

The
Crimson and White

Sophomore Issue



February 1920

Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.

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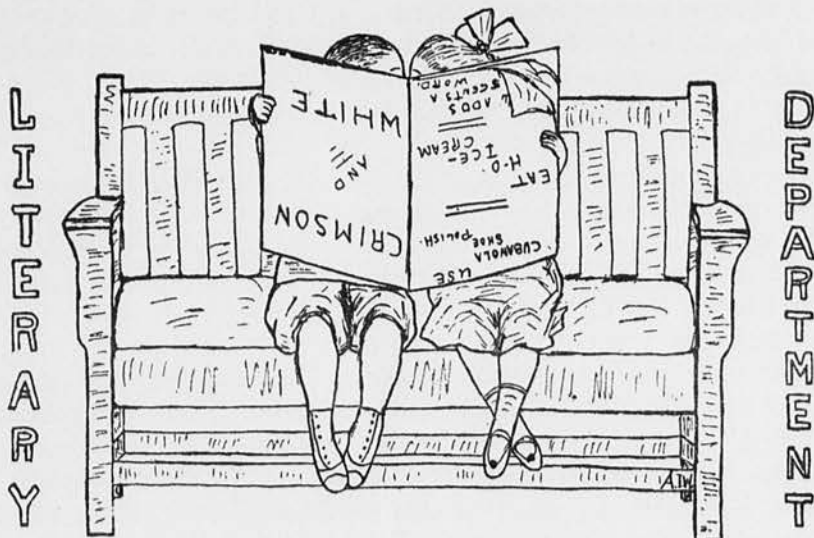
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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVI

FEBRUARY 1920

No. 3



A SCHOOL EPISODE

Silence fell on the study hall, so unusual, so ominous, that all eyes turned expectantly toward the platform. The principal stood there, his face dark and stern. A sudden fear seized the minds of the students, and they almost felt sorry for themselves although they knew not why.

"Something of an extremely serious and inexcusable nature has occurred!" began he of the severe countenance. They all glanced wonderingly at one another, and then turned their eyes again to the speaker.

"Some one has been inexcusably irreverent to such a degree—"

Their amazement increased as the words continued.

"So unpatriotic in such an unheard of manner—committed such a grave misdemeanor calling for no punishment other than instant suspension—or, more properly, expulsion.

All the pupils gazed around the room in utter astonishment. What could it mean? Again their attention turned toward the principal.

"—And so irreverant, I repeat, to the father of his country, as to remove the bust of George Washington from its accustomed pedestal and to place in its stead a dishpan."

On the last word, without warning, and with one accord, the whole assembly burst into an uproar of laughter.

Suddenly, however, it became quiet again as the principal continued:

"There is no occasion for such unwonted hilarity. All means will be taken to discover the offender and to have him duly punished; and if this or any similar occurrence takes place again, there will be—"

But no one heard the rest; all were pitying the culprit, whoever he might be.

The principal walked up one aisle and down another, addressing a question to each boy in turn and receiving without exception a firm and decided "no" in reply.

Wouldn't the offender acknowledge his guilt? Could they blame him if he did not?

Suddenly a senior arose:

'Sir, I believe the janitor removed the bust of George Washington and placed in its stead a dishpan because there was a leak in the roof.'

Well, it would be useless to attempt to describe the ensuing scene. But now the principal knows what there is to a matter before he speaks about it; and George Washington smiles benignly from his pedestal for the leak in the roof has been mended.

DEWITT C. ZEH, '22

*
THE COW

Oh cow! how canst thou be so satisfied,
 So well content with all things here below,
 So unobtrusive, and so sleepy-eyed,
 So meek, so lazy and so awful slow?
 Dost thou not know that everything is mixed,
 That naught is as it should be on this earth,
 That grievously the world needs to be fixed,
 That nothing we can gain has any worth,
 The times are hard and life is full of care,
 Of sin and trouble and untowardness,
 That love is folly, friendship but a snare?
 Bah! cow, this is no time for laziness.
 The cud thou chewest is not what it seems.
 Get up! Tear 'round and quit your lazy dreams.

SYLVIA ESTABROOK, '22

ALICE'S JOKE

Alice Miller came running up the terrace from the lake. She was furious. Her brother, Tom, and his friends had refused absolutely to let her go with them on the hike up Bull Hill mountain. Alice knew that in the evening her brother intended to take Mildred Allen in the auto to the Country Club dance. She had been planning revenge, and the more she thought about it, the more determined she grew to carry out her plans.

