

The Crimson and White

1911

CONTENTS

APRIL

Tennyson's Delineation of Men and Women	87
A Maid of the Revolution	88
Helen's Diplomacy	92
The Dream	94
Paul Wayne's Mistake	95
Editorials	96
Alumni Notes	99
School Notes	99
Society Notes	100
Athletics	101
Exchanges	102
Sense and Humor	106

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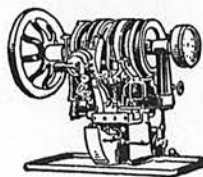
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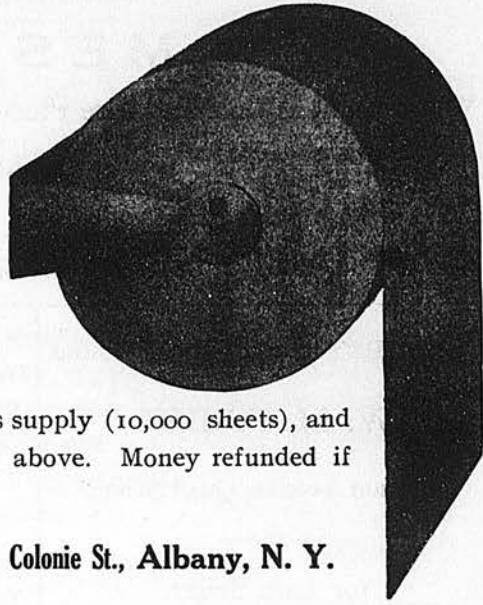
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

SPRING-TIME.

Why are the robins so sweetly
singing,
As on the breeze swaying trees they
are swinging?
If you knew their language, do you
know what they'd say?
"Spring, beautiful Spring, is here
to-day!"

Why do the little brooks merrily
flow,
As in little ripples o'er the pebbles
they go?
If you should listen I'm sure they
would sing,
"Be happy, be merry, 'tis beautiful
Spring!"

Why do the flowers their beauty
unfold,
In myriads of colors from white to
bright gold?
Don't you know what their frag-
rance is trying to say?
"Spring, beautiful Spring, is here
to-day!"

H. M. '12.

TENNYSON'S DELINEATION OF MEN AND WOMEN.

Poets might be called the histor-
ians of character. At all events, a
poet seems to be endowed with the
power of insight into character.
Especially is this true of Tennyson,
for never has a poet drawn such
life-like portraits and given such
human qualities to the people of his
fancy as this poet. He makes them
so real to us that they seem to live
and become our friends, influencing
us in our thoughts and actions.

Tennyson's "Idylls" are the
flower of his works, and the charac-
ters in these poems are most care-
fully drawn and life-like. The
vividness of their portrayal is em-
phasized by the contrast of their
characters, for would Elaine seem
so fair and sweet were she not out-
lined against the dark background
of Guinever's treachery? Would
Lancelot seem so bold and courage-
ous were not these qualities em-
phasized by Modred's cowardice?
Yet even Lancelot fails in compari-
son with Arthur, the perfect knight.

In Arthur, Tennyson has drawn the ideal man.

Other poets have drawn beautiful word-pictures of character, but they are only pictures. Tennyson alone possesses the fairy wand which touches these pictures into life, making them live, move, and in the intensity of their emotions stir the hearts of all who read of them.

Aside from being merely beautiful representations, Tennyson's men and women are true to life and symbolize, not simply a poet's ideals, but the characters of real people. These people are not representative of one age only; they are representative of all ages. In our own lives, among our own friends, we find some of the same attributes with which Tennyson has endowed the children of his imagination. This might be considered another proof of his extraordinary genius, that he could thus portray fascinating characters without assigning to them any incredible characteristics.

It has been said that it is not the man who does different things who succeeds, but the man who does the same thing better. So it is with Tennyson. He has not chosen characters so different from the ordinary poetical characters, but by his genius he has given an individual touch to them.

So it might be said that Tennyson has accomplished the perfect delineation of character. His men and women are not simply read about and forgotten, but live forever in our memories. K. G. '12.

A MAID OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Concluded)

Greatly alarmed, Prue cried: "Why, that is my name. Oh, what is the matter? Is it—Bob?"

"Hush! Don't be frightened. Come, walk along so as not to attract attention and I will tell you everything."

Hardly seeing where she went Prue hurried after him and then he began:—

"You said Bob was your brother? You see I must be very careful to whom I tell any stories."

"Yes, yes, of course Bob's my brother. He joined the army three years ago. I don't care about your secrets, but please tell me why he isn't here and what the news is you have for me. Oh, be quick, I must know!"

"Softly, softly," spoke the soldier, "be patient and I will tell you." He glanced about him to be sure that no one was looking, and walked thoughtfully along for several moments without so much as one word to relieve the terrible suspense in which Prue was cast. Then finally he spoke:—

"You must know, first, that Bob has acquired no little fame for the many brave deeds which he has carried out with heroism as well as wisdom. The General depends upon him as his right hand man. Well, a while ago it was learned that the British had drawn up some very valuable plans and were going to send them to one of their generals. Bob was sent to capture the plans, if he could, and bring them back to our commander. I was sent with him, for he thought that two would capture them easier than one. Well, Bob got them and took 'em back to the general and he said that considering Bob's bravery in securing the papers, he might have the honor of taking them to General Washington. Bob asked if I might go too, for we have been pretty good friends during the war."

The young fellow sighed as if exhausted by his long speech, but Prue only said:—

“Oh, do go on! I can't wait.”

“This being a secret commission,” explained the soldier, “none of the fellows knew about it and night before last we left the regiment which just passed through here, and by forced marching reached a little cave that Bob knew, yesterday. There have been a great many British spies near the river, for they seem to know something of our whereabouts. Of course, we can't ask our own comrades to help us out, and so Bob thought perhaps you might be able to give us aid at ‘Piny Cave’ in some way. We *must* go on to-night. Bob wanted to come himself, but he is too well known to risk it.”

Prue's breath was almost taken away by this long, exciting narrative, which was fraught with danger for Bob and for this brave soldier, his friend. After a few moments thought she said despairingly:—

“I don't see what I can do to help you to go safely to Washington, but I *can* bring you food if that will do any good.”

“‘Good’? Well, I guess it will do good. Why we ate the last morsel of food yesterday noon. We never thought for a moment that the British would be at our heels and would cause us such delay.”

“Oh, then I will come to ‘Piny Cave’ to-night. I remember that Bob and I used to play there when we were little and later we picniced there nearly every Saturday. I will surely come and bring as much food as possible.”

“Yes, and bring a candle too, for it is very dark, and er—you might bring something to bandage up

Bob's foot. He hurt it a little last night when we was spying about for signs of the British. No, it is not serious, indeed no, Miss Prue.”

“See,” cried Prue, suddenly, “we are at the road which leads to the manor. I must leave you, for Lady Clifton must not see you. I'll be there as soon as I can escape from the house to-night. Good-bye until then.”

As gallantly as a courtier, Bob's friend stooped and kissed the dainty hand which was extended toward him, and said as he fingered his tattered old cap:—“Good-bye, Miss Prue, until to-night.”

