

MILNE School

Crimson and White Vol. XVII

1920-21

National Uniform Equipment Co

Market St Philadelphia

The Crimson & White

171

Alumni Issue



OCTOBER, 1920

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

Contents

Literary Department.....	1
Birdie With A Yellow Bill.....	3
Taking Bruin's Picture.....	4
Editorial.....	7
School Notes.....	8
Alumni Notes.....	9
Societies	
Theta Nu.....	11
Quintilian Literary Society.....	11
Zeta Sigma Literary Society.....	12
Adelphoi Literary Society.....	12
Junior High School	
Scraps of Summer Life.....	13
Athletic Notes.....	15
Sense and Humor.....	16

Steefel Says:

STEEFEL CLOTHES

FOR MEN BOYS AND MISSES

SHIRTS—NECKWEAR—GLOVES—HATS—SHOES

STEEFEL BROS.

ESTABLISHED 1885

STATE STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

THAYER'S FLOWER SHOP

Formerly Hazeltines

25 Central Ave. Albany, N. Y.

Phone West 1462

Open Evenings

VALENTINE MAGIN

Manufacturer of Harness

Dealer in

Whips, Boots, Trunks, Bags, Etc.

Repairing promptly attended to.

53 Central Ave. Albany, N. Y.

H. E. STAHLER

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AND ACCESSORIES

ICE CREAM
CONFECTIONERY

299 CENTRAL AVE.

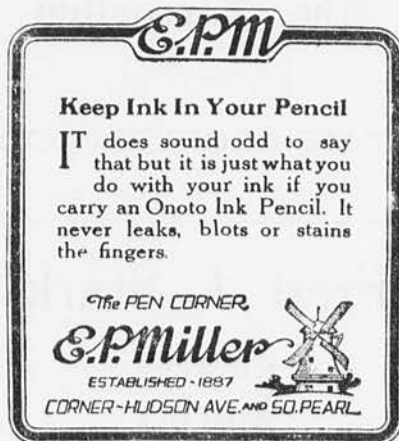
ALBANY - - - N. Y.

SKINNER'S
BOOK STORE

FOUNTAIN PENS AND ALL
WRITING EQUIPMENT

REFERENCE BOOKS

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



E.P.M.

Keep Ink In Your Pencil

IT does sound odd to say that but it is just what you do with your ink if you carry an Onoto Ink Pencil. It never leaks, blots or stains the fingers.

The PEN CORNER

E.P. Miller

ESTABLISHED - 1887

CORNER - HUDSON AVE. AND 50. PEARL

STATIONERY

RUBBER STAMPS

FILING EQUIPMENT—OFFICE FURNITURE

At **GREEN'S on GREEN** NEAR STATE

"ANYTHING FOR ANY OFFICE"

PHONE MAIN 1414

10-12 GREEN STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

J. T. D. BLACKBURN

Wishes to serve you with

COAL

Principal Office Foot of Colonie Street

Telephone Main 998

The Farrington

174 STATE ST.

HOME COOKED FOOD

CHARLES E. ALLEN, D. D. S.

24 DOVE ST.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fred J. Stark

College
Barber

82 Robin St. Albany, N. Y.

B. M. V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

OPTOMETRIST

OPTICIAN

Albany, N. Y.

Troy, N. Y.

50 No. Pearl St.

356 Broadway

Schenectady, 454 State St.

Drop Down From School If

You Need a

HAIR CUT

30 Steps from Central

JOHN WEILER

189 LARK STREET

Compliments of

Junior Class

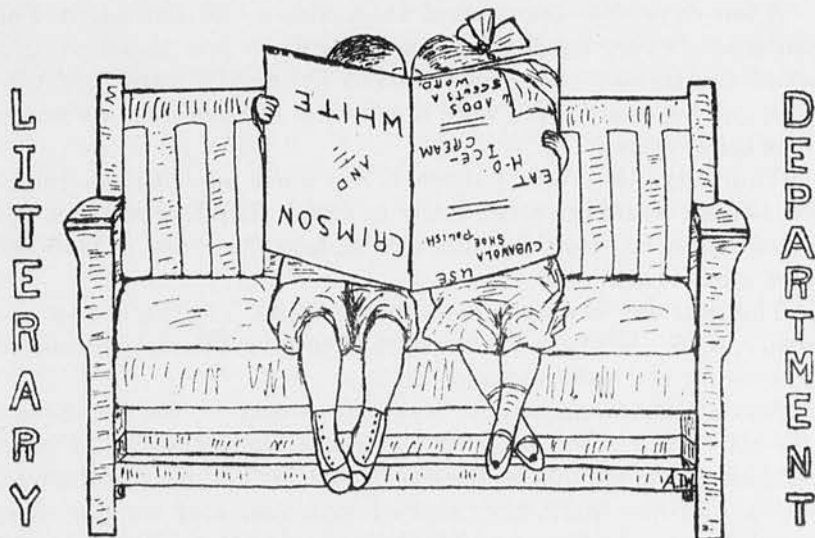
Please mention "The Crimson and White"