Suddenly she stopped and looked around. From where she stood she could see the lake plainly. A boat carrying one passenger was coming swiftly across it. As it touched the shore, the man jumped out and dragged the boat half-way up on the sand. The person that Alice saw was a young chap with dark curly hair and very black eyes. He was tall and his kind, pleasant face was brown from recent sunburn.

Alice was a very impulsive girl, and so, instead of calling to him or asking his name, she ran as fast as she could down to the shore of the lake to meet him. When the young man saw a pretty girl coming down the steps to meet him, he stopped short in his tracks and smiled in a somewhat surprised fashion.

"Can you drive an auto?" she questioned without waiting to get her breath.

"Why, yes, I can," answered the young man.

"If I tell you this," said Alice, "you must do exactly as I say and not mention it to anyone. I will pay you all my months allowance.

The man looked puzzled at first, but seeing how anxious she was to carry out her plans, he promised to do as she said and to enter into the adventure. Alice explained that she wanted to play a joke on her brother, Tom. In order to get revenge she wanted him to take the auto out that evening to prevent her brother from using it. She would give him the key to the Miller garage, and he must come after dark and quietly take the car and drive out the back way. He was to keep the car out a few hours and then return it to Williams' garage at 320 Main Street in the village. She explained that the Williams were friends of the family.

"Are you sure you can get the car away without being heard?" she asked.

"Yes. I can drive and will return it safely, but where is your garage?"

She told him that the Miller's garage was situated some distance back of the house so that the noise of the engine would not be

noticed. The young man agreed to do his best and said that he would see her at the post office the following morning.

That evening as Alice climbed into bed, she thought of what a good joke it would be on her brother. Her thoughts were also of a handsome young man with dark curly hair.

When she awoke on the following morning, all the family were down stairs earlier than usual. Alice dressed quickly and ran down into the breakfast room. The family were all talking excitedly, and her father looked very anxious.

"Alice", explained her father, "the car was stolen last night. Someone has broken the window in the garage and run away with the car. I have notified the police and they are now trying to find it."

Alice sank down into the nearest chair. She was surprised and disappointed to think that such a nice reliable young man should steal the car. Then she thought of what the young man had said as he left her yesterday. Perhaps he would come to the postoffice. She had to go there anyway and would look for him.

Alice arose from the chair and announced her intention of going to the village for the mail. When she approached the postoffice, she saw no young man. With her courage at low ebb she entered the office and asked for her letters and papers. There were none for her. As she turned, the young man entered the office and came toward her with his hand outstretched and a smile on his face.

"The car is safe, Miss Miller," he told her, "I returned the car to Williams' garage last night. If you will walk over with me, I will drive you home."

Alice's father was bewildered to see his daughter come riding home in the stolen car with a strange man.

"Why Bob, old pal!" hailed Tom, "when did you arrive?"

Then Alice learned that her hired chauffeur was Tom's college friend. The family gathered on the porch, and Alice told her joke, explaining how she had met Bob and asked him to take the car out. Her people were all amazed at her story but realized that her joke had saved the car from the robbers.

ELIZABETH KENNEDY, '22



"To love one's self is the beginning of a life-long romance."



"If all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, from which everyone must take an equal portion, most people would be content to take their own and depart."

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. VI

ALBANY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 3

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of the M. H. S.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5 copies) payable in advance..... \$0.75
 Single copies30

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Probably the day which, next to Christmas, birthdays and the Fourth of July, is the dearest to the hearts of most children is St. Valentine's Day. What fun they have cutting out hearts, cupids, and darts from blood red paper; and after much pasting and laborious printing, what sport it is to put one of these remembrances, so called Valentines, under some friend's door and to run away without being seen. Even young people and grownups enjoy themselves on this day. Their fun, however, usually takes the form of parties and dances where the decorations and frequently the costumes consist of the same vivid red hearts and pink cheeked cupids which seem to symbolize the day. Strangely enough, though, everyone appears

to take the day for granted; very seldom does anyone question its meaning or how the custom of observing it began.

