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A FIRST ATTEMPT

When my father bought a new car, I thought I should like to learn to drive it. After much teasing, I obtained his consent to teach me. On the day appointed for the first lesson, I stepped to the driver’s seat grandly, hoping that all the neighbors were watching me. Since I had never driven a car before, I regarded with awe the astonishing number of levers and buttons that confronted me. Would I ever be able to manage all these?

My father sat down beside me, and proceeded with his directions.

“Turn on the spark and step on the starter.”

“This?” I asked, indicating a lever with my foot.

“No! no! That’s the accelerator! This!”

I managed to get the engine started and sat proudly awaiting further instructions.

“Now push in the clutch and pull the gear shift to the left back.”

I stepped on the lever at random and tugged at the funny
handle that my father indicated as the gear shift. For some reason it refused to move.

"No! no! You're stepping on the brake! The other lever!"

I tried the other with better results. We began to move, slowly to be sure, but still we were moving, and I had done it, all by myself! I began to regard myself as rather clever.

"Now shift right forward, then straight back."

There we were, rolling grandly along.

"Keep the wheel straight. Don't weave all over the street like that. Give somebody a chance to pass you if they want to."

My father was gently sarcastic.

I straightened the wheel. I saw a dent in the pavement directly ahead and thought of turning aside, but there were my father's orders. Would I be outdone by the boy on the burning deck, who obeyed his father to the last? Most certainly not! We went over the hole. The car (so it seemed to me) rose five or six feet in the air; then, deciding that it would keep to the earth after all, came down with a jar that caused me to bite my tongue severely.

"Do you mean to say you didn't see that bump?" demanded my father in an agonized voice.

"Well—yes—but you said—"

"Don't take me so literally. Use your common sense in a case like that."

We proceeded on our way. I saw a dead rat in the street. Ah, now my father would praise me for my common sense. I would not cause a jar by passing over this creature's body. I would avoid it neatly, thus—

I swerved toward the curb and partially succeeded in climbing it, scraping about eight dollars worth of rubber off the front tire.

"Look where you're going!" yelled my father.

"I was merely trying to avoid a bump," I replied with dignity.

"Well, go over the bump next time," responded my father.

"I'd rather you'd do that than wreck the car."

I maintained a hurt silence.

Soon we decided to turn and go back. We were in a quiet street, with a convenient driveway in which to do the turning.

"Now take it easy," cautioned my father. "Shift the gear to the left forward. Turn your wheel to the left! No! to the left!"

I heard the smash and tinkle of glass.

"Did something break?" I inquired innocently.

"Only the tail light," returned my father with forced calm, after investigating.
We completed the turn without further mishap, and started homeward.

One of my friends passed, and, as I desired to impress her with the skill and ease with which I drove a car, I kept my eyes fixed on the surrounding landscape instead of on the street ahead.

When I looked ahead again, we were half way up someone's front lawn.

"Put your foot on the brake!" yelled my father.

Slightly flustered, I pressed down on the first lever I could reach, but it evidently was not the brake, for the car shot forward and landed with a dull thud against a tulip-tree.

I heard a crash; that was the crumpled fender.

I heard a smash; that was the broken headlight.

I heard a sort of explosion; that was a tire, running over a rake that had been left, teeth upward, in the grass.

My father, gnashing his teeth with exasperation, got out of the car. Over the rest I will draw a veil.

I don't believe I will learn to drive an auto, anyway. It is too dull a sport for a person of my temperament. I believe I will take up lawn tennis instead.—DORTHEA A. GEORGE, '23.

---

**A BOOK**

Cheering, guiding, leading onward,
Soothing and uplifting me,
New and better thoughts inspiring,
Giving light that I may see.

With me always, ever faithful,
Comrade in each quiet nook,
Boundless joy is freely lavished
By my treasured friend, a book.

—H. R. D., '23

---

It's not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed.

