

1812



The Crimson and White

Christmas Issue



DECEMBER, 1921

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

Contents

Literary Department.....	27
Editorial	36
School Notes.....	38
Alumni Notes	39
Societies	
Adelphoi Literary Society.....	40
Zeta Sigma Literary Society.....	40
Quintilian Literary Society.....	41
Athletic Notes	42
Exchanges	43
Sense and Nonsense.....	45

Flowers for Christmas

Choicest, Freshest
Cut Flowers and
Corsage Bouquets



23 Steuben Street

Phone Main 3775

Growing Plants
Ferns, Palms,
Xmas Wreaths
Albany, N. Y.

QUAYLE QUALITY

Quayle & Son, Inc.

STEEL ENGRAVERS TO AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

Albany, N. Y.

Samples of Wedding Stationary Upon Request

Correct Forms

Moderate Cost

CONRAD HEYES

College
Barber

83 Robin St. Albany, N. Y.

State College Cafeteria

Luncheon Served from
11.30 to 1.30

Wholesome Wellcooked
Food

Everybody Welcome

A rectangular advertisement with a decorative border. At the top, the initials 'E.P.M.' are written in a stylized, cursive font. Below this, the text reads: 'There is no need to go without the service of your Waterman. We can make it write!'. At the bottom, it says 'The PEN CORNER', 'E.P. Miller' in a large, bold font, 'ESTABLISHED - 1897', and 'CORNER - HUDSON AVE. AND SO. PEARL'. To the right of the text is a small illustration of a windmill.

We have the requisites of Ideal Optical Service—Accuracy,
Promptness and Careful Adjustment
Ask Your Oculist About Our Work



FRANK A. DeSTEFANO

EYE GLASSES

Phone Main 2591-W

108 No. Pearl St.

Next to Strand Theatre.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Education for Business Efficiency and Provides Attractive Positions.

Albany Business College

BOOKKEEPING ACCOUNTING
STENOGRAPHIC SECRETARIAL CIVIL SERVICE

Trains Ambitious Young Men and Women Quickly and
Economically for Independence and Advancement
in Executive and Secretarial Positions.

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS

Carnell & Hoit

Albany, N. Y.

John T. Johnson

TAILOR

35 Maiden Lane, Albany

The Sign of
THE GOLDEN ROBIN

TEA ROOM

Delicious Candies
Choice Candies

31 Steuben St. Albany, N. Y.

Frederick W. Hoffman

Established 1842

**JEWELER
SILVERSMITH
ART STATIONER**

79-81 and 83 North Pearl Street
cor. Columbia Street
Albany, N. Y.

PERKINS SILK SHOP

We are specialists in Silks,
Wools, Cottons, Dress Goods
We can save you money if you
need a Shirt Waist or
Dress Pattern.

128 State Street

The Frankln Car

*The Only Ideal Car
for Winter Driving*

20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline

12500 miles to the set of tires

50 percent slower depreciation

(National Averages)

Franklin Car and Truck Corporation

388-390 Broadway

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVIII

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 2



A LEGEND OF THE HOLLY

There was once an old castle in the middle of a deep wood. So gloomy and terror-ridden was the spot that the villagers were loath to venture near. Strange stories were told of evil spirits which dwelt within the castle. One mystifying thing about it was its surroundings. A deep forest enclosed the enchanted place on three sides; the fourth side of the gloomy dwelling was shaded by hundreds of green bushes, none having flower or berry to relieve its appearance. Some people believed that the dainty country girls, who went near the castle to peep at its dismal structure, were turned into small shrubs as punishment for their curiosity.

Now there lived one young girl in the village, who was more beautiful than any other girl for miles around. The gentle creature's name was Fleurette. All the young swains of the village sought Fleurette's hand, but she loved only one, Edouard, a youth as handsome and brave as Fleurette was beautiful and gentle. The two were betrothed.

It had long been their custom to walk together in the late afternoon. One evening—the last before their wedding day—the couple wandered into the forest. Nature was at rest, and the setting sun cast its final light over everything. A gentle breeze stirred the leaves, and the note of a bird echoed through the wood. In their interest in each other the couple forgot to watch the direction of their steps. Edouard, looking at the lovely face of his sweetheart, realized suddenly that darkness was gathering swiftly.

Objects of the woodland grew shapeless in the dusk. Fleurette's voice sounded, all at once, far away. Edouard grew alarmed. As if a horrid dream were upon him, the youth put forth his hand to assure himself that Fleurette was near. She was gone! His hand encountered only a low bush.

"Fleurette!" he called. "Fleurette!"

But he heard nothing save the hollow echo of his own frightened voice. Overcome with grief, Edouard sank down beside the bush which he had touched before. Owls went near him, hooting and screaming in his ears, but he did not hear them. A heavy darkness came upon the woods. A bold rabbit hopped into his lap, but he did not move. Leaning against the bush, he realized what must have happened to his darling. The two had unwittingly gone into the enchanted circle of the castle, and his Fleurette had shared the fate of all those others who had ventured within it.