It has been generally understood that the fourteenth of February, which is called St. Valentine's Day was so called after a certain man who was martyred at Rome many, many years ago. Nothing definite is known about this, but it is quite certain that the thought connected with the day grew out of something else. Long ago people believed that on the fourteenth of February the birds always choose their mates. A custom was established in England and Scotland by which on this day each young bachelor and maiden received by lot a person of the opposite sex to be his or her "valentine" for the coming year. This was a sort of mock betrothal and was marked by the exchange of presents. It is also said that this same exchange of remembrances or gifts took place between the married couples.

From this custom has probably come our present observance of the day, and it is, indeed, a pleasing practice if we exclude that form of valentine which has arisen in the past few years consisting of ludicrous and often vulgar caricatures. There are many other explanations of this celebration but this seems quite as probable as any, for the most frequent of the sentiments, which we receive on the fourteenth of February is,

"Will you be my Valentine?"



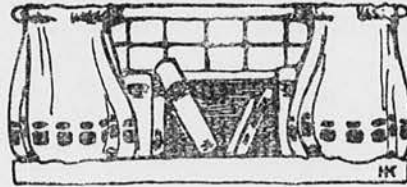
We have all passed the half-way mark in this school year now and it's time to begin to think of our finals in June. It seems rather early, doesn't it, but didn't most of us wish we had thought a little sooner last semester?

The seniors especially have got to buckle down and work a little harder. Go to it, seniors! You have the making of a record breaking class.

Of course, the other classes have need of a little exertion, too, but we're none of us going to work so hard that we can't enjoy ourselves. Trust it to Milne people to have a good time!



The Board of Editors wish to announce that the story in the last issue of the paper entitled "One of 150,000" was written by Helen B. Kirtland, '21. The name of the author was omitted by mistake.



SCHOOL NOTES

We enjoyed two weeks of fun during Christmas vacation and came back to school only to prepare for those hated exams. Some came out gloriously and, as usual, passed everything. Others, who did not do quite so well, have decided that they must work harder the last semester.

Although we were sorry to part with our old teachers, we know it was necessary and were rather anxious to have the second semester start, so that we might become acquainted with our new instructors.

The freshman girls have been having a very busy time of late. A few weeks ago, the Quin girls took them on a sleighride. They went to Catherine Phibbs' home, where they were very nicely entertained. The Friday after Christmas vacation, the Sigma girls gave a little party for them.

Dances seem to be the main topic this year in Milne High. The first one in order was the Junior dance, which was held February 14 in the college gymnasium.

Adelphoi is planning a dance for the latter part of February or the first part of March. The Athletic Association is also planning one for the early part of March. The final arrangements have not been made for either one of these dances, however.

Milne has made a splendid record at basketball this year (*see Athletic Notes*). The games have been well worth seeing. Let's have everybody out to every game during the rest of the season. Show the boys we're backing them—incidentally you'll see a good game and have a fine time at the dancing afterwards.



"Money is a good servant, but a bad master."



"Many a live wire would be a dead one if it weren't for the connections."



ALUMNI NOTES

Eleanor Dunn, '14, Q. L. S., is teaching in Ft. Covington, New York.

Francis Vosburgh, '14, is technologist in a laboratory at Hartford, Conn.

Harriet Tedford, '14, Q. L. S., was recently married.

Lillian Magilton, '14, Zeta Sigma, is teaching on Long Island.

Elmetta Van Deloo, '14, Q. L. S., is teaching home economics on Long Island.

Gordon Wright, '19, a member of Adelphoi, recently visited at school. He is taking a course at Syracuse University.

Florence Emerick, ex-'20, is attending the Albany Business College.

Donald P. Booth, former member of the class of '21 and of Adelphoi, now lives at Patchogue, L. I.

Ethel Bender, ex-'21, and Gertrude Nares, ex-'20, members of Zeta Sigma, are attending the Albany Business College.

Lillian Smith, '16, a member of Zeta Sigma, is attending Russel Sage College.

Joseph Garry, ex-'20, is attending the Albany Business College.

Ray Flood, ex-'22 is attending the Albany High School.

The engagement of Mildred Birdseye, '15, a member of Q. L. S., to Walds Whitney was recently announced.

Mazie Buckmaster, ex-'21, a member of Zeta Sigma, is spending the remainder of the winter in Oklahoma.

Edward Brandow has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Alumni of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer and daughter Helen, of Syracuse, recently visited Mrs. Meyer's mother, Mrs. L. J. Gale, of Albany. Mrs. Meyer was Miss Florence Gale, a member of the class of 1913 and of Zeta Sigma.

