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FEBRUARY, 1916

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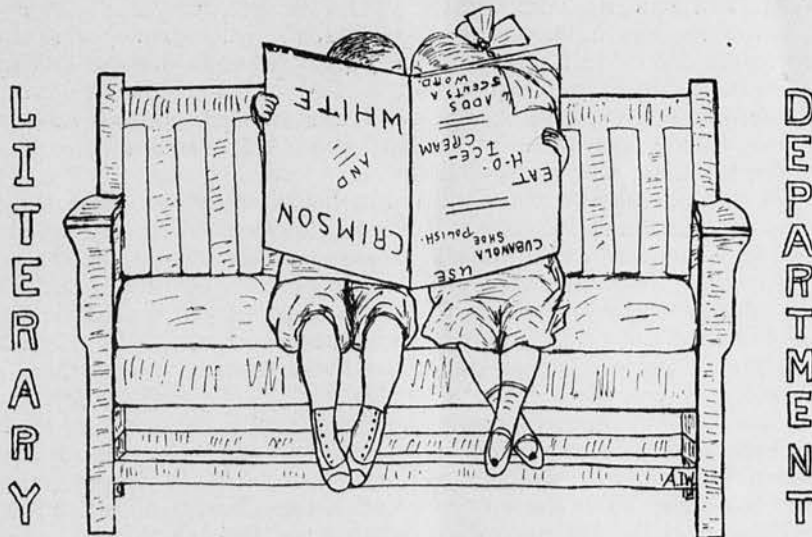
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Vol. XII

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 3



THE EVIL EFFECTS OF WAR

"War!" Just at present this word is on the lips of almost every individual. Men discuss this topic on their way to and from business, and even in the busiest hours of the day. Women talk over the results of the latest battle during their shopping tours, over their afternoon tea, and then come home to compare notes with their husbands. Boys and girls search the newspapers eagerly to learn of the day's progress in the war and the most recent instrument of torture, invented by those men of genius, who are honored for contriving something to add to the scores of such inventions now in use. And the cry is taken up by the small children, who, vaguely comprehending the great struggle, call throughout the streets, "Extra, all about the war!"

But if war is discussed so eagerly by people who see the battles through the newspapers and magazines, how completely this subject must envelope the lives of those, thousands of miles from us, who are involved in one of the greatest wars history has ever recorded. We have heard and studied of those great battles in Europe and Asia, of Hannibal's march, of the blaze of glory which shone along the route of Alexander the Great, and of Napoleon's prowess; we have ourselves been involved in struggles in our own country, but never have we read

of a war with such a deadly purpose as the one now being fought across the sea.

It is natural, then, that we should think only of the evils of the great struggle between these nations. But has not every other conflict seemed just as horrible in its time? Although each has some new invention which marks the progress in science, there are always the same evils associated with every war.

Waste is, perhaps, one of the most evident results of war. One sees a vast region covered with ruins, dreary, desolate; its great forests hacked and rent, its fields barren and its villages prostrated. A short time before, this land was green and fertile, the townspeople were contented, the crops flourishing, and a happier spot was hard to find. Now, ravaging armies prowl over it, for war has descended like a thunder-cloud, swift and relentless. Hundreds of thousands have met on this spot, prepared to break the bonds of brotherhood and to renounce all thought of human kindness.

Let us next consider the path of the victorious army. Here are the ruins of once beautiful homes, scattered flocks, harvests trampled by the feet of men and the hoofs of beasts, and the inhabitants flying in all directions, in want and despair. But worse still, there is the scene upon the field after a battle. Here are great heaps of dead, lying in pools of their own blood, their bodies so torn and mangled by shot and shell that scarcely a vestige of human form remains. Then there are the mortally wounded, those who, deprived of the hope of life, pray for the death so long in coming. These writhe in agony, their lips parched, their bodies racked by the pain of their burning wounds, their deep groans bringing no aid, no gentle touch to soothe them in their last hour. But most cruel of all is the thought of the vultures, hovering over the heaps of slain, waiting for their prey.

It is not, however, the dread of death which makes the most courageous soldier tremble. It is that black, lurking form, "Disease," which, gaining a foothold in the camp, spreads like wildfire throughout the entire army. The days of battle count as nothing by the side of this more terrible fate. This plague is brought on by exposure to storms, excessive labor in the hot sun during the day and the chilling atmosphere of the night, and especially, by unwholesome food. The news of defeat brings no such gloom to the soldiers' as the knowledge that disease is in their midst, and that at any time they may become subject to this harvester who works as a companion of war. You say that these men must expect to die, if they enlist for war. This is indeed true, but they expect to die in honor upon the battlefield, not to perish in over-crowded hospitals, surrounded by all sights and sounds of woe, far from home, friends and parents, left utterly alone to face an unknown world. When we think of the soldiers' death we must not forget the people left at home. It is sometimes said that the greatest suffering is placed upon the women and aged folk, who await anxiously the news of each day's battle. It is they also who, when the looked-for name at last appears in that long list, bear their great suffering silently, forcing themselves to think that "He died in a noble cause."

There is yet one more scene which portrays the direful effects of

war. This is a besieged city. The people are collected in small hovels and caves and other shelter which they can find; women, children, old and sick alike. They live through days and nights with weapons and conflagration surrounding them. Famine and plague stare them in the face. They realize their inability to check the onslaught of the approaching foe, and await the inevitable moment when the barriers will burst, the soldiers pour in, burning with lust, and driven by the weariness of the long siege to deeds of unutterable cruelty. Homes are destroyed, families separated, and the half-starved people see their once prosperous city sink into black ruins.

