

161

The  
Crimson and White

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Alumni Issue



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November, 1919  
MILNE HIGH SCHOOL  
ALBANY, N. Y.

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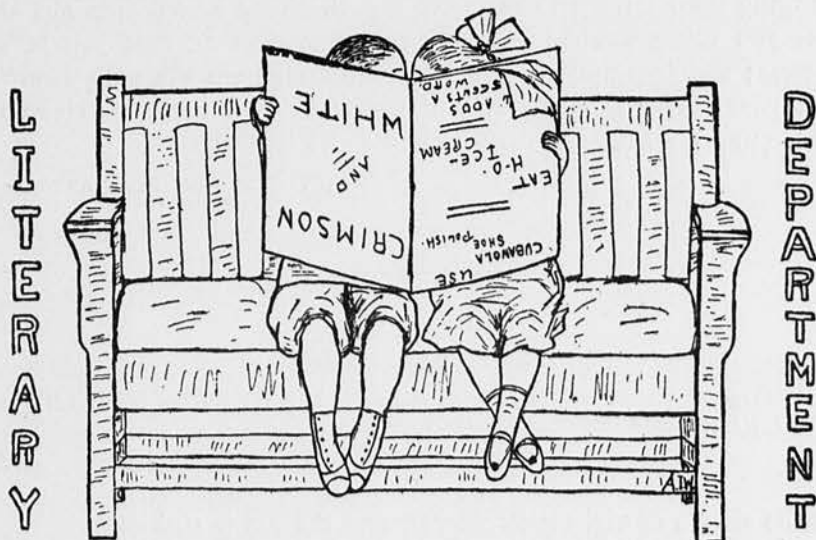
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# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1919

No. 1



## WHAT THE SCHOOL EXPECTS OF YOU.

[It is especially fitting that in this Alumni Number of the *Crimson and White* we should have a message from Principal Sayles, who for ten years has directed the program of the Milne High School.]

There is an old fable which tells of the birth of an heir to a certain king. At his birth fairies came each bringing a gift. One brought beauty, one charm, health was offered by another, wealth, power, and other things. Finally a twelfth fairy appeared and tendered her gift, which was discontent. The king was angry with this fairy, thinking she mocked him; so he spurned the gift and she withdrew it.

The little prince grew up. He was healthy, charming, good to look upon. Apparently everything was in his favor but somehow he never made progress. He never accomplished anything worth while. The gift that he had lost was the gift that would have been worth more than all the others combined; a divine discontent.

Beware of the day when you say to yourself "I know all there is to know about my job. It is a good job. I am satisfied and I have done well." Lay out a growing program for yourself and measure

yourself by it from year to year. Be sure to get your second wind. Let ambition spur you on. Strive to perfect yourself to lead in the race.

Ambition has made of high school students alumni of that institution and of alumni it has made college graduates, successful business workers, civic and educational leaders, all of whom are bringing their laurels to their old school. This school does not ask that you bring wealth; she may not even demand that you bring success; she does not ask you to secure fame; but she does demand that your record shall be true, that you shall continue to strive and that your work shall be unsullied and above reproach.

JOHN MANDEVILLE SAYLES.



### SUNSET HOUR.

[Margaret Romer was graduated from the Milne High School in 1918 and is now a sophomore in Smith College.]

#### I.

As the shades of night grow deeper, and the sun is sinking low  
 Behind great hills of golden beauty, where the sun's rays' shadows  
 glow,  
 There are soon in dim earth's reflecting mirrors, colors bright and  
 fair,  
 Streaked with amethyst, pearl and azure, oh! most beautiful and  
 rare.

#### II.

When this gold-bespangled sea, with all its glittering isles of light,  
 Imparts its grandeur o'er the earth so charmingly and gaily bright,  
 Then, the sweet and soothing silence which this peaceful hour  
 imparts  
 Awakens the music of our minds, the joys and sorrows of our hearts.

#### III.

A lone star completes this picture of a sun-kissed, shadowy sky  
 Surrounded by a sweep of colors, of the palest, faintest dye,  
 All this phantom flood of beauty, soon to ebb with the fading light,  
 Until the rosy hues of dawn are laid across the lips of night.

MARGARET ROMER, '18.



## MY EXPERIENCE OVER SEAS.

[James Cox, Jr., was graduated from the Milne High School in June, 1905, from Cornell in 1909, and from Lowell Textile School in 1914. In 1917 he entered the army and was put in the Ordnance Department in the southern camps and cotton mills on textile equipment production. He was sent to France August, 1918, and returned May, 1919.]

I left Camp Merritt, New Jersey, at 2:30 A. M., as officer in command of Casual Co. No. 354, composed of army prisoners, deserters, thieves and crooks. Some sweet crowd! Marched under guard to the Hudson River. Took a ferry to New York City where we boarded the Mauretania. There we were, six of us to every square foot. Landed at Liverpool seven days later and went to Southampton by march and train, mostly marching. This took ten days and we were not dry once during the time nor did we have a single square meal.

One stormy night we crossed to France on a cattle boat; and soldiers, horses, pigs and cows were scrambled like an egg and all sea-sick. Sweet little voyage! Landed at Le Havre in the morning in pouring rain.

Then we had a twenty-four hour ride in a "Side-door Pullman." This was comfortable as we had only 38 instead of 40 men in a car, and most of us were thin.

Next I was sent as C. O. of a company of men running an army printing plant north of Paris, and then I was in Paris in charge of all the army macaroni factories; after that, in charge of a company running a coffee-roasting plant for the army.

I was assistant to major in the Q. M.'s Corps and after the armistice was aide to General C. R. Kranthof, who was in charge of liquidation of the government material in France until April.

It was then that I came home to the good old U. S. A. after my terrible exciting (?) military experiences. The more I think about them, the more laughable they seem. From the different jobs I had, I ought to be capable of being a buyer for a circus, or a department store or perhaps acting all parts in a play.

