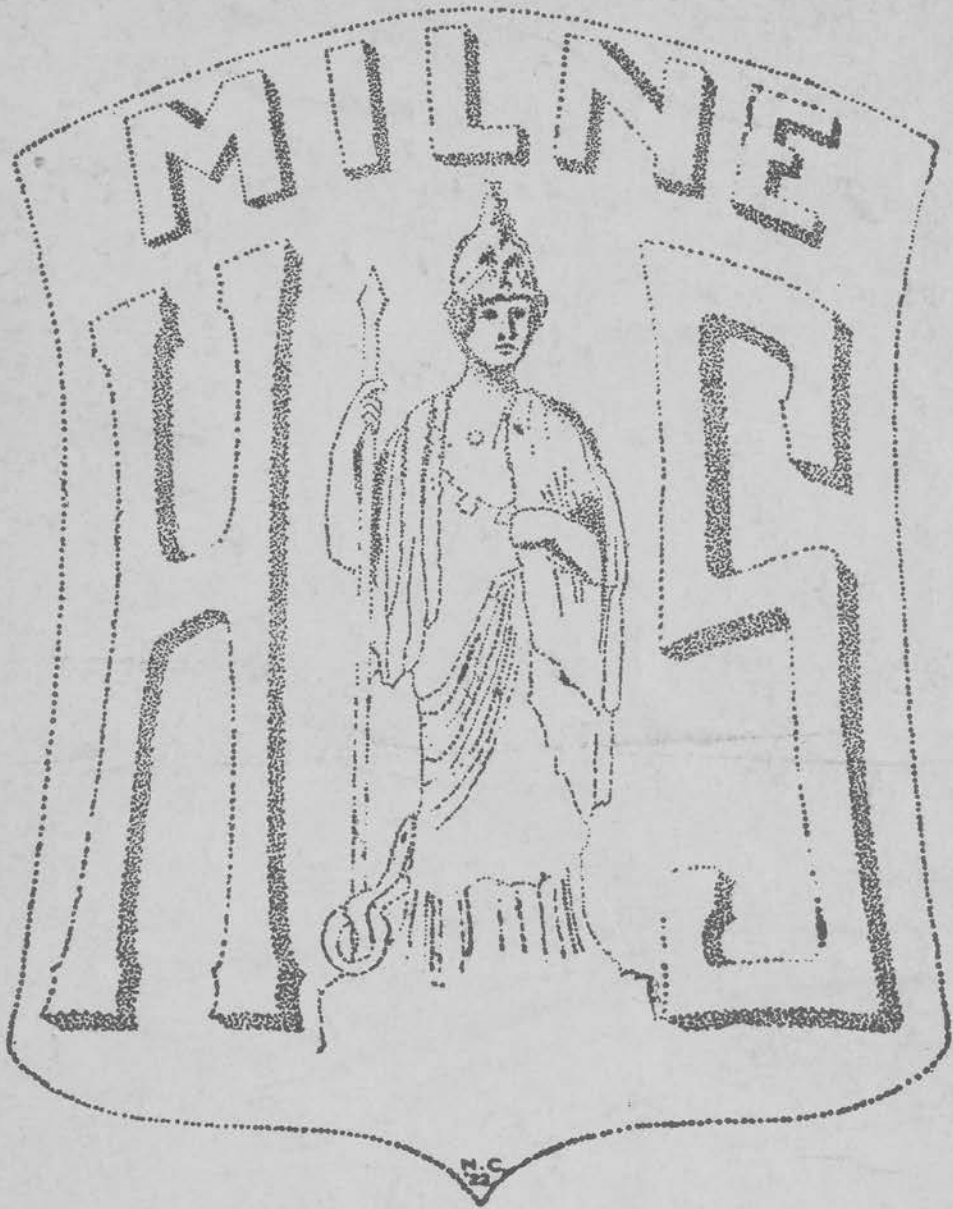


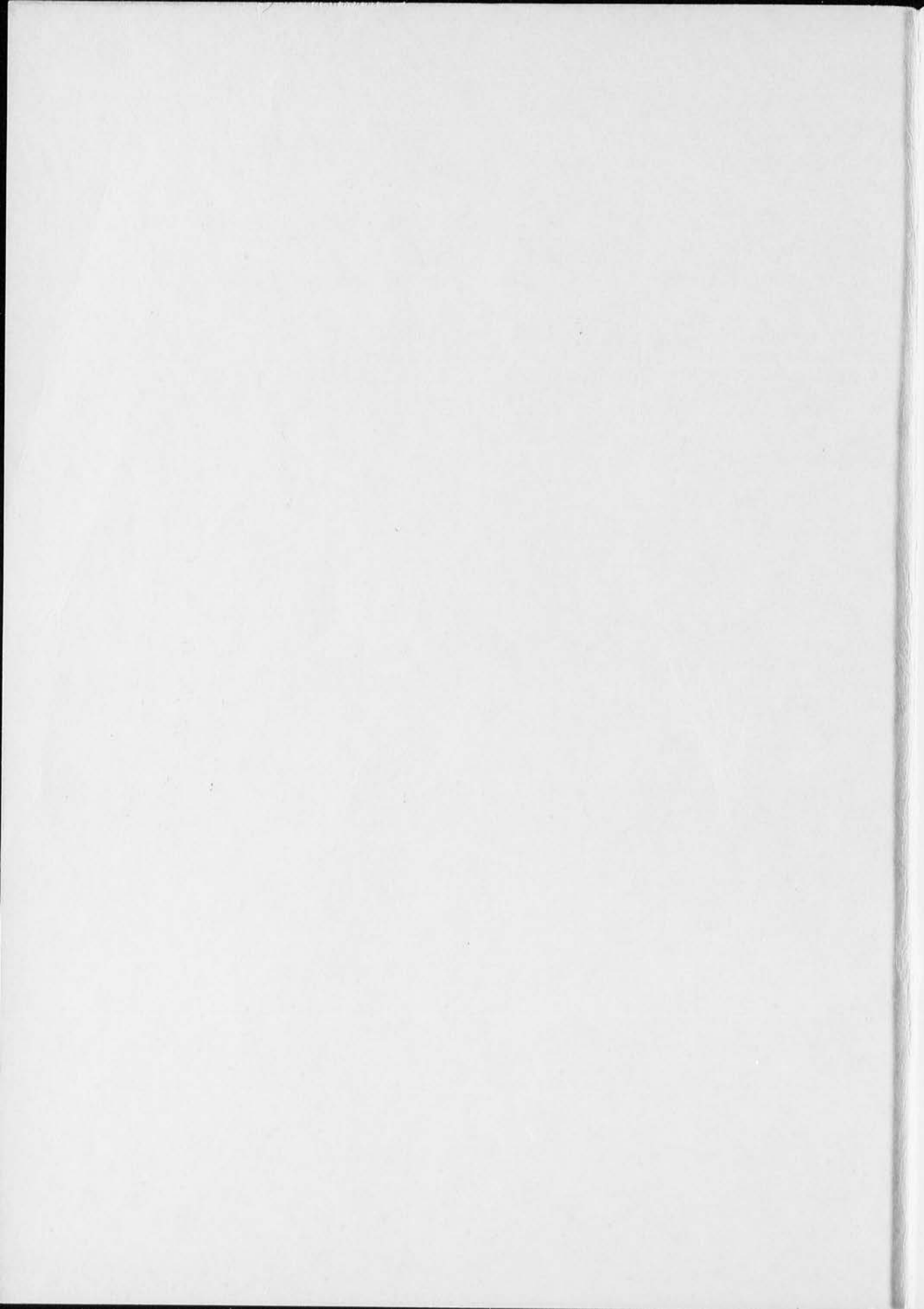
VOLUME XXII

NUMBER III



SPRING ISSUE

MARCH 1926



# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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Volume XXII

MARCH, 1926

Number III

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It has been suggested that a challenge to debate be given among the societies. Should this project meet with success, Milne High will stand a fair chance to enter the ranks as a possible debating group.

It is a fact that there are among the students of Milne certain ones who are gifted with, or have acquired, laudable talent in the art of debating. But it remains to bring this talent to light.

In past years the only notable debates recorded in the annals of the school have been the debates held by the Senior classes. We seek to extend the list throughout the entire school. We often speak of school spirit as *the* vital factor; but consider, class cooperation and inter-class rivalry necessarily provoke school spirit by arousing the interest of the individual.

Many of you will go to college. We see that certain colleges emphasize the question of your part in what debating exercises your school has held. As evidenced by this, the college in general must be ever emphasizing the advantage of the debate in its own institution.

It is readily seen, therefore, what may be advantages of participation in inter-class debating. The training it offers is self-evident. Thus, the more extensive the debate, the greater the advantage of training. The training applies to a particular field,—that of Law. The study of Law is becoming great; many are taking it up in preference to other courses wherein they may better employ their own particular talents. Although not necessarily, Law may lead to Politics. Politics involve debate. And here we are back where we started.

Debating means work, in order to do it right. And if the parties involved are interested in the project they are completing, it means that the work will be done in an efficient manner.

To take up the subject in detail, Adelphoi contemplates a debate with Sigma. Adelphoi being the only boys' society in the school, the outcome remains in the future, for neither has proved its efficiency before the school. Perhaps the school will be surprised.

D. T. S.

## FELIS MURESQUE

Felis sedit by a hole,  
 Intenta she cum omne soul,  
 Prendere rats.

Mice cucurrent o'er the floor,  
 In numero duo, tres or more,—  
 Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis:  
 "I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess,  
