The Crimson and Who

ALUMNI AND SENIOR ISSUE

OCTOBER 1923
THE TRIBUTE OF THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

The Crimson and White Board in their meager attempt at journalism wish to dedicate this issue to the memory of President Harding, the journalist. That is not all that the Board can do to perpetuate his ideals. It can conscientiously attempt to live up to the terms of President Harding's newspaper creed. This creed was posted throughout the publishing rooms of the Marion "Star." It reads as follows:

"Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both."
"Be truthful. Get the facts.
"Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong.
"Be decent, be fair, be generous.
"Boost—don’t knock.
"There’s good in everybody. Bring out the good and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.
"In reporting a political gathering give the facts, tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns.
"Treat all religious matters reverently.
"If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative.
"I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child."

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BOOST THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Milne High students should patronize their advertisers more. If all the students would only buy from the firms that advertise in the "Crimson and White," we would have a much finer paper. Suppose the students did this, and purchased articles only from the places that advertised in the "Crimson and White," the result would be that we would have many more advertisements.

It is up to the individual student to patronize the people who advertise in the school paper. One man promised to put an advertisement in the first issue, and if he got results, he would put a full page advertisement in every following issue. In fact his exact words were "If you will stick by me, I will stick by you." Why not "stick" by your advertisers, they are sticking by you? If you wish to prove your sincerity "stick" to your advertisers.

Only $50.00 is received from the Student Council for each issue of the paper (except the June issue), the rest must come from advertising. The more advertisements received the better your school paper will be. So if you want to improve your paper get more advertising (the advertising committee will tell you what to do) and "stick" to your advertisers.

WERNER LIEBICH
OUR NEW PRESIDENT

Although the whole country still clings to the memory of President Harding, we must not forget our duty to President Coolidge. He has taken up the work that Harding left unfinished, filling his place to the best of his ability.

No public man of national reputation in our history has been so little known as Calvin Coolidge and yet so much trusted. He was made Vice-President because of one public act, his maintenance of law and order in the face of a police strike. Coolidge has announced that it will be his purpose to carry out the policies which President Harding has begun. Let us believe that he will follow the counsel he gave to legislative body when made governor. "It is your duty not only to reflect public opinion but to lead it." The American republic has as its President a man who will not swerve from a deed merely because of a name.

Only by little things is the personal character of Coolidge known. At the dedication of the Government Hospital for Colored War Veterans, President Harding was asked to deliver the address. The President, however, was unable to accept the invitation, and Coolidge was urged to take his place. "Does the President want me to go?" was his only answer to the invitation. Coolidge made it emphatically clear that he would not go without first being assured that it was the President's wish. Here was a situation into which any public man possessing moral selfishness might readily have stepped forward without any hesitation. But not so with Coolidge. His one and only object was to be the helper and assistant of Harding. Coolidge's father said, "I don't think of my son as President of United States. I think of him just as a good and honest boy who will do his best with any job given him."
We can not expect Coolidge to succeed unless we have faith in him and stand back of him. How much easier to work out your own course than to step in and finish what someone else has begun. Harding is now free from the toils of office and has left in his place the Silent Man of the White House, who is trying to do justice to the memory of Harding and to the American people.

EDITH TEN BROECK, '24

Milne High School, Albany, New York

Dear Freshmen,

I am not writing this as an alumna of Milne but as a senior. We all welcome you to Milne and wish that you may all be valedictorians. Do not feel harsh towards the other students. Perhaps they do not treat you as kindly as they should, but don't give up. When you become sophomores you will all be better friends. It is only because they think that they are a little higher than the Freshmen. We were all Freshmen once.

When doing your work think of what is best for you. If you must go to dances, parties, etc., do your work first. It is yourself that you cheat and no one else. Think of President Harding. He always did what he thought was best. Laws passed by Congress were vetoed because he thought it best. In every thing that he did we can see that he did not always do what he was in favor of but what he thought would help others as well as himself. No one is always in favor of studying, but we all must admit that it is best for ourselves and everyone concerned.

