JUNE 1907

The Crimson and White

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

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DESIGN OF NEW STATE NORMAL COLLEGE TO BE ERECTED AT ALBANY, NEW YORK
June

Fair June is come and with her brings
The sunny sky, the warming air
Which seem to one when out of doors
To take away all thought of care.

Fair June is come and with her brings
The flowers for the honey-bees.
Her gifts to us are different quite;
On every hand exams one sees.

Fair June is come and with her brings
A reason why she’s loved by all
The weary pupils, for she brings
Vacation, freedom ’til the fall.

In One Night

Mr. Titterby’s luncheon seemed flavorless to-day, his tea was insipid and even Maria’s angel cake choked him. Twice he dropped his teaspoon and after picking it up for the second time, excitedly stirred his glass of water with it and fidgeted so uneasily in his chair that even Meachy looked surprised. Meachy was the cat.

"Peter, you are all overwrought," protested Mrs. Titterby from her seat on the opposite side of the table, "Do eat something, dear—I feel so worried. I know you will be faint right in the middle of a scene. You know you hurried off without breakfast. Just a little potato, Peter. Get down, Meachy. Just a little—Oh, dear, I suppose it’s the way with genius."

Mr. Titterby beamed with assumed dignity upon his sparrow-like little wife, now more sparrow-
The rehearsal?" ventured the Sparrow with an inquiring flutter, "I thought I wouldn't ask you about it until you had rested a little. Get down, Meachy, or I shall put you in the pantry!"

"Well, really—I—I was a little doubtful at first but they all told me that it was the usual way. There was considerable confusion,—and the stage hands,—my dear, such profanity,—they talk so loudly that you could scarcely hear the actor's parts. And then, no scenery—but they all say it is the usual way."

A trembling sigh escaped Mrs. Titterby's lips, "Oh Peter, Peter,—I'm so worried—if you should fail!"

"'We fail!'" quoted Mr. Titterby, grandly, "'But screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail,'" and a resounding thump shook the quaint blue tea cups and caused Meachy to fly in haste under the sideboard.

"What courage!" murmured Maria admiringly, "but—it's always the way with genius." A glance at the clock, "Peter, half past one! You must lie down, dear, or you'll be all worn out before the evening is half over. Come right up stairs this minute—Meachy, get down off that chair,—No, you just leave the book here,—you know every word of it." "But," faintly protested Peter, "I might forget." "Forget!" quoted Maria pulling him gently by the coat sleeve. "But screw the something—to—to—the something or other and you won't forget. Dear, I never could remember Shakespeare.—There, I'll just pull down the shades. Yes, I'll call you. There, now" —A rustle, a few soft chirpings, a flutter, and little Mrs. Titterby excitedly tip-toed down stairs to clear away the half-eaten luncheon and relate Peter's exact state of mind and spirit to the three successive neighbors who 'ran over to see if they could help a bit.'

Left alone in the darkened room, Mr. Titterby tried to close his eyes and sleep. For years Peter S. Titterby had been Hampton's authority on the Shakespearean drama and please remember that Hampton was now a full fledged city, in consequence of which the rustic "ville" had been dropped. Therefore, be it understood that Mr. Titterby's position was one of note. The cream of Hampton society belonged to his Saturday evening Shakespeare class; his lectures were considered "really, quite the thing, so Bostonian, you know;"—and at every entertainment a reading by Mr. Titterby was always in order.

Years of careful study had given him a comprehension of the works of the great dramatist which made him truly worthy of the recognition which Hampton bestowed upon him. Scarcely a passage of Shakespeare could you quote at random which he could not complete; his many lectures were the work of a true scholar; in fact two had been accepted and published by a magazine.

To be sure, Mr. Titterby was not an imposing man, a little bent now, very slight and ridiculously short, with scanty gray hair and deep set brown eyes. But when first he began to speak you straightway forgot the little figure before you on the platform,—the intonation, the interpretation of the thought—"just carried you
away." At least, so Mrs. Smythe told Mrs. Titterby.

Although the Titterbys were situated in very moderate circumstances, the increasing desire among the wealthy of Hampton for literary entertainment had placed the little man and his wife in quite an aristocratic and exclusive circle. Here, if not among the new and more frivolous element of Hampton's population, Mr. Titterby was thoroughly appreciated. If you could only hear him give the court scene; you could almost see old Shylock before you. If you could only listen to the thoughtful Hamlet, the crafty Cassius and the bloody Macbeth—Ah! there it was!

For years and years, Titterby had cherished in the depths of his heart, a passionate desire to some time portray on the real stage—the great Macbeth. For years he had worked and pondered over the shadowed character, had studied its changes, its every mood and deepest meaning in minute detail, until it had become a part of him, until he lived and thought and dreamed Macbeth. But he said nothing of his desire—not even to Maria. Even in his wildest dreams he had never deemed the idea practicable—he was not very tall—or course, you could make up for the part—but, it wasn't possible, you know.

And then suddenly the opportunity came. An orphan asylum was to be founded. Benevolent Hampton decided that the proceeds from some great social event should head the contribution list; but what was to be done? Some one suggested Mr. Titterby. Yes, but you couldn't have just readings.—Then it was that Mr. Titterby himself in a fit of reckless abandon proposed that they produce Macbeth and offered to take the leading role. Intellectual Hampton seized upon the idea; the manager of the leading theater was consulted,—by the way, there was only one theater but "leading theater" sounds so well,—and finally an agreement was made whereby the stock company of the theater was to support Mr. Titterby in Macbeth, the proceeds of the performance to be devoted to the new orphan asylum.

Of course there were those who lifted incredulous eyebrows and smiled at the thought of little Pete Titterby as Macbeth. But then,—they were neither wealthy nor intellectual. With surprising energy the advertisement of the play had progressed,—the exorbitant prices and the quick sale of seats promised big returns for the orphans. All Hampton was alive with interest. In haste the Shakespeare class got out their note books and looked up the "Variorum Edition of Macbeth," "Macbeth: an Appreciation," "The Disintegration of character as Portrayed in Macbeth"—in short, everything for four weeks was Macbeth.

And the four weeks had slipped into one week, the seven days into one day, and now,—now—this very evening, according to the Hampton Post, "Mr. Peter S. Titterby would make his initial bow in heavy tragedy as Macbeth." With a gasp Mr. Peter S opened his eyes,—so near,—so near, a dry, queer feeling swept over him. If after all these years of patient study, of long dreaming,—if he should—but, no,—why fail? Every scene was letter perfect—if only the company would do well—you could not tell this morning whether they would or not—you, see he had rehearsed scenes with
separate characters and then with two or three but the theater folk had been so busy that it was impossible to have more than one rehearsal of the whole company.

Yes, he should have had at least one more rehearsal—time was short this morning and they had had no opportunity to go over that scene with Macduff—

From the hall floated up Maria’s chirpy voice amidst the clatter of dishes as she announced with a nonchalant air to Mrs. Overtheway that “it was always the way with genius.”

Maria! if Maria should be disappointed! Nonsense! “but screw your courage to the sticking place;” — it was too bad about that scene with Macduff—Yes, he was sure all of his costume was in the dressing room,—he’d be glad when it was all over,—he must tell Maria not to come behind the scenes afterwards—annoyances,—so distracting—a little supper afterwards at home with the neighbors—“but screw your courage—your courage—” and Peter S. Titterby was fast asleep.

Eight o’clock. The theater is filled. A flapping of programs, a pounding of feet down the carpeted aisles, a buzzing and chattering, the subdued sound of the orchestra tuning up. Hampton certainly has exerted itself on this occasion. Every seat seems to be filled; the boxes are gay with handsomely-gowned women. See, over there—no, in the first box, there is the Mayor’s wife. Tap, tap. There goes the orchestra. The chattering increases. The woman in gray? Mrs. Dollarsigns—See how she bows and smiles—Yes, she’s very prominent in the Shakespeare class. A big night for Hampton!

That’s Mrs. Titterby—near the aisle on the one—two—three—four—fifth now from us—Ah! there go the footlights; a turning of programs—a cough—a rustle—the curtain rises—the play is on!

The scene with the witches. That never is well done. “A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come!” and from the rear enter Macbeth and Banquo. A faint titter runs through the house. Even the Shakespearian class cannot but realize how awfully diminutive Peter S. Titterby is. A huge helmet upon his head from beneath which a thin face peers out, heavy clanking armor, a huge sword and a Banquo of goodly size make Macbeth—well, not what we expected.

