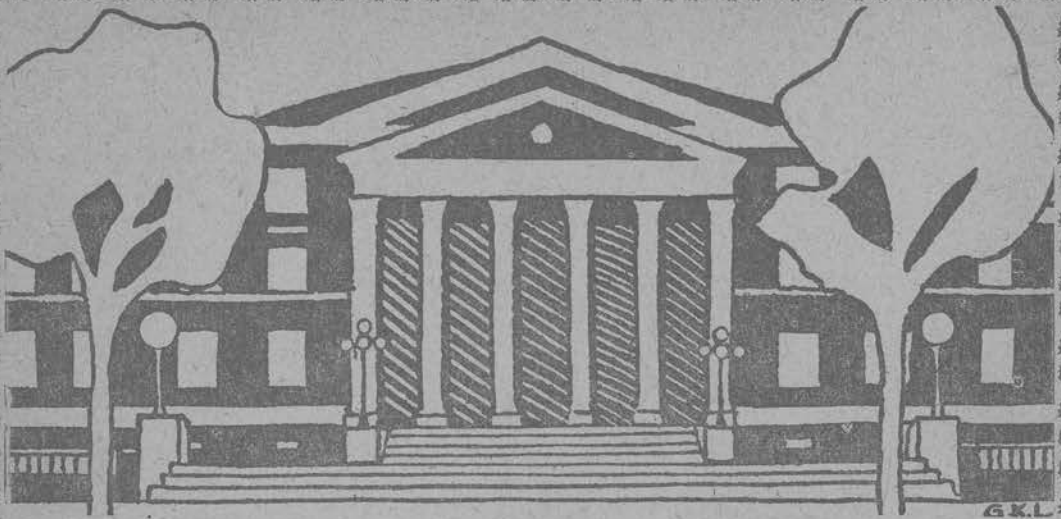
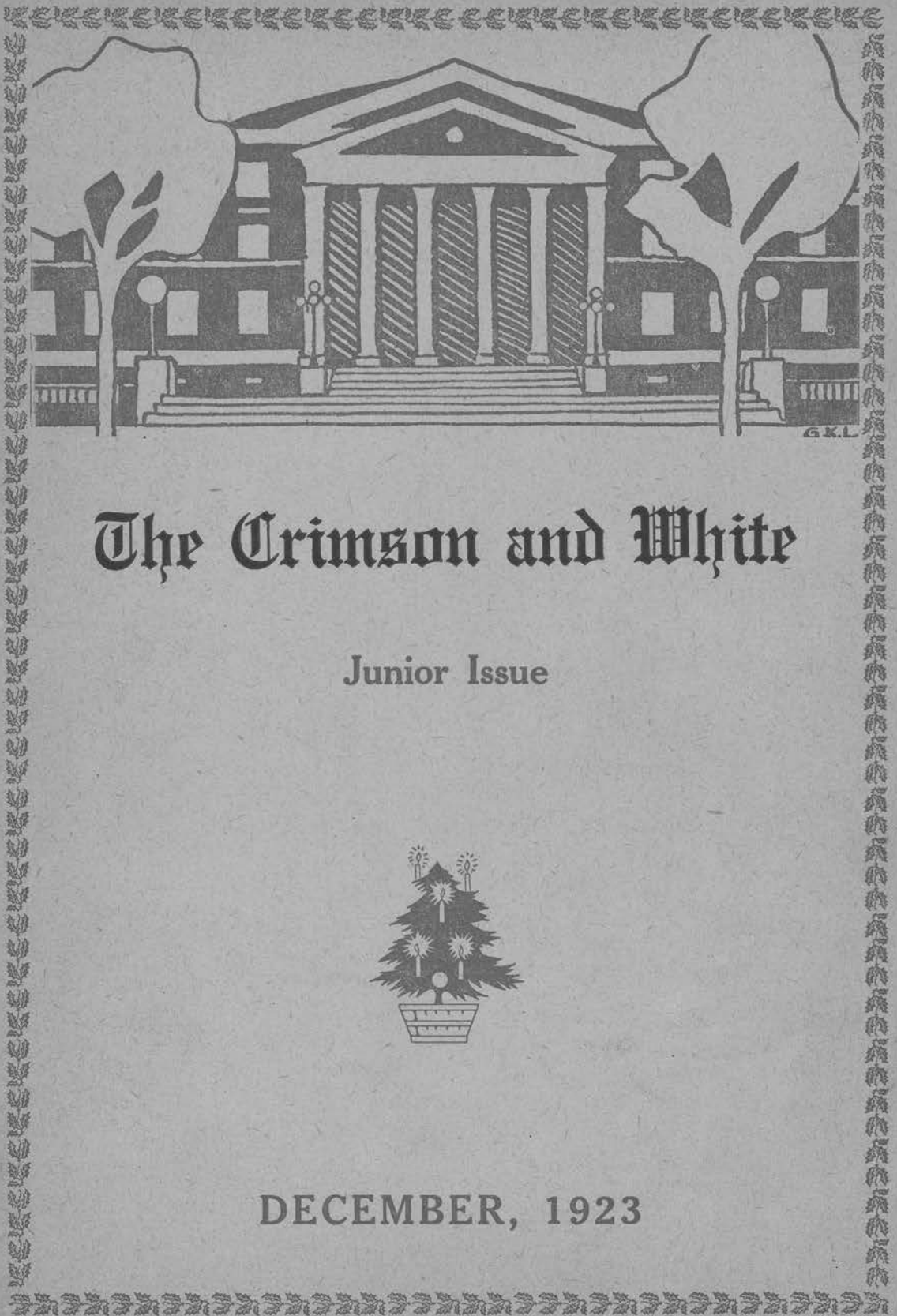


