The Crimson and White

APRIL 1912

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ECHOES OF SPRING.

The meadows have awakened
To spring's glad, joyful call,
And the birds are flying northward
To herald the message to all.

The dainty arbutus blossoms,
And the violets with purple hue,
Spring forth from dear old mother earth
To whisper their message to you.

With a swish and a laugh and a murmur,
As gaily they ripple along,
Playing hide-and-go-seek with the sunbeams,
The brooklets sing their joyous song.

So when you roam through the woodlands,
And hear soft, low whisperings,
Don't run away, but listen,
For they are the echoes of Spring.

H. H. M., '12.

"A MISTAKE IN IDENTITY."

"I do dislike to go without you, Aunt Jane. Why, I have never seen Mrs. Wayne or been at her house."

"Elizabeth will be so disappointed if you don't go and dine with her while you are here. You know she is my old schoolmate and I have told her so much about you that you won't seem like a stranger. Here I am, too helpless to do anything. I don't see why I had to sprain my ankle at the most inconvenient time."

Jack sighed as he saw the disappointed expression on his aunt's face, as she leaned back in her chair, adjusting now the spectacles on her nose, now some hairpins in her neat coil of black hair, lastly smoothing her neat apron, after a careful examination of her neat pocket handkerchief.

"And, next, Aunt Jane, what shall I talk about? Some of our college sports, football games, society, or—?"

"Talk about?" his aunt replied. "Talk about cats and you will win her heart. She has two an-
gora cats, Prince Charles and Princess Mary, and lots of other cats.

"Where does she live?" Jack asked, putting his hands in his pockets and pacing the floor.

"At two-forty-six Salina street."

"At two-four-six; one times two are two, and two are four and two are six; two-four-six." Jack repeated this to himself several times. "That's a clever way to remember numbers. Well, I will go. I dare say I shall live through it," Jack said, looking at his watch. "I had better get dressed or I shall be late."

A few minutes later Jack called up to his aunt from the foot of the stairs, "I am ready."

"Did you write down the number?"

"Yes."

"Don't forget to talk about cats, for I want you to make a good impression."

"Good bye, I'm off."

After a short ride on a trolley car he found himself on Salina street.

"Oh, shucks; I forgot to take that card I wrote the number on. Now, what shall I do? I can remember it. Two times two are four, and two are six, and two are eight, four, six, eight. Yes, that's the number. I wonder why other people never think of remembering numbers this way."

Alighting from the car, he soon found the desired number. A maid answered the ring.

"I hope I'm not late," he said, entering and taking off his coat.

"Why — um — Is," the maid started to say.

"Yes, it is very cold out," Jack suggested, "very," as he walked into the parlor.

The maid went to her mistress.

"Were you expecting company?"

"No," her mistress replied.

"Well, there is a young man in the parlor who says that he hopes he is not late."

"I will go, Mary, and see. It must be some mistake."

"I must make a good impression," Jack thought, as she came in the room. He greeted his aunt's old school friend very warmly, and escorted her to a chair, talking so fast that he did not give her time to say a word.

"How are Prince Charles and Princess Mary? I suppose they are the best of their kind. I can hardly wait to see them. We all love cats at home. I had a little black cat, and one day it killed our canary, but I thought so much of the cat that I would not let anyone punish it."

"Gee," Jack thought, "that ought to make a hit."

"Now, I wonder what I have done?" Jack almost spoke aloud, as he saw the horrified expression on her face. "This is worse than Caesar."

"Will you please excuse me," she said, rising and walking out of the room.

"O, Mary, that man is crazy, insane! He is so anxious to see Prince Charles and Princess Mary, and they have been dead for ages. What shall I do? I know. You telephone to the police, or rather have someone else telephone, or he might hear you. I will go back now until they come."

"No, mother, I will go," volunteered her daughter Agnes, who was about eighteen years of age. Opening a writing desk she took from one of its drawers a revolver and hid it in her blouse.

"I'm not afraid to go in now, and
if he gets very violent I'll use this" (meaning the revolver).

"Aunt Jane didn't tell me they had a daughter," Jack thought, as he saw Agnes come into the room. "Gee, but she is pretty. I hope my necktie is on straight. I wonder if she likes cats, too. I've got to make a better impression."

Agnes, not knowing what to say in the presence of an insane man, stared intently out of the window.

Jack talked continuously on different subjects, but as she did not seem to be interested in any of them, he started to talk about cats.

"What a handsome young man," Agnes thought. "It is too bad he has such a terrible affliction."

"Tell me," Jack said, "some of the tricks Prince Charles can do? Are his eyes green? I like those kind better than any other, because their tails are so bushy, something like a squirrel's."

"Confound it," Jack thought, as Agnes looked more uneasy than ever, and kept looking at something in her blouse. "Confound it, what has gone wrong now?"

Poor Jack sat twisting and turning in his chair.

"O dear, won't they ever come? He may have a violent attack any moment." Then a footstep was heard.

Jack looked up and to his surprise he saw two policemen, the maid and his aunt's old schoolmate standing in the doorway. Jack looked at them in amazement.

"Gee-whiz! I wonder if I had better talk about cats now," Jack thought, but before he had time to ask the meaning of the situation another step was heard, then a young man appeared. When he saw the two policemen, his mother and Mary, he looked even more astonished than the rest of them, until he saw Jack. Jack recognized him as his college friend, Fred Cary.

