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1915

December

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THE LEGEND OF NAKOMA, "THE DREAMER"

"O maker of forests,
O spirit of summer,—
    Look down on thy children!
O chief of the war-gods,—
    Kill famine and fever!
    Forget not thy children!"

Thus sang the Wampanoas to Okiwa, the sun-spirit. All through the many moons which had passed since the planting of the grain, they had watched in vain for the harvest which usually blessed them so plentifully. The sun-god had hidden his face from them, and their grain would not grow.

Now they sat eagerly watching the flames of their ceremonial fire, and waiting for some sign from the sun-god. Even as they watched, the old medicine man of the tribe arose from his seat beside the fire.

"Listen, O ye children of the Great Spirit!
    'I must have gold,' saith the sun-god!
    'Only by giving me gold can you hope to conquer the famine!'"

As he spoke, a figure in the edge of the trees, a short distance from the fire, moved away into the forest. It was Nakoma, the son of an
old warrior and his squaw, village outcasts, who lived in a wigwam a little way up the side of the Great Mountain.

No one had seen him around the fire, for he knew that this sacred ceremony was not for him to watch; he was an outcast, the son of outcasts. His father had been one of the foremost warriors of the tribe, but he had incurred the deadly hatred of Tako, the chief, and was now, in his old age, banished from the tribe and forced to live alone with his squaw and his child. Though straighter and taller than most of the village boys, Nakoma was welcomed in none of their sports, but was scorned and despised by them.

As he moved up the mountain-side toward his home, he thought of the strange request of the sun-god. He had seen the people about the fire shrink back in amazement at the words of the medicine man. He knew that they had hunted many times for gold to make themselves ornaments, but had never found it. He and his old father and mother, with their little patch of grain, could not escape the famine which must come if the sun-spirit could not be appeased. Yet how were they to find the gold?

For many days after the ceremony in honor of the sun-god, the men of the tribe searched the valleys for gold. All the places they had hunted in before, they tried again, but not the faintest glimmer caught their eyes. At last, one day, in despair, the chief, Tako, summoned the people to another sacred fire, this time to tell the sun-god of their failure, and to petition him once more to send his warmth down on their fields, that they might have a harvest.

Early that morning, just as the day began to look down through the trees, Nakoma arose and started up the mountain. His bow was in his hand and a quiver of arrows hung across his back. Yet he was not going hunting. His father and mother had named him Nakoma, "the dreamer," and the name was very fitting. He was of a gentler nature than the village boys, and he loved better to make friends with the wild creatures than to kill them. He loved to be alone in the forest, and to watch the animals and birds undisturbed.

Ever since the sun-god had asked for gold, Nakoma had been looking for it. But his success was no better than that of the villagers. So, to-day, he was going far up the mountain-side on a last despairing search.

He was walking in the forest near the top, when he heard the low music of falling water. He presently came out through the trees into a large open space. In the center rose a cliff, and over this there fell a little mountain stream.

Nakoma scrambled to the top of the precipice and looked out over the world. There in the valley, below, the smoke of the village rose from the forest. Beyond it the gray mountains, dark and foreboding near at hand, and growing fainter and fainter in the distance, were gradually lost in the gray sky.

He was thinking how dreary and dark the world looked without the presence of the sun-god, when suddenly the clouds overhead parted and the sun, warm and bright, shone down. In wonder and joy, he
looked up at it, but, even as he looked, the clouds began to close over it again.

Turning in disappointment, he saw the last faint rays of the sun reflected in the little stream beside him, and lo! in the pebbles over which the singing water flowed, there was the glisten of gold! Now there would be no famine! His people and the people of the village must know!

He sped down the mountain-side,—down, down until he reached the wigwam of his father. "The gold!" he cried, "I have found the gold for the sun-god!" Then he hurried on down.

Meanwhile, in the village, the people had gathered round the great fire which they had built for the second time in honor of the sun-god. They had found no gold wherewith to appease the spirit of the sun, and now they had come together to pray again that he would shine on them and ripen their grain. Loud and clear rose the voice of Tako, intoning the prayer for compassion.

"O giver of good things!
O mighty Okiwa!
Rember thy children!
O light of the heavens!
Okiwa the mighty!
Shine down on thy children!"

As he sang, the sky grew darker and darker; the air grew colder; a heavy cloud hung over the assembled people. They sat in silent awe and fear, waiting for the wrath of the sun-god to vent itself upon them. Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice, crying, "The gold! The gold for the sun-god! I have found it!"

