

13/3

The Crimson and White

FEBRUARY, 1917

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY, N. Y.

H. W. ANTEMANN

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Highest Grade Presentation Badges from Original Designs

Fine School and Class Pins

Diamonds and Other Precious Stones

Fine Repairing a Specialty

Prompt and Satisfactory Work Only

23 James Street

::

::

::

Albany, N. Y.

A. PALUMBO

Machinery

SHOE REPAIRING SHOP

114 Dove Street

M. A. ROBINSON

Fancy Goods - Notions

Stationery - Etc.

304 Lark St., Albany, N. Y.

Mc CLURE & COWLES

64 N. Pearl St.

Pianos

Player-Pianos

Victrolas

First Class Record Service



HOME SAVINGS BANK

OF THE CITY OF ALBANY

4%

Assets over \$10,700,000

Deposits from \$1 to \$3,000 Received

4%

Small Accounts Solicited

13 NO. PEARL ST., ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."



GO SEE ELMER

for

YOUR EYEGLASSES

55 So. Pearl St.

G. V. & F. W. CAMERON

Glass — **HARDWARE** — Paint

N. Y. Phones

284 Central Avenue

Albany, N. Y.

Pictures Taken While You Wait
Day or Night if Desired

ARAX PHOTO STUDIO

**PHOTOGRAPHY OF EVERY
DESCRIPTION**

117 N. Pearl Street Albany, N. Y.

H. A. SAUER

252 Central Ave.

Large Assortment of Electric Shades,
Portable Lamps, Gas and
Electric Showers

F. M. HOSLER

MANUFACTURER OF

Ice Cream and Confectionery

Wholesale and Retail

207 LARK STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

Established 1893

RICHARD HEALY CO.

Importers and Retailers

Suits, Costumes, Garments, Furs

NEW ARKAY BUILDING

94 and 96 State Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

Contents

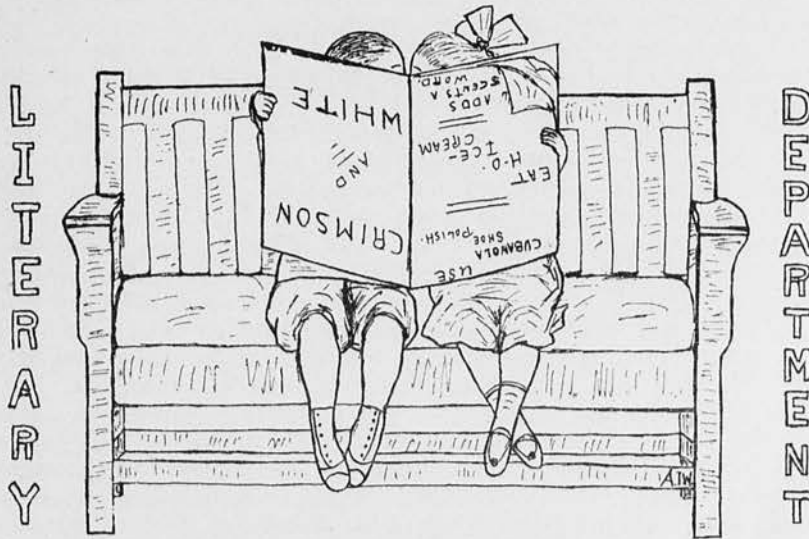
	PAGE
Literary Department	53
Only a Red Rose (by C. E. P., '20)	53
The Tragedy of a Home (by C. F. R., '20)	54
Who is Who? (by E. J., '18)	56
Editorials	57
Alumni Notes	58
School Notes	58
Societies	59
Quintilian Literary Society	59
Zeta Sigma	60
Theta Nu	60
Adelphoi	61
The Junior High School	62
Editorial (by C. I. S., Eighth Grade)	62
Why I Like The Country (by V. F., Seventh Grade)	62
Study Hall at One (by H. B. K., Eighth Grade)	62
Athletic Notes	64
Exchanges	67
Sense and Humor	70

The Crimson and White

Vol. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 3



ONLY A RED ROSE

St. Valentine's Day dawned clear and cold. The sun decided to help things a bit by shining its best and sending out its helpers, the sunbeams, to brighten up the world.

One small sunbeam found its way to a rich man's house and looked timidly in the window, but all it saw was a sad woman watching a small rose bush which grew in a large box by the window. The sunbeam came in the window and smiled at the woman. It received no attention and it turned to the rose bush. The bush asked the sunbeam if it would help her to blossom. The little beam gladly agreed to, when it learned the story that the bud told.

The rosebud said, "Mrs. Morton has been sad ever since Frances, her daughter, disappeared several months ago. I was always taken care of by Frances, but I never bloomed. Mrs. Morton said if I did she would take it as a good omen in her search for her daughter. I want to encourage her. Will you help me?"

"Certainly," replied the sunbeam and went in search of its mates to help. It soon returned and danced with the others about the bush until the bud in its warmth and happiness unfolded its petals.

Mrs. Morton had watched this miracle take place before her eyes, and she lost no time in preparing to go to the poorer districts of the city to renew the search for her missing child. She wrapped up the rose and took it along for company.

All day she searched, but in vain. The waning sun warned her that it was time to go home. She had turned her weary steps toward home when a sad face at the window of one of the tenements attracted her attention.

