FEBRUARY 1907

The Crimson and White

Mid-Winter Number

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A Lullaby

Hide, ye little sunbeams,—darken,
summer sky,
Faintly gleam and brighten, starry
eyes on high,
Murmuring winds of evening, croon
a lullaby:—
Softly blow,
Whispering low
Baby's lullaby.

Silver-spangled dream folk, hither
come once more,
Sliding down the moonbeams that
slant across the floor,
Waft this sleepy sailor to Dream-
land's shining shore:—
Gently float
The slumber boat
Unto Dreamland's shore.

Angel of the star world, watch my
baby wee,
Guide his precious little craft o'er
the silver sea,—
But oh, be sure, Dream Angel, to
send him back to me!—
Rocking slow,
Let him go
Sailing back to me.

K. S. P. '07.

"Awakening"

The young man walked slowly
and thoughtfully from the shop,
out upon the narrow crowded
thoroughfare. It had been his
last attempt, and he had failed—
to pawn his ring. A low musical
laugh grated mockingly on his
already sensitive nerves. He
turned indifferently around and
gazed into the upturned face of a
girl.

"What are you laughing at?"
demanded Jim Lawrence.
"You, Señor," quietly replied
the girl.
"Well, what are you laughing
at me for?"
"I can no help it, your expres-
sion is oh, so ver' funnee."

He regarded her intently for a
few seconds; he noticed that her
hair was bluish-black, and curled
in little ringlets over her low white
brow, her eyes were large and dark,
almost too dark, suggesting twi-
light, her mouth was small and
sensitive; but her laugh—that had
been real.

"Would you not pawn your
ring, if you were without bread?"
he asked hurriedly.
Her expression changed instantly. "Ah, Señor no-sing to eat?"

He smiled sadly, "Yes, I confess that is my case."

"Zis way you go? Ver' well, we walk togezer."

As they elbowed their way down the crowded street, she chattered unrestrainedly. Her name was Inez. She lived with her mother and brother. Her brother was the artist Moreno, had he ever met him? Lawrence replied in the negative. Yes, she had been a model for some of her brother's pictures; but her mother did not like that. Was he an artist? Lawrence nodded yes, and she showed her appreciation by giving him a rare smile.

Inez suddenly paused in front of a high old building which stood out plainly among the rest, which were more modern. "I live here with my mother and brother, you will come in, and I will give you some coffee, sir?"

"Yes," said Lawrence. They climbed the stone stairway, and came to a door, which was opened by a servant.

"You are ver' late, Senorita. The professor was already here, He is ver' angry." The girl's face flushed darkly.

"Who's the professor?" inquired Lawrence.

Inez laughed. "I don't know, perhaps a burglar."

"Burglar," he mused. "That's nothing."

She looked again. "He is a singer and an old man, why should you mind?"

"Why, indeed," he thought.

Inez' brother came forward to greet them. His first sharp glance was followed by a frank smile of welcome. Lawrence liked him immediately. They became firm friends. There was another occupant of the room—a boy whose familiar costume made Lawrence think of home. His hands were shoved into the deep pockets of his wide trousers, a gray shirt, low at the neck displaying a bright red tie, which gave a peculiar glow to his cheeks. A broad sombrero, around which wreathed a dense cloud of cigarette smoke.

"Reckon you're from the States," the boy shouted.

"Yes, I'm from the West."

"Put it here," extending his hand, "I'm from Omaha. Ain't this a swell place? My name's Phil. They call me Phil-eep for short."

As they warmly shook hands, Lawrence gazed around at the studio. An old piano took up a great space, two easels, a few stools, and a stove, which stood before the neglected fireplace.

Lawrence turned toward his host, who was patiently waiting until the two English finished their introduction.

"The professor practices here, he has very few friends, traveled extensively—but is queer, he was here with a fellow—a dark fellow, like the night, I am going to paint his portrait."

Inez turned swiftly, "Is it—"

Something clutched at Lawrence's throat, and rendered him speechless. With a true artist's instinct he noticed that Inez was beautiful.

* * *

When two friends have a common instinct, their friendship is real. Lawrence found that out. After leaving the studio of Moreno, with Phil Brown, he went to the latter's rooms, where they spent the evening talking and smoking.

"Home ain't nothing like this, Lawrence. How do you like this place?"
"Great, and the people—greater."

"How about Inez?"

"She is all right,—found me out long ago pawning my ring. What do you think about her, Brown?"

"Oh! all right, only a trifle odd and inconsistent, I reckon. I have been acquainted with the Morenos a mighty long spell." Then he chattered off some history of the girl's past that made Lawrence's heart feel strange. "She is living with her mother and brother now," Phil continued, after smoking a few seconds. "The Prof. and his nephew got going there to practice, he is a peculiar guy—dizzy over the music; but, gee, he and the kid turn out some swell tunes."

II.

For many days Lawrence worked earnestly on his painting, and had nearly driven the thoughts of the Morenos out of his mind. In the long, weary evenings, however, Inez' figure would come before him, but he would endeavor to despise it, in vain. His painting, Inez, keenly alive to the beauty of the subject, had finally been allowed to pose for as the central figure, much against her brother's wishes. By day and by night he saw the woman—never the model. He was trying to struggle against the love which was mastering him, but it too was in vain.

"After the picture is sold," he argued, "why could we not defy everybody—but if what Phil said is true—"

Of late Inez had acted strangely. Her pose was restless, and she often interrupted him.

"You don't come and see us any more," she said pettishly—"The Professor is back with his friend."

