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Pierre.

Pierre had lived years in the last six months, it seemed as though the world had begun with the outbreak of the war. And what a world it was. The first disaster had occurred with the death of his father, who had gone with the first to meet the invaders. The news had broken his mother's heart and she had died soon afterwards.

Pierre was little more than a boy, but he had known hard work and clean, out-door life all his fifteen years, and his body was hard as nails and bigger than those of most of his comrades.

And now he was actually a soldier. The thought thrilled him. How fortunate he was. How much more so than Jean and François, his playmates, who had been left behind. When he thought of them he laughed. And then he thought of Marie, his little sister, who had also been left behind, and he did not laugh. Ah well, before long he would return to her and then — a familiar voice interrupted his soliloquy.

"Squads, right; column, halt."

Pierre obeyed mechanically.

"Fall out."

Pierre was glad, he was very tired.

Several hours later while Pierre was deciding whether or not to go to bed he became aware of the usual commotion which attended the appearance of one of the officers in the company street. He rose with the rest and stood at attention until the officer was near enough to be recognized. It was Captain Marquet accompanied by a lieutenant and Pierre's own sergeant. Pierre wished fervently they would pass and allow him to retire. He was decided now.

As Captain Marquet approached, Pierre respectfully saluted, and to his surprise the party approached him. He remained at the salute
until he was recognized and then "came down." His heart was thumping like a machine gun. What had he been doing?

The captain asked a few questions concerning him, mostly of the sergeant. Pierre was glad, he couldn't find his voice. After the captain seemed satisfied, he ordered Pierre to follow him and walked swiftly down the street in the direction from which he had come; the boy followed.

Pierre found himself in the outer room of the officer's tent wondering what was to become of him. He had visions of being shot at sunrise and similar experiences. He was not long in discovering.

He walked back to his own tent wild with excitement and bursting with pride. He was to be sent on a perilous expedition, which, he had been assured, no one else could possibly accomplish. He did not know the details, it was enough that he knew what he did and in the morning it would all be made clear. Pierre slept very little that night.

The next night found him far away and appearing very different. And he was very tired and a little worried — tired because he had walked all day, away from the sun and then towards it, and worried, partly because there were some things he did not understand, and partly because he had a presentiment of disaster.

He was waiting now, precisely as he had been instructed, at the joining of the two deep ravines mentioned. His orders had been very concise, "If you can pass through the enemy's lines wait where the two rivers join and take what is given you. Bring them back to me at once, in twenty-four hours they will be void. If you get caught, eat them."

Pierre had told the captain that he understood and had gotten this far without mishap. No one had suspected a child with a basket of eggs and he had answered all questions unhesitatingly and untruthfully.

So here he was. He waited and waited, but nothing happened. But at last something did happen; a man in a uniform of grey appeared from nowhere, thrust a tiny box at him, and disappeared again. It occurred before Pierre could collect himself and find his voice, but just then something came to his assistance and he became decidedly aware of himself. And that something was voices.

Pierre slunk into the shadows and strained his eyes. He could make out nothing in the pale moonlight, but the voices grew more distinct rapidly.

Presently several figures emerged from a strip of wood to his right. There must have been six at least. They were talking loudly in German and gesticulating excitedly. Pierre grasped the truth at once. They had followed his colleague until recently and had evidently lost him. Clearly it was his cue to slide.

So slide he did, and fate helped Pierre, and a cloud covered the moon. He moved cautiously to the left and then broke into a run. He was glad he had noticed what surrounded, it helped him somewhat as he stumbled along in the blackness. Suddenly he stopped and, opening the box which
he had been clutching in his hand, he took out a miniature roll of paper and thrust it in his shoe.

It was then that fortune forsook him; the moon sailed from behind its curtain and sought him out.

He was quickly discovered by the party of the enemy and they took no pains to conceal it.

He broke into a run at once, skirting the ridge of wood along the ravine on his right, and the Germans took up the chase.

If Pierre were under the impression that he could outrun them and thus elude them he was vastly mistaken. They gained steadily and before long were scarcely a hundred feet in the rear.

Something must be done and at once. Pierre thought if he only had not put the papers in his shoe he at least could swallow them, but if he stopped now to take them out the enemy would be upon him.

He must throw them off his trail. As a last resort he turned to the right and plunged into the denseness of the woods.

Pierre was partially successful. He succeeded in eluding his pursuers for the time, but fate again turned against him.

He was becoming a little more hopeful, and stopping, took the packet from his boot and without hesitation, swallowed it. As he did so, the earth beneath him gave way and Pierre found himself being borne over the edge of the cliff. He struggled and clutched in vain and at length closed his eyes to the inevitable.

Down he went with increasing speed and was on the verge of unconsciousness when he was brought up with a jolt, finding himself wedged against the trunk of a tree on one side and the slide on the other.

He lay helplessly for some time and then began to struggle to free himself. He gave up in despair after a while; it was absolutely hopeless.

What was he going to do? It was his own safety which he thought of now. He had failed in this errand, was he to die in the attempt?

Sounds of the Germans in the woods above came to him. They could not understand his disappearance. Should he call out to them and warn them of his presence? They might easily save him, but for what? Pierre shuddered. He knew how the Germans treated spies. No; positively he couldn’t do that.

The only other thing to do was nothing. Again Pierre shuddered. He also knew what that meant. Surely there wasn’t much choice. To be shot as a spy, his name blackened, or die of starvation at the mercy of the birds!

Pierre pondered, and shuddered, and sank into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

Some hours later a detachment of French outriders came stealthily through the ravine. By the merest chance they discovered the unconscious boy and lifted him tenderly and carefully from his prison. Pierre lived to be a great favorite in his regiment and an honor to the French army.

U. W., ’15.
Mrs. Brown sat in the comfortable armchair in front of the glowing fireplace. She was wondering how she could get an Easter hat with only five dollars of her monthly allowance remaining. She did not like to ask her husband for more, as he thought it unnecessary for women to have every little article they desired. Just as she was about to rise from her chair, her husband entered.

“Well, Mary, what is it now? Something new again? Wondering how to get it?”

His wife answered rather despondently, “Well, no; I guess not.”

