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HERE'S A SUGGESTION!

Why don’t the two girls’ literary societies of Milne High School, Zeta Sigma and Quintilian, incorporate themselves in one? These two have lived and been rivals for a score of years. And out of this experience of a score of years there has come a three fold objection to maintaining two societies instead of one.

The first charge is that there has developed an unfriendly and objectionable rivalry between the two societies. There is a silly idea existing of trying to outdo each other in trifles. Of course this is only ridiculous, but when the feeling becomes bitter, it is time to do away with any temptation.

The second objection is that there is a lack of co-operation between the societies and the school. By investigation into the records of the societies, it has been found that the aims of both are identical. If the societies were united in one, the time necessarily spent in rivalry could be spent in the furtherance of these aims, and neither society need be constitutionally changed, except for the name. A united spirit among the girls would affect the school’s other activities, and make the whole a more smoothly running machine than it is now.

The third objection is of less consequence than the other two; but nevertheless it is worthy of mention. It is claimed that certain duplication of expenses might be no longer needed if there were only one society. And this seems plausible, too, for bills for parties of all sorts are now double, when they need be single.

Let there be no misunderstanding about this question, though. Naturally there are good results that come from this rivalry, results which can make successful Girls’ Day programs, for instance. But it would not be doing away with these good results to join Zeta and Sigma; it would be keeping them and doing away with the objectionable rivalry.
There used to exist in Milne High School two boys' societies, Theta Nu and Adelphoi. Theta Nu died. But Adelphoi still lives and is thriving. There is no chance for silly or bitter rivalry among the boys; there is a spirit of cooperation between the society and Milne; and there is no needless duplication of expenses. Are girls such different creatures from boys that their societies cannot be run in just such a manner as are the boys'? And why couldn't the resulting society be a benefit to all concerned and not a menace to good feeling?

M. R. W.

THE CAVELIER

Purple coat, breeches of white,
A silver plume in his cap;
He swaggers into the shadowy room
With never a ring or a rap;

He smiles with bold assurance,
And mocks the silent dead—
This jolly careless gentleman
In the portrait above my head.

ADVICE

Spreading his wonderful fan
Like a mandarin in a coat
Of gorgeous, glowing colors
That hide his scrawny throat.
The peacock proudly walks
To show his tail of gold and blue.
I say to him, "Beware gay bird,
For Chinese lords die too."

MADELEINE GREEN
JANE'S BIRTHDAY

One winter night long ago it was especially cold. The large dining hall in the home of the Duke of Wellington was very inviting. At each end blazed large logs in the fireplaces. The table in the center of the room was being fixed for the evening meal. Oh! how tempting it seemed with its load of food and drink. The Duke and his family were entertaining this evening, so everything must be exceptionally fine. For was not the Duke of Wellington's hospitality known over England? This reputation must be lived up to, and every room was prettily decorated and the food correctly fixed. It was also the birthday of his daughter, Jane, who was sixteen on this day and had received many beautiful gifts.

While the finishing touches were being added downstairs, great activity was taking place in the upper rooms. Jane was almost ready to help receive the guests, and what a beautiful picture she made! Her lovely face was framed by a mass of light curls which came below her shoulders. This picture was enhanced by a rustling blue taffeta gown which reached to her ankles and just showed her dainty feet which were encased in silver slippers. Around her neck was a lovely necklace of curiously carved silver. Her mother on entering the room felt very proud of Jane. How nice it was to have a daughter who was a credit to one!

The guests began to arrive and each thought to himself what a lovely daughter the Duke and Duchess had. It also seemed good to everyone to be out of the cold, snappy wind which nipped very hard and made one's nose very red.

During all this preparation one unbidden guest had arrived at the castle. This person, about as old as Jane, was very cold and hungry. Mary was alone in the world. Her parents had died and a cruel uncle had taken possession of all her belongings and cast her out into the world to live as she could. She was very pretty
and attractive even though her clothes were almost in rags. Mary had short dark curls and fine features. She dragged herself to a window and, as the snow was piled in huge banks, was able to see into the room. The people were just sitting down at the table. "Oh, how good it would be to have some of that food," she thought as she stood there looking longingly at the table.

Meanwhile the people within were having a delightful time. Suddenly Jane looked up and her glance, straying to the window opposite her, rested on a pretty face with wide eyes and a longing expression. A small cry escaped her. Her mother hearing it glanced up and saw the same sight. The Duchess, too, was alarmed. Summoning one of the servants she bid him go and bring into the room whoever was outside. She was very kind-hearted and the child's expression had struck a sympathetic chord in her heart.

When Mary saw the servant come out of the house she was frightened, for she guessed the reason for his coming. She started to run, but since she was weak and the snow was deep she could not go far. Soon Mary was overtaken by the servant. When she was taken into the hall she was very frightened but Jane came over to her and, not thinking of her gown put her arm around the unbidden guest. Mary's story was soon told and Mary was taken in charge by a maid and recoathed and fed. While this was going on Jane was telling her parents that she would like to keep Mary as a companion and that if she could do this it would make her birthday happiness complete. After much discussion on the part of the Wellentons and their guests it was decided that Jane should have her wish. This made her very happy.

Mary when told of this plan, was highly pleased and, looking at Jane with gratitude shining from her eyes, said that it surely would be nicer to be on the inside looking out with Jane than on the outside looking in at Jane. All the guests agreed with her.