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVII

OCTOBER, 1920

No. 1



The Students of Milne High School have all been interested in the Olympic Races which recently took place at Antwerp, and in which the United States, represented by the Navy Crew from Annapolis, came out ahead of their opponents. We have printed here an account of the races as they were experienced by Donald Johnston, a graduate of Milne, now in his third year at the Navy Academy, and a member of the winning crew.—*The Editor.*

"We were told two hours before the regiment shoved off for the summer cruise that we were to be kept over to be trained for the Olympic tryouts. After a ten-day leave to break our long season, we set to work. Twice a day we went up the river and generally raced back. On the twentieth of July we left for Worcester, where the trials were held. Syracuse, Duluth and the Norton Boat Club contested the right to represent the country. We won that race by seven feet of open water, our own second crew taking third by a small margin. The time was 6:15, not so good as it should have been, but a few seconds under the old course record for a mile and a quarter.

"The next day we went to Newport and joined the U. S. S. *red-erick*, an armored cruiser of a rather odd type. We worked on machines on the quarter deck during the ten-day voyage, and the agonized expressions that resulted were not from pain but merely the result of an endeavor to follow the motion of the ship and still stay with the rest of the crew.

"A few days after our arrival at Antwerp, we moved to *Trois Fountaines*, a very small village near Brussels and at the head or start of the course. Here we worked in muddy water for three weeks, getting ready. We were the first on the field and we needed all the time we had.

"Thursday, the twenty-seventh, we lined up with the Belgian crew at 5:45, winning rather easily in 6:26. The English crew that we had picked to race the finals against beat the Swiss in 6 19 and, rowed a hard race for it.

"The next day saw easy races in the rights. England won over Norway, 6:26. We beat France 6:24, dropping the stroke to a loafing swing for the last thousand meters.

"Sunday, the twenty-ninth, was not so easy. We got the best of the start but refused to follow England when they went up to forty-four to the minute, so they took the lead. At the thousand meter or half-way mark, they had a length lead, and we started up to catch them. At fifteen hundred there was little difference in the positions but it was about there that they began to feel the pace and to weaken. We began to gain. Of course, I couldn't see them, but the coxswain could and he kept us well informed of their actions. Then their rudder came back, then the coxswain, and gradually man by man, until I could see them all. The final gun went off, and we forgot our troubles. None of us would have been able to sit up alone, but, by the aid of the oars, we managed to do it. After about ten minutes or so we paddled in to the float and then off on a ten-day leave."

—*—

C. S. '21 (ardent Boy Scout) to old lady—"May I accompany you across the street, madam?"

Old Lady—"Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?"

—*—

"Mack," said his mother, "you have outgrown your shoes!"

"What I'd like to hear you say, mamma," replied young M. W. '24, "is that I have outgrown your slippers."

"BIRDIE WITH A YELLOW BILL"

"Larry!"

"Ye-e-ah!"

"Come straight here! Look at that necktie! And I put it on you not more than five minutes ago. It's three minutes of nine now, and if you want to be late—".

"Three—oh, gee, Ma!" Larry twisted himself with a writhing wriggle away from the prospective maternal kiss and scuttled down the street. Late! Gee Whiz! Golly! When a kid was late they sang that song! Larry's feet beat a rapid-fire tick-tack, tick-tack on the side-walk, past the small confectionery-and-school supplies store, past the Methodist church and the parsonage, past the house of his arch-enemy, Stubby Brockway, to the red brick East Ward school house.

Here Larry, red-faced and puffing like Polack Izzy's horse, slowed to a reluctant and meditative walk. Inside, in the direction of the fourth-grade room, he heard them singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." He was late! Should he go home and tell his mother the school door was locked and he couldn't get in? No! he remembered, now, how she looked and what she said when he told her that, once before. He dragged his feet up the steps into the building and around the bend in the corridor to the door of the fourth grade. There he stuck on the threshold, with a sickening sensation in the pit of his stomach. Then suddenly, straightening up and squaring his shoulders, he turned the shining brass knob and pushed open the door.

