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The Marriage of Santa and Old Mother Goose

Now listen, my children, and you shall hear,
The story of Santa our old friend dear;
Perhaps you have heard and 'twill be of no use,
'Bout the marriage of Santa and Old Mother Goose.

Now Santa was getting so old and gray,
That living alone no longer would pay;
So Old Mother Goose he chose for his bride,
How the old fellow brimmed over with pride.

The wedding took place on the Island of Bliss,
Old Santa was happy and so Mrs. Kriss;
All Fairyland gathered to see the great sight,
Singing their praises with all of their might.

Little Boy Blue woke up from his sleep
And Little Bo Peep left tending her sheep;
Went forth to witness this scene of much glee,
Accomp'ning King Cole and his fiddlers three.

Little Jack Horner nibbled his pie,
While contrary Mary gave a deep sigh;
Pickwick was there, perched on a soft seat
Near to the side of Pan Handle Pete.

Such merry rejoicing I never did see,
For Santa was jolly as jolly could be;
From the peep of the dawn to the break of the day,
All in gay Fairyland there did stay.

But soon came the time for them all to leave
The strange merry scene of that Christmas eve;
For now dear Santa must be on his way,
To visit the earth before next day.

—IDA CHAVE.
A Christmas Carol

Long, long ago on Christmas night, Heavenly hosts proclaimed a story; Shepherds saw a strange new light, Shining forth in wondrous glory.

For lo! this day hath given birth To Christ, our sacred King, Peace, good will to men on earth, In holy anthems ring.

'Twas to the manger where He lay, That wise men came by night; Led by the star, they all did say, That shone afar so bright.

We too are led by thoughts of love, That brighten earth as flowers; To look forth to that land above, Christ's home and likewise ours.

Christmas Chimes

It was Christmas night. Outside, the snow lay in thick, white drifts, and the cold sharp wind blew noisily, seeming to care not for the wretched travelers who were forced to face its icy blast. But, as though trying to make the world glad in spite of a storm, the bells of the cathedral chimed out their sweetest music.

Inside the great house, where all was warmth and quiet, a little child lay dreaming its first dreams in this old world of ours.

Suddenly the mother started, and drew closer to the child.

"What are the chimes saying, my darling?" she whispered. "Can you not tell me? You, who have just left that Land of Love."

The child stirred softly, and lay as if listening, as louder, louder pealed the bells.

"We ring because we are glad," they chimed. "Far away, in a strange country, is a little child, lying in a manger. Shepherds are watching on the hillsides, and above all there shines a glorious star, to guide wise men to the place. And the wise men bring their riches to the child, for He is their King, your King."

"Yes," whispered the mother. "He is our King."

And the child in the great house grew to be a strong lad, and he learned from his mother the story of the chimes. And on Christmas night, he heard the chimes pealing.

"What are you saying, Christmas Chimes?" he asked.

"In that same far country, there is a gathering of the people," they chimed, "and many learned men are there. In the midst of these men is a lad, who is teaching them, and this lad is their King, your King."

"Yes," said the child. "He is my King."

And the child became a tall youth, and every year, at the Christmastide, he asked the chimes their story. And they told him of the youth who lived by the Sea of Galilee, and the child knew that it was his King.

But one year the youth forgot to ask the chimes their message. And he became burdened down with cares, and took no interest in the bells. And the years went by, until he was in the prime of his life, before he again remembered the chimes. And he asked them why they were chiming so sorrowfully.

"We are sorrowful because we must tell so sad a story," they said. "The people are once more gathered together, in that country, but now it is at a dismal place called Golgotha. And there, on the mountain Calvary, they have crucified the man. There, likewise crucified, hang two thieves, one on either side of Him, and the people mock Him, and will not own Him as their King. But He is King. He is their King and your King."
"Yes," said the man with joy, "He is my King."

Years passed, and the child was an old, old man. Once more there was quiet in the great house, for he was dying. And the bells pealed more loudly than they had ever pealed before, for now they pealed for great joy.

"Look!" they chimed. "Look, and behold no longer the Man of Sorrows, but the King in all His Majesty."

And he looked and recognized his King.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '11

At the Full of the Moon
AN INDIAN LEGEND

It was nearing evening; the sun, now a little above the horizon, shot long rays of level light along the prairies, tipping the flowers with crimson and gold and making the shadows of the earth-brown tents stretch long across the land. Dimly might be seen the bent forms of the old squaws as they silently moved within their tents, lighting their fires, while the children frisked and gamboled about like shadowy elves.

Old Mahaja, the Medicine Man, feared yet honored of the tribe, wrinkled and bent with many years, stood for a long time in the deepening dusk at the door of his wigwam, beating an ancient tom-tom. As the heavy sound rumbled and rolled among the tents, drifting far away over the level plain, the Indian braves, one by one, silently glided from their tents. In their arms they bore earthen vessels heaped high with fruit and maize, the finest that their harvests yielded, for it was the night of the full of the moon and a great sacrifice was about to be made to the goddess of that golden globe already brightening the eastern sky.

