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Christmas Number

1920

Junior Issue



The Crimson and White

Milne High School Albany, N. Y.

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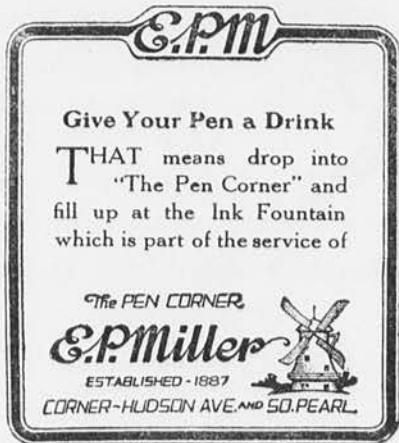
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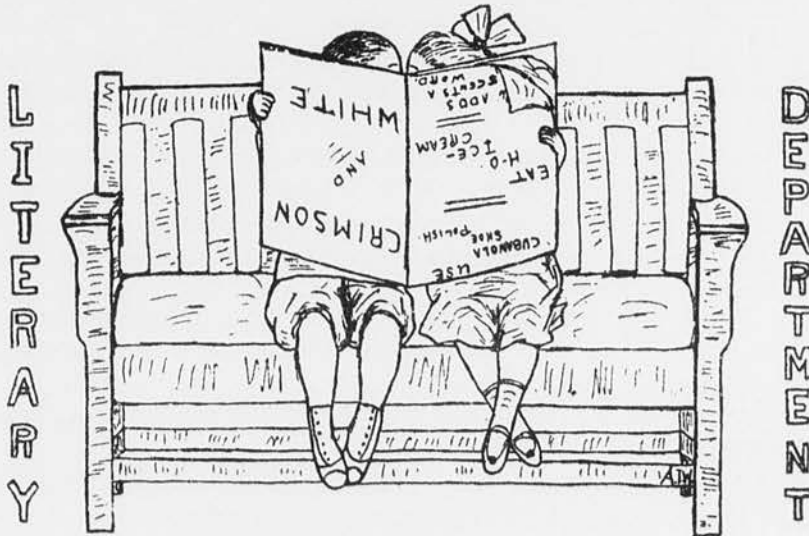
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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVII

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 2



A CHRISTMAS HIKE

Bob Winters greatly desired a pair of skis. The winter before while he was at his cousin's in Maine, he had learned to ski. When he returned home, he told his father of the great times he had had. This Christmas his father had promised to "think it over".

Early in the morning of the day before Christmas, the snow began to fall in the little town of Corinth, on Lake Champlain, and it was still snowing when Bob's cousin, Albert Cook, arrived. Al had brought his skis with him, for he and Bob hoped to take an all-day hike up Lyons Mountain the next day.

That night Bob found it hard work to get to sleep after the excitement of planning their trip and getting ready for an early start, but, after what seemed an endless time, he fell asleep.

Both boys were up early the next morning, eager to see if Bob had gotten his skis. Sure enough, there they were standing in the corner of the room. The boys could hardly wait to open the rest of their presents and get their breakfast before starting.

After their knapsacks had been filled with "eats", they started out for the foothills of the mountain. The day was clear and cold,

and a slight crust on the surface of the snow made the skiing excellent. By noon they had reached a point about half-way up the mountain and began to find the way harder.

"I feel as though I hadn't had a good meal in a week," said Bob. "What do you say to stopping in this sheltered hollow and having something to eat?"

"That sounds pretty good to me."

"All right, you get some wood, while I clear away the snow a little and unfasten our knapsacks, and then we'll have a regular feast."

Urged on by thoughts of a hearty meal, the boys soon had a roaring fire in the hollow. After a meal which contained one surprise after another, as they opened the packages which Bob's mother had put in their knapsacks, they sat by the fire and discussed their next move.

"I think that we have time to go up a little further before we turn back," said Bob. "Besides, we can go down much quicker than we came up."

"Well, we'd better not go too far, for we don't want to be up here after dark."

They started out again with a much lighter pack than before and made fair speed during the next few minutes.

"Don't you think it's about time we were turning back, Bob?" Al said, when half an hour had passed.

"Let's just go to the top of this little slope, so that—"

"What was that, Al?"

"It sounds like a groan from that little valley on the left!"

"Come on over and see!"

"All right."