---

SUCCESS consists not so much in sitting up nights as in being awake in the day time.
On the thirteenth of February, Jack Sears received a very large brown envelope. He stood for a few moments gazing at the missive, wondering where it could possibly have come from, for he was not accustomed to receiving much mail. A terrifying thought came to him. Could this be from his father, and had that cruel parent again refused to forward him a check? But no, the postmark was not from his home town; it was from this very city.

Jack hastily tore open the envelope. Holy smokes! It was a valentine! And from Helen Foster! But what was he to do? He knew that he must return the favor; yet what could he send her, when all that stood between him and financial embarrassment was nine cents?

That afternoon Jack scoured the shops for some sort of valentine, but the cheapest one he thought appropriate was marked down from one dollar and twenty-five cents to ninety-eight cents. A desperate idea occurred to him. He paced the streets looking for a valentine of the same kind. At last he found the place where he thought she must have purchased his. He entered hurriedly and out of breath, slamming the door behind him.

"Mr. Renter," he gasped. "I want to exchange this valentine."

"The purchase slip, please."

Jack rummaged his pockets with lightning speed, but of course there was no slip to be found.

"Mr. Renter, I've lost it," and he looked up hopefully.

"Can't help it, young man; we never exchange without the purchase slip."

Jack argued for a half hour and finally heaved a triumphant sigh when Mr. Renter said, "All right. We'll change it this time."

Helen received her valentine with as much joy as if it had been paid for.—Leo Peter Roche, '23.

If you want to be continuously happy, you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.

How to make a shadow:
*Stand in your own sunshine.*
THE GARMENT OF THE SHINING LIGHT

A gentle breeze stirred the placid pool to motion. It sent tiny ripples lap-lapping against the marble rim of the basin. It ruffled the branches of the stunted trees and caused the tall lilies to nod their graceful heads.

Under the magic spell of night, the scene was like a beautiful painting. A veritable fairy garden it seemed, as it lay bathed in moonlight. In the center was a large marble basin, filled with clear, cool water which changed color as it was disturbed by the breeze. Surrounding the pool were tall Chinese lilies and other blossoms of the Orient, sending fourth their exotic fragrance. Short trees stood stiff and deformed, their gnarled branches gently swaying.

Set back among the shadows was a large statue of Buddha. It was of exquisite and intricate workman-ship, and in the center of the forehead shone a jewel. The face of the Prophet smiled inscrutably; the eyes seemed intently fixed on an object nearby.

It was a low bench carved from some dull green stone. Carelessly thrown over it, one end trailing among the flowers and grasses, was a garment of shimmering silver which gleamed and sparkled in the moonlight. It was a wrap fit for a daughter of the Emperor. What cause brought it here to this secluded garden? No one knew, but the face of Buddha still smiled, its eyes knowing and the jewel gleaming.

Soon the peaceful silence was broken by a rustle among the trees. It grew more pronounced, and out from the shadows walked a Chinese maiden.

At a glance one knew that she was well born. Her shining black hair, piled high on her head and ornamented with jewelled combs, the narrow slanting eyebrows over black eyes, the tiny scarlet mouth, and the delicate olive complexion all combined in a strange unusual beauty. Her hands, with long tapering fingers, nails stained crimson, were covered with precious stones.

Immediately after entering the garden, the maiden hurried to the bench and picked up the shining garment with a gasp of relief. Half-fearfully she turned and knelt at the feet of the idol. She began speaking in a low, pleading tone.

"Most revered Buddha, Ahn-Tou humbly begs your forgiveness. See, see, I have brought you a handful of jewels instead of the usual two! The garment of the shining light is still unharmed and never
again will I forget it so carelessly. I have not yet charmed Lou-Fong whom I desire for my husband.

"When you gave me the magic garment, I promised to bring you two jewels at each full moon. This I have faithfully done. In return, the garment was to give me the power of choosing my own husband. True, I knew you warned me that if I should heedlessly forget its whereabouts, you would take it from me. But, oh, most kind Prophet, do not fulfill your threat! My heart yearns for Lou-Fong, but I am betrothed to Lun-Sing. If I have not your aid I must wed him."

