The Crimson and White

DECEMBER, 1912

STATE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY, N. Y.
DIEGES & CLUST

"IF WE MADE IT, IT'S RIGHT"

Official Jewelers

OF THE

LEADING COLLEGES, SCHOOLS AND ASSOCIATIONS

Class Pins, Fraternity Pins, Medals, Cups, Etc., Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

20 JOHN STREET NEW YORK

Capital City News Company

Periodicals School Supplies
Stationery Newspapers
Cigars Tobacco

We are ready to show you the complete Fall Line of

ED. V. PRICE & CO.
Made to order clothes $15-40

S. E. Miller
34 and 36 Maiden Lane

YOU CAN FIND

A PRACTICAL XMAS GIFT

FOR EVERYONE AT

BAMER & McDOWELL’S, 38 CENTRAL AVE.

WATCH OUR WINDOW

COME FOR YOUR GOOD THINGS TO EAT TO

BUTLER’S

CORNER BEAVER AND LODGE STREETS

HOME PHONE 540 BELL MAIN 1160

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
T'was many, many years ago,
    About this very time;
But in a land far distant,
    And in an eastern clime,
When mighty Herod cruel sway'd,
    And all Judea stood afraid.

Then on a night, still, dark and long,
Quick from Heaven burst th' angelic throng.
And to each trembling mortals' ear
   Came the song of peace and great good cheer.

While angels glorious anthems rais'd.
The sky with heavenly light all blaz'd,
And o'er a manger, far away,
   One single star shone bright as day.
It guided men thru waste and wild
To where lay Mary with her Child.

Thus Came the Christ, so meek, yet great,
The King of Earth, not of a State,
The man of grief, whose life was robb'd
By jealous hate; The Son of God!

So we at Christmas time each year,
Should lay aside all woe and fear;
Forget our faults, forgive each foe,
In memory of that long ago,
And as He bids, if we but hear,
Bring to each heart Peace, Love and Cheer.

THE SUFFRAGETTE

Sadie was a young girl about eighteen years of age, tall and slender. Her hair was flaxen in color and fluffy; her eyes blue. Her complexion was as fair as a rose leaf, with two pretty dimples in each cheek which showed when she laughed.

David and Guy both had dark hair,
brown eyes, fair complexion, and both were tall in stature.

"Now boys," Sadie said smoothing a cushion in her lap. "I am in real earnest, and if you don't believe me, you can just go and see if I don't carry the banner at the head of the Suffragette parade."

"Are you going to wear that pretty dusting cap you wore at the dance?" Guy asked her, "And your pink slippers and that pretty —,"

"Why that isn't a dusting cap, that's a —,"

"Say, Sadie, if you wear that outfit," David said, "every old duffer will vote for you," tapping his fingers on the arm of the chair, as if keeping time to some music, "and, besides, your foot is too small to be a Suffragette."

"Small," Sadie replied, putting out her foot, "why I wear a number three."

"Well," David said, "in order to be a Suffragette you would have to wear a number six, or six and a half, or seven, or——"

"Going up," Guy said, "I'll make it eight to be done with."

"I think it's mean in you boys to make fun of such a weighty matter. I have wasted all my life, and now I'm going to give up everything and——"

"Not dancing?" David asked.

"Not tennis?" Guy inquired.

"Yes I have decided not to go to that dance Tuesday. I might play tennis once in a while, but I really ought to give up everything if I'm going to give up my life to others."

"If that is the case," David said, "you can take care of me."

"Now, David, I'm not going to talk to you boys any longer, if you can't be more sensible. You don't understand what a Suffragette is. I really do think that a woman ought to vote. Now just look at that old ragman, he——"

"I hear him," Guy interrupted.

"He can vote," Sadie went on, "while mother can't, and Hettie Green who is——"

"Why, Sadie Armstrong," David said, "the place would have to be fumigated before your mother would go in after him, besides a woman is too nice to go and vote, her place is at home."

"I'll not talk to you any more, my mind is made up," Sadie said rising from her comfortable seat.

"Well, we must go," David said. After a short conversation they departed.

"Oh, bless the Suffragettes," David said, as they walked down the street, "I'm not going to take any other girl to that dance, but Sadie and she won't go."

"What ever put that in her head? I'd like to know," Guy said half to himself, and half to David.

"Well, I don't care who put it in her head, this has gone far enough, something must be done," David replied. "Listen Guy," he continued, with a smile creeping over his face, "what do you think of this?"

In the daily paper was a notice all about the Suffragette parade, and that the popular society leader Miss Sadie Armstrong was going to carry the banner.

The streets were crowded when Sadie appeared at the head of the parade, wearing a neat blue suit, and a poke bonnet on her head, carrying the banner with the inscription "Votes for Women." After they had gone a short distance a shout arose among the crowd.
"Why, I didn't think that we would make such an impression," Sadie thought standing up straight and carrying the banner high. "I wish the boys could see me now."

The people kept shouting louder and louder, until poor Sadie stood up so straight and carried the banner so high that it quite made her back ache, until turning a corner, she looked around to see the rest of the parade and to her amazement and horror saw a fat, broad-shouldered, mannish-looking woman, apparently about seven feet tall grasping with her right hand and pushing in front of her the "Mechanical Man," slender and effeminate.

The woman was wearing a black sailor hat, a high stiff collar with a black tie, a mannish-looking black coat with bloomers that bloused at the ankles. On her feet were heavy boots. Her hair which was iron-gray was drawn back tightly from her heavy, loose-featured face. Her complexion was dark and coarse. Her eyes which were black and small, were overhung by heavy eyebrows. She had a decided Roman nose, high cheek bones, and a Roosevelt mouth with a huge double chin.

The "Mechanical Man" which was held by her heavy, large-muscled hand, wore a high black silk hat, which looked as if somebody might accidentally have sat on it. His soiled white collar was many sizes too large, and his faded necktie was frayed and greased. His Prince Albert coat, which was as many sizes too large as his collar, was old and gray. The buttons on this coat were mostly missing, but on the back were two buttons of different sizes and color, the large one was green, the other yellow. His trousers which had long needed pressing bagged at the knees. He seemed to tremble, and his teeth to chatter at every step he took in obedience to her command.