"Jack Elder, in the name of Heaven, what's the meaning of this?"

"Isn't this Mrs. Wayne's home—four-sixty-eight Salina street?" Jack inquired.

"It is four-sixty-eight, all right, but I never heard of Mrs. Wayne. This house is my mother's, Mrs. Cary, and this is my sister Agnes."

"Well, I don't know how I ever came to make such a mess of it. I started out to dine with my aunt's old schoolmate, and, well—here I am."

"Ha-ha, Daisy, you wouldn't have to tell anybody that you were a freshman. I suppose it is one of the four-eleven method schemes of remembering numbers, eh?"

Turning to the policeman, Fred explained: "There is a mistake here. We won't need you."

Then the mother inquired, "If you are not insane why did you talk about Prince Charles and Princess Mary?"

A smile began to spread over Jack's face. "I don't wonder you thought me crazy," and how he laughed! He then explained that his aunt's friend was very fond of cats, and two of the angora cats were named Prince Charles and Princess Mary. "And Aunt Jane told me to talk about cats and I would make a good impression," he ended.

When Mrs. Cary could get her breath after much laughter, she
said: "You must stay and dine with us."

"No, I can't stay," Jack said, looking at his watch. "I will have just time to get there. Some other time, perhaps."

After a date had been agreed upon for Jack to come and dine with them, he caught the laughing eyes of Agnes, and, as he was going down the stairs he decided, "Not so bad a mistake after all."

D. R. ’15.

"RONALD."

Jack Reynolds was through his Sophomore year at Yale, and was so full of good spirits upon his unexpected passing of all subjects that he resolved to let his mirth get the better of his discretion and to play a practical joke upon someone, he cared not whom. He tried many of these jokes upon his room-mate, but his success was short-lived, as he was always "paid back" with celerity.

But he had an inspiration upon receiving one of his sister Florence's letters. Here at last would be a good place for his joke.

He adored his sister, and as a boy, although she was but three years his senior, Florence was the only one who could control him. If he wanted to play ball upon the lawn, his mother's and aunt's pleadings were of no avail, until his determined young sister ordered him gravely to go and play in the street, and he always went. Frequently, however, he gave way to the temptation to tease her, and now he immediately sat down and wrote the following letter:

"Yale College,
June 9, 19—.

"Dear Sis—
Hurrah, I'll be home in a week! Have my things most all packed in advance. Guess what? I passed all my exams!

Well, now, to get to the subject. I am going to bring company home. He's a jolly good fellow and I know you'll like him. He rooms with me." (The said room-mate was now poking his shaggy head upon Jack's knee and licking his hands eagerly with a rough tongue, for this "company" was none other than a big shepherd dog, who shared all his young master's privileges with 'the fellows.')

"I am looking forward expectantly," the letter continued, "to the time when you may meet him. He is the kind that girls fall in love with and I'm hoping—oh, well, never mind what I'm hoping, but you know, Flo., you're a mighty attractive girl!"

He mischievously concluded:
"I can not describe the numerous charms of his manner and appearance, but his brown eyes are his most beautiful features, and exactly match your dark hair. I know you admire athletes, so I will add that he is the best runner in college, and is particularly skilled in the arts of hunting. I will expect a favorable answer before Tuesday, when I leave.

"Yours,
"Jack."

When Florence received this letter she felt that she would be very much pleased with—why, Jack hadn't mentioned his name! How strange! Well, she would write to-morrow and ask him.

She did not find time the next day, nor the next, consequently on Tuesday her eager letter reached a very repentant brother.

"Oh, heavens, what I have got myself into! I hate to disappoint
the girl so, but I guess I'll have to!" Jack murmured disconsolately to a smiling photograph of his room-mate, Tom Jefferson, which stood upon the table. For awhile he gazed unseeingly at it, then suddenly he fairly beamed.

"Why, of all things! Of course he'll do it. Hey, Tom, old boy, where are you?"

"He's down playing ball on the campus," was growled in a deep bass from the front room. "Can't you shut up and let me pack in peace?"

"Sure, I'm going to now," replied Jack, cheerfully, as he went in search of his friend.

He found Tom, told him the story of his doings, and was received with sympathetic laughter. "Of course I will, old fellow. Glad to do it. I wasn't going home until next week, anyway."

Suddenly Jack interrupted, in downcast tones, "No, you won't, Tom. I especially described his eyes as a beautiful brown, and your's happen to be blue. Oh, Jimminy, what'll I do. Can't you change their color, Tom?"

His friend was sorry for such an unfortunate preventive also, and poor Jack went sadly in search of some fellow with brown eyes. But alas, he was forced to return to his room without success, for the eligible ones all had other plans, and deciding to keep up the farce no longer, he penned the following to Flo:

"Ronald Curtis can't come. Unfortunate event detained him.

"Jack."

He went to the telegraph office and sent the dispatch that was to disappoint his sister so.

He next bade good-bye to all his chums and, followed by much laughter on behalf of his ill-luck, was borne by the train toward home.

Presently a young fellow entered with a bundle of papers, which he presented to an elderly man, from whom he received a sum of money. This young man was very good-looking, and possessed a pair of very bright brown eyes, that seemed the soul of honesty.

Jack had been looking at him without much interest, when, suddenly he jumped from his seat and unceremoniously grabbed the fellow with the brown eyes by the coat-tail.

