

1512
The

Crimson and White

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Junior Number

DECEMBER

1918

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

Contents

	Page
Our Honor Roll.....	19
Literary Department	
The Victory of Friendship (L. B., '20).....	21
The Golden Barrier (C. R., '20).....	25
The Spirit of '17, (S. T., '20).....	28
Editorial.....	31
Alumni Notes.....	32
The Junior High School	
Editorial.....	33
A Regular Christmas, (D. G., '23).....	33
Rupert Brooke, (L. K., '24).....	34
School Notes.....	35
Societies	
Quintilian Literary Society.....	36
Zeta Sigma.....	36
Adelphoi.....	37
Athletic Notes.....	37
Exchanges.....	38
Sense and Humor.....	39

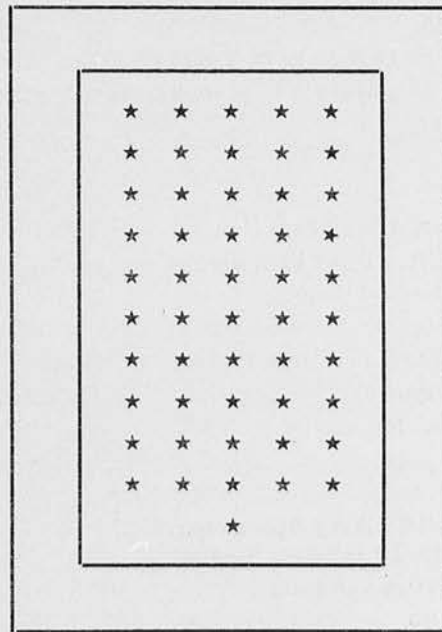
The Crimson and White

Vol. XV

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 2

OUR HONOR ROLL.



William Davison, ex-'18, Navy.

William Nead, '16, N. Y. Field Hospitals, Camp Wadsworth.

Harold Sollace, ex-'19, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.

Urquhart Wilcox, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.

Eugene Molitor, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.

Paul O'Brien, ex-'17, Somewhere in France.

Erwin Hanna, '16, N. G. N. Y.

Chester Blauvelt, '14, Lieutenant in Army, stationed at Trenton.

Irving Goewey, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Atlanta, Ga.

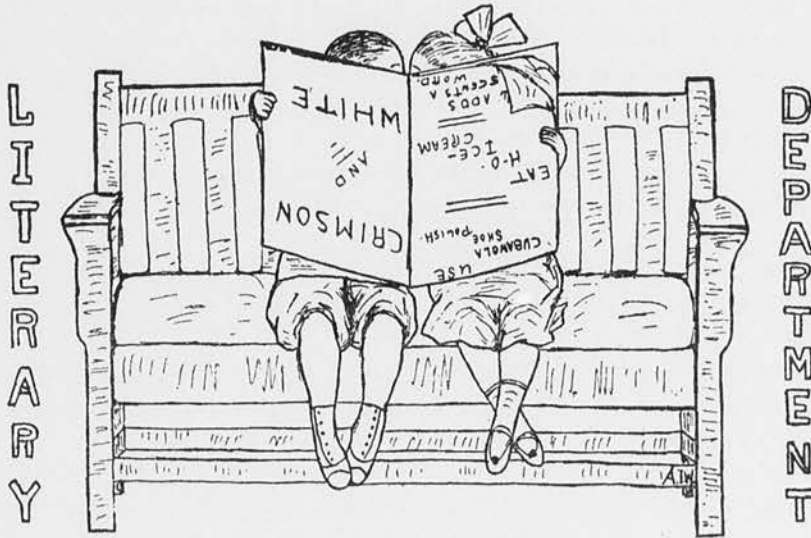
Arnold Van Laer, ex-'18, Troop B, N. G. N. Y., New Paltz, N. Y.

Edmund O'Connor, '14, Marines.

Earl Vibbard, ex-'18, Second Field Hospital Corps.

Chester Long, '14, Albany Base Hospital.

Gilbert Daring, '14.
Nelson Covey, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
John Butler, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
William Thompson, '11.
George Reinhart, ex-'18, Navy.
Harold Wentworth, ex-'12, National Army, Camp Devens.
Guy Ferguson, '13, National Army, Camp Devens.
Clifford Evory, '08.
Guy Sweet, '05.
John Becker, '11.
George Anderson, '10.
Alberta O'Connor, '12, U. S. N. R. F., Yeoman.
Newton Bacon, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Yaphank.
Edwin Taylor, ex-'14.
Edwin Belknap, '15.
Chester Hane, '12.
Robert Meade, ex-'12, Albany Base Hospital.
Walter Graham, ex-'16, Albany Base Hospital.
Raymond Fite, '15, Medical Corps.
John Lynd, ex-'14, Marines.
John Henry, ex-'16, Aviation Corps, France.
Harold Springsteed, ex-'10.
John O'Day Donahoe, '10.
Raymond Raynsford.
Harold Walker, ex-'14.
Stephen Venear, ex-'16, Albany Base Hospital.
Gibson Newell, ex-'10, Albany Base Hospital.
Charles Grounds, '10, Camp Devens.
Chauncey Sears, ex-'19.
Richard Whitman, ex-'18, Marines.
Watson Hoos, ex-'17.
Harold Hasselbarth, ex-'16.
Wesley Turner, ex-'18, Aviation Corps.
Willis Morton.
William Rapp.
J. Robert Watt.
Francis Grady.
Cornelius Deyoe, ex-'18, Fort Hancock, Virginia.



THE VICTORY OF FRIENDSHIP.

The little town of Bradley was like a Camp. Its inhabitants had forgotten the time when white tents had not shone on their hilltops, and uniforms of blue or gray had not made color in the streets. The gay Georgia Zouaves had come—had danced and ridden horseback with the pretty Southern girls only six months before—now the town was in the hands of a Vermont regiment.

Families, who had been friends for years, were now bitter enemies. Only the "Roses" had remained friends. Rose Allen and Rosie Miller had been friends from childhood. All the spite and hard feelings had never touched the girls. When they were babies, their nurses gossiped while the children played. As they grew older, they dressed their dolls together and made perilous trips into forbidden territory. It was when they started to school that people began to call them the red and white roses. Rosie was fair and delicate while Rose was a dark, healthy girl, full of life and joy.

