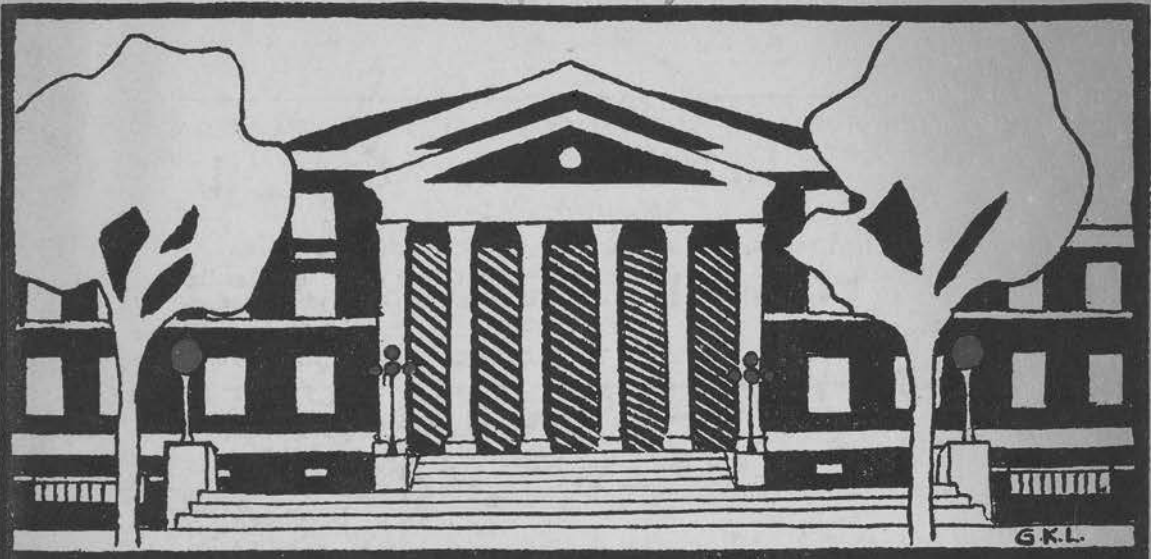


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XII/4

# The Crimson and White

APRIL, 1916

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ALBANY, N. Y.

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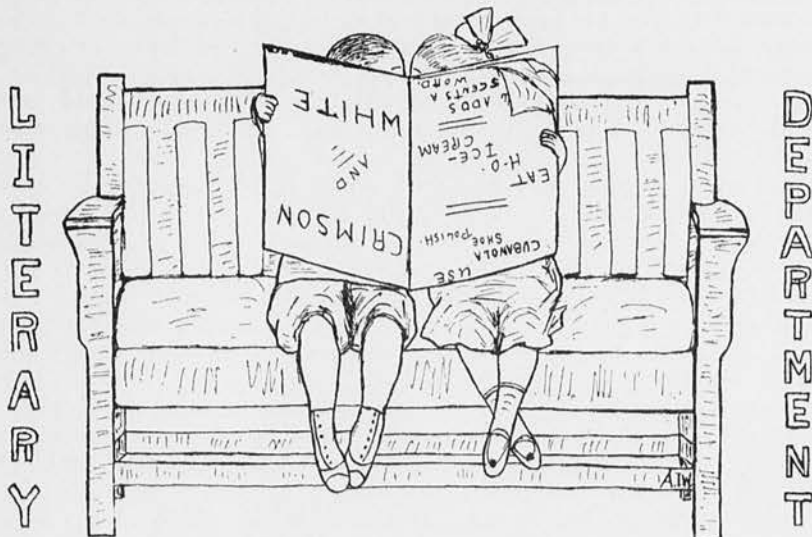
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# The Crimson and White

Vol. XII

APRIL, 1916

No. 4



## THE BATTLE OF TANNENBURG

Alone in a tavern with thoughts, no one knows of what, sat Von Hindenberg, greatest of German generals. His head drooped wearily upon his long slim hand, his hat lay on the rough table before him, his eyes were closed.

Dismissed, reduced in rank, dishonored! He, the leader of the German forces; he, the idol of all German students. And for what reason? Because his Kaiser had ordered him to advance into a position which he deemed impossible and the command was not obeyed. To fail, to lose men was a crime in Germany; but to disobey — that alone is punishable by dismissal. Von Hindenberg was removed from command.

