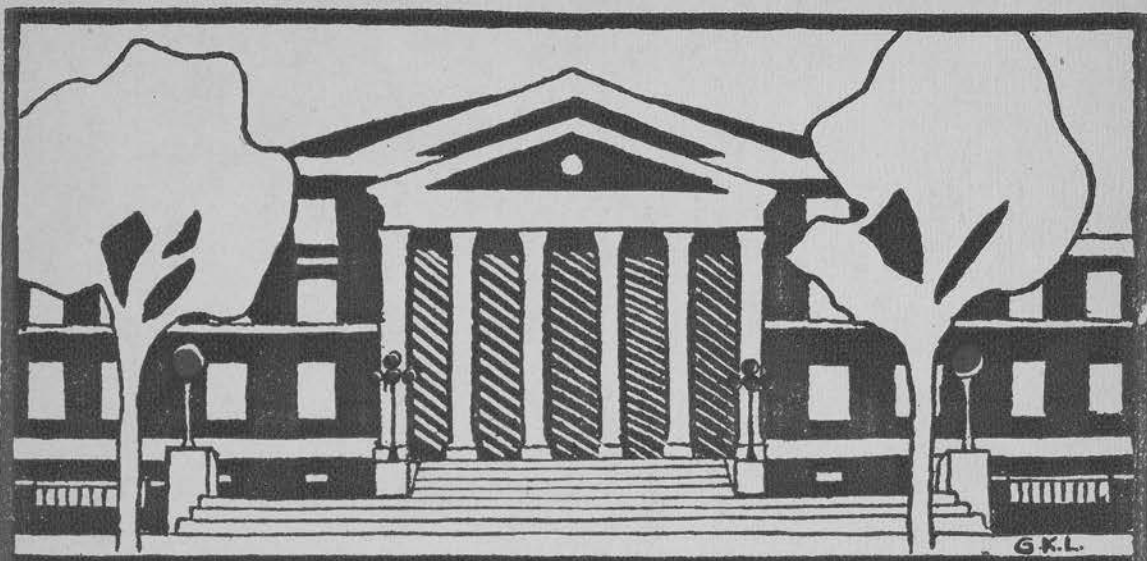


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The
Crimson and White

Sophomore Number

FEBRUARY 1919

Dedicated to

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

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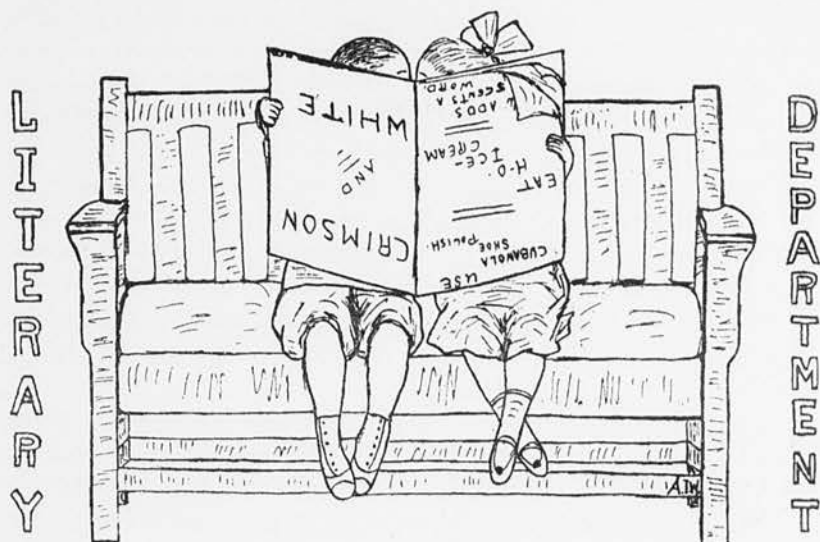
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The Crimson and White

Vol. XV

FEBRUARY, 1919

No. 3



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"A sturdy oak has fallen." On the sixth of January, 1919, America lost one of her greatest men, Theodore Roosevelt. All the world is mourning his death and is joining with America in her endeavor to pay fitting tribute to one of the finest men the earth has ever produced.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City on October 27, 1858. His father was a descendant of a prominent Dutch family, and his mother belonged to that well known southern family, the Bullocks of Georgia.

Roosevelt, as a boy, was not physically of the vigorous type which he later became. One time, when on a vacation, he was taunted by two boys, but, because of his frailness, was unable to defend himself. Then it was that he resolved to become strong and manly like other boys. To this end, he took up boxing and wrestling. Although his progress was naturally slow at first, he later became proficient in both pursuits. One of his greatest treasures was a pewter cup which he had won as a boy in a boxing contest. He

grew up to be a strong and vigorous young man. At first he began the study of law, but he later gave this up to enter politics. From that time on, he came more and more into the public view.

Roosevelt was fearless, straight-forward, and extremely frank in all his political affairs, and, unlike many politicians, he was not working solely for his personal benefit and that of his party. He worked his way up to the governorship of New York State by mere strength of personality. Later, he was nominated for the vice-presidency by the Republican party and was elected. Upon the assassination of President McKinley in 1901, Roosevelt became president; and under his able leadership the country grew very prosperous. In 1904, he was elected as the twenty-sixth president of our country.

He typified America in his unflinching energy. In many ways he is to be compared with Washington and Lincoln, for what he believed; and he had the force and determination to carry out his projects. Like Lincoln, he was a great orator, and what he said every one knew to be true. His whole life showed that his greatest interest was the welfare of his country.

He was not only a statesman but a brave soldier and hunter as well. We read of his courageous conduct at the Battle of San Juan Hill in the Spanish American War. The respect and affection in which his famous Rough Riders held him is good evidence of his military ability. As a hunter, his bravery and coolness were shown in several narrow escapes from death which he had while on his African trip in the interest of the Smithsonian Institute.

On the morning of January 7, 1919, he was found dead in his bed. His death was unexpected and a cruel shock to those who had known and loved him. Messages of condolence were received from all parts of the world, that of our own president coming from Europe.

The funeral was conducted with the utmost simplicity, as was his wish.

It is believed that his death was hastened by the death of his son Quentin in France. When he was asked if he wished the body brought home, he said, "Where he fell, let him lie." He considered that his son's comrades had paid a finer tribute to the boy's memory than he could.

