The Crimson and White
Senior Issue

JUNE, 1921
MILNE HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY, N. Y.
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As usual, the talk turned that night to hunting stories; and, as usual, Tamois, with his queer French-Canuck dialect, was the center of the group. I pulled my heavy mackinaw down from the nail above my bunk, bolstered up my shoulders with it, and settled down to listen, for I loved to hear him and his queer mixture of English slang and idiom. The room, low ceilinged as all lumber camps are, was filled with smoke through which the men were visible, gathered about the fire, or asleep in their bunks, or, perhaps, mending a bit of gear, like indistinct wraiths. Meanwhile, the stove, red hot, caused the socks and pants, wet by a day’s work in cold, black water, to steam gently on the drying racks above, and threw a glow over the faces of the men resting nearby.

Tamois’ mind had taken a morbid turn, perhaps because he was a little tired; and he was telling one of the saddest of woods’ stories—the shooting of a man for a deer. When he finished, instead of the usual noisy banter and applause, the men reacted differently, each according to his personality. Some swore, softly; others grunted; several studied intently the toes of their heavily-socked feet. The reason was not hard to find, for all of these men were guides, and none knew when his turn might come.

Ed Grandau broke the quiet first, Ed, who was Tamois’ own sidekick, chum. The two had been together for the last fifteen
years. If you wanted to find one, you asked for the other. They had met in the lumber camps as cookees, and ever since that time, where Ed carried his "turkey", there followed Tamois. Where Tamois' trap lines stretched, there might be found Ed's snowshoe tracks. The two men loved each other.

"Iah say, Tamois, if any body ever gits me, you git them; and I'll be pleased to do the same for you." The tone was a bantering one, and the statement, I felt, was meant only as a joke.

Tamois looked around at Ed through the smoke; there was no laughter in his eyes. "I do that," he said very quietly and knocked out his pipe on his socked heel as he leaned over so his face was not seen.

But talk broke out again quickly, for every manjack there recognized the banter in Ed's voice—every manjack, that is, save Tamois.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next fall Ed was killed. A soft-nosed bullet from a 30-30, meant for a deer, passed through his backbone. He lived just long enough to be carried back to camp. At the time Tamois was down on Wolf Pond with another member of the same hunting party and so was not with Ed when he died. I learned this, of course, later.

In my capacity as firewarden, I was keeping pretty close tabs on proceedings, for hunting parties are sometimes known to be careless with their fires; and I just chanced to come into the Post Henderson tract, and headed for the camp on Buck Pond. There I ran into Tamois alone the day after Ed was shot—alone, that is, except for what was left of Ed. The rest of the party had gone out to get a team and a buckboard.

Tamois, in nowise a big man, seemed to have shrunk and grown into himself because of Ed's death. Never talkative, save when telling stories, he was now as silent as the dawn. He welcomed me, nevertheless, and did what he could for my comfort, as is woods' courtesy. After a short time he did tell me that his party would be back the next day. In that party was Burch, the man who had killed Ed.

That night, or early in the morning, Tamois slipped out quietly with his deer gun, a 38-55 like mine. Because of the darkness, I suppose, he had made the mistake of getting a box of my cartridges which had become aged so the fulminate cap would not go off. This I noticed in the morning, and stood wondering stupidly why and wherefore as I unconsciously watched the jerky motion of the hour hand on the alarm clock. It registered five minutes before I
remembered Tamois' quiet, "I do that", of the winter before. With horror I realized that Tamois had said his party was coming back that morning, Burch one of them.

Yet I could not think Tamois would kill a man. He was too gentle himself. He loved life too much: he loved the quiet, sunny days of summer, with the reflection of the dark pines in the waters of the lakes, the bright scarlet of the cardinal flower on the banks of the brooks, reflecting itself brightly in the pools below, the only touch of color in that whole world of sombre greens, except for the clear, deep blue of the sky or the silver of a birch. He loved the still days in winter and the crack of giant trees coming down; the cold, starlit nights, and the bark of a fox or the whistle of a curious deer behind the bunk house. All these he loved far too much to deprive another man of their enjoyment.

But, on the other hand, Tamois' given word was absolute law to him. Once he had paddled twenty miles and walked another ten to return a rubber coat to a boy he had seen but once, rather than entrust it to some one else. He had given his word that he would return it. No wonder I remembered again his steady, "I do that".

I am stating all this merely to give you an idea of the man and of the struggle that must have been going on in his soul. Had Tamois set out to avenge Ed's death, or was he merely hunting? I discarded the last; the thought that Tamois was going to kill Burch could not be driven from my mind. Of this much I was certain: if Tamois had gone out to kill Burch, he would go about it in one of two ways. Either he would shoot the man in the open and give himself up, or he would shoot him from cover. I was not sure which he would do, but I was terribly convinced that he would try to kill. I would take no chances but hunt Tamois down in the cover. If he planned to meet the party in the open road, I could still see him by following along a little ridge running parallel to the trail; while, at the same time, if he were in cover, I would have a better opportunity of finding him.

Two things were clear. First, I must find Tamois. It would do no good to warn Burch, for he could never get out alive if Tamois really meant business; and, besides a very minor consideration, I was not absolutely sure yet that Tamois did mean business. The second point was: if Tamois' gun had been empty when he took it, then he must have had to fill it with my cartridges, which would not go off. If it had been full——! But I had to find Tamois!
I am not going to tell you how hard and desperately and long I searched, but finally I did see the party returning. I was on a little knoll, and I could see them some distance down the valley. Burch was walking ahead with his hat low over his eyes. Suddenly it flew off! My breath stopped, my pulses hammered in my ears, and I waited tensely for a rifle report. None came, and I saw Burch calmly pick his hat up and put it on. It had merely caught in a branch.

Then I received another shock! Not fifteen feet away from me—talk about luck—and slightly hidden by the trees, I saw Tamois. He was lying with his rifle in front of him, but his attitude was not that of a man ready to kill. Instead, he was crying—crying with big dry intakes of his breath, not sobbing exactly, but seeming to tear himself to pieces somewhere inside. I hope I never hear another sound like it.