Esther Marshman, ex-'22, a member of Q. L. S., is residing in Washington. D. C.

Gladys Herrick, '19, a member of Q. L. S., has obtained a position at Pommer's.

Alice Cain, ex-'21, is attending Miss Comfort's School.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kurz announce the birth of a son on January 31. Another student for Milne High School. Mrs. Kurz was Miss Marion Becker, a member of the class of 1913 and also a member of Zeta Sigma.

The engagement of Miss Hilda Comstock, '18, a member of Zeta Sigma, to Allen Merselis, '17, a member of Adelphoi, has been announced. Miss Comstock is now teaching school.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Due to the terrifying "mid years", we have had little time during the past month to devote to social affairs. Our programs have been made very interesting, however, with stereoptican slides, joke papers and various special features.

Several weeks ago Quin had her election of officers for the second semester, and the following girls took the oath of office:

Eleanor Abrams.....	President
Helen Kirtland.....	Vice-President
Emily Barrows.....	Recording Secretary
Miriam Snow.....	Corresponding Secretary
Velma Risley.....	Treasurer
Dorothy Hamburger.....	Mistress of Ceremonies
Frances Tompkins.....	Critic
Marion Nichols.....	Pianist
Martha Lomax.....	Marshall
Eleanor Fraser.....	Senior Editor
Catherine Phibbs.....	Junior Editor
Marion O'Connor.....	Cheer Leader

★

"It must be true as reported that jazz is dying. There is no other way to account for the weird noise it makes."



ZETA SIGMA

Sigma meetings were always fine, are now still better, and in the coming year will become the best ever.

On Friday, January the ninth, Sigma gave her annual rush for the girls. After luncheon in the cafeteria we all enjoyed a good time in the gymnasium. We are now looking forward to the initiation of the freshman girls, which will take place in February.

Sigma gave a sleighride February the sixth for the members only.

The officers for the second semester are

Lavenia Rosa.....	President
Virginia Hill.....	Vice-President
Katherine McKinlay.....	Recording Secretary
Esther Bradt.....	Corresponding Secretary
Marjorie Wilbur.....	Treasurer
Florence LeCompte.....	Senior Editor
Frances Walsh.....	Mistress of Ceremonies
Florence Ball.....	Marshall
Muriel Daggett.....	Critic
Helen Wurthman.....	Pianist

—E. M. B., '21

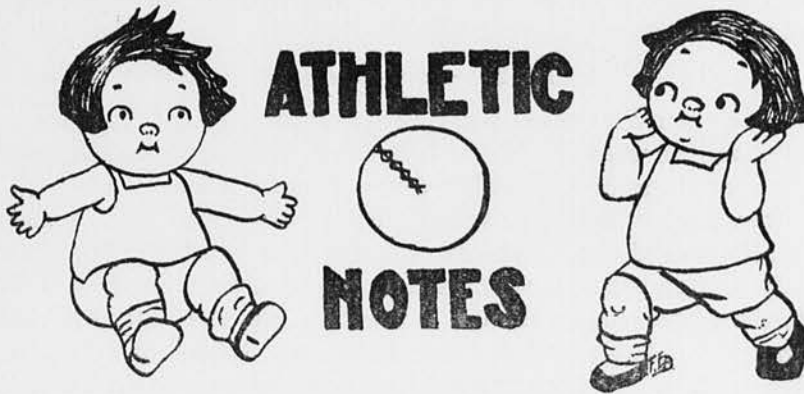


ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelphoi have continued to be very interesting this year. The society is sorry no longer to have the hearty support of Richard Van Laer, James Spoor and William Beverage, who have left school.

The Adelphoi dance will take place the middle of March. The sleighride will be held early in March also.

Active plans are being made for the annual Adelphoi Day program to be held soon.



Milne Won 13, Lost 5

Well! well! well! Who says Milne hasn't made a wonderful showing in the basketball circles this season. Despite many obstacles we have turned out a team to be proud of. The boys have played against teams coming from schools having seven and eight times the number of students, yet the Crimson and White has won many a victory for Milne.

Milne 38—Watervliet 18

How could we have done such a thing? Wasn't it a shame to treat them so harshly when they came all the way from Watervliet to Albany? We hated to do it, but you see we could not help it. "Hank" Metzger starred as usual, but say, didn't little Tommy do some playing! We'll say so!

