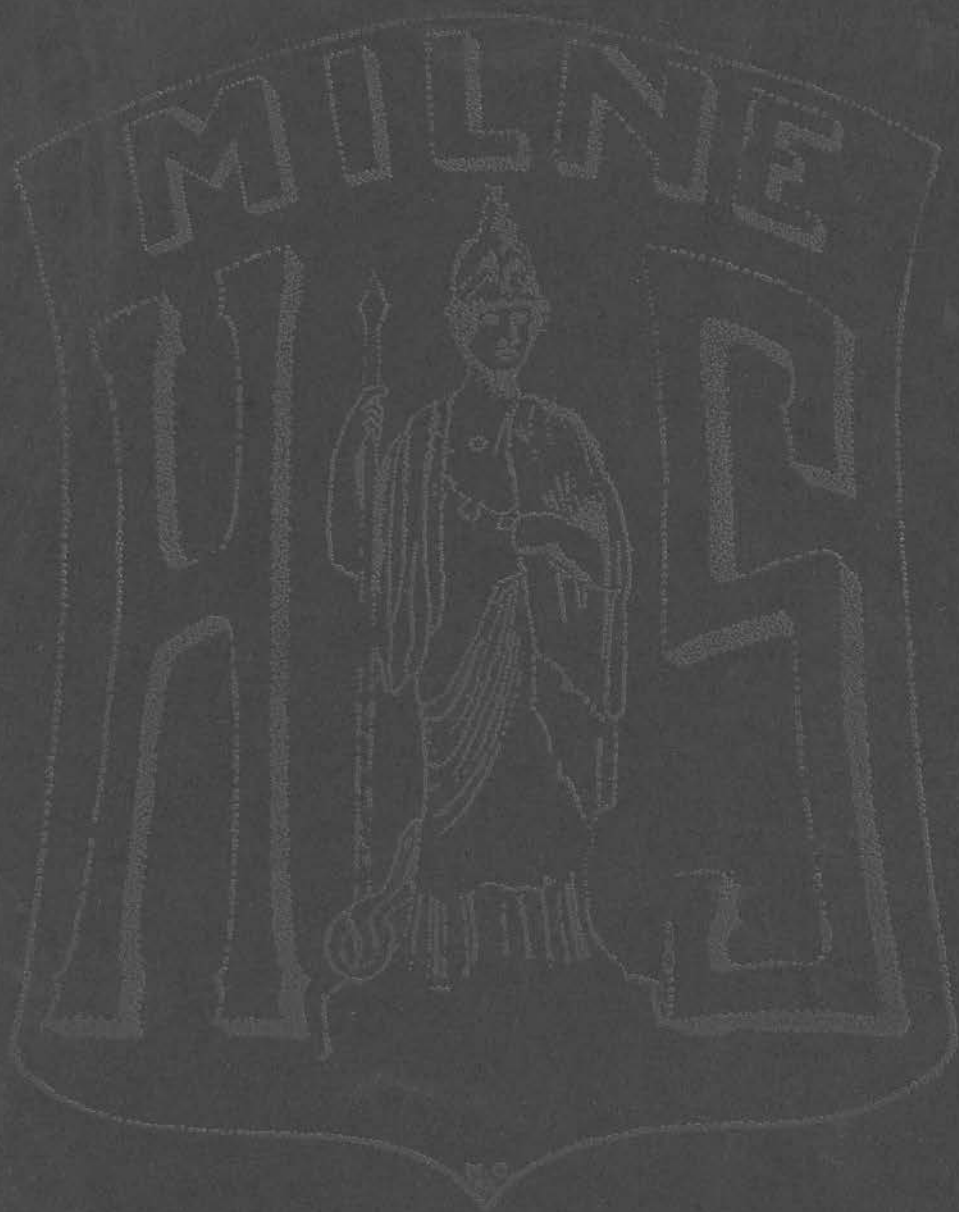


Milne School

Crimson and White

Vol. XXII

1925-26



CHRISTMAS ISSUE

DECEMBER 1925



# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXII

DECEMBER, 1925

Number II

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of the Milne High School of Albany, New York

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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Soon it will be Christmas, a cold, December Christmas, cold and brisk.