Then quickly Ahn-Tou opened a tiny silken bag and a shower of jewels tumbled out. They gleamed and shone like veri-colored flames. After placing the glittering heap at the idol's feet, Ahn-Tou hurriedly snatched up the silver garment and, with fear-dilated eyes, left the garden. As she passed one of the little trees, a branch became entangled in the cloth. Ahn-Tou carefully loosed it; and, as she did so, she noticed that the silver seemed tarnished.

Lou-Fong was handsome, and many a Chinese maiden had lost her heart to him when he came to the court of the Emperor on matters of state. But he cared only for Ahn-Tou, and she was confident that she should marry the man of her choice. Did she not have the Garment of the Shining Light?

It was obvious that Lun-Sing should notice this matter, for he kept strict watch of his betrothed. There grew up in his heart an intense hatred for the young stranger.

Lun-Sing was very ugly. At sixty, his skin was wrinkled and creased. Only two of his front teeth remained and these were long and pointed. A drooping moustache only partly hid the cruel mouth. His beady black eyes peered out at the world malevolently.

But Lun-Sing was also very rich and influential. It was whispered that he was even more powerful than the Emperor himself. So it can readily be seen that Lun-Sing would settle directly with Lou-Fong instead of appealing to Ahn-Tou's father. A crafty, a cruel, a cunning schemer was Lun-Sing, the power above the Emperor.

Ahn-Tou smiled happily as she parted from Lou-Fong that evening. At last she was convinced that Buddha had taken mercy on her. With a heart full of gratitude, she ran out into the garden to worship at the shrine.

Suddenly in the dark, a hand grasped her wrist, and she
shrieked with terror. Strong arms bore her away into the night, and she lost consciousness from sheer fright.

When Ahn-Tou regained her senses, she found herself in a beautifully furnished room. Seated at a lacquered table was Lun-Sing, his black eyes snapping triumphantly. They rested on her with a mocking gaze and seemed to laugh at some diabolical joke.

Bowing gracefully, Lun-Sing exclaimed, "Oh, now, Lady of Sunrise, what think you of your lover? Pray look upon his smiling face!"

Startled, Ahn-Tou turned and saw Lou-Fong, his arms and feet bound with heavy ropes. His face was cut and torn, and on his forehead was a great red gash. His eyes rested on Ahn-Tou.

The heart-broken Princess begged and sought Lun-Sing that he spare her lover. She fell upon her knees, tears dimming her eyes, and used every method in her power. But Lun-Sing was obdurate; he was untouched by this display of emotion. His face impassive, he murmured, "There is no power on earth that can save him now! He shall be put to death tonight, and tomorrow will dawn upon our wedding day. You shall learn what it means to disobey the laws of China."

Ahn-Tou received this in silence.

Perhaps you had better bid the honored guest good-bye before he leaves on his journey," suggested Lun-Sing scornfully.

Immediately Ahn-Tou crossed to the corner in which Lou-Fong lay. As she took his hand, he indicated that she slip from it a ring of beaten silver, in which was set a sparkling sapphire. This little act was done so quickly that even the slaves did not notice it.

"I am ready," said Lou-Fong simply.

"Away with him!" cried Lun-Sing, and the captive was carried out.

Ahn-Tou was taken back to the palace by Lun-Sing himself. He had no fear of her repeating the incident. What if she did? Was not he the guiding hand of destiny? And then a terrible thought crept into the assassin's mind—was he not higher than Buddha himself?

The gods, whether they be in the heavens or in shrines, always laugh in scorn at such foolish mortals. Buddha resolved a terrible vengeance upon this boaster who was so capable of directing the universe.

The next day the final preparations for the marriage of Lun-Sing and the Emperor's daughter were completed. Gorgeous silks and stiff brocades were brought out; precious stones were set in queer
dull metals. Costly perfumes, powders, and all the other requisites befitting such an occasion made their appearance. Ahn-Tou was calm and serene.

