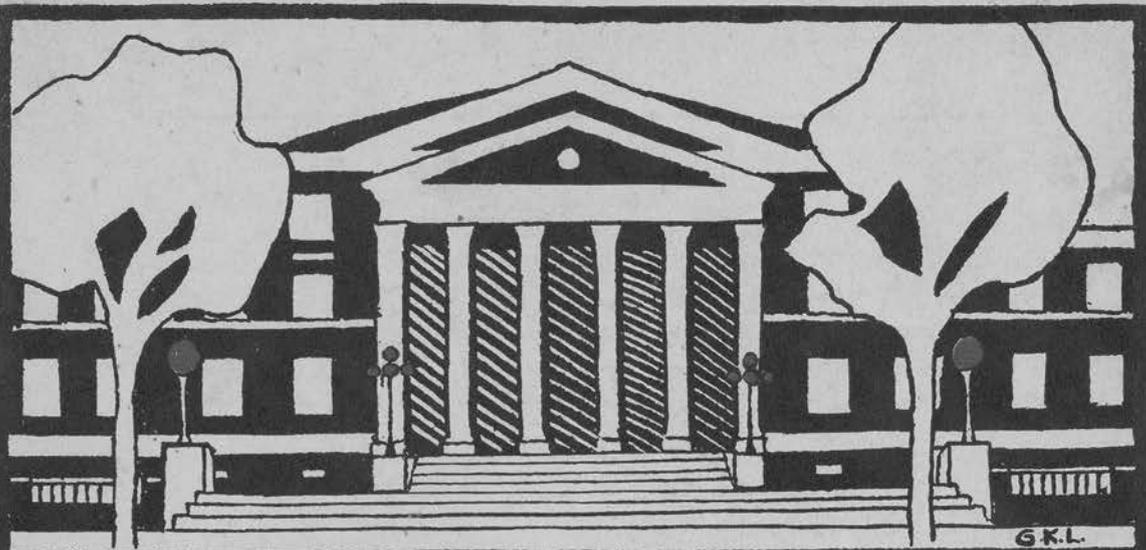


MILNE School

Crimson and White Vol. ~~XIII~~ 1916-17



The
Crimson and White

OCTOBER, 1916

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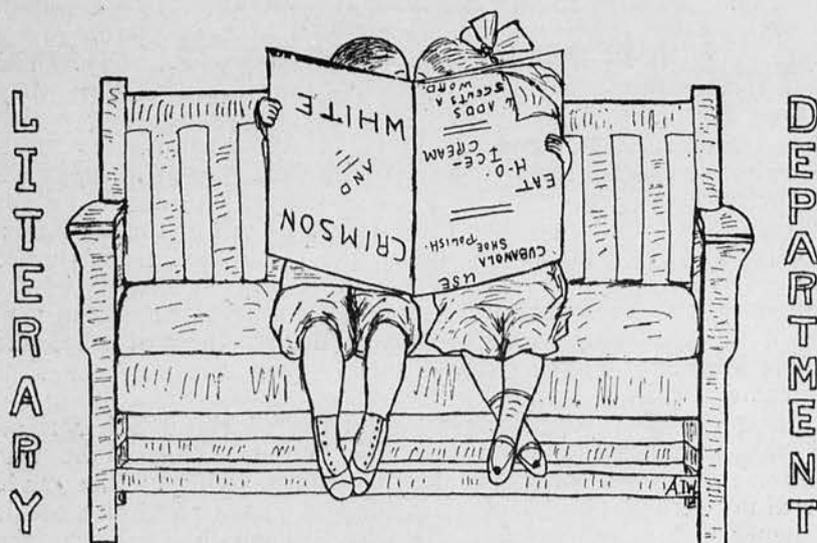
Please mention "The Crimson and White."

The Crimson and White

Vol. XIII

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 1



SUNSET HOUR

As the shades of night grow deeper, and the sun is sinking low
Behind great hills of golden beauty where the sun's rays' shadows
glow,
There are seen in dim earth's reflecting mirrors, colors bright and
fair,
Streaked with amethyst, pearl and azure, oh! most beautiful and
rare.

When this gold-bespangled sea, with all its glittering isles of light,
Imparts its grandeur o'er the earth so charmingly and gaily bright,
Then, the sweet and soothing silence which this peaceful hour
imparts
Awakens the music of our minds, the joys and sorrows of our
hearts.

A lone star completes this picture of a sun-kissed, shadowy sky
Surrounded by a sweep of colors, of the palest, faintest dye.
All this phantom flood of beauty, soon to ebb with the fading light,
Until the rosy hues of dawn are laid across the lips of night.

M. J. R., 17.

TWICE REVERSED

She was a very delightful person, rather young, but discreet. She had dark brown eyes which were expressive of a fine character and which sparkled with the enjoyment which she was having out of life. She was an ideal bachelor-girl, occupying a small cottage a few blocks from the main street of the little suburb of X—, from which she went daily to the metropolis to her work.