It was while the Georgia Zouaves were swaggering thru the streets that Rose met Harry Wrenn, the younger lieutenant of the company. He was only a boy, full of dash and enthusiasm with his entire belief in the South and its cause. When Rose argued the cause of the Union and flung jeers at the South, Wrenn thought she disliked him. He was gentle in his replies, because she was Rosie's friend, and with Rosie he was already in love. He could talk of many things to Rosie. He told her of his Georgia home and his plans for the future.

Perhaps, it was shyness or the birth of joy at having a new world of her own, which made Rosie keep her secret. One night while waiting for Rosie, Wrenn saw someone whom he believed to be his beloved. As she stopped in the arbor, Harry stole up behind her and kissed her. He drew her toward the moonlight but to discover that he had kissed Rose.

"Miss Allen, I beg your pardon,—” he began but Rose was already on her feet.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she cried, and lifting the whip she carried, struck him a stinging blow across the face and fled.

A day or two later, Mrs Miller asked what had become of Rose. Nobody knew. They learned the next day that she was visiting in a nearby town.

Rosie's life was so full that she forgot the comrade of her girlhood, as many a girl has done before. Meanwhile Rose, in a frenzy of hurt pride, thought of Wrenn telling Rosie what had happened, thought of them jesting over it, perhaps, until her heart was black with anger at her humiliation.

Not long after, the Southern regiment was hastily moved. In a week, a Vermont regiment was stationed in Bradley and Mrs. Allen found the Colonel a constant guest at her home. Rose would ride or walk by her friends' home with never a glance that way.

One night about dusk, a man in a tattered blue army coat, knocked at the back door of the Miller home. Aunt Cely, an old colored cook, answered the knock.

"G'long 'way from heah", she said. "We ain't feedin' no po'h white trash".

"Is your mistress at home?"

"None yo' business!"

"Will you take this button to her and ask her to buy it? I need money."

It was a worn gold collar button. Cely took it and shut the door. A moment later, she handed it to Rosie.

"Thar's news from yo' pa," the negro woman whispered.

"Tell him to come here."

As the bearded, blue coated man entered, he took off his hat and stood smiling.

"Harry," gasped Rosie and flew to him.

"Your father told me to come here to you, but I can't stay. Nobody knows what would happen, if a spy were found in your house."

"You are safer here than anywhere else."

"You would not be. I'd be a poor soldier if I could not take care of myself anywhere."

"I won't let you go down into town. It is a camp of wolves."

"Suppose they were to trace me here?"

"They will not trace you here."

But he was deaf against persuasion. He must go thru the camp and learn how strong it was. He must learn whether it would be safe for a force of Southerners to attempt to capture the city.

Every night she saw him. He would slip thru the garden and find her in the rose bower. She would bring food and all the news she was able to get. How he did his work, she never knew.

One night, Wrenn spoke of Rose for the first time since the fatal night in the early summer.

"I heard today she was to marry the Northern Colonel," he said. If so, he thought she might forgive him.

"Yes war has parted us at last," Rosie said sadly. "I think her father must have forbidden her to speak to me. It can be nothing else."

The next afternoon, Rose Allen, on her big black horse rode by beside the Colonel from Vermont. As the riders passed along the road, they met a man in a soldier's coat. Rose looked full in his face, and, as he lifted his eyes to gaze at them, her face grew pale. She cut her horse with the whip and if the man had not quickly jumped aside, he would have been ridden down.

The Colonel raced half a mile before he caught up to her.

"What was it? A bolt?" he asked.

"Only one of those rebel officers, whom I thought you had driven out of the country," she said in a tone of annoyance.

The Vermont Colonel wasted no time, and when he reached camp, gave several orders, one of which referred to a slim, bearded man, in a ragged blue army overcoat.

That night, while Wrenn ate his meal with Rosie, a light flashed upon him, and, looking up, they saw the barrels of two revolvers in their very faces.

Quick as lightning, Rosie was before him with the guns aimed at her. "Go!" she gasped, and he sprang thru the low window in the back.

Orders had said "dead or alive." There had been not a word until Rosie's cry, and as Wrenn sprang, two shots rang out, and the girl, putting her hand to her breast, fell as Wrenn threw himself on the ground. He might have gone, had he not seen her face. He knew every foot of the ground, and he had an instant's start; but that sight stopped him, and his second's grace was over. Be-

fore he could even draw his own weapon, he was overpowered and bound.

"Is she dead?" he asked.

"It's no business of yours," the soldier answered. "It's your own funeral you want to be thinking of."

"In God's name, man, let me see if she is dead, and take her to her mother."

The Sergeant had lifted her. "She is not dead. We will take her in," the Sergeant kindly replied, and Wrenn was led toward Camp.

Matters went rapidly with a spy those days, and a Court Martial was soon summoned. Harry Wrenn was sentenced to be hanged.

The news spread rapidly over the country. Everybody had known and loved the gay boy. The news of his fate, came as a terrible shock. Union men, as well as Confederates, went to the Colonel and implored mercy for him; but the Vermont Colonel only answered in grim denial as each request was put to him. The Court Martial had sentenced the prisoner, and he had no power to pardon him.

Rosie, weak, unable to move, lay in her bed and watched her mother's tears.

"I know what has happened," she said, "Harry was killed."

"My dear —,"

"I'd rather that than have had them take him."

"You must be calm."

"I will be, I am glad he was shot since he could not get away. Will you send for Rose? She is so strong." Rosie seemed to have forgotten their former troubles.

When Rose was asked to visit Rosie, she shuddered and repeated, "I can't go. I can't go." But she went.

"Will you hold me, Rose? You are so strong. They have killed Harry," sobbed Rosie, and the stronger girl, who had betrayed him to a shameful death, took the gentle suffering body in her arms.

The next day, while Rose was sitting by her friend's side, she heard the sound of marching feet.

"What is it?" asked Rosie. Rose spoke rapidly. "It is Harry's funeral. They are giving him a military burial. He was a hero, and even the Northern soldiers honor him. Will you let me go? I must take some flowers."