So there you have my tale. There's no hero stuff about it—just plain facts.

JAMES COX, JR.

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The best way to keep a secret is forget it.

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What are called necessary evils do not really exist. What is necessary cannot be evil, and what is evil cannot be necessary.

## BEING A REPORTER.

[Geraldine H. Murray was graduated from the Normal High School in 1911 and from the New York State College for Teachers in 1916. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred the following winter by Columbia University, and that summer she acted as reviser and proof reader for a book which was a translation from the Italian. She was a member of the editorial staff of the *Knickerbocker Press* from September 1, 1918, to May 15, 1919. At present she is a member of the English faculty of the State College and a special correspondent for the *New York Tribune*.]

The first time I ever saw my name printed beneath my own words was shortly after I entered Normal High, when it was attached to the first installment of a thrilling serial story in the *Crimson and White*. I cannot recall the name of the tale, and, although I was very proud of it, I am afraid the second chapter never appeared—mainly because I couldn't think of a way to end it.

From that time forward my one ambition was to become a writer. Newspaper reporting is as far as I have gone.

It is not an easy matter to give you an idea of just what it is to be a reporter. So I shall not try.

Indifference is the general attitude of the public concerning reporters, anyway. You who read forget us who write. You do not realize that behind every item of news in a paper, from a line on the price of cabbage to the front page "spread" on President Wilson's latest speech for the League of Nations, is some hard working individual.

I say hard working, for that is the most expressive term for a gatherer and writer of news. The reporter on a morning paper works twelve hours a day,—sometimes fifteen. He—or she—is not of the union, inviolate. Work is done only when all the news of the day is in the city editor's hands, written in good, clear English, ready for the several readers and printers who stand between it and the public.

Listen a moment!

Boys are calling "Extra!" It is armistice day, and an early edition of the *Knickerbocker Press* is on the street with the story of the momentous signing of the document which brought peace. You read the paper, lay it aside, and go out to join in the celebration of the city.

What was the story behind that extra?

The Sunday before that day was particularly dull. No news was breaking locally, and nothing came over the wire except rumors that peace would probably be signed shortly. The morning paper went to press at one o'clock without the news of the armistice. I waited



with several other reporters while various bulletins came in from the Associated Press office. Finally we all went home.

"The news won't come in tonight," the city editor said, "but look sharp for the morning."

Just as I was crawling sleepily into bed, a whistle blew. It was interrupted by a bell, followed by more whistles, and directly a discordant jangle of noise which could only mean one thing—peace. I grabbed my hair from its newly acquired "curlers," got into my clothes, and dashed for the taxi which a thoughtful city editor had sent to gather up his staff.

Type for a large part of the paper was already set. The first edition had been ripped open and a scare head run across the sheet announcing the armistice. It only remained for us to give the public what it wanted, more and then more news. The "local end," as Albany's part of the celebration would be called, had to be covered in two hours. The Governor had to be interviewed, messages from many sources had to be taken over the telephone. Mothers with five or six sons in service had to make their response to the promise of peace. How many casualties had the city suffered? How would peace affect the city? What would be the first step in reconstruction? How was the city reacting to the news just received? Even such insignificant facts as the closing of all schools had to be recorded for that extra.

Wild fever seized that office for two hours, and the steady click of telegraph instruments and typewriters, the constant ringing of the phone, copy boys dodging between desks on errands of all kinds, mingled in the rush to "make" the extra.

Easy? Perhaps, if you know how.

But when the last copy boy had disappeared with the final bit of copy for the biggest extra Albany ever read, he left a group of exhausted men and women. At nine o'clock the extra was on the news stands—and work had already begun on the second extra of the day.

GERALDINE H. MURRAY.

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### WASHINGTON TEA ROOM

[Eva Frederick was graduated from the Milne High School in 1912. In 1915 she established a tea-room at the corner of State and Lark Streets in Albany.]

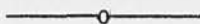
Surprises never cease! An assignment in English after four years in the business! Well, had you asked me, during my Senior Year in Normal High School, what I was expecting to do, I would have shrugged my shoulders and wondered what the future would hold for me.

Surprised indeed, I would have been, had I been able to look ahead and find myself deep in business. A Tea Room, not a tiny one, but a really large one where there is more work at times than it seems possible to wade through, but, such a splendid feeling when an especially hard day is finished—like a view one gains after climbing a long, steep hill—the feeling of accomplishment.

If work comes thick and fast, as it frequently does, it makes me feel more keenly the need of each spoke in the wheel of Life, and a greater desire to keep my spoke working smoothly and efficiently.

With earnest work of any kind comes a keener realization of fellowship with mankind, a greater appreciation of Nature and her gifts and an ability to work and play equally hard, in other words, "Getting the most out of things that count."

A. EVA FREDERICK.



#### LIBRARIANSHIP AN UNCROWDED PROFESSION.

[Elizabeth Cobb was graduated from the Milne High School in 1908, from Syracuse University in 1912, and from the New York State Library School in 1915. For a year she held a position in the Children's Department of the Brooklyn Public Library. From there she came to take charge of the Library of the State College for Teachers, where she has given invaluable aid to the pupils of the Milne High School.]

There are many kinds of libraries ranging all the way from the Library of Congress in Washington, frequented by senators, ambassadors, and presidents, to the tiny village library patronized by the Ladies Literary Club, and from the American Antiquarian Society with its priceless volumes and curios to the county libraries of the western states peddling books from a wagon throughout the country much as the butcher peddles meat. In some of these libraries the work is almost entirely with books; the librarians are busy making records which are used all over the world. In other libraries the important side of the work is that with the people, and of this sort of work the East Side branch of the New York Public Library described below will serve as typical.