Returning from her work one night, she alighted from the car to find that the street lights were not in operation. As she turned the first corner she came unexpectedly upon a group of young people. "To Miss Wallace's first. Shall we go in a body?" she heard Irene Gordon saying. What did they mean? Were they planning a progressive surprise? Why were they discussing a visit to her Hazel Wallace wondered. "I have thought of some excellent stunts to play," she heard Clyde Sheldon say as she passed, and the rest was lost.

After supper she took down the receiver to call up Agnes Knox, her especial chum, but as she did so she recognized Irene's voice again. "Hallowe'en," was the word she caught, as she placed the receiver in the hook again. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to explain the gathering in the dusk nor the meaning of what she had overheard. She must think of some way to surprise them when they came.

During the next day many schemes floated through her mind and she finally hit upon a plan for action. That night was Hallowe'en, so she must execute her plans swiftly. She made several mysterious purchases during her noon hour and as a result the paper boy stumbled over some parcels which lay before the door, and which arrived before their purchaser.

There had been more than one who had overheard the conversation of the previous night, and more than one who had puzzled over the question of how to meet the prank; there were also plural conclusions. Ellis Reeves, a capable young man of the village, had also heard the plot under discussion and had decided to play knight-errant and break it up.

Dusk came and with it the mysterious gloom which accompanies the arrival of the mystic spirits. Ellis Reeve slipped into his mother's linen closet and procured a large sheet. He hastened to his room, to issue later in the apparel of a ghost. So exactly did he fit the descriptions of ghosts in the old stories that Dickens, had he seen him, might have been appalled by the thought that a creation of his own pen was seeking revenge.

Inwardly tingling with suppressed excitement at the thought of the surprise the young folks would receive, he found it not an easy matter to present himself with the calm and blood-curdling assurance which is the supposed possession of every spirit.

As he approached the house he saw Miss Wallace going down the street in the opposite direction. "I'll stay to receive her guests," he decided, and seated himself in a low chair back of the vine-clad trellis which shaded the porch.

Miss Wallace soon returned, and as she stepped on the porch

heard a voice which she recognized as Ellis Reeve's say pleasantly, "Don't be startled, Miss Wallace." Then he explained.

Miss Wallace told him that she planned to give them a party and reverse the surprise.

"I suppose they will meet near Irene Gordon's or Clyde Sheldon's home, since they seemed the ringleaders," suggested thoughtful Ellis. "Suppose we spy on them!"

"Wait, while I slip into a masquerade outfit I have," replied Hazel.

"That would be an excellent idea, and then we could get in with them and find out something first."

"I thought that was what you meant when you said we would spy on them," laughed Hazel as she hurried away.

She returned shortly disguised as a Quakeress, and a very good one she made. They found the "bunch" at Clyde's home, and mingling with them were not discovered. When they began their visits Hazel and Ellis were surprised to find that they did not go near the street on which she lived. Presently Ellis came up to her and told her in a low voice that they had no plans for going to her house.

"We must have misunderstood them in some way," he said in a puzzled tone, "but I started the idea, and they think it would be great, to march in and let you look them over. They said they didn't want to frighten you. Now the question remains as to how we will receive them."

Hazel's mind had been working rapidly.

"Let me slip into this drugstore and phone my next door neighbor. She offered to lend me her maid if I ever met an awkward situation. Wait here, please." And she was gone.

"Gladys, the maid, is going to explain, when we enter, that I am among my guests," she said as she returned. "It was lucky I had everything prepared so she wouldn't have any trouble."

A more astounded party could not have been found than the masqueraders when they learned that their hostess was also one of their number and wished them to spend the remainder of the evening there. They did not discover which one she was, but when the time came for unmasking, they waited while she removed her mask first.

"You're a dear!" exclaimed Irene, pulling her mask from her face as she spoke. "How did you ever happen to think of having us here?"

Hazel and Ellis told about the whole affair, and it was some moments before the guests could become sober enough to explain.

"We were coming to ask you to join a society which we just organized, a sort of literary society and we were wondering whether we should all come up, as there are not many of us, or whether we should send a committee," explained Irene. "Clyde was so far-sighted that he was planning your initiation. That was what he meant by saying he had some good stunts planned. And we want to ask both you and Ellis Reeves to join, now. Will you?"

"Of course we will," they assented.

M. K. B., '18.

A FEMININE PENROD SCHOFIELD

Rensdale had passed its verdict upon Glory Long, and once given Rensdale never changed its opinion. The tottering ascendancy of Longs over the village of Rensdale had come to an end three years ago. The heir of the Longs and father of Glory had passed away leaving debts that took everything but the family mansion.

At this very time, too, Glory's unladylike propensities had come into view and her career from that time had been to doting mothers in the village, one of hardened sinning. There wasn't a thing that the boys in the village did but what she did better. There remained not a single strawberry patch nor an apple orchard that she hadn't had a hand in helping to do away with the goodies.

