

The  
Crimson and White

FEBRUARY, 1918

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ALBANY, N. Y.

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---

*Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill by buying  
War Saving Stamps.*

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*Please mention "The Crimson and White"*

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# The Crimson and White

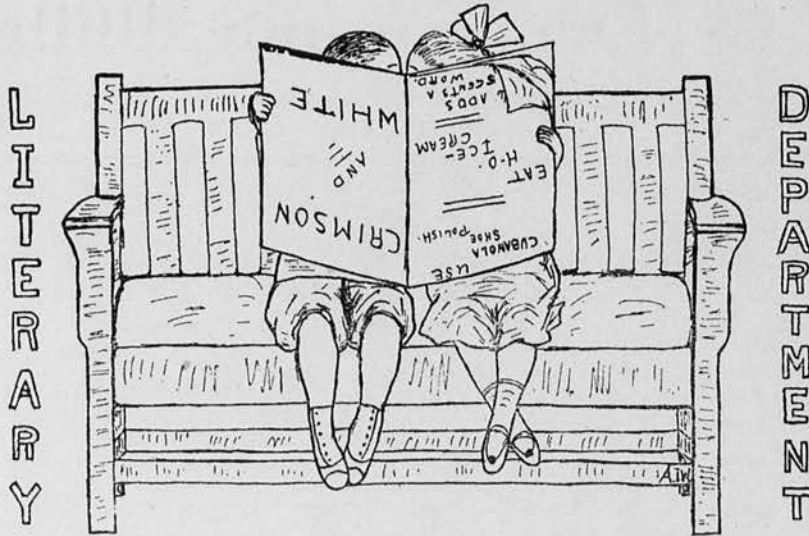
Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY 1918

No. 3

## OUR HONOR ROLL.

William Davison, ex-'18, Navy.  
William Nead, '16, N. Y. Field Hospitals, Camp Wadsworth.  
Harold Sollace, ex-'19, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.  
Urquhart Wilcox, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.  
Eugene Molitor, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.  
Paul O'Brien, ex-'17, Somewhere in France.  
Erwin Hanna, '16, N. G. N. Y.  
Chester Blauvelt, '14, Lieutenant in Army, stationed at Trenton.  
Irving Goewey, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Atlanta, Ga.  
Arnold Van Laer, ex-'18, Troop B, N. G. N. Y., New Paltz, N. Y.  
Edmund O'Connor, '14, Marines.  
Earl Vibbard, ex-'18, Second Field Hospital Corps.  
Chester Long, '14, Albany Base Hospital.  
Gilbert Daring, '14.  
Nelson Covey, '14, Albany Base Hospital.  
John Butler, '14, Albany Base Hospital.  
William Thompson, '11.  
George Reinhart, ex-'18, Navy.  
Harold Wentworth, ex-'12, National Army, Camp Devens.  
Guy Ferguson, '13, National Army, Camp Devens.  
Clifford Evory, '08.  
Guy Sweet, '05.  
John Becker, '11.  
George Anderson, '10.  
Alberta O'Connor, '12, U. S. N. R. F., Yeoman.  
Newton Bacon, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Yaphank.  
Edwin Taylor, ex-'14.  
Edwin Belknap, '15.  
Chester Hane, '12.  
Robert Meade, ex-'12, Albany Base Hospital.  
Walter Graham, ex-'16, Albany Base Hospital.  
Raymond Fite, '15, Medical Corps.  
John Lynd, ex-'14, Marines.  
John Henry, ex-'16, Aviation Corps, France.  
Harold Springstead, ex-'10.  
John O'Day Donahoe, '10.  
Raymond Raynsford.  
Harold Walker, ex-'14.  
Stephen Veneer, ex-'16, Albany Base Hospital.  
Gibson Newell, ex-'10, Albany Base Hospital.  
Charles Grounds, '10, Camp Devens.  
Chauncey Sears, ex-'19.  
Richard Whitman, ex-'18, Marines.  
Watson Hoos, ex-'17.  
Harold Hasselbarth, ex-'16.  
Wesley Turner, ex-'18, Aviation Corps.



### I THINK OF THEE.

When fair Aurora gilds the darkened sky,  
 And ushers in the radiant new-born day,  
 As thru the misty light beyond the deep  
 I see thy face, in care-releasing sleep,  
 Beneath the light that breaks o'er thee and me,  
 Lo! at the dawn I think of thee!

When fleeting day has reached its crowning height,  
 And all the world's convulsed with toil and strife,  
 I go apart and think of thee somewhere  
 In No Man's Land, thine own small part to bear,  
 'Midst that fiercer maelstrom—war's stern decree,  
 Then, alone, I remember thee!