Long hours he sat, until a faint light penetrated the trees. It was morning. Everywhere the woodland awoke. He looked about him, still hoping that his Fleurette would be alive and near. He beheld only hundreds of bushes, and, beside him, his own. Long he gazed upon it.

"How shall I find you, my Fleurette, when I come here again?" asked the lover. "There are many, many bushes and I shall lose you." Lo! as he spoke the wind rustled through the little bush, and before his very eyes long, sharp briars came forth around each leaf. "Oh, now I shall know you," he breathed, and with a last look he turned away.

He wandered miles and miles, but no matter where he went his heart was heavy. He longed always to return to the enchanted forest. Yet, he passed on and on until at last his grief would let him go no farther. Retracing his steps, he journeyed from one village to another. He worked for the peasants and watched their flocks, never accepting any payment except some straw to sleep upon or a little bread. Many people felt sorry for him, but few knew his sorrow.

One day, at last, the lover came again in sight of the towers of the ancient castle. He was very sad and weary, but he hurried on. The bright lights of the village houses and the jolly voices of the villagers told him it was Christmas eve.

By custom, the village folk gathered at sunset the day before Christmas to sing. After this the men went in parties to the wood and gathered little branches to hang in their windows. Each

forester tried to find the most beautiful for his own. Branches of the enchanted wood were said to bring good luck and blessing to those who gathered them.

Recalling the old custom, Edouard suddenly grew anxious. Suppose some rude woodcutter should find his Fleurette! The wind blew in his face and made it impossible for him to hurry. As he entered the mysterious wood a party of robust woodsmen hurried past him in search of greens. Torn and bruised, the lonely youth dragged on. The voices of the men rang through the woods. He heard the swish of the knives and the snap and crack of the branches under the sharp blades. Roused to a great effort, he found his own bush and fell forward, grasping it in his arms. Its sharp thorns pierced him, but he did not care. He had returned to Fleurette and was content.

A few moments later, one of the woodsmen called to his fellows. The men hurried up. Gathering close, they beheld the youth Edouard, prostrated on the cold earth. In his hand was a spray of the beautiful bush. They saw he was dead, and over the leaves that he held, and over the leaves of the bush were tiny drops of scarlet.

Many strange stories are still told by the townsfolk on Christmas eve, but no one ever neglects to tell the story of the beautiful bush. They have named it holly; and every Christmas eve, while the men are out in search of the cheery branches, the women gather the children around the hearth and tell them how the bush got its little red berries.

MARION TURNER.

—o—

THE CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

In the town in which I live there is a large stone house situated about a mile from the residential section. It is like a southern mansion, made of unpolished marble. On the porch, which extends along the front of the house, from one side to the other, there are numerous large pillars. It is completely furnished inside, and has all the latest improvements. A family by the name of Ashcroft used to live in it, but they moved away and left it standing vacant.

For several years old Mr. Ashcroft, growing gray and bent with age, used to come back to his house, two days before Christmas. He loved the home of his younger days, and liked to meditate on the times when his children were small. Last year he looked very sad and forlorn. His hair and beard were snow white. There

were dark circles under his eyes, and his face was very thin as a result of worry. Just from looking at him one would receive the impression that he had experienced a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

Some of us decided to try to cheer him up and make things a little more pleasant for him. On Christmas eve it was his custom to turn out all the lights very early and retire to his room for the night. Knowing this, we waited outside until the house was in darkness. Then we got in by means of a side window. Just as we got the window closed and thought we were safe, suddenly a voice came out of the darkness.

"Up with yer hands!" it cried.

We put our hands up, and wondered what would come next. After a few minutes of silence the room was illuminated, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Mahoney, appeared in the door. Her arm was stretched directly out in front of her, and she had a gun in her hand.

"Who be ye?" she asked.

"It's I, Mrs. Mahoney, Adele Bates," I answered.

"Glory be!" she said, dropping the gun as if it were a great effort to hold her arm up, "sure, an' I thought ye were thaves."

I proceeded to tell her, with the aid of my two companions, jolly, amusing Jean Haines and quiet Helen Adair, of our plans to cheer Mr. Ashcroft. Then I asked her to help us.

"Sure, an' I'll be glad to help ye," she answered. "It'll be jest as good as a tonic fer him."

We had brought some Christmas decorations with us, so we immediately set to work.

"Jean, where is the hammer?" I asked.

"Don't bother me for just a minute, Adele," she said, "There, now, that's straight. What was it you wanted?"

"I want the hammer to fix a place to hang this bell," I answered.

"Oh, the hammer!" she replied, "I had it a minute ago. I wonder what I did with it."

"Sure, an' there it is right there in that basket," retorted Mrs. Mahoney, "if it had a mouth it'd bite ye."

We were all busy and everyone was silent. Suddenly Mrs. Mahoney exclaimed:

"There, now, that basket put me in mind of somethin'! There's an old basket up in the attic filled to the brim with

Christmas things. Ye jest wait here an' I'll run an' get it."

With the things that Mrs. Mahoney got and with what we had, we could have decorated the whole house, but we only had time to fix one room. Of course, Jean was anxious to make everything look funny, but Helen, being more practical, objected. A large bell was suspended from the chandelier, and tinsel was wound around the chains which held the lights. The fireplace was decorated with poinsettias, and many pretty, glittering ornaments. We put bells in all the windows, and when it was done we all agreed that the room looked lovely.