Noiselessly a single file was formed, headed by the Medicine Man; behind him stalked the chief of the tribe—tall, majestic and mighty—an object of awe and wonder to the furtive-eyed squaws and children, who peeped stealthily out from the shadows of the wigwams. No sound broke the silence until a lithe young figure sprang out from among the tents, and, with a derisive laugh, bounded along beside the braves. It was Flying Feather, a bold youth, as yet too young to attend sacrifice, and deserving of stern reproof, for many a time had he scoffed at religious rites and boasted much among his companions of his daring and independence. Hitherto his conduct had been regarded as childish folly and now—on the night of the great sacrifice—was no time to reprove the petty wilfulness of a mere child.

So, lighted by the rapidly rising moon, the procession slowly advanced. Mahaja, now forced to lean on the strong arm of the chief, directed his steps to the high bluff which faced the east. Here they halted, each one adding his offering to the quickly formed pile on the edge of the bluff. Slowly Mahaja advanced before the silent people and lighted a fire. Then the bent shadowy form stepped back and facing the rapidly rising moon feebly lifted a huge bowl of the golden maize. The flames of the fire, leaping higher and higher, shone on his stern, wrinkled face and lighted the semicircle of dusky figures behind him; save this weird group only the dim outlines of the far-off tents and their faintly gleaming lights broke the monotonous stretch of dark prairie.

All was still as Mahaja then knelt and laid the yellow ears of corn upon the fire. As he stepped aside upon completing this solemn and sacred task, the slender figure of Flying Feather bounded from
among the braves and stood before the fire. In his hand he held a few grains of corn. He made a movement as if to cast them into the fire, but paused. The flickering flames lit up his face, showing the defiant look in his fierce young eyes as he glanced about the silent group. Then, with a scornful look at the silvery moon, he tossed the corn into his own mouth. The Indians looked on with horror and amazement at such a sacrilegious act. Old Mahaja slowly raised himself from his bent position near the glowing fire; the two gazed into each other's eyes a moment across the firelit space.

Then the great Medicine Man raised his wrinkled hand, and with fear and wonder in their eyes, the silent Indians watched the form of a despised coyote sink away from the fire and off into the shadow of the bluffs.

And to this day, when the long-drawn, mournful cry of a coyote echoes along the darkening prairie, the old squaws tell to their children the tale of the wilful Flying Feather who now pleads to the goddess of the moon to break the spell which still binds him.

KATRINA, '07.

A Child's Christmas Dream

Once, in a small sea coast town, in the years that have long been past, I knew of a little Annie Jones, who lived in a tiny house near the great roaring ocean. She was a small frail child of about ten years of age, and was sober and sad nearly all the day long, as, about a month before the time of which I am speaking, this little girl had lost her fond and most cherished mother.

Well, it seems that this child's father was a traveler and he was obliged to leave his little daughter nearly three weeks out of every month.

As the scene opens, Annie was sitting in her cheerful room, which was on the upper floor of her aunt's home, where she lived. She was looking into the open fireplace, watching the wood burn, listening to its crackle, and almost asleep, when she thought she heard a voice come out of the wood, and in a few minutes a little figure appeared and asked Annie what she most wished for Christmas, as it was now just one week from the day. The child jumped up and said with merry glee:

"Please Miss Wood-Fire, bring me a message from my mother, as I haven't seen her loving face, or kissed her, in over two months, and I've been so lonely that sometimes I lie down on my little bed and cry and cry until I wish that I might die, and fly away and be a little angel like she is. Then I could look down on dear father, and watch him just the same as if he were with me. Dear lady, can you do that for me?" The fire sprite replied by placing a kiss on the cheeks of the small dreamer, and then disappeared within the fire.

In a little while the child awakened and found to her great sorrow that all which had happened was only a dream. Oh! how disappointed that little girl was! But when Christmas really did come, Santa Claus was very good to her, as he brought her many very beautiful and costly gifts from friends, and from her own dear father and relations. But the best of all, so it seemed to Annie, was when in the afternoon she went around to all of her little friends with her father, and distributed loving gifts to her school mates and kind and good teachers. However, she did not forget her poorer friends, and little Annie
made many poor homes happy just by going and wishing them all the joyous, merry wishes that her loving heart could think of, and presenting them with little Christmas gifts, the most of which she had made herself.

The most joyful part of the whole day to her was when she was fast asleep by the fireplace that night, and was told by the same figure in the flames, that she had done just what would have pleased her dear mother, that is, that she had given loving gifts, with a free and open heart. And in her dreams that night there was a happy smile on her face, smiling, I guess, because she thought this was as fine a message as she could wish for from the heavens above.

