

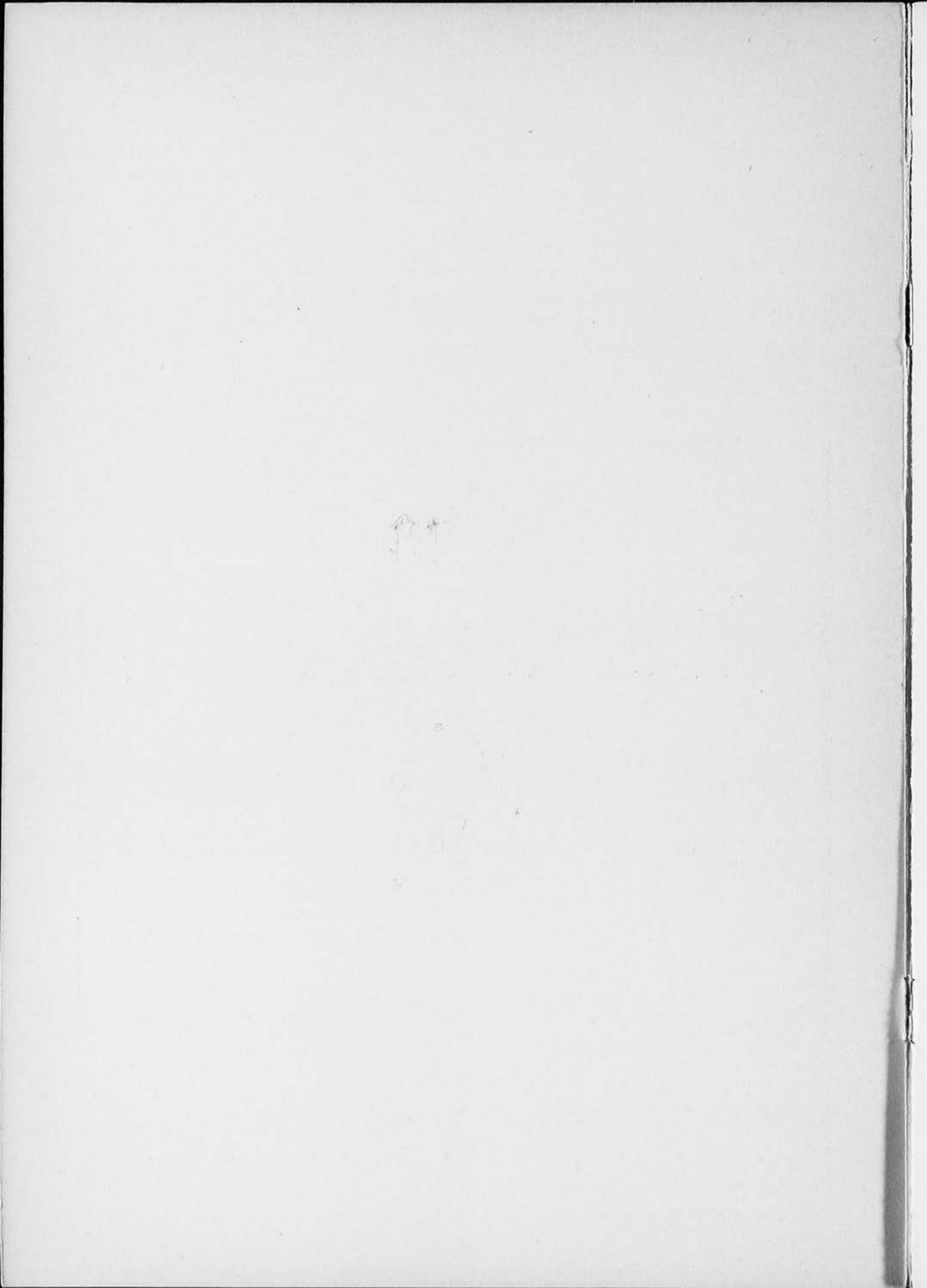
The
Crimson and White



MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

DECEMBER 1927



THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXIV

CHRISTMAS, 1927

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Christmas is coming. There are no end of things which continually remind us of the fact at this season of the year. Brightly decorated store windows, brilliant advertisements, and pictures of jolly Santa Clauses can mean but one thing. Then too, our younger brothers and sisters are behaving unusually well. They take unusual pleasure in running errands, taking care of the baby, and helping around the house. It may amuse us now, but I think we all remember the horror of the fate of bad children that was continually before us in the Christmas season. The picture of Santa Claus not stopping with his sleigh and reindeer on our roof was all too realistic then. But our preparations for Christmas have changed.

Making out mailing lists, Christmas shopping, snatches of conversation heard in Milne halls: "Sorry, I can't go. Christmas is coming, and I'm broke." Thus we respond to the true spirit of Christmas—Others. Others, the keyword to the teachings of our Lord, whose birthday we celebrate on the twenty-fifth of December.

It is well, perhaps, that at this season at least, we should think of others. Do we always think of the others who may want to study when we are having a good time in Study Hall? Do we think of the cleaning women when we throw papers on the floor and lunches under the lockers? And lastly in regard to studies, do we always think of our parents? They send us here to learn and we should do our best if for no other reason than to please them. Milne as a whole has shown her Christmas spirit by having the Student Council contribute to the Community Chest. As for the spirit of individuals, take the two new advertising agents on the Crimson and White Board. At the last moment the regular agents found that they couldn't undertake the job. Immediately these two fellows stepped in, and, although inexperienced, secured a record-breaking number of advertisements.