"I wish that I had something to give the poor child, but my money is all gone," she murmured. She looked at the rose in her hand and it seemed to cry, "Give me." "I intended to keep you, sweet rose," she said, "but you will bring more happiness to this child than you will to me. She shall have you."

Mrs. Morton crossed the street and climbed the rickety stairs. She opened the door leading to the room where she had seen the face and stepped inside. In the growing dark of the room she could just distinguish that the child held a large red cardboard heart in her hand, which she gazed at lovingly. Some of her small friends had made it for her, and she loved it very much.

"Here's another valentine for you," said Mrs. Morton as she dropped the rose in the child's lap. The child thanked her in good English instead of the expected street slang. A woman, hovering near, explained to Mrs. Morton that she was a refined girl and had come there one day and said she would like to play like a poor child. One of the other children willingly changed clothes with her, and they began to play. She fell and struck her head and lost her memory. "We couldn't advertise in the papers for her parents, because we were too poor, but—" She got no further, for a crack announced that part of the plaster was falling from the ceiling and she hastened to get out of the way. The child, however, was not quick enough, and it struck her sharply on the head, rendering her unconscious.

When she again opened her eyes, her mother was bending anxiously over her. It took some time to make Frances understand how long she had been without knowledge of her whereabouts, but everything was explained at last, and a very happy mother and daughter started for home.

They kept her home coming a secret. At supper time Mrs. Morton announced to the family she had a valentine for them. Father cleared his throat and said, "There's only one valentine that would suit me."

"Why, father," spoke up an unseen voice, "doesn't mother always give us the best valentine she can find?"

"How much did this valentine cost, mother?" asked father when the family had quieted down.

"Nothing but a red rose, but I think it's the best valentine I ever had."

C. E. P. '20.

THE TRAGEDY OF A HOME

Here I stand, old and desolate. People pass me daily and wonder, while the curious even come and peek through my broken windows. What do they see? If they should peer through my back windows, they would see blackness. Deserted rooms with charred walls and rubbish piled in the middle of the floor, tell of a fire. Nothing seems so peculiar. It is only an old, burnt mansion.

But if the inquisitive should peek through my front windows, they would see a different picture. My floors are covered with handsome rugs, my walls hung with priceless pictures, my rooms filled with the best furniture money can purchase and book-cases contain rare books. People gape. Why all this magnificence, and why have these beautiful furnishings remained undisturbed? It seems as though someone must be living here, except for the dust and cobwebs which show no human beings have made their home here for a long time.

As the people turn down my marble steps, now broken and overgrown with weeds, they wonder and wonder. If only I could tell them my story so that they might profit by it.

John Barton was a happy man, and he had reason to be, living with his wife in a pretty little home in the country, and with three loving children to caress. What man could wish for more? His home was a pretty white cottage. In the summer time the roses rambled over it, and its garden was scattered with flowers of every color. A merry brook trickled by, singing its song of cheerfulness to all who might listen, and the sunshine filled the house to overflowing. When John Barton left for his work in the morning, he carried this happy picture with him. In the evening when he returned and was met by his smiling children, he enjoyed that restful repose which is the right of every honest toiler.

As the children grew older, they went to school. There were two fine boys and a sweet little girl, and their parents were as proud of them as could be. What a happy contented family it was!

But as time went on, and the children grew, discontentment started. John and his little wife were as happy as ever, but the rising generation were tired of their simple life. They wanted a magnificent home and fine clothes, and they desired to meet noted people. Now trouble began.

Poor, honest John was sorry to see this youthful discontentment, but he and his mate would please their children with true parental unselfishness. And so the white cottage was deserted, the roses were left to ramble where they wished, the flowers were choked out by the weeds, and the merry brook was left to sing to itself.

Then I was built, and furnished with all money could buy. Butlers and maids paraded my halls. Wonderful dances and parties were given under my roof. Through my great door wealthy ladies and gentlemen passed. Fine carriages drove to my steps.

And, were my owners happy? Perhaps the daughter and sons were, or thought they were, but it was an unnatural happiness. John and his wife pined for their deserted home, but clung to their children. Late into the night, John pored over piles of bills, trying to turn one dollar into ten. Was that happiness?

And then came the crash. With money gone and debts accumulated, facing ruin, John was helpless in his despair. The children, scarcely children now, but young men and a young woman, could not be persuaded to return to the country to try to begin life anew. They only plunged deeper into society, worrying little about the future.

One dark night, John made a last desperate stand. He set his beautiful home on fire in hope of obtaining the insurance money.

But John was not experienced in dishonest work, and he was caught. He was sent to prison, and his wife is now dead, probably of a broken heart. The children, in their poverty, now see their great mistake, but too late. Their life of pleasure was short, and their life of sorrow will be long.

Money does not bring happiness. It is a gift of God and can not be purchased.

C. F. R., '20.

WHO IS WHO?

It was perhaps eight o'clock when a faultlessly attired gentleman alighted from a car in Chicago's most fashionable suburb. An air of refinement distinguished George Law from other men.

He passed down a long avenue of poplars, and paused before a massive house, every inch of which spelled wealth.

Noiselessly he passed up the marble steps, slipped a key into the iron net door, which opened easily. Then he unlatched the oaken door and passed into the reception hall.

He left his wraps in the hall and strode slowly into the library. He paused a moment, then felt along the wall. Instinct told him he was not alone. After several minutes he felt the switch and instantly flooded the spacious room with light. Crouching in a corner was a masked figure pointing a .32 at him.

