

The  
Crimson and White

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Freshman Issue



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April 1920

Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.

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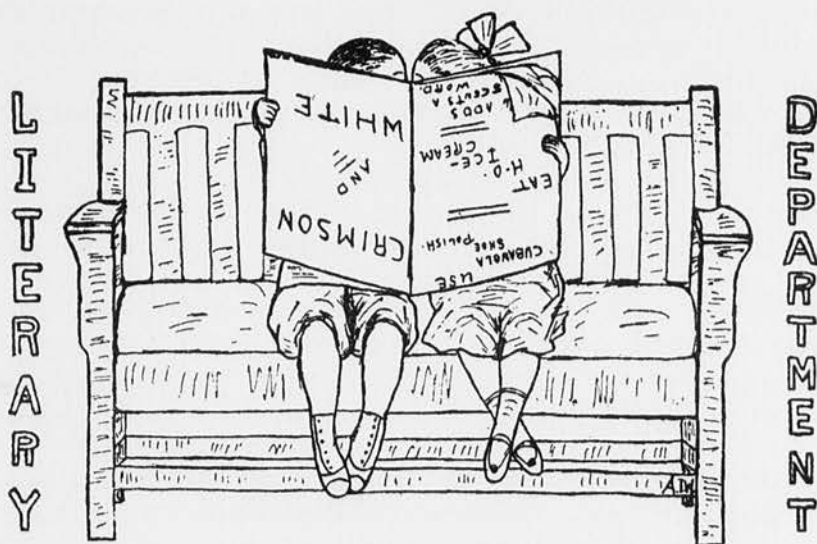
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# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVI

APRIL 1920

No. 4



## A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE

William Stevens, a young lawyer, was traveling to one of the pleasant little summer resorts that dot the Massachusetts' coast. He was going to see a business man whose summer home was near Belton Beach, as the place was called. Stevens expected to stop over night at the hotel, and to see the man in the morning.

As he gazed out from the car window over a broad expanse of marshland, bleak and desolate, he thought of the pleasant room waiting for him at the hotel; for although late May, the weather had grown exceedingly cold and windy.

It was dusk as the train glided into the station and the passengers alighted into the chilly atmosphere. Stevens hurried to the hotel, whose glowing lights beckoned to him. What was his surprise when the clerk told him that there was not a room to be had, there being an unusual rush for so early in the season.

Since there was no help for it, Stevens turned away to look for a boarding-house. There was only a few of these in the village, most of the people being very exclusive after the manner of old New

England families. Stevens went to all the boarding-houses, but there was not a place with a room to spare.

At the last place he cried in desperation, "Isn't there any house where they will take me in? Surely I won't have to sleep in the streets!"

The housekeeper answered, "There's old Sally Higgins up on the hill. She'll take you in."

Stevens seized upon this last resort with eagerness.

"But I wouldn't advise you to go there. They say the house has a dreadful history. And Sally's queer. She has—"

"I don't care what she has, so long as she has a room for me," Stevens replied, and started out.

The hill was a sloping mound; the house soon came into sight. It was an old, rambling dwelling, sadly in need of repair, partly surrounded by straggly, half dead oak trees, that looked like skeletons in the dim light, Stevens thought.

Soon he reached the door. He raised the old-fashioned brass knocker, and let it fall with a clang that echoed and reechoed through the silent house. In spite of himself, Stevens could not help shivering, and thinking that he would be glad to leave the place in the morning.

Then he heard footsteps approaching,—footsteps that suggested old, flapping slippers. He heard bolts drawn creaking back, and slowly, slowly, the great, massive door swung open, disclosing the head and shoulders of a very small, very old woman. She wore a faded, loose dress of calico, and shapeless slippers. Her scanty, snow-white hair was drawn back and fastened in a tight knot at the back of her scrawny neck. She was carrying a candle in her hand. A black cat rubbed against her dress.

Stevens felt as if he were in a dream. He realized that this was a character such as one might meet but once in a life-time. He removed his hat, and inquired if she would let him have a room for the night. She replied in a voice as small and dried-up as herself that she would be very glad to let him have a room; then led him into a great hall, which the feeble rays of her candle lighted but dimly, and rebolted the door. Stevens could see an immense fireplace, over which hung two portraits. The picture to the right he recognized by its resemblance to the old woman before him, although painted many years before that time. But the left-hand portrait, although greatly resembling the other, was enough unlike it to show that it was of another person.

Following his glance, old Sally answered his unspoken question,

"Yes," she said, "That is my picture, taken at the age of sixteen; and the other one is the picture of my twin sister, Molly. Poor girl, she died sixty years ago."

She shook her head and sighed.