It is 9 o'clock Saturday morning. It is rainy which means a full house for the children cannot spend their holiday out of doors. The children's librarian welcomes the waiting throng with a cordial smile but inspects them with practiced eye as they file into the room. "Sammy, go home and wash your hands." "Nellie, your sister is too little to come in." Sammy departs, presumably to wash his hands in the gutter, and Nellie seats sister, age two years, on the umbrella

rack to await her return. Three librarians are on duty in the morning in the children's room and four in the afternoon. Of the three each spends two hours at the desk charging and discharging and one hour "on the floor," *i. e.* answering questions, helping the children find books, and keeping both children and books in order with an emphasis on the former. "I want something about Pershing," "Teacher sent me for a play for Constitution Day," "How big is a battleship?" "Where can I get another boy scout story? I've read—" and he enumerates more than you knew existed. You have just succeeded in finding him another, or perhaps you haven't, when a boy of ten with dreamy eyes and clean hands asks for one of the expensive picture books locked in the glass case and used only by special permission. On your way across the crowded floor to unlock fairy land for him a toddler confidently slips a paper bag into your hand and you read scrawled thereon: "Please give Tillie a novele by the auther of you go." You send to the adult department for a copy of *Les Miserables* and Tillie is started on her homeward journey. Then there are more requests for Pershing, and so on. Floor duty is the most taxing but also the most interesting of the work in the children's room.

At twelve o'clock there is a dash around the corner to the milk store or push cart for supplies and then six librarians try to cook lunch simultaneously on a four burner gas range. From one o'clock to six the housekeepers are again librarians, working at top speed in the midst of an eager, shuffling mass of small humanity, some absorbed in reading, others absorbed only in getting the book with the bright cover for which at least twenty others are grabbing. At this particular branch tea is served on Saturdays from 3:30 to 4:00, the girls taking turns as they can be spared. Pink candles are lacking but the tea is pleasant and ten minutes' gossip in an easy chair changes the attitude of "have to" to "want to" for the tired workers.

Twice a week one works from twelve noon to nine and in the evening one sees much of clubs and Americanization work. The auditorium is always in demand for social, literary and debating clubs, and the reading rooms is full to overflowing. Many of the patrons cannot read or even speak English. They take books about America, Lincoln, Roosevelt, how to become a citizen, etc., in their own tongue. These Americans in the making are always courteous and are probably the most grateful of any of the patrons. A librarian working with them cannot doubt that he has chosen not merely an uncrowded profession, but one that is decidedly worth while.

ELIZABETH COBB.

## A DAY IN FRANCE.

[Newton Bacon was graduated from the Milne High School in 1912 and from Williams College in 1917. During his senior year at Milne he was Business Manager of the *Crimson and White* and knows all about the difficulties of getting advertisements. During the war he served in France as a First Lieutenant in the American Infantry. He has given us the following extract from a letter he sent home.]

"Yesterday I took some time off and with a couple of other officers rode up to the top of a very high hill which overlooks *Outremecourt*, the town in which I am billeted. At the top there used to be an old village called La Moth, founded by the Romans, who remained in power until the place was destroyed about 1645.

Through an interpreter I learned from the mayor of *Outremecourt* that La Moth had once been a flourishing village. It was, like the town at the foot of the hill, severely taxed; but, unlike the town, refused to pay a cent. The villagers felt themselves too high up in the world and too good to be taxed and were sure that their place was well enough fortified to withstand a seige if attacked. There grew up a bitter feeling between the village above and the town below until finally the people in the valley got on the right side of the king and with his help in 1645 shelled the village and utterly destroyed it.

We found the moat running around the whole top of the hill and a big archway over it which was evidently the bridge by which they crossed the moat. The summit of the hill was flat and overgrown with spruce trees. Here and there were piles of stone showing where houses once stood.

It was interesting to stop for a minute in the midst of the Great World War to examine the ruins of this minor civil war which took place several centuries ago."

NEWTON BACON.

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WOMEN IN BANKING.

[Caroline Lansing was graduated from the Milne High School in 1912 and from Wellesley College in 1916. In 1916-17 she worked for her Master's degree at the New York State College for Teachers. In September, 1918, she took a position in the National Commercial Bank in Albany.]

It was with a distinctly satisfied feeling that I accepted a banking position last year. I had shared the longing common to all American girls at the time, to do something worth while in the spirit of service which was inspiring our men to answer America's call. Banks in general had before this time had the policy of keeping their inner doors closed to women except those with stenographic training. As a result they were badly handicapped when they lost large numbers



men and were obliged all over the country to trained women. Since then, many women in executive and even official positions.

It was the opportunity for me to stop being educating from teachers all my life; and now I can give out some of this valuable knowledge freely, when I began my work, I found that my training continued in a most fascinatingly practical way.

My former training were being strengthened. I learned those about me, courtesy to customers; and variety.

If you want to develop business-like qualities in variety, try banking.

CAROLINE LANSING.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

She graduated from the Milne High School in 1913 and became a Teacher in 1917. During the year 1917-8 she did her work. She is now an instructor in the State College for

the lake shore, buildings old and ivy buildings new and splendid like Founders'

tennis courts and "crew boats," books and books, some modern and cloth bound, some precious manuscripts or folios locked in the treasure room of the library,—none of these alone would make Wellesley College. It takes the girls and the spirit of the college that was born with a little boy's death. When Henry Durant's little son died of the dreaded diphtheria, the father determined to become a father to others' children, and, strangely enough, he chose girls. When he left his work to others, they carried it on with the same spirit that finds expression on the old and new mottoes: "*Non ministrari sed ministrare;*" and "*Incipit vita nuova.*"

Whether a girl goes to theater or museum "in town," (Bostonians love the phrase), or plays with all her might on the athletic field Field Day to have her class victorious in the struggle for tennis or basketball championship; whether she burns her fingers in "lab" or haunts the library to live with those fairy books; whether she pours tea of one of the society houses by the lake or sings on the chapel steps with the other fourteen hundred and ninety-nine on a fall or spring evening, she is a Wellesley girl, and four years lived

August 31 Days

24

TUESDAY



of efficiently trained men and were obliged all over the country to open their doors to untrained women. Since then, many women in banks have risen to executive and even official positions.