Mr. Brown well knew that a hat was in her mind and leaving the house, resolved to go in quest of an Easter bonnet to surprise her. He walked briskly along the noisy streets of New York city. Finally coming to a small millinery establishment, he entered.

“Good morning,” said the black-eyed clerk, taking a sweeping glance of the man from head to foot. “Is there something I can do for you?”

“Well, yes; possibly,” replied Mr. Brown. “I am looking for a hat for my wife and would like to see what you have.”

“Very well, step right this way,” said the clerk, going toward a case full of hats. “Here is a smart looking model, direct from Paris. You see what beautiful feathers these are.”

“Oh, I don’t want any feathers, they are entirely too common,” said Mr. Brown.

“Well, here is a very pretty flowered hat. Does your wife like flowers?”

“Well, I guess she does. I know she is particularly fond of geraniums. If you would take those stingy looking rose buds off, which are on the brim and look as if they were going to fall off every minute, perhaps she might like the hat. Then put a row of geranium leaves around the crown and a few blossoms in the back.”

The clerk looked somewhat amused and said, “I don’t believe you would like that. You know they never trim hats with geranium leaves. Possibly you have them confused with some other flower.”

At this Mr. Brown said he guessed he knew the difference between roses and geraniums. “Well, what is the price of the hat?” asked Mr. Brown with a deep sigh.

“Only fifteen dollars,” replied the clerk. “You see the fine quality of straw, all hand sewed, and more than that, the latest style.”

“Only fifteen dollars, did you say!” echoed Mr. Brown. “I wouldn’t give ninety-eight cents for that. Well, I don’t see anything more I like. Pretty poor assortment of hats!”

Thoroughly disgusted he turned and left the store, wending his way to the next millinery shop.

This time he entered a rather large establishment and decided not to take the clerk’s advice but to use purely his own judgment. He walked directly to an elaborately adorned case and while he was studying the hats very intently, the head clerk stepped up to him.
“Something you would like? A child’s hat?”

“No; I want a hat for a woman about my age. She might be my wife and still she might not,” said Mr. Brown, thinking it this time unnecessary to explain for whom he wanted the hat. “Can you show me something?”

“Gladly sir; will you be seated?”

He sat down. The clerk came forward with a small hat trying it on herself to give the man the right idea.

“No; I don’t like that at all. I must say I have no use for those postage stamps which women cock on one ear,” said Mr. Brown.

“Well, sir; do you care for anything on this order?” A wide brimmed hat was brought out, very beautifully trimmed with a bird of paradise.

“I don’t care for that either,” said Mr. Brown. “One bird with such a few feathers looks as if it had been moth eaten. Now if you put about six such birds on the hat it might not look quite so forlorn.”

The clerk smiled rather dubiously and said, “The price of that hat now is thirty dollars and if you had six birds I don’t believe you would care to purchase it.”

“No, I don’t believe I would. Thirty dollars!” echoed Mr. Brown.

“Can’t you show me something less expensive?”

“Yes, sir;” said the clerk, and handed him a round black sailor, thinking this might satisfy his wants.

“What is the price, please?”

“One ninety-eight,” said the clerk.

“Well that sounds much better, but it surely lacks trimming.”

“You certainly have no taste in hats, whatever,” answered the clerk indignantly, while Mr. Brown walked out of the store very much out of temper.

He next entered a department store to see if he would have better luck there. After entering the elevator and going up to the seventh story he found the clerks very willing to wait on him. He immediately picked up a white leghorn hat, much too young for a woman of forty years of age, and approached the clerk. “Will you have the kindness to trim this for me?”

“Certainly,” answered a very agreeable voice from among a number of clerks. “What would you like? Is it for a child or an older person?”

“For an older person,” said Mr. Brown coldly.

“Don’t you think this is a rather young looking hat?”

“Not at all, not at all! Now would you kindly trim this as I say?”

“Exactly as you say,” answered the clerk cheerfully.

“Please put a row of large daisies around the crown and in front a few bows of narrow white ribbon.”

“You mean baby ribbon?” asked the clerk with an amused glance.

“Yes; maybe you do call it that. Then on the brim fasten a few bunches of forget-me-nots. Lastly, to avoid those miserable hat pins which are always endangering men's eyesight, sew on white streamers, that will tie and make a neat bow under the chin, with a few ends hanging down so as to make it appear a little fancy.”
“Just as you wish,” answered the clerk, and turned to trim the hat with a broad smile on her face which she was particular to avoid while in the customer’s presence.

Mr. Brown waited with patience for about an hour at the end of which time the clerk handed him the box.

“How much will that be?” said Mr. Brown.

“Ten dollars,” said the clerk.

“Very well, here it is; a pretty big price, although I think it is about the neatest and prettiest hat I have seen this season.”

With a light heart Mr. Brown turned homeward to surprise his wife. He entered the living room where she was busy and handed her the box.

“Why, John, what have you there?”

“Just a little present for you and I am sure you would like it if you knew the trouble I had in getting it.”

Carefully the box was opened and at the first glimpse Mrs. Brown burst into tears.

“Why, John, do you suppose I could wear a hat of this description, it is only suitable for a little child. Why didn’t you tell me what you intended to do and I would have gone with you to select it!”

Mr. Brown, tired and discouraged, sat down and ate his dinner alone, resolved that hereafter Mrs. Brown could make her own selection and that he would pay the price without a murmur.

M. K., ’15.

ALL IN THE GARDEN.

Richard Brooks and his sister Gertrude were coming home one day when Gertrude asked, “Wouldn’t you like to have a garden of flowers this summer, Richard?”

“I have been thinking of it myself. Why, would you like one?”

“Yes, I should like one very much, but I thought I should like to get your help,” she replied.

Richard gladly consented to help and they began their plans at once. It was not long before they had some very promising flower beds which were the envy of all their friends.

“I wish that I had a brother like yours to help me plan and make a garden,” sighed Bertha Shelling, Gertrude’s best friend. However, she was determined to try herself; so she put in a few seeds which would not take long to sprout, and waited with great expectancy for the appearance of the first shoots. They all came up and she was very pleased with her garden.

