

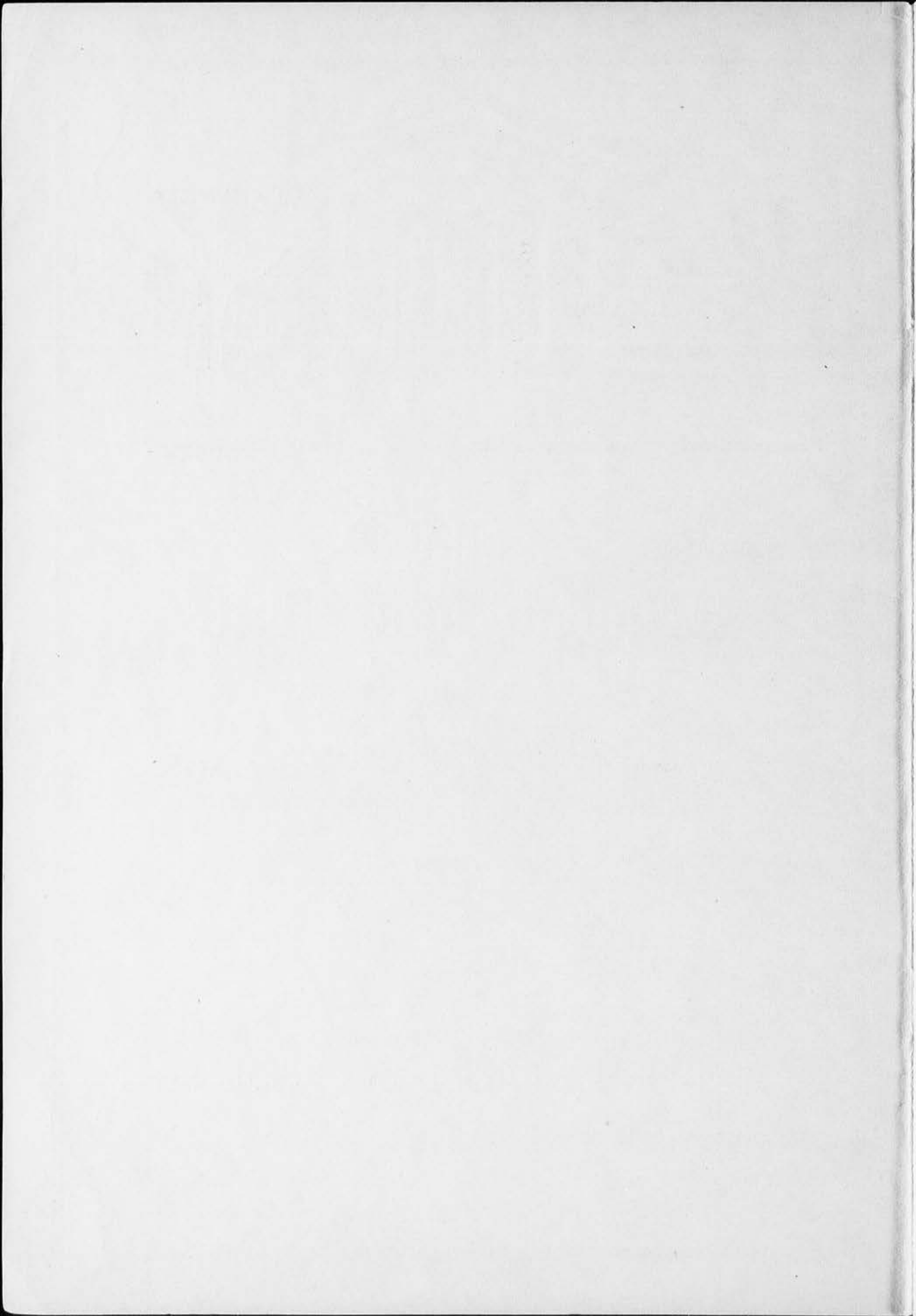


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The Crimson and White

APRIL—JUNE, 1917

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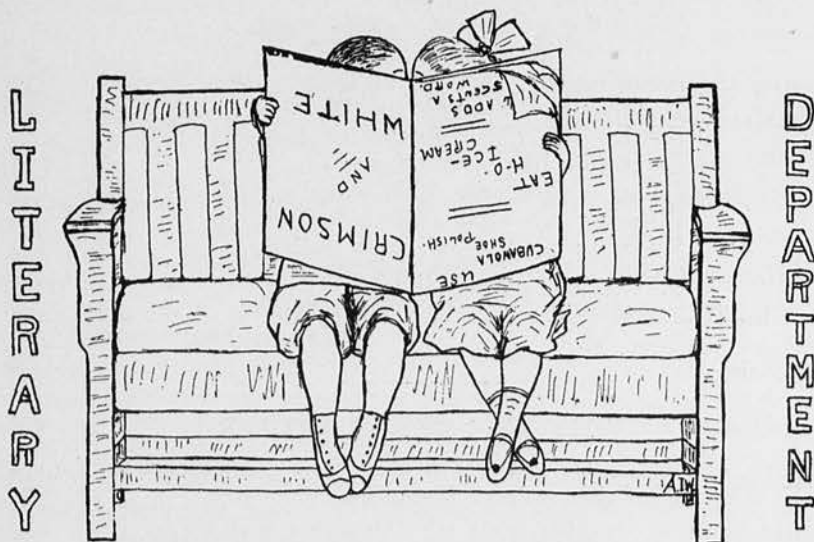
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The Crimson and White

Vol. XIII

APRIL — JUNE, 1917

Nos. 4-5



CLASS POEM

Should you ask me why I stand here,
Why I have a message for you,
I should answer, I should tell you,
That this task was put upon me,
Heaped upon my weak young shoulders,
'Cause no other'd take the burden.
If you knew the weary hours,
Knew the sleepless nights behind me,
Then you'd pardon all the blunders
That you find in this, my poem.
For tho' heart and hands are willing,
Oft' the head is not responsive.
Should you ask me how we came here,
When we formed this class of '17,
I should answer, I should tell you,
Four long years ago we came here,
Came from country, town and village,
Came to fill our brains with knowledge,
Came to have the joys of high school.
Four long years we've toiled together,
Toiled for ever dreaded Regents,
Toiled to please our anxious teachers,

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Shared each other's joys and sorrows,
 Learned to "grin and bear" the hardships.
 Now our high school days are over,
 Now our path has reached the cross-roads
 Where we choose our several courses.
 Should you ask me where we go now,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 Like young birds at end of summer
 When the winds are colder blowing,
 When the leaves have lost their verdure,
 Knowing they can stay no longer
 Heeding well the voice within them,
 Southward fly to unknown regions.
 So are we like birds migrating,
 Going out into the wide world
 Knowing not what waits before us,
 Knowing not the journey's ending.
 Cheerful, happy, helping others —
 Like the birds', our flight is fearless.

ESTHER LOU CRAMER, '17.

 WHY THE REEDS SHIVER

There should be some myth (but if there is, I know it not) founded on the shivering of the reeds. — Stevenson.

Once upon a time the gods of the forest and water were warm friends and very fond of one another. Pan, the god of the woods, lived in a sumptuous home into which only a few favored beings were ever allowed admittance. This wonderful home was built in the midst of a forest on the banks of a large river. It was built of the trunks of living trees, whose branches were intertwined in a close network so that the elements never disturbed those who dwelt within. But windows were made, which were shaded by the drooping vines of the columbine, and which were closed in bad weather by lattices made of twined branches of the fir trees. Among the green leaves of this forest home glistened the red berries of the holly and the white ones of the mistletoe, emblems of foresight and of difficulties. Spacious gardens surrounded it, which were filled with every beautiful flower that grows, and through the treetops there always breathed a faint, sweet melody as though the zephyrs were whispering secrets of the trees; and of the waters; and all living things, for they knew everything. Within, Pan's woodland home was more beautiful than without, for in hidden nooks purple violets peeped shyly at the mosses over them and sparkling fountains babbled away to the ferns and snowdrops nodded to their own images in the glistening water.

