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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

'TIS SPRING.

"Spring is here! O spring is here!"
The robin warbled in my ear.
"The time has come, the time has come
For me to build my tree-top home.
Buds are bursting, skies are blue,
Sunlight gleaming" — away he flew,
Carolining still upon the wing,
"'Tis spring! 'Tis spring!"

"Spring is here! O spring is here!"
The soft breeze murmured in my ear,
And the gentle rain with its tapping sound
Called to the flowerets in the ground:
"Awake! awake from your winter beds!
Snowdrop, crocus, raise your heads.
Hepatica, delicate fragrance bring —
'Tis spring! 'Tis spring!"

"Spring is here! O spring is here!"
The glad cry sounds forth everywhere —
From laughing, dimpled, sun-kissed brooks,
From scores of sheltered woodland nooks;
Gay music swells from sweet bird voices,
The earth in smiling youth rejoices,
And joyous, romping children sing,
"'Tis spring! 'Tis spring!"

E. D. '14.
Millie's Adventures.

Millie had always wanted to have an adventure, but it seemed to her that the fates were against it. The little German colony in which she lived was peaceful and quiet, the people, simple and hard-working. In the surrounding forests there were few wild beasts and the Indians were friendly. Small chance for a six-year-old to have an adventure.

However, Millie was a determined little person, and on her seventh birthday, July 3d, she started out in the early morning to find her adventure. Not far from the house was a path leading down through the woods to “Indian Acre.” This was a small space of cleared land on which the transitory Indian tribes were wont to camp a few days before passing on. With this point as her premeditated destination, she skipped blithely along, meanwhile peering watchfully into the woods on either side. Suddenly a miraculous phenomenon met her eyes. The grass in front of her, instead of waving in one direction (as all proper grass should), was waving violently in all directions. She tiptoed quietly over to the agitated spot. There, lying on a soft bed of grass, with only a blanket bound about him, lay a tiny Indian baby, evidently left by the Indian tribe, which had broken camp the day before. At the sight of Millie he smiled joyfully, ceased his kicking, and held up his little arms to be taken. Her heart was won. Picking him up she trudged slowly homeward. She had found the long sought adventure!

Imagine the surprise of her parents! They had thought she was playing behind the house, and here she came wearily carrying an Indian baby. There were many remonstrances and arguments, but finally Millie won out. They kept him and brought him up as a servant, but he became Millie’s devoted slave.

All went well until ten years later. John (for so they had named him) was gradually growing up to be a kind-hearted and friendly boy. Then trouble came in its usual form of “Fire Water.” After plowing all morning, in the corn field, John went down to the brook for a drink. There he found a half filled bottle which some tramp had left when a hasty exit became necessary. With a boy’s inquisitiveness he tasted once, and again and again, until there was not a drop left. The effect was immediate and terrifying. He was a wild beast searching for prey. The first thing he met was a cat. ’Twas a perfectly harmless, innocent cat, but he was out to kill, and kill he did. Sneaking stealthily along, as was the custom of his people, he beheld more cats, and all gave up their lives without a struggle. Finally, when no cats survived he threw away his bloody knife and lay down to sleep under a large oak tree, on the edge of the forest.
When he awoke it was dusk. The effects of the liquor had passed away and, himself once more, he was filled with remorse for his cruelty. Walking slowly back home he found the town in great consternation. Some dread disease had seized all cats in the place! As no veterinary was available in those days, a doctor was summoned. His practised eye soon discovered the trouble. Someone found John’s knife and he was convicted and condemned to be beaten the next morning in the market place.

The beating was well under way, the next day, before Millie was able to reach the spot, but when the whip fell the third time, it was on the white arms and shoulders of Millie who, without heeding the angry welt, pled so valiantly for her boy that they soon released him.

John went silently home with her that night, but the next morning he was gone. Under her door she found a note with a small whip, carved from wood and dyed red, fastened to it on the paper was written:

“My sister,

The heart of the redman cares not for the town of the white man,
Likes not the toil, the striving and ceaseless endeavor,
His heart expands and longs for the wilds of the woodland,
Longs for the freedom and strength which comes with storms on the mountain
Lives and loves in the glory and strength of his valor.

I am going home to my people. Wear this whip and if at any time I am near when you are in danger, that will be a sign.”

* * * * * *

Fifteen years later Millie, with her husband and children, started West, and on the way were taken captives by an enraged Indian tribe. Seeking revenge for some real or imagined wrong, they decided to burn their captives. No remonstrances availed. Millie was the most beautiful, and they soon had her tied to a stake with the fagots piled up about her. At this point the ceremonies were interrupted by the arrival of a visiting chief. He was comparatively young, and more dignified and refined than the usual Indian. The sight of the prisoners was evidently displeasing to him, and he tried vainly to persuade his friends to release them, and finally the ceremonies proceeded. The fagots were lighted. There were vain struggles and cries on the part of the other captives. A breeze was coming up. It blew her skirt into the fire. It blew the folds in her waist about, disclosing a little red whip, hitherto hidden. There was a shout. The strange chieftain had rushed up. His own blanket was upon the flames. Her ropes were loosened.

“My sister, you and yours are free. The heart of an Indian never forgets.”

C. L. '15.
THE DIAMOND, THE WOMAN.

For this story which I am about to relate, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Expect it I could not, in a case where my own senses can hardly credit their information. I am merely going to pen the series of events as they occurred, plainly, and without explanation. To me they are real and horrible, to my readers they will perhaps seem exaggerated and improbable.

The millionaire was the proud possessor of an immense diamond. Diamonds were his hobby, his pleasure. This diamond was one whose history was synonymous with disaster; its possessors had in every instance been overtaken by the malicious fate which seemed to everywhere accompany the gem. Aside from the fact that it was very large, it was peculiarly fascinating to the beholder. When held in the proper light at a certain angle, deep in its heart there appeared a pale, indescribable, indefinite, transient, blue flash, which might have been the diamond's ghost, so intangible was it. Man and woman alike who had owned it had fallen under its spell. All were attracted; all sought the diamond's ghost; all met violent ends.