Let everybody enter into this spirit, especially now at the opening of the basketball season. It encourages a team to have a large crowd present to cheer them on either in victory or defeat. Come to the games and help make each game as successful as the first two were. Participate in or attend all class and school functions, and then go and enjoy your vacation. We wish you all "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year!"

R. F. B.

FAIRY SUMMONS

Come call out the legions now for the moon is hanging low,
And in the woods there is a song where the winds in silence blow.
Lift again your pipes of dreaming and blow notes both sharp and sweet,
For you must join the shadowy troop when we the good folks meet.

SIR GALAHAD

Astride a wonderous horse of white,
Clad in armor of silver hue
Sir Galahad comes bravely riding
Across the field of blue,
Does he gallop to war on his valiant steed,
Or to capture a lady fair?
My lovely, romantic Sir Galahad
Lost in the clouds up there.

DRESDEN DREAMS

Oh, the moon is Lady Lunar
Holding session in the skies,
And the stars are gallant courtiers
With laughter in their eyes.
The whole world is a trysting place
Of perfume silk and dainty lace.
But now the vision is far removed,
All images have faded away,
Gone is the night's Watteau theme
Into the annals' of yesterday.

MADELEINE BARAT GREEN.



LITERATURE



A CHRISTMAS IN HOLLAND

"What a dreary place, and tomorrow is Christmas Eve. Oh, Granny!" The young girl burst into tears. "Hush, Christine, you must not let your sister Gretchen hear you. The poor girlie has high hopes of that day. She will find something in her shoes, as I shall finish this muffler ere dark. You run along and stay with her until this is put away."

As soon as Christine had gone Granny's fingers seemed to fly. She could afford scarcely anything for their Christmas but by extra labor had managed to knit a muffler and a pair of mittens for each girl. Both of them were unaware that she would receive these things. As she worked Granny thought of the happier Christmas times she had had when all her children and grandchildren had been with her. Their house had been larger than this wee place and had echoed with merriment and the footsteps of the youngsters.

Now all was different. All her family except Hans were dead and he had gone to America. He had not written in some time and the poor woman had looked longingly for a letter, just a note to cheer up the dreary place. Gretchen and Christine, too, loved to hear from "Uncle Hans."