The teacher turned her head; the twenty-four scholars turned their heads. Larry's eyes, glancing furtively toward the back of the room, saw Stubby Brockway turn his head. Larry pushed the door shut with a sweeping gesture and stood looking fixedly at the teacher in a pose taken bodily from an illustration in the DeLux edition of "Grant's Memoirs."

"Well, Larry"—Larry's eyes wavered to a spot over the teacher's head, but he held the pose—"we welcome you to our midst. Come children, the welcoming song!" Four-and-twenty shouting throats began the chorus.

"Birdie with a yellow bill"—

A flush started at the base of Larry's stiffly held neck and slowly seeped up across his freckled nose to his stringy, sandy hair, but he held the pose—

"Hopped upon my window sill,"—

Larry's ears, acutely tuned, just now, to such sounds, heard Stubby Brockway's ridiculing giggle over the chorus. Larry pulled in his chin, heaved up his chest, and puffed out his cheeks into the very picture of derisive nonchalance.

"Cocked his shining eyes and said,

"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

Larry took a deep breath, in small inaudible catches, and looked at the teacher. She nodded her head toward his seat. Broadly winking one eye at the class, to cover the retreat of that first sweeping flush, he swaggered down the aisle and sat, loudly and spank-ingly.

"We are going to take up long division again this morning," the teacher announced briskly, now that the morning ceremonies were over. But Larry evidently was not quite ready yet to "take up long division." He took out his spelling-blank from his desk and tore a small section from the first page. Wetting his pencil in his mouth, he wrote painstakingly,

"I want to see you after. You know why. Larry."

He folded the paper and handed it to his next-door neighbor, indicating its destination with a significant gesture. Then he pulled out his arithmetic book and opened it to page 87—"Long Division." He was well content with himself and the world at large.

MARGARET I. KIRTLAND, '18



TAKING SIR BRUIN'S PICTURE

Last summer I purchased my first camera and thereupon enlisted in the army of amateur photographers. The incentive was a great and undeniable ambition to take pictures of wild animals in their natural surroundings. I imparted this motive to a clerk in the kodak store, and I can say in respect to the man that he was an admirable salesman, for without a sign of a smile on his face he nodded his head and brought fourth an Eastman Cartridge Premo, pocket edition number two. After making a show of thoroughly examining the thing, I put it in my pocket along with a book of directions and four or five rolls of films; paid the cashier; and left the store.

It was not many days after this momentous purchase that I found myself at the little boarding-house in the Adirondacks where I had decided to set up headquarters for a couple of weeks. In a moment of bravado I told the owner what I proposed to do with my camera. With a smile which said as plain as words, "The best of

luck to you, but I know you won't have it", he directed me to a place where I could find wild animals in abundance. I carefully noted his directions, and decided to use them the very next day.

When, the next morning, after a long, dusty tramp, I arrived at the lumber road which would take me to the designated place, a thickly-wooded mountain slope, I began to regret that I had told my intentions to anyone. The tangled depths of the forest were lonesome and forbidding. I happened to think that the boarding-house keeper hadn't specified what kind of animals inhabited that region. But I hated to turn back after telling him what I was going to do. So, drowning my fears in a bold tune, I started up the grass-grown roadway.

I had gone about half a mile when I noticed a little clearing off to the left. I decided to station myself there and wait for some animal to come out where I could take his picture. I found what I considered to be an ideal place—a little mound of earth behind a clump of blackberry bushes which were so situated, that the sun would be over my shoulder if I focused the camera on the clearing. I sat down on the mound, and, taking out my direction book, fixed the camera for a snapshot. This task finished, I picked a handful of blackberries and commenced eating them in solid comfort.

But soon a mosquito bit my arm. I must have been delicious eating, for he called a hundred of his companions, and they in turn called their relatives and friends. A swarm of the insects gathered around my head and deafened me with their humming. It was not long before I stopped eating and got busy with both hands. While in the midst of my hopeless fight I felt a prickling all over my body. Upon investigation I found that I was fairly alive with red ants, which had crawled under my trouser-legs and got up under my shirt. Unwittingly I had sat down on their house and the valiant insects had rallied to drive off the trespasser. I started to dance madly around, slapping myself at the same time with my hands. In my blind frenzy I tripped over a root and fell head-long. In trying to regain my feet, I clutched a bunch of golden rod; but instantly let go, for it seemed as though I had touched a red-hot poker. A bumble-bee gathering pollen had resented my rude action. I was indeed having a most miserable time.