When golden twilight steals across the land,  
 And o'er the harp of thought, its passing calm,  
 In cadence sweet, into my heart soft sreeps,  
 And opens wide the cells where mem'ry sleeps,  
 Then, at this hour, my thoughts go 'cross the sea.  
 Ah! then, 'tis then I dream of thee!

When sombre night enfolds the realms above,  
 And earth is veiled in mystic midnight blue,  
 I see thee daring all for me and mine  
 Upon the hellish rim of war's red line,  
 Armed with God's might, resolved to make men free,  
 Then, at this hour, I pray for thee!

M. J. R. '18.

## FOR FRANCE.

"Somewhere in France", in a small town recently vacated by the retreating Germans, reside a boy of eighteen, Jean Andre, and his sister Marie. They are orphans, their mother having died when they were very young, and their father having been killed on the battlefield during the present war. They live in a small cottage with their grandfather, Pierre Andre. Now, as they sit in the dim twilight conversing with neighbors, who have come in to spend the evening by the fireside, all suddenly become silent as Jean speaks.

"It was just such a night as this that the Huns came to get us."

"Yes," encouraged the aged Pierre, "go on, boy, tell us all about it again."

"We were just about to close up the house for the night when there came a loud knocking at the door; and Marie, thinking it was a neighbor coming to call, hastened to open it. As she did so, an officer, a German officer, stepped into the room.

"'You and your brother will accompany us,' commanded the German.

"As I tried to edge my way towards the door, this beast pointed his gun at me and said,

"'Not so fast, young fellow. We need you. Any attempt to escape will avail you nothing. Just step into line there, both of you, and come right along with us.'

"I could do nothing but obey; and, from the time we left the house until we reached the German headquarters, I was conscious of nothing but Marie's hand clutching at mine. I was thinking of plans to defeat these scoundrels. Finally we reached the place and were ushered before a man in uniform, who, on my honor, Pierre, looked like the very messenger of the devil. His long 'mustachios', reaching half way to his ears, gave him the air of a demon of hell, which he was. I confess, my friend, that he gave me a start which I shall never forget.

"'You have been brought here,' he said, 'upon a serious charge; and I tell you that the sooner you answer all questions asked of you to the full extent of your knowledge, the better it will be for both you and your sister. Where were you on the night of October the twenty-first?'

"'At home,' I answered.

"'You lie,' he said. 'Why did you go to the home of M. Robet late that night?'

"'I went nowhere that night,' I responded.

"'What did you receive while in his presence?' the officer continued.

"'I received nothing, as I did not leave my home that night,' I insisted. You see, my friend, I had resolved to stick to my story, no matter what happened.

"'Where is the packet of papers you carried away from M. Robet's house?' he resumed.

"'I did not answer this question.

"'It seems you do not intend to comply with my orders. Until you see fit to answer, as I wish, you will remain here, under guard. If

you do not answer these questions within **two hours**, both you and your sister will be shot.' Turning to the guard, he said, 'Search them both, and don't overlook anything. Report to me in **one-half hour**.'

"The guard led us into another room and searched us. Believe me, Pierre, my blood ran cold when I thought of the papers concealed in my shoe. As you know, M. Robet had intrusted me with plans which I was to carry the very next day to the commander of the front line trenches. After he had searched Marie and found nothing, he came towards me.

" 'If there is any shooting to be done,' I said, 'it is my wish that you shoot my sister first, and then I will give you the plans.'

" 'Very well,' said the guard, 'I will leave you here while I go and confer with the commandant; and, if he says it is all right, we will carry out your idea.' With that he left the room.

"He returned in about three-quarters of an hour, and led Marie out. She was my only sister. I could hardly bear to see her go; but I put aside my terror as best I could, and sat down to wait for that fateful shot. All the while I could hear her sobbing, and I put my fingers to my ears to shut out the sound. Every minute seemed like an hour. Finally I heard one—two—three reports. My friends, I was ready to face death by the worst tortures.

"In a short time the guard who had taken my sister away came back. I was afraid to look at him; I couldn't look at him. Gradually I lifted my eyes to meet his gaze, and, as I did so, he said:

" 'Your wish has been carried out; your sister is dead.'

"Then something revolted within me, and I rose and faced him. As I did, he said:

" 'The commandant desires to see you immediately. Follow me.'

"Back into the den of that fearful monster we went. Fiercely he turned to me.

" 'Now hand me the papers, you French dog,' he glared.