HELEN PAULEY '29

"Beg pardon, are you a prize-fighter?"
"No, I'm a pugilist. I guess you are a reporter?"
"Me? No, I'm a journalist!"
"Hello, Laveliere, how many diamond pendants did you sell to the Major to-day?" This was the usual greeting of Privates O'Brien and Murphy of the American Expeditionary Forces in Mexico to Private Schultz who augmented the princely salary which Uncle Sam allows his gallant defenders by selling jewelry and trinkets to the other soldiers. However, Private Schultz was accustomed to the raillery of O'Brien and Murphy who were his chief tormentors.

It happened by some strange trick of army fate that Private Schultz was made a Corporal and under his jurisdiction were both Private O'Brien and Private Murphy. How he reveled in his newly acquired power over his erstwhile oppressors! And it did not seem strange that the hardest tasks were always assigned to those two.

One evening when they were particularly tired from having done most of the work of pitching camp Privates O'Brien and Murphy vowed that they could stand it no longer. That night had the sentry been awake he would have seen two figures steal silently out of their cots and over to that of Corporal Schultz. One of the figures slipped an object out of Private Schultz's holster and hurled it into the Rio Grande river. Then the two figures quietly retreated to their cots and pulled the covers up over their heads.

The next morning the camp was in the usual bustle of preparation for inspection. It was noticed that Corporal Schultz's face held a worried, hunted expression. Finally the time for inspection came. The Colonel was in a particularly angry mood that morning and anxious to find fault. At last he came to Corporal Schultz and after looking him up and down barked, "Corporal, where is your rifle?"

"I—I don't know, sir, I lost it," stammered the confused corporal.

Now, it is a very severe breach of discipline for a soldier to lose his rifle as he is supposed to have it ready at all times to meet the enemy and the Colonel being a stern old war-horse was inflamed. "Corporal Schultz," he said, "You are demoted to the rank of private!" The crest-fallen private slowly turned to seek refuge in his tent but even this was denied for there rang out from under the flap. "Hello, Laveliere, how many diamond pendants did you sell to the Major to-day?"
"Say, Bill, what do you say to calling it off for to-day? I have a kind of funny feeling that we are going to get caught."

"Sh-h-h-h! Here comes somebody."

Suddenly a sharp creak rent the death-like silence; then followed a few more creaks. Again silence reigned. Soon a voice was heard muttering, "Where the deuce is that switch?" For a few seconds all that could be heard was the scraping of a hand on a wall, then a short, clear "click," and the sound of feet approaching.

"Well, I hope he doesn't come in here," whispered Bill.

"Shut up, and duck behind that curtain in the corner," came back Jim's answer as he quietly stepped behind a chair.

The sound of slippered feet came nearer: Slap, slap, SLAP! They were by the door now: Slap, slap; another pause; again the sound of a hand gently sliding over smooth wall paper. "Click!"

The room was suddenly flooded with light.

"Ho-hum, too bad I forgot to put that watch I bought for Alice to-day in the safe. Probably is safe right where it is. Foolish of me to get up in the middle of the night to put it away, but that dream made me uneasy about it. Never would have gone to sleep again if I didn't know that it was in a really safe place. Well, anyway, it won't hurt me any, and at the same time I can take another look at that famous old Blue Diamond. It certainly is a beauty."

"If he turns and sees me, I will have to shoot him," thought Bill, "Why, I would never be able to live down the shame of being caught!"

"Ho-hum! I surely am tired. Let-me-see, where did I put that watch? I remember laying it on the table behind that curtain!"

"He's seen Jim! I'll have to shoot now!" thought Bill as the old man took a few steps toward the curtain. "Ah! he's turning toward the desk in the corner." As he noticed this, Bill lowered the gun he had been about to fire. "He had a narrow squeak that time! Gee, listen to him talk to himself."

"No, I remember what I did with it now. It's in that desk. I put it there after I showed it to Mr. Johnson this evening."

At the name "Johnson," both Bill and Jim started a little in their hiding-places.
“Mr. Johnson in here this evening?” Why, Bill thought that he had gone to Chicago that very morning. “Well,” he said to himself, “that certainly isn’t going to make this affair to-night any easier, but, as we have started it, we will finish it.”

“Ah, here it is; now to put it in the safe and back to bed again. Let’s see: the combination of the safe is 4-2-6, I believe. Yes, I know it is.”

“Click,” “Click,” “Click,” “Click”—as each click sounded he felt a shiver go down his spine—“Click,” “Click;” and then again “Click,” “Click,” “Click,” “Click,” “Click.”

“Oh, heck, just because I want to get to bed I had to miss. This time I’ll go slower. One, two, three, four; back: one, two; back again,—one-two-three-four-five-six. Ah, there it comes. Now in with the watch and a look at the diamond and I’ll scoot back to bed. My! look at it flash in the light! I think I had better put it away back in the corner of the safe. Ouch! the old thing slammed shut on my finger. That’s the second time it has done that. I had better have a man up in the morning to take a little of the power out of that spring. What was that??—Oh, I guess I’m only feeling spookey from being here all this while. Wh-h-h-at was that?”

“Hu-hu—”

“There it goes again!”

“Ha-chu!”

“Wh-h-h-ho’s there?”

“Meow-meowww.”

“Oh, it’s only Tabby. Certainly was scared that time.”

The old man’s voice died away as he reached the door. There was a click, and the room was again in pitch darkness. The soft patter of his slippers was heard as they slip-slapped up the creaking stairs. A door closed softly, and there was complete silence again.