On the night of the wedding, the prospective bride could not be found. The alarm went out that the daughter of the Emperor had disappeared, attired in her wedding-garments. At last they found her.

On the green bench reclined a gorgeously appareled figure. The shining black hair, dressed with pearls, was resting on one arm. The eyes were closed, and the tiny scarlet mouth was parted in a smile. One hand, on which there gleamed a sparkling sapphire, grasped the edge of a tarnished silver garment which half-covered the cherry silk of a brocade wrap.

No life was there. Indeed, the whole garden seemed lifeless except for a gentle breeze. It stirred the placid pool to motion and sent tiny ripples lap-lapping against the marble rim of the basin. It ruffled the branches of the stunted trees and caused the Chinese blossoms to waft their fragrance toward the image of Buddha, smiling from the shadows.—MARIAN BARDENE, '23.

‘If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim,
If the situation’s puzzlin’
And the prospects awful’ grim,
And perplexities keep pressin’,
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit you teeth
And keep on keepin’ on.’

The best way to get even is to forget.

A great command of language enables one to keep still.

Remember the kindness of others.
Forget your own.

Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt of, not swallowed. —Josh Billings
One of the topics that has been discussed in Milne High School more, perhaps, than any other this year is the scholarship. We have heard much about it from others; we have talked it over ourselves. Yet how many of us have really thought about its purpose? It is to increase school spirit, we know. But what is this school spirit? How may it be shown?

Surely school spirit does not have to be created in Milne High School—there is not a boy or a girl here who has not a smattering of it. Is it necessary to be in a society to show it? Must we be on the Crimson and White board, or a member of the basket-ball team?
Decidedly not. School spirit is more than this. It is loyalty, a feeling of pride in the success of our school and of willingness to do all that we can to help gain that success, working not for our own little circle of friends, but for the school as a whole. There are countless opportunities that come to all of us to show this sort of loyalty.

When the plans for the scholarship were drawn up, it was necessary to set certain standards for school spirit. We cannot all reach these standards, but each of us can do our own part well. We have our share in the *Crimson and White*, whether we are on the board or not. Perhaps some of us cannot contribute to it materially, but we can get ads, and all of us can aid by giving suggestions and helpful criticism. Then there are our athletics. We have just as much a part in them as the boys who play on our teams. Are we coming to the games? Are we doing all those little things that help to make our school what we want it to be?

The scholarship does not go into effect until next year. It is our chance this year to determine whether it shall be a bribe for a so-called school spirit or an honor of which we may well feel proud.

The twenty-second of February has always been a day of significance to us, but this year it will be of special importance, for it is on that night that two of our boys are to speak in Chancellors' Hall in the Rotary Club contest. The first prize is to be a trip to Washington for the inauguration of President Harding, the second prize, ten dollars in gold, and the third prize, five dollars. The essay contest on "Grant, the General," was open to all Junior and Senior boys, and the two boys chosen to deliver their orations and compete for the first and second prizes are Charles Sayles and Chester Wilson, with third prize to Donald Allen. We are proud of these boys, and surely all of us shall want to hear them on the night of Washington's Birthday.

Several changes have been made recently in the *Crimson and White* board. Upon the resignation of Helen Kirtland, Emily Barrows was elected in her place as Editor-in-Chief, and Maiza Buckmaster, as Literary Editor. William Comstock has again become Assistant Business Manager.
SCHOOL NOTES

Q. T. S. A. Dance

The four societies, Quintilian, Theta Nu, Sigma, and Adelphoi, are planning their dance for the night of Saturday, February twenty-sixth. It is to be the big dance of the year, and the committee in charge is arranging to make it one of the most successful we have ever had. The proceeds are to go towards the scholarship you have heard so much about. Are you going to be there and help things along?