The two boys hurried over to the edge of the little valley. Suddenly Al exclaimed, pointing with his hand to a spot about half way up the other side. Bob looked quickly toward the place that Al had indicated. There lying in the snow, about half way up the other side was a man dressed as a trapper. He wore snow shoes, and his gun was sticking up in the snow by his side.

As soon as the boys recovered from their astonishment, they hurried to him. They soon saw that he had received an ugly gash on the side of his head. After they had done what they could for him, it became evident that one of the boys must go for help. It was decided that Bob should go to a small town a few miles away, while Al stayed to watch the trapper.

Bob made the trip to the village in a very short time and

brought back with him some of the villagers, who carried the hunter to his home.

Soon after, the boys returned home, feeling that this had been their most eventful Christmas Day.—NELSON COLEY. '22.

★

THE LITTLEST REBEL

Hidden away from the war-stricken and devastated country of 1874, was a spot so quiet and beautiful as to make the name of war sound incredible. It awakened in the heart of the poet or artist a vague and dear delusion that he had stumbled into Paradise.

Such a spot existed in the central part of Virginia. It was a valley surrounded by wooded hills and threaded by a noisy brook which hastily made its way, as if on some errand of immense importance. In the middle of this valley, stood a rambling white mansion, nestling beneath an old oak tree. A deep, wide lawn of blue grass lay in front, and on its southern side a garden of roses, fragrant and brilliant. Stretching away to the back was the great stretch of cultivated ground known as the plantation. All those influences which stir the deepest emotions in the heart were found there—quiet, order, beauty, power and life.

On the porch of this lovely home, stands a young woman, shading her eyes and evidently searching for some one in the distance. Finally she drops her hand with a sigh, and a look of sadness crosses her face, but the shadow flits away at the sound of a child's voice.

“Mamma, oh Mamma, see my pretty dolly.”

A small child toddles up grasping the hand of a colored mammy. The mother catches the baby up in her arms and holds her tenderly.

Suddenly in the distance is heard the swift sound of a horse's hoofs. Then a single horseman comes into sight. He gallops up to the house, dismounts and happily embraces his wife and little girl. He is Captain Lewis Ross of the Twenty-first Cavalry, Confederate Army. The happy group passes into the house where a dinner, which only Mammy Chloe can prepare, is waiting for them. They seat themselves and are chatting happily when suddenly Mammy Chloe rushes in.

“Oh, Mar's Lewis, de Yanks am comin'. Flee fo' yo' life!!!”

The young captain hastily opens his coat and takes out a packet. He runs to the window, looks out, and then quickly returns to his wife.

"Dorothy, these are very important dispatches for President Davis. If I am captured, guard them with your life. If I escape, I shall return for them. God bless you, my darlings," he murmurs brokenly."

He embraces his wife and little daughter, and touching a panel near the fireplace, he disappears into the opened wall. The panel closes and all is still.

An idea seems to come to the mother. Taking the doll from Eileen she fastens the packet beneath its skirts. Then she returns the doll to Eileen and whispers, "Remember, do not let the soldiers take your dolly away from you. Daddy will not love you, if you do."

Hardly had she finished speaking, when a Union officer enters. Saluting, he addressed her, "I beg your pardon, Madam, for intruding, but we have received information that your husband, Captain Ross, who is carrying important dispatches, is secreted in this house. It will be necessary to make a search." With this he gives the command to search the house.

In the meantime Eileen has calmly seated herself in her little rocker and is singing her doll to sleep. But Dorothy is pale and trembling although she conceals her feelings well. After a careful search, the soldiers report to their commander that there is no one to be found. The officer debates for a moment, then orders his men to prepare to follow the fugitive.

As they are about to leave, one of the soldiers, a friendly lad, goes over to Eileen and tries to make friends with her.

"Pretty dolly," he says and tries to pick it up, but Eileen slaps his hands frantically, crying, "Naughty man, you will wake my baby. Do away, naughty man, do away!"

The commander who had been talking to Mrs. Ross, turns quickly.

"Leave the child alone, Stevens. We are here on business, and not to tease children."

It is well he does not look at Mrs. Ross. Her face is ghastly as she staggers over to a chair. Stevens stands by rather abashed. His officer turns to him, after trying to soothe Eileen, and gives some orders in a lowered voice. After bidding goodbye to Mrs. Ross they leave.