The millionaire, large and masterful, had laughed contemptuously when told of the history of this stone, and had scorned advice against owning it. Diamonds were his passion and, having money, it seemed to him foolish not to gratify his desire simply because those who had previously possessed it had been unfortunate.

He gave a party, an extravagant affair. The woman was invited. True, she had not been in the city long, but she came with the best of references. She was tall for a lady, with dark, expressive eyes, blue-black Spanish hair, and a trim figure. Her age might have been anything from twenty to forty. As was his custom, the millionaire showed the guests this diamond, the diamond. Everyone was politely "charmed" with it. The woman scarcely seemed to notice, and turning it over in her delicate, shapely hand, gave it a passing glance and a slight, expressionless smile.

The millionaire placed it in its case, and laid it on a small table near by. Apparently no one gave it a thought. It was long after midnight when the party broke up and, forgetful of his valuable diamond, the millionaire retired and slept until nearly noon. After dining he happened to remember the jewel and at once went to look for it. He came to the table on which he had placed it the evening before. The case was there but the diamond was gone. He was furious; the veins of his forehead stood out like whiplash; the muscles of his jaw knotted in bunches and his face grew livid. Frantically he swung around and rushed across the room. On nearing
the door his foot became entangled in a rug and he fell. He was a heavy man. His head struck the doorknob. He lay still while a crimson pool slowly grew larger on the carpet.

Le Noir's detective agency was notified and Le Noir himself, slender and supple, arrived in twenty minutes. Le Noir was clever, very clever. His knowledge of criminals and crime seemed uncanny. This knowledge, directing an organization whose arms extended across continents, produced marvels in the art of detection. He asked for a list of the guests and servants. All the guests were of good standing except the woman, of whom little or nothing was known. This somewhat simplified the affair. The only possible suspects were the servants and the woman, but since the servants had all been in the house for years and daily had had opportunities to steal the diamond had they so desired, the probable thief seemed to Le Noir to be the woman.

He went directly to her apartment, which was situated in a fashionable district of the city. On arriving he learned that the woman had gone to her country home on the shore that morning, about an hour previous to his arrival. To Le Noir this departing resembled flight; therefore she must be the thief, or why this hasty journey? Surely he was on the right track. In his high-powered French touring car he covered the distance from the city to the shore in an hour, believing that he would arrive soon after the woman. It would no doubt have surprised him had he known that the woman had consumed even less time in reaching the house.

The house was a dignified stone building, broad and low, with a spacious porch on three sides of it, set in the midst of immense, level, velvety green lawns, intersected by gravel roads and paths. At some distance on a slight elevation stood a long, dark barn-like structure, possibly a garage. Such was the place that Lo Noir found.

His car drew up at the front of the house and he alighted. As he walked up the path leading to the porch, he scrutinized the entire building carefully, giving special attention to the doors. He went up on the porch and rang the bell. A tall, solemn, gorgeously attired serving-man answered, and in reply to Le Noir's question, stated that the woman was at home, and would the gentleman not come in? Le Noir was ushered into a luxuriously furnished drawing room and was told that the woman would come at once. The butler withdrew, closing the door after him.

Could Le Noir have looked out at the garage he would have seen a neat appearing young man in golfing costume and wearing huge goggles, go into the building, and had Le Noir been listening intently, he would have heard the staccato noise which is made only by im-
mensely powerful engines of a certain description. But Le Noir could not, or at least did not. He waited. At the end of some minutes he rang the bell for a servant, but no one answered. He went to the door. It was locked. He stepped to a window and pushing aside the draperies, found that it was barred. He was a prisoner. That afternoon a passerby noticed a man's hand waving hysterically from a broken window and rescued the angry, unfortunate detective. The house was searched. It was absolutely vacant. Every one had gone. Le Noir returned to the city, defeated.

Two days later an ocean liner sighted the wreck of an aeroplane and let down a small boat to examine it more carefully. All that was found to identify its possible owner was a small feminine handbag, stuffed with long, blue-black Spanish hair. No trace was ever found of the woman. She had vanished. No trace was ever found of the diamond. It had vanished.

In the slimy depths of the ocean there gleams that brilliant jewel once owned by the millionaire. Was its career of disaster ended or would it by some chance return to the land and continue its destructive course? Nearby lies a skeleton; perhaps that of the woman, who, fascinated by the diamond, had attempted to possess it, and whom it had numbered among its victims.

Deep in the heart of the diamond there is a pale, indescribable, indefinite, transient blue flash which is its ghost.

G. D. '14.

BETTY'S EASTER SURPRISE.

Betty looked very down-hearted as she sat gazing out over the dismal brown fields and trees, thinking how lonely it was going to be at college all that Easter vacation. It was the very first time that she had not gone home for a holiday.

Only that morning she had received a telegram from her father, saying that he had had a great financial loss and it would be impossible for her to come home.

"Just to think," sighed Betty, "by to-night all the girls but Sarah and myself will be gone. Oh! dear, I am so lonesome!"

With that she hid her light, curly head in the pile of cushions by her side and began to cry. Just then there came a loud knock at the door, and Betty, jumping up quickly, dried her eyes and said, "Come in."

Who should it be but Betty's best friend all dressed in her traveling suit, almost ready to leave. She skipped across the room and dropped down beside Betty on the couch.
"Why aren't you dressed to leave? Have you changed your mind, or what?"

"I don't think I'll go home this Easter," said Betty, with firmly set lips.

"Why, Betty, what on earth is the matter? Last night all you talked about was going home and you said——"

Here Betty burst into tears and hid her face on Peggy's shoulder and told her, in many broken sentences, why she was unable to go.

