

Milne School

Crimson and White Vol. XIX

4 1922
-23

19/1

The Crimson and White

SENIOR AND ALUMNI ISSUE

November 1922

CONTENTS

Yesterday	
Alumni Notes	1
Today	
Literature	8
Exchanges	25
Tomorrow	
Editorial	27
Athletic Notes	32
Sense and Nonsense	33

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIX

NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 1

YESTERDAY

ALUMNI NOTES

Where the Class of '22 is this year:

Edward Albert—Colgate University.

Ruth Birdseye—at home.

Meredith Clapper—Russell Sage.

Nelson Coley—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Dewitt Christie—State College for Teachers.

William Comstock—Sunday Telegram office.

Sylvia Estabrook—State College for Teachers.

Jessie Filmer—Mildred Elly School.

Donald Guyer—Union College.

Hunter Holding—Yale University.

Esther Jansen—State College for Teachers.

Walter Liebich—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Martha Lomax—State College for Teachers.

Katherine Maar—Mildred Elly School.

Mary Maher—at home.

Velma Risley—Albany Business College.

Miriam Snow—State College for Teachers.

Frances White—at home.

Dorothy Williams—at home.

Eleanor Abrams, '20 and Emily Barrows, '21 are attending Mount Holyoke.

Marian Deyo, '18 is teaching French in Milne High School.

Miss Isabel Johnston, '18 is now Physical Instructor for Women in the New York State College for Teachers.

Donald Booth, ex-'19, entered West Point this year.

Katherine McKinley, '20, obtained high honors at the Skidmore School of Arts.

Howard Breeze, ex-'22, is at Union.

Prudence Irving, ex-'23, is attending Albany High School.

Edith Paine, ex-'24, is at the Albany Business College.

William Breeze, ex-'24, is attending Albany High School.

Dorothy Elliot, ex-'24, is attending the Girls' Academy.

Mary Galvin, ex-'25, is at Albany High School.

Mary Patton, ex-'24, is with the Telephone Company.

243 Durfee Hall, Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

Oct. 7, 1922

Miss Dorothea George,
Editor of "The Crimson and White,"

Dear Miss George,:

That "The Crimson and White" is preparing for another year of its successful career, is a fact which pleases me as much as it must those who are supporting it at Milne. As a member of the Class of '22, I shall be very glad to contribute what little I can to the Alumni Issue. My experiences as a Yale man cover the very short period of ten days. However, those ten days have contained what were to me novel occurrences.

The days at Yale, filled with action, seem shorter than any I have known heretofore. Lessons, crew practice, and many miscellaneous activities take up most of the day. But as most "Milnites" crave action, I shall not tell of my daily routine but of something which should appeal to their dispositions.

The annual freshman-sophomore "rush" is the affair at which freshmen are supposed to be initiated into Yale. But sometimes we wonder whether "freshies" are really initiated or whether the "sophs" come out of the affair in a worse condition than their understudies.

After a torch-light parade thru New Haven, all the students gathered on the main campus. The seniors and juniors then became spectators, while the "sophs" and "freshies" proceeded to perform. Wrestling matches were held between the men of '26 and '25, as preliminaries to the "rush."

The main clash took place about eight o'clock. All freshmen lined up at one end of the campus and all sophomores at the other. The men of '25 were to guard the section of the famous "Yale Fence" in their rear, from the attack of the '26 men. The fray was supposed to last ten minutes after which the letter men of Yale would decide upon the victors by the relative proportion of freshmen sitting on the "sophs" fence. However, as is usually the case, at the

end of the specified period all of the men were too busy to hear the referee's whistle.

The scrimmage started with the freshmen rushing down upon the sophomore lines, bellowing '26. As the "sophs" crouched to meet the first freshman onslaught, they answered the challenge by crying '25. The men of '25 tried desperately to hold their line intact; but their efforts were in vain, for with one thudding crash the freshmen dug deeply into their opponents' line. For a few minutes the men were like milling cattle, pushing and hauling in an endeavor to reach the fence, or hold it, as the case might be.

After the first few minutes, the battle was divided into smaller combats between individual members of the classes. The dust kicked up by these scuffles was so thick that only nearby objects were clearly discernible. Everywhere "freshies" and "sophs" were rolling around on the ground to see whether '26 could withstand '25. It is impossible to tell the details of the "rush" from that time on, except in parts where I was personally concerned.

In some way I had reached the left end of the sophomore line. Here I found an opening, which extended most of the way to the fence. I started running forward and was quickly tackled by a "soph." But he was easily moved out of the way, and I went on until I reached the fence. As soon as I had straddled it two or three "sophs" made an effort to dissect me by pulling at me from opposite directions. As a result, I remained on the fence (intact, with the exception of my clothes), until my tormentors decided that a concentrated effort on their part might be more effectual.

After being sufficiently persuaded that I should not sit on that fence, I was buffeted about by the mob until run into by some '25 men dragging two freshmen around the campus. We all fell in one heap and were only separated by the efforts of some juniors and seniors who seemed to want us to enjoy our senior heritages when the time came.

After roaming around thru that seething mass, I came upon two sophomores busily engaged in violent argument with one of my classmates. I joined their seance with the result that my friend escaped and the enraged '25 men vented their wrath upon me. I rolled about in the dust with one of my antagonists, while two others rendered some assistance in disheveling me.

After the latter experience I met some freshmen in the hall of a dormitory facing the campus. It happened that my roommate was among these men. I approached him and spoke to him. Much to

my utter astonishment this tall son of Texas merely stared down at me and asked me who I was. I explained that I was what remained of his own illustrious "buddie." He gaped at me so, that I thought I'd better go along.

Two other '26 men and I went into a room facing the campus. As we squatted on the window bench watching a crowd of "sophs" below, one of our number conceived the stupendous idea of dropping some cold water out of the window. This was done and proved so effectual that we decided it would be very prudent for us to leave the room by means of the fire-escapes.

Thus we freshmen were initiated into Yale University. Henceforth we are to live at Yale as unmolested as any upper classman. It would seem that there must be a standing mutual enmity between the men of '25 and those of '26, but such is not the case. Yale men have too many ties in common to let smaller distinctions interfere with the splendid fellowships which envelopes all men of the university.

Sincerely yours,

HUNTER HOLDING, '22.



At graduation time last June, my plans for another winter were uncertain. I hoped that fall would find me studying to be a worker among children, but my plans have been altered. Although disappointed that my first hope could not for the present be followed up, I decided to study shorthand and typewriting in the Mildred Elly School, since there are few positions in which stenography is not a valuable aid.

On September the fifth I went to attend my first day in the new house of learning and found to my surprise and pleasure that there were others from Milne High School there to take up the same line of work.

Shortly I found myself before that mysterious machine, the typewriter. Although at first the slow tick tack of the machine was monotonous, real pleasure came as we increased in speed. Each day we have speed and accuracy drills, and real competition is shown,—for who does not want to be the first pupil to have a perfect paper or the first to reach fifty words per minute?

After three quarters of an hour of typewriting, we went to the

most interesting and fascinating of studies, shorthand. To some this study seems dry and trying, but to me it is a most delightful game. What fun to see the peculiar figure wrought by the combination of characters and word signs to represent a word! Soon, now, we shall be able to record rapid dictation and shall be proud to see what we have accomplished.

Although it is quite evident that the majority of my fellow pupils are not graduates of high school, those who are realize the advantage of high school training. I believe that the least preparation one should have is a high school course, and then if business activity allures, he is better fitted to meet the call of business life. Stenography is interesting and is in constant demand in many important positions, but, as in everything else, he will succeed best who has the most preparation in the way of general education.

