow passed, she turned away sorrowfully. But suddenly she saw a young soldier standing near by, with a troubled expression upon his thin face. When he saw her he came forward and in a low tone said, "Can you tell me Miss, where Miss Prudence Van Twinkleton lives?"

G. H. M. 711.

(To be continued.)

ON SHIPBOARD.

As the steamer "Silesia" was about to cast off her moorings at Naples a taxicab stopped on the dock and a young lady alighted and assisted an elderly lady up the gangplank.

The same evening the traveler's attention was attracted by the appearance of this young girl as she and her aunt took their places in the dining saloon. Every movement of Beth Wilson was accompanied by quiet self-composure and not self-consciousness. The way in which she provided for her aunt's comfort made all her fellow traveling companions her most willing servants. But they also were attracted by her aunt, Miss Lowell, a very dear old lady dressed in lavender.

Already their most ardent admirer was a young man who sat across the table from them and looked longingly across for a chance to detect their slightest need. But the dinner passed and nothing important occurred until the two ladies left the room and the younger forgot her wrap.

His dinner being over, Jack seized the opportunity to be gallant and with a light heart started in search of the owner.

He could not find either of the ladies until later in the evening, when he saw them comfortably settled in a cosy corner of the large saloon, watching the dancers. After he had returned the wrap he could not resist asking:

"May I have this dance with you?"

With a questioning look at her aunt, which received a favorable response, she gladly accepted.

As the evening passed Jack became more and more fascinated. After each dance they went back to Aunt Ruth to talk for a few minutes but he was not satisfied without still another dance.

The next day when Jack was resting in his chair on the deck, the deck steward directed Beth and her aunt to their chairs and with more luck for Jack, they were found to be next to his. During the remainder of the voyage many hours were spent by the three in talking about many subjects of interest.

"What a shame it is to leave Naples with all her glory," sighed Aunt Ruth. "It doesn't seem as if India can provide half as much beauty for us as Italy has. Look way over there on the horizon and you can see just a last bit of land."

"You have never been in India or you wouldn't say that," Jack as-

serted. "When you once reach the beautiful parts of India you will never want to leave them."

"But we have heard how hot it is there and in what a state of degradation the people are. As to the heat, I'm sure that this Red Sea should be called the 'Red Hot Sea.'"

"You have heard only of the disagreeable parts of life there. I think that the sunrises among the mountains of northern India are the most beautiful I have ever seen. 'Tis only among the lower cast that you see the dreadful poverty and filth."

"We have relatives there who will certainly give us a good time but there is really nothing like America, after all."

Although Beth had been delighted with every new country that she had seen, she could not forget all the good times America had given her.

"Yes," explained Miss Lowell, "we have never visited India but my brother is there and writes such good news about it that we just could not resist going there to visit."

Mrs. Wilson's death had been soon followed by her husband's and two young children were left orphans, the one, a boy, went to live with an uncle, and Beth, the girl, had been cared for lovingly by her aunt. But the brother and sister had been separated when the uncle decided to go to live in India. Occasional letters had been exchanged between the families but the children had not seen each other since their separation. The anticipation of their meeting can be readily imagined.

"Yes," Beth said enthusiastically.

"If his boat would only go faster. Tell me once again," she pleaded, time after time, "how you think brother looks. Did he look at all like me? How can I wait for two more days to pass!"

Beth could hardly do anything but talk of the near future. And yet, during these days the attraction between herself and Jack continued to increase. On the night before landing they were talking over the good times they had spent together during the voyage, for it surely had been a gay one for all.

"I hope this will not have to end our acquaintance," Jack suggested. "May I come and see you while you are in Colombo? You know my home is there and I should be glad to show you the attractions."

They planned some pleasant sight-seeing trips with Miss Lowell's consent. But the look of surprise on Jack's face was very pronounced when he read the address on the card which Beth had given him.

"Haven't you made some mistake about this address?" he asked as soon as he had finished reading it. "You have written mine on this instead of your own."

"No, I'm sure there is no mistake. Why —," Beth exclaimed in great excitement, "can it be possible that you are my brother Jack from whom I have been separated so long?" This is too strange to be true but I am convinced it is so."

Then followed a series of embraces which shocked those who were not familiar with the facts, but upon due explanation everybody was pleased.

Jack was forced to confess:

"Well, I think it is the greatest joke of my life that I should fall in love with my own sister before I knew who she was."

C. L. '12.

No. 842 JAMES STREET.

No. 842 James street was the house next door to ours. It bore a bad reputation, caused by a murder,

which had been perpetrated there. Many strange noises had been heard in the early hours of the morning. Tenants would stay only a short time and then move.

My wife and daughter begged me to move from the neighborhood and I was about determined to do this, when we noticed that there were some new tenants moving in. This was on Friday, the thirteenth of December.

The next day my wife and daughter paid a visit to the new occupants of the house. These occupants were a gentleman, his wife and little child who seemed to be very nice people and we hoped that they would stay.

Everything went well for a few days and nothing more was heard of the strange noises, when suddenly they broke out anew. This was while the tenants were not in the house, having gone away for their Christmas vacation.

The climax came on the third night that the people had been away. I was in bed fast asleep, when I felt someone shaking me and heard someone say, "Do you hear that?" This thoroughly aroused me and I sat up in bed to see what was the matter. I found that it was my wife, who had said these words and cautioned me to listen. This I did and heard those strange sounds, which had so terrified her.