Bertha wanted some pansies very much and upon inquiry found that it was not yet too late to grow them. So she went over to Gertrude’s and told her that she was going to have some pansies and asked if she would help her set them out. Gertrude promised to help and said she would give her enough plants.
"They are not in bloom yet," she explained, "but they are large plants and promise fine pansies. I will be over to-morrow and we will put them in your garden."

That evening Gertrude mentioned to Richard that she had promised Bertha some pansy plants.

"I say, sis, will you let me pick them out for her?" he exclaimed as if an idea had just occurred to him.

"Why, yes, if you care to do it," Gertrude replied.

The next afternoon the unexperienced gardeners set out the plants which Richard had picked out for them.

The next week the girls were invited to spend a fortnight with friends at their summer camp. Richard told the girls he would take care of their gardens for them until they returned.

Several days afterward Mrs. Brooks remarked to her son, "Didn't Bertha want pansy plants? Those Gertrude gave her look like mignonette, Mrs. Shelling told me."

The girls stayed a little longer than the two weeks for they were enjoying themselves immensely. Mrs. Shelling wrote Bertha that her pansies were proving to be mignonette, but that they had not bloomed yet. Bertha wrote back that she just loved mignonette and she would like to see her garden.

When the girls did return the gardens were all a-blossom in token of welcome. The first chance Richard had he whispered to Gertrude, "Did you tell Bertha who picked out her pansy plants?"

"Yes; why?"

"Oh! nothing much. Wouldn't you like to see how they are coming along?" He avoided her inquiring glance.

"Yes, I would," assented Gertrude. So they went together over to their friend's garden.

Gertrude knelt and plucked a tiny blue flower. She stood gazing at it for what seemed to Richard a long time. Then she spoke:

"Richard Brooks, these aren't pansies or mignonette, either one ——"

"Well, what are they?" broke in Bertha's voice. She had just come out. "Let me see. Why they are forget-me-nots."

"You did it on purpose, didn't you?" accused his sister.

"Well, suppose I did," admitted Richard.

M. K. B., '18.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. — Shakespeare.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's. — Shakespeare.

Every person has two educations — one which he receives from others and one, more important, which he gives himself. — Gibbon.
Big Dan lounged out of one of the city’s ten saloons (the “city” was a typical backwoods western town, by the name of “Minetown.” Besides the saloon, there were two stores, one church, one school, a jail, a “nickolet,” admission twenty-five cents, and twenty houses). A darling five-year-old child was playing in the road, and he asked her her name. “Roseclair,” she replied, and then immediately explained that her mother had wanted her to be named Rose, and her father had insisted upon Clair, so they had finally compromised on “Roseclair.” “Nice kid,” thought Dan, as he mounted his horse.

According to his custom he dug his spurs and lashed the animal with the whip, as a starter. Now the pony, or rather “the cayuse,” as he should rightfully be called, was used to this treatment, but he had just had a meal of oats and felt in a rebellious mood. Down started his head, up went his heels and the bucking began. But Dan was also used to such things. Before the animal’s head could reach a good bucking basis, the master’s iron muscles had jerked it high into the air. At the same time the quert was applied to the most tender spots in a most efficient manner. Of course Dick (the cayuse) was accustomed to being beaten. But who can do any real strenuous bucking when one’s head is held so high that one can hardly breathe? The kicking ceased, but the beating did not. But now someone else appeared upon the scene. “Roseclair,” having eluded her father’s hand, rushed up to the two, and seized the cruel quert, as it was falling for the fiftieth time. An angry welt appeared on the little hand, but the little heart was too enraged to notice that.

“You’re a bad, bad man! You stop that right now! I don’t love you an’ nobody else does an’ ——”

Don rode on. She was only a child, he thought, and not worth noticing. He would think about something else, on his fifty-mile ride to his ranch. As he rode on, neither seeing nor hearing any signs of humanity, all nature talked to him. The hills, the valleys, the plains, the alkali dust itself and the sage brush which dotted it all shouted at him.

“I don’t love you, an’ nobody does. I don’t love you an nobody does,” etc., etc.

When he reached the end of the thirtieth mile he came to a small creek. Here he dismounted, and prepared to eat his evening meal. At an unguarded moment Dick slipped away. When Dan discovered the loss, it was too late to pursue him on foot, and he had no other horse with him. He cursed vehemently, as he watched the white speck reach a distant mountain and climb slowly toward the top. Suddenly it stopped. Ten, twenty, minutes the man watched, and finally started in the direction of the speck.

It took a long time to reach the sought-for point. When he finally came to the spot there lay Dick with a huge stone upon his right front leg. Dan took out his pistol. “It’s humane,” he said. The horse looked beseechingly at him, a bird sang over head, a cool breeze laden with the
scent of flowers passed through the pines, and whispered, “Nobody loves you.”

There was no shot. He took the wounded creature to the nearest ranch and carefully doctored and cared for it for over two months. And all just because the man had thought, “I wonder if I could make even my horse love me.”

As the horse grew stronger again, the man grew wiser. “I love Dick,” he said, “and I’ll have to prove it to him.” So he took the only creature in the world whom he really loved, up upon the mountain, and set him free, telling him to go back to his fellows.

The wild called to its child, the horse, with a call that few can refuse. Dick heard the call, and joyfully started to respond. But he must have one more look at the man. He turned — there in the valley below trod a weary, bent figures. Something stirred in the heart of the wild beast, and he heard a call, stronger than the call of the wild, stronger than all other calls — the love call of life.

The man heard hoof-beats and turned.

“Well, old pal, so you’ve come back! Guess you must love this old sinner a little bit after all.”

——

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

It was ten o’clock of a glorious spring morning when Captain More emerged from the tent of General Herboga, his commander. He proceeded directly to the stock quarters, where his horse awaited him, swung lithely into the saddle and was off toward the east. Oh! it was good to be alive that morning. Released from the arduous and confining duties of the camp, what could be better than to be galloping through the country with the crisp breeze playing riotously in his wavy hair. He raised his face, fresh with the vigor of youth, to the blue sky and gave thanks for the day and this trip he was taking. But as he meditated thus, new and more serious thoughts entered his mind. This beautiful Bosnia, his fatherland and the principality of his allegiance was at war with the neighboring province, Mandora, toward which he was even now riding. What would be the outcome? He sighed and half gave himself up to troubled thought, when a bird, trilling forth its gladness in jubilant song, recalled him to the day and the joys it was to bring.

