

The Crimson and White

Senior Issue



June 1919

Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.

Contents

	Page
Literary Department	
The Darkest Before the Dawn (J. O'N., '19).....	98
Life at Eighteen (M. S., '19).....	101
A Commencement Gift for Elizabeth (E. M. D., '19).....	103
Editorial.....	106
Alumni Notes.....	109
The Junior High School	
Editorial.....	111
The Junior High School Banner (D. G., Eighth Grade).....	112
Dave's Island (H. V. L., Seventh Grade).....	112
Brother Bob at Camp (E. H., Seventh Grade).....	114
School Notes.....	115
Societies	
Adelphoi.....	118
Zeta Sigma.....	118
Quintilian Literary Society.....	119
Theta Nu.....	120
Athletic Notes.....	121
Exchanges.....	123
Sense and Humor.....	127

BABBITT'S SPECIAL SUIT SALE

IS CREATING INCREASING AN INSISTANT DEMAND
FOR THE FINEST CLOTHING VALUES IN CAPITOL
CITY DISTRICT AT THE TWO PRICE GROUPS . . .

—————\$27.50 AND \$39.50—————

BABBITT & CO., INC., ALBANY'S GREATEST CLOTHIERS

Diamonds

Cash paid for Diamonds,
Old Gold, Silver and
Liberty Bonds. . . .

FREDERICK W. HOFFMAN

H. E. STAHLER

ICE CREAM
CONFECTIONERY

299 CENTRAL AVENUE

COMPLIMENTS OF JOHN J. O'NEILL

MARSTON & SEAMAN JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS,
WATCHES, ETC.

20 SOUTH PEARL ST. ALBANY, N. Y.

EUROPEAN HOUSE: 19 NIEUWE AMSTEL STRATT
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

GOLDRING

Wholesale Florist

Slingerlands, N. Y.

*Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Kodaks
and Films*

MEYROWITZ BROS.

68 NORTH PEARL

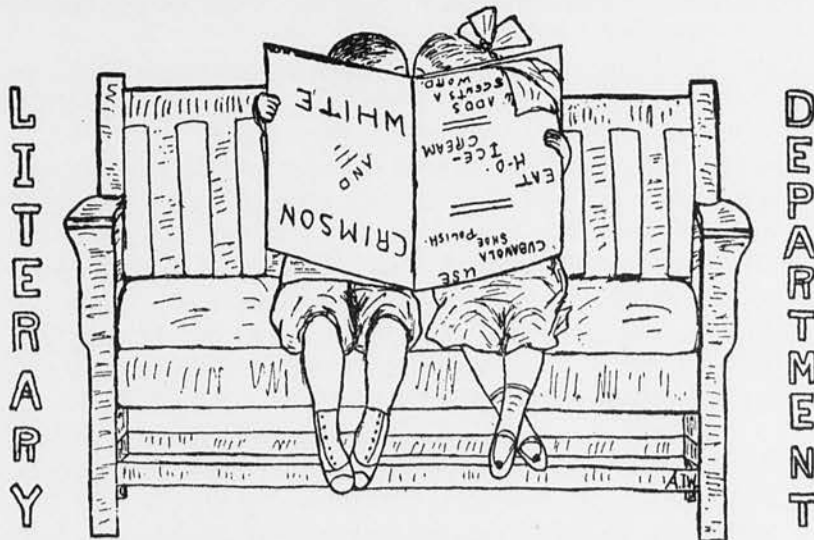
Please mention "The Crimson and White"

The Crimson and White

Vol. XV

JUNE, 1919

No. 5



THE DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN.

It was on the eve of August 1st, 1914, at the Chaffour Chateau, Beigny, France. Besides the servants, the only inhabitants of the Chateau were Madame Chaffour, and her son, Jacques. The two sat together before the fire place, in the luxurious parlor.

"It is for France, Jacques. That is the only reason why I am giving you up", softly sighed Madame as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Oh, don't feel that way mother," answered Jacques pressing his arm tighter around his mothers waist, "you are only *lending* me to our beloved France. I will come back to you, after we put those devils where they belong."

The next morning as Jacques bade his mother good-bye, he softly whispered in her ear. "Keep brave, dear, I am a lieutenant, and will soon be on leave."

The next morning he was off, marching proudly down the road as would any son of France.

* * * * *

Two months later, as Madame Chaffour sat before her fire place,

watching the blue flames dance, she heard the prancing of horses' feet and the cries of men.

Suddenly, a servant burst into the room crying in despair, "Oh, Madame, they are here—the Boches!"

"God, give me strength! I *must* be brave," muttered Madame as she fell to her knees, before her son's picture draped with the French tricolor. But before she could finish her prayer, a dozen German soldiers burst into the room.

"Ah," cried the head officer, "a nice lady, a home, and a fire. What more do we want? Make yourselves at home, the rest of you. I'll remain here. Send up some wine, right away."

Then, turning to Madame, who was still on her knees, he said sneeringly, "Well, so you are thanking God for our coming, eh? That is very nice of you. Come here."

The woman rose and obeyed him. Her heart beat furiously, and her knees shook, but she smiled as she thought of a plan.

"Sir, your uniform is so fine, and you are so manly, that your rough words do not become you. You must be fatigued after your long ride; so I will prepare a meal for you."

The words came hard, but Madame was determined. The conceited Boche threw his chest out, held his head high, and strutted down the floor.

A week had passed—Madame had treated the German with courtesy and he had treated her likewise.

"I wonder why the French fear the Germans," said Madame one day, refilling a glass of wine for the officer. If all your men are as nice as you Monsieur——."

"Ha, ha," laughed the soldier, "they say that the French women are fiends, but if they are—er—like you——"

He walked over to Madame's side, and placing his arm about her, drew her to him.

The very touch of the German caused Madame to tremble from head to toe, but she could not stop now; she must go on. She slipped her hand under his coat, where he kept his revolver, and with forced strength pulled out the gun, and held it boldly before him.

"At last, you *Hun*! If you make a murmur I'll shoot. I am *French*, Monsieur, and not afraid. Hand me those documents you have in your pocket, and *hurry*!"

The officer quickly obeyed, and just as Madame clinched the papers in her hand, she heard a dreadful noise. In her fright, she pulled the trigger, and the German fell dead. She turned quickly and saw the ceiling fall. Now she realized what had happened. A

shell had hit the Chateau. In her despair, she sought refuge in the large chimney place.

* * * * *

To his great disappointment, Jacques did not secure 'leave' as soon as he expected. He served four months at the front, where he lost his left arm. Then, sent to a hospital, he regained his strength and secured a "leave". As fast as was possible he travelled back to Beigny, to the Chateau.

When Jacques beheld his beautiful home and estate in ruins he was horrified.

"Mother," he cried, "if I only had been here to protect you. God, why did you take her from me? Gone!" This was the conclusion he arrived at, and heartbroken he strolled about the remains of his once happy home.

Lighting a cigarette, he sat down on a fallen tree which was stretched along the road. There he sat in silence, thinking and dreaming of those happy days which had passed. The voice of a man broke his reverie, and looking up, he saw a French soldier.

"Have you seen a Red Cross ambulance pass this way?" the soldier quiered.

"Not a soul or a thing has passed all morning," answered Jacques.

"Well, then if you don't mind, I'll wait here with you until she comes along. There is a hospital station, about six miles from here, and an ambulance is due to pass this way any moment. Been 'over the top' I see." So, the two fell into conversation about their experiences. Soon, the looked-for ambulance came along, and the soldiers were taken to the station.

The station, as it was called, was a Chateau of a wealthy French family. Luckily the estate had not been shelled, so there, the homeless children and women sought shelter. The able bodied women and girls nursed the wounded brought in from the battle field.

"Yes, we have a fairly good hospital," the doctor was now saying to Jacques, "and as long as we escape the Germans, everything will be fine. The women have done wonders for us!"

