The Crimson and White

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Autumn Days

The summer days have left us,
And the fall is here again,
And many a pleasant pastime
Follows autumn in her train:
The goldenrod beside the road
Flings out its shining gold,
And stands there tall and haughty
Till the days grow crisp and cold.

The maple leaves are turning red;
The nuts are dropping down;
The grasses in the meadow
Are commencing to turn brown;
The saucy squirrels, well know-
ing
These bright days will soon be o'er,
Are hastening and scampering
To hoard their winter store.

The birds are few and silent now,
For soon they all will fly
To spend the long, long winter
Beneath the Southern sky;
The hazy sun smiles on the world,
Dispersing warmth and cheer;
And all combines to make this
The most pleasant time of year.

—G. CLOVER, '08.

A Day of Bucolic Existence

My mother being in doubtful health and very certainly possessed of that trying energy, nerves, it was deemed wise that she should enjoy her “change of air” as near home as possible. So a boarding-house was chosen in one of the numerous small villages along the Hudson.

The house was well situated, for it stood on a steep bluff above the river, where, upon looking from our window, we saw stretched before us the simple panorama of village life. The red roofs of the cottages gave a pretty touch of color to the green of the surrounding trees, and to the dusty bits of roadway that were visible, while out in the river a thickly wooded little island, from the midst of which gleamed a small white ice house, cast delightful shadows over the calm, bright surface of the water. Up and down all day plied the river boats. Tiny sailing crafts, drifting lazily along, noisy launches, making a mighty fuss over their own progress, important little tugs, great slow-moving barges, and, at stated hours, the small steamers passed by. The passage of the night boat was like a glimpse into fairyland. Covered with myriads of lights, their brilliancy subdued by distance to a soft glow that was reflected on the water, brightening and dimming as the great boat moved majestically on her way, the pale yellow relieved, and yet accentuated by several green and red lights, the effect was beautiful.

There was absolutely no formality. Upon rising in the morn-
ing, which had dawned clear and cool, I strolled out before breakfast, and finding several people seated on the long piazza, greeted them with, "Good morning, fellow-boarders! What a glorious day for a walk! Do any of you intend to take one?"

They accepted my advance in a most friendly manner, and by breakfast time I was acquainted with the entire household. That meal, and subsequent ones, was served by a big, kind-hearted woman, who chatted pleasantly the while upon all manner of subjects.

Breakfast over, I attended to several imperative bits of correspondence, and the remainder of the morning I spent in a survey of my landlady's property.

A very nice piece of lawn, lying in the rear of the house, might have made an excellent tennis court, but was laid out as grounds for that most exhilarating sport, croquet. On one side was a small wood that looked promising—though I failed to find there anything more exciting than mosquitoes—past which a road led off into the hills of the countryside. A branch of this road led me to the barnyard. It was a common-place yard enough, save in being better kept than is usually the case. After an inspection of this, bestowing impartial attention upon the several cows, pigs and chickens, I found my way into a large paddock.

If there is one animal that appeals to me more strongly than another, it is a horse. These, however, were uninspiring specimens, and I found enthusiasm difficult, till I espied in a far corner a dear, ungainly colt. He was quietly cropping clover heads. Cautiously I approached, for the creatures are always shy, you know. He raised his head and stared for a moment, trembled, and then bolted. I was a little annoyed and discouraged, but made another advance. It met with the same failure. But I persisted, and finally the little creature realized that I meant no harm, and it allowed me to pet it. At length it became so confident as to follow me about the enclosure. My joy was complete!

At this point a "fellow-boarder" appeared—"I see you are fond of animals, Miss Baker," said she.

I told her of my protracted efforts to gain the colt's confidence. "But you have won it most completely now," she replied. "The little creature seems quite devoted to you."

