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# The Crimson and White

SENIOR ISSUE

June 1922





SENIOR

ISSUE

## Contents

Editorial . . . . .	101
Literature . . . . .	103
Class History . . . . .	113
Class Song . . . . .	117
Poem . . . . .	118
Class Prophecy . . . . .	119
Student Council . . . . .	125
School Notes . . . . .	126
Alumni Notes . . . . .	131
Societies—	
Adelphoi Literary Society . . . . .	133
Zeta Sigma Literary Society . . . . .	133
Quintilian Literary Society . . . . .	135
Exchanges . . . . .	137
Sense and Nonsense . . . . .	142

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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The Milne High School

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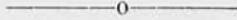


If one were asked to write a tribute to one's father or grandfather, he would consider it a very easy task. But, to write a tribute to one's school would be difficult to all but the Seniors. When boys and girls have spent four or five years in one school, they cannot help but have a fondness for it and for the memories which it holds.

We, the Senior Class feel that we have done many things which other classes have not yet thought of or taken the trouble to do. But, in truth, we have only begun them. The Student Council and its work are still in the first stages of their infancy, although an unusual amount of thought and time have been spent through it for the betterment of the school and the increasing of

school spirit. The three most impressive of these efforts were the Student Reception, the purchase of the cup, won at the track meet, and the letters, given to the active members of the athletic association. Class Day this year was really worth while because the Pageant on Historic Albany was not only interesting and pretty, but also instructive. It does us all good to renew the history of our city, so that we may be proud of it. But, the Student Council, Class Day, Athletics and the future of the school, the Senior Class leave to the underclassmen. We hope that they will work hard for each and that in that work they will remember the class of '22.

The members of the Crimson and White Board have tried this year to have a Senior issue, resembling a year book—something that has never been attempted in Milne before. Do not criticize it too harshly, underclassmen, but remember it is new, and remember that it is your task and your privilege to make it better next year and every following year.



At first she touches up her hair,  
    To see if it's in place,  
And then with manner debonair  
    She touches up her face.  
A touch to curls behind her ear,  
    A touch to silken collar,  
And then she's off to papa, dear—  
    To touch him for a dollar.



### HE REDEEMED HIMSELF.

From the window of his office John Coleman looked down upon the seething New York throng. It had come at last. War had been declared against Germany, and that great mass of people in the street showed its approval of the declaration. Every young American in that throng was willing to offer his life that democracy might be saved.

Coleman, being a virile and athletic young man, lacked none of the indomitable spirit of the American. Two years before he had been graduated from a university where he had made himself a name as an athlete. Now that his country had entered the war, the only alternative left, in his mind, was enlistment in the navy. Therefore, as all business would remain at a standstill for the rest of the day, Coleman closed the office and went out into the ever-thickening crowd. He went directly to the nearest naval enlistment headquarters and was told to return the next day for examination. The following day he received a grade of one hundred per cent on his physical examination and was assigned to a naval station on the coast.

For three months Coleman remained at the station where he was thoroughly drilled and equipped. He put a great deal of effort into his duties as a "gob" because he wished to be assigned to a ship as soon as possible. His efforts were rewarded, for his officers noticed his work and placed him among some veterans, who were to man a new destroyer recently launched at the Brooklyn Navy yard.

When Coleman reached Brooklyn, he immediately went to the navy yard where he was put under the surveillance of a petty officer who was waiting for him with one of the destroyer's life-

boats. Coleman had felt quite elated to think that he had been assigned to a destroyer, for the destroyers are the favorite boats in the service, as well as the speediest and proudest. Indeed, he did not quite realize how proud the crews of these destroyers were, and, although he noticed that all of the hands in the life-boat ignored him and seemed to have some grudge against him, he did not know that the reason for these actions on the part of the men was that he, a green and ignorant "land lubber," had been placed among one of the most efficient of the crews of veterans manning the destroyers of our navy. There was a keen rivalry among all the destroyers, or "boats" as they were called, of the Atlantic fleet. The huge super-dreadnoughts of the fleet were nick-named "wagons." The crew of the particular "boat" on which John was placed had been considerably ahead of all the other crews of the squadron. They were supreme in marksmanship, in the neatness of their ship, and in their ability to manipulate their craft as a fighting unit. They had been rewarded by having one of the newest and fastest destroyers placed in their hands, and now this "blasted greenhorn" was placed among them to mar their record.

As the life-boat pulled up alongside of the destroyer, Coleman annihilated all the remaining hopes of the men who were watching him from the deck, for he immediately proved to them that he had never been on a ship before in his life by falling up the steps leading from the deck to the life-boat. Most of the men turned away with groans, and one great, burly seaman retired through the hatch, cursing violently. From that time on Coleman was called "the land-lubber."

The first few days aboard the destroyer were the most monotonous days through which Coleman had ever lived. Not a man of the crew spoke to him unless it was absolutely necessary, and in the evening when the men were gathered together smoking, playing games, singing or having wrestling matches, the approach of "the land-lubber" cast a restraint over the whole assembly, and the men soon retired to their hammocks.

Finally the squadron of destroyers sailed for a naval base on the coast of France, and a "gob" wrote home to his sister:

"What did that infernal ignoramus do but become sea-sick. Great guns!. If the men on the other boats ever heard of that, our reputation might just as well be sunk in Davy Jones' locker. I hope that someone will transfer that fellow to a 'wagon' before we start after the subs."



The day after the arrival of the squadron at Havre, France, the men were given a free afternoon. Most of the crew was reclining about the destroyer deck. Finally, Bruce, the seaman, who had retired through the hatchway upon the arrival of Coleman, sauntered over to where "the land-lubber" was enjoying a sun-bath and told him to stand up. Coleman refused. The veteran seaman made a lunge at Coleman, but "the land-lubber" was too quick for him. The next instant Bruce's arms were pinned back of him; his great muscles were almost useless in such a hold, and the next minute the mightiest man of the destroyer's crew hurtled head-long into the sea. This was the worst predicament in which he had ever found himself, for, although he had been a sailor for more than twelve years, he had not learned to swim.

A cry arose from the men who had quickly gathered to see some fun. This was the first time they had ever seen anyone who would dare approach Bruce, and they stood gaping at the man who had thrown their idol overboard. However, Coleman remained on the deck only an instant, and then the astonished crew saw him dive overboard. Running to the ropes, they saw him come to the surface, dragging the Giant Bruce after him. It was but a moment's work to throw them the ropes and draw them to the decks.

The two dripping men stood on the deck facing each other with their fists clenched. With a quick movement Bruce threw his right hand forward; Coleman stepped to one side to dodge Bruce's blow, but in doing so he saw that Bruce's open hand was stretched toward him. Coleman quickly grasped the hand and then in turn he grasped each of the other men's hands. He had won a place among the men of this crew at last.

HUNTER HOLDING.

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### THE CRUCIBLE OF FAME

Dr. John Ranelli was one of San Francisco's most brilliant young surgeons. In his brief two years of practice he had startled not only his fellow surgeons, but also the older and more eminent doctors of the city. He had performed so many amazing and successful operations that his fame had not merely confined itself to San Francisco.

Dr. Ranelli was the adopted son of Dr. Hugh Wharton, whose name is famous in Europe as well as in the United States. About

twenty years ago, upon returning from a most successful operation in Vienna, he happened to visit the tenement section of Venice. It was here that he met and became attached to a mere youngster. After a time passed, he decided to bring this little boy to the United States. As time passed, great plans were made by Dr. Wharton for the little lad, whom he had already adopted. Since the beginning of Dr. Ranelli's practice, Dr. Wharton had not been disappointed. He had realized many times how wisely he had chosen his successor, for Dr. Ranelli was claiming the attention of many well known surgeons.

The young surgeon had just completed arrangements for an operation which he realized was to be the most serious which he had yet undertaken. A feeling of exultation and eagerness filled his mind as he entered his father's library. There the two men discussed the approaching operation. The subject was a child of about fourteen years who had been an invalid all her life because of some injury to her spine. She had read of the famous young surgeon in the newspapers and had prevailed upon her mother to seek an interview with him. Although she and her mother were in straitened circumstances, her mother had acceded to her request and had visited Dr. Ranelli, telling him of her daughter's condition and her great faith in him. The result was that Dr. Ranelli planned to perform an operation which, if successful, would be a great contribution to the profession, as well as restore the health of a little invalid.

The day of the operation arrived. The nurses in the city hospital were hustling about in preparation for this great surgical effort. Finally, the patient was wheeled into the hall, where nurses and doctors stood in readiness.

The doors of the operating room swung open revealing the long, broad room. This was situated in the southern wing of the hospital. The floors, walls, and ceilings were made entirely of marble tiling. Around the sides were immense windows, and between the windows were the huge instrument cabinets and solution tables. In the center of the room stood the operating table. Close to the table stood a small stand on which lay the instruments which Dr. Ranelli was to use. Close to the right side of the table stood a rather circular table on which were kept the sutures and supplies for the operation. The nurses and doctors were all attired in long white gowns with white caps and rubber gloves. The three assistant nurses and two assisting surgeons stood close to the operating table.