Tho' Theodore Roosevelt did not give his life on the battle field, nevertheless, he gave his whole life to his country's service. In the words of Ex-President Taft, "It is too bad, when the country needs all its great men, that it should lose him."

DONALD ALLEN '21.

BOB'S CONVERSION

"What? Quarreling as usual?" queried Alys Wyndham as she entered my office, where my friend Bob Phillips and I were having another of our political differences.

"Well, Alys, we weren't exactly quarreling, but Bob here insists on thinking that Belgium should not oppose Germany's passing through her territory, and I've been trying to convince him that he's wrong", I replied.

"Well, I think the Allies are going to have a pretty hard time to lick Germany, with her wonderful military forces, guns and supplies.

"For shame, Bob! You, a native-born Englishman to talk like that! Surely, you have no right to boast of your enemy's resources, said Alys", indignantly.

"But, Alys, you must remember that Bob has spent nearly all his life in Germany, and has even gone through the public and higher schools there. He would have been graduated from the University of Berlin too, if the war hadn't commenced."

"Yes, my friends, all the time I've been in Germany I've had German patriotism dinned into my ears, and I could not help imbibing some of it from my German professors. Why, I firmly believe, from the way in which some of the officers have been talking, that Germany began to prepare for this war forty years ago. And, if a country has forty years of preparedness behind her, how can countries who have not been prepared at all even think of trying to win? It's perfectly absurd".

"Well, my dear Bob, you'll change your tune when England has been in it a few months, I said".

I knew that Alys' words and my own would fail to convince Bob of his folly in believing that Germany would triumph in the end. This belief, cultivated and nurtured during his years in that country, was too deep to be uprooted all at once.

Bob had been left an orphan when but a boy of eight years. His guardian, an old college chum of his father's was put in charge of Bob and his large fortune. Count Frederick, who had some relatives in Germany and none at all in England, took the little orphan to Berlin, where he studied until he was twenty years of age. This accounts for his bigoted ideas regarding Germany. His travels in foreign countries did not tend to change his opinion any; and when he returned to England, he naturally made few friends and many enemies. Whenever we were in public, I tried to keep the subject of war as far away from him as I possibly could.

A few weeks after our argument about my editorials, Alys came into the office in a great hurry. "Donald", she said, "I knew you were interested in the hospital for orphaned Belgian children, so I thought I would stop in to see if you had time to pay a visit with me. I'm due there in forty minutes, and I promised to bring the children some candy. So if you want to come, you've got to hurry".

"Oh, my goodness! You scared me so! Why didn't you tell me he was here, Donald?"

Alys had suddenly discovered that the tall figure in the window seat was Bob. As he came forward, she extended her invitation to him also, although we both doubted whether he would accept or not.

He surprised us both by saying eagerly, "Of course I'll come! You don't know how I love kiddies. And say, couldn't we stop somewhere and order some toys? They could send them out to the hospital couldn't they? And we'll stop and get some candy to take with us. Come on, you two, if we've only got forty minutes".

There followed a busy time for us. However, Bob had his racing-car outside and we hurriedly made our purchases and raced out to the hospital, situated about five miles from London.

Alys was evidently a frequent visitor there, for an obliging nurse at once came forward saying, "This way, Miss Wyndham". We were shown into a small dormitory, containing about fifteen children, between eight and eleven years of age.

As Alys was distributing the goodies from the basket which Bob carried, I asked her why the children were so quiet. They were so different from the merry English girls and boys.

"That's because of the horrible things they have seen," she answered. "I've heard that some of them creep into dark corners and sit and swear at the Germans until they're black in the face. It seems to relieve their feelings, poor things. Come, I'll get little Jean to tell us his story".

She led us to a bed in the corner where a little dark-haired cripple lay. He was a boy of about ten years. I say "boy", but he had the face of a little old man, with big dark eyes that reminded one of a frightened animal at bay. Then Jean obligingly told his story.

"I lived with my grand-parents and my sister Dolce in a little village near the border", he began in a toneless sort of voice. "One morning a man came into the village. He say the Germans come and for us to quit the village. The others, they quickly pack their few things and fly".

"Before we can get away, the Germans come and we must stay to serve them. A German captain came into our house. He see Dolce and wants to be served only by her. My grand-pere protes', and that captain take his pistol and shoot him dead".

"Then he take Dolce and chain her in his room. Grand-mere say I must not go near him, and I sit on the steps and think, think. When the captain come out, he see my kitten play by the road. He kick her in a manner brutal, and, when I protes', he call one of his men and take the bayonet and crucifix my petite kitten to the barn. My kitten cry and cry, and when I go to take her down, he hit me with ze flat of his sword. I know no more".

"Grand-mere is so sad, and she keep me where ze captain can not find me—in the cupboard in the cellar. Next day, we here the English are coming. God bless the English! The captain is in a fury terrible and he give orders to retreat."

As he related his gruesome story, the lad's eyes grew big with anger and horror; and he clinched his hands convulsively, while Alys sought to comfort him as best she could.

"His soldats have killed my grand-mere as she stood in ze door. So I wait for them to find and kill me. But ze glorious English come; and when I show them what those Boches have done, they swear revenge".

"There was an American commandant. He speak to me and comfort me. He say, "Just wait 'til I get that butcherer! I'll fix him, laddie, don't you worry, I'll bring his helmet and sword back to you".

"The Croix Rouge take care of me and send me to England. Two weeks later, I received a package and a letter. It is from my frien', the Americain. He got the Boche captain and send to me his helmet and sword as he promise. But my cher frien' give up his life to get them. You wish to see them?"

He pulled the glittering objects from a box beneath the bed; and soon after we said good-by, leaving him to gloat over his treasures.

The story affected us all greatly, but I think Bob felt it the most. He let the car rip at sixty an hour to relieve his feelings. But I had to get back to the office, so he turned about and we went back to town.

The first thing I did was to make out a check for two thousand pounds, and I made Alys very happy when I gave it to her.

"I can't thank you enough, dear Donald", she said. "You don't know how much good you are doing those poor orphans by giving so generously to them.