This time I was determined to find out the cause of the trouble. I dressed hurriedly, got my revolver from the desk, went downstairs and out through the basement door. I went to the next house and admitted myself with the key, which the tenants had left with us. I could hear the sounds more plainly now but could see nothing. I turned on the electricity and searched the whole house, but not one thing did I discover.

This discouraged me and I seated myself before the fireplace where it seemed as if the sounds were plainer. It appeared quite large now that I noticed it more closely. The back was rather queer, and acting upon impulse I pushed on it. To my great surprise it swung outward. This showed an aperture large enough to admit a man without much inconvenience.

Making sure that I had my revolver, I entered the door and found a small flight of stairs leading down into the darkness. I lit the electric pocket light which I had picked up from the dining room mantelpiece and descended the stairs. I reached the bottom and followed the little patch which led to the right. A light could be seen not far off and I crept towards this cautiously. This light came from the transom of a door at the end of the passage. I carefully raised myself to the top of the door and peered in. At first I could not make out what was going on; four men could be seen around a machine which was in operation and making a loud noise. One of the men picked up some bills which came out of the machine and then I understood; they were counterfeiters and here was where they made their money.

I lowered myself from the top of the door and made my way back through the passage and out through the fireplace. I then telephoned for the police and after waiting for a short time I heard them at the door. I let them in and found that the captain had sent six plain-clothes men. I explained everything to them and led them to the door without giving any alarm. We broke in the door, feeling sure that they could not escape, for I had not seen any other way of entrance.

They did not attempt to get away

for they saw that their only escape was cut off and they were covered by our revolvers. They were immediately handcuffed and taken to the police station.

The leader of the four confessed everything. He said that he had formerly lived there when a youth and had become acquainted with the secret chamber by chance, as I had. He had led a wayward life and finally resorted to counterfeiting to earn a living. He had had a key to the house and this was how they gained entrance so easily.

Thus was the mystery of number 842 cleared up and my wife and daughter were disturbed no longer by the strange sounds.

The men were each sentenced fifteen years in the state prison at hard labor. Incidentally the police pronounced the money the most perfect counterfeit they had ever seen.

W. I. G. '12.

BREWSTER'S VINDICATION

He just couldn't study. The events of the preceding day when Charleton had lost to St. Michael's passed through his mind continually. And he was to blame! That was the bitter thought which came between him and the printed page. With a smothered exclamation Brewster slammed the book shut, tossed it into the corner and stalked out of the room.

Yesterday had occurred the game between Charleton Academy and a rival school, St. Michaels. The latter had never been considered a very formidable opponent by Charleton, which had one of the best school nines in the country. But yesterday by some whim of Fate, St. Michaels had won and Jack Brewster had been the instrument of Fate. He had just made the team and this

had been his first real game. He had been nervous all through the game and in the very last inning fumbled the ball at a critical moment, thus causing St. Michaels to win the game. Brewster felt himself disgraced and this was the cause of his inability to study.

As Brewster passed down the steps of the dormitory, a group of boys, gathered at one corner of the building, called to him: "Brewster! O Brewster!" Pretending not to hear them Jack continued his way. He knew that the fellows didn't blame him but still he didn't want their sympathy, so he kept away from them. There is a saying, "Don't throw mud at a fellow when he's down," but sometimes one would rather have mud than sympathy.

While walking along, Brewster's thoughts kept reverting to his failure of yesterday. Then the advice of his elder brother came into his mind. "When you are playing ball, play the game, and don't bother with the other side — they'll look out for themselves. Just play the game for all your worth." That was the reason of his failure. He had thought too much of what the other side was going to do. Then into his heart came a determination to vindicate his captain's trust in him — to somehow make good. And his opportunity was not long in coming.

A few days later Charleton played Norton Academy, the only school which had a nine feared by the Charleton players.

Norton arrived with all its followers. As for Charleton, there wasn't a boy in the school who was not present, for this was the biggest game of the season.

The contest seemed equally divided. First Charleton was ahead, then Norton. Charleton made a

run in the second inning. Then in the third, a ball was fumbled — not by Brewster this time — and Norton brought in two runners. This was tied by Charleton in the fifth. Thus the game continued with neither side much ahead until the seventh inning, when luck favored Norton, making the score seven to four against Charleton. Nothing happened in the eighth inning. Then in the ninth Charleton made three good hits, one after another. Silence reigned in the ranks of spectators. The excitement was too intense for noise. The next batter struck out, so did the next, although in this case through nervousness. A groan went up from the assembled Charletonians which was quickly changed to a defiant yell in answer to the derisive cheering of Norton. The next batter was Brewster. Three men on bases and two men out. Would he hit it or wouldn't he? This question was in the minds of all — with the exception of Brewster. He knew that he would hit it. And fickle Fate this time stood by him and put power into the arm which swung the bat, hitting the ball with a crack which resounded like a pistol shot. Far over center flew the ball and around the diamond flashed Brewster. The eyes of half the spectators were fixed on the ball while the rest were watching Brewster. The score was now tied by the three players who had come in, but would Brewster get home? There was now no need to ask, for over the home plate he sped, two feet ahead of the ball, and was tossed on the shoulders of a raging mob of school fellows.

The next day Brewster was again unable to study but from far different reasons this time. And a great content filled his heart for he knew that he had "made good." K.G.'12.

THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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February is the month in which were born two of our most noted Americans, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. It is only right and just that we should honor their memory and observe the dates of their birth. The former, because he was the one who laid the very foundation of our freedom and independence, and the latter, who seemed to have lived at exactly the right time, to be of the utmost value to his country and fellow-men. Abraham Lincoln once said of Washington: "Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible." These

words might also be said of Lincoln. For all that the name of Washington implies to the founding of our Republic, the name of Lincoln implies to the preservation of its union. Even though we may never be able to attain the fame of these two men, we can at least strive to reach their high ideals in life.