But wait! he speaks. Even the Mayor’s wife frowns a little; Mrs. Dollarsigns realizes that Mr. Titterby’s voice in her parlor and Mr. Titterby’s voice here are two vastly different things. But the intonation is perfect,—the Shakespeare class make jottings in their note books but those who are neither intellectual nor wealthy, make comments to one another in audible whispers.

Scene follows scene—how tiny he looks among these men! Then—the scene with Lady Macbeth—tall, powerfully formed woman she towers far above him.

She waves him back with her hand,—he trips—he almost falls—an audible laugh arises despite the frowns of Mrs. Dollarsigns and the Mayor’s wife directed upon the vulgar populace. A strange look comes into Macbeth’s eyes—his voice is strained—and then, the curtain.

Yes indeed, the intonation—the expression is simply perfect—so comprehensive.

The second act—Macbeth raises his voice in a mighty effort—it breaks and trails off in a feeble
squeak. This time unmistakable laughter. Even Lady Macbeth cannot restrain a slight smile as she sees her liege lord trip twice over his long double gown. The banquet scene becomes hilarious—Banquo’s ghost develops a sudden attack which appears to the audience suspiciously like a fit of the giggles, and has to disappear before it’s time. And yet through it all Macbeth loses not a word—his intonation is—but there is a strange look on his face.

The third act.—The Shakespeare class with solemnly puzzled look, note that not one but several scenes have been omitted. The connection is entirely destroyed but the audience cares nothing now for the connection. Every time Macbeth appears, there is a burst of applause followed by laughter. Another skip—and the third act is merged in the fourth without change—all is in confusion—another skip—the fifth act—the actors fairly stumble through their parts until Macbeth comes—again the glittering armor and the clanking sword—the soldiers with mock solemnity file in around him—in their midst he stands forced to look up to direct his frenzied speeches toward any one, thereby nearly losing his helmet. In the wings, the dying Lady Macbeth leans weakly against the scenery and laughs—and the audience giggle shamelessly as Macbeth struggles across the stage under the heavy armor. Now the quarrel with Macduff—out comes the big sword from the sheath—“Lay on, Macduff”—one, two, three—Macduff, helpless with laughter, feebly parries—one, two, three—slap!—Macduff nearly collapses—they pursue each other in and out among the scenery—exit right—enter center—twice around—one—two—three—slap!

The audience can no longer restrain itself. Roars of laughter greet the sword play. The fat man in the first row who always laughs the loudest is almost exhausted—the gallery gods rise up—whistle—and shout—“Give it to him, Titterby! Go it, Pete! Now you’ve got ‘im—Paste ‘im! Soak him, Titterby!” and in wild uproar the curtain descends.

* * * * * * * * *

The lights are out. Behind the scenes all is dark save for the one light over the rear door. Everything is still. Some one overturns a chair somewhere—footsteps across the stage—up the aisle—a door is shut. Again all is quiet. The light above the door flickers in the draught and makes queer shadows on the floor. Perfect silence. Then a door opens—and closes—footsteps—from the darkness of the wings steps out the small figure of a man, bent and dejected. A moment he pauses and looks across the dimly lit stage. Then he turns and slowly shuffles toward the door. Before the door he again pauses. He stands for a moment gazing with strange, strained eyes at the sign above him. The sign reads, “Exit.”

Katharine S. Parsons, ’07.
My Nightingale

Ev’ry night at my opened window
Comes a little nightingale,
Telling of wondrous glories
Singing on without fail.
He sings in a marvelous strain
This nightingale so true,
Cheering all mankind
Beneath the sky so blue.

One night while waiting, I dreamed
Of my little nightingale;
Amid’st a terrible storm
Of thunder, rain, and hail.
I started, awoke, and listened,
But alas ‘twas all in vain
For no nightingale I heard,
But the thunder and hail and rain.

Next morning I walked in the garden,
And found my nightingale dead,
Who had struggled to reach my window
With songs in his pretty head.
I dug a little grave
Tenderly laid my nightingale
Who had tried to be so brave
Though so delicate and frail.

E. E. B. ’08.

"Their Affair"

In the first place nobody knew where he came from, and in the second place nobody ever took the trouble to find out. It seemed quite natural for him to be always around the freight yards, watching the up-loading of cars, and taking great interest in the signals, so he had grown up from a little tow-headed, freckle-faced, eager boy to be the most daring car-fipper of the band that handled the freight trains.

At last he was taken on regularly, and from that time forward he never forgot himself, or his place, and took the greatest pride in saying “We switch men down at the yards!”

All the gang sort of feared Sam Jones, they said he was not a bad fellow at heart, but he was tough as leather. Many of them knew just how to treat him, when he had failed in any undertaking, but the majority did not. He made a laughing improvident friend, or a terrible enemy, to the men who drifted almost nightly into Denver from the East and West.

One night Sammy, as usual, had finished fixing the whirling lamp signal, when an empty box-car shot into track six, and Sammy, hanging to the step irons, was sprawled upon the ground on top of the lantern.

Sam quickly got upon his feet and went over toward the car intending to solve the problem of his late downfall. A faint moan came from within, which gradually rose to a despairing cry.

“I heard it first,” screamed Sam, as the rest of the crew came forward between the many cars, carrying lights. “I tell you I heard him first. If it’s a hobo I can lick him, or the fellow that kicked the car into me.”

But, when the array of lights fell upon the face of a young boy, with its deathly pallor and hungry sunken eyes, which looked pleadingly out at the men, Sam’s huge fists uncurled, and the group all stood silently looking on in pity.

Then Smith, the policeman, came forward to offer his service, and reaching for the unfortunate lad within, yelled in no gentle tone of voice, “Come on.” He grasped him by the arm, gave him one jerk, and the poor wretch groaned.

“Oh, no, you don’t do that,” said Sam, hastily confronting Smith.

“Yes, I do,” replied Smith, drawing his heavy club.
"I say you don't this once. He is an unfortunate fellow and from appearances looks quite decent; I discovered him first and I'll take care of him," proudly declared Sam, and before Smith's club could vent its rage, he struck him a stunning blow which sent him reeling across the tracks.

Sam turned toward the boy, all that was good in him now came to the front. Leaning over he took the fragile body in his strong arms and strode hastily away between the low green and yellow signal lights, out from among the switch-engines and across the yards to the shanty.

In answer to the protest of the night-watchman, Sam replied, "He is me friend, never you mind," and he gently laid his burden down upon the rough wooden bench behind the stove.

He stirred the fire, although the night was not cold, and rubbed the limbs of the young boy until finally he opened his eyes wide and looked about.

"Never mind, old pal; where you been?" he inquired of the boy. "Can you drink? There, take some of this hot coffee, that'll put the life into you again. Take some more. That's it. Now lay down again and rest, ain't any room here to exercise."

In this way Sam kept the boy from fainting, quieted his shattered nerves and made him forget his weak tears.

"You're all right now, pal, where you been?" again repeated practical Sam.

"I have been—heaven only knows!" wailed the boy. "I've been in the street most of the time. Boston, Albany, Chicago, St. Paul—they all know me, but nothing good, and I know them. Just look at me! rags and dirt. Sick among strangers," he rambled on.

"I'm your friend, pal," thoughtfully replied Sam, "even though I be a stranger. I'll stick to you too."

The boy looked at him steadily. "Forgive me" he said, and reaching for Sam's big hand he gave it a friendly squeeze.

"Where'd you live and where you goin'?" said Sam.

"Here," said the boy. "I was born in Denver, but I never knew how to appreciate my home, always had a great longing to see the States, but I think differently now. Got a telephone handy?"

"Yes," said Sam.

"Phone to them, will you? Call them quick. I've had my share of it," said the boy, and glancing around to see if they were alone, he motioned Sam to come closer, drew his head down and told him where to call. Sam straightened up quickly.

"Is that right, kid?" he asked.

"Honor bright, I don't reckon I would tell you a lie," quavered the boy, his pale face flushing painfully.

"Hello! Yes! Gimme one-O-A South. Yes and hurry up, don't die getting it will you? * * * 'Scuse me, ma'am * * * Yes, ma'am. I thought it was that saucy girl that was on last night. * * * Hello! One-O-A South? * * * Albany Hotel? Is the proprietor there? * * * Well get him, you fool; never mind who I am, and tell him I want Mr. Davis at the 'phone. You get Mr. Davis, do you hear, to the wire, or I'll come up and smash you. I know you * * * who? * * * yes. Davis * * * all right * * * I am waiting."
“He’s getting him,” shouted Sam, “but he’s lazy—that fellow at the ‘phone, I mean, and didn’t want to call him, says all the respectable people at the hotel are in bed. What shall I say to him?”