Soon both Bill and Jim crept out from their hiding-places.

“Wow! That was a close call,” said Jim. “Good thing I can meow like a cat. Gee, but I was scared.”

“Say, do you know I was ready to fire when he started toward you, but that cat business fooled him. I’m glad of it too, because I don’t want to have anybody’s blood on my hands. Come on and let’s get that jewel and get out of here. The combination is 4-2-6, isn’t it? Well, one thing he did was to save us the trouble of blowing it up. Ah, opened as easy as pie. Here’s the watch he
put in. Where’s the diamond though? All I can find is the watch. Say, something’s wrong!"

"Sh-h-h-h! don’t talk so loud. Search around with your hand and maybe you’ll find a hidden pocket in there. The old fellow took a look at it and said something about putting it way back."

"I tell you there’s nothing here. I can feel the back of the safe. It is kind of rounded and smooth as glass. It would be impossible for anyone to hide it in here. Say, maybe it fell on the floor."

"Sh-h-h-h! Someone is moving around up stairs."

For about ten minutes they remained quiet till silence was restored over head. Just as they began to look around on the floor for the diamond with the aid of a searchlight, they heard a squeak. Bill quickly turned off the light and listened intently. There was another squeak; someone was coming. Bill whispered to Jim.

"Quick! out the window."

As Jim ran to the casement a sudden command broke the silence:

"Drop your guns and up with your hands. Pronto!"

Jim immediately did as he was told, for a man stepped in through the window directly in front of him. Bill, however, stood in a dark place and planned a dash to the front door. He crouched low and ran.

"Halt, or I’ll fire!"

No, he was near the door; two more leaps and he would be safe—why halt? A bullet grazed by him. He jumped up and fired back as he ran. "Oof!" He ran straight into a man just coming in the door. "I’ve got him. Don’t fire." There was a short scuffle and then Bill was heard to swear. Suddenly the lights went on. As Jim became accustomed to the sudden brightness, he saw six men: two holding Bill, by the door; and two at each window.

Just then the old man came down the stairs. Glancing around quickly, he saw that the thieves were caught. He turned to the chief and handed him a fifty-dollar-bill. "Good work!" he said, and went back up stairs.

* * * * * * * * *

The next day Bill and Jim sat in jail and pondered over the night’s work.

"How did those cops find out we were there at that time?" asked Bill.
"Ask me something easy," returned Jim. "Hey, Warden, can we have to-day's paper?"

"Shure," he answered facetiously. "I'll get you one in a minute if you'll only wait there till I get back."

In a few moments he returned and handed them the Morning Herald.

"Well what do you know about that?" asked Jim. "Look what it says here."

Bill read the head lines:

"BANDITS CAUGHT BY CLEVER TRICK"

Then they read that Mr. Wallace had heard a noise in the room below. He had remembered a watch, which he had left on a desk and had gone down to put it in the safe. He saw a man's foot under the curtain; so, as he opened the safe, he called out the combination so that the thief might not get suspicious. He placed the watch in the safe and in the meantime slipped the famous Blue Diamond in his pocket. When he started to leave the room, he heard a sneeze and acted frightened, but, upon the thief's imitating a cat, he pretended to be relieved and went upstairs. He called the police from a telephone in his own room. When they arrived, they arrested the thieves with only a slight struggle on the part of one of them.

That was the newspaper story.

The next day they were bailed out by a rich Mr. Johnson to whom, when they saw him, they shouted "Hello, Dad! Sorry to have caused you all this trouble."

He took them home with him, and asked why they had tried to steal the Blue Diamond.

"Oh, just for the fun of it," said Bill. "We heard so much about it and wanted to have some excitement; so we decided to see if we could steal it. We intended to give it back afterwards, though. Well, we certainly had enough adventure to last us a long while. We thought it would be a lark to play burglar for a change, but never again for me!"

"Well," Mr. Johnson continued. "I will see Mr. Wallace today, and when I tell him it was you two young scamps playing an impractical joke on him, he will drop all charges against you, for old friendship's sake if for no other reason. But let me advise you now: Don't ever try it again!" And they didn't.

G. E. B., '28
RECENT ISSUES OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

I. In "The World's Work" for March, 1927, there is an article, "How We Nearly Lost the War," by Admiral Sims. He criticises Secretary Daniels very sharply for the way the Navy Department was handled the first few months after we entered the war. By Daniel's stubbornness the convoy system was not established until almost too late, thereby almost making Germany's submarine war successful.

Robert Montgomery also has an article this month on the present Income Tax Law, in which he brings out many of its bad qualities.

II. The March "Mentor" has an article by Gilbert Gabriel which tells of the life and appearance of Cleopatra as it really was, not as it is usually pictured. Accompanying this are pictures, paintings, and statues of different phases of her life.

There are two other articles on the spirit and glory of Carthage. They are illustrated by pictures of life there and of the present ruins which add greatly to the story.

III. "The Atlantic Monthly" has a very good collection of material this month, even for a magazine which has the reputation of this one. "A Frozen Diary" by Captain Thierry Mallet brings an especial appeal of the barren lands of the far North.

In addition to several stories and poems, there are articles on "The Allied Debts" and "The Mexican Policy." This former article takes both sides of the question and carefully deals with the advantages and disadvantages of each.

IV. "The Outlook" for March 2, 1927 deals briefly with the affair in Nicaragua and the crisis in China. The opportunity the United States has in China at the present time is also discussed.

