The Crimson and White

April, 1909

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Revenge a la Poe

It all came of Jimmie Nelson's reading those silly stories by that old chump, Poe, that teacher says are so "thrillingly sentimental." Of course the new boy had something to do with it, but even if Jimmie is my chum, I will say it was his own fault. It began at Carrie Horton's party. The new boy had just moved into our town, and didn't know anybody but his ma knew Carrie's ma when they were kids, so he was invited. When Jimmie and me got there, there he was talking and giggling with Carrie, as big as life, and when Mrs. Horton called her to "come greet her little friends," out flounces Miss Carrie, with her hair all frizzy and her best pink sash on, and says, "How do you do, Mr. Nelson?" just as if she didn't know his name was Jimmie, and hadn't been his girl since they were babies. Then she says, "How do you do, Mr. Terwilliger?" to me, which sorter fusses me right away, 'cause everybody calls me Willie, though my name is Augustus Albert Edward Terwilliger. Then she says, "I want you to meet my friend," and she brings out the new boy, and introduces us, and his name is Adolphus Erasmus Fitzjames Ferris. By that time some of the fellows had come up and were standing around, so Jimmie put on his lordly air and sorter glaring at Adolphus, etc., said, "We shall call you Dolly." The boys laughed, but I didn't, 'cause somehow names are my weak point, and anyhow I didn't want to laugh for Dolly looked like a kind of nice chap.

Well, after everybody came we played some games, and somehow Adolphus and Carrie always seemed to hide the thimble together, and he pusses in the same corner, while poor Jimmie stuck his nose in the air and gave pink candies to Annie Maguire who has straight red hair and is the smartest girl at our school. When we played the donkey-game, by the "Drawing of Fate" (Jimmie said that. His father's a minister, so he hears lots of long words) Adolphus and Jimmie pinned their tails the same distance from the right place. "Adolphus and Jimmie seem to be the nearest," said Mrs. Horton, "Which shall have the prize?"
“Let Ad-d-dolphus have it,” sputtered Jimmie, glaring at the new boy with a take-it-if-you-dare look. “Oh, I’m sure it belongs to Mr. Nelson,” says Adolphus, with a I’ll-settle-for-you-outside look in his eyes. But Carrie’s ma gave it to Adolphus ’cause he was a stranger. Then, when the refreshments came around, there he was sitting on the window-seat with Carrie, which so affected poor Jimmie that he only ate five pieces of cake and refused a fourth dish of ice cream.

When it was time to go home I missed Jimmie but I finally found him and the new boy out in the vestibule, calling each other “pie-faces,” “lobsters” and other nice names. I knew his ma wouldn’t want Jimmie to fight with his best suit on, so I hauled him away by the belt of his coat. “How dare you presume to shatter my attempts to annihilate my hated rival?” he yelled, in his grandest voice, that sounds a lot like his father’s sermons.

All the next week I didn’t see much of him for as soon as school was out he would hustle home to look up some “revenge” in his pa’s library. I got to know Adolphus pretty well, and all the fellers liked him, and let him be hare when we played hare and hounds, and showed him their new marbles, and the secret pussy-willow place which was only known to the Mystic Eleven of which Jimmie was the head, and of course this made Jimmie madder than ever. Finally Saturday morning Jimmie came over to my house and told me the deadly revenge he had planned. He got it out of a story by that chap, Poe, and I must say it certainly was great. I kind of hated to help him with it, ’cause Adolphus had been real nice to me and invited me to a party he was going to have, too, but of course I had to help my chum. So I said I would, and I asked Adolphus to call for me that afternoon, and we’d go over to Jimmie’s. Jimmie’s pa and ma was out to a funeral and Maggie, the girl, was out in the backyard, and we were alone in the house. First we looked at Jimmie’s stamps, and some catalogues of a circus that was coming soon, then we went down to the kitchen to get something to eat. “Say Dolly,” says Jimmie, “did you ever eat any orange jam? Ma makes it and she said we could have some this afternoon. Let’s go get it.” So we went to the preserve-closet, which was a little, tiny room down the cellar, with brick walls and shelves of jam and jelly. Jimmie stood on a box, but he couldn’t reach the top shelf. “Here Dolly, you’re taller than us,” he said, “you try to reach that.” This was my signal. When Dolly got up on the box, Jimmie got up and, pretending to help him, slipped a rope around his arms, and tied him fast to the wall, while I held his feet and tied them to a shelf. Then we made for the door. “Don’t stay here long. It is very damp! You will find the orange jam behind you!” yelled Jimmie, as he slammed it. “He’ll be awful scared, and I’ll come let him out after supper, and I’ll threaten him so he won’t dare tell on us.”