"But, my dear Alys, that is the least I can do. I'm too old to fight at the front, but thank God! I can fight the Huns with my pen and my pocket-book. Now, I'll have to say good-by, for I've a lot of work to do. I'll see you both tomorrow. Shall we say dinner at Claridge's? Very well, at half after seven then. Au revoir!"

When I called for Alys the next evening, she said that Bob had telephoned, saying he would meet us at the hotel. You can imagine our astonishment when we saw him coming toward us, resplendent in a lieutenants' uniform.

"Oh, Bob! When did you join? You dear boy, you look perfectly stunning!" exclaimed Alys. Although her words sounded frivolous, I knew and Bob knew that she fully appreciated his sacrifice.

After we were seated, Bob said, "my regiment leaves within three days, so I've a very important question to ask you Alys." and then and there he asked her to marry him. We were a very joyful dinner-party after she had given her consent.

Two days later I gave away the bride, and after the ceremony was over, we all motored down to Bob's country place to spend the last few hours together, before he left for the front.

HELEN WURTHMAN, '21



THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Every one has heard of the Boy Scouts of America and knows that such an organization exists. But how many, although they have seen scouts selling Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, know what a Boy Scout is and how he became a scout. How many know the principles he stands for, the origin of the movement and its growth in this country? In this article I have endeavored to show how a boy may become a scout, what the organization stands for, and to give a short history of that famous institution.

The Boy Scout movement was originated in England by Sir Robert Baden-Powell about twelve years ago. About two years later a similar movement was adopted here.

The aim of the scout movement is to make every boy a good citizen, and to teach him to do things. It is a combination of observation, deduction and handiness. Scoutcraft includes instruction in First Aid, Life Saving, Tracking, Signaling, Nature study, Sea-

manship, Camcraft, Woodcraft, Chivalry, Patriotism, and many more which will be mentioned further along.

Any boy between twelve and eighteen may become a scout. He may join a troop that has already been started, or a new troop may be started with eight or more boys and a man who is willing to give up some of his time by becoming a scout master. These should apply to the local council and receive their instructions.

Scouts are organized into councils, troops and patrols. The National council at New York has jurisdiction over the scouts of the entire country. Next under this jurisdiction comes the Local Council headed by the Local Commissioner and in command of the troops of the locality.

A troop consists of at least one patrol and not more than four (except with a special permit), commanded by the Scout Master and his assistant.

A patrol is made up of eight fellows, commanded by the patrol leader and assistant patrol leader. The senior patrol leader is in command of all the patrol leaders and assistants. In each troop a scribe, a bugler, and some times a quartermaster are elected by the members or appointed by the Scout Master.

Upon becoming a scout a boy pays twenty-five cents for initiation fees, and is then enrolled upon passing his tenderfoot test. The registration fee is paid from the troop treasury every year thereafter. Each scout is presented with a card showing he is a member of the Boy Scouts of America and in good standing. These certificates are signed by the Commissioner and Scoutmaster and are honored in all parts of the world.

Scouts are divided into three classes: tenderfoot, second-class, and first-class. Upon passing the test for each rank, a boy is entitled to wear the badge for that rank. The badge of the first-class scout consists of the sign of north on the mariners' compass (the sign of world brotherhood). Across this is placed a shield, superimposed by the American eagle. Under this is a scroll, turned up at the ends to represent a scout's mouth—with the motto, "Be Prepared", upon it. A knot hangs at the bottom to remind a scout to do a good turn daily. The badge of the second-class scout is only the scroll. The badge of the tenderfoot only the trefoil badge.

Upon becoming a scout a boy is given this oath:

On my honor I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.

3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

When taking this oath the scout will stand, holding up his right hand, palm to the front, thumb resting on nail of little finger, and the other three held upright and together. This is the scout sign.

The scout salute is formed by raising the hand held in the above manner to the middle of the forehead.

THE SCOUT LAWS.

- A scout is trustworthy.
- A scout is loyal.
- A scout is helpful.
- A scout is friendly.
- A scout is courteous.
- A scout is kind.
- A scout is obedient.
- A scout is cheerful.
- A scout is thrifty.
- A scout is brave.
- A scout is clean.
- A scout is reverent.

To become a scout, a boy must pass a test containing the history of the flag, the making of certain knots, and a few other simple requirements. This test is called the tenderfoot test. After becoming a tenderfoot, a boy may pass second-class and first-class tests. Upon entering as a first-class scout and after qualifying for a certain number of merit badges he becomes an Eagle Scout. This is the highest stage of the scout organization, and when this point is reached, instruction has been received in twenty-four different subjects. Most of these studies teach a boy to take care of himself anywhere and at any time, by following the motto "Be Prepared".

CHARLES SAYLES '21

—★—

No man is happy if he does not work—*Roosevelt*.

—★—

Our armies do more than bring peace, do more than bring order. They bring freedom.—*Roosevelt*.

—★—

A good motto for all of us is never to hit unless it is necessary; but when you do hit, hit hard.—*Roosevelt*.

"STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT"

Mamie sat dangling her feet over the edge of the woodpile, a frown puckering her forehead and her lips stuck way out.

She was "mad" at Georgie Howe. Had she not seen him, in her very sight, give Nellie Carpenter a wonderful, big picture card with red, yellow and pink roses in a basket and two black kittens playing with them? She thought of her own precious picture-card album lying in the right hand drawer of her desk—almost filled with cards and "pasters", most of which had been given to her by this same Georgie. There were pictures of girls who didn't look any older than Mamie herself, with plumes in their hats and silk dresses on (Oh, how she envied them!),—bouquets of violets and pansies,—dogs carrying baskets filled with flowers,—and yes, there was one of a boy that looked as Georgie would, if he were a real prince. Her thoughts then passed to Nellie—Nellie with the freckles and tightly braided red hair; Nellie who was all of twelve, two years older than either Georgie or herself, but nevertheless Nellie the "accomplished". For she could do almost anything! She could catch a swift ball without getting a black eye or a "bent" finger; she could "hook on" a sleigh without getting her toe under the runner; she could play "duck on the rock" and remain whole and sound, (Mamie shuddered at the remembrance of her first and last experience with that exciting game, and the consequent visit to the doctor to have a ring filed off her smashed finger), and, say, couldn't Nellie ride horseback, though!