Rosie began to cry weakly. Rose put her down and rushed out of the house like a tempest. There was only one horse in the field, an animal that had never been mounted by a woman. She leaped on his back and spurred him on toward the camp thinking only of

Harry's being led to death. Faster and faster went the horse. She leaped fences and trees, stopping for nothing. Her one desire was speed. Faster and faster, past the guard and up to the Colonel's tent where he sat gravely writing before his tent. He looked up in amazement as she brought her horse to a dead stop.

"Reprieve Wrenn," she said, "and telegraph the President. He always spares a life." And then as if his understanding was too slow, she shook his hand. "Write it. They are killing him now."

"Why do you care?" She heard suspicion in his voice.

"He is the lover of my friend," she cried.

"If you love me, do it now or —"

Instantly the Colonel awoke. "Fire a signal and run up a flag that the execution is to be delayed" he cried to an officer standing near.

Two years later, the bells of a certain church rang out with joy; and up the aisle, walked Colonel Wrenn with a proud blushing Rosie beside him, while behind them walked Major General Church, the erstwhile Vermont Colonel, with dainty Rose Miller leaning on his arm.

LEO F. BARRETT, '20.



THE GOLDEN BARRIER.

Outside the wind howled and screeched; it whistled thru the tree-tops; it moaned about the chimneys of the houses; it drove all before it in its path of destruction. The rain beat down relentlessly—now in an invincible down-pour, now in a stinging sweep. The dark wild night defied anyone to venture forth into its unknown horrors. It seemed as tho' all the furies of the heavens were angrily uniting to wash away the stains from a blood-drenched world.

But within the home of the Wealthy Man, all was warm and cozy. The crackling, merry, blaze in the fire-place cast a rosy glow about the luxurious room. Its bright reflection chased out the shadows among the heavy hangings. It shone on the polished furniture; it filled the entire room with a comfortable, cheery atmosphere. One forgot that the rain was beating down without, and that the wind was howling, when the big blaze snapped and cracked. One hardly remembered that over across the seas, a stain of deeper red was dyeing the battlefields of France—the blood of brave men. No, that was all too remote, too vague.

The Wealthy Man sank leisurely into his big cushioned arm-chair; he lighted his cigar and leaned back contentedly. It was blissful to sit there—safe from the frenzy of the elements, secure from the battles of men. No distress, no worry, no anxiety.

His face lighted up with a smug satisfaction; and his eyes flashed with the lust of money. A close observer might have noticed that his eyes were keen and piercing; one gained the impression of perseverance, and an activity of mind that accomplishes wonders. But in direct contrast, his mouth seemed unusually tender and sympathetic—almost like that of a woman. Although his eyes caused an impression of a heart of steel, yet the gentle character of his mouth showed that the true man within could never bear the sight of physical suffering, despite the meditations of his misguided mind.

“I have profited greatly by this war,” thought the Wealthy Man. “Before, I was poor and a mere working man; now, thanks to the advantages offered by this great conflict, I have succeeded in amassing a great hord of unlimited riches. A glorious chance! Because of my shrewdness I have gained the money of unsuspecting people, not so clever as I, who have been stunned by a sudden battle-cry. I have been clever, yes, very clever.

The Wealthy Man had built a Golden Barrier between himself and physical suffering—a wall of wealth that would always keep him immune from hunger and want. He did not realize, however, that his Golden Barrier was not a fortress of impregnable strength; no, before the judgement of God it would crumble away and fall in ruins. For the Wealthy Man had not gained his riches by honest toil, but by the bleeding of war-tossed nations.

There were other men, too, who had not been quite so fortunate as he. Many, so many that it was quite startling, had taken up their guns and marched forth under the Stars and Stripes to save an exhausted world from the clutches of an avaricious enemy. His war activities, he thought, and those of the lads in khaki had differed only slightly. His ambition had been to gain for himself, and theirs to win for all humanity. He remembered seeing some of his home town boys depart. How splendid they looked—gallant, sturdy rows of America’s best! He had heard one of his work-men bid his son good-bye.

“My boy,” the proud father had said, “remember that we’re all back of you. When you start ‘Fritzie’ on the run, don’t forget that the folks back home are right behind you, willing to do their share, while you give your all.”

The Wealthy Man had laughed at and ridiculed the idea at the time, but now, he wondered uneasily if he had been giving those determined Yankees a helping hand over the top. That glorious poem he had read only yesterday—what did it say?

“If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, tho’ poppies grow
In Flanders fields.”

Twenty-four hours ago, it had given him a vaguely uncomfortable feeling, but now he realized what an impression the eloquent words of a dead hero had made upon his selfish mind. The words of the poem, too spiritual and prophetic for the thoughts of men, had been glorified by a wonderful illustration, a lurid splash of striking colors, the crosses, row on row, and the souls of dead soldiers spreading out their hands in agitated appeal.

“Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high.”

The Wealthy Man closed his eyes in a frantic effort to drive the picture from his mind. He clenched his hands and strove to forget. No, he would always remember it. The sad eyes of many people seemed fixed upon him in grave reproach. He saw the battlefields that night, the dying men, and no stars in the dark skies to shine upon their last hours. Then he seemed to perceive the eyes of drowning women and children; their arms stretched out in mute appeal and seaweed was hanging from their hair. The Wealthy Man sprang to his feet; the Golden Barrier had fallen with a crash, and he seemed haunted by himself.

Good Providence, how had it come about that he had given his unconscious support to a nation of brutal beasts, had unthinkingly joined them in a war against humanity and the very cross of Christ? The Wealthy Man paced the floor, and endeavored to understand how he could have been such a traitor to his country.

With the consciousness of his crimes the Golden Barrier was miraculously replaced, not by a similar wall of wealth, but by a sea of sympathetic humanity. Then the Wealthy Man resolved to devote those riches, which had formed that Golden Barrier, to the undoing of the wrongs he had committed; and so he reached out and joined hands with the world of Christians.

Outside the wind howled and screeched, and the rain still beat down in angry fury; but into one man’s soul had come the sunshine and peace of unselfish sympathy.