"Say, I'd like to talk to you a moment. Can you spare me any time?" Jack asked hurriedly. He was answered in a pleasant voice and greeted by an equally pleasant, though slightly puzzled smile. He followed Jack to his seat and accepted his invitation to sit down.

In an anything but calm manner Jack related the tale of his misfortunes and in a blundering way made his request. He was received by a surprised silence at first, and after much pleading on Jack's part, and hesitancy on the young man's, the agreement was made, that the latter whose name was Richard Parker, would spend two weeks at "Vine Cottage," as Jack's college friend.

Jack, in his hurry, had forgotten to tell Dick, as he insisted upon being called, the name he was to bear during those two weeks, and when they reached the depot Jack left his newly made friend, in order to check his baggage.

Dick went out upon the steps for a moment and found before him a tall, handsome girl of some
twenty summers. Her hair greatly increased her beauty, being of a rich, reddish brown and waving becomingly about her white forehead. He guessed immediately that this must be Jack's sister, and without fear of results he stepped bravely to her and as he extended his hand said, "Miss Florence, I believe?"

"Oh," Miss Florence replied eagerly, "You are Jack's friend. I am so glad you could come, after all, Mr. ——," only to stop in embarrassment, and blushingly say, "Oh, I've forgotten your name and Jack told me, too."

Poor Dick was undecided and as he was about to give his own name, Jack appeared, and scenting danger when he saw them together, hailed them joyfully.

"Hello, Sis, I see you're already acquainted with Ron," he cried, as he embraced her. "That's right, you have saved me the trouble of an introduction."

"Well, Jack, I have forgotten his name and he was just going to tell me as you came," retorted his sister.

"Now, I will introduce you after all. His name is Ronald Curtis, known as Ron in Yale," Jack said quickly to Dick's unspeakable relief.

This disaster averted, the trio, talking merrily, made its way to the house.

A few days later Florence Reynolds and Dick Parker, alias Ronald Curtis, were seated upon the porch alone and chatting of things for which they held the greatest interest.

"Are you much interested in athletics?" questioned Miss Reynolds.

"Why not especially," replied her victim, innocently.

"Not in running?" persisted Florence, suspiciously.

"Well, I never had a very great interest in it. I always liked baseball and football better," answered her brother's ally, still unconscious of the dangerous ground upon which he was treading.

"Jack said you were the best runner in Yale," protested that young man's sister vigorously.

"Ronald" answered soothingly, when he had recovered from this shock, "You see I do run a little, but it is Jack's nature to flatter."

"However, I know better," insisted the mischief-maker's sister, "you are simply modest over your accomplishments. Jack says you are a great hunter, too. Won't you please tell me some of your experiences, Mr. Curtis?"

Here, however, the trembling "Mr. Curtis" was rescued by the sound of the dinner gong.

One week more than "Ronald Curtis" allotted two passed, but that young man seemed yet in no hurry to go. The entire household were, in figurative language, upon their knees before him, and the affection with which he was regarded, was enough to turn a less sensible young man's head.

One afternoon as Jack was engaged in various occupations in his room, he was interrupted by a knock upon his door. He answered it and Dick, who had grown to be almost like a brother to the grateful boy, entered.

This afternoon Dick did not seem like himself and upon Jack's question he burst into a rather incoherent strain, something as follows:

"Now, you see, Jack, I really didn't think I would but I did
and I don't know what you'll say but I'm going to tell you. I'm not an awfully bad fellow and I hate to ask you, but ———"

"Good heavens, my boy, what are you talking about. Go ahead! Do you want to borrow some money or do you want to go home?"

"No, but you see I love Florence and I haven't asked her yet, but I think I have a chance. Why, Jack, what's the matter? Don't you want me to ask her or won't she have me?"

Jack knew his sister's proud nature and that although she might love a man very much, if he were not her social equal, she would never marry him, no matter what pain her pride cost her. He had never questioned Dick concerning his life or family, although many times his friend had received letters, presumably written by his parents. Jack himself was not particular on such matters, deeming it nonsense; so he found it rather hard to explain to Dick the cause of his silence.

After a painful interval, he succeeded in making his reasons clear. He gently, but firmly, told his friend that although he had no objections, and was sure the rest of the family would welcome him gladly, that Florence would feel the social difference between them.

A moment's bewildered silence on Dick's part then the latter said, proudly: "Say, Reynolds, who do you think I am anyway? I'd like to know."

It was now Jack's turn to be surprised. "Why, what do you mean?" he stammered confusingly. "I thought you were a news-boy on the train. You came in with a bundle of papers, handed them to a gentleman and received money in return. What does it all mean? This is a mystery indeed!"

"Oh, my," laughed the "news-boy," in relieved tones, "Is that all? That man was Dad, for whom I had just bought some papers. The pay was a cheque to last me through my month's vacation, for I was bound for the mountains. I just graduated from Harvard this year. Now everything is cleared up, what do you say to my first question?"

"Oh, Dick, old boy, shake hands! Need you ask my answer? Then your father is that famous broker we hear so much of, Charles Edward Parker?"

"Sure is. Say, Jack, we just decided everything's all right, but have you forgotten that my name is not 'Ronald Curtis'?"

"Great Scott! What will we do? Flo is the soul of honor!" cried Jack, in horror.

"Oh, I might as well give up!" sighed his friend, despondently.