* * *

The mid-year examinations have come and gone. No doubt they have left behind them "that tired feeling" and perhaps in a few cases failures. Those who were fortunate enough to pass, we congratulate, while to those who were less fortunate we can only say, remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Strive to do better and make your work a success in every way.

* * *

The Editorial staff of the CRIMSON AND WHITE wishes to thank the students for the interest that they have shown in the paper. We hope that this good work will continue throughout the year.

We are very sorry to note the recent death of Mrs. C. A. Horne, the mother of one of our Faculty. The CRIMSON AND WHITE and members of the school express their heart-felt sympathy to Miss Horne in her bereavement.

ALUMNI NOTES.

1910.

Warren Vosburg has been made a member of the Glee Club of Union College.

1909.

Elsie M. Gray and Dr. Francis

A. Garten of New York, were married in the early part of the winter.

1908.

Clarence Ostrander has been elected the valedictorian of the senior class of the Albany School of Pharmacy.

Roger Fuller has been made a member of the Yale Dramatic Club.

1907.

Miss Bott, who is a student of the S. N. C., is teaching first year German in N. H. S.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Thomas Curnin and Llewellyn Smith have left the Freshman class.

Katharine Reed and Marguerite Riggs have left the sophomore class.

Joseph Stahl, a former student of Fordham High School, New York, has entered the sophomore class.

A valentine party, to be given in the gymnasium, is being planned by the sophomores.

Edward McEntee has left the Junior class on account of illness.

The Junior rhetoricals have been very good. The following have spoken: Eva Frederick, Marion Becker, Jeanette Brate, Alice Gazeley, Caroline Gauger, Anna Klapp, Katharine Goldring and Newton Bacon.

Senior Class.

Miriam Sturtevant has left the Normal to complete her High School course in her home town.

On the evening of February 14th the Senior class and their friends enjoyed a delightful sleighride party. The ride terminated at the home of Edith Herber in Elsmere, where games, music and dancing were enjoyed. Dainty valentine favors were distributed and refreshments served.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Zeta Sigma.



On Friday evening, Dec. 30th, Zeta Sigma held her annual reception at the Aurania Club. The hall was decorated with the society colors, dark green and light blue, and with High School and College pennants. The music as usual was furnished by H. R. Zita's orchestra.

At the meeting held Tuesday, February 7th, elections were held, and as a result the following officers have been chosen for the remainder of the year:

President — Geraldine Murray.

Vice-President — Helen Merchant.

Recording Secretary — Florence Van Vranken.

Critic — Clara Sutherland.

Senior Editor — Edith Herber.

Treasurer — Carolyn Lansing.

Corresponding Secretary — Eva Frederick.

Marshal — Edith Dolan.

Mistress of Ceremonies — Florence Gale

Pianist — Margaret Hoffman.

Theta Nu.



At the semi-annual election meeting held on February 1st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing twenty weeks:

President — Wm. H. Thomson.

Vice-President — W. Irving Goe-wey, Jr.

Critic — John T. Delaney.

Secretary — Joseph Cody.

Treasurer — Chester Hane.

Sergeants-at-arms — Albert E. Hoit, Jr., Kenneth DuBois.

On February 8th there took place a mock trial which is a little out of the ordinary for literary societies, and it proved to be such a great success that another is promised for the near future.

There seems to be a very bright outlook for the remainder of the year in the literary work, in which every member takes such a heart-felt interest.

Adelphoi.



The Adelphoi Fraternity is keeping up its good work. The meetings are always interesting and show much preparation of the literary work. The members are improving rapidly in oration and debating and the Blue and White will be represented in the prize contest in May.

Adelphoi sincerely regrets that illness will prevent Carl Wurthmann and Edward McEntee from returning to school this year. It is the hope of all the members that their recovery will be rapid.

Harold Springstead is a frequent visitor at the meetings.

The proposed sleighride has been postponed.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.—*Holmes.*

It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends.—*Thackeray.*



BASKETBALL.

Our basketball team this year is proving itself to be one of the winning kind. Let us hope that it will continue in that fashion the rest of the season. The team is a little more than half through the hard schedule, having played eleven games of which they have won eight.

N. H. S. 23, C. B. A. 15.

On December 7th our team again met and defeated the Christian Brothers' Academy five at St. John's hall, the score being 23 to 15. The game was hotly contested throughout. The first half ended in a score of 12 to 9, with the cadets on the big end, but in the second half Normal came back strong and easily won out.

N. H. S. 19, T. H. S. 26.

In a rough and fast game in December our five met defeat on its own court at the hands of the Troy High School quintette by a score of 26 to 19.

Although outweighed man to man by at least fifteen pounds and pitted against one of the fastest and strongest High School teams of New York state, our boys put up a plucky fight and deserve all the credit that can be given them.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S. Position. T. H. S.
 Left forward.
 MulcahyMurphy

Right forward.

George, Goewey.....Ahern
 Center.
 CodyLittle
 Left guard.
 Goewey, Bacon McGraw
 Right guard.
 DuBois Beaton

Summary.

Score—N. H. S. 19, T. H. S. 26.
 Score at the end of first half—
 Normal 9, Troy 20. Baskets from
 field—Ahern 5, Murphy 5, DuBois
 3, Beaton 2, Cody 1, McGraw 1.
 Baskets from free throws—Goewey
 7. Referee—Allison. Timekeeper—
 Wilson. Scorer—Wood. Attend-
 ance—175.