In many homes will be gaily decked trees, lights, laughing children. In other homes, far away, it will be Christmas, celebrated joyfully, however, differently from our own custom. It is universal throughout the lands of Christianity.

In the summer we celebrate the Fourth of July. In the winter cold, the snowy quiet, we remember the birth of our Lord.

The anniversary of the day whereon our forefathers wrought their independence, we celebrate with enthusiasm. Children enjoy themselves with the loudest, most terrifying noises they can make (or what have you?). But on Christmas the situation is different. There are no fire-crackers, no cannons, no guns to voice the people's joy. Instead, in the darkness of the night before Christmas comes (so the children are told) a little, round man in a red outfit, with long, flowing "whiskers," and white, white hair. "Mirabile dictu," he comes down the chimney, fills stockings from his bottomless sack, and dashes away on a sleigh drawn over the roof-tops by "eight tiny reindeer." And there must be some curious fascination about Christmas. All boys and girls, good, bad or indifferent, seem to assume a benevolent attitude toward erstwhile provoking parents. Errands to run are sought; and in the short days just before the holiday the child struggles to make up for all lost time, in the hope that the old gentleman will not whisk past his chimney without stopping.

Then following Christmas comes a time welcomed by all—the end of the old year and the beginning of the new. How many of us, in earlier years, have sat up far into the morning of New Year's Day, as hopefully as on Christmas Eve, when we watched for Santa Claus, watching, waiting to see a chubby figure chase an aged, bewhiskered man, bearing a scythe and an hour-glass, from the room. And how many of us have determinately made resolutions for the year, only to break them on the third or fourth of January.

We wish you, all, "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year!"

D. T. S.

## A CAVALIER'S LOVE SONG

I love my lady's little buckled shoon;  
    So small, so dainty and so very fair,  
    With buckles like her golden, golden hair,  
With silver flowers like the crescent moon,  
In color, and these tiny satin shoon,  
    So small that there's not another pair  
    Like them in all of England, she will wear  
When she shall dance the galliard for a boon  
To one who truly loves her. She shall dance  
    With me who loves her truly. Hand in hand  
    My lady shall be with me for a time  
Till someone claim her for another dance  
    And she shall leave me dying where I stand,  
    In the soft night, beneath the blossom'd time.

ALICIA HILDRETH ANDREWS.



## LITERATURE



## ORATIO QUAM SANTA CLAUSA PRO SE HABUIT

[Oh, the wickedness of the times! Oh, the laxity of the customs! These have come to such a pass that now some children, not more than six years of age, speak of Santa as a myth, and chide the innocent believers. What else can be but that Santa himself come to the rescue? Here we have him, bowed down with grief though he is mounting the rostrum and proudly setting forth his own sentiments on the subject, hoping, though he hardly dares to believe it, that the power of the immortal gods in him will prevail over his enemies.]

"Oh, you philosophers who *dare* to say that I am a myth—a lie which injures the child's morality; you, my fellow citizens, who make yourselves so bold as to say that the child misses the true meaning of Christmas in planning on my visit, put these wicked thoughts from your minds, in truth even from the pages of your books. Surely there can be no foundation for your opinions. When you consider that, if it were not for me, thousands of children who are too small to know the real significance of the day would go to bed on the twenty-fourth of December with both stockings safe beside them, dreaming just as they do every other night of the long year, do you consider me a conspirator against the joy of your children's lives? Think how many children say with that very brave and honorable Eugene 'But just before Christmas, I'm as good as I can be.' Oh! The great number of alarm clocks that would be set for the beginning of the first watch of the morning instead of for the beginning of the last watch of the night, if it were not for me! How many hours of unnecessary sleep would fond parents get if I did not come into their lives! Oh! The slump in the sale of evergreen and the loss to the ten-cent stores if trimming were not sold! The utter dullness of so many Christmas exercises in the various schools if it were not for the "pieces" concerning me! Oh, my fellow citizens, can you think on these things and still write in your minds and books that Santa must be downed? I make my appeal to you and exhort you to turn your undivided attention to it. Even though you banish me from this fair land, and I am forced to go into exile, even though the Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving shall demand that



every boy and girl have a box of Shredded Wheat as a Christmas gift, still shall I find delight in the recollection of those countless occasions when, clad in my red suit, ermine trimmed, I took from a glittering Christmas tree dolls or engines and distributed them to eager eyed children."