Oh, how slowly that afternoon passed for Prue. It seemed as if the minutes were hours and she paced back and forth in her little room in the gable. She could do nothing until night fell.

At last the dinner gong sounded in the great hall. She begged Lady Clifton to excuse her from coming to the table, pleading that she was very tired and would rather eat in the school-room. Lady Clifton did not care and so Prue soon had a nice warm meal at her disposal. She told the servant that she herself would carry the tray downstairs, and the maid hurried willingly away.

Then Prue proceeded to pack the food in a basket which she had found and stowed away earlier in the day. She was sorry that there was so little, but perhaps she might be able to steal more before she departed. Prue had no scruples where Bob and his comrade were concerned. Next she went to the family medicine chest, which Lady Sarah always kept stocked with home remedies. She took a bottle of liniment and soft linen bandages for poor Bob's foot, and placed that in

the basket as well as the food. Then she returned to her room to rest an hour before starting. She knew she must wait until she could creep out unobserved.

At last she put on her hooded cloak, which covered her from head to foot, and catching up the basket, she hurried out of the room, down the stairs and into the kitchen. There she managed to obtain more eatables, and after adding these to her store, she slipped out into the dark shadows of the bleak, chilly night.

She hastened in the direction of the river, feeling a certain elation in the fact that at last she was on her way.

It was a long time since she had been to the cave. She remembered the narrow zig-zag path down which she and Bob had run so often. The last time, she recalled, Bob had carried the basket of sandwiches they had been allowed to take. Now as she hurried down the path, it was quite natural for her to turn when she came to their own especial foot-path which had almost disappeared, it had been so long unused.

As she heard the soft music of the waters of the Hudson lapping the shores, she knew that she was near the cave. As she approached it, she listened intently, but could hear no human sound. What if they had been taken! Quaking with fear, she at last stood in the entrance and softly whispered "Bob!"

All was silent. Then again she breathed "Bob!" She thought she heard a stealthy movement, and softer still came the query, "Prue?"

With a great sigh of relief, Prue found her way inside, and in a moment was in her brother's arms. But he quickly released her and

began to question her concerning her life for the past years.

But she could think of nothing save the dilemma of the two brave soldiers. She quickly lighted her candle, and hiding it behind the basket, she unpacked the food, the liniment and bandages.

The boys lost no time and began to eat ravenously, while Prue bathed and bandaged the bruised foot. Then when they had eaten, Bob begged Jeff, the other soldier, to take the dispatches and go on to General Washington. "For," said he, "you will be able to reach there sooner than I with my bandaged foot."

Jeff, though loath to leave his brother soldier, took from Bob's boots the precious papers, and well armed with food and weapons, he bade them good-bye and crept out into the night.

He must have been gone more than half an hour, when Bob, rising to test his ability to walk, felt a paper crackle in his boot, which he had just put on. Seizing the shoe, he fairly tore it off and felt inside. As he pulled forth a long thin slip of paper, his face grew white and throwing aside all precaution for his foot and secrecy, he rushed up to the entrance of the cave and shouted "Jeff!" There was no answer. Again Bob called. His cry came back from the steep banks of the river in manifold echoes, but Jeff was too far to hear. Bob ran back and told Prue what had happened.

"Prue," he said, "I must carry this message to-night. It is the most important of all. There is no one else, for Jeff must be well on his way, and without this paper the others must be useless. I must go on to—"

He stopped. In the hollow vault

of the cave footfalls and whispers could be heard. The hiding place had been discovered! Bob snatched the candle and extinguished it. All was still for a moment. Then they heard mutterings and a stage whisper: "It's a cave, by Jove!"

Prue clutched her cloak and threw it around Bob's shoulders, pulled the hood down over his face, and breathed into his ear, "For your country's sake, *go!* I'm all right." She donned his discarded military coat and cap and then clutched his arm.

"Stand or I fire!" came a voice from the darkness. Then in a low voice aside: "Give me the lantern, can't you? Gone out? Well of all—get me another."

Then Prue raised a small quaking voice: "Oh, sir, may I please go? I—I only came here to meet my—my lover. He's here, but I, Oh, my aunt would scold me so if she knew! *Please* let me go." When she finished speaking, she pulled Bob out into the entrance where it was lighter. The soldier saw two forms,—that of a cloaked and hooded girl, and the other, of a rebel soldier. In his delight that he had captured the prize, he thoughtlessly gave his consent and Prue pushed Bob roughly away. Knowing that all would be lost if he lingered or spoke, he sped away where the overshadowing gloom soon hid him from view.

Prue was left with the British spy! What would he do with her? She soon found out, for seizing her, he gave the command "Forward march!" the other man had gone on ahead to get a lantern.

That march through almost unbroken wilderness until dawn, with the heavy hand of the red coat upon her shoulder, was one which Prue

remembered all her life. At last, as the first gray streak appeared in the sky, they halted and the soldier built a fire. Now was the time, thought Prue. For knowing of no means of escape, she had determined on a plan of action which was her only salvation.

When the fire had been made and the Britain had seated himself comfortably before it, Prue rising, threw off her cloak and cap and in her torn, muddy woolen dress, her disheveled hair streaming down her white face, she announced, "I am not a rebel soldier, but a girl." She tossed her head defiantly as she spoke, and there was a gleam akin to the fire in her eyes.

The soldier, hitherto so complacent at his capture, stared at her, his jaw hanging in utter amazement and a blank look filling his none-too-intelligent eyes. Then he managed to gasp out:

"Well, who was the other one who went?"

Prue looked at him scornfully, then with a sneer she cried:—

"You should have answered that question yourself before you allowed 'the other one' to go. I'm not going to tell you. If my business was to sneak around and spy on people, and put a finger in everybody's pie, as is the work of British soldiers, then I would learn how to do it well."

"Well, blight me green!" exclaimed the man. "You are sassy. You'll have to go with me any way for you have a rebel's uniform."

"Yes," said Prue, "and I have a rebel's tongue, too. Do you want your general to laugh at your stupidity when I tell him how you let an American soldier escape and seized his sweetheart instead? Oh, you *are* so brave, such a *hero!*" And

she tossed back her head and laughed till the soldier wondered what the joke was. Then his face grew purple with rage as he understood, and shaking his finger threateningly, he cried:

"If you ever tell a soul of this, I'll—I'll—well, you will regret it. Now go!"

Prue was glad enough to be free, but when he had pointed out the way back, she could not resist a parting shot: "General Washington have pity on the poor British, for if they are all like you, they need it."

She sped along the road, and reached home before her aunt and uncle had discovered her absence. She had many apprehensions concerning Bob and Jeff, and she longed to know if they were safe.

Before many months had passed the final battle of Yorktown set the country wild with joy. Prue was as happy as the rest, but her joy was by no means complete until Bob and Jeff had returned to her safe and sound.

Both young men were the proud recipients of the honors which Washington bestowed upon them. And they were as capable of being great citizens as they were of accomplishing heroic deeds. Bob made another heart happy beside Prue's, but that is another story. As for Jeff, he found happiness with the little Maid of the Revolution.

And although she was very proud of her hero, Jeff averred that had it not been for Prue's bravery that night might have changed history.