"Why, you poor child, of course you don't want to stay here for Easter. You get right into your things and come home with me."

"Oh! no, no, Peggy dear; that would be too much, and your mother would——"

"My mother would be delighted to have you come. I have told her so much about you. If you won't come, I refuse to go at all, and leave you alone."

At that, Betty readily agreed to go, if Peggy was sure things would be all right.

One hour from that time two very happy, smiling girls leaned back comfortably in a parlor car speeding rapidly toward Boston. Arriving there at eight-fifteen, they were met at the station by Peggy's big brother, Tom. His sister flew into his outstretched arms and gave him a sisterly kiss. Over Peggy's shoulder Tom saw Betty smilingly watching them and whispered to Peggy, "Who is the good-looking girl?"

"Why, that is the best girl friend a girl ever had and she has come to spend Easter with us. Miss Baker, Mr. Thompson."

"Well, I certainly am jolly glad to know you," said Tom, giving Betty's hand a hearty squeeze. Betty blushed prettily.

It did not take long to reach the house as the machine sped over the pavement very rapidly. Arriving home fifteen minutes later, they were met at the door by Peggy's mother, who gave her daughter an affectionate kiss and hug. Then Peggy explained to her mother about Betty and Mrs. Thompson took Betty in her arms and gave her, too, a motherly kiss and a hearty welcome. The two girls ran upstairs to change their traveling dresses for evening gowns and were soon back again and seated at the table.

After dinner that night Tom and the two girls strolled into the library, mother went upstairs and father went out for the evening. Betty and Tom were in deep conversation, and Peggy slipped out of the room and left them alone.

Easter came and went, the holidays were over, and Peggy and Betty were back at school once more, both very happy, for was not Betty to be Peggy's sister the day after commencement.

M. B. '15.
SCARED BLUE!

The cheerful little blaze in the open fireplace flickered and sparkled, sending forth wavering rays of light that partly revealed four girlish forms cuddled cozily together enjoying its warmth.

“Oh, girls!” exclaimed one of them, “I've just thought of something. Don't you want to hear of the time I was scared — yes, scared blue!”

“Well, I should say we do! Fancy Kitty Hastings scared blue,” exclaimed Nancy, her roommate.

“Hurry, Kitty, because the dinner gong will ring soon,” interrupted Betty Armour.

“All right, and don't interrupt me,” warned Kitty, and then she continued:

“Two or three years ago, I met a lovely girl at the seashore, and during my stay there we became very chummy. Her name was Marion Hollins and she was awfully pretty and stylish.

“Well, last summer she wrote to me, reminding me of my promise to visit her. She said that they had just bought a summer home at Gilshbank, a town outside of Boston, and the house was very old-timey, colonial, and so forth. They had not furnished it entirely, as they were hunting for furniture to complete the colonial setting. She wanted my advice, and her father, mother and brother joined her in begging me to come.

“The letter was so nice and, as I just love old-fashioned places, mother, at last, said I might go.

“I started from home on an early train and soon was on my way to Boston. Then, of course, just outside of that city the train was delayed, and it was awfully late when I finally reached Gilshbank. Oh, it was a black and lonely-looking place! The platform sagged and swayed under my feet, and the station, a small, shanty-like affair, was locked. My spirits sank and I felt as spineless as a jelly-fish.

“Suddenly, somebody touched my arm and grasped my valise at the same time. I whirled around, made a stab in the direction the grip had gone, and then I stopped. Looking right at me and grinning like the Cheshire cat, stood a bent, twisted and malignant figure. Then he spoke. His voice sounded parrot-like.

“'Miss Marion is sorry, Miss, that she couldn't meet you, but her folks had to rush away as old lady Hollins is dangerous sick. She said as how we wuz to look after you and that she'll be back in the mornin'. This way, Miss.'
"I didn't know what to do and I didn't see anybody around to save me. I followed the dwarf and was bundled into a big, soft, dark coach. I sank deeper and deeper into the fur rugs; my teeth chattered and chattered; my heart beat louder and louder; and the little bent man drove faster and faster. At last we whirled into a broad avenue and up to a long, low, rambling house with scarcely a light to show whither I had come.

"I was shoved up the steps by the dwarf. In the doorway was a large broad man with a sullen, taciturn air, who informed me that the servants had gone to bed and that after he had shown me to my room, the housekeeper would bring me some tea. He added, with rather sinister intonation, as I thought, that none of the family would be back until morning.

"He led the way, his lone candle light casting his grotesque shadow up and down the bare walls. He stopped before a heavy oaken door and handing me the candle bowed and left me.

"I stood there motionless, absolutely paralyzed with fear. I did not dare to cross that threshold. Why had I come here? No doubt it was a robber's den, and I shivered at the thought. What did they want? Money! I clutched my purse, half expecting to hear the order — 'Hands up!'

"The next moment I scolded myself roundly for my silly, childish fears. They had spoken of Marion and, of course, the situation was quite possible. Then, still trembling, I entered the room.

"The feeble candle light showed me a long, low, dark room, scarcely furnished. Here, a high poster bed and there, a high-backed chair. Over in the corner stood a tall, heavy dresser, and that was all.

"I hastily prepared for bed and for the embracing warmth of the billowy comforters. Suddenly I heard a light tap and a tall, angular woman, of forbidding aspect, entered with a steaming tray in her hands. She spoke harshly:

"'I'm sorry, Miss, that you shouldn't have had a better welcome to the master's house. Eat now and it will do you good. Bolt your windows for the sash is shaky and the rattling may disturb you tonight.' Then she left the room.

"Her remarks about the windows awakened my fears again, and I rushed to test their locks. Just as she had said the windows were rattly, and I beheld with deepening dismay that the piazza roof sloped up to my windows. And I also saw a big tree whose mighty branches spread out upon the roof like helping arms. Then the idea struck me that the woman had tried to warn me.
No more reasoning for me! This was a murderers' den, and I was their victim. I flung myself beneath the bed clothes and listened and watched.