Mr. Ashcroft was a man who liked to mingle among young people and enjoy their pranks. The next morning I gathered together a number of young people and went to the old house. Everyone was laughing, singing and talking all at the same time, and just as we were going to ring the bell, Mr. Ashcroft appeared in the door. Although he was very much surprised, his eyes brightened when he saw us, and he straightened up as if he had cast a load from his shoulders. He welcomed us with a very winning smile which entirely changed the expression of his face.

We were taking off our coats and hats when Mrs. Mahoney came puffing in. Her face was very red, her hair was pulled back very tight, and a small cap was perched on the top of her head. Her dress, made in the fashion of many years ago, was a vivid red. We all wanted to laugh at her jolly, Christmasy appearance.

"Well, well, welcome ye all be," she cried. "Mr. Ashcroft," she continued, "these folks have come to make ye cheerful, an' I think ye need it. Now sit down, all of ye, an' make yerselves to home while I go an' prepare my surprise for ye."

We told Christmas stories and jokes for half an hour. Everyone was enjoying himself immensely, Mr. Ashcroft included, when Mrs. Mahoney called to us from the dining room. There we found a wonderfully cooked breakfast prepared for us.

"Three cheers for Mrs. Mahoney!" shouted one of the boys. The three cheers were given with a will. This pleased the old lady very much, and she appreciated it. Mr. Ashcroft took his place at the head of the table, and motioned us all to be seated. Upon looking at all the merry faces around him he was overcome and said that he did not know how to thank us for our efforts to make him happy. In a short time he recovered his good spirits, and it was a very merry party, indeed, that ate breakfast at the old Ashcroft home that Christmas morning.

EMMA MULHOLLAND.

UNDER MISTLETOE

"Shure, now, 'tis a story ye want, Noreen," said old Shamus. "And you a big girl goin' on sivinteen!"

"But, you know, grandfather, I never tire hearin' you tell o' the fairies," pleaded Noreen.

"Well, well, 'tis true, ye could make ould Shamus O'Malley jump over the moon if ye but crooked your little finger."

Noreen, with sparkling eyes, settled down on a stool at her grandfather's feet. Shamus carefully filled his reeking clay pipe and leaned back with a comfortable sigh.

"Well, about fifty years ago, Nancy O'Hara was the belle o' County Clare. There were ten young blades all a-courtin' her at once. 'Twas no wonder, though, for she was as pretty a girl as iver I've seen. Her black curls were always a-flyin', and her black eyes could make thim young fellers so foolish they didn't know what they were doin'.

"Miss Nancy, howiver, would first smile on one and then on the other. Each suitor was always suspicious of the rest, but none o' thim seemed to be Nancy's favorite.

"Of all those who were in love with her, Dan Harrigan was the hardest hit. He was so foolish he was even scared to speak to her. His tongue just seemed to melt, and he could do nothin' but stammer. One day, howiver, with much falterin' and clearin' of his throat, he laid his heart and fortune at Nancy's feet.

"That young minx just looked at him saucily and said: 'Well, Dan Harrigan, I'll not say "Yes," and I'll not say "No."' Ye've not got enough courage to suit me. Oh, I know you're braver than many in the hunt, but when you're near me you're a regular coward, which is no name for a rale Irishman. I'll tell ye what, Dan: O' course ye're comin' to the Hagerty's Christmas dance, aren't you? Well, if ye can kiss me under the mistletoe, I'll be your bride. I warn ye, though, it'll be no aisy task, for I'll kape out o' your way. It's to be a test o' your courage.'

"Dan protested, but that's all the answer Nancy would give him. Goin' out in the fields, he sat down on a big rock and rested his head in his hands.

"Suddenly he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He looked up and saw a little man, all dressed in green, and no bigger than your wrist.

"'Halloa, yoursilf!' said Skilliboo. 'What's wrong? With a

fine day like this, ivery Irishman ought to be singin' with joy! I'll bet ye can't even whistle!

"'Ah, 'tis a sad world, with no good in it! I'll never have the courage to do it!' Then Dan told his friend about Nancy's answer.

"'Why, 'tis as plain as the nose on your face,' said Skilliboo, 'that the young lady wants ye, but she also wants some fun at your icense. Though ye are chicken-hearted, I'll help ye. Now, if ye don't succeed in gettin' her under the mistletoe, put your hand in your pocket. What you'll find there will fix iverything, if ye've a bit of sense in your head!'

"This was all Skilliboo would say, and whin Dan became too curious, he vanished quicker than ye can wink an eye.

"A week later, Dan went to the Hagerty dance. Nancy, however, outwitted him at ivery step, and he couldn't even pull her near the mistletoe. That's not sayin' that some o' the other boys didn't succeed. O' course, this made Dan all the more discouraged.

"At supper, Nancy said scornfully, 'Ye've not succeeded yet, Dan. I'm—I'm afraid ye're goin' to fail. It's too bad, for I like ye rale well. I'll never go back on me promise, though,' she added firmly, but her eyes were all misted with tears.