Mamie shivered, and suddenly realized that the sun had long gone down and that the air had grown quite chilly. She slid to her feet, and saw that over the top of the apple tree there was one, lone, twinkling star. From force of habit, she repeated softly to herself,

"Star light,
Star bright,
First star I see to-night,
I wish I may,
I wish I might
Get the wish I wish to-night."

"I wish", she said aloud, a savage wave of indignation sweeping over her, "I wish something dreadful would happen to Georgie." She was frightened after she had said it,—but then, she knew that "a wish spoken can never be broken".

At supper that night, Mamie wondered, every time her mother or father looked at her, if they knew how wicked she was, and, when

later she knelt down in the cold to say her prayers, she had to stop abruptly in the middle. She could not say, "If I should die before I wake"—it seemed so very probable that she would.

The next day was Sunday, and Mamie went to Sunday School, but she paid very little attention. She was thinking about Georgie and her wish. Monday and Tuesday came, and Georgie was not in school! Mamie could not study. She wanted to ask someone about Georgie, but she was afraid to.

Tuesday afternoon, the "Ladies' Aid Society" met at her house. Georgie's mother was not there because she was a Baptist, and a "King's Daughter" does not go to a meeting of the "Ladies' Aid Society." Mamie was reading in the kitchen (you had to when the "Ladies' Aid" met) and she heard distinctly. "Poor Mrs. Howe! Georgie has inflammation of the lungs." Mamie's heart almost stopped beating, but she crept nearer the door to hear better.

"Old Dr. Kilpatrick", Mrs. Wonderlick was saying, "cured Sophie Holly with black cat skins, when every other doctor from miles around had given her up. He's doctorin' Georgie, and he says he's got to try it on him as a last resort,—but it takes so many. You see, they put 'em on while they're still warm, and the electricity or magnetism, or somethin—it sounds more like witchcraft to me—draws the inflammation out. He's used three or four, but he needs a lot more".

Mamie did not wait any longer. Claspings in her arms her own dear "Jet", who was asleep on his cushion, she hurried out of the house and down the road to Georgie's back-door. Yes, it was true! Georgie's mother, with red, swollen eyes and drawn face, came to the door, in answer to Mamie's timorous knock, and there was old Doctor Kilpatrick's buggy and feeble white nag in front of the house. Georgie's mother took the cat and, with only a word of thanks, disappeared within.

Before night, Widow Simpkins' "Chloe", who had been her companion for eight years, mysteriously disappeared, and, tho' she offered a penny to any child who would return the cat safe and sound, she didn't have to part with her precious money. And the big old cat, that was usually to be seen on the counter in the general store, did not come when called. Even half-witted Amos' trick cat, which could toss a piece of meat from its nose into its mouth five times without missing, could not be found.

The days that followed were full of anxiety for Mamie. On one of these days, the big bell in the Baptist Church tower, across the street, began to toll for some departed soul, as was the custom.

“One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten”,—a pause. It must be Georgie! But a moment later, the bell resumed its mournful tones and did not stop again until seventy strokes had been told off. “That’s for old Granddad Stinchcomb!” She almost laughed.

On other days she thought of the many good times she and Georgie had had together—the “angels” they had made in the snow, though Georgie’s “angels” somehow weren’t so realistic; she thought of the times when they had buried each other in autumn leaves—they were lying in heaps now, dry and fragrant and inviting; and she thought of the little red wintergreen candies that Georgie always carried in his pocket, and that seemed as much a part of Georgie as his coat.

But finally a day came when Georgie returned to school. Mamie was so glad and thankful that she snubbed him frightfully; and she would not even look in his direction, though he used all sorts of devices to attract her attention.

Just before recess, on a pretext of borrowing a knife from another boy, Georgie walked down the aisle, past Mamie’s desk. As he did so, he slipped an envelope under her hand—an envelope carefully cut and pasted together from a large sheet of paper. Mamie looked up to see if the teacher had noticed and then, in the shelter of her desk, drew out the contents. It was a beautiful big picture-card, with red, yellow and pink roses in a basket, and two black kittens playing with them. “Oh!” she murmured in ecstasy, already seeing it occupying one of the three blank spaces in her album at home.

She was about to return it to the envelope again when she discovered a piece of paper inside. She drew it out and spread it stealthily in her open reader. The note, soiled by many erasures, read:

“Dere Mamie: I gave this picture-card that I got in M—, at DeWitt’s Drug Store, to Nellie, to see if you liked me well enough to get mad, and I guess you did. I was hiding behind the woodpile the night you wished on the star that something would happen to me and it did. I was awfully cold when I got home, from scooching down there so long, and I ain’t sure whether it was that or your wish that made me sick.”—G. H.

HELEN KIRTLAND, 21.

—★—

Any man who says he loves the country from which he came as well as this country is no better than the man who loves another woman as well as he loves his wife.—*Roosevelt.*

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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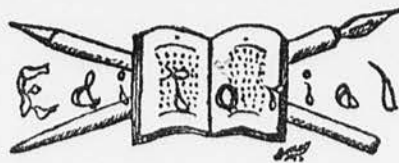
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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the time this issue reaches its readers, a month will have elapsed since the death of Theodore Roosevelt.

Mayor Watt has requested that on February ninth, the schools, churches, and various organizations of Albany hold appropriate exercises in memory of this distinguished man. The Milne High School gladly complies with this request. This issue of the "Crimson and White" we dedicate to Theodore Roosevelt and resolve, as students, to keep in mind what he achieved and the ideals for which he stood.

Many men have written of Roosevelt as a statesman, an orator, an author, and an explorer; but few have told of his home life and his passionate love for children. One of Roosevelt's greatest delights was to spend an evening at home with his family. Strangers while visiting would often comment on the marked affection existing between the members of the family. Visitors would often find the President on his hands and knees, playing his favorite game of "bears" with the "kiddies." He thought it great sport to be shot and dragged over the floor by the little hunters.

Yet, he did not spoil the children. He has been known to excuse himself from guests to go down to the nursery and spank one of his sons for being over-boisterous.

It was not only to his own children that he was so attached. He made friends with every girl and boy he met. There are several young men and women here in Albany who still have some of the toys he so freely distributed during his stay at the mansion. Many were the doll's tea parties he visited and the boys fights he refereed in the neighborhood of Eagle and Elm Streets. The Governor was always appointed judge of the children's scraps in that vicinity.