While he was riding thus through the fertile fields of Bosnia, over the line in Mandora a wild looking horseman plunged into the Mandorian camp and rushed into the tent of General Gonzalo, with naught but a hasty salute.

“Your honor,” he said, “I have an important message for you.”

The general, recognizing his most reliable spy, signed to his attendants to leave, stationed a guard and prepared to listen to the messenger. The spy was by now calm and addressed the general coolly.
Your honor, I have come from the camp of Herboga whence I have ridden at full speed. While prying about the woods this morning near the camp, I overheard General Herboga ordering one of his men to convey certain messages, verbal I am sure, and one that I think had been delivered already to him, to the king of Hernia. They are probably of great importance — perhaps to sue for aid. Now if we could capture this man and force him to give us the messages we would be able to gain a great advantage over the enemy.

The general’s face had lighted during this recital and he asked, “Could you describe the man?”

“Not very well. I couldn’t see much of him, but he was tall, young, and what I did notice, as that side was turned toward me, he had a scar on his left temple. Moreover, he was to take the direct road to the edge of this province and then strike north along the border to Hernia. He was to leave at ten. If you send soldiers to the border immediately they cannot fail to catch him.”

Hastily the general wrote an order and handing it to the spy, said, “Go! take that order to B. Let him go to the border at once with two companions. The paper contains the scant description of the man you gave me.” Then he added, “You shall be richly rewarded if things turn out well.”

At the last words the spy’s little eyes gleamed with avarice and he withdrew to deliver the order.

Shortly after half-after ten Captain Moro was approaching the danger line between the two warring countries. As he drew nearer he hastened his horse as if in anticipation, and, while galloping along, the branch of a burned and charred tree brushed his face; but he paid no heed; farther on he stopped abruptly at the point where the main thoroughfare was joined by the Hernia road. Somewhere near and straight ahead was the border line and not far off was his destination. Suddenly he felt a strange presentiment — a sensation of evil, as though he were being watched; but even at that moment this sensation was replaced by one of joy as there came floating to him on the breeze the sound of a sweet voice upraised in song. Forgetful of danger, he spurred forward, all unknowingly crossing the line, turned a bend and brought his horse to a halt before a tiny, rose-covered cottage. At the gate stood a girl — the only girl in the world for him. To him, as he sat motionless, gazing with love and admiration upon her, she was divinely fair, the sun burnished her masses of fine-spun hair to a soft red-gold, her complexion might have vied with the most perfect peachblow, her adorable mouth was twisted into a smile of welcome, and best of all her eyes, deep and sincere, reflected the light in his own. Involuntarily as he sprang to the ground he raised his hand to his forehead in a salute to her loveliness, crying, “Marie, Marie, at last I have gotten here.”

What unkind fate spoiled the joy of that moment? Even as he reached her, she screamed and recoiled, pointing behind him. He wheeled about and found himself facing three leveled revolvers in the hands of three
evil-looking soldiers of Mandora. Amazed he sprang back while the soldiers exchanged significant glances, one muttered to another, "Yes, he must be the one; see the scar."

"I arrest you as a spy in the territory of Mandora," said the leader.

"A spy!" Captain Moro exclaimed.

"Come now, hands up, my fellow."

"But I do not understand this in the least," replied Moro.

"No?" With that one of them took him by the arm, turned him about and pointed to a bluff behind the cottage where, in the other province, floated the flag of Bosnia from one of the border posts. "Did you not salute it?" continued the man. "Ha! Ha! now will you answer to the general for it."

So his salute to Marie had been his undoing. He glanced at her white face in dismay; of course they would not believe him if he told the truth. But he wouldn't give in without any fight. He sprang suddenly upon his assailants; whereupon followed a brief and one-sided combat which ended in Moro's being strapped to his horse with bound hands. Thus he was led off down the road, calling "Good-bye, Marie; do not despair." And he was gone.

It was some hours after Moro had left her when Marie, returning from a trip to Herboga, to whom she had recounted the affair, discovered on the grass two papers, probably dropped in the struggle of the morning. Quickly she picked them up. One was a leave of absence made out to Captain Moro by Herboga, giving him permission to visit Marie B——. The other was the order signed by Gonzalo warranting the capture of the messenger. Instantly the entire situation flashed across her mind—a mistaken identity. But the scar! Moro had no scar—but—merciful goodness, the man she had met at the crossroads not ten minutes before her lover arrived had had one—she remembered now and he was galloping at a mad speed toward Hernia. What could she do? She knew Gonzalo and was admired by him. Would her word in the matter have any weight with him? Yes, she would try. Securing the papers in her belt she flung herself into her saddle and raced madly in the direction the soldiers had taken.

In the meantime, with spirits low as they had been high in the morning, Moro arrived at Gonzalo's camp with his three escorts. Word was sent to the general, who straightway ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

"Well, my young fool," he began pleasantly, very pleasantly, when Moro appeared, "so we caught you. Ha! Ha! This is fine for Herboga, d—n him." Moro flushed, but did not reply. The general continued with a threatening look, "We had you arrested for spying just as a pretense. What we want are those messages, so you might as well start in."

A look of utter bewilderment passed over Moro's face as he fronted his accuser.
“Sir,” he cried with sudden heat, “I know of no messages—neither am I a spy. I have been insulted by your men while on a peaceable errand. Herboga will retaliate for this.”

“Ha! Ha!” came the general’s disagreeable cackle, “Not so fast, young man, General Herboga dispatched you with messages to Hernia this morning and you know it. Also you were captured in our territory.”

Moro gazed speechless from one to another and looked finally on the face of the general, which was distorted with an ugly grin.

“Sir, I tell you again, I know nothing of those messages, and if I did I would not communicate them to you.”

“You may change your mind before sunset, for if you do not deliver those dispatches to me by then you shall be shot with a hundred bullets.” And the aspect of his faced showed that he meant it. Moro was taken to an empty tent, well guarded by soldiers. There, the general sneered, he could decide between life and death.