G. H. M. '11.

Don't you know that the harder you are at work, the happier you are?—*Dickens*.

HELEN'S DIPLOMACY.

"We're going to Paris, August 17th," my wife said to me one evening.

"We are," I said; "if we can ever sub-let this apartment, six rooms and bath, rent eighty-five dollars. I've said that so much the last two weeks, that before long I'll be saying it in my sleep."

Just then the dumb-waiter whistle was blown.

"Answer it will you, Bob?" requested my wife. I went to the kitchenette and threw open the door to the dumb waiter shaft.

"This Oliver?" came a decidedly Irish voice from below.

"Yes it is, what do you want?"

"Here's you meat ma'am." I smiled to think of anybody mistaking my baritone voice for the soprano of a woman. The ropes whirred along the shaft and the dumb-waiter stopped with a bump at our floor. I reached out to remove the meat, when suddenly flop! Something hit me in the chest. I dodged back, banging my foot against the kitchen cabinet.

"Come here! Quick!" I yelled to my wife. For an instant I was doubtful whether the cow had come to life again, or whether it was a dwarfed burglar. When I recovered my wits, I found it was a little silk poodle. The dog was already prancing around my feet, and trying to lick my hands.

I stepped quickly to the shaft and called down, "Here! You lost your dog." My own echo was the only reply I received. After a short interval there was a low growl at the base of the shaft.

"What's all this here about a dog?" demanded the janitor. I recognized his voice, and was about

to explain when my wife clapped her hand over my mouth, pulled me back and slammed the dumb-waiter door.

"Well, why wouldn't you let me tell the janitor?" I asked excitedly.

"I want to keep the dog," she answered.

"Keep the dog," I shouted. "Why, Helen, are you crazy? We are going away in a few weeks. We will be busy packing, and it will be in everybody's way. Besides, I never liked dogs anyhow."

"I may be crazy, Bob, but I can control my temper better than you," snapped my wife.

"How did the dog get in there anyway?" I asked.

"Why I suppose some cruel boys chased it in the cellar, and it jumped into a dark corner of the dumb-waiter. Then the meat boy came in with the meat, and you know the rest."

Then I turned to look at the dog. It was a fair sample of a live sausage. I didn't like it, but I liked Helen, and it was her whim. By dinner time he had chewed up one of my wife's shoes, and made a bed out of my smoking jacket. "Let's stay home and devote our lives to that dog," I suggested.

There came a sudden ring at the bell. I went to the door and confronted the janitor. "Pardon me, Mr. Oliver," he said in his Sunday voice, "But I hear that you are keeping a dog in your apartments. You know the rules in this building, dogs ain't no more desirable in this house than children."

"That's right," I said, giving him a cigar. "Dogs are a nuisance."

"Yes, and we won't stand for them," he went on.

"You're a man fitted for a posi-

tion high above the station in life you now occupy," I cried.

"But what I'm trying to get at is, have you got one?" he continued with dignity.

"Exactly. You have it, my wife is at present keeping it company in the parlor." Then I told my wife, but she was firm and would not part with the dog. Between two fires, I went back to the lesser one, and told the janitor that the dog had come for a long visit.

"It will only be a week-end visit then," cried the irate janitor.

"I hope so," I whispered to him.

"I'll report it to the agent in the morning."

"Do," I said, giving him another cigar.

Then I went back to Helen. "Silly," she said, "do you think I didn't have a purpose for keeping him?"

"No, only to be obstinate," I growled.

"Wait, you'll see."

The dog howled all night, and my wife walked the floor with him.

While I was dressing the next morning, the doorbell rang. Answering it, I was confronted by the agent. His words were short and to the point, "I'm sorry, Mr. Oliver, but if you are going to keep a dog you will have to give up the flat." I felt my knees weaken and I reached around for support, as I did so my arm encountered Helen's shoulder. She had come carrying the dog in her arms. "We are going to keep the dog, you can have your old apartment," she said.

"I will ask you for your lease, then, Mr. Oliver," went on the agent. I ran at a two-fifty clip to the room in which we kept the lease, seized it and ran back to the agent. He tore it up before my eyes. I

was never before so pleasantly insulted. I slammed the door in his face and we moved out the next day.

When it came to taking the dog with us, why we just couldn't do without him. We took him to Paris with us, and there we had no trouble in finding a house in which we could keep him.

'II.

"THE DREAM."

Softly the shadows closed down over the grove and the dull green of the trees turned to gray. Gently the wind roamed through the boughs, swaying them just enough to cast weird shadows on and around the bent figure on the grass. The slim white trunk of a birch-tree loomed nearby, standing out clear and distinct from the darker colors.

The figure on the grass was perfectly still. The old man sat with his elbows on his knees, his chin resting in the palm of one withered hand. The other hand gently stroked his thin gray hair. He had been there all the afternoon, sitting thus, dreaming of the past and planning for the future. The future! How little it held forth to him! The auction would be held the next day. All of Mary's things would go. All the precious keepsakes, even the mottos she had worked when she was young. He had no means to keep anything. The creditors were very insistent.

This would be his last night in the house. The next day the neighbors would ask him to dinner, then he would spend the night at the Parsonage. Saturday morning he would start for the "Home" in a village fifteen miles distant. He would travel by coach and then—

his planning stopped. What sense was there in planning for a life to be lived according to "The Rules and Regulation of the Home for Aged Men."

He had been to the "Home" once to see old Thompson. He remembered accurately how everything looked and he even pictured himself a few years hence—if God let him live so long—sitting on the veranda and discussing old times. It would be pleasant to have some one to talk to, though. He had, somehow never enjoyed talking politics to Mary.

Mary! This was the place where he remembered her most vividly. She had been dead four months and it seemed like so many years to the old man. It was here that he first met his Mary—Oh, so many years ago! She was young then and pretty. He wondered if she would feel very badly about his going to the "Home." Thank God, she was gone. Mary had always had a horror of the "Homes for the Aged."

Could it be—Yes, surely, there was Mary! Standing over there! Mary as he had first known her. There was the same white gown, sprinkled over with pink rose-buds. There was a rose in her hair. Her eyes were bright and sparkling and her hands were outstretched to him. In one of her hands she held a rose—the same color as the one she had given him so long ago.

Then she spoke to him. Her voice was low and clear as she said, "John, John, why don't you come." There was a lot of pleading in the tone and he remembered with a smile that Mary always overpowered him when she spoke that way.

He started up. Mary seemed to fade slowly. He hurried toward

her. She drew back toward the white birch and curled her slim arms around it. He stumbled, fell, lay prone upon his face. When he looked up, Mary was almost invisible. "Mary," he whispered, "I won't go to the 'Home.' I'm going *home* with you." Then again he sank down on his face and lay still.

* * * * *

The following morning this notice appeared in the local paper:

"Owing to the death of John Rebson, whose property was to have been sold at public auction to-day, the sale has been postponed until next Tuesday."

ALBERTA, '12.

PAUL WAYNE'S MISTAKE.

Arthur Belmont was a "perfect terror," and it was not through his assistance that his sister Muriel became the wife of Mr. John Masters.

The tricks he played when Masters was calling on his sister would have been enough to drive any man distracted.