All turned eagerly in the direction of the voice. Tako saw at once that it belonged to Nakoma, the son of his bitter enemy. "Nakoma! Dreamer! O ye people! Listen not to the outcast! See, the sun-god is angry at you!" he shouted in rage. But his voice was drowned in the clamor of the people. "Nakoma! Where is the gold? Show us the gold!" they cried. Nakoma pointed upward, and, beckoning to them to follow, he turned and started up the mountain-side.

The people of the tribe followed him, eager to see the gold which was to deliver them from the curse of the sun-spirit. Tako, when he saw that his angry words had no effect on them, followed also, with an expression on his face which boded no good to the boy.

Higher and higher Nakoma led the people, until he came to the foot of the cliff at the top of the mountain. He stooped and scraped a handful of pebbles from the bed of the little stream, and turned to his eager followers. As he turned, the sun burst from the clouds above, lighting up the pebbles in Nakoma's hand, and the people saw that they were gold!

Instantly there arose a great shout, "Nakoma! Nakoma! Long may he live to be the hero of the Wampanoas!"

Nakoma, still grasping the shining pebbles in his hand, climbed to the top of the precipice, and, standing there, he raised his arms to the sun, which had so long been hidden. A sudden hush fell upon the
group below as his voice, soft and clear, like the murmur of the stream, rose in entreaty to the sun-god,—

"We bring thee gold, O spirit of the sun! Hide thy face no longer from thy children!"

As he spoke, an arrow gleamed in the air, straight on its way toward him. The jealousy and hatred of Tako had vented itself in that one deadly shaft. But the sun-god had heard the people pray for the long life of Nakoma, and the arrow struck and quivered, not in the body of the boy, but in the trunk of a young pine tree which suddenly appeared, crowning the precipice. Nakoma was gone, but the wisest of the people knew that the sun-god had heard their prayer; and they named the tree "Nakoma."

* * * * * * *

For many long years afterward, the pine tree stood at the top of the cliff, with its arms stretched out toward the sun-god. When the last golden rays of the setting sun lit up the tree, and when the breeze at sunset made a low sweet whisper in its branches, like the whisper of falling water, the Wampanoes would say,—

"See! It is Nakoma, the dreamer. He has found the gold and he is praying to the sun-god to bless the Red children." M. I. K., '17.

---

UNCONVENTIONAL GUESTS

It was very dark without and the wind blew in fitful gusts. The old oak in front of the house groaned dismally. The gates were burst open and slammed to and fro incessantly.

Mildred and I cowered together in the parlor, more and more frightened as the hours went by. This house, where I was visiting, was a lone, country mansion, several miles from the town. Mr. and Mrs. Macord had taken Mildred's little brother and sister to town, and had telephoned that they would not be able to return that night on account of the storm.

"I never heard such strange sounds," I said. "Surely that is somebody on the stoop right now."

Mildred looked around nervously and said, "Two nights ago, the village post office was robbed, and the rumor is about that an organized band of thieves is going around the country."

To turn the conversation and endeavor to inspire Mildred, as well as myself, with courage, I went to the piano, but before I could strike a note, my attention was arrested by a grating sound, that seemed to come from under the floor.

"Oh," whispered Mildred, "somebody is trying to get into the cellar."

We both listened, but I heard nothing but the beating of my heart. I am not naturally a coward, and my resolution was taken at once.

"Mildred," I whispered, "you hang away on the piano, so that if there is anyone below, he will not suspect that we have heard him. I will go and listen at the cellar door."

I went through the long, dark entry, to all external appearance,
bravely enough, but expecting at every step to be knocked on the head. At last I reached the kitchen. Putting an ear to the trapdoor, that led to the cellar, I listened. I heard only the gate banging and slamming and the old oak creaking in the gale, and its branches swishing against the house; for Mildred somehow had forgotten to play on the piano.

“What cowards we are, after all,” I said to myself, boldly raising the trapdoor and peering down into the cellar.

I could see nothing, but it seemed damp and cold, therefore I concluded a window must be open, and I heard the rain dashing in, which seemed to explain the strange noise.

I descended the stairs, intending to shut the window. Gradually my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness. When I reached the bottom of the steps I turned around to look for the window. Gracious! It was not there.

My heart seemed to stop beating. I clung to the cellar steps. As I looked, the window reappeared, now plainly wide open. I stood staring at the patch of faint grey light, for a full minute, then laughing silently at my fears and persuading myself that the shutter had blown to, and now had blown open again, I advanced, intending to fasten it. I had gone no more than halfway across the cellar, following the wall, when the window was obscured again, and a muffled voice said, “Here we are, you go ahead and I will follow.” At the same moment I saw a large form creep through the window. My knees now absolutely gave way under me. I recovered myself and turned to fly upstairs, but before I reached them, the wind blew the trapdoor shut with a bang and I was shut in hopelessly with these strange men.