Frederick Davenport has written an interesting article on "Water Power as a Political Issue." He uses Muscle Shoals as a particular example of his views.

The general interest of the magazine is increased by four very clever cartoons.

V. On the cover of "The Scientific American" for this month is the picture of a peculiar machine cutting swamp grass. This machine was invented for the purpose of converting much of the swamp land of France into fish hatcheries. It has been found that fish do not live in water full of grass which is fit only for the breeding of
mosquitoes and other insects. The machine not only cuts the grass, but also rakes it away, thus removing all obstructions from the water. In a recent test the machine cleared one hundred acres of swamp in one day.

VI. The March "Field and Stream" contains the first installment of the greatest dog story ever written, "The Dumb-Bell of Brookfield," by John Foote. It will be well worth your while to read all about this marvellous dog of great parents, the so-called "Dumb-Bell."

Articles telling of hunting in India and the solving of the mysterious plague of the ruffed grouse are also in this issue.

VII. In "The American" for March, there is an article by Will Durant called "The Ten Greatest Thinkers." In this the author, himself, one of the greatest scholars of the times tells whom he thinks are the ten greatest philosophers. Read more of the man who denounces Socrates as a wise man, and gives the credit to Plato.

Also, the editor gives us a friendly talk with one of the well-known radio announcers, known as "Uncle John."

VIII. The big feature in "The Literary Digest" for February 26, 1927 is disarmament. Foreign views on Mr. Coolidge's plan are stated, and the abolishment of naval rivalry is advocated.

There are also articles on methods of killing harmful insects and the discovery of diamonds in America.

IX. Read "The World's Farmers Get Together" in "The American Review of Reviews." Kenyon Butterfield says the farmers made a long step in international co-operation when they met at a great international conference at Brussels last year for a development of better country life. Perhaps this movement will carry on, whatever be the fate of The League of Nations and The World Court.

"Our Policy Toward China" and "America and Europe," both in this issue, help to give us a better realization of the world's problems.

X. "The National Geographic" for this month has seventeen natural color photographs from Ireland and Vermont, showing the natural beauty of each. In addition, there are one hundred and twenty-five other illustrations, among them scenes from Plymouth, Vermont and the vicinity, and from Nicaragua in Central America.
There are "words—and words." But how seldom many of them are used in their proper place! Anything under the sun is termed "cute" from a vacuum-cleaner to a volcano, and in the same way we overwork another adjective, "adorable." People use it too frequently, and then when it really fits, it seems flat, dull. To me anything worthy of this designation must be a little quaint, a little captivating, and quite humanly appealing. In accordance with that definition "Quality Street" by Barrie is adorable. It is made so by its two principal characters, Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe. They are two prim, but altogether dear, young ladies whose sedate ways appeal to a certain doctor, Valentine Brown. His dashing manner causes many an excited flutter in their hearts. Indeed Miss Phoebe, who is much the younger of the two, is momentarily expecting a proposal at the time the play begins. A short time after, however, the dashing young doctor goes off to war and Phoebe and Susan are left alone. They become quite poor; and so decide to set up as private school mistresses. When Dr. Brown returns from the war he finds Miss Phoebe prematurely aged and the change greatly shocks him. Miss Phoebe is deeply hurt at his altered attitude. He had intended asking her to a ball that night, but now assumes she is too old. After he has gone away Phoebe runs up to her room. Once there she releases the dancing ringlets from under her spinster's cap and dons a beautiful dress which once she had hoped would be her wedding gown. 

Downstairs Susan is sitting alone in the darkening room when, looking up, she is astonished to see a youthful Miss Phoebe in the doorway. A joy of life, a girlishness suppressed for ten weary years is in her step. For just one night she will be young again. With laughing eyes and flushed cheeks she is dancing all alone when suddenly Valentine Brown appears in the doorway. He does not recognize her; so the mischievous minx introduces herself as Miss Livvy, niece of Susan and Phoebe. Dr. Brown is enamoured and carries her off to the ball where she captures all hearts. And so, while poor Miss Phoebe is at home with a headache, her charming niece is having a wonderful evening, flirting, dancing, talking nonsense like the little witch she is.

Now you may not like it, but this is where I shall stop. Why spoil an "adorable" book by telling "how it ended"? Read it! It is
sweet and truly alive, a play not only to be read but often reread. To you who love Barrie I say that in “Quality Street” there are characters as fascinating as Peter Pan, as wistful as the Painted Lady’s Child, and as winsome as Gipsy Babbie. A higher recommendation I do not know.

J. M. G.

“MARIE ANTOINETTE”

I find of all the books published of Marie Antoinette’s life, that I enjoyed most the one written by Anna L. Bicknell.

Everyone has heard, more or less, of Marie Antoinette’s regal beauty, her brave spirit, her harrowing misfortunes and her tragic death. Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne of Hapsburg Loraine, Archduchess of Austria and future queen of France, was born on November 2, 1755.

On the twenty-first of March 1770, Marie Antoinette received her wedding ring sent by Dauphin. That very day twenty-three years later, Louis the sixteenth, her royal husband, ascended the scaffold to his doom.

Marie Antoinette’s life was streaked with sadness, from her birth to her death. During the many trials before her execution, the queen displayed her marvelous patience and firm self-control. Up to the last minute she retained her royal dignity and a perfect degree of calmness.

Anna Bicknell brings out in her story the true character of the queen and entire royal family. The book, though long, is interesting, and commands intense interest throughout the story.