As soon as they are gone, Dorothy collapses, and Mammy Cloe anxiously attends her. When she has recovered sufficiently, she runs to the window, and having made sure that all the Union troops are gone, goes over to the wall, and raps softly three times. In a

few minutes the panel slides back, and Captain Lewis steps out. Eileen runs up to him and tugs at his coat.

"Daddy, you do love me, don't you. I would not let sojers touch my dolly. See, daddy!"

She holds the doll with the precious packet up to him. He picks her up in his arms.

"Certainly, darling, both mother and daddy love you dearly, and we are very proud of you."

Then Mammy Cloe, who has gone to satisfy herself that all those hated Yanks are gone, enters and, seeing the proud look of happiness on the parents' faces, remarks, "'Scuse me, mas'r and missus, but Ah thinks that God ought to bless our littlest Rebel, fo' she certainly done saved yo' life dat time."

FRANCES E. WHITE, '22.

SENIOR AND JUNIOR BOYS

Here's your chance to attend the inauguration of resident-elect Harding, free of charge, and incidentally to place Milne High School farther in the fore of Albany's secondary schools.

The opportunity is a free-for-all drive, in which the best composition and oratory wins. Milne has boys who can write and speak most efficiently and effectively,—therefore Milne should go in with that fine spirit and enthusiasm which has won her so many laurels in the past.

This is the plan, boys. Read it through carefully, lay hold of the spirit that wins, and go to it!

The Rotary Club of Albany announces the following contest, open to Junior and Senior boys of the Milne High School, the Boys Academy and Christian Brothers' Academy. The essays are to be written on the following subjects: Milne High School, "Grant, the General"; Albany High School, "Washington's Foreign Policy"; Boys' Academy, "Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation"; Christian Brothers' Academy, "Roosevelt, an exponent of American Ideals." All essays must be filed with the principals of the various schools on or before January 12th. The Rotary Club will then have the essays from each school graded by a committee of experts in other cities, chosen through the courtesy of other clubs, and will invite the two boys from each school, whose papers are marked first and second, to deliver their essays without manuscript, at a public meeting in Chancellor's Hall, Washington's birthday night, Tuesday, February 22nd.

Three persons, not connected with any of the schools named, and not members of the Rotary Club, will be invited to act as judges of the speaking contest, and will rate the two contestants from each school separately on the basis of 75 percent for subject matter and 25 percent for delivery. The boy who stands first from each of the four schools will be awarded the first prize of the free trip to Washington. The boy who stands second from each school will be awarded a \$10.00 gold-piece, and a prize of a \$5.00 gold-piece will be awarded to the boy who stands third in the essay contest in each school, but who is not admitted to the speaking contest. The contest will not be among the schools, but among the boys in each school, a first, second and third prize going to the three boys who stand highest in each school, according to the terms as outlined.

Now boys "buck up" and show 'em that we, like the noble Romans of old, can truly say, "Veni, vidi, vici."—T. R. M., '22.



CHRISTMAS EVE

In the village station, sat the old station-master, smoking his pipe. There was a disappointed look on his face, and his eyes were rather misty. Suddenly the door opened, and a little old lady bundled up in furs entered.

"Hello there, Samantha Tompkins, what are you doin' out on Christmas Eve? Ain't you afraid you'll miss Old Santy Claus?"

"Well, Jim Oliver, you bein' station master and yet don't know why I'm here! I'm 'spectin' darter Ruthie home on No. 10."

"You'll have some wait, I'm athinkin'. No. 8 is three hours late."

The look of disappointment on the old lady's face made Jim sorry. He, too, was greatly disappointed. His son, James Jr., was coming on Train 10.

"Now, Samantha, you jest set right down here by the fire, and we'll talk. In all the years I've been station-master, I've allas looked forward to Christmas. Everybody seems so happy and jolly. Nobody complains, and I just love to see the sons and darters hur-ryin' home to mother and Dad. You know, James want home last year nor year before. Last year he had to work, and the year before he was in the hospital, and—"

The shrill whistle of No. 8 interrupted the conversation at this point. Five or six persons hurried into the Station loaded with suit-

cases, bundles, and packages. All were well known to Samantha and Jim.

"Samanthy, do just look at Grandma Howe. Her eyes is sparkling and she looks younger every day. I wager she's glad to get home after a visitin' her swell city son."