THE SPIRIT OF '17.

CHARACTERS: *John, the father, a Civil war veteran.*
Mary, his wife.
Robert, his son.

SCENE: *In a sitting room of a home in a country village.*

TIME: *The summer of 1917*

The father, asleep in a chair, suddenly awakens.

Father: Ho, hum, what a dull day! *A bugle sounds in the distance*. But what is that? It must be a bugle at the village calling for volunteers. I wish I were a boy again! I would join in a minute to defend Old Glory. But the boys of today are not like they were in my day. All they care about now is to have a good time. They're cowards, they're yellow-streaked.

[Enter Mother]

Mother: What's the matter, John? Why are you talking so loud?

Father: Where's Bob?

Mother: Down to the village I suppose.

Father: Yes, just like him. Playing pool, I'll bet.

Mother: But why are you so angry at him?

Father: Why am I angry? Have I not good cause to be angry? Loafing about the village when he ought to be in the army! He's a coward. He's not like his father.

Mother: But father, how dare you speak so? He's our only boy you know, and besides, he doesn't want to go to war.

Father: He's a coward, I tell you, and a disgrace to the family. When I was a boy, I was not afraid to go. No-sir-ee, I was the first man in.

Mother: I know, John, but Robert is different from you. He's such a dear, loving boy and does not believe in war.

Father: Aw, you make me sick! Does not believe in war! Has good reasons, I'll bet. He's nothing but a yellow-streaked coward. He's a disgrace to the name. My forefathers were soldiers, my father was a soldier, and I've been a soldier. I tell you we're of fighting blood. I remember the battle of Gettysburgh well. How we rushed up the hill with Old Glory in the van; through a storm of bullets, and thundering cannon! What a glorious life! Oh! Those were the days!

Mother: I know Bob isn't a slacker, but simply gentle-natured. Your prejudiced against him. I won't listen to another word.

[Leaves the room]

Father: These mother's boys! They're nothing but a lot of

molly-coddles. To think that my son should be one of them! It will kill me. I'll disown him, that's what I'll do. No son of mine shall be a slacker. But hark! Here he comes.

[Son enters intoxicated].

Father: Well, I see you're home at last.

Son: Hic—yes, I—hic—guess so.

Father: Where have you been? How did you get into this condition?

Son: Some—hic—friends. Just—hic—one too many.

Father: I'm ashamed of you. Why don't you join the army like a man?

Son: Don't want to go to war. Don't—hic—believe in war.

Father: You traitor! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your country in a world-wide war and you a good-for-nothing loafer, instead of a patriot! Go! Leave my house! I'll tolerate no such cowardice. Do not return again, for I shall never forgive you unless I see you in a uniform or read of your death upon the field of honor.

Son: I'll go, but you'll be sorry for this.

[Leaves the room].

[Enter the Mother].

Mother: Where's Bob?

Father: I've disowned him and driven him from home, never to return. He just came home drunk as a fool. No son of mine shall be such a man. Remember hereafter that I have no son.

Mother: Oh! John, you will kill me! My only son, my dearest, darling boy. You have robbed me of my pride and happiness. Only a mother can understand what you have done. Since you have driven him away you may say good-bye to me, for, now that he is gone, there is nothing here for me. I shall go with him.

Father: Why, Mother! You would not leave me in my old age like this!

Mother: Rob a mother of her boy and see what she will do. For forty years I have lived with you, cherished you, and soothed you in your whims. All that I have heard these years is militarism, militarism, day in and day out. I'm sick of it. You have not been a husband to me nor a father to Bob. You have always scolded and nagged him. You have never given him a word of encouragement or of paternal love. If he is not a man, it is your fault. I cannot bear it any longer. Farewell!

[Leaves the room].

Father: My God, what have I done.

[Sinks into a chair exhausted].

O God forgive me! I have been too hasty.

[Goes to sleep].

[Lights bright].

[Father is awakened by his son coming into the room in soldier's uniform].

Son: Hello, father.

Father: [Rubbing his eyes]. Eh, is it you, Bob? What, have you come back? Forgive me, Bob. I was too hasty. When did you join, my boy?

Son: Yesterday. I have just received my suit tonight. That's what kept me so late.

[Enter Mother]. Why Bob, how nice you look!

Father: O, forgive me, Mary for what I have done. I am very sorry. I shall try to be better to my family in the future.

Mother: What's the matter, father? What have you done to be sorry for?

Father: D-D-Didn't I d-d-drive you from me?

Son: Why father, you have been dreaming. What nonsense!

Father: Oh! It was a hellish dream.

STANLEY TAYLOR, '20

—————★—————

That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds.—*Emerson*.

—————★—————

There must be work done by the arms or none of us could live.—*Ruskin*.

—————★—————

I could never fathom how a man dares to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral.—*Stevenson*.

—————★—————

None is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for another.—*Dickens*.

—————★—————

It is little things that we know ourselves.—*Holmes*.

—————★—————

Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life.—*Austin*.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XV

ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER 1918

No. 2

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

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

ANNA F. MARIN, Q. L. S., '19

Assistant Editor

ELEANOR ABRAMS, Q. L. S., '20

MILLICENT BURHANS, Zeta Sigma, '19.....	} Literary Editors
KATHERINE NOLAN, Zeta Sigma, '20.....	
JANE O'NEILL, Zeta Sigma, '19.....	} School Editor
LAVENIA ROSA, Zeta Sigma, '20.....	} Alumni Editor
JANET GOLDRING, Q. L. S., '19.....	} Joke Editors
MURIEL DAGGETT, Zeta Sigma, '20.....	
MARION DEYOE, Zeta Sigma, '19.....	} Exchange Editors
CAROLINE ROGERS, Q. L. S., '20.....	
DOROTHEA GEORGE.....	} Junior High School Editors
LEONA KESSLER.....	
KENNETH SHUFELT, Adelphoi, '19.....	} Business Managers
ALAN SEXTON, Adelphoi, '19.....	
ADRIAN JOHNSON, Adelphoi, '19.....	} Advertising Agents
RUSSELL C. BOUTON, '19.....	
CHARLES SAYLES, Adelphoi, '21.....	
GEORGE HUDSON, '19.....	
	} Athletic Editor



Christmas is with us once more, but one greatly different from those we have spent within the last few years; one in which we have every cause to rejoice and feel merry. A year ago we were unflinchingly sending forth our boys to do their share in the world's conflict, and now we are receiving them home as victors.