A sound was heard at the little tavern door. The weary head lifted, the tired blue eyes opened. Perhaps it had come, his recall. Just then the door burst open and an officer entered and saluted.

"His Royal Highness commands your presence at once, General. You will report at headquarters."

It had come! His figure straightened, his eyes flashed with the old fire and spirit his men loved. His nostrils dilated like those of an old war horse smelling smoke. He saluted, and, picking up his

hat, departed for his master. Together they devised a plan, cunning, devilish.

The Russian Army, under Grand Duke Nicholas, had invaded Germany, but were steadily pushed back beyond the Mazusin lake district. These lakes were situated in a swamp on the boundary of Germany and Russia. According to all war experts, Von Hindenberg included, this would be the district attacked if Russia attempted entering Prussia.

German trenches were built beyond this place, business-like and serviceable. The men dug deep and lined the trenches with wicker or lumber. Communication trenches were dug and the underground appeared a network of tiny subways.

About three miles further the outposts of Russia's field army could be seen. The men, under the hawklike eyes of the Duke, waited, waited.

At length toward the close of August, 1914, came the great slaughter of Tannenburg. Oh, the pity of it all, the waste of precious lives, the gloating of the victorious, the despair, the wailing of the defeated ones!

It had been quickly conceived by Von Hindenberg, this gigantic slaughter. Simple indeed it seems to us who merely read of it, vastly strategic to those who watched the marvelous brain plan the campaign.

From Mazusin Lakes a series of false roads in semi-circular position were built in an amazingly short time. At one extremity — in Russia — the roads were so far apart that the regiments could not see each other while marching on them. All the other extremities met at one place, the swamp, at the edge of which masked batteries were placed, skillful, invisible. Branches covered the gun wagons, boughs hid the men in their trenches. All was ready. The trap was set for the Duke.

And in the Russian camp excitement prevailed. Scouts had found the roads by which the Germans had come from Prussia! They, the Russians, would take them. From Prussia to Berlin, from Berlin on, on to Paris. At Paris, *Peace!* You hear that comrades? Paris, the French, *Victory* and *PEACE!*

No voices were too tired that night, no feet too sore and weary, no hearts too heavy. Songs were heard for miles —

“God save our noble Czar,

Long may he reign in Power—”

What if they were starving and wounded? What mattered anything! Were they not able to have fires that night, had not the German trenches been vacated and there was no fear of being seen? Would not the dear ones at home be visited soon? Oh, beautiful, beautiful Paris and Peace!

Early, early in the cold gray dawn the men rose and formed ranks. Steadily, even joyfully, they marched. On, on, boys, we are nearing *Peace*. Two hundred and fifty thousand hearts rejoiced, two hundred and fifty thousand pairs of feet hurried forward until at last the roads to Prussia were reached.

The companies divided, taking separate roads. “Good-bye, com-



rades. We will see you in Berlin. God bless you!" Further, further, they went. Above their heads, invisible to them, like gigantic birds, watched the German aeroplanes. Back and forth from camp to open these awful messengers flew. "They are coming! The sly Duke is caught at last!"

Evening fell and in the half light the terrible truth burst upon them. Those were not German soldiers, but their own! *Caught!* All the roads met! Where were they? This was not Prussia! Ah, Von Hindenberg was in command again, curse him, curse the Duke, the Czar, *everyone* who had sent them there.

And then those batteries opened fire. Rockets with their pitiless cold blue glare lit up the land, shells burst, wounded men leaped into the air in their agony, and fell to earth with a sickening thud. Gases commenced their quiet work; men died standing ready to fire. On, on, they were forced into the swamp.

Oh, the terror of it all, downing like rats, where there was no help. The murky waters held them down, guns were useless, the heavy cannon could not be moved. There was left but to die. One young private with the body of his wounded father on his back managed to reach the edge of the swamp to dry land. "Thank God," he cried, and as he did so a shell burst beside him, forcing him back. With a scream he sank. It was useless. Bang! bang! Oh, those relentless guns! Will they never stop?

Night passed and dawn found them there, the water no longer murky, but red, red with Russian blood. Sixty thousand killed, *sixty thousand*. And the rest? One hundred fifty thousand went as prisoners to Germany and those remaining, the pitiful few, escaped.

So ended the Battle of Tannenburg. It was short but terrible. Nothing gained, everything lost. Two hundred and ten thousand Russian homes made desolate. Sixty thousand souls reached Peace that night. That is all, only a battle. This terrible thing is *War*.