I went quietly forward and squatted on my heels beside him. He did not know I was there. I reached for his gun, intending to open the breech to see if he had pulled the trigger, to see if I should find a shell there with a little round hollow in its end, showing whether the firing pin had fallen on one of my useless cartridges; or whether a good cartridge, one of his, lay there undented. I stopped with the breech half open. Did I have any right to do a thing like that? Burch was beyond all danger. Should I be one to say whether Tamois might have been a murderer? I closed the breech, quietly laid the rifle down, and as quietly slipped away.

CHARLES I. SAYLES, '21.

O. R., '21—"Have you heard the news about the Jones twins?"
C. E., '21—"No; what is it?"
Olive—"The doctor declares they have plural pneumonia."

D. A., '21 (coming in from observation)—"I can't get this astronomy—it's way over my head."

J. H., '21—"Why are you hopping around like that?"
A. B., '21—"My doctor told me to take my medicine three nights running and then skip a night. This is my night to skip."
I was out in Indiana on my first charge. I had been there a month and was not used to my parish. They were a queer mixture of people, which is my only excuse for telling this story. Possibly it is not sufficient; but, if you should see one of these Indiana men with his bedticking pants, you would realize how I felt when I first came to live among them.

As I said before, we had been there a month. Annie had just finished cleaning off the finger marks left by children of the former minister. We were settling down and becoming used to the ways of the community.

That unforgettable Friday a wagon drew up before our house. An old farmer came up and rang the door-bell. As Annie opened the door, he said, "Wa'al, ma'am, pleased tuh meet ye. I heard a good sight on ye nowadays. Wa'al, Deacon Snubbers, he wanted me to deliver them there cans to ye. They're a donation, ma'am." Annie thanked him, and he went away.

The next night we were planning to have Piper's Pickled Pears. As I said the blessing, I prayed my thanks mentally to Deacon Snubbers. Well, Nora, the maid, brought in the pickled pears. Annie took a spoonful; I took a spoonful; there were two choking noises, and both of us reached for our napkins, while Bobby looked on in astonishment.

"Henry, those must be fifty years old if they're a day. They're all mouldy! I don't know why I didn't notice it before, but I didn't. We don't want that truck."

"I'll say not. Wow! Some taste! What'll we do with them?"

We talked it over and decided against having them carted away again for fear the news would spread and the donor be offended, since in most country villages the minister is a favorite topic of conversation.

That night we stole out in the moonlight and buried six cans of Greene's Dill Pickles in the moonlight. We replaced the sod in the moonlight and then stole out of the moonlight into the house.

The next morning Annie received a call. Mirandy Hawkins, an eccentric, shrewish woman, came in from her house next door. She got to talking about a garden. Then she said she "had saw us workin' out in that garden, although what we was doin' to that lawn she couldn't figger out." I came in then and replied that we were cutting sod, a thought which happily came into my head.
"And what under the sun be you cuttin' sod at that time o' night for?"

"Oh, I like to cut sod," I groaned weakly.

She went away, murmuring about some fool things people liked to do. She enjoyed doing some things, but "cuttin' sod in the moonlight" was not one of them.

The next night there was no moon. Hereafter, we had no use for the moon. Some job it was burying those cans! We had to take a candle and grope our way out, following a rope which we had fixed as a guide. I felt like Theseus following the string in the labyrinth. During those days my diary read in such manner:


On the day of September 3, after being delayed by moonlight for some time, we accomplished the task. Sunday, the fourth, I preached one of my best sermons: "Deception: Its Evil Consequences." I couldn't help looking at dear Deacon Snubbers and wondering what he would think of me if he weren't asleep, and if he knew about the fate of his donation.

Vesuvius erupted soon after the two Pompeians began to think themselves safe. Mrs. Snubbers and three of the little Snubbers were calling on Annie.

Bobby was out digging in the yard with the children. Suddenly I heard a shout.

"Mamma," Bobby called to Annie. "Look what I've found."

He came up and laid the spoils on his mother's knee. It was a can and bore the caption "Piper's Pickled Pears". Mrs. Snubbers eyed the can askance, but since it deigned no reply, she said nothing. Annie looked at Mrs. Snubbers and blushed. She told me later that her mind felt absolutely blank. What could she say to the woman?

A crack! A crash! Mrs. Snubbers fell to the ground amid the ruins of our once prosperous camp chair. The poor woman was such a huge mass of wreckage that "Piper's Pickled Pears" no longer bothered her or Annie.

As she got up again, Mrs. Snubbers said, "Er—what was I saying? Land sakes, I've gone and forgotten it."

"Weren't you talking about the Sunday-School Exhibition next week?" ventured Annie.
"Oh, yes. How senseless of me!"—and the good lady began to discuss the merits and demerits of the program.

A few months later I was called to a new charge. I accepted and left Indiana with some, but not many, regrets. I have often wondered whether the green grass grows all around over the grave of the "Piper's Pickled Pears." DONALD H. ALLEN, '21.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE 91

THE TRAGEDY OF ROOM 302

"Myra, how do you do this problem? I just can't get the blame thing through—- Say! have you seen the R. P. I. man Jeanne's going with? I think he's the swellest looking thing I ever laid eyes on, and they say he's simply in-fat-u-a- ted with her. Angle C equals angle B; because if equals are added to equals, the results are equal. There! No, that's not right either, but I don't care; she'll never know the difference. Say, I heard something awful yest'day. I promised I'd never tell; but if you'll keep mum, just between you and me, Helen Davis is almost engaged! That's an absolute fact. I know a girl who knows the fellow she's going to marry, and she says he says there couldn't be another girl in the world for him. Wouldn't it be exciting if they eloped or was drowned on their honeymoon or somethin'? The Civil War breaks out on page 79, doesn't it? I just hate history. Did you see the picture at the Clinton Square last Tuesday? Say, it was the swellest thing. Four girls all after the same man. Sh—— here comes Professor Sayles."

Peaceful silence reigns while the much-feared Head of Milne High School reprimands those unfortunates who have been found in disorderly conduct. He finally leaves.