" 'Never will you get anything from me while I live. Over my dead body you may prowl like ravens over their prey on the battle-fields. I had my sister shot because I was afraid that, if I was shot first, she would tell everything. I stared right into his eyes. My fighting blood was up, and I felt as if I would fight the whole army of the German Empire.'

" 'Herr Mochstadt, I order you, in the name of the Kaiser, to shoot this man directly—here before me.'

"The guard drew his revolver. I closed my eyes. There was a report—a crash. I opened my eyes, and there on the floor lay the commandant, the German devil, the one who had spoken my doom. I was completely bewildered; and, as my eyes asked the question, the guard, without a word from me, spoke, in the clearest and best French:

" 'I am Jacques Cimbain, of the French Intelligence office. Go, boy. Quick! Get those plans to the trenches. Your sister is not dead, but is awaiting you just outside the town. Go, and God be with you!'

C. S. K., '19.



The true poem is the poet's mind.—Emerson.



## IN THE THROES OF WINTER.

Just before the dawn of what promised to be an unrelentingly cold February day, a small, eight months' old moose calf struggled awkwardly through the deep snow alone. It had been snowing so hard that the tracks of the small herd of four, in which this calf belonged, had been covered up. The snow was so deep now as to make passage for even a strong, full grown moose almost impossible, and the deserted calf was already so fatigued that it could not advance farther but stood looking helplessly about. Now and then it uttered a piteous cry and then became silent again.

The cold became more intense, and the sky in the east grew a pale pink, so faint that it suggested that even the sun shivered to come into such chill and desolation as this portion of the universe presented. The moose calf struggled forward a few steps, snapping twigs which intercepted its way and searching the forest on either side with an intentness paradoxical to his age. The keen pangs of hunger had taught this infant of Nature in a few hours what it would have taken months to have learned under ordinary conditions—namely, that a spruce tree must be found for food and that speedily.

It had been a hard winter for the wood-folk; and, with the previous snowfall, had come famine—famine cruel and ravaging, which the animal instinct could not cope with nor avoid. And so the leader of the little herd had been forced by lack of forage to push his way farther to the north of the Manitoba country. All night they had travelled in search of new pasture grounds.

About three hours before the scene just presented the calf had fallen into a hole, and, forced by the leader, the mother had gone on. Maternal anxiety in the moose tribe is not so keen when the calf has attained an age of six or seven months; and the mother had ceased to worry ere two scant miles separated her from her offspring.

In a little cabin in the clearing about half a mile away, famine was making itself felt as keenly as with the primitive folk. On a cot in the corner of a rude, ill-kept, poorly heated room lay a man of about fifty-five. Gray was copiously mingled with the dark hair that hung in long locks about his face. A stubby beard failed to conceal his emaciated and haggard features, but his dull eyes looked with loving pity at the boy bending over the frying pan before the open fire. A stone fire-place at one end of the room was a substitute for both kitchen range and heater.

"Here, mon pere, is some fried corn meal. It will be a change after oat meal for seven weeks. I found a few cupfuls yesterday in a bag in the closet. This will make you stronger." The boy spoke in the broken language of the French Canadian, and there was a pathetic ring in his voice as he uttered the last sentence which made the father look up quickly.

"It is fresh meat which I need now, mon Edmund. The fever has left me and I must have nourishing food. You need fresh meat, too. To-morrow I will be strong enough to go out and get some."

The boy looked at his parent but said nothing. He was beginning to realize that this could not come true. For three weeks the father

had said he would be well enough to get some game or go to the settlement nine miles away, and every day found him weaker. The thought came to the boy now that his father might never go out again; but, with the added burden, he became braver. When the father had eaten and fallen asleep, the boy was still gazing into the embers on the hearth. Rising, he replenished the fire and then climbed resolutely into the little loft. He reappeared quickly with a pair of snow shoes. When he was ready to go out, he took down from a peg a rather clumsy looking rifle and made his exit as quickly and quietly as possible, not disturbing the sleeping man.

As he sped across the snowy wastes, his heart pounded, and his determination nearly weakened. If he should not get anything, how could he ever meet the displeasure of le pere? He had been forbidden to go alone into the beast haunted solitudes of their little home, but this had somehow seemed different.

It must have been Providence which led the lad toward the very spot where the young moose, by this time quite worn out, was awaiting Fate. He was overcome with joy when he saw his quarry.

There was no wind. The young fir trees, which the calf had nearly reached, stood straight and tall and stiffly pointed from the noiseless white levels of the snow. The calf did not know scents yet and did not heed Nature's warning. The underbrush moved ever so softly, and the young moose turned to behold, very near him, his slayer.