Theodora H. Jansen, 'II.

Horribile Bellum

A blustering winter's afternoon, a crackling fire in the library fireplace and an uninteresting book open upon my lap. Suddenly I was awakened from my drowsy day-dream by Ophelia's ominously firm tread as she ascended the stairs. Quoth I, "Trouble!"

Ophelia is our cook—a perfect jewel, as the saying goes—but with an uncertain temper easily ruffled by trifles. She threatens to leave regularly every other week, and although I have in the course of two anxious years become a master hand in quelling these occasional disturbances, still I have never been able to overcome a certain helpless feeling whenever friction occurs.

"Well, Ophelia?" I nervously ventured as the Perfect Jewel appeared in the doorway with wrath written upon her brow. "Now, what's the matter?" A terrible pause, during which Ophelia gained breath for the onslaught.

"Now, Mis' Burton, you knows I ain't one to complain, but I has told ye times before that I can't be havin' me day's work retarded by me kitchen things bein' displaced continual. (The same old story.) You remember as how I found me best dishpan on the front steps last week after me huntin' a good hour for it, an' how I said as I should begivin' warnin'?" I remembered. Jimmy had been trying to coast down the slippery walk in it.

"An' p'r'aps you ain't forgotten as how I missed me egg beater only yest'day mornin', and me with a cake to be stirred immediate?" I had not forgotten. Jimmy had been making soapsuds in the bathtub with it. Eggbeaters make lovely soapsuds, but—

"Well, now, now (with rising inflection), as I was a-cleanin' up me kitchen, I finds me big bread-knife is disappeared entirely. I ain't knowin' where it may be, but I thought p'r'aps—"

"Yes, yes, Ophelia, I'll run right up and see. Never mind for the present; you don't need it now. Don't I smell something burning?" Ophelia wrathfully vanished.

All too well I knew what Ophelia "thought p'r'aps." Really, Jimmy's passionate attachment for "kitchen things" was becoming a dangerous mania. I will admit they are nice and shiny and with a little ingenuity one can make them serve so many purposes—but in these days a cook is a person not to be trifled with. So with a severe reprimand forming in my mind, I mounted the stairs in search of my seven-year-old hopeful.

My bedroom door was closed; pausing a moment before entering, I heard a strange muttering issuing forth. "What in the world—" I cautiously opened the door.

The shades were all pulled down;
in the middle of the room, composed of several chairs, two rugs and a bed-quilt, was a remarkable structure which my ready imagination quickly transformed into a tent. Seated upon a cushion within was an awful cloaked and booted personage pondering over a huge sheet of paper which appeared, in the uncertain light, not a little unlike that box-plaited skirt pattern for which I had previously been diligently searching for half an hour. Unsteadily placed on a soap box and throwing a flickering light on the awe-inspiring tableau was a candle, which to my experienced eyes threatened imminent danger and destruction to my best bed-quilt.

I could not help smiling at the picture with its one lone figure, at the old black hat above the yellow curls, the burnt-match frown on the knit brow, my golf-cape slung picturesquely over the bent shoulders, the rubber boots, and, yes, stuck in one of Will's old belts, the fateful kitchen knife.

I was about to speak when the personage became aware of my presence.

"Orderly, tell the Colonel that I would a word with him," commanded a gruff voice. All thoughts of my carefully prepared reprimand vanished; with a mumbled "Yes, me lord," I turned to obey.

"Orderly!" roared the voice, "How dare you! S'lude your s'peror officer!" I giggled and hastily did as I was bid.

"Now go, sir!"

Long experience has accustomed me to assume almost any rôle, so retiring, I closed the door, turned around in the hall once and entered as the colonel. Taking care to salute, I advanced and growled: "General, I am here"—a wholly unnecessary remark, but effective, nevertheless. Judging from the appearance of my "S'peror Officer," I should have addressed him as Sir Pirate, but my quick intuition, the tent, the chart and the volume of Henty open upon the soap box, all led me to believe that I was not expected to be on a desert island, but at headquarters, and must conduct myself accordingly.

With a hospitable wave of his hand which nearly upset the candle the general bade me enter.

"But Jimmy, there's not room enough for—" "Silence, sire!" shrieked the general, momentarily forgetting his gruff voice. Then, in a tone two octaves lower, "Obey orders!"

Without further ado I crawled into the tent on my hands and knees and curled up in the corner with one eye on the candle and one on the roof of the tent, which appeared dangerously unstable.

"Colonel," began the general gravely, "the time is now at hand—" I nodded sagely. "We are completely s'rounded—on the north, on the south, on the west, on the—the north—on—" "The east," I supplemented, seeing my general a little confused as to directions.