Lawrence paused, brush in air, a strange light creeping into his eyes. "Who is his friend? I must finish this first and then—"

"And then—" queried the girl plaintively. His heart throbbed wildly—"I will visit your brother."

He found Phil at his rooms, out of sorts and very critical of both art and music.

"Cut it out, Phil, let's go up to Morenos; the Professor and his friend are back."

"Back!" said Phil, "didn't know they were away."

"Same here" answered Lawrence, "but get your hat and come on, I want to hear some of that swell music."

* * * *

When the two "English" entered the studio, they found Moreno talking to a tall fellow who was dark as night. Inez had been crying, Lawrence could tell that instantly, and he felt the strange silence which hovered over the room. The Professor tried to act differently and turned to greet them warmly.

Phil flung his hat on the chair. "Gee, why don't you have some real snow for a change," he grumbled. "You ought to tramp down Main Street during a blizzard."

The Professor raised his hand, "Always your wild west. But beg pardon! Allow me, my friend, Senor Montes—Mister Lawrence—Mister Brown."

Trained to study faces, Lawrence disliked the stranger immediately. They shook hands, but he preferred to let time warrant the friendship. He afterwards drew Phil over to Moreno's painting. "What do you think of him?"

"Who?" asked Phil. "The strange guy, oh! he's a lemon. What's the matter Inez! Got any coffee? I'm as hungry as a coyote."

Moreno drew Lawrence toward
the divan. "I need a friend tonight."

"What's the matter, old man?" Lawrence asked hastily, "you look all in."

"Inez—Inez has confessed all. The mother don't want him to have her, but she is of age—and wants to go—"

Lawrence clutched the edge of the chair—"What—I don't understand."

Something in the expression of Lawrence's face caused Phil to say—"You know what I told you about her. How should I know you really cared?"

"So he came back, you see," Moreno continued. "I didn't know at first—you can't blame me for hating him, to think that Inez could really care for a man like that! oh—!"

Lawrence sat on the divan as one dazed, listening to the music which was being produced, but hearing nothing.

His eyes sought Inez, but she did not look at him. The wonderful music was awakening his soul to the tragedy of his heart—love—and he was becoming better able to face it. The true American spirit was deserting the Bohemian restlessness.

Inez remained unobservant. It seemed to her years since she had first seen Lawrence near the shop of the pawnbroker. The music moved her soul, and her hand slowly crept within that of Montes.

Phil shoved his hands deeply into his pockets and smoked vigorously, "This is a great place, Spain! but the prairies for mine!"

MARIE FLYNN.

"How do you make a Maltese cross?"

"Huh, that's easy. Step on her tail."—Ex.

THE MEETING IS CALLED TO ORDER!"

The clear voice of the chairman followed by the sharp rap of the gavel rang out like a shot in the babble of voices. There was a deep silence, interrupted only by the scurrying of feet as the boys hurried to their seats.

When quiet and order prevailed, Bunney Stanton the captain of the track team, arose, and in his curt officious manner, spoke to those present of the track team's victories in the past, of his own ambitions for the coming meet and concluded by pledging himself to do his very best.

The boys, easily impressed, clapped and cheered. That kind of talk moved them in the same manner as a tribute to "Our Glorious Emblem of Liberty" affects a political mass meeting. Far back in the rear of the hall sat a young man who neither clapped nor cheered. He was not easily impressed, in fact he was the only boy who did not humble himself to the mighty and invincible Bunney. His proud manner coupled with his handsome face had earned the dislike of the boys and the name of Lady.

The principal of the school, who had told the boys of a surprise he had in store for them, arose, immediately the clapping ceased, and everyone waited impatiently for him to speak.

Of course he began with "Ahem!" mostly all professors do. "Ahem! your record in the past, in all branches of athletics, has been an enviable one, but we have all felt the want of a trainer. Having this in mind I have succeeded in inducing Mr. Mackley to take charge of the team."

How they cheered! Every one seemed delighted except Bunney. He saw that he would not coach
the team as previous captains had done. His power was diminished by half and he did not take kindly to the new regime.

Next day the candidates reported for practice and the weeding out process began. One by one they were put through their paces under the critical eye of "Mack." The sprinters were tried out first and, when the final heat of the two-twenty was run off in twenty-two, Mack smiled broadly and made his first comment of the day, "That's going some."

"Now," he continued, "we will take a look at the middle distance men. Where are the half milers?" Bunney by way of reply put his head inside the dressing room and called;—

"All the half milers come out here, we are going to put you through your paces. I run the half myself," he said, as he turned to the trainer. "I clipped it off in two fourteen last week, and say—I have their time beat a hundred different ways." He was interrupted by the approach of several boys in running togs who crowded about the trainer.

"Hey, fellows, take a peep at her Ladyship," cried Bunney. "What does your Ladyship wish to run," he continued.

"The half mile," replied Lady, turning away.

"Now, boys, don't hit it up too hard, as this race signifies nothing. I just wish to see how you stand, and correct your faults, if I should call you off the track, come to me at once," said Mack. "Get on your marks!"

"Don't hit it, fellows, you'll leave Lady behind, and that would not be polite," cried Bunney.

Every one laughed at this unkind remark of Bunney's, for it was well to keep in the good graces of the captain, and every one lighted in making fun of "Her Ladyship," any how.

Mack flushed but said nothing, he did not approve of kicking the under dog. The boys took their places on the mark, laughing and joking. Lady, however, was silent as he knelt on the line to fix his shoe lace, taking great care to have them firm but not so tight as that they would stop the circulation. As Mack noticed this he smiled broadly.