Instinct bade him escape; but, up to his flanks in snow, the helpless creature fixed his large, luminous eyes on his small captor in piteous bewilderment. The instinct of the hunter was fully aroused in the boy, and he did not see. Aiming with care at a spot low down behind the fore shoulder, he lifted his eyes upward for the fraction of a second; "Mon Dieu, aide-moi!" A vicious report rang out cutting the serene silence. The shot had gone home; and, with a cough, the moose staggered and fell forward on his knees, dead.

The boy sprang forward and eagerly examined his first prize. There was no meat like moose-veal for the father he thought happily, and already he saw him well again.

That night the fire blazed hotly in the little cabin and a delicious odor of frying steak filled the room while the father and boy occupied themselves with alternate mouthfuls of the juicy meat and snatches of animated conversation.

'18.

—★—

Fools make feasts; wise men eat them.—*Franklin.*

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

—★—

Great thoughts like great deeds need no trumpet.—*Bailey.*

—★—

It is never so difficult to speak as when we are ashamed of our silence.  
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

**THE STOLEN MANUSCRIPT.**

The room was typical of a boarding school with its simple furniture scattered carelessly about. At a small table laden with books and papers, sat Marjorie Lansing with her eyes intently fixed on a paper which she had just finished writing.

"There! I've changed that a bit," she said, heaving a sigh of relief.

Suddenly the door burst open; and a girl, breathless and excited, entered the room.

"Marjory have you finished your essay? They are supposed to be in at Miss Grand's office at six o'clock, and it is half past five now."

"Yes, I have just finished mine, Dorothy; and I can hardly wait to see who wins the prize."

Then together they ran off to enter their graduation essays, which every senior of Miss Grand's boarding school was compelled to write.

A few days later, Miss Grand herself appeared before an assembly of her pupils and made the following announcement:

"Girls, I have a very serious matter to lay before you to-day. This morning while correcting the graduation essays handed in, I found that one essay had been copied almost entirely from a story that is in one of the magazines at my office. As you know, we have never yet had anything like this happen before; and we cannot allow it to happen now. If the writer of that essay will report at my office before seven this evening, the crime will be forgiven upon explanation; but if she fails to appear, her name shall be made public and she shall forfeit her diploma."

Silence followed. Every face in the audience bore an anxious look, and every one wondered who the unfortunate person was.

That evening soon after seven o'clock Miss Grand again called an assembly and with a stern and expressionless face she stepped out on the platform.

"Girls, I said before if that person failed to appear I would make her name public, and she should forfeit her diploma. Marjorie Lansing, it is you whom I mean; and you will please go to my office immediately."

The whole assembly sat amazed. Each girl with mouth open and astonished eyes turned to look at Marjorie, who, pale and dumb-founded, rose slowly from her seat and blindly walked toward Miss Grand's office. Think of it! Marjorie Lansing, the idol and favorite of every girl in school, was accused of copying her essay. It was incredible!

As she entered the office, dazed and stupefied with terror, she was greeted by the glances of the faculty. Miss Grand was seated at her desk, and she fixed her eyes on Marjorie as if to penetrate her mind. Miss Fremont, the math. teacher, had been crying; and the rest were either flushed and excited or cool and indifferent.

"Miss Lansing, I fear protestations are in vain for your guilt is obvious. Miss Grand has the magazine which contains the article that you have copied almost word for word." It was Miss Fremont's kind voice which spoke this as she fixed her sympathetic eyes on Marjorie.

"Do you wish to say anything concerning this matter, Miss Lansing?" interrupted the shrill voice of Miss Grand.

Marjorie glanced at the magazine and then turned away with a smile.

"Yes, Miss Grand, I only wish to say that I am the author of both the article in that magazine and of my essay. I delayed so long in writing my essay that I had no time to finish it. My only means to enter a composition was to hand in the one I wrote for the magazine."

The faculty was stupefied. Miss Fremont again began to cry, and Miss Grand's face lost its harshness. For about half an hour they questioned and re-questioned Marjorie. Then Miss Grand once more stepped out on the platform and recalled the bewildered girls. Breathless with astonishment, they listened to the explanations of Miss Grand.

Never did that assembly hall ring with more shouts and glee than it did when Marjorie Lansing stepped forth to receive her prize.