Neptune's home was very different from Pan's. No man's mind had ever conceived of such a wonderful palace as that in which Neptune and his wife, Amphitrite, lived, for the walls were made of pure gold, inlaid with pearls as large as millstones. The doors were masses of gold, decorated with strange designs of coral, while the pathways lead-

ing to the palace were bordered by immense sponges, anemones, and wonderful fanlike water plants. All around the palace swam wonderful fish, all colors of the rainbow, which sported and chased one another about like sparrows do in the upper world. Great whales and walruses acted as sentinels and guards, while clumsy, brown seals gambled in the water like dogs. Within, the halls were lined with amethyst and topaz; and dim lights came and went—no man knew where. Mermaids played on golden harps, while water nymphs danced to the music. In one great room was the throne of Neptune, inlaid with ivory and draped with soft, downy moss.

It was to this delightful place that Pan made visits, and it was here that he whiled away many happy hours in the company of Neptune and Amphitrite. Neptune had a very beautiful daughter whose hair was more golden than the sunlight, her eyes bluer than the sky, and her lips red as the coral in the sea. Now Neptune, though he loved Pan as a dear brother, did not wish Pan to marry his daughter.

One day the princess of the sea could not be found, and immediately suspicion turned to Pan. Suspicion proved to be true, for Pan had lured away the beautiful princess of the sea by means of his magic pipes. The princess, however, was cautious and ordered the naiads to keep careful watch of her so that Neptune might not discover her whereabouts. At last, soothed by Pan's magic music, the sea princess sank down on a bed of moss by the river side near Pan's dwelling and fell into a deep slumber. Her faithful naiads, though scantily dressed, stood in the water and kept watch of their mistress. Suddenly and unawares there rose out of the water a chariot made of a huge tortoise-shell, drawn by four tortoises; and in it was Neptune with his trident in his hand, and very angry indeed. The Naiads frightened began to shiver, but murmured a low incantation to awaken their mistress and warn her to flee. But it was too late. Neptune, seeing that his daughter had fled with Pan, turned her into a willow tree, telling her that she could always stay in the forest, since she liked it better than the sea. But he left to her the Naiads, whom he transformed into reeds and caused to shiver and murmur low, as he had found them when he saw them attempting to aid his daughter in her flight.

Since then, the river and the forest have been enemies and you will see the waves lashing their banks and trying to undermine the trees in their fury on a stormy day; and the reeds have been obliged to stand knee-deep in the cold water and shiver.

R. E. L., '19.

UNCLE HIRAM EXPRESSES HIS OPINIONS

"When yew come ter think about it," declared Uncle Hiram, taking his accustomed seat in front of the stove, and elevating his feet to the level of his head in the process of "making hisself to hum"—which he did regularly every night at 7:30 p. m.—"When yer come ter think about it, this here declaration of war as I figger it ain't prezactly fair. Now look at that there standing army of ours—why, it aint standing at all, as fer as I can see—what'd you remark, Silas?"

"Nawthin'."

"Don't interrupt me agin. Waal, as I was a-sayin', we hain't got a

standin' army at all— why, it's sittin' on its pants most the time. Standing army? Huh! I c'd lick the hull batch of them with one hand tied behind me. Such a blame' bunch of brig'-deer general's I never seed in all my born days!"

Silas shifted his position on a cracker-barrel where he had been lounging and softly let his hand fall— by accident of course— into the barrel. Then he suddenly drew his hand out and looked in the most astonished surprise at his handful of crackers. He took a bite to test immediately their quality, for he was the local "pure-food 'spector." Then he took another bite and then another until but one cracker was left. Then, in charity, he put the one back into the barrel and grabbed another handful. The storekeeper looked on in agony.

Uncle Hiram viewed the proceedings with disgust, and said: "Naow, thet's what I call downright robbery— why it's awful— and as fer that, it beats the U. S. Custom House all holler," and then he helped himself to some of the store "t'backer."

Hank Barnum, who had gained much local fame for resembling the proprietor of the famous "Barnum and Bailey's Circus," looked reflectively into the fire, yawned, and fell asleep. The talk, desultory as it was, was too dry for him to heed.

Felix, the store boy, privately pocketed a box of matches and resolved to learn the noble art of smoking; and, during the course of his pensive meditations, stepped on a dog's tail. There was a yelp. Hank Barnum woke up, stuck his foot through the open door of the stove into the fire and for a few minutes excitement reigned.

"Speaking of insurrections, that pup 'd give yer a few ideas. Now there's Roosia, the land of the oppressed, got mad, and now, an experienced Czar is lookin' fer a job. But Roosia only follered Cuba, and Cuba follered Mexico. An' Mexico? Ef you want a lesson in farmin', why go right there. Their soil is extremely fertile in the art of raisin' rev'looshuns. Felix, will you get that there dog out of here? Naow mebbe we can settle down. Lissen.

"Ef I was Pres'dent of the United States, I'd knock Congress' head together and make 'em do what I say. Not that I'm not in favor of war— fer I am— but it's this: When you see a bloomin' Congress tryin' for to declare war with a few hundred thousand men, about thirty-two submarines an' one aero squadron an' a few pieces of artillery that couldn't knock a paper house down it's about time to give up your job. An' talk about rifles! One day I tried to fire one of them there rifles, an' it only squibbed. The officer said that it wasn't loaded, but I've not handled guns fer a few years not to know when I strike a flint-lock rifle. Oh, no. But to resume. Fust thing I'd do—"

"Ef I was you," said Silas, "I'd keep still and not talk so much."

"You keep still!" roared Uncle Hiram. "Fust I'd organize a few new inventions. I'd take a rope four inches in circumference—"

"What?"

"That's what I said."

"But fer the love o' Pete!"

"Let me finish!"

"Finish nawthin'. You're always talkin'."

And the men got up and went home.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1917

Three years ago the class of 1914 summoned my sister from the murky depths of our dark cavern on Mount Vesuvius, to enroll before their shinking eyes, the dread future. And to-day, you, the class of 1917 have given to me the same task. With us, prophets of the future, Time stands still, the Fates are kind; but for you mortals, Time is fleeting and your Fates diverse. Let me therefore speedily unroll my scroll and read aloud that which is destined. I bid you as your name stands revealed before me on this page, rise and listen courageously to your future.

Behold the noble-browed Senator from New York, the golden-tongued orator from the East. Coleman Axleroad, to you, the Fates are propitious. Politician and statesman shall you be. Alas, we leave with you this warning. Master will you be everywhere but in your palatial home. Prepare for petticoat tyranny.

Alice Barnes, thine is a sorry fate. The greatest of freaks, the Headless One will you be with Grafter and Fleecem's Famous Circus. Having never once used your head or recalled the use of a head throughout your entire life, you shall at length lose your head forever. So the Fates decree.

Seniors, you have with you a great and learned man, a genius with the peculiarities of a genius. Reginald Bruce, stand forth! You shall be the Samuel Johnson of your age, a reincarnation of that 18th century Colossus.

Esther Cramer, little you think of the tremendous task awaiting you. So loving has been your kindness to your practice teachers and so loving will it continue to be that eventually a vast throng of these mortals subjugated and reduced to a sad, sweet docility by your devotion, will require a special guardian. And so, willy-nilly, you must spend your days as Matron of the New York State Stupified By Kindness Teachers' Retreat.

Julia De Mase, a pioneer among professions of earth. In the years to come, travelers rushing thru the railroad station of our metropolis, will have occasion to rejoice exceedingly. For, behold the official Train Announcer will call out trains slowly, distinctly and intelligibly. A glance at this uniformed individual will identify her immediately as your Julia De Mase.