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The Crimson and White

Junior Issue



DECEMBER, 1923



Miss Elizabeth Shaver

THE Junior edition of the "Crimson and White" we wish to dedicate to Miss Shaver and Miss Rice. We can but say that they have helped us in every way and we are proud to be doing our work under them. We hope to prove our thanks by this small dedication.



Miss Eunice Rice

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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XX

DECEMBER 1923

No. 2

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The Milne High School of Albany, New York

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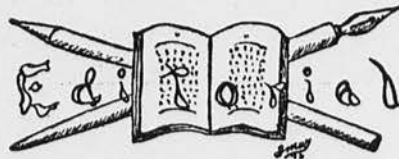
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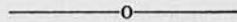


We have a lovely Christmas custom, that of exchanging gifts. This year let's give a gift to our school. She does so much for us. This year we think the very nicest remembrance would be loyalty.

Loyalty! There are different types of loyalties, but the main one is to be loyal to ourselves, in connection with our loyalty for Milne High School. It is our responsibility to uphold Milne and to boost her to the sky. We must also be loyal to our work. Let our motto concerning this be, "Never slacken." To our teachers and advisors we owe our loyalty, for upon them lies the task of giving to us that valuable education which we are all seeking. Let us make it easier; thus being loyal to them. There is a most important way in which we

can help our school and be loyal to it. The Student Council, which is but a representation of the student body as a whole, is doing all they can to help us. What can we do to help them? We can be loyal to them. The student body must make them realize that we are in back of them, always ready to uphold them.

This year is but a step to the goal that Milne is seeking, but come on Milne students! let's make it a big, broad step so that it shall boost Milne High on the staircase of success.

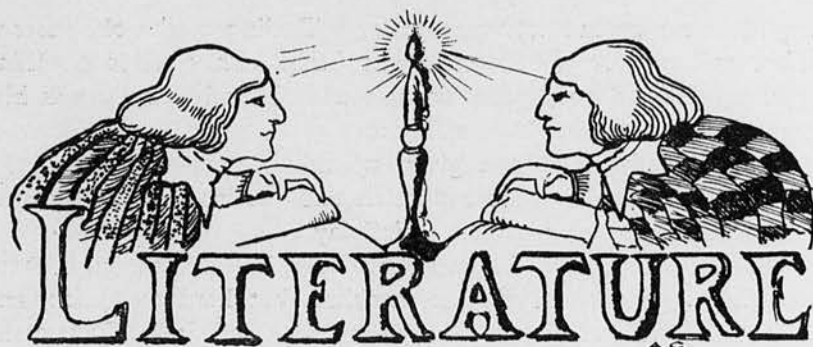


SANTA CLAUS

There's a great big man with whiskers white,
And he comes to see children in the night.
On Christmas eve with his reindeer eight,
He comes with his toys and is never late.
He climbs down the chimney and into the house.
Filling the stockings as quiet as a mouse,
Then up the chimney and into the sleigh,
With his eight reindeer he gallops away.
He's a right jolly good fellow without any flaws,
This man we all love is Santa Claus.

D. C., '25





Should Children Be Told the Truth About Santa Claus

Children, by children I mean those of ten years and under, usually do not want to know the truth about Santa Claus. They want to believe in that jolly, snow-bearded old man who for years has gladdened the hearts of children and who is, himself, a symbol of childhood.

Christmas, to children, stands for the happy winter vacation, and a large number of presents. The day itself stands for several important events: first, there is the stocking, full of candy, nuts and fruit and sometimes 'way down is tucked a small present, maybe more. Who else but the well-known, well-beloved red clad figure could have stuffed such a bountiful stocking? Then there is the tree; the green, fragrant, woody looking tree, trimmed with many bright balls and ornaments, tinsel and popcorn. Who else but the fatherly, dear old Santa Claus could have found such a tree (just the right size for the corner)?

Have you ever seen a child, say, two weeks before Christmas, looking and hunting for a present for himself? Have you also seen the same child when he has found one? If you have, you probably have noticed the disappointed, almost hurt look in his eyes. You ask why? Why, because he didn't want to find a present which he knows was brought into the house by his father or mother or older brother or sister. He really, down deep in his heart wanted to find that package on Christmas morning among the one Santa Claus had left. He wanted to believe that the present had come a long way, from the cold north pole in a huge pack with other presents, in the sleigh drawn by the eight famous reindeer.