Presently the door opened and Dr. Ranelli entered with his customary smile and greeting. The nurse adjusted his mask, the other assistants doing the same with theirs. The anaesthetist lowered the ether mask; the patient inhaled the anaesthetic and was soon oblivious to all about her. The assistants passed the knife to the assisting surgeon who handed it in turn to Dr. Ranelli.

Taking the knife in his hand, he prepared to make the incision, when suddenly his face turned ghastly pale, and, staggering, he would have fallen had not the assistant aided him. Guiding him to a chair, they administered restoratives and in a few moments his composure returned. Standing up, he walked towards the operating table, and again raised his right hand to the table when suddenly it fell to his side, useless. There it hung like a dead thing. With one glance of despair at the patient, he turned to the other surgeons and said: "Gentlemen, I cannot continue. You see my right hand is useless," and with a glance of utter hopelessness and despair, he left the room.

Dr. Wharton immediately followed the young surgeon to the preparatory section and there found him seated on a chair, his face in his hands.

"Why, John, my boy," he said, "what is the trouble?"

"Dad, I am a failure," he replied and kept repeating wearily, "a failure completely."

After a few moments he seemed to become more composed, and standing up, he said: "Dad, I shall never operate again."

"Never mind about that now," said the older surgeon, "let us go home now. You have worked too hard lately. A few short weeks' rest will make a new man of you. Then when you come back you will try again."

Dr. Ranelli arose and sadly shook his head. "No, dad, I cannot. I have failed at the time when I should have done my best. You understand what that means."

The two surgeons, father and son, then returned to their beautiful home on McAlpin avenue. That evening as Dr. Wharton was reading in his study the door opened and Dr. John entered.

"Dad," he said, "I can't remain here to face the humiliation. I must go away, and I should like to go alone. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, my son, I understand; go away and rest awhile, and then return and try again," replied Dr. Wharton.

"No, dad, I shall never operate again."

"Very well," said Dr. Wharton, wisely deciding not to press the question further at that time.

The next morning Dr. John arose early and after quickly packing a valise, left a note for his father, and silently left the house. He had decided to go to a small island up the bay. Dr. Wharton had purchased this island some time before, and had furnished a small cottage which was on it in complete office fashion.

The sun was just rising as Dr. Ranelli stepped into a small skiff. A light mist had fallen on the bay, and through this mist the sun shone softly. This soft golden haze rather soothed the troubled mind of the young doctor. After a half-hour's row, he stepped upon the sandy beach of his father's island.

For two whole months Dr. John held no intercourse with the great world which was so close to him. Great headlines in the San Francisco papers told of his disappearance. Dr. Wharton would have nothing to say on the subject, and reporters always left the brownstone mansion on McAlpin avenue in a very disappointed and disgusted state of mind.

During this time, however, Dr. Wharton was sorely troubled about his son's condition, but true to his word, he never attempted to make any overtures toward invading his son's solitude on the island. Finally a plan, which seemed more feasible than any of which he had thought, entered his mind. The next morning his beautiful touring car stopped before a genteel house in a poor section of San Francisco. Dr. Wharton descended and entered the house. He had decided to appeal to John through the faith of his little patient. But, the girl was in no condition for a trip to the island. As time passed, Dr. Wharton realized that it would be several months before he would dare think of executing his scheme.

As months passed San Francisco and its daily papers soon forgot the brilliant young surgeon who had failed in his attempt to gain success and fame. During the year which passed so slowly, John spent many long hours, some in hope, but more in black despair. The humiliation of the young surgeon was greater than even his own father realized. One day when he had gone for a hike to the farther side of the island, a motor boat drew up on the shore. Dr. Wharton stepped out of the boat, and picking up a little girl, hastened to the cottage which he had furnished. Laying his frail burden in a comfortable chair, he returned to the boat after telling her the time at which he expected to return. The

motor boat slowly left the shore and in a few minutes was lost to sight.

When Dr. John returned he did not immediately enter the cottage, but sat down on the ground outside the door. Suddenly, he was startled by a soft voice: "Dr. Renalli, won't you come in to see me?" Rising, he entered and was astonished to find his little patient reclining in the chair.

"Why, child," he said, "how did you come here, and why did you come?"

"Oh, Dr. John, aren't you going to try to cure me now that you are well?"

"Cure you; why child I almost killed you," replied Dr. John.

"Yes, but I trust you. Oh, please try to make me well so that I can walk like other girls," pleaded the child.

Dr. Renalli arose and left the cottage abruptly. Then raged a fierce struggle between the two elements in John Renalli's soul, the struggle between his desire to use the knife again and his fear of failure. Finally, he turned and entering the cottage, sat down by the side of his little patient.

"My dear, I have decided," he said. "I shall try again. Your trust in me alone has saved me from my fear of failure."

A few months later the San Francisco Star showed the following headline:

Dr. Renalli again acclaimed leader of young surgeons. Performs operation on former patient with unprecedented success."

FRANCES E. WHITE.

---

### HE REMEMBERED

One particularly hot July day while Judge John Dennison was sadly reflecting that, if his little son, John Junior, had lived, he would have been celebrating his eighteenth birthday, a prisoner was brought in and placed on the dock.

Judge Dennison firmly believed in the law as an instrument of punishment; but, before he sentenced a man he wanted to be absolutely sure that society would be benefited by his action. He was the bane of the young district attorney's existence, for his heart was so big that many times it overruled his head.

The clerk of the court, in a dead flat voice, read the indictment

which accused Abner Bond of stealing over one hundred dollars worth of lace from the store of Isaac and company. At the end the clerk laid down the paper and demanded of the prisoner if he were guilty.

"Oh! I'm guilty all right," replied the prisoner in half-frightened tones.

During this procedure the judge reclined in his chair on the platform with his eyes closed and apparently without any interest in the case.

The district attorney began to speak. "The——"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Lawyer. Can't I speak to the judge before he sends me up?" asked the prisoner.

The judge was sitting up in his chair, eyes wide open, looking over his desk at the prisoner. He saw not the case-hardened criminal whom he expected, but just a boy, a big, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, apparently not a day over sixteen. His clothing, though of inferior quality, was neat; and the air of innocence about the lad was so strong that it was hard to believe him a law-breaker.

"What is it you want to say, prisoner?" inquired the judge as he leaned forward.

There wasn't a tremble in the boy's voice as he replied: "I'd just like to tell you something of myself, judge, and then maybe you would understand and be a little easy on me." Then the boy prisoner began to tell something of his early life in a little town in Maine. He told the judge how all the fellows used to get licked for swimming in the creek, and for sneaking from school to see the circus. He also related a lot of other things that make a boy's life carefree and happy in the small country town. And what man, no matter what his position or age, will not listen to tales of boyhood? Then the lad continued, "all that I wanted when I landed here was a job, so that I could send some money back to help mother." The boy sighed. "I swiped the lace, judge, because I wanted to go home to ma, and I never was a-goin' to leave there again. Today was the day I particularly wanted to be home."

In a gentle voice the judge asked him why he wanted to be home today. The boy hesitated a minute and in a trembling, half-sobbing voice replied that it was both his birthday and his ma's, and that he wanted to get home to celebrate it together.

Perhaps the boy did not know just why the judge bought him a railroad ticket to his home town and gave him a fine sum of

money; but Judge Dennison realized full well that it was the glorified spirit of his dead son which controlled his actions and tempered the law with mercy.

DONALD C. GUYER.

—o—

### A REAL PAL

It was the startled cry of Mrs. Samson that awoke her daughter from the delightful dream and nap beneath the large elm tree by the roadside. What could the frightened and ashen face of her mother mean? Jean suddenly sat upright, amazed. Her mother was uttering the name of her little sister, Barbara.

Often Jean and little Barbara had spent their afternoons together in quiet play beneath the favorite elm. But on this particular afternoon sleep seemed to be more inviting to Jean than her sister's childish companionship. After persuading Barbara to amuse herself by garbing her teddy-bear in the numerous dresses from the little doll's trunk, Jean cuddled down comfortably in the swinging hammock and was soon oblivious to all about her.

But, why, oh, why, had she felt so disposed to sleep, and why had she not given Barbara more consideration? Yes, hereafter, she would always do as "Babs" wished. But, what if Babs could not be found? She must be found, and Jean must find her.

Hope flashed into her mind and was reflected in the black, snapping eyes of the girl. Jean was a plain but attractive girl, with dark complexion and coal black hair. It was always to Jean that they came when someone must take the role of a foreigner or a gypsy. Gypsies! Yes, it must have been the gypsies who had been camping on the outskirts of Milbrook that had so unkindly kidnapped her only sister.

The next morning as Jean descended quickly but sadly down the hill to the dusty thoroughfare, her mind and thoughts were in confusion and tumult. Was she doing the right thing or was she simply wasting precious time? But, she must do something and this scheme seemed most promising to her wavering mind. She whistled, and a handsome brown and white collie pranced to her side. Jean caressed her old faithful friend, Pal, so named because of his unceasing fidelity. Pal would help her to solve the black and dolesome mystery. He had never failed to do his utmost in time of emergency before, and certainly would not fail now.