After a while I went home, and Jimmie promised to tell me all about it the next day, before Sunday school. He didn’t come at all, but on Monday he came to school, and at noon recess he told me. He said that his pa and ma came home and they all sat down to supper. His pa was just askin’ the blessing, when there was an awful crash, bang and clatter in the china-closet next the dining-room. Pa and Ma Nelson jumped up and rushed in and there on the pantry
floor, with plates, platters, cups and saucers smashed around him, with little butterplates and teaspoons slowly dropping on him from the shelf above—sat Adolphus Erasmus Fitzjames Ferris!! He had unfastened the ropes down in the preserve-closet, gotten out of the cellar, and up the cellar stairs, and found the door at the top was locked. So he tried to crawl through a window that was in the wall over the stairs, thinking it would open on the back porch. But he crawled out on a narrow shelf covered with china which tipped and made him fall to the floor, bringing down the dishes with him. He wouldn't tell Mr. Nelson how Jimmie and me put him in the closet, but of course Jimmie told. And that's all I know about it, 'cause Jimmie didn't tell me what happened afterward. But his pa won't let him read any more Poe, and we both had to beg Adolphus's pardon, and now we like him awful well, and Jimmie don't call him Dolly any more, but Fitzy, which is a heap better.

ADELE LE COMPTÉ.

My Vacation

The few rather pleasant days which we have just had, have brought back to my memory one particular vacation which I had when I was about eleven years old. My mother and father had decided that I should spend the summer vacation with Uncle Ned. So without consulting my wishes they bundled me off bag and baggage to the large farm where Uncle Ned lived. We arrived in the evening and everybody gave us a hearty welcome. But the ride had been long and dusty and I was very tired and cross. So after giving me a cup of milk my aunt put me to bed.

The next day broke bright and early. Long before 5 o'clock everybody was up but me. I never crawled out of bed until 9 o'clock. The very first person whom I saw when I entered the dining-room was a boy about a year or two older than I. He stared at me as if a girl were some kind of strange animal. My aunt entered the room just at that moment and introduced us to each other, for he was her nephew.

"Well Sanford," she said, "here is the play-fellow I promised you." He still continued to stare and before I could say a word he grunted out in a rather disgusting tone, "It's only a girl."

Now I didn't know then what was wrong with girls but I soon found out when I asked Sanford.

"Girls don't know how to have any sport," he said, "they can only play with dolls under the shade of some tree. I wanted somebody to go fishing with me."

I became rather angry at all these remarks and told him that I could do anything that he could.

"All right! Come on," he said, "I'll bet my new top that you can't climb the maple trees out in the yard with me." And he grabbed my arm and was pulling me toward the door when my aunt said, "Wait until she has had her breakfast, Sanford."

"Her breakfast!" he exclaimed. "She just like other girls. She can't get up until noon."

I did not hurry through my breakfast I must confess. For when I said that I could do what he could I never dreamed of trees and my courage almost failed me at the thought of climbing one. I did not let Sanford see this, however, and soon we were standing before two large maples in the back yard.
"You take that one," said Sanford, pointing to the one which had low boughs. "You can climb that one better."

I could just reach the last limb and after much struggling I pulled myself up. Sanford was going steadily up his tree from bough to bough and I followed in the best way I knew how. Soon the tree began to sway to and fro in the wind. It was bad enough before but now I was sure the tree would fall over with me and I clung to each limb as if my life depended on it. I had never been so frightened before. Finally, we reached the tops of the trees.

"Isn't this just dandy," exclaimed Sanford. "Just see how we rock."
"Yes," I faltered in a trembling voice. "It's just grand."

"Come on! See who can reach the ground first," he said. "You have done fine for a girl."

I thought I had done more than fine but I did not say so. I began to descend as quickly as I could but Sanford reached the ground first. I was all right until I reached the last limb and then I didn't know how to get to the ground. I think, however, I took the quickest way for after a time, I fell off of the limb. I was not hurt and as soon as I picked myself up I demanded the top which he had wagered. Sanford gave me the top with a sigh, but I promptly returned it when I happened to think that I didn't know how to spin it.