---

### THE WHITE FEATHER

They met on the observation platform shortly after leaving Oakland Pier, and exchanged cards. One card bore the name of George Howard Latourette, and the other Judson H. Birch.

Birch was a traveler — rather short, chubby, blond and immaculately attired. His chance acquaintance was tall and wiry, tanned from exposure, and bore the air of a man independent financially and otherwise, who wastes no time on non-essentials in dress.

At luncheon Latourette and Birch were seated at opposite tables. Latourette nodded his greeting and invited Birch to join him, which he did. The former had been over the line many times, and took pleasure in pointing out to Birch the various places of interest. Seasoned traveler though he was, nothing in the way of scenery escaped him. Birch, however, was not enthusiastic. He good-naturedly nodded in acquiescence as Latourette catalogued the wonders of California, and let his companion do the talking.

They were sitting in the buffet car over a bottle of beer, as the train climbed the grade above Redding and entered the wonderland of the upper Sacramento. Latourette pointed first to the tumbling waters of the river on the right, and then to the wild, almost primeval forest on the left.

"I guess it's only natural," said Latourette, "but when I look upon primitive scenes I think after the fashion of a primitive man."

"How so?"

"Look at those woods. There is nothing off the right-of-way to show that this is a civilized country. It's just as wild as the day it was created. I can imagine myself a primitive man living in the heart of the forest, swooping down out of my mountain retreat, preying on my civilized brothers, and escaping again into my savage wilderness."

"You wouldn't run very far," snorted Birch, who did not enter into the spirit of the thing.

Latourette laughed. "You have no imagination, old man. Nothing would be easier."

"Others have tried it," replied Birch doggedly, "and they were nabbed."

"Then they were bunglers. It was not the fault of the idea, but of the individual."

They drank together again in the buffet car that evening. At ten o'clock Birch yawned, looked at his watch, and excused himself. Latourette sat on the platform, drinking in the glory of the night. He fell asleep in his chair. When he returned to his Pullman, the porter had already collected the shoes. It was two o'clock.

\* \* \* \* \*

Number Twelve headed in at Mott for the West-bound Limited. The mail-car door slid open and Sam Blodgett, the senior clerk, leaned out. He looked towards the north and listened.

"Guess Eleven's late. That's her now, whistling for Azalea." Then he returned to the registered pouch, while his fellow clerks busied themselves with sorting mail.

A slight noise near the door caused the men to turn. A masked man was standing in the corner, a revolver in each hand.

Blodgett tried to edge towards the drawer of his desk. "None o' that! Hands up, all of you."

The crew complied.

"Now, you," the bandit commanded, indicating Blodgett, with one gun, "slip sacks over these ginks and tie the strings!"

Blodgett tried to stall for time. The door was open. Number Eleven would pass in a few moments and the brakeman might look in as he went by. But the bandit was impatient.

"Move lively!"

When Blodgett had tied the strings he allowed himself to be "bagged" in similar fashion by the bandit. The register pouch was then rifled in the manner of an expert. Enjoining the crew to silence, the masked man slipped out of the open door. But, instead of crossing the right-of-way, he crept into the first express car.



where he would, until the next stop, be unobserved, since the Wells-Fargo crew was in the car behind.

With a shriek and a roar the West-bound Limited thundered by. And the east-bound train was well under way before the robbery was made known. By the time a telegraph office was reached, the scene of the robbery was many miles behind, and the day was breaking over the Siskiyou.

Latourette and Birch met again after breakfast.

"What did I tell you?" There was a note of triumph in Latourette's voice.

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard the news, man?"

"What news?" Birch's face was dark.

"We were held up during the night in that picturesque country we were talking about!"

"You don't tell me!"

"Fact!"

"Well," said Birch, with the manner of one dismissing a trivial topic, "they'll get him, sooner or later."

Latourette smiled, stretched back in his chair, and filled his glass. "You have no imagination, old man, none at all."

Then he swung one leg over the other, and regarded his companion good-naturedly.

"I'll make a bet with you, Birch, that they don't get him. We'll exchange addresses, and, if the man is caught inside of a year, I'll send you my check. Is that fair?"

"No," Birch replied, "I don't think it is, and I'll tell you why. After robbing the mail the robber hid in the express car behind a crate of chickens. A white feather stuck to his right shoe."