When it comes time for you to leave dear old Milne, I am sure that you will feel sorry. Try to do the best for yourselves and your school and, as a reward, come out victorious.

Sincerely,

FRANCES M. SMITH, '24
## The Crimson and White

### Class of Yesteryear

**1923 Directory**

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Dear Crimson and White,

Last year when I was running you in all your glory and frantically canvassing for letters from various alumni, I used to dread the time when I would probably be called upon for just such a letter, for I thought: "What could I ever write that wouldn't be just like all the other alumni letters with which the Crimson and White has been more or less full every October that I can remember? It's always the same old stuff written in the same old way; and I, for one, think that there have been enough such letters in the history of the country without any addition by me."

But now, although I haven't been in college two weeks yet, I find that I certainly have a lot to tell, even though the subjects may be trite and not particularly interesting to readers of—may I still say "our"—Crimson and White. And I also discover that, instead of being reluctant to write, I really want to have communication with Milne High again and once more to see my name in the paper with which I had so much to do last year and in which I still have a deep interest.

So here goes. And if I bore you too much remember that this is just an alumni letter and you mustn't expect too much from it.

My first day here is rather an indescribable jumble in my mind. I was met at the entrance to the campus by a member of the Junior Reception Committee, which takes care of the Freshmen so that they don't get hopelessly mixed up, and I was trotted around to be registered and written down and receipted and roomed and was left finally to get acquainted with my room mate, who made me feel at home right away because she is the only other girl from New York State in my house, which has eighty Freshmen in it.

For the first few days we were all busy getting settled and making up songs to sing to the other classes, which came to serenade us in turn.

The Saturday before classes began the Freshmen were herded together in Assembly Hall and subjected for three hours to an intelligence test, which certainly tried what little intelligence any of us may have had. For they asked us things like this: "Are these statements true or false? 1—The burning of sulphur is the same process as that which causes iron to rust. 2—The Greeks and the
Persians were allies for several centuries. 3—The evening primrose has five petals. Then: A is neater than B, C is less neat than D, D is neater than A, B is as neat as C. Is A neater or less neat than C, D than B, B than D? Then: Underline the word that has the same relation to the third as the second has to the first. Hand, glove; head (hair, body, hat, big).

It pains me too much to recall any more. Some of the items would be useful as tests at the other great Poughkeepsie institution—the State Hospital; while others would have been insults to the intellects of Milne Freshmen if the latter were expected to answer them.

Classes started the following Monday; and when I put in a six-hour day with my last class until three-thirty, I realized just what a snap I had had at Milne. And having to trail around to a different building for every class! Everyone rides a bicycle here, and I soon had that relief of my childhood days sent from home. It may not be dignified, but it certainly is a help! The collection of bicycles in front of this house at meal-time, each with its wire basket for carrying books and similar junk, makes the place look like a Western Union sub-station.

The first really great event happened last Saturday, when the reception for the Freshmen took place. Our Junior advisers took us in tow, and each Frosh had to wear her name pinned to her (I suppose so that people could tell us from the Seniors). We passed down a receiving line not much more than a mile long, consisting of the faculty and the presidents of various college organizations. After we had all been introduced and I had shaken twenty-five faculty hands and the faculty had shaken three hundred Freshmen hands (a process which took about two hours), we were given an entertainment of the best class stunts of last year. You have no idea what clever-looking men these Vassar girls make when they put on Tuxedos and slick their hair back. But none of the almost professional song-and-dance acts seemed more interesting to me than our own (I can’t lose that “our”; I like to say it) Girls’ Day programs over which we worked so hard.