And then she laughed, for the colt was making a rapid end of the posies in my belt. I tried to scold him severely, but the funny little creature stared into my face so mischievously that I ended by hugging his pretty head. Thus spoiled, he sniffed and poked at me, seeking what he might devour. Finding no more clovers, he drew from the pocket of my sailor blouse my spick and span "bestest-best" handkerchief. I clutched for it, but was too late. The little beast held it firmly between his teeth and pranced away. I followed in hot pursuit, laughing so that I could hardly run. The other boarder joined the chase. Our cries and laughter brought the stable boy and a farm hand, and presently several more boarders arrived upon the scene.

As I said, it was a large paddock and the colt was lively. Such a chase! You would have thought we were all crazy. Seven people tearing about a big enclosure, shouting, laughing, gasping for breath, after a frisky little
horse who was having the time of his life. The staid old farm horses now grew animated, and for a few moments bedlam reigned. Really it was dreadful. The more frantic we became the more excited became the horses. At last the courageous stable boy headed off the colt and snatched the handkerchief—now, alas, a miserable rag—and we all paused to get our breath.

Will you believe it! At lunch one of the wildest of those chasers inquired what it was that the colt had eaten!

The afternoon passed quietly, as you may suppose, after such a strenuous morning, good nature abounded and acquaintanceship progressed. Of supreme interest to me were two pairs of honey mooners. One pair was so recently wedded as to not have passed the cooing stage. "All the world loves a lover," you know, and these were so frankly "Dovie" and "Dearie" as to be highly amusing. One bride told the boarders at lunch that "John said he had such a miserable trip, coming down in the launch. He didn't enjoy a moment of it, for, he said," with a happy giggle, "he continually wished he were here with me."

Of course we all lauded John's loverlike sentiments, and thereby encouraged a repetition of more of his fond speeches, meant probably to impress the spinsters among us with the sorrow of their lot.

After lunch, this same bride brought forth a large book containing samples of wall paper. We were told that the paper chosen would adorn the walls of her dining room and be itself decorated by numerous bronze ornaments, and were invited to offer our advice.

The variety of taste was amazing. One sweet old lady chose a handsome tan paper with rather small brown figures. It certainly would have been most attractive and artistic as a background for the bronze and relieved by a bit of color in the draperies. Another favored a dark green—but the room was also dark, so that would not do. Reds, greens, blues, even pinks were advised, in every shade and design imaginable, till the poor little bride grew quite confused. The last I heard of the wall paper, a dreadful mustard yellow was the one decided upon.

That evening we went to a concert at the village church. By we, I mean the females ranging from aspiring youth to hopeless spinsterhood, guarded and guided by the most recent male honeymooner.

The descent of the hill, along the narrow path, was made in good style, and we arrived at the church breathless, but triumphant. Once there, we literally surrounded our "Lone Man." He was placed in the exact center and beamed glowingly upon us all. The concert itself was really worth while, for though a tiresome child bored us with her "pieces," and a still more tiresome woman rolled her eyes and raged at us for a full half hour, the music was a treat. A fine pianist, a sympathetic violinist, and a splendid voice, united, made one forget everything but the pleasure of the moment.

The concert over, we started home happily, and everything went well until we left the village proper. For, while the town's illumination is effected by oil lamps, it is far better than none at all.

The night was moonless and
very dark. Although the heavens were brilliant with stars, there was solid blackness before us.

We came to the foot of the long hill. No one wished to go ahead, for that meant a risk of slipping into the ditch at the side of the path, or of tumbling head first down one of the gullies that at intervals crossed it. Finally we decided that the Lone Man should lead the procession. He proceeded to climb upward, we ten females struggling and scrambling along behind.

"Cluch!" came the first cry.

"What’s the matter?" chorused the rest anxiously.

"Oh-h-h! It-it’s nothing much. A thorn bush s-scratched me," quavered the girl. "Go on. I’m all right," she added bravely.

We continued to toil on. A moment passed in silence, save for our labored breathing and the slipping of a loose stone. Then—

"Oh!" shrieked another, followed this time by several terrified exclamations. For there, in a clump of bushes ahead of us, and rustling the leaves most uncannily, was something with great, glowing eyes!