There was an instant of silence, then one of the men lighted a match, but the wind blew it out. He crossed the floor, evidently hunting for something in the dark, as he said, “Last winter, they kept the lantern here, but I suppose it is out in the new chicken house now.” This sounded queer for an ordinary robber to say.

“Ha, here’s a candle,” was the next remark and immediately the cellar was illumined by a flickering light.

I peered around from my hiding place to confront no other than Mildred’s older brother and his father-in-law, who, not seeing a light, for the shutters were closed, and finding all doors locked, had used the next best entrance, thinking the family were all away.

I can assure you we were both glad of their arrival, even with such an unconventional entrance. G. E. T., ’17.

THE SURPRISE

“An’ I’ll cut ’oo out, and put ’oo in my picter book, and ’oo shall be my own muvver, ’cause I never had a muvver,—’oo shall,” and with these words, the fair, curly head of a sweet, five-year-old little girl bent diligently over a page in a magazine. With a very large pair of scissors, she was endeavoring to cut out a portrait of a young woman, whose clear eyes and pretty wavy hair had attracted the child’s attention. If she could have read the lines beneath the picture, she would
have found out that her "muvver" was a famous actress and singer, who, through a severe attack of diphtheria, had lost her beautiful voice. Because of this, she had been forced to give up her career as a singer, but Sybil, her tiny admirer, could not read, and was only attracted by the pathos of the lovely eyes in the portrait.

Little Sybil's mother had died when she was but a year old, and all her short life she had been cared for by nurses, and, though they loved her dearly, none of them ever seemed to be like her "muvver," whom she always imagined to resemble one of the portraits hanging in the large hall downstairs. She rarely saw her father, a tall man with keen blue eyes and a grim smile, and indeed, his visits to her nursery were more to be feared than liked. Yet Sybil had often seen him looking closely at her, and she used to wonder whether she really saw tears in his eyes, or only imagined it. Anyway, she thought that there was no man so "pretty" as her father, and she often longed to put her arms around his neck, and with a great big hug, tell him all about her love for her dead "muvver." She wanted to ask him if he loved her as much as she did him—but, somehow, little Sybil felt that there was some hidden sorrow deep down in his heart, which she could never even hope to find out about.

Thus it was that one day she happened to be turning over the pages of a magazine, and came upon the picture of the unfortunate young singer, which she gazed upon with a heart full of affection. It seemed to her that the eyes of the young actress looked into her own, and read all of her little heart, which so much wanted someone to love.

So she had gone to "Nurse Emily," and obtained a pair of scissors, and was now beginning to cut out the face. While she was thus busily engaged, the nursery door opened and Sybil's father entered. Unaware of his presence, the child did not run to him with eager arms outstretched, to receive his one kiss. As he gazed down upon his baby daughter with her head bent over her book, and her curls all about her shoulders, he thought how much she resembled her dead mother. He bent down to see what she was doing, and as he caught sight of the face which she was removing from the magazine, he gave a start, while a queer smile curved his lips.

"Sybil, child, what are you going to do with that picture?" he asked.

Sybil had not heard him come in, and now she started up with a glad cry, the picture held tightly in her hand.

"See, papa," she cried, holding it up, "that is going to be my own muvver—my dear, new muvver."

Her father took her in his arms, and sat in the rocking chair beside the fire, which crackled and sputtered merrily. Sybil was overjoyed that for once her father made no haste to leave her. Soon he asked her if she was ever lonely, and when she looked into his eyes, she suddenly thought that after all he was not so stern looking. She gradually opened her little heart and told him how she wanted him to love her, and that she longed for a mother—"so very much"—and that she wanted to be always with him, not left all alone in the dull nursery with only her nurses and dolls.

Her father seemed very much surprised to think that her baby mind
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE 33

had pondered over the same thought as his, for he had often wondered if the child was lonely, and sometimes had thought of sending her to his only sister. But now—he decided not to tell her the secret—perhaps it would be a greater joy to her if he surprised her. So, kissing her again, he left the nursery abruptly.