“Tell him that Ned has returned. They will understand. Tell him how to get here,” the boy finished with a choking sob. Sam turned quickly and stared into the opening of the transmitter like a cat watching a rat-hole.

“Hello! Yes. Mr. Davis? * * * It’s me, Sam Jones. * * * What? * * * It’s we switchmen down at the yards. * * * Lead street. Ned has got back. * * * Yep. He’s here with us. Sick. * * * Yes. * * * No, he don’t want to talk. Come on down to the yards and turn east. We switchmen ‘ll be layin’ fer you; better bring a gun, but don’t shoot at nobody that holds you up with a lantern. * * * All right. So long.”

“What do they call a fellow like that, what leaves a good home and then wanders back again?” queried Pete Long, who was standing near the window.

“Don’t you know?” rejoined Sam savagely, with a sneer, trying to cover the young boy’s distress.

“Well you ought to go to the Pacific Mission and find out, I’ll never tell you.”

Sam looked at the clock and said it was about time for Mr. Davis to be getting around. He motioned for Pete and together they went out, leaving the young boy in care of some of the men.

Outside all was darkness. The roar of the yard-engines, intermingled with the shrill whistles of the locomotives, went up hollowly in the sultry night, and the lanterns of the many track-crews appeared like so many lightning-bugs. The cars being made up crashed and bumped together, suppressing the laughter and loud talking of the big-hearted fellows who worked among the real dangers of the night.

Presently Sam, who had been straining his eyes, discovered those whom he sought. He swung his clear white lantern in his hand, and walked rapidly down the close-set tracks, and in the small circle of its shifting light he saw a little lady. Her face was beautiful to look upon, one of sweetness and mother-love; crowned by a wealth of silver-gray hair.

A tall elderly man walked by her side. His piercing gray eyes flashed from beneath his dark hair; his hand clung tightly to something concealed in his pocket. He was looking straight forward into the intense darkness of the big yards.

A young girl walked a little behind them; she was very tall like the man; towering over the little lady. Fear and curiosity were pictured in her unsteady gaze. Her features were very clearly defined in the uncertain light and her hair appeared almost like gold in contrast with the surrounding blackness.

“I ’spect this is Mr. Davis,” blurted Sam, his courage failing.

“Right you are my boy, now, you may direct us to * * *.”

“This is it, mister,” said Sam, as they reached the shanty.

“We’re all right fellers here, come in.” Entering, Sam raised the lantern above his head, and, as the young boy turned his wan face toward the light, said: “Is that him, mister?”

But before he had time to reply the daughter and the little lady dropped upon their knees before the wooden bench upon which their boy lay. Their costly silks swept the unkept floor as they laughed...
and cried over him who had lately caused so much worry.

The old man stood silently by, shaken at the sight, hardly knowing what to do. Turning at last to Sam he said: "Man, how am I ever to repay you?"

"Oh, what can we do!" echoed the little mother.

"I reckon there's nothin', you can do ma'am," said Sam, hoarsely, "except shake hands with me. I never knewed my mother or father."

"You poor man! You took my son in and gave him back to me," said the little mother, weeping afresh.

Then she sprang up and raising her face she drew Sam's head down near her own, and encircling his burly neck with her arms she imprinted a kiss on his forehead and another upon his grimy cheek.

The young girl who had remained by her brother now came forward, and, placing both her hands in his she said:

"If you are ever in want of a friend, send for me, please!"

"Thank you," said Sam in great confusion, and turning to the other side of the room, called gruffly to Pete, "Come along."

They went out, and in a few moments returned with a long board, upon which they placed the half unconscious boy, and the old man drew from his pocket a wicked looking revolver and pitched it out through the door into the night beyond.

When all was ready, the little group wended their way, amid swinging lights, through the confusion of the yards, to the foot of a narrow street, where a great red automobile lay in waiting. And Smith the policeman stood under the shadow of a large tree and waited.

As they reached the machine, the old man turned to Sam and said: "If ever you need a friend, boys, you know the name and address. Money, if you ever want that, but I could not insult you now, by offering it to men as noble as you, good night," and they were gone.

When Sam and Pete returned with the board, Pete raised his light to Sam's face and said: "You called the turn, with that story of yours."

There were dirty smears below Sam's blue eyes, and he stared hard at the light. Then he said, "Chicago fast freight is in, come on" and they both plunged across the familiar tracks to end their remaining night's work.

Smith was all right in his way, but his business was that of catching thieves, and every one was a thief in his eyes until they were proven innocent, and even then, there were those whom he doubted. He was filled with mortification, and dishonored before the whole yard. He had been knocked out by a switch man. If the story got to headquarters, he would stand little show, and die became overwhelmed with the desire to redeem his reputation.

In fact, he was there to arrest Sam. He sneaked along the dark line of "Chicago fast freight" until he reached the point where Sam was working, and as Sam lifted his hand high above his head to swing the signal, a pair of hand cuffs gleamed suddenly in the lantern-light.

One of the steel loops snapped, but fell short and Smith fell heavily against Sam from the force of his jump out of the darkness.

Sam's lantern did not pause in its circling swing, but he changed its course and curved the weight
of his heavy chest into the blow, as the lantern smashed into Smith's glowering face. Smith hissed a savage oath between his teeth, and they clinched and fell, as a long rumble ran through the line of freight in answer to Sam's signal.

The light of the lantern went out with the force of the blow, and they both lay struggling together upon the ground. Only Sam knew the signal he had given, and that death was slowly bearing down upon them both. With one mighty effort he freed his throat from Smith's grasp, and said faintly:

“You fiend, the signal!—They're answering to it—They're coming upon us both!”

Smith leaped up and tried to drag him to his feet, but too late. The great wheels ground over Sam's lower limbs and left a struggling, helpless thing by the track, with Smith, awed and horror-stricken, standing near.

* * * * * * * *

They hurried him in the ambulance to the railroad ward in the great hospital, and when they laid him upon the long white glazed table in the long white operating-room, he pleaded mercifully to be spared, and forced their hands away trying to sit up; but they were very firm.

“Oh, no,” said the white-capped nurse, as she gently forced him back. “You will be all right, now lie down, that's a good fellow.”

“Let me see them,” he shouted, strong yet in the numbness of the shock.

“Yes, let him see,” replied the surgeon. “It will quiet him down. Then—”

The nurses lifted him up. He looked carefully and steadily at his mangled thigh and then quieted down, saying:

“You can fix me up, eh? Yes. I know what that means all right. I've seen many a case like that fixed up before. Say, Pete; he knows what I want. You call him in, for me, will you?”

Pete came—Sam looked wistfully at him and said: “Say—ask her if she'll come to see me tomorrow. Tell her I'll wait”—and he was left alone with the surgeon and nurses.

“Now,” said the nurse, “I'm going to put this over your face,” she smiled sweetly down at him, “and I want you to say 'I am all right until I say stop.' Will you?”

“Yes,” replied Sam, from beneath the loose cone, “I am all right. I am—1—1—I—” and then he floated out upon the fanciful field of unconscious dreams; said no more, nor even moved.

Sam “waited,” and in the morning the great automobile whizzed up before the hospital, while within, the house physician was saying to a beautiful young girl,

“Jones? Oh, yes! Yes! received late last night! well, you may as well see him.”

“Oh! doctor do you mean that—”

“I think I do,” said the physician. “You see, he might have withstood the operation, but there is another injury. Is he—”

“He is my friend,” said the young girl proudly but the words that had rung determinedly from Sam's lips the night before in regard to the young boy, bore a different meaning when thus unknowingly repeated in loving kindness.

“Ah! yes,” said the doctor, “and your name?”

“Davis,” replied the girl.
“I will conduct you to the ward.”

As Sue Davis walked silently behind the doctor, passing room after room, and catching real glimpses of hospital life, a thrill of pity stole over her. She wondered how it was that he—the brave switchman should thus have his life—ah! could she dare think—ended. She felt too, that she was doing some real good by comforting him.

They reached the long public ward, and passing down the center aisle, between the rows of white cots, paused at the last one.

“I will leave you,” said the doctor quietly. And Sue was left alone.

Sam was tossing weakly in half-unconsciousness. He roused and quieted down at the touch of a woman’s hand.

“Do you know me?” said Sue timidly.