All these comprise the obvious and striking results of war, but there are others, deep and undermining, which, though less easily perceived, are nevertheless brought to bear with more horrible force. One is the influence upon the character of the men who make war their trade. These are hired for slaughter, to be the passive instruments in the hands of the ruler, to carry out the bloodiest commands without a thought of justice, and to consider only the courage of the deed. All these conditions drive them to hold in contempt all laws of God and man, to sport with death and to defy it; and they are rendered unfit to return to their homes and ordinary pursuits of life.

War has also a disastrous effect upon the prosperity of a community. For the revenues of the state must be expended to maintain the great military establishments, all internal improvements are neglected and all the business carried on in times of peace is disturbed by this great calamity. There are no employees to furnish the necessary labor, some men enlisting for love of adventure, while others are forced to fight for a cause which they condemn. The people of the state are reduced to the poorest circumstances, while often the instigators of the war thrive upon the spoils.

The political institutions of a community are greatly endangered by any sort of a conflict. War places in the hands of the government a power which threatens to become despotic; for the people turn in their distress to the government, which, if controlled by unsuitable men, may gain a dangerous patronage over them. The soldiers lose the feelings of a citizen and think only of the devotion to their leader. They become accustomed to delight in tumult, adventure and peril and to think with scorn of the quiet labors at home. The natural result of this is that freedom cannot long endure in such an atmosphere, for the leaders gain an influence over the armies which they are unwilling to relinquish at the close of the war.

Walter Walsh has said that the greatest effect of war is the moral effect, both on the individual and on the country as a whole. Let us first consider the effect upon the individual. The suspension of all business increases want, and criminal modes are necessary for sustenance; and the government of the communities is so neglected that these crimes go unchecked and naturally develop rapidly. This constitutes only the effect upon the individual at home. There are also the soldiers to be considered. These become so accustomed to death in all its forms that they commit horrible deeds without a thought of what they are doing. The lust for gain is inspired in their hearts and they press on, regardless of consequences.

The effects upon the country as a whole are broader and more numerous. In the first place international trade becomes a system of stratagem, all means being employed to evade the watchful eyes of the opposing nation. In war the moral sentiments of a country are completely destroyed by the admiration of military exploits. Human life is considered cheap. Opposing nations delight to hear that famine, want, defeat and desolation are pressing upon the hostile country. Vast slaughter, instead of inspiring pity, fills nations with wild joy and renders them hard-hearted and cruel. All sympathies of humanity are renounced and it is said that if the prayers, or rather, the curses of warring nations were heard in heaven the earth would be a desert.

War is similar to a wheel, which rolling down hill, gains rapidity in its flight. Passion is inspired into the countries. The successful nation is desirous of new laurels, while the defeated is impatient to redeem its honor and recover its territory. For no worthier cause than to enlarge an empire, to repeal some exaggerated injury, to support some idle pretension nations have become involved in such fierce conflicts that they threaten to overturn the universe. Human blood is poured out like water and human beings are driven like sheep to slaughter. War has been reduced to a science, a system, a trade which is considered a most honorable occupation.

There was a time when great philosophers said that war was over forever, but now we realize that peace has only been a long truce, a respite to sharpen the weapons and prepare for future struggles, that, under a pretended friendship, hatred and scorn have lurked, that great military establishments have been secretly maintained and that for years only a reason for opening hostilities has been lacking. So far, we have managed to keep out of this conflict which threatens to involve the whole world. May we be able to retain this neutral position and prevent our country and our people from suffering all the evil effects of war!

M. A. S., '15.

HAPLESS SALLY

Scheyne Hall was the most strict and most up-to-date of boarding schools. According to the catalogue, there were courses of liberal arts, courses of science, and courses of domestic science. Naturally every kind of student was well represented there.

At the time of our story, the principal, a rigid disciplinarian, was keeping a watchful eye upon a group of jolly Juniors, who were somewhat inclined to resent the discipline imposed upon them. As yet her attention had not been attracted to two Freshmen, each of whom, by the way, had a sister in this jolly Junior bunch. They were well worth our notice, and if the upper classmen had not been so permeated with the idea of the insignificance of the Freshmen, they would have been more interested in them, especially at this critical juncture.

Several weeks before, the Juniors had enjoyed a splendid mid-night spread and were gaily anticipating another, which was to assume the nature of a birthday party.

It had been the most natural thing in the world for the two Juniors to ask of their respective Freshmen sisters the performance of certain small duties without the reward of an invitation to the party.

Jean and Alice, although Freshmen, were not stupid but were jolly chums, who rather resented this unkindness on the part of the Juniors. They fully appreciated the fun that was coming, but asserted privately that if they had to draw place-cards and make birthday cakes, it was rather too much to exclude them from the spread.

The party was to take place at midnight on Wednesday. By Tuesday morning Jean and Alice had worked themselves into a state of deep rage and resentment. Complaints and protests had availed them nothing and revenge was solemnly sworn to. The chums separated; one to attend an art class and the other to sew.

As Alice was draping a fichu over the shoulders of "Sally's" substantial but inanimate form, a brilliant idea came to her. However, she managed to finish her work with some show of industry. At the close of the period, the other girls left the room and Alice was left to straighten up. This was her particular duty for the week. Grasping "Sally" by the waist she unceremoniously bundled her out of the room into a seldom used closet on the other side of the hall. She then finished her task, and with a serious countenance returned the key to Miss Stickler, the principal.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon that Jean and Alice met in their room; and then very hurriedly Alice related her plan. They waxed enthusiastic over it. However, as the Juniors rushed into their room with the purpose of causing more envy, they assumed doleful countenances.