KATHARINE MAAR, '22.

—o—

“SO YOU'RE A FRESHMAN”

“So you're a freshman” seems to be on the tongue and in the heart of every student at State College. The Seniors glance at our buttons with '26 on them and look through us but not at us. The Juniors always call “hello” even when they are in a hurry. I suppose they feel sorry for us, and since they haven't yet reached the haughty stage, they are not afraid to show it. Sometimes our Junior sisters or brothers escort us to a reception. When this happens, we are placed two on one side of her and one on the other, with our names pinned on us and with instructions to stay that way. We changed our places to see what would happen. It was not very thrilling. When the introduction to the next professor came, our names were mixed and we were introduced by the wrong names.

The way of the Freshman is hard. One is given a locker key, two chemistry keys, six class cards, a blue button, and about twenty books, to take care of, bring to class, and to use. Some one of these usually necessitates one's running back breathlessly to turn the house topsy turvy in mad search. Usually the object of the quest is reposing in one's pocket quietly and unobtrusively.

Since gym has not started yet, the main “sport” at college is trying to get your lunch in the cafeteria among about five hundred other students. You rush madly from your last class in a vain hope

that you will be first. But usually you are among the first hundred. Very patiently you stand first on one leg and then on the other like a crane until you reach the door. Ah! at last! by the time you have gotten what you want, paid for it, and found a seat, the bell rings. You cast one look at your tray, swallow a few mouthfuls, and dash off breathless and empty to your class.

Another sport is listening for the different remarks made when you pass by. The Seniors are usually absent-minded, the Juniors sympathetic and pitying, the Sophs snobbish and humiliating. Even the Faculty like to make fun of us. The evening of the Faculty Reception Dean Horner made an address in which he said that we were the smartest and best class that had ever entered State and explained why—our size, marks, and credentials. When we had begun to swell with pride and smiled self-consciously at our nearest Freshman neighbors, he brought the walls of Carthage on our heads and made us feel very small by his next assertion. "You are, nevertheless, just as green, just as verdant, as any other class which has ever entered." It was also implied that he could tell by looking at us that we were Freshmen.

It is quite a come-down. In Milne we five were somebody, at least we thought we were—Senior Class, Student Council, Crimson and White Board—were all blest with our presence. Now we are—nobody.

We have always heard that the Sophs were wise, snobbish, and very careful of their banner. We can believe the first two, but of the last we are doubtful. Before the night of the "Get Wise" party they were snobbish all right. They were wise enough at the party to blindfold us before they let us experience the duckings, spooky stories, and hazardous methods, which they had concocted. But they weren't wise enough to realize that a mere window and lock could not keep us from the object of our desire—the banner. Now the tables have turned. Instead of picking us out to show our inferiority, they are inclined to creep by us with a hope that they can avoid a look of contempt. We may be green, but our green goes well with the red that flashes from their eyes. This is the reason why—After we had had several hand to hand combats and the lights had been turned off during dances, the Soph banner still hung in its appointed place, and the proud owners beamed at it triumphantly. They were so sure of its safety that they merely locked it in the typewriting room and went serenely home to bed. This was just the opportunity which the Frosh men had wanted, and one of the "Milne

Five," Dewitt Christie, was in the midst of the plotting. After everyone had gone, they quietly broke a window in the typewriting room and pried open the lock. The banner was quickly carried away and thoroughly hidden. We are glad we got the bone of contention, and our pride swells doubly when we think that Dewitt helped so much. The "Milne Five" are certainly conspicuous among the Freshmen class. They are certainly enjoying State to its fullest extent. Only Dewitt has achieved fame, while the rest of us are merely mentioned as candidates for freshmen offices.

President—Martha Lomax.

Vice President—Miriam Snow.

Treasurer—Esther Jansen.

Reporter—Sylvia Estabrook.

Since we have so early gained the attention of the college by the daring capture of the banner, we feel that it is a good omen that '26 is going to be the star class of S. C. T.

MARTHA LOMAX, '22.



I never go with high school girls,
I never make a date;
I'm never fussing on the quad
Or saying, "Ain't love great?"

I never take one to a dance,
The reason's plain to see,—
I never go with girls, because
The girls won't go with me.



TODAY

THE WELL OF ABDULLAH

The riders paused at the edge of a knoll. It was a fine day for a hunt, with a clear blue sky and just enough of a breeze to relieve the heat of the tropical sun. Jacques Lenor, the new French agent of the Bureau Arabe in Algiers adjusted his sun helmet.

"Hajji," he said to his companion, "I don't believe there's a sand lark in the whole desert of Sahara."

"The desert is large and sand larks are small, Sidi (Sir)." At this moment a hare darted around a dune just in front of them. Lenor raised his gun, but as he did so, a large hawk lunged from the sky like a cyclone of feathers and struck the little animal, breaking its neck almost in two.

"Attendez," cried the Arab boy in excellent French, but the hunter had emptied his gun at the hawk. "Oh, M'sieur, m'sieur, your vacation is ruined now." He ran forward and picked up the huge bird, pointing to a gold band upon its leg, bearing the name Omar el-Touati. "You have shot a falcon, sidi."

In the Algerian Sahara falcons are priceless. No owner will part with his bird. It is handed down as an heirloom and is as valuable as a thoroughbred Arabian horse.

The Arab boy thought quickly. In an instant he had scooped up the sand with his sandal and had thrown in the hare. He was about to throw in the falcon too when the Frenchman picked up the bird. "I shall face it," he said.

"Oh—oh—face the Sheik Omar and tell him you have killed his falcon! You are mad, M'sieur!"

There was not time to decide, for at this moment the "Halloa!"

of the hawkers caught their ears, and they turned to see a brilliant cavalcade sweep into view.

Gorgeous tunics and turbans, great scarlet burnouses flying in the wind, and fleet white horses made a dazzling scene as they came to a halt beside the two young men. The foremost horseman was a dashing, middle-aged Arab.

Amid the confusion Lenor spoke in Arabic, "I'm very sorry, sir, but I've had the misfortune to—to—" He mumbled something in French. It was evident. The now silent amazed, but impassive countenances of the party showed only a glaring anger. They did not speak. The leader took the bird.

"Your name?"

"Jacques Lenor."

When they had taken his name and address they rode away.

As Lenor and his companion approached the tiny Moslem village of Abdullah, they beheld every person within its gates kneeling and bowing to the ground toward the East. This ceremony lasted a couple of minutes, then the Mohammedans rose. Upon seeing him, a messenger came to him with a paper requesting his presence at the Mosque, or court house, at four o'clock.

The Mosque was filled with people of different nationalities, but the greater part were Arabs. About the court room were quotations from the Koran in large gold letters. The Kaid, or judge, sat tailor fashion upon a rug on a little raised dias.

After a while the case between Lenor and Omar el-Toutai was announced. It was then that the young Frenchman learned how wicked he really was. He was an outlaw, a thief, and a murderer. He was a rich infidel foreigner who had gained wealth by robbing honest Moslems and therefore deserved to be shot.

No method of punishment had been decided upon until a young Arab said suddenly to his master, "Would his vacation not be long enough for him to do a certain piece of work?" Instantly the Sheik's evil eye flashed. "Precisely," he said, and turned to Lenor. "We are digging a well in the southeastern corner of the date grove just outside the town. It is almost finished. If you would finish that, perhaps we shall call your debt cancelled."

"I'll do it," cried Lenor, thankful to get out of the embarrassing affair so easily. "How long will it take? I have fifteen days vacation."

"It will not require more than two or three hours," replied Omar, "and, besides, you will be given the Dia."