"The next thing we will do is to go fishing," he said. "You carry this can and put the worms in when I dig them up."

I took the can and I could not help but wish that the ground contained no worms. For the thought of picking up worms nearly took my breath away. I did it, nevertheless, and found that there were worse things than worms. At last we had the can almost full and we started for the creek. Sanford put the worms on the hook for me so that was one thing I did not have to do. The first thing that I caught was an eel. I was so frightened that I was going to drop my pole and run when Sanford cried, "Oh! What a beauty. Don't let him touch the ground. I'll take him off."

After some time the eel was taken off of the hook and when Sanford's excitement had cooled somewhat, he suddenly said, "I bet you were frightened. All girls are afraid if they see anything like a snake, even if it is dead."

I did not reply to this remark but resolved that I would not be afraid of anything again. We caught a number of small fish and started to the house for lunch.

After lunch we were to take a walk over the farm and instead of going around to the gates when we came to fences Sanford climbed over and of course I had to follow. Now some of those fences were barb wire fences. They may be all right to climb over but I didn't think so. I tore holes in my stockings, caught my dress and scratched my arms.

"If girls weren't so clumsy about such things, you would not have so much trouble," was all the sympathy I received from Sanford.

This experience ended the tests for that day and I was very glad of it. Worse ones came later, however, but I soon became used to them. We helped pick apples, ran bare-footed and played hide and go-seek in the barn and around the whole place. At first when I hid in dark corners of the barn I thought that mice might run over my feet. This thought would make me change my place hastily. But I soon became accustomed to all these things and also became what some people call a tomboy.
Sanford still used his favorite remark, "That is just like a girl," when anything did not go right. My greatest test came, however, about two days before I returned home. We were fishing one day when Sanford proposed that he teach me how to swim.

"I can never learn," I said.

"Ah! Yes you can," he said. "It is very easy; all you have to do is to make your feet and hands go." And he showed me how he did it. It looked easy enough so I agreed to try. We put on the suits which we wore on rainy days when we ran in the mud puddles. I found that swimming was not as easy as it looked and I soon began to sink. I forgot all about making my hands and feet go. Sanford also became frightened and after much trouble pulled me out of the water. He then ran for my aunt who came hurrying to the scene and carried me to the house.

"I will never make you do anything again," he said. "I suppose I have been awful rough but I did not think what I was doing."

I forgave gladly, in fact there wasn't so much to forgive for I had enjoyed myself after I became accustomed to doing things. And I had never been in such good health before. Two days after I started for home and these were Sanford's parting words, "You are a brick of a girl and I hope you will come again."

Tony's Fate

Tony was penniless and hungry, or rather he was hungry and penniless, because of these two misfortunes he considered hunger the worse. If only some one would give him a few pennies so that he could buy something to eat. He remembered one night when he and Monkey Angalora went uptown and he played while Angalora performed all his tricks and a young lady gave him a handful of bright, new pennies. Both Tony and Monkey Angalora were happy that night. He had one of his favorite large frosted puddings for his evening meal, while his companion enjoyed a large bag of peanuts. If that young lady would only pass by now.

As Tony continued to grind the little hand organ, Monkey Angalora became more and more weary and when the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home" reached his ears he absolutely refused to take off his hat and bow to the ladies passing by the corner. Soon the children wandered away, when they saw that Monkey Angalora had fallen asleep, and Tony was left alone.

Suddenly he stopped playing, shouldered his little organ and carrying Angalora under his arm started uptown. As he approached the next corner he gazed with longing eyes upon a fellow countryman's fruit stand which was piled high with oranges, grapes, figs, bananas and all kinds of fruits. If only he could own such a stand, then he could send money to Maria in order that she might come to him. He remembered his early years in that native country when his life was happy until —. He could not think of that day which changed his life. He was sitting with Maria and little Tony enjoying his morning meal when his fellow servants at the lord's castle came and told him that the gatekeeper had been murdered, and that he had been suspected of committing the crime. His friends declared that they had come to warn him so that he could escape before the officers came from the city to
take him. In vain did he try to prove himself innocent, but they warned him that it was only necessary for a man to be under suspicion in the countries among the mountains and he would be held responsible for the crime. Tony realized that they were right; it was necessary for him to flee, but how could he leave Maria and little Tony. Maria soon understood the situation and placing a little bag of coins in his hands said in her native language:

"Go to America, Tony. You can go there and become rich in a little while because I have heard wonderful stories concerning this land of gold; then you send money for us and we will go to you and we will be happy again."