A women dressed in a nurses' outfit entered the room carrying a large tray of food. Jacques leaned forward and gazed wildly. He rubbed his eyes again and again. Was it a dream? Could it be real? Then, the woman turned and faced him. Her face became ashen, and the tray fell to the floor.

"Jacques, my boy!", she cried and gathered him into her arms.

That evening, Madame and her son sat before the fireplace telling each other their experiences.

Then, with a great sigh of contentment, Madame softly whispered. "It was for France, Jacques. That was why I gave you."

JANE O'NEILL, '19

"LIFE AT EIGHTEEN"

"And when dreams were dead, what then? What indeed!" Mary Louise sighed, for her dreams were certainly most awfully dead. She was a thief. Bruce could never trust her after this. Her heart sank even lower than ever, if this were possible. She dug down deeper into the bed as she went over the events which had brought her to this terrible catastrophe.

Mary Louise had gone with Bruce Hollister for about a year. Yes, ever since she met him at Lola Graham's last October. At the thought of Lola, her crime and fallen ideals returned with full force. She had never been jealous. In fact, she had always had a lofty pity for those who were. Yet jealousy was the cause of her downfall.

Lola was very distantly related to Bruce. Thru this relationship she had made many and varied demands on him. Mary Louise had not minded this at first, but it certainly had begun to get on her nerves. Lola had noticed it and had lost no chance of bringing home to Mary Louise her increasing friendship with Bruce.

Mary Louise not feeling well one day, had remained in bed. Lola had come over to spend the afternoon with her. As she was leaving, she noticed a very new picture that Mary Louise had of Bruce.

Lola exclaimed "Don't you love that picture of Bruce? He gave me one just like it the other night."

Mary Louise had felt sicker than ever. Bruce had brought her one the very night they were finished, and it would seem that he had also taken Lola one. He must care something for Lola to give her his very latest picture. This had bothered Mary Louise for some time.

A week or so later Mary Louise had stopped in to see Lola. Lola was out so she settled down to read. Unfortunately the magazine she picked up had Bruce's picture carelessly stuck in it. Mary Louise looked at it thoughtfully for a long time. It was a dear picture of him. And he had given it to Lola! A sudden coldness pervaded her. She hadn't really believed Bruce had given it to her. She thought Lola was attempting to torment her, and she was succeeding only too well.

She heard Lola returning. She must put it back or—a wild idea leapt into Mary Louise's mind—why not keep it? Without stopping to think, she slipped it into her pocket. After a short visit with Lola she left. Her conscience was beginning to work.

On the way home, Mary Louise's sense of guilt became too much for her. What had she done? She didn't want the picture. She couldn't keep it. Not one that Bruce had wanted Lola to have and had given her. Lola probably liked the picture as much as she did. At this Mary Louise rushed back to Lola's, making a lost notebook her excuse. There she tried every way of returning it, but Lola had been in the way each time. She just simply couldn't tell Lola what she had done.

It was a very sad Mary Louise who went home that day. She would have to tell Bruce when he returned. He was on a trip with his father at the time, and the Grahams were leaving for the week end. So Mary Louise had buried herself in a gloomy contemplation of her theft and mournful meditation of Bruce's renunciation of her when he learned of her crime.

But she had been denied the doubtful pleasure of such thoughts for long. On the third day the door bell rang. With a guilty start, Mary Louise recognized Lola's ring. Had she discovered her picture was gone, and did she suspect that she, Mary Louise, had taken it? Her heart began to race unmercifully.

She had taken Lola into her own room. In her anxiety to know the worst, she pulled out a bunch of pictures, among them Lola's picture of Bruce.

"Oh! there's that picture of Bruce. I haven't the slightest idea where mine is. Guess I'll have to look it up," Lola had said when she saw the picture.

Mary Louise had choked down an insane desire to laugh. Wicked, wicked, girl that she was. If Lola only knew that it was her own picture she was gazing at! Where, where had her feeling of guilt gone! Now was the time to repent and acknowledge her sin. An unholy joy, however, pervaded her. She felt actually light-hearted once more. She would return the picture to Bruce, and he could do as he liked with it.

This attitude had carried Mary Louise up till to-day. But now she had returned into her slough of despair.

Bruce had come over, rested from his trip and very, very glad to see Mary Louise once more.

"I dreamed of you last night, Mary Louise. Did you think of me at all when I was away?"

Mary Louise bit her lip. Had she thought of him? Well! rather!

"Bruce, why did you give Lola that picture you just had taken?" she suddenly asked.

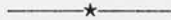
"What picture? Oh! No special reason, I guess. I happened to have them with me when I stopped at Lola's for mother. Lola liked them and wanted one; so I gave it to her. Didn't you want her to have one?"

"No, I didn't. I stole it away from her. Here it is. Here's your ring too. You won't want me to have it now. I'm sorry to disappoint you in my character; but I'm glad Lola hasn't the picture."

"Mary Louise, put that ring back. Do you think I care how many pictures you steal from Lola? But I do care for you."

"We'll give the picture back to Lola, and she can have all of mine if she wants them", said Mary Louise repentant at last.

MARGARET SKINNER, '19



A COMMENCEMENT GIFT FOR ELIZABETH.

The wind was blowing a gale, and the rain was beating hard against the windows of a little cottage at Avon-By-the-Sea.

"It was in just such a storm as this that my husband's ship was wrecked," said old lady Lloyd to herself as she sat in her cold, cheerless room.

It always made her sad to think of her husband, for he had been a constant companion to her when he was home from his voyages on the ocean. She remembered how, when she was sewing or mending, he would sit by her side and read aloud the news of the day; or again and again he would relate the history of a quaint little work-box, which still lay on the table. He had brought it to her as a souvenir of his last trip to the Orient. How she had cherished it these fifteen years, for they brought back many dear memories to her.

Mrs. Lloyd was suddenly aroused from her thoughts by a knock at the door, and, before she had a chance to open it, Elizabeth Earle stepped into the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Lloyd," she exclaimed, as she seated herself beside the old lady, "I have such good news that I just had to come over in spite of the storm to tell it to you. Just think, the principal told me this afternoon that I could graduate this June. I wanted to come over before to tell you, but Mrs. Giles said I had to finish my work first. I am so happy, Mrs. Lloyd."

"So am I," returned the widow, "for you are deserving of it, Elizabeth. I verily believe that this good fortune has been sent to reward you for your kindness to me. You do not realize how much

sunshine you have cast into the lonely hours of my life. I should be so desolate without you."

Tears sprang to the old lady's eyes as she uttered these words, but both she and Elizabeth realized the truth. They were a comfort to each other.

"But my dear, Mrs. Lloyd," said Elizabeth, "how can I help being kind to you when I love you so very much? I have no parents nor anyone who is interested in me. You are the only one who cares. Mrs. Giles gives me a good home, but she is so cross at times. It is always you who comfort me, when things go wrong, or when the girls at school snub me."

Mrs. Lloyd was indeed very delighted with Elizabeth's news, and she lay awake a long time that night thinking of her. If she had more means, she would not hesitate to adopt Elizabeth, but there was no possible way in which she could provide for her. It was not until two weeks afterward that Mrs. Lloyd awakened to the sudden realization that she had no present to give her little friend.

"I cannot let this important day of the child's life pass without giving her a remembrance," she remarked to Mrs. Giles one day.

"Humph", grunted her neighbor, "you ain't got no more money to waste on 'Lizabeth than you need for bread. You needn't worry about her. Ain't she got a good home with me and Sam Giles? I'll see that she gets all the stuff she needs for her graduation an' a white lawn dress too."

The bitter words were branded in poor Mrs. Lloyd's heart. A white lawn dress for that dear girl to wear at the commencement exercises. The old lady only felt more bent upon her purpose as she returned home. She, of course, could not give Elizabeth a dress, for she had none of her own. She determined, however, that Elizabeth should have a present.