Milne 38—C. B. A. 18

On Friday, January 9, Milne met the fast Christian Brothers Academy team which has been defeating Milne with seeming regularity. But this year Milne returned the compliment. The game was exceptionally fast and clean owing to the carefulness of Referee Springmann and the team work of the boys, which was, quoting Mr. Polt, "good—at times." The guarding of Pete Sexton was the outstanding feature of the game.

Milne 72—St. Joseph's 18

We were certainly there when St. Joseph's made their appearance on the floor, but after that we couldn't see St. Joseph's. You see, first we put the regulars in, then after they got tired, the youngsters from our second team. Everyone on the team scored at least six points. Some team! "Dave" Kirk got mad and scored seven

baskets and broke up all the defense plays of the opposing team. Get mad every game, Davie. We like it.

Milne 20—Amsterdam 13.

Having heard so much about the champions of the Amsterdam High School, we were greatly surprised and delighted when we were able to beat them, in an exciting game, January 23.

From start to finish, although greatly outweighed, the Crimson and White proved the better team. Our team work has improved decidedly and it worked wonders this time. After the first half, Amsterdam never had a chance. Metzger was the big scorer, but Sexton and Grady starred, holding the far famed Allen and DeGroff to 9 lone points. They were not able to make a single field basket in the second half.

The A. A. wishes to thank Miss Wilson, our little cheer leader, for her wonderful work in bringing some school spirit to Milne and ask for the good work to continue.

Fight! Fight! For Milne!

Come to all of our home games and some of our out of town games. Be a red-blooded booster not a slacker, and back our winning team. Remember we dance after every game.

—————*—————

“The man who doesn’t agree with you is obstinate, but *you* are firm.”

—————*—————

“Speak softly and carry a big stick.”—*Roosevelt.*

—————*—————

“A friend is one who overlooks our pet virtues and appreciates our faults.”

—————*—————

“A fib is a lie that has not cut its teeth.”

—————*—————

“The history of a people repeats itself, the history of an individual is repeated by its neighbors.”

—————*—————

“A good preacher and a bad laundry-man both bring home to you things you never saw before.”

—————*—————

“Where the judgment is weak, the prejudice is strong.”

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

APPLY HERE FOR OPINIONS

Scene—Office of the "Crimson and White" Exchange Department. The applicants for opinions are arrayed in a lengthy line on one side of the room. At a desk are seated two goggled individuals—these, dear reader, are your exchange editors.

First Exchange Editor—Ahem! Will the first applicant please step forward and state her qualifications?

(*The Oracle*, Gloversville, N. Y., a quiet young lady loudly dressed in a cerise coat, advances listlessly.)

The Oracle—I think you'll find that my "grinds" have both quality and quantity. I have five good stories to grace my literature, and I am most prominent in social life. My "Catalog of Seniors" livens up my pages considerably.

Second Exchange Editor—But, my dear young lady, your gloomy cuts look like thunder clouds; and you decidedly lack pep. Your exchange department proves that you aren't of a very critical nature. We shall place your name upon our files, and advise you to call again. Next!

(*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y., a corpulent gentlemen with a hairless cranium, struts forward in an important manner.)

The Cue—Ah, neighbor, I have called upon you twice. Upon each visit you have, no doubt, noticed my excellent literary department. My exchange editor is one of rare ability, while my athletic and social notes soar into the heavens of superiority upon the wings of genius.

First Exchange Editor—To be sure, sir; and you appreciate good jokes—but you evidently believe they must gain experience by repetition. Your application is promising; but to-day we can only ask you to honor us again by your appearance.

(As *The Cue* steps to one side, he reveals *The Echo*, Amityville, N. Y., a child small in years and stature.)

The Echo—Please, friends, this is my first appearance in your noble halls. I have just entered the literary world, boasting only of my exceptional humor.

Second Exchange Editor—Yes, my child, and you have made a worthy beginning. May a favorable wind blow your frail craft

across the seas of journalism to the port of success! We welcome you as our friend, and ask you, "Re-Echo!" Sail up, *Dreadnaught!*

The Dreadnaught, Watonga, Okla., a salty tar of sunburned complexion, breezes forward).