"I do wonder at John Ames and Howard Lawson, Jim, with their city clothes and airs. They'll be glad enough to get mother's pies and feather beds, jest the same. There's Anna (or was Anna Green before she married her city fellow). He ain't much to look at, but they say she made a fine match. He's got lots of money."

The hustle and bustle gradually subsided as the people hurried home. Jim and Samantha alone were left. Each forgot his trouble in recalling merry parties, sleighrides, and cotillions. Two hours passed quickly, and the giant engine of No. 10 slid by the station. Samantha and Jim jumped to their feet simultaneously. Jim put down his pipe and straightened his necktie.

Amid the crowd entering the door they saw but two—Ruth and Jerry coming in arm-in-arm. Ruth hurried to her mother and Jerry to his father.

Through the late winter moonlight four figures walked slowly toward the outskirts of the village, each listening attentively to what the other had to say. All were so full of news they just bubbled over with it. But in the hearts of the two old people supreme joy and thankfulness reigned.—MARTHA A. LOMAX, '22.

—★—

Young Women should set good examples—for young men will follow them.

—★—

(Apparently our modern dances aren't so modern after all!)

In Vergil class: Donald Allen, translating: "It was the custom for Carthaginian maidens to wear a quiver."

—★—

E. W., '21—"What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

A. Blair—"Me, next to a girl."

(?????)

—★—

W. C., '22—"How do you like this collar?"

L. R., '22—"Aw! I got a lot o' them, but they're both in the laundry."

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVII

ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1920

No. 2

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It seems hardly possible that it is Christmas-time, and that almost half of the school year has slipped by. Where has the time gone? And what has happened to all those brave resolves that we made when school started this year? Have we truly made the most of our school hours? Have we really satisfied ourselves in our marks? Have we entered into school activities and been a part of the school life that we shall in the future remember—either with exultation or with regret at what we *could have* done and been! Have we let “outside” affairs take up our time and thought, at the expense of our school work? Most important, have we become possessed of that deplorable malady, disinterest? Let us think things over, and although the making of New Year’s Resolutions is a custom which, to many of us, has become only a silly form, let us consider our affairs

as they stand and seriously attempt to better them by a few good, sound resolutions for this coming term.

★

The Crimson and White wishes to announce that Miss Dorothy Robinson has been elected to the office of Assistant Exchange Editor, also that we are greatly indebted to Mr. Mac Ward, for his repeated kindness in helping us to communicate with our printer, in Delmar.

★



SCHOOL NOTES

Most of us will be interested to know that all of the classes in Milne are organized and have elected their officers.

The Senior Class officers are:

President.....	Chester Wilson
Vice-President.....	Emily Barrows
Secretary.....	Helen Wurthman
Treasurer.....	Dorothy Hamburger

The Junior Class officers are:

President.....	Donald Davison
Vice-President.....	William Comstock
Secretary.....	Marion O'Connor
Treasurer.....	Sylvia Estabrook

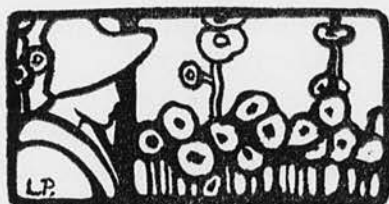
The Sophomore Class officers are:

President.....	Ellsworth Beeman
Vice-President.....	Dorothea George
Secretary.....	Georgianna Maar
Treasurer.....	Margaret Jenkins

The Freshman Class officers are:

President.....	Ellsworth Kirtland
Vice-President.....	Robert Babbitt
Secretary.....	Lawrence Ulrick
Treasurer.....	Hendrick VanLaer

A Glee Club for girls has been organized in the Milne High School this year. It is under the direction of Mr. Candlyn, and the girls have already given a number of excellent selections in Chapel, on Fridays.



ALUMNI NOTES

Frances Tompkins, ex-'22, is now residing in Boston.

Edna Fagan, ex-'23, is attending Miss Comfort's Business School.

Esther Marshman, ex-'22, is now residing in Washington, D. C.

Harriet Hunter, '18, is attending Russell Sage.

Mrs. Waldo Whitney (Miss Mildred Birdseye, '16) is now living in Los Angeles, California.

Helen Wilson, ex-'21, is now at home in Fort Wayne.

Mary Colson, ex-'21, is at home on account of ill-health. She is uncertain whether she will return to Cornell this year.