"Just as they were lavin' the table, Dan happened to remimber Skilliboo's advice. Puttin' his hand in his pocket he pulled out somethin' small. Then with a shout he grabbed Nancy and kissed her.

"'Look up! Look up, Nancy, me darlin'!' he cried.

"That bewildered young lady raised her eyes, and there, over her head, was Dan's hand, holdin' a sprig o' mistletoe!

"So ye see, she had to kape her promise to become Missus Harrigan. I always will say, though, it wouldn't have come about if Skilliboo hadn't taken a hand. He showed what a rale Irish faery can do!"

MARION BARDENE

—o—

The melancholy days have come—
December, dark and drear;
The best time for school folk
To cram for half a year.

—o—

Honesty first, then courage, then brains.—Theodore Roosevelt.

ARE YOU A DIPLOMAT?

One morning during my vacation, dad woke me up early and got me out to clean off about a mile of sidewalks. It had snowed all night and the snow seemed about a hundred feet deep. Well, I shoveled and shoveled until my back was nearly broken. When I had finished and had eaten my breakfast, I started out for Bill Moore's house. On the corner I met Dick Taylor and Jack Reed, and they were boasting about the enormous amount of sidewalk they had cleaned and how much their snow had drifted.

We came to Bill's house and found him sitting on the porch. His walk wasn't cleaned, and there was about twice as much of it as there was of ours. To make matters worse, he was greatly encumbered with too much flesh. I should say he weighed just about two pounds less than our groceryman's horse. Nevertheless, there he was, just sitting and looking at the drifted snow.

"We're all through," I shouted as we came up.

"Shoveled, I suppose," he said.

"Sure."

"Aw! Shoveling's no fun. I've got a better scheme than that."

"What?" we all asked, surprised.

"Snowplow. Just got it finished. I'll show it to you."

It was a snowplow made of boards with some large stones inside to weight it down, and two handles behind to steer by. "I guess it'll work," he said in an offhand manner. "Here, you three just catch hold of the ropes and pull. I'll steer it. We'll soon find out if it's any good."

We picked up the ropes and pulled. It pulled hard, too.

"That's the idea," said Bill. "I think it's going to work. Just a little stretch more."

We pulled it a little stretch more.

"It isn't going exactly right," he said, and shifted around the stones. "Now try it."

Well, that time we dragged it about fifty feet. Bill told us to stop, that it wasn't going just right, yet. We stopped and he put in another big stone that made it harder to pull than before. Then off we started again.

"That's better," remarked he of the great weight, "but if you were to go a bit faster it would help."

So we went a bit faster, he always making suggestions and steering. Well, before we knew it, we had pulled that thing all

over the Moore walk, from one end to the other. "I thought it would do the work, all right," said Bill. Now we can put it away."

We all looked at each other. "Hm," I replied, for I suddenly saw it all. "It **did** work, didn't it? And who did the work?"

Bill smiled. "Much obliged," said he, "I do hate to shovel walks!"

DeWITT ZEH.

SNOW

When autumn leaves the leaf-trees barren quite,
 And winter's snows in piercing whirls sweep down,
 Upon the frozen soil of this small town,
 Until all nature seems enrob'd in white;
 While telling stories of such other sights,
 Recalling visions of life's past renown,
 Of many other winters we have known,
 We sit upon the hearth for warmth each night.

O'er field and road, the driven snow finds rest,
 Slow floating from the darkened sky above,
 Until a blanket white enfolds the earth,
 A seeming mountain fills the air; the crest,
 The clouds o'er head do likewise, cease to move,
 The whited air drives all to seek the hearth.

AGNES GLENN

The earth has grown old with its burdens of care,
 But, at Christmas it always is young;
 The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
 And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air
 When the song of the angels is sung.—Phillips Brooks.

Why do people talk about a "freshet in the river?" Where else would there be a freshet?

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVIII

Albany, N. Y., December, 1921

No. 2

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of
The Milne High School

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5 copies) payable in advance..... \$1.00
Single copies25

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

MARTHA LOMAX, Quinn

Assistant Editor

DOROTHEA GEORGE, Sigma

MIRIAM SNOW, Quinn.....	School Editor
FRANCIS WHITE, Sigma.....	Alumni Editor
FLORENCE BALL, Sigma.....	} Joke Editors
MARION BARDENE, Quinn.....	
DOROTHY ROBINSON, Sigma.....	Exchange Editor
GEORGIAN MAAR, Quinn.....	Assistant Exchange Editor
WILLIAM COMSTOCK, Adelphoi.....	} Business Managers
DE WITT ZEH, Adelphoi.....	
NELSON COLEY, Adelphoi.....	} Advertising Agents
HUNTER HOLDING, Adelphoi.....	
MARION O'CONNOR, Quinn.....	
MARGARET MANN.....	



ALBANIANS, LISTEN!

We have often felt a glow of pride when we have read about our city, Albany, but do we realize that it is a very old and interesting city, and that people from all over the United States come to see its old buildings, churches and documents. Have we read enough about its prominent founders and early history to be fully acquainted with the old, as well as with the new city? A friend of Milne High is helping us to know about Albany by giving a prize of ten dollars for the best essay written by a student. The subject of the essay this year is "Historic Albany."