“Yes, did you mind coming? I got afraid last night, you know, you said if I ever wanted a friend—”

“Yes, yes,” repeated Sue, “and I am going to stay here by you, until you get better.”

“Oh! I’m going out. They can’t fool me, so you won’t have long to stay, but Miss Davis, you will never know how grateful I am for your kindness, there’s nobody else I care for, ’ceptin the boys in the yard, and they have no time. You understand, just for company’s sake.”

“Yes, but you must not ‘go out’ for my sake. I am afraid you really don’t understand my motives.”

Sam rallied, and finally said—“What are they?”

She drew nearer to him and dried the death moisture from his brow and said: “You have me, and I will remain. You need have no fear. Now try and be quiet.”

He became very quiet—then his mind wandered again—“Will you be there—will you be waiting for me, I have something to say— I like—I love—”

“Yes! I will be there—now try again to sleep.”

He did sleep—very restlessly at first, but gradually sank in a deep stupor.

Suddenly, the fading senses made a one great effort to regain themselves, his lips moved inaudibly the words he would have spoken. Lifting his sturdy arm high above his head, in the off used signal of “go ahead,” sank slowly, fluttered and went out.

As the day nurse came down the ward, her eyes rested upon the form of a young girl, who shook with voiceless sobbing. Her golden head mingled with the tangled light of the peacefully sleeping one, resting upon the white pillows.

“I am sure he understood my answer,” she said sadly.

MARIE FLINN.

Foive! An Irishman was walking over the links one day and was suddenly struck between the shoulders by a gold ball. Up hurried the player: “Are you hurt? Why didn’t you get out of the way?”

“An’ why should I git out o’ the way? How was I to know I was about to be murthered?”

“But I call ‘fore,’ and when I say ‘fore,’ that is a signal for you to get out of the way.”

“Oh, it is, is it? Well thin, whin I say ‘foive’ it’s a sign that you’re goin’ to git hit on the nose. ‘Foive!’”—Ex.
Broken Threads

The long hot day had come to an end at last and the calm stillness of night prevailed. However in the tenement district of the great city, night brought no peace or quietness. In the narrow streets dirty children played noisily, and babies wailed uncomf..
voice sounding clear as a bell in the quiet night, "Hal, we graduate next week and you leave for Mexico. It's the parting, Hal, it's the parting that hurts me, for we have been bunkies ever—"

"Ever since your mother took me in an orphan, a penniless orphan, and gave me a home, gave me that which I cherish above everything else—a mother's love," said Hal, his voice trembling with emotion. "She's made a man of me, and my one aim in life will be to show my appreciation. Jack, old man, I want you to do me a favor, I want you to do what I ask. Will you swear to do it?"

"What do you want?"

"It's the first favor I ever asked, Jack."

The doubtful look vanished from Jack's handsome face. "Yes, Hal Burton, I'll do anything you ask, I swear to it."

"It's not much, Jack, I can explain it in a few words, just an agreement between us two, providing that we shall send for each other when in trouble and accept what sacrifice the other may be willing to make. Will you agree?"

"Yes!"

"Shake, old man!"

As they clasped hands the music in the house started afresh. In a flash Jack recognized their fraternity song, and clearing his throat began to sing. Softly at first but as he neared the end of the first verse his voice increased in volume till it could be heard in every part of the college grounds. Windows were thrown open and were soon filled with singing men.

"Jack," said Hal, as they finished the last verse, "I am mighty glad your mother took me in."

Next evening as they were seated at their study table busily writing, the door of the room was thrown open and the sheriff strode in.

"Sorry to trouble you, gentlemen, but I'll have to search your room. There was a burglary committed last evening and either one of you men did the job. He thought he'd get away but he was quietly followed and tracked to this room." While the sheriff had been speaking he walked around the room, looking under the bed, opened the closet, and finally paused, holding two Indian clubs at arm's length.

"You're mighty smart, but you're caught just the same. This one is the heaviest of the two." So saying he gave the handle a wrench and disclosed a dark cavity from which he drew several watches. "Come now, I don't want to arrest the two of you, which one did the job?"

Hal shot a glance at Jack, reading shame and guilt in every line of his room-mate's handsome face. When he turned to the sheriff his face was set and determined. "I did the job," he said, stepping forward with outstretched hands, "Put the shackles on me."

As they reached the door he looked back, hesitated, and returned to his friend's side. "Be good, Jack, and never make another mistake," and left the room with bowed head.

A week later Hal was placed on trial. The court room was packed to the doors with college men, not one of whom gave Hal the slightest sign of recognition. He eagerly scanned the crowd hoping to see Jack, but he gave up in despair.

"Now I am all alone in the world," he muttered, as the tears came to his eyes, "even his mother will believe me a thief." A great feeling of loneliness came over him, and resting his head on his arms he sobbed like a child.
Hal pleaded guilty to the charge and sat unmoved awaiting the sentence of the judge. The excitement became intense, every man in the building leaned forward. The judge arose, "Young man," he said, "You have pleaded guilty to a very serious charge, but keeping your previous good record in view, I give you the lightest sentence possible. I sentence you to three years' hard labor in state's prison."

Three years is a long time and it passes none too quickly behind locked doors. When he arrived at the prison his hair was cut off, or cropped, as they termed it, and he was given the detested suit of gray. "Thank heavens there are no mirrors here, I never wish to look at my reflection in this hateful garb," he said. In a week he had settled down to his machine-like existence. And as Jack received his diploma one bright morning amid the applause of the assembled hundreds, Hal sat washing dishes in the prison kitchen.

Because of good behavior Hal's sentence had been commuted and two years and six months after he had been committed he walked down the driveway a free man. He obtained a position as stenographer, but about two months after he was discharged. "Sorry," said the manager "but state's prison and my office will never hitch, good morning."

It was then and not 'til then that he realized his position. "No one wants a jail bird; I don't blame them; crooks are bad things to have around," he muttered, as he turned away. For weeks he tramped the streets in search of work, but was repulsed at every turn. He had inherited a craving for drink. All his life he fought against it, but now he weakened and drank. Drank as only a despairing man will. One day the proprietor of the cheap hotel where he boarded remarked his absence, but it was soon forgotten and Hal Burton disappeared from the eyes of man.

The door of one of the lowest dives in the city opened, letting in a gust of rain driven by the heavy wind. "Shut the door," shouted the angry chorus of ruffians in the back room.

"Who opened it anyway," muttered a large bony, bleary-eyed ruffian, called Count, "Guess I'll go and see; ought to have more sense; I'll give 'im a beatin' dat '11 put a little sense in 'im maby."

"Go on, Count," cried the crowd, "go on, plug him, it's Joe, drunken Joe, make him holler."

"Guess I will," snarled Count, an ugly look spreading over his face, "Never did like him, don't like the way he looks at a man, never did."

He lurched toward the poor trembling wretch who had just entered and dealt him a savage blow on the side of the head, knocking him senseless in the corner.

The crowd shouted its appreciation, voted Count a good fellow, and had another round of drinks. Towards daybreak they staggered off in their several directions leaving the tired bartender dozing in one corner, apparently indifferent to the mass of rags in the other.

The clock ticked loudly, five, ten, twenty minutes passed. As the half hour struck the bartender opened his eyes, cast a hurried glance about to see if anyone was looking and shuffled over to the opposite corner, hesitated a moment and dropped to his knees.

