



The Crimson and White

February 1910

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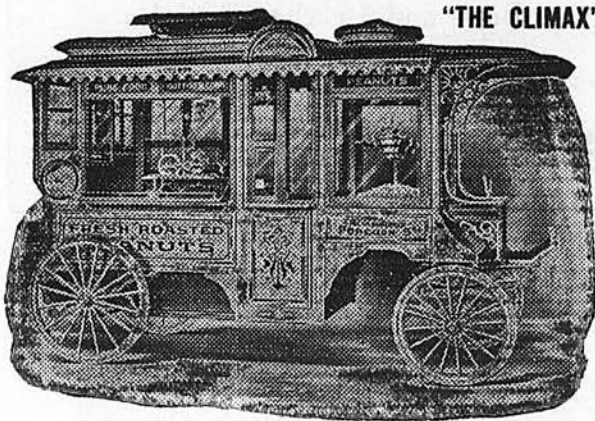
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The Crimson and White

VOL. VI

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No. 3



Literary Department

My Valentine

I have a little sweetheart,
A dainty little maid:
She clammers up into my lap,
And does not seem afraid.
She gazes up into my face,
Her arms about me twine,
And she tells me that she loves me
And will be my Valentine.

She smoothes her snowy little
frock,
And tilts her little chin,
And I love to watch the twinkling
Of her dimples, out and in.
She asks me how I like her sash,
And shows her slippers fine:
She really seems to love me,
My little Valentine.

I remember, many years ago,
Another little girl,
Whose violet eyes were like this
child's,
Her dark hair all in curl:
She'd tell me all her childish plans,
Then I would tell her mine;
And we used to plan together
How she'd be my Valentine.

So when I see this other child
That climbs upon my knee,

And whispers all her pretty
thoughts,
And nestles close to me,
I sadly think of long ago,
And know this Valentine
Will some day, like the other,
Want some other love than
mine. '10.

The Boy of the Golden-Rule Book

He had been awfully good for the last few days. Mother didn't know just why, nor was she disposed to ask him for fear that the "good streak" wouldn't last. He was generally such a "wiggley" little boy and such a talker. Why he could ask more questions in one day than a college professor could answer in a lifetime. But he was very silent, almost pensive, now. Father said he had the sulks. Mother said he was becoming too dreamy. Aunt Jane thought it must be insomnia. But grandmother was sure it was a change of heart.

In the meantime what had become of his appetite and his sweet-

tooth. Both had utterly disappeared. Formerly he could eat three times as much as father, not counting the dessert, and as to candy,—why, he never had enough of that. But now—well he had been seen to take a handful of cookies out of the jar, but he hadn't eaten them, for there were no crumbs on the carpet, and he always left a trail of crumbs. What had he done with them? And what had become of his money? He hadn't bought candy.

There were some articles of his wardrobe missing, too. But then, he was always losing things. That was nothing new,

This state of affairs lasted for almost a week. Mother was really becoming anxious. What had come over him? Was it the sulks? Or was he dreamy? Did he have insomnia? Or was it a true change of heart, as grandmother said? This last seemed hardly plausible, he was still so young. But still, his mischievous grin had faded to an almost angelic smile. And instead of turning up roguishly, the corners of his mouth dropped sorrowfully, as if to inform beholders that its owner bore the cares of the Cosmos on his childish heart.

They began to feel that a storm was gathering. A cloud obscured the sun, but the cloud was going to burst. On the seventh day it did burst, and strange to say, the family were surprised.

The Boy rushed into the room flushed and excited, threw himself into his mother's lap as she sat at dinner, and burst into a torrent of tears.

"I just can't stand it any longer," he moaned. "I can't. I can't."

"What is it, darling?"

"Oh, I just won't stand it," (doubling up his fists, but crying

louder than ever). "I won't stand it any more, so there."

"What is the matter, dear? Tell mother about it, won't you?"

"I don't care, Freddie James hit me 'cause I won't play fer marbles with him, an' he call me a 'Fraidy Cat' an' a 'Sissy,' an' nen he want me ter pitch pennies an' I wouldn't 'cause I knowed the Book said not, an' nen he called me a 'Darned Focl,' an' a 'Sunday-School Miss-nary,' an' I didn't dare ter call him nothin' back, an' nen he throwed stones at me an' hit me 'gain an' I ask him ter hit me on the other side an' he chased me clear to our fence an' I run, an' Oh, dear! I knewed it was wrong."

"What was wrong, dear?"

"Why playin' marbles an' pitchin' pennies, of course. An' now I can't get my hat back, an' I don't know who 'tis 'at's got it, anyhow."