"If only there were something to give, she grieved. But there is absolutely nothing for her except my precious work-basket."

She did not feel as if she could part with that. It was her most sacred possession. As the old lady sat by the tiny lamp that night, a sense of guilt overcame her.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." The words seemed to stand out in large letters from the page in her Bible. It was the only verse which her eyes saw.

"God forgive me," murmured Mrs. Lloyd. "I am sorry that I have been so selfish. Elizabeth shall have my work-basket."

She was true to her promise, for the very next day she carefully wrapped up the tiny box and carried it herself to Elizabeth.

"It is all that I have to offer you, my dear," said the widow as she held out the package with trembling hands. It is very inappropriate, I know, but I hope you will like it as a keepsake. I received it many years ago as a gift from my husband."

Mrs. Lloyd hurried home as the tears dropped fast upon her wrinkled cheeks.

Not long afterward, Elizabeth rushed into Mrs. Lloyd's house. "Oh Mrs. Lloyd," she cried breathlessly, "see what I found. I dropped the basket on the floor, and the lining fell out. The basket seemed very dried, and there between the side and the lining was this note addressed to you. Read it."

"My husband's writing," exclaimed the alarmed old lady, as she quickly tore open the thin envelope and read:

My dear Jeane:—Last night I dreamed that I was about to set out upon my last voyage. You know we sailors are superstitious, and I feel that fate has predicted that I shall never see you again. I do not wish to cause you any alarm so I shall not tell you verbally. I am hiding this letter where you will soon find it, if I do not return, and I am enclosing a note for one hundred thousand dollars. It is, my dear, the whole amount of our savings. May God bless you. I hope you shall never come to want.

Your affectionate husband,

John Lloyd.

"My dear husband," said the old lady as she held out the small piece of paper which was to bring joy into her life once more.

"Elizabeth, you shall come to live with me, and your commencement shall be like the other girls."

It was true. Elizabeth was very happy in the days that followed. There were no clouds of sorrow for herself or Mrs. Lloyd. When they both looked back upon that commencement day, it was with joy, for there were many, many, gifts, but the most precious to Elizabeth and the old lady was a rare, old work-box.

E. MARION DEYOE, '19

—★—

Time will tell whether it is to be a just peace or just peace.

—★—

I am to blame for the continuance of the war—*General Ludendorff*.

—★—

A German looks "down" at a woman, an American looks "up" to a woman, and a Frenchman looks "at" a woman.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XV

ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE, 1919

No. 5

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

MILLCENT BURHANS, Zeta Sigma, '19.....	} Literary Editors
KATHERINE NOLAN, Zeta Sigma, '20.....	
CHARLOTTE STUPPLEBEEN, 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



With the gradual approach of June our minds inevitably seem to look forward to the close of school and vacation. But intermingled with these pleasant thoughts often comes a sudden realization, and we ask ourselves, "What have I accomplished this year?" Let us turn back for a moment and start again from September. Let us see what we, as a school, have accomplished during 1918-19.

One very great improvement of our high school is the marked development of school spirit. It has shown itself everywhere; in the progress of the "Crimson and White"; in the athletics; in the work of the societies; in fact, at all school functions.

School loyalty toward the "Crimson and White" has been very obvious this year. The board undertook a new plan of issuing the paper, and, thanks to the spirit of the students, we have proved our plan a success. Our subscription campaign in September was answered by more than seventy-five percent of the students, and many of the non-subscribers are buying single copies. The "Crimson and White" wishes to thank the faculty and all her subscribers who have aided in making this school publication a success.

There has been a decided improvement in our athletics this year. Although the games were not attended so fully as they might have been, still our teams have been supported financially. 1919 has also marked the organization of a baseball team, which has already established for itself an enviable record. Our basket ball team has encountered some of the best teams of the capitol district and has had a successful season.

Then, too, the societies have assumed a more co-operative attitude than in former years. Both the girls and boys have strived to make their social and literary work of a high and interesting type. Quin and Sigma united in celebrating Girls Day on May 16, and they hope that the custom so successfully established will become a precedent of future years. Adelphoi showed the "pep" of her boys by holding Adelphoi Day on May tenth. We were very glad to see the revival of Theta Nu, which last year on account of the loss of so many members gradually began to wane. Because of her late start this year, she has been unable to celebrate Theta Nu Day; but we soon hope to see her a large and thriving society.



The "Crimson and White" has elected the board for next year, and the new members are as follows:

Assistant Editor.....	Charles Sayles
Junior Literary Editor.....	Helen Kirtland
Junior Exchange Editor.....	Fannie Medwin
Junior Joke Editor.....	Virginia Hill
Assistant Business Manager.....	Donald Booth

Advertising Agents.....	{ Harry Ellis
	{ Stanley Taylor
	{ William Comstock

Athletic Editor.....	Leo Barrett
----------------------	-------------

The other members will hold their same positions except Miss Eleanor Abrams, who succeeds to the position of Editor-in-Chief.

The Liberty Bond Campaign.

The Milne High school has certainly shown her patriotic spirit in the liberty loan campaign. In the fall each pupil pledged himself to pay ten cents a month during the school year, and we are proud to say that everyone has lived up to his promise. Miss Jones, who was in charge of the campaign, has been able to purchase three bonds with the money collected. The students have voted for the manner in which they are to be expended. The decision was that one bond is to go to the French orphans, the second to the Belgian orphans, and the third for the school athletics.



The Pennant Contest.

The "Crimson and White" board has attempted a new plan of issuing the paper this year. It is a plan by which we hope to gain the interest and enthusiasm of the students, and by which we intend to improve the publication. We are grateful to say that with the aid and co-operation of the student body and faculty we have been able to make our attempt a success.

According to this plan, we have permitted each class to contribute toward an issue of the "Crimson and White". Thus, the first was issued by the members of any class, the second, by the Juniors, the third by the Sophomores, the fourth by the Freshmen, and the last by the Seniors. Each class has contributed literary material, advertisements, jokes, and other interesting matter.

To the class which turns out the most interesting number, the board will award a banner. This "Crimson and White" banner is to be held by the successful class for a period of one year, after which time it is to be given over to the winning class of following year, and so on annually.

The judges of the contest are Miss Cudebec, librarian of the Pine Hills Library, Miss Phillips, instructor of English at the State College, and Mr. Holden a student at the State College. We have endeavored to choose capable and impartial judges, and we are certain that the decision will be just and correct.

In deciding the winner, the judges will consider the literary department, advertisements, cuts, jokes, and general interest of the issue.

We wish to state, however, that from the present outlook, it seems as if the decision will be a difficult one, for each class has worked with great zeal and enthusiasm.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Irving Goewey, '12, and Paul O'Brien, '16, both of whom were in service, recently visited the school.

Marion McDowell, '14, is attending the Miss Elley School.

The class of '14 has recently organized for the purpose of re-organizing the Milne High School Alumni. They have held several meetings and have elected the following as officers:

President.....	Edna Class
Vice-President.....	Clara Holder
Secretary.....	Leona Johnson
Treasurer.....	Marion McDowell

They are planning to hold a banquet in July.

Eloise Lansing, '14, will return to her position as instructor at Amityville.

Clarence Kirby, '09, has returned from overseas.

Clara Holder, '14; Catherine Pollock 14; Bernice Covey, 15, and Caroline Lipes, 15, will be graduated with the class of '19 at the State College for Teachers.

Reginald Bruce, '17, took a leading part in the "Yellow Jacket", which was presented by the dramatics and arts class of the State College.

Edna Loweree, '17, has been elected assistant business manager of the "State College News".

Emmeline Shultes, '17, is employed at the Orange Motors Company.

Lillian Magilton, '14, has returned to her position as instructor at Ocean Side, Long Island.