"Now, Dick, do you suppose I'll let you do that? I was the cause of this so I'll go right to Flo and explain. Keep up your courage! You wait here and in ten minutes I'll be back with the good news. If I rap three times it's all right and four means no hope. Of course, it will be three! Don't worry, Dick," announced Jack, cheerily, as he hurried away.

Dick sat anxiously, watch in hand. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes. Hark! was that a rap? No, only a woodpecker tapping the bark of that maple tree. Twenty, twenty-five. There—never. Three! After an annoying lack of speed, he counted—three!

AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

A handsome, tall girl with dark blue eyes, very dark curly eyelashes and quantities of curling black hair, walked into a classroom of the Topeka High School. She was evidently very excited for she seemed on the verge of tears. A group of girls crowded around her with words of sympathy, and her chum, hugging her tightly, exclaimed earnestly:

"Poor old Flo! Why didn't you tell us that some one was ill at home? We're so sorry! Of course, you are going right home?"

Florence Gilroy looked at her schoolmates with surprise, then said slowly, "Oh, I didn't think you knew! I guess I'm making a mountain out of a molehill, but there is no reason why I should go home! Professor Winthrop didn't give me permission! As for some one at home being—"

"What! He said you couldn't go home?" interrupted her schoolmates. "Oh, how mean! I'd go anyway!"

Flo understood by this time that they did not mean her failure in chemistry exam, and was about to question them when one of the teachers came up and said briefly: "Professor Winthrop wishes to see Miss Gilroy in the office."

With strange forebodings Florence obeyed the summons. Professor Winthrop, with a kindly smile, handed her a telegram. At she read it through, her face blanched and in a low tone she asked that she might be excused as it contained bad news.

"Certainly, poor child!" he answered, gently. "Your teacher just brought this telegram to me and now don't worry about chemistry! I'll see what can be done!"

Florence thanked him and hurriedly prepared herself for the journey home. She had quite a long ride before her and as she boarded the nine forty-five train she reflected that she would be at home about noon. She read over and over those words which stirred her so deeply—

"Come home to mother at once. Some one very dear to us has succumbed to a deadly poison."

She thought, with a sob in her throat, of her wee baby sister and of her chubby-faced brother. For one hour she fought for self-control and at last she gave in and sobbed hysterically. The passengers regarded her with sympathetic eyes and when she left the train at Reading, she heard them murmur softly:

"Poor child! Bad news, most likely!"

She walked hurriedly, almost ran, up the familiar road and with quickened pulses she turned from the main road to pass through a little white gate. Suddenly she stopped in astonishment and uttered a gasp of surprise, for around the corner of the house there came, carried in a wooden box on the shoulders of his sorrowing playmates, her brother's bull-pup, ferocious-looking even in death.

A SPOOKY NIGHT.

"What shall we do this evening?" It was Margaret who spoke, but the same thought was in the minds of all the young people, as they rose from the supper table. It was the first time such a question had been asked in all
the happy weeks which Elizabeth
had spent at her friend's home;
but it had finally arisen.

"I know what I shall do," said
Dr. Gordon, coming back from
answering a telephone call;
"Mrs. Graham tells me that her
baby is very sick. I expect it will
be somewhere in the small hours
before I get away out there and
back."

After the Doctor had started
off, eighteen-year-old Donald sug-
gested, "Let's go into the library,
turn out the lights, and tell ghost
stories.' This suggestion was en-
thusiastically received, but Mrs.
Gordon demurred, on the ground
that they would all have night-
mares.

However, as every one seemed
to want it, she withdrew her ob-
jection, but insisted that all the
lights should not be turned off.

Henry began. He told of fright-
ful story of how he was chased
over the housetops of New York
in his night-shirt by "His Satanic
Majesty," and having to leap from
the top of a skyscraper to escape
him. This remarkable episode
was followed by others
more or
less thrilling, till the girls began
to feel rather shaky about their
knees. Then Donald said cas-
ually, "Oh, I don't suppose any
of you people knew that this
house was haunted, did you?"

Margaret jumped up as though
she had been sitting on a tack all
this time without knowing it.

"This house! Why, Donald,
you're only fooling, aren't you?
We've lived here five years, and
we've never yet seen a-a-anything!" she exclaimed.

"Fooling! Oh, dear, no. Prob-
ably we've never been in the
proper place when the ghost
walked — that is, in the haunted
room."

"The haunted room! What
room?" This time the exclama-
tions were from the younger
members of the family. "Tell us
about it, please!"

"Well," Donald began slowly,
"this all happened in the spare
room away up stairs, that we've
never used. It's right above
father's and mother's room, you
know," he explained to Elizabeth,
"and sort of separated from the
rest of the house."

But here Margaret interrupted.
"Donald, where did you hear
about this?" she demanded.

"Oh, the other day I happened
to meet the man who used to own
this house, and he told me that
was why he left it. 'Nix,' Don-
ald added, under his breath, but
I was the only one who heard
him.

"Oh, Donald, please tell us
about it, and do hurry up," beg-
ged his younger brother.

"Why, there's nothing much to
tell. About fifteen years ago a
wicked old woman used to live
up in that room. A poorer class
of people lived in this vicinity
then, and they were all afraid of
her. Some said she was a witch.
Whenever anything was stolen in
the neighborhood she was blamed
for it, although she was far too
sly to give them any opportunity
to prove it. Her almost constant
companion was a black cat of ex-
traordinary size, with eyes that,
in the dark, had a terrible habit
of gleaming at one like two fiery
balls.