An incident from his autobiography is illustrative of the pleasure he found in the society of children.

"When I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Leonard Wood and I used often to combine forces and take both families of children out to walk, and occasionally some of their playmates. Leonard Wood's son, I found, attributed the paternity of all those not of his own family to me. Once we were taking the children across Rock Creek on a fallen tree. I was standing on the middle of the log trying to prevent any of the children from falling off, and while making a clutch at one peculiarly active and heedless child, I fell off myself. As I emerged from the water, I heard the little Wood boy calling frantically to the General: "Oh! Oh! The father of all the children fell into the creek!"—which made me feel like an uncommonly moist patriarch."

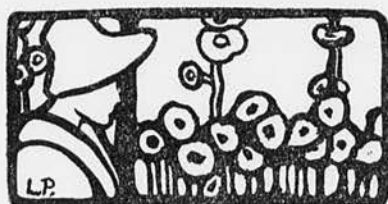


The contest for the "Crimson and White" pennant is progressing rapidly, and the time for its award will soon be here. The Juniors and Sophomores have already done their part, and have done it creditably. Freshmen, your opportunity comes next. Show the upper classmen what an "umble freshie" can do. Begin now and plan for your next issue.

The Athletic Association is making a campaign for the sale of basket ball tickets. Students don't make it necessary to repeat the time-worn doctrine of "school spirit". Respond at once. The team needs and deserves your support. The tickets are only fifty cents. Buy one and become a member of the Athletic Association and gain admittance to the ten games in the State College Gymnasium.



ALUMNI NOTES.



John Hall Blackburn, ex-'21, is attending the Boy's Academy.

Alice Huntington, ex-'20, who is attending school at Searsdale, spent Christmas with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Max J. Schnurr are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Max Joseph, Jr., on December 4th, 1918. Mrs. Schnurr was formerly Helen Cook, '15.

Leta Brunk, ex-'21, Marion Roth, ex-'21, and Ethel Binder, ex-'21, are attending the Albany Business College.

Mary Halliday, '17, who is attending Vassar College, spent the holidays at her home in North Chatham.

Margaret Romer, '18, who is attending Smith College, spent the Christmas vacation at her home in the city.

Miss May LeCompte, '13, who is teaching on Long Island, was unable to spend Christmas with her parents, as she was ill with influenza.

Helen Obenaus, '19, who is attending Roger's Hall, spent the Holidays with her parents.

Marion McDowell, '14, who is teaching in New York, returned home for the Christmas vacation.

Edgar Hohl, who was stationed at Pelham Bay, was home on a furlough Christmas.

Pauline Dinkle, '15, who was formerly employed at Washington, D. C., has now returned to her home at Albany.



EDITORIAL

There has been considerable trouble among the students in finding books for supplementary reading. The best libraries for us to go to are places where we can get individual help. Two such places where we can receive personal attention are the Pine Hills Library where Miss Cudebec will gladly help us, and the State College Library where Miss Cobb is in charge.

Again, we are often puzzled in finding an interesting book to read. Several books are recommended for the use of Junior High School students especially, and among them are the following:

"Life of Roosevelt" by Herman Hagadorn, "American Hero Tales" by Lodge and Roosevelt, "War Readings" prepared by the National Board of Historical Service.

LEONA KESSLER, 7th Grade.



THE TRAMP DOG.

Billy McPhale, a freckled Irish boy of ten, lived in the village of Howell. This little town was just big enough for the honor of being visited once a year by a real circus.

It was the middle of November. A heavy snow had fallen, and Billy was busy making a snow-fort when his mother called him for an errand to the grocer's. Billy took his sled with him, for there was a long hill, down which he could coast on the way back.

As he left for home, after purchasing his groceries, he became aware that he was being followed. Billy looked around and saw a

little bedraggled Irish terrier with big, brown eyes. "Tramp dog," Billy said to himself. "I wonder if mother would care."

He decided to risk taking the dog home, for he had wanted one so long; and surely enough, his mother not only let him keep the dog but helped him give the terrier a bath. Billy fixed a bed of burlap and old coats for him in the woodshed. They soon became such friends that the dog came racing whenever his master whistled.

Billy soon began to teach Tipperary, or Tip, many tricks; and when spring came, he was the monarch dog of the village. Billy would split his kindling wood at night, and Tip would carry the pieces one by one into the house and place them beside the kitchen stove. While the family was at dinner, Tip would go from one chair to another, sit upon his hind legs and beg for food. On the cold winter days, he would come in from out of doors, wet and shivering, and put his crossed front feet on the hearth of the kitchen stove to warm them.

But there came a morning when Billy whistled, and the dog did not come. He whistled himself silent, but still Tip didn't come. Billy now became worried, for he had lost one of his best friends. In the morning he inquired of the neighbors, and village boys, but no one could tell him anything definite.

As a result, Billy was very lonely during the days that followed and was glad of every diversion to take his thoughts from his lost pet.

When the circus came to town in the early summer, he and his chums went to see it. They bought pink lemonade and popcorn balls, and, of course, a squawker apiece, for no boy is ever without a squawker at a circus. They decided to see the animals when there was more time, so they made their way into the circus proper. It was a two ring circus, and the boys were kept busy trying to watch them both. The bareback Princess, the revolving frog, the trapeze performers, the clowns, and the performing elephants, all passed in a bewildering procession. It seemed scarcely fifteen minutes before the show was over.

As they went out, Billy said to his chum, "Gee! don't you think it would be fun to see the side show?"

"Sure!" and in they went.

As they entered, a toop of trick dogs were performing.

"Golly! That little Irish terrier looks just like my Tip", said Billy.

At the sound of Billy's voice, the dog gave a joyful yelp, jumped from the platform, and ran to his side. The trainer lashed him and

ordered him back. Meanwhile Billy silently stepped out of the tent and ran to the place where the old constable, Tinkham, stood leaning against a pole. He told the constable the story of the dog from the day he found him to his recognition in the tent. Together they went over to the side show as fast as the old man's rheumatic legs would carry him.

"Mister, whar'd ye git that dog?" he asked the trainer.