Tanned, slim, straight as an arrow, hair cut short, and always wearing a tattered jersey over an old shirt, a jersey exceeding in patch work, and corduroy knickerbockers.

It was no wonder that the command of the teacher occasioned dismay in the heart of Glory. She had said that for the annual Thanksgiving exercises little girls must wear white frocks, sashes, and white slippers; that she expected everyone to be as nicely dressed as possible, and everyone to be present. The last was said toward Glory's corner with unmistakable emphasis.

Glory's thoughts were not of the pleasantest when she trudged homeward. The important thing to her was not that she didn't have any frock dainty enough for the festivities, but that she must come at all. The only way out was to be unavoidably detained at home on the festal day.

The exercises were to be held Thursday and this was Wednesday. Clearly by tomorrow she must have some plan ready. Thursday morning dawned upon a gleaming world of snow and ice.

Glory had started as usual in the direction of the village swinging a shiny milk pail to and fro. Before going to school, she had to bring back her grandfather's daily portion of milk. Chancing to approach the highest banks of the ravine and thinking not at all of the shallow depths beneath, Glory sat down on the pail and began her perilous descent.

After a few moments of excited skidding, Glory ended abruptly with a resounding crash upon the ice at the bottom which of course yielded. Glory plunged head first into the shallow waters of the bottom. The red tam was made to stand anything but a thorough wetting and this is just what it received. Streaks of dull red ran down Glory's face, spotted and blotched, and quite covered the tan. Glory of course knew nothing of this and after calmly wringing out the cap, deciding it was too late to return home with the milk, proceeded to school.

Her entrance there was most spectacular. The morning session had just begun. Miss Green had noted Glory's absence with a significant glance. Imagine her consternation and fear when Glory entered, her face red, feverish and blotched. Miss Green was very careful of the welfare of her pupils and scrutinized her closely and said in tones of horror, "Measles, Glory, you better go right home

and stay home. I don't see how your grandfather let you out with symptoms of that disease so very plain."

Needless to say Glory enjoyed her day at home as much as the white frocked young ladies enjoyed the exercises at school.

R. A. H., '17.

AN INTERRUPTED SHAVE

A troop of French cavalry were on the march from Treves to Metz on the Moselle, near the border line of France and Germany. They had just had a hard fight and were worn out and longed for rest. Yet they did not dare to stop, as Germans might be lurking around anywhere and their party was too small to successfully attack a very large army.

A short distance behind the troops rode two cavalymen, busily engaged in conversation. They were quite unnoticed by the other men, for each one was urging his tired horse ahead, eager to arrive at supplies.

"Oh," said one fellow to the other, "we are so tired and need shaves so badly, let's stay at the next house we come to and fix up."

"We couldn't do that," replied Pierre. "There are doubtless Germans coming not far behind, and they would surely catch us."

"Hm, I don't believe it. Our own men wouldn't miss us anyhow. They don't even know we are behind here."

"For my part I won't do it. If we were caught shirking, there would be great trouble. I think you can keep up as well as the rest of us, and as for your beard — well, I guess that won't hurt you."

"Why, we can easily catch up with the other men," replied Jean. "See," he cried, pointing down the road, "there's a house and it looks as if people lived in it. We'll stop there."

"Oh, come on and catch up with the men. I'm going to, anyhow."

"No, I believe I will stop," said Jean calmly.

"All right. Good bye, and good luck. Hope to see you at Metz soon." With these words he was flying down the road after his companions, leaving Jean alone.

When Jean arrived at the house, at which he intended to stop, he put his horse in a little shed near by and then went to the door of the cottage. After knocking four or five times a little old lady opened the door a tiny bit and peeped out.

"What is it?" she falteringly asked.

"Open the door!" he commanded.

"But you are a Frenchman and I am an old German lady."

"Madam, do not hesitate. I am in a very great hurry and must have some food and shave myself. My cavalry have gone on ahead and I must soon catch up to them."

With that the trembling old lady admitted the soldier. He saw that she seemed quite scared so he said, "Do not be afraid of me, my good woman, I will not harm you. I know I am one of the Allies, but I hate this war business. Could you give me a bite to eat?"

"I haven't much, sir, but I shall share what I have with you." So saying she went into another room, and the soldier, taking off his heavy coat, sat down by the fireplace to rest. There was but a small fire. Glancing about the room he saw it was poorly furnished. The plaster was falling from the walls, and on one side of the room he noticed an old torn, folded blanket hanging up. Stepping up to it he saw a large hole behind it through which the cold air was blowing.

Just then the old lady returned and Jean asked her about the hole.

"Ah," she sighed, "sit by the fire and eat, and I shall tell you about it. You, see, it was this way," she continued, as they took their seats before the fire, "since my son entered the army I have been here all alone. One night as I lay in bed I heard quite a racket outside, which—"

"Pardon me, madam, but would you mind if I shaved while you talked? I can't stay long."