"But at last the old woman
was detected in her thieving, and
one day a couple of police officers
came to the house, by great luck
found her in the room, and, after
a search, discovered some stolen goods which she had hastily concealed. So she was taken away in their custody. Well, the cat had been away at the time, probably foraging on its own account, but when it came back it waited in vain for its mistress. It hung about the room day after day; and night after night kept watch, but she never appeared, as she had died in prison. Finally, the cat died, too, of old age. For a long while the room remained untenanted.

"The story runs that every month, on the same day on which the old woman was taken away, her ghost and that of the black cat returned to the room and watch for the two men who arrested her. According to that they ought to be almost here by now."

"Oh, Donald, that's awful in you! We'll all be too scared to go to bed," protested Margaret. "Why, you girls aren't afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"Oh, my, no," said his sister, "but — well, but —"

"Oh, yes, we all know," interrupted Donald with a laugh. "All but. If you're not afraid of ghosts, though, why don't you and Elizabeth sleep up there to-night?"

But this the mother absolutely forbade, and added: "If your father were home, Donald, you would get a sound scolding for inventing such a fable just before bedtime;" for, of course, Mrs. Gordon declared the story false. Finally it was decided that Donald and Henry should sleep in the haunted chamber.

The boys got to sleep about an hour later. Shortly after two o'clock Henry awakened with a start, after a dream of ghosts and hobgoblins. He stared at the foot of the bed for a minute to gather his wits together and then let his eyes wander about the room. Suddenly his muscles tightened, he drew in his breath sharply, and clutched the bed clothes with both hands. What was that in the corner?

Two eyes of fire glared at him from the darkness, and a dim shape loomed behind. Instinctively he looked for the old woman; and, sure enough, near the window a shadowy figure was standing, and — horror of horrors! — he could see the dark window frame through the transparent form!

For a minute that seemed an hour, he was paralyzed with fear. Then he seized his brother, and shook him again and again. Would he never wake up?

"What's the fuss?" came Donald's sleepy voice.

"Look! Look!" Henry gasped. "In the corner!"

Donald looked — and even that young gentleman showed signs of apprehension. "Here," he reasoned with himself, "this won't do. That white shadow is easily enough explained. That's the window curtain. But those things in the corner —"

"Oh, it moved," breathed Henry. "Donald! What are they?"

"Why," whispered Donald, as confidently as he could, under the circumstances, "that white thing's only the curtain, and those —"

But here they heard their mother's voice from the room below: "Is that you, George? You must be tired out. How is little Marjorie Graham?"

"She is beyond the danger
point, but she has been a pretty sick baby,' replied their father.
“Have you been in bed long?”
“Quite a while. The children told ghost stories before they went to bed, and Donald invented an awful tale, making that bedroom upstairs a haunted room. He and Henry are sleeping up there now. I have been listening to hear them scream, but I guess it's past time for the ghost to walk now.”

“That wasn't the best thing to do before going to bed, was it?” said the good Doctor. “But never mind, 'boys will be boys.' I guess I'll just turn this light down a little, Mary. Oh, dear! I didn't mean to turn it clear out, but I'll just leave it that way now. Good-night.”

The two glaring eyes had suddenly disappeared. Donald kicked himself hard under the blankets. "Well, I am stupid!" he exclaimed. "Why, I disconnected those pipes myself! You see, Henry, those two eyes were made by the light coming from downstairs through two holes in the floor, that were used for pipes to reach an old stove we once had up here.'

"We're a pair of fools," commented Henry in a relieved tone; and after a little more conversation and laughter, the "pair of fools" dropped off into sound sleep, not to awaken till morning.


To-Day.

There is opportunity to do good to some one to-day. There is a battle going on to-day in which we shall be victors or vanquished. To-day the hand of God is open to pour out blessings on each of us. To-day the Kingdom of God will make some progress within each of us if we are true to ourselves and our Lord. To-day we shall take a long step toward our eternal home. To-day something shall be built into our character; shall it be good or bad? We may make some decision to-day which will determine our destiny. To-day the voice of the Lord is sounding within us. Shall we hear, or shall we forbear?

"To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts."—Christian Advocate.

Company.

Doorbell started ringing, Filled us with dismay; Father got his collar, And put his pipe away; Mother in a hurry Straightened up the room; Aunt Jane looked it over, And swept it with a broom. Sis got some powder An' put it on her nose, Told me she would cuff me Unless I brushed my clothes. There we all sat smiling, Neat as we could be, Everything all ready To pour a cup of tea. Then the door was opened— I am laughing still! 'Twasn't anybody But a feller with a bill! —The Youth's Magazine.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.—Sir Matthew Hale.
The coming of Spring brings with it the desire to be out-of-doors as much as possible. This desire is natural, but to satisfy it we should not neglect our school life at this critical period. These last weeks decide the success or failure of the whole school year and though we may feel disinclined to do so, we should bend all our efforts to our work.

To be sure, the same zest and spirit with which we started the school year in September are now lacking. The warm Spring months are not conducive to study, and Nature, with all her allurements beckons us through the window to come out and play. But let us put temptation behind us, shut our ears to too frequent calls from Nature and before we know it June will be here with its promise of a long rest when we may "put the books to bed."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Elizabeth Gardiner, of the class of 1903, is teaching on Staten Island.