"Got what?"

"My hat. The one with the white strings on. I was 'goin' along an' a feller he sez, 'Say, where'd yer git yer dice, Marmar's Boy? Give us yer head-piece, will yer?' An' so I gived it to him, an' nen I gived him my coat, too, 'cause ye know the Book sez that yer must give him that, too?"

"Give him what?"

"Why yer coat. I should think you'd a knowed that. It sez about yer coat first, but I thought the hat would do jest as well. An' nen I gived an old man my quarter, that you gived me for candy. An' he said he didn't want it, an' I told him he must take it an' nen I run away. An' Willie Baker, he sez it was old Mr. Richman what owns the big stores an' he didn't need my money 'tall, an' nen I cried 'cause I didn't have no more

money, an' I'd gave it ter him an' he didn't need it. An' I give my cookies to a boy with a basket, an' he called me a 'Cheap Guy,' an' oh, dear, I guess that's all, but I ain't never goin' ter listen ter that old Book any more, so there! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Well," said mother, "I should like to know what this is all about, anyway." No one seemed to know, and the Boy was crying too hard to tell.

Grandmother looked severe. "Be a man," she said.

At that, the Boy sobbed louder than ever. "That's what I was doin', an' it didn't work."

"What does this mean," said father. "What Book is this I hear about?"

"It's grandmother's Book," sobbed the Boy.

Grandmother disappeared and returned with a small, black-covered volume.

"There," she said, "I am sure there is nothing in this to harm any child. I have been reading William portions of this each day. It is time that some morals were instilled into his mind. He is getting to be a great boy and will, like as not, grow up into a criminal, if he has no training."

Father reached for the Book. He looked at it with a peculiar smile of recognition. "I wonder I hadn't thought of that before," he said.

The Boy had begun sobbing afresh at sight of the Book, and would not be comforted. Finally, mother interposed. "Read a bit of it."

"I could recite it just as well," said father. He turned to the first page. "'A Few Scriptural and Philosophical Rules for the Moral Development and Education of the Young Mind.' (A few?

Great Scott, there are a hundred and fifty of them!) Rule No. I. If any man ask of thee thy coat, give to him thy cloak also. Rule No. II. Be charitable to the poor. Give to everyone that showeth need, and to the aged in particular. Rule No. III. Gambling is a sin only atoned for by punishment hereafter. Rule No. IV. If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also, etc.' I think," said father. "you don't need any more of this until you are old enough to discriminate."

The Boy sat up and swallowed back his tears. "When will I be old enough?" he said.

"Well, some people never reach that state," said father seriously.

"Then," laughed the Boy cheerfully, his old, familiar smile returning, "I guess I'll go an' throw the old Book away off. An' I don't want none of you to never speak to me about it 'gain."

And no one ever did.

JESSIE LUCK, '10.

"Lincoln" (A Sonnet)

Towering aloft like some majestic
mountain top,
He reared his peak against the
sky;
The tempest's roar could shake
him not,
Fondly the fleecy clouds embraced
his sides.
His summit bathed with snows of
lustrous white,
Below the placid green;
The winds chanted praises of his
virtues, faith, and love,—
His soul unblemished, name im-
mortal—Lincoln!
Brave, discerning—always striving
for the right,
Prudent, patient—never blenching
from the fight;

Before our misty vision his awkward figure looms,
 Grave, composed—in thoughtful mood, yet ever ready for a jest;
 His brow o'ershadowed with the Nation's adversities had but cleared
 And vict'ry but attained, when lo! he passed from out our midst.

S. M. W. '13

The Old Butler

The Claytons were an old, southern family. They lived on the beautiful old Clayton plantation which had always been the home of the Richard Claytons. Among their servants was the butler whom they called Wallace.

Wallace was a very picturesque and genteel old man, short and slender. His hair was pure white and wavy and he wore it rather long. His eyes were large and blue and often had a far-away expression as if he were dreaming of something in a little world, all his own. He had the pink and white complexion peculiar to some old men and he always dressed very neatly, usually in an old frock coat.

He had been in the family ever since the time when the present Colonel Richard Clayton was a boy. They knew that the butler came there in a rather mysterious way and no one knew very much of his early life.

He was greatly loved by all of the family, but especially by Miss Dorothy, who had also been a great favorite of his ever since she was a little tot who would run to him and ask him to take her to see the flowers and the dogs.

Now she had just come home from abroad, where she had been

studying music with the greatest masters for four years, and was at last an accomplished violinist. She was perfectly devoted to her music and often just at twilight, the jolly crowds that always thronged the home, would miss Dorothy, and then suddenly they would hear the soft, sweet strains of the violin.