A clock below boomed twelve. I heard a stair creak, a footstep in the hall. Some one was coming with stealthy tread. A stop by my door. A hand touched the knob; it turned for I hadn't locked it. A pause. Then hands felt about on the floor. I uttered a smothered shriek. The intruder must have heard it, for slowly the steps retreated and died away far down the hall.

I sprang up, shaking as though I had the ague. Rushing forward I pushed that lumbering dresser against the door with a loud crash.

Then I stood still trying to recover both courage and breath. Oh—ugh! I listened in frozen horror. Steps on the roof! Coming? No! Yes! Coming! One-two. With a terrified shriek I cast aside all pretense of bravery and dived headlong into the bed, heaping blankets and coverings over my head to shut out all sound. Two minutes passed and nothing happened. I cautiously raised my head, holding the pillow before it as though to ward off attack.

And that's how I spent the night, alternately watching door and window.

I must have dozed off in the early morning, for the next thing I heard was Marion's voice calling gaily. I sprang up, opened the door and literally fell into Marion's arms.

After that night the rest of the week seemed like 'Paradise regained.' I had the loveliest time ever! That's all!"

"All, is it?" exclaimed Nancy, her room mate, "You're the most unsatisfactory story teller! Explain. Why were you in that dark, bare room? Who was the twisted old man and the huge giant who cast such a grotesque shadow? Also, the thin, harsh woman? Was it really a thief in the hall and on the roof?"

Kitty shot a delighted glance at Nancy's earnest face and asked demurely, "Do I really have to explain all that?"

"You certainly do," affirmed the girls in chorus.

"By a mistake on the giant's part I was conducted to a room they hadn't completely furnished. The twisted old man was a family servant. He had been with them for years and he turned out to be the kindest, funniest, dearest little man ever. The giant and tall thin woman were husband and wife. The giant, by daylight, was a splendid English butler and his wife the trusted, loyal housekeeper."
The steps in the hall were caused by the housekeeper who merely removed my supper tray. The steps on the roof were occasioned by the branches of the tree before mentioned, as they rubbed against the roof. Now, are you entirely satisfied?"

"Gracious, what a story!" exclaimed Betty, "I thought something awful was going to happen to you. Come on, girls, there's the gong!"

"Wait a minute," said Nancy, "I've got something to add. We've all been hoodwinked by Kitty again. There never was a Marion Hollins, and to think that I should swallow such a tale, too, for girls, you see, she spent all last summer with me."

C. F. H. '14.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

"Janice, it's simply dreadful!" Peggy regarded her friend with a look of attempted resignation, which ended in a dismal failure.

"It wouldn't be quite so bad if I hadn't invited Miss Sherwin. But, still, it would be dreadful to have the girls say they didn't have a good time after I'd invited them here. Oh, if only mother hadn't had to go away!"

"Well, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' you know, Peggy. Wouldn't it be a good plan to consult Nora about dinner now? She'll fix things all right, don't you worry," and Janice smiled with an assurance she did not feel.

The girls had scarcely reached the threshold of the kitchen when they sighted Nora, with a determined look on her face, pausing to readjust her hat. Her suitcase stood on the floor beside her.

"Why, Nora, where are you going? Surely you aren't going to leave us now?" cried Peggy in consternation.

"Shure, and is it stayin' O'faybe, Miss Margaret, with sich a chold as yerself, a havin' company every day of the wake? And, as for Mister John —" here Nora paused as if the shortcomings of Mister John were beyond expression.

It was in vain that Peggy argued with her. Nora stood firm. All Janice's pleadings were useless. Nora's mind was made up, and, taking her suitcase in hand, she strode from the room and out into the street.

She had scarcely vanished, when John and two of his boy chums entered the house, and without much further delay, came to where the girls were discussing what was best to be done.
Impressed by their somewhat gloomy appearance, Jack inquired the cause. Peggy explained, adding in a pleading tone of voice, "And, Jack, you'll try and help me out, won't you? I know you can help me, if you try. I want to hire a maid for the day. She won't have to cook at all. Just open the door to the company and serve things."

"Of course I'll help, Peg. I don't know what I can do about it, but if there's any possible way, I'll find it, depend upon me."

While the girls were lamenting their ill luck, and spending most of the morning telephoning various employment agencies, up in Jack's room three boys were consulting earnestly.

"It doesn't seem as if I've left anything undone to help Peg out, but I can't do anything, and I don't like to fail Peggy like this," Jack was saying. Then a sudden brilliant plan struck him. "I've got it," he shouted, "if it will only work out all right. Listen and I'll tell you, boys." Lowering his voice he outlined his plan. It was greeted enthusiastically by his companions, who declared it was great.

"But where do we come in in this," demanded Frank. "I'd like to be there, wouldn't you, George?"

George nodded assent.

"I have that all planned, too. Two very distinguished friends of my mother are expected to be in town about this time. They wrote my mother that they would come up some evening during their stay. Mother told Peggy to entertain them if they came while she was out of town. Now, if you think you could do it all right, this would be quite an advantage to you. Don't you understand?"

Promptly at four o'clock, while the girls were working, there came a knock at the door. Peggy flew to open it. There stood a tall negro, in a long overcoat with his cap well over his ears. Peggy looked at Janice. "Well, I suppose he's from the employment agency," she said, "but I wanted a maid."

"Please, miss, I's de maid. I's Ned," said the servant.

He was well dressed. As Janice said, he made an impressive appearance, whether he could do anything or not. But he soon proved that he could do very well, although, judging from some things he did, he could not have had much experience.