The Juniors were successfully led into thinking that Jean and Alice were so disgusted with their hardness of heart, that, just for spite, they didn't have any intention of interfering with them or their pleasure on Wednesday night. Having obtained the place cards and the promise that the birthday cake would appear the next morning, they left, much to the seeming regret of Jean and Alice, who were looking forward to an evening of hard study.

Soon after dinner and before the sound of the "quiet bell" had died away, Jean and Alice placed on the door block of their room the "Busy — Positively no Admittance" sign. A few minutes later Alice might have been seen cautiously dragging the unconscious form of "Sally" through the deserted halls to their room.

If only one of the Juniors could have stood without and heard the extraordinary process of studying that was tried that night. Such stifled giggles and snickers! Then a sound of clipping and the ripping of cloth; all accompanied by sundry plaintive squeaks which could have come from none other than the charming "Sally."

But alas! unmindful of this procedure the Juniors were delightfully discussing the coming spread. Ah, if only Jean and Alice could have heard the heated discussion, over the ways and means! There were prophecies of a jolly time, and especially would they have heard the jibes and jeers over their own crestfallen attitudes. Fortunately things went smoothly for both bands of conspirators.

Wednesday night came around with its anticipated surprises. Alice

had visited her sister's room where the spread was to take place, early in the day having brought the promised birthday cake, Alice's triumphal proof of her culinary skill. It was not noted by those present that Alice during most of her visit stood near the other door which opened above the landing of Miss Stickler's office.

The bell for "lights out" had sounded and apparent peace and quiet lay over the dormitories. Just as the big clock struck eleven, ruffled figures might have been seen, stealing silently toward the banquet room. Jean and Alice were long since in bed. With a stifled giggle the last of the white figures carefully closed the door behind her and turned to join in the merry fun.

The lights had been lowered and the revelry was just reaching its height when the girls heard the handle of the door on the landing turn. The door swung open and in the dim light Miss Stickler was seen striding determinedly forward. Terrified by her glittering, accusing eyes, the girls fled precipitately to the accompaniment of overturning chairs.

A moment later the heads of Jean and Alice were cautiously thrust in on either side of the rigid figure of Miss Stickler. Then with pardonable pride, they escorted the unprotesting "Sally" in her borrowed robes, to the festal board, and with great ceremony they began the enjoyment of the delicious feast before them.

R. A. H., '17.

FANNY'S LESSON

Fanny Read came running home from school late in the afternoon, and, dashing in the door, she laid her books on the table.

"Why, Fanny," said Mrs. Read, "where have you been since school was dismissed? It is now five o'clock."

"Oh, Mother," cried Fanny, "we have been having such fun riding down hill, and what do you think? All the girls were afraid to ride down the longest and steepest hills. They screamed when they fell off their sleds. I'm sure I wouldn't, because it just shows everyone how big a coward one is. I laughed at them and then they were angry."

"My little girl," said her mother, "I wouldn't call my friends cowards because they dislike to risk their lives. I knew a little girl once who rode down a steep hill and it was so icy that her sled tipped over and she was badly hurt."

Fanny said nothing more, but, taking up her favorite book, she went into the sitting room. This was a large room, and as it was late in the day would have been dark had it not been for the huge fireplace, which cast its warm glow about the room. In front of the fireplace was a large Morris chair, and altogether it looked warm and inviting after being in the cold air. Sinking in this chair Fanny lay back thinking over again the happenings of the day. Then, gradually the room began to fade, and once again she was standing on the hill with all her friends. But it all seemed strange.

"Bet you're afraid to go down this hill, Fan," cried Agnes Day.

"I am not," retorted Fanny, "I'll show you if I am."

"I wouldn't dare to go down that hill if I were you," said Peggy Peters. "None of the rest of us would, it's too steep."

"Well, I will," and with that Fanny threw herself on her sled and was off, down the hill.

* * * * *

What a long hill it was; down, down, down she was going. "Surely," thought Fanny, "I must have gone a long way. It seems hours since I started." The sled went over bump after bump. Sometimes Fanny could scarcely hold on, but hold on she did, for she would not have the other girls say she had fallen off; at other times the sled went so fast that she could hardly draw a breath. "I must be near the bottom now," said Fanny, aloud, "because it is getting darker and darker, and it must be supper time, I am getting hungry."

Suddenly the crust of the snow broke, and Fanny felt herself sinking through what seemed to her a round, dark pipe. Would she ever get home? What was to become of her? Fanny began to scream at the top of her voice, and closed her eyes. Then she struck something soft, and, upon opening her eyes, she found herself sitting on the warm fur rug in front of the fire. She had fallen from the chair, and her mother was coming in the room to call her to supper.

It had all been a dream, but after this Fanny never made fun of the girls for being afraid; and was slightly afraid herself for a long time afterwards, as all steep hills reminded her of the one in her dream.

J. G., '18.

Ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth good will to men.—*Longfellow.*

"Father," said Theron, "my teacher says that 'collect' and 'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

"Perhaps they do, my son, but you may tell your teacher that there is a vast difference between a congregation and a collection."

No, genius is not inspiration. Genius is perspiration.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

The important thing in life is to have a great aim and to possess aptitude and the perserverance to attain it.—*Goethe.*

Let us be content to work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.—*Robert Browning.*

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—*Longfellow.*

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In the high schools of to-day there exist several classes of students, but to the casual observer there appear to be but three distinct types.