For many weeks, Sybil saw nothing of him, but there were plenty of things to occupy her mind now, as the house suddenly became very busy. Rooms were cleaned, pictures dusted, cupboards, chests and drawers were cleaned out, and even Sybil’s nursery received such a thorough cleaning that she told her nurse it didn’t “look like her nursery one bit.” One afternoon, Sybil was lying before the fire, reading her “fairy” book, and soon her eyelids drooped and she fell asleep. Her nurse came and found her with her little hand clutching the picture of her new “muvver,” so, thinking it best not to disturb her, she stole away and let her sleep on until twilight came, and the room was quite dark. Carriage wheels were heard below, coming up the drive, but this did not waken Sybil. After a long while, the nursery door opened and two people stole quietly in—one was her father, the other was a tall, slim woman, with wonderful soft blue eyes, and pretty wavy hair. They came over and looked down at the child, whose face, flushed with sleep, and with long eyelashes sweeping her cheeks, looked like that of a little cherub. Presently the woman stooped down and extricated the picture crumpled in Sybil’s hand. She gazed at it with loving eyes, and put it into the hand of Sybil’s father, then kneeling, she gently touched the child and called her name. She suddenly opened her eyes and gazed bewildered at the lovely stranger, then she sat up and looked, first at her father, then at the woman. Then she cried, “Why, ’oo looks sumfin’ like my new muvver.”

“And so I am your new mother, Sybil dear,” said the stranger, putting her arms lovingly around the little girl. Sybil looked up at her father with questioning eyes, and when he bent down and kissed her, and then her new “muvver,” she knew that there was at last someone who would love her.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT BELL

Jack has a mind as clever as any detective’s, and there’s nothing he wouldn’t do to help a friend out of trouble. And there’s nothing “slow” about him, either, for when it comes to solving riddles and mysteries, Jack is the first one to respond. It’s wonderful the way Jack is able to ferret things out that seem impossible to the rest of us.

For a week the janitor of our school has been sick, and they persuaded Robert Brown to act in his place. The first morning after Rob began his duties there was the greatest excitement at school that you ever heard of. Cupie Walters started it by raising her hand as a signal to the teacher that she wanted to say something.

“What is it?” asked Miss Gerald.

“My English and History books are gone,” said Cupie.

“Did you take them home with you last night?” asked the teacher.

“No, ma’am,” answered Cupie.
Other boys and girls reported that some of their books were also missing.

"This is very strange," said Miss Gerald.

"Did you lock the schoolhouse?"

"Yes, Miss Gerald, I did," replied Rob.

When Rob came out of school the boys blamed him for the missing books. Jack came up at this time and asked, "Who'll come with me to watch the schoolhouse to-night? Maybe someone has a skeleton key."

Five fellows volunteered to watch with him. That night Jack placed the boys behind bushes, all around the schoolhouse, so that nobody could pass without being seen.

They waited at their posts until nearly midnight, when suddenly they were startled by hearing the school bell ring softly — one tap.

"Come!" yelled Jack, running up.

"The door is locked just as I left it," he reported, making a hurried examination of the lock.

"Let's look at the windows," suggested one of the other boys.

"And keep your eyes open," added Jack.

They went from window to window, but found none of them open. Then they returned to the door and the bell rang a second time.

"Unlock the door," commanded Jack. Rob obeyed, but even though they looked in every corner they found nothing. Again the bell rang.

"Gee! I guess the old schoolhouse is haunted," said Newton Yates.

After they made a closer investigation they went home.

As soon as school was called the next morning John Carr, Buster Fraser and Wamba Bedell reported more books lost.

When the boys told Miss Gerald about the night before, she turned a trifle pale, and sent Rob and Jack to the sheriff to tell him about it. When the boys reached the office, there was a little old Italian with a hand-organ there. All he could or would say, was, "Da beeg dog chasa da monk."

"Have you time to bring him up to the schoolhouse?" inquired Jack.

"What sense would there be in that?" asked the sheriff.

"I think we'll find his monkey in the bell tower of the schoolhouse," answered Jack. "We will need a long ladder."

"Perhaps they have one in the basement of the schoolhouse," suggested Rob.

It is wonderful how quickly Jack's mind works. Sure enough! We found the monkey in the bell tower. The poor little Italian was sent up the ladder and monkey and master had a joyful reunion. All the missing books were found up there.

---

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

---

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart, and with a lame endeavor.—Barrow.
Did you ever stop to think that without advertisers there could be no "Crimson and White"? The publishing of the paper depends almost entirely upon this source, and it seems as though we should do all that is possible in return. Many business men in this city refuse to give us their "ad," claiming that no advantage is derived. Others give us their support, but merely out of kind-heartedness, or because of a desire to help the school, without expecting any return for the money expended.

We certainly appreciate these "ads," but do not exactly like to feel that we are dependent upon charity. There is one way to avoid this. Read over the list, and buy from the places that are advertised. It is only fair that we should. Show them that it does pay, and that we fully appreciate their support.