Yet with the joy of their home-coming, comes the inevitable thought of the heroes left behind; of those who "lie in France where lillies bloom". They are dead, bodily dead, but they shall never die spiritually, for

"Their honor lives,
Their love endures,
Their noble death
The right assures."

Is it possible that since last Christmas the universe has undergone so great a change; that within one year, the world has turned

from war to peace, from destruction to reconstruction, and we are safe in saying from autocracy to democracy. Are we not proud to know that it was our good old "Yankee Pep" that caused this almost incredible change? Let us strive then, schoolmates, to deserve the name of American and make our country as proud of us as we are of her.

—★—

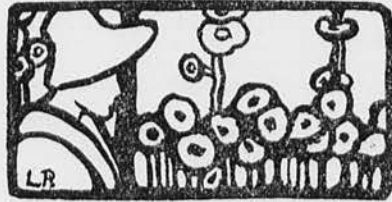
We have, as we had originally planned, allowed the Juniors to supervise the second issue of "The Crimson and White", and we can well say that they have given the pennant contest a good start. They have contributed interesting material for the literary department, entered a new Alumni cut, and still better, have greatly augmented the number of our advertisements. We congratulate you Juniors, upon your co-operation and enthusiasm. The vim and spirit with which you have entered this competition deserves the admiration and praise of all the other classes.

—★—

"The Crimson and White" extends to all a Merry Christmas and a joyous New Year.

—★—

ALUMNI NOTES.



Byron Baker, ex-'20, Harris Becker, ex-'19, Vera Speenburg, ex-'20 and Virginia Miller, '18, are attending the Albany Business College.

—————

We sincerely regret to hear of the death of Stephen Kampf, ex-'20, who was a victim of influenza.

—————

Mary Holliday '17, is attending Vassar College.

Margaret Romer, '13 is attending Smith College.

Theodora Miller, '15, is teaching in school 11 of this city.

Bertrand Wood, '12, has been made a Sergeant in the 106th Machine Gun Company.

Edith Wallace, '13, is instructing in Latin in the New York State College for Teachers.

John Haskell, ex-'19, is attending a Military School at Wentworth, Mass.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

We are glad to find the Junior High School once more represented in "The Crimson and White". You have done well Juniors. Keep it up, and make your department one of the best in the paper. Get busy immediately writing stories, and help your editors keep up the rank of your "Crimson and White".

**A REGULAR CHRISTMAS.**

Bill Kerwhin and Tom Merton were sitting on a soap box in front of their billet. It was only a week before Christmas, and they were wishing heartily that they could go home for the holiday.

Presently a group of little French "Kiddies" approached, and stopped to stare at the "soldats".

"Gee, Tom," said Bill, "don't you wish those poor kids could have a regular Christmas?"

Bill knocked the ashes from his cigarette and stared reflectively into the air. "Well," he said after a time, "why can't we give 'em one?"

"Say! that's a great idea! The next time we get leave, we'll buy some things to give them".

Soon after this Tom and Bill received a short furlough and went to Paris. They spent most of the money they had with them to buy dolls and toys for the children, and returned to the village where they were stationed, loaded with packages.

The next day they went far behind the lines to get a Christmas tree that was not broken by shell fire. They found a large one, and dragged it back to their billet. Then they told the secret to some of their comrades and took complete possession of the local Y. M. C. A. hut.

They spent all of their spare time decorating it with evergreen branches, and set up the Christmas tree in one corner. They took up a collection of goodies from the Christmas boxes which had been sent to them by their friends. From these they procured a large amount of candy, popcorn, and small presents that were suitable for children.

On Christmas day, invitations were sent to all the children in the village, asking them to be present at the "Y" hut at half-past seven that evening. Promptly at that time, the children appeared on the scene, and were ushered in by the highly excited soldiers.

Once inside, the children stood speechless with surprise and joy. One soldier, dressed as Santa Claus, was standing near the tree and handing out the presents. Every child received at least two gifts and a generous handful of candy.

"What's the French for 'Merry Christmas' Bill?" asked Tom, as he sat showing a little French boy how to beat a drum he had received.

"I don't know, Tom," answered Bill, gazing around the room at the groups of happy children, "but I guess they've had one, all right!"

DOROTHY GEORGE, Eighth Grade



RUPERT BROOKE.

Every Wednesday in our Junior High School, the English teacher reads to us about some great American. This week, because Britain Day was coming soon, she told us about an Englishman, Rupert Brooke.

Rupert Brooke was born in England. He attended school at Rugby, and college at Cambridge. While at school he was interested in literature. He loved all kinds of sports, especially football, cricket, diving and swimming. Rupert as a lad was very unusual, for he was perfect in his sports as well as in his studies. He was unusual, too, because he loved such common ordinary things. He liked clean, white plates and "feathery, fairy dust," and oaks and brown horse-chestnuts. He noticed all of these things and wrote beautiful poems about them.

As a young man he had many adventures. He went to Berlin and Munich. There he became homesick for England. He then went to the U. S. Here he saw a baseball game and admired it very much, though he thought the uniforms which the players wore were very dirty and thick. He again became homesick for England. The longer he lived, the more certain he was that England was the best country in the world.

When war broke out in 1914, Rupert was away on a sailing trip and did not hear the news for four days. Then on his return he received the telegram:

"We're at war with Germany. England has joined France and Russia."

After reading this, he sat down on a rock and again and again repeated the words that were in the telegram. It all seemed very dreadful, but he was sure of one thing—he must fight for England. He enlisted in the navy and was sent with other Englishmen to help Belgium. There he showed a very brave spirit and wrote the best poems he had ever written.

In 1915, he died, not in battle, but of illness on a French hospital-ship. All the world mourns his loss. One of his friends said, "He went to war in the cause of peace and died without hate that love might live."