Latourette smiled again into the eyes of Birch, and then turned, ever so little, the sole of his right shoe.

Then came the snap of handcuffs.

It was Birch's turn to smile. "I am in the secret service of Uncle Sam," he drawled, "and I have no imagination."

E. H., '18.

---

## THE WANDERER

It was Saturday night, and the widow of Pine Cottage sat by the blazing fagots, with her ragged children by her side. For a year her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family. Now it was mid-winter and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms seemed to be still gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the tall pines and rocked the puny dwelling.

The last few corn cakes lay smoking over the coals before her. Where would she get food when they were gone? Forlorn and desolate, as she looked upon her children, there came to her all the anxieties of a mother.

As she sat gazing upon the flickering flame she thought of her eldest son. Many years ago he had become discontented. He had always longed to join the busy crowd that passed down towards the valley, but which never returned. At last he left his forest home to try his fortune down the winding road. Since then his mother had had no note nor tidings from him. Years rolled by, after the son's departure, and at last the father died and left the mother and her family alone. Yet to this hour she had provided for her little flock, but mysterious Providence had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little earnings of the summer had become exhausted.

Thus the industrious little mother — far from the reach of human charity, had no one to console her. However, as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food, her spirit seemed to brighten as by some sudden, secret impulse, these beautiful lines came uncalled, across her mind —

“Judge not the Lord by public sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.”

The smoking cakes were scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door attracted the attention of the family. The children ran to open it, and as they did so, a weary traveler in ragged garments entered and begged a lodging and also a mouthful of food; said he, “It has been twenty-four hours since I tasted food.” The widow's heart was touched by the hunger of the wanderer, and her sympathies lingered no longer around her own fire-side. Neither did she hesitate for even a moment to share the last food with the stranger.

The traveler drew near the table, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes in astonishment, “And is this all?” he asked. “And a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?”

“Ah,” sadly said the little mother, as the tears began slowly to roll down her cheeks, “I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere in this wide world — unless he has been taken away — and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. If I were to send you away, I would offend my God, because I know if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you are, He would provide food and resting for the night.”

As she stopped to overcome the sadness that came to her, the stranger sprang from his chair and clasped her in his arms. “God indeed has provided your son a home and has given him wealth to reward his mother — my mother!”

She gazed up into her son's face and said, “It seems like a dream. It is too good to be true.”

C. G. D., '17.

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It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.— *Goethe*.

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XII

ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL, 1916

No. 4

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It has been the custom each year for the board of "The Crimson and White" to give an entertainment of some kind for the support of the school paper. Hitherto we have furnished musical offerings — by a college glee club, quartet and sometimes readers — and this year we have determined to try something new. A subscription dance is to be given in the gymnasium on the 12th of May, to which the bids will be a dollar and a quarter. This is an entirely novel idea for the board to carry out, and we have hopes of the greatest success. We trust that the students of the High School will support us well. The dance promises to be a good one, and we are sure that everyone will have a good time. Do not fail to come! Here's a chance to show your "school-spirit."

Have they forgotten that we like to sing in chapel? and that our perfectly good song books are lying idle? Not that we think we

have such wonderful voices, but we *do* like to gather together once in a while to make a little harmony(?) The "twenty minutes on Wednesdays for music" which were promised us, would have caused an agreeable break in our studies. We feel so much better after meeting in chapel and singing some of the old, well-known songs. These assemblies mean much to the student body in all schools. I think that coming together for a short time every week and singing would strengthen the bonds of companionship between the students, and would heighten school spirit to a wonderful degree.

---

The board of "The Crimson and White" wish to state how greatly they miss Miss Clement, and feel that her departure is a great loss to the school. We all unite in extending the most sincere wishes for her future happiness.

---

While the question of "Preparedness" is so popular we might say a word about it. It is *always* the best policy — not only in national affairs, but in matters of lesser importance. It can be applied to our school life, in regard to our studies. "Preparedness" is the *only* policy there! We struggle with our studies every night, and wonder what is the use, and if it would make any difference to let them go for one night. Yet we have to struggle much harder the next time, when there are two days' work to cover. Having our lessons prepared each day makes them seem much easier, and our classes much pleasanter than if we are slack in them. Therefore, practice "preparedness!"

---

### ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Mildred Birdseye, of Syracuse University, was initiated into the Phi Beta Phi Sorority on March 2.

Miss Harriet Gardner, '14, of Pratt Institute, recently visited N. Y. S. C. T.