"Glory! I'm glad he's gone. You know, when I get to college, I'm not goin' to study anything except English. I just dote on English. Dad says my speech is just as good as his stenographer's. It aint more than possible that I'll be an authoress some day——"

"Miss Courtney, for the third and last time I ask you to keep quiet," persisted the study hall teacher, wearied by the necessity of nagging her restless students.

Silence again. Then in a confidential whisper:

"Myra, what does etymologist mean? When I'm married and have a houseful of servants, I'm goin' to have a private secretary, so's I can use big words like Mr.—"

"Miss Courtney, you may go to the office," icily commanded the teacher in charge of the room.

It was three days before this local living newspaper returned to our midst. Such was the tragedy of Room 302.

Introductions to speeches and histories and so forth are useless things, about as useless as a whipsocket in an automobile. Therefore we shall dispense with ours, and immediately attack our subject.

When the class of 1921 first entered Milne High School in the year of 1917, what one of us, Miss Helen Kirtland excluded, could look forward through the years which lie behind us and even catch a glimpse of the remarkable record of our class? Had such a one existed, this history would now be useless.

However—we entered; some of us from the Junior High School, the second class to do so, while some of us came directly into our Freshman class from the cold, outside world. We who had been there for two years were inclined to laugh at the frightened aspect and mien of the newcomers. We had already learned the lay of the land. We knew just about how many erasers one could throw in study-hall; we knew when to make ourselves inconspicuous, and we were well trained, some of us, in the art of lesson-dodging. Therefore we were inclined to look down somewhat upon the new part of our class. However our haughtiness, and we were haughty only within the bounds of our class, soon wore away; and the two groups of us soon became inseparably fused together into the class of 1921.

It was during the process of this fusion that we learned the joys of Bible Class. We thought at first this was a religious organization, for our principal was at that time a Sunday school superintendent, a fact which he has never quite lived down. However, we soon found out our error. Bible Class was merely an institution holding its meetings a half hour every day at the close of school for the preparation of the next day’s homework. This was in the nature of an honorary society, as one could not attain admittance
without the recommendation of a teacher. The recommendation was usually the result of proficiency in eraser tossing, airplane making, or disturbance in general. Some of us saw the distinct moral effect for the bad that this was exerting over our young minds; and indeed, I, as an habitual member of this institution, can assert that it did exert a bad influence. Therefore, with the broadmindedness so characteristic of us later on, we decided to remedy this evil. From then on we all attended every day, and the school became so bored at our monotonous regularity that the system was discontinued.

Mention must be made of the fact that during that first year we sat in the large study hall under Miss Cushing’s astute surveyal. We stood a little in awe of her then, but later on we got better acquainted, especially in our geometry classes. Then we were plain scared!

Beyond the regular pursuit of our studies—for some a chase with the studies far in the lead—and the events mentioned above, little of importance occurred. Most of us passed that year, some of us flunked, some of us left school as a matter of principal—the John M. Sayles kind; but those of us who did remain came back to find many new faces besides the old ones.

Now we had risen to the dignity of being ruled by Miss Johnson, and of being also in a class by ourselves. We were in a place now not low enough to be looked down upon by upper classmen, nor high enough to be looked up to by under classmen. Our lot was hard, but we set about to better it.

We began by organizing our nondescript crew into a unit of units, a crowd which in a short time became a smoothly working team, in short, the Class of 1921.

For our president we chose Donald Booth, one of the new ones, but one who made himself loved by everyone. Under his guidance we purchased our pins and rings and edited the Sophomore number of “Crimson and White”. It was this issue which won the banner offered to that class in school editing the best number of the paper from a literary and financial standpoint. I might add that we are the only class so distinguished, as the banner in some mysterious way disappeared. Anyway, we had it!

It was during this year, too, that one of our number became most expert in the dropping of water bombs from a third-story window. Had he not almost annihilated our principal, who has an aversion to water, administered in such a fashion, he might have sailed smoother course.
There is a passageway whereby one may obtain entrance to a small room placed above our main study hall from whence textbooks and paper wads may be dropped upon the heads of unsuspecting students below with singular effectiveness and a large amount of pleasure. We regret to record that the dropper of books suffered the same fate as the thrower of water-bombs.

However, despite these calamities among us, we managed to keep a stiff upper lip and go right ahead with the serious affairs of school. If we worked hard at our play, we worked just as hard at our lessons. Our marks began to come up; our despondency began to go down. We began to lay the foundation of our appellation of being the star class.

We began, too, to lend our support to the “Crimson and White” on its regular editorial staff. Some of us became officers in the Athletic Association.

It is rather difficult to make a clear transition from one year to the next. For the sake of simplicity, therefore, there will be none.

Our third year we returned with the realization that we must work, and indeed we did. We looked with haughty condescension on the foolish antics and pranks of the lower classmen. We were above all that. Our heads were approaching the clouds, which, as seniors, we were to rise above. Our studies were becoming weighty subjects of consideration instead of something to be gotten out of the way as soon as possible. More and more of us were on the “Crimson and White” board; we had a reception to give to the seniors, we needed to raise money we had to help the Athletic Association. The reorganization of the class lay before us and the reception of the newcomers who had joined us, attracted by our fame.

We began these many labors by the election to the presidency of Miss Helen B Kirtland, who proved amply capable of any task which lay before her. Then we started to become adjusted to our new surroundings.

The boys’ trousers had by now reached the ground; the girls’ hair had gone up—and out. We had moved from the supervision of Miss Johnson to that of Miss Shaver. We weren’t scared—much! We had the opportunity now of slapping a lordly senior on the back and saying, “Hello, Bill” (or Joe, or whatever the case might be) without having that senior look around and carefully wipe off his glasses—if he wore glasses—to see if we were there, and, if so, if we were worthy of being recognized. On the whole we felt much more comfortable and important. Perhaps the two terms are analogous.
Having become acquainted and settled down, we turned our thoughts toward serious matters. All of us got along well in our work. Some of us worked hard for the school.

A Boosters' Club was organized for the furthering of school spirit, a term of which we were to hear more. Yells were yelled at all our home games. We helped produce a basketball team that made an excellent showing, and a baseball team that was defeated but twice. It played a great many more than two games, too.