Roger Fuller, a graduate of 1906, was in Albany a short time ago.

Jessie Williams, 1903, has recently been married to Mr. Schumann, of New York.

Warren Vosburgh, a graduate of 1910, who is a sophomore at Union College, is a member of the Mandolin and Banjo clubs and also a participant in the College band.

Joseph Mulcahy, class of 1911, is taking a post-graduate course at the N. H. S.

Sadie Rouse, a graduate of the class of 1902, is teaching on Long Island.

George Anderson, a graduate of the class of 1910, is attending State Normal College.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Switzer has left the Senior class.

Alice Gazeley and Marguerite Taylor are ill.

Miss Aisles, Mr. Kane, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Murnane have left school.

Members of the Senior class very cleverly rendered scenes from Shakespeare's tragedy "Macbeth" in the auditorium.

The Juniors splendidly entertained the Seniors on February 16th at a valentine party in the gymnasium. Ropes of hearts and pennants decorated the room and refreshments and dancing were enjoyed. The chaperons were
Misses Cushing, Shaver and Clement and Prof. Sayles.

Quintilian Literary Society has begun anew. We wish it success and hope it will soon be a rival of Zeta Sigma Society.

The Athletic Association is planning to give a dance in the future.

**SOCIETY NOTES.**

**Zeta Sigma.**

Several of our members have been ill this winter. Miss Gazeley and Miss Switzer are not yet able to return.

Our new members, the Sophomore girls, are a fine addition to the society. The interest which they show in the meetings is highly commendable.

Miss Jeffrey, our vice-president, is arranging a very interesting series of programs. On March 26th a debate was the chief feature. The proposition was: "Resolved that all women should be given the suffrage." Those on the affirmative side were the Misses Wallace and Watt; on the negative the Misses Bissell and Baker. The judges, the Misses Jeffrey, Picken and Dearstynye decided in favor of the negative side.

A new feature has been introduced into our programs. Each week some member of the society reads a selection from the same author from whose works the quotations are given. Besides being decidedly interesting it is proving to be very instructive.

Miss Sutherland visited us lately and gave us some advice and complimented us on our meeting.

**Quintilian Literary Society.**

Once again Quintilian has started and is meeting with great success. Our last meetings have been splendid with full attendance. The quotations and programs have been very interesting and beneficial. The Panelethan, our paper has been very amusing, also.

On Friday, March 29th, the Misses Dinkle, Lovett, Shirtz, Tedford and Weeks were initiated. After they had passed through this trying ordeal, they and the other members enjoyed a feast and dancing.

The officers of the society are:

President — Harriet Tedford.

Secretary — Marion Hanley.

Editor — Eleanor Dunn.

Marshal — Dorothy Hines.

Mistress of Ceremonies — Marguerite Clark.

**Theta Nu.**

The meetings of Theta Nu have been very interesting for the last ten weeks of school. Many good recitations and readings have been enjoyed, especially those of Messrs. Hare, Butler and Molitor. At the last meeting of Theta Nu quotations were given from Bryant, among the most worthy of note were those of Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Goewey. Mr. Ferguson gave an interesting talk on the automobile industry at a recent meeting, this was enjoyed by all.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. Goewey by the members and their friends. Five hundred was played and refreshments enjoyed. Mr. Meyers
won the gentlemen's prize while Miss Noyes was the fortunate one of the ladies present.

The members are planning to give their annual outing some time in June, the committee comprises Mr. Goewey, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Belknap and Mr. Hane. The annual stag ride of the society is also being planned, although no committee has been appointed as yet.

**Adelphoi.**

During the past ten weeks the meetings of Adelphoi have been excellent and the attendance has been large.

Selections from plays have been rendered at various meetings in which Messrs. Bacon and Raynsford featured. Another pleasing addition has been the solos of Mr. Relyea.

Prof. Sayles has been elected an honorary member. Messrs. Ryan, Relyea and Minkler have been initiated and received into membership.

On Saturday evening, March 9, the Adelphoi enjoyed a stag party at the home of Mr. Covey. Five hundred was played, after which Mr. Relyea favored us with some piano selections. A supper was then served, which was heartily enjoyed by all.

The following officers have been elected for the third quarter, 1912:

- President, Richard Kirk
- Vice-President, Newton Bacon
- Secretary, Edward Brandow
- Treasurer, Chester Long
- Sergeant-at-Arms, Erwin Hannah
- Chaplin, Edward McDowell
- Master of Ceremonies, Nelson Covey

Persistent effort on the part of the editors has brought a great many of our exchanges to a high standard. In no place is this more noticeable than in the editorials. The editors have ceased to rave over singing birds and flying snowflakes and have adopted things of more vital interest to the school.

However, this cannot be said of most Exchange departments. In the beginning of the year in every magazine we received we read all sorts of eulogiums of Exchange departments, dwelling
more or less upon the benefits derived therefrom. Eight months have passed away. How much benefit have we received from these criticisms? Practical suggestions are scarcely ever given; those of adverse nature though just, are certain to receive a cutting retort, whether they deserve it or not.