Firstly, there is a small class commonly known as "grinds." We might describe a "grind" as one who lets his studies interfere with his pleasure to such a degree as to appear inhuman. His books become prematurely old and worn, and, although renowned for his high marks, he is also noted for his unsociability. Yes, such a person *does* exist, and is considered a human being along with the rest of us.

Secondly, there is the class of happy-go-lucky students. It is this type that wanders aimlessly around study-hall "killing time," and incidentally disturbing others. These people never liked to study, so never exert themselves for knowledge; yet they plot and plan many ways in which to fool the teachers. They are an uneasy class — restless and bored. No one thing seems to interest them for any length of time or else they lack the power to keep to it. They appear and talk well, yet something seems lacking in their make-up. It is wondered if this type ever has a serious thought.

Then comes the third class. This is made of good, true boys and girls — that are proudly loyal to their school, and are stirred when they see their team playing on the field — that derive pleasure from their school life, yet have a real object in coming there, and carry it out. We like to feel that there are some such people about us.

It is this last type that we should strive to imitate. Let us come here with a definite aim in view, and stick to it. This, of course, does not mean to do nothing but study; we should mingle with our school-mates and help them in little friendly personal ways. For no body of people anywhere can work together for the greatest good of an institution unless there is a personal friendliness among its members.

One of the most popular habits this year seems to be tardiness. Needless to say, this practice is no way beneficial to the school, and efforts should be made to decrease the tardiness — and incidentally the membership of our "Bible Class." Yes, we admit it is rather hard to get here on time some of these gray mornings, but we should at least try.

ALUMNI NOTES

Eugenia Lee, '15, is ill with the grippe.

Katherine Pollock, '13, owing to a severe fall, has been taken to the hospital.

Warren Vosburgh, '10, is working in the Research Laboratory at Columbia University.

Just before our Christmas vacation we received a visit from Frances Vosburgh, '14, who is attending Vassar College.

Gorden E. Scott, also of the Class of '14, paid a short visit to our school.

Margaret Lovett, '15, who has been ill for some time, is improving, and is soon to resume her studies at N. Y. S. C. T.

Irving Goewey, who is attending N. Y. S. C. T., has been ill with a severe attack of the grippe.

The Zeta Sigma Alumni gave a tea on Saturday, January 15, at Milne High School.

Katherine Warner, '11, is teaching in the Nassau Grammar School.

We read recently of the marriage of Alice Griffen, '13, which took place in New York. Mae Le Compte, also '13, was maid-of-honor.

SCHOOL NOTES

Midyears are over at last! The first half of the year has been completed and probably most of us wish that we had worked a little harder; but on the whole we are quite satisfied. The exams seem to be getting harder and harder and we had an extra dose of fright this year on account of the marks being raised.

Several of our teachers have fallen victims to the grippe, which seems to be so common all over the city now. We were especially sorry when Miss Shaver was obliged to stay home. A great many of

our schoolmates have also suffered. We will be very glad to welcome Helen Meade back to our midst, since she has been out so long.

The Junior Class was organized a few weeks ago. The results of their elections were as follows:

President	Philip Katusky
Vice-President	Ruth Holder
Secretary	Margaret Romer
Treasurer	Reginald Bruce

They have decided to give a reception for the Seniors on the 18th of February, in the gymnasium. It is going to be a very delightful affair, and the Seniors especially expect to enjoy it.

On Monday, January 10th, the High School students were called over to the auditorium for the College chapel period to hear Mr. Mercer speak. His subject was "Playing the Game." The theme was that too much stress is being put upon the development of the brain in schools and not enough upon the development of the moral character. It was very much enjoyed.

The following extracts are from a letter, written by a former member of our High School, who at present is teaching art and manual training in Los Angeles, California:

How do I like California? Immensely. The climate is so fine. Just now (November) the nights are very cold, but the days are wonderful and warm and the flowers are everywhere. My Christmas sweet peas are just beginning to bloom. The rains have just started and the fields and hills are turning green. All summer they are baked dry and are beautiful at Christmas time. I love the beautiful mountain scenery, and there are such fine roads through the mountains. We have seen quite a bit of the country and it is all wonderful—never twice the same. I watched one of the most beautiful sunsets on the hills to-night on my way home. The clouds turned gold, then purple and red and pink and then faded away into browns and grays.

I had such a lovely trip last week. The institute was at San Diego and eight thousand of us were there from all southern California. I visited the San Diego and San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano Missions while I was down there. There are no places like them in the East. I saw Ramona's marriage place, too. You know, Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." That story is all historically true, and the places mentioned are all still to be found out here.

Mother and I are going to see the Mission play to-morrow at the San Gabriel Mission. They say it is wonderful and it leaves for the East in a few weeks. If it comes to any place near Albany you want to see it.

There is one thing about this place that I do not like. It is only five o'clock and pitch dark. There is no twilight like there is at home. The minute the sun sets, the dark comes. It is so all the year long, and even in the summer it is dark about half-past six.

I just went to the door and couldn't see across the street for the fog. We have such heavy ones. The other day we were out for a ride with friends and it grew dark before we got home. Suddenly

we ran into the fog and could not see fifty feet, or even less, away. The fogs last until noon sometimes. All summer, when it looks like rain in the morning and we would be sure of a shower in the East, in an hour it is nothing but fog. It soaks everything like a heavy rain. Things are so different here, and it's all so interesting.

Yours truly,

MARION T. BAKER.



ZETA SIGMA

The meetings of Sigma are proving to furnish as much enjoyment as ever to the girls. Of late, we have been having some good times. Just before the Christmas vacation, Sigma gave a party for the Freshmen. We had some fun with the "Freshies" and they proved to be a very nice class.