The Pied Piper has come to Milne! Not that same Bunting who lured away the children of Hamelin, it is true, for he had as his charm but a pipe; ours has from saxophone to traps. Yet what else can it be that draws down to the gym each Friday all who can escape "rec" an that adds so much to our chapel programs. Our orchestra, now under the direction of Mr. Holding, is doing splendidly and surely deserves a word of commendation.

Q. T. S. A. Scholarship

The four societies have accepted the Q. T. S. A. scholarship as stated in the following form:

This scholarship of $100 is to be awarded by the four societies, Quintilian Literary Society, Zeta Sigma, Adelphoi, and Theta Nu, in the Milne High School to that person, boy or girl, who, in accordance with the scale of points drawn up by the above societies, obtains the highest score, while still maintaining a satisfactory standing in his or her studies.

It is understood that the Crimson and White Board and the Athletic Association will aid the above societies in any effort they set forth to raise the above sum. However, the societies alone make up any deficit in the amount.

Applicants for the scholarship are to be elected from a list proposed by the faculty of Milne High School and by one vote from each organization and one from the faculty as a whole.
The scholarship is to be awarded only to a person graduating from Milne High School and attending college.

The money is to be paid to the registrar of the college which the recipient of the scholarship attends, and in two equal installments of fifty dollars, one in January and the other in June, of the recipient’s freshman year. If the recipient should fail in his or her second semester, the remaining fifty dollars is to be paid to the person possessing the second highest number of votes as above. This person must conform with all the above rulings.

This scholarship is to take effect in 1922 and is to be awarded to some member of the Junior class in his or her senior year. For the year 1921-1922 the system of points takes effect only during the senior year. Thereafter it applies to the junior and senior year.

**SCORE OF POINTS**

1. **Crimson and White**
   - Editor .................................................. 2
   - Literary Editor ...................................... 1
   - School Editor ....................................... 1
   - Alumni Editor ...................................... 1
   - Joke Editor ......................................... 1
   - Exchange Editor .................................... 1
   - Athletic Editor .................................... 1
   - Business Manager .................................. 2
   - Five pages new advertising ....................... 1

2. **Athletic Association**
   - Membership ......................................... 0.5
   - Officer ............................................... 2

3. **Societies**
   - Membership ......................................... 1
   - Officer ............................................... 2

4. **Athletics**
   - Member of team .................................... 1
   - Attendance at all games ............................. 1
   - Manager ............................................... 1

---

The only people who really enjoy hearing your troubles are lawyers. They get paid for it.

---

Never judge a man by the opinion his best girl has of him.
ALUMNI NOTES

Florence LaCompte, '20, and Marjorie Wilbur, '20, are taking a course at the Albany Business College.
Muriel Daggett, '20, is attending State College.
Kenneth Devlin, ex-'21, is attending business college.
Mary Colson, ex-'21, is taking a course in costume designing at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.
Jeanette Farley, ex-'24, is attending the Sacred Heart Convent at Kenwood.
Blanche Saunders, ex-'23, has moved to Minneapolis, Minn.
Ruth McCullough, '20, has accepted a position with the Aetna Life Insurance Company.

THETA NU

For the past few weeks Theta Nu has had much excitement at its meetings. This has been due to the fact that we are going to give a dance on February nineteenth, in the college gymnasium. Invitations have been given out; and a large number will be there.

At one of our recent meetings, Mr. Gordon gave a talk on dancing which was enjoyed by all present. Mr. Albert and Mr. Margolius feature at all meetings.

New members elected into the society are Charles Congdon and Gerald Helme.—J. M., '21.

"Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."—J. M. Barrie.
QUINTILIAN

The approach of Regents and mid-year and the consequent necessity for cramming on the part of some of our members has shortened our meetings for the past few weeks.

A special meeting was held to take action on the scholarship, which was adopted by a unanimous vote. We had a debate recently, and also a very interesting program given by our new members.

Quin is entering into plans for the dance to be given by the four societies for the benefit of the scholarship fund.—M. O'C., '22.

ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelphoi have continued to be very interesting this year.

Active plans are being made for our debate to be given in the near future.