"Oh, sit awhile. You can catch up to your men all right. Well, as I was saying, I heard this racket, which was steadily coming nearer. I went to the window to see what it was but all was so dark outside I couldn't see a thing. Then I heard shots, and fearing they might come here, I crept back in bed and kept as quiet as I could. Just as I reached the bed something struck the house, but I dared not venture out again. After that the noises became fainter and fainter, until finally they were gone altogether. For the rest of the night I lay looking at the darkness, but toward morning I fell into a doze. When I woke up I found that hole and another opposite, in the door. I have tried to cover them up to keep out the cold."

When she finished her story, the soldier sat staring at the red coals. All of a sudden he glanced at the clock and jumped up.

"I would like to stay longer with you, but I have already stayed longer than I should. May I have some water and use this mirror to shave? I hate to leave you here alone, but I must go, and mighty quick too."

"Yes, here is water," she said, handing him a basin, "but I am sure there can't be any soldiers around here now, so you needn't hurry so."

"But I must catch up to my men. I ought to reach them before they reach Metz so they won't discover my disappearance."

He then started to shave, but in a few minutes turned about and asked, "Did you hear a noise?"

"I heard nothing," replied the old lady, calmly.

"I guess," he laughed, "I must be getting nervous." He continued his task, but not many more moments elapsed before he again turned sharply about and cried, "Woman, I hear a horse coming down the road!"

"I do not hear anything," she replied.

"There is," he cried looking out of the window. "Show me a hiding place, quick."

"There aren't any hiding places, nor any means of escape," she replied, standing before the door and looking squarely at him.

"What! do you mean to tell me you have been keeping me here on purpose? That you were waiting for this German uhlan?"

In the meantime the German uhlan had jumped from his horse and seeing the Frenchman's horse, shot it. Then he ran up to the door of the house and threw it open. But the Frenchman had escaped out of the back door, stole casually around to the horse of the uhlan, and before the startled uhlan could realize it, was off down the road at a great speed. Shot after shot was fired at him until he was out of sight, but each time it missed him.

Riding at the same speed for about two hours, Jean caught up with the other cavalry about a mile from Metz. Pierre, seeing him, fell behind in order to find out about Jean's stop.

"Glad to see you're back safe," he cried, "but you don't look much rested, and what is all the white on your face?"

"Glad — to — be — back too," replied Jean, gasping for breath. "I had — a close — shave."

He told his companion of his adventure with the little old lady and the German uhlan.

"She was a pretty clever little woman. I never suspected her in the least," he concluded as they entered the city where they were received by the French army.

E. L. C., '17.

Productive was the world in many things, but most in books.—
Pollok.

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—
Boileau.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To work would be as tedious as to play.—*Shakespeare.*

So when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.—*Alice Cary.*

The best son of his country is he who gives the best manhood to his
country.—*Anon.*

When any great design thou darest intend
Think on the means, the manner and the end.—*Denham.*

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

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—*Shakespeare.*

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIII

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No. 1

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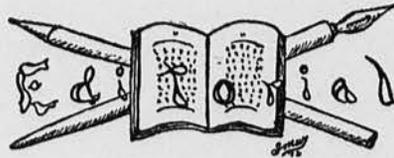
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Vacation is over, a vacation lengthened by causes beyond our control. To many of us, it meant a longer period of recreation and pleasure; to all of us it means a doubling of efforts in school work to make up for lost time, but we are ready for it.

We welcome you all, classmates, teachers and the class of 1920 especially to our midst. May the class of 1920 enjoy the hours they are to spend in our school. Aspire to get all you can from the four years spent here not only from its work and play but hopes and ambitions, successes and failures and the multitudes of other things offered so that when you strike out into the "wide, wide, world," you may look back on the years spent in Milne High as the best ever. To the Sophomores who have lost the humiliating title of Freshmen, to the Juniors who are growing dignified, and last, but not least, to the Seniors who are sailing on the homeward lap, we extend the same message as that to the Freshmen.

A number of us have determined to work hard and the sooner the rest reach the same decision, the better will it be for them and the welfare of the school. We cannot have all work and no play or we should be called, "grinds," "bookworms" and "plodders," but the pleasures will slip in if we look for them and none will be any the worse for it. So, friends, do your best for the good of all.

Now a few words about our school paper, "The Crimson and White." Do you realize it is *your* school paper, that it is *you* who make it the best high school paper ever? It is a promoter of school spirit; it cooperates the students and classes into one body; it is a means of bringing us together, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, at one place and one time. You all if you are loyal to Milne High, and we are sure you are, will want to enjoy these privileges, do you not? Well, then, support it by subscribing right away, by contributing all you can to any department, by watching your chance for securing an advertisement. Some day *you* may be on the board, looking for support.

We wish to welcome Miss Jones to our faculty. May she enjoy being in our midst witnessing our success, our hopes and ambitions, and our failures, and grow to know and love the school as we all do.