N. H. S. 14, A. H. S. 19.

Our team met defeat the third time this season by the Garnet and Gray quintette at the Y. M. C. A. before a large crowd, and the gymnasium resounded with deafening cheers of the rooters.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S. Positions. A. H. S.
 Left forward.
 Mulcahy Ward
 Right forward.
 Goewey Douglas
 Center.
 Cody Jones, Ferris
 Left guard.
 Bacon Johnson, Popp
 Right guard.
 DuBois Mackey

Summary.

Score — Normal High School 14, Albany High School 19. Score at the end of first half — N. H. S. 5, A. H. S. 12. Baskets from field — Douglas 3, Goewey 3, Bacon 2, Johnson 1, Cody 1, Popp 1, Ward 1, Mackey 1. Baskets from free throws — Douglas 5, Goewey 2. Time of periods, 20 and 15 minutes. Referee—Stier. Scorer—Wood. Timer — F. Jones.

N. H. S. 36, Troy Academy 18.

After the holidays and a rest our team came back fresh and started the New Year in a good fashion by defeating the Troy Academy five, the score being 36 to 18. Despite the fact that they were outplayed in every way the Trojans put up a plucky fight. The shooting, passing and general team work of our "five" was excellent and every man starred in his position. The work of Goewey, Cody and DuBois featured as also did Scully for Troy Academy.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S.	Positions.	Troy Acad.
	Left forward.	
Goewey	Scully
	Right forward.	
George	Salinas, Jones
	Center.	
Cody	Hislop
	Left guard.	
Bacon	Archibald
	Right guard.	
DuBois	Wagner

Summary.

Score at the end of first half — Normal 14, Troy Academy 3. Final score — N. H. S. 36, Troy Acad. 18. Baskets from field — DuBois 7, Cody 5, Goewey 5, Scully 5, Salinas 1, Jones 1, Hislop 1. Baskets from free throws — Goewey 2, Scully 2. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes. Referee — Stier.

Scorer — Wood. Timer — Rosenblum.

N. H. S. 38, A. A. C. 9.

Our quintette added another victory to its credit by defeating the cadets of the Albany Academy by their clever passing and accurate basket shooting, the score being 38 to 9.

The first half ended 18 to 3, with Normal on the big end, DuBois starring with five field baskets. The playing of our star center was the feature of the game, who prevented his man from scoring and made seven field baskets, some of which were pretty shots. Captain Goewey did some good work, scoring, eleven points. Bacon and George also played a steady game.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S.	Positions.	A. A. C.
	Left forward.	
Goewey, Paltsits	..	Hawley, Clarke
	Right forward.	
George	Harris, Hawley
	Center.	
Cody	Nead
	Left guard.	
Bacon	Bellknap, Ward
	Right guard.	
DuBois	Callanan

Summary.

Score at the end of first half — N. H. S. 18, A. A. C. 3. Final score — N. H. S. 38, A. A. C. 9. Baskets from field — Cody 2, 5, DuBois 5, 0, Goewey 1, 3, George 0, 1, Hawley 0, 2. Free throws — Nead 3, 2, Goewey 2, 1, DuBois 0, 1. Time of periods — Twenty minutes. Referees — Winchester and MacNamee. Scorer — Wood. Timer — Wilson.

N. H. S. 55, S. H. S. 14.

In the gymnasium Saturday evening, January 28th, the Normals gained two victories, the college beating First Congregational Church

of Schenectady and our team winning from Scotia High School by a score of 55 to 14.

It was a one-sided contest, made interesting by the great work of DuBois, Cody and Goewey.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S.	Positions.	S. H. S.
	Left forward.	
Goewey	Chamberlain
	Right forward.	
George, Paltsits	Nickol
	Center.	
Cody	Sauer
	Left guard.	
Bacon	Schalor
	Right guard.	
DuBois	Cole

Summary.

Score — Normal 55, Scotia 14. Score end of first half — N. H. S. 35, S. H. S. 8. Baskets from field — DuBois 6, 6, Goewey 4, 2, Cody 6, 1, George 0, 1, Bacon 1, 0, Chamberlain 2, 1, Nickol 1, 1, Sauer 1, 1. Baskets on free throws — Goewey 1, 0. Referee — Herzog. Timer — Barnett. Scorer — Mulcahy. Time of periods — 20 minutes. Attendance — 200.

N. H. S. 53, A. A. C. 7.

In a one-sided contest our "five" badly defeated the team representing Albany Academy by the score of 53 to 7. The contest was marked by the spectacular playing of the entire team, the work of Cody, DuBois and Goewey being especially brilliant.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S.	Positions.	A. A. C.
	Left forward.	
Goewey	Nead
	Right forward.	
George	Hawley
	Center.	
Cody	Clarke
	Left guard.	
Bacon	Lawyer

Right guard.

DuBois Callanan, Belknap
Summary.

Score — Normal 53, Academy 7. Score end of first half — Normal 21, Academy 3. Baskets from field — Cody 2, 7, DuBois 4, 4, Goewey 2, 4, George 1, 1, Nead 0, 1, Clarke 0, 1. Baskets on free throws — Goewey 3, 0, Nead 3, 0. Time of halves — 15 minutes. Referee — Stier. Scorer — Wood. Timers — McArdle and Harris. Attendance — 180.

N. H. S. 39, L. H. S. 30.

In a hard fought and closely contested game N. H. S. defeated Lansingburg H. S. at the school gymnasium, the score being 39 to 30. Both teams displayed good passwork at times. The playing of Goewey and DuBois featured for Normal while Miter and Icke did the same for Lansingburg.