At present everyone is engaged in the scholarship dance which will be held the twenty-six of February.—W. C., '22.

ZETA SIGMA

Owing to the fact that there was such a great necessity for "conferences" at that momentous time in Milne High history, Sigma voted to disband until after mid-years. However plans are rapidly progressing for the success of the Q. T. S. A. dance which is to take place February twenty-sixth in the State College gym.—H. W., '21.
A BATTLE IN THE SEA

The U. S. Destroyer Seamew arrived off the coast of Frigana, one of the Malay states, two weeks before Christmas; and, as this was our destination, we dropped anchor and started our preparations for the coming holidays. Why we were there and how long we were to stay, no one knew. But there was one thing we did know, and that was that we were going to have all the fun and adventure we could. Soon after, the latter came somewhat unexpectedly to one of our crew.

There were four young men on board the Seamew who were experienced divers. Some of the crew had never seen their work carried out; so, on the second day after our arrival, there was a good deal of excitement when it was announced that the men were going to dive that afternoon.

When the time came, we were all on deck to watch. First the large platform with the air pumps was lowered. Then the divers put on their canvas suits, their sixteen pound shoes, and their copper helmets. Next a belt with a sheathed kris, or sword-like knife, was given to each, and they were prepared to descend. The divers were helped to the edge of the platform, and one by one they dropped off and disappeared.

They had been down about ten minutes when we noticed a dark gray object move out from under the ship. In a minute we saw, with horror, that it was a shark about twelve feet long! The men on the platform taking care of the air pumps began to work frantically to get the divers. Suddenly one of them gave a cry of alarm, for the life line and the air hose of the man he had in charge
had come into view, cut in two. At the same time three copper helmets appeared.

Now the question was how to get up the fourth man. The Captain ordered a life line to be thrown down to the place the rescued divers indicated. After several minutes of anxious waiting, there came a tug on the line and the exhausted man was pulled up. This is the story he told later:

"We had been down several minutes and were picking up some shells when I felt two short tugs on the life line, the signal to be drawn up. I looked around and saw my three comrades rising, and at the same time something dark sailed over my head. A shark was above me! Then came a click, and I knew he had bitten my air hose and life line in two.

"Deciding that it was better to die of suffocation than to be food for a shark, I unsheathed my kris and approached him just as he darted at me. I ducked and plunged my kris into his side, and he started such a commotion in the water that it seemed almost impossible for me to keep my balance. However, I realized that if I should fall I could not regain my position again; so I struck out with my knife and buried it this time in the shark’s head. The struggle of the wounded fish threw me off my balance and I lay gasping, waiting for the end to come.

"Suddenly something struck my hand, and as I looked up I saw that it was a rope. I tied it around my waist and gave the signal to rise. Immediately I felt myself being drawn up; but I could endure the suffocation no longer and tore frantically at my canvas suit, with the hope of getting air. Then everything turned black before my eyes, and I knew no more, until I found myself on the platform, surrounded by my companions.” —JOHN SHAY, 8th Grade.

—*

Don’t Grouch

Smash a window or a chair, or take a cold plunge—anything to get over with it!

—*

Happy are those who do not want the things they cannot get.

—*

He who hesitates—lingers.
Milne! Is there anything the matter with our basket-ball team? I should say not. It’s true we’re having a very hard time getting started, but keep your eyes open from now on. Luck has certainly been against us this year. You know that every man on the team is new to varsity basket-ball. You know that we are playing and trying to hold our own with the best teams in the basket-ball circle. You know, also, that we are outweighed by our opponents in every game we play. Perhaps you wonder why we are playing so few games on our own court. Patience, Milne! The season is not half over yet, and from now on we play the majority of our games at home.

Briefs

Have you heard the latest? Our new arrival, “Jerry” Helme, is out for basket-ball. We think Jerry will make a splendid guard, and expect him to play on the varsity next season.

One of the most interesting games of the season was that between Milne and St. Joseph’s Academy. The game was played on our opponents court. It was doubtful who the winner would be until the final basket was thrown. The score, however, was 20-18 in Milne’s favor.