[Overcome with grief our hero steps down from the earth's axis from which he has broadcasted this touching speech, overwhelmed with his own Ciceronian eloquence, and very *abjectus conscientia*, that he should be making this demand when the Community Chest has so lately gone "over the top." I add my plea to his, and can't we give three cheers for him, a toast for his long life, and wish him a Merry Christmas?]

MARION WALLACE.

— 0 —

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(As I Saw It)

The night was cold; snow fluttered down; the earth  
Was white, and still, and jeweled. On the lawn  
A noise arose, of bells and stamping hoofs;  
Then silence. Suddenly a heavy step  
Fell on the roof above my startled eyes.  
Swift down the chimney came a gust of wind,  
To whisk upon me, freezing in its blast.

I turned; a figure large withdrew itself,  
Untouched by soot, from out the chimney's depths.  
A quick, bright smile; a beard, long, white; a cap  
And tassel; coat of red, fur trimmed with white;  
Black leather boots; a pair of gloves, fleece-lined;  
And last of all, a sack his back o'erslung,  
Filled, crammed, with toys and boxes, books and games,  
Sweet candy, guns, toboggans, sleds and tops,  
And what-not.

Stooping to the tree, bright-lit  
With scintillating stars, he dropped his sack,  
And from its flowing mouth drew toys and games  
To place about the tree. Then this done, swift  
Turned he to quit the room, when stockings twain  
Upon the mantel caught his roving eye.  
This quick, then that, were filled, heaped high with gifts;  
And he was gone.

The chimney shook above;  
A step falls heavy on the sloping roof.  
The reindeer snort and prance, impatient, fleet;  
(This all I guessed; I could not see outside)  
Their master, Santa Claus, then takes his seat  
Midst fleecy robes, to keep him from the cold,  
North wind; then dashed away.

I, startled, woke,  
And saw that all was true (yet could not know,  
As later in my e'er advancing years,  
That Dad, and his good wife, had, while I slept,  
Crept soft into the parlor, done as he;  
All while I slept, the angels sending dreams).

D. T. S.



## PUCK'S PRANKS

"'Twas the night before Christmas" and very cold. All the Little People of the Hills stayed close at home, for there was counter magic in the air—Christian magic—and the Little People were afraid. That is, all were afraid but Puck. He feared no one, so he went boldly forth in search of amusement. There was plenty that evening, and it was not long before he found what he sought. Prancing down the road before him came a team of gaily decked horses. Unless Puck was very much mistaken, the occupants were bound for the party at Winthrop's home some five miles away. Thereafter, there was one more in that merry party than they knew, or they would not have wondered how Dolly's scarf came unwound so often so that Dick Brewster must needs put it around her again. And the bells on their side of the sleigh jingled twice as long and loudly as the others.

At last they arrived at their destination, and the invisible Puck slipped softly through the doorway into the warmth and laughter of the room. It looked most wonderfully attractive, decorated with its holly and mistletoe, but Puck stole on to the kitchen where he assisted in the culinary arrangements by adding salt where it was never meant to be added and making himself generally useful. The kitchen knave was discovered with sweets in his pocket and it was vain to explain to the relentless kitchen-maid that he had never seen them before. Not five minutes later this same maid was caught in seemingly similar dishonesty by the head cook. Chuckling to himself, the villain returned to the main room, whence, spying a bit of mistletoe under which a young man was about to claim his Yuletide right, he bore it off and a surprised young man was scolded roundly. A part of this mistletoe he stealthily arranged above the locks of his friend Dolly. Presently her face assumed a puzzled, not to say vexed expression at the seeming impossibility of escaping the mistletoe under which she had several times been assured that she sat. At the same time but in different rooms of the big house, other occurrences began to puzzle the guests. Gran'ther Baldwin awoke with a start wondering at the unusual draft on his head. Behold, his wig had been removed and was now sitting in snug satisfaction on the once bald pate of Dr. Smeed. "Wretch, give me my wig! How does this happen?" he quavered. In a quiet corner of another room, Lou called attention to a peculiar looking object in Don's pocket and, as it was produced, exclaimed, "Villain, give me my curl; sir, how does *this* happen?"