LEONA KESSLER, Seventh Grade.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Our unexpected vacation, caused by the epidemic, did away with the usual quarterly examinations. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

About seventy-five percent of the school subscribed to the "Crimson and White"—that was fairly good, but by no means so good as we expected. Turn this question over in your mind: "Have I done my bit by subscribing and supporting my school paper?" Can you answer it as it should be answered? "It is never too late to mend;" so if you have not subscribed, do it now.

A short time ago we were all summoned to the college auditorium, where we had an interesting talk on tobacco prohibition. Everyone enjoyed it but felt that it could not pertain to our high school boys.

The girls' anxiety over "gym" has ceased as the classes have commenced on the regular routine. Miss Bennet, director of gymnasium in the State College has prepared a fine program for us, and it looks as if "gym" were going to be very interesting. The large attendance is due to the fact that Dr. Hathaway is excusing fewer people from gymnasium than ever before.

The juniors have had a class meeting and have elected the following officers:

President.....	Stanley Taylor.
Vice President.....	Eleanor Abrams.
Secretary.....	Carolyn Rogers.
Treasurer.....	Thomas Cantwell.

We all extend our heartiest congratulation to these people and feel sure that they well fulfill the duties of their office to the best of their ability.



Dislike at first sight is more common than love, as discord is more common than harmony.—*Hardy.*



The less a man thinks or knows about his own virtues, the better we like him.—*Emerson.*



Daily work is one of the blessed influences which keeps the soul strong and sane.—*Clark.*



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Quin is certainly thriving under the leadership of our new president. The meetings are very enjoyable and well attended.

We are going to give the "Freshies" a Christmas rush this year, and are planning to have a splendid time.

The officers for this year are as follows:

President.....	Marion Wiltsie.
Vice President.....	Catherine Phibbs.
Secretary.....	Eleanor Abrams.
Treasurer.....	Janet Goldring.
Senior Editor.....	Anna Marin.
Junior Editor.....	Rhoda Hathaway.
Critic.....	Dorothy Hamburger.
Marshall.....	Mildred Lasher.

—★—



ZETA SIGMA.

Sigma entertained the Freshman with a theatre party at the Grand. The performance was excellent and was immensely enjoyed by both the "Freshies" and the girls of Sigma.

Although we have had only a few meetings this year, they have been well attended. Sigma has started well, but each girl must do her "bit," and keep it up.

F. V. W., '20.

—★—

In the elder days of art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part;
 For the gods see everywhere.—*Longfellow.*

—★—

The great essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, something to hope for.—*Chalmers.*



ADELPHOI.

Adelphi has had some very interesting meetings since the reopening of school. Some of our members have left school for various reasons, but we have made up the loss by electing many new members to our society. We are planning some very interesting meetings for the future, including initiations, debates, a mock trial, and a varied literary program.

—A. J., '19.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

The first meeting of the Milne High School Athletic Association was held November nineteenth, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing school year.

The following were elected:

President.....	Kenneth Shufelt.
Vice President.....	Adrian Johnson.
Secretary.....	John Wood.
Treasurer.....	Charles Sayles.
Official Scorekeeper.....	Leo Barrett.
Basketball Manager.....	Henry Metzger.
Acting Captain.....	Thomas Cantwell.

A second meeting of the Association was held November twenty-sixth, for the purpose of securing co-operation between the boys and girls in school athletic affairs. It was decided that the girls select a representative from each class to confer with the officers of the Association.

The girls who were chosen as delegates are:

Senior.....	Miss Marion Deyoe.
Junior.....	Miss Sarah Stranahan.
Sophomore.....	Miss Virginia Hill.
Freshman.....	Miss Florence Ball.

We are glad to note the revival of athletic interest throughout the school. A league is being formed of basket-ball teams, and we hope to have a steadily increasing interest in their schedule.

—G. H., '19.



Our Exchange Department is very short in this issue, but it is not wholly the fault of the editors. We have been delayed in exchanging papers and so are in receipt of very few as yet.

Will not all the editors of other papers quickly respond to their exchanges? Some of us are widely separated, and it takes a long time for the papers to reach their destinations. Surely this department cannot well be slighted. We feel that some co-operation is necessary, and promptness seems the most important.

The Cue, Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

We gladly welcome you, our neighbor, as our first exchange. Your paper seems complete in every way, and you have a fine showing in your advertising. Your editors are surely putting "pep" into their work, and we find but few adverse criticisms to make. It seems that some of your jokes are "ancient history". We suggest more recent ones. Do you not think they would be more interesting, if you make them less general and applied students' names to them? Aside from that, we are very much pleased with your paper and ask you to come again.

—————★—————

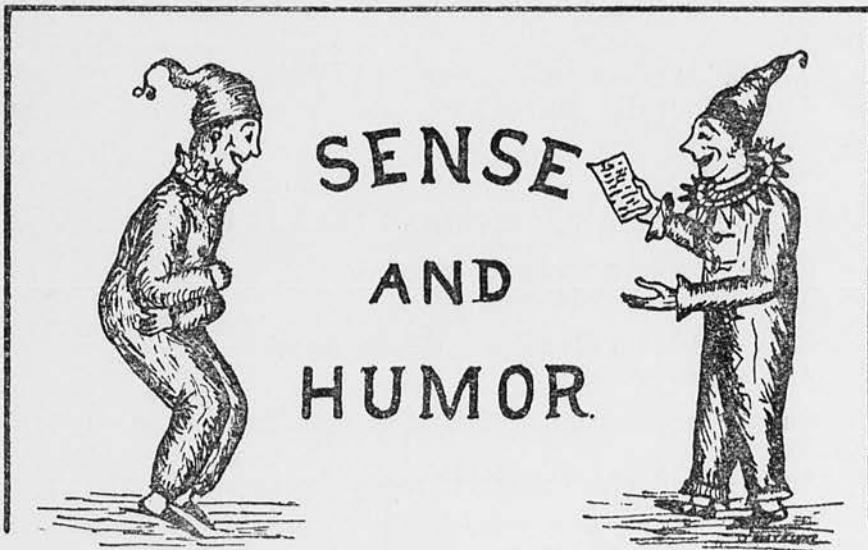
It is better to do a few things precisely as they should be done, than to do ten times as many in a loose slovenly way.—*Anon.*

—————★—————

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.
—*Lowell.*

—————★—————

Just when we were the most afraid to laugh, we saw the most comical things to laugh at.