A silence fell over the whole court. On every side Lenor could hear the dusky audience gasp with surprise, and some were whispering, "A brave youth!" What did these malicious smiles mean?

The Dia was brought to him, and it proved to be a leather bag containing a small fortune of priceless jewels. It was the rule that he who finished a well was given the Dia.

Lenor felt a pull on his sleeve, and a voice whispered. "Give it back, M'sieur, don't take it! What is gold to life?" His little Arab friend was loyal to him.

"Why what is the danger, Hajji?" asked Lenor.

"Dia, you stubborn fellow, means blood money! They draw lots to see who shall finish the well. It had fallen to Ishid Ben Hydar, and he is glad enough that you are going to take his place."

On his way to the grove the young man encountered Ben Hydar. "Now and then," said Ishid, "a well-digger is drowned. That is all."

"How often?" pressed Lenor nervously.

"Oh—," answered Hydar carelessly. "I never knew a well-digger to drown more than once in a lifetime."

In his excitement, Lenor did not perceive the sly, hidden meaning.

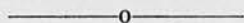
His little Arab friend again came to him. "Why didn't you listen to me? The Sahara is watered by underground rivers. The men dig down to the crust of clay over one of these rivers, and the man who digs through this clay falls in—invariably!"

In spite of all these warnings, when Lenor reached the spot he made fast a life line and allowed himself to be lowered into the well.

Carefully he tapped the wet clay bottom. He thought it trembled. He filled one basket full and it was drawn up. It made him shiver to think that he was standing but a few inches above a subterranean river, and he felt himself unconsciously holding his breath and trying to weigh as little as possible. He decided that he would dig all around the edge, so that the circle of clay would sink slowly and perhaps give him a chance to escape. At each faint stroke of his pick a tiny jet of water spouted up. At last he felt the circle of clay move under his feet. He clutched his life line but found it coming down into his hands faster than he could pull. Had Ishid cut the rope? Now Lenor was struggling in the water. Suddenly he caught his breath. There must be air currents in these underground rivers. He could still feel the clay pushing up against his feet. He thought of the warning of Hajji, of the Bureau Arabe,—of the blood money.

The next moment Jacques Lenor, new French agent in Algiers, supported by a circle of clay, shot out of the mouth of an artesian well into the tropical sunshine.

DEWITT C. ZEH, '23.



LITTLE ORPHANT FRESHMEN

A lot of little freshmen came to our school to stay;
 To learn a pile of lessons from their teachers every day,
 To carry home a load of books beneath an aching arm,
 And study all the evening and wind up the alarm
 To snatch them from the Land of Dreams and start
 them safely out
 For the last bell that gets them if they

Don't

Watch

Out!

Now, Freshmen dear, if you've been trained at chasing
 mountain bears
 You'll have had some climbing practice which will help
 on our stairs;
 And the following are useful tips which I'll hand on
 to you,
 For I've been here for many a year—I know what
 you'll go through.
 Don't eat your lunches during class—you'll surely be
 found out,
 And Teacher Dear will get you if you

Don't

Watch

Out!

And, when you're in the Study Hall, although it seems
 quite slow
 Don't jazz it up, for you're supposed to study there,
 you know.
 But, if you simply must throw chalk at other girls
 and boys,

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Keep one eye fixed upon the door, and don't make too
much noise.

For there's a Man who lingers there whenever he's
about.

Professor Sayles will get you if you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Don't write your own excuses, though it has been done
before;

You cannot get away with it without a mighty war.

When you have finished classes, don't hang around the
hall,

You're not supposed to be there, and you'll surely have
a call.

In the neck is where you'll get it when they find that
you're about;

For the Faculty will get you if you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Oh! all you little Freshmen, of what I say take heed;
My words may come in handy in your time of greatest
need.

Do all your lessons carefully; remember all you know,
That like the grand and learned Seniors you may some-
time grow.

You surely think us perfect; observe when we're about,
And some day you'll be Seniors if you

All

Watch

Out!

P. S.—And as a gentle hint to you, O all my readers
dear,

I say, "Be sure to praise the lines which I have written
here,

Don't ever mock my verses when you know that I'm
about.

If you dare,—beware! I'll get you if you

Don't

Watch

Out!

DOROTHEA A. GEORGE, '23.

—o—

THANKS, CAESAR!

Milne as a whole is divided into three parts, one of which is inhabited by the students, another by the teachers, the third by those who in their own language are called "faculty," in our language "many things." All these differ from one another in customs, laws, and languages (to some extent.) The lesson plans divide the faculty from the teachers; the reports, the faculty from the students.

Of all these the bravest are the teachers, who have courage enough to face nervous break-downs in order to teach the students, who are a wild and ferocious race. They are nearest the students, with whom they are continually carrying on war. The faculty, however, is the ruling power. It is in command of the territory, and due to its capability both the students and the teachers are safely conducted across dangerous places.

E. C. F., '23 (?)

—o—

MY TRIP TO EUROPE

In my recent trip to Europe there were many places which interested me, but some I enjoyed more than others. One of the most picturesque and historical countries in Europe is Italy. While there, we visited Milan, Florence, Venice and Rome, which are the four largest and most beautiful cities in that country.

In Milan we saw the magnificent Cathedral, which resembles in every way a colossal wedding cake. It is built of pure white marble with two thousand life-size statues and innumerable carvings on the exterior.

The interior is exceedingly impressive, with its long aisle and fretted vault. It has five long aisles, a number unusually great for a

church to have. The frescoes on the ceiling closely resemble carved stone, although they are in reality only painted.

After leaving Milan we went to Florence. There we saw the quaint dwelling of Robert Browning, the great English poet. Another historical building is the convent of San Marco, where the well-known Savonrola lived, loved and labored for the youths of Florence.

Our next stop was at Venice. I had heard so much about Venice that I was more anxious to see it than any other city in Italy.

It appealed to me very much. I think it is the most impressive city I have ever seen. One can hardly go anywhere in Venice without riding in gondolas. It is a city of canals.

On the Grand Canal in the evenings one hears the soft, melodious music played and sung by the young Venetians in their gondolas beneath the Venetian moon. Venice has a charm all its own.

One of the places we visited in Venice was St. Mark's Cathedral. This is a well-known church, and it is famous for the numerous pigeons which are always seen in front of it.

From Venice we journeyed on to Rome, the capital of Italy. The most remarkable building there is St. Peter's church. It is the largest and most imposing church in the world. The interior is about two hundred yards long and one hundred and forty yards wide. The interior decorations are somewhat similar to those of the Milan Cathedral, only much handsomer. The Pantheon and the Colosseum are two other structures which are well worth seeing.

Another sight which tourists usually go to see when visiting Rome is the Catacombs. These are located on the famous Appian Way, where ruined mounds of the tombs of many a proud and wealthy Roman are seen. Other historical places still in Rome are the Golden House of Nero, the Palatine Hill containing the palaces of the Caesars and the baths of Diocletian.

Of all the European countries I visited—England, France, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland, I found Italy one of the most educational and enjoyable.

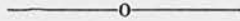
ALICE SECOR, '23.

THE PLEA

"Florence," he breathed, "can't you see he does not appreciate you? Surely you must know by this time what he thinks of you,—thoughts reflecting his own crass nature—how little he cares for all those cultivated arts which have made you what you are."

“He’s a good sort, but so stingy, so—Don’t you see you could never be happy with such a man? Of course I know it’s not strictly ethical, my coming here this way when he’s gone. But can’t you see how I want you, how I need you? Surely you understand why I have been here so often before. We could leave tonight, you and I, and he need not know until later. Think of all the added comforts you will have,—clothes, hats and all of those things so dear to a woman. Surely you won’t refuse? You see what it means to us both. Florence, my wife and I will give you a dollar a week more to come over and cook for us.”

