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The attention of the friends and patrons of the school and of the public is invited to the advantages and excellent work of this school. The instruction is given by teachers especially trained in the best modern methods of teaching. The individual is, in large measure, the basis of work, and each pupil is given such attention and instruction that he is enabled to make the most satisfactory progress.

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The charge for tuition is extremely low, being only fifteen dollars per term of nineteen weeks, except to those students who come from school districts where no high school instruction is offered; to them no charge is made.

All necessary text-books are supplied free except to those who do not pay tuition; to them the charge is only five dollars.

The school possesses, furthermore, excellent laboratory equipment for work in science; is furnished with a gymnasium, which offers ample opportunity for physical training and athletic development; maintains through the pupils three literary societies and a school paper; and awards nine gold medals for proficiency in the various studies.

Catalogues and information concerning admission or the courses of study will be sent to any address upon application to the Principal. Correspondence is solicited.

WILLIAM B. ASPINWALL, Ph. D.,
Principal.
DUTY IN SMALL THINGS.
Every one knows of the rich mining district in Colorado, but the section in which I am particularly interested is near Leadville where large quantities of gold and silver are mined.

A Mr. James Rawson was the owner of one of the smaller mines and inspected them himself daily. A lad of about sixteen called Charles Stewart was employed to tend the horses and do any odd jobs required. He had no parents and lived by himself as best he could. He was a good boy as could be seen by his honest face.

In visiting the stables so frequently Mr. Rawson came to know and to take a great interest in the boy, in return for which he received Charles' whole devotion. Just about this time there was considerable disturbance among the men and Charles, always on the lookout for his master, noticed that something unusual was going on every night, and discovered that a certain gang had found a new vein of gold which they were laboring a certain part of the night to secure for themselves then covering up all traces of it when daylight appeared.

The men rather suspected Charles knew what they were about and threatened him if he should reveal it to their master. The boy knew he ought to do this, but being watched so closely by the men a chance did not seem to offer itself, until one afternoon a few days later when Mr. Rawson came to inspect the horses. After he had finished he remained a few minutes as was his custom, to talk with Charles. The boy knew this was his opportunity so he explained all he knew about the plot to the owner, who, stunned at the discovery of such an affair, agreed to go with Charles that very night to see for himself.

The men, eager for the gold were deep in their work as early as 8 o'clock, for the night was almost as light as day, being full moon. The two spies had no difficulty in finding the vein and could hear the pickaxe and shovel resounding through the still air. Now muffled voices and exclamations of delight. It was all too true and the owner believing it dangerous to attract the attention of the men, especially for Charles, said Charles must return home with him.

Mr. Rawson's home seemed a palace to Charles, with its well warmed and beautifully lighted rooms. His only child, Clare, a pretty girl of twelve, was the pride of his heart, and in her pretty girlish ways always soothed and com-
forted him when tired or troubled. Charles was very awkward in the presence of a lady, being so accustomed to the mines and its gang of men, but he passed quite a pleasant evening in spite of himself, and when it was time to retire was given a cozy little room on the second floor.

Mr. Rawson did not rest much that night, and before retiring he wrote a long letter to a friend in Leadville, which was as follows:

Dear John:

I am just about to ask something of you on which I have long meditated. You know I am getting along in years, and each one seems harder than the preceding to look after the mines, etc. This boy is a good, honest fellow, Chas. Stewart, by name, whom I wish to help along and whom I trust one day will be of great service to me. Since you are a learned man I ask you to direct him in his education, such that he may become a help to me not only in the management of the mines, but in business affairs in general. He seems desirous to learn and has proved worthy of my aid. Will explain more later.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES RAWSON.

The next morning Charles was much surprised to learn that his master intended sending him to school at Leadville where he should finish his education and return to assist his master with the business. He was delighted, and thus with much advice and many directions he started for Leadville where Prof. J. J. Doyle, the friend of Mr. Rawson received him.

Charles entered into his work with a zeal and wrote from time to time to Mr. Rawson saying how he was progressing and above all how he enjoyed it. He remained five years in that city, and when it was time for him to return one would hardly have guessed it was the same little country boy of five years before. He was tall, broad shouldered and manly looking now and it was no wonder that Clare, now a young lady, fell in love with him as soon as he returned. Mr. Rawson, too, was much pleased he said, and soon found his heavy load lightened by the willing hand of Charles.

It was now that he learned to what a sum of money that new vein had amounted, all of which Mr. Rawson gave to Charles as a reward for his honesty in a thing which seemed so small then, but which resulted in so much for him. After a time Charles had the whole management of the mines, but he enjoyed it and still more the pleasant evenings at Mr. Rawson's, for it was rumored that the college graduate was going to marry old Rawson's daughter.