"That fellow knows more about running than they think he does," he muttered.

"Get set!" the ten figures crouching on the line became tense.

Bang went the trainer's pistol, and they were off in a bunch.

They ran together for a hundred yards, and then began to string, at the two twenty mark Lady was leading by five yards, his long even stride was rapidly gaining ground and by the time they had completed the quarter-mile track Lady led by twenty yards, Bunney was second and running strongly.

"Hold that pace and don't sprint at the finish," said Mack to Lady as they swept past.

As they passed the six sixty mark it was evident that the pace had told, as Bunney and Lady entered the stretch alone, the others having dropped out. Lady still led but Bunney had drawn up 'til only five yards separated them.

When fifty yards from the finish line Bunney made a last great effort and passed Lady, winning by a yard.

"I guess that beating will hold you for a while," said Bunney between gasps. Lady was about to make some reply when he caught a warning glance from the trainer and turned towards the dressing room.
Next day every one spoke of Lady's unexpected showing, of his great endurance and long even stride.

"Why," said little Jones the sprinter, "he could have beaten Bunney yesterday if 'Mack' had not told him not to sprint. He's a nice fellow and I for one am going to treat him decent."

"So'm I," was echoed from every side and when Lady entered the chapel he was very much surprised at the welcome given him. The boys who had not noticed him yesterday stood and talked, seeming to forget that they were doing anything unusual.

At, recess Jonesey, as he was called, linked his arm in Lady's. "Come on, we'll take a walk, there's lots of time."

"All right," said Lady.

At the corner Jonesey met a winsome miss with dark hair and darker eyes, which had a peculiar way of sparkling when she smiled. "Hello, got your French?"

"Yes, do you want it?"

"Course I do! What do you think I asked you for? You girls are dense."

"Oh, are we? Suppose I don't give you the French?"

"Then you'd be mean."

"Well I'd rather be dense than mean, here it is."

"Course you would," said Jonesey putting the paper in his pocket. "Miss Griffin, my friend, Mr. Stanton."

"I'm pleased, indeed," said Lady, bowing.

"Now, look here, don't you people mister and miss each other, I don't like it. We call her 'Cupid,'" he said, turning to Lady, "and we call him 'Lady,' and now that we are acquainted we will continue our walk." So saying the three went on down the street.

Bunny, who had watched the whole proceedings from the other side of the street, scowled darkly. "I'll beat him good and plenty next week and I hope she is there to see him get it." Just then the bell rang and they all flocked into school.

Lady walked home with Miss Griffin that day and enjoyed it greatly. She has a very engaging manner he told himself. "Yes," he concluded "she is the nicest girl in the school, and I'll ask her to come to the meet next week."

The week passed quickly, every afternoon they reported to the trainer, who directed their actions and seemed very much pleased with the way things were going.

"We will take every thing except the half mile," he said, "unless they handicap us too heavily. Bunney here has run the half in two nine and I don't care to let Lady sprint at the finish for a while yet. Tomorrow night I will read the list of those who will run."

Next evening Lady was very impatient when the list was being read, in fact he was restless, for he had a call to make and wished to be off.

"I'll rely on you and Lady to fight for that half mile," said Mack to Bunney, "and may the best man win."

"Oh, I'll win all right," said Bunney and left the room.

Lady left soon, and after a few moments' walk paused before an unpretentious residence, looked at his watch to see if he was too early, hesitated a moment and rang the bell.

Instantly Cupid opened the door, pretending to be surprised, although she had watched him from a heavily curtained window. "Why, good evening, won't you come in? To be sure you will, sit right down."

"I won't stay a moment, I
just came over to tell you I am going to run and I thought you would like to go to the meet tomorrow."

"Of course I would, mother will let me go. What are the prizes?"

"Gold and silver medals. The gold medals are for first place you know."

"Yes, my sister has one, a young man gave her, it has his name engraved on the back, she wears it for a watch fob. I wish I had a watch fob, all I have is a soda check, see," she said as she held it up for inspection.

Lady took the watch and admired it, asked questions about the works, all the time wishing he dared to say what was uppermost in his mind. At last he picked up courage.

"Say, will you wear a gold medal if I get it for you?"

This was exactly what Cupid had been fishing for, but nevertheless it took her by surprise.

"Why—er—I—ah, yes."

"All right I'll get one for you tomorrow, I have to go now, other errands, you know. Well, you be ready about two o'clock I'll call around about that time. Good night."

"He's the nicest boy in the school, so there," said Cupid, as she closed the door, "and I do hope he wins the medal."

Next morning dawned bright and clear, and all conditions pointed toward a fine day. Lady was restless all morning he could not read, he took no pleasure in his walk, and finally went to see Mack, who soon quieted his nerves by giving him a good rub-down and sent him home.

Promptly at two o'clock, Lady rang Miss Griffin's door-bell and a few moments later was walking toward the field, Cupid keeping up a rapid fire of questions. "You must excuse me," said Lady, after he had seated her with some friends, "I'll return as soon as I can."

"I do hope you will have good luck," she said, as he left the grand stand.

The meet was a successful one, all the events had been run off except the half mile, and as Mack had predicted the boys had taken every event.

"All out for the half mile!" cried the starter.

Seven figures arose from the shadow of the fence where they had been lying, slipped out of their dressing gowns and walked to their mark. The scratch man (a college man) looked the other runners over and smiled. He had seen such a field before, all school boys and very nervous.