Miss Eugenia Lee, Miss Margaret Shirtz, both of the class of 1915, and Miss Eloise Lansing, '14, have joined the Kappa Delta Sorority of N. Y. S. C. T. Miss Mary Blue and Miss Caroline Lipes, '15, have joined the Delta Omega Sorority of the same college.

Miss Phyllis Clark, '15, is taking a special course at N. Y. S. C. T.

Miss Marguerite Clark, Miss Francis Vosburg and Miss Marion McDowell, '14, of the Vassar College, are at home for their Easter vacation. Miss Vosburg paid a visit to our school.

Mr. Gordon Scott, '14, of Union College, and Mr. Joseph Sweeny, '15, of Holy Cross, were at home recently.

John A. Lynd was recently one of the hosts at a celebration of the Sophomores in R. P. I. after the "Cremation of the Calculus Books."

## SCHOOL NOTES

The school days seem to go on, one after the other with a certain degree of monotony. Each night we have just as much work to do as the last, with an occasional extra dose for variety. We have just successfully passed over the period of ten weeks' exams. Reports, and then again — the same old routine!

Mr. Sayles made two or three efforts to cause a little excitement. One Wednesday the students were summoned into the chapel at eleven o'clock. They hurried in, eager to know the cause of this unusual event. Mr. Sayles announced that, with Miss Alberts as directress, we would have a singing period of twenty minutes every week at that same time. We were perfectly delighted and enjoyed singing the songs we like very much. However, the next week there was a notice stating that there would be no singing lesson — nor has there been another since.

The day after our one singing lesson, at eleven o'clock, the Seniors met in their study-hall and Miss Futterer made arrangements for a public-speaking class. There were to be speeches written and others learned. This arrangement was not greeted with very much enthusiasm by the Seniors. They thought that they had just about all they could do to graduate creditably and so the public-speaking class was also given up.

Professor Kirkland addressed the High School students in the auditorium one day and tried to find out if they would care to give a play. He said that he would be glad to help them if they wanted him to. Some were very anxious to have the idea carried through. "Silas Marner" was proposed and it was practically decided that it would be given. There hardly seems to be enough people who are really sufficiently interested to make it a success. However, it may be completed later.

A very unexpected and remarkable thing has happened. The Sophomore Class has organized with Miss Johnson as critic. They felt that they would be original and wanted to increase the social interests in the class. Their officers are as follows:

President.....	Earl Vibbard
Vice-President.....	Marie King
Secretary.....	Mary Reilly
Treasurer.....	Kenneth Shufelt

Miss Clement, who is going to be married soon, left school in February. Professor Kirkland is the critic in English of the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Classes, and Professor Hastings of the Senior Class. We miss Miss Clement very much for we all loved her. We shall probably grow to like our new teachers just as well. The Senior Class had a meeting March 31st to decide on their graduation invitations. When the Senior Class begins to make arrangements for graduation we all realize how near the close of the school year is. We think we are glad now, but when the end comes, the Seniors especially will be very sorry.

John Heeran and Howard Schweiker have left school.

We are delighted that Mr. Sayles has bought an Overland. I



don't suppose that he will be able to give us all rides, but we hope we will see it at least.



### ZETA SIGMA

The meetings of Sigma have been of especial interest this last term, as has been proved by our unusually large attendance. Let us keep it up, girls! The following Freshies have recently joined us; the Misses Deyoe, Hurd, Main, O'Neil, Burgess, Terwilliger and Woodbury. They have proved to be a great addition to the society. We hope our new members will continue to show the loyal spirit they have shown so far.

The debates of late have been very interesting and have caused great excitement. Miss Knapp and Miss King have favored us with their wonderful piano solos, and we hope they will continue to do so.

Keep up your courage for the rest of the term, girls, and make the year a success for Sigma!



### QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Our Quin meetings have been, as usual, very interesting and very well attended. Both the musical and literary programs have displayed the great talent within our midst. Quin held a debate on the following subject, "Resolved, That movies are beneficial." Those on the affirmative were: Roslyn Geretz, Peg Ward and Martha Hosler, and those on the negative were: Edna Lowerree, Margaret Kirtland and Marjorie Dunn. Fact and fiction were generously mixed and the decision given to the affirmative was very popular.

Instead of a regular meeting on March 9th, Quin gave a delightful spread to the Senior girls. The Juniors carried out rather a novel idea by making the Seniors perform before refreshing themselves. Everybody entered into the fun with "hearty good will."