He followed her advice and came to America, but he never could find the gold of which Maria spoke. Year after year passed by and he never obtained the money to send to his wife and child. Each year found him poorer and to-night he was without a penny to buy something for himself to eat. When was he going to see his loved ones again; and besides who knew but that they might be dead.

Suddenly Tony was awakened from his reverie by a policeman.

"Hey there, John, better walk along. You're blocking up the sidewalk.

Once more he continued his way but as he came nearer the beautiful display of fruit he was tempted to seize a large orange. Surely, no one would see him and as he was so very hungry the owner would not miss that one when he had many, many others to replace it. He stretched out his hand and secured the orange but as he turned to hasten away a young man seized him roughly by the shoulder.

"You steals my fruit," he said, "I calla police, here he come, now."

"What's this trouble," asked the policeman, "I might have known that this fellow was up to some mischief because I have been watching him standing there on the corner for the last hour. You better come along with me."

Poor Tony, he did not know what to do; he did not know what to say. If only the policeman would let him go.

"I could not help steal," he answered feebly, "don't taka me way this time."

"Come along, no excuse," replied the officer, "as for you, you'd better come along and swear against this fellow."

"All right," replied the fruit dealer, "he steals my fruit, he taka by police."

Slowly Tony made his way to the station house followed by his persecutor. His arm tightened around poor Monkey Angalora's thin little body and his tears fell unceasingly upon Angalora's gayly decorated cap. Arrived at the station house, Tony was lead to the captain's desk, and after the officer spoke a few words of explanation the captain asked:

"What's your name?"

"Name, name," repeated Tony, in a dazed voice.

"Yes, your name, what do you call yourself?" repeated the captain.

"He steals my fruit," said the fruit dealer, "he com by my cart and steals bannan, he steals bunche of bannans, he taka all—"

"Here," said the captain, "no one is speaking to you, I want to know this man's name."

"My name—Antonia Spadero; I could not help—"

The fruit dealer came forward.

"Your name Antonio Spadero. You tella truth?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the elder man.
in a frightened voice. Was he to be captured after all these years of misery?

"Where you coma from," asked the fruit dealer, "did you coma here long ago?"

"Yes—yes," repeated Tony, "I lefta Maria and all my people long—"

"Maria," said the young man, "Maria, who is Maria?"

"She my wife. Oh, if I could see her again, and little Tony."

"I taka you to her," answered the young man, "I taka you to Maria. Me not hava you put away, you coma with me."

"You know her," said Tony in a surprised voice, "how you know her, who are you?"

"I—I am little Tony," he answered in a slow voice, "Maria—she my mother."

The old man stared at him in astonishment, the situation was too much for his mind to master, Maria here, little Tony, this was not his mother country, how could they be here when he had not sent her the necessary money. Tony turned to the young man at his side.

"You little Tony," he said, "Maria your mother, how coma here?"

"We coma long time, coma to find you, no finda you, we thoughta you dead."

The younger man placed his arm gently upon Tony's shoulder. "Coma way," he said, "I dida not know you—I sorry—you my father. I lova you, mother lova you, I taka you to her."

"Taka me to her. Oh, taka me to Maria," he cried.

The younger man shouldered the little organ and taking Monkey Angalora, he led his father gently from the room. And as for the policeman and the captain—

"Well," said the captain, when father and son passed out of the office, "wonder these Italians wouldn't stay in their own country and not come over here to trouble us. Better go out on duty again Jack and see that you bring no more such cases here to-night; do you hear?"

'RITE, '09.

The Roses She Wore
(Continued.)

Beth Gordon dressed in a light tan suit, her eyes sparkling with mirth, followed her brother Tom, and Clarence Ware up the crowded aisles of the grandstand to a seat from which they could see all of the grounds.

After they were seated comfortably, Tom on one side of Beth and Clarence Ware on the other, Beth looked about her. She saw people, flags, and colors and heard the shouts around her. "Oh!" she cried, leaning forward excitedly, "if he only would look up—if he only would."

Her brother Tom laughed. "Just as though old Haskell were thinking of girls now," he said. "And just as though he could see your face in this great crowd," he concluded with a glance toward Haskell. Beth fingered the roses in her belt nervously and Clarence Ware watching her, perhaps wished those roses were his violets, although he did not say so.