"Yes, the east;" indicating the exact spot on the chart spread out upon his knees. "To-morrow I propose to move on—on their earthworks—"

"The enemy's," I politely assented.

"But the allied troops have not yet arrived. Unless they come we—we can't fight, you know, because they've got all our cannons and our guns and our horses and our—everything."

I ventured to ask what the allied troops were doing with all our "accoutrements."

The general looked a little blank,—then with dignity, replied: "Colonel, those are secret matters,"
Completely crushed, I subsided.

"Now, Colonel, you must be a spy. You must go through the enemy's lines here,"—a stubby forefinger traced an imaginary route on the front plait of the chart,—"You must find out how many men they've got, an' how many cannons, an' how many guns, an' when they're going to advance, an'—everything. This is very dang'rous business, Colonel—you'll probably get hung for a spy."

I smiled my rapture at the thought of such a pleasant fate.

"Then, if you don't get hung, you must get through the lines an' get the allied troops an' bring 'em back."

"But, General," I objected—"how am I going to get all those allied troops past the enemy and into camp? You know, we are surrounded."

"Tha's so," agreed the general, doubtfully. The frown deepened, in stern silence he folded his arms while, with respectful awe and much secret wonderment as to how this difficulty would be overcome, I awaited the result of these meditations. Suddenly his face brightened, he started forward, gave the soap-box a resounding thump, thereby upsetting the candle, which I just rescued in time, and cried out—"I know! When you get back of the enemy with the allied troops, make the men dig a tunnel right under till you get to camp an' then we'll fight, an' beat 'em to smash!" This startling piece of stratagem took me completely by surprise; but, controlling my features as well as possible, I heartily approved the plan and awaited further developments.

"Wait till I get you a gun so you can shoot," and casting aside his chart he crawled forth from the tent with such impetuosity that the long impending collapse came with a crash. Hastily I blew out the candle, thus saving the whole from instant conflagration, and was immediately buried beneath the chaotic pile of chairs, rugs and bed-quilts.

Wildly I was grabbed at by the general, who, unmindful of his dignity, was now shouting with uproarious glee at the catastrophe.

"P'tend I'm hauling you out of the enemy—out of the jaws of death!" he proposed, and, suiting the action to the word, I was straightway yanked from under the debris in a decidedly dishevelled state.

Then while I crawled around picking up hair pins, he, thirsting for still more excitement, advanced a new plan. "Hi! I tell you what! P'tend you ain't the colonel, an' I ain't hauled you out of the jaws of death. P'tend you're an enemy an' I've captured you, an' now I'm going to put you to death. Die, villyun—die, wretch!" and with that he brandished the bread knife dangerously over my head. With a life-like shriek, I scrambled to my feet and imceremoniously grasped my would-be executor by the collar. "James Burton, give me that knife! Mercy, child, don't you know any better!"

The general appeared a little disappointed at this lull in the proceedings, but being slightly out of breath and very warm, he paused to yield up the knife and mop his manly brow, wherein perspiration and burnt-match were artistically mingled.

"Phew! War's a terrible thing, Colonel."

With my mouth full of hair pins, I gasped an affirmative.

"Well, Colonel, you needn't be an enemy if you don't want to. What shall we do next?" Evidently the general's imagination
as to military resources was giving out.

I looked at the clock. Gracious! Quarter past five—and Will wanted an early supper—and, perhaps, Ophelia—

"I needs must leave to—to—attend to some matters of state. I will be with you anon. Have I your permission to go?" I respectfully saluted.

A longing glance at the knife, now in my possession, a disappointed murmur; then the dignity of his rank returned. With a superb gesture my request was granted and again saluting I withdrew to fly to the kitchen and restore the knife to the wrathful Ophelia and peace to the household.

Half an hour later I hurried upstairs to put an end to the bloody campaign and have Jimmy get dressed for supper.

Not a sound from the room, now perfectly dark.

Quietly I lighted the gas, and there, curled up among the ruins of his tent, his little face hot and flushed and still clutching my now dilapidated skirt pattern, was the little general, fast asleep.  

KATHERINE S. PARSONS, '07.

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Christmas for Four Girls

It was Christmas eve at Miss Wood's seminary for girls. Only four girls remained at the school after trunks had been packed and expressed and a troop of merry girls had said, "Good-bye! A merry Christmas to all!" and gone off on the different trains which would take them to their respective homes. It was quiet and lonesome about the seminary and the four girls gathered in Olive White's room prepared to weep and bewail their hard fortune. There were many pleasant things to happen, they knew, but it was disappointing not to be able to go home for Christmas.

They sat in silence for some time, gathered about the glowing grate, and gradually its spell began to work on them and the gloom began to vanish.

"Olivia," said Mercy Gage. "If you were home just now what would you be doing and what would you do to-morrow?"