As Jean approached the limits of the village, she could see

the numerous caravans of the gypsy band. There was considerable stir about the tents. Apparently they were preparing to continue their endless wanderings. She must act quickly and sapiently if she was to rescue Babs. In their bustle and hurry she could no doubt slip unnoticed among the tents, because she had taken special care to dress in old clothes and to appear untidy. Pal was already wandering among the tents and wagons, making friends with various other dogs that had congregated from neighboring homes. Jean would join the group of women and children, busily loading the caravans with blankets and bundles, and gradually make her way about the grounds.

As she had surmised, Jean attracted no attention and little by little visited the tents still standing. To her disappointment she found them entirely vacated and waiting only to be taken down and stored away in the caravans. Pal followed her anxiously, encouraging her in his winsome way. There was but one other tent to visit, and she could tell by the shadow cast on the canvas that a woman was busy gathering things together. She, herself, hardly dared to look in for fear of discovery. Pal, seeming to understand her fear, slipped quietly beneath the canvas into the tent before Jean could call him back. Evidently his entrance had not been noticed by the woman, as the shadow continued to perform its task. Pal returned, a gleam flickering in his eyes, dragging something brown and unshapely. It was Bab's teddy. The realization that her sister must indeed be in the tent, startled and staggered the girl. What must she do next? She crept stealthily to the doorway and peered inside. She gasped and withdrew hastily. Barbara was seated on a rug happily fingering some gypsy trinkets.

Frightened beyond thought and perhaps wisdom, Jean rushed into the tent, Pal quickly following her. She seized Barbara in her arms and groped for the doorway. The angered gypsy turned on her and was in the act of striking the girl when she felt a sharp pain in her leg, and screaming, sank to the ground. The woman's cries attracted her companions of the road, and immediately the tent was the scene of dire confusion. Jean ran with all the strength of her youthful legs to the highway, hugging tightly her little sister. She could hear the shouts of the gypsies in the fields, but fearlessly she continued to run. Faster and faster she ran. Soon something jumped from the shrubbery by the road and frightened her, but she again felt the warm head of her ever-faithful companion, Pal, rub against her weary limbs.

KATHARINE MAAR.



**CLASS HISTORY**

The month of September, 1918, will always be remembered by Americans. The young manhood of our country was battering its way through the famous "Hindenburg Line," and those at home were working incessantly to support the men whom we felt must ultimately win a decisive victory for democracy.

That same memorable month of 1918 witnessed the opening of another great battle. This second battle was destined to take place in the "Milne High Sector" of Albany. Forces were mobilizing in the "Milne Sector" on the twenty-third day of September. The class of '22 took its position beside its veteran schoolmates and prepared for its four years' campaign against the innumerable hazards of high school life.

We freshmen were first made to feel our inferior rank of being critical by being scrutinized by all upper classmen. While entering or leaving school, we underwent the ordeal of being commented upon by groups of our more experienced cohorts. This severe inspection made us feel much as lost poodle dogs must feel while being appraised either favorably or unfavorably, by groups of assuming newsboys. The gracious seniors had an inane delight in bringing their friends, the juniors, into our study hall in the morning to show them what an immense crowd of innocent mortals they had succeeded in collecting as understudies.

It is no wonder that our study hall amused upper classmen. Our class, being the largest the school has ever had, was under the necessity of finding accommodations wherever and however it could. The back of the room and the side aisles were packed with extra chairs. The freshmen, occupying these chairs, had piled their coats and books, as best they could, on and around their seats. They had then proceeded to place themselves on the luggage in very precarious, not to say amusing, positions and to make an effort to study the day's Latin lesson. In all probability it did not require a great deal of imagination on the part of our tormentors to think of these unhappy schoolmates as young apes perched in their native habitats.

But, it was not long that we had to endure these gibes. A rescuer soon came to our assistance in the form of a vacation. The epidemic of infantile paralysis had spread, and the schools were closed for about a month. When we returned at the end of that period, there was no time for anything but work, and the youthful "freshie" was allowed to live in peace.

As we neared the end of January, 1919, we all experienced the unpleasant feeling that our mammoth class might suddenly be depleted. For various causes there had already been several casualties in our ranks. The now fast-approaching mid-year "exams" presented a menace which must be met and overcome. But, as our crack squads of eraser throwers had not taken much leisure time for study, they found it difficult to imagine whether they were going to overcome the "exams" or vice versa. The great tidal wave of mid-years soon hit us and, it must be admitted, carried many of us off our feet, awakening us with a thud. We were interviewed by our principal and were pledged to harder work. As a result, we devoted the rest of our freshman year to study and most of us succeeded in evacuating Room 302 so that Miss Cushing might start another class on its high school course.

When we, as a class, returned in the autumn of 1919, we had the supreme satisfaction of having climbed a peg in our scholastic career. We had now attained a position which would entitle us to walk through the halls without apologizing for our presence. We now dared to return all compliments in the form of erasers sent by aerial route, provided the sender wasn't an extremely ferocious-looking senior. But, most noticeable of all was the fact that when Professor Sayles called us to the office to discuss marks, we found him thoroughly familiar with all our past and present class room pastimes as well as our whole stock of characteristic, patented excuses. We also had the satisfaction of knowing that we were now veteran members of the "Flunkers' Club," which held monthly meetings in the office.

With some few exceptions, we seemed to be more sedate as sophomores than we had been as freshmen. Our class assumed a dignity which was pronounced remarkable by all. We felt that our class was unique in spite of the fact that every other class had assumed a similar dignity at the same period in their careers and had received similar commendations. We felt that we were of vital importance to the school; therefore, we organized as a class. We undoubtedly selected our most eligible member for president. William Comstock accepted the presidency and proceeded to hold those class meetings for which he has become famous. For some cause or other the individual class members did not always approve of after-school meetings. For this reason the position of class president must at times have been tedious and irk-

some. We all feel highly indebted to "Bill" for the time and energy he has devoted to his class.

After having organized, we proceeded to publish the irksome sophomore issue of the "Crimson and White." This issue of the school paper received contributions from those essayists and short-story writers who were later to gain fame as seniors in Miss Kelso's English IV class. It is most interesting to study the first efforts of great men and women, and we think that if anyone were to read these initial attempts of our class members, that person would not feel that his time had been wasted. The amusement afforded would be sufficient recompense for his efforts.

The class of '22 was not only prodigious from a scholastic standpoint. Many of our members were initiated into the various societies during our sophomore year. These fortunate individuals soon won the favor of the older society members, and several of them became officers.

As sophomores, our class furnished a considerable amount of material for the various school athletics. By some seeming coincidence we were fortunate to have a class made up of large and physically well-built individuals. By that I do not mean that we were well built physically only. Far from it, or we should never have reached our present status in Milne. The result of this physical ability was the decisive furthering of all school activities in which we took part. Who can say that it was our brain power alone that pushed us through the hard knocks and trials of our sophomore year?

Having actually survived our first two strenuous years of high school life, we, as a class, went into drydock for the summer so that we might recuperate our forces and make a successful attempt to plunge through our remaining two years' work.

Our summer vacation quickly ended, as vacations have a disagreeable habit of doing, and most of us returned to school with happy hearts and high expectations. And why shouldn't we, for we were now juniors, and thought we had won the right to do just about what we pleased. But, much to our sorrow, that idea did not have much time to take very firm root, for we soon learned that the professor and not the juniors was the real ruler of the school. However, we were not kept in anything like close confinement. We could occasionally forget to go to study hall or absent-mindedly walk out of the school for an ice cream cone and some candy.

Moreover, eraser tossing continued to be one of our favorite pastimes. It is a funny thing, eraser-tossing. The back of your friend's head seems to be the logical and only place for an idle piece of felt. Although gravity defeats your purpose, you have the satisfaction of viewing that strange phenomenon, the changing of a rectangular block of hair to gray. Of course, it requires persistent practice to be able to score an accurate hit every time, for heads are not particularly easy targets, as they have the disturbing facility of moving, especially in a class as lively as that of '22.

But, gentle reader (borrowed from Alger), do not get the erroneous impression that all was play. For we soon settled down to the serious business of becoming famous and successful men and women, taking part in all the school activities under our capable president. Somehow, both the teachers and ourselves survived the year, and we left for our vacation content with the knowledge that in the fall we should return as the top-notch class in Milne High school.

After having relieved our memories of most of the knowledge observed during the preceding year, we returned to school the most broad-minded and intellectual class that has ever tossed an eraser in the Halls of Milne. Other people may disagree with this statement, but that is, as Miss Kelso would say, merely their own private opinion and does not in the least alter the fact.

We organized our class soon after school started, with Bill once again our chief executive. This, our senior year, has proven to be the most enjoyable. We entered more thoroughly into the school activities except one—mainly, the visiting of Professor Sayles just before a new report was due. Also, he frowned less often at our youthful duties, for he realized that the buoyant spirit of the class of '22 were irrepressible. Even the critics deigned to smile pleasantly at our capers. Moreover, we managed, by acting as nearly natural as possible, to drive half a dozen practical teachers to distraction. To their credit, be it said, that they harbor no resentment against us.