The cheering began anew and the band struck up "College Days" from the section where they were sitting. "I wish they'd begin," said Beth anxiously when it was over. There was a little troubled look in her usually merry, laughing eyes as she looked absentl across the fields at the Harvard team.

"Poor old Louis," she took his
roses and buried her face in them. Nervously turning to her brother Tom she said aloud, "Why can't they begin?—why don't they begin?" Hush!" said Tom. Some one blew a horn and every one leaned forward to watch the game. "Zounds! they're off!" shouted Ware. Tom and Beth kept their eyes on the Harvard team. Both sat in tense excitement, until they saw Haskell was losing, then Tom fell back, giving up in despair, because if Haskell couldn't win the game for the fellows no one could. Beth leaned forward saying grimly to herself, "You've made your touch-down." The first half was over and the boards told the score, "Yale—6; Harvard—o." "Overtrained," groaned Tom, "we're overtrained; and Harvard has lost its nerve," he cried to Beth. "Poor old Harvard. I know what they want," said Beth, "they want cheering up. Here Tom, give this note to a messenger to give to Haskell."

Just six minutes later the second half began and Louis Haskell started off with a run unequalled for years by a man of his size. "Old man Haskell!" yelled the Harvard freshmen. "Who said fumbled," cried Tom excitedly. The game was over and again the boards told the news but it was joyful this time for Tom and Beth. "Harvard—11; Yale—6."

The crowd dispersed, Ware feeling blue over Yale but making no outward show of it as he shook hands with Beth at parting. Beth and Tom went home as lighthearted as the breeze which stirred about them. On reaching home the maid told Beth that Haskell had called and was in the library. Beth softly stole into the library where Haskell was waiting. He came forward at seeing the roses in belt, saying, "The roses in your belt are faded, Beth, I see, but the roses in your cheeks are fresh, and are those roses also mine?"

"CAROL," '12.
(The end.)

A Lost Ideal

The dark shades were swiftly creeping on, and with them a gentle wind blew cooling breezes over the tenement districts of New York. A man with hurried footsteps, and head bent low, was pushing his way through the dirty mass of people; men, women and children swarmed on the walks, stoops and in the gutter. Looking neither to left or right, the young Russian ploughed his way among the people, jolting into a crowd of boys, stepping aside from a screaming child; his mind bent on only one purpose.

For two years he had been seeking; always seeking for something; and here, yes, here it was at last, almost within his grasp. He hugged the thought to his hungry heart, hastening on with more eagerness.

Many months before in the little town of Alexandrovisi, Marya Antonovich, a beautiful Russian maiden, was betrothed to this Russian. She had come over the seas to thrill the world with her deep contralto voice; left her home, her parents and her loved ones. He had followed; yes—he, too, would hear her sing and—perhaps she at last would consent to share his humble life.

Thus for two long years he had lived in the expectation of the great moment when he would hear her voice or see her face; working hard with this aim always in view. Daily he scanned the paper to find her name, eagerly he listened to bits of conversation to hear of her.
At last the name of Marya Antonovich reached his ears; he was hurrying to see her; after two years of searching, "Was it really she?—would she know him?—would he reach there in time?—how would she receive him?" Like lightning flashes these thoughts raced through his wearied brain as he pressed on with more haste.

A hush fell upon the large music hall, the lights were dim as the curtain rose, a thrill of expectancy took possession of the audience as the singer took her place; her face expressed untold emotions. As she let her gaze wander over her impatient audience her liquid brown eyes smiled assurance to their anxiety. At last her proud face was raised, the lips parted—and the beautiful strains of Tannhäuser rose higher and higher fading away in faint ripples only to roll forth in deeper and sweeter tones. Tears filled the eyes of the audience; joy entered in some lonely hearts; peace in others. Oh, the powers of Music!

Then suddenly a figure appeared in the center aisle of the auditorium, the tired, haggard figure of the Russian. One rapt glance toward the stage frightened him—told him all. "Marya, Marya," he cried, "Marya." Once again a hush fell over the room. The singer started; her voice died away. She glanced at the man with a mingled look of pity and annoyance; then, turning resolutely, she continued her mission. Still higher the strains, now sad, now yearning, swelled through the music hall. Finally a note of triumph crept in; the man's arms dropped to his sides; his head sunk on his breast. With the full realization of his loss he turned and stumbled into the darkness.

EMILY B. BEAL, '08.