As Puck roamed around in search of some new mischief, his eyes lit up with delight. Gathering a supply of the tiny icicles which adorned the roof, he several times took favorable opportunities of slipping them

down the goodwives' backs. Upon this there arose, separately and collectively, a series of shrieks and gasps. There, Puck departed, leaving dismay behind him and planning in great glee further mischief to perplex the humans on the morrow.

JEAN GILLESPIE

— o —

### LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A MILNITE

NOVEMBER 16—We received a welcome (?) gift from the faculty—our reports.

NOVEMBER 18—The orchestra provided the entertainment in Chapel—most effectually.

NOVEMBER 20—Our gasketball team played its first outside game at Castleton with a score of 40-14—Victory!

NOVEMBER 25—The Junior class gave the Chapel program an appropriate one for the season.

We received four days' vacation.

DECEMBER 2—The Glee Club sang as a portion of our Chapel program.

DECEMBER 9—We had a French program in Chapel. It was *greatly* enjoyed, and Milne High surpassed all previous records for continued and hearty applause.

DECEMBER 14—We received a third set of reports, not nearly so welcome as the first!

DECEMBER 16—Another Junior Chapel program was greatly enjoyed by all the participants, especially the recipients. We congratulate some of the students upon their reception of various prizes. It was a well-managed performance.

A. A., MILNITE.



"The Crimson and White" has received the following exchanges and hopes that they will come again:

"The Red and Black"—Friends Academy, Locust Valley, Long Island.

High School Recorder—Saratoga High, Saratoga, N. Y.

Picayune—Batavia High, Batavia, N. Y.

Irvonian—Irving School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Hartwick Seminary Monthly—Cooperstown, N. Y.

Volcano—Hornell High, Hornell, N. Y.

Patroon—Albany High, Albany, N. Y.

The Student's Pen—Pittsfield High, Pittsfield, Mass.

The Echo—Oneonta High, Oneonta, N. Y.

Review—Lowell High, Lowell, Mass.

The Item—Amsterdam High, Amsterdam, N. Y.

*High School Recorder*—

The arrangement of your school notes and jokes is indeed clever. Your jokes are original, which certainly adds to any paper.

*The Red and Black*—

A complete and interesting magazine. We marvel at the extensiveness of your athletic notes and "ads."

*Picayune*—

School notes, although we are glad to receive a magazine with that department complete, seem to constitute the greater part of the paper. Don't you think your literary department could be increased?

*Patroon*—

Neighbors, we are indeed glad to receive your bi-weekly paper. Extensive and interesting material for a bi-weekly publication!

*Irsonian—*

Interesting athletic notes and cuts! Your "ads" show the ability of your advertising staff. We ardently hope for "Irvonians" credit that the nominees for the "Hall of Fame" are elected.

*The Item—*

Your paper may be improved by the criticisms of your exchanges.

*The Echo—*

A well arranged and interesting paper! We enjoyed your literary department, especially the play, "A Modern Comedy of Errors."

*Review—*

Your paper certainly corresponds with the cover. Why not criticize your exchanges?

*The Student's Pen—*

You have a fine literary department, and the "Book Review" adds much to your paper. Just a few more cuts.

## OUR PAPER AS OTHERS SEE IT

"The Crimson and White" is another paper in which school activities have come out ahead of the literary department. Perhaps it seems so to us because we have seen only its graduation number. Its jokes are well selected but we don't get the "point" of "Cupid's Column." It seems in bad taste.

THE RED AND BLACK,  
FRIEND'S ACADEMY, LOCUST VALLEY, L. I.



# SCHOOL NOTES



## ADELPHOI NOTES

Adelphei has entered four new members in a recent initiation, all of whom are sophomores. The initiation itself was interesting, if not somewhat warm.

A party, held at the Capitol Theatre, was enjoyed by all who were present. Refreshments were served before the event at the home of Edward Osborn.

Many interesting programs have been rendered at the various weekly meetings of Adelphei, the new members providing excellent material. It is expected that there will follow many more interesting periods. Adelphei also expects to have a most prosperous year with Mr. Goldring as President, and in some future time new members will be again entered.