Although the class of '22 is but one of many that has passed from Milne, we feel that our individuality as a class has been established in the school and in the hearts of our faculty. We have sought the indispensable knowledge that we must have in later life. We have received all this and more at the hands of our teachers; they have given us more than literal knowledge, for

they have built ideals for which we shall strive all our lives. Our individual honors, if such they may be called are but trifles as compared to the honor due to those who have instructed us. Our teachers have given us the most precious thing which they possess—an education.

DONOLD GUYER.

HUNTER HOLDING.



### THE CLASS SONG

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne"

Our school-days here are almost o'er;  
Life's struggle now draws nigh;  
We are the finest class as yet  
That ever left Milne High.

Chorus

Then three good rousing cheers we raise  
In chorus loud and clear;  
The seniors of the Milne High School—  
The school we hold so dear.

We love it for the thoughts it brings,  
The memories so dear;  
Ideals to guide us through our life—  
All these came to us here.

It matters not where we may go,  
Or what our lives may be;  
We'll love our own dear school the best—  
Farewell, farewell to thee!

DOROTHY L. WILLIAMS.

**TO MILNE FROM THE CLASS OF '22**

When comes the time to bid good-bye  
And leave you, dear old Milne High,  
My thoughts turn back to former days,  
And dwell not on the parting ways.  
We are the class of twenty-two  
Who spent four long, hard years with you;  
Oh, Milne, if you could only know  
What awe for you the Freshmen show!  
The Sophomore and the Junior class  
Work on, forgetting you, alas!  
But those who soon must leave your rule  
To go to some far different school  
Remember all that you have done,  
Recalling each thing one by one,  
To help us through life's battle long  
And make us confident and strong.  
In view of all these things and more,  
Which we recall as we deplore  
The fact that we must leave you soon,  
We Seniors, who will go in June  
Salute you, Milne, and wish you well,  
Far more than we in words can tell.  
When we have gone, do not forget  
But keep us in your memory yet;  
Let this be the farewell to you  
Sent by the class of twenty-two.

SYLVIA ESTABROOK.

**CLASS PROPHECY**

It is sunrise at Cairo, the busiest hour of the long day in this "gateway to the Sahara." In its narrow crowded market place, groups of merchants are displaying their wares, fakirs are endeavoring to attract attention by new and clever tricks; all is pandemonium of noise and disorder. One of the most interesting groups in this city square is the caravan in front of an Armenian rug maker's shop. In a few moments preparations will have been completed, and this party will start on its journey across the Great Sahara. The caravan consists of three riding camels and two pack camels, which stir lazily to their feet at the crack of the drivers' whips.

Presently from a prosperous looking pension across from the caravan, a small group emerges and makes their way amid the confusion to the spot which their caravan is waiting. The head guide approaches the party which consists of two young women and a gentleman, and speaks to the young woman in white. Evidently satisfied with her response which is in Arabian, the man bows, returns to his men and gives the signal to start. The party is mounted and have started on their way when the sharp call of a woman halts them. The young woman in white, who is evidently in command calls to the driver to halt for a moment. This gives time to a rather copious looking person who is making her way across the square with some difficulty, while holding on to two large suitcases.

Again at the signal, the caravan starts and as it passes through crowded streets, groups of beggars step forward from the shadows and hail the party, whining for their aid, and bestowing the blessings of Allah very generously upon them for their kindness. Gradually the town is left behind, and soon the caravan becomes a mere dot on the horizon, passing slowly along amid boundless stretches of sand dunes, until it becomes part of the desert itself when lost to sight behind a friendly oasis. Far out on the stillness floats the sound of laughter. Those in the caravan are evidently enjoying their first trip into the desert.

Till noon the party is urged forward by the whips of the guides. Suddenly before them lies the second oasis. After a short halt, all are refreshed and continue on their way in the scorching heat of the sun. The heat of the afternoon and the changeless view of sand soon fatigues the party and they either fall asleep or lie quietly exhausted on their high backed mounts.

After two days of almost unremitting travel, three vast structures appear before the eyes of the party. Their destination is soon reached, and quickly camp is pitched by the guides in the cool of an oasis, beneath the shadow of the Great Stone Face.

After the party's curiosity has been satisfied they recline in deep, comfortable camp chairs in the shadow of the tent. One of the girls as she falls into a chair exclaims, "Now Frances for goodness sake spring the surprise which you've been talking about so mysteriously since we started."

"Yes, Kay dear, I think I shall. The peaceful coolness of this Sahara evening will be a fitting background for this wonderful surprise which I have planned for you."

"Yes for goodness sakes Frances speed it up. I've been busy thinking of that surprise that I haven't even planned my speeches to these gentle natives. You can't sell bonds, you know without a speech. It is most essential and besides—

"Wait a moment now, Howard save your breath for your customers tomorrow. I fear you will need every bit of it."

The speaker then clapped her hands and the serving woman who had almost stayed in Cairo, appeared at the gate of the tent, "Neenya, I should like you to get your crystal and do as you promised me you would." With a low bow, Neenya disappeared.

"For goodness sake Frances, can't you make that woman stop bowing. It gets on my nerves. Why this morning when the guide handed me my pipe, I almost broke my back bowing to him, before I realized what I was doing."

With a laugh Frances answered, "It's good practice for you Howard. You will need those bows to help sell your bonds for you."

As she finished speaking, Neenya returned with a small ball wrapped in yards of silk. The gentleman arose to help her unroll it, but was mysteriously and haughtily motioned away.

"Very polite people, yes," he muttered as he seated himself again in order to avoid being entangled in the silk which was being deftly removed by Neenya.

After many imprecations and gestures, the woman seated herself in front of the crystal, and began in a slow monotonous voice, "Spirit of the desert, Neenya bids you come forth and aid her in this her greatest work. This time O Spirit, I shall seek things in other worlds. List well Oh Spirit that you may do my bidding.

The group in front of the tent watched the woman with great



interest. The gentleman's pipe dropped unnoticed from his hand, as Neenya proceeded.

"I see a large group of men surrounding one man who seems greater than the others. All wear long black gowns. All listen attentively to the words of the greatest. He is—a great judge,—a judge of the highest court in America, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of U. S. But this is yet in the future. Now I see this man young, full of daring. It is a speedway. Four speedsters are drawn in formation for start. They're off—the red one is winning by his daring pace—he wins. The hero of the day is he in red. In his youth he acquired the practice which is now giving him such fame. His first name is Edward. His last I know not. However in a few years, he will settle down and his wise counsel **not easily won**, will guide as I told you this a high court of his own country."

Neenya passed her hand again and again over her brow and then continued, "Before me I see a throne; a king and queen are giving an audience. At the foot of the throne stands a young, titian haired woman. She listens respectfully to his majesty's words. Many hearts have been stirred by this woman, but alas all are disappointed. She is too great for the best of them. Her first name is Marion. She comes as representative from the Republic of Ireland to England. In her hands the governments of two great countries rests. I see lines of suitors following her unnoticed. She is the champion and winner of Irish freedom. No matter who the suitor is she silences him effectually. She received her training long ago in a history class. She silenced one who sat in front of her. His name begins with D. I know no more.

I see sunny skies. Great crowds are gathered near water. It is the ocean. The land is California. A famous swimmer is about to make a still more wonderful name for herself. Throughout the country she is acclaimed "Queen of the Water Arts." Her name is Martha. From her youth she gave promise of her present ability. Her father much against his will admits however that she has satisfied him, in finishing her college course before specializing in her beloved work.

In the balcony sit two women, one the crowd is cheering lustily. She is California's favorite moving picture actress. Her first name is Ruth. Her last name has been changed. You would not recognize it. The woman beside her has bright red hair. She is the owner of California's most beautiful ranch. Her last name also has changed. Her first however remains Meredith.

I see a great economic conference in N. Y. C. the greatest minds in the country are there, experts in every line. At the head of a long table of delegates, stands the chairman; owner and editor of the greatest newspaper in the country. Mr. Comstock is recognized by all from Senators to newsies. He received his training in school. However he never volunteered for chairman. That pleasure was wished on him, and Bill is still being wished upon. Along the sides of the table are other familiar faces.

I see one whose name was Denslow, who is now the most expert patrol commander in the U. S. N. and who has been decorated several times by the president. I see a Doctor, a learned doctor and chemist, who is also something of a "Heart Specialist." Don always was a star at chemistry. He received his title of "Doc" long before his degree was given. In school time he was known as "Doc."

As a delegate from the leading artists of the country, I see a smooth faced and calm looking gentleman whose speeches have stirred the whole country. He has just returned from a speech tour for the next President. When Mr. Coley starts to speak everyone listens, when Mr. Coley starts to paint, everyone watches.

On the other side of the table sit two dignified looking gentlemen, one an authority on electricity. Mr. Liebick, the other, Mr. Ray Kirk New York's most well known scientific farmer, whose Alma Mater, Cornell is justly proud.