While the good woman was there working the girls in another room were very busy. Christine was knitting a large muffler for her beloved Granny and was highly elated because the dear old lady had not discovered it. Poor Gretchen had come very near telling the wonderful secret, but her sister's quick wit had averted this calamity. While the older girl was working, wee Gretchen was very busy in her own way. It was the custom of the children in her country to put out their wooden shoes instead of hanging up their stockings as we do in America. These shoes must be very clean and bright for the jolly little man who was supposed to fill them with goodies and presents. It was this process of cleaning that was taking up her time now.

"Oh, Christine, I'm so excited! Do you think these shoes are bright enough? I'll run and ask Granny."

"Wait Gretchen!" (Oh dear, she must be kept from Granny for awhile.) "Let me see." (They were spotless.) By chance the older girl turned them over and noted that the soles had not been cleaned. (Good!

this would keep her still for a while.) "Why little sister you have not cleaned the bottoms."

"Oh dear, must I?"

"Yes, indeed, that is very important."

"All rightie," with a soft sigh.

By this time Granny had finished her work and started to prepare the evening meal. Hearing her move about Christine quickly knitted the last few stitches and her work, also, was completed. She hid it and ran to help with the meal. Gretchen soon followed. The night was bitter cold and, had not some few kind friends and neighbors brought a pile of wood, the family would have fared very ill indeed.

The next day passed quietly and rather slowly. Gretchen insisted on cleaning the wooden shoes of both Granny and Christine, so they would be ready for the morrow. She babbled incessantly and wondered why the other two were so silent. Both were busy thinking. The woman thought about her boy in the far country and wondered why she had received no message. The older girl, too, was thinking about Hans. He usually sent them some token at Yuletide and now this had not come. She could see that her grandmother was worrying.

Toward night a commotion was heard outside and rushing to the window Gretchen cried, "Oh! Oh! look who has come and look at all the things he has!" Granny opened the door and found her beloved Hans standing there. Around him were many packages, suitcases, and baskets which friends had helped him carry there. After the greetings were over the young man explained that he had been thinking of them and decided to spend Christmas with them. He had gotten the first out-going steamer from New York, and as he had stopped only once to get a large supply of provisions he had not been long on his way. Some of the packages contained warm blankets, and food enough to feed a large number. The other packages he would let no one open. "You will see soon enough," he laughingly said and made them go to bed as early as he could. After they were asleep he got up and very quietly prepared a lovely surprise for them. In one corner he put a small fir tree and trimmed it the way he had seen it done in New York. Next he piled numerous gifts, all wrapped up, under this tree. Lastly he crept into the room of his mother then into the children's room and there filled their shoes with many goodies. Before leaving he placed on a chair dresses, shoes, and stockings for each. All this being done he returned to his cot and slept until the delighted cries of the others awakened him the next morning. The joy and surprise of Granny, Christine, and Gretchen more than repaid him for his trouble.

One thing that pleased him greatly was to hear wee Gretchen happily singing through out the day, "Happy Yuletide to you all!"

THE OTHER WISE MAN

The story of "The Other Wise Man" is one of the most beautiful Christmas stories ever written.

In the reign of Augustus Cæsar, there lived in the city of Ecbatana, a very devout man, Artaban. His dress was that of the ancient priesthood of the Magi and consisted of a pure white wool robe, thrown over a tunic of silk, and a pointed white cap. His home was resplendent in silks, velvets, precious stones, and silver, all of which denoted his infinite wealth.

Late one September night, he held council with his friends, including: Abdus, Rhodaspes, Tigranes, and Abgarus. He had summoned them to tell them of the many signs that indicated the coming of the Christ. When Artaban had disclosed these miracles to his friends, all of them, except Abgarus, immediately mistrusted and doubted him.

Accordingly, because Abgarus was too old to accompany him, he set out alone with his faithful horse, Vasda, and three precious stones, a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl to give to the Christ. On his way, he saw a poor Hebrew suffering from thirst and nearly dead. If he stopped, he could cure the unfortunate man, but he would be too late to meet Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, the Three Wise Men with whom he was going to find the Messiah. Here was the first temptation with which he had to contend. He chose to save the Hebrew's life, thereby, unknowingly, serving Christ. The grateful man gave his blessing to Artaban and told him that he would find the Messiah in Bethlehem. Then Artaban left the Hebrew and travelled on in search of the Three Wise Men. However, when he had arrived at the appointed meeting-place, he discovered that they had already begun the journey without him.