Recently we were entertained by the Zeta Sigma Alumni Association. A tea was given on the 15th of January in the assembly room of the High School. It seemed pleasant to meet the girls who were active members, while we were still in the "grades," and had no idea of ever becoming Sigma girls. We thank the girls very much for the good time they gave us, but we are sorry to say that not one of the critics was present.

The election of officers for the next term was a great success, for we know the girls will fulfill their places well. The results were as follows:

President	Frances Myers
Vice-President	Esther Cramer
Recording Secretary	Katherine Buehler
Corresponding Secretary	May Hutchins
Treasurer	Gertrude Southard
Critic	Henrietta Knapp
Senior Editor	Anna Lemka
Junior Editor	Lillian Smith
Marshal	Alice Dessert
Pianist	Hilda Comstock
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Anna Willig

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.—*John Milton.*

When I hear a young man spoken of as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always, "Does he work?"
—*John Ruskin.*



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

At a recent meeting of the Society, election of officers for the second term of the school year was held. The result is as follows:

President	Marian Poole
Vice-President	Gertrude Corwith
Secretary	Ruth Holder
Treasurer	Margaret Kirtland
Mistress of Ceremonies	Martha Hosler
Senior Editor	Margaret Ward
Junior Editor	Edna Lowerree

Our programs have, as usual, been varied and interesting. Impromptu debates, intellectual and otherwise, quotations from local, famous personages, readings and vocal solos, all tend to make Thursday afternoons fly quickly. The question of parliamentary drill as a regular institution of our "Quin" meetings has been favorably discussed.

On January the 28th "Quin" held its regular initiation of Freshmen. Miss Cushing proved an interested spectator of our attempts to properly imbue the prospective members with a spirit of resignation and awe. After the ordeal was over we adjourned to the High School chapel for refreshments. Here, between munchings of goodies, Professor Sayles related harrowing tales of his own initiation. We gladly welcome the following to membership: Roslyn Geritz, Edith Wright, Hilda Liebich, Anna Marin, and Marion Wilsie.



THETA NU

The midyear elections have taken place and we welcome the new officers:

President	Theron Hoyt
Vice-President	William Nead
Secretary	Ansley Wilcox
Treasurer	Harmon Patten
Critic	George Ward
Sergeant-at-Arms	John Heeran

The members of Theta Nu are renewing their old spirit, and the meetings of late have been a great success. Messrs. Katusky, Schweiker, Sollace and Hourigan have recently joined our number, and their initiation proved to be very interesting. We hope the members will continue to show their interest in the welfare of the society.



ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelphoi have been well attended. The Literary Committee has furnished interesting programs. The officers for this semester are as follows:

President	Bruce
Vice-President	Rapp
Secretary	Hanna
Treasurer	Van Slyke
Chaplain	Chovey
Sergeant-at-Arms	Coughlin
Master of Ceremonies.....	MacMahon
Assistant Secretary.....	Van Zandt

Messrs. Vibbard and Venear have been received into membership.

An item of interest in Adelphoi has been the organizing of an orchestra at the request of the society. The result is that pleasing musical programs are given under the direction of Geo. A. Van Zandt. The members of the orchestra are as follows:

Violinists.....	Van Zandt (leader), Hanna
Cornet	Van Slyke
Triangle, Cymbals, etc.....	Chovey
Accompanist	Vibbard

Father — "My son, the proverb says, 'Hitch your wagon to a star.'"
 Son — "You're not up to date, dad; attach your auto to a comet."

C. Baker (after the play, "The Shepherd of the Hills") — "Was the play tragical last night?"

R. Carr — "Yes, indeed; even the seats were in tiers."

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.— *Benjamin Franklin*.

Nine-tenths of all that goes wrong in this world is because some one does not mind his business.— *Wolstan Dixey*.

It has been found by experiment that when potassium iodide (K.I.) unites with two molecules of sulphur (S) under pressure, K.I. unites with 2S to form KISS.

No violent explosion takes place, although there is a slight sound. It is quite essential that the experiment be performed in a dim light.

ATHLETICS

Milne H. S. is represented by as fast a basketball team as of former years. Captain Ward has lead his team against several of the best interscholastic basketball teams in this part of the State.

The M. H. S. team defeated the Albany Academy team both on our court and in their gymnasium. We were defeated by the Albany H. S. and also by the Amsterdam H. S. The Chatham H. S. lost to our team.

The Albany High School defeated the Milne High in one of the most exciting games in the history of the two schools, the score being 22-35.

LINEUP			
<i>Milne High School</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Sollace, R.F.	2	0	4
Seymour, L.F.	1	0	2
Heeran, C.	1	0	2
Ward, R.G.	2	6	10
Hourigan, L.G.	0	0	0
Vibbard, L.F.	1	0	2
Patten, R.F.	1	0	2
Sears, L.F.	0	0	0
			—
			22

<i>Albany High School</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Atkins, L.F.	4	0	8
Jones, R.F.	9	5	23
Delahant, C.	1	0	2
Schilling, R.G.	1	0	2
Hanley, L.G.	0	0	0
Fisher, L.G.	0	0	0
Harbith, L.F.	0	0	0
			—
			35

On December 10, in our gym, the team played a fast game with Albany Academy, with a score of 29-13 in our favor.