Helen Winne, '19, recently visited the school.

Winnifred Dunn, '18, is visiting her sister in Bennington, Vermont.

Where. Oh, Where is the Class of '18?

Carol Traver—attending State College.
 Margaret Kirtland—attending State College.
 Marie King—at business.
 Winifred Dunn—at home.
 Marion Vosburgh—attending State College.
 Gladys Thompson—attending State College.
 Earl Mattice—attending State College.
 Catharine Deyoe—government clerk at Washington.
 Joyce Goldring—employed at the Underwriter's Association.
 Helen Loomis—at home in Washington.
 Grace Tibbits—at home.
 Margaret Romer—attending Smith College.
 Helen Alexander—employed in State Education Building.
 Viola Baer—attending Teachers Training School at Schenectady.
 Virginia Miller—at business.
 Davia Bradstreet—attending Russell Sage College.

—★—

“Dear Joe:—Come home. Forgive and forget. I have destroyed the book of war recipes.—Violet.”

—★—

Everyone who does the best he can is a hero—*Billings*.

—★—

The first step to greatness is to be honest—*Johnson*.

—★—

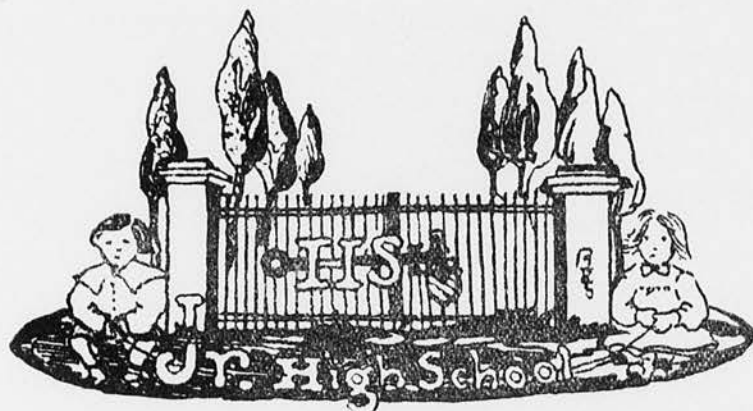
The American dollar is still worth a hundred cents, but the hundred cents have only about 50 percent purchasing power.

—★—

One of the reasons why Germany will sign the treaty is Foch.

—★—

What has happened to the old fashioned man who removed his hat when a woman entered an elevator, in which he was a passenger, or offered his seat to a lady in a crowded car? And what has become of the gentleman who would not blow smoke in a woman's face?



EDITORIAL.

The two stories of camp life in this issue of the "Crimson and White" remind us that vacation is drawing near. Already boys and girls in the Junior High School are beginning to ask each other, "What are *you* going to do this summer?"

Some of us, of course, plan to work during the vacation. We must earn money for next year's tuition and clothes. Others will be so fortunate as to have the entire time for play—if they wish it. But whatever we do or wherever we go, we should remember two things.

The first is that vacation should bring health. Each of us should get as much out-of-door exercise as he can. If we do this, we shall come back to school ready to study with a vim, and we shall not be so easily affected by diseases like the Spanish influenza.

The second thing is to help other people. If you don't have to work for yourself, work for someone else. Don't be lazy and selfish. In the country boys can drive cows or hoe potatoes while girls can pick berries and feed the chickens. In the cities boys can work in stores, mow lawns, and sell papers. Girls can help with the housework or take care of the neighbors' children.

May you all have a healthful and busy vacation.

LEONA KESSLER, 7th Grade.

—★—

After all the biggest peace problem is to make life in America worth the price being charged for it.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BANNER.

The pupils of the Junior High School have beaten the High School to it! We have a class banner. The idea was suggested by our drawing teacher, Miss Perine, and we liked it very much.

We decided to have a monogram of red, white and green over a red pennant. The monogram consists of an "M" in white with a green "Jr." over it. The letters "H" and "S" are in white, beneath this. We thought in choosing the colors red and white we should be paying a compliment to our school paper. We added a touch of green to form a color harmony.

The material was purchased by the teachers of our drawing classes, and we set to work last Monday. Some cut out the banner, and others drew and cut the letters; then we "swapped". We pasted the letters on the pennant, and took them home to be stitched. Each one has a banner, and we intend to make a larger one for our class room. We also made small pennants for chevrons. We had a great deal of fun in making our own banners, and we are proud of our work. Come on, Milne High School proper, see if you can match us!

D. G., 8th Grade

**DAVE'S ISLAND.**

It was a hot July night. Slowly Dave Miller and his chum, Billy Carson, rowed to the island off the coast of Maine, where they were to enjoy two weeks of camping.

"We'll put the tents up first, Bill," said Dave, "right in front of that grove. Then you can fix the beds, and I'll get supper."

In a short while the tent was up, a fire built, and the boys were eating a hearty supper of baked potatoes, bacon, and roasted corn, and coffee. After supper they cleaned up, put out the fire and went to bed.

The next morning, as Dave was building the fire, he saw a man coming slowly out of the woods behind the tent. He was tall and broad-shouldered, very dirty and unkempt. Dave whistled softly to attract Bill's attention, and then both boys stood quietly while the stranger approached. All sorts of ideas ran through Dave's head. "Who was the man? Was he one of a gang of robbers? Maybe their boat had already been stolen. This was certainly a pretty kettle of fish."

Finally the stranger spoke. "I am glad you've come," he said, "I thought I would never get off this island."

"How did you get on?" asked Dave.

"Swam!" was the reply.

"Swam!" said Billy, "where from?"

"From a boat that was passing by. I was made a prisoner at New York and carried off. To-day was the first time they let me on deck. When I saw my chance, I jumped overboard and swam here. That's all."

It sounded rather "fishy," and yet the stranger seemed so straightforward and sincere that the boys were inclined to believe him.

"Have you had any breakfast?" asked Billy.

"No, but I'd like some if you can spare it," the stranger replied.

When Dave and Billy had finished preparing their breakfast, they gave the stranger a generous meal.

In a few minutes the stranger brought back the plate, which he had washed down at the shore, and said he would be back at noon if the boys would let him buy his dinner. He also asked for soap, towels, and a razor. Billy was very proud to be able to lend him the razor.

After he had disappeared into the woods, the boys wondered a great deal about their strange visitor. They called him "spooks" because he had frightened them so when he first appeared. They wished he would tell them more about himself.

A little before noon "Spooks" appeared. He looked like a different man. He had washed, shaved, and cleaned the dirt from his clothes. He seemed so much of a gentleman that the boys hesitated to ask him questions.

Without a word the stranger helped them prepare dinner, ate with them, and washed the dishes. Then he said, "Well boys, when are you going to return to the mainland?"

"We don't know," Dave replied, "we were going to stay until we got tired of it. But if you want me to take you right away, I can. It's pretty far to swim, sir."

"I'd prefer to stay here a few days," was the answer. "But how about your food? I can pay for what I eat, but perhaps you haven't enough."

"We have enough for two weeks. We'd like to have you stay," the boys replied.

So for ten days "Spooks" stayed with Dave and Bill. He fished with them and shared their tent and food. At night, as they sat

around the fire, he told them interesting stories of his life in New York. His name, he said, was Harry; but not a word would he say about his being taken prisoner on the boat. He so persistently ignored all the attempts which the boys made to bring up this topic, that they finally gave up.

On the tenth day he helped the boys pack up and went with them to the mainland. Then, after paying them a generous sum for their hospitality, he took a train for New York.

The boys telegraphed their fathers that they were returning home and started for Portland.

Mr. Miller met them at the station, and, as he shook hands with them he said, "Well did my friend Harry Burns show up? He wanted a vacation, and I sent him out to the island to look after you fellows. He said that you wouldn't want your vacation spoiled by an uninteresting chap like him; but I told him to run along. Was he interesting boys?"

