# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>School Days</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;While the Country Mourned&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What's in a Name&quot;</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selling a Team</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Notes</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School Notes</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society Notes</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchanges</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

SCHOOL DAYS
September has come, and vacation is o'er,
So we've taken to studies and text-books once more,
And now we must try very hard to show
What good work we can do and how much we know.

We have now set sail in a very strong wind,
With a ship that is faithful and true,
And we'll manage our ship with a knowledge and skill
Like all good sailors do.

There'll be times when the sea will be stormy and rough,
And our ship will go out of its course,
But we'll not give up work, thinking we've done enough,
We'll stick to it and conquer of course.

At the end of our voyage with true colors flying,
We'll look back on the days that have passed,
And think what we've gained by hard work and by trying,
And be pleased that we've conquered at last.

HELEN H. MERCHANT, '12.

"WHILE THE COUNTRY MOURNED."

"The King is dead; long live the King!"
The cries came floating in through the studio windows. Herr Mahler looked up from his canvas in dismay, then threw down his brushes and dismissed the class, for the country was in deep grief, and he could not teach until after the proper term of mourning ceased.

I pleaded, but all in vain. He insisted that it was against the law of his country to work when royalty was dead, and he would be heavily fined should he keep his studio open.

Disconsolately I picked up my palette and brushes and put them away; meanwhile I said things under my breath about foreign count-
ries in general, and this little monarchy where I was studying art, in particular.

As I walked back to my lodgings, I saw that the streets were filled with people. Buildings were being decorated, soldiers and guards of the army were hurrying to and fro with messages and orders.

My heart was heavy, but only for the time which I must lose. My time abroad was limited, and my purse much more so. But I knew Herr Mahler was obdurate. He would not even allow me to work in his studio. My careful explanation that I was not a subject and, therefore, not expected to mourn, was of no use. So there was no need for me to argue with myself, as I was doing, asserting over and over again that I had never stopped working for a dead President, and there was no reason for doing so for a dead King.

The little maid who brought my frugal evening meal, waited a moment, and then suggested timidly that I go out and see the decorations, which she assured me were beautiful. I shook my head, for I did not want to see them. A little later, a neighbor on the next floor rapped at my door. Was not Madame going out to see the streets? They are so beautiful. No. I thought not. Ah! but Madame should see them. No one should miss that sight. After he had gone, I decided to go out by myself.

The streets were brilliantly lighted and a few people were strolling about, gazing at the fluttering flags and draperies. I sniffed at this exhibition and said to myself, "They ought to see New York's decorations." I turned the corner; the crowd was greater here. Down another block,—and before I was aware of it, I found myself one of a great surging crowd, from which there was no way of extricating myself. On we went, block after block, passing city squares and street after street, which I had never seen before. Several times I tried to turn out of the crowd, into a side street, and as often a guard was there to hinder me. For in that country the law commands that if you are in a crowd you must stay in it.

I wondered vaguely if I must remain in it until death should relieve me; how long I should be able to wander thus, and how crowds dispersed here. Perhaps this was the first crowd which had ever started through these streets at night, and had been wandering ever since. I looked about me. Some of them surely looked so. The thing which always impresses me in the masses, which an occasion like this brings forth, is that they always seem to be people raised up for this purpose, who in all likelihood will return to oblivion after the celebration is passed. This crowd seemed no exception, for there were the same types one would meet on Broadway, only I must admit they seemed jollier and most of them appeared hungry, for strings of sausages and hunks of cheese protruded from many deep pockets.

So we wandered for hours, footsore and weary, until I felt I must sink to the ground and be trampled on. At last I managed to evade the vigilance of the guard. I stepped to the left and out on a side street. There at last I sank to the curb and watched this great seething mass sweep by like a tidal wave.

I was too weary to move. My shoes were nearly worn through. I was dishevelled, tattered, and ready
to cry as I realized that I must be at least six blocks from home.

A step behind me caused me to turn and find an officer bending over me. As I turned, I saw a startled look cross his face as he inquired what Madame was doing here, at the same time giving a shrill whistle which I knew must mean assistance was required. I began laughing, as the humorous side of the situation appealed to me. Surely it would need two of them to move me.