 Dum ludunt."

Tunc illa crept toward the group:  
 "Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup;  
 Pingues sunt."

Mice continued all ludere,  
 Intenti in ludum vere,  
 Gaudentur.

Tunc rushed the felis into them,  
 Et tore them omnes limb from limb,  
 Violenter.

## Moral

Omnes mures nunc be shy,  
 Et aurium praebe mihi,  
 Benigne.

Si hoc facis verbum sat,  
 Avoid a devilish, hungry cat,  
 Studiose.

—*Anonymous.*



## LITERATURE



## ONE IN A THOUSAND

Sifus Bundledoozer, the best and most corpulent hunter the wilds have ever known, was born in De Skunkville, February 29, 1886. His parents were farmers, and what sour milk the hogs didn't drink, Sifus did. From early childhood he was inclined to take up vast quantities of space, for, on his third birthday, being then twelve years of age, he tipped the scales at one hundred and fifty.

The Hon. Bundledoozer may rightly be called "The Man That The Saturday Evening Post Made." For his early education consisted, after he had learned to read Latin by going to church, of correspondence courses. Thus he gained a liberal education in biology, arithmetic, astrology, first year English, and parasitology. He even learned a few points on Algebra, and he prided himself on the splendid vocabulary he had obtained through the pursuit of this language. It is to the Saturday Evening Post that he is indebted for learning of this type and also for such valuable early training as contained in articles entitled, "The Value of the Bedbug to the Taxidermist," "The Annihilation of House Flies Through the Cooperation of Big Game Hunters," and others.

Sifus' first initiation into the art of hunting came on a dull day, amid most interesting circumstances. This day was Friday the thirteenth of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and six. He was wandering through the woods in pursuit of wild onions when a pretty little black-and-white striped kitten indifferently crossed the path of his hitherto unquestioned progress. At first Sifus made an attempt to capture the pretty animal, but soon afterwards, not being able to endure further the atmospheric conditions, he ascended a lofty sapling. However, alas! the tree was unable to bear the elephantine fugitive, and as a consequence transferred the cause of the oppressive burden to said pretty feline. When Sifus recovered sufficiently to extricate himself from the hard loam, he found that the force of his impact had reeked wonders; for the kitten's fur lay flat and smooth upon the

ground, while deep *in Tartara* were imbedded what had been its internal organisms.