"Well," began Olive, "as you all know, my home is out on a western prairie. To-night we—my two brothers and sister, mother and father and I—would be popping corn and stringing it and making candy, and mother would be telling us the old, old Christmas story. She always does. Then my little sister and brother would be put to bed and my other brother and I play Santa Claus, and trim a large sage-bush which we had brought from the prairie during the day. We use a sage-bush instead of your kind of a Christmas tree. It is like your cedar tree. only not so large. We put our simple presents under our tree and then retire. In the morning I would look out on the level country covered with white snow as far as the eye could see, the vast expanse, broken only by clumps of sage-bush and occasional villages or settlements. After breakfast we would all go into the parlor together and have our presents and enjoy them until dinner. Christmas dinner is quite a feature of our Christmas celebration. In the afternoon we would all drive to the nearest village for the ride and also to get the mail. That is the way I would spend my time. I can see everything just as it will happen. Now, Margaret, tell us what your Christmas would be like."

"I live in a small town several miles away from here, and my purse is too flat to let me go home.
But if I were home this very minute I would be on my way to the entertainment for the Sunday school children at the church. My sister wrote they were going to have a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus this year. After the entertainment some of the older members of the school will distribute the many presents to scholars and teachers, and every one will receive something to make him happy. When I arrived home again I would hang up my stockings with the younger children and go to bed to dream of Santa. In the morning, of course, we awake earlier than usual and go down stairs and get our stockings. They are filled with little things always containing something as a joke on each one. After breakfast we all have our presents together. In the afternoon we would go skating, and only get home in time for supper. Some one of the girls always has a party Christmas night and we spend a very enjoyable evening.

"This is fun," said Mercy. "Kathie, we must hear your story."

Kathie began her story: "You know, dear girls, I have no mother, and my father travels all the time, even in Europe, a great deal. I expected he would be on this side of the ocean for Christmas, but it is impossible, he writes. Really, I have no home now. But when I am through school here, girls, I am going to keep house for my dear father when he is home and go abroad with him when he goes. Won't that be fine? Now, Mercy, Gage, we want to hear your story, and I want to know why you did not go home."

Mercy laughed. "One thing at a time," she said. "If I were home in Plymouth I should be having a gay time with a host of cousins and uncles and aunts. We always have a family gathering Christmas, and a merry time we have. Christmas morning we have a large tree trimmed and beautiful, and loaded with presents for all. Uncle Jack plays Santa and is very jolly and funny. The enjoyment and excitement of presents and tree lasts all the morning. In the afternoon we have as many sleighs and teams as we need and all go for a sleigh ride out of the city. In the evening we crack nuts, roast apples and marsh-mallows and tell stories and have a very merry time. The house is full this year, mother writes."

"But why didn't you go home?"
"We are all chums; come tell us."
"Oh, I had a little reason."
"Mercy," said Olive. "I believe you stayed here because we three couldn't afford to go home, and we four are such chums. Did you? Oh, you are an angel!"
"Why, Mercy, did you do that?" cried all the girls.
"Oh, don't," cried Mercy, covering her ears. "Let's think what we shall do to-morrow."

"Some one knocked," said Olive, and she opened the door. There stood Miss Wood, smiling pleasantly, and holding an opened letter in her hand.

"My dear girls, I have good news for you. You remember my aunt in New York, with whom we spent such a delightful day last year. Well, dear girls, she has sent tickets for five and a pressing invitation that we visit her this whole Christmas week. What do you say?"

Miss Wood's eyes sparkled, and she laughed at the breathless silence.

"Say!" cried the girls. "Say!"
"Lovely! Too lovely for anything!"

A discussion followed, and late that night four merry girls called, "Good night, Merry Christmas," to each other, and retired happy and gay. MARY ADAIR, '07.
Editorials

"Peace on earth good-will toward men," the angels sang, and, for a time, man sang with them and all were bound together in the brotherhood of love. Then Christmas was "A thing of beauty" and the Christmas gift, the gift of peace and good-will. Now Christmas seems to have lost some of its primal significance and beauty. The only thought seems to be to give our friends a material remembrance, to which, perhaps, little or no love may be added because of the great anxiety caused by fear of criticism. And here we find ourselves alone at fault for, if, back of the motive prompting the gift, there was greater love for the person and less love of display we should fear no criticism. Then again, each and every one of us would be sounding the heavenly refrain. "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

Thus far the morning rhetoricals have been very enjoyable, and we are expecting greater things in the future. Surely, if we realized that by our selections we are really expressing our highest ideals we would all find much room for improvement and would strive to make our selection, so far as lies in our power, perfect in every detail.

Much interest has been added to the school work by the use of the laboratory. Altho the laboratory is some distance from the school proper the work is so truly beneficial and delightful that this slight inconvenience is entirely obliterated.

At present the school is rejoicing over the formation of an Athletic Association which has such good financial backing that it is sure to be both a success in itself and a benefit to the school.