Nevertheless the match was made and Muriel went to New York, which was to be her future home.

She had not been married long, when one day she received a letter from her father, saying her mother was very ill, and would have to be taken to a warmer climate, and asking her if she would not take care of Arthur until their return.

"Now," she thought, "for a young girl who had just been married, and who is very fond of society, to assume the responsibility of caring for such a rascal as her brother was, was too much, but for her mother's sake she would do it. So she wrote to her father saying that Arthur could come the following Monday.

When that young gentleman arrived, Muriel told him that John's sister was coming to stay with them for a while, and that he would have to behave himself.

Ruth Masters had not been with them long, when she became acquainted with a young man of the city, who was a great friend of her brother's. It was not long before the friendship began to grow into something more serious.

All this time Arthur had been kept in the back-ground. But one night, as he came in from out-of-doors, he heard voices in the library, and peeking through the curtains, he saw Ruth Masters and Paul Wayne talking very earnestly together, and heard Wayne say, "Ruth won't you give me your answer to-night?"

Arthur did not hear the reply that Ruth made, but as Wayne rose to leave, he said, "All right, Ruth, I will come to-morrow night, and if you are wearing that blue dress I like so much, that will be answer enough."

"Hm! This is real interesting," said Arthur to himself as he ran upstairs to his room.

The next night at precisely eight o'clock, Wayne rang the bell, and after being admitted, went straight to the library. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and before it stood a large chair. Wayne entered and it was just light enough for him to discern, seated in the chair, a figure, which upon his entrance, rose and faced him.

The room was dark, save for the fire-light, but he caught a glimpse of the blue dress which he admired so much and springing forward he clasped the figure in his arms, murmuring, "Ruth dear, I knew you would wear it."

A smothered giggle came from his shoulder and starting back he was about to ask the meaning, when suddenly the lights were snapped on, and turning he beheld Mrs. Masters standing in the doorway.

"Paul," she said, "Ruth is very much alarmed because she cannot find her blue dress, and says she has simply got to wear that to-night. She is up stairs now crying her eyes—why for mercy's sake, Paul, what is the matter?"

Wayne had turned with a smothered exclamation and was glaring at the figure beside him, in the blue dress. The figure's hair was sadly disordered and had fallen somewhat over its forehead, but from underneath it all looked out the laughing face of Arthur Belmont. He looked at Wayne, then at his sister, and with one whoop, gathered up the missing blue dress and fled from the room.

Wayne turned to Muriel and said in a low voice, "Tell Ruth not to mind the blue dress, any color will do."

The next day Muriel sent Arthur away to school, and told him that he should stay there until his father returned. Ruth gave Wayne the answer he wanted, but to his dying day he will never forget the night when Ruth, or rather Arthur, wore the blue dress.

A. K. H. '14.

The recognition of a determinate purpose in life, and a sturdy adhesion to it through all disadvantages, are indispensable conditions of success.—*Fenshaw.*

He who governs his tongue is perfectly able to control all his passions.
—*Canning.*

THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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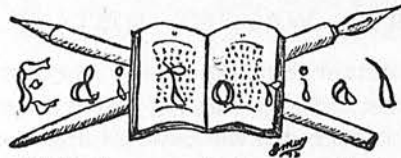
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"Whether we look, or whether we listen, we hear life murmur or see it glisten."

These were Lowell's lines of June, but do they not express that feeling of awakening life and newness which Spring gives us? All nature seems to be awakening from her long slumber and taking on new life and energy. The streams are no longer bound by their icy fetters and flow sparkling in the clear sunlight. Each little rootlet is swelling and buds are bursting forth into green leaves and beautiful flowers. The song birds are again with us and fill the air with their sweet music. The Spring "feeling" is in the air and it seems to inspire all humanity. For at this time more than any other, we seem to be looking forward to a bright and more brilliant future. As it is our future that concerns us more at this period,

may it be glorious and successful with joy and labor, life and love awaiting us.

* * *

The CRIMSON and WHITE takes this opportunity to announce that on May 5th, the Annual Musicale will be held in the College Auditorium. As this is for the benefit of our school paper, we believe that we merit the hearty support of the entire school and their friends.

LECTURE ON LINCOLN

"The Life and Work of Abraham Lincoln" was the title of a lecture delivered by Professor Frank A. Gallup, assistant to the principal of the Albany High School before the students of the State Normal College and the Normal High School in the auditorium February 14. The introductory address was made by Doctor William B. Aspinwall, of the State Normal College, who, after briefly commenting on the force and distinctiveness of Lincoln's character, read the immortal "Gettysburg Address."

The three points which Professor Gallup aimed to bring out in his lecture were Lincoln's individuality, his integrity, and his interest in humanity. The speech was rather digressive at times and Professor Gallup, in the course of the hour allotted to him, besides expounding the character and life of the "great typical American" denounced the trusts, told how aristocracy contributed to the fall of Rome and lauded, to some extent, the progressiveness of the State Normal College. The lecture, the audience seemed to generally agree, was very entertaining, made so by

the personality of the speaker, the characteristic style in which he delivered his speech, and, most notably, his subject.

"There is no other man who so fully represents the spirit and institutions of the American people as this humble rail-splitter, who fought his way absolutely unaided save through the wireless messages which he seemed to receive from the Almighty," he declared.

"In speaking of the poverty of Abraham Lincoln, Professor Gallup asserted: "Some describe part of Lincoln's success and achievement to the fact that he was so poverty-stricken in his early life, and many of us are inclined to envy this indigence." The speaker then told of the hardships which "the savior of his country" endured and gave the probable routine to which Lincoln had to submit and how he shook off these disadvantages, one after another, until finally he was free.

The greatest evil of the trusts he termed as "the leveling tendency," which prevented a man in meager circumstances from attaining anything great in life. However, he explained labor unions had the same effect, and how the socialists, doing their best to offer a solution to the problem of capital and labor, must inevitably find that their solution will work in the same direction. "No Matter How You Get It, Get It," he stated as the slogan of the trusts."

Returning to Lincoln, Professor Gallup continued: "Lincoln never hated another. He thought his own thoughts and arrived at his own conclusions; nor did he surrender his convictions until others proved that their's were better and had a right to take them from him." In

dwelling on the point of Lincoln's integrity, Professor Gallup repeated the familiar stories of how Lincoln, when a storekeeper, would walk miles for the restitution to a customer of a few cents, which he had received in error.

Toward the conclusion of his address Professor Gallup said: "Abraham Lincoln was grand in his individuality, magnificent in his integrity and inexpressibly great in his interest in all humanity."

S. M. W. '12.

**Address by
Rev. H. Clarke Colebrook.**

On February 21, the Reverend H. Clarke Colebrook, pastor of the Memorial Baptist church of this city, addressed the faculty and students of the State Normal College and the Normal High School. The introductory address was made by Doctor William B. Aspinwall, who expressed his appreciation to Mr. Colebrook for speaking in commemoration of the memory of the "first great American," and thanks for the bust of Abraham Lincoln, the work of the sculptor Garoni, which Mr. Colebrook had presented to this institution.