Ned opened the door to the guests as they arrived. Afterwards, under the direction of Janice, he was preparing to serve the dinner when Peggy came swiftly in. "You must set two more places, Sambo. Janice, those friends of mother's have come and we must make them stay to dinner. They are very nice, but not at all what I
thought from what mother said. And I just want you to notice the size of their feet. They’re dreadfully big. Why, what is the matter, Ned?” For Ned had suddenly taken a violent fit of coughing.

The dinner passed very pleasantly. Ned was an ideal waiter. Olive Sherwin, the guest of honor, was a young woman who had written many books which had already become well known. She was a very interesting talker. As for the two ladies, they seemed to keep in the background as much as possible, always sitting where the least light would fall on them. It seemed to Janice that a look of recognition passed between the two ladies and the negro servant, but she immediately decided that she must have been mistaken. The ladies kept their feet hidden beneath their skirts so that no one else was able to remark their size. Both ladies spoke in little, mincing voices.

The evening was spent very enjoyably. Every one had a thoroughly good time. The two ladies were the last to leave. As they rose to go, the light fell full on their faces. They looked strangely familiar. Then both girls burst out laughing at once. “George and Frank!” gasped Peggy. “Oh, I see it all now. Jack, come here. Jack, I must thank you. You simply saved the day, that’s all. Do you know all the girls complimented me upon having such a well-trained servant!”

L. H. ’14.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home,
And a little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

Every day is in itself a little sphere. We have but to round it out to perfection and the year will take care of itself.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven the world would be!
These bright, sunny spring days — aren't they wonderful? They seem to make one's heart sing away so happily. But oh! the spring fever that they bring with them. One longs to leave the classroom and lessons far behind and go tramping "over the hills and far away," breathing deeply the soft, fresh air, pausing to catch new or strange bird notes, and rejoicing at each newly discovered spot of verdure. Or — better still — one goes to the woods, seeks some southward facing slope, and carefully brushes away the sheltering leaves. Perhaps our quest is at once successful, and we see a cluster of graceful, delicate-petaled hepatica smiling up at us — and then what joy is ours. But perhaps a long, careful search is required before we find the sweet messengers of spring — and for this the little flowers seem so much the more welcome. As we bear them triumphantly homeward we think what a joyously beautiful season is the spring, and are grateful for all the "March winds and April showers" which helped to "bring forth May flowers."

Here is something that will interest you. We are glad to announce that Edith L. Mattice, '16, and Eloise Lansing, '14, were the
winners of the prizes offered by the Litchfield Press for the best story in the December issue. Of those stories appearing in the February number the one entitled "Alias Prof. Brown," written by Euretta Avery, '15, was awarded the honor. Accept our heartiest congratulations, girls!

The board of editors of "The Crimson and White" wishes to extend most sincere thanks to all those who in any way aided in the success of the musical given last month. Of those who helped in selling tickets we would especially mention Clara Holder and Elmetta Van Deloo, and, in assisting to secure the services of the Union College Glee Club, Edward Brandow, '18, showed his loyalty to N. H. S. and "The Crimson and White." But we think it is Professor Sayles to whom we owe the greatest thanks, for he stood by us firmly from beginning to end with valuable suggestions and unfailing support, and, as always, showed himself helpful to the last degree.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Adele LeCompte has returned for her Easter vacation from Medina, N. Y., where she holds a position as teacher.

Alice Griffin, '13, has moved to New York to take up her residence there.

Caroline Lansing, '12, who is now a Sophomore at Wellesley, and Marion Domery, '13, who is attending Simmons College, recently made us brief but very welcome visits while spending their spring vacation in Albany.

The officers of the Alumni Association wish to call the attention of all loyal Alumni to the financial condition of the Association. At present the treasury very much resembles Old Mother Hubbard's Cupboard, and unless the Alumni make a more loyal response to the notices of dues for 1913 (which were sent out over two months ago) the Association is very apt to die for lack of nourishment. Mr. Cox, Mr. Ostrander and Mr. Sweet have advanced money to the Association and have worked hard to build it up and make it an organization worthy of Old Normal. It is mighty discouraging to see such a poor response.

Where is the loyalty of Old Normal? Surely it can't be dead.

Wake up — Pay your dues — Boost — and send the president any ideas you may have that you think will make the Association a bigger and better organization.

Now, all together.
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

SCHOOL NOTES.

How very considerate of the faculty to present us with our yellow envelopes on the day before vacation! Of course they did not want any fatalities to occur during the school term, nor to have us stay out a couple of days to recuperate from the shock. Such a surprise to get so much higher (?) marks than we expected! In spite of those fatal reports, we were able to enjoy our vacation to the utmost, and, following the excellent advice of one of our teachers, we didn't study too much.

On March 18th the great event of the year (outside the school picnic) took place — "The Crimson and White" entertainment. The auditorium was well filled with people desiring to hear the Union College Glee, Mandolin and Guitar clubs do themselves proud, and they were not disappointed. Indeed, the audience felt repaid for purchasing tickets, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all. For some time previous the members of the Board, assisted by many fellow-students not on the staff, had been putting forth their best efforts to sell as many tickets as possible, hoping to clear at least $100. They were rather disappointed, therefore, to find, upon counting the proceeds, that only about $60 had been made. Nevertheless, they are glad to have that much, and desire to render their thanks to the school for its loyal co-operation in making the entertainment a success.

We are glad to welcome to our school two new members, Watson Hoese, of the Albany High School, and Raymond Carr, from the Boys' Academy. The former has entered the Senior class, while the latter occupies a place among the Juniors.

The Junior class, which is now fully organized, held a very enjoyable reception on March 20th, with the Seniors as the guests of honor. The gymnasium was effectively decorated with green crepe paper, in honor of St. Patrick, and many lovely palms — not to mention the numerous pennants which gaily fluttered from all parts of the room. A piano and violin furnished music for the dancing, which was the chief form of entertainment for the afternoon. Ice cream and wafers served to refresh the dancers, and were gladly welcomed by all. (Ask Butler or Hoose whether they want permanent positions as "dish washers" for the school.) At 6:30 Charles, ever on duty, popped off the lights, and weary but happy youths and maidens wended their way homeward. The whole affair was a great success, and any of the Seniors will tell you that the Juniors certainly gave them a good time.