"Why, I bought him of course," was the answer.

"Just as ye say, but this here bye says he belongs to him."

"It's a lie!" said the circus man, beginning to get angry at the delay in the performance, "and what business is it of yours anyway?"

"Now lookit here, I'm an officer of the law,"—and here the constable drew back his coat, displaying a shining star on his vest,—“and we'll have a test that'll prove whether the dog's been bought by you or whether he belongs to this bye.”

Taking the dog by the leash and leading him out of doors, the constable beckoned the trainer and Billy to follow him. Placing the two would-be owners of the dog several feet apart, the old man stood half way between them with one hand on the dog's head.

"Now," he said, "both o' ye call him an' see what happens."

"Here Tip! Here Tip!" said Billy.

"Come 'ere," growled the trainer.

The little dog hesitated and whined, looking from one to the other, and then, apparently fully decided, ran to Billy's side, wagging his tail furiously and nearly upsetting him in his joy.

"Well that settles it," said the constable. "He's yours, kid."

Tip did not sleep in the woodshed that night, and there were two heads instead of one on Billy's pillow.

ELLSWORTH KIRTLAND, 7th Grade.



HANS' VALENTINE

Hans was a light-hearted, unselfish lad who lived a happy care-free life in a rural district near Amsterdam. When his father died, he was ten years old; but he did what he could to help his mother and brother support the family of five children.

Hans did not like school, and it was only by the stern command of his mother, that he walked the long, tiresome journey each day.

When spring came, he was happy. He loved the birds and flowers; and Nature called so loudly to him, that one morning he

lingered longer than usual. He did not notice that he was late until he had arrived at school. As a punishment, the teacher bade him sit on the high stool in the front of the room. Hans was deeply embarrassed by this treatment in the presence of his class mates, and it was some time before he became aware of a new pupil in the class. She was looking at him with so much sympathy in her face that Hans knew if she were allowed to speak, she would say, "I am so sorry for you." They did not know each other, but they were sure they would be friends.

When the children went out to play, the girls made fun of the newcomer's clothes, because they were different from those worn in Holland. This made the poor little stranger cry. Hans went to her and told her not to mind what the others said, for they were only jealous of her pretty dress and her leather shoes.

This was the beginning of their acquaintance. She told Hans that her name was Kathaline, and that she had been born in America. When her mother and father died, she was brought across the ocean to live with her uncle in Holland. Hans in turn told his life history; and when the bell rang, Kathaline knew that she had one friend to whom she could always look for sympathy.

When winter came, Hans and his newly-made friend could very often be seen skating together on the frozen canals. He was known in his neighborhood as the best skater of his age, and he felt very proud to show her all his fancy cuts on the ice.

One day Hans's mother asked him to go to the city to get a few provisions. As Hans was skating down the canal, he passed many stores, decorated for St. Valentine's day. In the windows there were such pretty valentines that Hans longed to buy one for Kathaline. It did not take him long to reach the city, and as he went up one of the side streets to the market, he saw a sign upon which was printed the following statement.

ICE CARNIVAL
SATURDAY FEBRUARY 10
PRIZES AWARDED

Hans went to the market and then hurried home in great excitement to tell his mother that he intended to take part in the race. His mother replied that it would be impossible for him to win, for he had only wooden skates, while many of the others had new steel ones. Hans would not give up but determined to try his best.

When Hans arrived with his wooden skates, the boys laughed at him and asked him how he expected to win the race with such

skates. He was the last to start, but as the race progressed, he gained gradually first on one boy and then on another until he caught up to the one in the lead. They were near the goal before the boy saw Hans. He was afraid that Hans would pass him, and tried to trip him; but Hans was alert and gave a quick leap, which carried him well out of the reach of his opponent. When the goal was reached, Hans was almost a foot ahead of the expected winner.

The other boys were now ashamed that they had been so disagreeable to Hans, but it did not bother him in the least, for he had won the prize.

It was the day before St. Valentines day when Hans again made a trip to the city. This time however it was not to buy provisions, but to choose the prettiest valentine he could find. After much searching, he found one to suit his taste and hurried home as happy as a lark. The next morning on his way to school, he left the valentine on the doorstep of Kathaline's home and hurried on.

When Kathaline came out of the house to go to school, she noticed the envelope on the steps. She picked it up with trembling fingers, and with a cry of delight, hurried in to show it to her aunt. It was the kind she had always liked, for it was made of paper lace. Besides she was sure that the verse on it was the prettiest that she had ever read.

Hans was already anxiously watching for her at school, and just before the bell rang, she came hurrying in. He knew by the expression on her face that she had found the valentine and that she was very pleased with it.

From this time on, Hans and Kathaline became the best of friends, and I assure you that Kathaline was never again laughed at by her rude class mates, at least when her protector Hans was around.

AGNES GLENN, Eighth Grade.



Excuses are the patches with which we seek to repair the garments of failure.



During July, August, September, October, and November last year, the American people saved 775,000 tons of sugar over their normal consumption.



Some people are out hunting four-leaf clovers when success knocks at their door.

SCHOOL NOTES.



School closed December twentieth for a Christmas vacation of two weeks. We all felt the vacation to be extremely long and were, of course, delighted to return? ? ?

We are all very sorry to hear of the illness of Catherine Phibbs, '20, and we all hope to see her back in school very soon.

The class of 1921 has started early and has already organized. The first meeting was held just before Christmas vacation, and the following officers were elected:

President	Donald Booth
Vice-President	Helen Kirtland
Secretary	Helen Wurthman
Treasurer	Virginia Hill

They have also chosen their rings and class colors which are blue and buff. We congratulate you, Sophomores, and wish you much success in your undertaking.

The Juniors have received their rings and pins, and we must confess that they are very pretty. They have chosen for their colors, blue and black.

The debate which was to have been held between the two fourth year English classes was postponed on account of the illness of one of the speakers. Their proposition is: *Resolved*, that a blanket tax should be established in the Milne High School.

The following students are in the debate:

Affirmative	Negative
Russel Bouton	Adrian Johnson
Anna Marin	Charlotte Stubblebeen
Janet Goldring	Clark Henry

A new bulletin board for the use of the English classes has been set up on the wall left of the main stairs. Each class has charge of the board for a week and place on it any material that would be interesting for the students. So far the Senior and Junior classes have had charge of it and have decorated it with some very interesting material.