Here, I thought, was the opportunity for me to stop being educated. I had been learning from teachers all my life; and now I could cease learning and give out some of this valuable knowledge I had acquired. Actually, when I began my work, I found that my education was being continued in a most fascinatingly practical way. At the same time that I was learning new terms and methods, the important parts of my former training were being strengthened. I learned team work with those about me, courtesy to customers; and above all, absolute accuracy.

It is a great work. If you want to develop business-like qualities and like excitement and variety, try banking.

CAROLINE LANSING.

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### WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

[Edith Wallace was graduated from the Milne High School in 1913 and from the State College for Teachers in 1917. During the year 1917-8 she did graduate work at Wellesley. She is now an instructor in the State College for Teachers.]

Lovely wooded paths and lake shore, buildings old and ivy grown like the chapel, buildings new and splendid like Founders' Hall just completed, tennis courts and "crew boats," books and books, some modern and cloth bound, some precious manuscripts or folios locked in the treasure room of the library,—none of these alone would make Wellesley College. It takes the girls and the spirit of the college that was born with a little boy's death. When Henry Durant's little son died of the dreaded diphtheria, the father determined to become a father to others' children, and, strangely enough, he chose girls. When he left his work to others, they carried it on with the same spirit that finds expression on the old and new mottoes: "*Non ministrari sed ministrare;*" and "*Incipit vita nuova.*"

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at a college whose hilly and woodsy campus is most beautiful, under men and women, some of whom, like Professor Katharine Lee Bates, have their names in *Who's Who* (do you know her *America the Beautiful* or *The Retinue?*), and always under the shadows of the tradition of the life of Alice Freeman Palmer—four such years cannot but be very happy and invaluable.

I only had the privilege of one such year; yet in that one I managed to crowd many a good time from the hours in library and classroom and those spent in listening to the fine organ in the old chapel, where is that well known memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer, to trips "to town," and even to ten days in the infirmary. I saw the seniors clean the library steps May Day morning; I saw them later that same morning, at seven o'clock, roll their hoops down Tower Court hill (the site of old College Hall, which burned in 1914) way down to the chapel. I saw presented the Tree Day pageant, written and worked out by the students themselves; *Light* was its title, and the amphitheater lies between the two main hills and trails off into a flaming rhododendron valley and Longfellow Pond. I learned a little more about how to live and what to live for.

And I could not wish anything lovelier for any Milne High School girl than to know and be a member of that college community.

EDITH OWEN WALLACE,  
Milne High School, '13.

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### THE CONFESSIONS OF A SCHOOLMARM.

[Eloise Lansing was graduated from the Milne High School in 1914. She was literary editor of the *Crimson and White* during the 1913-14 term. She received her B. A. degree from State College in 1918, and has since been teaching English and French in the Amityville High School, Amityville, Long Island.]

You are all familiar, doubtless, with the attitude of the old colored lady who promptly resented having the epithet "nigger" cast at her, and yet consistently applied that term to her husband. So it is with me—and many of the vast army of teachers in the universe, too, I believe. I plead guilty, and acknowledge myself a "schoolmarm" but how I dislike having the term hurled at me! There is some music in the word "teacher," but "schoolmarm"! Well, that's my first confession. Be careful how you label me!

And now I must admit that I have passed the knee-shaking, throat-parched, dry-lipped period of practice-teaching, and I'm quite bold about it. No longer do I quake lest the material in my lesson plan be exhausted before it's time for the bell. I've learned numer-

ous ways to fill the pauses now. And, for the most part, I enjoy teaching,—sometimes the pauses most of all. Of course, there are times “when everything goes dead wrong.” Witness last June—with the horrible monster of regents examinations fast approaching and, to all appearances, no one realizing its ghastliness but the poor teacher. Let me tell you, aspiring teachers-to-be, the profession is no place for the man whose idea of a “job” is picking blossoms off century plants. You’ll have to work a little more than once in a hundred years if you’re going to be a real teacher, or even approach that standard. Of course, there are days of discouragement, but then there are days of fun, too. It’s decidedly worth-while if only from the standpoint of the occasional sparks of interest you see awakened. And it is the exultation of the pioneer, that thrills you when you discover air above-the-ordinary theme. What tho you wade thru ten mediocre pieces of work before you find it.

But I have already taken more than my allotted space and probably you’re all bored by this time. As a concluding word, I take my best from current “American”—“It’s a great life if you don’t weaken.” If you bring your enthusiasm, your sympathy, your endurance, your optimism, “come on in.” Tho the water is rough at times, it is worth weathering, for it’s often “fine.”

ELOISE LANSING.

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### THE PHARMACIST

[The following is an extract from a very interesting article written by Clarence Ostrander, who was graduated from the Milne High School in 1905, and is now successfully conducting a busy pharmacy at 326 Clinton Avenue.]

Electricity abolished the kerosene lamp. The modern pharmacy replaced the drug store. Modern civilization demanded much from the keeper of this place and steadily he has advanced to meet the demand. The Pharmacist he is called and his technical training and scientific skill has placed his profession—Pharmacology—among the foremost of the present age.

Mortar and pestle may still be the trade mark of his craft, but no longer does the array of bottles, jars and pots displayed in his shop serve as proof of his knowledge or evidence of his skill. Many schools, some of them connected with the most prominent universities in the United States, give, in courses extending over two or four years, the training necessary, and in most states the license to practice must be obtained directly from a specially appointed board of pharmacy. The laws of almost every state now rigidly exact a tech-

nical education and practical experience before licensing pharmacists to practice.