No matter how hard they try to keep their faith, for even if a

thoughtless person has told them, they will cling to the old custom, children will outgrow the idea of Santa Claus. They are so unwilling to give up this belief that they try to make themselves believe in him several Christmas' after they really do.

When, finally they have given up this dear custom and trust, Christmas loses much of its attraction and fascination. It becomes no more an illustrious day than a birthday.

And, so I say, that children should not be told the truth about Santa Claus. Ideals are easy to establish, but hard to realize, and although children's ideals are many, Christmas and Santa Claus stand first. Can't we let them keep this one big dear ideal as long as possible?

B. A. B., '25

Christmas Customs and Traditions in Other Lands

Christmas in Merry England, about the year 878 was celebrated not for a day, but a period of Holiday making. This period began on December 16, and lasted until January 6, which was called Twelfth night.

In the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, Christmas was a democratic festival. An English gentleman invited all of his tenants and neighbors, who came to the Hall at daybreak to feast. Ale, blackjack, Cheshire cheese, with toast, sugar and nutmeg was passed around. The Hackin, or great sausage, must be boiled at daybreak. If this was not done, two young men took the cook by the arm and ran her around the market place until she was ashamed of her laziness.

In some places in Oxfordshire, when the maidservant asked her master for ivy, with which to decorate the house, and he refused or forgot, she stole a pair of his breeches and nailed them to the gate in the yard or on the highway. In other places, this refusal deprived the man of the privilege of the mistletoe.

In the German Alps, it is believed that the cattle receive the gift of speech on Christmas Eve. However, it is considered a sin to listen to these conversations. There is an Alpine story about a farmer's servant who did not believe in this superstition. He hid himself in a stable, and when the clock struck twelve, he heard the horses speaking of his funeral. He was buried a week from that day. There are other traditions in different parts of Europe that the bees sing, the cattle kneel in honor of the Christ-Child, and that the sheep go in a

procession in commemoration of the visit of the Angels to the shepherds.

The burning of the Yule-log was a custom started by the Scandinavians. A large piece of a tree was drawn to the home with great joy. The log was placed in a huge fireplace and kindled by a piece of the log from the previous year. It was considered a very bad sign if a squinting or bare foot person, or a flat footed woman entered the hall during the burning of the log. It was thought to be good luck if a piece of the log was kept until the following Christmas.

The Polish people believe that on Christmas Eve, the heavens open and Jacob's ladder is re-enacted, but only Saints can see it.

The Christmas tree was dedicated to love and good deeds. Many lands claim the origin of the lighted Christmas tree, but Martin Luther is believed to have originated this custom. While trying to describe the Christmas stars, he took a small tree and placed lights upon it.

In European countries, the belief is that Saint Nicholas appears on a white horse followed by the souls of all the little children who were slain by the order of Herod. The children place their wooden shoes filled with oats outside the door on Christmas Eve. In the morning, if they were good children, the oats will be gone, presumably eaten by the horse, and in their place will be nuts and apples. In Germany, Saint Nicholas appears as a tall, thin person, with pockets full of sugar plums for the children.

C. S., '25

Let's Not Forget the First Christmas

Another Christmas season is with us. Those picturesque days when holly wreaths in windows, mistletoe hanging from doorways, candles flickering at night-time, and fir-trees decorated with tinsel abound! Expectancy is everywhere: in the voice and on the face. Everywhere, great preparations are being made. Who would be brave enough to attempt to take a census of the plum puddings and fruit cakes which are being stored on cupboard shelves?

It is nineteen hundred and twenty-three years ago that the three Wise Men, guided by the brilliant star, found the Babe in the manger. As long ago, too, the angels caroled: "Peace on earth, good will to men." We must not, in the hurry and excitement and strife of modern life lose sight of the real meaning of this holiday, the religious significance which has made the day last throughout the years. We must not forget the first Christmas!

E. I., '25

Christmas Spirit

"Oh dear, these silly old novels make me tired. First comes a mysterious man or girl, then a lot of adventure, supposed to be exciting, after that they get mad and make up on the last page. I wish some author would invent a new kind of book." This outburst was given to the room in general from the depths of sofa pillows, on the davenport. The only listener was another girl—for this was a girl who had spoken, known to her friends as "Madge." The quiet audience was called "Trix."

After yawning, stretching and groaning in a bored manner, Trix spoke.

"Why don't you do your Geometry, then that book you're reading would seem more agreeable."

"O! mercy! can't you leave me alone long enough to relieve my mind? You worry more about my getting my lessons than about getting your own. My last test mark was five higher than yours."

"That was about the only time. What are you going to give Mother and Dad for Christmas?"