A. F. M., '19.

—★—

Truth is the work of God, lies are the works of man.—*Mme. de Staël.*

—★—

The true poem is the poet's mind.—*Emerson.*

—★—

Silence gives consent.—*Fuller.*

—★—

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.—*Shakespeare.*

—★—

Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow.—*Pope.*

—★—

Nothing comes too soon but sorrow.—*Bailey.*

—★—

A refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

—★—

Familiarity breeds contempt.—*Publius Syrus.*

—★—

Brevity is the soul of wit.—*Young.*

—★—

Those who in quarrels interpose,  
Must often wipe a bloody nose.—*Gay.*



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Vol. XIV

ALBANY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 3

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

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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The first semester of our school years has passed, and now we are on the "homeward stretch". It behooves us all to lay aside our "killing time" habits and get down to real work with our lessons. The seniors especially know what this last half means to them. June is but three months off, and it seems as though seniors should leave a good record behind them when they leave their Alma Mater. This does not mean that we must be "grinds" for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", but we must do in earnest the work which is put before us.

★

"Show your school spirit!" How often those words are said to us during our school life! Yet school spirit is one of the necessities of a good school, for without it nothing can be a success. How many of us have had school spirit and gone to see every basket ball game

played this year? A certain few go all of the time, and the rest go none of the time. A team with nothing to inspire it, no matter how good the team, will not play its best. There remains but one game this year and it is played at home. Let us see if we can not turn out in a school body and give our team rousing cheers.



### ALUMNI NOTES.

Anna Switzer, '15, is taking a Secretarial course at the Russell Sage School in Troy.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Helen Slingerland Cook, ex-'15, to Max Joseph Schnurr on Thanksgiving Day, 1917. At present they are residing on Marshall Street.

Theron Hoyt and James Seymour, '17, recently returned to Milne High School for a brief visit.

Edith Janelle, ex-'18, is attending the Albany Business College.



### SCHOOL NOTES.

Once again those merry examinations called midyears have passed. Oh! How glad we are! We have received our reports and have resolved to do better next time if possible.

Alas! No more can we poor students lie-a-bed until eight o'clock and make a wild rush to reach school at half past eight. School now opens at eight fifteen. Though this early hour causes us much trouble, we are glad to go home at twelve thirty-five. Many of us cannot get used to this change and the tardy list grows larger each day. We fear if this keeps up, Automatic Study Hall or "St. John's Bible Class", by which name it was known to some of us, will be re-established.

The senior class have elected the following officers:

President.....Marie King.  
 Vice-President.....Helen Alexander.  
 Secretary.....Carol Traver.  
 Treasurer.....Joyce Goldring.

On Friday evening, February 8, a dance was held in the College gymnasium for the benefit of the "Crimson and White". It was greatly enjoyed by all present but the small number of students present showed a lack of school spirit on the part of the school body.



### QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meetings of Quin are indeed "picking up" both in attendance and interest. If this continues, Thursday afternoons will be eagerly looked forward to.

Quin held a patriotic meeting on Thursday, February 7, and invited a few of the Freshman girls. After an enjoyable programme to which Miss Shaver and Miss Jones contributed, refreshments were served. Both the members of the society and the visitors had a lovely time.

The following members have been elected to hold offices for the second semester:

President.....	Margaret Kirkland.
Vice-President.....	Marion Wiltsie.
Secretary.....	Janet Goldring.
Treasurer.....	Catherine Phibbs.
Critic.....	Helen Price.
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Viola Pier.

J. G., '19.



### ZETA SIGMA.

The meetings of Sigma are, as usual, well attended and are enjoyed as much as those in the earlier part of the school year. Our sole annoyance is the perpetual trouble in securing Room 302 on Tuesdays for Sigma meetings only.

January 19, Sigma held the Freshman Rush at Carol Traver's home near Schodack Center. The Freshmen enjoyed themselves very much, and it was a day to be long remembered by all those who attended.

Sigma held a theatre party February 1 at the Grand. All had an enjoyable time.

We were glad to have Esther Cramer, one of our alumni members attending the State College, visit us.

At a recent meeting the following were elected to hold office for the second semester:

President.....	Isabella Dodds.
Vice-President.....	Margaret Skinner.
Recording Secretary.....	Elizabeth Stryker.
Assistant Recording Secretary..	Eleanor Perry.
Senior Editor.....	Marian Bedell.
Junior Editor.....	Elizabeth Terwilliger.
Corresponding Secretary.....	Millicent Burhans.
Treasurer.....	Jane O'Neill.
Critic.....	Marie King.
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Carol Traver.
Pianist.....	Edna Wirshing.
Marshal.....	Katharine McKinley.

F. E. S., '18.



### ADELPHOI.

The meetings of Adelphoi have progressed with much spirit. A great interest is taken by the members in literary work consisting of humorous readings and talks on current events.