"Don't move, d'ye hear! I'll blow——" began the gruff tone of the crouching one.

The steady voice of George Law interrupted him with a, "Be calm. I don't intend to move or touch you."

"Better not. See that door? Well yer goin' behind it," warned the masked one.

"My good man, why are you in my house? Put down your gun. Have a drink."

At this point the still crouching figure arose. He saw the friendly face looking down upon him, and he trusted. He placed his gun on the table and began his story.

"This ain't my perfession, but a wife's home and some little ones starving. Times are hard and no work and I came to this." He drank the Burgundy that was poured out for him gluttonously, and continued, "I thought you were away, you and the folks. That's what the papers said, so I saw my chance. You have millions; I—I poverty. D'ye blame me?"

Law was moved. He drew a substantial sum from his bill case and handed it to the would-be burglar. Patting him on the back he said, "Take this, my friend, and don't try it again."

After the would-be burglar had gone, George Law returned to the library. He sat here smoking for perhaps an interval of a half-hour. He then ravaged through the house and relieved it of its priceless jewels. Ten o'clock saw America's most successful gentleman crook leave the house of Chicago's copper magnate, unharmed, with booty enough to procure him a life of ease for some time to come.

E. J., '18.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIII

ALBANY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 3

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of the M. H. S.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5) copies payable in advance.....	\$0.60
Single copies15

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

EDNA M. LOWERREE, Q. L. S., '17

Assistant Editor

JOYCE GOLDRING, '18

MARGARET I. KIRTLAND, Q. L. S., '18.....	}	Literary Editors
CAROL TRAVER, Zeta Sigma, '18.....		
MARIE KING, Zeta Sigma, '18.....	}	School Editor
GERTRUDE D. SOUTHARD, Zeta Sigma, '17.....		
RUTH A. HOLDER, Q. L. S., '17.....	}	Alumni Editor
HELEN ALEXANDER, Zeta Sigma, '18.....		
MARGARET J. ROMER, '18.....	}	Joke Editors
MARION E. VOSBURGH, Zeta Sigma, '18.....		
CHARLES I. SAYLES.....	}	Exchange Editors
DOROTHY HAMBURGER.....		
MARK H. PEET, Theta Nu, '17.....	}	Junior High School Editor
F. REGINALD BRUCE, Adelphoi, '17.....		
WESLEY TURNER, Adelphoi, '18.....	}	Business Managers
DONALD H. JOHNSTON, '18.....		
KENNETH SHUFELT, Adelphoi, '18.....	}	Advertising Agents
GEORGE WARD, Theta Nu, '17.....		
		Athletic Editor



As you will see by turning a few pages we have added the Junior High School to our paper. Already they have shown more school spirit than the Senior High School has shown during the entire semester. Two-thirds of their students have subscribed to the paper. Several have voluntarily offered contributions such as stories and poetry.

It seems to us that it behooves the Senior High School to get busy if they do not mean to have these little people outdo them. It was one of the Junior High School students who brought in a full page advertisement for the contest. Now, certainly we can do better than they. Try it and see!

The "Crimson and White" board take great pleasure in announcing that the prizes offered for advertisements for the December issue were awarded as follows: First prize, five dollars, to Miss Winifred Dunn;

Second prize, two and one-half dollars, to Miss Hazel Westervelt;
Third prize, one dollar, to Mr. Charles Sayles.

"The Crimson and White," in behalf of the student body, extend heartfelt sympathy to Allen Merselis and Earl Vibbard, who have recently suffered a similar loss.

ALUMNI NOTES

Pearl Shafer, '11, whose engagement to Harry Sherburne 2d of Amsterdam was announced last November, was married on the 21st of December.

Charlotte Miller, '16, is attending the Capital Commercial School.

There were several of the alumni at the Sigma-Quintilian dance given last December. Among them were: Henrietta Knapp, '16, Dorothy Burton, '14, Euretta Avery, '15, Clara Holder, '14, Isabel Johnston, '16, Gordon Scott, '14, Warren Vosburgh, '10, and Ansley Wilcox, '16.

Frances Vosburgh, '14, visited our school while home on her Christmas vacation from Vassar.

Alice Gazeley, '13, Grace Cramer, '16, and Henrietta Knapp, '16, attended the annual Freshman party given by the Zeta Sigma Literary Society.

Edmund O'Connor, '14, is studying art in New York City.

Raymond Fite, '15, is attending the Albany Law School.

Clara Holder, '14, is attending the Capital Commercial School.

Caroline Lansing, '12, was bridesmaid at the wedding of Marguerite Root, ex '11.

Isabel Johnston, '16, Marjorie Dunn, '16, and Elizabeth Shaver, '02, were at the Freshman party, given by the Quintilian Society.

SCHOOL NOTES

Mid-years! Cramming!! Burning of midnight oil!!! Then what? We hope not "flunking." To some it may have meant 90's, to others perhaps lower. But to all came the resolve and determination to be more steadfast, to work harder, to attain better results, so that when the final examinations come, there will be no necessity for worry as to the outcome.

After the strain of examinations was over, the excitement of changing teachers came. We were sorry to see the old ones leave us. However, we spent many anxious moments wondering what the new teachers would be like — whether we would like them; whether they would be good to us; and whether they would be as excellent teachers as the former ones.