She started along a dark passage, beckoning Stevens to follow her. Presently they came to a great kitchen, where to the man's amazement, he saw at least a dozen cats, all coal-black, turn from different parts of the room, and fix their great round eyes on him.

"They're my pets," said old Sally, chuckling.

She took another candle to leave in his room, then escorted him up the broad oak stairs, along a dark hall with a row of closed doors upon either side, and into the room he was to occupy.

"This was my sister Molly's room," she said; then left him alone.

Stevens got sleepily into bed, but to his surprise, as soon as he extinguished the candle, he felt wide awake. The wind howled and moaned among the treetops in a way that made him shiver. The boards creaked, and he seemed to hear queer rustling noises.

Then a far-off clock boomed very slowly the hour of midnight. At the first stroke Stevens heard the padding of soft feet, and a pair of yellow eyes glaring at him. Something jumped upon the bed, and sat at his feet, its eyes fixed upon his face. At the second stroke a second something jumped upon the bed, and settled next to the first one. At each chime the action was repeated, until when the last stroke died away, twelve pairs of round yellow eyes stared at Stevens from the foot of the bed. Good Lord! They were Sally Higgin's black cats! How he wished he had taken the house-keeper's advice. He would rather have walked the streets all night than to have come knowingly to such an awful place.

The boards creaked and snapped, the rustlings grew louder, and the wind whistled dismally around the corner of the house. Suddenly the cats gave a terrible hiss in concert, and their eyes glowed like balls of fire. As the hiss died away, a more horrible sound filled the house. A hideous human shriek, like a banshee's wail, set every nerve in Stevens' body a-tingle. The sound rose, then died away to a low moan, which the wind seemed to prolong.

Then Stevens felt a breath of ice-cold air, and a white object appeared at the foot of his bed. He could not see its outlines; all he could see was a terrible pair of green eyes, much more awful than those of all the cats put together. The thing glided slowly around until it stood beside him. Then it grew more distinct. It was a figure which seemed to be made of mist, the edges of which

were indistinct, but the face perfectly plain. And the face was the face of the left-hand portrait over the fireplace down stairs!

In its hand the figure carried a skull fashioned into a goblet lined with silver and filled with dark liquid, which something seemed to whisper to Stevens was poison.

Slowly the figure spoke in a hollow voice. "I am Molly Higgins, dead by my own hand in this bed sixty years ago. It was decreed that all who should hereafter sleep in this bed should also die."

She leaned closer, and grasped Stevens by the shoulder. The spell which had held him hypnotized was broken. With a cry of terror he sprang upward, and—

"This yo' station, sah?" the porter was saying, shaking his shoulder to awaken him.

And Stevens, with an attempt to collect his bewildered mind, alighted from the train at the quiet little station of Belton Beach.

DOROTHEA A. GEORGE, '23



#### LADY ASTOR, M. P.

Surely, twenty years ago it would have been ridiculous to prophesy that an American woman would ever become a member of the English House of Commons. Yet it is so. Lady Nancy Astor, the wife of the second Viscount Astor, was elected to Parliament on November 18, 1919.

She ran on the Unionist-Coalition platform and conducted her own campaign. She went, unaccompanied and unafraid, to the poorest districts of Plymouth and London and made friends of the lowest vagabonds imaginable. To every question, no matter how rude or insignificant, she had a quick, intelligent answer. At the end of her speech on one of her campaign tours, a fisherman asked her why she was doing this, and she replied, "To keep the Independent Labor Party and the Bolshevists out of Parliament." This was her platform.

The question has often been asked, "Will Lady Astor follow in the footsteps of her party, or do as she thinks?" We have no doubt that she will do what is right, at least as she sees the right.

This member of Parliament is every bit as fond of femininity as any other woman, although she is one of the lawmakers of England. She has six children, Robert, William, Phyllis, David, Michael and John Jacob; and she is very proud of them.



Her home in Saint James' Square, London, is a very old and noted building. Its three hundredth anniversary is soon to be celebrated. It was built by Anthony Grey, the tenth Earl of Kent, in the seventeenth century.

Probably in a few years other women will take their seats in the lawmaking body of England, but we are proud of the fact that Nancy Langbourne Astor, of the famous Langbourne family of Virginia, was the first.

ELIZABETH C. FRIEND, '23



### SOLOMON TAKES A HAND

How long she had labored over it, and with what loving care she had fashioned it! Thus thought Sylvia Denning as she stood before her sculptured "Pity". All the art-dealers who had called to look at it shook their heads and said, "It is good, Miss Denning, but it wouldn't sell."

Glancing about the large bare studio, Sylvia's eyes rested on the clock.

"Goodness gracious! It's two o'clock! I must get lunch. Solomon! Come here! I have a treat for you!"