A short time ago a mock trial was held. The prisoners, P. Kittell and J. Glenn, were charged with being German spies. D. Johnson and I. Brandow acted as attorneys and K. Shufelt as judge. After a heated debate on the part of the attorneys, the prisoners were convicted and led away.

The members of Adelphoi are looking forward to a social event which will take place in the near future.

The election of officers for this semester took place February 15. The following were elected:

President.....	Kenneth Shufelt.
Vice-President.....	Alan Sexton.
Secretary.....	Clarence McDonough.
Chaplain.....	Clyde Kittell.
Treasurer.....	Perry Pier.
Sergeant at Arms.....	Irving Brandow.
Master of Ceremonies.....	John Glenn.

C. McD., '19.



**THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.**

Midyear examinations have come and gone. Our marks brought to some of us joy, to others sorrow. Nevertheless, we all hope to do better in our June examinations.

The change of teachers has come also. We were all sorry to see the old ones go, but were anxious to meet our new teachers. We hope to like them as well as we did those of the first semester.

F. B., Eighth Grade.

**AN INCIDENT.**

One day, not long ago, a young man came to our house. He was a young Armenian going to college here. He told us of the conditions in Armenia and Syria and asked if we would help the people in those countries by subscribing to a magazine called "The Continent". He said that the Turks have captured Armenia and Syria and want to get rid of the people there, so that they can have the fertile lands to cultivate. To do this they are starving the people.

There is plenty of rich, fertile land for all of the people if the Turks would only let them cultivate it. Thousands and thousands of men, women and children are dying there every day. "I have not heard from my people in three years," he said. "When I left, they were well off. If they have escaped the Turks they are all right; otherwise I do not know whether they are dead or alive."

The only way that money can be sent to them is by the Standard Oil Ships. The ships take it over and it is distributed secretly among the people. If the Turks find that the people have money they take it away from them. The Turks will not let them leave the country, nor will they allow them to cultivate the lands so as to have food. Let us all hope that these countries will soon be delivered from the Turks for ever.

The next Sunday after he called at our house, the story was told at Sunday School to us about a king who was very dearly loved by his subjects. To prove their love they all brought to him white gifts at Christmas. The rich people brought ivory, beautiful cloth, and other fine presents. The poor people brought rice or some other little token of their love. However, all of the gifts were white.

The superintendent of our Sunday School suggested that we give a white Christmas to the Armenians and Syrians. There was a little tree on the platform on which, he said, we would hang our gifts the next Sunday. In each class the pupils and teachers brought what money they could; and each class put its money together in a white envelope. Then a girl or boy was selected from each class to tie the gift on the tree. We were all very proud to be able to help and had quite a collection on the next Sunday.

F. B., Eighth Grade.

**THE CURE OF A FRESHMAN.**

Dixon Fassett, Cornell '15, had been warned repeatedly by the upper classmen of Baker Hall to answer the telephone on his floor. Dixon was a freshman who had not yet become accustomed to the janitorial work which conceited sophmores expected from the new students.

One afternoon as Dixon sat studying with his two sophomore room-mates the telephone rang loud and clear. Dixon never flickered a lash. The others waited a few minutes; then seeing that Dixon did not intend to move, they went on with their lessons. When the bell rang a second time, one of the sophmores answered the telephone. Dixon thought to himself,

"Well, I guess I've taught them that I'm no janitor for this house."

That night after Dixon had gone to bed he heard a loud thumping at the door. Immediately he knew what it meant and started to throw on his clothes. He thought to himself,

"They won't get me this time if I can help it."

Finally a head appeared in the transom; Dixon shivered as he recognized the bushy hair of Pete Brown, the biggest man in the sophomore class. But Pete stuck in the transom, and the attacking party decided that they would have to break in the door. They worked hard for five minutes before the panels gave.

In the meantime Dixon, feeling very clever and pleased with himself, slid down the water-pipe—straight into the arms of sophomore guards.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hours later he was a sadder and wiser boy. He had rolled peanuts up the steepest hill in Ithaca, and taken an involuntary bath in the lake by the veterinary college. Worst of all, he had had to paint his own face green. He had decided that freshmen should always answer the telephone.

P. B., Seventh Grade.

**ATHLETIC NOTES.**

The basketball team has played eight of its games so far, scheduled with St. John's Academy, Rensselaer High School, La Salle Institute, Chatham High School, Christian Brothers' Academy, and Hudson High School. The remaining game will be played on the home court with Christian Brothers' Academy.