We note with pleasure that two of our alumnae graduates of the class of '15, Eugenia Lee and Margaret Shirtz, have become members of the Kappa Delta Sorority of the State College for Teachers.



### THETA NU

Theta Nu need hardly mention the success of her meetings during the new term. At one of our recent meetings the initiation of Mr. Kempf proved very interesting for both the old members and the new ones.

The debates of Theta Nu have been very interesting, due to the interest shown by Messrs. Mead, Baker, Wilcox, Ward, Hohl, Seymour.

Jack Vos — a former loyal member of Theta Nu — visited us at our last meeting and gave a very interesting talk concerning his trip with the Watervliet High School track team to Philadelphia.

Theta Nu is still holding her position in athletics with G. E. Ward, captain of the basketball team, and C. V. Baker, manager of the coming baseball team.

The members of Theta Nu are making plans for their annual banquet, to be held the latter part of this month.



### ADELPHOI

The meetings of the Adelphoi have been well attended. Debates have been the principle part of our literary program, and a mock trial at one of our recent meetings created much excitement. Messrs. Perry and McDonough have been received into membership and their initiations proved very interesting. Owing to the resignation of our treasurer, Francis Van Slyke, Allen Marselis has been elected to fill that vacancy. Mr. D. DeForest has been suspended for neglect of duty.

We regret to say that one of our members, Mr. G. A. Van Zandt, has been seriously ill for several weeks, and Adelphoi extends sincere wishes for his speedy recovery.

---

Language is the dress of thought.— *Dr. Johnson.*

---

Earth with her thousand voices praises God.— *Coleridge.*  
 Ah, why should life all labor be? — *Tennyson.*

---

The light of genius is sometimes only the light of a falling star.  
 — *Maudsley.*

## ATHLETICS

The basketball season, just closed, has been a very successful one. The team playing under Captain Ward has made a splendid showing, winning eleven games out of the twenty-one played.

Manager Patton has proved himself to be a capable manager. He has given the boys four splendid trips, and he also has money left to turn over to the baseball manager.

The second team has also made a splendid record, having won six straight games.

Captain Ward, playing guard and forward, proved himself to be a good shot and also a good defensive man. He also did well shooting foul shots. Sollace, playing forward, put up a good brand of basketball, always shooting well. Heeren, playing center, followed the ball well and played a hard game. Hourigan and Vibbard were two good guards, putting up a good defensive game. Patton at forward played the game well, and was also a good shot.

Here's for a good team next year.

On March 28, 1916, Milne High School basketball team traveled to Mechanicville and defeated the Mechanicville High School by the score of 28 to 13.

Mechanicville H. S.	F.B.	F.P.	T.
Brown, R. F. ....	0	0	0
Nelson, L. F. ....	0	0	0
Woolsey, C. ....	1	7	9
Kelps, R. G. ....	1	0	2
Cavanaugh, L. G. ....	1	0	2
Stine, L. F. ....	0	0	0
	3	7	13

Milne H. S.	F.B.	F.P.	T.
Vibbard . . . . .	1	0	2
Sollace . . . . .	2	0	4
Heeran . . . . .	1	0	2
Ward . . . . .	6	6	18
Hourigan . . . . .	1	0	2
	11	6	28

The Alumni Association of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute has invited our basketball team to enter the R. P. I. Basketball Leagues. As a reward to the winning team, an eight-inch bronze basketball player, mounted on a tall ebony pedestal, will be presented. This will be the permanent property of the team winning three games. Six teams are required for the league.

Chance generally favors the prudent.—*Joubert.*

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—*Spurgeon.*



### CRITICISMS

*The Ypsi-Sem*, Ypsilanti, Mich.: Your paper is very good, especially the editorials. However, we would suggest a little longer Exchange Department.

*The Caldron*, Fort Wayne, Ind.: An excellent paper. Your Literary Department is very interesting. The breezy Class Notes add greatly to the attractiveness of the paper.

*The Transcript*, Louisville, Ky.: A very attractive paper. Your poetry is good. The School Calendar is quite novel. Your Exchange Department could be lengthened.