Thus, the Other Wise Man travelled alone, searching everywhere, never losing hope. He helped the sick and the poor, and, having nothing else of value, he gave to the needy the costly stones that he had intended for the Messiah. We find him going on and on for thirty-three years, doing good deeds wherever he went. After this length of time, when he was in Jerusalem, he found that the One who called Himself the "King of the Jews" was going to be crucified. Alas! had Artaban's quest failed? He was old and weak, his steps were slow and painful, would he die without seeing Christ? While crouching helplessly beneath the wall of the Prætorium, a heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. As he lay breathless and pale, a sweet, soft voice was heard through the still twilight. Artaban heard the beautiful, comforting words of his King and died with a calm radiance of wonder and joy upon his pale face. His journey was ended and his treasures had been accepted.

"The Other Wise Man" is a story that everyone would love and treasure. The well-known author, Henry Van Dyke, has written a story that will always be remembered, especially at Christmas time. A book as a gift seldom fails to please the person who receives it. Why not give this beautiful story to your friend this Christmas, and in doing so, know that he or she will cherish your gift?

LAURA E. FLETCHER, '29.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" or "THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT" by OLIVER GOLDSMITH

"She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith, is one of the most absorbing books you ever opened. The story is written in play form. Mr. Goldsmith combines humor, romance, and description in a few pages.

The story is based on a mistake which was made by a young gentleman who was traveling to his supposed-to-be fiancée's home.

This gentleman was very fatigued from his journey and the innkeeper was unable to give him lodging for the night. He was informed by a certain young gentleman at the inn, to be exact, his fiancée's brother, that if he continued for about a mile, he would come to an inn, where he could be accommodated for the night.

Now this boy knew that this was the gentleman to see his sister, and desirous of mischief, he sent the gentleman to the right house but told him it was an inn.

In the meanwhile the girl's family, especially her father, had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the young man. Never having seen him, the father and daughter made rash guesses as to his looks and manner.

The girl's father and the young gentleman's father were very great friends and they had conspired together that the son and daughter would make a model couple.

When the young gentleman arrived, thinking the house was an inn, he treated the girl's father as an innkeeper and the girl as a barmaid. There are some very humorous settings in this part which tend to make you like the book better than ever.

This book would make an excellent Christmas gift for a friend. Because of its humor, contrast, and simplicity, I feel sure you will enjoy this book to the utmost.

ABBIE D. GILKERSON, '30.

THE POETS' CORNER

A THOUGHT

Is there an after life?
Is there a life beyond?
What will be the life we'll lead
At the break of each earthly bond?

Will the good we've done beneath this sun
Affect us later on?
Will the bad we've done beneath this sun
Take its toll now or anon?

Oft have I pondered this puzzle,
And never could make to apply
A thing that sounded feasible,
Nor won't—until I die.

FREDERICK B. HALL, JR., '29.

JACK FROST

Last night while I was fast sleeping,
He came through the slumbering night;
And silently passing my windows,
Left ample news of his flight.
No footprints he left to guide me,
No written letter in sight;
But high on the window beside me
Were his beautiful patterns of white.

MARGARET GOTTSCHALK, '28.

THE WISE MEN

From the Orient, three Wise Men,
Guided by the Bethlehem Star,
Searching for the Source of all Wisdom,
Journeyed from strange lands afar.
But their scrolls of highest learning,
And their philosophic creeds,
Did not satisfy the longings
Of their souls' still greater needs.

In a stable rude they found Him,
The dear Christ Child, just a babe;
And the measure of their devotion
By the richest gifts was paid;
They were wise indeed, these Wise Men,
And their wisdom, Heaven bestowed,
For they gave of their best to the Giver,
And their reverent homage showed.