"Poor Joe," he muttered, "I am afraid Count did him this time. Joe, speak to me won't you, Joe, it's me, Pete, I've been good to you aint I, Joe. I'd a saved you, but
they was too many for me.” He lifted Joe’s cold hands and let go. They dropped limply to his side. “I guess I’ll call the ambulance, he’s done for all right.” He hurried to the phone gave a number and was connected. “Hello, this the hospital?” “Hospital, yes.” “This is Johnson’s cafe, a man was waylaid on the street in front of my place and pretty badly beaten up, you had better send an ambulance. Yes, Johnson’s cafe. Goodbye. I had to tell it was on the street,” he said, turning away, “it’d give the place a bad name having men killed in it. No, I’ll never tell who did it, but I’ll get Count for that dirty blow, I’ll—” He was interrupted by the entrance of a white uniformed doctor. “Where’s the man?” he asked quietly. “Over there on the floor, I’ve made him as comfortable as I could.” The doctor crossed the floor and sank beside the unconscious figure. A hasty examination revealed the truth. The skull had been fractured. “Will he live, Doc, is there any hope?” inquired Pete. “A slight chance, a very slight one, that’s all I can hope for; here give me a hand.” They lifted the unconscious figure into the ambulance and drove off. When Joe regained consciousness he was in a strange place, it seemed like heaven. Yes, it must be, everything was so clean and quiet, but he was so weak and there were such pains in his head. What if Count should come. He shuddered at the thought. “There he comes,” muttered Joe, “See his eyes flash; see that murderous expression; he’ll do me this time for good. Oh, Count, don’t! Don’t kill me, Count! I never did anything.” He sank back exhausted, trembling with fear as the white-faced nurse rushed to his side. “Send for Dr Burton at once,” she called to one of the attendants. “Dr. Burton, I thought it best to send for you,” she said as he approached. “I don’t understand the case and did not wish to make any mistakes.” “Very good, a very wise thing to do. This must be the man Dr. Hoter spoke to me about. I’ll look at his wound.” He bent over the now unconscious man and started back as though stabbed in the heart. “My God, it’s Hal! Nurse, quick! this man must not die, I won’t have it, we must save him.” In spite of their heroic efforts he sank rapidly, and his death was a question of but a few moments. He opened his eyes and looked intently at the faces bending over him. His eyes rested on those of the doctor. “Jack,” he whispered, his eyes already fixed in death, “I am going and I am glad of it, for I am known as an honest man up there. Be careful, Jack, old boy, never make another mistake.” A faint smile flitted across his face, and Hal Burton was again an honest man. —E. M. CLARY.

A La Freshman

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

A La Senior

Scintillate, scintillate, luminous constellation!
Interrogatively and admiringly question your constituent elements
In your prodigious altitude above this terrestrial sphere.

—Ex.
History of the Class of 1907

The setting sun will soon cast its last rays on the Class of 1907. We have reached that point at which opens the vista of the avenue of the future, crossed in the distance with its many intricate side paths. On separation, the opportunity, granted but once, of reviewing the events of the past four years, is given. Unfortunately, for the public at large and the Normal High School in particular, the office of historian fell to me, as nobody else could be prevailed upon to accept it. Hence I ask you patience while I guide your thoughts back to that eventful morning of September, nineteen hundred three. A procession of frightened youngsters, under Miss Perine’s guidance, made its way from the shades of the lower realms to the Normal High School chapel. Here at the door—O unutterable woe!—Miss Ferine deserted us, and we stood like a lot of lost sheep with that dreadful sea of strange faces before us. The principal, wildly gesticulating with a song book, at last awakened us to the fact that we were to take the vacant seats on the last two rows. Hither we betook ourselves with downcast faces and decorous manner, and, to our relief, found ourselves in the midst of other miserable wretches doomed to the same fate. We commenced that morning by singing “Old Glory” and have sung it on an average of every other morning since.

From the very beginning we were a remarkable class. The Sophomores found that out when they tried a little hazing. They didn’t try it more than once or twice and we considered it a lamb-like frolic.

At first it seemed rather strange that the faculty should give us one period a day in which to enjoy ourselves. They hadn’t done that in the schools where we came from, but it didn’t take us long to get used to the idea and how we did enjoy those periods, called by compliment “study hours.” “There was really very little of the genuine article which the name implies” as we got in the habit of spending them in the park until the faculty offered some objections—I’ve forgotten what they were—but you know a habit once formed is hard to break, and even after that, fourth period would often find us in the park or over at the bakery. Of course the faculty didn’t know anything about it except once in a while when one of our honorable number got caught. At these times Ruth Boyce would quite suddenly develop a charitable spirit of assisting friends afflicted with nose bleed—This didn’t amount to anything in comparison with circus parades. Every time one came to town, Kate Parsons would go to Miss Horne and get an excuse. Then she would show it to us envious girls and generously say; “Come on girls! Let’s zip! I’ve got an excuse.” Of course we always went and then wondered why Kate was the only one who didn’t get caught.

The upper classmen seemed to realize our superiority over other freshmen classes and were very nice to us. The societies entertained us and, at the close of the year, most of our ranks joined one of them. The initiations took the form of pink teas, and condensed milk and onions were served for refreshments. One can’t realize how delightful that
combination is until he has tried it for himself.

The year passed off without serious mishaps to any of us except poor George Weaver. George's chief ambition, you know, is to live without work, to die without pain and to be buried without paying for it. Well, he found that such hard work was beginning to tell on his health and so grew awfully discouraged about himself. One day he met a junior lad who was sporting an old gun and George swapped a pipe, two golf balls and a couple of tooth picks for it. Then he loaded it with the firm resolve to do damage to something, but while considering whether the something should be his teacher, books, or himself, the stupid old gun went off in his eyes. The class was real cut up about the matter, and in solemn consideration for its duty, appointed a committee to adopt resolutions and order flowers. But, alas! all this labor was in vain for George got well and came back to school the next week, peacefully submitting to the inevitable.

In the fall of nineteen hundred four we came back to school just as lively as ever. Dr. Aspinwall welcomed us as principal of the High School and it didn't take long for him to win from us the confidence and esteem in which we have since held him.

We were genuinely sorry to learn of Miss Horne's leave of absence because of ill health, and found in Miss McCutchen a friend who was always ready to hear our troubles, sympathize with us and do what she could to help us.

The Freshman class found that there was something doing this year. The second morning they saw on the bulletin board a long set of rules drawn up by the combined efforts of the class as a whole, which will be minutely carried out by each and every Freshman. The Freshmen were a precocious lot of infants, I'll say that much for them, and with the usual imprudence, never absent in Freshmen but abnormally developed in 1908, they actually dared to defy these rules—a bright idea for Freshmen. It required more than one hard struggle to bring them to obedience, but many a confiscated lunch was enjoyed by a hungry Sophomore, and in turn each little Freshman was treated privately to a wheelbarrow ride. I won't say much about these rides, it might hurt their feelings.

Through the strenuous efforts of the students and faculty a gymnasium was started next door to the school. So much enthusiasm was shown that the boys even ventured to entrench upon the sacred rights of girls' days until the faculty straightened this matter out. Immediately a girls' basket ball team was started and obtained an enviable rank with the other basket ball teams of the vicinity.

A great deal of interest was created by the introduction of prizes into the school. We Sophomores didn't enter any competition that first time except the prize speaking contest. In fact we didn't care to. We felt that the poor Juniors and Seniors ought to have a little show.

It was towards the middle of this year that the High School paper— THE CRIMSON AND WHITE—was founded. Quite a few of our class found places on the editorial staff, and more have been put on as the years have gone by. I don't need to say anything about the paper. That will speak for itself.

As spring came on the boys started a base ball team. They didn't win any games but it was a fine team. I'll take part of that
last statement back, however. They won the game with the State Normal College, the score being 34—0 in a fiercely contested struggle. We girls did our best to support the team with the pennies that we couldn’t use in any other way, and more than one of us ruined the roses on her best summer’s hat by standing out in the rain rooting for Normal. Believe me, for I speak from experience.

Commencement came and with it the usual round of social functions. According to the custom established in our Freshmen year, we all attended the Alumni reception given to the Senior class.

On returning to school as Juniors in 1905, we had several additions to our honorable class. Grace Gilleaudeau was shipped up to us by freight from Mamaroneck. No return ticket was forwarded with “the goods,” so what could we do? Then Will Sheedy came down to us from Troy High School. The school has, generally speaking, a good reputation, but it really ought to be more careful about what it sends us.

Dr. Aspinwall had some surprises awaiting us. He seemed to fully realize what a superior class we were, and conferred upon us the honor of partaking in the morning rhetoricals—a privilege which had never been granted to any Junior class before us. Then began the cry for more lessons. We found that all “work and no play” was making us lazy. The faculty fell right in with the idea and piled them on with a vengeance, especially German, as Ed O’Connell will testify. Miss Loeb had her trials too, as for instance: “Mr. O’Connell, how can you tell the difference between a weak and a strong verb?” O’Connell: “By the odor.”

Niles Parsons had a fondness for first year German which he couldn’t overcome. One day walking down the hall I heard a Freshman say “Hey, Persons, what are you doing in our Deutsch class?” Persons: “Oh, the faculty liked my work so well that they gave me an encore.” Poor Niles! His health gave out at the end of the Junior year and he left school thinking that he would go up to R. P. I. where he wouldn’t have to work so hard.