Early one evening in spring, when the rose buds were just beginning to come out, Miss Dorothy stole out into the quaint, old-fashioned rose garden and took her violin. Greatly affected by the beauty about her she started to play Traumeri softly, half dreamily, as if by inspiration. When it was finished she looked up and saw the old butler standing a little distance away from her, the tears streaming down his face. She went toward him quickly, saying:

"Why, Wallace, what is it? Are you unhappy?"

After a few moments he answered: "Unhappy, no, indeed, Miss Dorothy, but I saw you come into the garden with your violin and I followed and when I heard you play so beautifully I just forgot myself, forgot that I was only an old butler. And I was living again in the old days when I was director of one of the greatest symphony orchestras in Germany, and when I would play that same Traumeri to a large audience, and they would be spellbound for the time and then call me again and again to the stage.

"Ah, yes, Miss Dorothy, once I was a great musician and I had lots of money, but I played so much that one night I was seized with musician's cramps, and you can guess the rest. It nearly broke my heart to think that my career was over, and I was at the point of death for weeks and weeks and then had to rest for a long, long

time and when I regained strength enough to look after my affairs I found that all my money was gone.

"That same year my wife and little son died of a fever, and I was left alone. I could not stay in my old home so I came to Virginia to the house of your granddaddy and asked for work as a butler, and have not touched a violin since."

Dorothy was so moved she could scarcely speak, but she took her violin and placed it in his hands and after a few moments of fondling it, he began to play to her. Of course his fingers were not as nimble as they once had been, but the playing was exquisite and she listened spellbound.

After that evening they became closer friends and very often went together to the quaint old garden where he played the old songs he loved best for her, and they were perfectly happy. F. V. '11

"The Heart of a Chief"

Far back in the wilderness of western Virginia, in the green clothed foothills of the Blue Mountains, stood a solitary cabin; rudely constructed, small in proportion. It was here that the struggling pioneer, Godfrey Barringer, dwelt, together with his little family. It was here he had cleared the land; raised his crops; gathered his harvest. His second Christmas in this isolated region had come round, and the frontiersman was happy, for the preceding seasons in the field had been fruitful; the Indians had been friendly; in the woods he had rarely missed his mark.

Thus he reclined by the fireside of his humble abode on the eve of yule—two chubby-faced children

playing at his feet; his good wife by his side—pondering over one of the few volumes the family possessed. In the farthest corner of the apartment sat the pioneer's son, a large rugged youth, who was industriously engaged in fashioning out a device of some kind, which slightly resembled a weather vane.

Suddenly there arose from the nocturnal gloom without the sharp report of a musket, immediately followed by a piercing cry. Then someone was savagely pounding on the well-secured door, whom, by his sonorous voice, Barringer readily conceived to be of Indian blood. These clamorous knockings and wild entreaties grew fainter and fainter, until finally they ceased and something descended against the heavy oaken portal with a dull thud. The pioneer cautiously investigated, and behold! there on the threshold stretched the prostrate form of a Pamunkey brave—the crimson blood streaming in profusion from a dozen or more frightful wounds.

The father and son tenderly bore the limp body of the Indian into the cabin, where, owing to his vigorous constitution, and the persistent attention which he received from the Mistress Barringer, the warrior, contrary to the advices of the household, in a fortnight declared himself sufficiently recovered to depart for his tribe. The Pamunkey also informed them, much to their astonishment, that he was Rivenoak, son of the great chief Monakotocka, and told how he had been sent as an envoy to the Conestogas, a tribe who dwelt along the banks of the Susquehanna, and how he had been foully rejected, even tortured, but at length escaping, made his way to

the cabin. "My Pamunkey brethren will surely go on the warpath to avenge this unreasonable treatment of their representative," he asserted in cruder words, but to the same effect. At the doorstep Rivenoak paused to thank his host for his extreme hospitality.

"An Indian never forgets," he said. "Some day I will repay."

* * * * *

Another annum had rolled by, and found the Barringers still alive and comparatively well, but by no means prosperous. Ill-luck had pursued the unfortunate frontiersman during the previous year, and he had barely realized enough from his summer's ventures to sustain the family through the winter.