The Juniors, the class of 1918, following out their original plan of organizing in their Sophomore year, have decided to send for their pins and rings this year instead of waiting until their Senior year, as has been the custom of former classes. A committee has been appointed to choose the design, and we are all anxiously waiting to

see the result. We hope their choice will be as nice as that of the Seniors.

Rumors are afloat that the Seniors are worrying lest they will not receive their annual reception, given by the Juniors. But, Seniors, you are worrying far more than the Juniors, who will not overlook so important an affair.

The girls' societies in our High School gave a dance just before the Christmas holidays, which turned out very successfully. It is reported that the boys intend to follow their example. We hope it will prove as successful. Good luck, boys!

We are very sorry to hear that the ice has been treating our Freshmen badly, as we value our little ones. They certainly have our sympathy for their poor treatment.

Much to our regret Harold Sollace has left M. H. S. to attend the Albany Business College. He will most certainly be missed, especially on the basket ball team, of which he was a strong member. By the way, we hope soon to see our team once more in the field, and that the games will be scheduled and played in more rapid succession than has heretofore been the case.

We rejoice at the return of Reginald Bruce and hope that he will be able to remain with us the rest of the semester.

The Seniors have received their class rings and pins and are fully satisfied with them.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The meetings of Quin have been extremely interesting this month with the new regime. We find the programs are much better, when each class has to plan their own.

The addition of Miss Johnson and Miss Jones as honorary faculty members promises to be very interesting. We enjoyed the party, given in their honor, very much.

Our joint dance with Sigma, December 21, was a decided success, financially and socially.

The following officers have been elected for the second semester:

- President Alice Barnes
- Vice-President Martha Hosler
- Secretary Winifred Dunn
- Treasurer Viola Pier
- Senior Editor..... Ruth Holder
- Junior Editor..... Marie Liebich
- Critic Janet Goldring
- Marshal Laura Barton
- Mistress of Ceremonies..... Elsie Gresser

E. M. L., '17.



ZETA SIGMA

The meetings have been interesting as usual and we have had a very good attendance. Our debates have been amusing as well as profitable and the quotations have never been better.

We are trying to make this year the most successful we have ever had in the society's history. With this in mind, our meetings have been full of spirit and all the members have shown their interest by their attendance and cooperation.

The following officers have been elected for the second semester:

President	Lillian Smith
Vice-President	Hilda Comstock
Recording Secretary.....	Mae Hutchins
Asst. Recording Secretary.....	Elizabeth Stryker
Corresponding Secretary.....	Marie King
Treasurer	Helen Alexander
Critic	Viola Baer
Senior Editor.....	Esther Cramer
Junior Editor.....	Virginia Miller
Pianist	Ethelyn Steele
Marshal	Jane O'Neil
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Marion Bedell

L. J. S., '17



THETA NU

Our meetings continue to hold the interest of the members, both active and alumni, many of whom have visited us recently. Among them were Edmund O'Connor, who is studying art in New York, and Raymond Fite, who is taking a course at the Albany Law School.

The initiation of Mr. Tiernan afforded us much amusement.

Adelphoi and Theta Nu will give a dance, March 9. All our members are taking much interest in this affair, and everyone is sure that it will be a great success.

We are sorry to hear that Harold Sollace, one of our new members, has left school, and that John Haskell was compelled to leave because of trouble with his eyes.

We have arranged to have a joint debate with Adelphoi which will take place about the middle of March. This spirit of fellowship which now exists between the two societies is indeed unusual, and is certainly a great advantage to the school.

J. S., '17.



ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelphei have been very interesting and successful. There have been several good debates and fine literary programs.

The election of officers took place recently and the following were elected for the second semester:

President	Alan Sexton
Vice-President	Wesley Turner
Secretary	Clarence MacDonald
Treasurer	Kenneth Shufelt
Master of Ceremonies.....	John Glenn
Sergeant-at-Arms	Thomas Ward
Chaplain	Sidney White

The society is forming plans for a joint dance with Theta Nu which will take place Friday, March 9, in the gymnasium.

A. C. M., '17.

I have ever held it as a maxim, never to do that through another, which it was possible for me to execute myself.— *Montesquein*.

Patronize the advertisers!

Those who plot the destruction of others, very often fall themselves the victims.— *Phaedrus*.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.— *Longfellow*.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense, it is the life of the spider.— *Swift*.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.— *Keats*.

As forbidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, "Now, don't boil!"— *Sir Walter Scott*.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Formerly, that is, last year and the first semester of this school year, the Junior High School has not figured in the school's paper. We were told a short time ago that if we secured twenty subscriptions for the rest of the year at thirty-five cents each, we would be allowed to be represented in this paper. You see the result.

The Junior High School has elected two editors and will contribute their own work. We hope this plan will be a success, and all concerned will be satisfied.

With England let us adopt the slogan, "Each man do his little bit."
C. I. S., Eighth Grade.

WHY I LIKE THE COUNTRY

I always just jump for joy at the thought of going to the country. Some people like the country better in summer than in winter, but I like it in both seasons. In summer there are beautiful flowers to pick, big fields to romp and play in, and sand hills to jump off. Oh, what great fun when one is bare-footed and in an old pair of overalls.

In winter it is much colder; but if one is dressed in warm clothing, she does not mind the weather. There are many winter sports that I enjoy, such as skating, sleighing, snow balling, sliding, and making snow men.

Of course, the country children do not get the good education that we city children do, but they have more fun at the little red school-house on the hill.
V. F., Seventh Grade.