In our own pursuit of knowledge,
As we bow at Minerva's shrine,
Let us with the Wise Men go seeking
In this joyous holiday time:
The Star goes before us, a beacon,
To guide with unfaltering light,
Our souls to the Source of all Wisdom,—
And Christ, on this Christmas night.

IRENE GEDNEY, '29.

THE TANG OF AUTUMN

Autumn winds begin to blow,
The Fall is drawing nigh,
Get ready and be set to go,
The ducks begin to fly.

The crispy mornings come at last,
And with them, always bring
The King of birds who flies so fast,
The duck, when on the wing.

When we get up at early dawn,
And hear the cries of Black,
We watch them fly till they are gone,
Assured that they'll come back.

We take our guns and wading boots,
And tramp across the marsh,
In tune to cries of snipe and coot,
That come to us so clear and harsh.

We get our brace of ducks at last,
The sport of sports is o'er;
The day, how quickly it has passed,
The sinking sun has reached its shore.

X. Y. Z., '28.

AUTUMN SUNSET

A solemn, silent stillness fills the sky,
The golden clouds shed golden rays upon the world,
The purple marsh a catlike silence holds,
And naked trees wave beckoning fingers in the wind.

Long shadows fall upon the winding road,
The golden sky turns pink, then red, then pink again,
The sun a last goodbye calls brilliantly,
Then fades, and leaves a darkened, saddened world to sleep.

Goodbye and come again, bright monitor,
Our many troubles seem more light when you are here,
Get you your needful rest while we get ours,
That you may shine more brightly on the newly-'wakened world.

EVELYN CONKLIN, '29.

THE PERFUME OF A STAR

The while we wander thru the starry night
Alone together, in a spell so rare
That crickets, chirping, make a music fair,
And Love is ours, youth's never-failing right,
And joy and pain of passion put to flight
All lingering doubts, because we really care,
And in our tender dreaming, even dare
To think upon the future's dim delight,—

What is it that unites our souls in joy
And casts upon our hearts such wond'rous charms
When thru the jewelled darkness from afar
There darts a love dream, gold without alloy,
And makes us turn unto each other's arms?
It is the magic perfume of a star!

ANONYMOUS, '28.

LIFE

Ah, I wish I could fathom what life is about!
What the green of the spring, and the scent of the earth,
The perfume of flowers, the bloom of ripe fruit,
The yellow and orange and brown of the leaves?
What is it that breathes throughout all this display
But Life, Life the beautiful, mystically veiled?

It is seldom one glimpses her green, veiled face
Revealing the happiness—yet sad, sad eyes;
For we seldom are able to live, truly live,
Or to know life so near, yet so distant she seems.
She kisses some lightly, her perfume yet lingers,
Bringing memories, sweet memories
Of a one fleeting kiss.

ESTHERE CONKLIN, '29.

ALUMNI NOTES

State College,

December 7, 1927.

DEAR MILNITES,

It seems queer to write a letter to Milnites, for I feel I am writing a letter to myself. Although I am not a part of Milne, Milne is a part of me.

There is only one difficulty to which State Frosh who are graduated from Milne have to accustom themselves; that is, entering and leaving the building by the side and back doors. This difficulty is the one thing which makes us Milne folk feel the great drop from senior dignity to frosh humility. However, Milnites, there are several things for which we frosh are to be envied. There are no study halls; in other words, our free periods are our own. Also, in Milne High we stood on the side lines at State's affairs, now (don't we feel big, though?) we take part in them.

My one advice to you, Milnites, is to enjoy Milne while you may. Be a part of your school, for not until you have left it, will you appreciate your opportunity to take part in Milne's activities. Experience is the best teacher, folk. Here's hoping every Milnite will take part and make this year Milne's best one on record! Best wishes for your success.

RUTH HUGHES, '27.

State College,

December 7, 1927.