Setting practicalness aside, these criticisms evince no great ability in the literary line. The effect of some seems to be to fill space. The comments are expressed in those time-worn words —“perfectly splendid,” “well-gotten-up,” “especially good,” and a few more—which convey no knowledge of the paper's value. Can anyone find the ghost of a criticism or suggestion in: “Welcome, come again!” “You look good to us,” “You are well managed,” or “You are unadulterated class” (!!!)? Yet editors offer such remarks.

The criticisms of the Stylus, Iliad, News, Toka and the Critic are too brief. Those of the Argus, the Sentinel and the versed criticisms of the Oracle are too slangy. The comments of the Spectator are too effusive. The Voice, the Ledger, the Techtonian, the Academe (Hamilton, N. Y.), and the Russ are guiltless of exchange notes. The last is even innocent of the courtesy of acknowledging the exchanges it receives.

The best criticisms appear in the Cue, the Criterion, the Bulletin, the Echo, the Irvonian, the Red and Black and the Adelphian. The comments of the Shues, the Vexillum, the Triangle and the Huisache are worthy of praise. The rest are quite commonplace.

The Annotator.

The sombre cover of the Iliad does not give the magazine an attractive appearance, nor does it suggest good material within. The literary department certainly proves that the students have responded to the call made in: the December issue for “stories of dash and imagination, and eccentric stories with new ideas.” The author of Briar Bush House is to be felicitated on his originality in concluding the story as he did. In addition to these remarks we may say that no exchange receives a warmer welcome than the Iliad.

A stiffer cover would give the Enterprise a more substantial appearance. The literary department, although it has improved greatly, would present a better appearance if the essays were included under it. The column of school notes is very extensive for so small a paper. There are entirely too many copied jokes all of which are of an “antique and venerable vintage.”

After reading some very favorable criticisms from different magazines on the A. H. S. Whirlwind, which we received for the first time this year, we were naturally interested in it. The appearance of the paper gave us a decided shock as we expected a conventional school magazine, but a thorough review confirms the opinions of the others. The organ for the most part is devoted to athletics and school happenings which have a ring of school loyalty and enthusiasm unconceived in most periodicals.

H. S. Argus (Harrisburg Pa.): “Bud’s Thanksgiving” is rather inappropriate for a February number and could have easily been
saved until next year. This number is also dedicated to Washington, yet there is not even a paragraph devoted to him. The remainder of the paper is mediocre; it contains nothing worthy of great praise or condemnation.

We cannot compliment the *Irvonias* too highly on its literary department. We call particular attention to the "Costa Rican Revolt." The practice of mingling jokes with the exchange notes is detrimental to an otherwise well conducted exchange department. On the whole the entire arrangement of the paper is quite commendable.

The article on German Higher Schools in the *H. S. Echo* is up to date and full of interest. The literary department for the March issue is spoiled by the use of "fillers" between the stories. The exchange notes (we are not influenced to be partial by your good opinion of us) shows ability in that line, but the practice of putting jokes in the said department detracts greatly from its appearance.

The cover design of the *North Star* is attractive and the material is certainly equal to that of the overage paper, yet a casual glance would not discover this, as it would in most magazines. It seems to us that the quality of paper and the type of printing used is the cause of the uninteresting appearance it presents.

The *Huisache* (San Antonio, Tex.), is a sensible, matter-of-fact periodical and, to judge from the extensive advertising section, is also a pecuniary success. The dots around the cut on the January number may be symbolical, but to us they are vividly suggestive of red pepper.

The *H. S. Recorder* has increased in size and improved wonderfully. "A Bas-Relief in Clay" seems rather impossible to us. Any girl with the slightest glimmering of sense would detect something wrong when she received two proposals of such a different nature apparently from the same man.

The *Adelphian* abounds in lively stories of no mean merit. A "Romance of St. Stephen's Reign," "Those Angelic Twins?" have been surpassed by no magazine on our exchange list.

The *Triangle* is in every respect a perfect paper. "Mike Chorister and Captain," and "A Touching Ballad" are very laughable. We notice your intention of mentioning only the exchanges of especial merit but we advise adding one or two of "especial demerit." Although we have exchanged faithfully with every magazine on our list, there are almost one-third of those which we received last year that have not once responded to our "please exchange." However, we gratefully acknowledge the following:

For January—The Enterprise, the Red and Black, *H. S. Argus*, *Comus*, the Sentinel, the *Huisache*.

For February—The *Gleamer*, *Huische*, the Enterprise, the Spectator, the Tattler, the Recorder (Winchester), the Bulletin, *H. S. Review*, Red and Black, *H. S. Argus*, the Russ, the Ledger, the Voice, Iliad, the News.

For March—*Comus*, the *Vexillum*, the *H. S. Critic*. 
Current Events in the Class of 1912.

Did you like Macbeth? Didn't Mr. Wentworth make an excellent villain and didn't he and his leading lady quarrel realistically?

Carolyn Gauger, a former "anti," has joined the ranks and will lead in the Suffragette Parade on Saturday, May 5.

New Plays and Their Actors.
The Spring Maid...Irving Goewey
The Fatted Calf...Newton Bacon
Little Boy Blue........Bill Walsh
The Matinee Idol .................H. Gibson Wentworth
The Prodigal Son.......Jack Ellis

Alberta—"Oh I just love Macbeth." And now they are wondering whether she meant the play or the leading man.

Miss Fox—Mr. Hayford, where is your Latin Prose?"
Orville—"My brother couldn't do it last night."