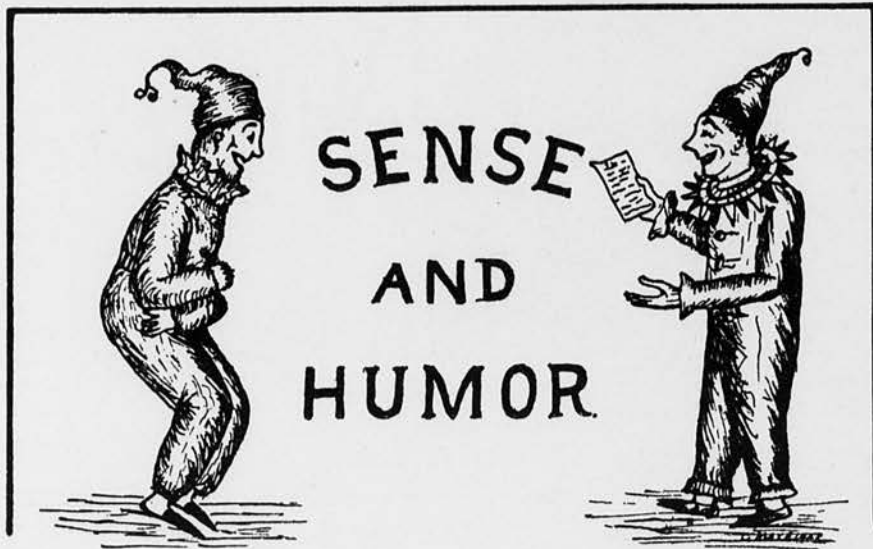
*The Crimson*, Logan, Utah: Your paper is good, quite well arranged, but your departments are short. A few more cuts would be a great improvement. Your advertising managers must be good workers. Twenty pages is a fine showing.

"The Crimson and White" acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

*Aurora* (Nome, Alaska), *Budget* (Berne, Ind.), *Caldron* (Fort Wayne, Ind.), *Crimson* (Logan, Utah), *Cue* (Albany, N. Y.), *Echo* (Albany, N. Y.), *Echoes* (Fort Lee, N. J.), *Future Citizen* (Milledgeville, Ga.), *Garnet and Gray* (Albany, N. Y.), *Insight* (Hartford City, Ind.), *Lion* (La Grange, Ill.), *M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.), *Mirror* (Mondovi, Wis.), *Opinion* (Peoria, Ill.), *Orange and Blue* (Town of Union, N. J.), *Salem Oak* (Salem, N. J.), *Transcript* (Louisville, Ky.), *Ypsi-Sem* (Ypsilanti, Mich.).

### AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Crimson and White," Milne H. S., Albany, N. Y.: Your Literary and Joke Departments are quite interesting. A few more cuts would add to the paper's attractiveness.—*The Caldron*, Fort Wayne, Ind.



A farmer to the chem. lab. strayed,  
 And Oh! too sad to tell,  
 Mixed glycerine with  $\text{NO}^2$   
 And it blew the J 2 L.— *Ex.*

Religious Friend — “Do you attend your place of worship regularly every Sunday night?”  
 W. MacMahon — “Indeed I do.”

“Repeat the words the defendant used,” said the lawyer of the plaintiff in a case of slander.  
 “I’d rather not,” said the witness, timidly; “they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman.”  
 “Ah,” said the attorney; “then whisper them to the judge.”

A yellow streak in a man doesn’t improve his color scheme.

Freshie — “Say, do you buy your own neckties?”  
 Senior — “No, I buy somebody else’s.”

H. Knapp (translating in Virgil) — “It is glorious to die in arms.”  
 Carolyn (dreamily) — “In whose arms?”

Strong-minded Senior (fervently) — “Oh! if the Lord had only made me a man!”  
 Junior (consolingly) — “Perhaps he has, only you haven’t found him yet.”



Sign seen in tailor's window: "We do correct tailoring. Come in and have a fit."

---

*Heard in Latin Class*

Teacher — "Mr. Hoyt, your translation is wrong, but I'll give you a zero for trying."

---

(?) leaving Joe at the station — "And when I'm gone, won't you think of me far away, Joe?"

Joe — "No, I'll think of you as very close."

---

Miss Herrington (in English class) — "'He' is the first person."

Miss Dodds — "He may be in your mind, but not in mine."

---

A cute Freshman is responsible for this: "Is not farming an infant industry? Don't they cradle wheat occasionally? And isn't corn put in a crib?" — *Ex.*

---

Sollace (in Math.) — "Say, Venear, how do you work this problem?"