"Very," said the boys, looking at each other sheepishly.

HENDRICK VAN LAER, 7th Grade.



BROTHER BOB AT CAMP

"Come on, boys. Let's go over to the Point to-night. We've fished all day without even a bite. We need a change. Those that want to dance can go to the hotel. The rest can visit Old Jerry's soda fountain".

The speaker was my brother Bill. He, Brother Bob, and I were camping with six other boys at Van Buren Point on Lake Erie. We were located at the edge of a large woods and only a few feet from the water. On a point about half a mile from us was a group of cottages owned by people from Buffalo and Pittsburg. Near the cottages was a large summer hotel, where dances were held nearly every night.

On this particular evening all of us except Bob, decided to go over to the Point. He said he didn't feel well and was going to bed early. The rest of us went, had a jolly time, and came back about eleven o'clock.

On going into the tent, we were much surprised to find Bob's cot empty. We called and whistled, thinking he might be somewhere around, but received no answer. The older fellows said that we should wait a while, and if he didn't appear soon, we should send

a searching party out. They thought he had changed his mind and had gone to the Point after all, but they admitted that it seemed strange that we hadn't seen him.

When twelve o'clock came with no Bob in sight, Bill said "Come on, fellows. We've got to find that kid. Let's go down to the beach."

There we discovered that one of the boats was gone. It looked as if Bob had gone for a row. We walked up and down the shore, calling as loudly as we could; but our only answer was the lapping of the waves on the shore.

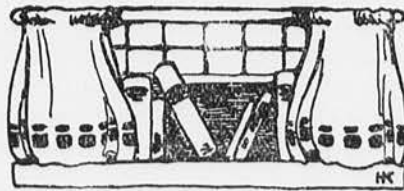
I began to feel pretty sick. I thought how Mother hadn't wanted us to go on this trip, and how we had teased her and had promised to look after each other. I wished that none of us had gone over to the Point. Could Bob's boat have over-turned by any means? The thought sent cold shivers up and down my back. He could swim, I knew; but not very far, because the water was too cold.

Brother Bill kept telling me that there was nothing to worry about; but I noticed he was pacing up and down the beach and looking out over the water as if he would give any thing in the world for a sight of Bob.

Just when it seemed as if we couldn't stand the waiting another minute, we heard the splash of oars. Then Bob's voice came over the water, "Hey there, fellows, got a dandy string of fish. I'll fry you some for breakfast."

Bill looked at his watch. We had been waiting just thirty minutes; but it seemed to me like thirty years.

EDWARD HOLCOMB, 7th Grade



SCHOOL NOTES.

There have been quite a number of interesting events in Milne High School since the last edition of the "Crimson and White".

Adelphoi Day.

The boys of Adelphoi Society held "Adelphoi Day", April 10th. In the afternoon they presented a very interesting mock

trial. In the evening, they played basket ball against the Faculty Five, after which dancing was enjoyed by all. Every one pronounced "Adelphoi Day" a decided success.



Quin Sigma Day.

The girls of the "Quin" and "Sigma" societies held "Girls Day" May 16th. A very delightful program was given, after which dancing was enjoyed by all.



"Crimson and White" Dance.

The "Crimson and White" dance was held in the State College gymnasium, Saturday night, May 24th. Although there were not many Milne High people present, everyone who went enjoyed a good time.



The Senior Class.

The Senior Class, contrary to the usual custom, elected new officers this year. Those elected are:

- President.....E. Marion Deyoe
- Vice-President.....Russell Bouton
- Secretary.....Eleanor Perry
- Treasurer.....Jane O'Neill

The following members of the class of 1919 expect to be graduated this year:

Russell Bouton, Millicent Burhans, E. Marion Deyoe, Janet Goldring, Clark Henry, George Hudson, Harriet Hunter, Adrian Johnson, Anna Marin, Robert Miller, Jane O'Neill, Madelyn Preiss, Eleanor Perry, Rebecca Shyer, Laura Skinner, Margaret Skinner, Marion Wiltsie.

The honor students are as follows:

- Anna Marin.....Valedictorian
- Millicent Burhans.....Salutatorian
- Marion Deyoe.....Third Honor
- Russell Bouton.....Fourth Honor
- Janet Goldring.....Fifth Honor

The graduation announcements have already come, and rumor has it that they are unusually pretty this year. Commencement exercises will take place June 23rd, at three o'clock in the State College Auditorium.

Reunion of Class of 1919.

A mock reunion of the class of 1919 was held in the fourth year English Class a few weeks ago. This was supposed to be ten years from now.

Adrian Johnson acted as toastmaster. The first address was very well given by Miss Anna Marin, the Governor of New York State. Russell Bouton was very interesting with his experiences as a famous Albany Lawyer. Miss Janet Goldring's talk of her reconstruction work "Over There" proved instructive as well as pleasing. Clark Henry told of his experiences as a business man since leaving Milne High School. Miss Margaret Skinner, the famous authoress, was especially interesting in her work of writing fairy stories. George Hudson, the great actor, seemed to be arousing quite a sensation by his wonderful acting. A very interesting talk on her ranch life in the West was given by Miss Jones. Miss Merrit and Miss Cassin had both been teaching school for the last ten years.

Everyone enjoyed hearing the experiences of his fellow classmates and decided that he would like another reunion in the near future.



Prize Speaking Contest.

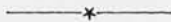
The annual prize speaking contest, for the Robert C. Pruyn medal, took place Wednesday evening, May 29th at eight o'clock in the State College auditorium. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo.....	Katharine McKinlay
"The Heart of Old Hickory".....	Lavinia Rosa
"The Flag on the Firing Line"....	William Comstock
"Her Country".....	Dorothy Robinson
"The Song".....	Donald Allen
Piano Solo.....	Marjorie McDonough
"Jean Deprez".....	Frances White
"Why we are fighting Germany"....	Kenneth Shufelt
"The Feast of Nations".....	Eleanor Perry
"America for me".....	Donald Booth
Vocal Solo.....	Madelyn Preiss

The winners of the prizes are Frances White, '22, and Kenneth Shufelt, '20. The "Crimson and White" extends its heartiest congratulations to both.

"Gym" Exhibition.

The "Gym" Exhibition of Milne High School was held in the gymnasium of State College, May 29th at two o'clock. The program included marching tatics, boys and girls; calisthenics, girls; folk dances, Ace of diamonds, girls; wand drill, boys; dance, Norwegian Mountain March, girls; apparatus, boys; games, boys and girls.

**ADELPHOI.**

During this year of 1918-19 Adelphei has progressed steadily. The programs have been varied and snappy, and we have had a good attendance.

On April tenth we celebrated Adelphei Day by giving a mock trial and entertainment in the afternoon and a base ball game and dance in the evening. Because of the fine support received from the student body, the whole project was a distinct success.

On June fifth Adelphei holds her annual banquet at Keeler's. All are looking forward to the event with great pleasure.

Four seniors, we are sorry to say, leave us this year; but we hope to make up their loss by electing new members from the other classes.

Next year, we hope we shall have keener competition with Theta Nu.

A. J., '19.

**ZETA SIGMA.**

Sigma has had a very successful year and is able to look back to a number of very pleasant days. The girls have all worked hard to make Sigma a success. The meetings have been well attended and the programs very interesting.

In November Sigma took the Freshmen to the Grand. Here, we became better acquainted with the new girls who had just come to Milne.

We took in a number of new members this year. They are: Florence Beagle, Gertrude Best, Arlina Daily, Grace Devine, Maiza Buckmaster, Charlotte Stupplebeen, Rachel Waters and Catharine Platzter. They have joined in with both the work and play, and proved themselves to be the finest members.

In May Sigma and Quin united in an effort to reestablish Girls day in Milne High School. A very successful musical and literary program was given.