Telegram to a friend—"Wash-out on the line, cannot come."
Reply—"Never mind, come anyway; borrow a shirt."

Teacher—A fool can ask questions that even a wise man can't answer.
Pupil—I suppose that's the reason why so many of us flunk.

"Beatrice, when are you and Hager going to be married?"
"Just as soon as I say the word."
"When are you going to say the word?"
"Just as soon as he asks me."

Miss Cook—"On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins?"
Miss Clement—"Yes, and guess what?"
Miss Cook—"Well?"
Miss Clement—"One of them wanted to marry me."

Teacher—How would you put this sentence,—"Beer is not good for boys."
Student—I'd put it in the subjunctive; it's contrary to fact.

Little Arthur—"Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming?"
Nurse—"Yes, dear, I am the nurse."
Little Arthur—"Let's see some of your tricks."

Miss Clement—"Orpheus played the lyre beautifully."
—"That's nothing, I've played the liar myself."
Editorial

The approach of spring seems to be bringing discouragement and worry to almost all of us. Past failures seem to stare us in the face; future failures to be present with their mocking smiles. Lessons seem to press down upon us and we make no effort to bear up against them. With this feeling it is, perhaps, rather hard to assume a cheerful expression. That tired, weary expression is so much easier, and we must confess that we take a little pleasure in just feeling mournful. Everyone can be mournful when affairs, in general, go wrong, but not everyone can be cheerful. We should try being cheerful even if things look pretty black around us. We should force cheerfulness upon ourselves; pretend that we have every cause to be glad; hide our own worries and headaches. By so doing we may drive some of the clouds from another sky, which our gloomy expression may have made darker by reflection. Thomas Scott says, "We should not sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering our own melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward; for the good spirits, which are at first simulated become at length real."

There is great room for improvement in the singing at morning chapel. Why should we all feel unable to sing? There must be at least one thing for which we could sing. If not, if we feel cross and angry towards all, why let us then sing, just to drown out our next door neighbor. Vacation will soon be here and then we shall have ample time to rest our lungen.

With the return of the warm weather we begin to hear in the distance the very faint murmur of a baseball team. Whether that murmur will ever increase in volume is for our boys to decide. Surely the boys are capable of making a team that old Normal will be proud of. We extend to them our good wishes and we are willing to lend a helping hand.

The Board of Editors extends its thanks to Miss Emily Beal and Miss Adele Le Compte, class of '08, for their contributions to this issue.

Alumni

1905
Miss Susie M. Glasser is teaching at Irvington, N. Y.
Miss Anna Brown is teaching at Schenectady, N. Y.
Miss Jessie Diehl is teaching at Catskill, N. Y.
Miss Kathryn Kale is teaching at Amsterdam, N. Y.

1906
Mr. Lloyd Robinson has returned to Union.
Miss Jennie Coventry was married to Doctor William Loundes on Christmas eve and is now residing in Elizabethtown, N. J.
1907
The Misses Ida Chave and Grace Binley are attending the Oneonta Normal.

1908
Mr. Russel Meany is studying law in Tracy, Cooper & Townsend's law office and expects to enter the Albany Law School next year.

Mr. LeRoy Fowler has moved to Connecticut.

Miss Jean Bender visited school on March 19th.

School Notes
George Irish has left school.
Mr. Campbell is attending the Spencerian Business College.
Marguerite Howe has entered the Freshman class.
A new choir has been formed in hopes of improving the singing.

Easter vacation commences April 9th.

The Junior class have organized and elected the following officers:
President—George Anderson.
Vice-President—Edna Moat.
Secretary—Warren Vosburg.
Treasurer—Annetta Rappe.

Athletics
The N. H. S. Athletic Association was formed at the suggestion of the manager of the baseball team for the season of 1909. At the meeting called for the purpose of electing a captain and manager of the baseball team the school spirit manifested itself by its absence. At this meeting about thirty-five young men were present. The officers elected were:
Mr. Frank Smith—Manager.
Mr. Wilson—President.
Mr. Anderson—Secretary.
Mr. Haiss—Treasurer.

Since Mr. Haiss has left school Mr. Lindsay is acting as treasurer. A schedule commencing May 8th and ending June 15th has been made out by the manager. Mr. Lindsay will be pleased to receive any contributions for the support of the team.

Society Notes
Zeta Sigma
The last few meetings have been very interesting and instructive. The quotations have improved wonderfully and there is great competition for a place on the honor roll.