LINEUP			
<i>Milne High School</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Seymour, L.F.	1	0	2
Sollace, R.F.	2	0	4
Heeran, C.	2	0	4
Ward, R.G.	5	7	17
Hourigan, L.G.	0	0	0
Patten, L.F.	0	0	0
Vibbard, R.F.	1	0	2
			—
			29

<i>Albany Academy</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Adams, L.F.	1	0	2
Fox, R.F.	2	0	4
Stevens, C.	2	3	7
Woodward, L.G.	0	0	0
Quintana, R.G.	0	0	0
Davidson, L.G.	0	0	0
Freeman, L.G.	0	0	0
			<hr/>
			13

On January 19, at the Racquet Club, our team defeated the Albany Academy in a very close game, with a score 29-28.

	LINEUP		
<i>Milne High School</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Ward, R.F.	7	4	18
Sollace, L.F.	4	0	8
Heeran, C.	1	0	2
Patten, R.G.	0	1	1
Hourigan, L.G.	0	0	0
Schweiker, R.F.	0	0	0
Sears, L.F.	0	0	0
			<hr/>
			29

<i>Albany Academy</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Adams, L.F.	6	0	12
Fox, R.F.	0	0	0
Stevens, C.	4	8	16
Davidson, R.G.	0	0	0
Quintana, L.G.	0	0	0
			<hr/>
			28

On January 21 the team lost a hard game in Amsterdam, with a score of 28-35.

	LINEUP		
<i>Milne High School</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Sollace, L.F.	1	0	2
Patten, R.F.	1	2	4
Heeran, C.	3	0	6
Ward, R.G.	4	2	10
Hourigan, L.G.	3	0	6
			<hr/>
			28

<i>Amsterdam High School</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Smith, R.F.	3	1	7
Isabel, L.F.	4	0	8
Alendar, C.	3	0	6
Jacoby, R.G.	1	2	4
Miller, L.G.	2	0	4
Stanton, L.G.	3	0	6
			<hr/>
			35

Our team secured an easy victory January 26 over the Chatham High School, with a score 42-18.

		LINEUP		
<i>Milne High School</i>		F.B.	F.P.	Total
Patten, R.F.	1	0	0	2
Sollace, L.F.	5	0	0	10
Heeran, C.	0	0	0	0
Hourigan, L.G.	2	0	0	4
Ward, R.G.	9	4	0	22
Vibbard, L.G.	0	0	0	0
Seymour, L.G.	0	0	0	0
Schweiker, R.F.	2	0	0	4
				<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 42
<i>Chatham High School</i>		F.B.	F.P.	Total
Hochstin, L.F.	1	2	0	3
Whitbeck, R.F.	3	4	0	10
Rixon, C.	2	0	0	4
Vogel, L.G.	0	0	0	0
Glover, R.G.	0	0	0	0
Rouse, R.G.	0	0	0	0
				<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 18

M. H. S. also boasts of a fast second team. It is composed of some of the best Junior players in the school, among whom are McDonough, Kampf, Vibbard, Schweiker and Garry. Thus far the Junior team has five victories to its credit. There are several good games booked for later in the season.

There is implanted by nature in the heart of man a noble and excellent affection of mercy.—*Lord Bacon.*

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.—*T. B. Aldrich.*

Let a man have but an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the kiss of spring.—*Bishop Spalding.*

A strenuous soul hates a cheap success.—*Emerson.*

If you want to be happy, count your blessings every day in a spirit of thankfulness. Too many people count their troubles instead.—*A Thought.*

Man is selfish and seeketh pleasure, with little care of what may betide.—*Longfellow.*



CRITICISMS

Academe, Albany, New York

An exchange editor, as a rule, does not like to repeat, but your paper has again proved so excellent that we cannot pass it by without extending our congratulations for your praiseworthy efforts and results. "A Bachelor's Reminiscences" is a very novel and pleasing love story, and the cleverness with which it is developed makes it a most unique and interesting romance. You are indeed fortunate in having your Literary Department augmented by so many excellent poems, so often it is difficult to induce the members of a school to submit poetry. Your "Athletics" are splendidly handled, and, in fact, the *Academe* throughout is a model of literary merit.

Aurora, Nome, Alaska

We are indeed glad to welcome your interesting publication from the ever enchanting land of ice and snow. After reading the vivid descriptions of your beautiful sunsets, your ski and sweepstake races, the long winding trails, and your pyramidal snow drifts, we cannot help wishing that we, too, might spend at least one winter in the "land of wonders" and enjoy with you its many pleasures and delights. Your entire paper seems to breathe refinement and distinction. The cover design is strikingly rich and artistic, and the abundance of clear cuts and interesting illustrations with which your paper is certainly well blessed, are a decidedly noteworthy feature.

The Budget, Berne, Indiana

The Christmas number of the *Budget* came to us alive with class and school spirit and brimful of good humor. The design for the Literary Department was especially ingenious in both plan and execution. The Exchange Department is excellent — as far as the cut goes. It is cleverly designed and well drawn. But the column itself should be read through a magnifying glass. Can you not increase your list

of exchanges, and thereby make this department, which is really a most important unit of any school paper, more interesting and useful?

Opinion, Peoria, Illinois

By far the best story we have read this month appeared in your January publication. "A Happy Reunion" is told in a simple, earnest style which certainly surpasses all the attempted-comic and attempted-tragic effusions that are used so often. The theme is rich in human kindness and the story is decidedly naïve. Your "Phunny-Graphs" are simply great! Don't let them run down. Your Exchange Column is also growing in a wonderful style. Such lengthy criticisms are indeed gratifying, and they display a great deal of thought and discrimination. The order of your paper, however, is somewhat careless, and numerous discrepancies appear.