I was about ready to fold up my camera, and flee from the blood-thirsty mosquitoes, ants, and bees, when I heard a crackling of underbrush in the woods at my right. Crouching behind the bushes and remaining motionless in spite of my misery, I intently watched that side of the clearing. It was not long before a large, black,

tailless animal came out of the fringe of brushwood. He was taking his time, sniffing the air at short intervals and uttering little grunts as though talking to himself. He soon reached a clump of blackberry bushes in the middle of the open. The fruit must have appealed to him, for, standing on his hind legs, he filled his mouth with berries and leaves by one sweep of a great front paw.

I had seen a great many pictures of the bear family, and consequently recognized the invader of my studio as one of its members. I think I was scared. At least my heart seemed to be in a state of great excitement. It thumped terrifyingly against my ribs. I seemed also to have a severe attack of the chills, for I was shivering all over. Without stopping to focus the camera, I leveled it in the general direction of the bear, and pressed the snapshot lever.

At the click of the lever the bear quickly dropped down on all four feet, and I started to clear out. Hugging the camera in my arms, I tore through the bushes, unmindful of ripping cloth and not daring to look behind me. I soon reached the lumber road and started down it at a speed which would have satisfied Ralph De Palma. When I had nearly reached the end of the road, I met a couple of fellows, each carrying a large tin pail. The older of the two hailed me, "What's the matter, pard? Somethin' chasing you?"

For the first time I looked around. There was no bear in sight. I assumed a more dignified attitude and replied, "No, I'm going to be in a track-meet, and I'm trying out my wind."

"You're sure dead in earnest about it." At this the other fellow let out a loud laugh, and I felt very cheap and uncomfortable.

In spite of my misery the thought that I undoubtedly had a picture of Mr. Bear eating blackberries delighted me. I could hardly wait to develop the film. When at last it was finished; I found it to be a splendid picture of a clearing with a little patch of black on the edge, which may have been originally a part of the bear's ear. I was greatly disappointed, but the boarding-house keeper seemed pleased. He said something to the effect that I must have been trying to take a picture of the bear's tail. The next time I attempt to make Sir Bruin "set up pretty", I shall take along a lot of mosquito netting and a rocking chair for comfort, and a double-barreled shot-gun to insure due respect on his part.

F. REGINALD BRUCE, '17



"A wise student always knows the class record of the person he is copying from."

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVII

ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1920

No. 1

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..... \$1.00
 Single copies..... .25

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

HELEN KIRTLAND, Q. L. S., '21

Assistant Editor

MARTHA LOMAX, Q. L. S. '21

EMILY BARROWS.....	Literary Editor
ALISON DAVIS.....	School Editor
FRANCES WHITE.....	Alumni Editor
DOROTHY HAMBURGER.....	} Joke Editors
FLORENCE BELL.....	
FANNY MEDWIN.....	Exchange Editor
WILLIAM SCHRAA.....	Athletic Editor
DUDLEY WADE.....	Junior High School Editor
CHARLES I. SAYLES, Adelphol.....	} Business Managers
HUGH McKEON, Adelphol.....	
JACK HECON.....	} Advertising Agents
HARRY JONES.....	
MIRIAM SNOW.....	
MARIAN O'CONNOR.....	
DOROTHEA GEORGE.....	
MARIAN BARDEEN.....	



MAKING FRIENDS

A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep—*Emerson*.

Many times every day we rush through the crowded halls to classes or to roll-calls, with a breathless and cheery "Hello, there,—!" for our friends, but how many of the fellows or girls outside of our smug little "crowd" do we greet with even a smile? Very likely only one or two who have chanced to catch our fancy. But if we were to outgrow a bit those narrow, clannish ideas and widen out our exclusive' ring of acquaintances, how very many people we should find who are so worthy of our friendship. Perhaps we shall have to go more than half way to meet them. A great many osten-

sible haughty or "snippy" people are only diffident. They would really make the closest and finest of friends if we would give them any chance.

In David Grayson's "Adventures in Friendship", he declares that "a friend is one with whom we are fond of being when no business is afoot nor any entertainment contemplated." How many of us can either qualify or truthfully say that of our relations to our friends?

Friendships are based upon unselfishness. Let us be interested in people and their affairs. If we cannot be genuinely interested, we can produce the best "make-believe" possible. Besides cultivating a habit of easy conversatson upon the other fellow's topic, let us make ourselves good listeners. It pays. Most important let us be sympathetic. "I do not need to ask the wounded person how he feels," says the poet, "I myself become the wounded person."

Yes, it is a game, this making of friends. Play it while you have the chance. No other game can ever be so worth while.

— * —



SCHOOL NOTES

Well, we're all back again! At least, most of us have returned and are supposedly hard at work. The hole left by last year's graduating class is rather hard to become accustomed to, but we are doing our best.