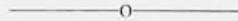
Sifus took the hide home and found to his great astonishment that he had an excellent fur piece, ready for market. "Ye Gods," said Sifus. "My fortune's made."

Using his new device, which he had patented, he traveled over such wild regions as Africa, Asia, Germany, and New York City, meeting with great success.

But the jinx of the thirteenth finally conquered him; for one day while trying his method on a mouse on top of the Woolworth building, he fell over the edge and met an untimely death in the shape of a sidewalk. This happened on October 13, Friday, 1920.

The world misses him greatly because, since Mr. Bundledoozer had his device patented, no one has as yet found courage to use it.

WILLIS J. MCKINNEY, '26.



#### MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

(With Appropriate Apologies to John Milton)

When I consider how my magneto is spent  
 Ere half its days, in that old Ford of mine,  
 And that one part which, stalling, wants to die  
 Lodged in it useless, though I find a dent  
 In every fender; these are no less bent  
 By pumping lamp-posts; but I, pondering, chide;  
 "Do Fords require batteries, more expense implied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "Your car doth not need  
 Batteries or magnetoës. Who wouldst best  
 Enjoy such animals, them do not try to run.  
 Their state is extravagance, dollars at their upkeep speed,  
 And post o'er service station and garage without rest;  
 They also serve, who sell theirs for old tin."

W. J. McK., '26.



## AN UNLUCKY START

James Robertson was born on Friday the 13, 1900, during a storm in the mid-Atlantic. His father was a wealthy cigar manufacturer in Cuba. Although the boy was reared amid the most luxurious surroundings, he possessed a yearning to travel which grew with him. When he was graduated from a secondary school, he was given his choice between a college education and a place in his father's business. He chose the former.

On September 2, 1918, he left Cuba, in his father's private yacht, with three thousand dollars in cash. His destination was Boston, whence he was to proceed to Cambridge, and Harvard University. He bade his parents farewell at Boston.

A month passed. His parents received no letter. Two months, and then three. In December his father wired to his son at Harvard. He received no reply. In despair he wired the dean. After several hours the reply came that on the Harvard register was no name of James Robertson. Immediately the father engaged countless detectives to seek his son. His absence was featured in the papers, talked of all over the United States. His description was sent to Europe. Millions were spent, but to no avail. The only clue was given by an automobile salesman in Boston who disclosed that a young man had entered his shop hurriedly one day, bought a high powered car, paid cash for it, and had driven away. But no one had seen the car or the boy, and as a result the search was finally abandoned.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1932 dredgers, working in the Hudson river on the project of the deeper Hudson, encountered an obstacle on the bottom which stubbornly resisted the efforts of the dredges. Finally it was brought to the surface, and there was revealed an old model automobile, with a grim skeleton at the wheel. The skeleton was identified as that of James Robertson. How he met his fate no one knows, or ever will know.

E. L. O., '26.

—o—

To the modern girl a line is something with which to catch males.

—o—

It is reported that the faces of women instead of those of men will be used on bill-boards to advertise cigarettes this year.

Oh, well, we can still pose for collar-ads.

## THE SILVER COMB

It was an evening in early May, and Madame Humphrey sat in her high-back chair at the right of the hearth, thinking. The light from the fire made bright lights and deep shadows in the soft gray of the twilight room. Outside, barely to be discerned in the swiftly gathering dusk, were the orchards, pink with peach-blossoms like a sunset cloud, and the paler, more fragile bloom of the apple trees. From the window she could have seen the gray, mist-covered river flowing silently by at the foot of the hedged lane, and the gray sky, with one clear star in the South. But Madame Humphrey was not looking at the beauty without. Instead, she looked long and thoughtfully at the portrait above the mantle.

A girl looked out from the canvas, a girl with great gray eyes of a peculiar steel-like tone, with a firm chin, and clear-cut features. Her dress was of an older day, but her beauty was of the type that is never old, and its crowning glory was her hair. There were great masses of it, brown, with gold lights, piled high above her head, and at the top, a silver comb showed its scalloped edge.

It would have been a singularly unobservant person who would not have recognized in Madame the original of the portrait. As she sat there looking at the portrait, she had much the same features that she had had fifty years earlier, but her hair was covered by a cap, and her beauty of coloring had gone years before.

Presently she turned to a window at which a girl sat looking out. The girl was almost startlingly like the portrait. Truly, the clothes were unlike, and the hair was not arranged in the same way; but it was the same hair, and the features were identical. Madame spoke: "Martha, will you go to my room and bring me the carved box from before the mirror?" "Yes, Grandmother," she assented, and went quickly away.

When she returned with the box, Madame took from it the silver comb of the portrait, and put it in the girl's hand. "That," she said, "is the Washington comb, and since you are named for me, I shall give it to you now. You know," she went on, "that Washington gave it to me, and this is how it came about—"

"It was a day in May just such as today has been; but nearly sixty years ago, in 1776. That afternoon, as I sat sewing, a man rode into the farm-yard and dismounted. There were so many spies about in those days that I moved rather reluctantly towards the door, and as I went, I hoped that the stranger had seen fit to go to the barn where my brother Daniel was working. However, he hadn't; for just then

he knocked, and I opened the door. In spite of the fact that it was late, he asked for some dinner; so I asked him to enter and be seated.