ABBIE GILKERSON

“CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS”

“Captains Courageous” by Kipling, is a very interesting story of outdoor life. It tells of the life of a pampered son of a multi-millionaire, on board a fishing vessel.

Harvy, a boy about fifteen years old, fell off a liner en route to Europe. He was on the way to England to tour Europe, with his mother. Feeling sick, he had gone to the turtle deck and a roll of the ship precipitated him into the briny deep.
When Harvey again began to take an interest in life, he found himself lying on a pile of cod fish in a dory. The owner of the dory informed him that he had just been rescued from drowning.

Harvey was taken to the schooner "Were Here," the headquarters of many fishermen. When he ordered the captain of the ship to take him to New York to his father, the captain laughed at him. He told the man that his father would pay for this. The old fisherman then told him that he must have hit his head and addled his brain, because his father would have to be very rich to be able to pay for the wages of his men. The amount of money which would be lost by returning from the "banks" during the fishing season was more than any man not a millionaire could pay. The captain offered Harvey a job at ten dollars a month and promised to put him ashore in September, when he and his crew would return to Gloucester. It was now May. The fishing season was just beginning. Harvey finally was obliged to accept this offer.

Then followed four long months of unceasing toil. At first, Harvey hated the life with all his soul. Gradually he became more reconciled and by the time the fishing season was over, Harvey was an ardent fisherman. He had made friends with the men of the crew and the parting was very sad. He met his father and mother at Gloucester. His parents had thought him dead. He came back to his father and mother not the pampered, spoiled child of a rich man, but the clean, honest, son of a working man. He left his companions of four months promising to return to them the next year.

DARWIN P. BENEDICT '30

"THE LITTLE RED FOOT"

"The Little Red Foot" by Robert W. Chambers is a very interesting story for the scenes are laid in New York State along the Iroquois war trail during the Revolutionary War. Many of the characters are taken from history as Walter Butler, Joseph Brant, and John Johnson, son of Sir William.

The story opens at the death of Sir William Johnson, who is loved by the Indians. After his death Sir John Johnson does not treat the Indians as justly as his father did and as a result the Indians do not stay on his side in the Revolutionary War.
John Drogue, who is rightfully Lord Stormont, is sent in command of a small band of white men and friendly Indians to search the enemies' country. While this band is marching thru this country, they meet the enemy and a fierce battle follows, in which John Drogue is wounded. He is taken to the home of Penelope Grant, whom he has met and fallen in love with, and there he is cared for until his strength returns.

"The Little Red Foot" is the symbol the Indians paint on their bodies and the white men sew on their shirts. At the end of the war John Drogue marries Penelope Grant and he is promoted to a high office in his regiment.

This book should be very interesting to anyone living in New York State for everyone at sometime or other has visited the scenes of this story.

FLORENCE SMITH '29

EGOISM

When this cold earth shall be my dwelling-place
When I have left the golden upper air
That I have loved so long and well, to fare
To meadows of the underworld, my face
Will doubtless be changed; the grace
My friends possess, that I have tried to share,
Will turn to nothingness in that dim air
Which I shall breathe with others of my race.

Yet to eternity shall I be I:
No change in form can alter my real self;
Though death shall be my husband, I his wife,
My immortality will never die;
In spite of all his bribes of boundless pelf
He cannot wrest from me eternal life.

A. H. A. '27
JUST PIERROT
I have been handed a lute
And told to play a tune.
I have been made a dreamer
And made to love the moon.
I have been made a poet
And made to form a rhyme.
I have been made a lover
And have had to toy—for time.
I have been made a rival
With Harlequin as my foe.
But all these things I've hated
For I—am just Pierrot.

M. R. W.

NIGHT TIME FANCIES
It is pleasant to walk through a forest at night,
With the pale moonbeams half hidden from sight;
It's refreshing to feel the cool night air
Blow in your face and stir your hair;
It is better to sit by a babbling brook
And hear the wild calls of a foxy rook;
But it's best to sit round a campfire bright,
And hear the strange noises so numerous at night.

E. Burgess Garrison '30

A WISH
Oh, silver ship in the dusky sky,
To what strange ports are you bound?
Do you carry a cargo of beautiful dreams
From the island where dreams are found?
Can't you come to me on your fairy trip
So to my little one I may croon
That once-on-a-time in the long ago
I harbored the "Man in the Moon?"

Madeleine Green
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE
INTERVIEWS MR. SAYLES

"In my opinion, Milne offers its students many opportunities along certain lines," Mr. Sayles began his recent interview thus, and his clearly defined opinion on this matter followed. "For instance," he continued, "there are the opportunities for developing leadership. Those students who are outstanding figures during their years at Milne generally continue the same prominence in college." Mr. Sayles recalled a time when Milne was represented on the respective boards of "The Cornell Sun," "The Colgate Maroon," "The State College News," one of the Yale and one of the Wellesley publications. Each of the representatives had formerly been on the board of "The Crimson and White." In the same way, the members of Milne's Student Council have been elected to college student-government bodies.

"Besides," Mr. Sayles went on, "Milne students are constantly surrounded with opportunities to develop their personalities. They meet with thirty-two or more teaching personalities in their four years. Thus they learn to function independently with more mature minds because of their freedom from too specific direction. Personal development is one of Milne's chief aims."