Midyears came and went. We still lived and marveled that we did. Our reception to the seniors, a picnic and the first of its kind, passed; and we approached and left behind our final examinations. We were at last seniors.

When we came back in the fall of 1920 we felt our importance, indeed. On our shoulders lay the good of the school; at our feet lay the school. We could walk down the halls and see no one but the teachers. Of course, none of us were snobbish. Not a bit of it! Democracy originated in this class. But it was an awfully comfortable feeling to know that we could.

We realized that besides our high scholarship standing we must set a standard of morals in Milne that would be a high water mark for years to come. We realized that the Athletic Association must mean something to every one, way down to the last and smallest seventh-grader; that the "Crimson and White" must mean something; that Milne High School and the honor and ideals for which it stands must mean something. We were, we are, a strenuous class in all the meaning that Mr. Roosevelt ever gave to the word. We had killed off two English critics; we had seen them depart in sorrow; we welcomed their successor with joy, not a bloodthirsty joy, but the real, genuine kind; we had shown the school the stuff of which we were made. Now we had our reputation to maintain.

Our work has been so great I do not know where to start.

The "Crimson and White" was organized and put into motion; a large and successful drive for funds for the Athletic Association was made. The need of a scholarship as a reward for school spirit was seen. The Q. T. S. A. scholarship, a fund of one hundred dollars, awarded by the four societies, Quin, Sigma, Theta Nu, and Adelphoi, resulted. A school tax for the promotion of athletics and publications was needed. We have a school tax. We needed a better orchestra. We have one. We felt the needs of a student council to govern our school. A student council for next year has been established. Our teachers had to be pestered and plagued.
They were. Our new English critic had to be tested. She was. She lives. Our studies had to be pursued. They were pursued and caught up with. To our glory stands the fact that all but three of our members will attend college next year. And we are the first class to present as our graduation present a print of high artistic value.

But do not gain the impression that we have done all this alone. Far from it. We have been but the instigators. Had we not had the loyal support of the lower classmen we could not have carried out our plans; and had we not had the guiding hands of our teachers and principal, we should not have planned. You, oh teachers, are behind it all. From you we have learned. We are no different from those who have gone before, only that we have possessed a greater desire for knowledge. You have offered the same help, the same guidance to our predecessors; we have but chosen to learn. Yours is the glory and yours the triumph of anything which we, your agents, have accomplished. CHARLES I. SAYLES, '21.

---*

One of the worst misers in the world is the man who keeps counting his troubles because he's afraid he might loose one.

---*

"Don't feel sorry for yourself. Feel sorry for the folks who have to live with you."—ELBERT HUBBARD.

---*

Miss Kelso—"Read your outline, Miss O'Connor."
Class—"She's absent."
Miss Kelso—"I don't see how you people expect to get through—out one day and not here the next."

---*

Prof. Sayles—"Sedentary work tends to lessen the endurance."
H. W., '21—"In other words, the more one sits the less one can stand."
"Exactly," retorted Professor Sayles, "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

---*

Father—"Alison, is the young man still here?"
A. D., '21—"Yes, papa."
Father—"Then ask him to bring in the morning paper before he goes, will you, dear?"
CLASS PROPHECY

ACT I.

Scene I: Courtroom at Albany.  Time: 10 in the morning on the 13th of June, the year 1945.

CHARACTERS

Judge.......................... Fannie Medwin
Attorney for plaintiff.................. D. Hamburger
Corporation Counsel (attorney for defense) Miriam Kirwan
Plaintiff............................ Eleanor White
Court Clerk.......................... Helen Metz
Witnesses........
Officer.............................. Bridenbeck
Caterers............................ A. Daly and M. Lasher

Judge: Will the clerk kindly call the next case?
Clerk: President of the Enlim High-flyer Corporation, Miss Eleanor White; vs. City of Albany, Defendant. Cause of action—Course of dirigible N. P. '22 being interrupted by stiff Breeze, dirigible came into collision with the tower on the city hall on the night of May 16th. The machine was badly damaged. Plaintiff is bringing suit against the city for negligence in allowing the tower to project into the possible path of aircraft.

(Clerk resumes seat.)

Judge: Is the attorney for the plaintiff ready to take up his case? If so, will he proceed to call his witnesses?
Att. Will Miss White kindly take the witness stand?
(Clerk swears in.)

Att: Will the witness tell her relation to this case and all she knows about it?