STUDY HALL AT ONE?

"Br—rrr——"

Marcia turned over to shut off the offensive noise. Then she cuddled down among the warm blankets, and, though she had intended to get up in a few minutes, she unconsciously fell asleep.

Soon she was off in dreamland, reciting a perfect Latin lesson before an awe-stricken class. She herself wondered at the rapidity with which she translated the advance sentences. But her supreme happiness was soon to end, for just as the teacher was praising her, and the class was gazing in wonderment, she was brought back into the world of reality by a shake and her mother's voice, crying, "Wake up, Marcia! It's a quarter of eight, and I've called you three times."

She sprang out of bed in a dazed fashion and began to dress in haste.

Then, "Mother, where did you put my clean middies?" she called down the stairs.

"They're in my closet, Marcia."

She rushed into her mother's room to find two middies, one with a huge splotch of ink on the front, where she had tipped the ink bottle over, and the other with two buttons missing on the cuffs. For a

moment her face was one of despair, but it soon lighted up with merriment. Slipping into the middy which had lost the buttons, she rolled up the sleeves.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I guess no one will know now that I am minus two buttons!"

While lacing her shoes, she kept repeating to herself, "O, Tannenbaum, O, Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter!" when snap! her shoe-string broke, and while she was looking about for a German word explosive enough to express her feelings, her mother called from the foot of the stairs, "Hurry up! You have barely time to eat your breakfast." Hastily she replaced the broken shoe-string by another one, which was so long that she had to wrap it three times around her ankle.

Then she ran downstairs, and grabbed up her books.

"I'm not going to eat any breakfast this morning, Mother," she cried. "I'll be late as it is!"

"Marcia, now don't be silly! You come and get something to eat, or you sha'n't go one step!"

"Oh, ding it! Well, if I have to, I have to!" and she sat down at the table, flinging her books upon the floor.

"Sh-h! The baby is asleep, Marcia. You'll awaken her."

Certainly Marcia was not a disciple of Fletcher that morning, for she ate in an incredibly short time, keeping one eye on the clock.

"Goodness! It's quarter past eight, Mother, and do you know where my rubbers are?"

"No, I don't, but you'll have to wear them, or you will surely fall down. It's dreadfully slippery out."

After a discouraging and hasty search, in which she found one rubber under the piano, where the baby had taken it, and the other behind the kitchen stove, she called to her mother, "I have them!"

The door banged, and Marcia was gone. But it soon opened again, and Mrs. Gale called after her daughter, "Marcia! You've forgotten your lunch! Here it is!" Marcia called back that she didn't have time to come and get it and disappeared around the corner.

But what was that sleigh some way ahead? A hop! So Marcia ran. But she ran in vain, for the driver turned a corner and stopped. Exasperated, Marcia continued on her rapid way. But no sooner had she struck the sidewalk (she had been running in the street) than her feet slipped out from under her, and she fell down with a thud. Her books were scattered all about, and a little gust of wind took the loose papers up into the air and blew them out into the street. It was sometime before Marcia got settled again. She glanced at her wrist, to find that she had left her watch at home.

"It must be about twenty-five minutes after eight," she said, "and I haven't reached the half-way mark yet. I can never walk the rest of the way in five minutes and I shall have to stay for study hall at one. Oh, there's no hope! I'm destined to be late! Well, I may as well take my time and say my Latin lesson over. Do, dare, dedi, datus—what comes next? Oh, I know! Laudo, laudare, laudavi, laudatus—oh, and so forth! I can't bother with foolish Latin verbs."

"I wonder what time it is now."

"Hurrah!" She turned at the sound of sleigh-bells. "Here comes a great hop!—and it's going down, too."

She jumped on. It was a grocer's sleigh. It was going quite fast, and she did not take much notice of what she was going to land on when she jumped.

She was greeted on her arrival by a smash, and a yell from the driver, "Hey, get off o' them eggs!!— Whoa!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! How many did I break?" she cried.

"Only a half-dozen! That's nothing," he replied with sweet sarcasm.

But Marcia, not to be daunted by the predicament, said, "This is Martin's delivery, isn't it? Well, charge those eggs to Mrs. Gale, and if you're going down by the school, please take me with you. And go fast—faster than you ever went before," she added.

And he did, bringing her to the door just as the bell rang.

H. B. K., Eighth Grade.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Because of inability to get the gymnasium, the Milne High School has not played very many games thus far.

On December 15, a fast game was lost to the Freshmen of the Albany Law School in the Catholic Union gymnasium.

The score of the game was as follows:

Albany Law School Freshmen

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Downs, R.F.	2	0	4
Shirley, L.F.	5	4	14
Noonan, C.	0	0	0
Fox, R.G.	1	0	2
Martin, L.G.	0	0	0
	7	4	20

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Ward, L.F.	2	1	5
Sollace, R.F.	1	2	4
Johnston, C.	1	0	2
Kamph, L.G.	0	0	0
Axleroad, R.G.	0	0	0
	4	3	11

Summary—Albany Law School Freshmen, 20; Milne H. S., 11. Score, end of first half, Freshmen, 8; M. H. S., 4. Timer, McDonough; Scorer, Van Laer.

On December 8, we defeated the fast First Congregational five in the gymnasium of the N. Y. S. C. T.