My heart quite stopped. I clutched the person nearest me, and gasped in dismay. She evidently meant to faint.

"N-n-nonsense!" stuttered the Lone Man.

"It c-c-can’t be a ghost, you know. T-t-there’s nothing to be afraid of."

Just then the thing jumped down from the bushes. There was a stampede—a terrified stampede—a noisy stampede—and then the man hit the thing with a stick, and it said,

"Ma-row-r! s-s-p-th!"

"He-he-h-he," giggled the ten hysterically.

"All that fuss over a cat!" said the man disgustedly, and we once more started upward.

At the gully he stood to help us cross. The bride was first, of course, and lingered until she was trod on, and then moved on, a trifle vexed, I think, that her dearest hubby was placed in that very trying position of having to lift ten fair maidens over a ditch. He deposited nine safely, and then it came my turn. Now I may be very heavy, very clumsy, very slippery, though I should not like to be so told. But whatever it was, whether through my fault or his own, he lost his footing, and with a—well, a word not generally expected from one who still coos, he disappeared down the ditch. For a second we were all petrified with horror. I with good cause, for he grasped my ankle and I expected to be dragged to my doom. But I was seized from behind and rescued. Then, while I sat down on the bank to recover, the nine leaned over the edge to offer assistance and sympathy.

It was a blessing just then that the night was dark. The Lone Man was good to look upon when unruffled, but I fear we should have been alarmed at his expression could we have seen it now. This may be a wrong surmise. He might have been smiling and murmuring his joy at being the Lone Man, but, remembering that word, I could not readily imagine it.

Apart from a few bruises, and a more severe hurt to his dignity, he was entirely unharmed. The remainder of the climb was safe and comparatively easy. Very shortly we reached the boarding-house, and, as it was late, we all said good-night and sought much-needed repose.
Of course it was hateful of me, but I could not resist—

"And did you enjoy this evening, Mr. Jones?" I asked.

"Oh, very much," he replied at once. But I was glad again that I could not see his face.

The next day we left the village to return home, my mother having enjoyed her summer and I my day at a country boarding-house.

Agnes E. Stuart.

The Land of Content

It is summer. The breezes whisper softly among the green-leaved trees, and the little flowers, lifting their delicate faces to the kindly smiling sun, fairly quiver with the joy of living. Along the sunlit highway a knight on horseback gallops in all the bravery of gold and silver trappings. He is just starting out on a quest for the Land of Content, and on his brow is enthroned the pride of youth. As he rides along he comes upon a lame beggar seated by the roadside who calls to him for aid. The youth tosses him a coin, saying proudly, "I have no time to stop, I ride to the Land of Content." Not yet does the knight know that the way to the Land of Content lies through the Valley of Humility.

He rides on and finally comes to a city, but, seeing the squalor and misery of all about, he puts spurs to his horse and rides quickly away, saying, "Surely this cannot be the place."

After a time he comes to another city, but this time, instead of dilapidated buildings and filthy streets, he sees the glittering homes of wealth and luxury. Riding through the city he sees everyone feasting and making merry, and he says within himself, "Here, indeed, must be the Land of Content." And, dismounting, he enters the richest of the magnificent dwellings. He has but to sojourn here a very few days to find out that the misery beneath all this glitter is greater even than that in the first city through which he passed. Again he takes up his quest.

It is winter. The snow has tucked the flowers warmly away in their beds and has loaded all the branches of the trees so that they no longer hold their heads proudly aloft as formerly, but droop them in meek submission. Along the frozen road comes an old man with flowing beard, leading a horse on which sits a miserable beggar. Although his hair is silvery, his step is as buoyant as when he started out many years before in quest of the Land of Content.

Arriving at his palace, which is crowded with friends to welcome him home, the knight gently lifts the beggar from off his horse and, with an air of humility, leads him into the banquet hall and seats him at his right hand at the table.

