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The Crimson and White

SOPHOMORE ISSUE

February 1923

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIX

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 3

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of
The Milne High School

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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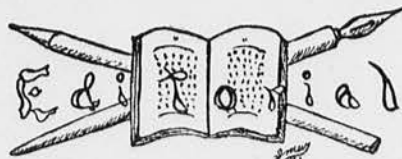
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Students, we call your attention to the advertising contest for the Crimson and White; and we shall set forth a few arguments telling you just why you ought to—no, must!—cooperate with the Crimson and White board to make the contest a success. To do this, we are going to discuss the financial status of the Crimson and White quite freely with you, so that you may understand how important the ad contest is.

From the \$5 student tax which you pay at the beginning of the year, \$1 goes to the Crimson and White. There are a few more than two hundred pupils in Milne High. In the year's budget made out by the Student Council, the amount of money given to the Crimson and White is raised a little, and we are granted \$300—\$300 with

which to print five copies of the paper, with \$50 extra for the additional cost of the June issue, which is always the largest number of the year. Of course, the money gained from our advertising is supposed to be one source of income, but the amount we receive from this source is far below what it should be, as will be shown a little farther on.

You may be unfamiliar with the cost of printing; therefore you may consider this sum magnificent to defray the expenses of producing a small paper like ours. But read the following data:

The November, 1922, issue of the *Crimson and White* was a large one, and everyone called it a success. But for the thirty-eight pages it contained we paid a printing cost of \$130, of which less than \$50 was defrayed by advertisements.

As it says at the beginning of each copy of the paper, the subscription price for the year is \$1.00, which makes each copy cost you twenty cents. This price compared with the cost of that one issue alone, \$130, shows that each student of Milne High received for twenty cents a volume which it cost forty-four cents to print. If our advertising was as it should be, such a thing as that might be possible. But as affairs stand, it can't be done without using up the entire allotment in printing three copies.

We foresaw that we would have to cut down the size of the paper or else see the *Crimson and White* bank account dwindle to nothing. So the December issue was only thirty-two pages, of which we had again less than five full pages of advertising. And people complained of the reduced size of the paper. Even so, it cost more than one issue should have cost according to the year's allotment.

Now there are three ways of securing enough money for the *Crimson and White*.

The first is to suit the size of the paper to the size of the allotment, without relying at all upon advertisements. This would mean that we would have to make each issue very small indeed; and we would then have a tiny, insignificant school paper, not as good as those of many small country high schools which we receive as exchanges.

The second proposition is that the student tax might be raised. That really seems a fair suggestion, for you are now receiving more value in the *Crimson and White* than you are paying for. But, on the other hand, you probably consider \$5 as large a tax as you wish to pay, and certainly it would be foolish to adopt this method unless no better way presented itself.

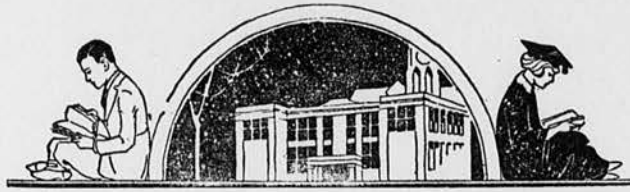
But there is a better way. That is to make the Crimson and White at least partially self-supporting through the money gained from advertisements. That is surely the most sensible way, and that is what the advertising contest is for. It is to allow the students of Milne High School to help save their paper from dwindling down into nothing because of insufficient funds; so that by their service in getting advertisements they may repay the Crimson and White for the value it is giving them. The advertising agents of the Crimson and White board are hard workers; but they cannot do it all without the cooperation of their schoolmates.

For there are handicaps in the work. Many firms, when approached for advertisements, have been known to ask: "What paper is the Crimson and White? And where is Milne High School? We have never heard of it, and we do not know that we get any custom from it; so why should we advertise in its paper?"

Students, you should all take part in the ad contest because it is the duty of all of you to make Milne High School so well known that there can be no objection to advertising in the Crimson and White, such as the argument in the last paragraph. It is your duty, by mentioning the Crimson and White when you trade, to prove to merchants that they do receive custom from Milne High; and that therefor it is profitable for them to advertise in its paper. And, above all, it is your duty to procure advertisements for the Crimson and White, so that the board may be financially able to give you the kind of school paper we want to,—the kind you will be proud of.