SIS GIBSON, '23.



NAPOLEON AND WEBSTER

By Radio

The following is the story of a debate on who is the better man, Napoleon or Webster.

Speaking of Napoleon, Si Umpstead said: “Call to mind, my friends, the Battle of Waterloo. At the height of the battle, Napoleon’s horse was shot from under him. What did he do,—fall to the ground? I guess not! He grabbed the limb of a tree and shouted, ‘My Kingdom for a horse!’ And that is not all. The enemy were unable to capture him until they sawed the limb from the tree, just as you would capture a hornets’ nest. Why, Webster’s dictionary wouldn’t make wadding for one of Napoleon’s guns.”

Joshua Brown now sets forth his arguments in favor of Webster. “To begin with,” he says, “Webster’s dictionary was only a side issue. Webster won his fame at the Battle of Bunker Hill—a far greater battle than Waterloo. While standing on the Bunker Hill monument directing his troops, the monument was shot from under him. And did he grab a tree? I guess not! Instead he grabbed a star and yelled, ‘Give me liberty or give me death!’”

At this stage in the debate, Si became so enraged that he smashed the school globe over Joshua’s head, which went through the lower part of Africa and came out at the British Isles with the waters of the Atlantic Ocean lapping around his ears.

I don’t know who won the debate, but from all appearances Webster had the last word.

THOMAS QUINN, '23.

THE SONG OF THE VIOLIN

I am a thing of mystery.
Who can tell where my limits lie?
Who can fathom all my meanings?
Everyone who interprets me
Sings the song that is born in him.
To many it is given to love me,
To few, the strength to work for me,
To a handful, the gift to master me;
And for those will I sing my sweetest.
I will give them all my richest,
My greatest, most human melodies.
But to those who can only love me,
And to those who can only work for me,
I give to them none of my best;
I am their master,—they cling to me.
Some may forget; they come back to me,
For they have tasted the song of me
And they cry for more of my beauty.
But if they work for me faithfully,
If they spend long years of drudgery,
If they give their lives in my service;
Then I may give them the mastery.
Their spirits may grow by their love for me,
And the soul of an artist be born in them.
Then at last will I sing to them.
The songs of their souls will I sing to them;
And the beautiful soul that is rising in them
Will wield me and shape throbbing melodies.
And the world-folk will rise up and listen
And cry aloud for the Master.

This is my message: Work hard for me,
Not for my wealth, but for love of me,
And be always humble and true to me;
Then will I yield to you—"Master."

LILLIAN BASOVSKY, '23.

THE PURLOINED TOOTH

or

The Missing Lucky Charm, a Mystery in Five Fifthsby **Meta Phor**

One Fifth. Once in a Rural Village there lived an Honest Young Man named Effer Vescence. Now Effer, being Ambitious, wished to Advance himself in this World. Therefore, after shedding a few Salty Tears on the Family Doormat, he Hied himself to a College, better known as an Institute for the Mentally Deficient, with the Rest of the Educated Fools.

At First, All was not so Glorious for Our Hero. The Sophisticated Sophs poked Fun at his Home-made Raiment and called him Harsh Names. But Effer was Nobody's Fool, and One Day he came to School all Toggled Out in a Green Suit of Klassy Kut Klothes—They Kling, a Nobby Lid, and a Pair of Striped Socks. Thereupon he became Very Popular and acquired a Flair with the Ladies, a Rep, and a Collegiate Strut.

All This was Wormwood and Gall to Effer's Bitter Enemy, Aneec Dote. Reasons for the Mutual Hostility were not lacking. In the First Place, Aneec was a Supercilious Sophomore and Just Naturally couldn't help hating Effer as a Matter of Principle and a Duty to his Class. In the Second Place, the Small Town Dweller must, of course, be Offensive to One who has always lived in a Fifth Floor Flat. Last but not Littlest, Effer had Alienated the Affections of Aneec's girl, Cere Monious.

The Latter was Very Beautiful, possessing Bobbed Hair of the approved Whisk-broom Style, the Minimum of Eyebrows, and a Rosebud Mouth. She was also Very Modern and Up-to-Date, for her Geometrically Designed Sweaters and her Elongated Earrings far surpassed the Other Girls'.

With all these Wrongs Rankling in his Manly Chest, Aneec Sought a Way to Avenge the Betrayal of his Honor.

"How can I humble this Blithering Blighter?" he Mutters into his Mustache, which he Hopes Some Day will be Visible without the Aid of a Miseroscope.

"Vengeance is Mine! Where there is a Will, there's a Relation," he adds, quoting the Old Proverb. "We shall see, we shall observe!" he Growls and goes out to order a June Bug Sundae at a neighboring Soda Resort.

Two Fifths. Near the Noble Home of Learning stands a small Edifice bearing the Sign, The College Chortle—All Varieties of Indigestibles. It is here that the Higher Society of the Campus gathers to Waste Time and to spend Father's Hardearned Dollars, in order that the Chortle's proprietor may Enjoy a Small Rolls Royce and a Chauffeur in his Old Age.

As usual, the Magnetic Effer was Surrounded by a Bevy of Beautiful Girls, whom Cere, jeeringly Jealous, calls Dumb Doras. The Boy Wonder was relating a Thrilling Tale of How he Lost his First Tooth at the Age of Six and Three-quarters.

All the Girls were Positively Thrilled to Death, but imagine, if you can, their Exuberant Ecstasy, when Effer extricated a Small Object from a pocket which held his Watch and Chain when some Shylock wasn't holding it.

"This," exclaimed Effer in a Histrionic Manner, "is the Very Incisor of which I spoke. Ah, how Priceless! It has always been my Lucky Charm, and I go No Place without it."

"Once," he shuddered and placed a Hand on his Moist Brow, "'twas lost; and Death almost o'ertook me at the hands of a Telegraph Messenger who was in such a hurry to deliver a Message he had received three Days ago that he propelled his Bicycle into me and knocked me upon the Sidewalk.

"But the Charm was Found again, and All was Well. Without this little Tooth in my Pocket I would not Dare to Venture Forth at all."

The Bevy gasped its Admiration and crowded round to View the Precious Amulet. Suddenly Effer felt a Hostile Presence, as if Someone were pouring Ice Water down his Back; and, turning, he saw the Malevolent Countenance of Anec Dote, his Mortal Enemy. The latter's Eyes were Glowing with Suppressed Hatred, and he looked Perfectly Capable of Chewing up Effer in One Bite.

Hastily the Recent Raconteur turned to Cere and said Tersely, "Come! Let us Hie us Hence!"

But the Lady was Obstinate and Insinuated a Desire to Converse with Anec. (They say it is not True Love if She does not feel an occasional Irresistible Desire to See him Suffer). Effer, however, was in No Mood to Quibble, and so, Seizing her by her Hennaed Tresses, he dragged her out into the Sizzling Sunlight.

Three Fifths. Eight o'clock found the Ex Pi Ate frat house in an Upoar. It was the night of the Big Dance, and a Dozen or So

of the Boys had not yet retrieved their Collar Buttons from under the Bureau. Consequently, they were clamoring rather Belligerently about it. Added to this, several of the boys were bemoaning the Fit of their Rented Dress Suits. The Rest of the Inmates were Soothing their Distressed Brothers by Groaning in Chorus to a rendering of the "Alligator Blues" on a Talking Machine which had seen Quieter Days in a Theatrical Boarding House.