In the left hand this woman carried a banner on which was inscribed "We Want Our Rights."

Back of this woman was the man that owned the trained rooster and educated pig. The man was drawing a cart in which the rooster was setting on a nest of eggs. His comb was picked and bleeding, and part of his tail feathers gone, but following in place of the educated pig was a large Brama hen, that seemed to enjoyed her freedom from domestic duties.

"Oh! how could they, oh, how could they," Sadie said, and the banner fell to the ground and Sadie vanished.

One by one the Suffragettes disappeared, until only the woman and man, the hen and rooster were the remains of the Suffragette parade.

One afternoon the next week, when the boys went to play tennis they stopped for Sadie.

"No, I won't play tennis," Sadie said, "I think you boys are terribly mean."

"Mean," David said, "what have we done?"

"Done," Sadie replied, "you know as well as I know, and I never, never will speak to you again," and slammed the door in their faces.

But Sadie must have changed her mind, for a few months later in the paper was the announcement of the engagement of Sadie Armstrong to David Decker.

DOROTHY RUSSELL, '15.
"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Betty Pendleton from the chapel doorway: "come here if you want excitement."

Seven pretty expectant faces looked from the chapel door, while Betty indicated the cause for excitement.

"It's a man!" she whispered.

It certainly seems strange that eight pretty, young girls should become excited over "a man" doesn't it? But this, indeed, was an exciting and extraordinary occurrence.

They were attending "Miss Maria Schuyler's Select School for Girl's" and Miss Maria had never even allowed the milk boy on the campus. Indeed, Miss Maria boasted of the fact that she had never allowed a man inside the gates. Hence all the excitement!

"It is a man, isn't it?" exclaimed Daisy.

The man was standing about fifty feet away from them with his back turned.

"Look at his shoulders, aren't they fine?" cried Edith.

"Oh dear, it seems so good to see a real, live man again!" sighed sentimental Peg.

At that moment a door opposite the chapel opened and out walked Miss Maria. She gazed with horror at the young ladies before her.

"Girls! what are you doing at this hour of the morning standing in the hallway? Go into your French class immediately!"

They all started back into the chapel with disappointment written all over their faces. The door closed, the man was gone, perhaps they never would see him again. The mademoiselle had great difficulty with the class that morning and as she chattered and scolded in French, the girls whispered and talked of the man.

"I wonder who he is?" said Betty.

"I bet he is handsome," continued Peg. "did you see his shoulders? Oh, I'm just in love with them."

"His hair is black, too," added Jean.

The door opened at that moment and all turned to see if it perhaps might be the man.

"Oh, it's only Grace!" exclaimed Daisy, "she's late again!"

Grace Drumont took her place quietly and started to write a note which she hoped would create some excitement, but when she passed it to Betty that young lady turned up her nose and whispered back behind her French book, "We saw him this morning and he is the stunningest fellow. He must be about twenty-five. You should have seen him smile. I'm crazy about him."

The man had affected Miss Betty Pendleton so much that she let her imagination get the better of her. All day the girls talked of him and looked in every nook and corner for him.

At five o'clock the young ladies of Miss Schuyler's assembled in the chapel for final instructions and suggestions. That evening everything was excitement. Something was going to happen the girls were sure, because Miss Maria had on her blue silk.

The head of the school took her place on the platform and commenced to talk. Her manner was less dignified and stiff and her cheeks more flushed than usual. She stammered a little and at length told the girls in hurried sentences that she would like to introduce them to her successor.
as head of the school, Professor Ezra Jameson and that after March she expected to become Mrs. Ezra Jameson. Professor Jameson then walked in. He proved to be "the man" but such an old one, and horror of horrors! he was as homely as an ogre!

IN THE DAYS OF THE AIRSHIP

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were deeply interested in society, and quite fashionable for a couple nearing sixty. Airships were used by all society people and the Browns had to purchase a machine in order to retain their reputation. Whether to do this or not was a question that caused Mr. and Mrs. Brown much consideration. They had about decided that they would not get one, when the vision of their neighbor flying above them, as they went stupidly along in their auto crushed their first decision to death.

The machine was purchased and placed in what was termed, "The aerial house" until Sunday, as that was the day they decided to make their first trip in it. They were going to "fly" to church, thinking that the ship might be sanctified if its first duty was to carry them to church, also that the best place for displaying their machine was to anchor near the entrance.

Sunday morning dawned, and the Browns were "up with the larks." At a quarter past seven precisely, Mrs. Brown, robed in the latest type of an aerial cloak, rustled down stairs and waited for her husband's arrival. Presently she heard, "I can't come near the door, my dear, come to the aerial house." Mrs. Brown sputtered but hurried to her husband. He made several revolutions around the house, but the machine positively refused to go any lower. The ropes caught in the cupola and hurled it down on the pavement below. Mr. Brown then told his wife that she had to come to the roof so a ladder was procured and Mrs. Brown began the ascent. Reaching the roof by the aid of a trap door, Mrs. Brown was at last seated in the ship.

They went flying along, bowing and smiling to all they met, and casting disdainful glances at the less fortunate below them. They soon reached the church and its no longer peaceful environment, for the yard was filled with ships. The dead were no longer left to sleep in peace for their grateful descendants fastened their ships to the tomb stones.

Mr. Brown began to wonder how he was going to land as his ship persisted in staying about fifty feet above the earth. After trying in vain to land, he at last threw out a rope and besought his fellowmen to "haul him down." This, some condescended to do and after long and serious debates they reached the earth. Mrs. Brown felt not a little mortified, but was determined not to show it. As she left the car she saw Mrs. Packard going towards the door. Now that she could speak to her without feeling a sense of humiliation, Mrs. Brown was about to call her when her foot caught in the root of a tree and she fell.

Poor Mrs. Brown moaned and shrieked alternately, and the occupants of the church, who were not very attentive to their prayers, rushed
to the scene. They placed the poor woman in the airship and sent her home. As they arose "from the surface" an impudent youngster who had heard his grandfather sing, "Come Take a Trip in My Airship," began to whistle that tune, much to Mr. Brown's disgust who was vowing that he'd never fly again.