D. A. G., '23.

There was a young lady from Guam
Who said, "Now the sea is so caum,
I will swim for a lark."
But she met with a shark—
We will now sing the 99th psalm.



SCHOOL NOTES

The Q. T. S. A. scholarship dance, under the auspices of the school societies, took place in the State College gym, Saturday night, February tenth. The gymnasium was decorated in the school colors, and everyone enjoyed the fine six-piece orchestra. There were several couples from outside, and many of the Milnites turned out to help raise money for the scholarship. The dance was very pleasantly chaperoned by Professor Sayles, Miss Cushing, and Miss Rice.

The long-prepared for debate took place in chapel on February sixteenth. The question was: Resolved, That there should be a National Department of Education with a Secretary in the President's cabinet. The affirmative side consisted of Florence Hudson, Georgiana Maar, Dorothea George and DeWitt Zeh. Marian Bardene, Ellsworth Beeman, Lillian Basovsky and Edwin Cramer upheld the negative side of the question. All the speakers did very well, and the refutation on both sides was especially fine. The judges, Miss Hengge, Dr. Thompson and Professor Sayles, decided in favor of the negative.

There is soon to be a tryout to decide the parts for "Neighbors," which is to be given in the near future as the first venture of Milne's Dramatic Club.

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STUDENT COUNCIL

The last few meetings of the Student Council have been devoted to the Q. T. S. A. dance which was held in the State College gym on February tenth. We have also discussed plans for raising money to complete the scholarship fund, as there is a slight deficit.

A new point system was also inaugurated in the girls' basketball team by the Council. Under the new plan, any girl to win a point in the track meet, must have attended a certain number of basketball practices, the number is to be determined by Miss Johnston. This plan is mostly to encourage basketball among the girls.

ALUMNI NOTES

Ellsworth Kirtland, former assistant editor of the *Crimson and White*, is attending Albany High School.

Helen Van Ess, ex-'23, who is attending the Glens Falls High School, was a guest in the city February 12.

Dorothy Williams, '22, was recently awarded the Golden Eaglet, the highest honor which can be obtained by a Girl Scout. She is the first Albany Girl who has received this honor.

Marion O'Connor, '22, is attending State College for Teachers.

Katherine Maar, '22, has completed the course at the Mildred Elly Business School and now has a position in the State Education Department.

Norma and Harry Jones are now at Albany High School.

Isabella Rowe, of the class of '26, has left school.

Joseph Margolius, '21, is at the Albany Law School.

Many Milnites are now attending Albany Business College. Among the number are: Edith Paine, ex-'24; Mildred Weldon, ex-'24; Helen Frazer, ex-'23; Velma Risley, '22; Helen Smelzer, ex-'23.

Howard Breeze, '22, is now at Albany High School.

—o—

MY HOUSE

A white house on a green hill,

Paid for all in one great bill,

That's my house!

A house with long French windows, too,

And inside paper that's truly blue,

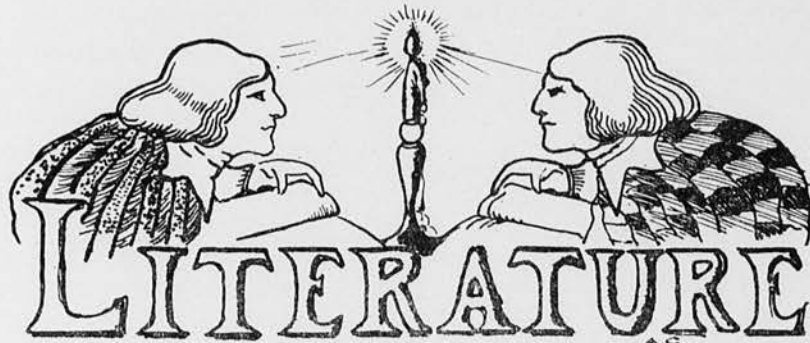
That's my house!

A house where children love to play,

And people come to all the day,

That's my house!

MARY YOUNG, '25.