It was Christmas morning, and the despondent man was just returning from the outer storehouse with a few trinkets he had made for the children, when suddenly a long file of Indians emerged from the adjoining forest, each bearing upon his arm or shoulder what proved to be a gift of some sort. Some carried huge baskets of victuals—others blankets, furs, hides, moccasins, and other articles of Indian manufacture. At their head strode Rivenoak, the Pamunkey, his countenance beaming with amusement as he perceived the confusion of the pioneer. Each brave deposited his load before the entrance of the dwelling, while their chief hastened to wring the hand of his former benefactor. A tear of speechless gratitude had trickled from the latter's eye and moistened his weather-beaten cheek. The burden of the winter had consciously fallen from the pioneer's shoulders, and never before had his rustic homestead seemed dearer to him.

S. M. W. '12

Please Help the Blind

One warm afternoon in July, Bud and Ted sat on the front stoop, wondering what to do to amuse themselves.

Bud was the boy who lived next door to Ted. He was a delicate little fellow of seven years who never played with boys because they were too rough and because little girls were nicer. Ted was, any way, you probably think Ted a queer name for a girl, but it was just a nickname given her by Uncle Jack. Her proper name was Theodora.

"Oh, dear, I'm so hot!" cried Ted, "seems if I'll melt away like that piece of ice over there!" And she pointed to a piece which had been forgotten across the street.

"I'm hot, too," said Bud, "wish it was winter."

"I don't," replied Ted, "'cause you always have to be bundled up."

"Say," said Ted, after a pause, "I know something. You ask your mother for a nickel and I'll ask mine and then we'll get some ice cream that'll make us cool."

Bud was perfectly willing and off they went.

In a very few minutes Ted appeared with disappointment written all over her face; she had looked and called for mamma and then suddenly remembered that she was out. So she decided to get her bank and shake out five cents. One, two, three, four and the bank was empty! Then she remembered that she had given her ten cents to a little blind boy about a week before. While standing there thinking this over she heard a wail which she knew belonged to no one but Bud! What could be the matter? Well, she'd go and see. When she reached the house she opened the door and

found Bud in the hall crying because his mother had told him ice cream would chill his stomach and he'd get sick again, and Bud dreaded that.

Ted did her best to comfort him and then told her story about the four cents.

Ted's story finished, both stood thinking it over when suddenly Ted gave such a cry of delight that Bud's mother came to the top of the stairs and told Bud to be more quiet or he would have to go to bed. The children were quite alarmed at this, so they went noiselessly out of the house.

"What made you holler like that?" said Bud crossly.

"Oh! I have a great plan. You know about the blind boy and my ten cents? Well you've got to be a blind boy and I will lead you. We can go to the market square and maybe someone will give you some money, but you will have to dress up poor like," said Ted in one breath. "Have you got an old pair of overalls? I've got an old coat and a pair of black glasses."

Bud looked scared at the idea of being blind, but when he thought how uncomfortably warm he was he was willing.

"Now you go get the overalls and don't tell a soul and I'll meet you in our yard in five minutes," dictated Ted.

Bud sneaked into the house and got the overalls out of the rag bag. Then he went to the place of meeting where he waited for Ted.

"Oh, dear! how you frightened me," exclaimed Bud, as Ted came in dressed in an old dress and with a sunbonnet on her head.

"Never mind, 'fraid cat, I shan't eat you. Here hustle in these and be quick for it's getting late," said Ted cheerfully.

Two little figures crept out of

the wood shed and down the road to the market, the little girl leading a boy with black glasses on and a sign around his neck:

PLEASE HELP

THE
BLIND

"Now sit down on that box and hold out your cap and maybe someone will give us some money," said Ted softly.

Many people went by, but none noticed the children except an old man who dropped a penny in Bud's hat and mumbled a "God Bless You."

No one noticed a tall man on the opposite side of the street.

"Push over, Bud, I'm so tired," said Ted, "I can't see."

"Neither can I, these glasses are so black," replied Bud sleepily.

Ted began to nod and Bud curled up in one corner and went to sleep and very soon Ted followed suit.

The big man crossed over to the same side with the children and looked at them.

"Well of all things, if it isn't Ted and Bud. The scamps, what are they doing here? I thought I knew that head," pointing to Ted's hair which was a dark red. "Guess I'll take them home before they run away."

When Ted woke up it was nine o'clock. As she looked around she saw her mother and Uncle Jack, and yes, there were Mrs. Thornton and Bud, who was sound asleep in her arms.

"Well, you old-rag-a-muffin, did you have a nice time? What made you do it, anyway?" asked her Uncle Jack.

"W—well," began Ted, with a little sob in her voice, "we—wanted—ice c—cream—and mamma was out—and and I only—h—had f—four—c—ce—cents."

"You wanted ice cream, hey. Well, would you like some now or don't you think it would taste good after such a confession?" said Uncle Jack playfully.

"Oh, will you get some please," asked Ted. "and Mrs. Thornton, may Bud have some, too?"