"He was a tall man, with a pale face, slightly pock-marked, a rather long nose, and a pair of the most piercing gray eyes that ever were seen. He wore his own hair. His clothes were dark, and not at all noteworthy. I noticed that his eyes, as I took him to the dining-room, were not furtive like those of some other strangers we had entertained.

"For this man's entertainment, mother and I got dinner hurriedly; and, of course, as we worked, we talked. We had shut the kitchen door carefully, and so we felt safe in saying what we liked. We speculated as to the man's sympathies, we talked again of our anxiety about father and my elder brothers who were fighting on the British side. Then we talked of our own wishes and sympathies with the Colonial cause, and of how Daniel wanted to fight with the Colonists, but could not on account of caring for mother and me. It was unsafe, but our walls were thick, and our doors and windows were shut. Too late we remembered that some men had broken half the glass in the kitchen windows only the day before; and that the dining-room window was open!

"We were very frightened, and I ran to have Daniel come into the house before we served the dinner.

"When he came, I served the man his dinner, and as I was bringing in the beans, he saw Daniel in the kitchen, and called to him. Daniel came, and the man asked if he would row him across the river to the Van Brunt farm. He asked, too, just where that farm was.

"As Daniel looked out of the window to point it out, he saw Captain Beverly trotting along the river road to our house. Captain Beverly was a red-coat captain who was stationed in the neighborhood, and who came to see us. I think, my child, that I was the cause of his frequent visits.

"Daniel refused to go, because he dared not be out of the house when Beverly called. We feared that he suspected our loyalty to the Colonies. Daniel explained some of this to the man. He was willing, though, to hide the man's horse from Beverly.

"He went out of the house, and took the horse down to the cellar of the barn, where he left it, and came back.

"In the meantime the man had told us that he was General Washington, and asked us to hide him somewhere.

"There was no time to be lost, and I led him downstairs to the cellar. There I showed him a stone in the wall which turned and let him into a passage to the river. And I told him that I would come for

him when it was safe. Then I left him, and, filling a tankard with our peach cider, went upstairs to the kitchen to greet our guest.

"Beverly, or, as he wished me to call him, Jack, said that he was looking for a Colonial spy, and that he had to search every house where he might be hidden. He searched for Washington high and low; he looked through every room from cellar to garret very carefully, but in the cellar he was not quite careful enough; he did not find the opening.

"When, finally, he decided that Washington was not there, it was nearly supper-time; and so mother and I again prepared a meal. This time, you may be sure, we did no talking.

"At last supper was ready, and I went to call Daniel. His answer came from the dining-room where he was staying with Captain Beverly. The Captain suspected that Daniel had been about to start for the Rebel camps, and on seeing him had put his horse back. So, Daniel was forbidden to leave the Captain's sight.

"For supper, we gave the Captain a tankard of very old grape wine, and he, who was young and not used to hard drinking, went to sleep in his chair.

"When I saw that Captain Beverly was asleep, I went down cellar with some supper for the General. Daniel went with me to carry the lantern. While the General was eating, he again asked Daniel to go across with him, and Daniel again had to refuse. He dared not go, because if Beverly wakened with Daniel not in sight, he might burn the house. The General could not take a boat, because he did not know the currents, and besides, if Beverly should find a boat gone, we would be homeless.

"Suddenly, I heard my own voice asking if I couldn't row the General across, and the voice of General Washington assenting. We were to go right away, and Daniel went upstairs to get me a cloak. While we waited, I saw the cellar over again with new eyes. The bunches of herbs, hanging from the rafters, made queer shadows in the lantern-light. The rows of barrels and bins had never seemed so beautiful a brown before. The crocks of preserves and of pickles shone under the lantern-light, and the end of the cellar that was our dairy-room was never so sweet and clear. For a brook ran through the dairy-room, with only stepping stones to walk on, and the crocks of milk and butter were kept there in the running water. That night even the gurgle of the brook sounded sad and foreboding.

"I had looked at all of these things, and was looking at the stairs, with the one in the middle over which I always tripped, when the stair door opened, and Daniel threw my cloak down. As it went through

the air, a corner of it caught a string of peppers, and they fell on the floor together. The red peppers looked like great goutts of blood on my coat, and I shivered and turned to go.

"The underground passage seemed long, and terribly dark, although it really was neither; but finally we came out of it in a thicket of bushes on the river bank. There he waited while I got a boat and came for him.

"It was still too early for a moon, and the stars did not give much light; but the mountains on either side of the river were black against the dark gray sky, and from the river I could see the lights in our windows.

"The currents are treacherous in a part of the river, and I had hard work rowing across. Once, the General offered to row in my place, but I dared not let him. It was over at last, and I let him out at the foot of the Van Brunt lane. He thanked me, and I turned around and rowed back home. I had just reached our shore when the moon came out; so I hurried into the house with an armful of lilies that I had picked on the way. The subterfuge was not necessary, however, for Beverly had gone.

"Years later, when the war had ended, a package came to me and in this package was this silver comb, and this note:

"It has often been a source of serious regret to me, not to have been able to see and thank you in person for your courageous rescue of my life from British hands, and my plans from oblivion. For these reasons, it has been my ardent wish to remind you, not only by words, but by the more enduring token of this comb, of my permanent gratitude.

"Believe me, dear madame, your obedient servant,

"'Geo. Washington.'"

ALICIA HILDRETH ANDREWS.



Kissing is just the language of love, but some boys speak seven languages.



To use a handy little trot  
I haven't any scruples,  
'Cause those who use one all along  
Become such brilliant pupils.

## EDWARD NORTHINGTON

The story of Edward Northington's life is not known to many people, but an account of his death is still kept among the archives of our national heries.

Edward Northington was born in New York City, April 20, 1892. His father, James Northington, was a wealthy banker. All during his early years the boy was lavished with all the luxuries of wealth. When he was about to enter the University of Pennsylvania, his mother died. He had been greatly attached to her, and her death was a bad blow to him.