On January twenty-eighth, we again played St. Joseph’s, this time on our own court. The score was 17-12 in favor of our opponents.

Our team will travel to Beacon on February eleventh to play the representative team from that place. On the twelfth we are going to Ossining to play the High School. We are planning to leave that night for New York and stay over the thirteenth.
The Dart, Ashtabula, Ohio

A neat and compact publication. The letter from "Vera" is excellent and makes up for the childish plots of your other three stories. Your joke department needs a little expansion. Your athletic editors certainly deserve honorable mention.

The Item, Amsterdam, New York

The Christmas issue of The Item is truly a remarkable paper. In fact we hesitate to comment on it for fear of rousing the envy of other schools. Perhaps the most noticeable feature is the large number of stories and poems. The quantity of your advertisements suggest a fine school spirit and initiative. All in all, you have a paper meritorious of praise.

The Echo, Ammityville, New York

We have been much interested in the progress of your magazine since its first arrival, and it certainly has been progressive. We notice with pleasure the increase of the issue from four to sixteen pages. We suggest, however, that the material of the literary department be contributed by the students of the A. H. C., instead of borrowing from exchanges. A few cuts and a table of contents would improve its appearance. Let us assure you again that your little paper is sailing up toward the port of success.

Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Illinois

Though small, this is an excellent paper. Your staff is indeed to be congratulated upon producing such a fine weekly. We would appreciate a more prompt exchange.
The Cuckoo, Downington, Pennsylvania

A new magazine has arrived. We like it very much, for it contains some excellent literary material. We would suggest that a few more cuts be added. The cartoon "Round our Hi" is very clever and shows artistic talent. Come again.

Opinion, Peoria, Illinois

An old friend back and as splendid as ever. The pictures of your foot-ball team are good. Some team, we say!

What Others Say About Us

Students' Pen, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"Your paper contains some very clever cuts, but why omit entirely an exchange department?"

Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Illinois

"Unlike most papers received, it is published in magazine form. The department headings are clever, and so is the work of the department."

Garnet and Gray, Albany, New York

"Welcome neighbors! Your seventeen page magazine is very good. We enjoyed reading the two short stories written by your alumni. But what about your exchange department?"

The Oracle, Gloversville, New York

"A well arranged paper. Where are your exchange notes? The jokes are very good."

High School Beacon, Beacon, New York

"The first thing we noticed about you after recognizing your familiar cover, was that you have grown much thinner. But being fair minded, we reflected that quality, not quantity, counts, and hopefully proceeded to look you over. We perused your literary department and mentally registered good. Then we went on to the end, and found you interesting. We remarked as we read the alumni notes that they were almost too brief to be satisfactory. There is more humor than sense in "Sense and Humor", but what could you expect?"

We wish to call your attention to the fact that the exchanges will be placed in the book case in the Senior Study Hall. You are urged to read them not only for the jokes, but to support the spirit of the exchanges, and to see what other papers have to say.
The world is old, yet likes to laugh,  
New jokes are hard to find,  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can’t tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke,  
Decked out in modern guise,  
Don’t frown and call the thing a fake—  
Just laugh—don’t be too wise.

Doctor (to nurse)—“Why does the patient always shimmie before taking the medicine?”  
Nurse—“Directions say to shake well before taking.”—Ex.

Miss Thomas (in History class)—“The first man was found in India.”  
J. H., ’21—“Who found him?”
Second-Hand Jokes Go the Same Way

C. S., '21 (to Editor of the *Crimson and White*)—"Have you carried out my ideas on how to improve the next issue?"

Emily—"Did you pass the janitor with the waste paper basket?"

Chuck—"Yes."

Emily—"Well, he was carrying them out."

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Movies and M. H. S.