The Dreadnaught—Ship-ahoy, mates! I never plunge into deep thoughts; I love the surface humor, and my pages are saturated with it. My sport column can sail with the best. I have a whaling lot of originality, which nets me many compliments.

First Exchange Editor—We cannot deny the cleverness of your wit; but we consider it too much in evidence. What does your alumni editor do to keep his position? Anchor in our port again, new friend.

(*The Voice*, Youngstown, Ohio, a dignified elderly gentlemen, bows sedately to the editors).

The Voice—Critics, by my appearance you can judge me. My organization is unsurpassed; all my departments show talent and excellence. My wit furnishes rare pleasure to the frolicksome side of life.

Second Exchange Editor—Your qualifications meet all but two of our demands. We dislike the interspersions of your jokes among your advertisements and your lack of original cuts. But you have won our admiration and respect. Good-day, Sir.

(*The Dart*, Ashtabula, Ohio, an enthusiastic individual, rushes swiftly forward).

The Dart—My second call, friends. You probably have noticed my progress since my first visit. My literary department is of exceptional quality; my athletic and school notes are snappy. I claim to have P-E-P, persistence—enthusiasm—pluck.

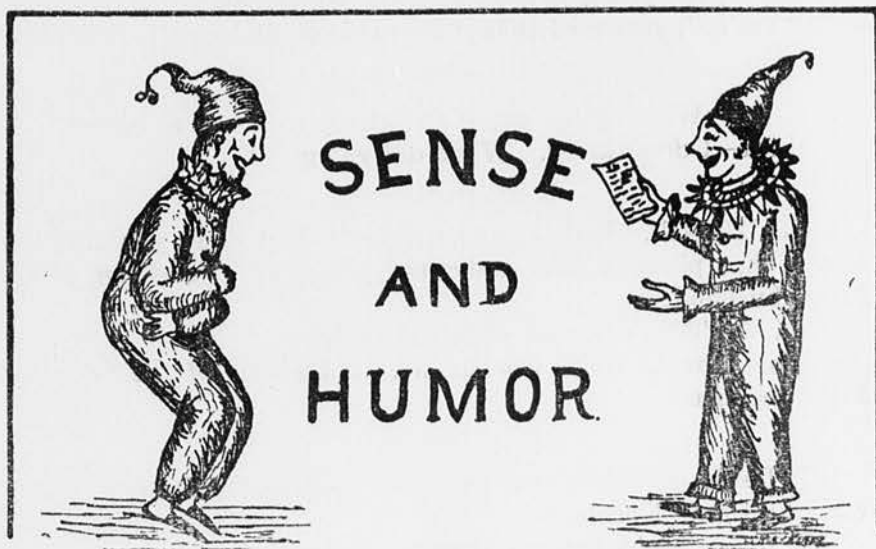
First Exchange Editor—You have a right to your claim. Was your puzzle column called "Exchange Department" by mistake? This alone has kept you from receiving a position in our highest opinion.

(The appearance of *The Forester*, Dallas, Tex., a brisk, up-to-date youth, excites the immediate admiration of the editors).

The Forester—I have come—

The Editors—You need not speak—we are already aware of your virtues. All your departments are especially commendable, but your artistic ability has gained for you the position of our highest opinion. We congratulate you. May your success continue!

(Curtain falls, while the Exchange Editors softly sing "Nobody Loves Us Any More.")



"Tommy, you may give three proofs that the world is actually round," said the teacher.

"Well, the book says so, you say so, and pa says so," replied Tommy.

—★—

Teacher—Donald, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write your father and tell him.

Donald—I don't care if you do; he wrote it for me.

—★—

W. C., '22, entered a confectioner's shop and said, "How much are those buns, please?"

"Well, I'll give you six for five cents."

"Six for five, said Bill "that's five for four, four for three, three for two, two for one, and one for nothing. Please, one is all I want."

—★—

Sophomore—Writing home for money?

Junior—Nope!

Sophomore—Then what on earth are you taking all that trouble about? You've been working on that letter for two hours.

Junior—I'm trying to write home without asking for money.

"John, can you give me a sentence with 'defence' in it?
 "Yes'm", answered John, "De cat is on de fence."

—————★—————

Grace—What would you give to have such hair as mine?
 Ruth—I don't know. What did you give?

—————★—————

F. L., '20—Oh, Marj., I'm so worried! You know you told me to put that piece of cake under my pillow and I'd dream of my future husband?