Hilda Comstock a former member of Milne High and of Sigma has invited the Sigma girls to come out to her home in Glenmont on a hike. We have arranged to go on June 14th.

There are only three more meetings of Sigma to be held, after which we break up for the summer months. Let us all come back ready to work harder for Sigma than we ever have before.

K. McK., '20.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The school year has almost reached its close, and once again Quin has a splendid record of past achievements to look back upon and feel justly proud of. Quin has just been brimful of life, vim and progressiveness.

We started the year splendidly, and certainly Quin has accomplished all it started out to do. Then, behold, since the roll-call has been considerably lengthened by the names of the finest and jolliest girls of the Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen classes, Quin has fairly seemed to race forward; and the banner of "Gold and Black", has been raised higher than it ever was before.

Under the joint efforts of Quin and Sigma, Girl's Day has again been established in Milne High School, and we must all confess that

it was a great success and proof evident of the ambition and unity among the members.

A number of the "old girls" have visited us this year, and it certainly makes them beam with pleasure to see how well their successors have kept Quin's record shining. Let us continue this glorious work, girls, and keep our banner in the lead as it has always been. Next year when the rest of us return, let us cause those who are leaving us to feel that their efforts have not been wasted, but have been taken up and carried on.

Quin has elected the following girls into the society this year:

Eleanor Arres, Emily Barrows, Alice Daily, Margaret Dinkle, Anna Pyle, Fannie Medwin, Edith Bennett, Ruth Birdseye, Velma Dedrick, Evelyn Dott, Sylvia Estabrooke, Edith Jansen, Helen Knowles, Martha Lomax, Katharine Moor, Esther Marshman, Tessie O'Brien, Marion O'Connor, Velma Risley, Rosemary Seelmat, Clara Selig, Wilma Sinclair, Marion Snow, Frances Tomkins, Elsie VanHoesan, Ethie Thorpe, Harriet Wheelock.

C. R., '20



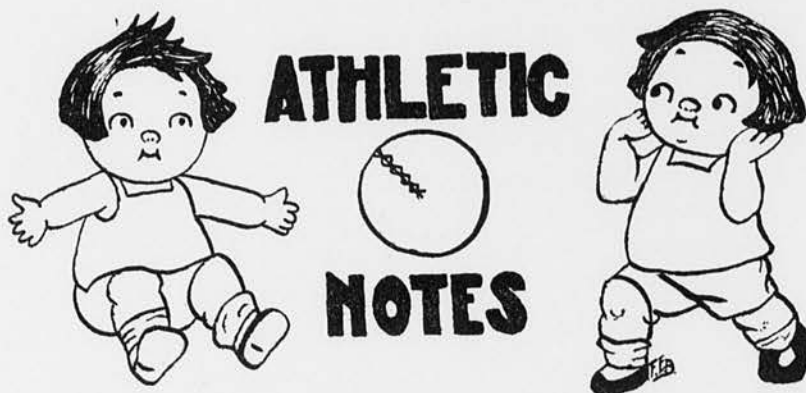
THETA NU

Theta Nu is becoming more and more organized. A formal election of officers has occurred, and the following are the regular officers of the society:

President	George Hudson
Vice-President	Clyde Kittell
Secretary-Treasurer	Thomas Cantwell
Sergeant-at-arms	John Hecox

Plans are being made for the annual banquet which is to take place some time in June.

G. H., '19.



Milne High School has yet to meet defeat. Of the four games played so far Milne has won them all. The team is composed of D. Kirk, first base; Schraa, second base; Sexton, third base; R. Kirk, shortstop; Johnson, pitch; Metzger, catch; Grady, left field; Hardie, center field; Flood, right field; Wood and Christie, utility.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Howard Hardie was elected captain of the team, and Leo Barrett manager.

The games are as follows:

Albany Academy 6—Milne High 8.

We started in the season by defeating the Albany Academy 8 to 6.

		The Score											
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Milne		1	0	1	4	0	1	1	0	0	8	15	2
Academy		0	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	6	5	1

Johnson and Metzger, Cokely and Austin.

Excelsior High 2—Milne High 6.

On May 21 we journeyed to Schenectady and took the measure of Excelsior High School, 6 to 2. With the exceptions of the third inning when Excelsior got both their runs, we were never in danger.

		The score by innings											
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Milne		0	0	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	6	16	0
Excelsior		0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2

Johnson and Metzger, Beverly and Kelso.

Valatie High 5—Milne High 12

Milne took a fall out of the strong Valatie High team May 23, at Beverwyck Park, 12 to 5. In this game D. Kirk made a record of four hits and one pass out of five times to bat. Three of the hits were two baggers.

The Score of the game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Milne	1	0	2	4	1	2	1	0	1	12	18	0
Valati	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	0

Johnson and Metzger, McNamee and Smith.

Catskill 0—Milne 9.

May 27 Milne got a game from Catskill, 9 to 0.

Score.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	S
Milne	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9	9	1
Catskill	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

We have games with Altamont, Catheral Academy, St. Johns and returns with Valatia, Excelsior, Albany Academy and Catskill.

This year a new custom will be started in our school. That of giving our players on the baseball team the crimson M.

The record of our players follow;

Pitcher	G	W	L	AB	H	PO	A	E
Johnson....	4	4	0	13	8	7	9	2

Also 74 strikeouts and 12 hits during the games.

Batting and Fielding List.

Player	G	AB	H	PO	A	E
D. Kirk....	4	16	13	13	3	1
Sexton.....	4	15	11	5	11	0
Schraa.....	3	10	7	3	9	0
Flood.....	4	16	8	5	0	2
Grady.....	4	14	7	6	1	1
Metzger...	4	14	7	3	5	0
Hardie.....	2	8	1	0	0	3
Wood.....	5	1	0	2	0	1
Christie....	1	4	0	2	0	1

L. BARRETT.



CRITICISMS.

The Acropolis, Scotia High School, Scotia, N. Y.

We have been much interested in the progress of this clever little paper since its first arrival a few months ago, and it certainly has been progressive. We notice with pleasure the addition of several new cuts. The joke and literary departments are excellent. Here is a paper that will truly succeed.



Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A neat, well managed publication with lots of "pep". The large staff of editors suggests an exceedingly large student body. Why don't the students contribute more to the magazine? It looks as tho' the editor did all the work. "The Monthly Gas Attack" is very clever and an absolute gloom destroyer.



The Item, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A very complete, businesslike publication. It is attractively arranged and contains an especially commendable humorous department. Three cheers for the artists!

The Budget, Berne, Ind.

The specialty of Berne High School seems to be poets. The school notes are especially laudable and have plenty of laughs. A rather singular occurrence detracted from your otherwise excellent joke department in the April number. Three of the jokes were twice repeated. Where is the proof-reader?



The Triangle, Troy, N. Y.

The literary section is exceedingly large and meritorious. Are there no witty things ever said in your school that would enliven the joke department? The cuts are clever, but few in number.



The Echo, Oneonta, N. Y.

The literary department is the best feature of your spring number. What has happened to the joke and alumni departments? Between the two of them they certainly ought to occupy more than one page. We also notice the absence of cuts. Where is the support of the student body?



The M. H. Aerolith, Sheboygan, Wis.

A vivacious old friend of ours, which we are always rather loathe to criticise since part of the publication is written in "that awful German language", and we begin to realize what very poor linguists we really are. The athletic department is especially well written, but the jokes are rather few and scattered. The editorial and literary sections are original' but after wading thru a translation that would leave our German class weak and weary, we leave grammatical construction to an abler critic.



The Papryus Oracale, Watertown, Conn.

Is a neat, pleasing publication to read. Athletics are evidently *the* thing in Taft High School. Your exchange editor is evidently practicing "Hooverism", or don't you allow him any more room? Your literary department is particularly meritorious and entertaining.

"The Forester", Dallas, Tex.