The rest of that afternoon was a veritable hell to Moro. Never before had life seemed so sweet. But his loyalty, his honor! Should he give in and make up some plausible messages? How could he? In the first place he did not know how much his captors knew, in the second place, any messages he gave might prove to be harmful to his own cause. Anyway, would he be believed? Probably not, unless he could just strike something plausible. And then something told him that it would be more heroic to meet his death—a martyr to his cause. But Marie! At that thought he groaned aloud. How could he die and never see her again? How could he give up his dream? But there seemed to be no way. So the afternoon wore on and the sun sank farther and farther from the zenith. Finally, a half an hour before sunset, he saw Gonzalo drawing up a company of riflemen—a hundred in all. He shuddered with terror. Then Gonzalo came to the tent.

“The messages?” he inquired.

“I have no messages,” answered Moro in a dead voice. Whereupon the general withdrew, returning every five minutes to ask the same question and receive the same answer. Finally a guard led him to a point in front of the riflemen. Alas! His doom had come! His cry was, “Marie! Marie!”

But no. What was that sound? Hoof beats coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly a girl all in white dashed into the midst of the assemblage and threw herself before the general.

“Marie B—-!” gasped Gonzalo.

“General,” cried Marie, “he is not the man you want. You have made a mistake.” She showed him Moro’s leave of absence, and then the other paper, saying: “It says—a scar. This man has no scar.”

“Oh, but, mademoiselle, you are mistaken, see, there on his temple.”

Marie looked and fascinated drew near him, then with a sudden movement grasped her handkerchief and wiped away a spot of soot. The burned tree, thought Moro. Then Marie with a gesture of triumph told Gonzalo of the man she had seen in the morning and pled eloquently
for Moro's life. Gonzalo wavered, but was loath to lose his prize. But just then the unexpected happened. A small body of cavalry appeared on the scene carrying the body of a wounded prisoner whom they had captured on the road to Hernia. Dumfounded Gonzalo gazed at him and saw the identifying scar; dumfounded he turned toward Moro, but before he could speak a breathless courier dashed into the camp shouting, "Fly! Fly! Herboga and all his force are coming." A terrible stampede and flight followed. Horsemen flew right and left across the plains, Gonzalo leading them all, to reach shelter and safety. So when the forces of Herboga arrived the only human beings to be seen were a man and girl standing in each other's arms watching the setting sun, and not far from them the prostrate form of a wounded soldier.

W., '15.

The best son of his country is he who gives the best manhood to his country. — Anon.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who waits till all commend. — Pope.

He who governs his tongue is perfectly able to control all his passions. — Channing.

The best kind of sympathy is that which lends a hand.

There is nothing which costs so little and goes so far as courtesy.

Not what you read, but what you remember, will make you wise.

The great theater for virtue is conscience. — Cicero.

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes. — Froude.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law. — Goldsmith.

No man ever touched another man's honor;
All honor's wounds are self-inflicted. — Andrew Carnegie.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds. — George Eliot.
The Easter vacation has come and gone and the passing days find us again at work — this time on the home stretch — toward the goal of the completion of another year. If we have hitherto labored well the last term will not be hard; if we have been remiss we must now bend to the fray with redoubled zeal. For some of us this "home stretch" will be the last that may ever be experienced in our beloved school; for the graduating class at least the work and pleasure of these last months will be more or less mingled with something very much akin to regret. But we must not allow gloomy thoughts to overshadow the happy memories of a happy year. Spring has come! — and truly a wonderful spring it has been thus far. The buds are opening, green grass is springing into life, birds are singing exultantly, indeed.

"God's in His Heaven,  
All's well with the world."

Why should not we also rejoice with beautiful nature? We shall, we shall! We shall carry that rejoicing to our work and to our play until all things will seem to be glorified by it. Let us not be troubled by that strange fiction, that people themselves have created out of their own
imagining and call—for want of a more suitable name—"spring fever." It will not bother us if we determine not to let it get a hold on us if we entirely forget the existence of such an evil. For, naturally, we are, at this time of the year, inspired to action, to energy, to life. With the clean, fresh, pure air of the new season comes an overwhelming desire to accomplish great things, to be of use in this great world of ours, to make others happy. If we settle down with a will to the work before us for the next few months, determining with the spring to carry it on with quickened faculties, renewed purpose and all that is good in us; if every moment of every crowded day we remember, each one of us, to be cheerful and happy and to look always on the bright side of life—then indeed we can not but make our desire a reality. Then we will have come to a place of honor and affection among our fellow schoolmates.

"The Crimson and White" concert, held in the College Auditorium on the evening of March 26th, was a success beyond the highest expectations. As you all know it was given by the Albani Quartette with the assistance of Miss Josephine Lyon, Reader. As by far a smaller number of you know, by your personal experience, we were finely entertained. The Quartette, though they seem to think that we are all babies and enjoy ridiculously funny things, that we have heard before, more than anything else, gave some serious numbers and were on the whole very amusing and much applauded. As for Miss Lyon, it would be impossible for any who did not hear her to grasp the least realization of her talent. The ease and vividness with which she rendered her selections make them hardly less real to us now than on the evening she gave them; indeed we laugh yet when we think of such funny expressions as, "Gosh! I swallowed me gum," and the realistic way in which she said them. Financially, we feel richer than ever before, for we cleared, aside from all expenses, the magnificent sum of fifty dollars. Think of it, boys and girls! It certainly means a great deal to us—pins, for instance. But we were rather disappointed in the rather poor support the school gave us; it was far from encouraging to see so few students there. You certainly missed a good time, ye remiss ones, but we do not feel the least bit sorry for you; you had the opportunity to go, but refused to take it. Therefore you are rather to be pitied for not knowing what is good for you and your school. "The Crimson and White" realizes, however, that many gave their loyal support to the whole affair; the Board wishes to thank all those who helped, in the selling of tickets and otherwise, to make it a success.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.—Cervantes.

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is that we should think of.—H. W. Beecher.
ALUMNI NOTES.

Marguerite Clark, '14, was home from Vassar during the spring vacation. She had as her guests over the week-end four classmates.

Alice Ody, '13, is teaching in School 19, West Albany.

Alice Griffin, '13, is now living in New York City.

Katherine Pollack, '14, and Marian Domery, '13, visited school while home from Simmons College for their spring vacations.