But Seniors are not the only students who have been especially favored of late. On Thursday evening, March 19th, the Cooking Class, under the chaperonage of Miss Bennett, its teacher, had the
unusual privilege of seeing bread made in one of the large bakeries of the city. This unlooked for pleasure was given the class by Mr. Kimmey, who very kindly offered to show the young cooks how "Kleen-Maid Bread" is produced. While on their tour of inspection, the members of the class tested the quality of Mr. Kimmey's goods by devouring many crullers, cookies and cakes, and upon their departure each guest carried with her a "Kleen-Maid" as a memento of the happy and instructive evening they had thus enjoyed.

One of the great recompeneses for being a Senior is that you are then permitted to give and attend a few more social functions at school than you otherwise can. And so the Senior class, desiring to have some sort of an entertainment entirely for its own members, excluded outsiders from the informal dance which it held in the "gym" on Friday, April 3d. The function was under the direction of a committee, chosen by Miss Van Deloo, as chairman. Everyone seemed to enjoy himself, and to get away with several dishes of ice cream. The party broke up at 8 p. m., all declaring that they had had a "bully good time."

We were agreeably surprised on Thursday morning of April 2d to be summoned over to the auditorium for first period. We could not guess what was going to happen, but soon found that we were to be favored with an address, accompanied by lantern slides, rendered by Mr. Fairchild, on the subject of "Personal and National Thrift." The speaker explained that the address was not to be a lecture but a lesson, so of course we all gave especial attention to what followed. We were particularly warned against idling away our time, in school and out of school, and we were graphically shown what sorrow this evil trait had caused many people, and how they regretted it in after life. No doubt, after that, we shall all give our whole time and thought to our books, and become model students.

ZETA SIGMA.

Sigma held her annual mid-year dance on the evening of February 6th. The place was the Aurania Club, the time — we would not dare mention that — the girls were daintily gowned Sigma girls and their friends. Our patronesses were Miss Johnson, Mrs. McDowell,
Mrs. Lipes, Mrs. Page, Mrs. White and Miss Lansing. The hall was prettily decorated with palms, behind which Kirk's orchestra played. All those who attended reported that they had a splendid time. We congratulate the committee in charge for the success of the affair.

The elections of certain Freshmen to Sigma was held on the tenth of February, with the result that eight lucky girls were elected to our society. They are Helen Jones, Lillian Smith, Sarah Hutchins, Frances Myers, Emeline Shuttles, Gertrude Southard, Esther Cramer and Marion Vosburgh. Soon afterwards these innocent young Freshmen were wearing bright bows of Sigma's colors. Then came their initiation, a very trying ordeal for our poor victims. After this they were royally welcomed to our midst. We soon found out that our new members made a fine addition to our society. The piano solos of the Misses Cramer and Smith are delightful. The recitations of Miss Myers could not be surpassed, while the way in which Miss Southard reads is one to be envied. On the whole, girls, you really are a splendid lot and we are proud of you already!

The meetings as ever before have been most pleasurable. They are always full of helps of all kinds if we take but time to gather them. Vacation is over, girls, so let us make the very best of our time. And when that dreadful "spring fever" comes around hang out your "busy day" signs.

We have missed Edith Picken and Bernice Covey from our meetings. We trust that they will soon be with us again.

Caroline Lansing, one of our alumnae, visited us recently. We were glad to see her again, and we especially enjoyed her little talk.

QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

A decidedly exciting and thrilling initiation was held in the "gym" last month, and now we proudly count among our number several Freshmen well worth knowing, namely, Hazel Foster, Margaret Kirtland, Ruth Holder, Bertha Wagner and Marjorie McDonough.

At a recent meeting a debate which excited great interest featured on the program. The subject was, Resolved, That the dancing of the tango should be prohibited. The affirmative was supported by Isabel Johnston, Margaret Shirtz and Eleanor Dunn; the negative, by
Marion Poole, Mildred Birdseye and Clara Holder. The judges awarded the victory to the negative.

On the seventeenth of April "Quin’s" annual dance was held in the Aurania Club, prettily decorated for the occasion. Those who were present declared the evening a most enjoyable one, and the date is one to be remembered with pleasure for many a day — until "Quin’s" next dance.

We regret exceedingly the long and severe illness of one of our number, Lucile Walters, and are looking eagerly forward to the day when she will be among us again.

We are very sorry indeed to lose one of our newly elected members, Hazel Foster, who has moved to Maryland. Our good wishes follow her to her new home, where we know, through our all too short acquaintance with her, that she will soon make many friends.

The following is the result of the election of officers for the society, which was held on the fifth of February.

President ......................... Marguerite Clark.
Vice-President ..................... Hazel Schilling.
Secretary .......................... Eleanor Dunn.
Treasurer .......................... Josephine Hoyt.
Critic ............................. Helen Meade.
Editor ............................. Clara Holder.
Assistant Editor .................... Phyllis Clark.
Mistress of Ceremonies ............ Marion Poole.
Marshal ............................ Isabel Johnston.
Pianist ............................. Margaret Shirtz.

ADELPHOI NOTES.

The meetings of Adelphi have been held regularly. Several debates have been enjoyed by the members. One of the most interesting debates held was, Resolved, That moral plays are a benefit to people. The affirmative was upheld by Hochstrasser and Covey and the negative by Daring and Scott. The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

The members of Adelphi were addressed by two of the Alumni, Messrs. Brandow and Wurthman, at a late meeting.

Preparations are being made for the annual banquet, which will be held some time in May.
THETA NU.