Our old friend has arrived again containing just as much, if not more, of its splendid artistic ability. Are you making a business of growing artists at your school? Your editions are very attractive, but we think they would be much more entertaining if the arrangement were not quite so jumbled.

There are so many detailed departments, that our poor heads are quite in a whirl, before we finish reading your magazine. Is it against your principles to print more than one story in the literary department?

*The X-Ray*, Anderson, Ind.

It is a pleasure to come upon a literary department containing stories with unusual plots. One feels as tho' one had come upon an oasis in a vast desert—said desert being the good old stories that our grandfathers told. Why don't you try to make your jokes more personal? It would add more zest to the publication. Your exchange editor knows his business, but criticisms are lacking. We all like compliments, to be sure, but after all it is the good frank opinion that makes us improve.

*The Magpie*. Watterbury, Conn.

This, too, is rather a sugar-coated pill to swallow. One opens the attractive booklet with interest, but feels very studious and serious. It is, indeed, a literary magazine and excels greatly in splendid poems and stories; but life and interest seem to be lacking.

*The Weekly Ypsi-Sem*, Ypsilanti, Mich.

This is a lively little paper, published by school spirit. It is really a small newspaper; but to use a slang expression, "it gets away with it." We might suggest a better quality of paper; and it would also improve your publication to have "rendezvous" for all the jokes, which at present are so scattered.

We have received many interesting exchanges this year. We have tried to give special attention each exchange, and we hope that our criticisms have led to their improvement. Below we are publishing a rating of each paper:

Paper	Editorials	Literary	Exchanges	Athletic	Cuts and Cover	School Notes	Jokes	Alumni	Average
Acropolis	7	8+	6	7	7+	9	7	8+	7--
Budget	8	8	7	7+	8	6	7	0	6+
Bulletin	8	8	8+	8-	0	9	7+	0	8+
Cue	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	9	9
Dort	7+	8+	9	9	8+	8	8+	9	8-
Echo	8+	8+	0	8	7	9	7	8	7
Echoes	8	8+	0	0	6	8	8	0	6
Forester	8	8	8+	9	10	8	8	0	8+
Item	7+	9	5	7	9-	9	9	7+	8-
Magpie	8	9+	5	8+	8	8	0	10	6+
M. H. Aerolith	8	8+	0	9	7	7	7+	8	8
Mesquitette	8	7+	0	8+	7	9	8	0	7+
Old Hughes	8+	8+	8+	6	7+	8+	8	9	6+
Oracle	8+	0	8	8	0	9	8	9	7+
Opinion	0	7	7+	8+	7	8	8+	8	7+
Papyrus-Oracle	8	8+	8	8+	0	8+	9	8-	7-
Palmarian	6	6	7+	7+	8-	8	8	0	6+
Peacock Bulletin	8	8	0	8+	8+	8	8+	0	6+
Somerset Idea	8+	8	0	8	0	8+	7	0	6+
Students Pen	8	8	5	10	6	9	8	8+	9-
X-Ray	8	9	10	9+	9	9	9	9	9+
Ypsi Sem	8	8+	8	9	0	9	9+	9+	9

*—

The Crimson and White acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass., *Old Hughes*, Cincinnati, Ohio, *The Triangle*, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y., *The Papyrus Oracle*, Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

*—

Small service is true service while it lasts.—*Wordsworth*.

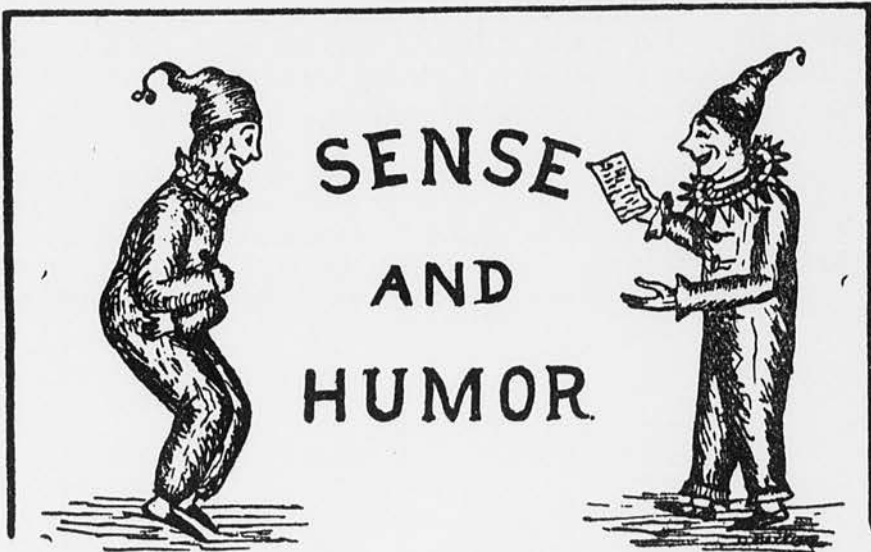
*—

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.—

Italian.

*—

White for purity, red for valor, blue for justice, —the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.—*Charles Sumner*.



Finis!

M. E. B. had a Thomas cat,
It warbled like Caruso,
A neighbor swung a baseball bat—
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

—★—

Employer—No, George, I can't raise your wages just now; you can speak to me about it later on.

G. H.—All right Sir. Will you be in tomorrow morning?

—★—

A. S.—George made a great speech at the meeting last night. He brought home to me a great many things I never saw before.

G. W.—That's nothing; my laundry man does that for me.

—★—

M. P.—Someone stole every blessed stocking out of our laundry.

E. P.—Blessed stockings? Oh, you mean those that weren't darned.

M. D.—“Pete” Sexton says his soldier life reminded him daily of home and mother.

M. S.—How is that?

M. D.—They wouldn’t let him sleep late in the morning!



“Yes,” said the storekeeper to the applicant, “I want a good bright boy to be partly in doors and partly out doors.”

“That’s all right,” said Bob Miller, “but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?”



E. T.—I suppose you carry a memento of some kind in that locket?

J. O’N.—Yes it is a lock of my father’s hair.

Elizabeth—But your father is still alive.

Jane—Yes, but his hair is gone.



There had been slight disturbances in chemistry class. Finally the teacher said, “Can you tell me anything at all about prussic acid?”

“Yes,” replied Marion Wiltsie. “It is a deadly poison. One drop on the end of your tongue would kill a dog!”

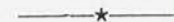


Two Irishmen met and fell into conversation on the street one day. It went like this:

Reilly—Pat was drowned yesterday.

Fitzpatrick—Couldn’t he swim?

Reilly—Yes, but he was a union man. He swam for eight hours and then quit.



J. O’N. in geometry—Will you read the letters on the figure? I can’t see them.

J. S. T., ’20—U.R.O.K.Q.T.

Teacher—Mr. Taylor, compliment Miss O’Neill all you like out of class, but pay attention to me now.

R. B.—Did anybody comment on the way you handled your brother's car?

E. T.—One man did, but he didn't say much.

Russell—What did he say?

Elizabeth—All he said was "Fifty dollars and costs."

—————★—————

Professor Sayles—Generally speaking woman is—.

Interrupting voice from rear—Generally speaking.

—————★—————

A. S.—Who's your friend?

C. H.—Oh, he isn't a friend, I owe him some money.

—————★—————

Judge—I understand that you prefer charges against this man?

"Lawyer" Bouton—Your honor, I prefer cash.

—————★—————

The Bulletin Board.

Lost—A pin, by a senior with an enameled top

Wanted—Some jokes for the "C. & W." Please write them on tissue paper so the editor can see through them.

Special!!—Notice of publication of my composition on "The Art of Bluffing"—Russell C. Bouton.

Wanted—New alibis for gym, recreation, special classes—Any Senior.

For Sale—My latest book on "How to pitch". No student should be without it. Containing valuable information. May be used anywhere—A. Johnson.