The line-up and summary:

N. H. S.	Positions.	L. H. S.
	Left forward.	
George	Icke
	Right forward.	
Goewey	Miter
	Center.	
Cody	Pelletier
	Right guard.	
DuBois	Hughes
	Left guard.	
Bacon	Goodell

Summary.

Score — N. H. S. 39, L. H. S. 30. Score at end of first half — N. H. S. 24, L. H. S. 14. Baskets from field — Goewey 4, 3, DuBois 3, 3, George 3, 0, Icke 3, 1, Miter 1, 3, Goodell 1, 2, Pelletier 1, 1. Baskets from free throws — Goodell 2, 2, Goewey 2. Time of halves — 20 minutes each. Fouls committed — N. H. S. 6, L. H. S. 10. Referees — Stier and McMasters. Timer — Wilson. Scorer — Wood.



Since the last issue of the CRIMSON AND WHITE our exchange list has increased two-fold, and we are constantly receiving new magazines with requests of "please exchange." Of course it is impossible for us to respond to all these well-intended solicitations, for, while we keenly appreciate the free and amicable spirit of our contemporaries, it is essential that we should give our "old friends," that is, those periodicals which have exchanged with us during previous years, the preference. Furthermore, we must keep our exchange list within the one hundred mark, otherwise we could not supply our subscribers. We trust that this explanation will find acceptance with certain high school publications which have been clamoring to be numbered among our regular exchanges.

* * *

It has always been the aim of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE to make every department a feature of the paper, and we have reason to believe that, judging from the favorable comment showered upon us from local and other quarters, we have fairly succeeded.

Not long ago in the Sunday edition of "*The Knickerbocker Press*," one of Albany's leading dailies, appeared a lengthy article on "Vicinity

School Magazines," giving vent to a series of eulogistic effusions on the general excellence of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, together with other interesting matter, which afforded the contributors as well as the board of editors much satisfaction in perusing. This article was accompanied by a cut of the December cover design. Among the many glowing tributes accorded THE CRIMSON AND WHITE were the following:

"THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is a school magazine that for general interest and literary merit would be difficult to beat the world over.

"Instead of the too stilted or too frivolous literary contributions which only too often mar an otherwise good school magazine, its stories are witty, soundly constructed, original and on altogether a higher plane of merit to the average run of contents of a large proportion of the public magazine press of to-day."

"THE CRIMSON AND WHITE has a number of well displayed and tasteful advertisements that, like its stories, should be the envy of its contemporaries."

In repeating the foregoing paragraphs we do not wish to be thought vain, but to show some of our contemporary publications whose pro-

moters are languishing in their efforts to maintain a good standard, what can be accomplished by what President Bryan of Colgate University terms as "persistent, consistent, systematic hard work." It is earnestly hoped that these words will prove the much-needed stimulant. However, they need only apply to a few of our exchanges.

* * *

It seems to us that, generally speaking, our exchanges are becoming "better than ever" as the school year progresses. The improvement is really marvelous. At the present writing we have little general criticism to offer upon the majority of our exchanges; in fact, so little that it is not worth expressing. The literary material shows marked advancement both in quality and quantity, the artistic work and cartoons are more deftly executed than ever before, some of the artists showing professional skill. The copious school notes show that the sundry editors are wide awake and alert to every occurrence, and the jokes sparkle with a wit, bubble with an ingenuity, and taste of an originality hitherto unconceived. The criterion appears to have been reached in *The Tiger*, *The North Star*, *The Ledger* and *The Shucis*. "Let the good work continue" should be our slogan for 1911.

* * *

It was with deep regret that we found it advisable to remove the exchanges from their customary place in the chapel. We were goaded to this action, however, by the attitude of our readers themselves, who, after they had finished reviewing the contents of the magazines, instead of returning them to their proper place on the piano would leave them strewn about the chapel, or interspersed about the study halls.

Of course these untidy conditions were absolutely unnecessary, and as the students have been admonished from time to time concerning the need of keeping the papers in the place specified, we feel that we are entirely justified in the drastic course we have taken. The exchange editor does not intend to constantly withstand the censure of the faculty for what is done by the students, and if our readers do not sufficiently appreciate the privilege of having the exchanges at their command to comply with a few gentle requests, this privilege must essentially be refused them altogether.

The Commentator.

The literary department is obviously the feature of *The Vexillum*, Boston, Massachusetts, and cannot be commended too highly. "Adventures in Suburban Life," "The Hazing Club," and "A Comedy of Errors," all bespeak of the literary excellence of the periodical. The first is intensely amusing, and reflects much credit upon the humoric genius of the writer. We can predict nothing but undivided success for the "Thoughtless Themes" department which was inaugurated in the January issue. The editorials of *The Vexillum* are unusually well written, as are the exchange criticisms, but we once more venture to suggest that if a better editorial cut is not available, the present one be eliminated. Jokes are deplorably lacking in your paper. These bits of humor materially brighten a high school magazine, and give to it a versatility that makes it worth reading.

The literary material in the *Holy Cross Purple*, Worcester, Massachusetts, surpasses that of any other

magazine on our exchange list. The numerous stories and articles vie in excellence, and the various styles and methods of technique employed in their construction are remarkable. There also seems to be an abundance of bards in Holy Cross College who show a mastery of their art. In our opinion, the editorial department should be expanded to correspond with the other well developed features of the publication.