Elsie Gresser the Fates had little to do with your destiny for you have wrought it your self. Behold! Already those curls and kinks, that wonderful method of hair-dressing which in the future will establish you as "Madame Gresse," the Capitol State's leading exponent of feminine coiffure.

Mary Halliday your life shall be one long strife and endeavor. The years will bring you increasing heart pangs as they will also bring increasing avoirdupois. Long, earnestly and vainly will you strive as only the corpulent know how to strive to become one of the thin rails of human society.

President of the class of 1917 arise! In the coming years when business has brought material success, you will crown your life with the publication of a volume entitled, "How to Appear to Know What You Don't Know." A volume based upon your own experiences in high school.

Mae Hutchins, the maid with the fevered imagination. In days gone by Richardson was the sentimental novelist of his time and to-morrow you shall stand alone as the authoress of heart-throbbing, soul-rendering, wildly heroic romances, unparalleled only by your first attempt delivered in English IV.

Edward Kampf, you are to become a wealthy man. You will win your wealth as a haberdasher, becoming world-famous for your extraordinary assortment of men's ties.

To one of the class midgets, Ruth Lodge, by name, will come the honor of an invention, long understood but never before patented,—invention of supporters, two comprising one set. Material good bone knees, pleasant and comfortable during an evening's visit.

Edna Lowerree, sedate and serious you have before you a great task. When you finally pass away to your reward, there will be rejoicing in the knowledge of a precedent established. We have always had plain sewers, plain washers, but to you will go the honor of establishing the profession of plain speakers.

Irene Martin, you shall be the shrieking siren of the noble Hudson. About 1940, with a deeper Hudson, navigation thereon will be tremendous, thus creating the need of a continuous whistle on the Albany piers. That position you will hold for many years, as your capacity for high notes is unlimited.

Rise Marjorie, the faithful, the devoted, the loyal and the adorer of all persons military. Throughout your life the noble soldiers will receive your worshipful devotion and as time passes, we shall see you firmly established as matron of an old soldier's home.

Hail to Pinkey Merselis, who has already succumbed to feminine wiles. In the books of Fate we see you listed quite plainly as a shining light of domestic bliss — living on a farm, of course.

Class of 1917, you have that pest of a nation, a bookseller, in your midst. Mark Peet, the Fates have decreed that you must become a book agent. In this business you will make good use of that gift of gab so assiduously developed in your high school classes. You will make a tremendous success selling an edition-de-luxe of Samuel Johnson's *Irene*.

America is dance mad and will be dance mad. We now have a Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle and we shall have for the future a Mr. and Mrs. James Seymour. In Jimmy Seymour, the resourceful one, and in Lillian Smith, the daintiest of dancers do you behold the most famous dancing couple of the future.

Emmelyn Shultes, you, like Emmiline Pankhurst, are ever in the public eye. There can be no doubt about it, Emmelyn, you were born

to fill the position of a manager of a bureau of misinformation, where all unfortunates, like yourself, will never get anything straight.

Sidney White, frolicsome youth, who conceal beneath your serious exterior, a droll humor, you will in the future add not a little to the happiness of childhood. Beneath the big tent of Grafter and Flee-some's which is to shelter another of our number you will perform foolish antics and become the most beloved clown in America.

Gertrude Southard, your worries concerning the selection of a college will soon be over. You are going, not to Vassar or Smith, but to a co-educational institution of the Middle West. There you will be a great success socially and chief among your admirers will be the rich and famous Charlie Chaplin.

And thus have I come to the end of my scroll, whether the Fates have decreed truly or not, that alone time can tell. But wherever you go, whatever you do, you have the best wishes of the old witch, summoned from the cavern by Mount Vesuvius. RUTH A. HOLDER, '17.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1917

What is true of history in general is true of the history of the class of 1917. It is nothing more or less than the biographies of great men and women, a record of important events. The class of 1917 is a remarkable class and therefore has a remarkable history. The honor of recording the history of this class has by chance fallen to me, but I fear that not only my own reputation but also the future reputation of the Milne High School is at stake.

We all know that Miss Shaver is especially fond of life histories in all its divisions, hence I am about to divide the Life History of the class of 1917 into four parts which mark the growth of each of the verdant sprouts to ripe maturity, a history which would be far more interesting to succeeding biology classes than life histories of frogs and fishes.

Infancy.

"Where did you come from babies dear,
Out of the everywhere into the here?"

In September of the eventful year of 1913 a room full of smiling green babies opened their eyes upon high school life, confident in all their blissful innocence of successfully coping with all the dangers that should present themselves. But alas, under what delusions we mortals labor! Our rosy dream of the wonders we should accomplish was first shaken and then shattered when we tried to learn the art of walking. Using one's feet is not so easy as it looks, yet in the first steps of English and Latin where we could grasp certain objects which we already knew, and thereby gain support and strength to help us toddle from one place to another, we seemed to be progressing remarkably well, but when we tried the terror-laden path of mid-year exams. many were the knocks and tumbles we received. Report cards baffled us — and

our parents too. The strange letters seen on these cards have been interpreted thus —

- A = Awful
- B = Bad
- C = Can't complain
- D = Darn good
- E = Excellent
- F = Far better than excellent
- X = Extra excellent

From this point of view we were successful. But we soon learned how to change our class marks for:

A cute little Freshman in Latiny,
Just wondered if he had fergottany.
So he opened his book
For one little look.
But as for his mark; he ain't gottany.

Some of us were so very brilliant in biology that study was unnecessary. Mary Halliday, our demure, broad smiling member, when our Biology teacher was heard to remark, "Isn't it wonderful? A cat has nine lives," brilliantly exclaimed, "That's nothing. A frog croaks every minute." We were all somewhat astounded for Mary "is seen and not heard" about these classic halls.

As I have said before we were a model class. Even Professor Sayles and the critic teachers used to come and gaze at us with admiration in their eyes when we were left alone in the study hall. And indeed they could not help it for, Ruth Holder with her own original, good-natured grin and Allen Merselis were so well behaved, and Sidney White was so small that they were just naturally attracted to room 300. But one fine day we had a picnic (judging from the condition of the college steps and campus), for then it was that our baby eyes got the first glimpse of college life, though we had judged what it might be like by some of our teachers. It was Moving Up Day and we were told that we might enjoy the rest of the day after first period until one o'clock at which time we were to return for roll call. One o'clock came soon enough but not all of our now well-developed infants appeared. Miss Johnson gathered her little flock together, severely censuring them for tardiness and noise, but alas, some were missing because the stronger had failed to keep watch over their weaker brothers. Since that time we have had a full holiday every Moving Up Day. We hope the succeeding classes will continue to enjoy what we have so willingly established.

By the time we had fully mastered the verbs *amo*, *lieben*, *aimer*, the period of childhood with its manifold joys and sorrows, had slipped away, and quickly, almost imperceptibly we had merged into the charming age of —

Youth.

The trials of infant days proving to much for those of us endowed with weak constitutions and "wanderlust" spirits caused some to leave, but we stayed to prove the allurements of the Sophomore year. This new phase of life was begun under the guiding hand of Miss

Clement who had the firm intention of forming a strong foundation upon which to build the remaining structure of our high school life. But as youth readily accustoms itself to change of environment, we soon became acquainted with our new teacher and the new surroundings of the Sophomore study hall. An overpowering dramatic spirit moved us to present the court scene from the "Merchant of Venice." We think that Shakespeare himself would have approved of our performance for it really was thrilling. Margaret Kirtland, in the guise of Shylock would surely have taken the pound of flesh had it not been for the persuasive eloquence of gentle Portia, our Gertrude.