I tried to answer his questions, but what, with the strange language and my exhausted condition, I was able only to say that I had been wandering a long time and was tired. He nodded his head and in a moment more his brother officer appeared. They held a short consultation, then the last man to arrive went away, only to return almost immediately with a carriage, which was welcome, for it meant rest at least. My custodian informed me that I must accompany him and assisted me to get into the vehicle, climbing in after me. The second man mounted the box beside the driver. I tried to think what charge they would bring against me. I had probably broken two laws: First, breaking away from the crowd; second: sitting down on the side of the street and removing my shoe. I would have two fines to pay, and my poor little pile of wealth was fast dwindling. Away we rolled, soon leaving the city far behind. Where could they be taking me? My questions brought only evasive or consoling answers but none were satisfactory.

Now the carriage stopped and two guards came to the door and opened it. I saw we were in a large open court, but more than that I could not discern because of the darkness. It must have been about two o'clock by this time. One of the guards carried a dark cloak, which he threw around me and lifting me from the carriage, he carried me in his arms through a long corridor. I tried to persuade him to let me walk, but he either could not or would not understand.

We finally came to a great hall, and there a lift carried us to the next floor where the magnificence of the apartment led me to believe that this little country had an unusual way of treating its prisoners. Here we were met by a servant in livery, who gave me a startled glance and then, bowing low threw open the doors to an inner room. I saw my officers were about to leave me, and turning back I implored them to tell me where I was going, or what was to be done with me, for I was thoroughly frightened now. Immediately I was carried on to the rooms beyond, where two women met me and proceeded to remove my wraps. They agreed with everything I said, but insisted that I should retire, and seeing no way out of it, I complied.

I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, for the bright sunshine streaming through the windows awakened me. I looked about me in dismay at the grandeur of my surroundings. Was I dreaming? Where could I be? Then it all came back to me and I was filled with alarm. I must see some one and demand an explanation. So, hastily, I arose, but at my first movement a maid stepped forward and bade me lie still.

Presently I was wrapped in a dainty morning robe and my breakfast was brought in.

One of the attendants who had
brought me into this apartment announced that Count Von Trelow desired to speak with Madame. Now this announcement frightened me, for from my first entry into this country, I had heard of the cruelties, tyrannies and injustices of this same Von Trelow who was virtually at the head of the monarchy. As the announcement was in the form of a question, I nodded my acquiescence and a short, rather heavily built man of about fifty years was ushered into my presence.

After a deferential salutation, he said: "Madame, you have given us a deal of worry."

"I am sorry, sir," said I, "but I am sure sitting down on the curb to rest in my country would not be considered a crime. Neither can I understand it being serious enough to cause so busy and powerful a man as yourself to bother with me."

He gave me a quick sharp glance, and turning to the attendants, gave a sign for them to withdraw. Then coming nearer, he said: "Madame, why are you here?" At this my indignation knew no bounds and, half in his own language, the rest in French, I related all my experiences of the night before and my inability to receive an explanation from any one. Then I added "I don't believe you can punish me for such a trivial offense. I am ready to pay my fine and I wish my freedom."

He did not answer immediately, and it seemed to me that I discerned the ghost of a smile cross his grim face for an instant. Then he said: "You may not be aware that the Queen has been the victim of a mental abberation for some time. The day of his majesty's death, this affliction redoubled its virulence and in the excitement, she disappeared. Our secret service men, and all the officers throughout the city have been searching for some trace of Her Highness. The search has been carried on secretly. No one, even in the palace, outside of her attendants, knows of her disappearance, as her condition was known to be very much aggrevated, nurses trained to care for such cases had been procured, and her own maids and ladies in waiting are in ignorance of our dilemma."

He stopped for a few moments. I was impatient and indignant, for, why should I be obliged to listen to this before he settled my affair and let me go. Turning so he could look at me squarely he spoke again. "Madame, last night her majesty was found by one of the city police, sitting at the side of the road with one shoe in her hand. She was brought to the palace.

"I was notified, late as it was, and have waited two hours outside her door this morning to have audience with her. Now you understand why you were brought here."

Like a flash the situation presented itself to my mind. They had taken me for their poor de-mented queen.

"You are very like her," he said, "and until you spoke I believed myself to be in the presence of the unfortunate lady. Madame, until the queen is found, I am forced to ask you to remain in her place here."

He raised his hand for silence when I would have spoken.

"The young King is on the verge of collapse, for his father's death has been a very great shock to him. The seriousness of his mother's mental condition has been kept from him, as well as from the public. He has before him an ordeal re-
quiring strength and courage. I dare not think what the outcome might be were he to learn of the Queen's absence. Therefore this way has been made clear without our effort, for chance brought you here, and here you must remain. I pray the time may be short and trust that it will, as the search will be continued, night and day throughout the land.”