Mr. Colebrook possessed a humorous vein, which was apparent from the very start of his lecture, when he launched into a discussion in regard to the veracity of the anecdote of George Washington and the cherry tree. Historians, he said, declare that the story is sheer nonsense.

One act of Washington which impressed him greatly was that when a boy George wished to do certain things against his mother's will. Referring to these incidents in a letter to her some years after,

he concluded with the words, "Your most dutiful, affectionate son."

"There is power in that expression to the young man of the hour," Mr. Colebrook remarked.

The speaker then described Washington as a lover and advocate of outdoor sports, and pictured him as a surveyor and as an officer in the British army at the defeat of Braddock, when the ambush of the French and Indians proved so fatal to the disciplined English soldiery.

"Even in the spirit of humility," asserted Mr. Colebrook, "Washington did not attempt to dictate to those who were his superiors, but absorbed every possible bit of knowledge that he could obtain. As a soldier he was courageous, fearless, brave, true and in every emergency unflinching. As a statesman he denounced all disposition for private gain, seeking only the public welfare and the public good. Washington was a statesman of the highest order."

Mr. Colebrook continued with an analysis of Washington's character, paying tribute to every trait.

"The greatest essential in the character of any man is precision," he declared. Washington was so precise in his work as a surveyor that his reports invariably found favor with the government, and many of the boundaries established by him in West Virginia exist to this day. Genius after all is only the power to take infinite pains."

The second great trait in Washington's character Mr. Colebrook stated, was his purpose, and showed how this singularity of purpose was exemplified throughout his life.

"Washington never had an hour that he did not have a purpose. Have you a purpose, and is that

purpose as high as God is? Washington's purpose was of that type.

The third point Mr. Colebrook sought to emphasize was Washington's perseverance. "Of what use is purpose without perseverance?" he inquired. Then he told of Washington's commission into the Ohio valley when twenty-two; how the young man endeavored to persuade the hostile Indians that the English were their friends; how, when a certain chief would grow angry at Washington's persistent pleadings he would mount his horse, and, with his companions, go to another Indian village and there repeat the scene; and of the minute reports he brought back of the French forts and defenses and their strength in men and ammunition.

Mr. Colebrook vividly dwelt on Washington as a commander and his victory at Trenton after crossing the Delaware on Christmas eve with a band of suffering but fearless patriots. This and similar episodes were instances of the indomitable will of a man who had a purpose and resolved to see it through.

The last point was Washington's patriotism. Washington, he said, did exactly as his conscience told him to do, and could not be bought; money was no object to him.

Finally, Mr. Colebrook paid tribute to the graduates of the State Normal College who fell in the Civil war, and whose names now adorn the bronze tablet at the entrance of the administration building.

S. M. W. '12.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Katherine Parsons, a senior at Wellesley College, is the recipient of one of the highest honors of her class.

Miss Gertrude Valentine of Vassar is home for the Easter vacation.

Clarence Ostrander who was graduated with the highest honors from the College of Pharmacy, has accepted a position in Husted's drug store.

Howard Weaver, who attends Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, was a recent visitor at school. He is home for the Spring recess.

Roger Fuller has been made assistant business manager on the Yale "Courant."

Mary Walsh is attending Miss Comfort's school on Western Ave., where she is taking a course in stenography and typewriting.

Miss Marie Bentler, one of the students of the Science Department, is teaching the class of High School Girls which has lately been organized for the study of Domestic Science.

Le Roy Herber will be graduated from Rutgers' College this year.

Miss Agnes Stevens and Mr. Meade Zimmer were married in February.

SCHOOL NOTES

Daniel Frisbie has entered the Sophomore class.

Anna Kemple has left school.

Kenneth Du Bois is attending the Business College.

Theames Proper has entered the Junior class.

Philip McGarr, '12, was called out on duty because of the capitol disaster.

The Juniors are planing to give a reception to the Seniors and Sophomores.

A valentine party was given by the Sophomores on Feb. 14, in the gymnasium. The room was artis-

tically decorated with strings of hearts and cupids, red crêpe paper, penants and banners. The favors were red satin hearts filled with candy. Dainty refreshments were served after which dancing was enjoyed. The following members of the faculty were present; Misses Cushing, Loeb, Dunsford, Pierce and professor Sayles.

Prof. Sayles has been unable to attend school on account of illness. Miss Horne conducted the school during his absence.

The school was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Dr. Wetmore, Professor of Physical Science in the college.

Because of the capitol fire, the state educational department has taken possession of the first floor of the administration building.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Zeta Sigma.



The meetings have been very interesting as usual, and we have had a nearly complete attendance. Our debates have been amusing as well as profitable and the quotations have never been better. Miss Gale has surprised us all in the accomplished manner in which she has been reciting for us. Here is another Sigma girl who bids fair to succeed in the Speaking Contest. Our membership has been increased by the initiation of some of the girls of the upper classes. They are: Helen Fairlee, Corabel Bissell, Marguerite Cole, Ruth Rogers, Marion Becker, Marguerite Taylor and Alice Odey. After the initiation, all the members of the society

enjoyed a spread in honor of those newly admitted. The Society now has a membership of about forty.

Misses Mabel Wood, Ethel Secor and Jessie Luck have visited us recently and have given interesting talks on different topics.

We all wish to express our sympathy for Miss Sutherland, in the loss of her sister.

Theta Nu.



During the past ten weeks a number of candidates have survived the trying ordeal of initiation and have been taken into active membership in the society. They were Messrs: Stahl, Butler, Hallenbeck and Frisbie. The latter two, during the progress of the sublime right of initiation, being in the vicinity of Western Ave. and Allen St., one on either end of a fifteen yard rope, to the middle of which had been attached a few tin cans, in order not to disturb the peace, ran amuck with "Ossifer" Toohey of the Albany Police Department. That worthy gentleman, finding it too hard to arrest one of the fellows, arrested the rope. Thus ended one of the most successful initiations we have had in some time.

On April 5th, the members enjoyed some fine declamations by Messrs: Stahl, Hane, and Murnane, also a reading by Mr. Gazely. The members are now anxiously looking forward to the opening of the Day Line, as they have contemplated an excursion to the Catskills.

Mr. Wood has been elected to the honorary roll.

Adelphoi.



At the meeting on Friday April 7th, the members held a mock trial which proved exceedingly amusing, especially because of the nature of the evidence.

There was quite a stir in the room when Mr. Gordon Scott was arraigned on charges of assault and battery preferred by Mr. Taylor. Although John Becker, attorney for the defense made an impressive speech, the prisoner was adjudged guilty. Many considered the sentence imposed as insufficient for so

grave an offense. Mr. Kirk, as the judge, presided with much dignity. He was compelled at times to censure "sheriff" Covey for his apparent inability to maintain order at critical moments in the trial, which proved such a success that another will be held before school closes.

The annual moonlight sail will take place on June 16th, and promises to eclipse anything ever attempted by the Blue and White. The committee has again chartered the steamer T. S. Craig and is completing extensive arrangements, which will make the evening of June 16th, one to be long and pleasantly remembered by the Adelphoi boys and their friends.



BASKETBALL

The review of the basketball season just closed, is somewhat different from the one previous to this.

This season we played a total of seventeen games. Out of this number we were victorious in ten.