The last exciting thing that happened here was the Oxford-Vassar debate on the Ruhr question, which took place last night. This is the first time Oxford has debated Vassar, or any woman’s college in this country, I think; and everyone was thrilled accordingly. Oxford insisted that France ought to give up the Ruhr, while Vassar maintained that she was right in keeping it. (It reminded
of hectic hours I spent last year over a certain question: “Resolved: That there should be a National Department of Education with a Secretary in the President’s Cabinet.” It was quite a novelty to hear someone else debate, without having to listen conscientiously for points which might be disproved by one’s rebuttal speech. The Oxford men were very technical and very business-like and very sure of themselves, but the Vassar girls were just as much so. The decision was made by the vote of the audience, which was 466 in favor of Oxford and 455 for Vassar. So no one can say that Vassar faculty and girls are not fair-minded.

I wish I could make you understand the wonderful spirit there is here. When I first came, after Milne High, which from my present point of view seems to consist of a very small family, to be just one of 1150 girls, I felt rather alone and very, very insignificant; but everyone—faculty, upperclassmen, and fellow-Frosh, seems to take such a keen interest in one’s individuality and personal affairs that one soon feels at home. The Freshmen are not made to feel, as they are in so many places, that they are very rank, green objects, merely to be tolerated until they have outgrown their Froshdom, but they are taken into the college life in a very friendly manner. They are welcomed and shown that there is a place for them in all sorts of activities and undertakings. This is the right way, it seems to me, to develop school spirit.

Yet, as much as I like this place and as much as I hope to gain from it, I can’t say that I don’t miss old Milne and my four years of life there. All you people who belong there now, appreciate it while you may; and try to do as much as you can for Milne, so that you may carry away from it a full experience and many pleasant memories, as does your former school-mate,

DOROTHEA A. GEORGE, ’23

“Thought is deeper than all speech, Feeling deeper than all thought.”—C. P. Cranchot.

Can you imagine—
Edith Ten Broeck hungry.
Lois without Elly.
Werner Liebich minus that grin.
Bob Levi “still as a mouse.”
Bill McDonough in a hurry.
College is still a dream, but the work is real. No one can come to Simmons College without making up one's mind to work. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There is plenty of recreation at Simmons—especially for Freshmen. The Freshmen houses are about a mile and a half from the college, and our chief occupation is walking. There are the various clubs—New York State, Y. W. C. A., Far West, Home Economics and Dramatic.

Simmons College is located on The Fenway, the park system of Boston, and near the Boston Museum of Art. "Our campus" is the famous Simmons Dump.

Mount Holyoke has its campus, and Wellesley has its lake, And Smith has all the beauties that art and cash can make; But, think of their splendors, do not let your spirits slump; For our Simmons has its famous, fetching, fascinating Dump.”

"Anon, perchance, you meet a chum from some more ancient school; She tells you of their shaded lawns, their courts and swimming pool; And then you sweetly say, unless you are an awful frump—'But, my dear, I wouldn’t swap them all for our good ole Simmons Dump!'"

Just across the "Dump" are the Junior-Senior dorms. Between North and South Hall is the colonade where step singing takes place. We have step sing twice, in the fall and in the spring.

The Juniors are on one side of the colonnade, the Freshmen and sophomores on the other. The Seniors in cap and gown march up the colonade steps singing Alma Mater. After college songs are sung, each class sings to the other and each class replies. The Freshmen songs this year were very well liked. When all have sung, the seniors march out and every class follows singing The College Hymn.

Being the first "Milinite" to come to Simmons, I feel it my duty to urge all the girls who are thinking about college to investigate
and find out about Simmons. Let's have a big delegation from Milne in the class of 1928 at Simmons.

"If you'd study Greek or Latin, go to Radcliffe
Go to Wellesley for collegiate atmosphere;
But if you want vocational art,
Come to Simmons at the start,
Simmons summons to practicality."

DOROTHY H. ROBINSON

Dear Editor—

21 North Pine Avenue, Albany, New York
October 5, 1923

It certainly gives me great pleasure to write a letter for "The Crimson and White," and I sincerely hope that what I have to say will be of interest to all my old friends at Milne and also to those who now sit in the seats in Room 302, which the class of '26 have so recently vacated.