QUINTILIAN

Quin is greatly interested in the plans for the scholarship to be awarded by the four societies. Miss Emily Barrows, Miss Miriam Snow and Miss Marion Bardene have been chosen as our representatives to meet with those from Sigma, Adelphoi, and Theta Nu.

We are very pleased to add Miss Kelso to our number, as honorary member.

Recently Quin held its initiation of upper classmen, and the Misses DeAcosta, Price, and Glenn were taken in.



Opportunity knocks once at every man's door—but generally he is down the street, telling someone about the good chances he has missed.



D. H., '21—"Do you have reindeer in Canada?"

Young Canadian—"No darling. At this season it usually snows."



THETA NU

On account of our president and vice-president leaving school and several resignations among the officers, it has been necessary to elect new officers in Theta Nu. At present they are:

President.....	Newell Post
Vice-President.....	Edward Miller
Treasurer.....	William Shraa
Recording Secretary.....	Leo Roche
Marshall }	Edward Alberts
Reporter }	

The representatives to the scholarship committee consists of Mr. Post, Mr. Alberts, and Mr. Alexander.

Theta Nu has chosen maroon and gold for its colors and has sent in orders for pins.

—*—



ZETA SIGMA

In cooperation with the efforts of the other three Milne High School societies to establish a scholarship to be awarded to the person standing highest in student activities, Sigma has appointed a committee consisting of Miss Helen Wurthman, Miss Frances White, and Miss Dorothy Robinson.

The Sigma dance was a successful affair, and every one enjoyed a pleasant time. About twenty-four couples attended.

In the recent initiations, the Misses Kirwin, Futterer, and Filmer were taken into the society.

—*—

B. C., '22—"They say Edison is working on a machine that will enable us to talk to the departed."

E. W., '22—"I suppose the proper call will be Heaven-o, then, instead of Hell-o."



ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelpnoi this year have been very interesting and well attended.

This semester we elected a fine lot of fellows into the society: Zeh, Coley, Nicholson, Holding, Kirtland, Liebick, Christie, and VanLaer.

Preparations are being made for our debate to be held in the near future. The debating topic is "The Scholarship." The team for the negative is Kirk, Coley, McKeon, and Comstock. The team for the affirmative side is Allen, Blair, Morey, and Nicholson.

—★—
People and pins are useless when they lose their heads.

—★—
F. W., '22—"How old is that lamp, ma?"
Mrs. White—"Oh, about three years."
Frances—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

—★—
E. G., '21—"I hear your uncle died and left all he had to an orphan asylum."
M. Buckmaster—"Yes."
Evie—"What did he leave?"
Maiza—"Fifteen children."

—★—
T. M., '22—"Did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?"
Howard Breeze, '21—"No, but I've seen them kill mice."

—★—
M. N., '22—"Don't you find writing a thankless job?"
H. M., '22—"Far from it! Everything I write is returned to me with thanks."

—★—
Danco (contemptuously)—"Huh! Your mother takes in washin'!"

Mania—"Sure she does. You don't s'pose she'd leave it out all night, so long's your father ain't in jail, do you?"



The "Ruler of the Forest" turned out well, due to the remarkable talent of the eighth grade. Nothing could have been more realistic. The parts were well chosen. William Brown played the part of a bear. I believe that was the most realistic of the realistic effects. Helen Hamburger played the part of a rabbit. She says she has an original way of hopping. Helen's ears for once showed. At first I thought Helen was supposed to be a leopard or a wild woman. Harold Frye had the roll of an Indian. My the war paint. It made my blood run cold. Elizabeth Blake had a dear way of playing the part of a deer. Her horns were most interesting. In general, the play turned out fine. It scored an immense success and should be played on Broadway, N. Y.—D. B. WADE.



A YOUNG DETECTIVE

The Burroughs were at their summer home near Lake Catherine. "Daddy" Burroughs, as he was called by the two sons, could spend only Saturday and Sunday at the cottage. The remainder of the week he spent at his office in the city. "Daddy" as a boy had dearly loved adventure, and the same trait was seen in his sons. However, Ben, the elder brother, was more adventurous than his younger brother, Edward.

"Yes, Daddy, I am sure I saw a light in that big house over there. It was a bright light and I know I saw someone in the window, but don't tell the children," said Mrs. Burroughs.