Edward had intended to enter the University in 1910, but he delayed idly until 1911 before actually entering. All through college he showed what an effect his mother's death had had upon him. He cared little about anything except reading. After his graduation, his father wished him to enter his business, but Edward took no interest in it. For the two years following this period, he spent most of his time at different clubs. He became known as "the fellow with more money than time." To be sure, he had a great amount of both. At last even his father had to admit that his son was of no use except to spend his money. Often had his father censured him, but always with the same reply, "I'm not interested."

At last, in 1917, when our foreign relations were becoming rather strained, America entered the World War. Edward had followed the events of the war closely, and when America called for men, he went. His friends were as much surprised as his father. Everyone asked, "Why sacrifice your fortune and your future?" He would only reply, "It is my duty." And so he went.

Little was heard of him after his arrival in France, except of his commission as an officer. This made his father rejoice, for he hoped that at last his son was going to find his place in the world. The ensuing months of strife, turmoil, and waiting, brought little news of Northington, until one day his father received a large letter from the United States government.

In cold type and with simple words was told the story of the heroic death of Edward Northington, on the third of December, 1918. He had died in an attempt to dislodge a machine-gun nest which had been endangering his company. Alone and unaided he had crippled the obstacle, and in the arms of his comrades he had breathed his last, murmuring, "It was my duty, Dad."

As Mr. Northington read the account, his face whitened, and then his eyes filled with tears. Something fell to the floor, breaking his



fixed gaze. He stooped to pick up the envelope which had fallen from his hand. There on the floor were two medals, one the medal of honor of the French Republic, the other that of the United States. He picked them up and sat gazing at them for a few moments, waiting, it seemed, for a full realization to come upon him. Slowly a smile flickered across his tear-stained countenance, as he said, "And I once wronged you by thinking you were practically worthless. May I be forgiven."

GLEASON SPEENBURGH, '26.

—o—

### THE DREAMER

The moon, a single petal of a pale flower, drifted across the midnight sky. Tall, slim birch trees were admiring themselves in a silver-veined lake while a singing breeze rustled their silken dresses. Pine incense, intermingled with the faint perfume of sleeping water-lilies.

The largest, whitest water-lily slowly opened its soft petals. A tiny fairy stood in the center. Her silver dress fluttered about her, and her wings unfolded like white butterflies. She flitted, a chaste flame, to the shore, and, shivering slightly, wrapped a birch leaf around her.

She flew until she reached the edge of the woods where a white house stood surrounded by willow trees and rose bushes. She darted in an open window and rested on a small table. A young man was sitting by it, dreaming.

"Little Silver Fairy," he whispered, "are you here again?"

"Yes, Dreamer," her voice tinkled.

"Why do you come?" he asked, "In the morning I know it is a dream; yet you haunt me. You have taken my happiness away. Do not come any more."

Silver Fairy trembled.

"Dear Dreamer," she pleaded, "let me stay tonight, and I shall never trouble you again."

"You may stay tonight," he promised.

She hovered about him, patting his hair with her tiny hands, and closing his eyes with kisses like cool rose leaves.

When the first scarlet flame of dawn transformed the lifeless sky into something alive and quivering, he said, "Go, Silver Fairy, and never return."

She looked at him sadly, wistfully.

"You must come with me, Dreamer. You cannot scorn the love of a fairy. Look into my eyes!"

Spellbound, he obeyed. He saw a great, silver water-lily on a rose-tinted lake. Its petals were open, revealing its heart of burnished gold.

"Will you come with me, and be my king?" she asked softly.

He forgot everything, his wife, his home, his friends. He saw only the fairy in her silver dress.

"Yes, yes," he cried. "I will go anywhere with you."

He followed her to the lake. She flew to the water-lily.

"Come," she sang, stretching her slender arms to him, "come to me."

Blindly he staggered into the water. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the dead body of a man was found among the water-lilies on Haunted Lake. His face wore a strangely beautiful smile.

The newspapers said that there was nothing unusual found in his study, where he was believed to have spent his last hours, except a withered birch leaf. The nearest birch tree was three miles from the house.

HELEN B. OTIS, '27.

—o—

Nine-tenths of the conceit in this world is monopolized by Senior High School Boys.

—o—

#### WHERE THE PERIL LAY

A traveler, passing through a colored settlement, heard cries of anguish. Rounding a turn in the lane, he came upon a large black woman who unmercifully was belaboring a small wailing pickaninny.

"Wait a minute," said the stranger. "What's the boy done to deserve such a beating?"

"He's done plenty," stated the woman, pausing with hand uplifted. "He tuk an' left de chicken-coop do' open an' all de chickens got out an' run off."

"I wouldn't worry about that," said the gentleman, anxious to save the offender from further punishment. "You know how chickens are—they'll come back home."

"Come back?" Her voice rose to a pestered shriek. "Huh,—they'll *go* back!"



## ALUMNI NOTES

MILNE HIGH SENIORS AND "THEIR SISTERS AND COUSINS AND  
AUNTS" WHO HAVE BEEN STUDENTS AT MILNE

Carrie Quay .....	Florence Quay
Margaret Winne .....	
Meredith Winne .....	Helen Winne
Janice Storrs .....	Francis Storrs
Gleason Speenburgh .....	Vera Speenburgh
Amilia Carr .....	Clara Carr
Eleanor Weeber .....	Thelma Dederick
	Janet Goldring
	Joyce Goldring
Fred Goldring .....	Grace Goldring
	Katherine Goldring
	Winifred Goldring

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STATE COLLEGE, NEW YORK, *March 8, 1926.*

*Dear Milnites:*

I have discovered from several years' experience in Milne that it is customary for alumnae to be reminiscent. Now, I have been told that that is a sign of old age—a college instructor said so, so it must be true—but alumnae, providing they are not over twenty-five are still comparatively young. However, in order to avoid any suspicion of my being near the old age point, I will endeavor not to dwell on past years. It may be impossible.