The team has not played as well this year as other years, and we hope that it will meet with better success in the remaining game.



### CRITICISMS.

*Triangle*, Troy, N. Y.

*Triangle* is decidedly our best exchange received this month. It is not only finished in its appearance but in its contents as well. "The Counter Sacrifice" deserves high praise, not only the descriptions being beautifully worked out, but the conversational parts containing universal ease and naturalness. "The Pathos of the Unmarked Laundry" was extremely clever and guaranteed a good laugh. The jokes were simply "immense"—the satire on "My Rosary" receiving especial mention. The large number of "ads" shows that some real and earnest work is being accomplished along financial lines as well as literary.

—★—

*Garnet and Gray*, Albany, N. Y.

We welcome our "next door neighbor" with especial interest. Your magazine is improving with rapid strides, and we feel sure that ere long it will reach the standard which a paper representing the size school yours does should attain. What you have is all right and quite interesting, but everything is so discouragingly brief. I suppose we should look for quality and not quantity, but can't you give us a little of both? All your stories bespeak the true spirit of '17. A poem or two would greatly increase the literary value of the paper and give variety. Accept a goodly word of congratulation on the splendid success of your Athletic Association.

—★—

*The Lion*, La Grange, Illinois.

*Lion* has done admirably with its last issue and merits commendation for its completeness. The Literary Department is only fair "For Thee, O Country!" is written with too much of the "spread-eagleism", and not enough of logical reasoning. Your jokes and athletic department are very good.

*Forester, Dallas, Texas.*

Yours is a very interesting paper thruout. The cuts are excellent, and add greatly to the attractiveness of the issue. The exchanges are cleverly written.

—★—

*Dart, Ashtabula, Ohio.*

The chief criticism we would make upon your paper is that you have scattered the jokes promiscuously among the advertisements. This plan detracts from the general "get-up" of the paper. Aside from this, we are well pleased with your publication.

—★—

*Oneida, Preston, Idaho.*

This paper could be made decidedly more attractive by publishing it in magazine form. However, your material is good, and presented in an attractive way. Exchange and Athletic departments are especially complete

—★—

The "Crimson and White" gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

NAME	LITERARY	EXCHANGES	ATHLETICS	JOKES AND CUTS	AVERAGE
Academe.....	10	9	8	6	8+
Echoes.....	10	9	7	..	9
Forester.....	9	8	8	10	9
Garnet and Gray.	9	7	9	7	8
Insight.....	8	8	9	8	8+
Item.....	9	7	8	8	8
Lion.....	7	9	10	9	9
Manual.....	9	9	10	9	9+
Oneida.....	8	9	8	8	8+
Palmerian.....	9	8	6	7	7+
Polytechnic.....	8	8	10	8	8+
Sangra.....	8	8	8	8	8
Triangle.....	10	9	9	10	9+

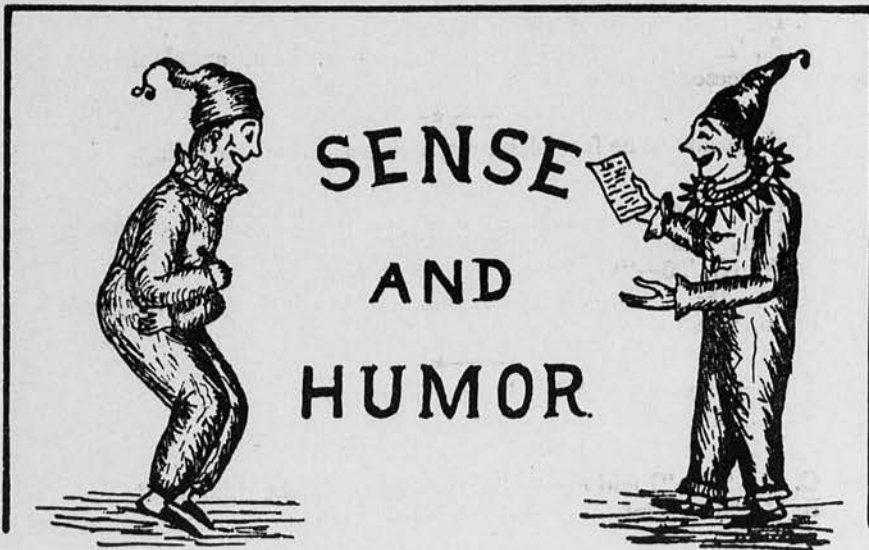
—★—

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Crimson and White", Albany, N. Y. You have a good cover design. A few good cuts would add greatly to the appearance of your paper—*Manual, Peoria, Illinois.*

"Crimson and White", Albany, N. Y. Your paper is exceedingly interesting. The stories are up to date and the "sense and humor" column complete. We wish to see a criticism for our paper in your columns.—*Oneida, Preston, Idaho.*





The world is young and likes to laugh,  
 New jokes are hard to find,  
 A whole new editorial staff  
 Can't tickle every mind.  
 So, if you see some ancient joke  
 Decked out in modern guise,  
 Don't frown and call the thing a fake,  
 Just laugh, don't be too wise.—Ex.