Our much longed-for guest, Examination came to visit us on January twentieth for a two weeks' stay. Like all good things, his visit went rapidly; and on January thirty-first he departed, leaving some of us happy and others in tears.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meetings of Quin have continued to hold the interest of most of us, though there is still something to be desired in the matter of attendance.

Quin gave her annual Freshman rush on December twentieth in the large study hall. About fifty girls were present, and a good time was enjoyed by all despite the fact that we were unable to secure the gymnasium.

The initiation of the Sophomores and Juniors was postponed on account of the oncoming examinations. We wish to welcome the new members into our society and hope that they will learn to love Quin's aims and ideals.

The following girls are to be initiated;

Alice Daly	Margaret Dinkel
Eleanor Arris	Fannie Medwin
Emily Barrows	Anna Pyle



ZETA SIGMA.

Sigma has had several exciting meetings this year, all of which have been thoroughly enjoyed by all. We are firm believers of the adage, "excitement is the spice of life."

From the Sophomores, Juniors, and Senior classes, the following girls have been elected into the society: Maisie Buckmaster, Gertrude Best, Helen Metz, Catharine Platzer, and Charlotte Stuplebeen.

Initiations have been postponed until the early part of February.



I believe in organized labor—*Roosevelt.*



ADELPHOI.

Adelphoi is planning for their annual sleighride, to take place in the near future. A committee has been appointed to take charge of the affairs and to arrange for a rousing good time.

We have elected several new members into the society, and have had a very enjoyable initiation. We sincerely wish that Theta Nu would show some life and reorganize so that there could be some competition among the fellows.

The following boys have been elected into the society:

Arthur Blair, Harry Ellis, John Wood, John Fisher, Wm. Comstock, Leo Barrett, and Russel Bouton.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

It is a great pleasure to note that Milne High School is again coming into place in athletics. The basket ball team under Henry Metzger's direction is practicing nearly every day in the gymnasium of the Central Y. M. C. A. A schedule is being arranged which will include many of the best teams in the district.

The team deserves your support, and by support, we mean aid both in spirit and in money. The boys must have uniforms, equipment, and expenses to travel to other schools. They are giving a great share of their time in boosting our school athletics, and we must stand back of them with our financial aid. The Athletic Association is selling season tickets. They cost only fifty cents and entitle the holder to membership to the association and admission to the ten games in the State College "gym".

It's up to our students to show whether we want Milne High School on the map in athletics or not. Be a booster and buy a ticket. Go to the games and cheer the boys until you're hoarse. Attend the practice games and show the team you're back of them. Strive heart and soul for **the support of your** team.

The following boys are on the basket ball team:

Alan Sexton	Henry Metzger
David Kirk	Thomas Cantwell
Joseph Grady	Adrian Johnson



CRITICISMS

The Palmerian, LaVerne College, LaVerne, Cal. Your paper needs more attention. We do not wish to seem too critical, but the good stories in the literary department are weakened by poor punctuation. We suggest that you publish all your jokes in the joke department. If you can not arrange your paper so as to utilize all the space, scatter good quotations through it instead of dissembling the jokes. You have some clever cuts at the heads of some of your departments, but why not at all of them? Your students seem to lack school spirit. Encourage them to contribute cuts, jokes, and items of interest.

—★—

The Item, Amsterdam High School, Amsterdam, N. Y. This is a fine exchange, and we are glad to welcome it to our department. The literary department is good, and the jokes are clever. The cuts and the cartoons that you have, show that there is real talent in your school. We were pleased to see the picture of *The Item's* board.

—★—

The X-Ray, Anderson High School, Anderson, Ind. We are in receipt of both the November and December issues. The literary department is good, especially in the last issue. Your editorials and other department are also good; in fact, the paper is complete. If you would put cuts at the heads of the departments in future issues as you did in November, we could make but few adverse criticisms. Your exchange department is too brief. Won't you tell us what you think of our paper?

M. H. Aerolith, Sheboygan, Wis. You have many advertisements which show that your business manager and advertising agent are hustlers. When rating exchanges, kindly publish their addresses as this would help other editors. We were surprised to see the amount of German we find in your paper. We see, however, that you have shown true American spirit by raising a service flag of forty-eight stars to men in Uncle Sam's service. Congratulations!

—★—

The Ypsi-Sem Weekly, Ypsilanti High School, Ypsilanti, Mich. We have received several issues of your lively little paper. Surely you have the right spirit; and your students must be "live wires". We like your wit. Why not try to enlarge your athletic and alumni departments?

—★—

The Magpie, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn. You have a fine literary department. The cuts, which you have, are very clever, but why is there not more of them? We suggest that you add a joke department. You have a good number of advertisements.

—★—

The State College Quarterly, State College, Albany, N. Y. This is a good paper. It is hard, especially for us, to criticise it, nevertheless, we would suggest more cuts.

—★—

The Oracle, Duval High School, Jacksonville, Fla. We do not care for a paper issued in this form, but we appreciate the fact that you have issued it this way as a war-time measure. Your articles are well written. For a paper of its sort, *The Oracle* is the newsiest we have received.

—★—

The Mesquite, Hillsboro, Texas. We surely think that you are doing well with your paper. For a first attempt, you have succeeded extremely well, and we want to assure you that you are on the right track. The student body seems to be well represented, and we like your spirit. We would suggest that you keep the advertisements separate and not scatter them throughout the paper.

The Somerset Idea, Somerset, Ky. We like your paper because it is so lively and interesting. You make no mention of exchanges or societies.



The Echo, Oneonta High School, Oneonta, N. Y. This is a new exchange and a good one. It is necessary, however, to suggest more cuts to you also. In your case it would make your departments more prominent and attractive. Your alumni editor is a hustler.



The Cue, Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y. We are glad to have you with us so soon again. Your "Big Mack" stories and also the "Tales of the Far East" are very interesting. You are one of our best exchanges.



The Opinion, Peorie, Ill. The contents of your paper are good, but we do not like the arrangement. Your advertisements are too scattered. Your literary department is small, but your jokes are good.