In the early part of the year there came a great change in our daily life. For reasons hard to explain there was instituted what was officially called the automatic study hall, better known as the "Bible class." The purpose of this "Bible class" was to accommodate those who overslept, failed to prepare their lessons or conducted themselves in a disorderly manner in class. I might explain that the "Bible class" was held after school hours and was conducted by a critic teacher rather than a practice teacher. There were some of us who were very fond of this class and remained nearly every afternoon.

One day in this same memorable year when Miss Clement was teaching the English classes, Esther Cramer was asked to read her answer to an advertisement. The reply was as follows:

DEAR SIR.—I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position.

The remainder of the year passed, without interruption except for visits by men whom we had never seen before but whom we learned later were out "teacher hunting." The days flew by that lead up to the glorious "Golden Age" for we were all but

" Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet.
Manhood and womanhood fleet."

The Golden Age.

At the dawn of our Junior year a great problem confronted us for this year the classes commenced at 8:30 a. m. instead of 9 o'clock as usual, and the lunch period we had formerly enjoyed was abolished. As we were advancing in years and becoming more serious, the fearful thought of our final reckoning began to assume a hideous form for behold the passing mark had been raised from sixty to seventy. Prior to this date we had lived in a blissful dream of the present with no thought of the future except a gilded one. Now that the gilt had worn away we saw things in their true aspect, and realized, much to our chagrin, that a thorough reform was necessary else our ending would be a sad one indeed. Immediately "counts" became the password, for it was by their assistance only that we could hope to gain the seats to be left vacant by the out-going Seniors.

In February of this same year Miss Clement, our English supervisor, left us and Miss Spear and Professor Hastings assumed the responsibility of that office as supervisors. It was with much regret that we

parted with our beloved teacher, but changes will take place in the best regulated schools so we bore our grief in silence, wishing her Godspeed and happiness.

But even these things did not spoil all thought of pleasure. We had heard that the Seniors were uneasy about the reception which it is the custom of every Junior class to give the Senior class. We organized ourselves, making Philip Katusky, president; Ruth Holder, vice-president; Margaret Romer, secretary, and Reginald Bruce, treasurer. Then things began to move and the long anticipated event took place in the gym., February 18, 1916.

The days passed quickly and soon June with its terrors, the Regents, was upon us, but we had kept the stewardship. Our class captured some of the medals. Reginald Bruce received the Junior scholarship medal and the Mathematics medal, Alice Barnes heroically claimed the honorable mention for the mathematics medal; Gertrude Southard received the medal for proficiency in German, as well as honorable mention for the Junior scholarship.

Thus our Junior year, the year of opportunities, passed with its joys for some, sorrows for others. Gently we approached —

Old Age.

At last the coveted goal had been reached. In October of 1916 we took up our duties with dignity as Seniors should. The school was overcrowded this year and as a result we were compelled to give up the vacant seats in the Senior study hall to some of the Juniors. We were very much disturbed by this at first but Miss Loeb was very kind to us. We believe she realized our humiliation and sympathized with us and we overlooked the matter and soon found that the Juniors made very congenial companions. Again "counts" was the password, and again we set to work with a will and as a result twenty-one of us are to be graduated June 25th. There are a few who thru necessity may return next year but there are others who will return out of choice.

The thing which demanded serious attention this year was who our English supervisor would be. Much to our joy we learned that Miss Jones was to be our future supervisor. But at the same time another problem presented itself. It was rumored that the English IV classes would meet five times a week instead of the customary three. We held up our hands in horror at first but as time went on we were gradually reconciled to the fact that it was quite a necessity if we expected to cover the work outlined in the Regents Syllabus.

Several new members were added to our number this year among whom we have found much talent and ability. Theron Hoyt, preferring to graduate with the class of '17 instead of '16 was made president of the class after the resignation of our former president; Alice Barnes was elected secretary after the resignation of Margaret Romer. The class meetings have been interesting this year due perhaps to the fact that Theron's motto is: "Rules to suit the occasion and make them while you wait," and Alice believes in that old proverb, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." I must not forget to mention others who have proved a practical addition to our originally talented class. Mark Peet can argue on any subject but there is one which he is partial to,

and that is "Irene." It is strange, but one day Miss Jones asked him to tell all he could about Johnson's play called "Irene" and he actually blushed. Even then he didn't lack for words for Miss Jones had to tell him that he had answered the question. Then too, Coleman Axelroad deserves mention. He has special oratorical abilities and they do say that he actually won the debate for his side between the two English classes, as well as the Robert C. Pruyn medal for public speaking.

There are those of us who have labored four short years under the rules of this high school and yet we have a strange fondness for breaking those rules. Marjorie McDonough, peaceably inclined as she may seem, has been known to stay out of school whole days at a time for the mere pleasure of viewing a racing fire truck or a company of khaiki clad soldiers. (Possibly "A" company.) Another rumor is about that a light haired girl and a dark haired girl (both seniors) were seen entering the Annex one morning with several others from Milne High School. This happened when troop "B" left Albany and it was during school hours.

Only a few more events are left to be recorded. They are the Junior reception and the school picnic to Kingston Point. The Juniors gave us a fine reception in May. We all vouch that it was a model reception and we all enjoyed ourselves very much. The annual school picnic took place June 9th. The day was beautiful and we had a good time. Miss Jones and Miss Shaver chaperoned us. We regretted very much that the other members of the faculty failed to honor us this year, our last, with their presence.

The history now is finished and we stand looking backward, finding that everything has slipped away from us and all that was is but a memory. Let us thank the faculty who have patiently nurtured us from tiny infants until we have at last assumed those heights which it is their ambition that every member of this school shall ascend. Let us treasure these memories the bitter with the sweet. There are moments when we would fain live it over again,—moments, when after tumbling headlong we would wish to feel our mother's kindly hand raising us up and clasping us to her bosom, but the golden days are past never to return. Still though Alma Mater bids us farewell she will never relinquish her care over us. She will ever watch our steps and draw us to her heart when we fail, for once her children we remain hers forevermore!

SARAH MAE HUTCHINS, '17.

CLASS WILL OF 1917.

I, as representative of the Senior Class of 1917 of the Milne High School of the City of Albany in the County of Albany and State of New York, having reached the end of my fourth scholarship year and all of us being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and realizing the uncertainty of life, particularly that of the future, do declare this instrument to be our last will and testament and do devise and bequeath all property, real, personal and tangible, which we may own, as follows:

First.—After all my bad records have been removed and forgotten, I bequeath unto my oldest brother, Junior, now residing in the Milne High School, City of Albany, in the County of Albany and State of New York, the dignified title of "Senior." This title to be borne in a very dignified manner. Ever remembering, however, that they are now traveling toward that undiscovered future in the world of competition. Also the use of my study hall, my books, and all that is contained therein, including the chalk, erasers, maps, telephone and waste-paper basket. But caution said heir against using such chalk and erasers as heretofore mentioned for baseball practice, or placing said waste-paper basket over the head of any fellow student when the teacher leaves the room. I also warn said heir to remain on unfriendly relations with such rooms known as "Sunday school" or "Bible class." The guardian, Miss Loeb, will treat said heir as follows:

1. Give said heir a chance to explain reason for absence or tardiness.
2. Omit such questioning commonly known as the "third degree" when said heir "cuts classes."
3. Give said heir all the best marks possible, for, like us, he will need them to graduate.

Second.—To the Sophomore I bequeath the title of "Junior," and a little more pleasure in life, less work and more play, and do hereby devise and bequeath such affairs as Junior Proms and class dances; to each girl, a boy, and to each boy a girl, with the understanding that the time limit of said parties be 11:30 p. m. I also leave as an additional reward all privileges of the former juniors such as the use of "trots" in Miss Johnson's Cicero class, and papers of reference in Miss Shaver's Physical Geography class. But warn said heir against the too frequent use of the answer book in Miss Cushing's Algebra class, for accuracy too often is not deceiving and she may "catch on."