The school is certainly taking on a rather lively aspect. The freshmen class looks very promising this year, and there have been many additions to the upper classes. Especially we note the astounding number of boys. Whether they will be good baseball and basket-ball material, study-hall amusements, or merely "adornments", we don't know yet, but anyway we welcome them and hope that they won't entirely disregard Milne's fine scholastic reputation. Then we have an eight piece orchestra, with a genuine saxophone, and though we live in an age of almost miracles, we are nevertheless quite sure that these cheery calls we hear so frequently

on Fridays,—“I’ll meet you in the gym!”—aren’t from over-enthusiasm for p. e.

We are all sorry to hear that Miss Jones has left Milne. However, she is not very far away, being principal of the Brown School for girls, in Schenectady, and we hope that she will continue to surprise us with nice little visits, as she did on Columbus Day. The new English critic is Miss Kelsoe.

We have another addition to our staff. Perhaps you have seen him pacing up and down our hall, after 12:35, or sitting in the office. But no, he is not a worried relative, come to inquire after his wayward child, he is Mr. Brown, Prof. Sayles assistant.



ALUMNI NOTES

Still on, time creeps,
 Each little moment at another's heels,
 'Till hours, days, years and ages are made up,
 Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
 And wonder how it is.

Eleanor Abrams—S. C. T.
 Thomas Cantwell—Wesleyan.
 John Cassavant—S. C. T.
 Muriel Daggett—Russell Sage.
 Carolyn Hamilton—Wells.
 Madeline Hohl—S. C. T.
 Madeline Hurd—S. C. T.
 Harry Ellis—Albany Boys' Academy.
 Ruth McCullough—Mildred Elley.
 Katharine McKinley—Skidmore.
 Henry Metzger—Union.
 Florence La Comptè—Russell Sage.
 Carolyn Rogers—Mount Holyoke.
 Laura Skinner—Wells.
 Margaret Skinner—Wells.
 Lavina Rosa—Comptometer School.
 Stanley Taylor—Union.

- Frances Walsh—Civil Service Commission.
 Marjorie Wilbur—At home.
 Edna Wirshing—Conservation Commission.
 Elizabeth Terwilliger—Syracuse.
 Lillian Magilton, '14, has not returned to her position on Long Island.
- James McDonough, ex-'21—C. B. A.
 Clarence McDonough, ex-'18—M. I. T.
 William McDonough, ex-'22—A. B. A.
 Ester Bradt, ex-'21—At home.
 Pauline Dollard, ex-'22—Holy Name's Academy.
 Ursula Cashion, ex-'20—Holy Name's Academy.
 Eleanor Curran, ex-'21—Commercial Bank.
 Virginia Hill, ex-'21—Married.
 Irene Earl—Married.
 Marion Roth, ex-'21—Income Tax Bureau.
 William Davison, ex-'20—Springfield College.
 Grace Devine, ex-'22—Albany High School.
 Ruth Nicholson, ex-'22—Comptometer School.
 Loretta Weldon, ex-'21—Income Tax Bureau.
 Marion Halpin—Albany Business College.
 Donald P. Booth, ex-'21—Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
 Elmore Wood, ex-'21—Attending Dartmouth College.
 Helen Wilson, ex-'20—Milwaukee-Downer Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Millicent Burhans, '19—S. C. T.
 Margaret Ward, '16—Teaching Physical Ed. in Public School at Fort Edward, N. Y.
 Earl Matice, '18—West Point.
 Isabelle Johnston, '16—Sargent.

—★—

"Take back the heart you gave me,"
 The angry Maizie cried;
 The butcher gave her liver,
 And the maid was satisfied.

—★—

R. W. '22—"Fess up now, that you fellows like talktive girls as well as the others."

N. P. '22—"Others! What others?"

—★—

Some fellows would rather blow their own horns than listen to Sousa's Band.



THETA NU

Coming back for hard and earnest work, after a long vacation, Theta Nu has again organized. At the first meeting of the year, which was held on October fourteenth, the following officers were elected:

President.....Nathan Margolius
 Vice-President.....Alexander Dolan
 Recording Secretary.....Edward Miller
 Corresponding Secretary..Joseph Margolius
 Reporter.....Edward J. Albert
 Marshal.....Thomas Graveline

Plans for the future were adopted and all members are looking forward to a pleasant and vigorous year.



QUINTILIAN

Quintilian Literary Society welcomes the Freshmen to M. H. S.

The first meeting of the society was held on Monday, October the fourth. Plans for the coming year were discussed, and all feel confident that "Quin" with the support of its new members, will be even more successful than last year. Everybody is enthusiastically planning a rousing Hallowe'en party to be held soon.