Our Friend Effer is at last Ready to Depart. How Handsome he looks! "It's a Certainty," he thinks as he sprinkles a few drops of Scent de Sarsaparilla upon his coat, "that all the Finale Hoppers will fall for me tonight." After tenderly fastening a Sunflower in his Buttonhole, he goes out to Burden himself with Cere for a Hectic Evening.

Effer was quite Surprised to find Cere ready after a short Two Hours' Wait.

"How Delicious you look!" he breathed Flurriedly.

Indeed, anyone would have thrown a Second Glance at Cere. Her Hair was as Overwhelmed with Waves as the Sea Shore, her Earrings reached to her Shoulders, and her Skirt was so Long that she Stumbled at Every Other Step. At Effer's compliment, she smiled Rouguishly and expressed, "Ditto, old Top."

And then they Embarked in a Pirate Craft commonly called a Taxi Cab.

The Floor of the gymnasium was already crowded with Anguished couples, who were colliding with each other in the Intricacies of a Terpsichorean Effort named The Ritz. It was not Thought to have been an Enjoyable Evening unless one had been Knocked Down or Mutilated beyond Recognition at least Three or Four Times.

So Far, Effer and his Fair Partner had Amassed Three of the Necessary Collisions, and the Fourth was Soon to Come. Aneec the Detested came Meandering along; and, whether he was Blinded by the Shock of Red Hair resting on his shoulder, or whether he did not see Where he was going Accidentally on Purpose, is a Matter of Conjecture and Food for Thought. Anyway, he Struck Effer with the Greatest Superfluity of Violence.

Effer glared Balefully at the Instigator of the Crime and Deliberately slapped his Visage. "After the Dance! We shall meet Outside!" he hissed, and the Villain paled.

Cere had begun to Weep, and her Eyelashes were becoming very Streaked and Crooked, giving her the Appearance of having a Black Eye. But Effer comforted her by mentioning the Omnipotent

Lucky Charm. He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a Hat Check, a Latch Key, 50c, Cere's powder puff, and a Telephone Number.

Then a Pallor like Death's obliterated Effer's Features. He gnashed his Teeth and Groaned. "My Tooth, my Tooth! The Lucky Charm is Gone!" he Sobbed in Sibilant Syllables.

Four Fifths. The Night was Black; the Faint Light of the Moon threw into Silhouette the Profiles of two Feline Serenaders. No Light gleamed in the shadowy houses, for Those who were Respectable had long since gone to Bed, and those were Not, had not yet come Home. Everywhere Silence and Solitude brooded.

Suddenly the Silence and the Solitude were Rudely Interrupted by the Arrival of Two Figures muffled to the Ears in Easy Fit Ulsters—Guaranteed for Rain or Shine. The Marauders sought out the Darkest Spot; it was an Alley back of the Methodist Church. There, flinging off their Wrappings, stood Effer Vescence and Aneec Dote, the Mortal Enemies, Face to Face at Last!

Strange to Note, our Hero's Face looks Sad and Hopeless. It is plain to see that Effer's Courage is Fleeing and has made the Half-mile in Two Minutes Flat. It is all on account of the Missing Tooth, which Effer is Positive is in Aneec's possession. And he knows that without his Lucky Charm, Aneec will be able to Reduce him to the Consistency of Raspberry Jello.

With Snarls, the Rivals darted at each other's Throats. As there was present no Referee to Call the Fouls, the Tactics soon became Rather Rough. Just as Effer had expected, Aneec gained the Upper Hand, after Biting off his enemy's Right Ear and Pulling out his Left Eyebrow.

The Climax arrived when Aneec had forced Effer to the ground and was Relentlessly Strangling him. Our Hero had begun to Say his Prayers, when Suddenly his hand closed upon Something small and hard. It was the Purloined Tooth, which must have fallen out of the Sophomore's Pocket during the Fray!

There was No Doubt about it—Effer was now Safe from Harm. With New Vigor, he Dislodged his Adversary from his Thirteenth Vertebra. The Tables were Turned, and the Villain was obtaining his Just Deserts. His Head was so Battered and his Face so Erased that it was Impossible to decide whether he was Coming or Going.

With a last Mighty Blow, Effer prostrated him on the Turf; and placing a Foot on his Victim's Chest, he ejaculated, to the Sur-

prise of the Feline Serenaders, "Thanks to my Tooth, I am the Victor!"

Five Fifths. Back again at the Frat House Effer telephoned the news of his Victory to Cere. Then, supported by the Sympathetic Hands of his Ex Pi Ate brothers, he Slowly and Painfully ascended the stairs to his Chamber, while relating the Lurid Chronicle of the Big Fight.

"My Luck, Boys, was all due to this here Tooth!" he exclaimed Generously and exhibited the Lucky Charm.

After everyone had left Effer alone in his Study, he Tottered over to his Mirror to see what was left of his Classic Features. "Not so bad! With the Aid of a Bottle of Iodine, a Roll of Court-plaster, a Bandage and some Peroxide, I shall be Recognizable in Two or Three Weeks," he remarks to himself.

Suddenly a Ghastly Grimace played upon his Countenance, his Eyes protruded with Horror, and his Hands trembled. Slowly, as one in a Trance, he picked up the Lucky Tooth and inserted it in an empty space among his Front Teeth! The Fit was Perfect!

The Revelation was almost Too Much for Effer. His Illusions had been Destroyed; he was as a Child who has discovered there is no Santa Claus. For now he realized that it was not the Lucky Charm his hand had found in the Critical Crisis, but a Common Ordinary Tooth which Anee had dislocated in his Carelessness.

"Well thus is Life!" mused Effer. "He who can Fool himself is Indeed Fortunate."

As he blew out the Gas, he decided that he had become a Man at Last.

MARIAN E. BARDENE, '23

—o—

Here lies an editor, Snooks, if you will,
In mercy, kind providence, let him lie still;
He lied for his living and lived while he lied,
When he couldn't lie longer, he lied down and died.

HEARD IN THE STUDY HALL

Hugh J. McKeon, Jr.—“Now, I have to study this period, and I do not want to be bothered by anyone.”

Harry Jones—“Same here. I haven't done a lesson.”

Art Milliman—“How soon does this period end?”

Harry Jones—“Say, Junior, how about that shrubbery on your chin? Did you ever hear of Mr. Gillette?”

“Swede, or Junior” McKeon—“I Auto-Strop you; would Gillette me?”

Harry—“I'm Ever Ready.”

Art Milliman—“How soon does this period end?”

Bill McDonough (thoughtfully)—“A straight line can be intersected at only one point.”

Charles Albert Davenport (from front of room)—“Say there, Captain McKeon, may I converse with you?”

“Captain, or Swede” McKeon (of the basketball team)—“What do yuh want?”

Charles Albert—“When does basketball practice start?”

“L'il Junior, Swede, or Captain” McKeon—“Next week; and I want you guys to understand that there will be no smoking on this team while I'm the captain!”

(Imagine the noise of him getting off a line like that! at this point “Casey” Jones bursts into boisterous merriment and is sent from the study hall by the long-suffering teacher).

Art Milliman—“How soon does this period end?”

“Captain” McKeon—“Didn't I tell you fellows that I had to study? Leave me alone, will you?” (To himself out loud) “Who wrote Irving's Sketch Book?”

Art Milliman to Billy McDonough, who appears to be enwrapped in some object upon the ceiling—“What's the matter, Bill?”

Billy—“I'm thinking.”

Art—“What with, for goodness' sake?”

(A perfectly good “Premier Livre” fractures the atmosphere and lands in the immediate vicinity of Art Milliman's head).

Charles Albert Davenport (from front of room)—“I wish you young gentlemen would desist from causing so much commotion, as I find it impossible to study.”