Solomon, whoever he might be, did not appear.

Again Sylvia called, "Sol-o-mon!" No answer.

"Where can that cat be? I wonder if he's gone out on the fire-escape and fallen off!"

Running quickly into the next room, and opening the window, Sylvia surveyed the empty fire-escape. Looking downward she saw nothing of the missing Solomon.

"Where, oh, where can my precious kitty be?" sobbed Sylvia.

This was the climax of a day of despair. Unable to bear her grief any longer, Sylvia threw herself on the couch and wept wildly. There was no use living now. There was nothing to do but to go home and admit defeat.

But wait! How silly she had been! There was some hope for Solomon's return. On his collar was engraved his owner's name and address, and surely, surely, anyone finding him would bring him back to her.

"Sylvia Denning, why didn't you think of that before? You're always making the worst of things. What do you care about an old statue, when Solomon's gone? But, of course, you'll get him home safe, so cheer up."

With these thoughts, Sylvia arose and effaced the traces of her despondency.

The silence was broken by a knock on the door. With quickened pulse Sylvia opened it and beheld a large, well-dressed gentleman carrying a market-basket.

"Are you Miss Sylvia Denning and have you lost an-ah-animal?"

"Yes, I am, and I have. Please come in. Oh, you must have Solomon!" exclaimed Sylvia, as she eyed the basket from which angry sounds were coming.

Amusedly, the gentlemen entered the studio, and after setting the basket on the floor, lifted the lid. Out stepped Solomon, his arched back and uplifted head testifying to his enraged dignity. Contemptuously shaking his white fur as if to rid himself of the indignity of having traveled in a market-basket, he proudly walked to his pillow in the corner. After satisfying himself that all was as it should be, he came back and calmly inspected the visitor.

"Oh, sir, I can never thank you enough for returning Solomon!" said Sylvia.

"Indeed, it was a pleasure. I suppose, Miss Denning, that you would like to know how I discovered His Royal Majesty."

"Please tell me all about it."

"Well, after visiting the shop next door, I went out to my car and just as my man opened the door, I remembered a package which I had left. I went back and got it and then we started for home. Looking down I saw something white among the rugs and, pushing them aside, found Solomon fast asleep. Of course, when I discovered your address, I came here immediately."

"What a queer incident!" said Sylvia. "The janitor must have left the hall-door open and Solomon walked out. Probably he tho't that your car would be a sunny place for a nap and consequently made himself at home."

In the meantime, the visitor was looking about the room. Seeing the statue, he exclaimed, "Why, Miss Denning! What an exquisite piece of work!"

"Sylvia smiled sadly and replied, "Thank you, I find, however, that the dealers' opinions differ from yours."

The gentlemen had risen and examined "Pity". "Miss Denning, this is marvelous. If it is for sale, I will take it. Name your own price."

Trembling and almost speechless, Sylvia gasped, "I don't know—Take—take it f-for what you think it is worth."

Thereupon the purchaser took out a check-book and wrote

busily for a moment. Handing the check to Sylvia, he said "Good-day, Miss Denning. Whenever you have anything else, notify me." Taking the sculpture under his arm, he walked out.

Dazedly Sylvia looked at the figures on the piece of paper which meant so much. What! It surely couldn't be true! Why, it was five times the amount she had expected! Then the signature took her attention—Herbert J. Stanley! The girl turned pale as she realized her statue had been purchased by the greatest art-critic in the state.

Sylvia almost flew to Solomon's corner and sinking down upon the floor joyously said, "Solomon, Solomon, you blessed creature! Just think of the good luck you have brought us! Our fortune is made and we won't have to go home. Indeed, you shall have fish *every* day. There! What do you think of that?"

Solomon, evidently, was not astonished by this generosity for he made no sign. He was peacefully sleeping.

MARION E. BARDENE, '23



### THE DISOBEDIENT CHICKEN

In a large farm-yard a brood of little chickens were running about this way and that, as their mother called them. This was the first morning they had ever seen, and, in the friendly light of the summer sun, they were very happy.

"Children", said the old hen, finally, calling the chickens to her, "this large yard is your home. You must not go beyond the fence, for in the dark wood which you see over there are a great many strange birds which would eat you up. Neither must you go to the water, which is at the other side of the yard, because that is for the ducks to swim in, and if you should fall into it, you would be drowned. Keep close together and with me, and you will be safe. Remember what I say, for I have lived much longer than you, and I know what is best for you."

However, among the brood, there was one that had a great deal of curiosity, and as soon as the old hen had ceased speaking, it said to itself, "I wonder how my mother knows about the wood. How those birds sing, and how I should like to peep through the fence!"