The History Class had quite a surprise the other day. Goewey remained in class the whole period.

New Books and Their Authors.
"Girls I Have Met".................H. G. Wentworth
"How to Behave in Class"........H. Ruth Tedford
"Proposals I Have Had"..........Helen Merchant
"Love in a Bungalow"..............Alberta O'Connor

Miss Jacobs—"What is the difference between a bill and a law?"
Hane—"One is the beginning—the other the end.

Familiar Quotations Among the Seniors.
Mr. Wentworth—"My dearest love."
Miss O'Connor—"Great Glamis—Worthy Caudor."
Mr. Hayford—"Oh, horror—horror—horror!"
Mr. Ellis—"Strange murmuring 't the air."
Miss Goldring—"Alas, poor monkey!"
Mr. Walsh—"What is amiss?"
Mr. Goewey—"Oh—by whom?"
Mr. Bacon—"See—See our honored hostess."

The CRIMSON AND WHITE
Mr. Delany—“Knock, Knock, Knock.”

Ever noticed Bert look up when “Doc.” is mentioned?

Miss Clement—“Start at— but alas you are not all here; Miss Brate.”

Jestings.

“A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it.”

“Professor,” said Miss Skylight, “I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism—”

“What are your own inclinations?”

“Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life-work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty.”

“Woman, you’re born to be a milliner.”

The family had never been in the habit of having grace, but when the minister took tea with them they thought it proper to bend their heads devoutly over their plates. All would have gone well if the young hopeful had not piped out: “It ain’t polite to smell yer meat!”

“Susannah,” asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question, “do you take this man to be your wedded husband for better or for worse—”

“Jes’ as he is, parson,” she interrupted, “jes’ as he is. Ef he gits any bettah ah’ll know de good Lawd’s gwine jes’ to take ’im; an’ ef he gits any wusser than he is w’y ah’ll tend to him myself.”

“I see that a noted London suffragette has married a policeman.”

“That’s strange. I wonder how they happened to meet?”

“It was during one of the riots. She made a deep impression on him.”

“How?”

“With a brick.”
The following letter was written in English just as it stands by a Japanese student in a missionary training school to account for his absence from work:

"Honored Sir—Having been amputated from my family for several months, and, as I have complaints of the abdomen, coupled with great conflagrations of the internals, with entire prostration from all desire to work, I beg to be excused from orderly work for ten or nine days, and in duty bound I will always pray for the salubrity of your temper and the enlargement of your family."—Exchange.

A good story is going the rounds at a certain college regarding one of the sarcastic professors who was conducting an oral examination in a very scientific study. There was one student, handsome, easy and self-possessed, who appeared utterly ignorant of the implest phases of the subject.

The Professor put question after question to him without receiving one intelligent reply. Finally the student said, naively:

"I'm very unfortunate, professor. You never ask me anything I know."

The professor said nothing, but tore off a tiny piece of paper from a convenient pad and said:

"Here, Mr. B., write all you know on this paper; take your time —there's no hurry."—The Youth's Magazine.

"And so your two sons are Boy Scouts? Where do they do most of their reconnoitering?"

Mother—"In our refrigerator."

A Bishop was visiting one of his parishes and was the guest of a very worthy matron. The next morning he heard a clear soprano voice singing "Nearer My God to Thee," and reflected on the piety which enabled the woman to sing such a noble hymn so early in the morning. At breakfast he remarked it and was met with the reply:

"Oh, that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for the soft and five for the hard."

"Oh spare me, dear angel, a lock of your hair,"

A bashful young lover took courage and sighed.

"'Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,

So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.—Ex.

Private Tutor—"Now close your book and tell me the name of the river that Washington crossed under circumstances of peculiar difficulty."

Johnny—"Why—oh, yes, the Styx."

There was an old man of Nantucket Who kept all his gold in a bucket; His daughter, named Nan, eloped with a man, And, as for the bucket, Nan tuck it. Pa followed the pair to Pawtucket, The man and the girl with the bucket. He said that the man was welcome to Nan, But as to the bucket, Paw tuck it.

The young man produced a small, square box from his pocket. "I have a present for you," he began. "I don't know whether it will fit your finger or not but—"

"Oh, George!" she broke in, "this is so sudden! Why, I never dreamed—"

But just then George produced the gift—a silver thimble—and it got suddenly cooler in the room.
Found on examination papers of high school students:

"The Greeks planted colonists for their food supply."

"He had nothing left to live for but to die."

"The heart is located on the west side of the body."

"The Greeks were too thickly populated to be comfortable."

"The brain is situated in the abdomen."

The ardent swain was doing his best to "pop" the question. She repeatedly put him off by changing the subject, and thus broke in upon his urgent plea: "Oh listen to the apple tree, how it sighs and groans."

He was cross by this time, and replied: "Yes, and if you were as full of green apples as that tree is you'd groan and sign, too."

He—"When we are married we must both think alike."

She—"Yes, but I'll think first."

Ancient History Teacher—"Now what would be a remedy for all these evils?"

Marion P. (waiving her hand frantically)—"Pazaza."

Marion Baker, who, as all the members of the Cicero class know, is very fond of gerunds and gerundives, was delighted to find a question asking for the part of speech of "persequendi" on the quarterly examination. The next day Miss Johnson announced, when going over the examination with the class, "And I am sure that you will all be interested to know that Miss Baker failed on that question."

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