Marjorie Wilbur, '20—entered a crowded street car one day with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly man arose to give her his seat.

“Thank you very much, sir,” she said, “but I’ve been skating all afternoon, and I’m tired of sitting down.

—★—

Miss Fuero—Your answer reminds me of Quebec.

M. D., '20—Why so?

Miss Fuero—Because it’s founded on such a big bluff.

—★—

Miss Shaver—One whiff of chlorine gas would kill a human being.

T. C., '20—I took two whiffs.

—★—

Teacher of English I—Write a sentence using the word ferment.

H. E., '20—(Consulting the dictionary and finding that ferment means work), The man went into the garden to ferment.

—★—

Father—You have been running ahead of your allowance Wendell.

W. H., '20 (otherwise known as “Doc”)—I know it Dad. I’ve been hoping for a long time that it would get strong enough to overtake me.

G. B., '20—Gracious! that clap of thunder frightened me terribly.

M. H., '20—Nonsense! Thunder can't hurt you.

G. C.—Indeed! Haven't you heard of people being thunder struck?



ANSWERS RECEIVED AT RECENT EXAMS.

Ques.—Define a mountain range.

Ans.—A large cooking stove.

Ques.—What is the office of the gastric juice?

Ans.—The stomach.

Ques.—Is the sentence "The horse and the cow is in the lot," correct?

Ans.—No, the lady should be mentioned first.

Ques.—Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?

Ans.—Yes, hash.

Ques.—What is a ground hog?

Ans.—Sausage.

Ques.—What is a kaiser (geyser)?

Ans.—A kaiser is a stream of hot water springing up and disturbing the earth.

Ques.—What is a chafing dish?

Ans.—A frying pan in society.

Ques.—What is steam?

Ans.—Steam is water that's gone crazy with the heat.

Ques.—Define wind.

Ans.—Wind is air when it gets in a hurry.



S. T., '20—Why do you call your dog Camera?

L. B., '20—Because he is always trying to get a snap at everybody he meets.



It was at the Thanksgiving dinner. Tommy had had a third helping of everything and had passed his plate for the fourth helping of pudding.

"My goodness, Tommy, how can you eat so much?" exclaimed his mother.

"Dunno" grinned "Tommy, "guess it's just luck."

C. R., '20—Do you think our soldiers were happy when they first started for France?

S. S., '20—Happy! They were in transports.

—★—

F. LeC., '20—Whatever became of that greyhound you had?

C. McK., '20—Killed himself.

F. LeC., '20—Really.

C. McK.—Yes, tried to catch a fly in the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two.

—★—

THE ANVIL CHORUS.

Wouldn't you like to see:

Allison Davis bigger;

Stanley Taylor without his lessons;

Thomas Cantwell with his lessons;

Carolyn Rogers serious for two minutes;

Eleanor Abrams not eating a sandwich;

Margaret Dinkel with her ears showing?

—★—

"Every person has some peculiarity," assented the lecturer.

"I have no peculiarity" said H. E., '20.

"Which hand do you use to stir your coffee"?' asked the lecturer.

"My right hand", replied Harry.

"That is your peculiarity", said the lecturer; "most people use a spoon".

—★—

The English III teacher—Give me a definition of the word "pilgrim".

M. W., '20—I think a pilgrim is a person who travels a great deal.

English Teacher—Well, I travel about quite a little, but I'm not a pilgrim.

M. W.—But I mean a good person.

—★—

F. W., '20—Why is a bootblack like the sun?

B. W., '20—Because he shines for all.

G. N., '20, (having just received a beautiful set of mink skins from father)—What I don't see is how such wonderful furs can come from such a low, sneaking little beast.

Father—I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I insist on respect.

—————★—————

E. C., '20—Do you know why all dogs are so fond of you?

A. D., '20—No, why?

E. C.—Because dogs are the most intelligent of all animals.
Oooooo-h

—————★—————

L. R., '20, (after intently watching a soldier for some time)—The chin strap on your hat is to keep it on, isn't it?

Yankee Soldier—No m'am, it's to rest the jaw after answering questions.

—————★—————

D. B., '20—Do you know that there'll be no horticulture or agriculture if the German Nation is beaten.

M. R., '20—Why is that?

D. B., '20—Because there'll be no germin-a-tion.

—————★—————

An Albany Street car has the front sign reading "Railroad Station via Pearl Street" and the side sign, "Allen Street":

E. A., '20 was in doubt and asked the conductor.

Does this car go to the Railroad Station?

Yes, m'am, get right on.

Are you sure it does?

Yes, m'am, get right on.

But it says "Allen Street" on the side.

We ain't going sideways, m'am, get right on.

—————★—————

The reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.—*Crawford*.

—————★—————

Punctuality must be cultivated by all who would succeed in any calling, whether lofty or humble.

ALBANY KNIT GOODS DEPOT

Headquarters for

ROOT'S TIVOLI WOOL UNDERWEAR

IN GRAY, WHITE, CAMELS HAIR AND RED

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

WE ALSO CARRY A FULL LINE OF DRY GOODS. LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

208 SOUTH PEARL ST.

PHONE MAIN 1093

ALBANY, N. Y.

The "Crimson and White"

wishes

The Merriest Christmas

and

The Happiest New Year

to all of it's

Subscribers, Advertisers and Friends

Charles H. Van Loon

NEWSDEALER

Tobacco, Cigars and Souvenir
Post Cards

447 Madison Ave. ALBANY, N. Y.

Sam V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

OPTOMERIST

Albany, N. Y.

50 North Pearl St.

OPTITION

Troy, N. Y.