Sorry to say this vow was not kept, they had many an enjoyable ride on week days, but on Sunday they were content to go to church in an auto.

THE ELUSIVE UMBRELLA.

On one rainy afternoon as John Redmond came upon the veranda where his wife, his daughter Theodosia, and Robert Mitchell, her fiancé, were sitting, they noticed that he held a brand new umbrella above his head. Proudly he displayed its good points; particularly the splendid crook on the handle, which made it possible to carry it suspended from his arm. It was the only one in the store and he considered that he had obtained a prize in securing it. Placing it in the umbrella stand, he went on into the house, still congratulating himself on his purchase.

It was still pouring when Mr. Mitchell arose to go home.

"Here, take this umbrella. You can return it any time," said Theodosia, and handed him her father's latest acquisition.

At the corner Bob stepped into the cigar store. He hung his umbrella on the counter, by the convenient crook, bought his cigar, and left the store. Shortly after he reached home, the 'phone rang.

"For you, Mr. Mitchell," he was told. Theodosia's voice came anxiously over the wire.

"Bob! Father is furious because I gave you his umbrella. Will you please bring it back as quickly as possible? I'm awfully sorry to have to ask you for it, but——"

"No trouble at all. I understand fully. Be over in a minute," answered Bob. He turned to pick up the umbrella. Horrors! Where was it? After searching frantically for a few minutes, he suddenly remembered the cigar store. He rushed out of the house back to the store.

"Umbrella with crooked handle? Yes, sir. Gentleman just took one out about five minutes ago," said the clerk.

Bob decided the next best thing to do was to buy another one. When he reached the house and showed his peace offering, he was coldly told by Mr. Redmond that unless his property was returned, he might consider his engagement with Theodosia broken off.

The next day a notice appeared in the newspaper:

"The man who took the Umbrella from Brown's Cigar Store is known, and he will avoid trouble, if he returns the property."

That afternoon a well-dressed man looked cautiously around the corner, hurried up to the cigar store, deposited an umbrella in a corner and rushed away, trying to look unconcerned. The same thing occurred several times that day. Tall men, short men, thin men, fat men, young men, old men, all played the principal part. There seemed to be a con-
continous stream to that corner and away from it.

That evening Mr. Robert Mitchell, and what seemed to be a walking umbrella stand, but which finally developed into a small messenger boy, waited in Mr. Redmond’s front hall. When that gentleman appeared he was unable to speak, which was unusual for him. Then, among the medley of long-handled, short-handled, old, new, broken-ribbed, bent umbrellas, he spied one with a crooked handle. He proudly hung it on his arm, shook hands with Bob, and started upstairs. On the first landing, he turned and with a condescending wave of the hand, said:

“Theodosia is in the library, my boy.”

S. D., ’15.

THE NIGHT TERROR

It was not the proverbial Raffles; on the contrary, he slipped noiselessly into the Latimore’s house having entered by a ground floor window, and he looked more like the genuine upper-story cracksman. His eyes were narrow, shrewd, with small, red lights in them; his face wide, coarse but intelligent; the mouth was cruel and sensual; the thick hawk nose ran sullenly into the low forehead.

But his hands spread out into delicate fingers that could tell in the dark, the value of the spoils they were always seeking; they were his trusty soldiers. Under their delicacy lay tense, steely muscles trained to the deadly tricks of the night prowler.

There had been a bull-dog half an hour before; but he was dead now. And the burglar had nothing to fear from the lumps of distorted clay he had left in the yard.

The intruder had stayed in the back-ground waiting until the servants should be absent. Now the proper hour was at hand and everything was going smoothly.

His fingers lingered lovingly over the rich old silver. His eyes gloated over the simple, colonial spoons and ladles. He had boldly lighted a lamp and was wrapping each larger piece in flannel before transferring it to a large grain sack.

He was just rolling up a fat teapot when a low cry from the doorway made him spring to his feet. In rising he drew his pistol and covered the woman who stood there.

“Stop,” he growled wolfishly, “or I’ll fire!”

He stared furiously at her as she paused on the threshold in her white cashmere kimono. This young woman with wide, violet eyes and loose, drooping hair of soft gold was angelically lovely.

“Don’t you move!” he said. His eyes sought a vital spot. And then—

“Oh, thank Heaven, you’re here,” cried the girl passionately.

“Thank Heaven!” he repeated, staggering back, “you—you idgit! Don’t you see what I’m a-doin’?”

“Oh, yes, I see! I tell you I’m alone in the house and when I heard you down here I said—If only someone has broken in.”

“It doesn’t matter now. Providence has sent you, come!”

“Providence!” he fell back against the sideboard. “Me! You’re a lunatic! Or,” he added, with a
vicious snatching of her wrist, "it's a trap!"

"Oh, it's no trap! Come quickly, I need you. He may be dying now!"

"He!" the burglar snarled again, "Your husband?"

"No, no! My husband has gone to a friend who was shot," she added in despairing accents, "my boy—my Gerald. Something's wrong with him. When I try to telephone for the doctor, I get no response. Please come."

The intruder looked dazed. "Move on!" he commanded, "I'll foller."

They found the baby black in the face from strangling. The burglar gave one sharp glance and then said, "Croup! No time to be chasing for doctors! Step lively and do all I tell you."

Swiftly, obediently, she went to work, and together they fought for the child's life, driving back inch by inch, under the skilful orders of the thief, the shadow hanging over the choking baby. He had some knowledge of nursing and knew just what to order from the medicine chest, just what hot baths to apply.

At last the hateful phlegm disappeared, the choking and hard cough that thrills even the inexperienced with terror, subsided. The exhausted baby slept a natural, quiet slumber.

She was dazed in her turn. Then she merely said, "You must have a boy of your own—you knew so well what to do for mine. I think you are wonderful."

"I have," he said curtly, "I saved him same way." He paused, then added, "Now, what about the silvers?"

"I'll come and help you pack it up," she said promptly.

She followed him, carrying a lighted lamp. When they reached the silver he pointed a commanding finger at it.

"Pack it," he snapped.

She smiled at him, set the lamp on the table and began to obey.