Art Milliman—“How soon does this period end?”

“Swede or Captain” McKeon—“Shut up! I'm studying.—Say, has anybody been to the Grand this week?”

Dix Colbert—"Yes! It's rotten."

"Swede or Captain" McKeon—"I thought so. Who's in my history class?"

Art Milliman—"You're in a class by yourself. Say, how soon does this period end?"

"Swede or Captain" McKeon (humming some unrecognizable tune)—"I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into a song."

Dix Colbert—"Why don't you get the right key? Then you won't have to break in."

(Art Milliman at this point follows the procedure of Harry Jones, late of the study hall, and receives a similar fate).

"Swede or Captain" McKeon—"Well, boys, I have finished my history at last. Now you fellows can make as much noise as you want to."

(For a few minutes, now that nobody cares whether or not it's quiet, the room remains very still; then the silence is broken by the very welcome tingle of the bell).

ELLSWORTH R. BEEMAN, '23

—o—

Can you imagine—

Harry Jones as an undertaker?
 Norma Jones not hungry?
 Frances Storrs not on the lookout for a man?
 Ed Cramer without a piece of chewing gum?
 Liz Friend in love with a man?
 "Junior" McKeon in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit?
 Dot George without those eyes?
 Larry Ulrich minus that drawl?
 Marian Bardene tongue-tied?
 Davy without a sweater?
 Art Milliman walking down town all alone?
 Midge Rapp without her sweet smile?

OUR TREAD MILL

There are steps at Milne High,
 Going upward to the sky,
 Ever upward, ever onward, though the end is never nigh.
 We continue flight on flight,
 But the end is ne'er in sight—
 Just like Jacob's endless ladder are the steps at Milne High.

Oh the steps, Oh the steps,
 Oh the steps, steps, steps,
 'Till no other thought can enter
 On the brain we'e taught to center
 On the seeming endless progress of the steps.

We must climb them every day,
 For there is no other way
 To pursue the path of knowledge and become an Alumni.
 Wishing for an elevator,
 Which we may get sometime later,
 We keep trudging on and onward up the steps at Milne High.

Up the Steps, up the steps,
 Up the steps, steps, steps,
 We ascend them still undaunted,
 'Till our very dreams are haunted
 By the ghastly, ghostly vision of the steps.

E'er the day has yet begun,
 Or at setting of the sun,
 From the time that we are Freshmen 'till our Senior year is by,
 With assurance we declare,
 That we'll make the Golden Stair
 Of Heaven, by the training that we've had at Mill-un High.

On the steps, on the steps,
 On the steps, steps, steps,
 Which we all know to our sorrow,
 We must climb upon the morrow,
 And we sit here, bringing curses on the STEPS!

Revised by DOROTHEA GEORGE, '23
 Apologies to R. P. I. GLADYS HUTCHISON, '23.

(The revisors suggest that this be set to music and sung in Chapel, as the National Anthem of Milne High.)



WELCOME!

The new Exchange Editors cordially salute their readers. We are determined to do our best in this year's issues of the **Crimson and White**. Our exchanges of last year were greatly enjoyed, and we shall continue to appreciate the comments on our paper.

It is through the exchange department that the work in other schools can be reviewed and new ideas gotten. Many times a school is judged by its paper. Therefore, let us make the **Crimson and White** reflect the spirit, achievements, and ambitions of Milne High.

Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

In the last two issues received from Binghamton Central High, there has been no real exchange department. Why not criticize each issue on your exchange list? That is the purpose of the department. In other respects, your paper has a high standing. Your Hoos-Hoo department is original and something which no other school has. It is a mighty fine thing. Your literary department is complete and interesting. "Music hath charms" is especially good. You seem to have a lot of talent along poetical lines.

The Cue, Albany Boys' Academy

As is usual, **The Cue** is up to its high standard in nearly all its departments. We agree with the **Clarion** in saying that your "Cueisms is a department made of jokes clipped from exchanges." Why not put in a few original ones and make your paper perfect in all departments? You are one of our best exchanges.

Port Light, Port Washington, N. Y.

The Port Light is a newcomer, and we welcome it into our Exchange Department. The issue we received is the regular commencement number containing the usual Class History, Will, and Poem. Your literary department is exceptionally fine. **The Lost Will** is especially commendable. Where are your exchanges? Why not develop **Grinds** more and make it a joke department worthy of the rest of your paper? Come again.

High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Another newcomer among our number of exchanges. The Class History, Prophecy and Will are fine, and the **Senior Girls in Verse** is a good idea. May we ask why you don't criticize others in your exchange department? Are your seniors too serious to have a joke department in their issue? Come again! You are always welcome.

Clarion, Lynbrook, N. Y.

The commencement issue of the **Clarion** is very good. Your literary and joke departments are especially commendable. We liked the stories "Lost and Found" and "By the Light of the Moon." Why do you have "Miss Condem'em" in your telephone exchange tell good points instead of bad, as her name implies? More cuts would improve the general appearance of the paper.

The Spy, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

This newcomer has a very complete commencement issue. Where are your jokes? Your cuts are clever and original. Your school motto is a good one for a high school to use. Why not put your editorial at the front of your paper instead of in back? Come again.

The Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.

Your only issue for 1922 is excellent. Every department is complete and what it should be.

—o—

"Did you know they had automobiles in Bible times?"

"No, what makes you think so?"

"Well, it says that Elijah went up on high."

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIX

NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 1

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of
The Milne High School

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5 copies) payable in advance..... \$1.00
Single copies25

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHEA A. GEORGE, Sigma

Assistant Editor

ELLSWORTH KIRTLAND, Theta Nu

DOROTHY ROBINSON, Sigma.....	School Editor
MARION NICHOLS, Quinn.....	Alumni Editor
MARION BARDEN, Quinn.....	} Joke Editors
MARGARET MANN, Quinn.....	
GEORGIANA MAAR, Quinn.....	Exchange Editor
MARY CRAIG, Sigma.....	Assistant Exchange Editor
DE WITT ZEH, Adelphoi.....	} Business Managers
WERNER LIEBICH, Adelphoi.....	
GEORGE O'CONNOR.....	} Advertising Agents
MARIAN O'CONNOR, Quinn.....	
ELLSWORTH BEEMAN, Theta Nu.....	
HELEN HAMBURGER, Sigma.....	
ARNOLD LAVENTALL.....	

TOMORROW



Milne High has reason to be proud of its achievements last year, and reason to look forward to the further results of those and other future achievements this year. The students certainly showed enterprise and school interest in advancing the many new ideas which have been put into successful practice at Milne High during the past twelve months. Last year was one of decided growth for our school.

One short year ago we could boast of no Student Council, no Girls' Basketball Team, no Dramatic Club, no Cheer Contest, no Girls' Track Meet, or any one of several new institutions which we

now have, (I mean no personal reference to the Class of '26). All these things have grown out of the effort of our students to convince outsiders that, although our number is small, we most decidedly are not lacking in school spirit. And I think that we have proved our point.

In the first place, I wonder how many of you know that Milne High is now a democracy,—that we have a government of the pupil, for the pupil, and by the pupil? Our Student Council is just as truly a representative government as that famous First Assembly in Virginia Colony. It is made up of members of each class and the heads of the various school organizations. As a Royal Governor to preside over the still uncertain ideas and ideals of high school students we have Professor Sayles, who is present at all the meetings of the Council. But he does not take to himself even as much authority as did the Colonial governors of old Virginia, for he only advises us from time to time and takes care of our finances; while the meetings are presided over by a president elected by the members of the Council from among themselves. The Student Council regulates school affairs and, in general, decides questions relating to the school.