THE GRAND PIANO

You may think it queer for me to be telling a story. But, if you only knew how to listen, I could tell you so many! This story is not how I was made, for I confess I don't know much about that; and, as each of my many parts would have to tell its own tale, it would be long, and, I fear, tiresome. I will tell you, though, that it would be a story of careful, patient, and loving labor.

But this story is of my sorrows and joys. When I was a very new piano, I was sent to a hall where a recital was to be given. I was very excited, for I did not know what a recital was; but I soon found out. First came some little children to play on me, and I was happy to be able to help them interpret their simple pieces. Then came some older girls and boys. Some of them did well, and I was proud to be their medium of interpretation. Some, though, were—well, I won't say what I think, but I know I suffered horribly. But, on the whole, I rather enjoyed the recital.

The next thing for which I was engaged was a concert. There were several artists; and, of course, they had an accompanist. There was also a pianist who gave two or three solos. The accompaniments went finely; but the solos were—well, that apology for a pianist wracked my wires until my nerves were all unstrung.

was a program of Beethoven, Bach and Chopin. Ordinarily I am very fond of this music, but when the pianist knows little about playing and less about the interpretation of what he is playing, the agony for the poor piano is awful.

For two or three years my life went on quietly enough. I was played upon in concerts and recitals, and I had my full share of pain and of joy.

Then, one night, the master came. I knew that he was coming, but I had not guessed his greatness. A man had come into the store which was my home, and had said: "A great pianist is coming, and we want him to use this piano." I was pleasurably excited and gratified to be chosen; but little did I dream of the joy which was to be mine.

The night of the concert came, and I was on the stage, listening to the buzz and hum of the people. Suddenly it stopped, and the audience began to clap. I knew he must be there. He sat down on the bench, ran an arpeggio up my keys and was ready to begin. My heart (I really have one) almost stopped beating, for I knew he was the master. That night I was supremely happy. He played Beethoven and Bach, and people sobbed; he played "Scenes from Childhood," and the audience laughed with him. Fountains rippled, birds trilled, children played, and an organ echoed in a great cathedral. Had Beethoven, Bach or Liszt played that night, I should not have been more happy.

Then it was over. The audience left, the hall was darkened, and I was alone. The next day I was taken back to my home in the store. That was but a few short weeks ago. I haven't been used since. But the remembrance of the music he gave me from his great, deep soul will always remain in my strings, and my heart will never cease to thrill at the name of the Master Pianist—Harold Bauer.

MARIAN CONKLIN, '25.

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THE TWINS' VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

The twins, Betty and Bobby Clark, were delighted over the fact that they were going to the country to visit their uncle and aunt. They hustled about importantly as they got their belongings together, for this was to be their first visit to the country; one would have thought, to see the preparations they were making, that they were about to cross the ocean.

When the twins arrived at the farm, they were much excited over the new wonders they saw there. They wandered about in the barns with the air of explorers in a strange foreign country; and, pleased with the novelty of the thing, they gladly helped their uncle with small tasks which any true country boy or girl would have disgustingly termed "or'nery chores."

And one day a real adventure befell them. About twenty-five feet from the back of the house was a large cistern, in which the water was about twelve feet deep. The cistern had around it a wooden curb, with a board on top of the curb. One afternoon Betty and Billy decided to examine this strange and rather alarming hole in the ground, which hitherto they had been slightly afraid of. They approach it cautiously. Billy, being more timid than his sister, did not venture very near. Betty, however, climbed up on the curb and stood on the board above it.

Billy, quite overwhelmed by his sister's bravery, cried to her: "Thyump, Betty, thyump!"

Betty, willing to lose no opportunity of awing her younger brother, began to jump up and down on the board. At first, a little uneasy, she did not jump very hard. But when Billy said: "Thyump harder!" she did so.

Suddenly there was a crack, a crash, and a scream. The cistern was quite old, and under Betty's weight the board had gone down. When Billy fearfully peered over the curb, he beheld his sister, a thoroughly surprised and frightened young lady, sitting quite comfortably on top of the board, which was floating in the water, a small but sturdy craft.

The grown-ups were soon summoned by the children's cries. Mr. Clark put a long ladder inside the cistern, climbed down, and rescued Betty from her boat. (Isn't that unromantic! A mariner adrift rescued by means of a ladder!)