September 19th found me a timid little freshman at the Albany Law School. It is very much like entering Milne, for the haughty seniors walk up and down the hall without deigning to notice us.

The school is a splendid one, being (as you probably know) a part of Union University. Our faculty is composed of learned men, who not only know the law thoroughly but possess a remarkable ability to impart it. Some of them have been recognized as among the foremost legal scholars of the English-speaking world.

Our class is made up of students from all over the state, thirteen of whom are girls. The registration of freshmen this year was so large that the faculty divided us into two sections, the people commuting coming in the morning and those living in the city having classes in the afternoon.

The work is very different from that of High School, and if we wish to maintain our places as members of the class, it is necessary to spend at least four hours a day in the law library and to study all the rest of the day.

If any of you are contemplating a law course, do not hesitate! You will find it very interesting, although you will miss dear old Milne as I do, its faculty and last but not least, Professor Sayles.

Your sincere friend,

GLADYS W. HUTCHISON
Dear Old "Milne-ites,"

In response to a request for a letter from me, as an alumnus of Milne High, I consider this a pleasure to write, for I have always taken a keen interest in the school activities, especially the sports.

I spent five weeks of this past summer at the Boy Scout Camp at Kinderhook lake. To explain my enjoyment of this summer's vacation it might be sufficient to say that the time passed entirely too rapidly for my wishes. On Saturdays I played semi-professional baseball with the Edmores and the Phi Epsilon Delta, a fraternity team in Rensselaer. At present I have a position with the Telephone company.

My thoughts often turn toward school as the fall sessions are well under way. Thoughts of basketball, dances, and of your societies' prospects for the coming year. All these must loom high on your horizon.

The freshmen must not be forgotten in their pursuit of an education. Their fears of the critics and of the new practice teachers must be treated kindly. Remember we were all "Freshies" once, and had the same difficulties they are enjoying (?)

The advice of Professor Sayles to "plan your work" and to "be honest with yourself" must receive special attention. It does not take long for one to realize that the value of an education depends upon one's own effort.

Fellows, don't forget smoking is not allowed on the school grounds or in the locker room! Don't loiter in the locker room, or you may have to help the janitor as a reward for your fun. Study hall is conducted in room 302, not out on the tennis courts nor in the store across the street.

I sincerely wish the basketball and baseball teams a most successful year. I certainly hope this will be an unusually active school year aided by the Student Council and that the "Crimson and White" will be the best ever.

Very truly yours,

RAY KIRK

"'Tis better to have studied and flunked,
Than never to have studied at all."
Dear Editor,

Well here I am, a freshman in State College. Fate seems to have decided that the lot of a college freshman be a hard one. Although our lot is rather hard, we are somewhat consoled by the fact that the sophomore class is very large this year, and they were freshmen last year.

When one steps from a high school senior to a college freshman, his high ideas and opinions of himself are suddenly quelled. The seniors are too busy to notice him; the juniors take compassion on him and try to be real friends, but the sophomore feels it his chief duty to remind him continually of his inferiority. Some people, especially the sophomores, seem to think that freshmen are placed in colleges merely for a source of amusement. When they go through the spacious college halls searching wildly for some unknown room, groups of sophomores standing about, may be heard complimenting themselves on being able to recognize a freshman.

It seems as if we were starting at the very beginning again, but cannot education be compared to an extension ladder? Last year we did not reach the top of our ladder, but only the top of our first extension, our main ladder being our elementary education. Now, although we seem to be starting at the beginning we are in reality climbing our second extension.

College life is a great life and a life which any boy or girl will look back upon with pleasure. When boys and girls are graduated from high schools, many paths are opened before them, and the boy or girl who does not follow the path of higher education, when it is opened to him, will surely regret it.

I thought that State College was going to seem too much like high school, after having attended Milne, but I find college life very different in many ways. The only words that I can find which exactly express my impression of college are the words from a college song, "It's a great big puddle, and I'm just a little frog." The first day Milne High opened I almost wished I were back when I saw Professor Sayles and the rest of the Milne High faculty ascending the stairs. Really, Milnites, you don't appreciate your faculty until you leave them.