The meetings of Theta Nu continue to hold the interest of the members as shown by the faithful attendance. The programs are made most enjoyable by frequent debates and orations, well prepared and delivered.

Two newcomers to the Normal are soon to be initiated into Theta Nu, namely, Watson Hoose, of the Senior Class, who came to us from the Albany High School, and Raymond Carr, a Junior, formerly of the Boys' Academy. We are planning a rousing welcome for them.

An event which is being thoroughly discussed in the society is the annual Theta Nu dance. This is expected to take place near the end of the school year — the date as yet has not been definitely set. In view of the arrangements already talked of the affair promises to be one of the season's greatest successes.

EXCHANGES

The Exchange Editor of the Crimson and White (Pottsville, Pa.), makes an earnest plea, in the March issue, for comments. We sympathize with their request, and, therefore, print the following concerning their paper:

The main improvement which should be made is in the color of the pages. The cover is so lovely and white that it is quite a shock to behold grayish, dingy looking paper within. The "Table of Contents" and the list of Editors ought to be separated from the advertisements. The Editorials, especially the first one, are very well
written indeed, but couldn’t you have separate headings for the different articles, or at least a little space between? You see it is rather confusing to read one paragraph about the new armory, the next about the new armory, and the third about the visitors to “P. H. S.” Such divisions as those made in the “Athletic” department would serve. The “Exchange” column shows faithful work. We wonder what the piece entitled “How to Wash Dishes and Give Up a Position” has to do with the Freshman Class, under whose notes it is edited. We could also name many merits, if space allowed, but if we seem a bit hard we would be pleased to have you return our comments by some hard-thought-out criticisms on our next issue.

The Academy (Troy, N. Y.) needs only a few cuts to make it complete. Though not as extensive as they might be, all departments are well written up and deserve commendation.

The Whirlwind (Albany, Oregon) is in the form of a newspaper and differs greatly from most of our exchanges. The paper contains largely school notes and jokes, with very little in the line of literature. Can’t you put your different departments by themselves, with some general heading, so that one will not have to look through the whole paper before finding the desired article?

The March number of The Triangle (Troy, N. Y.) is excellent. The stories are true to life and better, by far, than those found in most school papers. The “Exchange” column is well written up. In fact, the whole paper presents a very neat appearance.

The cover design of the March number of The Occident (Rochester, N. Y.) is very appropriate. The cuts are particularly good. However, the order is not quite up to par. There are school notes in the “Literary” department and a school note and one poem under the heading of “Art.” Small points, it is true, but are they not worth noticing?

The Orange and Black (Falls City, Neb.) is in great need of a “Literary” department. Surely you have many in your school who can write at least a few good stories!

The author of “Blind Joe” in the last X-Ray (Anderson, Ind.) has powers of vivid description. One can almost feel the cut of the wind and see the snow whirling about, so well are they described in her introduction.
It may seem somewhat impertinent for a High School paper to criticize one from a college, but did no one notice the oft repeated grammatical error in the first part of the story, "Virtue Triumphant," in St. Benedict's College Quarterly (Newark, N. J.)? For instance: "Just then John leads the physician into the sitting room. After a hasty examination he said that the child was suffering from shock."

Besides the above papers we acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following:

For February — The Bulletin (Nashville, Tenn.), The M. H. Aerolith (Plymouth, Wis.), The Chief (Haddon Heights, N. Y.), The Scarab (Cleveland, Ohio), The Red and Gray (Roselle, N. J.), The Record (Spartanburg, S. C.), and The Voice (New London, N. H.).

For March — The Techtonian (Buffalo, N. Y.), M. H. Aerolith (Plymouth, Wis.), The Oriole (Bushwick, Brooklyn), The Academe (Albany, N. Y.), The Iliad (Troy, N. Y.), The Chief (Haddon Heights, N. J.), The Academician (Canandaigua, N. Y.), The Magpie (Waterbury, Conn.), The Literary Novice (Newark, N. J.), and The Oracle (Jacksonville, Fla.).

ATHLETICS.

The basketball team has just closed one of the most successful seasons which the Normal team has had in late years, having won thirteen games and lost but ten.

We will probably lose several of our best men by graduation. However, we hope enough new men will enter school to fill all the positions left vacant by the men that graduate.

Due credit should be given the Coach, Captain Wilcox, Manager Fite, and the entire squad.

Captain Wilcox played a good game at forward. Unfortunately he was unable to play in all of the games on account of illness.

Manager Fite was "there with the goods" at center and forward. In fact he played every position on the team.

Scott played a good hard game at forward, always being able to score, and at the same time playing a good defensive game.

Butler, at center, clearly outjumped most of his opponents and was good at long shots. He also played guard and generally held his man down to very few points.

Molitor, at guard, was good, being able to score many points. However, his best asset was in shooting foul goals.
Covey was a “sticker” at guard. He could always be depended upon to play a good defensive game.

McEntee was another hard worker. “Mac” was there. He always went in to win, and he played a good clean game.

Henry, at forward, was good. He has a good eye for shooting, and he should be a valuable man next year.

Coat sweaters were presented to the following men: Captain Wilcox, Manager Fite, Scott, Butler, Molitor.

The Gymnastic Exhibition held in the gymnasium on March 27th was a huge success. Everyone present was delighted with the program.

The feature of the evening was the “Tumbling Act” by the “High School Prisoners.” Another good number was the “Indian Club Drill” by the High School boys.

Record of Season’s Games.

Won, 13; lost, 10.

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<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<td>Waterford H. S.</td>
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Total: 505
Opponents: 538
Indoor Track Meet, March 12, 1914.

The results of this interesting event were as follows:

20-yard dash —
1 Blauvelt.
2 Scott.
3 Butler.
4 O'Connor.

Potato race —
1 Henry.
2 McEntee.
3 Molitor.
4 Butler.