"Oh! I wonder—why it's the fourth of December already isn't it? I didn't think that Christmas vacation was so near, only twelve more school days, how spiffy. I wish someone would give me a —"

"I didn't ask you what you wanted. I asked you what you were going to give to Mother and Dad?"

"I don't know. Let's go down town and look for presents in the stores. I haven't much money now, but we can stop at Dad's office and get some."

After they reached the business section, the two girls first went to a large office building to find Dad. It was evident that they found him, for they soon came out into the snowy streets, smiling happily. "Let's go to the department store on the corner first," said Madge.

"All right, hurry," replied Trix.

"Oh look at the poor little kid over there crying." "Hello sonney."

"Madge," gasped Trix, "you do the most outlandish things. Come on. Don't bother with every child you see on the street."

"What's the matter boy?" said Madge.

"Aw gee! that big fella over there won't let me sell my papers," said the little lad.

"Here I'll buy them of you. How many have you?"

"Will you really? But'ja can't read 'em all tonight."

"O! that doesn't make any difference, I—"

"Madge Carr come here this minute or I'll go right back to the office and tell Dad."

"Oh don't bother me, I'm having some fun, go on with your shopping, I don't care," chuckled Madge.

"Well, I know one thing I'll never come shopping with you again, *never*," stormed Trix. Then she turned and walked away leaving her sister to amuse herself with the street waif.

"Where do you live kid?"

"Down on South Brook Street, what ya wanta know fur?"

"What do you sell papers for, Christmas presents?" queried Madge, ignoring the boy's question.

"No, I help support the family," he answered with a swaggering air.

"Come on let's go over to the store and get some things for you and your family—I'll buy all your papers. Come on."

That evening Madge came in with muddy shoes, a hole in her stocking, a rip in her skirt, and a smudge on her nose.

"Why, Magdeline, where have you been?" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh mom I was never so glad to see this dear old room as I am now. Please don't scold me, I went way down in the worst part of the city. Uh! it was awful, but Tim's house will have the most scrumptious Christmas ever."

"Say Dad will you give me some more Christmas money. I even had to borrow carfare to come home with."

G. W., '25

French Christmas Customs

In France, the Christmas customs are somewhat different than they are in America. The children there, instead of hanging up their stockings, place their little wooden sabots before the fireplace on Christmas Eve. They believe that the jolly Bonhomme Noel, as Santa Claus is called in France is accompanied on his midnight trip by another personage, a thin, cruel-faced man called Père Fouldard, the "Whipper," who carries a bundle of long whips. If the children have been good all year, they receive sugar plums and toys, but if they have been bad Père Fouldard leaves a whip for them. The French children believe also that Bonhomme Noel rides about on a donkey and carries his toys in a sack on his back. But the same spirit prevails throughout the Christmas season as in our own country—the spirit of joy and good will.

A. C., '25

Karl's Christmas

Little Karl was a poor boy of Holland, who lived with his grandparents. They were not poor, but they could not afford the luxuries of life. Like most little children, Karl looked forward to the visit of Santa Claus, with great pleasure. Grandmother said, "Karl, if you are very good from now on maybe 'Santa' won't forget you." Karl was good, in fact he was so good that people noticed it. At last Christmas Eve came and grandmother assured Karl that he deserved a visit from Santa Claus. He placed his worn, wooden shoe in the chimney corner. Then he climbed the narrow stairs, giving many backward glances at the shoe.

Early the next morning he was up and down stairs. There was his little wooden shoe completely covered with toys, sweets and all the things that "Santa" might leave a little boy like Karl. He was so absorbed with his toys that his grandparents slipped in unnoticed. They stood by smiling with tears of joy in their eyes, for it was the first Christmas they had been able to see Karl so happy.

V. G., '25

Christmas Traditions and Customs

One of the popular Christmas customs that we have now is: having a Christmas tree. This custom has been in use ever since the missionary, Boniface, converted the German tribes from their worship of Thor to Christianity. The story goes that Boniface cut down the "Thunder Oak" of the Germans under which human sacrifices were made. Amid the ruins of the fallen oak there sprang up a young fir tree, straight and green. "Here," said the missionary, "is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it; that shall be the sign of your new worship. So the Germans took the young fir tree to the hall of their chieftain and celebrated their first real Christmas.

Some old prints, still preserved, and a tradition, show that Martin Luther was the originator of the lighted Christmas tree. Luther was on his way home one Christmas Eve, and he was thinking how beautiful the stars looked. In order to describe the scene to his wife, he brought in a fir tree, lighted some candles and placed them upon the branches. "This" he said, "is like the Christmas sky; we'll call it a Christmas tree.

The name Santa Claus is a variation of Saint Nicholas, who was an archbishop in the beginning of the Christian era. The children

used to set their wooden shoes by the door and he would fill them with apples and nuts. In some places the girls would hang long stocking shaped purses at the doors, as a strong hint to St. Nicholas to leave money for them.

All these customs and traditions about the Christmas tree and Santa Claus have lasted through the ages and are practiced and enjoyed by the children of today.