—E. F. W.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STAMP.

Yes, this is my first licking, and it was a good one too. I cannot see who did it but surely it was no lady. By the whack I got after my licking, it must have been a man. Till this time I had lain from the time of my creation, fastened to several others like myself. Such a shock I got when I was torn from my other brothers and sisters. I shall never get over it.

Before I had recovered my senses from that whack, I was shoved into a dark hole. I wondered what the place was and would never have known if the man had not put his hand on me and said, "Oh, yes, I have the letter all safe in my pocket."
Now, I was not a letter, but a stamp, so the thing I was now fastened to must surely be a letter. Surely, I thought, now I must be seeing something of the world. I have learned what a pocket is, and what a letter is.

While I was pondering over this I felt the man's hand again on me. Quickly he drew me from his pocket, and thrust me in another big place. It was a little lighter in here; I looked around, and seeing some more stamps like me said, "Can you tell me what place this is?" One fellow with his face all stamped with black said, "This is a street letter box." I looked at him and said, "Thank you," and thought if I were him I would wash my face, but out of politeness did not tell him so.

In a very short time I heard a rattling and jingling out side. I wondered what that could be. After a grating noise, on the side of this place, the top was lifted up, and all the others were bundled together and put in a larger place; but there I did not have as much room, for there were so many of us in there. As I was being taken from the letter box, I just had time enough to look around and see a horse and wagon and a chain with keys on. I did not know what these were 'till I heard the man say, "I am always dropping this chain and the keys in the bottom of the wagon." And when he said, "You are a lazy horse, I will never get around my route," I put all I heard and saw, together and formed the conclusion that this was a letter man gathering the mail with a horse and wagon, and he had the key to a chain to unlock the boxes. These are what made all the noise when I was in the letter box on the corner. I have not time to tell all about my journey through life, but I got my face all marked with black just as I saw on the other fellow's face. I felt very much grieved but I could not get it off so I had to rest contented. I was sent, it seems to me, a long distance in another curious big place, which I would explain if I had the time, and at last found myself in another man's hands.

He tore open the letter, read it, and opened the stove door, and put me and the letter both into the flames.

I had just time to reflect before the flames caught me, that this was the last of poor me.

But fortune saved me from total destruction. There was just enough of me left when I reached the ash pile to tell this story.

— C. F., '08.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

The general, passing the colonel on one of his rounds, said to him: "You will see that the prisoner is hanged at daybreak. By the way, have you learned his name, yet?"

"No," answered the colonel. "He still refuses to disclose it."

"Oh, does he? Well, he doubtless wishes to spare the feelings of his relatives. It would be extremely unpleasant to read in the 'Despatches' that a brother or a son had been hung for a spy—eh?"

The colonel winced.

"It would be truly horrible."

"But he will let the secret out
before he swings,” continued the general. “They always do. Perhaps you had better report to me after the affair is over. I am somewhat curious to know who he is, he is not a bad-looking fellow. It struck me as I was examining him yesterday — no offense mind — that he looked as you did when I first met you twenty years ago.”

“I noticed it, too,” said the colonel.

“You did?” asked the general. “Then I was right. Well, I shall expect you before breakfast, you will need something to cheer you up.”

So saying the general rode away, and his other business affairs drove all thoughts of the supposed spy out of his head.

The colonel spent a very restless night, stealing out often to look at the calmly sleeping prisoner and trying to suppress the conflicting emotions within him. But he could not account for the happy expression on the boy’s face, nor could he account for his strange and persistent silence at all times when questioned.

At a little before sunrise the next morning, a few people were preparing for a most unpleasant task. When all was ready the prisoner was brought forth and at that unexpected moment the general appeared on the scene. As the noose in the rope was slipped about the head of the youth, the general said:

“What have you got to say for yourself?”

“Nothing,” was the prompt reply.

“Do you know what you are doing?”

“I believe I am about to find out.”

The general was baffled.

“What is your name?”

“I refuse to tell.”

“If you will tell your name, you will not be hung.”

The boy turned sharply.

“What will become of me?”

The general then remembered that he was a spy, and he answered reluctantly.

“You must be shot.”

“I thought so,” said the lad slowly. “What difference does it make?” And he added, glancing around the group, “It makes all the difference in the world whether I tell my name or not.”

The general then gave the order and the lad was swung up just as a man dashed into the circle, shouting, “Lower that rope! Lower that rope!” And seizing a sharp knife he sprang and severed the rope just above the boy’s head.