It seems to us that something ought to be done in the way of providing a more adequate space for our high school. The idea of having underclassmen sitting in our study halls and enjoying the privileges of being under the supervision of our study hall teachers does not appeal to us as being very agreeable.

ALUMNI NOTES

Among those of the class of 1916 who registered at the N. Y. S. C. T. this term were: Katherine Buehler, Marion Lamb, Isabelle Johnston, Carolyn White, Anna Lemka, Gertrude Corwith, Charlotte Miller and William Neade.

Chester Long, '14, has registered at the N. Y. S. C. T.

Marion McDowell and Eleanor Dunn, '14, have entered the Junior class at Vassar.

Eugenia Lee, '15, has entered the Sophomore class at Wellesley.

Anna Willig, '16, is attending the Albany Business College.

Ansley Wilcox, '16, is taking a post graduate course at the Albany Academy.

Edna Moat, '10, is teaching at Florida, N. Y.

Theodora Miller, '16, is attending training school.

Marion Herrick, '15, is taking a special course at N. Y. S. C. T.

Margaret Ward, Henrietta Knapp, and Elsa Stephens, '16, are at home this winter.

Warren Vosburgh, '10, a graduate of Union College, is attending Columbia College where he is studying for a Doctor of Philosophy degree.

Geraldine Murry, '11, is at Columbia studying English.

Frances Vosburgh, '14, has returned to Vassar.

We were surprised this summer to read of the marriage of Edith Herber, '11, to Horace B. Casey. Congratulations, Edith!

Edna Class, '14, has entered N. Y. S. C. T.

SCHOOL NOTES

Once more school has begun with its many joys and sorrows. We do not think of anything but joy at present, but wait until five weeks and ten weeks examinations begin. Then it is when we will all realize that we will have to work harder, and set for our motto, "Work and Win."

When we entered school the first morning, everyone was anxious to see Miss Jones, our new English supervisor. When we did see her, we were all very happy for we realized that when we knew her better, we would like her.

The "Crimson and White" have elected the following new members to the board to fill places left vacant by resignations from school:

Marion E. Vosburgh.....	Assistant Exchange Editor
Mark H. Peet.....	Business Manager
Kenneth Shufelt.....	} Advertising Agents
Edward Kampf.....	
Donald H. Johnston.....	

Many new students have entered the school this year. The Misses Lodge, Maroney, Martin, and Tibbits, and Messrs. Axle-road, Burton, and Peet, have joined the Senior Class. The Misses Bassett, Boughten, Bornhorst, Kampf, Alyce Maroney, Jeanette Smith, Skinner, Van Loon, Wonaha, and White, and Messrs. Davison, Hall, Johnston, Mattice, Tiernan, Turner, and Van Laer, have entered the class of 1918. The Sophomore Class are proud of their large addition: the Misses Davis, Dinkel, Godian, Hunter, Lythe, Meade, May, Obenaus, Phibbs, Preiss, Stupplebien, and Vander Horst, and Messrs. Bindenbeck, Brown, Chilton, Gibbons, Gramm, Howe, Himmelstein, Hudson, Salisbury, and Weigel.

Just a word of advice from the hearts of friends to the new students and Freshman, also some old students. It is one of the rules of the College and High School that High School students must not go up and down the front stairs, but those at either end. You may get by a few times, but beware. Another thing, do not let yourself be found in the basement. This rule is quite new and will be hard for those who have "crushes" in College. Observe these rules and listen to whatever your study hall teacher tells you and you will be all right.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The meetings of Quin have been resumed after a long and pleasant vacation. We are glad to get back together again and look forward to many pleasant times.

Soon initiations of the Sophomores and Juniors will take place and we are looking forward to them with pleasure.

The Freshman Party is also to be held in the near future and we know we shall enjoy meeting our Freshmen sisters and getting acquainted.

We had a very pleasant time in the joint hike with Zeta Sigma at the home of Hilda Comstock and extend our sincere thanks to her for the invitation.

E. M. L., '17.



ZETA SIGMA

School days have started at last — but they are not unwelcome — for the joys of being with our friends and the pleasures derived from the meetings of Zeta Sigma have also returned.

Saturday, October 22, the girls of Sigma and Quin enjoyed a hike to Bethlehem Center. Without a doubt, each girl that attended will long remember the day as a happy one.

As usual we miss those members who graduated last year, and to atone for this loss each girl must do her best to make the meetings interesting. The society has fine prospects for the coming year and with the election of new members the year promises to be a successful one. Now girls, let us all resolve to attend the meetings of Sigma as regularly as possible, and to do all that we can to promote the interests of our society.

L. C. S., '17.



ADELPHOI

As the school year begins, the spirit of Adelphei once more enters the hearts of its members and with their loyal support we have all the promises for a prosperous season. As all the fellows remember,

(some excellent times) we had last year and the successful season was closed with a banquet at Keeler's. It was attended by many alumni members who rendered some speeches that were delightful to all.