We should like to have everyone enter into this and try to earn the prize. Since the essay is not due until February 17th, 1922,

let us make it a matter of pride to make use of this opportunity.

So that the contestant can more easily find a topic, you may find below a list of topics.

SUGGESTED TOPICS

The importance of the Hudson river in the early development of Albany

The nations that built Albany

The commemorative tablets of Albany

Albany historic street

Fort Orange

The Van Rensselaer grant

Significant Indian relationships at Albany

Dorpe Beverwyck, Fort Albany and Williamstadt

Albany art and artists (including collections)

The church history of early Albany

The Schuyler family

Notable Albanians

The first congress of the colonies

Historical buildings

The development of Albany as the Capital city

The landmarks of Albany

The following instructions must be observed when handing in essay:

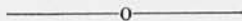
1. The essay must consist of not less than one thousand words and not more than fifteen hundred.

2. The essay must be signed with an assumed name, the writer's real name and address to be enclosed in an envelope and submitted with the essay.

3. The essay must be submitted not later than 12 o'clock on Thursday, February 15, 1922.

4. A complete bibliography must be included with each essay; also page references must be given for each quotation at the bottom of the page.

The frosty winter winds may blow
And whistle far and wide
But, what care we for cold and snow
At happy Christmas tide?
Away with care, old grudges, too,
We'll have our bit of fun—
Then go to work with might and main,
When resting time is done.



SCHOOL NOTES

On Armistice day the anniversary of the war's completion, for two reasons we had no school. At Arlington on that day was buried the body of one of America's unknown soldiers. As a representative of the many boys who died in service, he was accorded fitting tributes throughout the land. Secondly, this Armistice day marked the opening of a conference which will go down in the annals of the world's history. The Disarmament Conference, with its delegates from Great Britain, France, Japan, Italy and the United States, convened at Washington on November 11th. It behooves every student not only to read but to study the proceedings; such an opportunity is offered but once in a lifetime.

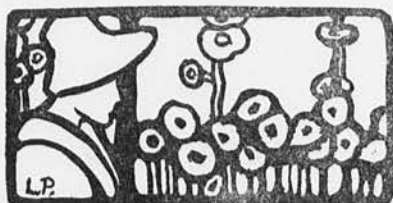
The two History C classes, taught by Miss Myer and Miss Stillson, are having a competition in reference to the Conference. Each class is endeavoring to collect as many articles, pictures and cartoons, regarding the proceedings at Washington as possible. This material will later be posted on the bulletin board for the benefit of the school.

Miss Futterer, who is always most welcome, recently gave several readings in one of our chapel periods. None of us wished to avoid the exercises that Friday. "The Crimson and White" extends the thanks of the school to Miss Futterer.

An oasis of rest in the midst of the sandy desert of work, the Thanksgiving vacation meant to us. Home we went on Wednesday

afternoon with our "Crimson and Whites" tucked under one arm and the quarterly reports, our so-called "pay-envelopes," under the other. Truly we had much for which to be thankful: Reports would not be issued again until February; our school paper to read; four days of vacation, and no homework. It was a Thanksgiving!

The senior class has had what we hope will be a precedent in the school. There was recently a spirited debate in chapel on the proposition: Resolved, That the United States should exempt her coastwise vessels from Panama tolls. The affirmative arguments were presented by Frances White, Nelson Coley and Lloyd Denslau, members of Mr. Breslau's class. Hunter Holding, Martha Lomax and Marion O'Connor, of Miss Rice's class, upheld the negative side. Each speaker required so much time to prove his points that the lack of time forbade rebuttals or the decision of the judges. Refutations were given the following Monday in class, and the judges, Professor Sayles, Miss Cobb and Miss Johnson rendered the decision in favor of the negative.



ALUMNI NOTES

Florence Le Compte, '20, is attending New Paltz Normal School.

Harriet Dixon, ex-'21, is attending Albany High School.

Harriet Hunter, ex-'19, is now a junior at Russell Sage, in Troy.

Muriel Dagget, '20, who is attending State College, has joined Delta Omega sorority.

Eleanor Abrams, '20, S. C. T., is now a member of Kappa Delta.

John Cassavant, '20, has joined Sigma Nu Kappa.

Adrian Johnson, '19, is now a member of Kappa Delta Rho.

Grace Welsh, ex-'21, is attending Syracuse High School.

Eloise Lansing is attending Albany Business College.

Eleanor De Acosta is attending Albany Business College.

Helen Alexander is working in the State Education department.



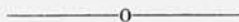
ADELPHOI

Adelphoi has started early to enlarge its membership. Thirteen new members have been initiated, and our roll now includes twenty-five members.

A dance is to be held in the near future, and we are hoping for a big success. If this one succeeds, we are planning to hold another in the spring.

In an endeavor to make our meetings more interesting, we have had lantern slides on several topics of interest. We are also planning for discussion of current events and debating.