White: As president of the High-flyer Corporation, I received a report of the accident from the aviator in charge. According to her, the machine was forced from its regular course by an east Breeze and collided with the tower on the city hall shortly after eleven on the night of May 16th. The corporation finds it necessary to sue the city for having the tower extend beyond its rightful limits into the course of our dirigible. There were many passengers who might easily have been injured, but luckily the damage was limited to the machine.
Judge: Does the attorney for the defence desire to question the witness?
Corp. Counsel: No, your Honor.
Judge: Will the attorney for the plaintiff call his next witness?
Att: Miss Graves, the aviator in charge of the dirigible at the time of the accident, please take the stand.
(Clerk swears in.)
Att: Will you tell what you know of the accident and why it occurred?
Graves: Well, we started from Chicago shortly after nine o'clock the night of May 16th and had been making rather good time until we reached the vicinity of Albany about eleven. Here we encountered a Breeze and, almost immediately, the tower of the city hall. I was knocked insensible by the impact and do not know anything further.
Att: How many passengers were there on board when the accident occurred?
Graves: Just sixteen, I believe.
Att: They are not all here, then?
Graves (looking about the room): All but Mr. Allen and his
(Door opens.) Oh, here is Mr. Allen now!
(D. Allen walks in, followed by seven children in great confusion, fighting and stumbling over each other's feet. Donald wears a distracted yet happy look. The children are all girls.)
Judge: Order in the court! Officer!
(Officer has been dozing in his chair by the door. He awakens with a start when the judge calls him and jumps to straighten up the line of children. But Mr. Allen and the seven have already automatically formed into a rigid formation and are taking their places. Officer resumes slumber.)
Judge: Next witness.
Att: Will Mrs. Helen Wurthman-Whatt please take the stand?
(Clerk swears in.)
Att: What is your present occupation?
Wurth: Traveling, sir.
Att: Traveling where?
Wurth: Well, for the last twelve years I have done nothing but go back and forth across the continent. I find the air-service very convenient for hurried voyages. You see, I was just returning from my seventh trip to——(hesitates).
Att: To where?
Wurth: Reno. (Gazes upward with melancholy, bored expression.)
Corp. Counsel: I rise to object to all these useless questions. They aren't getting us anywhere.
Judge: Silence!
(Corporation Counsel resumes seat.)
Att: Your seventh trip, madam? In that case, you will be excused from further questioning.
Mr. Sayles take the stand.
(Clerk swears in.)
Att: Were you a witness of the accident?
Sayles: Yes. I was returning in the dirigible from a western trip getting more capital for my new Farm Products Company.
Att: Did you see the collision? (impatiently).
Sayles: No. It was eleven o'clock, wasn't it? Anyway, I—-(interrupted by Judge).
Judge: Silence! Impudence in court! Officer!
(Officer leads Sayles off by arm.)
Call your next witness.
Att Will Mr. Blair take the stand?
(Clerk swears in.)
Att: What do you know about this case?
Blair (in great anger): That it is keeping me from seeing the finest world series game of the year with the big pitcher Margolius—an old friend of mine! Why, I'm betting a million on him!
Judge: Stop! (To attorney) See that your witnesses stick to the case! Remove the talkative individual! Next witness!
Att: Miss Filmer take the stand.
(Klerk swears in.)
Att: Why were you riding in the dirigible?
Filmer: I don't know.
Judge: You have sworn to tell the truth. Can you?
Filmer: I don't know.
Judge (roars): Take her out! Call the next witness.
Att: Miss Kessler. (Miss Kessler for first time exhibits her placard.)
Kessler: Yes, sir.
(Att. nods to clerk. Clerk swears in.)
Att. What was your connection with this case?
Kessler: I was returning from my crusade.
Att: What crusade?
Kessler: Why crusade for men’s rights! (Becomes eloquent)
Votes for men—the poor, down-trodden men! Women have all the
power. Men have no rights any more. They can’t drink, they
can’t smoke, they can’t play ball on Sundays or holidays, they
must go to church, (growing anguish, with acceleration) there is a
fine for being seen on the streets after nine o’clock at night without
their families, they can’t even go to the movies alone! What will
become of them! (—shrieks, as officer, at judge’s nodded command,
drags her away.)

Att: Miss Roy, will you kindly step to the witness-stand?

(Clerk swears in.)

Att: How are you related to this accident?
Roy: Well, I keep a day nursery in Chicago, and, ever since
this air-service was installed, I have found it convenient to com-
mute every day. But now, oh! (breaks into tears) from the night
of that accident I haven’t been able to sleep, worrying about those
dear children. Oh—oh—oh!

(Takes her seat, weeping.)

Judge (rings bell): The court will adjourn for lunch.

Curtain.

Scene II—Same room, table laid for lunch, with everybody
seated informally. Daly and Lasher, caterers.

C. Wilson (acting rather jazzy and sitting next to Alison Davis):
Well, hello, everybody!—and little Allie! How’s our star coming
along? Hecox, look here. I’ve got a big scoop for you. (Aside to
Alison) You know, Jack is editor of the New York Tribune now.

(Jack comes and speaks to Alison.)

Chester: You’d better run a feature on the young lady. She’s
just come out as a star down at the Grand this week, using some of
my newest steps, and the theatre is so crowded that they turn hun-
dreds away at every performance.

Miss White (at other end of table, to Miss Graves, next to her):
Is that the Chester Wilson who went to Milne so long ago?

Wurthman (breaking in): Yes; and, my dear, he’s just com-
pleted a wonderful book. It is really one of the most popular works
of the year—an autobiography, entitled “Myself.” You simply
ought to read it.

Graves: It must be a revelation.

Miss Kirwan (as Alice Daly disappears out of the door, carry-
ing tray): Miss Daly’s catering business is quite a great success,
Isn’t it? They say she gets orders from the very best families for
their big parties. Why, it was only last month that she furnished
dinner for a huge society affair of Edward Miller's.

Hecox: What! Ed Miller? Is he here in Albany yet?

Miss Kirwan: Why, yes. He has become a very wealthy and
successful man. He has an office on the top floor of the city hall.
It's queer that he isn't here today, is it not? (Looks around
the table and shakes her head. Ed Miller, tho' present, is busy in a
corner reading the sporting page and has not heard the conversa-
tion. He is not noticeable to any but the audience.)

D. Allen: Yes, he has one of those— (Children interrupt,
wanting napkins tucked in, more water, etc. Donald gives up
talking as an impossibility. His expression intimates that such pro-
ceedings have become a matter of course. He tucks in the napkins.)

Miss Emerick: I imagine what Mr. Allen was going to say was
that Ed Miller has one of those three-ball places—do you call them
that? He has his sign on the roof to attract attention: a base-ball,
a basket-ball, and a volley-ball; and he was so angry about the col-
lision. The dirigible carried off his volley-ball. My office is directly
beneath Mr. Miller's, and I thought again how lucky it was for him
that he had a minister so near to be careful of his words for.

Miss Roy: And are you in the ministry?

Miss Emerick: Oh, yes. I taught school for several years and
then decided on the other profession.

(Donald Allen has much difficulty with the children. Emily
Barrows rushes to his side.)

Miss Phibbs (at the other end of the table): Who is that efficient
woman fussing with the children?

Miss Hamburger (next to Miss Phibbs): That is Emily Barrows.
I believe she is engaged with the Farm Products Company, the one
that Chuck Sayles has recently organized. It seems to be a rather
steady position for her.

Mr. Allen (to Emily): Thank you, Miss Barrows. Really, I
don't know what I'm ever going to do with these children. But
you know I always did like girls and I was pretty lonesome after I
left college; so I went to a foundlings' home and adopted these few.
Evangeline!

Sit up straight, Corinthia!

Curtain.

Scene III. Same as Scene I, Court-room.