I really should tell you all about the terrors of freshmanhip; the blood-curdling events of Get-Wise night; the horrors of Sophomore disdain. But all that is an old story, and, like many stories—you know how it is: most of you write them—slightly exaggerated.

Studies? Oh, yes. I have survived the intricacies of College Algebra, but whether or not Trig leaves me unscathed is still in the dark mystery of the future. I like English best. I don't have to take Freshman English, so have a really enjoyable course in literature.

I must tell you of our system of marks. Perhaps you have heard of it: A—awful; B—bad; C—creditable; D—delightful; E—excellent. In fact, the latter is so excellent that the one who receives it is entertained by the Dean in his office. In extreme cases the recipient is even allowed to stop taking that subject, the professor realizing he

cannot be taught anything more about it. It is really a remarkable system.

I suppose the Seniors are thinking of essays and graduation. I remember that last year at this time—there I go: I really should be careful.

I can't think of anything more that I ought to write to make it a conventional alumnae letter. I hope this one hasn't bored you. Please be generous and remember that, like most other stories, it is slightly exaggerated.

Best luck to the Senior Class and "Crimson and White."

MARION E. CONKLIN, '25.

— o —

#### RECENT COPIES OF FAMILIAR MAGAZINES

I. On the cover of *World's Work*, March, 1926, appears the title "The Clash of Wilson and Bryan and Revelations of the Cabinet's Talks on 'The Danger of War with Japan,' a narrative from the Diary of Secretary David F. Houston." You who are among the followers of Woodward Wilson will find this most instructive and interesting.

*World's Work* also contains an article on the new plans for Stone Mountain Memorial, by Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor for the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association.

II. The March *Mentor* has in it the life of Joan of Arc, that famous French heroine, along with copies of paintings and pictures of statues illustrating various phases of her life. The article is by Albert Bigelow Paine, who has written *Maid of France*, and also, that for which he is better known, a biography of Mark Twain.

III. *The Atlantic Monthly* contains, as usual, the best of material which one can find—poems, stories, essays, and items on economic conditions and politics. *Wait for Me!* is a poem by Fannie Stearns Gifford which is especially appealing. Those who are interested in poetry would like the manner in which all the fascinations of spring are presented.

*Uniform for Thoughts*, by Margaret Lynn, tells of all the twists and quirks our English vocabulary can have.

There are also articles on France's problems, and on the Philippines.

IV. *The Outlook* for March 3, 1926, contains the first installment of the autobiography of a "Son of the City," entitled "An East Side American."

There are also four of the best cartoons, which add to the general interest in the magazine.

V. In the *Scientific American* for March is an article entitled "Peace Time Uses for Poison Gas." Some of the uses pictured are curing colds, destroying the boll-weevil, spreading disinfecting gases by a hand grenade, and finishing a tennis court by a chemical which, while being put on, gives off a deadly gas.

VI. "The Amateur Stage" is, of course, the page of the *Theater Magazine* which is most interesting to Milnites. Certainly the tomb-scene from *Romeo and Juliet* here pictured looks perfect. In the contest between Seniors and Juniors, which is to come, let us hope that there will be just such perfection.

VII. In the *Good-Housekeeping* for March, there are three hundred seventy guaranteed "ads," while there are two hundred ninety-nine pages. Let us not set our standard by this magazine, for, by the same ratio, we should have only forty-three "ads!"

VIII. Read, in the *Literary Digest* for February 27, 1926, "Foxy Gossoons are Izzy and Moe," and learn about the comedian-Prohibition enforcers. Also, in the March 6th *Digest*, are two very interesting articles, "How Young Teddy and Kermit Grew Whiskers," and "Teaching the Deaf by Radio."

IX. In *The Ladies Home Journal* for March, is begun "The One I Knew Least of All," Maude Adams' own story. Who is there who does not want to know more of Peter Pan, Lady Bobbie, and Amanda? The story is to be continued in next month's issue. It is well worth your while to read all the installments.

X. The March *National Geographic Magazine* has twenty-two of the First Natural Color Photographs from the Arctic, along with ninety-eight other illustrations, pictures taken from various parts of the world including Egypt, Singapore, and Transylvania, a new province of Rumania.

—o—

G. B. S.—"I heard you're engaged?"

D. T. S.—"I heard the same thing."

G. B. S.—"Who is she?"

D. T. S.—"That's what I've been trying to find out for the past month."

# SCHOOL NOTES



## ADELPHOI

The office of President fell again to Fred Goldring, with Ed Osborn as Vice-President. Heath Cole retained his office as Secretary; and when Edgar Bowen left us, Gleason Speenburgh was elected Treasurer in his place. Ray Kroll is now Master of Ceremonies, and Mr. Jordan retained his office of Sergeant-at-Arms.

Adelphoi anticipates some interesting activities throughout the remainder of the year. The weekly programs have been enjoyable, and there are more to follow.

A number of new members have been elected, but as yet no definite plans for the initiation have been laid. There is, however, a committee on it; and Adelphoi looks forward to an enjoyable initiation.

H. C.



## QUIN NOTES

The new officers of Quin for this semester are:

President .....	Meredith Winne
Vice-President .....	Jean Gillespy
Recording Secretary .....	Catherine Traver
Corresponding Secretary .....	Evelyn Pitts
Treasurer .....	Helen West
Senior Editor .....	Eleanor Stephenson
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Beatrice Case
Pianist .....	Helen Heim
Marshall .....	Betty Crisp

Three upper classmen—Eleanor Curtis, Anne Lerner, and Laura Pierce—have joined our ranks. They will be initiated with the eligible Frosh. All plans for initiations have been completed and we are looking forward to a *grand* and *glorious* time! Here's luck to you, future Quin girls! (You'll need it.) We know you'll be as asset to our society.