"Now, Mother, there's nothing to it. You know I've said again and again that the house is securely locked. Why, no one could possibly get in," Daddy Burroughs repeated.

Crash! The noise came from the parlor.

"Good gracious! What can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Burroughs.

"Mother, whined a voice from under the parlor table.

"Why Ben, what does all this mean? Are you sick?

"Well, mother", began Ben, "I was playing detective, and you were bad. The chief ordered me to spy on you and—"

A small laugh from mother Burroughs interrupted him.

"You're a bad boy, Benny, but I won't spank you this time if you go right upstairs to bed."

Benny obeyed at once, and was soon fast asleep. Perhaps he dreamed of being a detective.

The next morning Benny was out of bed and gone—gone no one knew where. During the day Mother Burroughs did not worry, but toward night she was about ready to call for help.

"This is not at all like Ben. Perhaps he has been kidnapped," thought Mrs. Burroughs.

Later that night, steps were heard on the front porch.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Burroughs "it's the kidnappers who have come to ask a ransom!"

She opened the door, and in walked Ben, as big as any detective, with his hands in his pockets, smoking a make believe cigar.

"Why, Ben, where were you? Do you know what time it is? You won't get out again for a long time. Was it the elevator in the barn?

"No", said Ben, thoughtfully, "I've solved the mystery."

"The mystery! What mystery?"

"Why, the light in the vacant house, of course. You see the man on the other side keeps his car in such a way that the headlights shine through the windows. When you thought you saw someone in the window, it was simply the man passing in front of his car." Ben finished and Mrs. Burroughs gave a sign of relief. No one was in the house after all.

That night as Ben was going to bed, he asked timidly, "Mother, do you think my name will be in the newspaper?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Mother Burroughs to satisfy him.

"Well, I'm going to make the elevator tomorrow, anyway—
Good-nigh!!"—DUDLEY WADE.

—★—

Here's to our parents and teachers! May they never meet.

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

There was to be a Christmas entertainment at the Church in the little village of Glenmont. The young Sunday school scholars knew their parts perfectly. They had practiced about every day.

Among these children there was one a little older than the others. Her name was Elsie Allen. She was a large girl for her age and had dark hair and eyes. She was quite a pretty girl. Her greatest desire in life was to be able to be a popular play-writer. There was to be a little Christmas play in this entertainment and she had written it. She had written many plays in her little room up over the kitchen but nobody had ever seen them but herself. But people knew she could write plays, so they had asked her. She was very proud of them asking her, so, the night of the very day they had asked her, she started it. By the time they were ready to have the first rehearsal, her play was finished and approved by her crippled mother.

Elsie did not have any father, and her mother was an invalid, so she did not expect any Christmas. She had heard all of the girls at school and Sunday school talk about what they wanted and what they were going to give away.

She had only one friend in both public school and Sunday school, as all of the other girls seemed to shun her on account of her poor clothes. Her friend's name was Dorothy Vernon. Dorothy was a very rich girl, but she was an orphan, living with her aunt. Dorothy was just the opposite of Elsie. She had light hair and blue eyes and not so pretty as Elsie. The two were very intimate friends and told each other all of their secrets.

One night, about a week before the Entertainment, Elsie came to her mother and said, "Mother dear, I hate to bother you about clothes, but do you think you could make me a dress for the entertainment?"

"Well, I'll see. But don't worry about it, dear."

"Mother, you certainly are a wonder."

The night before the entertainment, while Elsie was studying a speech she was to make on the following evening, if her play was a success, and her mother was reading a book, Mrs. Allen looked up and said, "Elsie, go into my room and in the clothes-press on the floor, you will find a suit-box. Bring it out, but do not open it!" She emphasized the last words.

Elsie did as she was directed and came back, all excited, with the box in her hands. Mrs. Allen took the box and opened it. Out of it she took a mass of white satin and beads.

"Elsie, I made you this dress out of my wedding dress, so take good care of it. Now, go and try it on and see if it fits you."

As she was dressing, Dorothy came to see the new dress, as she knew the secret. When Elsie came out she looked very pretty, all but her shoes and stockings. But her mother had made a dress for one of the rich ladies of the town and had earned enough to buy the white satin slippers and white silk stockings.

The following night Elsie went to the church in Dorothy's aunt's car. Dorothy had loaned her a beautiful evening cape. When she walked into the church every one looked at her and said admiring things to one another. Soon all of her school chums came to her and began to be very friendly.