"Why, I hardly think—," began Mrs. Thornton, but was interrupted by Uncle Jack, who said, "Of course he can. Wake up you sleepy head, I intend to treat the blind." MARIAN PACKER, '13.

Over the Telephone

"631 Riverside."

"No. I said 631 Riverside."

"Hello! Will you please tell Irene I want to speak with her? Yes, May Roberts."

"Hello Irene, I had a great time getting you. Central doesn't seem to understand English, that's all. Will you be home this afternoon?"

"What a shame! I hope it will be better soon. How did you sprain it?"

"Last night. Oh, I know, you went to the Reeves' reception, didn't you? Do tell me about it, I was just crazy to go. Well you see I had to stay home, Uncle George, that troublesome man, came home. Who ever heard of a man coming home in the middle of the night when he has had three years to get back from Africa in! Well, no, not quite the middle of the night. I guess it was about half-past ten when he came."

"What kind of a gown did Hazel wear?"

"Green and black with blue bands. Oh! I always knew she hadn't a speck of taste."

"I suppose Kate Matthews wore one of those pink, green and blue combination affairs of hers?"

"She wasn't there; what a mis-

fortune. Just think of the position the Social World must have been in without her shining light."

"You don't mean it. Why, I always thought Kittie Lape was the dearest, sweetest, little person. I never thought she would disgrace herself in that manner. Wasn't everyone shocked? I know I should have been to see a lawn dress on anyone at one of the Reeves' receptions."

"I should think so!"

"Yes, in just a moment."

"Dear, wouldn't those people make you tired breaking in upon one's conversation in that manner. Well, I shouldn't care if our business wasn't just as important as theirs, or if we had been talking a long time either. Certainly people are inconsiderate."

"Well, say, I just called you up to see if you had noticed the glove sale in the paper, and, oh say, will you let me take your dear, little amethyst pin for to-night."

"Yes, I am to have the candy booth."

"I was. But do you think I would be in the same booth with that gossipy Esther Snow for a minute. Of course not."

"I'll come over about half past three for the pin. You're a dear."

"All right."

"Good-bye."

MARIAN PACKER, '13.

A little boy of four years asked his mother: "Mamma, who made the lions and elephants?"

"God, my dear," she answered.

"And did He make the flies, too?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, my dear," replied his mother.

The little chap paused a while; then he said: "Fiddlin' work, seems to me—making flies."—*Ex.*

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Editorials

February is the month of great men. By that I do not mean that every month has not given birth to some genius, but February seems to have been particularly generous to America and the world at large.

In the year 1812, on the seventh day of this month, a child was born in England for whom Fame had prepared an author's laurels. Charles Dickens was the name by which we know him, and that name has become sacred in England, and in fact wherever his books are read. For Dickens wrote with a purpose. That was the secret of his success. His books served to point out many an unknown defect in English institutions, as well as to thrill his readers with the same love of human nature which he himself possessed. Some of his books, as *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* had their peculiar message, but all are full of stories of real life which cannot fail to touch the heart.

Why, in *David Copperfield* alone, we make the acquaintance of the good and generous, the sweet and simple, the deceitful and degenerate, the quaint and unique characters of life, and with none of them does Dickens deal so harshly or so generously that we cannot judge them with justice. There has been no greater writer in his way, than Charles Dickens.

February has given us another great thinker. Thomas Alva Edison was born February 11, 1857. America has much for which to thank this great electrician, but exactly how far reaching his influence will be we cannot judge. Indeed we never can.

But in this month our minds revert especially to the twenty-second and to the twelfth. In 1732, George Washington was born, and in 1809, Abraham Lincoln.

Washington, coming of an aristocratic family, well educated, early in life a military leader, was the one man to whom we could intrust the birth of the United States. Through the noise and smoke of battle, and later in the disputes of parties, we see him standing pre-eminent, as the skillful commander, the wise statesman. And when we see him during the long, hard winter of privation at Valley Forge,—when we see him kneeling in the snow and praying that Justice be given the victory, then, we realize that Washington, like all truly great men, received strength from a higher source. Washington is indeed the "Father of His Country."

But if Washington is the Father, what is Lincoln? Who would have thought that the poor, hard-working, back-woods lad would ever become President of the United States? And yet, that is what happened. Destined by

Divine Providence, trained in the school of Life, he took up the reins of authority at the time of two great crises, that of Slavery and the Preservation of the Union. Who can tell of the sorrow of his great heart as he witnessed the destruction, the privation, the loss of life on every side, and realized how powerless he was to prevent it? Loving the North and South alike, but loving the Union more, who can describe the sad sweetness of the mingled pain and joy with which he heard the song of the brave boys who assembled at his call? "We are coming Father Abraham, full fifty thousand strong." What a man he was! Truly he deserves the name of Savior of His Country.