A new movement has recently started in several of the schools and colleges, which will eventually become of the greatest practical value
to the country. The plan is to organize a voluntary military drill in the student body, under the head of some one familiar with military practices. This drill (probably semi-weekly) would in no way be compulsory. A two years' course would probably enable the students to pass an examination for non-commissioned officership.

At a recent mass meeting in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, plans for such a drill were presented to the students, and enough men volunteered to form two companies. The graduates of the college who have entered the Navy are enthusiastic over the plan, and state that the value to the country of a well-drilled engineering corps cannot be over-estimated.

We wish to extend the heartiest of thanks to the pupils who have shown their true school spirit by contributing to the "Crimson and White." Within the past month we have received many offerings of value to our paper, and we fully appreciate the interest shown by the students in this matter. Such things help more than probably any of you realize. Keep up the good work, and soon the "Crimson and White" will far exceed our hopes.

It will be but a short time now before our school is closed for the Christmas holidays, and we will busy ourselves in preparing for this occasion. In this age, the majority of people have conceived the wrong idea of what Christmas really means. The exchange of gifts has come to be no more than a custom, and the real meaning of Christmas is lost. The value of the gift is nothing — it is the thought that lies in back of the giving. And it is this thought that is lacking in so many of us today. Let us try to revive this true spirit of Christmas, not merely in our gifts but in our actions. Let us give to our teachers the best that is in us, "keep on our good behavior," and show a little thoughtfulness for them. For thoughtfulness is indeed the true spirit of Christmas.

And now, before leaving for the holidays, the "Crimson and White" wishes to extend to the whole school the best of wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Marion White, '15, who has recently undergone a slight operation on her throat, has resumed her studies at N. Y. S. C. T.

Miss Margaret Shirts, '15, recently visited Miss Mildred Birdseye, '15, at Syracuse, for the Dartmouth-Syracuse football game.

Eugene Mollitor, '14, is attending Albany Law School.

By a recent announcement in the paper, we learned of the marriage of Albert Hoyt, '13, to Miss Helen E. Smith. Congratulations! Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt are now living in Washington, D. C.

Irving Goewey is attending N. Y. S. C. T.

Miss Pearl Shafer, '11, who graduated from N. Y. S. C. T. with the class of 1915, is at home.
Joseph Sweeney, '15, was at his home for a short vacation, from October 18 to November 2.

Miss Pearl Sharp, '15, who is at home this year, intends to enter N. Y. S. C. T. next fall.

Duncan Macfarlane, who attended the Milne High School for two years, is now a student at Amherst.

Gordon E. Scott, '14, was recently initiated into the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

SCHOOL NOTES

Really, someone in this school ought to cause some excitement. It seems to get harder and harder every month to find anything to put under the head of “School Notes.” The only possible reason for this is that the people must be very “slow,” and absolutely nothing worth mentioning happens. No, I don’t know what you could do, but please do something quick or the doom of the “School Notes” is sealed.

We have had one terrible shock. The other day our teachers imparted to us the amazing fact that our passing mark had been raised to seventy. After struggling so hard to reach the point of sixty— it is heart-breaking, so say the least, to have to feel that we must make a much greater effort and scale the heights of seventy. Of course, I know that this does not apply to all the students. Indeed, there are some so brilliant that they have hardly thought of the higher standard. There are some who would not mind the mark being raised even more. They don’t think of whether they have passed or not, but whether they have gotten ninety. Well, perhaps this is for our own good, because we will have to study harder and we will have acquired more knowledge by graduation time. However, we have a few more days of grace, as this rule does not go into effect before the next quarter.

It was announced in the study halls a short time ago, that if one hundred students would pay twenty-five cents each, they could obtain seats at the Kreisler concert at that price. It was far from difficult to get them to go. The concert was very wonderful, and the people who went from school had excellent seats and enjoyed it even more than they had expected to.

We are sorry to see that recently we have lost two schoolmates. Gladys Miller has gone to the Albany High School, and Graham Martin has moved to Ballston.