The board of editors extend thanks to Miss Billson, to whom they are indebted for the new cover and cuts.

The Faculty assigns the following work as a basis for the prize competitions:

I. The President's Medal:
   Latin.
   2. Latin Grammar.
   3. Translation at sight.

II. The Pruyn Medal:
   Public Speaking.
   Selections to be made by the candidates, with the approval of the Faculty.
   1. Selections to be submitted, April 26, 1907.
   2. Trial Competition, May 10, 1907.
   3. Final Competition, May 24, 1907.

III. The McDonald Medal:
   Mathematics.
   Plane and Solid Geometry; Theorems and Original Problems.
IV. The Buchanan Medal:
   English Essay.
   1. The Advantages and the Disadvantages of Secret Societies in High Schools.
   3. The Life and Public Works of Carl Schurz.

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

VI. The Sage Medal:
   French.
   1. Balzac: La Curé de Tours.
   2. French Grammar.
   3. Translation at sight.

VII. The Vander Veer Medal:
   German.
   1. Arnold: Fritz auf Ferien.
   2. German Grammar.
   3. Translation at sight.

VIII. The Principal's Medal:
   Senior Scholarship.
   To be determined by class standing.

Alumni Notes

'00
Miss Mabel Dalton Crounse, of Altamont, was married to Ray Rowe, of Schenectady.

'05
Laura Wilson is engaged to S. A. Ackerman.

'01
Miss Eleanor V. N. Van Alstyne secured the degree of B. S. at the University of Chicago at the end of the current quarter, Dec. 18, 1906.

'05
Charles Oswald is attending Wesleyan College.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Perry, of Sixteenth street, Watervliet.

'06
Mabel Wood has left the S. N. C. on account of illness.

'98
Margaret Hallenbeck is teaching in the H. S. at Altamont, N. Y.

School Notes

Thanksgiving Program

I. Singing—Flower Song.

II. Reading—President Roosevelt's Proclamation, Hughson Patton.

III. Recitation—A Thanksgiving Speech, Eugene Haiss.

IV. Recitation—When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin, J. W. Riley, Edna Bender.


VI. Recitation—Sam's Letter, Ethel Everingham.

VII. Recitation—How I Won Maria, Theodora Janson.

VIII. Violin Solo—Melody in F. Rubinstein, Carl Wehrle.

IX. Recitation—A Thanksgiving Dream, Jessie Luck.

X. Recitation—The Keeper of the Boarding House, Katharine Parsons.

XI. Piano Solo—La Cinquante-taine, Margaret Murlin.

XII. Recitation—Lorraine, Marion Flanders.

XIV. Recitation—Keep a Watch on Your Words, Bertha Bott.

XV. Vocal Solo—The China Tragedy, Elsie Gray.
For the first time in many years, the boys have organized a basketball team with the following players:

- Forward, Brewster.
- Guard, Wehrle.
- Center, Weaver.
- Guard, "Little" Van.
- Forward, Tallmadge.

Although the team is wholly composed of raw material, it is progressing rapidly, and by the close of the season should be able to compare favorably with any school team in the city. Of the three games played thus far, the N. H. S. has won one and lost two.

**Society Notes**

On the evening of November 30, the Zeta Sigma society held its annual reception at Graduates Hall.

At the first regular meeting of Adelphoi this quarter, the following officers were elected:

- President, Warren W. Brewster.
- Vice Pres., Harold A. Van Ostenbrugge.
- Cor. Sec., Morgan Dickinson.
- Treasurer, Geo. B. Weaver.
- Sergeant-at-Arms, Karl Wehrle.
- Chaplain, Frank Patten.
- Master of Ceremonies, Robert Wheeler.

The Quintilian society held their annual reception Friday evening, November 30, at Menands Hall, Menands.

**Christmas Program**

I. Song by the School.
II. Recitation—Selected. Therese Herschberg.
III. Instrumental Solo—Selected. Grace B. Binley.
IV. Recitation—Selected. Hughison Patton.
V. Vocal Solo—A Dream. Verna Fowler.
VI. Recitation—Selected. Eugene Haiss.
VII. Recitation—Selected. Katharine S. Parsons.
VIII. Song by the School.
IX. Declamation — Extract from Irving’s "Christmas," Edward M. Clary.
X. Recitation—Selected. Mary Ganger.
XI. Instrumental Duet—Prometheus, Beethoven. Marguerite James.
- Gertrude Valentine.
XII. Declamation—Selected. Seibert Miller.
XIII. Recitation—Selected. Jessie Luck.
XIV. Vocal Solo—Selected. Elsie M. Gray.
XV. Recitation—Selected. Bertha M. Bott.
XVI. Song by the School.
XVII. Declamation—Selected. George B. Weaver.
XVIII. Piano Solo—Selected. Margaret Murlin.
XIX. Recitation—"Scrooge and His Nephew." Dickens. Warren C. Vosburgh.
XX. Song by the School.