Judge: I wish to make an announcement to the audience. The
President of the Enlim High-flyer Corporation has unexpectedly
and very suddenly changed her mind about the N. P. '22 case. She
has decided that a bit of knocking about and rough treatment has
done her favorite dirigible no remarkable harm, and that the case is
really not worth bothering about. Therefore, with your kind per-
mission, we will adjourn the court to more profitable discussions
and will continue with the regular class-day program.

Final curtain.

HELEN B. KIRTLAND, ’21.

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CLASS MEMENTOES

Donald Allen—A horse.
Emily Barrows—A medal.
Arthur Blair—Vaseline.
Howard Breezs—A dog chain for his Ford.
Harvey Bridenbeck—Soothing syrup.
Alice Daly—A boy scout.
Alison Davis—(Secret).
Catherine Emerick—Spectacles and a yard stick.
Evelyn Graves—A “dickey.”
John Hecox—A man’s size watch.
Ruth Kessler—A powder box.
Helen Kirtland—A net.
Miriam Kirwan—A tooth.
Mildred Lasher—A package of gum.
Joseph Margolius—A star for basketball.
Fannie Medwin—A pick.
Helen Metz—A pair of scissors.
Edward Miller—Cough syrup.
Olive Roy—Tin pans.
Catherine Phibbs—A chicken.
Charles Sayles—A barrow.
Chester Wilson—A foot pad.
Helen Wurthman—A string of men.
Eleanor White—A newel post.

DOROTHY HAMBURGER, ’21.

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Lawyer Brown—“Have ah made mah point, yore honor?”
Judge White—“You have, niggah, shoot again.”
IT'S UP TO YOU

Each June a class goes out from high school, leaving behind whatever it has accomplished for the school during the year, and each fall a new class comes up to fill its place and to continue the work which was started. If we seniors who leave Milne this year have done a little more, as a class, for the school—and perhaps we are conceited enough to think that we have—does it not mean that we expect still more from our successors?

Just what the senior class has accomplished this year is recorded more fully in our Class History. The most important things of all are what we have done toward instituting the scholarship and estab-
lishing the school tax and the student council. We did not have such a large share in bringing these about, we admit; for they were matters which needed the support of the entire school. However, the senior class did do something towards gaining them; and it is because we worked for them and are interested that we want to see them a success next year.

Is there any class, you may ask, which does not feel this way? We all want to see our school's undertakings successful. The question is, do we want to make them so? Are we real workers who go at things with a determination to keep at them until they are accomplished; or are we, too, victims of that longing to be "just a little rock a-settin' on a hill" while the other fellow does! the work? We may talk of that intangible, indefinable term which we use to express our idea, whatever it may be, of the loyalty we owe to the school. We may go about as beaming enthusiasts, as sandwich men flourishing the sign "school spirit." We may talk of "our school," with the accent on the "our," and say "It's got to be done;" but unless we go further than all this and do it, we have accomplished little.

This year the senior class could only plan some things. We must leave to our successors the real work and the accomplishment of our undertakings. We have done our best to make Milne High School the kind of school we want it to be. What more, then, can we ask of next year's classes than to continue our work, to try a little harder and do a little more for Milne than we have done?

The following students have been elected to serve on the Crimson and White board next year:

- Editor-in-Chief: Martha A. Lomax
- Assistant Editor: Dorothea George
- Business Manager: William Comstock
- Assistant Business Manager: De Witt Zeh
- School Editor: Miriam Snow
- Alumni Editor: Frances White
- Joke Editor: Florence Ball
- Assistant Joke Editor: Marion Bardene
- Exchange Editor: Dorothy Robinson
- Assistant Exchange Editor: Georgianna Maar
- Advertising Agents: Nelson Coley, Hunter Holding, Marion O'Connor, Anne Mitchel
SCHOOL NOTES

JUNIOR RECEPTION

The Junior Reception, which took place in the college gymnasium on the night of April 30th, was one of the most enjoyed dances of the year. It was given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors, and almost the entire upper classes were present to enjoy the good time.

The gymnasium was attractively decorated with greens and crepe paper. The music, which was furnished by Sear's orchestra, was exceptionally good. Two members of this orchestra were from Milne—Chester Wilson, who played the piano, and Harry Jones, the banjo player. Attractive dance orders were used.

The patronesses were Miss Kelso, Miss Cobb, and Mrs. Ball. A committee, consisting of Florence Ball (chairman), William Comstock, Harry Jones, and Marion O'Connor was in charge of the dance.—E. W., '21.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

The annual Prize Speaking Contest for the Robert C. Pruyn medal took place Friday evening, June 3rd, in the college auditorium. The following program was presented;

Selection—Milne High School Orchestra.
"The Soul of the Violin"—Dorothy Hamburger.
"Appeal for Dreyfus"—Donald Allen.
Selection—Girls' Glee Club.
"How Jinny Eased Her Mind"—Fannie Medwin.
Roosevelt's Speech Before the Sorbonne—Nelson Coley.
Selection—Milne High School Orchestra.
"Mrs. Casey at the Euchre Party"—Rose Bosher.
"Commemoration Address for Wesleyan Soldier Dead"—Charles Sayles.
"The Gift of the Magi"—Helen Wurthman.
"What We Owe the Pilgrims"—Hunter Holding.
Selection—Girls' Glee Club.

The winners of the contest were Helen Wurthman and Charles Sayles. Honorable mention was given to Rose Bosher and Nelson Coley.—E. G., '21.
SCHOLARSHIP DANCE

To an outsider—really an outsider, who had no more than a newspaper or speaking acquaintance with the second Scholarship Dance—it was a “success.” To the person who was present it was indeed splendid. But we should always consider the judgment of the late-comer, who sees the dance only at its height, if we want a true and exceptionally favorable opinion, and we trust we do.

In this case, the first thing the l. c. marked was the music, coming to him soft and indistinct as he walked along the outer corridor. He could almost see fairies and nymphs gliding and flitting about a grassy valley, accompanied by a shepherd with his flute, until, at the mere opening of a door, it burst out into its true self and beckoned inward. The dream was thoroughly and decisively ended. There were the dancers—yes, and the music—but how changed. For the better? Of course! True, the “accompaniment” was not so light as it had been from outside the magic door, but it better became the style of dancing. For, having passed beyond the toddling stage, most of the dancers were now participating in a stately parade around the “gym,” often changing into a circus parade, with a little camel now and then in the far end. But since they didn’t become so numerous as to crowd out the “infants” or the plain, ordinary dancers; and since far means distant from the chaperons, the evening was undisturbed by riotings or forcible ejections, and all truly had a good time.