But this conference is not one which only men attend. On the other side of the table sits Miss Sylvia Estabrook, who is President of the "League For Starving Bolsheviks." This great woman's kindly efforts have done much to further the mission of these people. No one in the country disputes Miss Estabrook's authority on this subject. In proof of her greatness, I see her beautiful home on Riverside Drive filled with childish laughter of little Bolsheviks, who only the other day electrocuted her pet cat, and who last week broke her best cut glass with sling shots. But Miss Estabrook mourned her cat and cut glass in silence and openly blessed the dear children for their wonderful ingenuity in thinking of such things.

Beside her sits Miss Jansen, the official chaperon of University of California, a strict advocate of the motto "Do What You Please, Girls." Miss Jansen is very popular at the university. The vision passes; I see no more.

I see the very elite shop of "Madam Daly" on Fifth Avenue. Only the most select trade at this modiste's. In school days, this

petite modiste was Irish, her name was Dailey. Since she and Fifth Avenue have kept company, however, she was born in Paris, in Quartier Latium, "la plus elite quartier de Paris Madame, n'est ce pas?" This she impresses upon her customers with a very French shrug of her dainty shoulders.

As the vision passes, I see a brook. On the bank a couple are sitting reading poetry. The man I recognize as the flapper's idol. His last name is but a nom de plume, de la Criste. However he also was born abroad. His first name Dewitt, he claims as a descendent of Lafayette. He has won the people of Albany telling them that since his childhood in the Pyreenes he has played the part of Henry Hudson and Benjamin Franklin in pageants depicting the history of their city.

In the city of Washington a young librarian of the Congressional Library sits speculating on a stack of letters, all of which are postmarked "Albany." As she opens them she thinks it queer that most of them are requests for reference for Pageants and Pantomimes on "Historic Albany." Faint memories of school are stirred. These letters mean much extra work, but Miss Snow is not phased. Already she is known throughout the library for her wonderful ability for work. So much, has Mr. Dewitt by his cleverness started.

But she who sits beside this great actor, gazes pensively at him and then at the pencil which she occasionally takes a bite from. Miss Maher is concentrating. If the public knew this, they would be silent in reverence, for Miss Marie Maher is the country's acknowledged literary genius. She suddenly throws her pencil and pad aside and turning to her companion remarks, "Read me a poem, Dewitt." Picking up a book Dewitt begins

"Her blue eyes, like deep pools with lashes unfurled."

This is the movie de la Christie's favorite poem. All the flappers in the country have learned it by heart.

Presently another gentleman joins the two. "Ah, Dick, so you arrived," says de la Christie. It must be a great responsibility to be the country's leading stage director. But then all fame is rather boresome. Look at me. Your work on the pageant long ago, certainly started you up the ladder of fame. Now the name Cahoon is known even in Paris. Their conversation continues but I cannot—hear murmured Neenya in a rather exhausted voice.

"Do not continue Neenya," said Frances, "if the strain is too great." The Arabian however did not seem to hear her.

I see a large office. At the desk sits a woman signing letters.

This is she whom you knew as Velma. Her last name has changed. However she is one of Washington's most capable business women. The door is opened and two women enter, "Good-morning Vel, says the first one. I came to you for advice. You know I'd like to extend our movement to Great Britain. For the prohibition of "Soft Drinks" is now necessary to the prosperity of our country. Unfortunately Frances White is not in England now. She is off on some foolish journey across the Sahara. I ask you what the U. S. sends ambassadors to England for, if they are going to leave on some fool trip to nowhere. She has Kay and that champion salesman, Russell with her. They are all fools, I think.

The door is again opened and an elegantly dressed woman enters, "Ah pawdon me, but Velma have you any idea where Richard is?" Jessie Filmer has married into the aristocracy, and has become so sophisticated that her English is now a cross between French, English and Spanish. The vision is gone.

"There are two more," murmured Neenya. It is difficult to reach them. Ah-h—one is a Senator. I see him in the Senate holding all in silence by his vigorous language. "Harry" he is called by his associates. But to the world he is known as Senator Jones who **can** and **does** talk and who can tell you anything about textiles from their origin to their end.

And to the last one, I see a great honor fortheoming. Now he is but a prominent lawyer, a graduate of Yale. But in the near future, I see him taking the oath to guide a great nation for four years. Hunter was always ambitious and he usually attained his ambition. Now the greatest honor of the country is his. As President of the U. S. he will be judicious and wise. He—

But Neenya could continue no longer. At a signal from Mr. Russell, two guides picked her up and carried her into the tent. In a few moments she had recovered.

"Mademoiselle," she said to Frances who stood by her cot, "I have achieved my greatest triumph. Did you enjoy it?"

Miss White was about to respond when the guide appeared at the door of the tent and called. "The sand storm," Mademoiselle. "Be quick."

A few moments later a great swirl of sand passed over a caravan who lay with faces down. The Great Stone Face remained imperturbable. It had seen many, many such storms. Its face was caked with the sand of centuries.

F. WHITE.

**STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES**

The premier of Student Council has drawn to an end. As governing board of the school, we feel that it has been quite successful. We hope that students feel also that we have done something which will add glory to Milne's name. Judge us not too harshly. Remember, that it is easier to carry on a task than it is to begin it.

In summarizing the school activities of the spring season, Student Council feels that the Student Reception, held under its direction on the evening of Girls' Day was its greatest success. A very large gathering of Milne students was present that evening, and all enjoyed themselves and really had a **good** time. We wish to compliment the Girls' Literary societies on their Girls' Day program. They have established a precedent which must continue in future years. On behalf of these societies, we thank the boys who rendered invaluable assistance to the girls that afternoon. We feel that Miss Rice's splendid direction added greatly to the success of play, and we thank her for her great kindness.

A compliment is due to the girls and boys athletic teams, to the girls because of their track meet, and to the boys because of their successful baseball season. In the track meet, we see another precedent established. To future classes, we should say, "Carry on." We urge better attendance at games by the students. It has **much** to do with the fortune and success of your teams.

Do you realize, students, that Student Council has achieved what we considered as the most important item of our program last November?

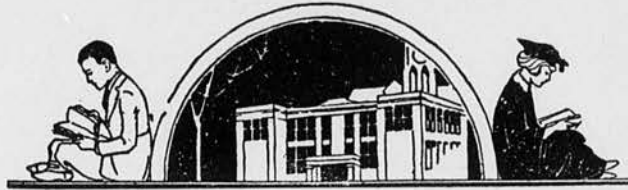
**There has been real school spirit in Milne this year!** Consider the year carefully, and you will realize it. The success of our School Outing to Kingston is a point which substantiates this statement as the other events of the year have done.

We have had a splendid set of leaders in our Seniors. As a class they have achieved great success. We hope that future classes will follow the splendid example which they have given us.

Student Council wishes to thank the Faculty for their kind assistance throughout the year.

To our principal, Mr. Sayles, we wish to show our appreciation for the invaluable assistance and kindly advice which he has always given to us.

FRANCES WHITE, '22,  
Secretary.



## SCHOOL NOTES

### Girls' Day

It is to the loyal members of the two girls' societies of Milne High school that credit and praise are due for reviving again the interest and zeal in a day of activities for the girls. "Girls' Day" was observed in the dim past, but several years no particular effort has been made by the societies to present anything other than a simple program.

By the friendly co-operation of the girls of the Zeta Sigma and Quintilian Literary societies an entertaining program and play were presented in the school auditorium on Thursday afternoon, May 25th.

The afternoon's program was commenced by a processional of the girls of the societies. Led by their vice presidents, the members marched to the back of the auditorium, where the lines separated and proceeded down separate aisles to the seats reserved for them. Both girls in the lead carried as mascots, dolls, dressed in the respective colors of the two societies. Piano selections and vocal solos were given before the curtains were drawn for the main feature of the program, a play. "Her First Assignment" was presented with great reality and eagerness by the girls chosen from each society. Considerable credit and approval is due alone to the girls who made it possible that the play be so successfully offered. Following the play the girls formed again into line, and concluded their program by a recessional.

In the evening of the same day a school reception was held in the gymnasium. All four societies were well represented and likewise the school body and the faculty. Decorated with large palms and paper streamers of society colors the gymnasium presented indeed a place of gay festivities. Everyone seemed to have the real spirit and eagerness of the occasion, and even the tormenting

thoughts of the tests of the tomorrow were dismissed for the time but were recalled with uncomfortable vividness the following morning.

KATHARINE MAAR.

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### A SENIOR ACHIEVEMENT

The Seniors of Milne High have at last left the beaten cow-path of Sam Walter Foss and have achieved, if not lasting, at least momentary fame. In place of the prosaic class-day exercises, an elaborate pageant on "Historic Albany" was written and staged by the graduating class. Since the underclassmen rendered their services as minor characters, the cast numbered two hundred.

Although Nelson Coley, our Father Knickerbocker, resorted to pillows to secure the coveted degree of plumpness and wore square-rimmed spectacles of more decoration than use, Albany should have been proud to be his protege. His was the task of explaining and dissecting each scene for the benefit of the bewildered audience.