B. McL., '25

The Eye of San Tarkis

Ever since the famous Ragoon Ruby had come into the hands of Syble Chestermarke, M. P., it had been but a source of worry and annoyance. Worth thousands and the envy of all London, it had come from a sacrificial shrine in far away Ragoon; but Mr. Chestermarke had no desire to keep this stone, since the expenses of a member of Parliament are enormous, and this stone, which he had bought cheaply, could be sold at an advantage to San Tarkis, a high priest of the shrine of Ragoon. San Tarkis came, made his offer, which was rejected; and left swearing vengeance on Syble Chestermarke.

The next day the news was scattered far and wide that the Ragoon Ruby had been mysteriously stolen. It later developed that Berryl, the only daughter of Mr. Chestermarke, had disappeared at precisely the same time.

As a matter of form, the officials of Scotland yard had searched San Tarkis, who had been found near the Chestermarke mansion, soon after the supposed time of the robbery. X-rays had disproved the theory that he had swallowed the valuable stone, and he had been released. This was but further proof that Berryl Chestermarke had stolen her father's gem, contended the gossips of London's high society.

Syble Chestermarke mourned the loss of his daughter. He would forgive her if only she would come back. He cared nothing for the stone. He declared, truthfully, as he believed, to detectives that she had never had a love affair. He would not have allowed it. She was his only living relation, the only person who cared for his welfare, and who loved him.

About a week later a peculiar development in the case, came up. He was summoned to Scotland Yard and there he was introduced to Donald Harvey, an American civil engineer. In a corner stood San Tarkis, hand-cuffed and defiant. Mr. Harvey had forcefully brought

San Tarkis to Scotland Yard, and ordered his arrest. His story was concise and proven. He had been in the employ of an American construction firm in Ragoon. Here he had seen San Tarkis as high priest of the Ragoon temple, revolutionist and a dangerous character. In London he had seen the picture of San Tarkis in the London "Post" as a suspect in the gem robbery. There was one difference however, in Ragoon, San Tarkis had had but one eye the other having been destroyed in a clash with the Ragoon police. The newspaper cut showed two eyes. Noticing this, he had formed a plan.

Disguised as a robber he had gone to the den of San Tarkis, found him getting ready to leave, attacked him, dislodged his false eye, discovered the Ragoon Ruby in the false eye, and had brought San Tarkis to Scotland Yard. Syble Chestermarke was very happy, since this proved his daughter's innocence.

"Mr. Chestermarke," said Donald Harvey, after having been offered many rewards, "I want you to meet my wife, Mrs. Berry Chestermarke Harvey."

Syble Chestermarke was astonished, and Donald volunteered information. "Your daughter eloped with me the night the ruby disappeared," he said, "and I knew the evidence was against her, and advised her not to return home until after the mystery was solved."

Syble Chestermarke considered matters a minute. "Chestermarke mansion always was too big for two," he concluded."

D. W., '25

A Christmas Story

In a mining town in Nevada, lived the poor widow of Tom Hunter, and her two small children. Bobby aged three and Dorothy four. The father had been killed in a mine explosion a few months before.

It was Christmas Eve, and the children, of course, were looking forward anxiously for the visit of Santa Claus. Their mother had refrained from telling them that they were too poor to have a happy Christmas as they had had before their father's death. Little Dorothy coming up to her mother's side, looked up into her face and asked, "Muvver, must we go to bed early, so Santa Claus will come?" Her mother's eyes filled with tears as she told the children that it was a very cold winter, and she was afraid Santa Claus wouldn't be able to get around to all the houses, and perhaps he would miss them. "But," said curly-headed Bobby, "hasn't he a sleigh and reindeers, and couldn't he come, if he tried real hard, muvver?" "Yes, yes dear,"

replied his mother, "now run along to bed and maybe he will come anyway."

The children, happy with the thought that maybe he would come, scampered off to bed, and soon were dreaming of Christmas trees and all sorts of wonderful toys.

Their mother, left alone, sat down on one of the rude chairs in the poorly furnished, yet neat living-room, and tried to think of some way to make her children happy on Christmas. Finally, discouraged, she layed her head on the table and wept. If she had looked up at one of the windows, no doubt she would have been frightened to see the face of a very rough looking man peering through it.

The man was Jim Larkins, one of the roughest miners in the town, but known to be kind-hearted and generous. He had left his accustomed place at one of the gambling tables of the miner's saloon for the long tramp through the snow to his cabin about a mile away. While passing the Hunter cabin, he had heard the questions of the children, and also their mother's answer. Curious, he had crept up to the window, and had heard the conversation of the mother and her little ones. Jim had known and been very fond of the father of this family, and now as he witnessed the grief of the mother, at not being able to make her children happy, his heart was touched, and a tear crept slowly down his rough cheek. Instead of going to his cabin, he hurried back to the town, and went straight to the largest store of which the town could boast. When he left the store, his arms were filled with odd shaped packages which he carried to the gambling house, and entering laid them upon one of the tables. The miners were surprised at his return and paused in their games and drinking, to question him as to what the packages contained. "Toys," said Jim. "Toys?" asked the miners. "Yes, toys for Tom Hunter's children," he replied. Then Jim related to them, what he had seen and heard at the widow's cabin. "Now come on boys," he said, "Tom Hunter was a good fellow, and let's help to make his widow and her kiddies happy on Christmas. I have the toys, now you fellows make up a bag of gold, and we'll leave them on the doorstep where they'll find them in the morning."