DEAR MILNITES,

It's the queerest feeling sometimes to realize that one has actually graduated! Being in the same building intensifies it, of course, because at every turn there are familiar faces—and, for that matter because every turn is familiar too.

Imagine sitting at one of the tables in the Science Building and hearing, from the next room, sounds as of a Vergil class in progress. You folk in Vergil this year, wouldn't it make you feel queer? Or, imagine sitting on a bench in the hall and covertly watching Professor Sayles stride by. Wouldn't you quake for fear of his stopping to ask *why* you aren't in Study Hall?

Come down in the gym on Tuesday afternoons and quite often you'll

find a sorely perplexed freshman watching basketball practice. She *knows* she ought to cheer for Varsity or Scrub team when they practice with Milne High—but she always yells for Milne instead.

* * * * *

Ten minutes have passed in fruitless effort to think what to say. After all, it's rather hopeless to write anything which dozens of well-meaning graduates like myself have not already inflicted upon you.

Please believe that, although alumnæ often say how much they love the Dear Old School, and how greatly they are getting to like their newest tasks, they mean it just as much every time. They do enjoy ranting on in that fashion, you know; so will you when your turn comes. But until it does, make the most of things just as they are. A little while, and in spite of new friends and new surroundings you will sometimes have a little lonesome feeling for Milne High.

Sincerely,

JEAN GILLESPIE.

Lord Balfour praises the waiters whom he met in Washington at the Conference on Limitation of Armaments and tells the following story:

"I was at a hotel where all the waiters were colored men. On the first evening I pushed away the menu and gave the waiter a coin. 'Just bring me a good dinner, uncle,' I said.

"He brought me an excellent dinner. I continued this plan for a fortnight. When I left, my waiter said to me, 'Goodbye, sah, an' good luck; when any of yoh friends come here what can't read the menu, ax for Calhoun Clay.'"—*The High Road*.

SCHOOL NOTES

DESIGNED BY COLLETT BRADSHAW BAKER IN 1920

DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES

For several weeks preceding December 15th a certain number of Milne High students were kept extremely busy by rehearsing the three plays to be presented on this date. It is customary for pupils of this school to give three plays at Christmas time.

The tryouts for choosing the casts were held on November 16th. The following were selected:

In the Comedy: Dorothy Birchenough, Ralph Brimmer, Charlotte Pauly, Robert Ramroth, Ethel Rouse, Edwin Sweetser, Catherine Traver, Robert Wiley, Oliver York.

In the Fantasy: Ralph Garrison, Esther Higby, Anne Lerner, Kenneth Miller.

In the Tragedy: Heath Cole, Lucien Cole, Oliver White.

The Comedy was directed by Miss Curtis, the Fantasy by Miss Morgan, and the Tragedy by Miss Moore.

The plays were very successful and were enjoyed by everyone who attended their production.

The school orchestra furnished music between the plays.

A CHAPEL SPECIALTY

Perhaps the most popular of all the Chapel programs is the one which is entitled "A Pep Meeting." This program was presented on November 30th. Catherine Traver introduced it by explaining the reason for giving this sort of a program. Dorothy Birchenough spoke for Girls' Basketball.

Frances McMahan represented the Zeta Sigma Literary Society.

Alden Rosbrook told the audience of the purpose and work of Adelphoi.

Robert Wiley led the students in cheers.

Evelyn Pitts was the representative of the Quintillian Literary Society.

Robert Ramroth spoke for the Boys' Basketball team.

Last year was the first time that a program of this kind was given. It was successful then, but was even more so this year.



BASKETBALL

On December 3rd the boys' basketball team of this school played its first game of the season. The team was successful in defeating its opponent, the Castleton High School team with a score of 41 to 7.

The following are the members of the team and their positions on it:

Carl Wirshing, right forward	SUBSTITUTES
Heath Cole, right guard	Edwin Sweetser, forward
Alden Rosbrook, center	Oliver York, center
William Sharpe, left guard	Robert Wiley, guard
Robert Ramroth, left forward	Manton Spaulding, guard

Robert Ramroth is both captain and manager of the team.