We were more than sorry to hear of the death of George Van Zandt during the summer. Although new to us last year he proved to be one of the best supporters of the society, and many times proved himself a friend in need.

The new officers for this year are as follows:

President.....	Alan Sexton
Vice-President.....	Winne MacMahon
Treasurer.....	Allen Merselis
Secretary.....	Reginald Bruce
Chaplain.....	Kenneth Shufelt
Master of Ceremonies.....	Earl Vibbard
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Herman Liebich
	F. R. B., '17.



THETA NU

The members of Theta Nu are looking forward to a very successful year. There has been but one meeting thus far this year, owing to the late opening of school, but it was well attended and very interesting. At the next meeting many new names are to be proposed for admission.

E. K., '17.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The basketball outlook in the school this year is very promising indeed. Several members of last year's team have left school, but their places have been well filled by recruits, many of whom show promise of being future stars. Of last year's team the following men are still with us: Captain Ward, Kampf, Sollace, Vibbard, Seymour, and in these we have the foundation of a splendid team.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—*Campbell.*

The best laid schemes o', mice an' men,
Gang oft agley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.—*Burns.*

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—*Job, V, 7.*



Inasmuch as this is the first issue of the "Crimson and White," and school papers are inactive during the summer months, our Exchange List is limited. However, we are publishing below a list of the school papers, which the "Crimson and White" exchanged with last year. We sincerely hope that we may retain these exchanges on our list, and earnestly invite other school papers to exchange with us. This month marks the beginning of a new year in the history of our paper. Next June another volume of the "Crimson and White" will be on file, and we do not want that volume to be below par. We have been held up to our school as a necessity in the present and future life of every student and they have been exhorted to subscribe. Therefore, as the cheer leader says, "it is up to us to make good." And so, with this purpose in view we urge your co-operation. If you are able to find faults (and finding fault is never difficult), please tell us what they are, and if the school is deserving of any credit for the paper its students are publishing, we should be more than glad to be the recipients of these little courtesies.

Our aim this year is to publish a paper that will eclipse all former precedents. We are resolute in our efforts to succeed, and we are grimly determined to present a truer, grander, and more ideal reflection of the standards and abilities of this High School, and the community in which it exists. No amount of editorial eloquence could express a sentiment more sincere than this.

And so, with a great spirit of enthusiasm and confidence permeating our innermost souls; with an intense glow of radiant optimism as the predominating spirit of our enterprise; and inspired by the knowledge of your invaluable support, we launch out upon our supreme attempt to maintain a higher standard of efficiency than has ever yet been attained in the history of this column.

Our Exchange List for the Ensuing Year

Academe (Albany, N. Y.), *Acropolis* (Newark, New Jersey), *Budget* (Berne, Indiana), *Bulletin* (Montclair, New Jersey), *Caldron* (Fort Wayne, Indiana), *Crimson* (Goshen, Indiana), *Cue* (Albany,

N. Y.), *Cynosure* (Richmond, Indiana), *Echo* (Albany, N. Y.), *Echoes* (Fort Lee, New Jersey), *Frog* (Bay City, Texas), *Future Citizen* (Milledgeville, Ga.), *Garnet and Gray* (Albany, N. Y.), *La Bagh Chronicle* (Lucknow, India), *Insight* (Hartford City, Indiana), *Lion* (La Grange, Illinois), *Literary Novice* (Newark, New Jersey), *Magpie* (Waterbury, Conn.), *M. H. Aerolith* (Sheboygan, Wis.), *Mirror* (Mondovi, Wis.), *Oneida* (Preston, Idaho), *Opinion* (Peoria, Illinois), *Oracle* (Des Moines, Iowa), *Orange and Blue* (Town of Union, N. J.), *Owl* (Elkton, Kentucky), *Palmerian* (Lordsburg, Cal.), *Pasco School News* (Dade City, Fla.), *Rensselaer Poly. Inst.* (Troy, N. Y.), *Salem Oak* (Salem, New Jersey), *Sangra* (Waycross, Ga.), *Somerset Idea* (Somerset, Ky.), *Triangle* (Troy, N. Y.), *X-Ray* (Anderson, Ind.), *Ypsi-Sem* (Ypsilanti, Mich.).

Lost—A photograph of one of our business managers. A search is to be made in the Senior study hall. It is thought that the missing article is mislaid in some book.

Edythe Herrington says she learned to sing in Paris.
E. J., '18—"That may be, she certainly can't sing in this town."