N. C., '22.



SIGMA NOTES

On December 2, Sigma "rushed" the Freshman. All took part in stunts first, which were held in the gymnasium. Luncheon was served afterwards in the S. C. T. cafeteria. Miss Cushing and Miss Martinez acted as chaperons. All enjoyed a rollicking good time.

We are looking forward eagerly to our Christmas vacations. Many of our members are planning to leave town for the holidays. Sigma has been very successful this quarter, having enlarged the society to thirty members.

Zeta Sigma extends wishes for a very Happy Christmas and New Year to the members of the faculty and the student body.



Many persons with grievances make the mistake of telling them everywhere but in the right place.

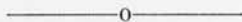
Men are fortunate that they need not depend upon good looks for success.



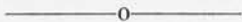
QUIN

The Quintilian Literary Society is living up to its name this year by having instructive and interesting literary programs each week. At present we are studying the modern poets such as Robert Service and Joyce Kilmer. A part of each meeting is devoted to the discussion of the lives and works of these great men.

A few weeks ago we took in five new members: Margaret Levi, Alice Secor, Marion Turner, Meredith Clapper and Glomarie Finkle. After the initiation we had a grand spread, to which everyone showed due justice. In February, we hope to take in a great many more of the girls who entered our school this year as freshmen.



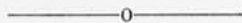
In order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn than to contemplate.—Descartes.



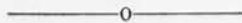
Let your ambition in life be to do small things in a great way; great things in a quiet way.—E. J. Hayward.



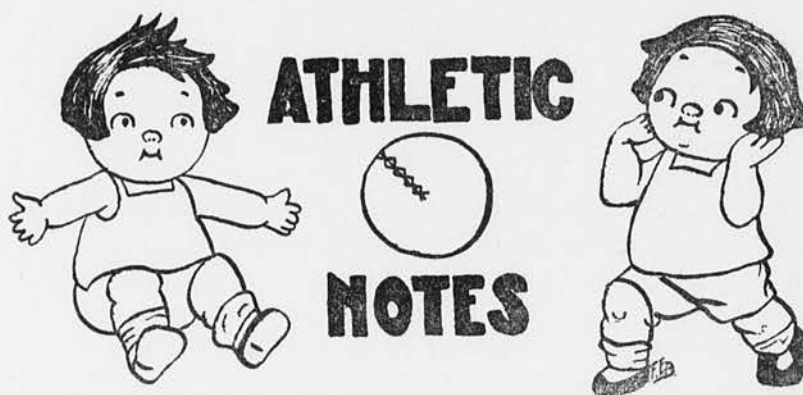
It takes the hammer of practice to drive the nail of success.
—Colonel Hunter.



No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.—Dickens.



A man with push can get there, but it takes the man with character to stay there.—Shephard.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

After several years of unsuccessful efforts we have finally organized a girls' basketball team. The candidates who came out were promising material and under Miss Bennett's coaching we hope to have an excellent five before the end of the season.

The first game was played with Rensselaer High school, Friday afternoon, November 18, in the college gym. We received a very hard beating, with a score of 91-7, but, considering that it was our first appearance on the court this defeat was not altogether a surprise. However, we are confident of better results next time.

ELIZABETH C. FRIEND, Mgr.

—o—

Altho Milne's basket-ball team has not been so successful as it might, yet it has shown good spirit. We were beaten in the St. Joseph's game by one point, which broke a tie. The whistle blew while the ball was in the air. At Gloversville, we led the scoring until the last five minutes, and Gloversville is known to have one of the strongest school teams in the section.

The support of the teams could be bettered, however. There have been three outside games played in Albany and Rensselaer, and there were not a dozen supporters at any one game. School spirit is to a large degree responsible for the success or failure of a sport program. Your attendance at the games will encourage your team. When the next game is announced Come! Support your team!



“The Students’ Pen,” Pittsfield, Massachusetts

The exchange editors extend a cordial welcome once more to “The Students’ Pen.” The stories of your Hallowe’en issue are very timely and interesting. Their authors deserve praise for their originality. The jokes, ads and cuts are all attractive and the cover design is especially striking. On the whole, the issue is a strong one and we shall await succeeding issues expectantly.

“The Voice of South High,” Youngstown, Ohio

This is one of our best exchanges. The format, quality and size are those of a high-grade magazine. This first issue of the school year is strong in all departments, including several long poems of distinct merit. The jokes are numerous and original. The advertising shows a vigorous business management and also a generous support on the part of the local business houses. We like the idea of your “List of Advertisers,” and can imagine it is pleasing to your ad patrons. Come again!

“The Reflection,” Sidney, New York

This is a new addition to our exchange department. From the cover to the last page it shows originality as well as variety and vigor in its young life. There is plenty of news, besides verse and pleasantries. We look for good things in coming numbers.

“The Bulletin Board,” Port Jefferson, New York

To this first issue we extend a welcome to our exchange department. You have made a good start and show talent in both

prose and verse. Your enterprise in a school publication will help pupils as well as the school. It deserves a good support from the business people of your community.

Red and Black, Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, L. I.