Venear — "That's easy; let X equal the missing quantity."

Sollace — "And what's that?"

Venear — "In this case it is your brains."

---

Teacher — "Kommen sie hier."

Katusky — "I did comb it this morning."

---

Captain — "All is lost! We cannot save the ship!"

Ward — "Do you hear what he says, Jim? The ship is going to sink."

Jim Seymour — "Well, what do you care? We don't own the boat." — *Ex.*

---

Gerry — "I got into a fight last week and a man kicked me in the synagogue."

Hanna — "Where is your synagogue?"

Gerry — "In the temple."

---

A. Willig — "I hear that eggs have gone up to fifty cents a dozen on account of the war."

A. Lemka — "They aren't fighting with eggs, are they?"

A. Willig — "No, but they're using shells."

---

Cupid never shoots unless he Mrs.

She — "How can you keep your feet from going to sleep?"  
 He — "Don't let them turn in."

---

Travel, travel, little car,  
 How I wonder what you are!  
 Climbing up the hill so high,  
 Passing all the others by.

As it passed the first man fussed,  
 And the second mildly cussed;  
 And the third man yelled and roared,  
 "You can't beat it; it's a Ford!"

---

Augustus — "Birdie, why do you scratch so much whenever you go out riding?"

Birdie — "Because I've got a buggy horse." — *Ex.*

---

Senior — "Say, Freshie, how much is seven times seven?"

Freshie — "Why, forty-nine, of course. Couldn't you do it?"

Senior — "Yes, but not so quickly. You see, fools multiply rapidly." — *Ex.*

---

Junior — "Every time I look at that girl she smiles."

Senior — "Well, she may not think any more of you than anybody else, but it shows she has a sense of humor."

---

Girls — "Don't kiss each other in public highways. It's awful to see a woman do a man's work."

---

"The poker habit sure got Jones, didn't it?"

"Yep; he even walks with a shuffle."

---

C. Baker — "The ladies are much better looking than the men."

W. Nead — "Naturally."

C. Baker — "No, artificially."

---

Winifred Dunn — "Carpets are curious things, mother."

Mrs. Dunn — "Why, dear?"

Winifred — "Why, they are bought by the yard and worn out by the feet."

---

"Quick, Watson, the needle," chuckled Sherlock Holmes, and he slowly wound up the Victrola again. — *Ex.*

---

Miss Shaver in History class — "As a rule, Mr. Carr, we don't give a fig for dates."

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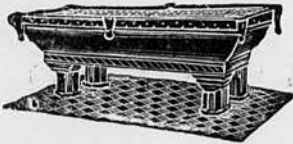
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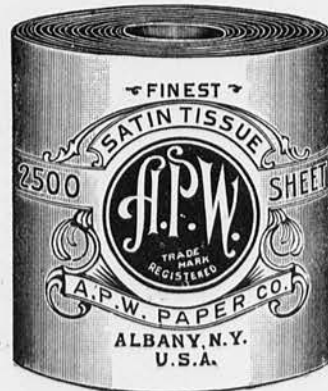
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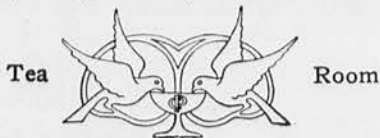
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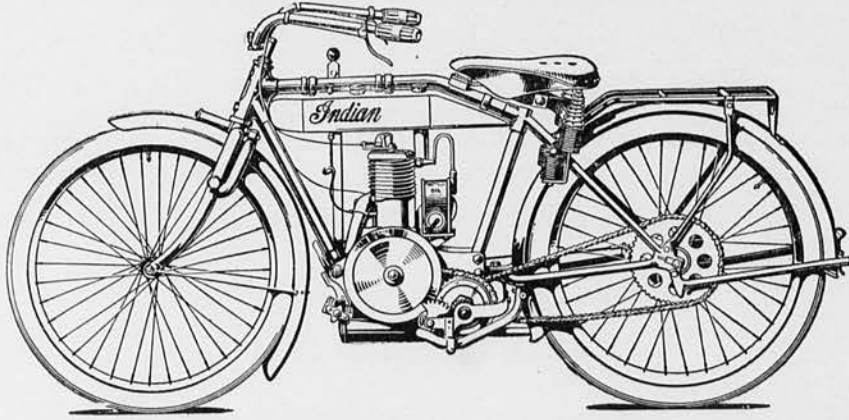
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