Last season about eight games were played in which, I am sorry to state, we were victorious in only one.

What do you think of this comparison? It was not because we

played weaker teams, for that is not true. In fact we played much stronger teams than last season, such as the Troy High School, Lansingburgh, Scotia and others. You probably know something about the Troy team, but in order to convince you, I shall devote a few lines to it. Troy High and Albany High played for the eastern championship of New York state two games, in both of which Troy was victorious. Normal High played Troy and in a hard fought contest won by the small margin of

six points the score being 25 to 19. Now you comprehend I am sure, my seeming roundabout way in which I have tried to convey my idea to you.

Then incidentally I might mention the fact that the team suffered a great loss in Wurthman, one of the finest forwards Normal High ever produced.

Now when all is said and done I hope that you will agree with me when I say Normal High had a most successful season and a few others (who are uninterested parties) think that if we had had Wurthman in the game, we would have defeated Albany High and most of the other teams.

BASEBALL

The baseball situation at present is a trifle strained and unless things turn out differently than they appear at present, there may not be a team placed in the field. There is no reason why we should not be represented by a team. There is plenty of material in the school, in fact better than last year, and if you will recollect Normal had a fairly good team last season. The one great difficulty presenting itself is the spirit of indifference among the fellows. This is no way to look at the thing, and if you would only show a little Normal spirit and get down to work all would be well. I sincerely hope that such will be the case.



As we predicted in a former issue of the CRIMSON AND WHITE, there has been a marvelous evolution in practically all of the high school journals that have come to our attention. We are pleased to record a vast improvement even in magazines which we thought to have reached the zenith of all-around excellence. In all but a few cases the literary departments will scarcely bear criticism, and the other features suffered a corresponding development. Some of the stories were dis-

covered to be as good as many appearing in the popular magazines, and evince remarkable skill on the part of the authors. From present indications 1911 should establish a precedent in academic organs.

From the following paragraphs it will be perceived that we can find little fault with our fellow-publications, and since we can scarcely do otherwise, we will content ourselves with lauding the efforts of the various editors and contributors.

The Commentator.

"The New Country," a poem appearing in the March issue of *The Bulletin*, Montclair, N. J., displays subtle treatment and rare poetic genius. We trust that Mr. Overton, the author, will be encouraged in his art by further success. Such work, if continued, should lead him to take up poetry as a permanent vocation.

The literary material in the March *Bulletin* is of a distinctive nature, and surpassed by a good margin that of most of our exchanges. "It's the Little Things That Count," "Farmer Jones" and "Miss Eleanor's Cake" are well executed.

The Aerolith, Plymouth, Wis., is the sponsor of a very profound eulogium of Abraham Lincoln. Washington, typifying "Liberty," Lincoln "Equality" and Roosevelt "Fraternity" form the theme of another commendable article in the patriotic issue.

The March number contains an exhaustive article on "King James' Version of the Bible." The department under the heading of "Anecdotes and Humor" is well edited.

The first installment of "The Hand of Destiny," a narrative of ancient Rome, appears in the February *Canary and Blue*, Allentown, Pa. The writer is to be congratulated on the success of his serial, for to construct such a story is quite a serious undertaking. He has handled the subject matter in a very interesting way, and there is plenty of action.

The literary and editorial departments of the *Canary and Blue* are unquestionably the feature of the

paper. Every department, in fact, is so well conducted that it would be difficult to find a better balanced magazine.

We graciously welcome *The Prospect*, Plymouth, N. H., to our exchange list. The personal mention departments are quite extensive. The alumni editor is evidently very wide awake, her contributions covering over three columns. *The Prospect* contains some very clever poems.

The arrangement of *The Opinion*, Peoria, Ill., is quite unique, and the periodical presents a favorable appearance.

The leading story in *The Toka*, Grant's Pass, Oregon, entitled "When the Telephone Wires Were Crossed," is written by a freshman. The class of 1914 appears to be a banner class in every institution.

The March *Spinster*, Portland, Oregon, gives evidence of the paper's usual literary superiority.

We cannot but resent the significant remark hurled at us through the exchange column of the February *Wildcat*, Los Gatos, Cal., to the effect that CRIMSON AND WHITE is a good paper, but certainly could produce better developed stories. Not that we wish to give ourselves undue credit, but to stand up for the literary reputation of this magazine. Its literary department is acknowledged from all quarters to be equal to that of any high school publication. Glance over the exchange criticisms in any of the papers on the accompanying list. Do they not verify this statement?

Your further suggestion, that the advertisements be kept in the back of the paper, is absolutely groundless, for the most prominent maga-

zines in the country arrange their advertising matter in this way.

Consider more carefully before you attempt to make comment on any of your contemporary publications again, *Wildcat*. We do not like to harbor any grievances against any periodical, but this is a case when we feel ourselves called upon to uphold our literary status. The liberties of the press should be respected; not over-estimated.

In reporting the result of basketball games in which the Troy High School is a participant, we would suggest that *The Iliad*, Troy, N. Y., try to be more exact. In the contest with the Normal High School some time ago, the score as *The Iliad* reported it took a very different aspect from the authentic result, which was 26 to 19. The error was, of course, in favor of the Troy High School.

The Iliad furthermore states that it was an easy victory for the Troy High School players. On the contrary it was one of the fiercest encounters ever waged on the State Normal College gymnasium court, the Trojans winning out mainly by their rough tactics in the first session and their stalling in the second.

The Triangle, Troy, N. Y., might be termed "A Perfect Paper." Its high-grade literature speaks well of the institution of which it is the organ.

We regret to say that *The Technonian*, Buffalo, N. Y., does not possess an exchange department.

The March number of the *Canton High School Monthly*, Canton, O., comes for the first time under our observation. We notice with no little surprise that it is the fifth number of volume I, for it has the

appearance of a finished product in high school publications. This magazine, if our prognostications hold true, will be among the foremost periodicals of its kind before the year elapses. The opening sonnet is very effective and seasonable.

The quality of the paper used for the cover of *The Chief*, Haddon Heights, N. J., gives it a fine appearance. This is the initial year for *The Chief*, also.

It is certainly to be lamented that *The Maroon and White*, Wardner, Idaho, is so poorly arranged. The confusing of the advertisements with the literary matter, and the cheap grade of paper used, places it on a plane far below the average high school paper. The word "slipshod" might well be applied in this instance.

The exchange department of the *High School Critic*, Hackensack, N. J., is edited in a novel way.

The attractiveness of *The Voice*, New London, N. H., lies in its simplicity. The literary department is one of merit.

The Bayonet, St. Augustine, Fla., is another new magazine which will bear watching. "Sweet Susan Smith's Sam" is one of the best novelties in the literary line we have seen.

The Oracle, Jacksonville, Florida, of magazine proportions, is something more than, judging from the advertisements, a pecuniary success. We call especial attention to the literary and athletic departments.

The Putnam Hall Chronicle, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has set a good standard as a local magazine. The cover is elaborate.

The Focus, New Haven, Connecticut, we greet with all due ceremony.

The athletic notes of *The Oracle*, Fulton, N. Y., do credit to the athletic editor. The exchange department needs strengthening, but the jokes could not be improved upon.