Edward McDowell, '14, was home from Dartmouth for his spring vacation.

Bertha Race, '14, is attending Business College.

Katherine Blessing, '14, is taking a rest from school at her home in New Scotland.

Marian Packer, '13, has been seriously ill. The whole “H. S. D.” of the “N. Y. S. C. T.” extends its sympathy and wishes her a speedy recovery.

Beatrice Gazely, '11, has been married recently to Marcus Myers of this city.

Frances Vosburgh, '14, visited us while home from Vassar.

Ruth J. Guernsey, '04, has really become famous since she left these “hallowed walls.” (That doesn't mean that she wasn’t famous before she left. She was. However, the world at large, in general, pays more attention to efficient work outside of school than inside.) After graduating from the State College in '07 she taught first in Salem, N. Y., then in Poughkeepsie and then in Schenectady, doing special work with foreigners. At present she is supervisor of work with atypical children in Schenectady. She gives the Binit-Simon test to backward children, supervises the teaching of these children and does the field work in connection with cases after the school age. She is also the secretary of the Atypical Section of the State Teachers' Association. Is C. H. S. proud of Ruth Guernsey? Ja!

Edith Mend, '13, is preparing for her marriage, which is to take place in the near future. The lucky fellow is Clarence Crocker of Glenmont.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Spring has come and with it the close of our Easter vacation. The recess has been very satisfyingly long and pleasant so we should not complain even if it does seem hard to have to go back to work again just as the beautiful weather is beginning. We were all so glad to get our reports before school closed, because it would have been perfect agony to have had to worry about our marks until we came back. Perhaps we were a little disappointed with them, but that makes us all the more eager and willing to work harder this last term and do our very best.

On Lincoln's birthday Lieut. Atchison addressed the members of the College and the High School in the auditorium. His subject was the “Horrors of Warfare,” and his talk was very much enjoyed. His stories
of past wars were so sincere and so vivid that they made us realize only too well how dreadful this great war, which is going on now, is. On Washington's birthday we were favored with a holiday. Even one day of pleasure coming in the midst of the school work is very refreshing indeed.

The Theta Nu Society gave a dance in the gymnasium to the entire school on Friday evening, March 19th. The gym was effectually decorated with red and green crêpe paper, the society colors, and numerous pennants and banners. There was rather a small crowd, but all who were present had a splendid time, enjoying the dancing and the delicious punch. The dance was informal and quite different from our usual functions, but followed a plan proposed by our principal to all the societies. The dancers went home promptly at eleven much to the joy of Mr. Sayles and their parents.

We are very sorry to see that William McKenna and Raymond Carr have left school.

A concert was given by the Albani Quartette and Miss Josephine Lyon under the auspices of "The Crimson and White" board on Friday evening, March 26, 1915, in the College Auditorium. It was held for the purpose of raising money to help pay the expenses of our school paper, and met with great success. The audience seemed to enjoy it very much.

The Seniors have held several meetings lately and have decided upon their commencement invitations. They have also held elections for class day, and the results are as follows:

Poetess ........................................... Margaret Shirtz
Historian ........................................... Margaret Lovett
Prophetess ........................................ Caroline Lipes
Giftorian .......................................... Marion White
Testator ........................................... Nelson Covey

The school extends its congratulations to them.

After a long delay the Junior Class has been organized and its members have held several interesting meetings.

The results of the elections are —

President ......................................... Ansley Wilcox
Vice-President .................................. Frances Myers
Treasurer ......................................... Culver Sperry
Secretary ......................................... Helen Meade

The Juniors have decided to give a reception to the Seniors in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, May first, from eight until eleven o'clock. They sincerely hope that all the Seniors will be present and promise to give them a good time.

Sometime ago the Freshmen English classes held a little entertainment for themselves in room 302. The program, under the supervision of Miss Clement, consisted of piano solos, vocal solos, recitations and readings. It was much enjoyed.
ZETA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meetings of Sigma have been of especial interest this last term as has been evidenced by our unusually large attendance. Let us keep it up, girls! Our little Freshies have proved to us that they are not nearly as green as we had been led to think. Recently they showed their ability in winning the decision of the judges in a debate between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The subject was, "Resolved, that a Ford car is superior to a Pierce-Arrow;" on the affirmative were the Freshmen Marion Bedell and Helen Alexander, while the negative was supported by May Hutchins and Marion Vosburg. Miss Sharpe's and Miss Avery's joint piano solos — or duets, if you like — have added much genuine enjoyment to recent meetings, and we hope to enjoy more of them.

The Sigma girls are busy now discussing plans for the coming "Girls' Day" to be held jointly with "Quin." We assure you all that it is going to be fine, so all must be prepared to attend.

L., '15.

QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Vacation is over and we are now facing the hardest part of the school year. Every one will admit that she would rather be outdoors during the warm weather than sitting in the house studying, and also wondering if she will have to repeat any of her subjects. Each one of us has determined to do our own share in making the "Quin" meetings more enjoyable than they ever have been before. We are very sorry to say that Miss Hayes has left our school to attend the Girls' Academy, but she has attended a number of the meetings since her departure. We have three new, talented members, of whom we are very proud. Miss Jannelle's musical talent is wonderful and so are her piano solos. The recitations by the Misses Boshier, Pyle and Clother have received much applause. We hope our new comers will continue to show the loyal spirit that they have shown thus far. The debates of late have been very well prepared and most interesting. The papers read by Miss Lee and Miss Walter have been very much in demand. Miss Walter's vocal solos have been fine and we hope she will continue to favor us with them for the remainder of the year.

G. C., 16.
ADELPHOI.

Adelphi has held many interesting and beneficial meetings this term. The literary programs especially have been excellent and the members seem to take a great interest in their preparation and execution.

One of our recent debates was: Resolved, that a High School education should be given to all enlisted men in the United States Navy. Owing to excellent work on the part of Messrs. Kirk and Hanna, the affirmative was victorious.

Mr. Chovey has given some very instructive talks on his native land, India, and its inhabitants, industries, government and religion.

Mr. R. Bruce was recently received into membership.

We are very much pleased to have Richard Kirk, '13, with us again. Mr. Kirk is taking special work, preparatory to entering the State College for Teachers next fall.