In William A. Loomis, *Comus*, Zanesville, Ohio, has an artist of whom it may justly feel proud. The cover designs executed by Loomis this year are the work of a finished artist, and these, with his frequent cartoons, add greatly to the embellishment of the paper.

We congratulate the Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Kansas, on its excellent football record for 1910. Seven victories and no defeats speak well of the athletic spirit and prowess in your institution.

The editors of *The Adelpian*, Brooklyn, N. Y., seem to have an astounding faculty for securing news. The organ, for the most part, is devoted to social and scholastic occurrences in the Adelphi Academy, which evidently is a very lively and progressive institution.

The High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, presents a very attractive appearance. "Newamos," an Indian poem, patterned after Longfellow's "Hiawatha," shows much skill on the part of the writer.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y., is maintaining its usual standard of literary superiority. The exchange criticisms are very creditably written.

The Skirmisher, Hillsdale, Michigan, appears to copy its style of headings after those of the Hearst

dailies. It is certainly not the fault of the artists if they are not seen. The type used is of the heavy variety apparent in the extra editions of our current newspapers.

The Red and Black, Reading, Pennsylvania, is as newsy as ever this year. We rather like the novel arrangement of your paper.

Exchanges Received.

We desire to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines since our last issue:

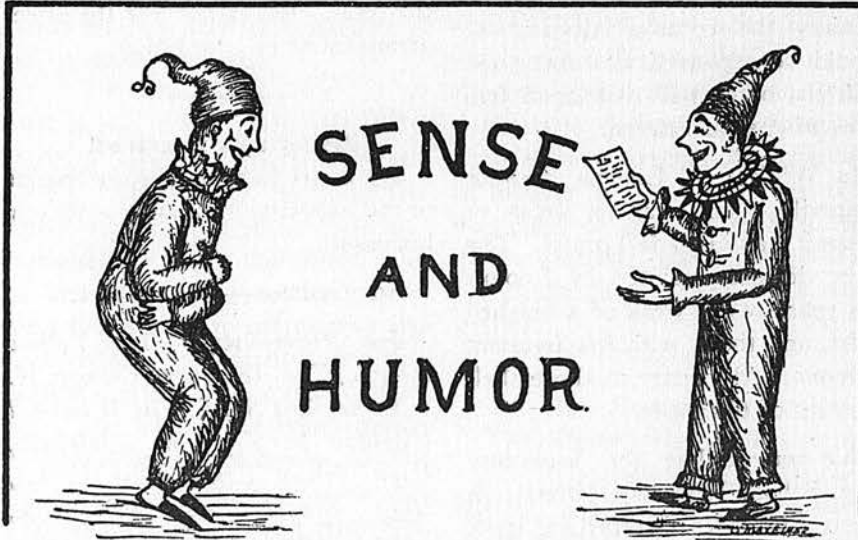
For October — *Out Tattler*.

For November — *The Yellow Dragon*, *The Academy* (Owego, N. Y.), *The Sans Souci*, *The Windmill* (Manlius, N. Y.), *The Adelpian*, *High School Critic*, *The Comet*, *High School Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *Our Tattler*, *The Tattler* (Milwaukee, Wis.), *The Normal News*, *The Triangle*.

For December — *The North Star*, *Comus*, *The Opinion*, *The Russ*, *The Ledger*, *The Enterprise*, *High School Recorder* (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.), *The Academy* (Owego, N. Y.), *The Vexillum*, *Eugene High School News*, *The Tiger*, *The Lyceum*, *The Techtorian*, *The Triangle*, *The Cactus*, *The Oracle* (Jacksonville, Fla.), *Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *The Shucis*, *The Bulletin*, *The Adelpian*, *The Sans Souci*, *The Criterion*, *The Whirlwind*, *Shamokin High School Review*, *The Holy Cross Purple*, *The Budget*, *The Iliad*, *The Sentinel*, *The Academe* (Albany, N. Y.), *The Comet*, *The Spinster*, *The Aurora*, *The Voice*, *Our Tattler*, *The Panorama*, *Winchester High School Recorder*, *The Maroon and White*, *The Tattler* (Milwaukee, Wis.), *High School Critic*.

For January — *The North Star*, *The Vexillum*, *The Ledger*, *The Stylus*, *The Red and Black*, *Comus*, *The Lilliputian*, *The Citizen*, *The Canary and Blue*, *The Register*, *The Windmill* (Hudson, N. Y.), *The "O,"* *The Chief*, *The Sans*

Souci, *Shamokin High School Review*, *The Iliad*, *The Cue*, *The Skirmisher*, *The Bulletin*, *High School Argus*, *The Tech Monthly*, *The Benhi*, *High School Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.).



Miss Shafer had just finished explaining the floating properties of a lily. "Now, Mr. Hoyt," she said, "what is it that floats?"

"Ivory soap," drawled out Albert E. Hoyt, Jr., shaking off the effects of a long and comfortable nap.

Miss Bennett was explaining some problems in geometry. "I will now repeat the explanation of the first four propositions," she announced.

Sleepy George — "Wake me up at the end of the period, Vic."

The only answer Paltsits gives him — "B-z-z-z-z-z" (Snore).

Miss Shafer, explaining the respiration of a leaf was interrupted by Oswald Meyer who inquired: "If you stepped on a leaf, could you say that you knocked the wind out of it?"

Miss Horne (in Caesar class) —

"Now I do not want to see any two girls doing Caesar together in study period."

The motto of the class — "Do Caesar or he'll do you. Sometimes it takes two to do him."

Miss Biegelmann (in Biology) — "Mr. McMahan, I would like to have you tell me what and where the diaphragm is."