The Entertainment was soon over, and her play was a great success. As Dorothy was taking her home she said, "I hate to spoil your evening, Elsie, but all of these girls just took a liking to you because you had clothes, don't let them do that. Just think, I have money, clothes, friends, everything that you haven't, but I haven't any mother, a person that is more dear than anything else in the world.

As soon as Elsie entered the house, she went to her mother and said, "Mother, dear, keep this beautiful dress where you always keep it and don't be afraid of my tearing it. I would rather have you and see you happy than anything in the world."—EMMA JONES.



The origin of some of our dizzy remarks:

"Wouldn't that bite you?" asked the royal guard in amazement, as Daniel walked forth unharmed, from the cage of furious lions.

"Don't cut me like that," complained Caesar, in a wounded tone, as he saw Brutus jabbing away at him furiously.

"This is sure a sharp trick," murmured Louis XVI, as he mounted the steps to the guillotine.



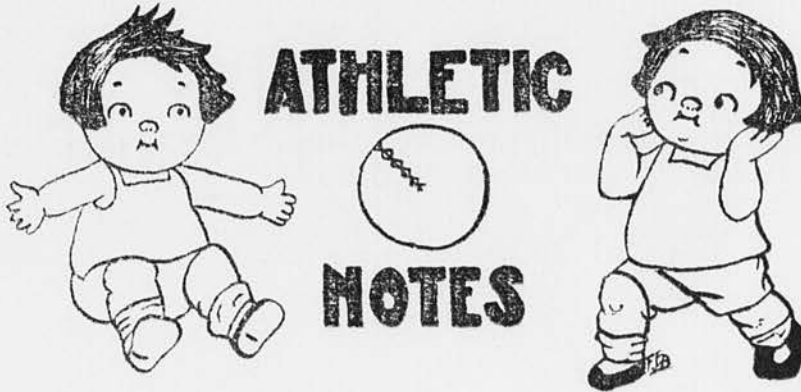
Picking her way daintily through the locomotive plant, Marian Bardene viewed the large operations with awe. Finally she turned to a young man who was showing her through and asked:

"What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive-boiler," he replied. She puckered her brow.

"And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender," and the man from the office never even smiled.



The fans of Milne High School are receiving a very great setback. At the beginning of the season, we had an almost unbeatable team, but fate was against us, so we lost "Al" Dolan and "Nat" Margolius. That left us with all unexperienced players.

But, cheer up, Milne! Although we have one of the lightest teams in the history of the school, we have a team to be proud of. It is fast rounding into shape and will soon be making victories for us. The following men were picked for the varsity: Captain Shraa and Margolius, forwards; McKeon, centre; Kirk and Gordon, guards; Miller and Post, utility.

Briefs

William Shraa has been elected captain of this year's basketball team.

Nathan Margolius and Alexander Dolan, both basket-ball stars, have left school.

Joseph Margolius is fast gaining the name of being the best foul shooter on any high school team. In the last two games he made 23 out of 27 shots.

Edward Alberts has been elected manager of basket ball.



A Freshman is a small island of brains, entirely surrounded by oceans of ignorance.



V. R., '22—"Oh, heavens! I swallowed a pin!"

H. J.,—"Well, don't make all that fuss over it. Here's another one."



The Oracle, Rensselaer, N. Y.

You have made a noble start. Your literary department is especially commendable, and you display real school spirit and "pep" throughout your paper. A variation of print in your advertisements would greatly improve the appearance of that section. Good luck to you, new friend. Come again!

—★—
The Prospect, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Is one of our most successful exchanges. All the departments are so cleverly written and well organized that it would take too much space to give it due praise. We are interested in the arrival of your kid brother, the weekly paper, and we wish you success in bringing him up.

—★—
M. H, Aeroleth, Plymouth, Wis.

Your lengthy literary and editorial columns show remarkable taste and forethought. Don't you think that your "Anecdotes and Humor" would be more interesting if you made them less general and applied students' names to them? Your alumni department is somewhat abbreviated; surely your graduates are worthy of more space than you have given them.

—★—
The Cue, Albany, N. Y.

Is thoroughly good this month. It is so excellent that we do not care to take it upon ourselves to criticize. However, there is

just one favor we would like to ask of you. Would you kindly give us a little space in your exchange column?