This is the first issue of the Red and Black that we have received. We read it with interest. Is not the purpose of an exchange department to criticize other magazines? A few more cuts would add greatly to the attractiveness of your paper. Surely, you could find a few more jokes to enlarge that department. Your Scholarship Reports is a fine idea. Come again!

The Cue, Albany Boys' Academy

The November issue of the Cue is so well written that it is very hard for us to criticize it. It is filled with splendid stories, a good many Alumni notes, and a summary of the important events that have happened at the Academy since its opening this fall. Your advertising agents are to be congratulated upon the splendid advertisements which they secured.

What Others Say About Us

Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.:

"You have some fine stories."

—"The Oracle," Gloversville High.

Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.:

"You have an energetic exchange editor who had the kindness to mark a score of school publications according to the merits of their departments."—"Students' Pen," Pittsfield High.

Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.:

"Why not expand your literary and athletic departments? The title page might be placed to a better advantage near the front, just preceding the literary section. Why not collect the jokes as far as possible in one section and add a few original ones? More cuts would add attractiveness to the magazine."

—"The Oracle," Rensselaer High.

—o—

Education will broaden a narrow mind, but there is no known cure for the big head.



If you see a little joke,
That really makes you grin,
Don't waste it on yourself alone,
Write it out and hand it in.

— o —

H. R., '22—"I have a Ford, what's your car?"
H. H., '22—"Oh, I have a Franklin."
H. R. (magnamously)—"That's a good car, too."—X-Ray.

— o —

Freshie—"Do you know that every time you breathe someone dies?"
Soppie—"Well, I'm sorry, but if I stop, I'll die myself."
—X-Ray.

— o —

M. B., '23—"You sit down on every joke I write."
F. B., '22—"I wouldn't if there were any point to them."

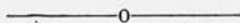
— o —

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
And schools were not invented;
You could stay at home
And rest all day,
And play, and fight contented.
—Dolphin, Far Rockaway High School.

Study Hall Teacher—"Why is it you're always disturbing this study hall, always going around with a chip on your shoulder?"

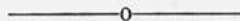
E. F., '23—"I dunno!"

From back of room—"Because they keep falling off her head."



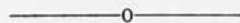
Miss M.—"The French examination questions have been entirely arranged and are in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions?"

Chorus—"Yes, who's the printer?"



M. B., '23, watching boiling lake in Yellowstone Park—"Does this lake ever freeze, Mr. Guide?"

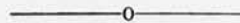
Guide—"Oh, yes, Miss, it froze a thin coat of ice last winter and a young lady went skating on it. She broke through the ice and scalded her foot."



D. G., '23—"You interest me strangely as no man ever has."

H. M. K., '23—"Yes, so you told me last night."

D. G., '23—"Oh, was it you?"



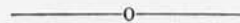
M. O'C., '22—"I never say all I think."

G. M., '23—"Well, you must think an awful lot."



"Who can mention a memorable date in Roman History?"

F. W.—"Anthony's with Cleopatra."—Ex.



Harry Jones can play almost anything on the piano. One day his father said: "Harry, do you know the ten commandments?"

Harry looked puzzled for a moment, then said: "Just whistle the first two or three bars, and I'll try it."—Ex.

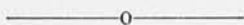
J. M., '22—"I cannot express my love for you."
His steady—"I know it. Try candy."



Larry Ulrich and Lou had just encountered a bull dog who looked as if he might shake a mean lower jaw.

"Why, Larry," Lou exclaimed as he retreated, "you said you would face death for me."

"Yes," Larry replied, "but that dog isn't dead."



Conductor—"We don't go as far as Allen Street."

D. C., '22—"You've got Allen Street on the bus."

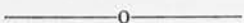
Conductor—"We got a Turkish cigarette ad on the bus, but we don't go to Constantinople."



J. M., '22—"What's the longest word in the English language?"

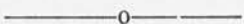
E. A., '22—"I dunno. What?"

J. M.—"Smiles. There's a mile between the two s's!"



Angry teacher—"Mr. Guyer—Did you come to this class to sleep?"

Weary Stude—"Yes, ma'am. I sit up all night studying for it."—Ex.



Sophie, after purchasing a pair of silk stockings, remarked to the clerk—"Now, I want some cotton ones for gym," and began to talk to a friend at her side.

"What price?" asked the clerk.

"Any price," answered the girl, continuing her conversation.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"Same size."

"But," said the astonished clerk, "He wears sox, doesn't he?"

—Red and Black.

W. C., '22—"What does 'as' stand for?"

N. C., '22—"Just a minute; I've got it on the tip of my tongue."

W. C.—Well, spit it out; it's arsenic."—The Patriot.

MAGAZINES AND M. H. S

Modern Priscilla—Miriam Snow
 Good Housekeeping—Dorothy Robinson
 Snappy Stories—Flo Beagle
 The Literary Digest—Harry Jones
 Style—Marion Bardene
 Vanity Fair—Dorothea George
 Physical Culture—Elizabeth Friend
 Woman's Home Companion—Howard Breeze
 The American—Professor Sayles
 Farm and Fireside—DeWitt Zeh
 Life—One darned report after another
 Everybody's—Mary Patton
 Brain Power—The Faculty
 Adventure—Trips to the office
 Little Folks—The freshmen
 Smart Set—The Seniors

Fearey's

FOR SHOES—GOOD SHOES

CENTRAL BANK

Of Albany, N. Y.