Coach Griffin has been giving the team steady training and everyone hopes that this will have a favorable effect. This first game should be a great encouragement for more victories.

December 10	Alco Drafting School	Home
December 16	Burnt Hills	Away
January 6	Coxsackie	Home
January 14	Cobleskill	Home
January 21	Burnt Hills	Home
January 27	Castleton	Away
February 10	Open	
February 17	Ravena	Away
February 25	Troy Country Day	Away
March 2	Cobleskill	Away
March 9	Open	



QUIN

Quin held its annual rush on October 22. Although it was necessary to migrate to the cafeteria, we enjoyed a fine program and "goodly refreshments."

On November 18 some of the upperclassmen were initiated into the society.

Our president gave an interesting talk in chapel at the Pep Meeting on November 31. She pointed out our aims and ideals. We are doing our best to reach the goal which our predecessors have set for us. We welcome the freshmen who will join us and help maintain the standard.

H. H. H.

SIGMA

The members of Zeta Sigma take extreme pleasure in announcing the twenty-fifth anniversary of this society on December 16. It will be celebrated by an informal dinner at the Colony Plaza for the members at night.

Our Rush Party was certainly a success. Many freshmen attended and an extraordinarily good time was enjoyed by everyone. We are hoping that this party will bear fruit.

We recently welcomed into our society a number of upperclassmen: Nancy and Betty Lawrence, Barbara Tomer, Anne Dunigan and Grace Albright.

As this is the season for well-wishing, Sigma wishes you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

C. P.



EXCHANGES

DRAWN BY LUDLEY BRADSTREET MAUP, JR. 1925

The Scarlet Tanager—Ravena High School, Ravena, N. Y.:

"You can't judge a book by its cover" we must acknowledge is sometimes true. However, "The Scarlet Tanager" seems to be an exception to this axiom, for the excellency which its fascinating cover suggests is not lacking within. "A Miracle" was one of the daintiest pieces we've seen. May we suggest comments on your exchanges? We missed that department.

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

Your magazine fairly shines with school spirit, a great thing to have. The author of "The Beaver Coat" is to be congratulated.

Red and Black—Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, L. I.:

From Friends' Academy, we received one of the most detailed school publications on our list. We liked "Which?" particularly, while "Apple Blossom Time" made us long to take the next train to Long Island.

The Hartwick Seminary Monthly—Hartwick Seminary, N. Y.:

A more attractive cover would surely add to your little book. Where, oh where, are your jokes? They would help "heaps"!

The Oracle—Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, N. Y.:

We firmly believe Oracle, that all good things must come to an end, but we were rather disappointed when we reached page seventeen and found no more. Would not a School News or Alumni Department help to keep everyone posted on your activities? Surely, comments on your exchanges, too, would lengthen that department in an interesting way. We are hoping for a comment, soon. How about it?



They apparently had not met for some time. They were sitting in the gloaming listening to the roar of the sea.

"And you say you were in the town where I live last week?" she murmured softly.

"Yes!"

"And you thought of me, John?"

"Aye, I did," replied John, "I said to myself, 'Why, isn't this where what's-her-name lives?'"—*Tid Bits.*

STUMPED THE LAWYER

Widow (making her will)—"I want my only son to have the home estate during his life, and then it is to pass to his children."

Her Lawyer—"What provision do you wish made in case your son has no children?"

Widow—"Oh, yes. In that case have the estate pass on to his grandchildren at his death."

A CURE PROMISED

Lawyer—The judge says you'll get your hearing tomorrow.

Pat—Phwat! The saints be praised! An' me deaf fer fifteen year'!

Rich Old Aunt—Robert, I am going to make my will. I think I shall leave you—(pause).

Nephew (eagerly)—Yes, aunt.

Aunt—Before long.