I arose from my seat,—

“Are you mad sir, to suggest such a thing. Why I cannot! I am only a poor artist; every moment of my time must be spent at work in the studios and galleries, I love my work and my freedom, but you ask me to sit here, a prisoner, impersonating your witless queen. My genius is not in acting, if I possess any it lies in my brush.”

“Nevertheless,” said he in the same even tone, “you must stay.”

“I will not. I will apply to the American Consul for my release. I will tell him all.”

“I do not object after my purpose is served” came the calm voice, “but until then you are my prisoner. Since you are supposed to have escaped once, additional guards are stationed outside your apartments.”

Pursuing other tactics, I tried to persuade him:—

“I cannot remain here; you must not ask me to, for there are reasons why I cannot.”

“State one.”

“Why, why, my canary bird would die!”

“Give me directions and it shall not die.”

“At my lodgings, they would be alarmed.”

“That shall be attended to.”

Then he arose:

“I believe that is all. Any desire you may have for your comfort or pleasure shall be carried out.”

When he left me, the wildest ideas filled my head. Should I try the windows? They were not very high, but as I looked, a guard passed beneath. Anything I might do, a mad queen might do to escape.

Slowly that day passed, and the next, with only an occasional inquiry from the Count for my health and comfort.

On the third morning the lackey in attendance announced Von Trelow. His face wore a troubled expression, as, after greeting me, he said:—

“The King wishes an audience with his mother.”

“Why have you come here to tell me that?” I asked angrily. “You know that is quite impossible.”

“On the contrary, my dear Madame, it is quite possible.”

My objections were useless, even tears were of no avail. The King demanded it.

“I must ask you to remain seated as you are somewhat taller than her majesty,” said he, “also to keep your hands folded, for the queen has beautiful hands. As she is very eccentric and often goes days without speaking, I charge you do not speak. The queen has a beautiful voice. I shall expect you to remember these things” he said, after a few more directions, “and do not fail me.” With that he left me.

I was dressed, my hair was arranged and I was seated near the queen’s favorite window, but so that the light did not fall on me, as the heavy draperies were carefully arranged.

Then the King entered. He knelt on one knee, and kissed my hand, which frightened me terribly. He spoke of our loss, of how he
would guide the people, and be to
them a just ruler. He implored
me to look at him, to give him my
blessing.

Oh, the wild beating of my heart!
I tried to say my prayers, but
they were so long unused I could
not remember them. I kept my eyes
fixed out of the window. Would
he never go?

At last with a sigh, he arose,
and bade me farewell. The heavy
velvet hangings parted and he was
gone.

Von Trelow hastily entered the
room and praised me. If I had
only dared, I would have vented
my anger on him. But instead, I
preserved the same stony silence
and soon, he too left me. The day
wore wearily away and I retired
early, but not to sleep.

Daylight was beginning to creep
in through the windows before I
sank into a light sleep. Suddenly,
that knowledge of a presence in the
room, that indefinable certainty
that some one is near, came over me
and I opened my eyes to find a face
peering at me. Was I dreaming?
Surely it was I, myself, standing
there.

Day was drawing nearer. I
could see plainly now so I sat up
and we looked at each other. Then
I knew I was face to face with the
mad queen.

We were alike, but this woman
had wrinkles about her eyes. I
hated Von Trelou more than ever
now. He could prate of her hands
and her voice, but he did not say
she was older than I and wrinkled.

* * *

You may often see me, riding
along Fifth Avenue in the late
afternoon. You point me out to the
stranger by your side and you say,

"That is one of our wealthiest
women." But you do not add, be-
cause you do not know, "she reigned
three days as queen."

GERALDINE MURRAY, '11

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

"Margaret, just see that strange
looking thing out in the sea. If it
would only come a little nearer so
that I could get it, but the waves
are continually tossing it out farther
and farther."

"Oh, let us get into a boat and
row out to it. I should love to
know what it is."

"That is a novel idea; I hadn't
even thought of it."

They stepped into the boat and
were soon in pursuit of the un-
known object. After much laugh-
ing and joking they finally caught
up with it, but to get it was another
proposition. Indeed, just as Leslie
attempted to grasp it, a large wave
came along, caught it up and car-
rried it way out into the sea. But
they believed in the good old
maxim, "Try, try, again."

"Leslie, do take care. The boat
will capsize, and we'll both fall in."

"Ah! I have it, Sis! It is a bottle
with something inside."