Soon the hen and chickens passed close to the fence, and the little curious one peeped in. It looked cool and pleasant there, and brightly colored flowers waved to and fro, as if saying, "Come in, little chicken, come in!" Instead of dutifully turning away, it kept

looking longingly through the fence, and then, turning its little bright eyes toward its mother, to be sure that she was not looking, it spread its wings and went, half running, and half flying, through a little opening, into the woods. Now it was perfectly happy—the flowers were so bright, the moss formed such a soft bed, and the birds sang so sweetly.

“How foolish my mother is,” it thought, “not to live here always, instead of in that dull farm-yard! I will never go back, but when I get larger, I will fly up into the trees and sing just like the birds I see there.”

At length it began to grow dark. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed. Then the rain began to fall. Poor little chicken! There was no mother’s warm wing under which it might nestle, sheltered from danger. Cold, wet, and trembling with fear, it huddled to the ground. “Oh, why did I leave my mother!” it moaned. Then a film came over its eyes, and its little feet stretched out, still and benumbed.

When the sun shone the next morning into the comfortable farm-yard, the little stray chicken was running about with its brothers and sisters. Someone, having found it in the woods, had brought it home, and care and warmth had restored it. But it never forgot the lesson learned then, and lived long enough to tell the story to its own downy little ones, and to warn them to be always obedient.

ELIZABETH VAIL, '23

—\*—

“He who seeks pleasure as a business is on an inclined plane going down.”

—\*—

“A damaged reputation may be patched, but the public will keep an eye on the place where the crack was.”

—\*—

“Some men were born for great things,  
Some were born for small;  
Some—it is not recorded  
Why they were born at all.”

—\*—

Never seem wiser than those you are with. Wear your learning, like a watch, in a private pocket, and bring it out when called for.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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All high school students are sure to be more or less interested in Shakespeare, whether they admit it or not; for if one studies the life and works of a person on and off for four years, one is fairly certain to have at least a slight interest aroused either favorable or antagonistic. Most of us probably think that we hold the latter opinion and that Shakespeare and everything connected with him is "an awful bore". Yet there must be something in it after all when his plays are still interpreted by the best actors and actresses of the day, and Shakespearian performances are generally well attended. Then, too, we have enough confidence in our teachers to believe that they would not inflict "Macbeth" and "Julius Ceasar" upon us if by so doing we would gain no benefit from them.

One of the strongest proofs of the fact that Shakespeare yet lives in the hearts of his readers was manifested not long ago. In 1916 the Drama League of America initiated the world-wide celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary. Great interest was shown all over the great country. The observance of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the playwright of Stratford-on-Avon took many different forms. In many places Shakespearian plays or perhaps masques or festivals were given. In a great many schools the exercises took the form of tableaux and English folk dances.

A huge pageant was given in New York, entitled "Caliban of the Yellow Sands" and written by Percy MacKaye. Some of the principle characters of this colossal production were taken from "The Tempest". The scenery, lighting, and costumes were superb. No one seeing this extraordinary pageant, which was given for a period of a week in May, 1916, could help but have a great respect for the man in whose honor it was given.

Another very beautiful way of perpetuating the memory of Shakespeare was shown by the planting of old English gardens. Shakespeare lived in a picturesque rural land on the edge of the Forest of Arden. He had a great love for all nature and is supposed to be an authority on gardens.

At Wellesley College there is a beautiful little garden which was begun at the time of the Tercentenary by Katherine Lee Bates, the professor of English literature there. It is a small triangular shaped plot at the foot of the hill in front of President Pendleton's residence. In it are practically all the flowers mentioned by Shakespeare in his plays. Many of these were obtained direct from England, perhaps from the very garden near Anne Hathaway's cottage in Stratford.

A few years ago a booklet was compiled in England containing a list of some sixty-nine flowers mentioned by the poet. Not all of these may be grown in this country, but most of them may be easily obtained and grow readily near our homes.

Probably the emblematic flower of all Shakespeare celebrations should be "rosemary—for that's for remembrance". Any Shakespeare garden should contain primroses, clover, "daisies pied", harebell, violets, "pansies for thoughts", cowslips, and daffodils. Nearby might be columbine, honeysuckle, lilies, myrtle, poppies, and hedges of hawthorn. Then no garden should be without a corner for herbs—rue, hyssop, sweet marjoram, lavender, hemlock, and a bank of wild thyme.

Although it will be some time before another centennial is reached, yet Shakespeare was too great a man to be thought of only once

in a hundred years. Shakespeare was the greatest figure in literature at a time when a great advance was being made, not only in letters, but in art and the sciences. From him we obtain our vast heritage from the Elizabethan age. Surely an annual celebration would not come too often in connection with a man who was foremost among such men as Bacon, Spencer, and Ben Johnson.