#### ZETA SIGMA

A sign of Sigma spirit that has been well manifested during the last semester was the large attendance at the regular weekly meeting. Girls! Continue the regularity. We sincerely hope this semester will be as successful as the last under our new leadership. Mildred Fischer is president, Virginia Ward vice-president, Jerry Griffin secretary, Pearle Osher treasurer, Arlene Dwyer marshal, Edna Roshirt senior editor, Esther de Heus mistress of ceremonies, and Norma Lyon critic.

Invitations have been issued for our next event, "initiation," to which we are eagerly looking forward.

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#### STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

On Saturday night, April tenth, the annual "Q. T. S. A." dance will be held in the gymnasium of State College. The members of the four societies, Quintilian, (Theta Nu), Zeta Sigma, and Adelphoi give such a dance each year; and the proceeds form a prize for that Senior who has had the most and best school spirit, and has done the most for Milne High School during his four years' study. Happy is the Senior who receives this one hundred dollars, along with other prizes, on his Graduation Day!

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An Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship began to write his name with his right hand, then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat!" asked the officer.

"Yis, sor," replied Pat. "When I was a boy, me father (rist him!) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut your finger nails wid your left hand, for some day ye might lose the right!'"

## SCHOOL NOTES

Second semester has begun, and if it is as successful as last was, all will be well. The school reception is creditably over, and the Q. T. S. A. dance is just ahead, the tenth of April. We hope the dance will be as fine as the reception. Mid-years are over, too, to our great relief.

There are two new additions to Milne which we are glad to welcome—our school orchestra and the girls' Glee Club. Thanks to Miss Rhein's ability, both have performed well several times in Chapel, as well as giving a tea dance to raise money for the benefit of the orchestra. The tea dance was a success, and we feel proud to say that it is typical of the spirit that is rising in Milne. Good luck to them both in the future!

Dramatics Club and French Club, too, are in full swing. Under the direction of Miss Hampel the Dramatics Club presented three one-act plays early in December. We congratulate the casts, and we are sure that with Miss Flanigan this semester the Club will continue to flourish.

All our classes have organized now. The Senior Class has started work with Eleanor Stephenson, president; Edward Osborn, vice-president; Brenda Coulson, secretary; and Eleanor Weeber, treasurer.

The Junior Class has the following officers: President, Renetta Miller; vice-president, Marion Wallace; secretary, Geraldine Griffin; treasurer, Ruth Anderson.

The Sophomore Class elected Bill Kingsley president, Charles O'Neill vice-president, and Bob Ramroth secretary-treasurer.

The Freshman Class have organized with Oliver York as president, Marie Judd as vice-president, William Deragon as secretary, and William Sharp as treasurer.

At present the Seniors and Juniors are greatly interested in a challenge which the Senior Class issued in Chapel Wednesday, February twenty-fourth—a challenge for the Juniors to contest with the Seniors in putting on an act from one of Shakespeare's plays, without outside help of any kind, in the way they think the author would have interpreted the act. The contest will be staged in Chapel in the near future. This is one of the first moves that has been made towards any inter-class rivalry. May it lead to something greater!

Milne is showing her spirit in another way, too. She is surely proud of her basketball team. With the Goldring-Gipp-Liebach combination and the wholesome support of the rest of the team, wonders have been accomplished. With only two defeats recorded for the season, and with two smashing victories over Alco and Silver Bay, the

team has put Milne "on the map," so to speak. There has been dancing after each game with the music furnished by the "Romancers" orchestra. Perhaps this has been an attraction, for the attendance at the games has been fairly good. We're glad to show the team we're back of them.

D. B., '26.

Can you imagine—

Edgar Bowen counting his calories?  
 Eleanor Stephenson razzing the Scouts?  
 Willis McKinney preaching a sermon?  
 Alicia Andrews without her pocketbook?  
 Kay Wilson as Peter Pan?  
 Alden Rosbrook without his curly hair?  
 Helen Otis with no poem book?  
 Oliver York not talking to a girl?  
 Pauline Smith six feet tall?  
 Do Brimmer without her homework?  
 Ray Kroll in rompers?

#### MAGAZINES AND MILNITES

Woman's Home Companion.....	Oliver York
Everybody's .....	Edgar Bowen
Literary Digest .....	David Saunders
Physical Culture .....	Eleanor Weeber
Scholastic .....	Fred Goldring
Smart Set.....	Storrs, Lyon, Fischer
True Romance.....	Ed and K
Youth's Companion .....	Harriet Hughes
The Red Book.....	Crimson and White
Snappy Stories.....	Excuse from homework

In Sunday School we get a blessing  
 Every time we give a penny.  
 I hope the same is true of paying  
 Our assessments, which are many.



## BASKETBALL

Milne is about to close a rather successful season on the basketball court. To date, the team has gathered in six victories out of eight starts. Scarcely any of these were very closely contested. Nearly all of Milne's victories were by scores of from ten to twenty points over their opponents. The following are the scores of each game:

	Milne	Opponents
Milne vs. Castleton High .....	41	14
Milne vs. St. Joseph's .....	15	16
Milne vs. State Teachers College Reserves.....	16	14
Milne vs. St. Joseph's .....	10	22
Milne vs. Silver Star A. C. ....	43	10
Milne vs. Alco Drafting .....	46	9
Milne vs. Silver Bay School .....	26	16
Milne vs. Ravena High .....	43	10
Total .....	242	111

— 0 —



Exchange! This is a small word with a large meaning. The dictionary says that exchange means to give and receive reciprocally, but to us it means a department in the "Crimson and White." We don't want a small department in one corner of our magazine. We want one as large and equally as good as the other departments. Students, you can help. If you have come from other schools to join the ranks of Milne, please give the Exchange Editor the name of your former school so that we may arrange an exchange. Or, if you are acquainted with high schools other than those on our list, just do the same. Thank you!