"Equo ne Credite, Nettie."
Mary had a little lamb, Mary Antoinette Udell.
It chanced to stray in school one day,
And this is what befell.

It chased that lass to Virgil class, As lambs, you know, should not, When by her side the lamb they spied, The class smiled—"Sh! a trot!"

Mr. Danaher (from top of stairs)
—Elsie, what time is it? Elsie—Eleven, dear father.
Mr. D.—Well, it's twelve up here and eleven and twelve make—
(The young man departed.)
A great many exchanges have come to our table this month, some good, some bad; the majority, however, only fair. Too many of our school papers attempt something far beyond them; this is a common fault. The result is perhaps a paper decorated with frightfully amateurish cuts and enclosed by a cover whose execution is positively painful. Often the literary work takes a turn of heavy tragedy; lurid descriptions and thrilling scenes seem strangely incongruous in a paper which must needs be the work of inexperienced writers.

Occasionally even the sedate editorial pen takes an ambitious flight and ecco! we have a metaphorical production, full of high-flown ideas and phrases which might be effective if properly used but which here show only a pathetic attempt, a striving for something far beyond the power and ability of the writer. Let us confine ourselves then, to a simpler, more natural style;—it is one of the best ways to make a school paper a success.

We notice an improvement this year in the Elgin High School Mirror and Hackensack Critic, two of our most regular exchanges.

The Item, a new exchange from Pasadena, is a bright, well-conducted paper, typically western. The cuts are good; the Nature and Science department is an interesting feature.

The Whetstone from Nashville, Tenn., is one of our new comers; although conducted entirely by boys, it is fairly good—considering.

The Triangle from the Emma Willard School is always welcome. The spirit of the paper is fine in the true sense of the word. We are glad to note your addition of an exchange department.

Illakawinn, your cover is poor—it's too much of a "What-is-it?" Your editorials have good scope and your article on "An Hour in a Fruit Drying Establishment" is interesting, especially to "Way down East folks."

The Academic Observer of Utica, the Blue and White of Penn., and the Canary and Blue are not keeping up to last year's standard.

The Michigan Skirmisher could be widely improved. Your weak editorials might better be under the head of school notes.
Don't you think, Recorder, that by working hard, eighteen editors might produce a little something more than an eleven-page paper?

"Carmencita" in the Aegis, from Oakland, Cal., is very well written. You have every reason to be proud of your paper, Aegis; it shows much literary and artistic ability.

Too much space devoted to athletics, personals, local notes and other matters of little interest to outsiders make the Comus, of Zanesville, Ohio, and the Argus, of Harrisburg, decidedly uninteresting as exchanges.

The Russ, a new exchange from California, is by far the best paper received this month. School spirit speaks on every page; the editorials especially show marked ability.

"Books are but Helps," in the S. N. C. Echo, is very clever. We also note with care the article on "What Can We Do for the Vicious Pupil?" Verily, "chickens come to roost" with a vengeance! We are wondering—

As Others See Us

The Crimson and White is a small magazine, but nicely got up.—Hendrix College Mirror.

The Crimson and White is a very neat and well arranged paper; the stories are very interesting.—Troy High School.

The Crimson and White is an especially bright and well written paper.—Hackensack High School Critic.

We can safely say that The Crimson and White compares very favorably with the College Echo.—The Faculty.

Everywhere and Everybody

"The abuse in these columns is copyrighted, but never righted. All statements are generalities, based on inexperience and ignorance, since this publication depends on the student body for support."

So, then, to the task:

Freshie (in a grieved tone)—But I don't think I deserve a zero.

Teacher—No, neither do I; but it's the lowest mark I can give you.

As Virgil would have written it,

Omnes agunt, sed pater
Toto die sedet
Pedes ante ignem
Tubam terrae funet.
Mater lavendas prendet
Anon soror atque—
In nostro omnes agunt
Sed senex—ne—
O Condamnati! —Ex.

There is an unkind kindness which is seldom appreciated—a kindness which hurts the giver.

There was a young lady called Carrol, Who once stole her uncle’s apparel; Though the charge she denied, She was taken and tried And convicted, this awful young Carrol.

Senior—I dreamed last night my watch was gone.

Freshie—Oh, my! was it gone?

Senior (gravely)—No; it was just going.
Gathered Up Among the Freshmen.

Naw; what’s the use of subscribing. I read some one else’s copy.
O goodness, I can’t write anything. What’s the editorial board for? (Little one, we are wondering.)
I’d just love to, but really, you know, I’m a Freshman and I’m so busy. Ask somebody else.
What’s the use of doing something when you don’t get anything out of it?
What good will one subscription do? It’s a bum paper, anyway.
(Do you wonder we look careworn?)