We wish to suggest that the twenty-third of April be not allowed to pass in Milne High School without some recognition of the Stratford poet to whom we owe so much.



### SCHOOL NOTES

#### The Diary of a Freshman

Friday, March 19.

I really enjoyed school today. Everything seemed to go just right for me. I like Friday better, anyway, than the other days because we have shorter periods and a different schedule. We had chapel again in the auditorium, and perhaps I didn't enjoy it! Lavenia Rosa spoke a piece to music, Helen Wurthman played for her, and it was too funny for words. She certainly was great. Ruth Levitan also took part in the exercises, and did very well indeed. And then to end this very pleasant day, we all went to the "gym" and danced.

Monday, March 22.

Woe of woes! Quin initiated some girls today, and the poor girls looked pretty well used up by the time the initiation was over. I don't want to join any society if that is the way they treat everybody they take in.

Friday, March 26.

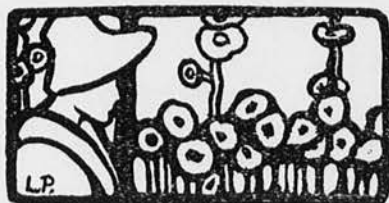
I haven't written anything in my diary since Monday, but I guess nothing very important happened anyway. Today Sigma took five girls into the society. We had a good, lively chapel again today. Miss Stubbs certainly seems to know how to drill people.

Monday, March 29.

We received our "pay envelopes", as Professor Sayles calls them, again today. I reached school a whole hour too early this morning. This daylight saving plan certainly mixed me up, because I thought school would go by new time.

Tuesday, March 30.

Today is the last day of school before Easter recess. It surely doesn't seem possible that we are going to have two whole weeks of vacation.



#### ALUMNI NOTES

The wedding of Miss Lucille Walters, '16, and Mr. Charles Grace recently took place. Mrs. Grace was a member of Quintilian.

Miss Mildred Birdseye recently married Mr. Waldo Whitney. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney will live in California. Mrs. Whitney was a member of the class of 1915 and also of Quintilian.

Miss May LeCompte, '13, Zeta Sigma, who is teaching on Long Island, spent her Easter vacation with her parents in Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mooney announce the birth of a son. Mrs. Mooney was Miss Betty Colburn, a member of the class of 1915.

Miss Marie King, '17, is planning to move to Passiac, N. J.

Miss Helen Obenaus, ex-'17, who is at school at Roger's Hall, has been spending the Easter vacation with her parents.

Miss Mary Ella Blue, '15, is a member of the faculty of Gooding College, Gooding, Idaho.

Miss Caroline Lansing, '12, has announced her engagement to Newton Bacon, '12. Miss Lansing was graduated from Wellesley in 1916 and Mr. Bacon received his degree at Dartmouth the same year.

Miss Jessie Luck, '10, had an article entitled "The Coming Subject" in the Contributor's Club column, of the March issue of the Atlantic Monthly.



Miss Caroline Lipes, '15, and Miss Margaret Ward, '15, Q. L. S., returned from the Sargent School to spend their vacation with their parents.

Miss Marion McDowell, '14, has a position in the offices of the Aetna Life Insurance Company.

Mr. Clarence McDonough, ex-'19, who is in the Boston Technical School, recently passed a few weeks in Albany.

—★—



### ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelphei have been very interesting lately and we are progressing excellently under the leadership of our new president.

This semester we elected a fine lot of fellows into the society: James McDonough, John Cassavant, Elmore Wood, and William Caine.

The officers for this term are:

President.....	Thomas Ward
Vice President.....	Harry Ellis
Secretary.....	Donald Allen
Treasurer.....	John Wood
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	William McDonough
Master of Ceremonies.....	David Kirk
Chaplain.....	William Comstock

—D. A., '21

—★—



### THETA NU

Theta Nu has held several meetings lately that were most thoroughly enjoyed by all the members of the society.

—★—

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Emerson.*



### ZETA SIGMA

Sigma meetings have been a great success this year. Our programs have been very interesting and enjoyable.

The following girls were recently initiated into Sigma: Dorothy George, Alison Davis, Edna Fagin, Caroline Hamilton, and Helen Pitcher.

Sigma and Quin have begun to make plans for Girl's Day

E. B.



### QUINTILIAN

Quin's roll-call has been lengthened by the names of the girls who recently pledged their allegiance to the society: Marion Bardene, Nellie Futterer, Marion Hacker, Florence Hudson, Ruth Jansen, Georgiana Maar, and Helen Van Ess.