"Wait!" he said sharply. Then he went on sharply and brutally, "I guess you can comprehend this much—it was me shot your husband's friend, Cotswald. He's dead by this time—the fool! He would come monkeyin'. I plugged him good!"

She sprang to her feet; her hands outthrown piteously, "Oh, no! no!" she cried wildly, imploringly, "You—you couldn't have done that!"

He slid off the table, obviously pleased at last. "I sure done it!" he affirmed, and then, crouching by the plate, began rapidly, avidly, packing it, while she, in a kind of horrified stupor, watched him.

Soon he fastened the sack and then, with a heave of his mighty muscles, he swung it to his broad shoulders, "Lemme out," he commanded.

Not once did she hesitate, not once did she glance at the back that held a little fortune—her husband's and hers, not once did he surprise an expression of anything but patience or courage on her young face.

She mutely took up the lamp; led the way and as mutely opened the front door for him.

"Are you goin' to tell on me—about that feller?" he demanded grimly.

She looked at him and tried to speak; at first her dry throat refused its office, then she slowly gasped out, "No!"

Still he paused, as though not quite satisfied, and then, "I'd like you to shake hands," he muttered.
She shrank as though he had struck her; before her eyes ran redly a vision of kind, good John Cotswald, their friend and neighbor, lying in a pool of blood; the horror of it rose in her throat and sickened her. Then another picture swept the first aside; she saw her boy as he had lain strangling; she saw his baby face grow horribly purple. She felt again the rending anguish, which had assailed her, then came full memory of the relief this man had, with his ready hands, wrought so splendidly.

She heard once more the soft, regular breathing of the saved baby. Silently she extended her right hand; that of the intruder closed over it in a crushingly hard pressure.

Then he released her fingers and scowled viciously at her.

"I don't want your old silver!" he growled savagely and flung it on the floor. In the next moment the shadows of the night had forever swallowed him.


WINTER'S FORECAST

When the day is quite the clearest
And the mountains seem the nearest,
And the clouds like fairy ships go
Sailing by;
As the breezes in the leaflets
Whisper melodies that please us,
Can you scarce forbear to heave a
gentle sigh—
O sigh!
Can you scarce forbear to heave a
gentle sigh?

For the winter days are coming.
Hebe Autumn is returning,—
On the fields and sombre woodlands lays her claim;
We no more shall walk in meadows
Blossoming with gaudy petals,
When the blooming and the verdant she has maim'd—
O maim'd!
When the blooming and the verdant she has maim'd.

STANLEY M. WOOD, EX. N. H. S.

As papa was about to apply the strap, Willie said firmly, "Father, unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest." This made the father pause. "Moreover," he continued, "the germs that might be released by violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to dust of the street would be apt to affect you deleteriously." The strap fell from a nerveless hand.—E.r.

What those letters should mean—
A, abominable; B, bad; C, commendable; D, delightful; E, excellent; F, famous.

"Silently, one by one, in the class books of the teachers
Blossom the little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the seniors."

History Teacher: What was wrong with the Articles of Confederation?
E. Mead: They hadn't any national debt.
Teacher: But, my dear, they were getting one as fast as they could.
Another year has nearly passed, and Father Time has ushered in its last month, the month which brings the season that is the happiest of all. Merry Christmas has come, the time when we put aside dull care and join in the festal celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ, the babe of Bethlehem. We always associate Christmas with brightness, gaiety, and good cheer. But many people have come to consider Christmas as standing only for fun and a good time. They have become absorbed in the narrower significance of the day and think little of its real meaning. Christmastide should bring to us a feeling of fellowship and "good will toward men." To promote such a feeling ought to be the function of this happy season. If this were the spirit of Christmas, there would be no chance for that pessimistic attitude of mind which so many persons find themselves assuming at such a time as this, for young or old, rich or poor, all have a share of the happiness, the peace, the joyous good will of the sacred day. Christmas was intended, not for the few, but for all, and the extent of our enjoyment will no doubt depend upon the degree of our zeal and our effort to bring good cheer to others. This effort must not be measured by the money value of the gifts we give but rather by the earnestness with which we undertake to bring happiness to our fellows. Let us think of the purpose for which the Prince of Peace came, and aid, each in his own small way, to bring good cheer to those with whom we come in contact.

Has there crept into our school a condition which never before has existed? To some of us it seems that the students have lost some of the
trust which the teachers formerly placed in us. This is apparent in many different ways and we think that it cannot fail to have been noted by all. It is true that our teachers still trust us, perhaps now even more than in many schools, but the feeling that we are almost absolutely relied upon to behave properly in the study hall, in the corridor and elsewhere, without being watched, is not as apparent as it once was. What is the reason for this change? The fact that the membership of the school has increased is not a sufficient excuse, for the many should be trusted as well as the few. It is certainly not due to our teachers, for they have shown us in the past years that they would trust us if they could. The fault, no doubt, lies largely with ourselves. We have had a chance to retain the trust of our instructors and have not appreciated the privilege. We have, it seems, drifted into the present condition unintentionally and many of us have scarcely realized that we have lost some of that confidence once placed in us. This has resulted from the neglect of little things and we must regain our former place of confidence by showing in small things that we are worthy of it. Let us not make it necessary for our principal to instruct us more than once in a little matter before we obey. Let us in study hall, in recitation, in passing to and from classes and in examinations show that we do not need to be watched. Let us prove by honorable conduct in small matters that we can be depended upon and then our teachers will trust us more in the larger.

We regret exceedingly that our Assistant Literary Editor, Miss Marjorie Burgess, has left our city and our school. She carries with her to her new home the earnest good wishes of each member of the board of editors that she may find her new surroundings pleasant. We are very glad to have her place on the staff filled by Miss Eloise Lansing, '14.

Miss Gertrude Lathrop, '16, won the prize offered for the best cover design for the crimson and white, as announced on the bulletin board in October.