—————★—————

The Patriot, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

This is a snappy little paper. You always have something doing, it appears. We are pleased to see the name of Donald Booth in your paper. Don was a former M.H.S. student.

—————★—————

The Orient, Minneapolis, Minn.

Why don't you grow bigger like your city? What a tiny representation of so large a high school! You are very much in need of an exchange department. Even a small one would be better than none at all. Athletics certainly must be the thing at the East High School.

—————★—————

The Kalends, Delhi, N. Y.

This is another new friend to whom we bid welcome. Your story "The Lucky Thirteen", is very original and worthy of comment. Your appearance would be greatly improved by a table of contents and a few cuts.

—————★—————

A peach came walking down the street;
She was more than passing fair.
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach becomes a pair.

—————★—————

"America" Spoken Here!

Salesgirl—"Shall I charge it?"

Pretty French Girl (unable to think of C. O. D.)—"No, send it! Send it three letters!"

Salesgirl—"I don't understand, madam."

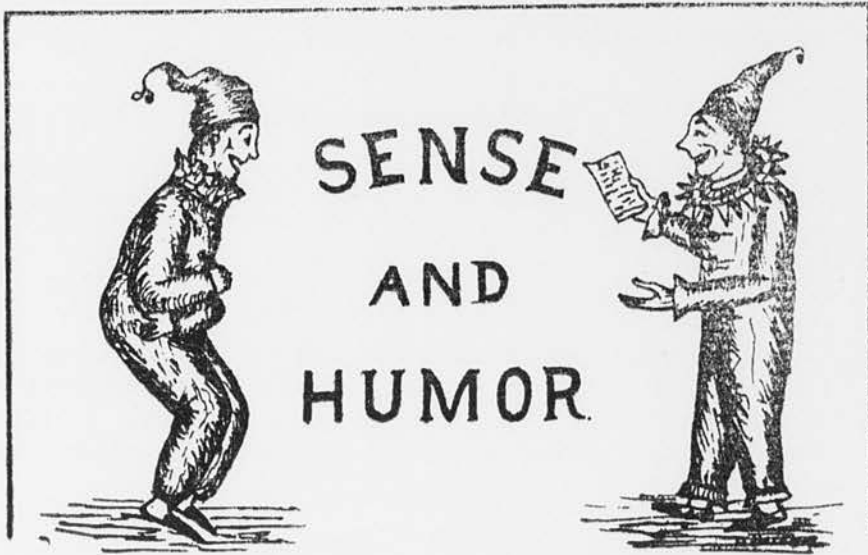
P. F. G.—"I know now. Send it P. D. Q."

—————★—————

Three ways of communication: Telephone, Telegraph, Tella Woman.

—————★—————

(In chemistry class) Prof.—"Tomorrow we take Cyanide, and on Wednesday, Arsenic."



A. D., '21—(at railroad station)—“Are you engaged?”
Worried Porter—“Married, Miss.”

E. DeA., '22—“Why don't you wear calico any more?”
A. Glen—“Oh, I just hate to see myself in print.”

“Sweet Little Stranger”—Eleanor White.
“The Love Nest”—Elizabeth Friend's hair.
“Anything You Want To Do, Dear”—Velma Risley.
“Idle Dreams”—Townsend Morey.
“Chili Bean”—Rachael Waters
“I Cannot Sleep Without Dreaming of You”—Howard Breeze.
“Just Like a Gypsy”—Florence Beagle.
“Left All Alone Again Blues”—Don Davison.
“Old Man Jazz”—Chester Wilson.
“Whispering”—during school hours.
“Somebody”—Charles Sayles.
“If You Could Care”—Arthur Blair.
“A Young Man's Fancy”—Evelyn Graves.
“After You Get What You Want You Don't Want It”—Helen
Kirtland.
“I Never Miss”—Newell Post.
“Hold Me”—Helen Wurthman.

H. J., '22—When you come to think of it, an automobile's a powerful thing!"

C. W., '21—"What's on your mind now?"

H. J.—"Why, you know an automobile with one horn can throw a man farther than a cow with two."

—*—

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

—*—

"No matter how lonely you feel, you are not as bad off as Robinson Crusoe. He had only Friday for company.

You have the whole week!" (At any rate, the whole week *end.*)

—*—

"Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind."

—*—

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