Third.—To my youngest and beloved brother, "Freshman" now residing in Miss Cushing's green room at the Milne High School, I give, devise and bequeath all right and title thereof to the name "Sophomore" to be kept in trust by them for a period of one year and to be by them surrendered to the oncoming classes. I bestow upon them said dignified title with the understanding, however, that they are not to prosecute their inferiors who have received their former title in any more severe manner than that permitted by the Penal statutes during the reign of Philip II of Spain.

Fourth.—To all new students of the Milne High School of the City of Albany, I bequeath four such happy years as it has been the pleasure of the person making said will to have spent during the one year of his connection with the Class of 1917.

Fifth.—To our teachers who have labored patiently for four long years we give our sincere thanks and appreciation; reminding them that their reward lies in the thought that they have helped make us better men, women and citizens of this great free land of ours.

Sixth.—To our principal we must remain in debt, reminding him that the debt of gratitude is one that can be paid only with our hearts

and endeavors in the future to make good, so that we may prove to the world that we were worthy of his untiring efforts.

Seventh.— To the President of these United States of America we give one solemn prayer that we may be successful in our present struggle for humanity and liberty, and we give him our humble efforts toward bringing this greatest of all wars to a triumphant and successful termination.

Eighth.— To the future of every man and woman in this school we give success and prosperity; and to our Alma Mater we bequeath a picture of Dr. Milne who struggled to make this institution of learning the peer of its kind; and of him it may be said that no tribute can be paid him which is too high or undeserving.

Lastly.— I hereby appoint our most learned friend and advisor, Professor John M. Sayles, to act as executor of this my last will and testament; hereby revoking all former wills by me made. In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name this 18th day of June, 1917.

CLASS OF 1917 OF MILNE HIGH SCHOOL,

By COLEMAN AXLEROD.

(L. S.)

We, whose names are hereunto subscribed do hereby certify that on the 22nd day of June, 1917, the testator above named subscribed his name to this instrument in our presence, and in the presence of each of us and at the same time, and in our hearing declared the same to be his last Will and Testament, and requested us to sign our names thereto as witnesses to the execution thereof, which we hereby do in the presence of the testator and of each other, on the day and date of said will, and write opposite our names our respective places of residence.

Mr. Kolin Hager, residing at Albany, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude Hunter, residing at Philmont, N. Y.

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way. — *Prior*.

The envious man grows lean at the success of his neighbor — *Horace*.

Of things that be strange
Who loveth to read,
In this book let him range
His fancy to feed. — *R. Robinson*.

The beautiful are never desolate,
But some one always loves them. — *Bailey*.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIII ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL—JUNE, 1917 Nos. 4-5

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5) copies) payable in advance.....	\$0.60
Single copies15

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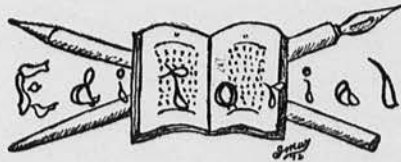
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Due to the increase in the cost of paper and ink we have had to pay more this year to have the *Crimson and White* printed. Our funds were not sufficient to pay for printing the customary five issues and so we decided that if any issue was to be omitted, the omission of the April issue would meet with your favor more than the omission of the June issue. We have tried to make this issue good enough to cover up the deficiency and the result of our attempt we leave for you to decide.

This issue marks the end of another year and severs the connection of many of the board with the paper. We have worked hard but we do not regret one moment spent and we wish we could have done more. We sincerely regret, especially the Seniors, that the end of the year has come because we do not wish to separate one from the other.

As a last word we extend our hearty thanks to you classmates, readers, faculty and advertisers for the support you have given us as it was upon you and not us, the board alone, whom the future welfare of the paper depended.

With due consideration and thought we have chosen the following people to fill our places and we feel sure they will do their best with your support:

Assistant Editor.....	Anna Marin
Joke Editor.....	Janet Goldring
Alumni Editor.....	Winifred Dunn
Business Manager.....	Donald Johnston
Assistant Business Manager.....	Wesley Turner
Advertising Agents.....	{ Julius Brown Charles Sayles

The old members congratulate the new members and extend to them sincere wishes for the prosperity of the paper. But, students, you must remember that it is not upon them alone, but upon your cooperation that success depends.

ALUMNI NOTES

Anna Switzer, '15, has entered the Russell Sage School in Troy.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Erickson are receiving congratulations over the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Erickson was formerly Miss Edith Pickin, of this city and a member of the class of 1914.

Gertrude Corwith, '16, has left N. Y. S. C. T. due to the illness of her mother.

The engagement of Miss Marion White, '15, to G. Edward De Rouville has been announced.

Clarence Kirby, ex-'09, has accepted a position as bookkeeper at Perth-Amboy.

Dorothy Burton, '13, was a recent guest at the Stone School.

Chester Hochstrasser, '14, and De Forest Becker, '13, graduated from the Pennsylvania Dental University this June.

Gail Todd, '13, was recently married to Miss Edna Burdick.

The marriage of Marguerite Boughton, ex-'15 to Doctor William Bates took place at Menands Thursday evening, June 14. Miss Hazel Schilling, ex-'15, and Miss Josephine Hoyt, ex-'15, attended the wedding.

Irving Goewey, '12, and Chester Blauvelt, '14, have enlisted and are in training at Madison barracks.

John Lynd, '14, has joined the Naval Militia, and William R. Cameron, ex-'14, has joined the Second Field Hospital Corps.

Edward Brandow, '13, Alice Gazeley, '13, and Caroline Lansing, '13, Edith Wallace, '13, Alice Gazeley, '13, and Caroline Lansing, '13, graduated from N. Y. S. C. T. this June.

Eloise Lansing, '12, has been elected to the "State College News" board.

SCHOOL NOTES

The long-looked-for reception given to the Seniors by the Juniors was held on May 18 and a truly enjoyable affair it was. The Juniors were ideal hosts and hostesses and may well count their reception the success of the school year.

Soon after this event Senior honors were announced and in behalf of the entire school, we now take pleasure in congratulating the following: Valedictorian, Gertrude Southard; Salutatorian, Reginald Bruce, and Edna Lowerree, Lillian Smith and Esther Cramer, who captured the honors of their respective positions.

Emboldened by the success of their joint winter dance Quin-Sigma on May 25 made a second venture with a sport costume ball. Girls in stripes, in dots and in gingham made the old "gym" a very attractive place that evening.

About the end of May the Senior History class went on an historical jaunt to the shores of Rensselaer. The good time they had did not nevertheless prevent them from acquiring much valuable information. The Misses Shaver, Gray and Vosburgh acted as field instructors and chaperons and we learned that Miss Shaver and Miss Johnson enjoy riding on hay racks and walking back.

On June 1, the annual prize speaking contest for the Robert C. Priyn medals was held in the auditorium. Everyone taking part did splendidly and we sympathize with the judges, for their task of picking the winners was a hard one. The medals were awarded to Miss Gladys Herrick, '19, and to Mr. Coleman Axleroad, '17.

The annual school picnic to Kingston Point took place on June 9. Miss Jones and Miss Shaver chaperoned us and we had a splendid time. Before the shores of Albany had faded into the distance, Miss Jones had assembled us for "movie" stunts. The day passed all too quickly.

This year the under classmen of the Milne High School captured all the Philip Livingston Chapter, Sons of Revolution prizes. Dr. Sewall announced the results of their annual essay contest on June 12 and regent of the chapter awarded the prizes as follows: First prize, ten dollars in gold to Earl Mattice; second prize, five dollars in gold to Roberta Lytle; and third prize, five dollars in gold to Carol Traver. Congratulations to each one of you!