The following officers have been elected for this year:

President.....Emily Barrows
 Vice-President.....Martha A. Lomax
 Recording Secretary.....Katharine Maar
 Corresponding Secretary..Marian O'Connor
 Treasurer.....Alice Daly
 Senior Editor.....Helen Kirtland
 Junior Editor.....Mariam Snow
 Pianist.....Marian Hacker
 Critic.....Catharine Phibbs



ZETA SIGMA

The new school year has opened with a record attendance for Sigma. It promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the society. Election of officers was recently held with the installation of the following:

President.....	Helen Wurthman
Vice-President.....	Frances White
Corresponding and Recording Secy.....	Florence Beagle
Treasurer.....	Alison Davis
Critic.....	Catherine Emerick
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Helen Metz
Marshal.....	Florence Ball

On the twentieth of November, Sigma is giving a dance to the members and their friends. It will be in the nature of a Thanksgiving party, and all anticipate a good time.

—★—



ADELPHOI

Adelphoi has again resumed its meetings and is looking forward to a very prosperous year. The officers are:

President.....	Charles Sayles
Vice-President.....	Donald Allen
Secretary.....	William Comstock
Treasurer.....	Ray Kirk
Chaplain.....	Towsend Morey

—★—

N. M., '21—"Did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

A. D.—"Yes, but the spot was only quiet while I was kissing it."

—★—

Remember the steam kettle—Tho' up to its neck in hot water it continues to sing.



SCRAPS OF SUMMER LIFE

Summer is the best time to watch animals and such creatures of the wild who have a lot of spring work to do, and fall work to do. Summer is their playtime. I believe that often they have more pleasure than human beings. The otter has his slide, though he is not often seen. The chipmunk and squirrels have their tree-top roadways, with exciting leaps from one tree to another. The birds have their loop-the-loops and nose dives which are just as dangerous as these feats in an aeroplane. The squirrels and chipmunks have games of tag, up and down the trees and around the trunks of the trees.

The deer-mouse is a very pretty little animal of the woods. She is a beautiful fawn color with light tan sides and pure white stomach. When danger comes, and she is out with her little ones, she utters a funny squeak, and all the little ones run and cling to her while she finds a safe retreat until all danger is past.

Poor bunny has the hardest life of all. Skunks, dogs, weasels, and about ten other animals are always after him. Moonlight nights he likes the best, but, poor little fellow, most of his enemies are out at night, and he can only have short times of pleasure then. What he likes the best is a small clearing in the woods, where several rabbits gather and have great times chasing each other, and playing in the shadows. All is well in this beautiful little park, when suddenly an owl swoops in. All the rabbits run for cover, but one poor little bunny is not fast enough--a high pitched scream, that makes you think the world is coming to an end, and all is over.

The coon's playtime is at night also. He usually wanders around, sticking his nose into everything and minding everybody's

business but his own. His queer cry is hard to tell from the screech-owl's. The screech-owl's is softer and sweeter, however, than the whicker of a coon, which is harsh and noisy.

Then comes the wild cat, who does not do much except scream. First it sounds like a crying baby, lost in the woods. Then it rises higher and sounds like a woman screaming with pain, and dies away in a song somewhat like the whicker of a coon. This strange cry is enough to drive anybody nearly to insanity, unless he knows what it is.—HENDRICK VANLAER.

—★—

"How iss your brother Bill getting along in der college?"

D. D., '22—"Ach! He is halfback in der football team and all der way back in his studies!"

—★—

Practice Teacher—"What were the principal military events in the reign of Claudius Caesar?"

H. W., '21—"He had four wives."

—★—

She claims to be be one of the "400".

She looks more like one of the "57".

(Oh, Pickles!!)

—★—

E. M., '21, to little freshie—"Did you ever take castor oil?"

S. W., '24—"No sir; in what room is it given?"

—★—

Ed. Miller and Jo. Margolius were sitting on a high board fence, discussing the latest developments of football. They were getting warmed up to the subject when the topmost board broke, precipitating them to the ground. Ed. looked at his partner and sorrowfully remarked, "Defence is weak".