The score was as follows:

First Congregational

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Covey, R.F.	0	1	1
Morse, L.F.	2	0	4
Jeffery, C., R.G.	0	0	0
Lemperle, R.G.	0	0	0
Carrier, L.G.	0	0	0
Fite, C.	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	3	1	7

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Ward, L.F.	8	0	16
Sollace, R.F.	3	6	12
Johnston, C.	3	0	6
McMahon, L.G.	1	0	2
Axleroad, R.G.	1	0	2
Lubin, L.G.	0	0	0
Van Laer, R.G.	0	0	0
Garry, L.G.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	16	6	38

Summary — Milne High School, 38; First Congregational, 7. Score at end of first half, M. H. S., 16; F. C., 2. Referee, Hubbard; Timekeeper, Springman; Scorer, Peet.

On January 8, we lost a fast game to the Albany High School, 35 to 12. The score at the end of the first half was, A. H. S., 12; M. H. S., 7.

On January 12, we won a fast game from the Standards in the N. Y. S. T. C. gym.

The score was as follows:

Standards

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Margolas, L.F.	2	3	7
Katusky, R.F.	0	0	0
Jackson, C.	0	0	0
LaVine, L.G.	0	0	0
Lubin, R.G.	0	1	1
Silvery, R.F.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	2	4	8

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Sollace, R.F.	7	3	17
Kampf, L.F.	6	0	12
Johnston, C	2	0	4
Axleroad, L.G.	0	0	0
McMahon, R.G.	2	0	4
Garry, L.G.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	17	3	37

Summary — Milne High School, 37; Standards, 8. Score at half time, M. H. S., 22; S., 3. Referee, O'Connor; Timekeeper, Seymour; Scorer, Peet.

We expect to play Chatham High School, the Castleton five and the Law School Freshmen in the New York State College for Teachers gymnasium. We are going to Castleton, Chatham and Saugerties.

Life is a journey; on we go
Thro' many a scene of joy and woe.—*Wm. Combe.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—*Gray.*

Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome.—*Rogers.*

Better not be at all,
Than not be noble.—*Tennyson.*

Murmur at nothing: if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.—*Shakespeare.*

That man who has never been in danger cannot answer for his courage.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Except wind stands as it never stood
It is an ill wind turns none to good.—*Thomas Tusser.*

Territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and its valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life.—*James A. Garfield.*



CRITICISMS

St. Helen's Quarterly, Portland, Oregon.

We greet you, little paper, from the golden West! Your arrangement is flawless. Yet this is but an auxiliary factor which serves to embellish the work on which your true literary merit depends. Your essays are admirable productions, and have caused us not a few moments of complete satisfaction. We give the laurels to "Hearts of Children," a delightful story, showing much original thought and portraying several fine and vivid descriptions. "Those Who Bear the Sorrows of War," also shows much diligent research and brings out the writer's knowledge of humanity, and a skillful painting of the darker phases of life. Your "Whims" are noticeable for their quantity and lack of quality. Humor is an excellent quality, but not when everything else is sacrificed in a vain effort to attain it. We were particularly impressed with your exceedingly clever and appropriate cuts and the perfect arrangement of your paper. It is indeed a credit to St. Helen's Hall, and we wish you every success.

Triangle, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Your excellent cover, emblazoned with the unique triangular seal, unfolds a dignified journal, rich in literary merit. The charming little story, "Service," contains a very beautiful and appealing strain and holds the reader's interest all through the pictured incident of how one life found the true worth of service, to the consoling thought with which it closes. More poetry would increase the merit of your paper. The Exchanges are ably handled and give evidence of careful study and criticism. Your School Notes show fine school spirit, and your editorials give evidence of an interest in current events which is so apt to be lacking in a girls' school. We believe that a keen interest in current events helps any school materially.

The Mured, Gainesville, Ga.

The quality of your Literary Department is excellent, but the quantity seems too great in proportion to the rest of your magazine. Where are your Jokes and Exchange Department? We heartily approve your encouragement of "The New Student Self Government Plan" and trust that the entire school will respond. Would it not be better to have your editorial staff and editorials at the beginning of the paper? Would not the reader be helped by a more prominent location of the table of contents. Your editorials we enjoy.

Inasmuch as our long list of exchanges makes it impossible for us to criticize only a small portion of these at length, we have adopted a new plan by which all papers received between issues may know how they rank in comparison with our other exchanges. We have endeavored to be just and impartial in our marks and have taken into account the size of the school which each paper represents and the number of editions issued yearly. We trust this new method will meet with your approval, and that it will aid in strengthening our colleagues' papers by showing wherein they fail and succeed.

Exchange	Literary	Exchanges	Athletics	Jokes	Cover and Cuts	Average
Academe	10	8	9	6	9	8+
Cerabbus	9	6	9	8	10	8+
Carteret	7	7	8	5	7	6+
Crimson	8	6	7	8	7	7+
Cue	10	9	9	9	9	9+
Dart	9	7	9	8	8	8+
Echoes	8	9	7	1	6	6+
Frog	8	6	7	7	7	7
Future Citizen	5	2	7	6	3	4+
Item	9	6	8	9	8	8+
Manual	9	8	9	7	8	8+
Mured	9	0	9	0	7	5
Opinion	7	8	7	9	9	8
M. H. Aerolith	7	8	8	0	6	6
Oracle	8	8	8	9	7	8
Owl	7	5	3	7	8	6
Palmerian	6	7	8	7	7	7
Polytechnic Times	8	0	9	0	0	8
Poor Richard	8	8	8	9	8	8+
Sangra	6	6	7	8	6	6+
Spectator	8	8	8	8	8	8
Transcript	8	5	9	0	9	7+
X-Ray	8	6	8	9	9	8

EXCHANGE OPINIONS

"The Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y.—Yours is among our best exchanges. Your Story Department is fine.—*The Frog*, Bay City, Texas.