M. W., '20—Yes, dear, didn't it work?

Flo.—That's what worries me. I dreamed of the Seventy-First Regiment.

—————★—————

F. Le C., (refused a new hat) — I cook and cook for you and what do I get? Nothing!

T. C. — You're lucky, I always get indigestion.

—————★—————

R. W., '22—Did you ever see a mosquito cry.

F. B., '22—No. Did you?

Rachel—No, but I've seen a moth bawl.

—————★—————

T. N., '22—Hello, Dewitt, I've been looking for you. Have you forgotten that you owe me ten dollars?

D. Z., '22—Not yet, Tom; give me time and I will.

—————★—————

A. B., '21—Who was that new girl I saw you with last night?

H. E., '22—That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over.

—————★—————

E. P., '22—No, I don't care for that fox-terrier. His legs are too short.

Dog Fancier—You couldn't possibly have them any longer, miss. They reach right down to the ground as it is.

—————★—————

L. S., p. q.— You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?

H. W., '21—No. Who were you?

T. W., '21—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital and just got an acknowledgment from the authorities.

T. M., '21—Were they pleased?

Tom—Well, they said that every little bit helps.

—★—

F. B., '22—Do you know that I'm a great artist? I drew a hen so natural that when I threw it into the waste basket it laid there.

—★—

(They were out riding in his car).

E. C.,—Um?

R. Mc., '20—Umm!

Brakes.

—★—

“Pear.”

“One, sir? They are rather small.”

“Pair.”

“Very good, sir. Shall I serve them whole?”

“Pare.”

—★—

W. D., '20—I say, father, what is a fortification?

Father—A fortification, my son, is a large fort.

Bill—Then a ratification is a large rat.

—★—

D. P., '20 (watching a dog chase his own tail)—Dad, what kind of a dog is that?

Father—A watch dog, son.

Don—I reckon he is winding himself up then.

—★—

If she is a queer woman who does not ask questions, the woman who does is the queerest.

—★—

H. W., '21—I dropped my watch in the river and didn't recover it for three days. It kept right on running tho.

H. M., '21—A watch won't run three days.

Helen—Why of course not. I was speaking of the river.

—★—

L. B., '20—You say H. J., '23 makes his living with his pen? I didn't know he could write.

S. T., '20—Of course not! He keeps pigs.

Bright Boy—I'm a chip off the old block, ain't I pa?

Fond Father—Yes, my son.

Son—And you're the head of the family aren't you?

Father—Yes, my son.

Son—Then you're a block head, aren't you, pa?

—————★—————

W. McD., '22—Did you hear about Mr. Wood and old man Stone?

R. P., '21—No. What about them?

Billy—They met a lady wearing one of those décollete gowns, and Wood turned to Stone, and Stone turned to Wood, and then they both turned to rubber.

—————★—————

Miss Parshall in chemistry laboratory—If anything goes wrong with this experiment, we shall all be blown through the roof. Now all come closer so that you can follow me.

—————★—————

M. D., '20—He put his arms around me five times last night.

M. W. '20—Humph! He's got some arm.

—————★—————

History Teacher—When did William the Conqueror come to England?

J. S. T., '20—I don't know.

Teacher—But doesn't it say in your book—William the Conqueror, 1066?

J. S. T.—Yes, but I thought that was his telephone number.

—————★—————

No cat has nine lives.

One cat has one more life than no cat.

∴ One cat has ten lives.

—————★—————

“Where's the dog?”

“I shot him.”

“Was he mad?”

“Well, he didn't seem any too pleased about it.”

—————★—————

L. B., '20—I can't imagine what's the matter with me, doctor. I'm continually thinking about myself.

Doctor—Tut, tut! You must stop worrying over trifles.

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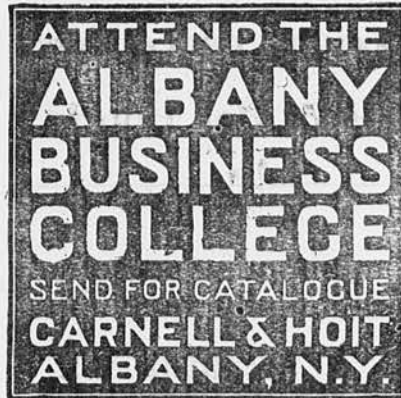
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