Up to this time we have paid very little attention to the Junior department of our High School. Perhaps they have been offended and have decided to give a Christmas entertainment to draw our attention to themselves, or perhaps they have just planned it to amuse us. At any rate, a short time before the holidays this entertainment will take place. It will be very unique, as it is an imitation of the old-fashioned English Christmas celebration as observed in the ancient manor houses. Mary Colson, Alice Daley, Angela Dugan, Irene Earle, Ruth Gallup, Margaret Hauth, Lucy Keeler and Ruth Wooden will impersonate waits who long ago walked through the streets in the festive season singing Christmas carols and spreading a Christmas spirit wherever
they went. They will also dance some of the dances of the old English peasantry. Another very important feature of the entertainment will be a Lutterworth Christmas play. These plays are so old and have been handed down so long in tradition, that the date of their beginning is unknown. The cast of characters will be as follows:

King of England .................. Robert Shattuck
Prince George .......................... Helen Kirkland
Turkish Champion .......................... Charles Sayles
Doctor .......................... Bessie Johnson
Beelzebub .......................... John Blackburn
Jester .......................... Martha Leavitt
Captain Slasher .......................... Virginia Hill
Soldier .......................... Leila Crounse

We Senior High School students must be sure to be there because it promises to be more than enjoyable.

ZETA SIGMA

The meetings of Zeta Sigma have been very well attended this year, and they certainly have been enjoyed. The girls are displaying great talent, and the new members add greatly to the enjoyment of our society.

We were very much pleased to have Marion White with us at one of our recent meetings.

The vocal solos of Frances Myers and the piano solos of Esther Cramer and Catherine Deyoe have made the programs very entertaining.

We are now busily making arrangements for the Freshman Rush, which we have decided to give the third of December. Surely the Freshmen will be glad to return after the vacation with the anticipation of such a promising entertainment.

QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Quin is proving as much of a source of enjoyment as ever to its girls. Each of the members—the new as well as the old—has entered with willing support into the work and play of the society, and each finds it worth while, for they are all brought into closer companionship through the meetings.
On November the nineteenth, Quin gave a “party” in the gym. The “Freshman Rush” was a great success. Ask any of the dear infants who attended—we are sure they will agree. All sorts of amusements were indulged in. Every one, from the little, green “Freshies,” to the dignified Seniors, dropped their “High School manners” for a few hours and hunted peanuts and stuffed themselves with hard crackers with such speed as to inspire fear—each seeing if she could make hers disappear before any of the others. And that is not all! But we will keep the rest to ourselves—it is “too good to tell.”

At a recent meeting, one of our alumnae, Eleanor Dunn, paid us a visit. Welcome, Eleanor—and come again. We love to have you.

---

**THETA NU**

The fall elections have taken place and the new officers are actively fulfilling their duties. The officers are as follows:

President: Culver Sperry
Vice-President: Harmon Patten
Secretary: Ansley Wilcox
Treasurer: William Nead
Sergeant-at-Arms: James Seymour

We have elected several of the new students into our number, and are looking forward with great pleasure to their initiation.

Recently we have received visits from several of our alumni, one of whom being our former President, Urquhart Wilcox.

---

**ADELPHOI**

The Adelphoi meetings have been well attended and the debates and readings have made the programs very interesting. Plans are now being made for the winter. Messrs. Cooke, DeForest, MacMahon, Van Zandt, Merselis, Liebich and Stupplebeen have been received into membership.

The new officers are filling their positions very well. At a recent meeting the debate, “Resolved, that Wilson’s plan for a larger army and navy is the best policy,” excited much interest.

Men must know that in the theatre of human life it remaineth only to God and the angels to be lookers-on.—*Lord Bacon*. 
CRITICISMS

The Mirror, Mondovi, Wisconsin.

The Mirror came far across the continent to us this month, and in its wake brought joy and cheer to the heart of an exchange editor way over here in Albany, New York. The name is a splendid choice, and in our opinion the paper certainly lives up to its title. It is a school paper that aptly reflects ability and efficiency in its every department and detail. The wonderful optimism and ardent spirit of enthusiasm which predominates throughout the entire paper could be adopted to good advantage by many other schools and school papers. To omit a word of praise for the excellent editorial which appears in this number would indeed be an injustice, for it is rich in literary merit. Your forty-three pages of excellent material and eighteen pages of advertisements are significant of the enthusiasm and cooperation of your school body for the paper's success, and we feel that your efforts have been fully repaid.

If this outburst of enthusiasm were to continue, we would feel that the headline which we have chosen for this column was a sad mistake. Therefore, in order to live up to our title, let us draw a long breath and prepare to "knock."

The Owl, Elton, Kentucky.

Owing to the extreme sagacity of your name we expected a very wise paper, but do you think that you have been very wise in using such unattractive paper in the publication of your school magazine? Your paper suggests a large student body; why not enlarge the paper accordingly? Just imagine! Only thirteen small-sized pages of reading material and two pages of advertisements! Surely you can do better than this. Where are your stories and cuts? While we realize that alumni notes are by no means the easiest thing in the world to obtain, we should think that by biographical sketches of your alumni, and the like, you could at least start such a department, even if not a large one. The Exchange Department is also weak. A
mere list of papers received cannot be said to constitute a very enter-
taining and useful column.