★  
 Miss McCann in Cicero—"Give the syntax of 'sit'?"  
 M. B., '19—"Where is it?"  
 Miss McCann—"Sit' in the fourth line."  
 M. B., '19—"I can't."

★  
 Some minds are like trunks, packed tight with knowledge, no air, and  
 plenty of moths.

★  
 Book Agent—"This book will help you get half of your lessons."  
 D. H., '18—"I'll take two."—Ex.

★  
 Teacher—"Miss H., your work is outrageous. I think I'll have to  
 consult your father."

G. H.—"Better not. It 'll cost you two dollars. He's a doctor."

★  
 A pretty girl passed down the aisle. S. T. turned to J. G.; J. G. turned  
 to S. T., and they both turned to rubber.—Ex.

★  
 On a mule we find two legs behind,  
 And two we find before.  
 We stand in front, before we find,  
 What the two behind be for.—Ex.

J. S., '18—"How do you get down off an elephant?"

I. D., '18—"Climb down, of course."

J. S., '18—"No! No! You can't get down off an elephant. You get it off geese."—Ex.

—————★—————

Latin seems to be furnishing many opportunities for riding.—Ex.

—————★—————

S. P., '20—"I was going to take you to the theatre tonight but I changed my mind."

K. McK., '20—"Why?"

S. P., '20—"The seats are uncomfortable, since the government has put tax on them."

—————★—————

Biology Teacher—"What insect Hooverizes?"

W. C., '21—"The moth, it eats the hole."—Ex.

—————★—————

C. M., '20—"I laid awake in my sleep last night thinking."

R. B., '20—"Only time you can think, I suppose."—Ex.

—————★—————

K. S., '19—"What would you call it if an aviator got frightened in the air?"

A. J., '19—"Atmosfear."—Ex.

—————★—————

First came History,  
That was rank;  
Then was English,  
The best—to be frank;  
Next, came Biology,  
Long, but fair;  
Then German,  
Worse than a bear;  
French three,  
Stuck me at first;  
And Chemistry, too,  
My vengeance I thirst.  
But now they're all over  
For which I am glad;  
And I have a whole week  
To knit and to gad.

—————★—————

English History Teacher—"What do you know of the age of Elizabeth?"

G. H., '19—"She'll be eighteen soon."—Ex.

—————★—————

D. H., '18—"Do you know when there will be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

M. K., '18—"No. When?"

D. H., '18—"When U and I are one."—Ex.

Freshie—"This sentence contains an original example of simile: The boy went home, like as not."—Ex.

Central—"Number, please?"

Tom Ward—"Gimme one, nother one, nother one, nothing, G.—Ex.

Biology Teacher—"Of course, animals are affected by sickness. Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

H. C. '21—"Yes Mam, a centipede with corns."

As fish travel in schools, the book-worm would seem to be the best bait for them.

They rode in silence. He, much to her disgust, kept constantly within the speed limit. Finally she murmured sweetly.

H. La G., '19—"Did it hurt your car when it happened?"

He—"When what happened?"

H. La G., '19—"When it turned turtle."—Ex.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

H. P., '21—"Why is the water at the bottom of Niagara Falls green?"

L. B., '21—"Because it just came over."

All boys love their sisters,  
But I so good have grown,  
That I love other's sisters,  
Far better than my own.—Ex.

W. D., '18—"Where did Laura get that awful bump on her head?"

M. S., '19—"She fell and hit her head on the pedal of the piano."

W. D., '18—"Did she hurt herself?"

M. S., '18—"No. she hit the soft pedal."

Can you imagine—

Gladys Herrick's ears showing?

Kenneth Shufelt short and fat?

Tom Cantwell quiet for two minutes?

Earl Mattice with his lessons not done?

Townshend Morey with all his books?

Rebecca Shyer in time for school?

Marie King not speaking to Donald Hall for a whole day.

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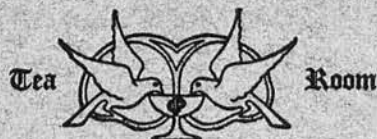
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