H. C.



## QUIN NOTES

The Quintilian Literary Society had their Rush Party for the Freshmen Girls on the Friday before Hallowe'en with a large attendance. We have been having very many interesting programs so far this year including debates and informal talks. We are looking forward to a successful year.

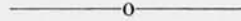
FLORENCE A. GOODING.



## SIGMA

The first important event in Sigma's history for 1925-26 was the Freshman Rush Party. The most interesting feature of the party was the vaudeville given by our own Sigma talent. We all predict a successful year as our officers are capable and the girls have Sigma spirit. Mildred Fischer is our new president, Jerry Griffin our secretary, Pearl Osher treasurer, Virginia Ward vice-president, Caroline Hohman, mistress of ceremonies, and Aline Dwyer, guard. Our next event will be the "initiation," for which we are already planning.

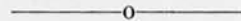
N. L.



## STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

The committee on arrangements was pleased with the attendance at the School Reception the twenty-first of November. With such co-operation, perhaps we'll be able to "accomplish great things."

M. W.



## GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Many of Milne's girls are busy in the Glee Club, and enjoying it. Under Miss Rhein's direction they have accomplished much both in the way of meetings and Chapel programmes. The following officers were elected November 24:

President.....	Esther de Heus
Treasurer.....	Curtis
Business Manager.....	Beth Root
Advertising Manager.....	Meredith Winne
Secretary.....	Marion Wallace

We are planning a big programme for next semester.

M. W.



## ALUMNI NOTES

## THE CLASS OF 1925

Ellamac Allen.....	In Business
Barbara Baker.....	Russell Sage
Warren Brewster.....	At Home
Vera Button.....	Passaic General Hospital
Doris Clark.....	Oneonta Normal
Alice Bessie Cleveland.....	Mildred Elley
Marion Conklin.....	N. Y. S. C. T.
Robert Dyer.....	Cornell
Viola Garnett.....	In Business
Matthew Gipp.....	In Business
Gertrude Hall.....	N. Y. S. C. T.
Helen Hamburger.....	Smith
Emma Jones.....	Mildred Elley
Lyman Jordan.....	Colgate
Eleanor Kirk.....	Mildred Elley
Margaret Mann.....	Simmons
Frances McDonough.....	College of the Sacred Heart
Marian McHale.....	In Business
Bessie McIntosh.....	Mildred Elley
Willard Nehemiah.....	R. P. I.
Bertha Post.....	In Business
Alice Rosboro.....	At Home
Caroline Van Schleick.....	N. Y. S. C. T.
Wilbur Van Alstyn.....	Union
Genevieve Whipple.....	Skidmore
Grace Williams.....	N. Y. S. C. T.
Dudley Wade.....	University of Georgia
Kenneth Woodward.....	G. E. Apprentice School
Sterling Ferguson, ex-'25.....	Albany High School

## SOME EARLIER GRADUATES

Millicent Burhanes, '19.....	New French Critic
Eleanor Abrams, '20.....	Teaching at Adelphi College
Emily Barrows, '21.....	Studying at University of Chicago
Charles Sayles, '21.....	Studying at Cornell
Miriam Snow, '22.....	Senior at N. Y. S. C. T.

---

301 BRYANT AVENUE, ITHACA, N. Y.

December 1, 1925

DEAR EDITOR:

I'd gladly write you an alumni letter if there were anything to say, but several trials have produced no satisfactory results at all. You see there's so little to write. In '21 I was graduated from Milne and went to Colgate in the following fall, staying there a year and a half.

The second semester of my sophomore year I spent in France, studying at the Alliance Francaise for four months and traveling through France, Switzerland, Italy and England for a month and a half before coming back here. The faculty at Colgate were very decent and broadminded, granting me a semester's credit for the studying I did in Paris; so that no time was lost so far as school was concerned.

It was rather hard to settle down and study after that, and after one more semester at Colgate I came over here to Cornell where I'm studying hotel management, a comparatively young course here. This is my fourth semester — and I hope my last, for if the fates are kind I graduate in February.

So you see that's all there is.

Sincerely,

CHARLES F. SAYLES.



### THE DAILY LESSON

(With Apologies to Noyes)

Caesar, Caesar, when you wrote your Commentaries did you dream  
Of all Sophomores, as the sun sinks low,  
Of the Latin and the English (those things which I'm sure you'd deem  
Hard and easy in reverse) of the myriad eyes that seem  
To be litten for some moments with a wild, despairing gleam  
As *acriter pugnatum est*, the book's eternal theme  
Recross, in the red sunset glow?