Ahazes in the Tenth Century was able to study medicine for love of it. The Twentieth Century Pharmacist may also love the science but he cannot work for mere love of it, he must make it sufficiently remunerative. To succeed in this he has planned for the scientific dispensing not only of drugs, but of all kinds of merchandise. He looks to the well, quite confident the sick will seek him when in need of his scientific knowledge.

The Pharmacist of today, working in the light of modern science, is striving toward the same goal which was dimly perceived by his elder brother in the land of Pharaohs. His object is the same, but this methods and equipment are vastly different. No longer is he the maker of Black Magic or a weird sorcerer dealing with mysterious poisons or nauseous draughts. Still the aroma of time honored traditions clings to his craft and he is well pleased with the honor and dignity of his profession.

“ ‘Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.”—*Addison*.  
CLARENCE OSTRANDER.

—————○—————  
Faith cure is useless against the high cost of living.

—————○—————  
Money is flying about as fast as time.

—————○—————  
In a community chorus (or the auditorium on Friday) all are welcome—those who can sing well, those who can sing with a crowd, and those who think they can sing.

—————○—————  
One factor among the causes of the high cost of living is that many people who receive more money than they ever before got into their hands have not learned how to use it properly.

—————○—————  
Usually a man's practical accomplishments are in inverse ratio to the amount of talking that he does.

—————○—————  
Who suits his actions to his fears never accomplishes anything.

—————○—————  
We think of the old days as good because we forget the troubles they brought.

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVI

ALBANY, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1919

No. 1

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..... \$0.75  
 Single copies ..... .20

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Students of Milne High School, your school is growing! This is going to be a year of great progress for Milne. We have a registration of over 270 pupils, and our assembly halls are overflowing. Our great need is a new building, separate from the college, where we can carry on our work and play without interfering and being interfered with. But until we obtain this freedom, we must unite our powers and make our High School better and our influence reach farther. Without doubt our watchword for this year is, "For a better school spirit."



### Our Alumni.

Since we are planning to devote one issue to each of the High School classes, we have thought it appropriate to make this an Alumni issue. We have asked some of our old graduates to write articles for the paper telling of their work after leaving school. They have been very kind in replying, and we have in this issue ten letters. All the writers, we note, are college graduates and all seem to be very successful in their particular occupations. It is interesting to see how varied are their lines of work.

We hope that our Alumni are going to take an increasing interest in the progress of the school. We have written to them asking for subscriptions to the *Crimson and White* and we trust that we shall have a favorable reply from each one.

---

### Crimson and White Contest.

The Juniors are very proud of the C. & W. Banner which now hangs in their assembly room. Have you seen it? Do you wonder they are proud of it? They won it last year, as Sophomores, because they worked hard and published the best issue of the school paper. They are sure that the banner is going to remain with them another year, but the other classes are not so sure. The contest is on and under the same conditions as last year, literary materials, new cuts and the general make-up of the paper counting.

---

### Chapel.

For a long time Milne has envied other schools their chapel exercises. Until now the Fates have smiled against us, but this year they have smiled upon us, and every Friday, immediately after school, the students assemble in the auditorium. At this time, orations are delivered by pupils chosen from the various English classes. These exercises have proved a success in every way, for they are both interesting and instructive.

Of course, some of us became less enthusiastic when we learned that we were all to be given a chance to appear on the platform and air our knowledge of public speaking, but since it is for our own good and that of the school, we are all going to do our best and do it cheerfully.



### JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

Because of a rather large issue this month, we have been forced to omit the Junior department, but we hope that they may appear next time for we enjoy reading their articles. Leona Kessler and Dudley Wade have been chosen to represent them on the Board of Editors.



### SCHOOL NOTES.

#### Orchestra.

An orchestra has been started this year. It was organized mainly to play in chapel and for dancing after the basketball games. The orchestra practices generally Tuesday and Thursday after school.

#### Singing Class.

After orchestra practice, a singing class is held under the supervision of Professor Belding. This class has caused a great deal of interest among the students and is always well attended.

### Basketball.

Milne High seems to have taken more of an interest in athletics this year. We have a very good basketball team and it is worthy the support of the whole school. The girls also have formed a basketball team which has many good players, and will probably prove a success.

---

### Hallowe'en Dance.

An informal Hallowe'en dance was given Saturday evening, November first, under the auspices of Zeta Sigma and Quintilian Literary Societies. The gymnasium was prettily decorated and everyone had a good time.

---

### Quin-Sigma Dance.

An informal dance will be given Friday evening, December fifth, by the two girls' societies for the benefit of the *Crimson and White*. The girls are hoping it will be as well attended as the Hallowe'en dance.

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For whatever may be offered "free," payment is indirectly exacted.

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There isn't much daylight for saving at the latter end of the day either.

---

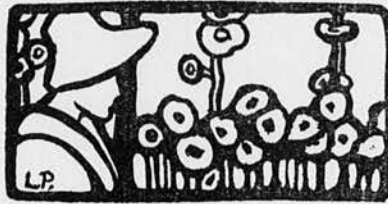
Some persons talk on many subjects without knowing anything about them.

---

Many persons take advice only to find that it doesn't agree with them.

---

You can always fool a fool by letting him believe he has fooled you, and sometimes, one who is not a fool.



### ALUMNI NOTES.

William Burhans, Marion Deyoe and Adrian Johnson, all of the class of '19, are attending the State College for Teachers.

Katherine Miller, ex-'20 and Helen Borthwick, ex-'21, are attending the Girls' Academy.

Claire Carey, ex-'20, is attending Holy Names Academy.

Rosemary Seelman, ex-'22, and Rhoda Hathaway, ex-'20, are attending St. Agnes' School.