Christmas morning, when widow Hunter, heavy hearted, opened the door of the cabin, she gazed with surprise at the packages on the doorstep, and calling to her children to help her they carried them inside. As they opened the many packages and bag of gold, the children delightedly clapped their hands and said, "Oh Muvver, it wasn't too cold for dear old Santa Claus to come, was it?" The mother, with

tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, knelt with her children, and thanked God for the unknown friends who had brought them such joy and happiness.

B. P., '25

Current Magazines

I. "How many of these errors do you make?" Doesn't this sound exciting. Don't you wonder if you could answer them. Well this is just one of the interesting articles in the American Magazine this month. It is an interview with Professor John Erskine, Professor of English at Columbia University. There is one more that is interesting to boys and girls at school, which is: "Are you keeping your friendship in good repair?" Read it and profit by it.

II. Did you know that California has no coal, but she has great water resources? Read about it in a very instructive article in the December Saturday Evening Post. The description of the electrical power used in Sierra Nevada is perfectly splendid. There is also a very amusing and clever piece concerning the Presidency of the U. S. in 1924.

III. The December issue of "The Delineator" contains much helpful information as to the observing and celebrating of Christmas. Some of these most instructive articles and departments are: "Presents from the Woods" by Elsie Herbachek, "Christmas and the Invalid" by a "Shut-In," "Personal Greeting Cards," and "New Gifts for Christmas."

This issue contains the first installment of Kathleen Norris' newest work, "Rose of the World." The author says that this is the best serial she has ever written. A special Christmas story is also included, "And Hear The Angels Sing," by Frances Wood.

Among the numerous articles and features is an article by Ethel Barrymore, America's foremost character actress, "My Reminiscences" is the life-story of this actress, and it gives her career, step by step, through her many productions. This is the fourth of a series on her life.

Under the title "I Remember A Christmas"—are included four very interesting short articles: "Christmas Day at Sea," Joseph Conrad, "The Same of Happiness," by Ida Tarbell, "Christmas Tinsel," by Edith Wharton, and "The Christmas That Means Most," by Booth Tarkington. All of these are noted writers. Booth Tarkington holds the title of "Dean of Letters" and has twice won the famous Pulitzer award. Edith Wharton, recently selected as one of America's fore-

most women and the first woman who has received the degree of Doctor of Letters at Yale. Ida Tarbell, who has had years of experience in magazine writing, and Joseph Conrad, a Pole, who became the greatest living master of the English language. There are many other interesting and instructive articles, which help to make the December issue of "The Delineator" an excellent Christmas number.

IV. Have you read "The Household" for December?

There are some good editorials about Christmas. There is also an interesting letter from Senator Capper. "Six Ways to 'Merry Christmas,'" by Catherine Hargraves, has some very worthwhile suggestions. Also "We Have a Merry Schoolroom," by Martha Harmon, is a fine suggestion for students.

V. The December number of the "Ladies Home Journal" contains many articles which make it worth while to buy the magazine. If one can possibly procure the book, one will find two artistically painted pictures, called, "Christ Before Pilot" and "Christ Before Calvary." The story of these pictures, painted by Mainkacsy, appears also, and with it, the life of the artist. This interesting story is written by Margaret Laing Cromwell. This history and the pictures alone are enough to induce anyone to obtain the book, but do not overlook the other articles which you will find there.

VI. What is the Great American Weakness?

In the "Outlook" for December 5, Thomas L. Mason's article, "The Great American Weakness" answers this question to some extent. The author says that it all lies very largely in the distinction between two methods. One method is the getting of somebody to relieve you of details. The other is the habit of becoming dependent upon others or machines. This analysis, together with many interesting details, should appeal to every true American, so read it. It may help you!

VII. Ira W. Howerth states in the "Educational Review" of November, 1923, that many writers have submitted various opinions on the true meaning of "Principles of Education." The author says that an Art involves the application of a set of principles. Teaching is an art. It therefore involves the application of principles. This article consists of many interesting facts, explaining Education. Mr. Howerth concludes his explanation, by saying, that educational principles exist in nature and they are derived from the study of nature. This is all set forth in such a manner that one becomes very interested and derives a great deal of knowledge from it.