Another innovation of which we are justly proud is our Girls' Basketball Team, which was started to prove to Milne boys that they could not carry off all the laurels in the athletic line. In their first game the girls received a terrific beating from a veteran team; but they stuck bravely to practice and played several more games, winning the last three by a good margin. This year, with most of the Varsity back, and many new members on the squad, they hope to develop a team that is truly fine. Another achievement of the girls in athletics was a very successful track meet, which they hope to repeat every spring until it has become a fixed institution at Milne.

The students tried their hand at acting last year and produced such entertainments as the dramatizing of scenes from David Copperfield and MacBeth, the clever little French play *L'Enfant Volee*, Characters from Famous Juvenile Books, the very successful Girls' Day play *Her First Assignment*, and as the crowning event of this sort, *Historic Albany*, a pageant written, produced and acted by the students, which no one who saw it will ever forget. This year we hope to have a real Dramatic Club to continue the display of our recently discovered talent and to provide diversity in our chapel programs.

The Cheer Contest which was directed by the Student Council last year was not a great success, but at least it aroused interest in the possibility of having a well-trained crowd to cheer at our games, and it served to elect cheer-leaders for the boys and for the girls, who, if assisted by the student body this year, will be able to carry out the plans made last year for the proper support and encouragement of our school teams.

Our Milne certainly made a long leap forward last year, and, if we continue in the same way, it won't be long before Milne High will be where it ought to be—near the head of any list of enterprising, progressive schools. And so, O, Milnites, I say to you in the words of the poet, "Go to it!" And to all interested onlookers I say, "Watch our dust!"

D. A. G., '23

o

HELP 'EM ALONG!

Students, did you ever stop to think just what the "Crimson and White" really is? Have you ever considered what would happen if there were no "Crimson and White?" Have you? And do you realize that the "Crimson and White" is the mouth-piece of the school? Through it, outsiders learn what is going on within our walls. Through it, students in other schools find out what Milne High School is like. In other words, the school itself is judged by the quality and quantity of the "Crimson and White," the school paper.

It's up to every boy and girl to help maintain the high standards and the excellent reputation of this fine high school. That's school-spirit. A school-boy without school-spirit is a—well, he just isn't a school-boy.

What could be a finer way to show your school-spirit than to help along the "Crimson and White?" You say, "It's up to the 'Crimson and White' Board to make the paper." The Board does not make the "Crimson and White," they simply edit it. And they rely on the school at large to furnish them with material to edit and with other means of making the "Crimson and White" a success.

You can help them along by adding to the Literary Department. They are constantly being criticised by their Exchanges for a deficiency in this, the most important department of the paper. More students not on the board, should write,—not only stories but sketches, poems, editorials and jokes. Athletic and Alumni Notes

and especially cuts are more than acceptable. Come on, you young authors, take up your rusted quills and write for your school-paper!

Just as much as every living body requires circulation, so much must the "Crimson and White" have a large circulation to keep it going. It would be a sad state, indeed, if no one except the boys and girls in school read the school paper. They must have outside subscriptions! Show the paper to some of your friends or to some friends of the school, especially Alumni. If they are real friends and Alumni they'll give you a subscription. So here's another way to help the "Crimson and White," and indirectly the school.

They need more ads. It is the advertisers mainly who pay for the "Crimson and White." About ninety per cent of each issue is paid for from the ads, no matter how many ads there are. This is because the amount of reading matter is apportioned to the amount of ads. Thus, the more ads the bigger issue.

"Patronize Our Advertisers!" You see these words not only in the "Crimson and White" but in all advertising mediums. But how often do you heed them? These firms, all of them reliable, which insert their ads in our paper, deserve and ask for your patronage. And when you do make a purchase of one of the advertisers, mention the "Crimson and White" to him, so that he will continue his ad. Show him "It pays to advertise in the 'Crimson and White.'"

So, students, you see there are ways for you to help 'em along. Don't let the "Crimson and White" be the Board paper, but, by your interest in it, let it be what it should be, the school paper.

ARNOLD LAVENTALL, '23

ATHLETICS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL SCHEDULE

The question of the division of time between studies and athletics is a very difficult problem, which confronts the instructors and students of Milne High School, as well as those of every other school. The student should apportion a definite time for both athletics and studies, just as a definite time is designated by the teacher for class recitations. This time should be divided according to the intelligence and ability of the student. Also, both study and athletics should be carefully supervised.

The following are the words which Theodore Roosevelt wrote to

his son on this subject: "I am glad you are playing football. I should be very sorry to see either you or Ted devoting most of your attention to athletics, and I haven't got any special ambition to see you shine overmuch in athletics at college, at least, if you go there, because I think they tend to take up too much time; but I do like to feel that you are manly and able to hold your own in rough, hardy sports. I would rather have a boy of mine stand high in his studies than high in athletics, but I would a great deal rather have him show true manliness of character than either intellectual or physical prowess."

RUTH E. JANSEN, '23

"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES"

If the boys won't, the girls will put Milne on the map, athletically speaking.

Twenty-six basketball enthusiasts turned out for the first practice on October fifth, and all but one of last year's varsity team are back at school this year, so with that as a starter, we hope to accomplish great things this season.

A regular schedule is being arranged, and with the necessary encouragement from the side lines we shall try to develop a team that Milne will be proud to claim as her own.

E. C. F., '23

"Daughter, did I not see you sitting on that young man's lap when I passed the parlor door last night?" asked Mr. George.

"Yes," answered Dot, "and it was very embarrassing. I wish you hadn't told me to do it."

"Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

"You probably don't remember me, Professor," began the meek little middle-aged man, "but fifteen years ago you sent me over to the Library to get a book for you and—"

"Yes, yes," returned the Professor, "and have you got it?"



FOOTBALL

For the first time in the history of Milne High School, the boys have donned their football togs and have romped to the gridiron. The lads who have handled a pigskin before gathered together, and they have formed a strong opposition to State College, which for the last few years has included football among its sports.

Those who are unable to stand the rough handling of the College organized a Junior squad, whose men are showing a fine spirit in their work. They already have a well-worked-out set of signals, and they form a promising team. They already have the prospect of a game with the Albany Academy Junior Eleven.

Among the Junior squad are:

Van Alstyne, O'Connor, Williams, Adt, Shea, and Ferguson, a newcomer at Milne, who won the hammer throw championship of Long Island in an athletic meet at Lake Grove last year, with a mark of 103 feet 5 inches.

L. U., '23

BASKETBALL

Within a few days the Milne five will again be on the court to make such a showing as has never been made before. Last year was not a very successful season, principally because there was not enough material from which to choose the team; but this year, if Milne High will support its basketball team, we will surely return to our former high standing in the basketball world.

A schedule including games with the leading teams of Eastern New York is now being made up; it can not be played successfully without the aid of new material. All new basketball men at Milne are urged to report for practice.

L. U., '23



Miss Haynes (in Chemistry)—“Miss Friend, why does lightning never strike twice in the same place?”

E. F., '23—“Because after it's struck once, the same place isn't there.”

—o—

(A messenger boy with a telegram for Harry Jones rings at two in the morning.)

“Does Harry Jones live here?”

Mrs. Jones (wearily)—“Yes, bring him in.”

—o—

Hostess—“My dear Miss Jones, do have some more ice cream.”

N. J., '24—“Just a mouthful, please.”

Hostess—“Hidla, fill Miss Jones' plate.”

—o—

D. C., '23—(Taking watch from beneath his pillow)—“My word! Half-past seven and Mother hasn't come to call me yet. I shall be late for school if she doesn't come soon!”