Jane O'Neil, '19, is attending the Albany School of Pharmacy.

Alice Dessert, Lucy Keeler, Howard Hardie and Raymond Flood are attending Albany High School.

It is the wish of the Board that any news concerning alumni members be given the Board so that we may enlarge this department.



### QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Quin has started the year gloriously under the leadership of the new president, Carolyn Rogers. Several weeks ago we had our initiations and the following girls pledged their allegiance to Quin: Alta Hall, Louisa Coughtry, Prudence Irving, Elizabeth Kennedy, Agnes Zehfus, Eleanor Frazier, Marion Nichols, Audrey Hulseizer, Emma White.

Several weeks ago we joined with Sigma in giving a Hallowe'en dance which was enjoyed by all who attended. December fifth, we are planning to give another dance for the benefit of the *Crimson and White*. While we have had some exciting joint meetings and heated discussions in the corridors, we feel that there is a splendid feeling

between the two societies this year, and that we will have many good times together.

In one of our recent meetings we voted to give ten dollars to the athletic association and a ten dollar advertisement to the *Crimson and White*. The girls were all enthusiastic and glad to help in the support of the school paper and athletics.

V. R., '22.



#### ZETA SIGMA.

The Sigma meetings, always fine, are better than ever this year. There are at present thirty active members. Catherine Emerick, Florence Ball, Dorothy Robinson, Frances White, Audrey Crabill and Lucille Alexander were recently initiated. Sigma and Quin gave a very successful Hallowe'en dance and these same societies are planning to give another for the benefit of the *Crimson and White*, December 5. The resenpt officers of Sigma ar:

President . . . . .	Lavenia Rosa
Vice President . . . . .	Maiza Buckmaster
Rec. Secretary . . . . .	Katharine McKinlay
Treasurer . . . . .	Esther Bradt
Mistress of Ceremonies . . . . .	Muriel Daggett
Cor. Secretary . . . . .	Virginia Hill
Critic . . . . .	Edna Wirshing
Editor . . . . .	Florence Le Compte
Marshal . . . . .	Eileen Dailey

---

But the two birds in the bush seem so much more desirable to most of us.

---

Do your Christmas shopping early, as early as you can get the money.





## ADELPHOI.

Adelphoi extends a warm welcome to all the members of our school and is glad to extend the hand of brothership to our new members, Donald Allen, Hugh McKeon, Townsend Merel, William MacDonough, Donald Packard, James Spoor and Richard Van Laer.

A ten dollar gold medal will be given by Adelphoi this year to the member of the society which does the best work in debating. A public debate will be held in January with some outside High School society.

The meetings are progressing finely, the topics have been interesting and well given, and on the whole Adelphoi looks for a very successful year.

The officers for this term are:

President . . . . .	J. Stanley Taylor
Vice President . . . . .	Kenneth Shufelt
Secretary . . . . .	Leo Barrett
Treasurer . . . . .	Allan Sexton
Sergeant-at-Arms . . . . .	David Kirk
Master of Ceremonies . . . . .	Charles Sayles
Chaplain . . . . .	Harry Ellis

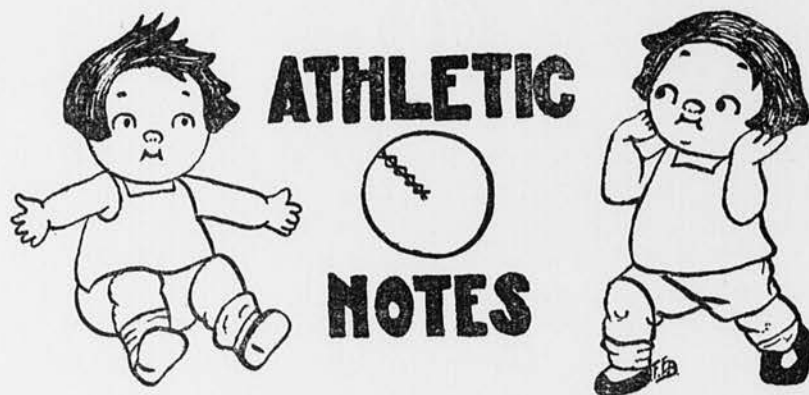


## THETA NU.

Theta Nu has had to practically reorganize the entire society. Several new members were elected into the society including William Davison, who is just back from the sunny tropics. Theta Nu looks for a most successful year this year. Theta Nu plans to organize an orchestra.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President . . . . .	Thomas W. Cantwell
Vice President . . . . .	William T. Davison
Secretary . . . . .	John M. Hecox
Treasurer . . . . .	Paul A. Kittel
Sergeant-at-Arms . . . . .	Karl Wasmuth



### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The following students are the officers of the A. A. for this year:

President . . . . .	David Kirk
Vice President . . . . .	William Schraa
Secretary . . . . .	To be elected
Baseball Captain . . . . .	Allan Sexton
Basketball Manager . . . . .	Leo Barrett
Basketball Captain . . . . .	William Davison.
Baseball Manager . . . . .	Leo Barrett
Cheer Leader . . . . .	John Wood

The basketball team has already played four games, winning three and losing one. Rensselaer defeated us 27 to 21. Although the East Side School has a fine team, the next game will not be 27 to 21 in favor of Rensselaer but Milne. The following men are on the team: Walker, Wood, Sexton, D. Kirk, R. Kirk, Grady, Metzger, Davison, Schraa, McKeon and Cantwell.

The score of the games are:

Milne opened its home games November 12 by defeating the State College Reserves 32 to 11. The S. C. T. Reserves, though a much heavier team, was outplayed in every part of the game. Davison and Kirk were the leading point-getters for Milne, while Link starred for the college.