"I'll cut them down before we reach the quarter," so saying he took his place on the mark.

Lady and Bunney were on the twenty-five yard line, and Mack was delighted with the prospects.

"You boys are capable of 2.09 and the scratch man can't beat two minutes to save his life, you ought to make him hustle."

"On your marks!" called the starter, "get set" the seven figures became tense; — Bang!

Scratch man began to push them at once. Before they had gone a hundred yards he was running third and seemed content to stay there a while longer. Lady then began to set the pace. He made a sudden spurt and had gained five yards on Bunney, who was running second. The scratch man then sprinted and caught Bunney, they reached the quarter hole with positions unchanged.

"Hit it up!" cried Mack, "a little faster, now, Lady, hold that pace till I tell you to sprint."

The grand stand rose to its feet as
they sped past. Bunney was plainly tired, but Lady and the scratch man did not show any signs of fatigue.

About two hundred yards from the finish line, the scratch man sprinted and catching Lady unawares passed him. As they entered the stretch he led by a yard.

"Sprint, Lady! Sprint!" called Mack.

Lady was tired now, he had a pain in his chest, his arms ached, his legs seemed to swing out on either side and everything seemed black, but when he heard Mack's voice he made a grand rally and with one mighty effort jumped into the lead and crossed the tape a winner.

Mack caught him in his arms and carried him to the dressing room where he took a shower and after the rub-down felt much better. He dressed and got his prize from the clerk of the course, and was making his way through the crowd to where Cupid stood waiting. Just as he passed the gate, Bunney swaggered up.

"Say, old man, I think I was rather caddish toward you."

"And," said Lady, "I don't think your manner has changed any,"—so saying he took Cupid by the arm and walked away.

"Your medal," Bunney heard him say as he handed something to Cupid.

E. M. Clary.

Taurus Rapidus

A few miles north of the Mohawk river, nestled among the hills, is an old-fashioned farm house. Built early in the eighteen hundreds it is a story and a half high, with large airy rooms, and wide piazzas over which climb honeysuckle and wild clematis. Back of the house rises a high, wooded hill, while in the front the land slopes gently down till it reaches a ravine. Down the hill to the watering trough in the barnyard trickles a little stream. The overflow uniting with a larger stream a few rods below falls upon the overshot wheel of the Old-fashioned saw-mill, built at an early date and still standing on its bank.

One bright July morning in 187—two boys started out of the house in search of amusement. The older one, Tom, ten years of age, soon found entertainment, but Harry, a little fellow of five, wandered about aimlessly until their grandfather came out to water Prince, his pet horse. The grandfather was an eccentric old man, short in stature, determined in mind, a typical Mohawk Dutchman. He would allow no one but himself to touch Prince, and, indeed, the horse soon came to share his views in the case.

Now Harry knew that the horse was fully as irritable as his master, and so hiding behind the currant bushes in the garden near the watering trough, he began to make a scratching noise. If there was one thing in the barnyard that disturbed Prince more than any other it was the scratching of chickens, and supposing that the scratching noise came from a chicken he stopped drinking and pricked up his ears. The grandfather who could hear nothing at first, listened intently and finally, as the scratching grew louder, he did hear it and being at a loss to account for it exclaimed, "Was in dunder's das?" Thereupon the noise ceased and Harry went off.

When Tom heard of the adventure he determined to have some fun also, but on a larger scale. Therefore, procuring a tin can and some string, he waited patiently until late in the afternoon when the horse would again be watered
at the trough. About five o'clock Harry posted himself behind a tree on the side hill overlooking the barnyard, and Tom went out to the barn with the can and string.

Among the other livestock was an old bull, Jerry, which had not the sweetest of tempers and was therefore usually kept in the stable. When Tom went to the barn he waited until his grandfather, with a dog at his heels, came to water his horse. Tom quickly secured the tin can to the bull's tail, unfastened him, and hastily retreated to the old saw-mill.

The excited bull rushed out into the barnyard with his can tinkling and his head lowered. As he could not get at the can he was perfectly willing to vent his wrath on anything or anybody within his reach, and as a result there was some lively stepping during the next few minutes. The horse snorted excitedly and galloped about the barnyard with the old gentleman hanging on to the halter. There were times when he felt the ground beneath his feet and there were times when he did not. The bellowing, the barking, the frantic yells, and the clouds of dust were merely incidents in the confusion.

The horse partially retaining his senses started for the barn and the old gentleman of necessity followed. The bull, having cleared the barnyard of all except the dog, plunged through the open gate and promptly disappeared in the woods where he was afterwards secured. What became of the can no one knows.

About seven o'clock that evening as the shadows were beginning to lengthen a frightened, hungry, boy crept in at the kitchen door, got some supper from the good-natured cook, and went off to bed without bidding the rest of the family good-night. Harry had informed him as to the outcome of his prank and he thought it best not to rely too implicitly on the forgiving nature of his grandfather.

BETH COBB.

Peter and Olga

Peter was a little Russian emigrant, who had come with his mother and father and his little sister Olga to live in New York. Peter's father was very poor and he could not get enough work in Russia to support his small family, so he had come to this country to try and procure enough money to live comfortably.

But one day in the summer Peter's father was overcome by the intense heat and died, and though his mother struggled along bravely all that fall, she could not get enough to eat; and one day in the early part of the winter Peter and Olga were left orphans in that great city.

Alone and poor they had wandered about all that winter, Olga doing little odd jobs, such as selling fruit and flowers, while Peter sold papers, by which people soon gave him the nickname of Peter the little newsboy. Through sunshine or rain he could always be seen standing at the bridge selling papers, to the busy throngs of people who passed his side.