Henry Hudson and his men made merry upon the river banks before the admiring Indians. Food and greetings were exchanged between the white and red men. As a parting ceremony, the squaws threw aside their blankets and danced as sprightly as twentieth-century misses. This entertainment was more than favorably received by the explorer, and reluctantly he went away with promises to return.

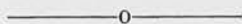
The Schuylers, Albany's most prominent family, were depicted in more than one scene. During the earliest days of Fort Orange, young Philip was married to the daughter of one of the directors. Only wooden shoes were lacking to carry us completely back three hundred years to the time of brick ovens and sanded floors. Generations later, another Philip Schuyler was one of the heroes of the Revolution and an intimate friend of George Washington. Hunter Holding was the strong, determined, never-fearing colonial General Schuyler.

Great consternation was registered previous to the pageant in the search for a boy to fit the elaborate Lafayette costume. His Frenchified air, and, above all, his measurements recommended DeWitt Zeh for the role. Modestly he attended the gay reception and accepted honors from the good citizens of Albany.

A day of great excitement it was when the **Clermont** was expected to steam up the Hudson river. From early in the morning until late at night, crowds of skeptical people on the banks of the river waited its arrival. It is hard to believe that our great-great grandmothers were dressed as ridiculously as were Florence Hudson, Elizabeth Friend, and the other feminine spectators.

When, as the curtain dropped on the last scene, the entire cast sang Albany, Dear Albany, everyone present had some measure of appreciation for his historic city; of pride for her citizens of the past, and of hope for those of the future.

MIRIAM SNOW.



### STUDENT RECEPTION

Much has been said and done this year for that vague and fitting ideal of **school spirit**. The Student Council has given prizes for cheers, has awarded medals and letters for athletics, has bought new song books, but each effort has been met half-heartedly and disinterestedly until finally a real feeling of interest was created in the hearts of all Milnites, from Seniors to Freshmen.

On a certain day in late May one member of the Student Council very quietly whispered a few words to her chum which that same chum quickly circulated. "The Student Council was planning to give a dance to which all the members of the school were invited." Further report added that each could bring his or her friend. Each concluded that since there was no charge, he **must** come.

As the day of May 29 drew near, hope beat high in their youthful breasts. Each had the prospect of a free dance. Each had a new dress or necktie. Each had asked his or her best friend to come.

Thursday's rain somewhat dampened their spirits and either took or increased the curl of each one's hair, according to the nature of said curl. But, finally, after they had arrived safely in school, and when the music came jazzily from the gym, each one decided that a good time was coming.

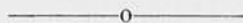
Quickly walking through the hallway, the couples were surprised at the refreshing appearance of the gymnasium. Palms decorated the corners and draped themselves over seats neatly



placed below in twos. Paper streamers hung from lights, steps, baskets, apparatus and bars. Large society banners decorated the bars, and Old Glory very nicely did it's decorative work by hiding horses, dumb-bells and wands. The chairs, placed around the room, were scorned in the early evening, but before eleven-thirty many couples were content to sit in them and watch others dance.

The orchestra of six pieces were lively enough to make good music, although most of us would have preferred more shorter dances. I'm sure we can't know what the orchestra, who have played at so many affairs, thought of our dancers, but we **do** know that the style was varied. Some couples were up-to-date; some were not. Some waltzed a waltz, and some fox-trotted a waltz. Neither cared what the others did. So long as the couples danced the orchestra was contented. So long as the orchestra played the couples were contented. Everyone behaved very nicely, and the chaperones were contented. In other words, everyone was happy, and when the evening was over, the general opinion was that the dance was the **best** thing the Student Council has done this year.

MARTHA A. LOMAX.



There was an old man of Nantucket  
Who kept all his gold in a bucket;  
His daughter, named Nan, eloped with a man—  
And, as for the bucket, Nan tuck it.

Pa followed the pair to Pawtucket,  
The man and the girl with the bucket;  
He said that the man was welcome to Nan—  
But as to the bucket, Paw tuck it.



And so we think  
Women's faults are many;  
Men have only two:  
Everything they say  
And everything they do.

**O**tis **U**dall **R**iley **P**ope **A**ddison **P**oe **E**merson **R**ead.

**T**he love of my country will be the ruling influence of my conduct.—Washington.

**H**onors achieved far exceed those that are created.—Solon.

**E**very man is the architect of his own fortune.—Claudius.

**C**onsider well what your strength is equal to, and what excess your ability.—Horace.

**R**ain, rain, and sun! A rainbow in the sky.—Tennyson.

**I**ndependence now and independence forever.—Webster.

**M**illions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.—Pinckney.

**S**trong reasons make strong actions.—Shakespeare.

**O**ne must be something in order to do something.—Goethe.

**N**o one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for someone else.—Dickens.

**A**s threshing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.—Bacon.

**N**othing comes too soon but sorrow.—Bailey.

**D**iverse men have diverse recreations and exercises.—Burton.

**W**e push time from us and then wish him back.—Young.

**H**e conquers who endures.—Persius.

**I** have a heart with room for every joy.—Bailey.

**T**he true poem is the poets mind.—Emerson.

**E**very man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—Swift.

DOROTHY L. WILLIAMS.



## Alumni

### ALUMNI NOTES.

State College will award diplomas to three graduates of Milne High this year,

Miss Margaret Kirtland,  
Miss Carol Traver,  
Miss Gladys Thompson.

Other members of our class of '18 to receive their college degrees include,

Miss Margaret Romer, Smith.  
Miss Marion Herrick, Russell Sage.  
Miss Caroline Lipes and  
Miss Isabel Johnston, Sargent.  
Miss Marion Vosburgh, University of Michigan.

Miss Katherine McKinley, '20 was recently elected secretary of the student self-governing board and also press board for next year in the Skidmore School of Fine Arts at Saratoga.

Donald Booth, ex-'19 has passed his entrance examinations for West Point.

Eleanor Abrams, '20 and Emily Barrows, '21 expect to attend Mt. Holyoke.

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### WHERE OUR SENIORS EXPECT TO BE NEXT YEAR.

Edward Albert, Colgate University.  
Ruth Birdseye, Undecided.  
Richard Cahoon, School of Commerce & Finance, N. Y. U.  
or Lafayette.  
Meredith Clapper, Russell Sage.  
Nelson Coley, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

## THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Dewitt Christie, Cornell University.  
 William Comstock, Columbia University.  
 Eileen Dailey, State College for Teachers.  
 Lloyd Denslow, State College for Teachers.  
 Sylvia Estabrook, State College for Teachers.  
 Jessie Filmer, At Home.  
 Donald Guyer, Union College.  
 Hunter Holding, Yale.  
 Esther Jansen, State College for Teachers.  
 Harry Jones, Lowell Textile School.  
 Ray Kirk, State College for Teachers.  
 Walter Liebick, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.  
 Martha A. Lomax, State College for Teachers.  
 Katherine Maar, Oneonta Normal School.  
 Mary Maher, New York University.  
 Marion O'Connor, State College for Teachers.  
 Velma Risley, Albany Business College.  
 Miriam Snow, State College for Teachers.  
 Frances E. White, State College for Teachers.  
 Dorothy Williams, Undecided.

— o —

Oh, every fly that skips our swatters,  
 Will have five million sons and daughters,  
 And countless first and second cousins,  
 And aunts and uncles, scores and dozens,  
 And fifty-seven billion nieces—  
 So knock the blame thing all to pieces.

— o —

Do you know these girls?  
 The musical girl, Sara Nade.  
 The smallest girl, Minnie Mum.  
 The stylish girl, Ella Gant.  
 The big-hearted girl, Jennie Rosity.  
 The spiteful girl, Anna Mosity.  
 The city girl, Minnie Apolis.



### ATHLETIC NOTES

Adelphoi has completed a prosperous year. The meetings have been most interesting; debates on timely subjects were held. The annual mid-winter dance was given. Adelphoi strongly supported the Q. T. S. A. Scholarship Dance. The yearly banquet was held at which everyone had an enjoyable time.

—o—



### “TEA TIME, MADAME”

A few weeks ago, most of the girls of Zeta Sigma accepted Miss Friend's and Miss Hamburger's invitation to tea at the Colonie Country club. As most of our fathers' machines were employed for that afternoon, we decided to use **our own** car, the Schenectady, as we called it. We all jumped into our car at two fifteen, and in a very few moments we were being carried toward the city line. We were much surprised to find our guests, Miss Cushing and Miss Shaver, awaiting us, although I knew they would be there because our chauffeur was to call for them down town. We were much delighted to welcome our guests, Miss Rosa and Miss Bradt, alumnae members of our society. We were quite crowded in the car by that time. But, I told our chauffeur to speed up a little, and we were soon flying past blurred telegraph poles. Nobody said much, each girl being engaged in trying to retain her hat and sweater, which were vainly attempting to answer the call of the west wind. Soon our chauffeur stopped at the gate, because I feared that the immense wheels of our car might ruin the gravel walks.