When the excitement was over, and Betty was safe on dry land, she began to boast of her "thipw'eck." And certainly I think she had the unique distinction of being the only person ever shipwrecked in a cistern.

BERTHA L. POST, '25.

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WHO?

Hiss.....Sh.....Here he comes!

Enter a tall, dark person. He seems to have some (?) influence over these noisy people, for they are unusually quiet, considering the noise in Study Hall previous to his entrance. After a few moments conversation with a certain young gentleman who has been expending much effort in trying to convince us all that he is the

Life of the Party, he leaves—also the young gentleman. They will continue their little chat in his abiding place, where most of us mischievous children have stood, at one time or another, discussing the topics of the day; or of the school day, I should say.

He is master of all; but oh! what a master. No one ever understood us better. How often we turn to him for help; and is he there? Yes! We certainly appreciate this, except at times when he understands us a little too well and reads our thoughts more than we would wish him to.

Wisely he rules his kingdom; and he is respected and admired by all Milne High.

HELEN HAMBURGER, '25.

—o—

ASPIRATIONS

I wish I was the principal,
A-sittin' in his chair,
Or just a-talkin', walkin' round
I wish that I was there.

I wish I was a critic
Walkin' up and down the stair,
A-noticin' each thing you do.
I wish that I was there.

I wish I was a teacher,
With nothin' else to do
But just to make exams so hard
You never could get thru'.

But after all my wishin'
I think they work hard, too;
Perhaps I'm luckier as I am,
A Milne High kid like you.

FLORENCE GEORGE, '25.

COMPANY MANNERS REQUIRED HERE

She was not pretty. She was not particularly bright. She did not wear better clothes than the other girls did, nor did she have more money to spend than they. And yet there was not another girl whom Jane knew who was better liked than her chum, Marian Steele. Her classmates, her teachers, and even all the girls' mothers were always saying nice things about her.

"Why?" Jane asked herself almost every day. Finally she decided to ask Marian herself the cause of her popularity.

"I did not know everyone was so fond of me," returned Marian, laughing at her friend's outburst, "But if there is anything that makes me different from other girls it must be due to the signs that mother had in every room of our home."

"Signs?" questioned Jane, perplexed.

"Yes, just common, cardboard signs; and they all said exactly the same thing: Company Manners Required Here."

"Why, how funny!" Jane felt it was now her turn to laugh. Surely their conversation had strayed far from the cause of Marian's popularity.

But it was now Marian who was all earnestness. "There were so many of us children, nine in all," she explained, "that, like most brothers and sisters, we were always carrying on a good deal of fussing and squabbling with one another. That is, until mother put up the signs. This was her reason:

"You see, when company came to the house we did not fight with them for the best seats; we did not demand the choicest food at the table; and we did not say unkind things to them. We put on what mother called our 'company manners.' We made our guests feel, as we wanted them to, that we were well-behaved, well-mannered children. But when they were scarcely out of sight we would discard these company manners and behave in a manner far less angelic, but more natural to us, I am sorry to say.

"'Why,' mother asked us, 'do you treat the ones you love best in the world—your own family—with less kindness, consideration, and courtesy than the strangers who come here once in a while and whom you may never see again?'

"We didn't know, because we had never thought of it in that way. So mother instituted a new rule. We were to treat each member of the family as we would a guest, and there were to be signs to help remind us. It all seemed silly at first, but it wasn't long before

the home atmosphere changed. After a while neighbors and friends were remarking how well we children got along together."

"But that was the way your mother brought you up; and, while I agree that it was a good way, what has it to do with your popularity now?" asked Jane, puzzled.

"Why, don't you see how such training would act as an influence upon me? If people like me, it must be because I have eliminated criticism, unkind thoughts, envy, jealousy, and spitefulness, not only from my manner, but also from my very thoughts. Others unconsciously feel this; for many unkind thoughts that are never spoken are felt as much as though they had been cried aloud. That I have been able to do this is due entirely to mother's signs. I have formed the habit of wearing 'Company Manners'."

"Oh, I see it now!" exclaimed Jane. "If we could have such signs everywhere in the trolleys, the parks, the stations, the stores, for the grown-ups as well as for the children—what a fine world it would be!"

AMELIA CARR, '25.