—★—

Racial

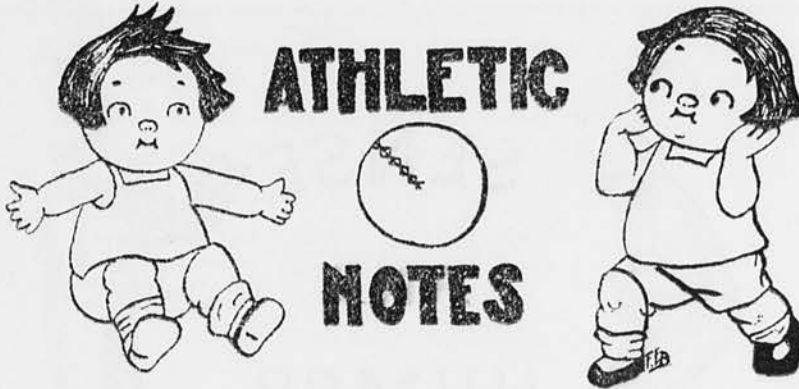
M. L., '22 (reciting in geometry)—Now the angle K. C.—"

D. H., '21 (interrupting)—"Casey isn't an angle; he's an Irishman".

—★—

Prof. (in Chem.)—"What is the first organ of the digestive system?"

E. Barrows—"Mouth organ."



Basket Ball Season Begins

Milne! Do you realize that the basketball season is bearing down upon us with lightening speed? Are you aware of the fact that it is time for us to put another winning team on the floor to win more victories for us? Surely you do, and you're going to support the team, too! Every one of you students is going to buy an Athletic Association ticket and come to see every game and root for your team. Of course you will do this for Milne.

We shall again be represented on the court with an exceptionally good team. Although we are handicaped by not having any of last year's varsity men, Coach Hugo Polt, Captain of the S. T. C. basketball team, predicts that he can make a very good team from the material which turned out for the first few practices.

Briefs

William Schraa has been asked to act as manager of basket ball until the Athletic Association calls a meeting and elects one.

Cheer up, Milne! There are very good hopes of Nathan Margolius, star basketball player, to be reinstated. He will then be able to play with our team.

Students of Milne High School! Support your team and buy A. A. Tickets.

—————*—————

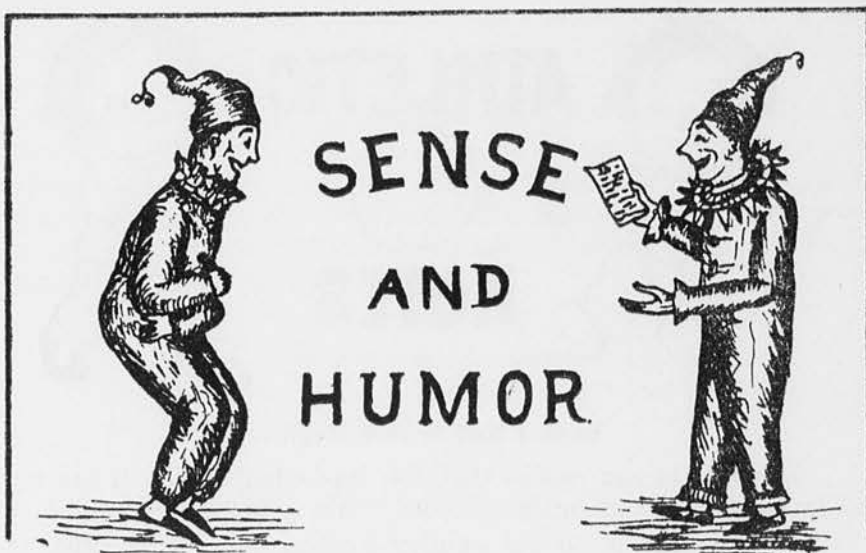
E. K., '24—"Whew! This Latin book smells fierce."

W. S., '24—"Well, It's a dead language."

—————*—————

H. S., '23—"Can a sewing bee sting?"

H. M., 23—"No; but it can buzz a lot."



J. M., '21—"May I borrow your purple necktie"?

Nathan—"Sure, but why all this formality of asking permission?"

Joseph—"I can't find it."

—*—

"Prof."—"Here we have a bacterial growth, found in potted ham. How would you classify it?"

E. V., '23—"Incandescent."

—*—

Harry Jones—"I strained my eyes."

H. A., unsuspectingly (though how could he, considering?)—"How?"

Harry.—"Looking through a sieve."

—*—

A watch may have no gender,
But you really can't efface
The fact that nearly always
There's a woman in the case.

—*—

He (Arden'ly)—"I press my suit on bended knee."

Elly White, '21—"Haven't you an ironing board?"

"What are you going to give her for her birthday?"
"Oh, I don't know. I guess I'll give her a pair of silk stockings for a change."

"Why, what did you give her last year?"

"A pair of silk stockings, you bonehead."

—————★—————

"You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink.
You can ride a Latin pony,
But you can't make him think."