Although the *Somerset Idea*, Somerset, Ky., with an editorial staff of thirteen, has been in existence for seven years, and represent all the schools of that place, the high school in particular, but little progress seems to have been made, for it is still a small paper. If the *Somerset Idea* is not financially embarrassed, some kind of a stimulative should be injected into its promoters and a more loyal spirit into its supporters.

EXCHANGES RECEIVED.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue:

For January—*The High School Critic*, *The Register*, *Our Tattler*, *The Whirlwind*, *The Sentinel*, *The Adelpian*, *The High School Argus*, *The Huisachi*, *The Focus*, *The Reveille*.

For February—*The Spinster*, *The Recorder* (Winchester, Mass.), *The Vexillum*, *The Toka*, *The Techtonian*, *The Eugene High School News*, *The Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *Comus*, *The Oracle*, (Jacksonville, Fla.), *The Aerolith*, *The Canary and Blue*, *The Lyceum*, *The Triangle*, *The Budget*, *The Irvinian*, *Ripples*, *The Spectator*, *The Shamokin High School Review*, *The Comet*, *The High School Argus*, *The Shucis*, *The Bulletin*, *The Lilliputian*, *The*

Windmill, *The Benhi*, *Our Tattler*, *The Oracle* (Fulton, N. Y.), *The "O,"* *The Putnam Hall Chronicle*, *The Wildcat*, *The Opinion*, *The Bayonet*, *The High School Critic*, *The Normal News*, *The Stylus*, *The Adelpia*.

For March—*The Shamokin High School Review*, *The Oracle* (Jacksonville, Fla.), *The Carton High School Monthly*, *The Vexillum*, *The Maroon and White*, *The Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *The High School Critic*, *The Voice*, *The Aerolith*, *The Chief*, *The Lyceum*, *The Prospect*, *The Bulletin*, *The Spinster*, *The Toka*, *The Tiger*, *The Shuces*, *The Budget*, *The Spectator*, *The Somerset Idea*, *Tech Monthly*, *The Normal News*, *Our Tattler*.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Vexillum—

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, although devoting a good deal of space to jokes, makes up for this by a good literary department.

The North Star—

CRIMSON AND WHITE, Albany, N. Y.—We greet you heartily and hope to receive you regularly. You have a neat paper. The stories and jokes are especially good. It seems to us, however, that since your publication is issued only every two months, the school notes department should be larger. The exchange department is excellent, as also are the jokes.

The Skirmisher—

We find no fault with the CRIMSON AND WHITE of Albany, N. Y. Each department is well carried out.

The Sans Souci—

Any one desiring entertaining reading will find it in the CRIMSON AND WHITE.

The Budget—

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, Albany, N. Y.—Your literary department is especially good.

The Echo (Nashville, Tenn.)

CRIMSON AND WHITE (Albany, N. Y.): Your paper has excellent material, but a better arrangement of your headings would work wonders.

The Crimson and White (Pottsville, Pa.)—

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE (Al-

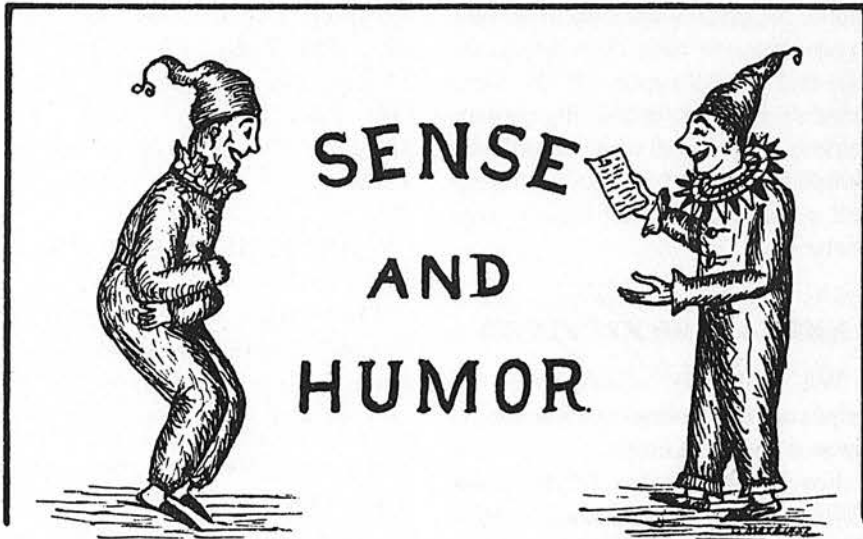
bany, N. Y.), has a good literary department.

The High School Recorder, (Winchester, Mass.)—

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE deserves much commendation on all its departments, the exchange column is well handled as the criticisms are decisive and forceful.

The Canary and Blue—

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, (Albany): Your literary department contains good stories.



POPULAR SONGS AND THEIR
SINGERS.

"For I'm a Member of the Midnight Crew."—Albert Ellis Hoyt, jr.
Encore: "Cheer Up Brothers."
("Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.")

"Under the Hebrew Moon."—Israel Cohen.

"You Don't Know How Much You Have to Know in Order to Know How Little You Know."—Ed. Delehanty.

"To the Strains of the Wedding March."—Irving Goewey.

"That Spoony Dance."—Donald MacArdle.

"I Will Dream of That Sweet Co-ed."—John A. Becker.

"Teach Me to Pray."—Joseph Mulcahy.

"Loving."—duet, Nelson Covey and Katharine Pollock.

"Whose Little Girl Are You?"—Florence Gale.

"My Little Irish Rose."—John T. Delaney.

"Amo."—Edyth Picken.

"Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl is the Right Little Girl for Me."—Bill Thomson.

"Don't Be Cross With Me."—Marion Packer.

"Can't You See I Love You,"
Geraldine Murray.

"To the End of the World With
You," (dedicated to an amateur
actress)—Alwyn George.

"The Boulevard Glide."—Robert
Minkler.

THE ANVIL CHORUS.

"What anvils rang, what hammer
beat;
In what a forge and what a heat."

No, Todd doesn't walk, he toddles.

Why is MacArdle's appetite like
eternity?

We have with us the most illus-
trious ecclesiastical dignitary of the
current age, the Reverend Albert
Ellis Hoyt, Jr. Alack! Alas! What
games the Fates do play.

Mr. John Delaney will now favor
us with a soprano solo.

Doctor Irving H. Hare, who has
a remarkable opinion of his scientific
genius, while walking up State
Street hill with Donald MacArdle,
another scientific phenomenon of
some repute, the other day observed
a vender pushing a cart. Hare in-
stantly turned to "Mac" and said,
"You probably do not know why he
pushes the cart. When I ask him,
you notice his answer."

Going over and touching the ven-
der on the shoulder, Doctor Hare
asked, "My man, why is it that you
push that cart rather than pull it?"

The man turned, surveyed Hare
critically for a moment, and then re-
plied, "Because I ain't a hoss, you
flat-head."

If the "jolts" hurt, notify "Doc"
Cody and he will administer the
chloroform.

Miss Trembly (in Biology)—
"Name one of the four uses of
seeds, Mr. Meyer."

Oswald—"Fumigation."

A little later.