McMahan (with all the confidence of youth) — "The diaphragm is a membranous tissue which separates inspiration from expiration."

Oswald Meyer has a bevy of feminine admirers in the sophomore class. He is actually becoming the idol of Edyth Picken and a few others.

It has gone abroad that the girls of the freshmen class are rather boisterous (?) in their recitations.

What frail, delicate, diminutive, coy little creatures they are!

Helen M. — "You ought to have heard John Becker's ringing speech last night."

Eva F. — "Why, I wasn't aware he could make a speech."

Helen M. — "Well, I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring."

Cody — "I've never worn these basketball stockings before."

Goewey — "Then why are they so full of holes."

Cody — "Buck DuBois wore them last year, and yesterday I borrowed them from Bacon."

Fun and Frivolity.

"How do you feel, Claude?"

"Like the bottom of a stove, Ebenezer."

"How is that, Claude?"

"Grate, Ebenezer."

John's son — "Do you know that our products are consumed practically as soon as we ship them?"

Will's son — "How's that?"

John's son — "Well, you see we manufacture matches."

A wealthy old parishioner was attending a meeting of the "session" in the little country church. The meeting had been called for the purpose of devising a means of raising money for the repair of the church which was in a badly dilapidated condition. The aged parishioner arose and said:

"Brethren, this little place of worship of ours is falling into decay, and we should defer the matter of repairing it no longer. I will give fifty dollars toward this work." But suddenly, as he spoke, a piece of

plaster fell from the ceiling and struck him squarely on the head.

"Brethren," he cried, "this is worse than I thought it was. I will give one hundred dollars for the worthy cause."

Just then a fervant voice from the rear of the gathering burst out, "Oh Lord, hit him again!"

Marguerite Taylor — "Are you fond of tea?"

Edwin T. — "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

The Wit of Our Contemporaries.

Enraged over something the local newspaper had printed about him a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible reporter.

"Who are you!" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.

"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

"And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his resentful gaze on the chocolate-colored office devil clearing out the waste basket.

"Me?" rejoined the ducky, grinning from ear to ear. "Ah guess ah's de cul-ud supplement."—*Ex.*

Captain (to new cabin boy) — "Well, my boy, the old story, I suppose. Fool of the family sent to sea?"

Cabin Boy — "Oh, no sir. That's all changed since your day."—*Ex.*

He — "How do you like my new hat?"

She — "It looks awful; give it to me."

He — "What are you going to do with it?"

She — "I'm going to take it back to the man you got it from."

He — "Sh-h. He doesn't know I've got it."—*Ex.*

"Now," said the teacher, proposing a problem, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spend two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.

"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac, with a disgusted tone.—*Ex.*

Mary—"Why do hens lay eggs?"

John—"Because it's natural, I suppose."

Mary—"No. Because if they dropped them they'd break them."

—*Ex.*

It was at a charity bazaar, and the young lady was trying to sell a vase.

"How much it is?" I said.

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Aren't you a little dear?"

"Well," she replied, blushing.

"All the boys say so."—*Ex.*

Come fly with me,

Oh, I forgot—

That hobble skirt,

You'd better not.

—*Ex.*

NOT GUILTY.

Sunday School Supt.—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

No reply—*Ex.*

Reporter—"What shall I say of the man who was killed in a folding bed?"

Editor—"Say he was gathered into the fold."—*Ex.*

"I think," said the actor as a cabbage grazed his nose, "that someone in the audience has lost his head."

—*Ex.*

"And did your wife die a natural death?"

"Oh, yes. She was talking when the end came."

"Rock-a-by, Seniors, on the tree-top,

As long as you study, the cradle will rock,

But if you stop digging, the cradle will fall,

And down will come Seniors, diplomas and all."

MIRTH.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

"With one exception everything I've put money into has gone up in the air."

"What was the exception?"

"An airship."

Belinda is the Village Belle,

Her beauty has no ||.

Her charming manner is perfection,

There's no one like her in this §.

I wonder would she think me rash

If after her I made a —,

And with a manner suave and bland

I frankly asked her for her ;

Then if I murmured, "Tell me, dearie,"

Would she say, "Yes," unto my?

And yet,—Belinda's tongue's so brisk,

I fear I'd be an *.—*Harpers.*

"In the Far East a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married," remarked a young man at a social gathering.

"How odd," exclaimed a lady.

"In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterwards."—

Father (called upon to deliver a parental lecture)—upon my word, you children are getting too dainty for anything! Jam and butter on

the same piece of bread, indeed! Why, when I was your age I was very glad to get enough dry bread to eat!

Bobbie—"You have a much better time of it living with us, don't you, father?"

There once was a young girl named
Kate,

Who dined with her beau at 8.08.

I would grieve to relate
What that greedy girl Kate
With her tête-a-te ate at 8.08.

—Adapted.

A well known judge at present on circuit once complained, and said to one of the responsible officials:

"The acoustics are execrable."

"Really, my lord," was the reply, "you surprise me. I can't smell anything."

There is a man in a Midland town whose name is Burst. It is a misfortune that would not have attracted much attention if he had not called his two children Annie May and Ernest Will.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure boss, ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."

On pianos and organs she lbs.,
Making strange and mysterious sbs.,
And the policeman calls out
To see what she's about,
As he goes on his lone nightly rbs.

—Adapted.

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post-office building, "what is the meanin' of thim letters 'MDCCCXCVIII'?"

"They mean eighteen hundred an' ninety-eight."