We give advice, but we cannot give the wisdom to profit by it.—
La Rochefoucauld.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—*Appius Claudius.*

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes.—
Donne.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.—*Thomas Lusser.*

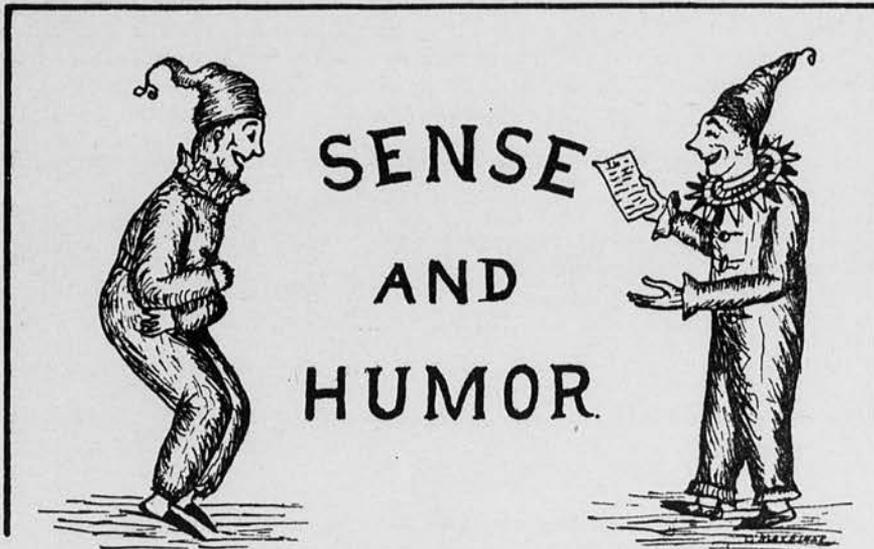
Look not mournfully into the past,—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

He conquers who endures.—*Persius.*

The love of my country will be the ruling influence of my conduct.—
George Washington.

Consider well what your strength is equal to, and what exceeds your ability.—*Horace.*

Strong reasons make strong actions.—*Shakespeare.*



H. Sollace — "You know my brother taught me to dance."
 D. Austin — "He must have been your stepbrother."

Mark Peet — "Germany seems to have fallen behind."
 E. Herrington — "Why?"
 M. Peet — "The paper says they have taken Peruna."

Joe Garry on his way home from school stopped at the fish market and made the following inquiry, "Have you any dry fish?"

Merchant — "Yes."
 J. G. — "Well, give them a drink."

J. Seymour — "I took a trip to Coney Island this summer."
 G. Ward — "Any change down there?"
 J. S. — "Sure, the've got all I had with me."

G. Thompson — "You know I danced before the king once."
 Everett M. — "Oh, really, you must have fallen down on the Castle steps."

Miss Snow — "Fraulein Herrick, what is the meaning of "Ich weiss nicht?" [I don't know].

Gladys Herrick — "I don't know."
 Miss Snow — "That is correct."

Miss Patterson (in physiology) — "Name two flexible joints, Miss Keeler."

Lucy Keeler — "The stomach and the liver."

Mr. Hager (in English IV) — "Mr. Axleroad, what does party spirit do?"

Coleman Axleroad — "Party spirit foments occasional riot and resurrection."

Miss Rose (in English IV) — "Mr. Hoyt, give some examples of negative advice which Washington used in his Farewell Address."

Theron Hoyt — "I don't know what you mean by negative advice."

Miss Rose — "Well, suppose I were to tell you to stop talking. What sort of advice would that be?"

T. Hoyt — "Good advice."

H. Comstock — "I wonder what will be the prevailing colors this fall."

A. Merselis — "My impression is that among the popular hues will be Charles E."

It was at a performance of "The Merchant of Venice."

Portia — "The quality of mercy is not strained."

G. S., '17 — "Mercy, how unsanitary!"

Poor Jimmie Seymour with trembling knees denied Mr. Sayles' accusation of wrong doing.

Mr. Sayles unconvinced — "Don't I know you? You look innocent enough, but looks are deceiving. You're that bold, that you could stand there and lie until you were black in the face without ever changing color."

Miss Nelson (in English I) — "Did you know that Tennyson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line?"

Joe Garry — "H'm. I know a man who has spent eight years on a single sentence."

Biology teacher — "It has been found that the human body contains sulphur."

Helen Westervelt — "Sulphur! How much is there in a girl's body?"

Biology teacher — "The amount varies according to the girl."

Helen Westervelt — "Is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

J. G., '18 — "We've learned a lot from the present war."

M. B., '18 — "Yes, indeed. Everything except what it's all about."

Gladys H., '19 — "No doubt you think I am older than I really am."

T. H., '17 — "Not at all. I'm sure you are not as old as you look."

Biology teacher — "Which is most delicate of the senses?"
Lillian Lemka — "The touch."
Biology teacher — "How's that."
Lillian Lemka — "When you sit on a pin you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but you know it's there."

Marian Bedell, sitting in study hall, heard the door open and thought it was Prof. Sayles.
Jimmie Seymour entered the study hall.
Marian — "Oh, I expected to see more."