We cannot all be famous as these men are. Most of us cannot even claim the same birth month with them. But each of us is endowed with a spark of divine genius which is ours to use. We cannot choose our gifts, but we can choose whether we will use them aright. Let us hope that we make as good a choice as these great men have done.

Alumni Notes

'07

Miss Letha Cooper was married to Mr. Burton Brezee of Herkimer, December 30th.

'08

Eben Wiswell has a position in the D. & H. office.

'09

Miss Margaret Rhineman is now attending Miss Comfort's school where she is taking a course in stenography and typewriting.

School Notes

On December 17, 1909, the Board of Editors of the CRIMSON AND WHITE, gave an entertainment for the benefit of the paper. The returns were beyond all expectations. The program was an imitation of a Friday afternoon in a country school.

Miss Marian Allen has discontinued school on account of ill-health.

Among the students who have left school are Misses Marian Dodds, Annetta Rappe, Ethel Thomson, Grace Ding, Gladys Hotaling, Helen Richards and Messrs. Gerald Grounds, Harold Springstead.

Society Notes

Theta Nu

At the last regular meeting of the Theta Nu Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President, Chas. H. Grounds.

Vice-President, Joseph Cody.

Critic, Harold Goewey.

Secretary, Warren Vosburgh.

Treasurer, Duncan MacFarlane.

Chaplain, Irving Goewey.

Sergeant-at-Arms, George Anderson.

Editor, Raymond Lindsay.

The installation of these officers took place at the following regular meeting.

The members of the Society sympathize with Mr. MacFarlane in the death of his father.

Adelphoi

During the past ten weeks, the literary programs have contained many interesting numbers. The subjects for debate are of general interest to the public as well as to the members of this society. The

musical selections rendered by Messrs. Kirk and Springsteed have been enjoyed by the members. The regular attendance has been good and many alumni members have been present.

Zeta Sigma



The regular meetings of Zeta Sigma have been interesting and helpful. The debates are proving to be an aid to the members as well as a source of interest. Miss Ethel Secor was a guest at a recent meeting.

On Tuesday, December 28, 1909, The Zeta Sigma Society gave their annual midyear dance at the Aurania Club. The hall was prettily decorated with pennants and the Society colors. Zeta furnished the music. The chaperones were: Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Moat, Mrs. Van Vranken, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Almy. Outside guests included the Misses Mull, Shafers, Helen Horton, Mary Horton, Edna Walsh, Rappe, Goldring, Clute, Champlin, Gerling, Lowry, and Helen Jeffreys.

Quintilian

At the last meeting of the Quintilian Literary Society, Miss Walsh presided. Miss Butler read a witty paper and then gave a recitation. Miss Pearl Shafer gave the treasurer's report. It has been planned to have a Valentine party at the home of Miss Ballagh.

Prize Contests

The subjects for the prize contests are as follows:

The President's Medal—Latin
 1. Cicero—Fourteenth Philippic—The Pardon of Marcellus.
 2. Latin Grammar.
 3. Translation at Sight.

The Robert C. Pruyn Medal—
 Public Speaking
 1. Selections to be made by candidates with approval of Faculty.

The McDonald Medal—Mathematics: Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry: theorems and original problems

The Buchanan Medal—English Essay
 1. The College Woman of the 20th Century.
 2. The Seine: Benefactor and Destroyer.
 3. 3,000 A. D. An Imaginary Sketch.

The Principal's Medal—Senior Scholarship
 1. To be determined by class standing.

The Mereness Medal—Junior Scholarship
 1. To be determined by class standing.

The Sage Medal—French
 1. Loti: Pêcheur D'Islande.
 2. French Grammar.
 3. Translation at Sight.

The James W. Cox, Jr., Medal—
 German
 1. Heyse: Das Mädchen von Treppi.
 2. German Grammar.
 3. Translation at Sight.

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday-school teacher:

"And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry. "I gave him the measles last year."



The most frequent criticism which comes to our paper from other schools is our lack of "cuts" and illustrations. It is a true and deplorable fact—we *do* need more cuts. Nevertheless, what we cannot do in one way, we may in another. If each department of our paper were made as full and complete as space and expense would allow, it would add much to the attractiveness of the whole. Our "School Notes" and "Alumni" columns need building up. This can be accomplished only by the help of the student body. We beg you to take an interest and if any bit of news comes to your notice, kindly inform the editor in charge of that department.