The Acropolis, Newark, New Jersey.

A wide-awake publication as The Acropolis is can only draw favor-
able comment. Your paper is very good all through, from cover to
cover. Life, snap, full value, and literary excellence predominate.
Your Joke Department is unusually large and copious. But don't you
think your cuts detract from the dignity of your paper?

The Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey.

The Bulletin is certainly a welcome arrival and its attractive classifi-
cation of exchanges is a decidedly novel feature. Almost all the ex-
changes are treated in a just, impartial manner. There is no suspicion
of the chronic cynicism and habit of "knocking" that some editors seem
to consider so fitting for an Exchange Department. We heartily con-
gratulate you upon your beautiful new school building, and we wish
you great success.

Echoes, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

The soft, velvety fibre of the paper contained in the Commencement
Number of Echoes gives it an appearance both restful to the eyes and
pleasing to the touch. It was one of the most interesting Commence-
ment Numbers we received, and the "Class Poem," and story, "Voices
That Endure," are especially beautiful and inspiring. However, we
offer one suggestion — do start a Joke Column.

The Crimson, Logan, Utah.

This publication came to us under a distinctively artistic cover, and
that first impressions are lasting was proven in this case, for it was
good throughout. "The Traveler and the Temple of Knowledge" is
the cream of the Literary Department. The moral is deep and the
dignified expressions show fine literary ability. The majority of the
jokes, however, seem far-fetched, and a good, spicy Personal Depart-
ment would add life and vigor to your paper.

"The Crimson and White" acknowledges with thanks the following
exchanges:

Acropolis, Newark, New Jersey; Acrolith, Plymouth, Wisconsin;
Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey; Caldon, Fort Wayne, Indiana;
Crimson, Logan, Utah; Cynosure, Richmond, Indiana; Echo, Albany,
New York; Echoes, Fort Lee, New Jersey; Enterprise, Keene, New
Hampshire; Lal Bagh Chronicle, Lucknow, India; Lion, La Grange,
Illinois; Literary Novice, Newark, New Jersey; Kwassui Quarterly,
Nagasaki, Japan; Mirror, Mondovi, Wisconsin; Opinion, Peoria,
Illinois; Orange and Blue, Town of Union, New Jersey; Owl, Elkton,
Kentucky; Salem Oak, Salem, New Jersey; Sangra, Waycross, Georgia;
Ypsi-Sem, Yysilanti, Michigan.
AS OTHERS SEE US

“Crimson and White,” Albany, N. Y.— A very neat little annual. Your humor is appreciated immensely.— *The Mirror*, Mondovi, Wis.

“Crimson and White,” Albany, N. Y.— You have a very long exchange list.— *Orange and Blue*, Town of Union, N. J.

As you doubtless observe, our “As Others See Us” column is rather meager, but we trust this defect will be remedied in the next issue. We earnestly solicit all criticisms and comments, for we realize that only by being shown wherein our faults lie can we bring our paper up to the high ideal for which its staff is so earnestly striving.

ATHLETICS

Basketball practice is now in full swing, and it is expected that Milne High School will be represented by as fast a team as of former years. Although the High School has lost several of last year’s players, many new men have reported who will take their places.

A score or more of men reported to Captain Ward and Coach Swaim for the first day’s practice. By the way the men have been playing for the past month, it is expected that the team will be in fine shape for this winter.

Manager Patten has arranged for games with several of the best teams in the Capitol District, which means that Captain Ward’s men will have plenty of work for the coming season. The first scheduled game for the season will be with the faculty, and this will undoubtedly be our hardest game. We are hoping for the loyal support of the school at our games.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.— *Lowell*.

Know thy work and do it, and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man.— *Thomas Carlyle*.

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.— *Shakespeare*.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win the heart and secure comfort.— *Sir Humphrey Davy*.

Blessed are the horny hands of toil.
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do.— *Lowell*. 
Little words of wisdom,
Little words of bluff,
Make the teacher tell us,
"Sit down, that's enuff!"

Mr. McNeill, in English class — "Sperry, how would you express in your own words Scott's phrase, 'They gamboled on the green'?"
Sperry — "They were shooting crap on the grass."

Marjorie Dunn — "Did you hear about that deaf mute at the wagon factory?"
Ethel Walter — "No."
Marjorie — "He picked up a wheel and spoke."

Said the tree to the stream,
"I'll fall across you."
Said the stream to the tree,
"I'll be dammed if you do."