Rope climb for time —
1 Henry.
2 Molitor.
3 O'Connor.
4 Covey.

Two-lap race —
1 Blauvelt.
2 Molitor.
3 Covey.
4 Butler.

Running high jump —
1 Butler and Scott.
2 Tie for first place.
3 Blauvelt.
4 Molitor.

Running broad jump —
1 Molitor.
2 O'Connor.
3 Henry.
4 McEntee.

Spring board high jump —
1 Scott.
2 Molitor.
3 Henry.
4 Blauvelt.

Four men relay —
1 Blauvelt, Henry, Molitor, Covey.
2 Butler, Soule, Patten.

Individual Points.

Blauvelt, 14¼. Butler, 8. Covey, 4½.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not — he is a Freshman, shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not — he is a Sophomore, pity him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows — he is a Junior, honor him.

He who knows and knows that he knows — he is a Senior, reverence him. — Ex.

Nowadays we see signs reading thus: "School Suits." But still the average boy thinks it doesn't.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.
Mr. Elmore — "Here we have four unknown quantities — x, y, v, u. Now which shall we eliminate?"
Class (with fervor) — "You!"

Translation from a Revised Edition of Cicero (with apologies):
"O the Immortal Gods! Where in the world are we? In what sort of a class are we? What sort of lessons have we? Here, here, among our numbers, most worthy pupils, in this most sacred and learned class of the whole school, there are those who plot concerning our downfall, concerning the murder of the whole Latin language! These I, the teacher, see and ask to recite; and though they ought to be crushed with a z-e-r-o, I do not yet wound their feelings with words. — Ex.

The saddest words of tongue or pen are these three words, "I've flunked again."

It was a cold and wintry night,
A man stood in the street,
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His boots were full of feet. — Ex.

French Teacher — "Translate Scene I, Mr. Vos."
Vos — "Into English?"
French Teacher — "No, into Italian, or whatever your native language is."
R. Schilling — "The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling."
J. Butler — "Did he recommend any particular course of study?"

"That engineer is a very rude man."
"Why, I thought you said he was a civil engineer!"

K. Hayes — "What would you give for a voice like mine?"
J. Hoyt — "Chloroform."

M. McDowell — "Fools can ask questions that wise men can't answer."
H. Page — "That must be why I'm always flunking."

Teacher — "Mr. Sweeney, what are you doing?"
Sweeney — "I'm studying Latin, trying to get ahead."
Teacher — "Well, you need one."

Pupils' Favorite Fiction —
"Yes, I got it, but I left my paper at home."
"I'm going to study hard this term."
"I don't think I deserved that zero."
"Yes, I'll have a good lesson to-morrow."
"I couldn't help being tardy, the cars stopped." — Ex.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
As he banged his shin against the bed,
"!!! ??!? !?!!" — Ex.

The fraction leaned over to the whole number and said, "Say, is my numerator on straight?"

I'll bet that you
Thought that this
Was a poem, but
We did it to fool you! — Ex.

Senior — "Where have I seen your face before?"
Freshie — "Right where it is now."

Customer — "Do you keep coffee in the bean?"
Clerk — "Up stairs, Madam; this is the ground floor."
Ambitious Young Men who want to succeed and to accomplish the most of which they are capable, will find our technical training the means of increased efficiency and consequent increased earning power.

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Specialists in Business Education
83 North Pearl St., :: ALBANY, N. Y.
The Wreck of Hesperus.

(With apologies to Mr. Longfellow.)

It was old Farmer Hesperus
And his daughter "Milly May,"

They stood together hand-in-hand
In the middle of Broadway.

"Oh, Father, I hear a rancorous shout!
Oh, pray, what can it be?"
"'Tis only that tall policeman, child,
A-wavin' his hand at thee."

"Oh, Father, I hear the sound of wheels
And hoofs that loudly ring," —
"'Tis one of them 'ere hansom cabs,
Gosh blast the blamed old thing!"

"Oh, Father, I feel a cloud of dust
Sift o'er from head to feet," —
"It's one of them 'ere white-wings
A-sweepin' off the street."

"Oh, Father, I smell an odd perfume,
Pray, Father? What can it mean?"
"Don't go into histeries, child,
It's only gasoline."

"Oh, Father, I hear the cry 'Look out!'
And fear is on my nerve," —
"Good lands! It's them 'ere auto cars
A-swinging 'round the curve."

"Oh, Father, I feel a terrible bump,
What means this sickly thud?"
But the farmer answered ne're a word,
His mouth was full of mud!

— Ye Manor Chronicle.

Gordon — "Mildred, when will there be twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

M. Birdseye — "I give it up."

Gordon — "When U and I become one."
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Made to order clothes, $15 to $40

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PLEASE MENTION THE "CRIMSON AND WHITE." HOW MANY DO?

Do you realize how difficult it is to get ads for the "Crimson and White?" And do you know what makes it so difficult? Simply because YOU do not mention the paper when you are making purchases. There is hardly a person in this school who does not at some time or another patronize our advertisers, and some do so exclusively; but how do you expect the advertisers to know that you saw their ad in the "Crimson and White" if you don't tell them? They are not mind readers. Just say, "Credit this sale to the 'Crimson and White' ad."

If there are any who think that their subscriptions pay for the paper, they had better think again for the income from the subscriptions is but a drop in the bucket. IT IS THE ADVERTISERS THAT SUPPORT YOUR PAPER SO IT IS UP TO YOU TO SUPPORT YOUR ADVERTISERS.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."
BUTLER
The Grocer

75 BEAVER STREET, - ALBANY, N. Y.

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Try Our Dainty and Wholesome Lunches
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Quality Clothes for Men and Boys

Steefel Quality Clothes
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Aside from their striking style and their clean cut appearance it is the quality—the fabric and fit which have made Steefel Clothes the talk of the town.
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