Since the last issue of the "Crimson and White" was published we have received these exchanges:

- The Shucis—Schenectady, N. Y.
- The Breeze—Rockville Center, N. Y.
- The Student's Pen—Pittsfield, Mass.
- The Opinion—Peoria, Ill.
- The Oracle—Gloversville, N. Y.
- The Mirror—Medina, N. Y.
- The Item—Amsterdam, N. Y.
- The Witan—Rochester, N. Y.
- The Ex-Ray—Sacramento, California.
- The Academe—Albany Girls Academy.
- The Vindex—Elmira, N. Y.
- The Panorama—Binghamton, N. Y.
- The Volcano—Hornell, N. Y.
- The Bulletin Board—Port Jefferson, N. Y.

Mirror—Your 1923 "Annual" is a very creditable publication. The cover and general appearances of the magazine is excellent, and your cuts are quite the best we have seen in some time. Is this the one issue of this magazine made by your school during the year? If any others are published which in any way come up to the standard of this, our first exchange from your school, we should be very glad to place you on our exchange list.

Witan—Your editorial department is fine, although your literary department also is fairly good, the stories are few but well written. But where, oh where are your jokes? Don't you think one page a rather small space for humor?

Item—The Graduation number is complete in all department. The huge advertising space arouses our envy, we assure you. An alphabetical list of advertisers at the back of the book is a very useful idea.

Shucis—We could write about several hundred words of fond praise for your June Shucis, but we will save your tears by simply saying, "Great!"

Breeze—An attractive cover design gives air to a magazine that is otherwise strangely lacking. To be brief, the commencement number of your magazine has it. Let us also say that the "Breeze" seems to have about the same opinion of a lengthy joke department as the "Crimson and White." "Great minds," it has been said, "run in the channel."

Panorama—We wish to praise your attractive cover design, and your extremely clever exchange department. The idea of "Wisdom Week," is successfully used throughout the book.

Student's Pen—Your editorials always interest us. This month our favorite was, "Who Ever Heard of Such a Thing?" Milne can very easily sympathize with you in your attempts to get a new building. For the past ten years at least we have been going to move "next spring," into new quarters.

The Bulletin Board—The editorial on "Co-operation," and "Spirit," were well written. Your athletic department is extremely complete. Why not include comments on exchanges? We are sure other schools would like to hear your opinion of their papers.

Academe—Much admiration is due to your school for the co-operation of the students to make this magazine so interesting and complete. More jokes, (the kind that do not creak with age) would be a material benefit to your paper.

SOCIETY NOTES



SIGMA NOTES

November 23, the long looked forward to, day, had at last arrived, both for the Freshman girls and Sigma girls. At three o'clock, we all wandered down to the gym. The entrance to King Tut's Tomb was well guarded by a construction of black crepe paper, arranged on some of the gym apparatus. We gathered ourselves together on the gym floor, and then the mistress of ceremonies took charge of us. We were told that at one end of the room, we might be told by the Queen of Fortunetellers what was in store for us in the future. The fortune teller was almost mobbed, but the efforts of Miss Craig finally pried most of them loose and we began to play games. The big number of the afternoon came off when our own Hammie as King Tut's wife, did a very King Tutish dance. Anyone wishing for instructions please apply to Miss Hamburger. Refreshments were soon served, and a little afterwards the guests took their reluctant departure to the strains of "Home Sweet Home."



Quin has not been idle during the past month. On November 16, the annual freshman rush was held in the gym, in the form of a Hallow'een party, and a large number of freshmen attended. Games and dancing featured in the program, after which refreshments were served. The election to Quin of several upper classmen was held.

I often pause and wonder
 At Fate's peculiar ways;
 For nearly all our famous men
 Were born on holidays.



ADELPHOI

The initiation which was held Oct. 19, was a great success, and far better than the one year. A bit of humor was added when the boys proposed to Minerva. Nehemiah, Knapp and Van Alstyne were taken into the society. Our meetings so far have been well attended, and we are all sure that this will be a very prosperous year.

R. D.

DRAMATICS CLUB

On November 1, when the Dramatics began its year's work, it was a great surprise and, needless to say, delights us to see so many of the school interested enough to attend our first meeting. The following officers were elected:

President—Frances Smith. Secretary and Treasurer—Lenore Hutchinson. Program Committee—Margaret Mann.

The play is "The Dear Departed" that we have decided to present on December 18. This is our first attempt at production this year, and we hope it will turn out as well as we expect. The cast for the play includes Rosamund Mendel, Ruth Hughes, Dorothy Allan, Werner Liebich, Sterling Ferguson and Warren Brewster. We hope to achieve more as time goes on.

L. H., '24

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

The French Club held its first meeting on Friday, November 2, sponsored by Miss Gibbons. Miss McNeily was elected temporary chairman, and nominations were made for officers. French songs were sung. After the meeting refreshments were enjoyed by all.

At the second meeting Miss Lodge gave an interesting illustrated lecture on France. After Miss Lodge's description of her trip to Paris the officers were elected.

After the election the meeting was turned over to the refreshment committee.