The score:

MILNE H. S.				COLLEGE RESERVES.			
Name and Pos.	fb.	fp.	tp.	Name and Pos.	fb.	fp.	tp.
Davison, rf. . . . .	6	8	20	Link, rf. . . . .	2	1	5
Grady, lf. . . . .	0	0	0	Baldwin, lf. . . . .	1	0	2
Kirk, c. . . . .	4	0	8	Miller, c. . . . .	2	0	4
McKeon, rg. . . . .	0	0	0	Brislow, rg. . . . .	0	0	0
McDonough, lg. . . . .	2	0	4	Levitt, lg. . . . .	0	0	0
Cantwell, rg. . . . .	0	0	0				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals . . . . .	12	8	32	Totals . . . . .	5	1	11

Score at half time—Milne High School, 12; S. T. C. Reserves, 11. Referee—Hawthorne. Timekeeper—Foster. Fouls committed—Milne, 3; S. T. C. Reserves, 11. Time of periods—20 minutes.

Milne High, 42—Hillsdale, 5. We defeated the Hillsdale Prep. Academy 42 to 5. The game was played November 14 in the college gym. Our boys kept our score down by considerable passing in the last half.

The score:

MILNE H. S.				HILLSDALE.			
Name and Pos.	fb.	fp.	tp.	Name and Pos.	fb.	fp.	tp.
Schraa, lf. . . . .	6	0	12	Pulver, rf. . . . .	1	0	2
Cantwell, rf. . . . .	8	0	16	Webster, lf. . . . .	0	0	0
Davison, c. . . . .	4	0	8	Pryun, c. . . . .	0	0	0
McKeon, lg. . . . .	0	0	0	Snyder, lg. . . . .	0	1	1
R. Kirk, rg. . . . .	0	0	0	Avery, rg. . . . .	0	0	0
Walker, c. . . . .	2	0	2	McGee, c. . . . .	0	0	0
				Murphy, c. . . . .	1	0	2
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals . . . . .	21	0	42	Totals . . . . .	2	1	5

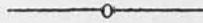
Score at half time—Milne, 28; Hillsdale, 2. Referee—Humphries. Timekeeper—Springman. Time of periods—20 minutes.

Milne, 23—St. John's, 20. November 18 our team won from St. John's, 23 to 20, in a hard fought game. A rally by the Rensselaer team in the last half brought all the fans to their feet, but the splendid guarding of Walker and Kirk kept Milne in the lead. Davison played well for us.

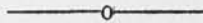
The score:

MILNE H. S.				ST. JOHN'S.			
Name and Pos.	fb.	fp.	tp.	Name and Pos.	fb.	fp.	tp.
Metzger, lf. . . . .	2	7	11	Burns, lf. . . . .	4	3	11
Davison, rf. . . . .	2	7	11	Glutney, rf. . . . .	1	0	2
Kirk, c. . . . .	1	0	2	Grimes, c. . . . .	1	0	2
Sexton, rg. . . . .	0	0	0	Hickey, lg. . . . .	1	1	3
Walker, lg. . . . .	2	0	4	Molory, rg. . . . .	1	0	2
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals . . . . .	7	9	23	Totals . . . . .	8	4	20

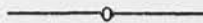
Score at half time, Milne, 11; St. John's, 9. Referee—O'Neil.  
Timekeeper—Hecox. Time of periods—20 minutes.



Mr. Hoover saved this country \$90,000,000, but we can't find the 85 cents belonging to us.



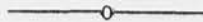
Muana Loa too, is in a state of unrest.



No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.



Men may boast of their great actions; but they are more often the effect of chance than design.—*Roche foucault.*



Our advertisers have always considered the *Crimson and White* a good business medium. Shall they lose faith?

Patronize our advertisers and they will patronize us.



**READ ME!!**

A meek little Freshman was heard to exclaim,  
 To his proud upperclassmen who once bore his name,  
 "Sirs, ye call me a fool, and ye say I know naught;  
 Ye nag me and tease me and drive me to shame;  
 Yet advice from a fool, sirs, I pray ye to heed—  
 If ye would grow wiser, just read our Exchange!"

F. M.

---

A word to the wise is sufficient. Don't overlook this department! Find out what other schools are doing, and how Milne High School compares with them. You won't be disappointed with the comparison—you have reason to *boost* your own school!

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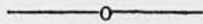
*The Oahuan, Oahu College, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

We are only too glad to welcome back this snappy little paper. The literary department is conspicuous for its quantity as well as its quality. The alumni notes make us stand back in awe and admiration—here is a true genius! Our opinion is that your magazine would be immensely improved, if the exchange department were broadened. We would like to know what you think of us. The fragrance of the "Bouquets" is very sweet to all concerned, but don't you think a few "Bricks" would help more by their sound suggestions?



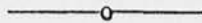
*The Scroll*, Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The personal nature of the entire publication makes it exceedingly interesting, even for outsiders such as we. It is a true students' magazine. The appalling size of "*The Scroll*" gives proof evident of the spirit and interest which must have supported it. The alumni department seems rather lost in such a volume. The humorous section, otherwise excellent, deteriorates because of the advertisements scattered among the jokes. "The Seniors' Own Page" is exceedingly clever.



*The Bulletin*, California State Prison, San Quentin, California.

Here is an exchange which, we feel safe in saying, is the first of its kind in our columns. It is called "The Magazine with a Message," and it certainly fulfills its mission. It is hard for us, carefree and happy, to appreciate the thoughts of men confined within prison walls. Sentiments such as these are prevalent among the pages, "No matter where a man's destiny places him, in prison or out, that same destiny will provide a way for him to better himself." We were especially impressed by the verse, "My Flag,"—a startling revelation of fervent patriotism. The editorial on "High Ideals" turns one's thoughts into deeper channels and has a strong moral, which all who read must profit by.