It was certainly an ideal location for a club—an expanse of green through which flowed a winding stream which was soon lost behind a low hill; well set out golf links, tennis courts, and in the

center of all the club itself, a spacious building with broad verandas, handsomely and tastefully furnished.

Several of our lazy members, dropped into comfortable chairs, seized magazines and soon forgot that there was anyone else in the room except themselves and the heroes of their stories. Others hurried to the tennis courts and were soon batting balls at each other or at the net—mostly at the net. Miss Cushing and Miss Shaver were enjoying the spring breezes on the porch. From the ballroom came sounds of music. Some of our more ambitious members were dancing. Then it was the plans of more adventurous members matured. Bathing suits were procured, and in a few minutes four figures swiftly crossed the golf links, and with a great splash dived into the pool and came up quickly to welcome those curious persons who were sitting on the shores.

Sometime later, tea-time called us all to the club. Only there wasn't any tea, but nevertheless it was tea-time. **Everyone** did full justice to the sandwiches and iced lemonade; some did especial justice to the olive dish. Finally, one lonely olive remained in the dish. Only the fear of the proverbial fate of her who took the last one kept Miss George from snatching this one.

After tea-time had passed, someone suggested that we might begin to think of starting for home. No one seemed particularly interested, but all realized, however, the necessity of such thoughts. Before we left we all had a drink of water. Miss Friend cleverly manipulated the ice pick and faucet for five or ten minutes until all were satisfied.

Because of our rather crowded condition on the way out, I advised some of the girls to accept invitations to return to the city in friends' cars. Our local was somewhat late in arriving. The chauffeur, however, did not make any excuse for his tardiness, and I did not care to reprimand him before my guests, so I said nothing about his delay. Upon entering the car we resigned ourselves to the pleasure of our ride.

FRANCES WHITE.

—o—

“When the donkey saw the zebra  
He began to switch his tail;  
‘Well, I never,’ was his comment—  
‘There’s a mule that’s been in jail.’”



### THE QUIN PICNIC

“Altamont and Binghamton Local! Elsmere, Delmar, Slingerlands, Voorheesville, Meadowdale—” the train announcer at the Union station was sleepy, and his voice showed it. But, at his words, twenty wide-awake “Quin” girls, who had been studying time-tables and watches alternately for at least fifteen minutes, stood up at once. There was a great deal of scrambling after mislaid boxes and bags, a general rush for the door, and Union station was again quiet.

But, not so the seven-fifteen train; not so by any means! At first there was a great deal of bustle and confusion as the Quintilian Literary society found seats for itself in the very last coach. On the way out to Meadowdale, which was the destination of the group, some of the more gifted members gave some very enjoyable songs in honor of our two chaperones.

Upon reaching Meadowdale, we left the train and set out in search of new adventures. The first one came in the form of a hike from the railroad station in the village to Indian Ladder. The road up the mountain seemed just a trifle steep, just a trifle. When we reached the top, we were hot and thirsty, just a trifle. A short rest under the trees cured the first of these ills; a stream of clear, cold water took excellent care of the second.

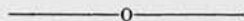
A suitable spot for a fire having been chosen, we proceeded to make one with all the art and ingenuity of man. The odor of roasting frankfurters that soon arose was enough to make the ladder itself curl up in hungry anticipation. We did not see just what it did do; we were too busy eating those roasted frankfurters.

After lunch we played games and had a good time generally; that is, until it began to rain. The showers did not last long, however, and we emerged from our temporary shelter with renewed vigor. Setting out with intent to explore the surrounding country, we came at last to the crevice and crawled down. We found the cave, too, but as it is supposed to be one-half filled with water and the other half with snakes, we decided to forego the pleasure of entering.

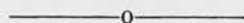
The time when all good little picnickers should go back home came at last, and a bit reluctantly the Quin girls started down the mountain. Fortunately for us, we arrived at the station before the train did and spent the time waiting for it in idle speculation as to which direction Albany really was. When the train arrived, we clambered aboard.

The Quin picnic was a great success.

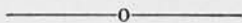
MARY MAHAR.



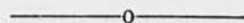
Statistics claim there is only one bath-tub in France to every 800 inhabitants. Now we know what they mean by French Dry Cleaning.



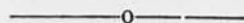
Please support your paper;  
 Don't just laugh;  
 Don't think it can support itself  
 Because it has a staff.—Exchange.



If you would be well informed, read the paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.



It's only cold-blooded teachers that give us a mark below zero.



“Oh, spare me, dear angel, a lock of your hair,”  
 A bashful young lover took courage and sighed.  
 “ ’Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer—  
 So take the whole wig,” the sweet creature replied.





### School Papers Race

The standings are as follows:—

#### Literary Opinion, Peoria, Ill.

**Standing Jump**—The stories are fine, but they are lacking. Book Reviews are excellent ideas.

**Editorial Race**—“Famous Peorians” is a splendid editorial.

**Running Broad Exchange**—This department does not criticize others; is not that the purpose of an exchange department? How interesting to receive a subscription from an exchange reader.

**Joke Throw** is original; but why place advertisements between the athletics and the jokes?

**Running Athletic Jump** seems very popular in Peoria H. S.

**School Tactics** are splendid.

**Cuts** typify each department.

#### Bulletin, Port Jefferson, N. Y.

**Standing Literary Jump**—The stories, though short, are interesting. Why are **Standing Literary Jump** and **School Tactics** placed in the same department?

**Running Broad Exchange** could be enlarged.

**Running Athletic Jump** is quite popular among the girls.

**Editorial Race and Cuts** not entered.

**Joke Throw** could be enlarged, but the jokes are original.

**Review, Lowell, Mass.**

**Standing Literary Jump**—Could you not increase this department.

**Running Broad Exchange** justifies its name by criticisms.

**Joke Throws** could be combined in one department.

**Cuts** are fine.

**Running Athletic Jump** is a department that informs its readers about its activities.

**Editorial Race** is not written on time-worn topics.

**School Tactics** ought to tell more about the 'doings' in and about school.

**The Critic, Hackensack, N. J.**

**Standing Literary Jump**—The stories are numerous, interesting and long.

**Running Broad Exchange** is to criticize other magazines; not to merely mention the receipt of them.

**Joke Throw** is original because of the poems.

**Cuts**—A few more would add to the appearance of your magazine.

**Running Athletic Jump**—Both the "Basketball Summary" and "Gridiron vs. Diamond" are fine articles for an athletic department.

**School Tactics** in the form of school opinion is a department worth while.

**The Item, Amsterdam, N. Y.**

**Standing Literary Jump**—This department certainly shows splendid talent and ability.

**Running Broad Exchange**—Not very many criticisms, but they are well written.

**Joke Throw**—Numerous and clever jokes.

**Cuts**—Well chosen for the different heads.

**Editorial Race**—Excellent and interestingly written.

**Running Athletic Jump**—A lot of time seems to be devoted to athletics at A. H. S.

**School Tactics**—A. H. S. is up in everything. They even have a Radio club.

**Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.**

**Standing Literary Jump**—Well chosen and well developed themes.

**Running Broad Exchange**—Very good, but the criticisms could be more lengthy.

**Joke Throw**—Improving greatly; but why not put the jokes from the exchanges in with the rest?

**Cuts**—Excellent.

**Editorial Race**—Needs enlarging.

**Running Athletic Jump**—Basketball seems to have had better luck than football.

**School Tactics**—Very interesting.

#### The Reflector, Sidney, N. Y.

**Standing Literary Jump**—The best department of your paper.

**Running Broad Exchange**—Not entered.

**Joke Throw**—Few and far between. Why not have a joke department by itself?

**Cuts**—Not entered.

**Editorial**—Well written.

**Running Athletic Jump**—Why such a little notice of no importance?

**School Tactics**—This department could be greatly enlarged to advantage.

#### Red and White, Rutland, Vt.

**Standing Literary Jump**—Could be greatly increased.

**Running Broad Exchange**—As a beginner, you, of course, have no department, but please remember the importance of the exchanges.