"Oh, good! Do let me see what
it is. Well of all things! I think Mr.
Harry Ware had little to do, merely
to give his name and address and
say, 'Please write.'"

"I have heard of people doing
silly things before, such as writing
names on eggs and putting slips of
paper in candy boxes with the re-
quest to write, but I have never
heard of putting it into a bottle.
Why, how do we know who he is?
He may be a murderer, traitor, ban-
dit or what not? Well, Mr. Ware is
very conceited to think that his name
is enough to make anyone write."

"Well, well, Sis, how very sus-
picious you are! I intend to have
some fun with this. I shall only
write a postal and you know,—' All
is well that ends well.'"

"Oh, of course do as you please
about it. You would anyway, you
know."

It was, however, with great ex-
citement and anticipation that Mar-
garet came into Leslie's room a week
or so later, holding a letter in her
hand, and said, "Oh, Leslie, here is
a letter from Mr. Ware. Isn't it just
too romantic for anything?"

But to her great, dismay and dis-
appointment, he merely said, "Thank
you, Sis; just lay it on the table, if
you please, and I will read it pres-
ently."

Margaret picked up a book and
tried to become interested, but in
vain. She could scarcely refrain
from talking to him about it. He
did read it presently, but did not say
a word about it to her. This indeed
was too much and slamming the
book on the table she made a hasty
retreat.

They continued to correspond
regularly for a long time, when one
day a letter came requesting him to
exchange pictures. This was quite
unexpected, and showed clearly that
Mr. Ware thought Leslie a girl. But
Leslie was not a Union graduate for
nothing, and a picture of Margaret
which had been taken four years be-
fore, and by which she could not
have been identified, was soon on its
way to Mr. Ware.

Just four months later Leslie said
to Margaret, "Sis, it is hardly fair
to keep you out of the secret, for it
will be much more fun if you know
it and save me the trouble of a long
explanation afterwards. I told Mr.
Ware about traveling abroad and
here is a letter from him saying—
but read it for yourself."

He handed her the letter and she
read aloud:

"Dear Leslie,—

"Perhaps it is rather presumptuous
of me to call you by your first name,
but it seems as if we had known each
other for life, for we are such good
friends. And how strangely it all
came about!

"I was sitting in my study one
day, my easel before me and brush
in hand, thinking about the scene
which I was about to paint. As I
thought of the sea, it occurred to me
to write my name and address on a
slip of paper, to seal it in a bottle
and to drop it into the sea. I did so
and wondered if anyone would ever
get it and if so, would he answer?

"However, it was only a month after
that a postal came from Long Island.
I was, you can imagine, with great
curiosity that I examined the post-
mark and as I knew no one there, I
immediately concluded that some
one had found the bottle. I am very
grateful to you for answering, for I
have enjoyed your letters so much
and always look forward to them.

"Then again what a strange co-
icidence has just happened! You
wrote me that you are to travel
abroad, for the purpose of studying
painting and that you will sail on
the 18th of May. The very day that
I shall sail, on the same boat and
for exactly the same purpose.

"How unusual it all does seem
that everything should happen just
by chance. But it makes me ex-
ceedingly happy that at last I shall
be able to see you and to talk with
you, instead of writing stupid old
letters. I shall meet you on the deck,
for I am confident that I shall have
no trouble in finding you, since I
have so closely studied every feature in the face of your picture which you sent me. We shall, I am sure, become the best of friends and have a most delightful voyage.

"Yours with expectation,

"HARRY WARE."

"Well," she said, after she had finished, "I should say this is a joke!"

"Now read the one that I have written to him."

"Dear Harry—

"I return the favor of calling you by your first name, for I hate awfully to be called, 'Miss,' and it seems to me that we are good enough friends to do this. Does it not seem just too good to be true that we shall see each other after such a long correspondence!

"As I think about it, how extraordinary it all does seem. And yet, is it not the unusual that appeals to one? It is very nice that we are both to study painting, for this fact will doubtless, make us more congenial. I am looking forward already, for just think of the splendid opportunity for painting beautiful pictures of the ocean! I do declare, I am becoming so excited over the very thought that I simply cannot wait even one week.

"Hoping that the realization will prove as good as the anticipation, I bring this to a close.

"Sincerely yours,

"LESLIE."

A week later Margaret witnessed with much amusement, the meeting of the two friends. Leslie immediately recognized Mr. Ware, who was confidently examining every face that came on deck, but in vain. Leslie, after watching him with great pleasure for some time, came forward and introduced himself to the astonished Mr. Ware, who fully appreciated the joke.