It was not more than a week after our Christmas vacation that our school burned. The fire occurred on the evening of January 8th, and teachers and pupils together watched the immense flames with saddened hearts, for each and every one of us loved the scene of so many years of our school life—the only school which some of us had ever known. And then in the condition in which we were, we were only given two days vacation, which we considered merely adding insult to injury. People were very kind in offering us places in which to hold our sessions and January 11th found us in the Sunday school room of Trinity M. E. Church with our hats and coats on. We continued to wear them for a few days until cloak rooms were provided. The religious atmosphere didn’t seem to have a very subduing effect upon us as most people expected and the faculty sincerely hoped.

The partitions made a lovely noise when one pulled them down suddenly, and it was awfully exciting to remove a chair when somebody started to sit down on it during chapel. You want to ask Letha Cooper about it. She’s had some experience in that line—in the sitting down line I mean.

On March 4th a play entitled “Mr. Bob” was given by the students of the High School. At first it was thought that the thing was
completely hoodooed—so many things happened before it came off. Letha Cooper stuck hot curling tongs in her eyes and it was thought that her beauty would be entirely marred for the play, but she turned out to be as good looking as ever, much to the disappointment of the other girls. Nobody could imagine what she was doing with curling tongs, but someone suggested that she was trying to make her hair look like Ruth Boyce's. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

As spring approached the weather grew far too delightful to stay in school, and one day several of our class, accompanied by some irresponsible Sophomores absented themselves from school without permission. It was a childish thing to do and they said that they were sorry and promised that in the future their conduct should be becoming. But I overheard some of them say that they had a perfectly great time and wouldn't have missed it for worlds, and I guess from what the Rensselaer people said it was pretty true.

Towards the end of May came the prize speaking contest. The chief point of interest in connection with this was—well I'll tell you all about it. The boys went home with their mothers and the girls with their fathers, but Bertha Bott went home with Mr. Bronson.

Many of the class availed themselves of the opportunity of trying for the medals, and we carried off almost every one except the one for Senior scholarship. We thought we wouldn't deprive the Seniors of that.

We had been talking all year about electing class officers and getting our pins, but didn't seem to get around to it. At last the Senior class sent us word that we would have to elect someone to respond to their presentation. So Mr. Weaver was elected to this office, and he performed his duty in a delightfully amusing manner.

A Frenchman by the name of Edward Josephus O'Connell was elected president of our class, William Sheedy, our friend from Green Island, you know, was chosen vice-president, Grace Binley secretary, and George Weaver treasurer. This last created much popularity for Mr. Weaver, especially among the girls, who decided that on a dollar a month from each member of the class he couldn't very well be a cheap sport. Then George owns a fast horse, you know. Why, Nancy will actually go a mile an hour if you drive her hard. George is a most conscientious fellow, and religiously makes his little visits of charity every Sunday night, as Ida Chave can testify.

Thus commencement came and went and before we could realize it our summer vacation too had passed, and now, with the brightest hopes for the year to come, the crowning year of our student existence, we gathered once more in our church-school, but not as before. No, we were mighty Seniors and, as such, the rest of the school regarded us with due respect. In some ways this first gathering was a sad one—so many things had changed. Both Dr. Aspinwall and Miss McCutcheon confined their work almost entirely to the College, and Prof. White became principal of the High School. We found that we couldn't get along any longer without Miss Horne, and had to send for her after the first few weeks.

As the weeks passed rapidly, marked only by the regular card and daily flunk, we began to realize that we were approaching, some
of us slowly, some rapidly, the time when we would grasp the cream-colored sheepskins (?) of our dreams. Time had effected many changes. Frances Warner developed into a regular dig. This species is somewhat rare in the Normal High School (thank heaven!). But Ruth Boyce had not grown at all during the four years except in her own estimation. Ed O'Connell's translation of Latin has been steadily improving during his course, with the higher prices of his trots, until now his rendition of Virgil is beyond reproach and understandable even to himself.

As a sort of relaxation we took up solid geometry and became wholly absorbed in the mysteries of parallelopipeds and truncated prisms. So much so, in fact, that when Miss Wilson asked the question, "What is thickness?" the class with one accord grammatically answered "Us."

Grace Binley had just finished putting the proof of a difficult theorem upon the blackboard, and turned around to Miss Bates saying, "What do those letters, Q. E. D. mean?" Miss Bates: "Quickly Erase Demonstration."

In the winter a boys' basket ball team was started—at least a subscription paper was passed around among the girls, but it doesn't take very much energy for some boys to pass around a subscription paper. Nevertheless the team looked very fine when they appeared in the usual full dress, and it won the distinction of losing several games. Then it faded out of existence. The boys have come to the conclusion that they could maintain a croquet team better, and will probably form one next year.

In January the hour of chapel was changed from 9 A. M. until 11 A. M. This was done so that we Seniors wouldn't have to get up so early in the morning, as getting to school by 9 o'clock necessitates.

In the latter part of May a play entitled "A Regular Fix" was given by the Board of Editors of the CRIMSON AND WHITE. In answer to the many questions of the audience as to why Letha Cooper kept falling into the arms of the other masculine actors on the stage, we can only state that it was probably force of habit.

On May 27 occurred the competition for the prize speaking medal. In a temporary fit of insanity Mr. Weaver carried off the medal. Of course the judges were partly to blame, for, as Ida Chave says: "George in his appearance is the personification of lingering sweetness long drawn out."

During the same week in May the Quintillian and Zeta Sigma societies gave the Seniors two very enjoyable receptions. I'd hate to say anything about the "lemons" the Senior girls received for Sigma play. However on behalf of the society and the Senior class I will say that we were very sorry that Ruth Boyce was unavoidably prevented from attending the play. Business is business, even if it be the lemon business.

A great deal of pleasure was obtained by all those who partook of the moonlight sail down the Hudson, given by the Adelphoi society. I wonder who went, anyway. I heard that their companions were not all men. At least Peter Brewster was asking what time the last train for Delmar left Albany. Ah, Nettie, I never thought of you.

Not very much excitement was occasioned by the awarding of the honors, as we all knew who would get them. Katherine Parsons was made valedictorian and Ruth Boyce salutatorian. By the way, did you ever hear about Kate? Why she fell head first into a pail of red
paint, and the paint never came off.

But I have tried your patience too long and must needs draw to a close this recollection of pleasant memories. We have all but come to the time when we gather for the last time as the class of 1907. We have worked to the limit, and have enjoyed ourselves as no other class of happy-go-lucky students could. We haven't always been in the right but we have always meant well and have our faculty to thank for their kindly endurance of our many faults.

On this, our class day, we express to our High School our wish for her greatest prosperity, to our faculty we give three long cheers and one cheer more, and to ourselves, the greatest class that was ever graduated from Normal High let the historian add just one word: Please don't get mad at any of the cats she has let out of the bag.

Edith L. Jones.

Little Scenes from School Life

Chapel

Bell rings—clatter—bang, rush—gimme that chair—Ssh!—What page?—From upstairs, "Lead, Kindly Light;" from downstairs, "The Campbells are Coming;" from still further down stairs, "Good morning, dear Teacher;" Result: Awful!—Pause—more pause—Amen—sigh—cough—sneeze—"Henry Clay's Farewell Address to Benedict Arnold"—obligato from above of "There's a good time coming, help it on;"—everybody claps—except the Freshmen—Oooo, I forgot my excuse—Ssh!—I wonder is he looking at me—Ssh!—Meeting of Board of Editors in H—- Pass quietly.

Commencement


Senior Class Meeting

Buzz—chatter—hurry up, Nettie—where's Sheedy—chatter—no, I won't—you will—I don't care, I won't—Ed, are you going to wear long gloves for commencement?—no, sir—I want fifty announcements or else I won't pay a cent—gimme my strap, now—Mr. President, I make a mo—sit down—bang—say, when are those announcements coming?—mine's pink silk mull—princess, you know—I don't, I only owe you two dollars—bang—now you just pick up my books—we'll need five hundred for class day—no, I won't wear white shoes—say! can't you fellows come to order—Ruth, will you take that hat off?—I can't see the president—g'wan—here—stop that—bang!—crash!—sshsh! There goes the bell. All out, fellows. P. S. (that is, president's soliloquy) Gee! what a class!!
And now indeed we have come to the parting of the ways. Commencement is upon us with all that it means of joy and sorrow. Joy, because looking forward each one sees the promise of larger things; sorrow, because we must give up the places so dear to us, to others, and take up our stations in the ranks of the soon-forgotten. However, we have one comforting thought to take with us in our "exile," and that is that we are leaving our paper in the very best hands. We have worked hard and faithfully in all that we have done and if anything has been overlooked which might have added to the attractiveness or name of our paper, we can only beg your clemency. The new board, which has been announced in another column, has been carefully selected with every regard for the best good of the paper and we feel sure that in their hands the paper can only thrive and grow to better things.