But the men hurrying home from their day's labor in a close, dark office always had a pleasant word for the little flower girl, whose bright face and cheery tone soon gave her the name of "little Sunshine. They would stop to buy her fruit and flowers because they always looked so bright and gay, and they seemed to the weary men to be tokens of the peace and content of their boyhood days
when they too had roamed at will among the grass and flowers.

One day the people looked in vain for "Little Sunshine," and men went home without their flowers for they could not buy from the other noisy little ragamuffins. The next day Peter told them that she had been hurt in trying to help an old lady across the busy street and that she would never walk again.

The people went home sorrowfully and told the pitiful story of the "Little Flower-girl" to their families.

All the rest of that year Peter struggled along bravely, going home to the cheery little sister whom he loved so well.

One day as Peter was going to his daily post, a carriage with two horses and no driver came tearing down the street, with a very small girl clinging to the seat. In a moment Peter had gathered his wits together and was standing in the path of the plunging horses. Another moment and he had grasped the bridle. The horses had come to a stop after a hard struggle, then a sharp pain and all was darkness.

When he awoke he was lying in a small white bed between two cool sheets, and Olga was sitting in a wheel chair by his side reading a fairy story. When he asked where he was she told him that they were in the house of the kind lady who had taken care of and taught her and whose little daughter, Virginia, he had saved from being killed. They were now to be the adopted children of Mrs. Heath and Virginia's sister and brother, and they were never to work any more.

RUTH WILLIAMSON, 1911.

A bat in the hand is worth two in the eye.—Ex.
thing that was going on from the mantel, but I was content to remain quiet and enjoy what I could see. However, this was not the case with Jack. He was so anxious to see that he craned his neck farther and farther until, snap! went some of his mechanism and poor Jack’s head rolled off onto the floor. I could see that one of the dolls pushed it scornfully aside as she danced by, and then the poor fellow was forgotten. Moral: Curiosity is a fatal sin and whoever indulges in it is foolish. "At the same ball I witnessed another scene which grieved me inexpressibly. There were many lovers in the nursery, but the two most devoted were chubby, roly-poly Miss Rubber Ball and long, thin Mr. Riding Whip. They were sitting in a corner, when Miss Ball unintentionally stirred up Mr. Whip’s anger. At first she endeavored to soothe him by a gentle caress, but he would have none of it and talked to her in a loud fierce way. The dear little lady finally grew frightened and walked away. Her betrothed pursued and thereupon ensued the greatest confusion, Miss Ball bounced along, knocking down chairs and tiny china dolls, in her hurry to get away, and Mr. Whip followed, taking long strides and severely lashing everything that impeded his progress. I know not what would have happened but Miss Ball reached a doll’s trunk, opened it and nimbly hopped within, leaving her angry lover to walk away in silence. I never knew the end of the quarrel, for the next day I was taken from the bank. "Little Edith went to her grandma’s and to my delight I accompanied her. However, the purse she carried me in was very dark, and I could only feel the motion of the train as we sped along. Suddenly the motion ceased, I was shaken violently and then I found myself rolling swiftly down a hill. I stopped in the most natural way at the bottom, but I had no sooner recovered from the shock of my fall, than I was still more frightened by hearing the sound of loud, rough voices singing. "The owners of the voices came to where I sat and having made a fire, they decided to spend the night there. I learned from their talk that they were robbers, which frightened me greatly, but nothing happened to me except that I had cold chills as an effect of the adventures they related. "In the morning dear little Hulda found me, and shouted with glee over her good fortune. "Now you will see that I have traveled far and wide and taken my place with the good and bad alike. "I have learned from my travels to be a good dutiful penny and go where I’m bid.” At this moment the old clock struck eight and then silence again reigned in the farm house.

A Day in a Country School-house

It was a hot day in the middle of June when Miss Matty Hinks, the school teacher, unlocked the school house door and stood back to allow a procession of a dozen or more children, of entirely different sizes, to go past her. Miss Matty was tall and slender, the boys called her “skinny.” She had high cheek bones, an aquiline nose and sharp, piercing gray eyes, with which she professed to see right into the hearts of all wicked little boys who were afraid of her. Her hair was parted in the center and drawn down tightly behind her ears in a thin little braid. She had six ringlets (cork-
screws) on each side of her head and the rest of her hair was done up in a net at the back. In this she always wore a gigantic but magnificent tortoise shell comb which had been presented to her by the school board on the fifteenth anniversary of her teaching at the Creek School.

It was certain that old Miss Matty had favorites, for as the children filed past her she patted one boy affectionately on the arm (she would have patted him on the head, had he not been head and shoulders taller than she). The other children giggled at this but when Miss Matty cried, “Silence!” silence reigned supreme.

Willie Jenkyns was not universally popular. He knew it and so did Miss Matty. Perhaps that was the reason she centered her affection upon him, poor soul. Willie was tall, much taller than Miss Matty, about six feet in his stockings. His mouse colored hair was always rumpled, and only cut, I believe, about once a year and then with the sheep shears, which gave it a certain unbeautiful irregularity.

Miss Matty walked into the school room and the children into the ward room, where they deposited their wraps, if they had any, on some nails which had been driven into the walls for that purpose. The children then trooped back to the class room and chose seats as near the back of the room as they dared without letting their teacher know for what reason they liked the back of the room the best; for Miss Matty was very near sighted.