ALUMNI NOTES

State Normal High School Alumni Association. Does not that sound fine to all us loyal N. H. S. people? Indeed and what does it mean? It signifies a union of school chums, old and new; a means by which we can at present meet the old students of our High School and later, a way by which we can renew our school ties, now so dear to all of us. The time has come when the Alumni of our High School feel the need and want of a union. They have had no ties to hold them side by side and have been fast drifting apart, but the awakening has come at last and now we are to have a State Normal High School Alumni Association. The first meeting is to be held December 20th at eight o'clock in the College auditorium. Would that the Alumni could all be present at this assemblage, and let us students of the N. H. S. give to this association our best support that we may, in years to come, be proud of our Alumni Association and, held within its bonds, we may forever
cherish our Alma Mater, dear old N. H. S.

Among those home for the Thanksgiving recess were, Caroline Lansing from Wellesley; Newton Bacon from Williams and Jasper Meyers from Pratt Institute. They are all graduates of the Class of 1912.

Russell Meeny of the Class of 1907 was married in October to Minnie Van Santvoordt of this city. They are now living in New York where Mr. Meeny has a fine position with the Hudson River Line of Navigation.

William Gazeley, 1911, who entered the Albany Medical College in the fall, has been elected captain of the Medic Basketball team.

Sarah Rouse, a graduate of the N. H. S., is now in New York teaching the deaf and dumb on the East side.

W. Irving Goewey, Jr., has left the Albany High School where he has been taking a Post-Graduate course since September. Mr. Goewey intends to enter the University of Pennsylvania next fall, where he will take up the study of dentistry.

As president of the freshman class in the Normal College, we are proud to note a former student of our High School, Orville Hayford.

Warren Vosburg, who is now a junior at Union College, has been on a trip to Buffalo and Elmira with the musical clubs of which he is a member.

Rachel Griswold and Harold Goewey, both of the Class of 1910, are to take part in the play "The Tempest" which is to be given by the college students on December 13.

Sanford Carhart and Edna Schifferdecker were married in October.

F. L. G.

SCHOOL NOTES

While enjoying a short vacation during the dedication ceremonies of the State Education Building, we were shocked to hear of the death of Dr. Huested, a professor in the college, who had been a teacher in this institution for over fifty years. Although not closely connected with the High School Department, yet many of us knew and loved him well. Memorial exercises were held in the auditorium directly after our return to school, and addresses were made by several members of the college faculty who had been intimately associated with him.

We were favored with an address on the subject "Morals in the School-room," given by Miss Sanford, on November 15.

A Shakespearian recital, given by Mr. Wenyon, on the evening of October 11th, in the auditorium, was well attended and very interesting, as was also a lecture on "Wild Birds and Animals," given by Col. Shields, on October 29th. He discussed the subject of the protection of forests and wild birds, and gave several interesting accounts of some of his experiences, illustrating by stereopticon views of birds and animals.

Marjorie Burgess, a well-known member of the Junior Class, and Assistant Literary Editor of The Crimson and White, has moved to Toronto, Ont. At a recent meeting of the Board of Editors, Eloise Lansing was elected to fill the vacancy.

The Crimson and White pins have arrived and are proudly displayed by those who are now serving
Their second year as members of the board.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, a committee was appointed to select the class colors. Those on the committee are: Ruth Jeffrey, Guy Ferguson, Marion Packer, Florence Gale, Marion Baker, Eugene Molitor, Edward Brandow.

The seniors are now sporting their class pins and rings.

On Election Day a straw ballot was taken by the school body, resulting in 106 votes for Taft, 76 for Wilson, and 47 for Roosevelt.

Edward Brandow, Raymond Fite, Alvin Neef and Nelson Covey attended the “New York State Convention for Older Boys” at Syracuse, which was held during the Thanksgiving recess.

Dorothy Moore, a member of the Sophomore Class has moved to New York City.

On Wednesday, December 4th, the Rev. Dr. Hopkins gave a lecture on the Balkan War in the college auditorium. This lecture was attended by the students of both high school and college.

Glee Club

The Glee Club, under the instruction of Prof. Belding, has started again this year with many bright prospects and the determination on the part of its members to make it a success. A mass meeting was held the last of October, for the purpose of enrolling new members, and the next week the following officers were elected:

President—Marion McDowell.
Vice-President—Eleanor Dunn.
Treasurer—Marion Packer.
Asst. Treasurer—Mary Blue.
Secretary—Marion White.
Asst. Secretary—Josephine Hoyt.
Pianist—Dorothy Russell.

The meetings have been well attended, and made very interesting by a short program before the lesson, which has revealed much talent among our classmates. Yes indeed, Glee Club is a permanent institution and Normal will be as proud of it as she is of her many other clubs and societies.

Zeta Sigma

On November first the following managed to survive the initiation which took place in the gymnasium: Euretta Avery, Mary Blue, Helen Cook, Bernice Corey, Grace Cramer, Ruth Kimmey, Caroline Lipes, Ethel Mead, Helen Mann, May Ody, Dorothy Russell, Marion Rosa, Bertha Race, Eleanor Senecal, Pearl Sharp, Anna Switzer and Marion White.

Many of our honorary members have visited us this year, and Miss Ethel Moat and Miss Helen Merchant were present at our initiation.

On Tuesday, November nineteenth, the program was conducted entirely
The programs of the society have proven very interesting of late, and one of the most entertaining features was a recent debate, enthusiastically contested by both sides. Its subject was, Resolved, That billboards are a disgrace to the city and should be abolished. Despite the eloquent arguments offered by the affirmative, those of the negative side proved even better, and the latter came off victorious.

Quin. regrets very much the loss of one of her members, Dorothy Moore, who is leaving the city. Miss Moore's vocal solos added greatly to the programs, and were ever in demand.

At a meeting held several weeks ago, Clara Holder was unanimously elected Assistant Editor. It has been proven that the society made no mistake in its choice.

A Hallowe'en party was given for the Freshmen on Friday, October 25, in the "gym." Anyone who attended will tell you what fun they had. The Society was greatly honored by the presence of the Misses Cushing, Clement and Shafer, who entered wholly into the spirit of the affair. Several of the Alumni were also present and joined in the fun.

Adelphoi's meetings have been very interesting and well attended. The following have been admitted to membership: Messrs Knapp, R. Lodge, Soule, P. Krauch and Walley. The vocal solos of Messrs. Daring and Lodge continue to entertain us.

An excellent mock trial was recently held. Mr. Watt was charged with assault and battery by Mr. Covey. De-
spite the pleading of his attorney it was proved that with no apparent cause Mr. Watt approached Mr. Covey and struck him over the head with a croquet mallet.