How true it is that an opportunity never presents itself twice, and if so, then how doubly true that each and every one of us must be on the lookout for every opportunity which means advancement.

If each one strove to live each day so that we would never have to say, "It might have been," the ghosts of our strangled opportunities would never in after years come back to haunt us.

The present board of editors thanks the school for its hearty cooperation in issuing the paper this year, and hopes that the same support will be given next year, for "In union, only, is there strength."

School Notes

On Friday evening, May 17th, an entertainment was given for the benefit of The Crimson and White. It was largely attended and was in every way a success. The profits were something over ninety dollars. The program consisted of musical and literary numbers, followed by a play given by members of the school.

The program was as follows:
- Piano Solo—Miss Edith L. Jones.
- Violin Solo—Miss Helen Jeffrey.
- Reading—"The Bishop and the Caterpillar"—Miss Gertrude B. A. Way.
- Vocal Solo—"Waiting"—Miss Anna Barrett.
- Piano Solo—Miss Edith M. Ross.
- "A REGULAR FIX."
  A Farce in One Act.

Characters.
- Mr. Hugh De Brass—Morgan Dickinson.
- Mr. Surplus, a lawyer—George Weaver.
- Charles Surplus, his nephew—Edward O'Connel.
- Abel Quick, clerk to Surplus—Clifford S. Evory.
Smiler, a sheriff's officer—Roger A. Fuller.
Mrs. Surplus—Kathryn Parsons.
Emily—Letha Cooper.
Mrs. Deborah Carter, housekeeper to Surplus—Isla Chave.
Matilda Jane—Jessie Luck.

The contest for the Pruyn Speaking Medal was held Monday evening, May 27th. A trial contest was held on the Friday before, when it was decided to award two medals instead of one, as formerly, because the work of the boys and girls is, of necessity, so radically different. The prize winners were Jessie E Luck, '10, and George B. Weaver, '07.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM.
I. Processional,
   Clifford S. Evory
II. President's Address,
   Edward O'Connel
III. Class History,
   Edith L. Jones
IV. Vocal Solo,
   E. Ruth Boyce
V. Class Prophecy,
   Kathryn S. Parsons
VI. Class Poem,
   Francis Warner
VII. Presentation to Senior Class,
   Grace B. Binley
VIII. Piano Solo, Edith L. Jones
IX. Presentation to Junior Class,
   Letha A. Cooper
X. Response, Roger A. Fuller

PRIZE WINNERS.
Mathematics, M. Antoinette Udell
French, Grace Gilleaudeau
   (Honorable mention, Letha A. Cooper)
German, Katharine S. Parsons
   (Honorable mention, Bertha M. Bott)
English Essay,
   Frances Miller, Warner
Latin, Katharine S. Parsons
   (Honorable mention, Gertrude Crissey Valentine)
Public Speaking, Jessie E. Luck
Public Speaking, Geo. B. Weaver
Senior Scholarship,
   Katharine S. Parsons
Junior Scholarship,
   Gertrude Crissey Valentine

Society Notes
The election of officers for the ensuing year in Zeta Sigma society are as follows:
President—Lillian Flanders, '08.
Vice-Pres.—Helen Horton, '09.
Rec. Sec.—Beth Cobb, '08.
Cor. Sec.—Mary Horton, '09.
Treasurer—Mabel Conger, '09.
Critic—Margaret Merlin, '08.
Sr. Editor—Adele Le Compte, '08.
Jr. Editor—Anna Keenholts, '09.
Marshal—Ethel Secor, '09.
Mistress of Ceremonies—Margery Richmond, '10.
House Committee—Ruth Williamson, chairman, '10; Margery Richmond, '10; Jessie Luck, '10.
Zeta Sigma society held its installation of officers on Wednesday, June 12th.

The Zeta Sigma society gave a reception to its senior members on Friday evening, May 31st, at St. Andrew's Hall. "The Fortunes of War," a farce in one act, was given by members of the society. The characters were as follows:
Members of the Tau Phi Gamma society—
Lucie—Lillian Flanders, '08.
Evelyne—Margery Richmond, '10.
Flora—Anna Keenholts, '09.
Polly—Jessie Luck, '10.
Mildred—Verna Fowler, '09.
Jack, An Alpha Beta—Adele Le Compte, '08.
A very memorable day was Saturday, May 25th, when the Theta Nu Society engaged two beautiful turnouts and drove to the Indian Ladder and Thompson's Lake. Arriving at the top of the Ladder about noon, the first thought was to care for the inner man, whereupon dinner was prepared and served on the Grounds, which was greatly relished, and all declared they seemed Fuller than if they had dined at the Hamptom. Our guide, Fowler, who by the way is a native of that section, led us to the crevice, and owing to the narrow expansion we feared some might become fixed between the rocks, but fortunately Every one managed to wiggle through. He then took us to the cave, where we rapped for admission. Owing to the very damp atmosphere we did not enter, but returned and were hissed up through the crevice. We then wended our way to the lake, where a game of ball and other amusements were indulged in. The water in the lake was quite wet—to prove it ask Ostrander.

We journeyed homeward in the twilight and were entertained in song by Anderson, who has such a pleasing, bird-like warble. The day was a howling success.

At the last regular meeting of Theta Nu the following officers were elected for the first term of next year.

President, Roger A. Fuller, '08
Vice-President, Clarence Ostrander '09
Secretary, H. Goewey
Treasurer, Clarence Kirby
Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Vosburgh
Critic, Eugene Haiss

Quintillian literary society tendered its annual reception to the seniors at Graduates' Hall Wednesday evening, May 29th. It was a most enjoyable affair to all present.

Adelphoi society gave a yachting party Friday evening, June 7th. The yacht left the foot of State street at 7 o'clock, sailed twenty-five miles down the river, returning to Albany at 12 p. m. The party was chaperoned by Miss Taylor and Prof. White.

Alumni Notes

'06
On Saturday, June 1, occurred the marriage of Miss Ruth Baumes, of Slingerlands, to Mr. George Whitman Otis, of Saranac Lake.

On Tuesday, June 18, Miss Sara Swayne was married to Mr. Bert Herrick, of Castleton.

Miss Laura May Wilson, ex '06, was married June 1st to Samuel Howard Ackerman of Wilmington, Delaware.

'05
Guy Sweet has accepted a position in the Hudson River Telephone Company.

'04
Miss Ruth Guernsey has accepted a position as teacher of second grade at Salem, N. Y.

Louise Van Solus is at present residing in Albany.

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

'03
Miss Laura Mae Jennings was married on June 19 to Mr. Ralph Garrison.

'02
Mr. Delbert Dederick will be married in June to Miss Saida Garret, of Newtonville.

'98
Miss Ida Harrington will be married on June 29, at her home in Watervliet, to Mr. Percy Adams, of North Adams.
Comes that time-worn question, "What is a school paper?" From the depths of sarcasm come the replies: "A scrap-book for the literary efforts of a select body of school children known as an editorial staff;" "A collection of local gags and insipid personals preceded by Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' and followed by Shelley's 'Cloud;';" "A haven of refuge for dissertations on political economy, love, philosophy, the character of Lady Macbeth, and the study of Silas Marner;" "A collection of printed nothings which—" But spare us, spare us! Overdrawn as these choice bits of irony are, we cannot but realize in them some essence of truth. But, next year's editors, let this not dishearten you, rather let it be an incentive to raise the standard of your paper next fall, to make it not only worth while but worth reading to yourselves, your school and your outside friends, the exchanges.

To raise the standard of a paper is not necessarily to add a dozen new features to it; better improve a few essential departments than weaken the whole by attempting that for which you have neither time nor ability. With summer, and a good time before you, don't forget the duties of the fall and when the first issue is out—don't think that there is lots of time before the next—there never is.

Cue, Albany N. Y.—The literary matter of the Cue is seldom more than fair, but the May issue contains one especially praiseworthy poem, "They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait." A really truly good article certainly is "A joy forever"—would that they were more numerous.

Bulletin, Montclair, N. J.—You make a mistake in resorting to that worn-out expedient of filling up space by the acknowledgment of all exchanges received. Rouse up a little bit before next fall, Bulletin; we can only re-echo your editor's noble sentiment—"Git bisy!"