Miss Hinks mounted the platform and rang the bell, which also was a present of the board. The children came to order immediately and got out their much-used singing books.

“What page?” said Miss Matty, but when there was a chorus of voices in different keys, she raised a warning hand, and repeated the question: “What page? and one at a time.”

“Please ma’am, page for dirty tree” piped up an extremely small boy.

Everybody knew what that was. It was the old song “A Hot Time in the Old Town to-night.” But Miss Matty shook her head decidedly.

“Had we not better sing,”—The children turned involuntarily to the page on which was printed, “Rescue the Perishing,” not popular in the Creek school at least.

When the singing was over the studying began. There was a low buzz of voices for the next quarter of an hour and then the spelling class was called. The class stood in a line before the platform and after a lengthy examination which did not prove a success they went back to their seats. The usual daily routine of work was gone over until the new subject of etiquette was brought up.

“Now,” said Miss Matty, with pride, her corkscrews bouncing up and down at each movement of her head, “I will read to you a few selections from a little article I have lately written on “Table Manners and Etiquette.”

“Always,” went on Miss Matty, “say, ’No, Sir,’ to the gents, and No, ma’am,” to the women folk. Always, at the table when you are goin’ to be helped again, take your fork and knife off your plate and set ‘em down on the table cloth. Be sure and ask as many questions as you wish at the table, for if you do you will learn something, and children, remember this, always imitate my manners as nearly as possible.”

When the afternoon session was
over and I had bid an adieu to the pupils and their illustrious teacher, I started walking down the dusty road to the way station, where I was to get my train home, and I had fully decided that, although a country school is extremely interesting one would get tired of it, and that I was entirely satisfied with the N. H. S.

JEAN ELMENDORF.

Object Lessons for the Freshmen Personally Conducted—K. S. P.

1. The Nor-mal High School Boy

No, my dear child, you nev-er could guess what This is. When the Smoke lifts, you will see that it is a High School Boy. No, he does not al-ways Smoke. The Prin-ci-pal of our School objects to it dur-ing Chap-el Ex-er-cises. Prin-ci-pals are so Fus-sy. That Queer Thing on the Boy's Head is a Hat. It is not like your Hat or my Hat but it is a Hat. That Roy-al Splen-dor beneath the Boy's Chin is a Neck-tie. High School Boys are very fond of Lav-en-der. This one al-so has Lav-en-der Dots on his Socks. His Hand-ker-chief has a Pink and Lav-en-der Bor-der. He does look a lit-tle Queer from the Back. No, they are meant to be Bag-gy that way and it is Fash-ion-able to keep them turn-ed Up. The Boy has ve-ry mild Hab-its and is quite Gen-tle. The most Vic-i-ous Thing he does is to Sing. He on-ly Sings when he is ve-ry Hun-gry. He is look-ing this Way. Hurry, my child. He will prob-ably Smile at you. He is a Ter-rible Flirt. What is a Flirt? Oh-why-well, wait un-til you are Old-er, lit-tle one.

2. The Sen-i-or Girl.

Make a Sa-la-am, my child. This is a Sen-i-or Girl. See, she wears a Class Pin and a Frown. She talks in Poly-gons and Par-al-lel-o-pi-peds, She nev-er Eats. She nev-er Sleeps. That Wild Look in her Eye and the Dis-or-der-ed Ap-pear-ance of her Hair are the Re-sults of Lit-er-a-ture and Learn-ing. Some-times she Tears her Hair—it is good Practice for Morn-ing Rhe-to-ri-cals. Yes, she of-ten comes to School with-out a Belt but nev-er with-out her Les-sons. She is Al-most as Im-port-ant as the Fac-ul-ty and knows Lots more. Some-times she smiles, es-pec-ial-ly when she is doi-ng Ge-om-e-try Or-ig-i-nals. In June she will do Stunts. Some Day you will be a Sen-i-or. It is ve-ry Hard to Be-lieve but you Real-ly will.

3. The Principal.

We will wait Out-side the School and see the Prin-ci-pal come Out. Be Care-ful, dear, the Side-Walk is Slip-pery and you may Fall. Don't Trem-ble so, lit-tle one, the Prin-ci-pal is not a Vic-i-ous An-i-mal. Some say that he Bites. That is not True. He has a Ter-rible Scowl and an Aw-ful Bark but he does not Bite. He is at his Worst when he is punch-ing Re-port Cards and Boy's Heads. At Oth-er Times he is Gen-tle. Most Peo-ple do not Think so, but he is Real-ly a Hu-man Be-ing. He is ve-ry Fond of Pudge. What he can-not eat, he puts in his Pock-et. See—here he Comes. That man with him is the Oth-er Prin-ci-pal. No, they nev-er Quar-rel ev-en when they are kept in the Same Cage. Ob-serve our Prin-ci-pal's Dig-ni-fied Air. Oh no, a Prin-ci-pal nev-er Falls ev-en when the Walk is (Bang !!!!!!!) My child, Com-pose your-self, You must not Laugh. I will Ad-mit he does look Queer but under the Circ-um-stan-ces No-one could look Pleased. Hush!—one must not Laugh when a Prin-ci-pal falls on the Side-Walk—Un-less one is the Oth-er Prin-ci-pal.
Editorials

Now that we have entered upon the last half of our school year, surely we all recognize the advisability of going to work with a will and making the lessons which we learned during the first half tell. The Seniors especially must feel that their best efforts are required to round out and complete this their last year's work in "Old Normal" so that in looking backward they shall have nothing to regret.