Now he and Leslie are comfortably established in a little studio in Paris and are the best of friends. Often they talk and laugh over the old letters and even now both, on the strength of the old friendship, are planning to set another bottle afloat on the waves of the Atlantic.

C. G. '12.

SELLING A TEAM.

The "Boy" paced rapidly up and down under the leafless trees. Now and then he would stop under the dim electric light and examine the minute figures on a paper which he held in his hand. Then would begin again the restless tramping on the narrow walk.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed and still the "Boy" waited. Several times hurrying figures passed him with a muffled word or two. Once the Coach, the big man of the day stopped to speak and advise him to go home and get some rest, but the "Boy" did not heed him.

As he drew out his watch at the end of the half hour, a tall, muscular young fellow came up and with a low greeting, took his arm and led him off in the direction of the campus. As they reached a narrow street near the first of the "frat" houses, his guide led the "Boy" down with him.

"Say now, young fellow, I hope there's no trick in this game, is there? Thomas Prep don't often do this, but you're too 'big' for us this year, so—well something has to be done."

Rogers gazed intently into the "Boy's" face, which even in the half light of the street was seen to be pale and anxious.
"No, no, there's no trick in this. I ought not to do it, but money will come in handy just now. I can't finish here without it, Rogers. There's no other way to make it, and I do want to go through. Here take them. They're fair and square, don't worry about that. Good night."

The "Boy" pressed the paper into Rogers' hand and hurried off to the campus. His heart was heavy as he saw the bright lights in the windows of his "frat" house, so he went on. He could not face the "fellows" now. He could not bear the touch of their hands nor the sound of their cheery voices as they called him "Boy" and wished him luck on the morrow.

The morrow! The day of all days he hated to see. In fancy he lived it. The practice of signals—his heart ached at the thought of the word—the dinner at the "gym"—the dressing for the game—the last word from the fellows—the whistle—the field—and DEFEAT!

The "Boy's" hand went to his eyes as if to brush away the sight of this most terrible event. Defeat! What it meant! The other side cheering, the return to the gym, the fellows trying to be cheerful and tell you how well you played. It all came to him. Then suddenly he could feel the crisp bills in his hand. There would be five of them. Five hundred dollars! And it was blood-money!

The "Boy" sank down on the steps of the Chapel. The clock in the ivy-grown tower struck eleven. The "Boy" groaned. Every sound of the bell was agony to him, for it was tolling—

"Y-o-u S-o-l-d T-h-e-m!"

He started up and turned heedlessly toward his home in the "frat" house. There were other "frat" fellows there to-night as well as his own "brothers," he knew. This was the night when the men of Central City College were one. They were not "Sigma Gamma" or "Alpha Phi," but "Central City Men."

The lights were very bright in the house and one of the windows was open. Ah! they were singing! The "Boy" stopped to listen—

"Gandeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam—"

Louder and louder swelled the voices. Clearer and clearer the love and hope in the young hearts rang out. Central City MUST win!

Down the street rushed the "Boy." On, on, to the hotel of the Thomas team. He must see Rogers at once, even tho' he had retired.

"Call him!"

Sullenly the big Thomas coach gave up the slip. Still more sullenly he vowed he had not read it. He had meant to read it in the morning. The lights in the hotel were poor and the writing was small and cramped.

The "Boy" joyously ran back to his "fellows." Up the stoop, with the precious slip held close in his hand. Into the hall where the "bunch" were.

The "Boy" was at home. The fellows were happy and so was he.

The Coach's mandate must be obeyed. "Every one to bed."

As they stood up to go to their rooms, the "Boy" called out:

"Oh, I say fellows, sing 'Gaudemus' will you?"

Rich and clear rang out the chorus and the "Boy" carried the slip of paper to his lips reverently.

ALBERTA, '12.
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Once again we enter upon the threshold of our school year! The door of education and enlightenment stands ajar and the voice of progress is bidding us enter. We are young, ambitious and energetic. It matters not whether we are Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors or Seniors, we all have our work to do, and let us all join hands and see how well we can do it. By concerted action, we will not only find it much easier for ourselves, but will greatly assist our instructors. Let us remember that the future of our nation depends upon the knowledge which we obtain and may we always put forth those efforts which will attain the best results. We should not shirk our responsibility, but go forth like the well trained soldier in battle, ever ready and willing to do our duty. Then when this life is ended, it may be truthfully said of us, the world is better that they have lived.