Pay your subscription
Now that it’s due,
For the poor manager’s
Pleasures are few.
Hand him a quarter,
Boost him a bit.
Then you will see him
Fall in a fit.
—Ex.

Extract from a New England History.

By a Freshman.

King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Domino, the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded. The second was murdered. After that she never smiled again, but said that the word “calais” would be found on her heart after death. The greatest man in his reign was Lord Sir Ganet Wolsey. He was born at the age of 15, unmarried. Henry VIII was succeeded on the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel.—Ex.

Scandal!! Scandal!!

For Boys Only.

I just knew that you’d turn this

Next!

I. Oh, why that smile,
Oh, why that pile
Of knowing glances down the aisle.
And why that wink?—
Why, can’t you think?
He’s called on for translation!

II. Oh, why that moan,
Oh, why that groan,
Oh, why that “darn” in a muffled tone.
And why so slow?—
Why, don’t you know?
I’m called on for translation.

Cradle Song.

Rock-a-bye, Louis,
The game’s going fine;
Ah, there’s a lemon!
That’s right in your line.
Rock-a-bye, Louis.

(Intermission.)

Rock-a-bye, Louis,
There’s breakers ahead;
You’re a fortunate youth
If they don’t break your head.
Hush-a-bye, Louis.

E. O’Connel—Hey, Big Van! a fellow just told me that I looked like you.
Big Van—Where is he? I’d like to punch his head.
Edward Josephus (briefly)—I killed him.—Ex.

I love its gentle chatter,
And I love its merry flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
And I love to hear it go.

MARY HORTON.

Ex.
Everybody's Column

Wanted—Some one to share my name with me. There's room here for two, dear. (Now girls, there's your chance.)—Horace Alexander Buchanan Von Oostenbrugge.

Headquarters for Impromptu Belts. Any member of N. H. S appearing in school without that all necessary article apply to Theodora Jansen, '10.

Private Lessons given in French or German. The free and easy use of both in the same sentence, with occasional sprinkling of Latin and English, a feature of my conversational method. Notice—Sight Translation my Specialty. (N. B. Don't you let Miss Loeb see this.)—Katharine S. Parsons, '07.

Wanted—Someone to champion my cause and rescue these long lost N. H. S pennants of mine—Adele Le Compte

Please attack—
George Weaver
Harold Van Oost......etc.
Horace Van Oost......etc.

Just Out—My latest treatise on "How to Smile Quietly without Disturbing the Countenance." Profusely illustrated and bound in spotted calf.—Jean Elmendorf, '10.

Now on Sale at all the leading book-stores—"The Sunny Path of Joy, or How to Get Rich Quick."—By the Business Manager.

Mr. Kosbob—"And then he laid his arms on his shoulders" (comfortable, no doubt).

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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Gentle Reader, pause awhile and ere it be too late, cast aside this printed sheet. If you follow not this advice, then proceed, but malign not.

Miss Graves—Give an English word derived from “Male”—meaning evil.
Senior Lassie (viciously)—Male.

There was a young maid who said “Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I put my mind to it
I'm sure I can do it,—
You never can tell, till you try.”
—Ex.

Can You Tell Me?
Does Ida Chave?
Is James Noble?
Will Annetta Rappe?
Do Iona Pier?
Is Roger Fuller?
Will Leslie Wheeler?
Is Maude Cross?
Will Frances Warner?
Does Ruth Patterson?

S. S. Teacher—Now, Jimmy, who killed Abel?
Jimmy—I don't know, ma'am.
We only moved up here last week.

Miss Warner (translating in Virgil)—Heu, fuge, etc. “Behold—a—a—behold—a—a flea!”
(Why, Frances!)

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Please mention “The Crimson and White.”
Ach! Gebrochen wieder um Class
Dues willens.
Bertha Bott
In der Stadt
Da sie hat
Ein' Platz worin sie boardet
"Board ist due
Wass Kann ich thue?
Ich muss skiddoo
Da ich kanniecht afford it."

Again, O comrades, have we discovered in our midst, another genius in the gentle art of composition writing, and, gadzooks, fellow beings! again is this genius from our Junior class. Attendez.

Lilian was kept after school one day for continually whispering in class. Said teacher, "Miss Flanders, before you go home you must write me a composition of at least seventy-five words."

This is it.

Jane and Pussy
Once upon a time there was a little girl called Jane, and one day she saw a little kitty on the street.

Now Jane liked cats very much so she stopped and called—"Here—Pussy, pussy, pussy pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy."

We're here, because we're here. (Silly! now doesn't that sound like a Junior.)

St. Peter—Where from?
Student—Normal High School.
St. Peter—Did you subscribe for THE CRIMSON AND WHITE?
Student—No—o—o.
St. Peter—

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