THE Q. T. S. A. INFORMALLY REVIEWED

Scholarship Dance Successful

The eleventh of March was a day which many will remember with pleasure, since at that time our annual Q. T. S. A. dance was held. It is the custom each year for the societies of Milne High School to join in giving this dance, the proceeds of which go to make up a scholarship. This is yearly awarded the senior who has contributed most to Milne by participation in student activities during the time he passes in high school. If the attendance at the last Q. T. S. A. were taken to signify approbation of the use to which this fund is put, the obvious conclusion is that the school heartily approves. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance. Our chaperons functioned in the most approved fashion. The orchestra assisted as heartily as possible. A policeman who had strolled in—Who doesn't like a good time?—remained to gaze and converse. Then too the doorkeeper stood staunchly at his post and admitted no one else but. The water fountains were mostly out of order and—in short we consider that dance a success. May we have many more like it.

Dick's acquiring a mustache
"Neath his patrician beak
Getting it on the installment plan,
A little down each week.

"Sales Gossip."
This season basketball has been decidedly successful. A successful season is not determined by the winning of games alone, but by the spirit that is in back of it.

This year's squad is made up of all new material, except for one veteran player from last year’s victorious quintet, Raymond Kroll, who is this year’s captain and manager. Kroll arranged a “home and home game” schedule for the team, with various trips. Griffen, a junior of State College and member of the State varsity squad, has been training the quintet since the first of November, when things were not quite so bright. Supervising Coach Rutherford R. Baker thinks the team has done excellent work on the court and has exceeded all his expectations.

December 4, 1926:—Milne opened the season by suffering a defeat from the Albany High Reserves when they played on the home court. In the first quarter Milne looked in pretty bad condition but with the side lines roaring and “Billy” Coulson leading some songs we began to rally in the second quarter and continued to lead till the end of the third quarter. The final score was 19 to 13.

December 11:—The next game was with the Ballston Spa High School on our home court. “Doc” Griffen had been training his men hard all week and in the first half our “five” was showing us the results. In the beginning of the second half our opponents found themselves and began a hard race to victory with the score of 17 to 10.

December 23:—Just before Christmas, the school celebrated and followed the team to Cobleskill. Unfortunately our adversary was quite an experienced team and lead throughout the game. In the last quarter Deragon was substituted for Rosbrook and Wiley for Sharp. The final score was 37 to 7.

January 8:—After three successive defeats and a week of hard drilling by both coaches, the team, amid the cheers of the excited spectators, crossed the line ahead of the Vincentian Institute by a score of 9 to 33.

January 15:—In the fifth game, against the Ravena High School, Milne again featured. Although it looked a little cloudy for the home team at times we lead throughout the game and rolled up a score of 17 to 32.

January 21:—The closest fought game so far this season was when the Crimson and White came against the Silver Star Athletic Club of the Albany High School. The teams were evenly matched and the ball went from one basket to the other and finally managed to drop in their basket for an extra point with the final score of 19 to 18 in favor of the opponents.

January 28:—Although we were not greeted by a brass band upon our arrival at Altamont and were forced to play in the upstairs offices of the “Altamont Daily Enterprise,” we were cheered again as victors. With “Doggy” jumping center and Silas Coonrod refereeing, they managed to keep ahead in the first half,
the score at half-time being 10 to 8. In the second half, Milne came tearing down the court time after time and with the help of Kroll and Eggleston placed the score at 24 to 33. In the last quarter Deragon was substituted for Sharp.

February 4:—In a return game at Ravena, the Ravena High School quintet defeated Milne by the score of 21 to 19. The cause was lack of support as no bus was available.

February 5:—On the next night we had a "Buggy" ride to Ballston Lake where Milne suffered a bad defeat by the Burnt Hills "five." Sharp starred throughout the game and in the second quarter the game looked quite favorable but they took the lead again in the second half. The final score was 34 to 28.

February 11:—The biggest game of the season took place when Milne clashed against her old rival, Cobleskill, on her home court. After suffering a bad defeat at Cobleskill, our players in the return game rallied in the second half to beat the opponents, 21 to 17. The teams tied at half-time, 9 to 9. Eggleston featured for the victors with a total of seven points.

February 19:—Our home team turned back the Chatham High School "five" by a score of 24 to 18. Milne led throughout the game, being ahead at half-time, 16 to 12. Eggleston was the high scorer of the game, holding 10 points to his credit.

February 25:—The school quintet outclassed the Altamont High School on the home court to the tune of 52 to 8. Our boys took a long lead right from the tip-off and held their places throughout the game, the score at half-time being 28 to 4. "Doc" Griffen, in the second half, used several of the second-string players, substituting Wershing, Sweetser and Deragon. Much credit for the high score may be given to the fact that half the school supported the team, which was the largest attendance as yet. It was reported that Mr. York and Mr. Wiley, our cheer leaders, were very fatigued after leading "individuals" through the game.

The Milne High Alumni downed the Silver Star A.C. in a preliminary game by a score of 28 to 10. The Alumni were represented by Kirk, Liebich, Haywood, Gipp, and Ted Goldring, who featured, accounting for 9 points.

March 5:—Milne came against the Ballston High School on the Ballston court and suffered its second defeat from that team. Sharp featured throughout the game, accounting for eight points. The score at half-time was Milne 16, Ballston 15. The final score was 26 to 24.

March 12:—The home-"five" opposed the Chatham High School team and were defeated by the score of 31 to 24. Eggleston again featured, totalling 14 points. The score at half-time was Milne 17, Chatham 9.