"Always Audacious"—Harry Jones.
"An Amateur Devil"—Donald Allen.
"Out Yonder"—The office.
"The Virtuous Vamp"—Florence Beagle.
"The Woman Who Understood"—Miss Kelso.
"The Slim Princess"—Rachael Waters.
"The Dancin' Foo!"—Chester Wilson.
"The Blooming Angel"—Miriam Snow.
"Master Mind"—Professor Sayles.
"The Butterfly Man"—Newell Post.
"A Pair of Silk Stockings"—Allison Davis.
"A New York Idea"—Dorothy Hamburger.
"The Poor Simp"—Harry Alexander.
"Appearances"—Howard Breeze.
"One a Minute"—Jack Hecox.
"Risky Business"—Signing excuses.
"Hairpins"—Helen Kirtland.
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"—Mr. Brown.
"The Charm School"—M. H. S.

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Sailor—"We have just seen some orange peel and banana skins floating on the star-board, sir."

Columbus—"Was there any chewing gum?"

Sailor—"No, sir."

Columbus—"Then it must be the West Indies we're coming to, and I'd hoped it was going to be America."
H. J., '22—"You shouldn't smile, little one."
E. W., '21—"And why not?"
Harry—"It lights up your face and might set off the powder."

Rural Life In the Country

Farmer Jones is afraid to go into his hen house now because his hens are laying for him.

Professor Sayles—"Miss Kirwan, why are you late?"
M. K., '21—"Because I started late, sir."
Professor Sayles—"Why didn't you start early?"
Miriam—"It was too late to start early."

Dot Hamburger is so fond of an argument that she won't even eat anything that agrees with her.

Mrs. A.—"Donald, why are you coming home from school so early?"
D. A., '21—"Simply a matter of principal."

Miss Krum (in Geometry class)—"Next, construct a round circle—–."

Has To Talk

H. McK., '22—"They say money talks."
M. O'C., '22—"Well?"
Hugh—"I wonder how that idea originated."
Marian—"Have you ever noticed the lady on a dollar?"
Ed. Miller (on physics mid-year)—"Gravitation is that which if there weren't any we should all fly away."

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Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself ha' h said  
As he banged his shins against the bed,  
"(Censored!)"

---

In the springtime of our love,  
Cupid hadn't touched my heart;  
When we sat in the garden cove,  
We sat thus far apart.

In the summer of our love,  
The days were full of bliss;  
When we sat in the morris chair

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Circumlocution

M. S., '22—"Nothing to do but do it."
E. J., '22—"Do what?"
Miriam—"Do it."
Esther—"What's it?"
Miriam—"What there is to do?"
Esther—"Well, what's it that there is to do?"
Miriam—"Nothing."

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Visitor (comforting Tommy Graveline, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet)—"Never mind, my boy, no use to cry over spilled milk."

Tommy (indignantly)—"Any dunce would know that. If it's milk that's spilled, all you have to do is to call the cat in an' she'll lick it up cleaner'n anything. But this aint milk, an' mother'll do the lickin', is what ails me."
Marion Bardene called at the post office. "Is this the classified letter place?" she asked.

When assured that it was, she gave her name and asked if there was a letter for her.

"Business or love letter?" jokingly inquired the clerk.

"Business," was the hesitating reply, accompanied by a deep blush. There was no letter. The young lady again blushed and then said in faltering tones: "Please would you mind looking among the love letters?"

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The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked.

"No," the girl replied, "I want to carry it."

Teacher in Biology (to Elsworth Kirtland)—"Name three articles containing starch."

Elly—"Two cuffs and a collar."

Elly Beeman hitched his team to a telegraph pole.

"Here" exclaimed a policeman, "You can't hitch there."

"Can't hitch!" shouted Elly angered, "Why does the sign say 'Fine for Hitching'?"

"Yes, mum," snivelled the pan-handler,"there was a time when I rode in my own carriage."

"My what a come down," sympathized the kind hearted woman, "and how long has it been since you rode in your own carriage?"

"Just forty-five years, mum," replied the pan-handler, as he pocketed the proffered dime, "I was a baby then."

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