In spite of the fact that fate has decreed our lot to be hard, we have many real good times. Most of us have attended a faculty reception, a Junior-Freshmen sing, and a Y. W. C. A. reception. On October 5 all of us had to attend the freshmen "Get Wise" party.
After all, even if we are green, stupid, and insignificant, what would State College do without us?

HELEN KNOWLES, N. Y. S. C., ’27

State College Stairs,
October 5, 1923

Editor of The Crimson and White.

Dear Editor,

After having survived the terrors of solid geometry, we are still alive and able to write an epistle to the Milnites. We feel quite grown up now that we are in college, but, when Freshmen is hurled at us by rival Sophs, we feel rather small and in the way. It seems quite natural to see Miriam Snow, Martha Lomax, Sylvia Estabrook, and Esther Jansen all busy and greatly interested in making the present Freshies feel like small and unwise children. Nevertheless, so far they’ve been very nice to the “Milne grads,” and we appreciate it.

The Juniors have been lovely to the Frosh and have taken us to various social affairs. The Junior sisters took us to the Faculty Reception and introduced us to the Faculty. President Brubacher, Dean Metzler, and Coach Wegner addressed the assembled students. Later refreshments were served, and then we sang and danced. The Y. W. party was a great success and so were the Junior-Freshman sing, and the Sophomore Get-Wise party. I wonder if the Frosh are any wiser! I fear the Sophs received the shock of their lives.

Besides being Freshmen, we are green, for green has been ordained the class color of the class of ’27. Each Freshie has a green leather handbook, and the boys have green and white felt skull caps. Soon, the girls will have green and white buttons, one inch in diameter with the class numerals in green. The banner rush has not started yet because the class of ’27 has not received their banner, but wait until they do and then there will be excitement.

Many of the Milne grads have been nominated for class officers, but elections have not taken place. It appears that Albany High, and Milne are fighting for class leadership.

We could rave on like this for several pages, but we feel sorry for our readers. The best of luck and success to the Senior class!

FLORENCE HUDSON
GEORGINA MAAR
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A MILNITE

Sept. 24—School opens! We are all glad to know that there has been but one change in the faculty Miss Hengge has been married, and Miss Philips again has charge of First Year English. There is a grand rush at the Co-op to get the first books.

Sept. 29—Our first chapel period. The singing and Professor Sayles lecture are very interesting. The Senior class elects the following officers:

President ........................................ Lois McNellie
Vice-President .................................. Wilbur Van Alstyne
Secretary .......................................... Frances Smith
Treasurer ........................................... Mary Craig

Oct. 4—Lois McNellie is elected president of the Student Council, with Helen Mansion, vice-president and Mary Craig, secretary.

Oct. 5—Our chapel period is a Harding Memorial. "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer By God to Thee," Harding's favorite songs are sung. Mr. Stevens, Miss McNellie, Miss Ten Broeck, and Miss Mann gave very interesting talks on Harding.

F. M. S., '24

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M. C., '24 could eat no fat,
F. S., '24 could eat no lean,
And so betwixt them both you see
They licked the platter clean.
SIGMA

Sigma's activities must not be forgotten in the review of the school activities. The first meeting was held Thursday, October 8th, with Helen Hamburger, the vice-president, presiding. As Margaret Rappe, the president left school, it was necessary to elect a new president.

The following are now the officers of Sigma:

President .................. Helen Mansion
Vice-President .............. Helen Hamburger
Secretary .................. Gertrude Hall
Treasurer ................... Lois McNellie
Mistress of Ceremonies .... Mary Craig
Critic ...................... Edith Ten Broeck
Marshall ................... Esther De Hughes

While Sigma's activities have not really started we are planning a bright and successful year.