Our week end visitors, the blizzards, thwarted our attempts to have a toboggan party. At last Quin defied the weather and gave a theatre party as a special treat to the new members. The girls were then entertained at the home of Emily Barrows.

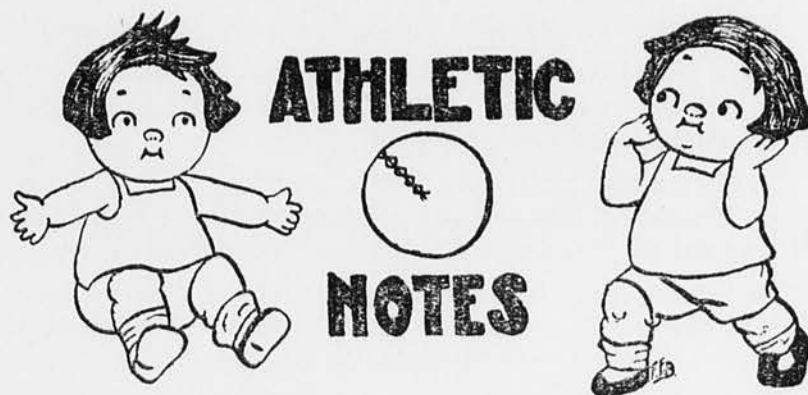
Quin contemplates celebrating the annual Girl's Day with Sigma.



"The power of applying an attention steady and undissipated to a single object,—is the sure mark of superior genius."



"Vulgarism in language is a distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. —He has always some favorite word for the time being, which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses."



#### Basketball Season Ends

Wow! But hasn't Milne made an excellent record on the court this year! We played 23 games, winning over 50 percent of them. Despite many obstacles, we have turned out a team to be proud of.

"Hank" Metzger, one of the best forwards in the Capitol District, proved to be Milne's individual scorer of the season. He holds a total of 176 points on 53 field baskets and 72 foul goals. Some record, eh! Hank is the best foul shooter Milne ever had and it will be hard to come up to his record. We can always depend on Metzger to do his best.

But say! Hasn't little Tommy got an eye like an eagle? He is a shark at long shots and seldom misses a short shot. His floor work dazzled our opponents in every game.

Kirk, who played the pivot position during the entire season, drew the fans to their feet in almost every game. He certainly is famous for his spectacular shots.

Milne never had a better guard than "Pete" Sexton. "Pete", playing guard, totally outscored his forward opponents. Some record for a guard! What do you say?

We can't forget Joe Grady, who played guard for us for the last eight games. Although Joe didn't score many points, his guarding and floor-work was a real treat for the fans. Joe is one of the fastest and cleanest players in the game.

## Breifs

William Schraa succeeded Leo Barret as manager of basketball.

Upon Billy Davison's retiring from school, the 'varsity elected Henry Metzger as captain. "Hank" piloted the team successfully through the remainder of the season.

Next year Milne will have practically a new team, with the exception of Grady. The second team showed a great improvement this year and we look for another winning 'varsity next year.

Last spring Milne had a wonderful base-ball team, winning 9 out of 11 games. Watch us this year! Milne will be represented by a strong team. It will be piloted by Captain Sexton.

We have been a great success at basketball, having beaten some of the best High School teams on the court. Let us be a great success at base-ball.

Boost Milne!

—————★—————

"Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute."

—————★—————

"A broken friendship may be soldered, but will never be sound."

—————★—————

"If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could not hurt us."

—————★—————

"He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power."

—————★—————

"Thy friend has a friend; thy friends's friend has a friend—therefore be descreet."

—————★—————

"Scratch a pessimist, and more often than not you will find an optimist turned sour."

—————★—————

"He that allows himself to be a worm must not complain if he is trodden on."



## BON VOYAGE

Pack your trunks and purchase your steamer-rugs, all ye voyagers; we are sailing for the land of Progress on the good, old vessel, Editorship, via the seas of Criticism. The passage may be a trifle tempestuous at times; dark clouds of Anger and Resentment menace us; the lashing waves and whirlpools of Ill Humor threaten to engulf us. But beyond, there is a promise of sunny climes. Come one, come all, would-be-travelers, and prepare for your departure. Before sailing would you not care to glance over the passenger list and become acquainted with your future *compagnons de voyage*?

*The Echo, Oneonta, N. Y.*

Here's a person who lives up to his name; he would make an excellent imitator, because he seems to "echo" all the ideas, thoughts, and jokes of his comrades. Like all mimics he becomes a trifle childish in his imitatorship. For instance, in his little tale "More about Goldylocks" (N. B. Since the proof-reader was conspicuous by his absence, it really was spelled "Golydlocks") he composed a medley of all the fairy stories that dear old Grimm ever told. The venerable exchange editor started bravely in his department, but he became fatigued toward the end and faded away. Just the same, when it comes to news, athletic, and alumni notes, the "Echo" may stand with the best.