We were addressed at a recent meeting by Mr. Minkler, an alumnus.

Plans are under way for the annual party.

The following officers have been elected:
- President—Edward S. McDowell.
- Vice-President—Richard Kirk.
- Secretary—Gordon E. Scott.
- Treasurer—Chester Long.
- Chaplain—J. Robert Watt.
- Master of Ceremonies—Nelson L. Covey.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—Edwin Hanna.

The attendance of the Theta Nu meetings has been very good. The meetings have been very interesting in the past and many other good programs are being planned for future meetings. Some of our honorary members have been present at our meetings. Our new members have taken up the work of the Society with interest.

ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

Early in November the fellows held a meeting in the High School Chapel and decided to have a hockey team.

Much enthusiasm was shown, and Edward McDowell was elected manager. The outlook is indeed bright. Among the increased membership this year there must certainly be seven fellows capable of carrying the school colors into a new field.

BASKET BALL

It is earnestly desired that all students lend their assistance and support to make the new enterprise a success.

With the opening of the basket ball season of 1912-13, the Normal team looks out upon the fastest and best season in the history of the school. Mr. Peppis of the Normal College has coached the team with untiring
effort and the fellows have shown their training in the three games so far this year.

N. H. S. 25, Industrial Dept. S. N. C. 22

On October 25th, our team opened the season by a game with the Industrial Department of the College. It was a very close and interesting one throughout, each team showing excellent form and pass work. After twenty minutes of play the score stood 14 to 14, and at the end of the second half neither team had gained any advantage over the other, the score being 22 to 22. An extra five-minute period was necessary and Molitor made the field basket which won the game. Butler followed with a foul goal and when the bell rang the score was 25 to 22 in favor of the High School. If our teams will continue this kind of work, Normal will be the master of the basket-ball teams in this part of the State.

N. H. S. 32, Chatham H. S. 12

On November 8th, the Normal team went to Chatham and returned with flying colors. Although the contest was one sided it was made interesting at times by the spectacular work of both teams. Our team, however, displayed splendid form and startled the Chatham enthusiasts by their fast and clever work. The Chatham team played a very rough game, sixteen fouls being called on them.

The teams lined up:

N. H. S. C. H. S.

Left Forward Wilcox Paul
Right Forward George-Scott Thickle
Center Fite Darron
Right Guard Butler Hoag-Park
Left Guard Molitor Gardner-Bell-Oliver

SUMMARY


N. H. S. 23, C. B. A. 15

On Friday, November 22, the Christian Brothers’ Academy basketball team lined up against our representation. From the very outset the contest was overwhelmingly in our favor and by the end of the first half the score was 18 to 1. Just after the beginning of the second half Mr. Peppis, the coach, replaced the regular team, one by one, by the second team which finished the game. The second team, even were a match for the visitors, they only being able to score three baskets after the first team had all retired.

The line up was as follows:

Right Forward George-Krauch Gremler
Left Forward Wilcox-Scott Duncan
Center Fite-Cameron Lanahan
Right Guard Butler-Covey Bennet
Left Guard Molitor-Nead Cantwell
Summary
Score at end of first half—N. H. S. 18, C. B. A. 1. Final score—N. H. S. 23, C. B. A. 15. Fouls called on Normal 9, on C. B. A. 2. Field baskets—George 1, Wilcox 5, Fite 2, Butler 1, Molitor 1, Gremler 2, Bennett 2, Duncan 1, Lanahan 1, Cantwell 1. Referee—Elanore. Time of halves—Twenty minutes each.

The schedule as arranged by Manager Butler is a most promising and large one. The home games are as follows; with an equal number of return games.

Dec. 11—Rensselaer High School.
16—Albany High School.
18—Troy Academy.
20—Catskill High School.

Jan. 7—Albany Academy.
8—Waterford High School.
15—Amsterdam High School.
17—Hudson High School.
22—Troy High School.
27—Egberts High School.
31—Schenectady High School.
Feb. 5—Chatham High School.
7—Ravena High School.
15—Amsterdam High School.
17—Hudson Falls High School.

Mar. 5—Albany Academy.
12—Lansingburgh High School.

* Definite arrangements have not as yet been made regarding the exact date. These, however, will probably prove correct.

In reviewing this year’s exchanges we find it difficult to express our admiration and enthusiasm in the dignified vocabulary of an exchange editor. “We are putting before the public . . . the new 1913 model of the Quarterly,” says the organ of St. Helen’s Hall, and it seems to voice the sentiment of every other school. There is to be found in every paper such an abundance of material; no, stone melting appeals for “anything” fills the editorials to destroy the good impression of the school which its organ might otherwise give; the sundry departments bespeak the energy, spirit and enthusiasm of the editors. Loyalty and support is obvious in each paper. 1913 proudly declares “it took Us” and no one seems disposed to deny it.

The Annotator
The attractive new cover of the Iliad (Troy, N. Y.) is quite as cheerful as the old one was depressing.
The art work of this issue is fairly good and the supplementary sketch very clever "The Story of a Shade," depending upon "The Tale of Two Cities" for characters and circumstances would be unintelligible to any one unfamiliar with this book. "The Black Baron" is a story positively gruesome, horrible in the extreme, an odd story to be written in this sanitary age. It also leaves one unenlightened on this point: Did the bride succumb to typhoid fever? The athletics are good; the senior class notes bad. It is best to include the jokes under one head and not to use them as class notes.

The entire makeup of the Russ is very artistic, with only the amateur cartoons in the jokes to mar it. The editorials are gently humorous, the school notes, society and athletic notes are also written in a humorous vein. It would be better to place the exchanges—those gushing exchanges by an irrepressible editor—doubtless a girl—after the departments directly concerning the school. These exchange criticisms are nevertheless very complete. "José of Big Cedar Canyon" has an excellent plot but it is not worked out to a good advantage. It lacks the elements of suspense.