"Yes," said Marion, "I want to do my bit; so I thought I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thought I would do that," said Betty Shyer, "but when I looked up the way to do it, I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

"Laura, did you thank Mr.—for bringing you home in his car?" asked "Peg".

"Yes, I thanked him, but I didn't tell you, because he said, 'Don't mention it.'"

Some of our teachers seem to have adopted the French motto, "They shall not pass!"—Ex.

Millicent—Do you have hard or soft water where you live?

Anna—I guess it's hard. I spattered some on a lamp globe last night and broke it all to pieces.

Prof. Sayles—Why weren't you to school yesterday?

Clark Henry—I swallowed a piece of window glass.

Prof. Sayles—Well! what of it?

Clark Henry—I had a pain in my side.—Ex.

Miss Becker—Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

Bob Miller—How about dying?—Ex.

—★—

Little Things of Note.

Will there be a day when:

E. Perry forgets to say, "I don't know," before reciting?

M. Preiss gets the question the first time?

C. Henry doesn't want to argue?

R. Miller doesn't get a call down in history?

A. Marin doesn't have four things to do at once?

R. Bouton forgets an English assignment?

M. Burhans recites in oral composition?

"Yes" said the severe maiden lady, "the word 'mule' is only 'male' spelled wrongly.

"I suppose so," responded the crusty old bachelor," but according to the Latin dictionary a woman is 'mulier'"—Ex.

George Hudson (reading)—"She threw herself into the river. Her husband, horror stricken, rushed to the bank."

Miss Merrit—What did he rush to the bank for, Mr. Hudson?

George—To get the insurance money—Ex.

Teacher—'And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck and wept—what did he weep for?

Pupil—I suppose you would weep, too, if you fell on your neck.

A. J.—'Can you change a dime for me?

A. S.—How do you want it changed?

A. J.—Into a quarter.

Found,—a use for 'em!

Answer from English iv paper—In China coolies carry all the heavy burdens"—Ex.

Louis C. (stumbling over a pair of rubbers in the hall of J. G's home). "Hang those old ferry boats!"

Janet—(coming out to meet him) "ferry boats! Why, those are my rubbers."

Louis—"You misunderstood me my dear, I said 'fairy boots.'"

It was the first time that Kenneth's father had seen "her", and they were talking things over. "So my son has proposed to you", he said, "and you've accepted him? I think you might have seen me first.

M. D., '19 blushed sweetly as she replied, "I did, but I think I prefer Kenneth"—Ex.

They were looking at the Kangaroo at the Zoo when Margaret said, "I beg pardon sir, but what kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good heavens" exclaimed Margaret, "and my sister married one of those."—Ex.

"Henry", scolded his father, "you must not eat so much. Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?"

"I suppose" H. M. replied "it must be a big gluttons little boy."

At the conclusion of the school term, prizes were distributed. When Adrian Johnson returned home, his mother chanced to be entertaining callers.

"Well, Adrian," asked one of the ladie's "did you win a prize?"

"Not exactly," said Adrian, "but I got a horrible mention.

Allan had brought home perfect geometry papers for several weeks. Soon, however, he began to bring in returns, showing five or six examples out of ten wrong.

"How's this, Allan?" asked dad.

"It's the teacher's fault."

"How is it the teacher's fault?"

"Why she moved the boy that sat next to me,"

"Well after all," remarked a Tommy who had lost a leg in the war, "there's one advantage in having a wooden leg.

You can hold up your bloomin' sock with a tin-tack" chuckled the hero.

—————★—————

H. H. met C. H. out walking with his new bull pup.

"That's a fine looking dog," said Hattie, "Where do you keep him?"

"Oh, up in my room", Clark grinned.

"It isn't healthy to keep a dog in your room!"

"Oh, he's used to it now."

—————★—————

J. O'N.—Why does Kenneth Shufelt sing with his eyes closed?
Betty T.—Oh! he's very tender-hearted, and he hates to see any one suffer.

—————★—————

Adrian J.—Two down front please.

Usher—Standing room only.

I'll take two as close as possible.

—————★—————

George H.—Yes, I told father that a white poker chip was a peppermint.

A. S.—Did he swallow it?

—————★—————

Teacher (in history)--Mr. Bouton, that date was wrong. Don't be so positive. Only fools are positive.

Mr. Bouton—Are you sure?

Teacher—Positive.



The Sign of the Blue Bird

31 Steuben Street

For commencement gifts

Jewel Glassware, Jewelry, Stationery, Leather Goods,
Cards and Novelties, Leigh's Toilet Goods

Tea Room Extension from The Golden Robin

1919

H. W. ANTEMANN

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Highest Grade Presentation Badges from Original designs

Fine School and Class Pins

Diamonds and other Precious Stones

Fine Repairing a Specialty

Prompt and Satisfactory Work Only

23 James Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

SKINNER'S

BOOK STORE

FOUNTAIN PENS AND ALL
WRITING EQUIPMENT

REFERENCE BOOKS

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

B. V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

OPTOMETRIST

OPTICIAN

Albany, N. Y.

Troy, N. Y.

50 North Pearl St.

356 Broadway

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Be a Good Dresser

BUY YOUR CLOTHES AT

MILSTEIN'S

3 Clinton Ave. Albany, N. Y.

and save money

DIAMONDS

SILVERWARE

FREDERICK P. D. JENNINGS

115 NORTH PEARL STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING
AND DIAMOND SETTING

JEWELER

Compliments of
Quintilian Literary Society

THE PEN CORNER
SOUTH PEARL AT HUDSON AVE.

Grand Union

E T A

Company

Quality First

Compliments of
A FRIEND

BASTIAN BROS. COMPANY

MAKERS OF

CLASS PINS CLASS RINGS ATHLETIC MEDALS

ENGRAVED COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

AND INVITATIONS, CALLING CARDS, ETC.

975 BASTIAN BLDG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Steefel Says:

It's time for the "Big Outdoors"

Whether you'r off to the beach—planning a trip in the mountains—whether you are going fishing, canoeing, motoring or golfing the clothes you need are here, and the trunks and bags to pack them in, too.

STEEFEL BROS.

STATE STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

Complimentary

EDGAR B. SHUFELT

Architect

DELMAR. . . N. Y.

PHONE DELMAR 19-J

Compliments of

THETA NU

After Graduation What? Physical Training Teachers Wanted

The Demand for teachers of physical education is growing, the work pleasant, satisfying and WELL PAID. The war has shown the need and made demands for better Physical care for our boys, girls, men and women, as well as Soldier's and Sailors. MEN ESPECIALLY NEEDED IN THIS WORK.

The course includes all kinds of Games, Dancing, Athletics and Gymnastics, as well as Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene and methods of Teaching, Etc.

Best Course in Physical Education for MEN AND WOMEN, and Strongest Faculty in this country. SEE CATALOGUE.

The only School of Physical Education that is chartered by the University of the State of New York (under the Regents.)

The Savage School for Physical Education, 308 West 59 St., New York City

JAMES MIX

Jeweler

34 SOUTH PEARL ST.

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"

ALBANY ART UNION
DISTINCTIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

48 NORTH PEARL ST.

PHONE MAIN 991

ALBANY, N. Y.

With Best Wishes
for an
Enjoyable Vacation
from
Adelphoi

JACK HAYES

Torsorial Parlors

1078 MADISON AVENUE

Children's Haircutting a Specialty

Ladie's Shampooing and Facial Massage

JOHNSTON & LINSLEY, Inc.

PINE HILLS GROCERS

**Groceries, Meats, Baked Goods,
Fruits and Vegetables**

We carry the best in our Lines

Telephones West 1152 and 1153

WALK-OVER SHOES

HAVE THE STYLE AND QUALITIES
YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN LIKE

HASKELL'S WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP

THE STORE OF SERVICE 71 NO. PEARL ST., ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."