Kwassui Quarterly, Nagasaki, Japan

This wee little paper from the land of the Orient once more succeeded in reaching the shores of America and proved unusually interesting. The paper throughout seems to be saturated with the very essence of its native land, even to the oddly mottled blue cover, which seemed to unconsciously portray the very roll and whirl of the beautiful Japan waters. The editorial, which dealt with the horrors of the present European war, now raging over land and sea, was very enlightening, and should most certainly gain for your paper a place in "Sheboygan's Commemoration Hall." We think, however, that your paper could be greatly improved by an **Alumni** Department and some good cuts.

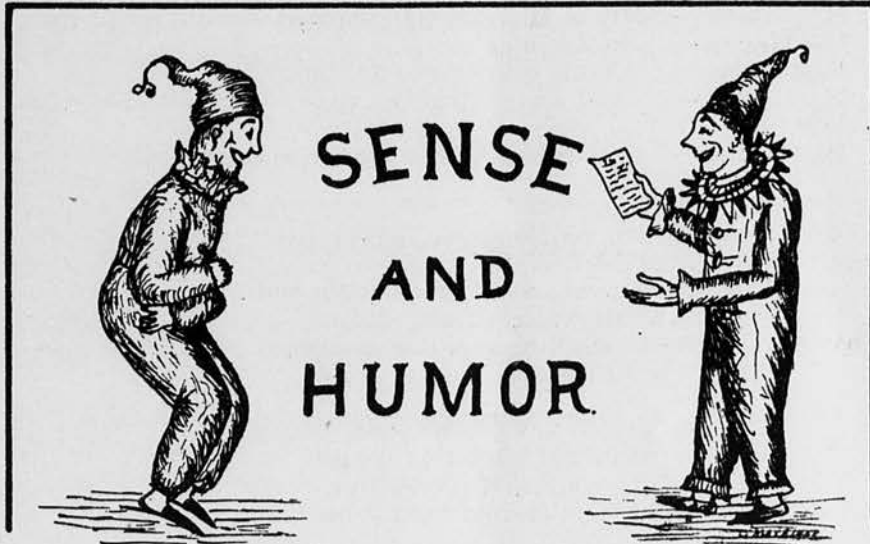
"The Crimson and White" acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

Aerolith (Plymouth, Wisconsin), *Budget* (Berne, Indiana), *Crimson* (Logan, Utah), *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.), *Insight* (Hartford City, Indiana), *Kyote* (Billings, Montana), *Kwassui Quarterly* (Nagasaki, Japan), *K. H. S. Enterprise* (Keene, N. H.), *Lion* (La Grange, Illinois), *Mirror* (Mondovi, Wisconsin), *Academe* (Albany, N. Y.), *Aurora* (Nome, Alaska), *Oneida* (Preston, Idaho), *Opinion* (Peoria, Illinois), *Orange and Blue* (Town of Union, N. J.), *Palmerian* (Lordsburg, Cal.), *Pasco School News* (Dade City, Florida), *Sangra* (Waycross, Ga.), *Salem Oak* (Salem, N. J.), *Somerset Idea* (Somerset, Kentucky), *Rensselaer Polytechnic Times* (Troy, N. Y.), *X-Ray* (Anderson, Ill.), *Ypsi-Sem* (Ypsilanti, Mich.), *Triangle* (Troy, N. Y.).

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Crimson and White," Albany N. Y.—A bright little paper. It is exceedingly well edited and the jokes are very good.—*Salem Oak*, Salem, N. J.

"Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y.—We cannot pass you by without complimenting your Exchange Editor for her interesting department.—*K. H. Enterprise*, Keene, N. H.



If these jokes don't suit your taste,
 Because some of them are mossy,
 We would suggest that you make haste
 And submit some new and flossy.

Did you know that one class in the M. H. S. was so remarkable that if you should visit it you might *Seymour* than you expected?

If you are feeble and need support, you may find a *Kane* there.

If you wish a companion in your wanderings, you will find a *Romer*, and if your "ponies" are worn out from too much "trotting" take them to the *Smith*.

If you are looking for specimens of animal life, behold a *Hare* and a *Baer*, and *Barnes* in which to keep them.

The class in sewing may often have need of a *Holder*.

You need not go hungry, even if there is no lunch hour, with a *Miller*, a *Baker* and a *Cook* to provide for you.

Lastly, you should never be disturbed concerning the length of vacations, because you have a *Halliday* all the time.

Miss Casey — "How do they weigh gases that are lighter than air?"

Miss Lamb — "Turn the scales upside down."

Mr. Coleman — "Father, what's a board of education?"

Father — "When I went to school it was a shingle."

Miss Allen — "Why was Columbus sent home in chains?"

Mr. Van Zandt — "So he wouldn't skid in the wet."

Miss Clement — "Write a short theme on the subject of baseball."

Theme handed in the next day: "Rain, no game."

Miss Evans — " Mr. Heeran, are you prepared to-day ? "

Mr. Heeran — " No, I'm not. "

Miss Evans — " What is your excuse this time ? "

Mr. Heeran — " Aw, I was so tired last night I went to bed at seven o'clock. "

Miss Evans — " Perhaps that is why you are so fresh to-day. "

A TRUE ADVENTURE

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and fair,
The air was clear and cold,
When James, upon his duties bent,
Found trace of burglars bold.

An open door, a broken pane,
First caught his watchful gaze,
And the confusion everywhere
He looked on in amaze.

Then straightway to the 'phone he went,
Reported the affair,
And set him calmly down to wait
Till they sent someone there.

That eve, as twilight shadows fell
Upon the peaceful town,
James went around again, this time
To shake the furnace down.