The class was seated ready for recitation, when Alice Barnes rushed in and dropped a great pile of books on the floor. The nervous teacher jumped and then said angrily:
"Miss Barnes, go up to Professor Sayles' office and drop those books just like that!"
Alice departed, returning in a few moments and calmly taking her seat in class.
"Did you do as I told you to?" demanded the irate teacher.
"Yes, ma'm."
"What did Professor Sayles say?"
"Nothing," coolly returned Alice. He wasn't there."

Dentist — "Pardon me for a moment, please, before I begin work I must have my drill."
Mr. Turner — "Mercy, can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

W. Dunn — "Who are all those people, standing in the rear of the trolley car?"
M. King — "Oh, they've been to a preparedness meeting."
W. Dunn — "Well, they don't seem very anxious to go to the front, do they?"

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers. "Oo-oo!" screamed M. Preiss — a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of E. Vibbard.
"Oh!" she said, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."
"Not at all," replied Earl. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

Freshman — "Huh?"
Sophomore — "What?"
Junior — "I didn't get the question."
Senior — "I didn't understand the nature of the inquiry." — *Ex.*

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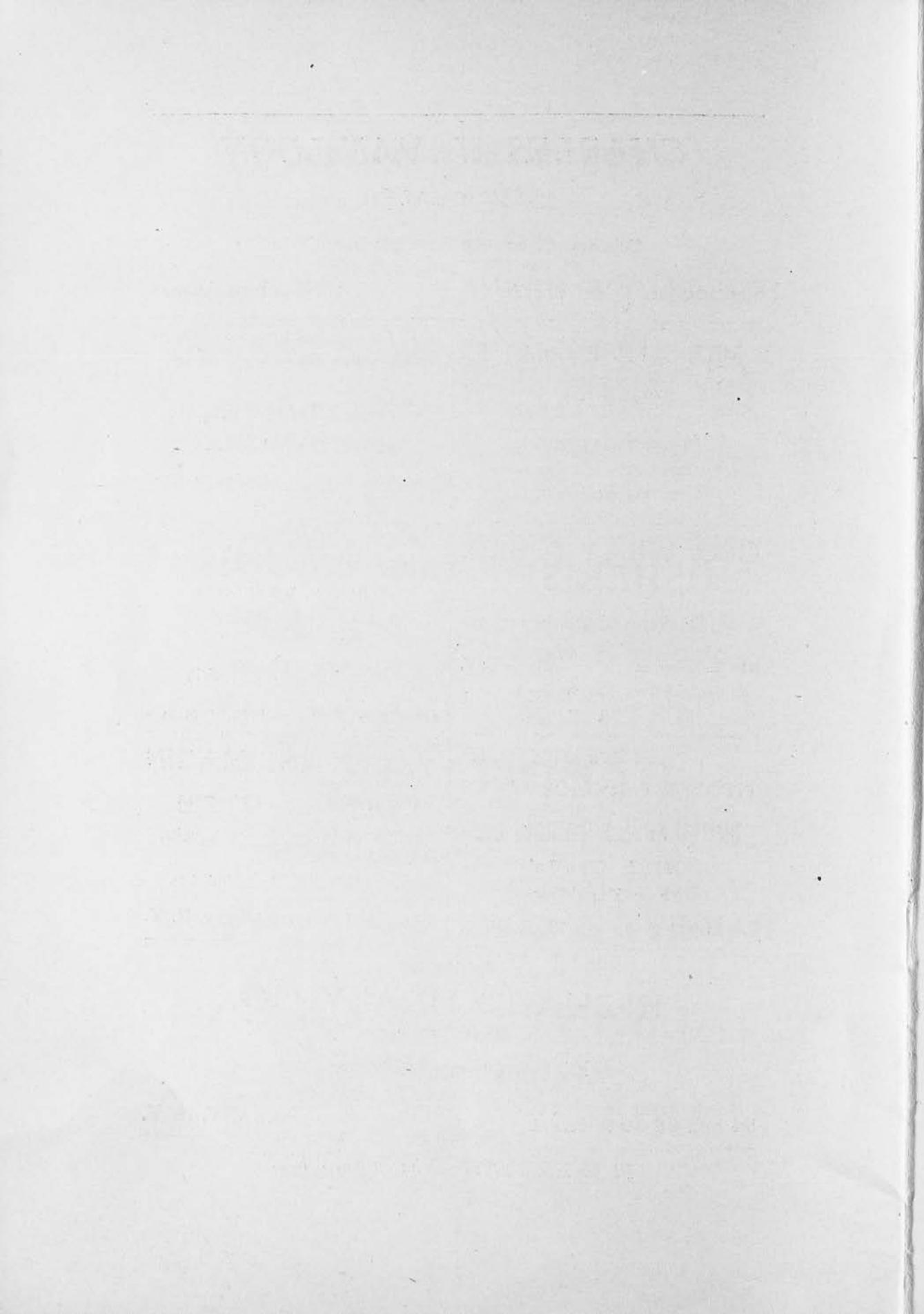
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