—————o—————
 Adam stood and watched his wife
 Fall from an apple tree.
 "Ah ha! at last I've found her out!
 Eavesdropping," muttered he.

—————o—————
 "At length he rested, having made an end."—The Aeneid.

Aeneas was a lucky guy.
 He rested when he'd made an end.
 Of good ideas we're always shy.
 Aeneas was a lucky guy.
 He finished—we must write for aye;
 Nor time to rest, nor time to mend.
 Aeneas was a lucky guy.
 He rested when he'd made an end.

The Crimson & White Staff's Wail



ZETA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

The most interesting undertaking which Sigma has carried out since the time of the last Crimson and White issue was the party for Freshmen girls, which took place a little after Christmas. The Sigma girls prided themselves that the party was just a little different from anything ever before done by the society. To begin with it was a Backwards Party, which of course made it necessary for both hostesses and guests to wear their dresses backwards and to walk backward.

Then, some bright Sigma member remembered that "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" is altogether a "backward" story. So, acting upon this idea, the invitations for the party were painstakingly written in "looking glass language"—that is, backward, so that they could be read by holding them up to a mirror. A program of scenes from "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" was also arranged.

The first stunt on the program was an animal cracker hunt. Of course this was more difficult than such things usually are because the wary hunters had to proceed backward after their prey. Then there were some backward stunts to be done, with appropriate prizes suggesting "Through the Looking-Glass."

The crowning feature of the program was the set of scenes from "Through the Looking-Glass." (The crowning feature, of course, if one excepts the pink ice-cream cones, popcorn balls, and lollypops which were served at the close of the afternoon). The scenes taken were "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," (played by Midge Rappe and Gladys Rowe), "The Jabberwocky," (in which the characters were Frances Smith and Gertrude Hall), and "The Walrus and the Carpenter," (Liz Friend and Dot George).

Recently the following officers were elected for the new term:

President, Dorothea George.

Vice-President, Frances Smith.

Secretary, Margaret Rappe.

Treasurer, Elizabeth Friend.

Critic, Dorothy Robinson.

Mistress of Ceremonies, Mary Glynn.

Pianist, Caroline Gibson.

Marshal, Gertrude Hall.

The eligible Freshmen have just been elected to membership, and initiations will soon take place.

D. A. G., '23.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Quin meetings have certainly been interesting this year. On the Wednesday before Christmas Vacation the annual meeting for Freshmen, Alumni, and the Faculty was held. The meeting was called to order and the roll called. After that we Quin girls entertained our guests with a skit, some musical selections, a Christmas song, a selection by Miriam Snow, the story of Tiny Tim by Doris Clark, the story of Santa Claus by Virginia Coleman. Then Santa's daughter, Mary Christmas, brought us presents from her father.

At the election of officers the following were put in command of the army of Quintilian for the rest of the year: President, Florence Hudson; Vice-President, Marion Nichols; Recording Secretary, Alice Cleveland; Corresponding Secretary, Barbara Baker; Treasurer, Alice Secor; Mistress of Ceremonies, Persis Lenox; Marshal, Mary Young; Critic, Agnes Glenn.

Now we are looking forward with fiendish delight to the initiation of Freshmen.

F. M. H.

One day I thought I'd write a pome * * *
 A pretty pome — — —
 You know, the kind that the college comics print.
 So I bought some paper — — —
 And some beautiful ink — — —
 And an eraser — — —
 And then I had to give it up — — —
 'Cause I didn't know what to write about.



SPORTING EVENTS

Milne's basket ball schedule, which is now drawing to a close, has resulted in some fine victories. Besides taking two games from the Cathedral Academy, our team has defeated St. Joseph's Academy, Beacon High School and the Albany Boys' Academy.

The squad is confident of victory in the coming games with Beacon and Cobleskill, both of which have gone down in defeat before Milne's team.

Our boys certainly enjoyed themselves on the Beacon trip. We hope that Milne will be able to make Beacon High feel as much at home when they visit us for the return game.

L. U., '24.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Prof. Sayles—"Certainly you may have an excuse for homework."

Miss Johnson—"This class has the best vocabulary of any Latin class I've ever had."

Sterling Ferguson—"I haven't any pep today."