* * *

It is the aim of the CRIMSON AND WHITE staff to produce a paper which will be of interest to all, and to do this, it will require the cooperation and support of every member of the school. To the old and new pupils, we extend a hearty welcome and sincerely hope that they will enthusiastically sustain that old school spirit which has ever been dominant as a factor in the great progress of former years.

* * *

The large increase in the membership of the Freshman Class of 1910 is noted with much pleasure. We might here state that in their future school years, they may find many difficult tasks to perform, but as they progress in their school work these tasks will become a pleasure.

ALUMNI NOTES.

1908
Eben Wiswell was married to Bernice Ingersol of Buffalo, in August.
Roger Fuller is a Sophomore at Yale.

1909
Cecil Couse has entered the Normal College.
Clarence Ostrander is a Sophomore at the School of Pharmacy.
Clarence Kirby is attending Medical College.

1910.
Edna Moat, Rachel Griswold, Mary Gauger, Iona Pier, Jessie Luck, Ruth Thompson, George An-
derson and Harold Goewey have matriculated at S. N. C.
Sadie Moran is taking a course in Domestic Science at Normal.
Mary Walsh has begun a course in stenography and typewriting at Miss Comfort's school.
Howard Weaver is attending Pratt's Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Senior Class
Mildred Herber is absent from school on account of illness.
John Donahoe has left school and is studying law.
Joseph Mulcahy, John Becker, Katherine Warner, Miriam Stustvant, Israel Cohen and Mr. Delahanty have become members of the class.
Mariam Flanders is studying to be a nurse.

At the recent Senior Class meeting several important matters were discussed. In the way of something novel, the committee suggested that we have class rings instead of pins. This was received favorably by all members and arrangements were made for the purchase of the rings. A committee was also appointed to organize a dancing class. Inasmuch as we are just entering upon our school duties we have not yet discussed any other important business. We hope that the members will show class spirit by attending all meetings. The Senior Class officers are as follows:
President—William H. Thomson.
Vice-President—Pearl B. Shafer.
Secretary—Clara M. Sutherland.
Treasurer—John T. Delaney.

Junior Class
Samuel Caplan and John Burke have registered in the Class of '12.
Elizabeth Hearley and Frank Quinlan have left.
Donald Tyler, ex '12, has become a student at the A. H. S.

Sophomore Class
Duncan MacFarlane has entered Andover Academy.
Harold Walker and Ruth Case have left school.
The new members of the class are Mabel Pritchard, Ruth Rogers, Marguerite Cole, Edward Mulcahy and Edwin Taylor, A. H. S.

SOCIETY NOTES

Theta Nu
The following are the newly elected officers:
President—Joseph Cody.
Vice-President—John Delaney.
Secretary—Irving Goewey.
Treasurer—Chester Hane.
Critic—William Thomson.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Wm. Gazeley.

At the first regular meeting the honorary members attending were Harold Goewey, George Anderson, Clarence Ostrander and Clarence Kirby.

Adelphoi

The admirer of the "Blue and White" cordially welcome Brother Becker '11, who has returned to Normal, following an absence of two years.
The society held its first meeting of the school year Friday, Sept. 23.
The quarterly election was held and the following officers chosen:
President—John A. Becker, Jr.
Vice-President—Richard Kirk.
Secretary—Thomas Clary.
Treasurer—Carl Wurthmann.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Newton Bacon.
Chaplain—Victor Paltsits.

The members are beginning to show a keener interest in the literary work of the society, making the meetings very interesting. Vocal solos by Messrs. E. McEntee and A. George and violin selections by R. Kirk are among the new features promised by the members for the winter meetings. Adelphoi is planning much in a social way, also including a banquet to be held in January.

The victims who were led to slaughter on Friday, Oct. 7, are Messrs. Burnett, Meyers, Taylor, J. McEntee.

Zeta Sigma

On June 7th, the following officers were elected:
President—Florence Van Vranken.
Vice-President—Caroline Lansing.
Rec. Secretary—Clara Sutherland.
Cor. Secretary—Marguerite Root.
Treasurer—Alice Gazeley.
Critic—Geraldine Murray.
Editor—Anna Klapp.
Mistress of Ceremonies—Marian Packer.
Marshal—Florence Gale.
Pianist—Mae Le Compte.

Again, with an altered staff, the CRIMSON AND WHITE greets its exchanges. Probably their quality this year will surpass all previous attempts; at all hazards, let us hope that this will prove to be the case.