*The Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.*

This gentleman is extremely fond of literary sketches; his ideas and originality are infinite, but he achieves the result so crudely that he reminds one of a gem disfigured by imperfect cutting. One

page was very solicitously labeled "Humorous Department" tho personally, we think that his jokes were held in quarantine at the dock. The alumni and exchange departments may advocate the saying, "Brevity is the soul of wit;" but unfortunately these pages do not belong to the joke column. And oh, news, where art thou?

*About St. Agnes, Albany, N. Y.*

Now comes the inevitable old maid to grace the decks. Her pet parrot seems to be a series of short essays which deserve laudatory comments. But she keeps all her enthusiasm and humor cautiously confined in her bird cage, and she frowns primly and disapprovingly upon any undignified display of vivacity. Frequently she makes a sad attempt to be lively, and "The Lucid Limericks" are examples of the unhappy results. Exchange criticisms are grievously wanting, and organization seems to be obsolete. "About St. Agnes" does not lack material; all she needs is a little animated application.

*The Triangle, Troy, N. Y.*

Here we have the pleasure of meeting an up-to-date young woman, who seems to possess a business head. Her volumn of advertisements and quality of the exchanges serve as a cloak to conceal her lack of humor. The combined efforts of seven literary editors ought to produce better results; it would be more desirable to create a few artists.

*The Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Ill.,*

Is a snappy little genius who gives promise of being an "all-round good sport". What an artist, what an enthusiast he is! His jokes display true humor and originality emanates from his presence. His literary ability is nearer to perfection than any we have encountered but his editorials seem a trifle under-fed. A little more food for thought and expansion would be appreciated. Mr. H. P. Weekly is rather dowdily dressed; we wonder if his appearance could not be improved.

*The X-Ray, Sacramento, Cal.*

A rather boisterous young man is this passenger; he cannot quite decide when to become serious. He prefers to keep his audience astir with sallies and then retire, leaving a very faint impression. His present hobby is disapproving the dress of the 1920 girl; and he devotes much time in reforming and ridiculing. Beware, foolish man, the donkey always says "He-haw"! Your exchange department is

entitled "What 'em think of us". We would prefer to know "What you think of 'em".

*The Old Gold and Purple*, New Orleans, La.

Poor old man! From the appearance of the January cover he is suffering from a peculiar dislocation of the knee. But perhaps that was only artistic licence. The puzzle column is a clever idea; it excites prolonged interest. The exchange department accomplishes its purpose; it encourages and advises. The athletic page has a very professional appearance, while the "Funnyisms" live up to their title.

*The Opinion*, Peoria, Ill.

This young lady seems to combine laughter and tears. Her first pages are adorned by poetic epitaphs to her departed seniors, while the last pages contain joyous mirth. But she is of a very reticent disposition; she declines to say whether she likes or dislikes our magazines. Here is an exchange department minus criticism. If the jokes and "ads" were served in individual portions, it would do much to better her appearance. But on the whole she has an excellent *Opinion*.

—\*—

#### What We Hear in the Sea-Shells

*The Dart*, Ashtabula, Ohio

Says about us, "A clever idea, an 'Alumni Issue'. We suggest that you have an Editorial Department".

*The Old Gold and Purple*, New Orleans, La.

Says, "The Exchange Department is the only noticeable feature of 'The Crimson and White', and is the best that we have ever seen. Better cuts will add much to this monthly from Milne High School, Albany, N. Y."

—\*—

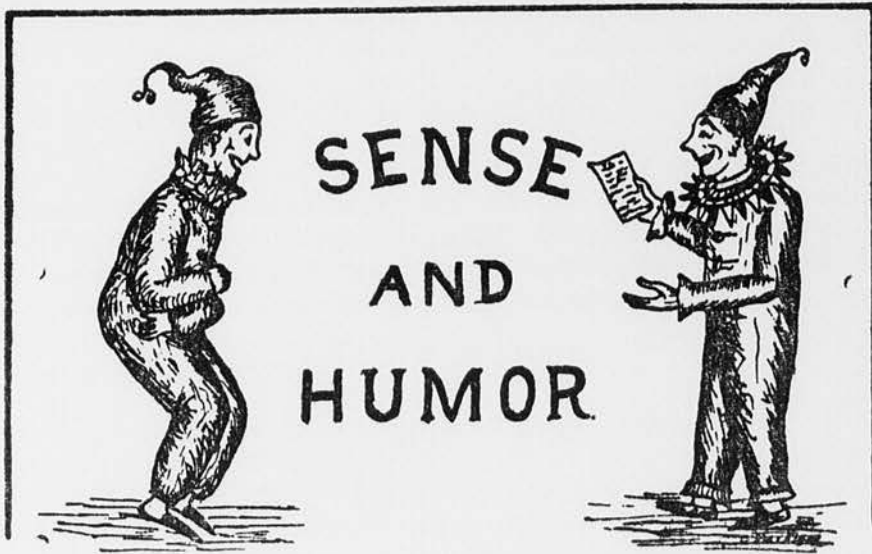
"The highest rate of interest is that we pay on borrowed trouble."