The summary of the games and of the points of each player to date are as follows:

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<tr>
<th>F.B.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kroll, R. F.</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>24</td>
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<td>Eggleston, L. F.</td>
<td>55</td>
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<td>Rosbrook, C.</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>21</td>
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<td>Ramroth, R. G.</td>
<td>27</td>
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<td>Sharp, L. G.</td>
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<td>Wershing, R. G.</td>
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<td>Sweetser, L. F.</td>
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<td>Deragon, L. G.</td>
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| Total | 144 | 49 | 129 | 337 |
SIGMA-ADELPHOI DEBATE

The long anticipated debate between the Zeta Sigma and Adelphoi Literary Societies was held in the Freshman Study Hall at one ten o'clock on Monday, March 22, 1927. The proposition was: "Resolved, that the Philippines should be granted their independence."

The debaters for Sigma were Ruth Hughes, Helen Pauley, and Elizabeth Fromm, chairman of the Sigma debate team, and the rebuttal. The team lost to the Adelphi men, Kenneth Miller, Wesley Carwill and Edward Osborn, of whom Edward Osborn gave the rebuttal.

The judges were Miss Johnson, Miss Wheeling and Miss Sheffield, Miss Burbans and Miss Anderson also attended.

SOCIAL NOTES

Miss Irene Gedney, a member of the sophomore class, has recently received a letter from Her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania thanking Irene for the poem which she had written to Marie.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

The next outstanding event of the Milne social calendar is the Prize Speaking Contest. Under the new system of choosing candidates, the contest has been given a great deal of publicity, and the announcement in chapel of the contestants was accorded enthusiastic applause. The event will take place on Friday evening, April the first, in the State College Auditorium. The contest is public, and the attendance of Milne students and their parents is solicited.

The student speakers will be Dorothy Birchenough, Geraldine Griffin, Florence Mead, and Marion Wallace; Ralph Brimmer, Howard Eggleson, Clarence Livingston, and Kenneth Miller.

The date for Girls’ Day has not yet been fixed, and there are rumors that this year will witness a new event—Boys’ Day. The former has always been popular—the latter is sure to be!

The annual school excursion is scheduled for June third. This trip to Kingston Point is a student’s favorite, and an exceptional good time is already ensured.

M. H. S. STATISTICS

In a recent census taken by the "Crimson and White," it has been found that of the two hundred seven students in Milne High School, there are one hundred forty-five girls and sixty-two boys. Of the total number of pupils, one hundred thirty-two are taking a college entrance course, twenty-nine a business course, and twenty-one a classical course. Of the sixty-eight whose homes are outside of Albany, forty-nine are commuting, and nineteen are boarding within the city.
“Occident,” West High School, Rochester, New York—

Being at the age when adjectives cover a multitude of sins, we “christen thee” “delightful.” From a most artistic cover to those practical articles, “ads,” we enjoyed every bit. But don’t you think it would add prestige to have an index to contents. And we noticed that, although there is an exchange editor, there were no exchanges. “‘Tis wonderous strange!”

“The Echo,” Oneonta High School, Oneonta, New York—

We thought your literary department rather ordinary, but this fault was redeemed by the inspired poetry section. We only wished that there were more of it. What happened to the exchanges?

“The Picayune,” Batavia Junior-Senior High School, Batavia, New York—

It is said that nice things come in small packages, and once again we find this true, as witness “The Picayune.” We think “Percy’s Complete Metamorphoses” is too clever for anything, and we await the conclusion with anxiety. May we suggest a more careful supervision of the ads? In the advertisement of the “New Family Theatre” was found this caption, “Does Love and Career Mix?” We hope it was merely a misprint.

“The Student’s Pen,” Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts—

A surprisingly well-arranged magazine! “Blind Men” rather blinded us at first; but, when we thought it over, we decided it was one of those sociological affairs and washed our hands of it. “Who is it” is ingenious—we wish we’d thought of it first! Yes, indeed, it is a very well organized paper.

"A prophet in his own country . . . !" In agreement with this saying we were surprised to find "The Patroon" so interesting and "newsy" a paper. We only wish it came more regularly. "Dutchy" must be an interesting character. We wonder if we know him?

"The Cue," Albany Boys' Academy, Albany, New York—

We have heard so much about "The Cue," that we didn't think it possible that one little magazine could be worthy of all the epithets hurled at it. Yet we agree with what we heard. One thing only—censor your jokes more strictly. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do"; so to follow your own system we would rank you as B+

"The Hillhead High School Magazine," Glasgow, Scotland—

This was our most interesting and illuminating exchange. We had the very mistaken idea that the Scots, even the young ones, dashed around in kilts and played bagpipes. Accordingly, it was a great surprise to learn that they wore regular clothes (in fact one of the "ephors" was wearing quite "loud" socks!), and in the perusal of the whole magazine we didn't run across even one tiny wee bagpipe! Putting nonsense aside, though, we liked your magazine very much. Hillheaders, and we hope to see it again soon.

"The Green Leaf," Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Connecticut—

To our great grief, this exchange comes to us but twice a year. The last issue, we thought, was excellent. If we are to judge by that clever piece, "The Calendar," Greenwich Academy must be a delightful place in which to live.

TIT FOR TAT

Your publication is very attractive until one comes to the School Notes. Their appearance greatly detracts from the paper. Grade C+

"The Cue," Albany Boys' Academy.
Your travel essays and book reports were charmingly interesting. "The American Flag and What It Stands For" was a very fine essay. We have but one criticism to make of it. Seven quotations in such a short essay seem rather too many. The short poems scattered throughout the paper show exceptional ability. We can think of but one word to express our opinion of "Fog" and that word is "exquisite."