ALICIA HILDREDTH ANDREWS



To date, Milne has played two basketball games. These two games have shown that Milne is able to hold its own on the court. The first game was played with Castleton on their court. From this Milne came out victorious by a score of 41 to 14. Later Milne played a hard fought contest with St. Joseph's School. The home team lost this game by one point, the final score was 16 to 15.

The scores of the games:

MILNE	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	CASTLETON	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Sharp, rf. ....	1	1	3	Finkle, rf. ....	1	1	3
Liebick, lf. ....	7	1	15	Barber, lf. ....	3	1	7
Goldring, c. ....	7	1	15	Prince, c. ....	0	0	0
Haywood, rg. ....	2	0	4	Dirkin, rg. ....	1	0	2
Kroll, lg. ....	2	0	4	Phibbs, lg. ....	1	0	2
Total .....			41	Total .....			14

— 0 —

MILNE	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	ST. JOSEPH'S	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Sharp, rf. ....	1	1	3	Curtain, rf. ....	1	2	4
Liebich, lf. ....	1	1	3	Tammany, lf. ....	2	1	5
Goldring, c. ....	3	1	7	Martin, c. ....	1	2	3
Haywood, rg. ....	0	0	0	Reedy, rg. ....	2	0	4
Kroll, lg. ....	0	2	2	Ried, lg. ....	0	0	
Total .....			15	Total .....			16

F. G.



## A CLEVER ENDING

The great humorist lay dying. His face paled; his breath came in protesting gasps; his pulse fluttered. The famous specialists cast significant glances between themselves.

"There's—no—hope?" he asked them.

Their heads shook sadly and in unison: "No hope."

The great humorist beckoned to me. "Jim, old boy," he whispered in my ear, "bring me—my—shoes, please."

I carried them to the dying man's side. Weakly he thrust his feet from beneath the covers, "put them on for me, Jim," he whispered, growing visibly weaker from the effort of speech.

I saw that the end was near. To humor him, I drew the shoes over his feet. He lay back satisfied. Unable to restrain my curiosity even in the presence of death, I asked him, "Why did you have me do that?" "So I won't stub my toe when I kick the bucket," the great humorist replied.

—o—

## TRY IT YOURSELF

A man with an uncanny mania for juggling with figures placed a pad of paper and a pencil in his friend's hands and said: "Put down the number of your living brothers. Multiply it by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Add the number of living sisters. Multiply the result by ten. Add the number of dead brothers and sisters. Subtract one hundred and fifty from the result." The friend did as directed. "Now," said the other with a cunning smile, "the righthand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the lefthand figure the number of living brothers." And so it was!

—Tid-Bits

1926

Toot-toot, horn,  
Toot-toot, horn,  
Tooting all the way;  
Oh! What fun it is to ride  
In a one-lung Ford coupe.

Tin — tin — tin,  
Tin — tin — tin,  
Rattling all the way;  
Oh! What fun it is to ride  
In a one-lung Ford coupe.

R. S. K.

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CLOTHES THAT ARE DISTINCTIVE

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An old countryman had been about Vancouver for some time without work, but finally got a job cutting slabs into stove lengths.

The hazy circle at the outer edge of the circular saw had a tremendous fascination for him, and at last he put his finger over it to see just what it was. His finger came off.

As he stood gazing at the bleeding finger stump, the foreman came along. "Well, what's the matter here?" he asked.

"Blime me if I know," was the reply. "You see I just put my finger over the saw like that \* \* \* My gawd, there's another one gone!"

—Forbes

—o—

"Her niece is rather good looking, eh?"

"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are.'"

---

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Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Life is beautiful, and, for all we know, Death is just as good.

—Roycroft

—o—

The woodworkers never made any trouble in this world; it was the wouldn't workers.

—o—

"I wish I wuz a rock  
A settin' on a hill,  
A doin' nuthin' all day long,  
But jest a settin' still;  
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,  
I wouldn't even wash—  
I'd jest set there a thousand years—  
And rest m'self b' gosh!"