“What do you mean?” demanded the general sternly. But then he noticed the exhausted condition of the runner and his heart and manner softened.

“He is innocent! He is innocent! The real spy escaped.” And the exhausted soldier sank to the ground unable to say another word.

“Since he has said that,” said the noble prisoner — a prisoner no longer — “I will tell you that I am innocent, and the real spy escaped after thrusting upon me the message which you found. But I was afraid that he could not escape and so I kept silence. Now I’ll tell you my name —,” he began, but ended by throwing himself into the colonel’s arms, with “Oh, Father, Father.”

— “Mary Adair,” ’07.
EDITORIALS.

Through these columns — our first number of The Crimson and White for this year — we extend to the readers our greetings and most sincere wishes for success for the year. Vacation is over and now we must buckle down to work. But let us not forget, among our more important school duties that every little helps when we have a reputation to uphold; school spirit and loyalty to impart to the Freshmen; and — a school paper to support.

* * *

We hope to make our second year of The Crimson and White as attractive as the first. To do this we must have the hearty support and co-operation of the entire school. This means not merely subscribing for the paper, but also contributions of literary work of all kinds from every one having any talent at all. We would also appreciate having The Crimson and White mentioned when trading at any firm kind enough to advertise through our paper. In short we ask you to be loyal to the N. H. S. and its school paper, and to do all in your power to promote its success. * * *

Nine gold medals have again been offered as rewards of excellence in different branches. However, there is a slight change in the subjects for which two medals are given, which we call to notice: The Buchanan Medal for the English essay, and the Principal's Medal for science. Let us all try for these medals, for who can tell who will be the honored recipient? As a word of advice may we suggest beginning the preparation soon so as to avoid cramming in the end. The work which shall be made the basis of the competitions, as have been assigned by the Faculty, are:

I. The President's Medal: Latin.

1. Sallust's Catiline.
II. The Robert C. Pruyn Medal: Public Speaking.
Selections to be made by candidates, with approval of the Faculty.

III. The McDonald Medal: Mathematics.
1. Algebra through Quadratics.

IV. The Buchanan Medal: English Essay.
1. The Problem of the Rotary Engine.
3. The Public Services of John Hay.

V. The Charles Pruyn Medal: Senior Scholarship.
To be determined by class standing.

VI. The Mereness Medal: Junior Scholarship.
To be determined by class standing.

VII. The Sage Medal: French.
1. Du Maistre's La Jeune Siberieune.
2. French Grammar.
3. Translation at sight.

VIII. The Vander Veer Medal: German.
1. Wildenbuch's Das Edle Blut.
2. German Grammar.
3. Translation at sight.

IX. The Principal's Medal: Science.
Qualitative analysis of a given chemical solution.

It is with deep sorrow that we noted during our vacation the death of our beloved and highly esteemed alumni member, William H. Stephens, after a lingering illness. Mr. Stephens who graduated from the Normal High School in 1901, and was a junior at Dartmouth College. In his death Adelphi loses one of its most loyal and energetic members, whose memory will long last among the members of the fraternity, and with all those who knew him.

* * *

It is with regret that we record the death of Helen F. Malone, of the Class of 1905, who was one of the victims of the collapse of the Myers' store, August 8. Miss Malone was acting as substitute cashier for a friend who was taking her vacation. She had been a student at the Normal High School throughout the entire course, and received, in June, the English diploma. It had been her intention to enter the Normal College in September to prepare to become a teacher.

The Quintilian Literary Society, of which she was a member, attended the funeral in a body, and showed their respect by sending a wreath of flowers marked "Q. L. S."

ALUMNI NOTES.

'05.
Members of the Class of 1905, have entered the following colleges:
Wellesley — Winifred Goldring.
Cornell — James W. Cox, Jr.
Wesleyan — Guy V. Sweet.
Albany Business College — Beth Carrol.

Herbert H. De Forest has a position as reporter on the Albany Times Union.

Ruth Podmore is studying music at the Emma Willard Conservatory of Music.

Charles Oswald is teaching school not far from Rensselaerville, N. Y.

Edith Morton is teaching school at Quackenkill, N. Y.

Harriet A. Smith and Josephine M. Cashin are attending the Cohoes Training School.

Holmes has entered Calvin Union College.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Edna M. Midlam, of New York, and Calvin B. Witter.

Evilina Hurst has entered the State Normal College.

Elinor Marsh is teaching in the graded school at Schenectady.

Hettie Fry is teaching school at her home in Mintzeokill, N. Y.

Ellis Garrison has entered Syracuse University.