This was the last of the dances given to raise money for the new scholarship. —H. B. K., ’21.

SCHOOL PICNIC

The annual school picnic down the river to Kingston Point will take place on Friday, June 17th. This year the proceeds are to go towards the Athletic Association fund. Are you coming?

D. A., ’21—“What do you think of my new shoes?”
D. H., ’21—“Immense.”

Creditor: “How do you due?”
Chuck: “Heavily, thank you.”
ALUMNI NOTES

Lavinia Rosa, '20, has received a position in the New York Audit Company of this city.
Katharine McKinlay, '20, and Helen Price, ex-'20, recently took part in a play given at Skidmore.
Margaret and Laura Skinner, '19, expect to spend the summer at Bainbridge.
Viana Rhodes and Audrey Grabill, ex-'21, are attending the Albany Business College.
Marville Smith, ex-'21, is book-keeper for the Albany Business College.
Robert Miller, '20, is employed by the General Electric Company of Schenectady.
Carolyn Rogers, '20, has been elected editor of "The Round Table" at Mount Holyoke for next year.

Next Year
Donald Allen—Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
Emily Barrows—Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.
Arthur Blair—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Howard Breeze—Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
Harvey Bridenbeck—Undecided.
Alice Daly—State College, Albany.
Alison Davis—Alvienne Dramatic School, Albany.
Catherine Emerick—Teaching, Watervliet.
Evelyn Graves—At home, Albany.
John Hecox—Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
Ruth Kessler—Barnard College, New York City.
Helen Kirtland—State College, Albany.
Miriam Kirwan—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
Mildred Lasher—At home, Selkirk, N. Y.
Helen Metz—Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fannie Medwin—At Home, Albany.
Edward Miller—Undecided.
Catherine Phibbs—At home, Castleton, N. Y.
Charles L. Sayles—Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
Chester Wilson—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Eleanor White—Skidmore School of Fine Arts, Saratoga, N. Y.
Helen Wurthman—At home, Albany.
ZETA SIGMA

As the end of the school year draws near, the Sigma girls feel that their meetings have been a great success. The chief aim of the officers throughout the year has been to make the meetings helpful and interesting to the girls. Sigma’s membership is larger now than it has ever been.

On June 2d the election of officers to take charge of Sigma next year was held.

When the seniors are graduated on June 30th, Sigma loses many splendid, interesting members. These girls regret that they have to leave Sigma and wish their society the best of luck in all her future affairs.


THETA NU

The school year is almost over. Let us look back and see the progress of Theta Nu during the past term.

At the opening of school our society had but four members. These four men buckled down to work, and now there are twenty-two active members in the society.

We have had several debates and readings and have also enjoyed some very fine talks by some of our alumni members. We also had a dance in the college gymnasium, which proved to be very successful.

Five Theta Nu men received letters for basket-ball this year. We also have six men on the base ball nine. You see Theta Nu is “right there” in athletics as well as in literary work.

Theta Nu will lose four men who will be graduated this year. They are John Hecox, Chester Wilson, Edward Miller, and Joseph Margolius.

QUINTILIAN

Quin is about to complete a most successful year. Her literary programs have added interest to the meetings, many social activities have been enjoyed by the members, and we feel that in every way the year has been a success.

The Quin girls have been very enthusiastic about the Scholarship, and we had done our best to make the dances all they should be.

We have taken in as new members this year: Agnes Glenn, Adelaide Price, Eleanor de Acosta, and Margaret Mann; and have welcomed Miss Kelso as an honorary member—G. M., '23.

ADELPHOI

Adelphoi has almost finished its school year. It is a year to be proud of. We have shown our worth in literary work and in athletics.

Out of three men winning honors in the Rotary Club Speaking Contest, two were members of Adelphoi. All of the men save two on the "Crimson and White" board for this last year, and all of the men on next year's board, belong to Adelphoi. We have placed two men on the 'varsity basket-ball team and five men on the base-ball squad. The manager of the base-ball team is a fellow member.

But Adelphoi is not through yet. We are working now for the success of the second Q. T. S. A. Scholarship Dance. We are planning hikes and entertainments. We are laying the foundation for Adelphoi's future.

The following officers have been elected for the year 1921-22:

President .................. William Comstock
Vice-President .............. Hugh McKeon
Secretary .................... Nelson Coley
Treasurer .................... Hunter Holding

—W. C., '22.
The Milne High School baseball team is playing good ball, and Coach Snavely expects a successful season. So far we have won four of the most important games on our schedule. We defeated Rensselaer High School, St. John's Academy, the Albany Boys' Academy, and Christian Brothers' Academy, with the following scores:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Milne</th>
<th>Rensselaer H. S.</th>
<th>Albany Academy</th>
<th>St. John's</th>
<th>C. B. A.</th>
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The St. John's game was won by a ninth inning rally. The hitting of Kirk and Albert featured.

Joe Margolius pitched a one-hit game against Rensselaer High. His team mates played good ball behind him, and hit the ball at opportune times.

Briefs

Ed Albert is after Babe Ruth's record. He hit five home runs in the last three games.

Ray Kirk, star shortstop and captain of the Milne High School team, has signed to play league ball with the strong Delmar nine.

Ed Albert and Joe Margolius are playing twilight league ball with the Eagles.

Next fall Milne High will be represented by a team on the gridiron. The team will be coached by Snavely of State College.

The Sophomore English class of the Beacon High School has accomplished something very difficult. They have written up the history and the legends of Beacon and the vicinity in the most interesting manner from beginning to end. The "Sophs" are certainly to be congratulated!

Lah Bah Chronicle, Lucknow, India

Once more from a distant land this enjoyable foreign magazine has made its way across the seas to us. It is hard, especially for us, to criticise it. Nevertheless, we would suggest a few cuts. "His Return" is a decidedly original story, as are your others. We sincerely hope that the Chronicle will continue to visit us.