The merry making is at its height when one calls out, "And now tell us where is the Land of Content, that we may all journey thither." At these words a quiet prevails, and all expectantly await the answer. Lifting his eyes, in which shines a great pity for their blindness, the knight slowly answers, "Why here, here is the Land of Content."

E. Ruth Boyce, '07.

Freshie—"I find it hard to express my thoughts."

Senior—"Really? Probably the express companies don't carry such small parcels."—Ex.
A Slight Mistake

It was late in October, and the air was cold and clear. It was also nearly sunset, and in those days when the sun sinks it does so very rapidly.

As I started away from my home for a stroll, the sun was still shining. I walked briskly for half a mile, and then found myself in a deep forest beside a beautiful little stream, which gurgled happily over the rocks and wound picturesquely through many valleys and skirted many hills in its course to the Hudson river.

I stood on a rock above the water, leaning against a tree and watching the water intently. This place was a favorite haunt of mine, and Oh, how I loved it! Many, many times I went there because I knew no one would ever be likely to come there and disturb my reveries. So I lost myself to the world, watching the water.

Thus I stood for about fifteen minutes, and was finally startled by a realization of the darkness. I had not noticed that the sun had set and twilight was deepening.

I turned about for home suddenly and beheld, about a rod ahead of me up the hill, the outline of a yellow fox.

I was startled, but made no sound. I was surprised to see the animal motionless, because I had turned and thought that it would naturally have beat a retreat when I moved.

I remained perfectly motionless for about five minutes, for the fox was in my path, gazing with all my might through the dusk at that animal. Then I realized how dark it was and I was frightened.

I took a step forward, expecting to see the fox run. But not a move did it make. I hesitated, stepped forward again, and still no sign from the pale outline in the darkness.

Then I walked straight toward what I supposed was a fox, and what do you think it was? The lightning had recently split the bark off of the lower part of a tree in such a way that it gave a very perfect outline of a fox.

Thoroughly frightened then, I gave it one glance and fled.

MARY ADAIR, '07.

Some Don'ts for the Freshmen

Don't be afraid of the Sophs. They were green last year.

Don't say in answer to your teacher's question, "I don't know." Leave that for the Juniors.

Don't feel bad about being expelled—it's nothing serious—only a little way they have here.

Even though you don't know much, don't say so.

Don't cry in public; if things are not as good as they might be, they are probably just about as bad as they can be.

Don't stand under the sliding partitions while someone is pulling them down.

Don't fail to call all the seniors, teachers and the faculty by their first names.

Special to Freshman Boys—Don't remove your hat upon meeting any of the upper class girls—you are too young for such affected little mannerisms.

(P. S.—If this isn't enough ['scuse us, enuff] we will double the dose next time.)
Through the columns of this our first issue this year of The Crimson and White, we greet the readers of our school paper and extend to them our most sincere wishes for success. Now that vacation is over, we ought to be ready to settle down to earnest work. The only way to make our work a success is to do our best. Doing our best is not simply doing the required amount of work, neither more nor less, but it is so doing our work that we will reflect credit upon our Alma Mater. To do this our best work is necessary, for old Normal's standard is high.

* * *

We are very glad to note that the registration has increased this year, and we hope that it will continue to increase, as we are able to provide for all in our present school home, which we owe to the kindness of the trustees of Trinity M. E. Church. It is a matter of frequent comment how well adapted to our needs this beautiful building is.

In accordance with the bill which was passed by the Legislature about the middle of December, 1905, providing that the New York State Normal College should be a regular eastern college granting the same degrees to its graduates as Harvard, Cornell, Vassar, Smith and similar institutions give, it has been thought wise to change the course of study of the High School department somewhat, so that its graduates may meet all the requirements for entering S. N. C. and other colleges. The High School now has four courses: the Classical, admitting to the B. A. course in S. N. C.; the Scientific, which now demands a modern language, admitting to the B. S. course of S. N. C.; the Commercial, preparing for business and admitting to commercial colleges, and the college Preparatory course, a modification of any of the above courses to meet the requirements of any college which the student desires to enter. A very good change is the requirement of English in every course throughout the four years, since it enables students to pursue those studies in literature which are now required by all colleges.