Your social and athletic departments seemed rather small to us, especially the athletic. Wouldn't more space in your paper work up more enthusiasm at your games?


We thought your literary department rather mediocre, but your jokes were more amusing than the usual run. We were quite charmed with M. B. G.'s little poems. We can't help quoting this for the benefit of our readers:

"Ideals are like to moonbeams
Till the tottering of sacred trust.
Always, then, they die away
And leave but silver dust."


Those folks ought to have a few more stories, but their School News Department is so novel!


With no exceptions, your alumni notes are the most novel ever. We were even tempted to sigh because they were not a wee bit more "endless." And "A Day in Sicily" was so vividly picturesque that we simply have to sigh again with—was it envy with a capital E? But, of course, it couldn't be. One thing more—we are sorry for your poetry section. It is perishing for—we'll give you one guess. Right! More poems!!

"Student's Pen," Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FOOLED!

"Spring is coming!" some one said,
And I believed it too;
I put away my woolen hose
And hid each overshoe.

I walked about in high delight,
But now, alas! alack!
I strut no more with coat thrown wide,
"King Winter" has come back.

And March is here, and cold winds blow,
I sit within all day;
My feet are cold, my throat is sore.
Don't trust all people say.

ESTHER HIGBY '28

MILNITES

"Me Too".................................Manton Spaulding
"Here Comes Precious"..........................Alden Rosbrook
"What Hon?"................................Betty Knox
"Falling in Love"..........................Eleanor Curtis
"Just Scuffin' Along"........................Frances Whipple
"Our Coalmen"..............................Shovel and Lucian
"Parade of the Wooden Soldiers"..........The Basket Ball Team
"What London Men Are Wearing"..............Ed Sweetser

T. W. H. E.
"Hello, are you a frosh?"
"No, this is my 5th year."
"Why? Taking Master's?"
"No, taking my time!"
—"M. I. T. Voo Doo."

He: "How do you like Carmen?"
She: "Oh, no, I never associate with people like that."
He: "Well, then, do you like Pagliacci?"
She: "Oh, I can't bear foreign cooking."
—"Stanford Chaparral."

1st Stude (bursting into room): "Hey, there's a bulletin uptown says the world's coming to an end at midnight."
Room-mate: "Oh!!! and I've already done tomorrow's algebra!"
—"Kansas Sour Owl."

Near Site-ed
He: "Could I see you across the street, lady?"
Lady: "If you can't you should see an oculist."

Co-ed: "What's the end of a perfect day?"
Ed: "Night."
—"Wisconsin Octopus."
"Oh, Miss, I have made a mistake in this passport. I have put your hair down as fair, and it is dark."
"Will you rectify it, or shall I?"

A little girl stood gazing at a very old man for several minutes, then she asked:
"Were you in Noah's Ark?"
"No, my dear."
Several minutes more, and then:
"How does it happen that you weren't drowned?"

The Bitter Truth
"Fair one, you are the inspiration of my best compositions."
"And what do you compose, my hero?"
"Jokes."

English teacher to G. G. G.—"Use hexameter in a sentence, please."
G. G. G.—"I'm darn near hexameter tall."

Jakie: "Fadder, the man you owe $500 to is on de 'phone."
Jakie's fadder: "Tell him ve had de 'phone tooken out."
—"Sales Gossip."

Algernon: "I say, my good man, will you drive me all around town?"
Mon Bon Homme: "Yeh, if I can get a harness to fit you."
—"Northwestern Purple Parrot."

The Open Eyed Ad Man
A western evangelist makes a practice of painting Bible quotations and religious mottoes on rocks and fences along public highways. On one big flat rock he painted these words:
"What Will You Do When You Die?"
An advertising gazabo came along and painted underneath:
"Use Delta Oil; Good for Burns."
Fool Question 9,999
A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.
"Shall I put them in a box, sir?" asked the clerk as he counted them out.
"Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

Gone, But Not Forgotten
"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.
"No," said his father, "what makes you ask a question like that while we are eating?"
"You had one on your lettuce, but it's gone now," replied Tommy.
—"Sparks of Laughter."

What Optimism Is
A man passing a lot where two colored teams were playing baseball asked the man on the 1st base how the score was. He replied, "Forty to nothin', favor de odder side."
"Well, they seem to be giving you quite a licking."
"No, suh, Cap'n," replied the darky, "we ain't been to the bat yet."
—"Sparks of Laughter."

Fixed
"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?"
"Yes'm, at the post office. But I noticed that you'd put the 2c. stamp on the foreign letter, and the 5c. stamp on the city one."
"Oh, dear, what a blunder."
"But I fixed it all right, ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."
—"Boston Transcript."

Lady Mary: "Have you given the gold fish fresh water?"
Maid: "No, ma'am, they ain't finished what I gave them yesterday."
Realism

Friend (viewing picture)—"How realistic! It makes my mouth water."
Artist—"A sunset makes your mouth water?"
Friend—"Dear me, I thought it was a fried egg!"
—"Pathfinder."

"You say you flunked algebra? Why, I can't understand it."
"Same here, that's why I flunked it."

On A Rainy Day

Manton Spaulding: "Do you think it's going to stop raining?"
Fred Hall: "I dunno, Mat, it always has."

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<td><strong>Adelphoi Literary Society</strong></td>
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