**Joke Throw**—The jokes are snappy, but more would add to your paper.

**Cuts**—The ones you have are excellent.

**Editorial Race**—Very commendable.

**Running Athletic Jump**—Rutland High seems to be excellent in all forms of athletics.

**School Tactics**—Why not have a department for school notes?

#### Windmill, Manlius, N. Y.

**Standing Literary Jump**—“His First A. W. L.” is an excellent story.

**Running Broad Exchange**—

**Joke Throw**—Snappy and clever.

**Cuts**—Excellent and add greatly to the paper.

**Editorial Race**—Informal and interesting.

**Running Athletic Jump**—St. John's is to be praised for winning the basketball championship.

**School Tactics**—A very well developed department.

---

Paper	Standing Literary Jump	Running Broad Exchange	Joke Throw	Cuts	Running Athletic Jump	Editorial Race	School Tactics	Average
Witan .....	8+	8	7	6	8	8	8	7+
Que .....	9	9	8	9	9	9	9	9
Reflector .....	9	0	6	0	6	8	7	6+
Keramos .....	8	7	8	8	7+	8	7	8+
Scarlet Tanager.....	8	8	8	0	8	7+	7+	7
Rensselaer Oracle.....	9	8+	8+	8	9	8	8	8+
Windmill .....	7+	7	9	9	9+	8	8+	8+
Opinion .....	8	7+	7	9	9	9+	9+	8+
Bulletin .....	7+	7	8	0	8+	0	8+	7
Review .....	8	9+	9	10	8+	9+	8	9
Critic .....	10	6	8+	8	9	7+	9+	8+
M. H. Aerolith.....	8	7+	8	0	0	8+	0	6
Bulletin .....	9	0	0	7	8	8+	8+	7
Oriole .....	8+	8	8+	9+	8+	8	0	7+
Volcano .....	8	7	8+	0	7+	8	7	7
Item .....	9	8	9	9	8+	8	9	8+
Blue Owl .....	9	8	8+	9	8+	7	8+	8
Patriot .....	9	6	7	.....	9	8	9	7½
Gloversville Oracle.....	9	8+	9	9	8+	8	8	8+
Kalends .....	8	7	8+	8+	8	8	7	7+
Students' Pen.....	9	8	9	9	8	8+	8	8+

---

M. Lomax—"Did you ever notice that ninety-nine women out of a hundred press the button with their thumbs when ringing the bell in a street car? Do you know why this is?"

D. Guyer—"No; why?"

Martha—(brilliantly)—"They want to get off."



Helen Hamburger, in French class—"Chaud Chien."  
 "All we can say to this is "E Pluribus Unum."

—o—

J. Filmore—"Where have I seen your face before?"  
 L. Denslow—"Right where it is now."

—o—

In the drinking well  
 Which the plumber built her,  
 Aunt Eliza fell—  
 We must buy a filter.

—o—

Exasperated teacher in Study Hall—"Order!"  
 Miriam Snow (calmly)—"A nut sundae, please."

—o—

"Will you meet my friend, Professor X. He is a member of  
 the Regents' Board. I am sure you will be great friends."

—o—

Human nature in the Bible—"And Joseph fell on his neck  
 and wept."  
 Well! Wouldn't you weep if you fell on your neck?

—o—

French teacher—"Repeat that line again, 'Everybody was not  
 reading.'"  
 Walter Liebick—"I was too, Mr. Schoenberg."

French teacher—"You may use it, Miss George, what did you say, dire?"

Miss George—(Reading from her book)—"What will people say."

Teacher—(Taking up a new point)—"Whose wife is she?"

—o—

Miss Cushing—(Explaining a geometrical problem to the class)—"What can be substituted for **H O**?"

Noble Williams—"Shredded Wheat."

—o—

E. Long—"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

R. Dyer—"Don't know, but banana skins make good slippers?"

—o—

E. Dailey—"Meredith, what makes your hair so red?"

M. Clapper—"It got wet and rusted."

—o—

Miss Kelso—"Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

H. Holding—(very thoughtfully)—"Victor Hugo."

—o—

"And so your two sons are Boy Scouts? Where do they do most of their reconnoitering?"

Mother—"In our refrigerator."

—o—

Miss Knapp—"Now close your book and tell me the name of the river that Washington crossed under circumstances of peculiar difficulty."

Marion O'Connor—"Why—oh, yes, the Styx."

—o—

What is three-sevenths of a chicken; two-thirds of a cat, and half of a goat?"

"Chi-ca-go."

—o—

Teacher—"Why don't you talk louder when you recite?"

N. Coley—"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

E. Jansen—"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

Mamma—"I don't know. I never knew any of your father's people."

—o—

"Paw, what is a pretzel?"

"A cracker with the cramps."

—o—

R. Dyer—"I am trying my best to get ahead."

Dick Cahoun—"Heaven knows, you need one."

—o—

An Irishman was walking near a fort late one afternoon and heard the usual sundown gun. He asked a Yankee lad what the noise was. The boy said it was the sundown. The Irishman replied: "I often seen the sun go down in the ould country, but oi never heard it make such a noise."

—o—

S. Estherbrook—"My folk have a family tree."

M. O'Connor—"That's nothing; my father has a business plant."

—o—

M. Snow—(translating in Virgil)—"Aneas saw the sacred birds fly across the lake of Avernus and sit on the long-wished-for-tree."

—o—

"And did your wife die of a natural death?"

"Oh, yes. She was talking when the end came."

—o—

R. Kirk—"How do you feel, Dewitt?"

D. Cristie—"Like the bottom of a stove."

R. Kirk—"How is that?"

D. Cristie—"Grate?"

—o—

E. Robinson—"Did you hear about the mash Francis made the other day?"

E. Dailey—"No, tell us about it."

E. Robinson—"She sat down on her hat."

Miss Knapp—"Mr. Alberts, are you teaching this class?"

Ed—(innocently)—"No, ma'am, I am just coaching Miss Maher."

—o—

Mrs. Jones—(sadly)—"Harry, I'm afraid I shall never see you in heaven."

Harry—(innocently)—"Why, what have you been doing now?"

—o—

Miss Kelso—"Mr. Leibick, describe the scene which Milton gives us."

Mr. Leibick—"Well—a—why—he sez—the chickens had just woked up."

—o—

Miss Kelso—"Mr. Jones, what are you doing?"

Harry—"Nothing."

Miss Kelso—"And what are you doing, Mr. Cahoun?"

Dick—"Helping Harry."

—o—

He—"You are the first girl I ever loved."

She—"That'll do for you; I don't want an amateur."

—o—

E. Paine—"What does R. S. V. P. mean?"

M. Nichols—"Why, Rat Shows Very Plainly."

—o—

M. Mahar (in English)—"I can't express myself."

Attendant Spirit—"Take a freight then."

Miss Straton, explaining the respiration of a leaf, was interrupted—"If you stepped on a leaf, could you say that you knocked the wind out of it?"

—o—

F. White—"Are you fond of tea?"

D. Guyer—"Yes; but I like the next letter better."

—o—

W. Comstock—"Pa, what is a football coach?"

Father—"The ambulance, I should imagine."



Ed Albert—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Dot George—"Huh! That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

---

D. Kirk—"Do you know anything about golf?"

M. Snow—"Not a thing; I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly."

---

Father—"So you have to take another examination. Didn't you pass?"

Dick, Cahoun—"Say, I passed so well I was encored, and now I have to do it all over again."

---

W. Breeze—"I climbed to the top of the pole to see what the sign said."

N. Williams—"What did it say?"

Billie—"Wet paint."

---

Teacher—"What is a concrete number?"

L. Huntington—"A number made of gravel and cement."

---

M. O'Connor—"That vase reminds me of M. B. (23)'s face."

D. Christie—"Yes, hand-painted."

---

"Oh, Father!" called H. Holding, excitedly, "there is a big black bug on the ceiling."

"All right, son," said Father, absent-mindedly, "step on it, and don't bother me."

---

Peanuts stood on the R. R. track;

His heart was all a-flutter;

He heard the train come rushing on

P. S.—S. T. P., Nut Butter.

D. Kirk—"Hello, Harry, what makes that bump on your head?"  
 H. Jones—"Oh, that's where a thought struck me once."

—o—

M. Mahar—"There was a strange man here to see you today, papa."

Papa—"Did he have a bill?"

Mary—"No, papa; just a plain nose."

—o—

S. Estabrook—"By what means do you produce laughing gas?"  
 M. Clapper—"Tickle the chandelier with a feather."

—o—

Prof. S.—"Is that your father's signature?"  
 N. Coley—"As near as I could get it, sir."

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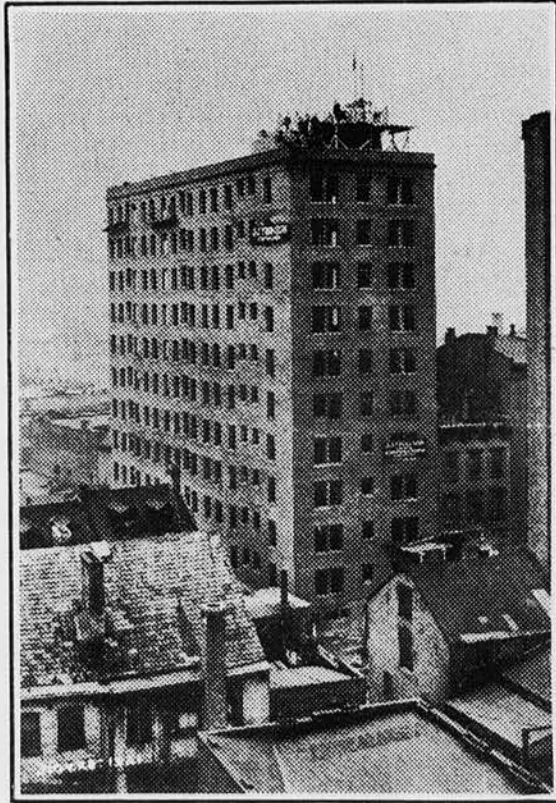


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