On March 9th the following Freshmen were initiated: Frances Legget, Caroline Lansing, Marietta Keenholts, Helen Merchant, Jeannette Brate, Ethel Moat, Ruth Fellows. After initiation a spread was given in honor of the new members.

Q. L. S.
A musical program was given by the members of the Quintillian Literary Society at the regular meeting on March 4th, after which a most enjoyable spread was held.

The same officers were re-elected for the rest of the year as have served the first part.

Theta Nu

The members of Theta Nu are already anxiously considering their annual camping trip, which this season, promises to be a most successful event and is to take place the latter part of June.

Mr. Roger Fuller has been elected critic to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Irish's having left school.

Mr. Charles Grounds has been elected editor in place of Mr. Lindsay who has resigned because he was already overtaxed with the strenuous work of collecting for the Athletic Association.
The cuts in The Orderly add greatly to its general attractiveness. "As Some See Us," is very amusing. Several of your originals are very clever.

Why is it, Black and Gold, that you have no exchange column? Your paper otherwise is very good but would be still better with an exchange. The same may be said of the Purple and Gold.

We gladly give the Eastern District Daisy a place in our exchange.

College Index would be greatly improved if the ads. were separated from the reading matter.

High School Student improves with each edition. The cut in Girls' Department is very attractive.

How is it Iliad that you have but one story? All of your other departments are splendid.

High School Echo contains excellent stories. The humor and wit of this paper exceeds that of many other papers which we receive.

Pinkerton Critic is extremely literary, but that tension would relax somewhat with a bit of humor scattered throughout the general material.

The editorial of the March Hacketstonian contains good common sense and many truths. Few stories are required when a paper contains a very well written one like "The Hand of Fate."

The cover on the January H. S. Times is the prettiest one of all our exchanges. Cuts are especially good but the ads. should be separate from the jokes.

It is a very sad mistake that many papers make in not publishing the city and state where the school is located. This applies particularly to the Anvil. It is a well edited paper, contains many good stories, but still another old complaint,—why do you not criticize your exchanges instead of merely printing the list of those received. Your numerous full page and other ads. show that you have a most businesslike advertising agent.

The Franklin contains very good material, well arranged, etc. Some of the cuts also are well drawn but the one heading exchanges seems rather "amateurish."
"Mamma, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?"
"Mercy, no, dear!" she replied, "that is mucilage."
"Oh!" said little Johnny, "perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."

In chemistry class. Ostrander—
"What is the test for a Goldring?"
Mr. Bronson—"Nitric acid."

"Your money or your life!" growled the foot-pad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman, "I'm saving me money for me old age."

1st chap—"I went to a deaf-mutes' ball last night."
2d chap—"Is that so. What was it like?"
1st chap—"Like taking gymnastic exercises."
2d chap—"How's that?"
1st chap—"Oh, swinging dumbbells all evening."

Women's Outer Garment Shop

Our shop is filled with all the newest and latest creations in ready to wear Suits, Dresses, Coats and Waists:

Come look us over.

MANN & ANKER
37 No. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Little Ethel—"There was a strange man here to see you today, papa."
Papa—"Did he have a bill?"
Little Ethel—"No, papa, just a plain nose."

Charles in a crowded trolley is sitting on his father's knee. A young lady steps in and the little chap at once jumps down, politely takes off his hat and says: "May I offer you my seat?"

"Six times five," said little Flossie, shaking her pet rabbit fiercely;

M. A. O'CONNOR
UNDERTAKER
CENTRAL AVENUE. FIVE HUNDRED FOUR

Please mention "The Crimson and White."
"seven times seven, five times five."
Again she shook the rabbit with all her might.
"What are you doing, Flossie?"
asked her mother.
"Why," said the innocent little girl, "papa said that rabbits multiply rapidly, but I guess this one must have a poor education."

John (briskly)—"All right sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mr. Murphy's legs."

A very misleading ad.—For Rent—Furnished room—board with gas and bath on car line.

Laugh and the class laughs with you; study and you're left alone.

"Who's going to give the bride away?"
"The newspapers."

Butcher—Come, John, be lively, break the bones in Mr. Jones' chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in a basket for him.
"You seem to enjoy that soup?"
"Yes, why?"
"It sounds like it."

Prof. S.—"Is that your father's signature?"
Woods—"As near as I could get it sir."