356 Broadway

GEORGE H. EARLE

BOOK, JOB AND COMMERCIAL

PRINTER

Box 234

DELMAR, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

Retiring from Business

SPECIAL PRICES ON ENTIRE STOCK

W. F. ANTEMAN & SON

Jewelers

21 No. Pearl St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

A DEPOSIT WILL HOLD YOUR PURCHASE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

at

"The Bindery"

A Gift Shop

43 Maiden Lane Albany, N. Y.

H. E. STAHLER

287 CENTRAL AVENUE

HIGH GRADE CANDIES
AND ICE CREAM

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND
ACCESSORIES

FISHER'S

SECOND SHIRTS

75 CENTS

ARMY SHIRTS

111 No. Pearl St. ALBANY, N. Y.

MILLER BROS.

Wholesale and Retail

Jewelers

60 So. Pearl St. ALBANY, N. Y.

Phone Main 2266

Established 1893

RICHARD HEALY CO.

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS

SUITS, COSTUMES, GARMENTS, FURS

ARKAY BUILDING

94 & 96 State Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

FRED W. HYSERMAN

PIANO MOVER

104-106 CENTRAL AVE. ALBANY, N. Y.
PHONE WEST 2067

Piano Moving in all its branches. Also heated storage for Pianos.
LONG DISTANCE FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY

The College Tailor

CLEANERS AND DYERS
PRESSING AND REPAIRING
63 Eagle St. ALBANY, N. Y.
Phone Main 800

ALEX MILHAM

Special Prices on
SWEATERS,
UNDERWEAR,
HOSIERY
Ladies Waists and Skirts
235 So. Pearl St. ALBANY, N. Y.

SKINNER'S

BOOK STORE

FOUNTAIN PENS AND ALL
WRITING EQUIPMENT
REFERENCE BOOKS

44 No. Pearl St. ALBANY, N. Y.

Get Cash

at PAUL'S JEWELRY STORE
FOR LIBERTY BONDS,
DIAMONDS,
OLD GOLD AND SILVER

I Carry a Complete Stock. Come in and
convince yourself.

PAUL'S

191 So. Pearl St.
ALBANY, N. Y.

Just to show our good will to the
"Crimson and White"
and with the Compliments of the
Season to the members of the
school and their friends

COTRELL & LEONARD

472-478 Broadway ALBANY, N. Y.

Be a Good Dresser

BUY YOUR CLOTHES AT

MILSTEIN'S

3 Clinton Ave. Albany, N. Y.
and save money

Whittle & Riggs

Florists

ALBANY - - - N. Y.

CORONA



We are distributors for the
Corona 6 pound
TYPEWRITER
Fold it up, take it with you,
Typewrite anywhere
Price \$50 each or conven-
ient time payments. All
makes of typewriters rented

CORONA DISTRIBUTING CO.
51 State St. ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

"HERE AT BABBITT'S"

You will find clothes made for us by such high grade makers as

**ROGERS PEET COMPANY
THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER**

These are good makes to be familiar with when you buy your next
Suit or Overcoat as they stand for the utmost on fine clothes.

BABBITT & CO., INC.

67 NO. PEARL ST.

ALBANY'S GREATEST CLOTHIERS

A. BRAY
SPECIALTY—GYM SHOES

Cheapest Prices in Town

ALL SORTS OF FOOTWEAR

206 So. Pearl Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

Buy Your Holiday Gifts at

The
"TIE SHOP"

38-40 So. Pearl St. ALBANY, N. Y.

Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Underwear,
Reefers, Gloves, Shirts, Suspenders,
Hosiery, Hats and Caps, Bath Robes,
Belts and Sweaters.

B. J. and A. J. KOBLENZ

Diamonds and Jewelry

133 So. Pearl St., Cor. Madison Ave.

Phone Main 92-W

ALBANY, N. Y.

H. W. BALDWIN

HIGH CLASS SHOES

Men's and Boy's Department

29 North Pearl St.

41 Maiden Lane

ALBANY, N. Y.

Pictures taken **While you wait**
Day or Night **if desired**

ARAX PHOTO STUDIO

**Photography of
Every Description**

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



**Just What You are
Looking for**

AT THE

Blue Bird Gift Shop

*Xmas Cards, Pictures, Dolls
and Toys, Butterfly Pendants,
Handkerchiefs, Stationery,
Leather Novelties*

Little Gifts from 25c to \$1

*Stationery Embossers for Xmas
Gifts.*

ALBANY ART UNION

Photographers of Distinction

48 NORTH PEARL ST.

PHONE MAIN 991

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Why Not Give a Pair of

ICE SKATES

THEY MAKE A VERY ACCEPTABLE GIFT

We have the Largest and Most Complete Stock in the City

INSPECTION INVITED

ALBANY HARDWARE & IRON CO.

39-43 STATE STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

MILLER & BEAUMONT

"The Stetson Shoe"

71 STATE STREET

ALBANY - - - N. Y.

McQUADE MILLINERY

50 No. Pearl St. 102 So. Pearl St.

Telephone Connection

ALBANY - - - N. Y.

Bicycles

Complete Line of

**Bicycles, Juvenile Bicycles,
Tires and Accessories**

PRICES RIGHT

FELTMAN'S

107 Madison Ave. Albany, N. Y.
Phone Main 2656

A. WEISBURGH

MERCHANT TAILOR

Special Prices to Students and
Teachers

76 No. Pearl St. ALBANY, N. Y.

MISS K. M. BERRY

Millinery

420 MADISON AVE.

PHONE MAIN 3730-J ALBANY, N. Y.

Peter Conolly

Wholesale Dealer in

**ALL KINDS OF FRESH FISH
STURGEON A SPECIALTY**

101 Beaver St. ALBANY, N. Y.

Steefel Says:

**HABERDASHERY FOR THE BOYS IN 'PREP' SCHOOL
AND COLLEGE**

Full of the style that is easy to recognize, but hard to describe.

SUITS — OVERCOATS — HATS — SHOES

STEEFEL BROS.

STATE STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

**QUAYLE
STEEL ENGRAVERS**

AND

MANUFACTURING JEWELRYMEN

TO

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

19 CHAPEL ST.

ALBANY, N. Y.

SAMPLES OF WEDDING STATIONERY UPON REQUEST

CORRECT FORMS

MODERATE COST

Please mention "The Crimson and White."