We welcome the St. Benedict's Quarterly this month. The size of the magazine is rather unusual, but the paper for the most part is artistic, although the headings are rather startling, "The Human Heart" is a beautiful story; "The Bermudian Islands," an interesting travel sketch; "The Capital of the Turks," an inclusive essay on Constantinople; "The Seven Wonders of the World"—a subject treated so often might have been replaced by an interesting story. The loyalty for the college is evident in the extensive alumni notes as the school spirit is evinced by the school and athletic notes and editorials. The exchanges are very good.

The Quarterly is the St. Helen's Hall 1913 "Model" and a model for other schools. The literary department with its war stories and essays, of which "The Elements of Character" is rather lacking in coherence though well thought out; the interesting locals and "Arts," and the amusing "Whirrs," comprise this excellent paper. The one criticism that we have to make is that the alumni and athletic notes consist of single sentences. It gives the effect of trying to fill space.

The literary efforts of the Argus are very good this month. "The Reformation of Jean," is very amusing. The cuts of this number are poor, such is the conservative way of expressing it. If the exchange editor would not dream little dreams of exchanges but criticise when wide awake the criticisms would be improved. The remainder of the paper is commendable.

The cuts of the Register (Burlington, Vt.) may be adequately described by one word only—"awful." If better ones are not available it would be better to eliminate them altogether.

The stories for so small a paper are excellent. It is a poor plan to place the jokes in the middle of the paper. the one-sentence type of exchange criticisms is not very good.
The Red Wood Chips (Del Norte High) is a fairly good annual. Its cover is pretty and appropriate. Although the editor complains of difficulty in securing material, from the number of articles it would not seem to be the case. The criticism we have on the paper is that every story or article gives the impression of having been written in haste and under compulsion. In "How the News was Brought to Frisco," for instance, the author has utterly ignored the possibilities for a thrilling narrative. The exchanges are very good. Aside from the scenes in this issue, the art work is poor—very poor.

The general appearance of the Lyceum would be better if all the cuts extended across the page. The literary department contains an interesting if wholly imaginative account of a trip to Mars. The remainder of the paper is fair.

We greet the Acorn, a well-balanced paper and a very fair school organ. It seemed rather odd to find an essay on the "Benefits of Athletics" in an athletic department. We hope that during the next four years your freshmen will drop some of their slang and be able to write school notes as well as the seniors.

While the Shucis is not an exceptional paper in the literary line, as a live, newsy school organ, it ranks unusually well. All of the "write-ups" are bright and snappy. The grinds are exceeding funny and the exchanges very commendable. "Her Success" is not particularly original in ideas but the vocabulary is well selected. "A Church at Sunset" contains deep thoughts but its ideas are not well expressed in its stilted phrases.

We acknowledge the following with thanks and congratulations to their editors: Acorn, Aerolith (3), Argus, Bulletin, Comet, Comus, Enterprise, Iliad, Lyceum, St. Benedict's Quarterly, Quarterly—St. Helen's Hall, Red and Black, Register, Russ, Shucis, Tattler, Techtonian, Triangle, Vexillium.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—Schiller.

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.—Bovee.

No circumstances can repair a defect of character.—Emerson.

He is truly great that is little in himself and that maketh no account of any height of honors.—Thomas A. Kempis.

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.—Longfellow.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.—Longfellow.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.—Macaulay.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—Burke.
Several attacks upon the joke editor makes it necessary to conjure our gentle readers as lovers of humanity to be a little less vehement in their objections to being "ground." Remember, all are "grindable," so take your medicine manfully; the editor is a senior and not expected to be funny.

Miss Clement: What do you think of the "Passing of Arthur?"
M. White (musingly): "Arthur? I am sure he doesn't play on the high school team. Does he play with Schenectady or Troy?"

On November the thirteenth, May Le Compte studied her history lesson and (as one will) became mixed on facts. When some one declared that "Men disguised as Indians threw The Tea overboard," May's hand waved frantically in the air. "Oh that wasn't it," she cried, "they stored it in their shoes!" A hilarious burst of laughter left the class wondering why our forefathers adopted such unsanitary means of preservation.

Miss Secor: Did Martin Luther die a natural death?
Becker: No, he was excommunicated by a bull!

Mr. Pells: Locate the river Europa.
Jennie Dodds: It's in ancient history.

Do you wish to learn drawing? to whistle "Tales from Hoffman?" Virgil class is the place for you.

J. Conroy: Say, Mary, where are you in Sunday School?
M. Fitzgerald: In the middle of original sin.
J. Conroy: That's nothing; we're past redemption.

Our Library
Evangeline—Mary Blue.
The Choir Invisible—The Glee Club.
Set in Authority—E. Brandow.
Les Miserables—The school after ten weeks' report.
The Danger Mark—E—.
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments—
Study period.
The Prima Donna—M. Rosa.
Great Expectations—Faculty.
The Ne'er Do Well(s)—Gail Todd,
Neef.
History of Mohawk Valley—Eleven
"pet" seniors.
The Silent Woman—Miss Loeb, after
examinations.
Studies in Pronunciation of Ger-
man—John Butler.
Little Women—Junior girls.
Comedy of Errors—The Freshmen.
An Average Man—Bill Walsh
The Fighting Chance—Covey.
The Laugh That Failed—Sweeney,
Ward, Seymour.
The White Sister—Miss Secor.
Compendium of Latin Grammar—
Edith Wallace.
Black Sheep—Scott.
Paradise Lost—Lynn.

Perpetual motion's here,
Yes, it's come,
Just watch a dainty little dear
Chewing gum.—Ex.

How THEY VOTE
How did you vote, Madam, at the
last election?
In my mauve pannier gown, sir,
with a mauve hat trimmed with mauve
ospreys.

Miss Johnson remarked, women's
minds are so much clearer than men's.
"Yes," replied Mr. Sayles, "they
change the oftener."

The following is the special contri-
bution of the Basket Ball team:
Where was John Butler when the
licorice lights went out? Scampering
round the locker room crying "where's
my thirty-five-cent bottle of rub?"
The team not only had his rub, but
also his shoes and his goat.

A well-known junior who was rid-
ing down town election night heard
this declaration from a man who was
holding to the strap with difficulty:
"Hic—er—I—hic—am—hic—er a—
hic—full Moose.

Senior Class Yell
One, two, three,
Who are we,
19—13
Maybe!