Chronicle, Kingston, N. Y.—The maiden effort of the Kingston High School comes to our table under the name of Chronicle, Vol. I, No. 1. Not a criticism but just a suggestion—don't waste too much space on personals and locals and make your exchange list as large as possible. Our own starting point is not so far distant but that we can realize what Vol I means, so the best of luck to you Chronicle!

Ledger, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Why is it that a paper conducted entirely
by boys invariably has poor literary work? The rest of your paper is commendable, your cover excellent and work well distributed, but the illustrations to your stories are a decidedly jarring note.

Anvil, Concord, Mass.—Your cover is an ideal one for a school paper, but there is little within that is in any way bright or interesting; your paper is decidedly dead. Is there any good reason why exchange criticisms or a little worthy Massachusetts humor should not have a place in your columns? Surely, with your high rate of subscription, you should produce a little something more for your subscribers than fourteen pages of tame reading matter. We're sure your Bostonian sensibilities are going to be shocked, but "It's a shame to take the money!"

Manzanita, Watsonville, Cal.—Our California friend is a very welcome addition to our exchange list. As we always try to mention new exchanges kindly accept, as well as accept kindly the following: Your stories are well written but your editorials—excuse us, your editorial and exchange column are miserably feeble. The editor-in-chief complains of lack of material. Nonsense, girl! Wake up and let us know there is an editor!

Hendrix College Mirror, Conway, Ark.—The Mirror and the College Index of Kalamazoo have in the three years of our existence become two of our most faithful and steadfast friends. We can sincerely say that from few papers have we derived the practical benefit that we have from yours. Many thanks for your kind criticisms, Mirror, and congratulations for your April issue; your literary work is splendid—we especially enjoyed the dainty bit of poetry entitled "Dawn."

Opinion, Peoria, Ill.—Your April number is the best that you have issued this year. "When His Dream Came True" is pleasing although the style is somewhat hackneyed. Your exchange column is, as usual, praiseworthy, your criticism well directed.

Vexillum, Boston, Mass.—Another newcomer. "The Man at the Corner" is an interesting feature, otherwise your paper is but fair. Must we say the same old thing again? Well, here goes—

Special to the Vexillum, Boston, Mass.:
Honored Vexillum.—Where is your exchange column?
In all sincerity,
CRIMSON AND WHITE,
Albany, N. Y.

Item, Pasadena, Cal.—Good!
Then with a start we awake. We have been reading the Easter number of the Item which in some way has escaped our notice until now. Nevertheless we cannot pass you by, Item, without a hearty word of commendation for your two excellent stories in the issue mentioned—"Two Days in a British Camp in India" and "The Mysterious Footprint."

To Our Exchanges.—The end of the year and the last issue! We leave you with regret, exchanges, for we have sincerely enjoyed the year's work. Perhaps the editorial pen has been dipped too frequently in the literary tabasco, perhaps we, as a paper, have not been in position to criticise severely, yet at all events we have tried to be just,—besides, it's do as we say, don't do as we do. But come, ye finis—

Through these columns we, of the
Crimson and White, extend to our many exchanges our hearty thanks for their criticisms of our paper, and our hopes that next year will find them all with us again.

And so, this peculiar crank of an exchange editor ceases his periodical sermons and to you all says— not Auf Wiedersehen, but Adoo!

**The Critic's Corner**

The Crimson and White would be greatly improved by a new cover.—H. S. News, St. Louis, Mich.

The Crimson and White of Albany is a most praiseworthy paper. The cover is neat and attractive.—Russ, San Diego, Cal.

The Crimson and White is superior to any exchange received this month.—Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass.

The stories in the Crimson and White of Albany are well written. A table of contents would add much to the paper.—Hendrix College Mirror.

We are glad to have the Crimson and White with us again. Many of the articles in your literary department are very interesting as well as instructive. We agree heartily with the author of "Athletics in High School," that every high school should have a gymnasium and course of physical training in connection with its other lines of work. The story "A Normal College Child" is quite eccentric and made interesting by the peculiar style of writing.—Pennant, Meriden Conn.

Thank you, Crimson and White, for the hint to exchange editors. It was most helpful especially to a new editor.—H. S. Register.

YE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY

"Tempus fugit," said the Roman,
Yes, alas, 'tis speeding on,
Ever swiftly, surely going,—
Life is short and soon is gone.
But as I think of next vacation,
Pining o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder, ever longer,—
All I say is—"Let her fuge!"

—Ex.

Genius may have its limitations but stupidity is not thus handicapped.—Ex.

Lilian—"Say, what's your favorite kind of pie?"
Clifford—"Huckleberry, of course."
Lilian—"Yes, but that musses up your ears so."

An Extract from Confucius.
Teachee, teachee,
All day teachee,
Nigheee markee papers.
Nerves all creepy,
Noone kissee,
Noone hugggee.
Poor old maidee,
Noone lovee,
Poor teachee.

—Ex.

FOR THE LAST TIME, VAN.

Carefully he copied it on a sheet of foolscap—the full title of the infant heir to the Spanish throne. Beneath it he wrote, "Horace Alexander Buchanan Carlyle Van Dorn Van Oostenbrugge." Then he silently compared the two, with a sigh he scratched the lower one out and regarded the other for a few moments. "I resign," he said—"That beats the Dutch!"

Nickel plating gives no power to an engine.—Ex.
Sunday School Teacher—"Edward, if somebody smote you on the right cheek, what would you do?"

Edward Josephus (dreamily)—"Um—m—m—I'd give 'im me left."

SOMETHING NOUGH.
He lived on the edge of a slough,
And whenever he felt a bit blough,
Both he and his daughter
Would sail on the waughter,
And shoot at the ducks as they flough.

Adough! 

Big Van—"Are you deaf to my pleadings, Coop?"

Letha (carelessly)—"Um-hum."

Van—"But what about a diamond?"

Letha—"Oh—well—I'm not stone deaf."

Mrs. Newell—"Did you see my sunburst last night?"

Mrs. Richmond—"No, but I certainly thought he would if he ate another bit."

First Daddy—"In what course does your son expect to graduate?"

Second Daddy—"From the looks of things, in the course of time."

Margaret Murlin (translating in French)—"As she came down the road, she spread about her a clear, luminous light."

Voice from the rear—"Honk! Honk!"

POOR MARGERY!
My bonnie lies under the auto,
My bonnie sweats under the car,
Oh, run get a farmer to tow us
I'm lonely up here where I are. 

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CHILD STUDY

Name of subject—A. Le C.
Apparent age—Five years, six months.
Assumed age—Twenty years, three days.
Nationality—A native of Pine Hills.
Observation made by—The kitchen stove.
Date of observation—After supper.

Very apparent nerve signs have been noted in the subject are evidently due to over-work. Faculty please take notice. Absent mindedness is predominant. The following occurrence illustrates this fact:

The kitchen was free from any disturbing element. The family had long since departed from the supper table. The subject had put away the last dish. Bread crumbs and a loaf of bread upon the kitchen table. Subject brushed crumbs carefully on plate, seized loaf of bread. Thoughtfully subject placed bread crumbs in bread-box and casually cast loaf of bread into coal scuttle. Dazed expression on subject’s face duly noted but snap shot could not be procured.

(Signed)  THE KITCHEN STOVE.

When you are arguing with a fool, just remember that the fool is doing the same thing.

—Ex.

THE JOLLY JUNIOR

Trouble, Trouble, let me be,
Trouble, Trouble, twenty-three,
Trouble, Trouble, prunes for you,
Trouble, Trouble, oh, skiddoo!

—Ex.

Stately Senior—“So your efforts to get on the team were fruitless?”

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Frivolous Freshman—"Oh, no. They handed me a lemon." —Ex.

A prize was offered for the best answer to the question: "How to manage a husband?" An old maid won the prize with an answer of three words. "Feed the brute!" —Ex.

Do unto your geometry problems as your neighbor does to his.—Ex.

"Everything has its place," remarked Mrs. Bordenhaus. "Yes," sighed Grace Gilencourd, as she scanned the plate of hash, "this seems to be the place."—Ex.

Teacher cranky,
Pupils few,
Questions flying
Zero too.
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning—
Always so.—Ex.

AN ITEM FROM THE LOUDONVILLE TIMES

"Peter Warren Wesley Brewster of Newtonville, N. Y., spent the day in town.

Johnny Optimist—"Pleasant weather overhead."
Peter Pessimist—"Yes. Trouble is, so few people going that way."

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