Jessie—"Do you call that thing on your head a hat?"
Gerry M.—"Do you call that thing in your hat a head?"

"By what means do you produce laughing gas?"
"Tickle the chandelier with a feather."—Ex.

Archimedes," read the freshie, "leaped from his bath shouting 'Eureka! Eureka!'"
"Just one minute, Curtis," interrupted the teacher, "what's the meaning of Eureka?"
"Eureka means, I have found it."
"Well, what did he find?"
"The soap," replied the noble freshman.—Ex.

DI MICELI & SANO
Ladies & Gents' Custom Tailors
Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing Garments a Specialty
221 HUDSON AVENUE
ALBANY, N.Y.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.
Established
A School of Engineering
Local examinations provided for. Send for a catalogue.

LADIES' & GENTS' CLOTHING
Cleaned, Pressed & Repaired Neatly Done
Work called for and delivered
CH. M. BISHOP
230 Hudson Avenue :: Albany, N. Y.

Make a Companion of one of our

Water Bottles
$.49, $.87, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00
Guaranteed from one to two years

BRADT DRUG CO. 7 & 8 Cent. Ave.
W. L. BRADT
A. L. FREDERIC

THE WARREN COMPANY
489 Fifth Avenue New York City
Makers of High Grade Class Pins, Medals, etc.

Department of Stationery will be pleased to submit samples and prices of Wedding Invitations, announcements, etc. Fine writing papers, die stamped.

WRITE OR CALL FOR QUOTATIONS

Please mention "The Crimson and White."
WHITTLE & RIGGS

FLORISTS

Hudson Ave., cor. Grand Street
ALBANY, N. Y.

FLORAL CREAM LOTION
Prepared by
EDWARD LOEB, PH. G.
PHARMACIST
Clinton Ave. & Knox St. ALBANY, N. Y.

ABRAM DE BLAEY
Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer
52 State Street, Cor. Green

EASTER GIFTS
Gold Crosses Necklaces Brooches Scarfpins
R. P. THORN & SONS
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

Are you satisfied
with that Dress Shirt, or does it bulge;
then try the

WATERVILLE LAUNDRY
289 Central Avenue

Phone Conn. J. F. HEIDENREICH, Prop.

Leave your orders for your
"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"
at
James F. Butler's
Cor. Beaver and Lodge Sts.

MORGAN BROTHERS
COAL, FLOUR AND FEED OF ALL KINDS
369 Central Ave. and 348-352 Sherman St.
ALBANY, N. Y.

Students' Special Photos
Six for 50 cents
COATES, Photographer
9 and 11 N. Pearl Street

Please mention "The Crimson and White."
FLOWER SHOP
FOR THE BEST IN
FLOWERS
VIOLETS
Cut Roses, ETC.
Both Phones
76 Maiden Lane

F. M. HOSLER Manufacturer of Ice Cream
ICE CREAM SODA AND HOT CHOCOLATE 5 Cts.
BRICK ICE CREAM Neatly wrapped and and put in cardboard boxes, if called for. Special flavors Sundays.

35c a quart 20c a pint
HOME MADE CANDIES FRESH DAILY
193 Lark St. cor. Spring St. Albany, N. Y.

Have you been over to the Superior Chili Parlor 469 Madison Avenue? We serve the best in our line. Something entirely new in Albany, come over after school. We cater to Ladies and Gentlemen.

KODAKS & FILMS
Anybody can Kodak. No fuss, no bother, no dark room
for any part of the work
Kodaks $5.00 to $105.00
Brownie Cameras $1.00 to $9.00
Films Satisfactorily Developed and Printed
A full line of Pyrographic Outfits and Supplies

F. C. Colwell & Co.
KODAK STORE - - 462-464 Broadway

CAMERON & BAWN
Dealers in
Lumber and Real Estate
Contractors and Builders
608 Central Ave., Albany, N. Y.

MONUMENTS
BEST MATERIAL
LOWEST PRICES
Gazeley & Moffitt
505-507 So. Pearl St.
Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."
Distinctive

That is what Steefel Clothes mean, and the lines for Spring, which now await your inspection, make an exhibit which will please and interest you.

Spring suits and topcoats, with plenty of dash and snap, but always in good taste.

Spring soft shirts, in the proper patterns and colors.

Spring caps, soft hats and derbys, in the new shapes and shades.

Spring shoes in tans and blacks. The low shoes are ready, if you are.

And everything else young men wear.

Steefel Brothers