---

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Please mention "The Crimson and White"

"Do you suffer from cold feet?" the doctor asked the young wife.  
 "Yes," she replied.  
 He promised to send her some medicine.  
 "Oh," she said nervously. "They're—not—not mine."

—o—

In his address before the Minnesota State Bar Association, Hon. J. Adam Bede said: "They tell a story of an Oklahoma Indian who made a fortune in oil last summer, which illustrates the condition of our country. Having made his fortune, he thought he would see America first. So he bought a car and drove away. Next day he returned to the salesman, all banged up. "What's the matter?" The Indian said, "I drive out big car; buy gallon moonshine; step on gas. See fence; he hop fence; pretty soon see bridge coming down road. He turn out to let bridge go by. Bang! Car gone. Gimme 'nother."

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## SHE TUNED HIM OUT

Irate Wife (discovering husband on front steps fiddling with door knob)—“What are you doing there, Webster?”

Husband (continuing to turn knob)—“Sshh! I’m trying to get Pittsburgh!”

—————o—————

Liza—“An’ when dat robbah man said: ‘Hol’ up yo’ hands!’ what did you say?”

Rastus—“Me? Ah jes’ laffed at him. Ah already had ’em up.”

—————o—————

“You looked foolish the night you proposed,” reminisced the better seven-eighths.

“I never could deceive you, could I dear,” agreed the lesser eighth.

---

## COMPLIMENTS OF

**Zeta Sigma**


---

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—————  
SEE OUR WINDOWS  
—————

**67 NORTH PEARL STREET**

---

Please mention “The Crimson and White”

## THE DEADLY SEX

Mr. Wagner—"I saw a headline in the paper today that said, 'Seven Men Killed by Ethyl Gas.' Isn't it terrible what we are coming to?"

Mrs. Wagner—"Yes; she must be a very bad woman. How did she kill them—with poison or a revolver?"

— o —

"I heard of a man who had 13 spades and got the bid, but only took one trick."

"How come?"

"His partner led an ace, he trumped it, and his partner shot him."

— o —

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"Would my technic indicate that?"

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## PAGE SANTA CLAUS

Two—er—bachelor girls of somewhat advanced years were discussing the approaching holidays.

"Sister Molly," said the younger, "would a long stocking hold all you wish for Christmas?"

"No, Elvira," said the older girl, "but a pair of socks would."

---

A woman got on a trolley car and, finding that she had no change, handed the conductor a ten dollar bill.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, lady," said the conductor, "you'll have just 199 of 'em in a minute."

---

## WHERE?

Sergeant Mulhausen was a conscientious, if somewhat dumb, oldtimer and he took his duties seriously when placed in charge of transportation details while the outfit was being transferred from Cavite, P. I., to Pekin.

As the train was starting, the sergeant jerked open the door of the compartment, and demanded sternly:

"If there's anybody in here what was left back there, speak up!"

---

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## A WILLING HELPER

"I beg your pardon," said the lady collector timidly, "but will you please help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Sure," said the man, "where are they?"

— o —

## O, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING

(From the Boston Globe)

Mrs. A ——— D ——— died yesterday. Whist and general dancing followed.

— o —

"Mary, you remind me for all the world of brown sugar."

"How come, Henry?"

"You are so sweet and so unrefined."

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## *Steefel Says:*

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**For Every Occasion**

**Clothing Hats Shoes Haberdashery**

—  
Smart Togs For Girls, too  
—

**STEEFEL BROTHERS**

**STATE STREET**

---

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The famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him, bitterly:

"Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"

— o —

A mine superintendent, who had gone down into the lower levels to talk to a crew of men imprisoned by a cave-in, was getting their last messages.

"George," he shouted to one colored miner, through a narrow aperture, "are you married?"

"Nossuh," answered a lugubrious voice, "dis hyah am de wustest fix ah evah been in yit."

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THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

I wonder  
If the snow,  
Fluttering against the window pane,  
Is the little frozen petals  
Of daisies.

Two blue balls  
On the Christmas tree  
Stare at me  
Like a goblin's eyes.

The angels' Christmas tree  
Is much brighter  
Than mine.  
It is trimmed  
With starbeams and moonrays  
And tight flame blossoms.

HELYN B. OTIS, '27.