—\*—

"Modesty wins the heart of all. None are more disgusting in company than the impudent and assuming."

—\*—

The only way to have a friend is to be one, but one shall not come nearer to a man by getting into his house.—*Emerson*.



Professor Sayles—"What is density?"

J. McD., '21—"I can't define it but I can give an illustration."

Professor Sayles—"The illustration is good; sit down."

—\*—

#### A Little Epic

I felt his soft breath on my cheek  
 And the gentle touch of his hand!  
 His very presence near me  
 Seemed a breeze on a desert land.  
 He deftly sought my lips;  
 My hand he did enfold.  
 Then he broke the silence with,  
 "Shall the filling be silver or gold?"

—\*—

"Yes," said W. C., '22, as he listened to the lecture without taking a note, "I've got it all in a nutshell".

—\*—

C. S., '23—"Have you any mail for me?"

Postman—"What's your name?"

Charlie—"You'll find it on the envelope."



E. B., '21—"Charles, father gave me a new watch, and it is the most bashful little thing in the world."

C. S., '21—"Bashful?"

Emily—"Yes, it holds its hands before its face all the while."

—★—

"Donald, put that umbrella away before you break it."

"Oh, shut up," replied D. A., '21.

"What's that you said?"

"Nothing, father; I only told the umbrella to shut up so I could put it away as you told me."

—★—

English I teacher—"What is the plural of man?"

E. B., '23—"Men."

Teacher—"Good! Now what is the plural of child?"

E. B.—"Twins."

—★—

Geography teacher—"Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

L. K., '24—"Yes ma'am!"

Teacher—"Well, tell the class what you know."

L. K., "They smelt it."

—★—

The animals were asked to go to the circus.

The duck could go because he had a bill.

The frog could go because he had a green back.

The lamb could go because he had four quarters,

The skunk could not go because had only a scent and that was a bad one.

—★—

When little Willie was bad and his mother scolded him, he would say, "I'll be good for a penny."

But when the cost of living went up, he said that he would be good for a nickle. His mother said, "Why not be like your father—be good for nothing."

Struck by the notice, "Iron Sinks," in a shop window, K. S. '20, went inside and said he was perfectly aware of the fact that "iron sank".

Alive to the occasion, the smart shopkeeper retaliated: "Yes, and time flies, but wine vaults, sulphur springs, jelly rolls, grass slopes, music stands, Niagara Falls, moonlight walks, sheep run, Kent hops, and holiday trips, scandal spreads, standard weights, India rubber tires, the organ stops, the world goes round, trade returns, and—"

But Kenneth had bolted. After collecting his thoughts, he returned and, showing his head at the doorway, shouted: "Yes, I agree with all that perfectly—and marble busts".

————★————

D. A., '21—"Well there is one thing to be proud of—we have no class prejudices in this country."

C. S., '21—"It must be that you never were around when three or four sophomores got hold of a freshman."

————★————

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed."

Johnny—"Yes'm, it was signed at the bottom."

————★————

W. L.—"Do you like codfish balls?"

T. W.—"I don't know. I never attended any."

————★————

Professor Sayles—"You're late again, young man. What excuse have you to offer this time?"

D. P., '20—"The slippery pavements, sir. Every time I took a step, I slipped back two."

Prof.—"You did, eh? Then how did you ever get here?"

Donald—"I started back home, sir."

————★————

F. LeC., '20, on her first trip west saw, when crossing the plains, a herd of branded cattle.

"Oh, see the engraved cows!" she remarked enthusiastically.

“General Gink is an upright man.”  
 “Yes, he belongs to the standing army.”

—★—

“There is an exception to every rule”; therefore, there is an exception to the rule that there is an exception to every rule; therefore the rule that there is an exception to every rule proves that there is not an exception to every rule. In other words, if it is so, that proves it ain't so.

—★—

E. W., '20—“I haven't slept for days.”  
 L. R., '20—“Wha's the matter, sick?”  
 Edna—“No, I sleep nights.”

—★—

J. H., '21—“I go to Saratoga to bathe in the spring.”  
 E. W., '21—Oh, is that so? I have mine every Saturday night.’

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