Chester A. A. Hemstreet, who graduated in 1905 from the Albany Medical College, is practicing in one of the Saratoga hospitals.

Harry Morehouse, who was graduated from Rutgers in 1905, has entered New Brunswick Seminary.

Alida Van Slyke was married on August thirty-first, at her home in New Baltimore, to Rev. John Lockhead of Scotland.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We are delighted to welcome to our ranks such a large class of Freshmen. The class numbers forty-four.

It gives us the greatest pleasure to announce that Miss Horne's health is greatly improved, but she will not resume her duties among us this year. She will be in the city during October.

Mr. Thomas R. Cox, ex-'07, formerly business manager of this paper, has left the Normal to enter St. John's Military Academy, at Manlius, N. Y.

Mr. Homer Mesick, ex-'08, has entered West Point Military Academy.

Miss May Briare has entered Miss Quinn's School, in this city.

Miss Ethel Colvin is in New York city, where she will remain for several months. She expects to re-enter school in February.

Miss May Chase ex.-'08, has left school, her family having moved to Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Katharine Kirkwood, ex.-'06, has been unable to resume her studies this year on account of poor health.

Mr. Milton Witbeck, '07, has re-entered the Normal High School after having spent a year at the Albany High School.
Miss Caro B. Rand, '06, and Mr. Charles Rand, '07, have not returned to school as yet, but they are expected to do so in a few weeks.

The first regular meeting of the Zeta Sigma Literary Society for the years 1905-1906, was held Tuesday, September nineteenth, with Miss Breitenstein in the chair. Several of the honorary members were present.

Miss Bessie Creble, ex-'07, has been unable to return to school this year.

Miss Saida McCarty is compelled to remain at home on account of the illness of her mother.

Miss Elizabeth Montague, ex-'07, will not return to school.

Miss Clara Boyce and Miss Katherine Hitchler have left school.

Mr. Clifford Clark is in Hartford, Conn., where he will remain for an indefinite period.

Miss Anna M. Joslin is at her home, Jerusalem, N. Y. She will not return to school.

Miss Maud Giles, ex-'08, is taking a special course at the Albany High School.

Miss Gertrude Gray has entered the Albany High School.

Mr. L. Y. Meneely, ex-'06, has entered the R. P. I.

Mr. Bradley Dunham has left school, and is working in the General Electric Works at Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Helen Shafer has left school.

Miss Winia Miller, ex-'06, is attending the Albany High School.

Miss Agnes McEneny, ex-'07, is at Loretta Abbey, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mr. Edward Burke, ex-'05, has entered the New York Dramatic School.

Miss Genevieve S. De Klyn, ex-'07, has entered Pelham Hall, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

On Thursday, September twenty-first, the first regular meeting of the Quintilian Literary Society was held. The officers for this term were installed; the announcement of the election was given in the last issue. The meeting was well attended and this promises to be a very prosperous year for the Society.

On Friday, September twenty-second, the first regular meeting, for this term, of the Adelphoi Fraternity was held. There was an exceptionally good attendance. Among those present were Alumni members, Messrs. Carhart, De Forest and Sweet. At this meeting the new officers, previously announced, were installed. Once more, from all indications, Adelphoi is to enter upon a very prosperous year. New pins which were recently ordered, have arrived. They are very neat and well gotten-up pins.

Opus No. 1.— In six movements.

Freshi walka the hallibus
Are seized by the Great Sophomorum,
Get hustled right over the flooribus
And lockeda behinda the doorum.

Boyibus late for recessibus,
Poor Freshi! Now they are no morum,
For they gotta the terrible fiercibus
Awfulis lecturiorum.
ATHLETICS.

The basket ball team have elected as their manager, K. Parsons, and as their captain, Mabel Wood, and have called for candidates. This looks as though the girls meant business this year. The captain, Mabel Wood, expects to have a basket ball team that cannot be beaten in these regions. Everybody up at the first game.

Start at it girls!

* * * * * * *

The prospects of a football team are very good. If the boys keep on coming to practice our football team will be in the swim. The team have just elected as their manager, George Weaver; captain, Edward J. O'Connell.

* * * * * * *

The baseball team has been pretty badly crippled through the loss of Meneely and the Cox brothers.

The star third baseman, Clarke, is expected back soon. That will help some. However there are excellent candidates in the Freshman class. That will also help the baseball team out.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the early date of this issue, no papers have as yet been received from other schools, hence the exchange criticisms are lacking for this number. New exchanges will be heartily welcomed by THE CRIMSON AND WHITE.