"Dennis, don't it strike you that they're carryin' this shpellin' reform entoirely too far?"

"Aha!" said the egg,

As it splattered a bit,

"I was cast for the villain

And made a great hit!"

—Adapted.

Lady (entering country newspaper office):—"I've lost my dog and want to know the cost to advertise for him in the paper."

Green Office-boy:—"Well, mum, my boss said to charge for advertising according to the size, an' when yer find yer dog if yer will measure him I can tell yer th' cost."

"Will you buy me a drum, grand-mamma?"

"No, dear; you would disturb me with the noise."

"No I wouldn't granny; I'd only play it when you're asleep."

Fair millionaire: "Oh, Vladinier, they say you are a fortune-hunter, and are only marrying me for my wealth. Tell me that this is not true."

Lord Dedbroke: "Why, my dearest, I would marry you if you were penniless."

Fair Millionaire: "Prove this, my own Vladinier, and I shall be absolutely happy."

Lord Dedbroke: "Settle the whole of your vast fortune upon me, leaving yourself destitute, and I will wed you in the face of the whole world."

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"

"Look here," said the guest, "things around here are just about as rotten as they make them. When I went to lunch to-day I found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey, and hair in the apple sauce."

"Well," exclaimed the genial proprietor, "the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice, and I suppose the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and every one was a Baldwin."

A WORD OF KINDNESS.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—
Just a flash and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples
Circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort
On each splashing, dashing wave,
Till you wouldn't believe the volume
Of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—
In a minute you forget;
But there's gladness still a-swelling
And there's joy a-circling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort
Whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water
Just by dropping a kind word.
—Adapted.

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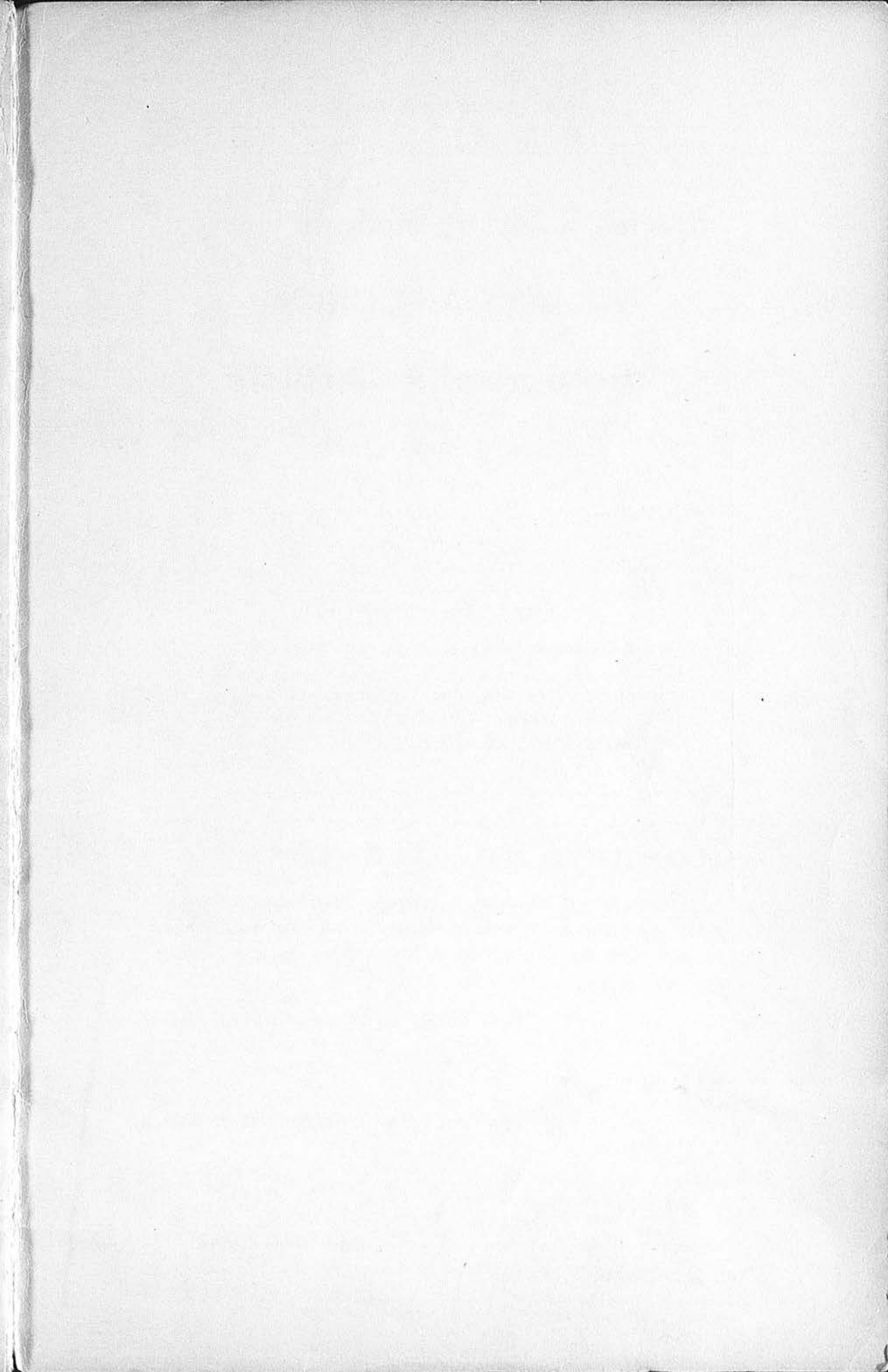
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