"Crimson and White," Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.—A good Joke Department, but your athletics?—*Oracle*, Des Moines, Iowa.

The following letter was received from the *Totem*, Juneau, Alaska, and we heartily appreciate their seeming good will and fellowship:

Juneau, Alaska, Dec. 9, 1916.

Editor of "Crimson and White,"

Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.

Dear Madam.—Your October copy of the "Crimson and White" has arrived and we take the pleasure of complimenting you on it. For a bi-monthly it is hard to beat. As we only publish an annual, and being out of the 1916 copy at present, we are unable to send you one, but will as soon as the new one is published.

Hoping to see more of your numbers, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAMES L. McCLOSKEY,

Editor *J. H. S. Totem*.

To him nothing is impossible, who is always dreaming of his past possibilities.—*Carlyle*.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relish'd by the best of men.—*Anon*.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—*Franklin*.

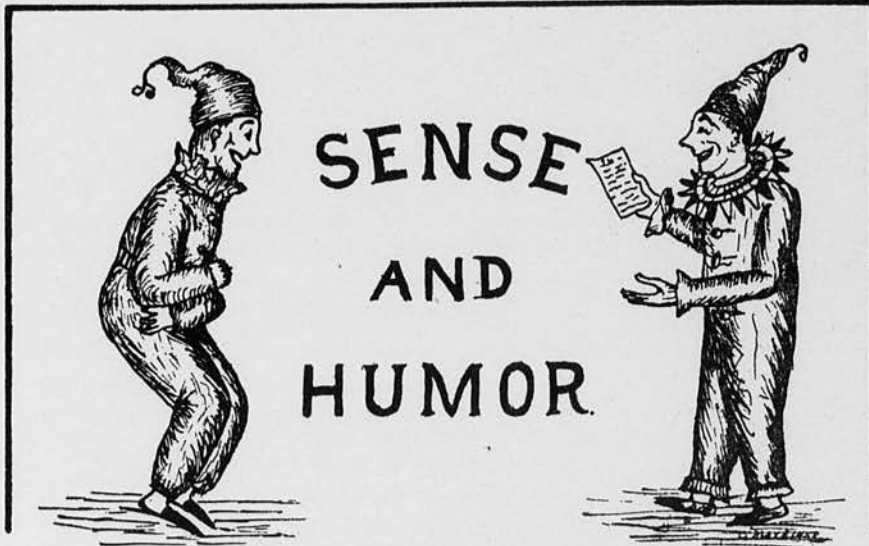
There is not a moment without some duty.—*Cicero*.

If little labour, little are our gains,
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.—*Herrick*.

He who loves not his country can love nothing.—*Johnson*.

Fashions that are now call'd new
Have been worn by more than you,
Elder times have worn the same
Though the new ones got the name.—*Middleton*.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—*Holmes*.



J. Smith — "Does this car go by Washington Park?"
 Conductor — "No, miss! It goes by 'lectricity."

Heard In Chemistry

Teacher — "I will take some of this hydrogen, and now I will take some chloroform."
 From the rear — "Good idea."

Tool Chest Courtship

"It's *plane* that I love you," he began.
 "Is that on the *level*?" she asked.
 "Haven't I always been on the *square* with you?"
 "But you have many *vises*," she remonstrated.
 "Not a *bit* of it," he asserted.
 "What made you *brace* up?" she inquired coquettishly.
 "The fact that I *saw* you," he replied with a bow.
 "I ought to *hammer* you for that," she answered saucily.
 "Come and sit with me on the *bench*," he urged.
 "Suppose the others should *file* in," she murmured. You should not let your arms *compass* me."
 "I know a preacher who is a good *joiner*," he suggested, and they rushed.

W. D. went to class late which caused the Geometry teacher to remark, "Miss Dunn, have you forgotten the rules?"
 W. D. — "No, but I guess the Troy car line has."

E. G., '17 — "They say that the King of Denmark leads a dog's life."
L. S., '17 — "Of course, he's a Great Dane."

"What do you consider the most despicable creature in the world?"
M. P. asked, by the way of uncorking a little conversation.

"The man who knows he can't dance, but won't admit it," M. K. retorted, glancing at her pumps, which showed evidence of frequent contact with his.

At a boarding house one morning a man sat gazing meditatively into his coffee. His landlady asked, "Building castles in Spain?"

"No," replied the boarder, "I was looking over my grounds in Java."

Dress is a poor index. Many a young man is not so bright as his necktie would make him appear. Ask some Seniors!

E. A., '20 — "Can you tell me the feminine of Vassar?"
M. D., '20 — "Vaseline."

Heard in English I — "You are not sitting up."
Freshie — "No, 'am, I'm sitting down."

Miss Ogle in English I — "Mr. Ladu, is that composition original?"
Mr. Ladu indignantly — "No, Ma'am, I wrote it myself."

Success comes in cans, failures in can'ts.

T. H. — "Say, Miss Hunter, I don't think I deserved zero on that paper."

Miss H. — "You didn't, but I couldn't give you less."