Milne High has not been slow to respond to the call to service for our country. Twenty-five of our number have answered that roll-call, two girls and twenty-three boys, as farm cadets and in actual military service.

The Juniors have a unique record in presidential elections. "Bill" Davidson, their first pilot, enlisted in the navy and Arnold Van Laer, elected in "Bill's" stead, soon after joined troop B. A president's life is not an easy one and the Juniors wonder if the boys felt they would rather fight abroad than home. At any rate, Isabella Dodds, the vice-president, is acting in the official capacity.

On June 8, the class of 1917 held its annual class day exercises. The Seniors were well "knocked" and nobody enjoyed hearing their peculiar fads and fancies brutally pictured more than the Seniors themselves. The officers of the Class of 1917 are as follows: Presi-

dent, Theron Hoyt; vice-president, Ruth Holder; treasurer, Reginald Bruce; secretary, Alice Barnes. The class day program consisted of the following artists and their efforts to amuse of course. The president's address was effectively rendered by Theron Hoyt, followed by the class poem, by Esther Cramer. The class history, hardly doing our Seniors justice, was read by Mae Hutchins, and upon the shoulders of the embryo-statesman, Coleman Axleroad, fell the bestowal of the Class's earthly effects. The prophecy was to have been given by Ruth Holder but it seems the class instead summoned a fearful messenger of the Fates themselves who dealt out futures fair and terrible with an impartial hand. The Mementoes as given by Alice Barnes were certainly sweet remembrances and summed up "the best ever" class day program. The marshals were Martha Hosler, Q. L. S., and Marie King, Zeta Sigma. Isabella Dodds was at the piano.

On June 25 our "grand old Seniors" took final leave of their Alma Mater, Milne High School. The commencement was held in the afternoon in the auditorium. To the Seniors it meant the successful achievement of four year's work but to us, it meant more—the losing the daily companionship of friends dear to us all.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A joint dance was given by "Quin" and Sigma Friday evening, May 25, at which every one had an enjoyable time.

At the last meeting of Q. L. S. the following officers were elected for the ensuing term.

President	Martha Hosler
Vice-President	Janet Goldring
Secretary	Catherine Phibbs
Treasurer	Laura Barton
Senior Editor	Winifred Dunn
Junior Editor	Hilda Liebich
Critic	Sara Stranahan
Mistress of Ceremonies	Carolyn Rogers
Marshal	Vera Lawton
	W. D., '18.



ZETA SIGMA

The meetings of Zeta Sigma have been exceptionally well attended and interesting this year. The girls have shown a loyal spirit which we know will last and will make the future a success.

A sisterly feeling has arisen between Sigma and Quin which we hope will continue. The two societies gave an informal dance May 25th in the auditorium and it was a decided success. June 23rd the two societies went on a picnic to Castleton where they enjoyed dainty lunches. Everyone had a good time.

The officers elected for the ensuing term are:

President	Marie King
Vice-President	Jane Oneil
Recording Secretary	Marian Bedell
Assistant Recording Secretary	Ethelyn Steele
Treasurer	Elizabeth Terwilliger
Corresponding Secretary	Marian Deyoe
Critic	Elizabeth Stryker
Senior Editor	Fanny Carr
Junior Editor	Elizabeth Burgess
Marshal	Lavinia Rosa
Pianist	Florence Le Compte
Mistress of Ceremonies	Isabella Dodds

S. M. H., '17.



THETA NU

Theta Nu has had some very interesting meetings all of which have been well attended. During this last quarter we have had many heated debates.

We were sorry to lose our president, Robert E. Weigle, who has gone to New York to study agriculture. However, his place is being ably filled by another of our number, namely Donald Hall.

Things look bright for Theta Nu next year with a number of good fellows and the following officers:

President	Donald Hall
Vice-President	John Howe
Secretary	George Meade
Treasurer	George Hudson
Sergeant-at-Arms	William Gibbons
Critic	John Haskell

We sincerely regret the loss of some of our best members, Mark Peet, Theron Hoyt, James Seymour, Coleman Axleroad and Raymond Carr but we wish them the best of success in the years to come.

T. C. H., '17.



ADELPHOI

We have had difficulty in keeping up the usual interest during the last quarter because many of our best supporters left school to join the farm cadets or some branch of Uncle Sam's helpers.

We were visited recently by two of our Alumni, William Rapp and Joseph Zephus.

At the last meeting the election of officers for the ensuing term was held. The result was as follows

- President Alan Sexton
- Vice-President Wesley Turner
- Secretary Clarence McDonough
- Treasurer Kenneth Shufelt
- Master of Ceremonies Thomas Ward
- Chaplain John Glenn

We wish success to the new officers and hope they will continue to work as hard for Adelphoi and the honor of the society as we have tried to.

A. C. M., '17.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

School closes Monday, June 25. With what joy did we hear those magic words. It meant for some of us only a different kind of work, and for others vacation. At least it was a lessening of the strain which we had been under for the two weeks previous preparing for our examinations. We looked forward with much pleasure to this summer, — the long vacation before we resume our studies next year either entering high school or the eighth grade. It will not be so hard for us as freshies, as it will be for some of the new pupils, for they will have to break in and get-acquainted. Let us all try to come back fit to resume our work and pass our examinations at the end of the year with credit.

C. I. S., Eighth Grade.

THE PARK IN WINTER

Mother and I went for a walk in the park. As we entered we noticed the pure white and brown all around us. The ground was entirely white, and the trunks of the trees were brown. Only the boughs of the pine trees were green as they are in summer. The flower beds had no red or yellow blossoms, instead they were covered with a white blanket set with diamonds. The sun was shining brightly and dazzled my eyes so that I could not see anything more.

N. M., Seventh Grade.

THE RUNAWAYS

It was a hot, sweltering day in June, just a week before their final examinations. Bob and Jack were slowly crawling toward the school-house, and every step seemed to make them hotter and hotter. It seemed as if there was nothing to talk about but the weather on such a hot day.

"Gee! but it's hot," said Bob, for the fifth time.

"Well, ye know, Bob, when I get to be a man, if I have anything to do with the schools, I'm gonna have 'em shut when yer bein' baked alive."

"Let's slip the fellers an' go swimmin'. I know a place back of the new sewer where ye kin go in up to yer waist anyhow. Come on."

Instead of going on to school, they turned the next corner and went across lots to the pool. When they were out of sight of the other boys, they ran as fast as they could, so eager were they to get there.

"I betcha I'll be in first. Gee! It looks good. I can't wait, can you?"

The boys tore their clothes off and with a great splash jumped into the water.

"My, this is fine," said the two together.

"Gee whiz, think of the hot muts back in school. I betcha they'd be glad to be here. Guess I'll stay here the rest of my life," said Jack.

By this time they had waded out to the middle of the pond and had enjoyed the coolness of the water so much that neither of them had noticed its muddiness as they stirred it up.

"Good-night, but my feet are sinkin' in. Golly, it's fun," said Bob.

The two boys waded about in the mud to their heart's content, until the whole place was stirred up like a bowl of chocolate, and the boys, forgetful of school and the heat were having the time of their lives. The mud never bothered them until they began to get tired and thought of going home.

As they came out of the water, they noticed that they were completely caked with mud and slime. They had so entirely stirred up the pool that there was no clear water to rinse in.

"Gee, Willie! how can we get this stuff off?"

At first they laughed at the funny sight, but they soon realized that it was no laughing matter. The mud would not come off.

"I hate to think what my mother 'll say when I get home," said Jack.

"Mothers ain't so bad as fathers at our house. Great Scott, but we can't walk home through the streets like this."

Even their faces and hair were daubed with mud; and after they were dressed, they were such sights it was impossible for them to go home, looking as they did.

"Good land, let's stay here until it gets dark, and then we can go home through Jones' alley."

The two boys waited until it was dark, knowing what was waiting for them, and then trudged home sorrowfully.