Fearey's 44 NORTH PEARL STREET
OPPOSITE WHITNEY'S
for
Shoes and Hosiery

Mother: Now, Jimmy, suppose you were to hand a plate to Willie with a large piece and a small piece of cake on it, wouldn't you tell him to take the larger piece?

Jimmy: No.

Mother: Why not?

Jimmy: Because it wouldn't be necessary.

WARM CLOTHES

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95 STATE STREET

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Luddy

Customer—Have you any apples?

Grocer—Do you want them to cook or to eat?

Customer—Both. That's what I cook them for.

Wiley: "Mumble a sentence with velvet in it."

Blatner: "Oi so it's you Isadore. Velvet you vant?"—*Colgate Banter.*

JOHNNY EVERS

OF BASEBALL FAME

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for your

ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

Come to the Recognized Authority

52 STATE STREET
ALBANY, N. Y.

A. G. Spalding & Bros

CARRYING THE BANNER

One day, during the Prohibition campaign in Ontario, a number of children from various day schools were in a temperance parade thru the streets of Ottawa. After the parade was over the son of a well-known local business man entered his office.

"Hello, young man," said the father, "what brings you uptown?"

"I was in the parade," replied the young hopeful.

"What parade," asked Dad who wasn't aware of the procession.

"Well," confessed the son, "I dunno what it was about, but I carried a big sign made of cardboard."

Here was a clue to the nature of the event.

"What did it say on the sign?"

"Oh," was the lad's reply, "it just said, 'I Have No Shoes. Father is a Drunkard.'"

At Babbitt's

Two Trouser Suits

at \$35⁰⁰



IN the new two and three button collegiate models -- hand tailored in fabric variations that embrace all the new style ideas for Fall and Winter.

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ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Albany Hardware and Iron Company

DISTRIBUTORS OF
SPORTING AND ATHLETIC SUPPLIES
Guns and Ammunition

39-43 State Street

Albany, N. Y.

New Boarder: Say, what kind of table do they set here?

Old Ditto: Oh, all right, I suppose. We have chicken every morning.

Chicken every morning? How is it served?

In the shell!

THE COLLEGE PHARMACY

PRESCRIPTIONS
OUR BUSINESS

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This story is told of a bashful young ducky who had not the courage to put the momentous question. Finally, one Sunday night, he said, "Julia, yo' remembers dat I was heah Monday night?"

"Yes," Julia replied.

"An' dat I was heah Wednesday and Thursday nights?"

"Yes."

"And once more on Friday, an ag'in last night?"

"So yo' was."

"And I is heah tonight."

"Yo' shore is."

At last, in desperation, he burst out: "Say, woman, doesn't yo' smell a rat?"

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"Oh, I was leaning over Sandy Bevan's fence to look at his chickens."

"But Sandy has a big sign up: 'Wet paint—Sandy Bevan.'"

"I saw that—but everybody knows what a liar he is."

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“Do you know Felix?”

“Felix who?”

“Felix Cited.”—*Louisville Satyr.*

COMPLIMENTS OF

Quin Literary Society

Dumb: “Is football your favorite game?”

Dumber: “No, quail on toast is mine, what’s yours?”—*Denison Flamingo.*

Biddie: “I suppose you have been in the Navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?”

Middie: “Lady, I wasn’t even looking.”

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Old Man: Hello lad, how old are you?

Bright Youngster: Why, I'm not old at all. I'm rather new.—

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In a railroad accident Pat, a passenger, had not been hurt, but in the excitement he had scrambled into his coat backwards. He was vainly trying to wriggle straight when the doctor reached him.

"Are you hurt much?" he asked.

Strange to say, doctor, not a bit, atall, atall, but shure I'm fatally twisted," said Pat.

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"The police witness states that you were going at 40 miles an hour along Ranta Monica Boulevard," said the judge sternly.

"Yes, your Honor," replied the defendant frankly. "My chauffeur was trying to get me to the station in time to catch the 5:45 train."

"You didn't have to catch that train. There was another in an hour."

"True, but what could I ever do to kill time in this town for an hour?"

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