Said the toe to the sock,
"I'll put a hole through you."
Said the sock to the toe,
"I'll be darned if you do."

Said a man to a maid,
"I'll put my arm around you."
Said the maid to the man,
"I'll be held if you do." — E.v.
WHERE THE CURE FAILED

A young lady who lisped very badly was treated by a specialist and learned to say the sentence:

“Sister Susie’s Sewing Shirts for Soldiers.”

She repeated it to her friends and was praised upon her masterly performance.

“Yeth, but ith thuth an ecceedingly difficult remark to work into a converthathion, ethpethially when you cothider that I have no thither Shuthie.”

Mr. O’Connell (in Algebra class to Catherine Buehler) — “Your mark is very low and you have just passed.”
Catherine — “Oh! I’m so glad!”
Prof. (surprised) — “Why?”
Catherine — “I do so love a tight squeeze.”

BIRTHSTONES

Freshman — Emerald.
Sophomore — Moonstone.
Junior — Grindstone.
Senior — Tombstone.

“Ugh!” spluttered Miss Wilkins, “That nut had a worm in it.”
“Here,” urged Mr. Sollace, offering her a glass of water. “Drink this and wash it down.”
“Wash it down!” growled Olive. “Why should I? Let him walk!”

Miss Hoyt — “I just adore cavair.”
Miss Alexander — “Isn’t he a swell singer?”

Mr. Patten — “I see that a millionaire has endowed a school for farmhands.”
Mr. Nead — “Another form of hire education, eh?”

“I left my watch upstairs and it ran down.”

A public man was Washington,
And so was Lafayette;
While Lincoln, as a President,
Has not been equalled yet.
And then comes Teddy Roosevelt,
Quite skilled with gun or sword,
But none of them achieved such fame,
As that guy Henry Ford.

All things come to him who waits, but they would come in half the time if he’d run and meet ’em.
Teacher — “What New England State has two capitals?”
Miss Ward — “New Hampshire.”
Teacher — “Indeed! Name them.”
Miss Ward — “Capital ‘N’ and capital ‘H.’”

A girl sat down beside the sewer,
And beside the sewer she died.
Then at the coroner’s inquest,
They called it sewer-side.

Boy — “Father, am I a lad?”
Father — “Yes, my son.”
Boy — “Are you my step-father?”
Father — “Yes, my son.”
Boy — “Then am I your step-ladder?”— Ex.

Teacher — “They say an Indian never laughs.”
Miss King — “Then how did Longfellow make Minne-ha-ha?”

In ancient times Italian youths,
On hillsides verdant piped their lay.
But now they’re doomed in city streets,
To laying pipes the livelong day.

“There were crude automobiles in Caesar’s time.”
“Why?”
“Because, he says in Caesar, ‘The Rhone was crossed by Fords.’”

Mother — “Why, Bobby, why are you feeding the baby yeast?”
Bobby — “Boo hoo! She swallowed my fifty cents and I’m trying
to raise the dough.”— Ex.

Did you know that:
The streets run here and there, but cannot get away, for they’re cornered?
We do not clean a clock by washing its face and hands?
A small boy is a lad, but that this does not make a big boy a ladder?

Miss Dessert — “Even a frog must croak.”
Miss Westervelt — “Yes, and the housemaid after a vacation must return to dust.”

“Mother,” said Lucy Keeler, “do missionaries go to heaven?”
“Why, of course, dear,” her mother replied.
“Do cannibals?”
“No, I am afraid they don’t.”
“But, mother,” Lucy insisted, “if a cannibal eats a missionary, he’ll have to go, won’t he?”
"What's the row over in the next block?" asked a reporter of a policeman.
"Aw, only a wooden wedding! A couple of Poles is getting married."

Teacher — "What is the difference between 'I will hire a taxi' and 'I have hired a taxi'?"
Freshie — "About six dollars and a half."

Miss Bugbold — "Did you ever see a mosquito weep?"
Miss Burgess — "No, but I have seen a moth ball."

Miss Cushing — "What is algebra?"
Miss Cook — "It's a white mule that's got brown stripes. I seen one at a circus onct."

Miss Allen — "If I go down to Mexico and make myself President or King, will I be committing treason?"
Mr. Seymour — "No! Suicide."

The Minister — "For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned on the day of rest?"
Chuck — "Tha-that's what they get, sir, for ch-chasing worms on Sunday, sir."

Mr. Chovey — "The boys are breaking into the Domestic Science room and stealing the girls' cooking!"
Prof. Sayles — "Well, that's all right, as long as they don't die on the premises."

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