Edward McDowell, '14, of Dartmouth College recently paid us a visit.

The officers lately elected for the fourth quarter are as follows:

President ......................... Nelson L. Covey
Vice-President ..................... Erwin Hanna
Secretary .......................... Gordon E. Scott
Treasurer .......................... H. Erwin Whitney
Chaplain ......................... Stephen Chovey
Sergeant-at-Arms .................. Jacob Zehfuss
Master of Ceremonies .............. William Rapp

G. E. S., '15.

THETA NU.

The meetings of Theta Nu of late have been very interesting and for this reason they have been well attended.

At our last meeting a debate was held, "Resolved, that the Panama Canal should be fortified." The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Seymour and Martin; the negative, Messrs. Hoyt and Nead.

The Theta Nu is represented on the diamond this year as well as previous years. Mr. Ward, the captain of last year's team, was re-elected this year, and Mr. O'Connor, manager.

G. W.
FOR YOU.

Do you ever read this department? Own up, now! If you never have before, do it now! If you have done it once or twice, keep it up! Do you realize that this is really one of the most important parts of the paper? Do you know that a copy of the same paper which you are reading now is also read by someone in California, another copy by scholars in Honolulu, etc., etc.? This is your school paper. It is edited by your schoolmates, with your assistance. Don't you think it's up to you to find out how your paper ranks with those of other schools, and how it can be improved? One way you can do this is to read the latter part of this column — if your eyes are too weak to allow you to read it all.

What We Think About Other Papers.

The Lion (La Grange, Illinois) is neatly arranged throughout. The literary department is rather a sugar-coated pill, very good for you as far as knowledge is concerned, and so well written as to take away, in a degree, the "study feeling." But, as we have said before, everyone needs a little recreation, occasionally. To paraphrase a well-known line, "A little fiction, now and then, is relished by the most studious grind." The plan of printing "Class Room Wisdom" is good, and might well be used by more papers. So many ludicrous remarks are made in classes! It would be well, however, to limit the number of these jokes which are published to a few of the very best.

The "Literary Department" and the "Class Reports" in the Oneida (Preston, Idaho) will both stand improvement. The so-called "Reports" seem to be largely attempts of the reporters to fill up space. The Freshman Notes display the most wisdom of all. We quote from them:

"We have had some new students join our class. They make our class still larger than it was."

Wonderful class that!
The *Oneida* has one rather unusual, but very commendable department. Very few high schools can boast of a "Music Department," and very few have the proper amount of attention paid to music. The *Oneida* may well be proud of their "orchestra," "band," "choir," "advanced class in harmony," and their "string double quartette."

The "School Notes" in the *Red and Black* (Salt Lake City, Utah), are rather long drawn out. The literary department was misnamed. It has the heading "Stories," but there is only one story. The Joke and the Exchange editors are certainly doing efficient work.

These "Salt Lake Cadets" are planning a trip to San Francisco this summer. Perhaps we don't envy them; wish that our High School could also send a delegation to the exposition!

We applaud the *Salem Oak* (Salem, N. J.) for their unusually large literary department. The stories are well written and have exceedingly original plots. Moreover, they are true to life. "Her Scheme" and "The Prince of Dreams" are particularly meritorious.

The cut at the head of the School News in the *Ypsi-Sem* (Ypsilanti, Mich.) is very sad. They must have a dreadful epidemic of smallpox in that school according to the faces of their representative scholars. They are covered with pits. Is that picture an example of the way you do things in Ypsilanti?

The *Oracle* (Buffalo, N. Y.) surely has a prize story. "Scourging the Money Changers" is by far the best story we have ever read in any school paper. Please give us some more equally good.

The *Academe* (Albany, N. Y.) is so excellent that we do not care to take it upon ourselves to criticize it. However, there is just one favor we would like to ask of them. Some time ago we received a long new name, which thus far you have absolutely refused to recognize. Would you mind removing "Normal H. S." from your list and putting in its place, "H. S. Dept. of N. Y. S. C.T."

The "Exchange Department" of the *M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.) shows more thought than most Exchange Editors deem necessary to put into their work.

*Other Schools Say of Us.*

"You literary and editorial departments are excellent." — *The Orange and Green* (Macon, Ga.).

"You have a neat little paper, but we say the same of you as of the *Black and Red*. You give too much space to the narrative numbers, Your Sense and Humor column is good. We would advise the Alumni Editor to scare up a little more alumni news." — *The M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.).

"We feel to welcome you as one of our new exchanges. Your paper shows that your editing staff is up and doing." — *The Oneida* (Preston, Idaho).
"'The Crimson and White,' Albany, N. Y., is another new paper we welcome. A contents page would add to the neatness of your paper."—The Crimson (Goshen, Ind.).

"Your stories are well written. Fewer jokes and a poem or two would greatly improve your magazine."—The Magpie (Waterbury, Conn.).

"A new exchange with a splendid exchange department. Where are your cuts?"—The Red and Black (Salt Lake City, Utah).

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ATHLETIC NOTES.

Basketball.

Our basketball team ended a very successful season March 31st by defeating the "Peerless Five" from the Albany High School in a hard fought game by the score of 40-31. The teams were well matched and the result of the game was much in doubt until the last minute of the game. Time and time again the hard fighting "Peerless boys" would creep up toward Normals lead, and only the sensational basket shooting of Captain Fite and Seymour, our future star, put us back again in our lead.