Serious literary effusions are always current in the majority of our exchanges, but there is a dire lack of real humorous or seri-comic literature, excluding jokes and short witticisms.

We shall defer all further comment in a general way until a later issue.

Ripples, Celar Falls, Iowa, while not the brightest, is one of the most durable and well-edited of our exchanges.

The Nautilus, Kansas City, Mo., is as attractive as ever. From an artistic standpoint, the annual seems
to have set a standard for excellence.

The stories in The Ledger, Brooklyn, N. Y., are rather sensational for a high school publication.

Why don't you inaugurate a literary department, Skirmisher? We cannot account for this lamentable deficiency.

"Martyrs to Science," in The Totem, Juneau, Alaska, for 1910, shows much research and ingenuity.

The June Commencement number of The Tooter, So. Omaha, Neb., is quite unique. Do you not think there is too much space devoted to this particular event, however?

The editors of The Tiger, San Francisco, Cal., and its contributors, are to be complimented on the superiority of their organ. Its cuts are good, its literary matter entertaining, and its general arrangement is quite commendable.

**Exchanges Received.**


**The Wit of Our Contemporaries.**

The little boy was on his knees in his night dress, saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He bore it as long as he could, and then said:

"Please, God, excuse me a minute, while I lick the stuffin' out of Nellie."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb,
It fell into the brook,
Mary cried, "What shall I do?"
The lamb cried, "Get the hook."

"How on earth did you ever cultivate such a black eye?" asked Brown's friend.

"Oh," replied Brown, who had unintentionally been illustrating the fall of a man on roller skates. "I raised it from a slip."—Ex.

She—"Did he say anything dove-like about me?"
He—"Yes, he said you were pigeon-toed."—Ex.

A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train, upon looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his wooly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all," he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened."—Ex.

Mammy—"Dar, you good-for-nothing nigger, you've forgotten dat lard."

Rastus—"Lor' a massy, dat lard was just so greasy it done slipped my mind."—Ex.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.—Ex.

Trousers cover a multitude of shins.—Ex.

**Special Attractions at N. H. S. for 1910-11.**

Bill Thompson, Stage Director.

Donald McArdle will appear in humorous monologues, including "How I bluff the teachers."
Mlle. Alberta O'Connor, grand opera prima donna, will present her famous vocal hit, "I want some one to love me."

A delicious surprise is promised in the great tragedy of the age: "The Awakening of Hane and Bacon."

Marion Baker has graciously consented to appear in her plaintive little ditties.

John Delaney is now to be seen in his laughing farce, "Don't Muss My Pompadore."

Thomas Clary is booked for the entire season in his rip-roaring comedy sketch, entitled, "The Fat Boy Athlete."

Ferguson and Molitor, the world-famed "Beauty Babes," are about to offer their new tragedy, "Two Terrible Sophs."

The management has fortunately secured the services of "Roaring Duff" McGarr, the scream of the Junior Class.

Laughter If You Wish

"My brother takes a leading part in the theatre."

"Remarkable! What does he do?"

"He's an usher."

Inquisitive — "What is yellow fever?"

Intelligent — "A passion contracted in reading the Hearst newspapers."

Miss Shaver (in biology class)— "Will some one kindly volunteer to tell us where the brain is located?"

Bright Freshman— "Well—er—I think it is in the top floor of the human block."

Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make a reproduction
Of beauty that ain't.

Freshman — "What is the difference between germ and German?"

Sophomore — "One lives on water and the other on beer."

Junior — "What animal is born a criminal?"

Senior — "Can't imagine."

Junior — "The zebra, of course. He's the crook among horses, and condemned to wear stripes for life."

Laugh and the world laughs with you; sneeze and they'll never stop.

"Buck" DuBois, in basketball (pointing to Doc Cody)— "I expect he will be our best man before long."

Miss H — (coloring) — "Oh, Kenneth, this is so sudden!"

Discretion is the better part of valor. (Wurthman in basketball).

Irving Goewey, to himself, perceiving he has the eyes of the entire feminine portion of the Junior class riveted upon him— "What a handsome fellow I am getting to be."

Thomas Clary, reading the oration of Mark Antony in class— "Then make a ring around Ros—the corpse of Caesar."

"Oh, we have a lesson in history for to-morrow that deals with the reign of Louis Cross-eye," said John Becker.

"Louis Cross-eye," said Miss Shaver, "who was he?"

"Don't you know? Why, he was one of the Kings of France."