Dot George—"I hate men!"

DeWitt Zeh—"I've no work to do for the 'Crimson and White' today."

Marian Bardene—"I don't want to have a date tonight."

Art Milliman—"I have no use for women."

Frances Storrs—"I prefer quiet men."

Liz Friend—"I'm going to modulate my voice."

Larry Ulrich—"I don't like oyster fries at all."

Lois McNeillie—"I couldn't think of accepting any of your lunch."

"Junior" McKeon—"I'm not a bit sleepy this morning."



AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT JUMPS

Entries	Pilot	Mechanic
X-Ray.....	Owen Holmes	Philip Broughton
Cue.....	William F. Gould	Gordon Jamison
Item.....	Herbert Singer	Vedder Rector
Panorama.....	Richard Schneider	Raymond Yetter
Lal Bagh Chronicle.....	Regina Thumboo	Ethel Jacob
Red & Black	Stanley Neville	Frank Cowan, Jr.
Student's Pen.....	Edward Hickey	Kathryn Volin
High School Recorder.....	Vivian Jacobson	Stanley Erieson

Start—1 P. M., Monday—Roosevelt Field, Albany.

First Hop:—

New York (Editorials)

Panorama arrives first at 2.15 P. M., Monday—very good time made.

Cue arrives second at 2.20 P. M., Monday.

Red & Black arrives third at 2.22 P. M.

Item arrives fourth 2.27 P. M.

High School Recorder arrives fifth at 2.30 P. M., closely followed by **X-Ray**.

Student's Pen found missing as well as **Lal Bagh Chronicle**.

Second Hop:—

Paris (Cuts)

Cue arrives first on Friday, at 1.00 A. M., excellent time made when crossing the ocean.

Panorama arrives second on Friday, at 1.15 A. M.—lost a little time when crossing the ocean.

Student's Pen arrives third on Friday, at 1.20 A. M., made up the time lost between Albany and New York.

Item arrives fourth on Friday, at 1.22 A. M.—did not gain much time.

High School Recorder arrives fifth on Friday, at 2.30 A. M.

Red & Black arrives sixth on Friday, at 3.00 A. M.—lost a lot of time crossing the ocean.

X-Ray arrives seventh on Friday, at 3.30 A. M.—lost some time.

Lal Bagh Chronicle reported still missing.

Third Hop:—

Rome (Literature)

Student's Pen arrives first on Saturday, at 1. A. M.—made excellent time after leaving Paris.

Lal Bagh Chronicle arrives second on Saturday, at 1.30 A. M.—excellent time.

High School Recorder arrives third on Saturday, at 1.32 A. M.—gained time.

Cue lost time after leaving Paris and is now fourth.

Panorama also lost time and is now fifth.

Item arrived at 2.00 A. M.—after losing some time.

Red & Black arrived at 2.30 A. M.

X-Ray comes in last at 2.45 A. M.

Fourth Hop:—

Cairo (Athletics)

Great crowds cheered the first machine to land at Cairo.

Red & Black arrives at 11.00 P. M., Saturday.

X-Ray comes in only a little time after the first plane, closely followed by **Panorama**.

Cue arrives at 12.00 P. M.

Student's Pen comes in at 12.15, on Sunday morning, closely followed by **High School Recorder** and **Item**.

Lal Bagh Chronicle comes in last.

Fifth Hop:—

Sydney (Exchanges)

Great excitement in Sydney. Two planes arrive together on Wednesday, at 12.30 P. M.

Item, **X-Ray**—made good time after leaving Cairo.

High School Recorder comes in third at 1.00 P. M.
Panorama is close behind the **Recorder**.
Student's Pen which arrived at 1.30.
Cue arrived at 2.00—lost time after leaving Cairo.
Red & Black, Lal Bagh Chronicle are reported missing.

Sixth Hop:—

Honolulu (Jokes)
Panorama is in first on Thursday, at 9 P. M.
Student's Pen is reported to have arrived second on Thursday.
Item has lost some time since Sydney.
Cue has arrived—gained much time.
Recorder, Red & Black, X-Ray arrived about the same time.
Lal Bagh Chronicle is again missing.