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**Best Wishes For a Successful  
Year**

**Adelphoi Literary Society**

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COMPLIMENTS OF

**Quin Literary Society**

---

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

"The evening wore on," said the Engineers' Club story teller, continuing his narrative to the afternoon group.

"Excuse me," interrupted the joker, "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't believe it is important," said the story teller, "but if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."



#### A NATURAL MISTAKE

A married couple had engaged a cook; she was as pretty as a picture, but her cooking was terrible, and one morning the bacon was burned to such a crisp as to make it wholly inedible.

"Dear," said the wife to her husband, "I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning."

"All right," responded the husband, "bring her in."



#### BRAINSTORM OF A TIMEPIECE

Jasper—"I want you to fix this cuckoo clock."

Jeweler—"That isn't a cuckoo clock."

Jasper—"Yes it is. It just struck thirteen."



#### HIS PRIVILEGE

"But, ma, Uncle Ajax eats with his knife."

"Hush, dear, Uncle Ajax is rich enough to eat with a fire shovel if he prefers to."



"When admiring a mule," advises the Life Extension Bureau, "always stand in front of him."



#### MORE RELATIVITY

Officer Free State Patrol—"Have ye yer permit on ye for dhrive, the cyar?"

Motorist—"I have that. Are you wanting to see it?"

Officer—"What for would I be wantin' to see it, if ye have it? If ye had it not then I'd be wantin' a look at it."

Milligan (to grocer)—“If Oi lave yez security equal to what Oi take away, will yez trust me till next week?”

Grocer—“Certainly.”

Milligan—“Well, thin, sell me two o’them hams an’ kape wan o’ them till Oi call agin.”

—o—

#### WHO’S LOONY NOW?

A man in a hospital for mental cases sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and, wishing to be affable, remarked:

“How many have you caught?”

“You’re the ninth,” was the reply.

—o—

#### THE EXEMPLARY PEDESTRIAN

English Paper—“The other day at Bath a motor car knocked down an old gentleman and passers-by feared he had been killed. To their surprise he jumped up quite unhurt and, raising his hat, apologized to the driver for any inconvenience he had caused him. The two then shook hands cordially.”

The above item may be commended to Boston pedestrians, many of whom are so rude and inconsiderate that they have been known in similar cases to get up and walk away, not only without apologizing but without even raising their hats.

—*Boston Transcript*

—o—

#### THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Padre—“You’ll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff.”

Old Soak—“’Sall right, ’sall right. It won’t show with my coat on.”

—o—

#### INSULT SUPREME

The great editor was dying. The physician leaned over him with a stethoscope, listened a few moments and then rose sadly.

“Poor man,” he announced. “Circulation almost gone.”

With an effort, the editor lifted his head.

“You’re a liar!” he proclaimed weakly. “Over four hundred thousand, and gaining every day.”



## UNSAVORY

The Governor of Arkansas was visiting the State penitentiary. A colored woman inmate who was cooking in the prison kitchen desired an interview with him, which he granted. She asked for a pardon. The Governor asked her:

"What's the matter, Auntie—haven't you a nice home here?"

"Yessir," she replied, "but I wants out."

"Don't they feed you well here?"

"Yessir, I gets good victuals; dats not hit."

"Well, what makes you dissatisfied?"

"It's dis way, Guvner: I's got jus' dis one 'jection to dis place, and dat's de reputation it's got out oveh de State."

—o—

## "VAGUE" ISN'T THE WORD

(From the Greenville (S. C.) News)

Of the forty Negroes in the Greenville county bastile yesterday, thirty-three were whites. Reason for this condition is rather vague, although the percentage of white population in this section may partially explain it.

—o—

She (coyly)—"But Harold, you are sure you love me?"

He—"Well, what do you suppose I'm doing—trying to wrestle?"

—o—

Some men grow up to a job, and some just swell above the neck.

—o—

## RED HOT PAPA

(From the Ambridge (Pa.) Citizen)

The bride was attended by Miss Martha Fair and the groom by Mr. Reed D. Achauer, a very warm classmate of Mr. Carle.

—o—

## LOST ENERGY

Boy Scout (to old lady)—May I accompany you across the street, madam?

Old Lady—Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waitin' here for somebody to take you across?