F. M. S., '24

QUINN

The first meeting of the Quintilian Literary Society took place on Thursday, October 4, 1923. The newly elected officers were installed, and, owing to the absence of Persis Lennox, vice-president, who has left school, a new vice-president was elected. The officers as they stand for the term are:

President .................. Margaret Levi
Vice-President .............. Alice Bessie Cleveland
Secretary .................. Bessie McIntosh
Cor. Secretary .............. June Risley
Treasurer .................. Vera Button
As there was no old business to be discussed, new business was brought up before the meeting. The Freshman rush was the first thing to be considered, and the entertainment and refreshment committees were appointed to take charge of the affair.

There was no more new business discussed, and on motion, the meeting adjourned.

M. J. L., '24

ADELPHOI

Adelphoi has started this year with much enthusiasm. A committee is now out to provide entertainments for our meetings. There is also a committee who are working out plans to make initiations hot for new members.

Adelphoi wishes to correct the list of officers which appeared in the Crimson and White last June. The officers for the year are:

President Clayton Rosboro
Vice President Werner Liebich
Secretary Robert Dyer
Treasurer John Rude
Sergeant-at-Arms John Comstock
Chaplain Francis Stevens

Our literary programme is not made up now, but it will not be long before we are started on a definite programme for the year.

C. ROSBORO, Pres.

Hickory Dickory Dick,
Durn it but ain't my son slick!
I sent him to college
To grab him some knowledge
And now he won't handle a pick.
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

SPOR TING
EVENTS

BASKET BALL NOTES

Milne's basket ball team promises to be the best ever. Although the team is composed of some of the lightest men ever seen at Milne, still with a little practice the team ought to develop into a winning combination. The boys who are expected to show promise and become stars of the court are, Golding, a promising center; Williams and O'Connor, guards, and members of last year's squad; Vanderhorst and Gipp, forwards, and Curtis, Blewer, Dyer and Van Alstyne utility. With a few breaks and a little practice this team should prove a winner.

M. J. G., '24

BASKET BALL

"If you don't succeed, try, try again" is the cry of those girls who are interested in Basket Ball. Last year we were very unfortunate in not getting any outside games, but this year we have hopes of getting several.

With a squad of about fifty girls we expect a very fine varsity, and with a little more enthusiasm from the side lines, than usual, we hope to have a team that Milne will be proud of.

M. M., '24

Mary had a little lamb,
It followed her to school;
She went to take a final
And she flunked it like a fool.
So Mary changed her plan, they say,
And took a bull next day,
And when she got her paper back,
She pulled a nice big "A."
Cue, Albany, New York

"The July Cue and Year Book," is a publication that any school might well be proud of. The congratulations of this department are most sincerely proffered.

Kalends, Delhi, New York

"Rastus' Humbug," printed in your June edition, is a rather unusually well written story for a school publication. Why not include school notes and events under a separate heading entitled "School News" or other than under Miscellaneous?

Oracle, Rensselaer, New York

Your school notes are interesting, but your athletic department is, on the whole quite the best feature of the magazine.

Highland Echoes, Highland, New York

The appearance of your magazine, on the whole, is neat and attractive. We suggest a lengthier exchange department and more, original jokes.

We also welcome the following:

Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.
Port Light, Port Washington, N. Y.
High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs
Clarion, Lynbrook, N. Y.
The Spy, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
The Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.
The Bleatings, St. Agnes, Albany, N. Y.
The Owl, Watertown, N. Y.
Red and Black, Locust Valley, Long Island
Item, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Opinato, Kingston, Pa.
Keramos, East Liverpool, Ohio
The Opinion, Peoria, Ill.

THE STREET OF LIGHT

Myriads of lights,
A thousand fire-flies,
Slashing.
A million stars
On the dark background
Of the sky,
Twinkling, sparkling, winking,
Blinding me with their brilliance.
Glittering diamonds scattered
On black velvet,
Broadway, ever bright
With scintillant radiance
Knows no night
But that which is crown'd
With Spark'ling jewels.