O Precious Time

No wonder that Time is represented as haggard and worn. A watch is supposed to keep Time, the chorister beats Time, trains run on Time, people threaten to do things on Time if they get Time, a few unfortunates have to serve Time, half of us can't spare Time and the other half does the best it can to kill Time.—Ex.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.
Alumni Notes

'04

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

Mary Danaher graduated from Pratt Institute in June, and has obtained a position in the Albany High School to teach drawing.

Agnes Stevens entered Mt. Holyoke College as a junior this September.

'05

Guy Sweet visited High School September 20.

Helen Carroll is teaching school at Couse, N. Y.

Miss Josie Cashin is teaching school at Voorheesville.

Miss Harriet Smith is teaching school at Glenville.

'06

Ethel Breitenstein has entered the Normal College to take up special work.

Mabel Wood has entered the Normal College.

Alta Gallup has announced her engagement to Mr. Van Auken.

Lloyd Robinson has entered Union College.

Eleanor Danaher has entered Pratt Institute to study Domestic Science.

The Misses Harpman have entered the Normal College.

Sarah Swayne is teaching school near Castleton, N. Y.

Marion Kleinhaus is teaching school near Bethlehem, N. Y.

Miss Jennie Coventry is studying music at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

School Notes

Miss Catherine Conway, a graduate of Cohoes High School, is taking special studies preparatory to entering the Normal College.

Miss Edith Finn, a graduate of St. Bernard's Academy, Cohoes, is spending six months in High School before entering Normal College.

Mr. Harry Penrose, of Cohoes High School, has entered the Normal in the class of '08.

Mr. DeWitt Tallmadge, of Albany High School, has entered the Normal in the Junior class.

Miss Elsie Gray, of Albany High School, has entered the Normal in the class of '08.

Miss Edna Whiteman has entered the Normal, having spent two years at the Chatham High School.

Mr. Raymond Lindsay, of Green Island, has entered the Freshman class.

Miss Ethel Hopson, of Green Island, has entered the class of '10.

Mr. Joseph Broderick, of Green Island, has entered the Freshman class.

Commencing October 15 the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes will be required to give rhetoricals at chapel exercises.

Owing to a new law having been lately passed in the State Legislature, the Junior and Senior classes of all High Schools of the State of New York will be required to take the regents' examinations. Beginning with this year this will take effect in the Normal High School.
The early date of the first issue of all school papers makes it almost impossible to secure exchanges for the fall number, hence the exchange columns are necessarily brief. We hope, however, before the next issue to welcome all our old friends as well as many new ones, for we should like our exchange list to reach the century mark this year. THE CRIMSON AND WHITE has derived a great deal of benefit, not only from the criticisms which have been offered upon it, but from the work shown in other school publications, so welcome! exchanges, one and all!

The September Echo is fairly good, considering the fact that it is an early issue. We find no mention of the new editorial board in your paper; is it so bad as that, Echo?

Ah, there!
Old Gentleman (to young truant)—"Young man, why aren't you in school studying your lessons?"
Boy—"Don't want to."
Old Gentleman—"Well, you'll never be governor of this State."
Boy—"Nope. Don't intend to be. I'm a Democrat."—Ex.

Freshie (innocently)—"A chaperon? What is a chaperon?"
Senior (gravely)—"That, my child, is the French name for a damned nuisance."—Ex.

Milton—"I never met more than two lovely girls in all my life."
Jonesy—"Who was the other one?"

Students are a great deal alike after all; some are fired by ambition, some are fired by patriotism, and some are just plain fired.—Ex.

Cheyenne Revised
Virgil! Virgil! where is my pony; There's need here for you, dear, Without further ceremony I must translate two-forty rate With my pony, my Virgil Trot.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that.—FRANKLYN.