I think I will leave you to imagine the rest, but what the boys said that night as they were getting into bed did not sound so happy as what they said on their way to the swimming pool.

M. C., Eighth Grade.

ATHLETIC NOTES

On March 21st the last basketball game was played in the N. Y. S. C. T. gym with the College Freshmen.

On January 31 the team traveled to Chatham and defeated the fast Chatham High team at the Morris Memorial, Chatham, in a close, exciting game.

The score of the game was as follows:

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Ward, L.F.	8	2	18
Davison, R.F.	4	2	10
Johnston, C.	3	0	6
Kamph, R.G.	1	0	2
Axleroad, L.G.	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	17	4	38

Chatham High

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Le Gryes, L.F.	4	2	10
Rixon, R.F.	6	8	20
Walker, C.	1	0	2
Hockstim, R.G.	1	0	2
Haubner, L.G.	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	13	10	36

Score—Chatham High, 36; Milne High, 38. Score at half time, Chatham High, 20; Milne High, 16. Referee, Bailey; Scorer, Deyoe; Timer, Stubblebine. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

On February 7, Chatham High come to Albany and took revenge for the earlier game, by defeating Milne High 24-20.

However, the Milne High boys claim that their defeat was caused by the inability of Captain Ward to play. Ward wrenched his knee in practice earlier in the week.

The score was as follows:

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Davison, R.F.	2	3	7
Kamph, L.F.	1	0	2
Ward, R.F.	2	5	9
Johnston, C.	1	0	2
Axleroad, R.G.	0	0	0
Lubin, L.G.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	6	8	20

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Chatham High

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Le Gryes, L.F.	4	2	10
Rixon, R.F.	3	2	8
Walker, C.	0	0	0
Hockstim, R.G.	3	0	6
Haubner, L.G.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	10	4	24

Score — Chatham High, 24; Milne High, 20; Score half time, Chatham High, 20; Milne High, 10; Referee, Miller, N. Y. S. C. T.; Timer, Hubbard; Scorer, Bundy. Substitutes: Ward for Davison; Davison for Kamph; Kamph for Lubin. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

On the 23d of February the team met defeat at the hands of the fast Saugerties team, with the score of 30-20.

The team lost a hard game on March 14th to the Milne High Faculty, 19-17. The game playing of Davison and the shooting of Ward featured Milne High's play. Both teams had plenty of routers who were held in excitement throughout the entire game.

The score was as follows:

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Ward, R.F.	3	2	8
Davison, L.F.	3	1	7
Johnston, C.	0	0	0
Kamph, R.G.	0	0	0
Axleroad, L.G.	1	0	2
Lubin, C.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	7	3	17

Faculty

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Walters, R.F.	2	0	4
Fitzgerald, L.F.	2	1	5
Cassavant, C.	2	0	4
Hohaus, L.G.	2	0	4
Connors, R.G.	1	0	4
	—	—	—
	9	1	19

Score — Milne High, 17; Faculty, 19; Score at half time, Milne High, 7; Faculty, 13; Referee, Miller, N. Y. S. C. T.; Timer, Hubbard; Scorer, Springman.

We lost our last game with the Freshmen of the New York State College for Teachers by 7 points, 20-13.

The score was as follows:

Milne High School

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Ward, R.F.	3	0	6
Davison, L.F.	2	1	5
Johnston, C.	0	0	0
Kamph, R.G.	0	0	0
Axlroad, L.G.	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	6	1	13

Freshmen

	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Springman, R.F.	3	0	6
Merchant, L.F.	2	0	4
Peckham, C.	3	0	6
Lobdell, R.G.	1	0	2
Nead, L.G.	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	10	0	20

Score—Freshmen, 20; Milne High, 13; Score at half time, Freshmen, 10; Milne High, 5; Referee, Miller, N. Y. S. C. T.; Scorer, Kirtland; Timer, Hubbard; Length of halves, 20 minutes.

Since the formation of the Athletic Association, the school spirit in athletics has increased fifty per cent.

A baseball team was started but disbanded because many of the players left to join the farm cadet corps. William Davison, '18, one of our best basketball players, has answered the call of the country by joining the navy. Arnold Van Laer, '18, the manager of the indoor track team, joined the depot unit of Troop B, First Cavalry, New York National Guard.

The teams of the Milne High School thank the members of the school and faculty for their hearty support.

Learn wisdom by the folly of others.

Just as you are pleased at finding fault, you are displeased at finding perfections. — *Lavater*.

Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone. — *Shakespeare*.

A willing helper does not wait until he is asked.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—
Arabian Proverb.



CRITICISMS

Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.

We are indeed glad to see that the "Garnet and Gray" has finally adopted the magazine form, and we believe that your school body will show its appreciation of the board's efforts to raise the standard of its publication. It is a great improvement over the former issues. However, we find many places where there is still room for improvements. But considering that your paper is in its infancy, we do not want to appear as harsh judges. The main fault in your issue is the decidedly careless arrangement of its articles. It presents a very jumbled appearance, and your exchanges? Such a department would give an added tone to your paper. Also, in a school of your size we should think that some of your artists would be willing to make a few cuts. They would certainly add some life to the aspect of your paper.

Prospect, Plymouth, N. H.

The whole effect of your paper is very pleasing. The Literary Department is excellent and your editorials are very good. We also admire your splendid cuts.

Acropolis, Newark, N. J.

Your magazine would be greatly improved if you were to change its size. Make it small and more compact, as it is very awkward to handle. All your departments are very fully written up. We feel that it is not lack of ambition or effort on your part that the paper is not of the highest grade. The very prevalent use of slang expressions does become monotonous. Try to give your paper a more dignified tone.

Spectator, Duluth, Minn.

All of the write-ups in your paper seem rather long and drawn out, especially the editorial. Your "Current Events" is good and we like all your cuts. But why not enlarge the Joke Department?

Echoes, Fort Lee, N. J.

"Echoes" is well named. The literary material reaches a standard greatly above that of the average school paper. The editorial has

sounded the right notes: cordiality and school spirit, and we trust that the whole school will respond. The best thing in your paper is the Department of Book Reviews. The "Exchange Department" is practically worthless. Your short criticisms do not help the editors of the papers you criticise. The number of ads which you have shows that your business managers are busy.

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

Exchange	Literary	Exchanges	Athletics	Jokes	Cover and Cuts	Average
Acropolis	9	9	8	9	8	8+
Cartaret	7	5	8	8	7	7
Crimson	8	9	9	9	9	9
Cue (Warren Number)	10	9	9	8	9	9+
Dart	9	10	9	8	9	9
Furrow	4	6	8	5	6	5+
Future Citizen	8	0	4	4	2	4+
Garnet and Gray	5	0	8	8	8	6
Lion	8	8	9	9	8	8
Manual	8	9	10	9	9	9
M. H. Aerolith	8	0	7	7	6	7
Oracle	9	8	10	9	9	9
Palmerian	9	4	5	7	7	6+
Salem Oak	8	9	9	9	10	9
Sangra	7	8	7	6	7	7
Spectator	5	6	8	6	7	6+
Triangle	10	9	8	8	9	9
X-Ray	9	7	9	8	9	8+

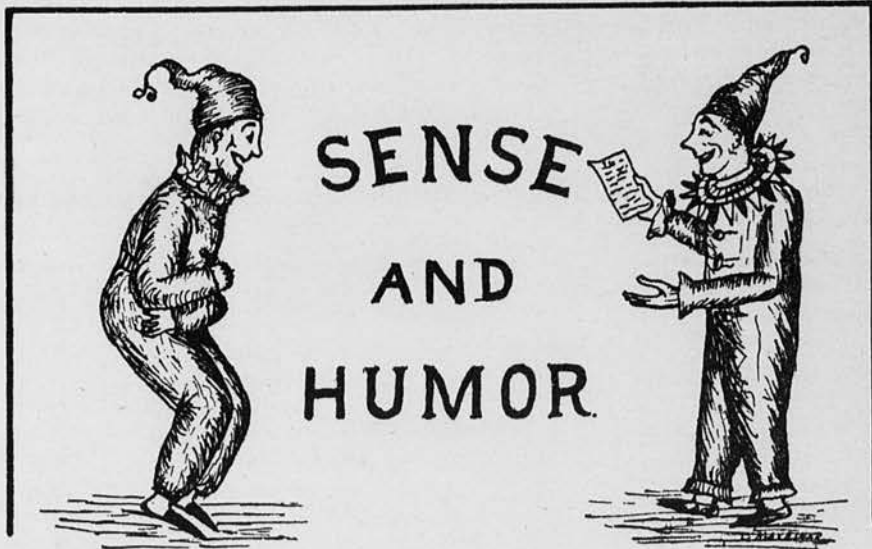
EXCHANGE OPINIONS

The "Crimson and White," of Albany, N. Y., has an abundance of jokes. — *Sangra*, Waycross, Ga.