339 Central Avenue—at Quail

Permanently located in this neighborhood.
Organized by business men of this section.
A Permanent convenience for West End people.
Checking accounts, Interest accounts, and general banking business invited.

Capital \$100,000.00

Surplus \$25,000.00

OFFICERS

JOHN B. HAUFF, President WILLIAM J. DAWSON, Vice President
JAMES E. GLAVIN, Vice President CLIFFORD J. BECKETT, Cashier

Dieges & Clust

15 John St. New York City
Manufacturing Jewelers for the
Leading Colleges, Schools and
Associations.

Class, Fraternity, Club and Society
Pins, Medals and Badges, Loving
Cups, Plaques and Trophies of all
Descriptions, Diamonds, Watches,
Jewelry, Silverware.

Thorpe-Engraver



Greeting-Cards
Stationery

27½ Steuben St. Albany, N. Y.

H E. STAHLER

ICE CREAM
CONFECTIONERY

229 CENTRAL AVE.

ALBANY N. Y.

G. WILEY & BRO.

Dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meat

348 State St., Cor. Lark

Telephone 544-543

Steefel Says:

Buying Clothes for Formal
Occasions

This is the season of dinner and dances—perhaps you will need new clothes. We suggest the importance of selection—formal attire to a greater degree than other garments must be correct.

You will find in our stores at all times full assortments of Dinner Suits, Waistcoats, Shirts Studs, Collars, Cravats, Gloves and shoes. You may be sure of the style and quality. We invite your inspection.

STEEFEL BROTHERS
STATE ST.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Albany Telegram Company

COMMERCIAL PRINTING DEPARTMENT

5 VAN TROMP ST.



PHONE, MAIN 260

Ben V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

OPTOMETRIST OPTICIAN

Albany, N. Y. Troy, N. Y.
50 No. Pearl St. 356 Broadway
Schenectady 454 State St.

OSHER'S

Goodyear Shoe Repair
Works

29 Central Avenue
ALBANY, N. Y.

CALL AND DELIVERY SERVICE
Phone W-2344

Compliments

of

SENIOR CLASS

COME TO

College Co-Op

FOR

Supplies, Stationery, College
and Milne High School Banners

Compliments of

Zeta Sigma

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

SURPRISE YOUR MOTHER

With a Photograph of yourself as a Christmas gift. Your friends can buy anything you may give them except your photograph.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Obenaus Studio

57 North Pearl Street
Albany, N. Y.

Mildred Elley School

The Model School

Shorthand Spelling
Typewriting Letter Writing

Send for Circular

245 Quail St. Phone West 1694

ALBANY, N. Y.

Albany Art Union

Distinctive
Photography

48 No. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Phone Main 991

DANCING

Prof. and Mrs. J. R. Beauman

Select School of Dancing

Academy and Studio 119 State St.

High school Private Dancing Class meets Friday Evenings. Academy to Rent for Private Parties. Private Lessons by Appointment.

Phones Main 5785--2994-R

Compliments of

JUNIOR CLASS

Christmas Cards

Largest and Most Complete Line on the Avenue

Ranging in price from 1 cent to 50 cents

Your Name Printed on for a small extra charge

DOLLS, CHRISTMAS BOOKS, TOYS and
TREE ORNAMENTS

ROBERT H. PARMELEE

"Bob's Place"

266½ Central Ave.,

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Compliments of
ADELPHOI

E. A. BEAUMONT CO
"The Stetson Shoe"
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
71 State Street
ALBANY N. Y.

Drop Down from School if
You Need a
HAIR CUT
30 Steps from Central
JOHN WEILER
189 Lark Street

Developing Printing for Amateurs
PEARL STUDIO
MODERN
PHOTOGRAPY
104 No. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.
Two doors south of Strand
Photos taken Day or Night, Sun-
days and Holidays

The College Tailor,
INC.
Cleaners and Dyers
63 Eagle Street
Phone Main 800 Albany, N. Y.
Work called for and delivered
promptly

Gifts That Last
Marston & Seaman
Jewelers
ALBANY, N. Y.

SKINNER'S
BOOK STORE
Headquarters for
FOUNTAIN PENS, GREETING
CARDS AND FINE
ENGRAVINGS
LET US QUOTE PRICES
44 No. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Compliments of
Quintiltan Literary Society

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

For Dancing

the Word

MURRAY'S

Means Nothing but the Best

Academy

59-61 North Pearl Street

Albany, N. Y.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Beginners' Class,
Tuesday evenings.

Beginners' Class for Ladies, Wednesday
afternoons.

High School Beginners' Class, every Fri-
day evening.

Children's Class, every Saturday after-
noon.

Advanced Class, every Saturday evening.

Private Lessons given at any hour.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

JAMES J. FINN & SON

General Construction



Wellington Hotel, November 4th

Your Home, Garage, Apartments, Factory,
Warehouse, or the Hotel where you may stop

We have always pleased. Ask our satisfied owners