Upon our exchanges, as a whole, we have one criticism to make—please be more explicit when mentioning your fellow papers. This applies particularly to those of you who are inclined to knock. Give your reasons when finding fault. Also, it does not pay to be too severe. Criticise unfavorably when it is just but let us not be disagreeable.

The Christmas cover of *The Crimson and White*, Gloucester, Mass., is exceedingly neat.

We do not approve of the cut heading the exchange column of

the *Red and Black*, Reading, Pa. It is unbefitting a school paper.

The story "Young King's Crucial Crisis" in *The Tattler*, Milwaukee, Wis., is clever and amusing. We appreciate the moral.

Considering the size of the paper, a great amount of space is devoted to the school and society notes of *The Cactus*, Pueblo, Colo. The jokes are good.

The Lilliputian, Canton, N. Y., is improving in brightness and attractiveness.

We sympathise with the suggestive cover of the Christmas *H. S. Critic*, Hackensack, N. J. A gentle hint oftentimes works wonders.

The literary department of the December *Budget*, Lawrence, Kan., is well developed.

The Christmas cover of *The Spinster*, Portland, Ore., is the quaintest and prettiest received.

We were greatly amused at the cut on the front page of *The Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y. It shows a fine sense of humor.

Comments Upon Us

Your cover design is odd and out of the ordinary; the exchange notes are well written. — *The Voice*.

You have shown excellent taste in the selection of fine quality of paper, and the indexing of the contents on the cover is a novel idea. The contents are good, but a few more cuts would improve your paper immensely.—*The Wild Cat*.

The appearance of the Table of Contents spoils the cover of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE.—*The Polymnian*.

Your joshes are lacking both in quality and number.—*The Ruse*.

Your paper is about the only one we have seen that has a good appearance when printed in double columns. The only fault is the lack of definiteness.—*The Huisache*.

The literary department of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is very well conducted.—*The Academy* (Owego, N. Y.).

Don't you think you could find a better place for your table of contents than the cover?—*H. S. Recorder*.

CRIMSON AND WHITE, why not make the other departments of your paper as interesting as your literary department?—*The A. H. S. Whirlwind*.

The Cue, The Tattler, The Budget, H. S. Critic (Hackensack, N. J.), *The M. H. Aerolith, The Tooter, The Ledger, The Tiger, The Wild Cat, The Recorder* (Winchester, Mass.), *The Scarlet and Black, The News* (Eugene, Ore.), *The Spinster, The Ruse, The Loyal Sons Clarion, The H. S. Critic* (Hackensack, N. J.), *The H. S. Argus* (Harrisburg, Pa.), *The College Index, The Stylus, The Orange and Black, The Vexillum, The Normal News* (Cortland, N. Y.), *The Bulletin, The Auroran, The Crimson and White* (Gloucester, Mass.), *The H. S. Recorder* (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.), *The Whirlwind, The Enterprise, The Academe* (Albany, N. Y.), *The Lyceum, The Opinion, The Polymnian, The Shucis* (Schenectady H. S.), *The Sentinel* (Los Angeles, Cal.), *The Red and Black* (Reading H. S.), *The H. S. Gleaner, The Register, The Garden Academy Reveille, Ripples, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Sans Souci, The "O," The H. S. Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *The Skirmisher, The Lyceum, The Purple and Gold*.

The school has long been clamoring for and exchanges have long criticised the absence of "knocks." Therefore, attendez-vous! and harbor no ill feelings.

This Month's Exchange List

The Cactus, The Argus, The Voice, The Comet, The Blue and White, The Huisache, The Academy (Owego, N. Y.), *The Echo* (S. N. C. Albany), *The Lilliputian, The Academe* (Hamilton, N. Y.), *The Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *The Junior Republican Citizen, The Comus, The Wind Mill, The Normal News* (Cortland, N. Y.),

Our Bulletin Board

For Sale—My little treatise upon "The Art of Bluffing Gracefully and Fluently." attractively bound in calico. Harold Goewey.

Private lessons in manly walking—the firm, steady tread of the confident youth a specialty.

Robert Minkler.

Exclusive parlor for fancy hair-dressing. All the latest and most extreme Parisian styles.

Mlle. Albèrta O'Connor.

Wanted—Someone to take pity upon me and invent a remedy for my one unfortunate eye.

John Donahoe.

Wanted—A well-carpeted, unpatrolled passage way by which I may safely slip into the Senior study room at 9:15 a. m.

J. Anderson.

Civil War Logic

"Ginger, why don't you enlist?" asked a white soldier. "Wal, massa," said the contraband, "did you ever see two dogs fightin' for a bone?"