—o—

D. Z., '23—“You've got a bad cold, Ed.”

E. C., '23—“Yeh.”

D. Z., '23—“How'd you get it?”

E. C., '23—“Slept in a field last night, and some inconsiderate person left the gate open.”

—o—

Manager of Stock Company—“Tonight you will play the part of a duke.”

Star—“Then you must give me 20 cents for a shave.”

Manager—“On second thought, you will play the part of a Bolshevik.”

D. C., '23—"Was Nero that guy who was cold all the time?"
 W. McD., '24—"Naw, that was Zero."

—o—
 A. M., '23 (to his partner)—"My life was a desert before I met you."

F. S., '24—"Then I shall cease to wonder why you dance like a camel."

—o—
 "It would be better," observed Professor Sayles to a Freshman as he paused in the Study Hall door, "if you would not whistle while you are studying."

"I ain't studyin', sir," replied the Frosh, "I am just whistlin'."

—o—
 Professor—"Aren't you Mr. Smith?"
 Stude—"No, sir. I'm Mr. Smith's twin brother."
 Professor—"Ah, I see. What name please?"

—o—
 King—"What ho, sirrah, call the guard."
 Prime Minister—"Sire, it is raining and the guard has lost his umbrella."

King—"Then by all means what ho the mud-guard."

—o—
 A. M., '23—"All Marian Bardene thinks about is clothes."
 H. J., '23—"From all appearances, I should say she's practically thoughtless."

—o—
 There is a boy in Milne who wears such a high collar that we're afraid some day it's going to push his chin right off his face.

—o—
 There was once a professor so absent minded that he poured the maple syrup down his back and scratched his pancake.

—o—
 After all, love is probably nothing but a chemical reaction. But aren't the experiments interesting?

—o—
 Woman (hiring plumber)—"Are you a Union man?"
 Plumber—"Good Lawd, no! I'm Hawvard."

—o—
 Lady (on street car)—"Which end shall I get off at?"
 Conductor—"It's all the same to me, lady; both ends stop."

Second-mate (pointing to inscribed plate on deck)—“This is where our gallant Captain fell.”

Elderly Lady Visitor—“No wonder! I nearly tripped over it myself.”

Student—“I would like permission to go riding with my brother this afternoon.”

Dean (quickly)—“How long have you known him?”

Student—“About two weeks.”

E. B., '23—“I'm going to sue my English teacher for libel.”

H. McK., '23—“What for?”

E. B., '23—“She wrote on my English theme, ‘You have bad relatives and antecedents.’”

Man in ebb tide: “Help, help, I'm drowning!”

Man dozing in sand, “Well, why make so much noise about it?”

M. L., '24—“Is this cup sanitary?”

Hammie—“Must be, everybody uses it.”

R. J., '23 (in movies to a little boy behind her)—“Can't you see, young fellow?”

Little Boy—“Not a thing.”

R. J.—“Then keep your eyes on me and laugh when I do.”

Policeman—“But didn't you feel the pickpocket's hand in your pocket?”

Absent-minded Prof.—“Yes, but I thought that it was my own.”

L. U., '24—“Hey, I can't take this suit this way. There aren't any pockets in it.”

Tailor—“I know, but I thought from the length of time you've owed me for the last one that you never had anything to put in them.”

M. N., '23—“That man you were just talking to is a mind-reader.”

D. R., '23—“Impossible. Why, I was just dying for a sundae all the time I was with him.”

M. R., '24—"You passed me today and never recognized me."

E. K., '24—"What? Were you the girl with the open work sand colored stockings?"

—o—

Elly Beeman—"It's a nice day, don't you think?"

Davy—"No, not on a nice day." (Nor ever!)

THOMAS J. HURLEY EST.

22 Green St., Albany

**Outfitters for all Outdoor and Indoor Sports
and Pastimes**

Compliments
of
SENIOR CLASS

G. WILEY & BRO.

Dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meat

348 State St., Cor. Lark

Telephone 544-543

Compliments of

Zeta Sigma

Albany Telegram Company

COMMERCIAL PRINTING DEPARTMENT

5 VAN TROMP ST.



PHONE, MAIN 260

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Stylish Brogues -



Come On You Fellows

Who want real style
and pep, with plenty
of wear and prices you
know are right.

**Haskell's
Walk-Over Shop**

71 N. Pearl Street
Albany

QUAYLE QUALITY

Quayle & Son, Inc.

STEEL ENGRAVERS TO AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES
Albany, N. Y.

Samples of Wedding Stationary Upon Request

Correct Forms

Moderate Cost

**STENOGRAPHIC SECRETARIAL CIVIL SERVICE
BOOKKEEPING ACCOUNTING**

Educates For Business Efficiency

Provides Attractive Positions

Albany Business College

**Trains Ambitious Young Men and Women Quickly and
Economically for Independence and Advancement
in Executive and Secretarial Positions.**

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS

Carnell & Hoit

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

McMANUS & RILEY

Dolan Clothing Co.

"The Best of Things to Wear"

Compliments of

SOPHOMORE CLASS

CONRAD HEYES

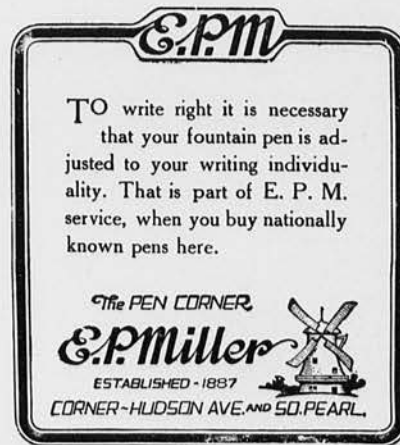
College
Barber

82 Robin St. Albany, N. Y.

"Co - op"

for

Supplies and Milne High
Banners



ALBANY HARDWARE & IRON CO.

Complete Sporting Equipment

BASKET BALL FOOT BALL GOLF SUPPLIES GYM OUTFITS
MACKINAW'S SHEEPSKIN LINED COATS
SWEATERS SKATES

39-43 State Street

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Have your Name Printed on your Christmas Cards for a small
extra charge

A COMPLETE LINE OF BIRTHDAY
CARDS, WEDDING AND GIFT CARDS

NOVELTIES : TOYS : DOLLS

Parmelee's Variety Store

306 CENTRAL AVENUE

(Next to Colonial Theatre)

Hemstitching

Crochet Cotton

Ben V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

Optometrist

Optician

50 No. Pearl Street
Albany

356 Broadway
Troy

454 State Street
Schenectady

H E. STAHLER

299 Central Ave.

Leading Confectionery and
Ice Cream Parlor

Whipped served on all specials
No extra charge

IMPORTED STATIONERY
CHRISTMAS CARDS



27½ Steuben St. Albany, N. Y.

State College Cafeteria

SPECIAL LUNCHEON

35c

Hours : 11:15 to 1:15

Steefel Says: READY FOR FALL AND WINTER

In All Departments

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING - HATS - SHOES - HABERDASHERY

Ready in the Girl's Shop, too

STEEFEL BROTHERS

STATE ST.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Compliments of
ADELPHOI

4¹/₂%

Interest payable January 1st and July 1st

Assets over \$20,000,000.00

CITY SAVINGS BANK

100 State St, Albany, N. Y.

WILLIAM S. HACKETT
President

FRANK H WILLIAMS
Treasurer

E. A. BEAUMONT CO

"The Stetson Shoe"

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

HOSIERY

71 State Street

ALBANY

N. Y.

"Say it with Flowers"

HOLMES BROS.

20 Steuben St.

311 Central Ave.

Albany

Compliments of

Quintiltian Literary Society

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