Our Exchange list has increased this year until it now numbers about seventy-five. Among these Exchanges are some very fine papers and also, we are sorry to say, some exceedingly poor ones. We wonder why the smaller schools support a better paper than the larger ones. For instance, a school having a subscription list of less than a hundred gets out a paper far superior to one whose subscription list is one thousand. The first has a neat, attractive cover and is brimful of school spirit, whereas the second has a passably good cover, the work is far below the standard and is arranged in a careless, haphazard, manner... The average subscription list is about five hundred, and the average paper is weak. We derived much benefit from the Exchanges since we are enabled to model our paper upon the plan of the best and can profit by the mistakes of those which are to say the least, unconvincing.

A school paper fairly thrives under criticism and in this our Exchanges are truly the gift which gives us the power "To see ourselves as others see us."

"On the great clock of time there is but one word— Now." And, Juniors, now is the time to organize your class. Do not make the mistake of thinking that there is "Lots of time." As surely as you do you will find yourselves entering upon your Senior year an unorganized class and one without a head. This will certainly weaken your class spirit—a thing to be guarded against.

Owing to the efforts of the Faculty the school has resumed its former length of session. The lengthened hours of work are a great advantage and we all appreciate the kindness of the Faculty in making this arrangement.

Returning to school at the end of the two-days vacation after the mid-year examinations we were pleasantly surprised to find our school-building beautifully re-carpeted.

School Notes

Ruth Fuller '09 has left school, her people having moved to New York City.

Miriam Marsh '09 has left school. On the 23rd of March she will leave Albany for an extensive tour through Europe.
Verna Fowler '09 has returned to school after a very serious illness.
Seibert Miller '09 is confined at his home with typhoid fever.
De Witt Tallmadge '09 has left school to take a position with the American Express Co.
Milton Witbeck '08 has left school to take a position as page in the State Capitol.
L. Amelia Cooper has returned to school after a short illness.
Miss Aline Horton has left the Albany High School to attend the Normal High School.
Miss Isabelle Dawes of Annapolis has entered the Normal High School.
Miss Edith L. Jones, '07 has returned to school after a serious illness.
On Friday evening Jan. 25th the boys' basket-ball team was defeated by the Scotia High School by the score of 28 to 24.

Alumni Notes

'06
Miss Mary Clark Jennings has secured a position as computer in the Dudley Observatory.
Mr. J. LeRoy Herber is a student at Rutger's College.

'05
Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lillian Bullwer Angus of Albany to Mr. Guy V. Sweet. Mr. Sweet graduated from N. H. S. in the class of 1905.
Miss Ruth Podmore is studying violoncello in the Emma Willard Conservatory of Music.
Miss Lorena French is a student at Cornell University.

'04
Miss Ethel Van Oostenbrugge is teaching school at Lisha's Kill, N. Y.

'03
Miss Elinor Marsh has sailed for Europe where she will make an extensive tour.
Miss Hazel Wood has secured a position as substitute teacher in the Rensselaer public schools.
Miss Statira Seeberger has secured a position in one of the Watervliet public schools.

'01
Miss Anna B. Stoneman is teaching school at York, Pa.

'00
Miss Mable L. Crounse of Altamont is occupying a position in the State Civil Service Commission at the Capitol.
Most of our Christmas exchanges have been very enjoyable; we have derived not only pleasure but benefit from the fifty or sixty papers that have come to our table. We have nothing but admiration and respect for those that are really worthy, that show enthusiasm, spirit and originality. But just a word in all kindness to our "lesser brethren." Does it speak very well for the character of a school to produce a paper which, from cover to cover, including cuts, literary work, school notes and above all, the personals and so-called "josh,"—can only be described as "sentimental slush?"

Most people are not interested in how Willie and Mabel enjoyed the sleighride, whom Charlie kissed in the hall, why Ruth blushes when X. Y. Z. is mentioned (et cetera to the end of the chapter); pages and pages of these inane jokes, these ridiculously insipid love stories placed under the heading "Literary," might pardonably belong to the Grammar Department, to the intermediate grades, but ye gods! what stuff for a high school paper! The "little nonsense now and then" is a necessary and much desired part of a paper but this same nonsense must contain some humor, otherwise it becomes disgusting.

Look over your last issue, brother, ere you say we are too severe and if the criticism applies, why—resorting to our slang vocabulary—cut it out.

Here endeth ye lyttle Discourse on Sentimentalitie.

The following are the newest exchanges:—

A. H. S. Tidings.
Black and Gold.
Academy Girl.
Bulletin.
Breeze.
Aerolith.
Wallace World.
Dayton H. S. Times
Shamokin H. S. Review.
Adelphian.
Opinion.
Eugene H. S. News.
Junior Republic Citizen.
Student.
Crimson & White.
Pennant.
Calendar.

We welcome the Red and Black again. While by no means an ideal paper, it shows what so few school papers do, character and originality. There must be a large High School behind such a strong publication—in that case there is every reason why the paper should be good.
"The Election of Samsky" in the Roaring Branch for January is good. Otherwise your paper is tame; we find but one editorial and that is on the eternal question of loyalty to the paper and school spirit. Editorials are the voice of the school and offer more scope than any other department. So wake up, Miss Editor.

Lost, strayed or stolen! Where's the Cue lately?

The January "Breeze" — no, that's not a joke—from Michigan has an effective cover but is disappointing within. Your exchange column is remarkably brief, literary work ordinary and cuts poor. A little more effort, more enthusiasm, Breeze!