"Certainly, Ginger."

"Wal, did you ever see de bone fight?"

"No."

"Wal, massa, I is de bone."

—*Ex.*

Doctor—"If you bind salt pork on your face it will cure the toothache."

Patient—"But doctor, won't it give me pork chops?"—*Ex.*

An old darkey wanted to join a fashionable church and the minister feeling it was hardly the thing to do, told him to go home and pray over it before deciding.

"Well, and what do you think of it by this time?" asked the minister.

"Wal, sah," said the darkey, "Ah prayed and prayed and de good Lawd, he says, 'Rastus, ah wouldn't bodder mah haid about dat no more. Ah 've been tryin' to get into dat chu'ch mahself fo' de las twenty yeahs and ah ain't done had no luck yet.'"—*Ex.*

(Do you think Milton would agree to this?)

Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied: "Dear Madam.—When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp; there's your sentiment, and here's your autograph. A. Lincoln."

A little boy with an interest in the meaning of unfamiliar words, said to his mother. "What is the meaning of 'civil'?" "Kind and polite," answered his mother. A puzzled look brooded for a second on the boy's face. Then he said, "Was it a kind and polite war that was in this country once?"—*Ex.*

It is related that when Booker Washington was dining with President Roosevelt at the White House, the President remarked: "This is the second time, sir, that a Washington has been in this mansion." "Yes," replied Mr. Washington, "but he would not have owned me." "Oh, I don't know," retorted Roosevelt, "if you had lived near Mt. Vernon, he probably would."

I make it my earnest prayer * * * that God will most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with charity, humility and a pacific temper of mind, so we can hope to be a happy nation.—George Washington.

Emerson said of Abraham Lincoln:

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of wrong."

Stand back! Hands off of Uncle
Sam's mail!

Stand back there! Back! I say;
For the little red stamp with
George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.
S. W. Foss, *in the Advance*.

Beneath Her

I am funny; and so,
It wasn't fair,
When I asked her to be mine,
For her to say "No!"
That she "didn't care
For a comic Valentine!"

—*Ex.*

The Latest Debt-Collecting Scheme

A novel mode of collecting bad debts in England is to hire a chaise painted in flaming red letters "Collector's Chaise," in which the collector makes his daily rounds to the domiciles of slow-paying debtors. In very obstinate cases, and when the debtor lives in a fashionable house, this chaise, with its glaring label, is kept standing in front of the premises several hours a day. (I wonder if we couldn't get something like that for collecting CRIMSON AND WHITE subscriptions.)

Strange Memorials

An inscription placed over the grave of a missionary who was accidentally shot read thus:

"Here lies the Rev. A. B.,
For many years missionary in B.
district.

He was accidentally shot by his
native servant,
Well done, thou good and faith-
ful servant."

There are many curious epitaphs upon wives. Here is one from Ulverston, Lancashire:

"Here lies my wife
Here lies she,
Hallelujah!
Hallelujee!"

Prof. Sayles (sternly)—"Why were you tardy?"

Mr. Anderson (calmly) —
"School began before I got there."

What Punctuation Does

Here is an example of odd punctuation.

"That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is." To avoid nightmares, punctuate thus: "That that is, is, that that is not, is not, is not that it? It is.—*Ex.*



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The Boy at College

First Year—A Quarter Back.
 Second Year—A Half Back
 Third Year—A Full Back.
 Fourth Year—A Hunch Back.

—*Ex.*

Edgar at dinner (whispering)—
 “Darling, won’t you have a little
 lobster?”

Florence (impatiently)—“Ed-
 gar haven’t I told you repeatedly
 that you could not propose more
 than three times to-night?”



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 in Women's Dress for Spring can be found

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Comparative Magnitudes

General Ogle, a member of the
 Pennsylvania Assembly, had been
 deputed to compose an address to
 the newly elected President, An-
 drew Jackson. When the bluff old
 warrior submitted his document to
 the House, a fellow member, a
 dapper little fellow from Philadel-
 phia, observed:

“Pardon me, General. I hesi-
 tate about making any suggestion
 to so distinguished an individual;

but I cannot refrain from saying
 that it is customary with cultured
 letter writers to write the first per-
 sonal pronoun with a capital ‘I’
 instead of a small ‘i.’”

General Ogle retorted: “Sir,
 when I write to so great a man as
 General Andrew Jackson, I abase
 myself, sir. I use as small an ‘i’
 as I can put on paper. But, if
 ever I wrote to you, I would use
 an ‘I,’ sir, that would fill two pages
 of foolscap.”

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