Seventh Hop:—

Kansas City (Advertisements)
Great crowds cheered the **Item** which arrived before expected,
on Saturday, at 2.05 P. M.
Panorama is reported to have arrived at 2.30, the second ma-
chine to have come.
Cue arrives third about 2.45.
Recorder arrived close behind the **Cue**, with the **Red & Black**
in close pursuit.
Student's Pen comes in seventh followed by **X-Ray**.
Lal Bagh Chronicle again missing.

Eighth Hop:—

Albany—End of Journey.
Great throngs greet the winning plane!
Panorama arrived here about 3.00 P. M., Sunday—winning the
race.
The next machine reported was the **Cue**, which arrived at 3.06
P. M., closely followed by the **Item** which arrived at 3.07.
The fourth plane to arrive home was the **Student's Pen**
which came at 3.11 with the **High School Recorder** landing
at 3.12 P. M. The sixth plane to land was the **Red & Black**
which arrived at 3.16. The **X-Ray** landed at Roosevelt
Field at 3.19 and the **Lal Bagh Chronicle**, so often reported
missing, arrived rather late at 3.25.



Father—"Do you know where little boys who smoke go?"
 Son—"Down behind the shed."

—o—
 The girlie saw without dismay
 Her water wings float far away.
 She simply smiled and said with poise,
 "Oh, well, you know buoys will be buoys."

—o—
 L. U., '24—"Gosh, but I'd hate to be a fish!"
 Mae —"Why?"
 Larry —"Because then I'd have to live in schools all my
 life."

—o—
 N. L., '26—"What do you think of Scott's 'Ivanhoe'?"
 J. S., '26—"I like his Emulsion better."

—o—
 "Who is that terrible looking woman?"
 "That's my sister."
 "Oh, that's all right; you ought to see mine."

—o—
 Hostess—"It looks like a storm. I think you had better stay
 for dinner."
 H. B., '25—"Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for
 that."

—o—
 S. F., '24—"We're going to hit eighty in a minute! Are you
 afraid?"
 D. G., '23 (swallowing much dust)—"No indeed, I'm full of
 grit."

W. V. A., '24—"That scar on your head must be very annoying."

L. McN., '24—"Oh, it's next to nothing."

Did you know that Vic Trola was put in Sing Sing for having a bad record?

"That painted and powdered girl over there flunked everything."

"But she'll pass her make-up exams all right."

"When Greek meets Greek, what happens?"

"They start a fruit store."

Mistress—"I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk myself."

When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair, he considers it a net gain. She considers it a net loss.

A. H., '23—"I wonder what kind of chickens they had in the Stone Age?"

Liz—"Plymouth Rocks, I suppose."

"Sure, and Mike was killed by appendicitis."

"I might have known it was one of them treacherous Greeks."

Miss Tenney—"And the price of nitrates is now very high."

A. L., '23—"What do we care? We never telegraph."

G.—"For the past three months my wife has refused to make any coffee. Is that grounds for divorce?"

A.—"No, where there is no coffee, there can be no grounds."

Each flea believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.

Mary had a little lamb,

You've heard this tale before—

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

R. J., '23—"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry."

E. C., '23—"That depends. How many do you expect to marry?"

—————0—————

Barber—"I can't shave you, sir, unless you hold up your head."

E. B., '23 (who is very sleepy)—"All right, give me a haircut, then."

—————0—————

F. S., '24—"That novel in 'Snappy Stories' is rather mushy."

A. M., '23—"That's why it's in serial form."

—————0—————

E. L., '24—"Are the pictures in the rogues' gallery framed?"

M. R., '24—"Yes, in guilt."

—————0—————

"Jack is an atheist."

"Is that a good fraternity?"

—————0—————

A. F., '23—"What's wrong with this car? It squeaks dreadfully."

D. C., '23—"Can't be helped; there's pig iron in the axles."

—————0—————

It is good to be merry and wise,

It is good to be fearless and bold,

It is good to be on with the new love

Before you are off with the old.

—————0—————

"Income Tax," grumbled the carpet as father got busy with his little hammer.

—————0—————

B. L., '24—"I wonder why poor Jim jumped in the river?"

Hammie, '25—"I think there was a woman at the bottom of it."

—————0—————

Mrs. C.—"Don't you stay in the room when your daughter has company any more?"