Heard in the German class:

Teacher—"Mr. O'Connell, how can you tell a weak verb from a strong verb?"

O'Connell—"By the odor."

Silently one by one in the infinite notebooks of teachers are noted the neat little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the Juniors.—Ex.

Noble achievement and grand success are best attained through earnest support and liberal help.—The Blue and White.

Rather lofty sentiments, but true, nevertheless.

Young man (?)—"Alta, if you don't marry me I'll—I'll—hang myself in front of your house tonight!"

Alta—"Oh, please don't, dear, because Papa said only the other night that he didn't want you hanging around here."

Freshman at football game—"Hey, you, what's the score?"

Voice—"5-5."

Freshman—"Well, whose favor?"

Bill had a billboard; Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill.—Ex.

We don't want to buy your dry goods, we don't like you any more. You'll be sorry when you see us going in some other store.

We don't want to buy your sweaters, four-in-hands or other fad. We don't want to trade at your store, if you won't give us your ad.—Ex.

R. B-ye—"Look at that man. He must have a terrible toothache."

L. C-p-r—"Well, he wouldn't have a bandage over his eye for a toothache."

R. B-ye—"Oh, yes he would, Letha, if it were an eye tooth."
Latin Teacher — "What word in English comes from the word facilis, meaning something easy?"
Bright Sophomore — "The Faculty." — Ex.

The Needle — "Do you see the point?"
The Stocking — "I'll be darned if I do."

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Lectures on Physical Culture given by ME. Afternoon and evening,— my latest theme— "How to Walk,"—ladies in the afternoon, ten cents.— Al-c- M-s-s.

I, one of the two great and only male seniors on earth may be viewed in the Normal High School from 8.45 a.m. to 1.15 p.m. Come early and avoid the rush.—Li-yd R-b-ns-n.

Wanted — More lessons — all work and no play makes us lazy. Faculty please take notice.—Class of '07.

For Sale — My latest hair dye. Only twenty-five cents per bottle. If you don't think that it will make your hair a soft, quiet tint, look at MINE! Sold in all the pastel shades.—K-th-r-n- P-rs-ns.

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If he keeps nice like that all his life he will make a model husband and some one will

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are charged with a great responsibility in aiding educational progress. They are not permitted to deny the truth of assertions made in scientific circles, without proper investigation.

Those who have read the remarkable article in McClure's Magazine for September, 1905, by Arthur E. McFarlane, on "Prolonging the Prime of Life" will hardly deny the conclusions of Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, head of the Department of Research of the Pasteur Institute of France, on the power of the "phagocytes" or white cells of the blood to overcome disease.

Having read this article as all earnest students will wish to do, they will read with interest the published statement made by us last June, four months in advance of the McClure article, that:

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Normal students may be expected as exponents of advanced and enlightened educational methods, to investigate these statements.

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F. M. HOSLER
MANUFACTURER OF
Ice Cream and Confectionery
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Both Telephones 193 LARK STREET

Home-made Candies Fresh Every Day

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
College Outfitters
We fit you out with your Stationery, Drugs, Etc., at Lowest Prices

Albee's Pharmacy
Four Doors from Normal College

Standard of Excellence for nearly Seventy Years

Boardman & Gray
Pianos
Established---in---1837.
Sold on Easy Terms
Prices exceptionally low, considering quality

Boardman & Gray
543-549 Broadway
ALBANY, N.Y.

A. E. Lange
Bakery and Confectionery
Cor. Delaware and Madison Ave.
ALBANY, N.Y.

Cash
Our stock when you want to buy anything in Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloth, Parlor Stoves, Ranges, China Closet, Sideboards, Dining Tables, Chairs and Car-Carts, Brass and Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses. We also carry a fine line of Wall Paper.
You will find a great many things so helpfully priced that they are a treat to the pocketbook. Remember one thing in buying, if you pay less than our prices elsewhere you get less for your money.

John Wagner, 63-65 South Pearl Street
Branch Stores
146 Jay St., Schenectady
333 River St., Troy

Credit
Please mention "Crimson and White"
A little story about good clothes

men

If you want to be well dressed and wear clothes that are made in the most approved styles and that fit as if made to your measure, then you should buy them at our store. Hats, Neckwear, Gloves, Underwear, etc., in great variety.

boys

We have an unusually large and fine line of superior clothing for boys.

women

We show an exceptionally fine assortment of garments for women's wear—Suits, Coats, Waists, Separate Skirts, Silk Petticoats, Furs.

BABBITT & CO.

Albany's Greatest Clothiers to
Men - Women - Children

451-453 BROADWAY - ALBANY