D. J. — "How is it that you weren't drowned last week when you fell overboard; you can't swim."

D. H. — "No, I had on a pair of duck pants."

Forget to knock — boost once in a while.

"Your answer is about as clear as mud," raged the physical geography teacher.

Bill G. — "Well, that covers the ground anyway."

"I declare it is hard," sulked the dough. "Here I can't get the least bit of a rise for myself without being worked."

"Look at me!" sadly replied the egg. "Am I not always getting whipped for other peoples' deserts?"

C. A., '17—"Yes, I asked Miss L. if I could see her home."

R. C.—"What did she say?"

C. A.—"Why-er, she said, 'why certainly I'll be glad to send you a picture of it.'"

You cannot corner a square man.

"Your dad is an old crank," said the youth who had been told by a H. S. Senior's father that 11 o'clock was the time to go.

Dad overheard the remark and replied: "A crank is necessary in the case of the lack of a self-starter."

W. T., '18 (passing the sugar)—"Sweets for the sweet, you know."

G. H., '19 (handing him the crackers)—"Crackers for the cracked, you know."

The man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.—*Roosevelt.*

Algebra Teacher—"What did you get for the answer to the problem about the pressure in the dam?"

? ? ? (innocently)—"I didn't do the dam problem."

We wonder: If a woman were elected governor of a state, would she be a governess?

Dowe—"Is that a horse pistol?"

Nutt—"No, it's a Colt."

Young man writes to newspaper asking if his watch will be affected because the repairer had infantile paralysis. Editor replies that paralysis has nothing to do with the case. How about the works?

H. S. Senior—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir, we serve everybody. Sit right down."

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—*Bulwer.*

A college education shows a man how little other people know.—*Haliburton.*

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.—*Butler.*

Good Eye sight is your best possession. Preserve it by having your eyes fitted with proper glasses.

BEN V. SMITH

Optometrist

50 No. Pearl St.

Optician

FRANK H. EVORY & CO.

General Printers

36-38 Beaver Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

91 Steps East of Pearl Street

"Use Acme Lime"

Established 1827

A. MENDLESON'S SONS

James Mix
JEWELER

20-40 Broadway, ALBANY, N. Y.

34 South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

BABBITT'S

**25% CASH
DISCOUNT SALE**

Includes Every Suit and Overcoat in Our Store — all Blue and Black Suits, Full Dress, Tuxedo and Cutaway Suits, as well as all Frankel Fifteens.

We do this to make a clean sweep of all stocks.

BABBITT & CO.

ALBANY'S GREATEST
CLOTHIERS
67 North Pearl St.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

WILLIAM F. GRAF

MEATS AND GROCERIES
SUPERIOR QUALITY

Western Ave. & Quail St.

Phone West 470

GEO. WILEY & BRO.

Highest Grade of
Meats and Poultry

348 State Street Albany, N. Y

Telephones { Main 543
 " 544

GERSBACH & SCHAFFER

Home Furnishing

16-17 Central Ave. Albany, N. Y.

SPALDING'S

Everything for Skaters

that necessity, fad or
fancy can suggest



Catalogue on request

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
52 State St., Albany, N. Y.

H. BEYER

EXPERT FURRIER

Large Assortment of
Furs and Skins

236 Washington Ave.

FRED C. SCHAIBLE

Paints, Oils, Glass

Wholesale and Retail

Wash. Ave. at Lark St., Albany, N. Y.

F. M. HAUSMAN & SONS

BAKERS

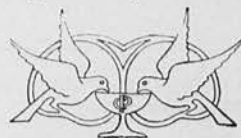
Macaroons and Ladyfingers
Bread, Pies and Cake

39 Central Ave., cor. Northern Blvd.

Phone connection

The Sign of the Golden Robin

Tea



Room

Dainty Lunches, Delicious Sodas,
Choice Candies

We are always glad to serve you
31 Steuben St., 1st door below N. Pearl

J. HAYES

TONSORIAL PARLORS

1078 Madison Ave.

Children's Haircuts a Specialty

Ladies Hair Dressing and Facial Massage

**Mrs. Hazeltine's
Flower Shop**

Open Evenings

32 CENTRAL AVE., ALBANY, N. Y.

Telephone West 1462 or 988

Please mention "The Crimson and White."



Judge the ROYAL as You Do
an Employee—
“Compare the Work”

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Inc., Albany, N. Y.
W. A. MULLIGAN, Manager Telephone Main 4020

Steefel Bros.

ALBANY

SPRING!

IT'S IN THE AIR AND IN OUR STORE

SPRING SUITS

SPRING TOPCOATS

SPRING HATS

SPRING GLOVES

SPRING FURNISHINGS

SPRING SHOES

EVERYTHING MEN AND BOYS' WEAR

Rensselaer Established 1824
Polytechnic
Institute
Engineering and Science

Troy, N. Y.

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Graduate and Special Courses.
Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.
For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

MRS. STEPHEN SMITH

69 Dana Ave

BOARD and ROOM

West 1415-W

Call and inspect the Spring
Styles of

Florsheim Shoes

DAWSONS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

259 Central Avenue

Marston and Seaman
JEWELERS

Importers of Diamonds, Watches, Etc.

20 South Pearl Street
ALBANY, N. Y.

European House, 19 Nieuwe Amstel Stratt, Amsterdam, Holland

E. P. MILLER

FOUNTAIN PEN SPECIALIST

South Pearl Street
at Hudson Ave.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