Mrs. D.—"No, I am trying the honor system."

—————0—————

He—"Aren't his fingers unusually agile for a piano-player?"

She—"Well, you see, he used to be a cheer leader at a deaf and dumb institute."

Mother—"Horrors! While sister was sleeping the baby licked all the paint off——"

Father—"What, off the chair?"

Mother—"No, off sister."

o

Mary had a little lamb,
She took it everywhere,
But now the cold keeps it at home,
Cause Mary bobbed its hair.

o

Policeman—"Hey! Make your car stop coughing."

Mae, '24—"I can't help it. It hasn't got its muffler on."

o

"Do you know anything about Marco Polo?"

"No, is it anything like clock golf?"

o

Art Milliman (after an hour's session)—"Hello, hello, central. Can't I get a better line?"

Central (who has overheard most of it)—"Say, I don't see anything wrong with the one you have."

o

In class 'tis ever the self-same tale,
In ev'ry line of endeavor,
The students come and they go to sleep,
But the prof. goes on forever.

o

He—"Sorry I couldn't keep my appointment with you yesterday, I had an-er-class."

She—"Yes, I saw her; some class!"

o

Miss Betz (history)—"What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"

G. Maar—"The book says that after his exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement."

o

Clerk—"This book will do half your work."

D. Z., '23—"Gimme two—quick."

o

R. K., '23—"How's the circus?"

Davvy—"Beastly, beastly."

Prof. Sayles—"What are the names of the bones in your hand?"
? —"Dice."

—————o—————

Frosh—"Does history repeat itself?"
Senior—"Sure does if you flunk it!"

—————o—————

—"Jack looks sort of sour today."
—"Yeah; just came up on the milk train."

—————o—————

Dentist—"Awfully sorry, sir, but I just tore out a piece of your gum."

E. C., '23—"That's all right. Just stick it under the chair and I'll get it as I go out."

—————o—————

She learnt the fox-trot, one-step, too—
And with the tango took a chance;
But, oh, she met her Waterloo
At the St. Vitus dance!

—————o—————

Judge—"How is it that you have no horn on your car?"

E. D., '24—"Oh, I don't think it's necessary. I have a little round thing on the hood that says 'Dodge Brothers.'"

—————o—————

D. C., '23 (dining for first time at the Ten Eyck, pointing to French word)—"I'll have some of that, please."

Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but the orchestra is playing that now."

—————o—————

An Irish friend of mine
Will little water drink;
He says he has a flannel mouth
And water makes him shrink.

—————o—————

Miss Rise—"Do you know any of Shakespeare's quotations?"

G. A., '25—"No, I never knew he was a stock-broker."

—————o—————

Woman Tourist—"So this is Alaska?"

Bored Guide—"Nome."

—————o—————

Miss Johnson—"Young man, have you had any Socrates yet?"

Student—"No ma'am, but I've had Plato soup."

“Get off my feet.”

“It’s too much of a walk.”

—o—

M. B., '23 (cooly)—“Dearest, you have such affectionate eyes.”

He (all thrilled)—“Darling, do you really mean it?”

Marian (bored)—“Yes, they are always looking at—each other.”

—o—

Tailor—“That coat is too short for you.”

R. C., '24—“Well, it will be long before I get another one.”

—o—

Miss Betz (history)—“Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States.”

D. R., '23—“1492—none.”

—o—

E. B., '23—“What would this nation be without women?”

A. L., '23—“A stagnation.”

—o—

If you eat your lunch in chapel, at least have the courtesy to crawl under the seats.

—o—

If you know a good joke, tell it to fifty of your most intimate friends. If only forty-nine of them have heard it before, then by all means hand it to the Joke Editor. She wants **new** jokes.

—o—

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—o—

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Feminine voice—“No!”

M. V.—“Aw, come on—be a sport!”

F. V.—“I said No!”

M. V.—“Aw, please; just this once!”

F. V.—“Positively, NO!”

M. V.—“Aw, gee, mom, all the other fellers are gonna wear longies, 'n' I always have to look like a kid!”

—o—

She—“I wonder why they put cornmeal on the floor when they dance?”

He—“Ah, that’s to make the chickens feel at home.”

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