—————★—————

Teacher, to K. D., '21—"Aren't you feeling well?"
"Red"—"No, I ate German noodle soup and French-fried potatoes for lunch and they won't arbitrate."

—————★—————

Practice Teacher—"Are there any absentees here to-day?"
(General confusion).

—————★—————

Teacher—"Can anyone tell me who was the first electrician?"
Tommy Nicholson—"Noah, of course; he made the arc light on Mount Ararat."

—————★—————

"What's the difference between Miss Hamburger and a parasol?"

J. H., '21—"Well, you can make a parasol shut up, once in a while."

—————★—————

H. McK.—"Hey, Bill, why are you limping?"

W. C., '22—"I sat down on the spur of the moment."

—————★—————

"It is not good form to reach for anything at the dinner table. To avoid this, assemble the different articles in a semi-circle around your plate."

—————★—————

The next time you have a sore throat be glad you are not a giraffe.

<p>By Trading at Gold's Department Store 225 Central Ave. You Can Save From 20 to 50 Percent We Carry a Full Line of Yard Goods and Dry Goods Open Evenings Phone West 1055-J</p>	<p>BROWN'S SHOE STORES <u>FOR BETTER SHOES</u> 149 Central Ave. 114 So. Pearl St. Albany, N. Y.</p>
<p><i>Delaware Candy Shop</i> NOTIONS CIGARS SCHOOL SUPPLIES CIGARETTES SODAS VAN ZANDT BROS. 200 Delaware Ave. Albany, N. Y.</p>	<p>Quayle & Son, Inc. Albany, N. Y. Samples of Wedding Stationery upon request Correct Forms Moderate Cost</p>
<p>DRUGS A store with a reputation of over a Million Prescriptions. Some record Housewellers Pharmacy Opposite Theatre Cor. Washington Ave. and Lark St. Phone West 1368 Phone West 3933</p>	<p>G. WILEY & BRO. Dealers in all kinds of FRESH AND SALT MEAT 348 State Street, Cor. Lark Telephone { 544 543</p>

Compliments of
The Eagle Drug Company

<p>A. G. BLICHFELDT, Ph. G. Cut-Price Druggist Prescriptions a Specialty 373 Madison Ave., Cor. Dove Telephone Main 1279 ALBANY, N. Y.</p>	<p>Repairing All Kinds of Neatly Done Shoe Shining ROCCO CALABRESE First Class Boot and Shoe Maker 218 Lark St. ALBANY, N. Y.</p>
--	--

Please Mention "The Crimson and White"

ALBANY HARDWARE & IRON CO.

Headquarters for

SPORTING, ATHLETIC AND GYM. SUPPLIES
39-43 STATE STREET

Rice's

FOR YOUR NOONDAY OR AFTERNOON

LUNCHEON

PURE

SODA'S-CANDY

Greeting Cards

Steuben Near Pearl St.

Compliments of

The Federal Signal Company

QUINTILIAN AND PSI GAMMA PINS

W. F. ANTEMANN & SON

Jewelers

TELEPHONE MAIN 770

57 NORTH PEARL ST.

John H. Hausen, Jr.

Men's Furnishings

Neck-Wear Our Specialty

177 Central Ave. Albany, N. Y.

Open Evenings

Kline's Shoe Store

Simon Kline, Prop.

QUALITY FOOTWEAR

For the Entire Family

103 Central Ave. Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

**FERGENSPANS
PRIVATE SEAL**
TELEPHONE MAIN 3434

Thorpe-Engraver

GREETING CARDS
STATIONERY . . .
27½ Steuben St. Albany, N. Y.

Albany Art Union

Distinctive Photography
48 No. Pearl St. Albany, N. Y.
Phone Main 991

**BABBITT'S
FRANKEL DOUBLE-WEAR SUITS**

ARE MAKING A BIG HIT WITH THE YOUNG MEN OF
ALBANY. THE SUIT WITH THE EXTRA TROUSERS
IN BOTH SINGLE AND DOUBLE BREASTED MODELS

SPECIAL AT \$60.00 TO BE FOUND ONLY AT
BABBITT & COMPANY, INC. ALBANY, N. Y.

**BASKET BALL AND GYMNASIUM SUPPLIES
FLANNEL SHIRTS, COAT SWEATERS AND JERSEYS**

THOMAS J. HURLEY

22 GREEN STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

MILLER & BEAUMONT

"The Stetson Shoe"

71 State Street

ALBANY - - N. Y.

TEACHERS STUDENTS
PROFESSIONALS



CORONA

The Personal
Writing
Machine

Weights 6 Lbs.

CORONA DISTRIBUTING CO., INC.
51 STATE ST. ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White".