The Opinion, Peoria, Illinois

We have received both the March and the April issues. Your literary department is good, especially in the first issue. The editorials are excellent, and they deal with unusual topics. The only adverse criticism we offer is that your exchange department is entirely too brief. Come again.

Keramos, Liverpool, Ohio

This is a new exchange and a very good one. It is necessary, however, to suggest a few more cuts. In your case it would make your department much more attractive. Your athletic editors are hustlers. Welcome!
Many interesting exchanges have been received this year. To each one we have tried to give our special attention, and we hope that our criticisms have been of some help. Below is published a rating of each paper:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>PAPER</th>
<th>Editorials</th>
<th>Literary</th>
<th>Athletics</th>
<th>Exchange</th>
<th>Cuts &amp; Cover</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Jokes</th>
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What Others Say About Us

"Yours is a paper worthy of much praise and one in which our school is interested."—Students' Pen, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

"We like your story 'A First Attempt,' and hope to find more stories just as good. A few cuts would improve your magazine."—The Opinion, Peoria, Illinois.

C. W., '21—"Say, fellows, Jones is a crook."
J. M., '21—"How do you know?"
Chester—"I've got something on him."
Joe—"What?"
Chester—"My hat and coat."

A. D., '21—"What would you like to have in the way of automobiles?"
J. H., '21—"All the revenue officers."
When winter's icy Breezes blow
   And all the world is drab,
I love to sport amid the snow,
   Yes—in a taxicab.  —Yale Record.

R. K., '21—“I want a loaf of bread.”
Baker—“White or graham?”
Ruth—“It doesn't matter; this is for a blind lady.”

First Flea—“Been on a vacation?”
Second Flea—“No; on a tramp.”

Helen Kirtland—“You mean thing! You said you wouldn't
give away that secret I told you.”
Dot Hamburger—“I didn't. I exchanged it for another secret
and a chocolate sundae.”

H. K., '21—“How do you like Mother?”
G. E.—“She's all right in her way, but she's always in ours.”

Why doesn't Jack Hecox have a magnifying lense put on his
watch so someone else can tell time?
The motto of the fourth year Latin class reads: *Gessi, fecit, missit.*

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Professor Sayles—“Son, I want to give you some advice.”
Chuck—“What’s the matter with it?”

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“Say, is that the moon over there?”
J. M., ’21—“I don’t know; I’m a stranger here myself.”

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Miss Goldsmith—“Miss Graves, what did you learn last night?”
Evie—“Well, there are some places where *pas* is not necessary.”

---

Art. B. stood up in class,
A mournful face he wore,
Things had come to an awful pass,
The teacher closed the door!
“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!
Oh, thunder! As you were!
Arms forward bend, arms sideward stretch,
Lean o’er and touch the floor!”
Poor Art fell down a lifeless heap.
Miss Kelso said with pain,
“Alas, alack—alack, alas,
Don’t ever lead these exercises again.”
(The last line don’t have the correct no, of ft., but that don’t matter.—Ed. note.)

---

N. P., ’22 (to the waiter)—“Let me know when it’s eleven-thirty.”
Elly—“The time or the check?”

---

Harry Jones—“I’ve found a way to beat the honor system.”
Chet—“Let’s have it.”
Harry—“Memorize the text book.”
Laugh here.

—*—

REGENTS

April 1, 1921.

Education

Answer all questions in dactylic hexameter.

1. Who was the first person to come out of the office alive? Have there been any more?
2. Write a brief account of the life of Dorothy Hamburger. Give chief peculiarities, including that of speech.
3. Translate the following: Siht si a —h fo na elcitra to tes dna ew leef ekil gnioq no ekirts.—Compositors Note.
4. Identify the following: breeze, “Have you got that money you owe me?” “Now, people, post, “This is the third time.” “Wish you luck.” “What have you been doing?” “S-s-sh, Sayles!”

—*—

Now laugh again.

—*—

Blank verse

" 
[Blank Verse]

," said Blair,

And picked himself up at the foot of the stair.

—*—

Gipp, ’24—“Whaddya gonna be when you get out of high school?”

Anybody—“Broke.”

—*—

We heard that Don Allen translated a passage in Latin like this: “The unhappy woman seized her husband by his departing ears.” Woman suffrage is no new thing!

—*—

Biology Teacher—“Name an animal food.”

Freshman—“Puppy biscuit.”
We want to congratulate the editors of the "Ball and Chain". Don't take offense because this article is in the joke column.

Some days ago an exchange said:
"Your paper is all right; all right, that is,
But that there should some poetry(x) be in it."
Now I have lots of school spirit;
I could not stand for that.
I took my paper and my pen
Cil, and I thunk and thunk and sat.
I sat and sat and thunk and thunk;
I simply would not quit.
I'd go along a little ways,
I'd find a word to fit—
But, I'll be durned, I'd get mixed up,
I could not think of it.
And then, by ginks, by gosh, gee whiz,
I wrote this down, and here it tiz.

(x) Say this word fast.

Professor Sayles (absently)—"Hello, Chuck, how's your father."

"This is a bad road, but we're going at sixty per. Are you brave?" asked Ellie.
"Brave!" said Newell, swallowing another mouthful of dust.
"I'm just full of grit."

They sat side by side in Battery Park, overlooking New York Bay, and watching the moonbeams on the water.
"I wonder," he said, looking at the distant outline of the goddess and her uplifted torch, "why they have the lights so small,"
"Perhaps," answered Dot coyly, moving a trifle nearer, "the smaller the light, the greater the liberty."—Cupid.

F. M., '21—"What keeps the sun from falling?"
A. D., '21—"The beams, of course."
We wish to support Miss Kelso's statement that Texas is a pretty big place. We find that besides the 11 1-2 acres it also comprises about 265,895 square miles.

"Do nuts grow on trees, pa?"
"They do, my son."
"Then what does the doughnut grow on?"
"The pantry, my son."

M. K., '21—"Fingers were made before forks, you know."
C. W., '21—"Yes, and women were made before looking glasses, and they've been there ever since."

FREDERICK W. HOFFMAN
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