"Crimson and White:" Your Exchange Department is well written. You have some very good short stories. — *Palmerian*, Lordsburg, Cal.

The "Crimson and White" has put its location on its cover at last. It's from Milne High in Albany, N. Y. Its staff, especially the Exchange and Joke editors, seem to work hard. It also has organization which others often lack. — *Lion*, La Grange, Illinois.

"Crimson and White," Christmas Number, Albany, N. Y.: We wish to congratulate you on your fourteen pages of "ads." That is certainly doing business. We note with surprise that all the positions on your Board of Editors, except those of Athletics, Business, and Advertising Managers, are held by girls, including even that of Editor-in-Chief. Don't the boys of your school care enough about their paper to try for positions on its Board? Literary and Editorials are both good, as also the Society Notes. Why not place the Alumni Notes, School News and Athletics under definite departmental headings? Your exchanges are criticized too fully and not enough papers spoken of. We find no table of contents. — *Acropolis*, Newark, N. J.



Lost — Some perfectly good jokes. They originally came over with the Mayflower and great-grandfather cracked them first; after him our grandfather and father, and we mean to do it here. Please help us.

G. W. '17 — "What's the matter with this match, it won't light?"
 W. M. '17 — "That's funny; it would a minute ago."

My Caesar, 'tis of thee,
 Short road to lunacy,
 Of thee I rave;
 Another month or so
 Of studying thee, I know,
 Will send me straight below
 To ——— my grave.

White (proudly) — "My mind is my memorandum."
 Carr — "Oh, I see — sort of a blank book."

No, dear, a librarian is not a bookkeeper.

As it was a busy day in the butcher shop D. J. was helping his father. Here is what he yelled to the boy who assisted him: "Hurry up, John, and don't forget to cut off Mrs. Hunter's leg and break Mrs. Martin's bones, and above all don't forget to slice Mrs. Smythe's tongue."

Watch Your English!

E. S. '17 (entering a grocery store) — "Ain't you got no aigs?"

Grocer — "I ain't said I ain't."

E. S. — "I ain't ast you is you ain't; I ast you ain't you is, is you?"

"Are you of the opinion," asked J. G. of the druggist, "that Dr. Smythe's medicine does any good?"

"Not unless you follow the directions."

"What are the directions?" asked Joyce.

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."

Echoes from American History Classes

Miss Barnes — "When Webster gave his reply to Hayne, everyone had their ears strained."

Miss Gray — "Are you thinking or guessing?"

A. Merselis — "I guess I'm thinking."

Miss Vosburgh (as a confused murmur is heard while calling the roll): "All those not here stop answering!"

I. Martin (asking for a library slip): "I want to slip into the library."

Freshie — "Have you ever seen a watch spring, a match box, a plank walk, or a banana stand?"

Senior — "No, but I've seen a cat fish, a horse fly, a clock run, a base ball, a pillow slip, a table spoon, a pig iron, a rail fence, a ship spar, a peach blossom and an automobile tire."

Teacher — "What is wind?"

Norma M. — "Air in a hurry."

The leading lady fainted and called for bread — then the curtain came down with a roll.

"My hair is coming out," said Bob Weigle to his doctor. "Please give me something to keep it in."

"Well," said the doctor, "here's an old pill box, will that do?"

A tonic for those who are behind in their studies — Ketchup.

BASEBALL MOTTO

A pitch in time saves the nine.

B. D. '18 — "Do you know a man can be in two places at the same time? He can go to Europe and be homesick."

A. M. '17 — "Yes, and I can go to the English class and be in Dutch."

— '17 (Fort Orange Club?), glancing up from the menu remarked: "Have you got frog legs?"

Waiter — "No, it's chilblains that make me walk that way."

In the Junior Department

"Chuck" Sayles — "Gee! I've got a pain."

Donald Allen — "What's the matter?"

"Chuck" — "I've got my tongue twisted in my shoe."

Miss Halligan in Ancient History — "Who's the smallest man in history?"

A. S. '18 — "The Roman who slept on his watch."

Grace's First Composition About a Pig

Pigs are very queer animals. The pig has its uses. Our dog don't like pigs. His name is Nero. Our teacher read a piece one day about a wicked king named Nero. I like good men. My papa is an awful good man. He don't swear and he don't blaspheme. Men are very useful. They have a great many uses, but I can't stop to tell them all. This is all I can think of about the pig.

J. Smith '18 had wandered into a talking machine establishment. "I want to hear some of those sweet songs by the great Irish tenor, John McCormack."

When she had listened with great satisfaction to "Mother Machree, I Hear You Calling Me," and some others, she said: "Now let me hear some songs by this other Irishman I've heard of — Al — Al — what's his name now? Oh, yes, Al. McGluck!"

You can always tell a Fresh. by his green looks,
 You can always tell a Soph. by his stack of books,
 You can always tell the Juniors by their glum looks and such,
 You can always tell a Senior but you can't tell him much.

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T. Hoyt.—"Where's my laundry?"

Chink.—"Me alle samey got washee mixed up. Some velly smart man putee initials B. V. D. alle over washee."

Mr. Hager in English IV.—"Name all the words you can that end in o-u-s, and define each."

Marjorie McD.—"Dangerous, full of danger; hazardous, full of hazard; pious, full of pie."

Mary Halliday (speaking of the Union soldiers who came back to Massachusetts during the Civil War) said, "The Union soldiers went to church and wore their Union suits."

Miss Johnson.—"What is the meaning of *faciles*?"

Reggie Bruce.—"Easy."

Miss Johnson.—"What word have we in the English derived from that?"

Reggie.—"The Faculty."

Mother.—"Ed, dear, you'd better not go to the dance this wet night, your rubbers leak."

Ed Kampf.—"That's all right, mother; I've got pumps inside of 'em."

Miss Johnson (in scanning Latin IV), "The trouble with you people is, you don't know the length of your feet."

Coleman A.—"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately."

L. (with conviction) — "You are right, if that's one of them!"

Lost.—"A fountain pen, by a Senior half full."

Many a man has lost lots of money through the hole in the top of his pocket.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

Advice to Freshmen.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Love all the teachers and tell them no lies;
Study your lessons that you may look wise,
And buy from the firms that advertise.

EMMA SPROUTT kept getting stout
HER DOCTOR said to diet
EAT LITTLE meat and nothing
SWEET AND walk she said
SHE'D TRY it in just ten
WEEKS OF all the freaks!
POOR EMMA got bigger and
BIGGER SHE quit her physician
AND LOST all ambition no tailor

COULD THEN fit her figure
A FRIEND she'll e'er bless
SENT HER to Hyman and hess
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ADVICE AND the doctor
WAS THEREBY outwitted.

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