FRANCES STORRS, '22
Hey Diddle Diddle,
Please answer this riddle:
I spent four full years in college;
And now that I'm through,
What the deuce can I do
With fifteen degrees and my knowledge?

L. M., '24—"Oh, Elly dear, why turn out the light?"
E. B., '23—"I wanted to see if my pipe was still lit."

Women's faults are many
Men have only two
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Frosh—"They won't let me play my wind instrument in the band."
Soph.—"Bass horn or saxophone?"
Frosh—"Neither, electric fan."

Motorist having killed puppy—"Madam, I will replace the animal."
Indignant owner—"Sir, you flatter yourself."

M. G., '24—"Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"
W. L., '24—"Because if they ran they would kick up too much dust."
Don’t give anyone a piece of your mind. You need it all yourself.

If a man’s word is as good as his bond, it is well to take stock in his speech.

MOVIES AND MAGAZINES AND M. H. S.
Snappy Stories—Everett Long.
Literary Digest—Bill McDonough.
Vanity Fair—Marian McHale.
Physical Culture—Vera Button.
Woman’s Home Companion—Sterling Fergeson.
The American—Professor Sayles.
Life—One darned report after another.
Everybody’s—Frances Storrs.
Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife—Alice Reno.
The Flying Dutchman—C. Vander Horst.
Radio Mania—Noble Williams.
Lost in a Big City—the freshmen.
The Miracle Baby—‘Sister.’
Success—The Faculty.
A Gentleman of Leisure—Francis Stevens.
Little Johnny Jones—Gipp.

HOUSE RULES
Towels changed weekly.
Dogs not allowed in the bunks.
Candles and Hot Water charged extra.
Board $2.00 per square foot. Meals extra.
Spiked boots must be removed at night.
Guests are requested not to speak to the Dumb Waiter.
Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost.
If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.
Base-ballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.
Don’t worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations.
The hotel is convenient to all cemeteries. Hearses for hire at 25 cents a second.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.

Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-rising flour for supper.

If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.

Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles or other valuables kept under the pillows; they should be deposited in the safe.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

S. F., '25—"Why all the puffing?"
E. K., '25—"I'm all tired out. There was a fight out there, and I was running to stop it."
S. F., '25—"Is that so? Who was fighting?"
F. K., '25—"Me and another guy."
E. S., '25—"Why do you like the old songs best?"
M. L., '24—"Because I don't have to buy any new records."
Jr.—"Pop, what is an ancestor?"
Sr.—"Well, I'm one."
Jr.—"Yes, I know but why do people brag about them?"
Radio Fan—"I turned in last night and got Honolulu."
Neighbor—"That's nothing! When I turned in last night and got Hell."
Visitor—"Why do your pupils look so tortured."
Teacher—"They have to memorize the names of towns where peace conferences were held after the World War."
W. L., '24—"Today is Friday the thirteenth, are you superstitious?"
C. R., '24—"No, not a bit."
W. L., '24—"Loan me thirteen dollars."
Teacher—"Willie, what do all good boys do on Sunday?"
Willie—"Caddy for their dads."
Doctor—"Your nerves are weak you must take a holiday."
Patient—"Then please get my nerves strong enough so I can ask the boss for one."

Mother—"What, a broken window! Wait till your father comes home."
Frosh—"Can't we have somebody else fix it?"

Simp—"What have you in your hand?"
Sap—"Fly paper."
Simp—"Oh, deah! You don't mean to say flies read."

Miss Rice—"Have you had any theatrical experience before?"
B. M., '24—"Oh, yes, I used to play the front legs of the horse in, 'Paul Revere's Ride.'"

FRESHMAN LOGIC
Prof.—"How much does a six pound shell weigh?"
Frosh—"I don't know."
Prof.—"Well, what time does the twelve o'clock train leave?"
Frosh—"Twelve o'clock."
Prof.—"Then what is the weight of a six pound shell?"
Frosh—"Twelve pounds."

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