MEREDITH WINNE, Exchange Editor.



## WHAT WE SAY ABOUT OTHERS

*Occident*, West High School, Rochester—

Very interesting and clever publication! But why not have an Exchange Department?

*Panorama*, Binghamton High School—

Your magazine has an interesting Literary Department and "newsy" notes.

*Shucis*, Schenectady High School—

We like your book very much indeed. Every department seems complete. Why not add a few more cuts?

*High School Recorder*, Saratoga Springs High—

A very enjoyable publication! Your editorials are very interesting. "Miss Peppy's Diary" and "Miss Peppy's Advice to the Lovelorn" are indeed amusing.

*The Clarion*, Lynbrook High School—

A magazine with well arranged and well balanced departments! Your jokes show good selection.

*The Irvonian*, Irving School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson—

What has happened to your Literary Department? Your Cover design and cuts are very clever.

*Student's Pen*, Pittsfield High School—

Your book certainly shows poetic ability. "Book Review" is an interesting department, but why not have a cut for it?

*Hartwick Seminary*, Hartwick Seminary—

An interesting monthly publication.

*The Oracle*, Rensselaer High School—

Your jokes are clever. Class and society notes are a great asset to your paper.

*The Torch*, Briarcliff Manor High School—

Your Literary Department is fine. We like the idea of many short stories.

*Picayune*, Batavia High School—

"An Open Letter to the Spirit of the Picayune" is very interesting and must mean very much to the *Picayune* staff.

*Red and White*, Todd Seminary for Boys—

Welcome to our exchange list. Your cuts and cartoons are unique. You need a larger Literary Department.

*Tattler*, Walton High School—

Another new exchange! Welcome! Your paper is "newsy," and that is the kind we like to read.

*Volcano*, Hornell High School—

Your paper certainly does justice to its name.

*The Recorder*, Central High, Syracuse—

Your articles are very interesting. "These Seniors" is quite the cleverest thing, although we don't think all Seniors act like that.

*Rensselaer Polytechnic*, R. P. I., Troy, N. Y.—

Welcome, R. P. I., to our exchange. Your "Pictorial" is very interesting and instructive.

*Academe*, Girls' Academy—

We can always heartily praise the *Academe*. We especially enjoyed "Walter Van Wie," in the Thanksgiving number. Just a few more humorous articles, *Academe*.

*The Cue*, Albany Boys' Academy—

An extraordinary number of ads! May *The Cue* keep up such work.

Your cuts are interesting, as well as the literary articles. We commend your Athletic Department.

#### WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT US

A clever, well written book. We feel, however, that your magazine is too good for such a thing as your "Cupid's Column." Congratulations on your publication!

*The Clarion.*

Hi there!—We think your Version of the Twenty-third Psalm was quite the cleverest thing! We suggest you enlarge your School Notes Department.

*Shucis.*

Your magazine is a credit to Milne High. We like the idea of mixing the jokes with the ads. It greatly improves your paper.

*The Picayune.*

You have a very good joke department, but would it not improve it greatly if you kept your advertisements out of it? Your Literary Department is well developed.

*The Student's Pen.*

What is the matter with the athletics of the school? You should have something in about some of the sports.

*The Irvonian.*

A sense of humor is a fine feature for any magazine and is well developed in the "Crimson and White." We think, however, that more space for Athletics and less for "Cupid's Column" would raise the standard of the paper.

*The High School Recorder.*

Your stories certainly are well written, but we miss an Athletic Department. Class notes would make your magazine more "newsy."

*High School Panorama.*

You have a splendid book with a strong Literary Department.

*Occident.*

The department which stood out as the best in your Christmas number was Humor. As it is a rare thing for us to find a paper with a joke department that appeals to our sense of humor, we must praise your joke department highly. Why not get some of your humorists to write stories for your Literary Department? Your poets are certainly worthy of congratulation. We would also like to read a few more leaves from the diary of a Milnite, as the few you had were interesting. When we do receive the *Crimson and White*, which is but seldom, we derive great pleasure from reading it.

*The Cue.*

—————o—————

A famous New York beauty has disappeared! Perhaps she washed it off.

—————o—————

A kind-hearted gentleman, hearing a dog howling mournfully, decided to investigate the animal's ailment. He found the dog sitting calmly upon his haunches but still emitting agonized yelps.

"Oh, he's just lazy," returned the owner unconcernedly.

"But laziness won't make a dog howl."

"No, but that dog is sitting on a sand-burr."



## SO MANY OF THEM DO

A foreign pianist was engaged to act as accompanist for an aspiring amateur singer. The amateur was a lady. She had bounding ambitions but her technique was faulty. This defect became manifest at the first rehearsal.

After the poor woman had flatted and flatted until she had flatted practically all her notes, the accompanist waved her to silence.

"Madam," he said mournfully, "it is no use. I gif up der chob. I blay der black keys, I blay der white keys—und always you sing in der cracks!"

— o —

 PRIDE

A little boy was on his knees recently one night, and auntie, staying at the house, was present.

"It is a pleasure," she said to him, afterward, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak so earnestly and seriously, and mean what you say, and care about it."

"Ah!" he answered, "ah, but, auntie, you should hear me gargle!"

— o —

A fool there was, and he saved his rocks,  
 Even as you and I;  
 But he took them out of the old strong box  
 When a salesman called with some wild-cat stocks,  
 And the fool was stripped down to his socks,  
 Even as you and I.

— o —

Love is a disease—pleasant if there's someone sick with you, but fatal if you're isolated.

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