The Echoes, Holy Angels High School, Fort Lee, N. J. You seem to have much poetical ability among your students. The student body, however, is not well represented, and we miss your jokes.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

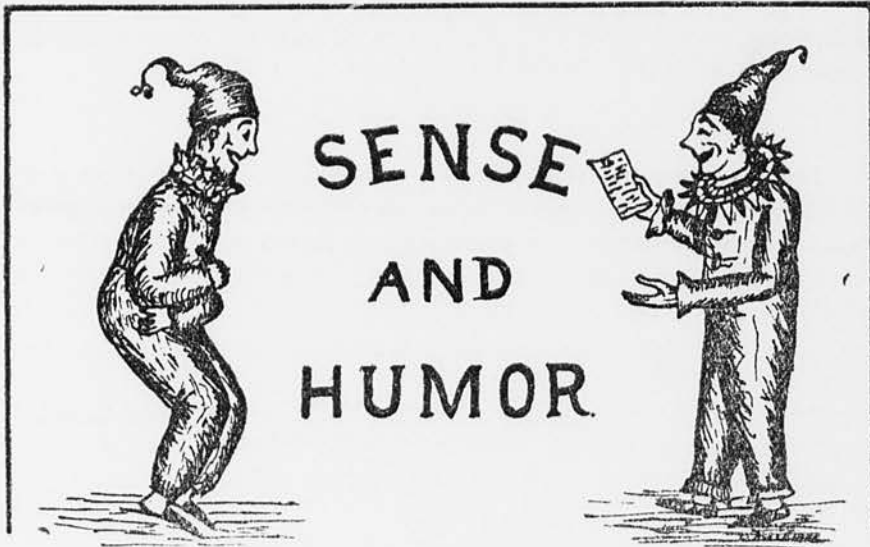
Your literary department is good, also your jokes. Your paper is well organized.

Ypsi-Sem Weekly, Ypsilanti, Mich.



Crimson and White. A good paper. Your jokes are good, but we think you could improve on them if you would not group them among your advertisements.

The Opinion, Peoria, Ill.



F. M., '21—"What time is it Mr. Rapp?
 L. R. R., '21—"Couldn't tell you.
 F. M., '21—Isn't your watch going?
 L. R. R., '21—It's gone already.



Stranger—How often do the Albany cars run?
 D. B., '21—Tri-daily.
 Stranger—How's that?
 D. B.—Oh, they run downtown and try to get back the same day.



THINGS WE OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL FOR

There are only five school days in a week.
 The bell doesn't ring before 8:15.
 The girls don't bother us all as they do some of us.
 We only get our report cards four times a year.



L. W., '21—Say Townshend, where do bugs stay in winter.
 T. M., '21—Search me.

C. K., '21 (handing editor some jokes)—“I have some peaches here.”

Editor (after reading them)—“I think we'll can them.”

—★—

“Father,” said D. B., “What is a diplomat?”

“A diplomat, my son, is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age.”

—★—

Janet Goldring, '19—“We really need some more material for the “Crimson and White” joke box.”

K. Miller (Sophie)—Sorry, but I don't think I'll oblige you by getting into the box.”

—★—

H. K., '21—“The Sayles are Presbyterians.”

D. H., '21—“Oh! I thought they were Americans.”

—★—

OUR LIBRARY

Old Curiosity Shop—Townshend Morey's desk.

Forty Minutes Late—Arthur Blair, '21.

The Saint—Donald Allen, '21.

A Friend of Ceasar—Jack Heexo, '21.

Alice for Short—Alice Daly, '21.

A Musical Instrument—The Bell.

Les Miserables—Our report cards.

The Days of a Dog—Regents Week.

Twice-Told Tales—Our excuses.

Wild Animals I Have Known—Some of Our Teachers.

—★—

Algebra Teacher—If I had ten dollars, and paid five for a hat, two for gloves, and thirty cents for other things, how much change would I have Miss Kane?

A. K., '21—Why, don't you count your change?

—★—

Hospital Physician—Which ward do you wish to be taken to?

L. A. W., '21—Tom Ward, please.

D. A., '20—Where does the quartermaster of the army have his quarters?

A. D., '20—In his pockets.



History Teacher—Why are the middle ages known as the dark ages?

R. V. L.' 21—Because there were so many knights.



Algebra Teacher (giving class physical exercises)—The next exercise will be deep knee breathing in four counts.



Teacher—Do you know the population of Albany?

L. K. '23—Not all of them, ma'am, but then, we've only lived here two years.



American History Teacher—Do you remember how many people came over in the Mayflower?

J. O. N. '19—Well, I figure there must have been at least fifteen million unless there are a lot of liars in this country.



Eighth Grade Geography Teacher—How is Central America divided.

H. W. '23—By earth quakes.



The quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class had not had a question so the teacher propounded this one.

“In what condition was Napoleon at the end of his life?”

“Dead,” replied A. J., '19.



The proprietor of a large Albany drug store recently received this curt note, written in M. C., '21's hand writing:—“I do not want vasioline, but glisserine. Is that plain enough? I persoom you can spell!”

It was C. S.'s. 21, turn to read his composition in school. He arose, walked up in front of his teacher's desk, and after making a bow, he unrolled a sheet of fool's cap and began:

"Cows"

"Cows are very useful animals. Cows give milk, but as for me 'give me liberty or give me death.'"

—★—

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply, "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that, I'se got a lawyer here. He does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gemmum what stole the chickens,"

—★—

"And now", said the teacher, "I want you to tell me who was most concerned when Absolom was hanged by his hair."

T. M., '21—"Absolom!"

—★—

"Well, well," said absent-minded H. B., 21, as he stood knee-deep in the bath tub, "what did I get in here for?"

—★—

D. H., '21—It's raining very hard.

M. L., '21—I hope it keeps up.

D. H., '21—Why?

M. L., '21—Then it won't come down.

—★—

English II Teacher—What is an export?

J. H., 21—It's a guy that was a sport but ain't any more.

—★—

When a man tumbles to a thing, he does not fall for it.

—★—

A buzz-saw can teach an inquisitive man more in a minute than the best instructors can teach him in a lifetime.

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SECOND SHIRTS
75 CENTS

ARMY SHIRTS
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 BUY YOUR CLOTHES AT
MILSTEIN'S
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WEST 3933

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