Miss Secor: What happened at
Schenectady in 1690?
Miss Fryer: A masquerade.

"Twinkle! Twinkle! little star," the
poet said, and lo!
Way above the earth so far the stars
atwinkling go.

"Roll on thou dark and deep blue
ocean, roll," another's voice was
heard.
And ocean rolls obedient to his man-
datory word.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the
third one gave command,
And every winter now we hear it
blow to beat the band.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"
a fourth's commandments start,
And, ever since, the lady's been upon
the water cart.
—Christian Advocate.
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

THE AFTERMATH OF MY A. B.
Since I've come home with my A. B. The things that they have asked of me!

FATHER
"Can't discuss with me at all
The referendum and recall?
What's this education or
Culture I've been paying for?"

MOTHER
"Cannot make a rug from rags?
Cannot cook in paper bags?
Don't know how a skirt is faced?
Education's sure a waste!"

BROTHER
"Never heard of last spring's deal
Perkins made in U. S. Steel!
Never knew—but, Sis, you must!—
How they smashed the Necktie Trust?"

BOBBIE
"Don't know who is in the box
Pitchin' for the Purple Sox?
Don't know bass from pickerel?
Gee!—
Higher culcher ain't for me!"

NEIGHBORS
"Don't know the size of the German army? No idea how much water
to give rhododendrons? Never read
the works of Josephus? Don't know
the effect of peanut butter on the mucous membrane? Cannot give us even
the probable date of the Book of Revelation? Don't know the best way to
take out a glass stopper?" (etc., as
long as you can stand it.)

OMNES
"Here she is with her A. B.
And doesn't know the things that we
Knew just years and years ago—
Question is—What does she know?"
The things they haven't asked of me
Since I came home with my A. B.!

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
SCHOOL of
Civil, Mechanical, Electrical
Send for a Catalogue.
TROY, N.Y.

THE DOLAN COMPANY
Albany’s Best Clothiers
Special Styles for Young Men

EXCLUSIVE NORFOLK SUITS

SOUTH PEARL AND BEAVER STS.
Hazeltine's Flower Shop
No order too small for our best attention.
32 Central Ave. Albany
TELEPHONES

VALENTINE MAGIN
Manufacturer of Harness
Dealer in Whips, Boots, Trunks, Bags, etc.
Repairing promptly attended to
53 CENTRAL AVENUE

HOCKEY SKATES, SHOES AND STICKS
Coat Sweaters, Jerseys and Flannel Shirts
BASKET BALL GOODS
Sporting and Athletic Goods of Every Description
We can save you money on every purchase
ALBANY TRADING CO., 22 Green Street, ALBANY, N. Y.

ROCCO CALABRESE
Boot and Shoe Maker
First Class, Neat, Prompt Repairing
205 LARK ST., near State St.

CLAPP & LEAKE
70 North Pearl Street
ALBANY, N. Y.
Students' Loose Leaf Note Books.
Large assortment of Christmas and New Year Cards.

Printers for Colleges, Schools and all Business Purposes
10-16 State Street
ALBANY

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
For X-mas

ROSES — Poinsettias
VIOLETS — Azaleas

Everyone likes Flowers or Plants included in their gifts for X-mas.

Call and See Our Assortment

40 AND 42 MAIDEN LANE

Edison Home Kinetoscope Motion Pictures
THE GREATEST HOME ENTERTAINER

Radiopticans for Children and Grown Ups
KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

F. E. COLWELL & CO.
459 Broadway, — ALBANY, N. Y.

PHONE Osher’s C. M. KRAMMER
GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIR DEALER IN
WORKS Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

Factory System and Cut Glass
Fast Service REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
Auto Call and Delivery

13-14 Lyon Block ALBANY, N. Y. 23 Central Ave., ALBANY, N. Y.

TOYS

gersbach & shafer
16 and 17 Central Avenue — ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
William McEwan Coal Co.

Best in the world for domestic use

COAL

MAIN OFFICE 26 CLINTON AVENUE

Branch Office and Pockets
Broadway and Mad. Ave.

Both Telephones 1018

New Pockets and Elevator
Broadway and Manor St.

A. P. W. Toilet Paper

A light, soft tissue of the finest quality, made from absolutely clean, pure stock. Upon receipt of $1.00 we will send (Express prepaid), to any point in the United States One Year's supply (10,000 sheets), and Nickel plated fixture. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

A. P. W. PAPER CO.,

37 Colonie St., ALBANY, N. Y.

The Frederick W. Hoffman Co.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS,

ART STATIONERS

79-81 & 83 N. Pearl, Cor. Columbia St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Class Pins a Specialty

H. W. BALDWIN

High Class Shoes

29 North Pearl Street

41 Maiden Lane

ALBANY, N. Y.

I have just opened my New and Up-to-Date

BARBER SHOP

ELECTRIC MASSAGE, SHAMPOOING, SHAVING AND HAIRCUTTING

JOHN WIeler

189 LARK STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

Special at BALLENTINE'S

COR. STATE AND LARK STREETS

FRESH SALTED ALMONDS AND PECANS

PUNCH EEZY

The "Know How"

for Wine Punches Cups and Mai Wein

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
Special Rates to Students

ALBANY ART UNION

PHOTOGRAPHS - ARTISTIC

48 NORTH PEARL STREET
Both 'Phones ALBANY, N. Y.

A COMPLETE LINE IN
STERLING SILVER AND PARISIAN IVORY
TOILET AND MANICURE SETS

W. F. ANTEMANN & SON
JEWELERS
21 NORTH PEARL ST. ALBANY, N. Y.

George W. Raynsford
GROCER

HAWK AND CHESTNUT STREETS
Both Phones 651 ALBANY, N. Y.

Special Rates to Students at

The Wendell Studio
EMORY IRVING WENDELL
Proprietor

15 NORTH PEARL STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
THIS YEAR BUY HIM A USEFUL XMAS GIFT

C He'll be happy with it on Xmas Day. Will appreciate it way into the New Year.

C And select it at Steefel's.

C A big, brilliant, helpful men's and boys' Xmas Store.

C Come---you'll find Xmas shopping pleasant and profitable at the Steefel Store.