The season's results are as follows, we having won the majority of our games:

- C. H. S., 19; C. H. S. Faculty, 13.
- C. H. S., 27; Waterford, 26.
- C. H. S., 7; Scotia, 65.
- C. H. S., 15; S. T. C. Reserves, 22.
- C. H. S., 12; Gloversville, 12.
- C. H. S., 21; Scotia, 27.
- C. H. S., 27; Albany Academy, 19.
- C. H. S., 2; C. B. A. (by forfeit), 0.
- C. H. S., 16; Troy, 63.
- C. H. S., 3; Gloversville, 13.
- C. H. S., 15; Waterford, 42.
- C. H. S., 21; Albany High, 29.
- C. H. S., 53; Sterling Five, 21.
- C. H. S., 55; Sterling Five, 35.
- C. H. S., 68; Cathedral Academy, 26.
- C. H. S., 38; Rensselaer High, 42.
- C. H. S., 30; Albany Academy, 23.
- C. H. S., 12; Albany High, 36.
- C. H. S., 38; Ravena High, 31.
- C. H. S., 27; Inter Collegiates, 9.
- C. H. S., 38; Inter Collegiates, 7.
- C. H. S., 40; Peerless Five, 31.
The team has had much to contend with, but has made a good showing considering the material there was to choose from and the lack of a second team to practice against. Fite could generally be relied upon to roll the ball into the basket for some goals when the team was hard pressed. Scott was always on the job playing a good heady game at center. Dedicke and Covey were always there for the heavy guard work. “Benny” MacNamee, although his record does not boast of a great number of goals, was responsible for many of the victories of the team, for he was forever breaking up the opponents passes and tearing down the floor with his famous dribble and then giving the ball to someone else to shoot and thus losing the credit of the goal himself. Cassavant was the best all around player on the team; he fought harder when the game was going wrong than he did when things were working smoothly, but always could be depended upon to do his part the very best that he knew how. Few games went by that he did not register at least two baskets for the team. The following players have earned their C. H. S. this season: Cassavant, MacNamee, Seymour and Dedicke. Of the old players and the new recruits Fite, Scott, Covey, Dedicke, MacNamee and Cassavant received school jerseys from the school as awards for playing in the majority of the games.

Baseball.

Now that basketball is over for this year our thoughts turn to baseball. In all probability Normal will be represented by as strong an aggregation as she has boasted of for some years. “Red” Ward has been elected captain and Edmond Connors manager. Under these two able pilots we look forward to nothing but success. Many of last year’s men have reported for practice and with the recruits Coach Swaim and Captain Ward are daily putting them through the paces at Beverwyck Park. From all appearances they seem to be a promising bunch of youngsters of which Normal may well be proud. Remember that money is needed to make this team a success, and don’t pinch that dime or quarter that you are asked to contribute towards the maintenance of the team until it yells for help.

N. L. C., ’15.

Conscience makes cowards of us all.—Shakespeare.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.—Goldsmith.

Small service is true service while it lasts.—Wordsworth.
The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would certainly change his views,
If he’d compare the jokes we print
With those we do not use.

*Heard in American History.*

Miss Shaver — “Who would officiate if the President, Vice-President
and all the members of the Cabinet should die?”
Erwin — “The undertaker.”

“Let me see,” said the young man, thoughtfully. “I’ve got to buy
some flowers and some confectionery and some theater tickets and ——”
“Doing mental arithmetic?”
“No; sentimental arithmetic.” — Ex.

Love is what makes the arms go ’round.

M. B. — “Did you wipe your shoes off before you came in?”
G. S. — “No, I still have them on.”

Nelson Covey — “The last time I played basketball I remember my
face got so knocked in — wasn’t like a face at all — I thought it never
would get better.”
Zehfuss — “And did it?” I mean—er—of course, I see it didn’t—
er—I mean—"

E. Whitney — “Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?”
Mamma — “I don’t know. I never knew any of your father’s people.”
Miss Boughton — "I guess I am going to flunk."
Miss Clement — "Well, now, isn't that strange? I was just thinking the same thing."

Conductor — "Your fare, miss."
Lucile W. — "Really, do you think so?"

"History," exclaimed Miss Lockhart, "is handed down from mouth to mouth."
James Seymour — "Mercy, how unsanitary."

Blauvelt — "Say, they've named a theater after you."
Martin — "Oh, the Grand, of course."
Blauvelt — "No, the Airdome."

Mother — "You were out after ten last night?"
Culver — "No, I was only out after one."

1917 — (Having vainly tried to get an excuse to go home second hour)
"I told Miss Loeb to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half day off."
1918 — "What'd she say?"
1917 — "She said she'd be glad to lend me a cake of soap."

Miss Shean — "Why don't you talk louder when you recite?"
Miss Clark — "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Father — "Don't whistle at the table."
Carolyn W. — "I'm not whistling at the table, I'm whistling at the dog."

Frances M. — "What's the matter?"
Marion P. — "Got something in my eye."
Frances M. — "What is it?"
Marion P. — "Don't know, can't see it."

Paul — "Yaguda seems to be wandering in his mind."
Joe — "Well, he can't stray far."

Miss Reed translated "Rex fugit" — "The king fleas."
Ceasar Teacher — "You should use 'has' when you translate the perfect tense."
Miss Reed — "The king has fleas."

Teacher — "Rapp, how many collars do you wear a week?"
Rapp — "You don't mean how many collars do I wear a week; you mean how many weeks do I wear a collar."
Ray Fite — "George, what makes your hair so red?"
G. Ward — "It got wet and rusted."

Miss Clement — "Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"
R. Holder (very thoughtfully) — "Victor Hugo."

"Non paratus" dixit Junior
Cum a sad et doleful look,
"Omne Rectum" Prof. respondit
Et "Nihil" scripsit in his book.

To-day is the to-morrow we worried about yesterday and it never happened.

"Queen Elizabeth never married, because she knew that if she did him and her would be one, and he would be it."

Junior — "How did the ride of Paul Revere start?"
Freshie — "I don't know, why?"
Junior — "On a horse, you rube."

"You are the first girl I ever kissed."
"Sir, I am no preparatory school."

Oh, the meanness of a Junior when he's mean,
Oh, the leanness of a Senior when he's lean,
But the meanness of the meanest,
And the leanness of the leanest,
Is not in it with the greenness of a Freshie
When he's green.

*Heard in Adelphi.*

Covey, discussing the charge for a mock trial — "Let's accuse him of stealing squirrels in the park."
Chovey — "Beg pardon, did you say he was stealing squirrel's eggs?"

Ethel Mead rushed up to the ticket office, bought a ticket and made a dive for the door. But soon she returned and sat down despondently. Her neighbor said sympathetically, "Too bad you missed your train. What's the matter? A lady at the ticket window who couldn't find her purse?"
Ethel — "Worse than that. Pearl Sharpe was trying to get through the turnstile."
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This store is not merely a commercial venture. It is an institution that has become inseparably associated with the highest business standards of this locality.

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