The Beauty of Elision
A little boy was sent to the grocery store for five pounds of sugar. When he arrived home his mother promptly made him take it back. Bang! went the five pounds of sugar on the counter a few minutes later.

Grocer (briefly)—"'Smatter sugar?"
Little Boy (still more briefly)—"F'plants."—Ex.
Ow!
The Sophs saw something green,
'tis true,
They thought it was the Fresh-
man class,
But when they closer to it drew
They saw it was a looking-glass.
—Ex.

She—"Have you asked Papa
yet?"
He—"Yes."
She—"How did you come
out?"
He (pensively)—"Through the
window, dear."—Ex.

Latin
Everyone is dead who wrote it,
Everyone is dead who spoke it,
Everyone will die who learns it,
Happy death, I think he earns it.
—Ex.

Teacher (in Physics class)—
"Mr. O'Connel, what is Newton's
third Law of Motion?"
Edward Josephus (coyly)—
"Skid—"
Teacher (severely)—"That will
do—I didn't say his twenty-third
law." (Edward is still wonder-
ing why a zero follows his name
in the Doomsday Book.)

At the Freshman Spread
"I cannot sing the olden songs."
They heard our Ruthie say.
And then the girls with one
accord
Arose, and yelled "Hooray."
—Ex.

Teacher—"Mr. Wiswell, what are you drawing on that black-
board?"
Eben—"Locomotive."
Teacher—"Why don't you
draw the cars, then?"
Eben—"Locomotive does that."
—Ex.

Most all the islands rise or sink
Or somewhat shift around,
But if you want firm land, I
think
You'll find Long Island Sound.
—Ex.

Wise Wilhelm
Miss Loeb—"Fraiilein Udell,
was tat Tell (what did Tell do)?"
Nettie—"Why—er-er-er bietet."

Everybody's Column
It pays to advertise in The
Crimson and White. (N. B.—If
the school would contribute to this
column, the editor would be
deeply grateful.)

Lost! A Party. Was last seen
on Thursday morning, Sept. 27.
Had a black patch over one eye,
a blue ribbon around its neck and
answered to the name of "Tige."
Finder please return to Theodora
Jansen, Class '10—N. H. S.

Wanted—A megaphone. I can-
not raise my gentle voice to a
pitch sufficient for ordinary con-
versation and thus many of my
rare thoughts are lost to the
world.—Eugene Haiss.

Wanted—An automatic time-
table to tell me when to start for
school. Address, Marion Pad-
dock—Class '09.

For Sale—My latest breakfast
food, Malted Meekness. One (1)
pink tea-set with every twenty-
three (23) coupons. If your dealer
doesn't keep it send his name and
twenty-five (25) cents (stamps or
silver) to Klarence Corby—Room
H—N. H. S.

Wanted—A squelching. Of
course we don't need it, but then
we take everything that comes
our way. Signed—The Fresh-
men.
(The following little effusion was recently unearthed from an old issue of the Normal College Echo. Classmates! we have a genius in our midst!)

**A Grasshopper's Story**

Well! here I am. You've caught me and I s'pose I'll have to tell you my history if I want to get out of this bottle—I don't like to tell stories one bit.

Well, in the first place, I and my little brothers and sisters were laid in the form of eggs in the ground and covered over with a sticky substance. I didn't know this myself, but my mother told us—I mean me and my little brothers and sisters. 'Scuse me if I don't use the right grammar, 'cause I want to get out of this stuffy old bottle.

When we were hatched out we had to bore our way through the sticky stuff to get to the open air. Wasn't that mean? We were then grasshoppers just as we are now, except that we were folded up in little pads, and couldn't fly; we just hopped.

I had several new coats before I grew as large as I am now, and—Oh, I do believe this bottle is open. Yes, it is.

Good-bye—I'm off!

—ADELE LE COMpte, Age 12.

State Normal School—Grammar Dept., Grade 8.

(P. S.—Won't Adele have a fit when she reads this?)
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