Miss Trembly—"Mr. Meyer,
what is a root system?"

Oswald (promptly)—"A river
with all its branches."

Miss Horne believes Miss Wal-
lace to be a sponge. It must be ad-
mitted that the latter has a wonder-
ful faculty for absorbing Latin.

Miss Dodds (translating Caesar
in study period)—"The Aedui
were deprived of their arms by the
Romans.' Oh, the poor creatures!
How they must have suffered."

Miss Hotaling (in geometry)—
"Mr. George, prove this theorem by
alternation."

George (regaining consciousness)
—"What did you say about Carrie
Nation?"

John Delaney has announced his
intention of starting out as a demon-
strator of pulverized collar-buttons
after graduating from the Normal
High School. When he has amassed
a comfortable fortune in this way,
Mr. Delaney states that he will sell
no more collar-buttons, but retire
from the business world.

William Gazeley, who has shown
himself to be a naturalist of rare
ability, is devoting his leisure time to
study and research on the composi-
tion of mosquitoes' eye-lashes.

Quoth Florence V.:

"I have so many sweethearts,
I don't know what to do;

* * *

Cried Alberta O.:

"Then why don't you raffle them!
I'll take chances two."

Why is Miss Katharine Pollock the most popular child in the infant (freshman) class?

Joe Mulcahy has decided to open a tooth-pick factory in the Philippines after graduating. He will employ union labor only.

"My dear," her father's voice was stern

"You now must tell me true,
What time did Mr. Cody go,
Who last night called on you?"

Said Alberte: "Oh, father dear,
The truth I'm quite prepared to
state,
"Doc"—Mr. Cody, went away,
Before a quarter of eight."

Her father turned away—she
smiled,

Her dimples deeper grew.
"It was not wrong to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight, is two."

English Class—Miss Clement—
Mr. Gazely, you may recite.

Mr. Gazely (while seated, starts
to recite.)

Miss Clement—Mr. Gazely, you
are one of the boys that need a cake
of yeast to make you rise.

Pearl Shafer, while gazing out of
the window during the English reci-
tation was suddenly brought back to
earth by Miss Clement asking her
what relation Johnson bore to
Juvenal.

Pearl always noted for the instan-
taneousness of her answers, replied
"Johnson and Juvenal were very
great friends."

The only fault with the answer
was that Juvenal existed about 3,000
years before Johnson.

Joe Mulcahy (translating in
Virgil)—"Aneas saw the sacred

birds fly across the lake of Avernus
and sit on the long-wished-for
tree."

Bill Thomson, the learned Senior,
was dreaming in English class the
other day. Suddenly Miss Clement
asked:

"Mr. Thomson with what success
did the drama 'Irene' by Johnson
meet?"

Bill startled and rather dazed ans-
wered after a moment's meditation:
"Irene run for nine nights and then
was taken off."

An attempt at Latin verse.
Boyibus kissibus little girlorum,
Actibus soibus wanted someorum.
Papabus comibus down the stair-
orum
Kickedibus boyibus out the door-
orum.

THE WIT OF OUR CONTEM- PORARIES.

"Dickey," said the teacher, 'what
is the meaning of the word
'diadem?'

"Dunoo," answered Dicky.

"A diadem is a distinguishing
mark of royalty. Think you can
remember that?"

"Yes'm, I guess so."

"Give me a sentence in which
diadem is used."

"I can't remember any, ma'am."

"Well make one yourself."

"I'd rather not."

"Why, Dicky?"

"I don't think it's a nice word."

"But it is. It is a perfectly
proper word. I am waiting for the
sentence."

"Well, then if I eat toadstools I'll
dia-dem sight sooner than if I let'em
alone."—*Ex.*

One day an Irishman was seated in the waiting-room of a station with an odorous pipe in his mouth. One of the attendants called his attention to the sign: "No smoking."

"Well," said Pat, "I'm not a-smokin'."

"But you have a pipe in your mouth."

"Shure, an' I've shoes on me feet an' I'm not walkin'."—*Ex.*

An old gentleman on board a steamer missed his handkerchief, and accused a soldier standing by his side of stealing it, which the soldier, an Irishman, denied. Some few minutes afterward the gentleman found the missing article in his hat; he was then most profuse in his apologies to the soldier. "Not another wurd," said Pat, "it was a mistake on both sides—ye took me for a thafe and I took ye for a gintlemon."—*Ex.*

Pat saw for the first time one of the common American street dogs. "Mr. Policeman," said he, "phwat kind of a dawg is that?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," came back the answer, curtly.

"O! be gobs, it must be relayted to us both," exclaimed the Irishman.
—*Ex.*

A farmer was sawing wood and, desiring the help of one or more of his five boys, he called, but not one appeared.

At dinner, of course, they all appeared, and it was not necessary to call them. "Where were you all about two hours ago when I called you?" he asked.

"I was in the shop, settin' the saw," said one.

"And I was in the barn settin' a hen," said the next.

"I was in gra'ma's room, settin' the clock," spoke up another.

"I was in the garret, settin' the trap," was the next.

"A remarkable set!" declared the farmer, "and where was you?" he asked, turning to the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep, settin' still."—*Ex.*

"My folks have a family tree."

"That's nothing, my father has a business plant."—*Ex.*

Nothing Like That in Ireland.—An Irishman was walking near a fort late one afternoon and heard the usual sundown gun. He asked a Yankee lad what the noise was. The boy said it was the sundown. The Irishman replied: "I often seen the sun go down in the ould country, but Oi never heard it make such a noise."—*Ex.*

A young man, rather noted for his closeness with money, took a girl out walking. When they came to a candy store the girl walked over to the window, looked longingly at the candy displayed for about five minutes, and then said:

"Doesn't that candy smell awfully good?"

"It does for a fact," was the answer. "Let's stand here a while and smell it."—*Ex.*

A young lady who is teaching a class of boys in Sunday school was explaining giving thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the boys, whose father was a deacon, she asked, "William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down at the table?"

Willie answered quickly: "Go slow with the butter kids, it's forty cents a pound."—*Ex.*

Not for Him!—An Irishman, but a short time in this country, and unaccustomed to the names of the various articles dished up by the average restaurant, ordered "Hash." When it was brought in he carefully surveyed it and said to the waiter, "Here, take this and let the fellow who chewed it, eat it. I won't."

—*Ex.*

At first she touches up her hair
To see if its in place,
And then with manner debonair
She touches up her face.
A touch to curls behind her ear,
A touch to silken collar,
And then she's off to papa dear
To touch him for a dollar.

—*Ex.*

He—"Have you had one of the latest sandwiches?"

She—"No, what are they?"

He—"Grahame-White bread and aviation meat!"—*Ex.*

Prof.: "Don't you know that Ben Franklin once said 'The early bird catches the worm'?"

Tardy student: "Yes; but it served the worm right, for he was the early riser!"—*Ex.*

"Paw, what is a pretzel?"

"A cracker with the cramps."
—*Ex.*

Fresh: I am trying my best to get ahead.

Senior: Heaven knows you need one.—*Ex.*

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"I tell you I must have some money," roared the king, "somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas," sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly a court jester, "all our coffers are empty."—*Ex.*

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