He heard a step above his head
And seized a hammer nigh,
Then quietly sallied up the stairs
To see what he could spy.

Again he heard the steps draw near,
And stood behind a door ;
But nearer yet they still did come
Across the kitchen floor.

He raised the hammer in defence,
And saw a pistol bright
Pointed directly at his head,
Which gave him quite a fright.

Although the pistol was not fired,
James let the hammer fall ;
But it was just a plain-clothes man
And no burglar at all !

Kind Stranger — " How old is your baby brother, little girl ? "

Little Girl — " He's a this year's model. " — *Ex.*

In the picture a cook was using a gas stove. Two housemaids in the audience were watching the scene with great interest.

"Shure, Mary," said one, "do you know a gas range is a foine stove? We have one where I work. I lit it two weeks ago and it ain't out yit."

Miss Cushing explained something in Geometry class that the Sophomore didn't understand. She asked the pupil what he had his head for. The pupil replied, just to keep his collar from slipping off.

Professor — "What animals eat the least food?"

Mr. Sollace — "Moths; they eat nothing but holes."

"How did you get the cop's goat?"

"Swiped his billy."

Miss Clement (in English History) — "Now, Mary followed Edward VI, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the class.

"And now, who followed Mary?"

All was silent for a moment; then Gertrude Southard raised her hand.

"Well," asked Miss Clement, "who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb," replied the bright Gertrude.

A. Dessert — "Yes, I'm crazy about music. I like Humoreske and all those sentimental pieces."

L. Smith — "Did you hear Mischa Elman?"

A. Dessert — "No, but I've heard Ischkabibble."

Schweiker — "Bet I know where you got that necktie."

Katusky — "Five bucks says you don't."

Schweiker — "Around your neck, you boob."

Physics Teacher — "Which travels faster, heat or cold?"

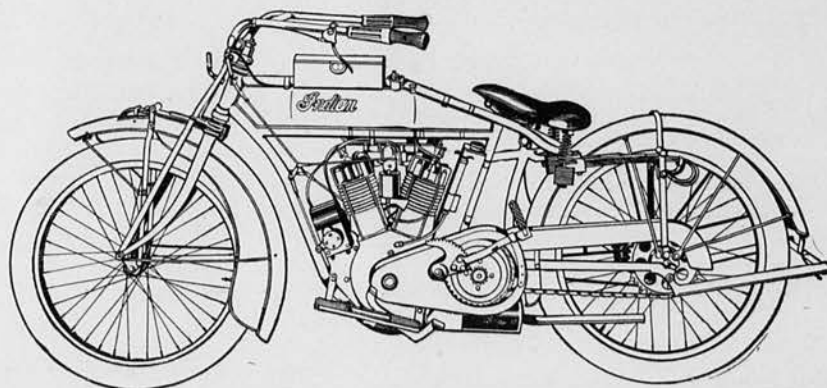
Miss Miller — "Why, heat; anybody can catch cold."

A man had a friend from England visiting him, so he took him out and showed him his fine cattle and horses. "Yes," he said, "these are real nice, but nothing like we have in England." He took him around and showed him the fine crop. "Yes," he said, "these are fine, but nothing like we have in England." That night, when the Englishman started to bed, the American put a small turtle, about an inch long, in his bed. When the Englishman went to bed it got him by the toe. He came tumbling downstairs crying, "What is this?" The American said: "This is one of our American bedbugs. Have you anything to equal this in England?"

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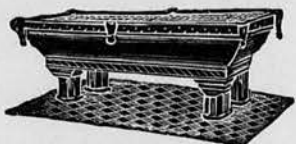
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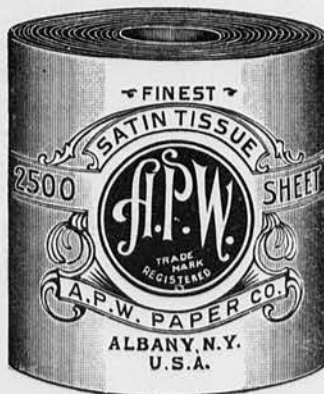
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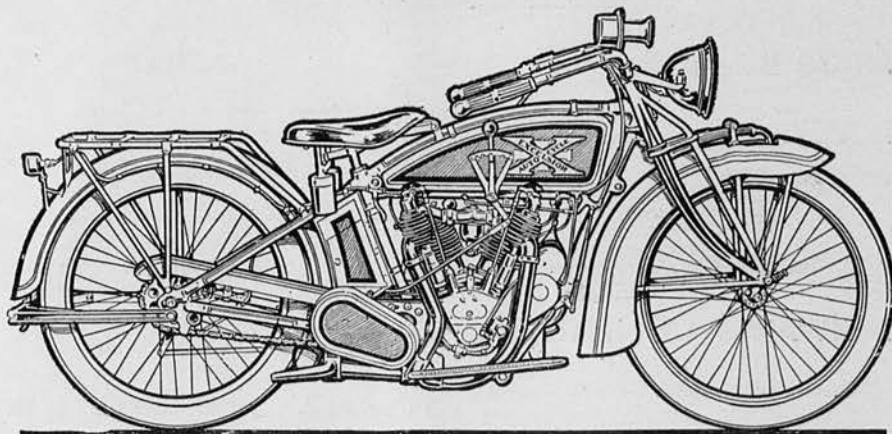
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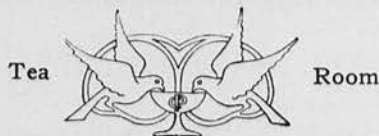
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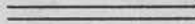
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