The Eugene High School News is a well arranged paper. "The Dreamer" in the December issue is unusually pretty.

The Aerolith, an English and German paper, published by the students of the Mission House, Franklyn, Wis., comes to our table for the first time this year. It would probably be a most interesting exchange if we had the time to translate all of it but—My!

If you want to see what boys can do, read the Christmas literary supplement of the Hotchkiss Record — it is masculine from cover to cover. The ideas are original, and the exchange department ably conducted.

Again a paper with no editorials. Editorial pen tired, Advocate? Your paper is confused,—there is no order or arrangement to your work. Your paper should be a better one, with a circulation of 550 copies you certainly have financial advantage over some of us who can only show a subscription list of seventy-five.

The Yellow Dragon, published by Queen's College, Hong Kong, takes us momentarily into a new world and gives us an interesting glimpse of our foreign cousin. We note your appropriate motto from Confucius, "All within the four Seas are Brethren."

The essays in the November Adjutant are commendable. We have no word of criticism to offer, Adjutant, upon your first poem, "Renunciation."—we can only respectfully recognize the work of a talented pen.

The Junior Republic Citizen from the George Junior Republic is most welcome. The paper is necessarily different from most of our exchanges and we hope to receive it regularly.

The girls' number of the Aegis is artistically gotten up. Your exchange column is weak, surely you receive more than four exchanges a month.

Again we must find space for mention of the Pasadena Item. The Christmas number is unusually good, the stories well written; for a good laugh, see the two ridiculous cuts in the "Personals."

The Christmas cover of the Adelphian is pleasing through its very simplicity. The Adelphian, though small, is a well balanced, enjoyable paper; we wish that more of our exchanges knew their capabilities as well and attempted nothing beyond them. You set a good example for the small school paper, Adelphian.

We quote the following from our Gloucester cousin, the Crimson and White:

"The literary matter in The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y., is of a very high order. The
whole appearance of the paper is attractive and it certainly is one of the best we receive."

From the S. N. C. Echo:
"The Christmas number of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is superior to any high school or College publication which has come to our notice this month."

Many thanks, Echo.

Where is our little California friend, Yuha Delta? We have missed you this year.

Ye High School Life—from Shakespeare
Freshman—"Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore—"Much Ado about Nothing."
Junior—"As you Like it."
Senior—"All's Well that Ends Well."—Ex.

A girl with a dimple will laugh at any fool thing a man says.—Ex.

The Funny Side of Things
Barber shave,
Man sneeze,
Man dead,—
Next, please!—Ex.

A. H. S. Girl—"Now that you are all out of practice you must come down and play us a match game of basketball soon. What are your colors this year?"
N. H. S. Girl (grimly)—"Black and blue."

Teacher—"What are the three words most commonly used in the Junior class?"
Junior (innocently)—"I don't know."
Teacher—"Correct."—Ex.

Freshie—"O—oo! I wonder where those clouds are going?"
Senior—"I think they're going to thunder."—Ex.

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Please mention "The Crimson and White."
Slow Normal Laddie—"What would you say if I were to kiss you?"

Sophomore Lassie—"If I were a man I'd find out without asking fool questions."—Ex.

E. O'Connell—"Hello, Irish!"

Bertha Bott—"Hello, Dutch."

Miss Jones (in English History)—"What has become of the Irish Parliament?"

Mr. Wilson—"They're laying bricks in New York."—Ex.

A Fragment from the German Class

Senior (translating)—"A man should always go dressed in his laced waistcoat and—and—"

Miss Loeb—"'Im Surtout.' What is 'surtout'? Why, you ought to know if you take French."

Senior—"Oh, yes— in his overalls."

Miss Graves (after listening to Mr. Sheedy's rendering of ye beloved Virgil)—"Mr. Sheedy, that's a very poor translation."

Will—"Well, it's the best you can get for fifty cents."

Father—"Johnny, what are you making all that racket for?"

Johnny—"So I can go out and play tennis with it."

Father—"Then you'll need a bowl, too. Bring me the trunk strap."—Ex.

A choice rendering of "'Palinurus auribus aera captet'—He grabbed the air by the ears."

Pete (in Virgil class)—"It's so dark here I can't see to translate."

Ruth—"Mr. Brewster, you shouldn't use such fine print."

Mary H.—"If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

Dick—"Gee! If I were your husband, I'd take it."—Ex.

Open rebuke is better than a flattering tongue.

A choice rendering of "' Palinurus auribus aera captet'—He grabbed the air by the ears."

Pete (in Virgil class)—"It's so dark here I can't see to translate."

Ruth—"Mr. Brewster, you shouldn't use such fine print."

Mary H.—"If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

Dick—"Gee! If I were your husband, I'd take it."—Ex.

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Heard in the Cicero Class

Teacher—"Don't you think it's about time you turned the page? You've translated the first five lines on the next page already."

Some editors have trouble in filling up space. We don't. We just string out our words like this. —Ex.

Zoology Teacher—"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

Freshie—"The moth! cause it eats holes."—Ex.

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You, sweet thing," murmured the paper bag.—Ex.

Senior (to Freshie smoking a cigarette)—"Whom are you hiding from?"

Freshie (boldly)—"Nobody."

Senior—"Well, what are you doing behind that stump?"—Ex.

We quote the following selection from a Senior's literature notebook:

"The sun was shining brightly on the marquis' face as he knelt at the foot of the cross to read the inscription thereon inscribed. It was with extreme difficulty that he made out the following characters:—"Don't spit on the sidewalk."—Ex.

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—Ex.
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