"King of France? Louis Cross-eye! There must be some mistake, Mr. Becker."

John pointed to the lesson in his history book marked— "The reign of Louis XI."
Van—I’m going to give you back our engagement ring—I love another.
Edgar—Give me his name and address.
Van—Do you want to kill him?
Edgar—No, I want to sell him the ring.

Boy—“Cow is a noun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary.”
“Stands for Mary?” asked the master in astonishment.
“Yes, sir,” responded the urchin, with a grin, “for if the cow didn’t stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?”—Ex.

Miss Clement—“Now, Mr. Kirk, what was Washington’s farewell address?”
Mr. Kirk—“Heaven.”

Margaret Hoffman, who had been attending school for almost two weeks, was telling of the misbehavior of some of her school-mates. At her mother’s question as to whether it had ever been necessary for Prof. Sayles to speak to her, Margaret answered quickly, “Oh, no mama.” Then, “He had to speak to all the school but me, this morning.” “Why, what did he say?” “Oh, he said, ‘Well, we’ll all wait until Miss Hoffman is in order.’”

Charles E. Bigelow, the comedian, is bald, except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.
“I’m in an awful hurry,” he said one day to the barber; can you cut my hair with my collar on?”
“Sure,” replied the barber, “I can cut it with your hat on.”

FIRST AND LAST.
When a girl begins to call a man by his first name, it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—Ex.

WHY HE PERISHED.
“What happened to Tom Clary?”
“He drowned.”
“And couldn’t he swim?”
“He did, for eight hours; but he was a union man.”

AN ABBREVIATED TALE.
She frowned at him and called him Mr.
Merely because he came and Kr.
That very night, just her to spite,
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—Ex.

HOW SHE SANG.
A maid was brushing her mistress’ hair when she mentioned that she had heard Miss — sing in the parlor the night before.
“And how did you like it?” asked the mistress.
“Oh, mum!” answered the maid, “it wuz beautiful! She sung just as if she wuz gargling!”

A PROVERB REVISED.
Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of—your heirs!—Ex.

Perhaps some jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf,
But if you know some better ones,
Send in a few yourself. —Ex.

John Delaney: “Do you know my brother?”
Doc Cody: “Sure, we sleep in the same Cicero class.”

Editor—“I say, little boy, won’t you please subscribe for the CRIMSON AND WHITE?”

Freshman—“What’s the joke?”
Freshman—“May I pull down that shade, the sun shines right on me?”
Miss Clement—“No! the sun is good for green things.”

Carl Wurthmann, a great baseball player, had two fingers of his right
hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously, as he was leaving, when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

The old couple were eating their first meal with their son after his return from college.

"Tell us, John," said the father, "what have you learned at college?"

"Oh, lots of things," said the son, as he recited his course of studies.

"Then," he concluded, "I also studied logic."

"Logic?" said the old man.

"What is that, my boy?"

"Well," replied the young fellow, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on the dish, father?"

"Two," said the father.

"Well," said John, "I can prove that there are three. That is one isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"And this is two?" sticking his fork in the second.

"Yes," replied his father again.

"Well, don't one and two make three," said John, triumphantly.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the father. "You have learned things at college. "Mother," continued the old man to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat; I'll take the other, and John can have the third."

He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noiselessly he stole up behind her and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily; "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You idiot!" she giggled. "I am."

—Ex.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theatre in northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house: "Do not smoke. Remember the Iroquois fire." So great was the effect of this that before the end of the week he put up another: "Do not spit. Remember the Johnstown flood."

A western bookseller wrote to a house in Chicago, asking that a dozen copies of Canon Farrar's "Seekers After God," be shipped him at once. Within two days he received this reply by telegraph: "No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

Pat (gazing at a small sign on a tree in the woods): "Keep off." Well, who could get onto a small bhoard the loikes of that!"

In a hotel in Montana is the following notice: "Boarders are taken by the day, week or month. Those who do not pay promptly are taken by the neck."
It is the custom at a certain public school for the teachers to write on the black-board any instructions they desire the janitor to receive. The other morning the janitor saw written: “Find the greatest common divisor.”

“Hullo!” he exclaimed. “Is that darned thing lost again?”

They can conquer who believe they can. —Dryden.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. —Bailey.

Two friends will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other little failings. —La Brujere.

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No legacy is so rich as honesty. —Shakespeare.

Character must be kept bright, as well as clean.—Lord Chesterfield.

You can only make others better by being good yourself. —Hugh R. Haweis.

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