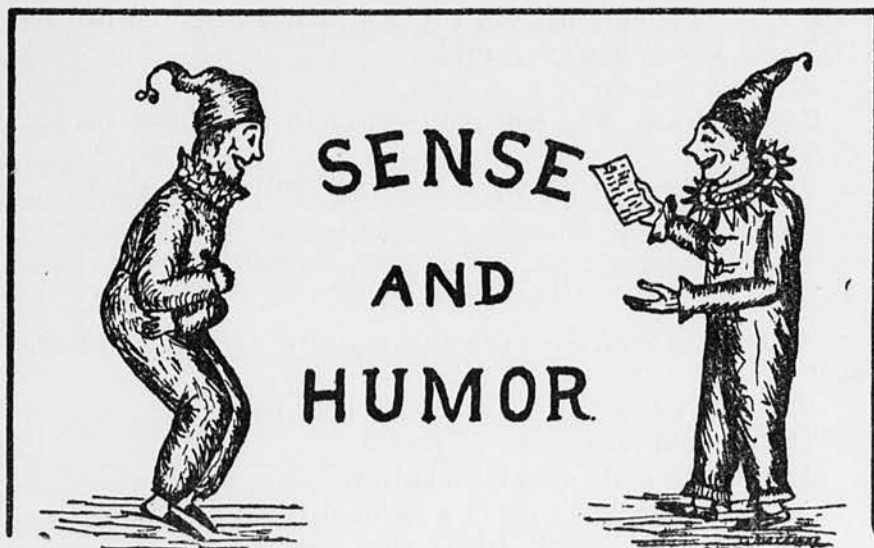


*The Taft Papyrus*, Watertown, Conn.

This splendid exchange has arrived very regularly, its life and enthusiasm more prevalent each time. It is what one might term a typical boys' paper, thoroughly occupied with athletics. You boys attending Taft School seem to have a definite purpose in your education, the promotion of which the Papyrus makes its aim. Do your athletics take so much of your attention that you have no desire for jokes? A little humor scattered through the pages would brighten them up considerably.



Are you playing the game? Patronize our advertisers. Exchange trade for advertising!



E. P., '23 at the blackboard in Algebra class—"I don't understand how to do that."

Miss Smith—"Did you study your lesson?"

Edith—"I looked it over."

Miss Smith—"I guess you over looked it."

—○—  
*Do You Know That*

A pen may be pushed but a pencil must always be led?

—○—  
Can her never come to I?  
Must me always go to she?  
It cannot is.

—○—  
H. E., '20, who has returned from school—"Mother, shall I tell you about a narrative?"

Mother—"Yes, but what is a narrative?"

Harry—"A tale."

At bedtime that night—Harry—"Shall I extinguish the light?"

Mother—"Yes, but what does extinguish mean?"

Harry—"To put out."

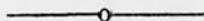
Mother—"Then take the dog by the narrative and extinguish him."

Serg.—“Didn't I tell you not to dismount until you had received orders from headquarters?”

Priv.—“Yes, sir.”

Serg.—“Then why are you dismounted? Who gave you orders?”

Priv.—“Begora I got my orders from hindquarters, sir.”



*Unheard of Things.*

A day when Prof. Sayles does not say—“Study hall is in Room 300.”

F. L. '20, without that dear freshman of hers.

The piano in tune.

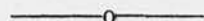
Anyone who could open those lockers.

A freshie who didn't get in a senior class the first day.

Every girl in M. H. S. taking gym.

All teachers instructed not to send people to the office.

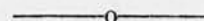
A week of school with no homework.



Why are your legs like an organ grinder?

Don't know, why?

Because they exhibit a monkey about the streets.



The conductor was scooping out the coins from the box as the car reached Robin Street.

“What is the man doing?” asked K. M., '22.

“Robin,” said the conductor.

“You see,” replied M. O'C., '22, “the man answers for himself.”



T. W., '21—“How would you like to have a pet monkey?”

A. C., '21—“Oh, Thomas, this is so sudden!”



Be there ever a soul so bright,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 I shall not do my math to-night,  
 And calmly put himself to bed?

Edna—"Did you wipe your shoes off before you come in?"  
 John—"No, I still have them on."

---

"Non paratus," dixit Junior.  
 Cum a sad and doleful look.  
 "Omne Rectum," Prof. respondit  
 Et "Nihil" scripsit in his book.

---

Invitation (to girls only): If you want any chewing gum,  
 apply at Tommy Cantwell's desk.

---

Alison—"Why do people laugh in their sleeves?"  
 Thomas—"I suppose because their funny bone is there."

---

D. Allen—"I had a fall last night which rendered me un-  
 conscious for six hours."  
 E. Abrams—"Really! Where did you fall?"  
 Donald—"I fell asleep."

---

L. B., '20—"I've a beastly cold in my head."  
 J. W., '20—"Never mind; don't grumble. Even if it's only  
 a cold, it's something."

---

Miss Class (at beginning of History class)—"Has anyone any  
 question to ask on the lesson?"  
 Donald Hall—"What's the lesson about?"

---

Soph. (a son ami)—"Je t'adore."  
 Freshie—"Shut it yourself."

A freshman: Common noun, neuter gender, first person, and a tough case.

---

"My grandfather," said an Englishman, "was a very great man. One day Queen Victoria touched his shoulder with a sword and made him a lord."

"That's nothing," said the American boy. "One day an Indian touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

---

Harry gallantly escorted Pauline to the table.

"May I," he asked, "sit on your right hand?"

"No," she replied. "I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."

---

People say that this is a "horseless" age, but some of our Latin students still cling to the old method.

---

Miss Shaver—"What's the shape of the earth?"

D. P., '20—"Round."

Miss Shaver—"How do you know it's round?"

D. P.—"All right, it's square then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

---

S. T., '20, (furiously)—"That man is the biggest fool in the world!"

C. R., '20, (comforting)—"Oh, be careful! You are forgetting yourself!"



---

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*Em V. Smith*

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