W. G. P. L., '24

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

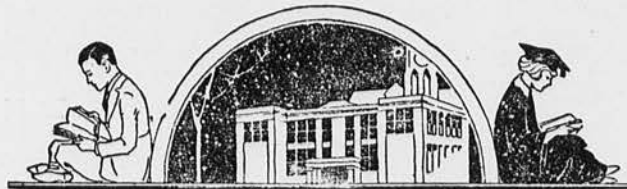
This year the Student Council has had more experience in the few weeks of school than those of other years had all year.

To begin with the budget was revised and now stands:

Crimson and White	\$400 00
Boys' Basketball	150 00
Boys' Baseball	100 00
School Coach	50 00
Girls' Basketball	25 00
School Outing	175 00
Dramatics	50 00
French Orphan	36 50
Fund for School Gift.....	50 00
Miscellaneous	204 00

Then a certain motion was passed on November 9. Such a commotion as it caused. The furore has hardly subsided yet.

The Student Council needs your help more than ever this year; for this is the first time it has had to deal with discipline. Won't you please help us keep our school in good condition and make this a truly model school?



Leaves From the Diary of a Milnite

- Nov. 1—Dramatic Club started. The following officers were elected: President, Frances Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, Lenore Hutchison; Chairman of Program Committee, Margaret Mann. We were very glad to see so many present. French Club was organized.
- Nov. 9—A bill was passed in chapel saying that anyone throwing erasers, or chalk, or hanging out of windows, or in any way defacing the building should be publicly reprimanded.

Nov. 16—Our chapel period was devoted to a French and Spanish program. Miss Shafer's song was so much enjoyed by the students that they unanimously called for an encore. The following were elected the officers of the French Club:

- PresidentFrances Smith
- Vice-PresidentFrancis Stevens
- SecretaryHelen Mansion
- TreasurerFrances Stores
- ReporterWerner Liebech

Nov. 20—The Dramatic Club decided to give "The Dear Departed" in chapel on Tuesday, December 18, 1923. We all received a very welcome gift—our report!

Nov. 23—The Student Council had charge of the chapel period. There was a great discussion on the bill passed on November 9.
Professor Sayles gave us four days!—vacation.

Dec. 4—The Junior Class elected the following officers:

- PresidentFrances McDonough
- Vice-PresidentVera Button
- SecretaryJohn Dyer
- TreasurerSterling Ferguson

Dec. 5—The Sophomores organized their class, electing the following officers:

- PresidentElizabeth Root
- Vice-PresidentDavid Saunders
- SecretaryJune Risley
- TreasurerGleason Speinburgh
- ReporterFlorence Gooding
- MarshalWillis McKinney

The Freshmen start life with the following officers:

- PresidentAndrew Rosa
- Vice-PresidentGeorge Jones
- SecretaryGladys Smallcook
- MarshalKingsley Waugh
- TreasurerArvilla Coulson



Wars may come and wars may go,
But the Irish fight on forever.

The only difference between the dime novel of yesterday and the novel of today is about one dollar and ninety cents.

Sunday School Teacher: "Tell me, Jimmy, who do you think is the funniest man in the Bible."

E. B., '26: "Thamton."

S. S. T.: "And Why?"

E. B.: "Because hith act brought the houth down."

Reformer: "It must be terrible to have to spend your days in a place like this?"

Convict: "It sure is. We have visitors like you almost every day."

S. F., '25: "If a fellow's head is twelve inches round—is it a foot?"

F. S., '24: "What's your opinion of those women who imitate men?"

A. R., '24: "They're perfect idiots."

F. S., '24: "Then the imitation is successful."

W. L., '24: "Mother, my Sunday school teacher never takes a bath."

Mrs. Leibich: "Why Werner, who told you that?"

W. L.: "She did. She said she never did anything in private that she wouldn't do in public."

E. K., '25: "Why was Pharaoh's daughter like Cornelius Vanderbilt?"

S. F., '25: "Because they both found a little prophet in the rushes on the bank."

When a girl says "no" she means "yes;" but when she says "yes" it's a shame to take it.

"Yale Tires," said the sign.

"The devil," murmured the girl returning from a house party at New Haven.

L. McN., '24: "What shall I play next Elly?"

E. B., '23: "Something that's all rests."

In Cicero Class

Teacher: "Mr. Kirtland stand still while you recite."

Miss Hall, '25: "He can't—he has to exercise his brains."

Teacher (translating): "Collect old bankrupt men—"

B. B., '25: "Oh, did they have bootleggers in Rome?"

Yale: "Down here where we get a bid to a fraternity they line us up and tap us on the shoulder."

Dartmouth: "Yeah, after we get a bid they line us up and tap us too, but it's not on the shoulder."

"I suppose she gave up her music when her husband died?"

"No, but she only plays on the black keys."

Prof.: "What is the Colassus of Rhodes?"

Soph.: "The Lincoln High Way, sir."

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary goes—
'Cause Mary has the hives.

S. F., '25: "I've always considered Dot a perfect beauty and a nice girl to boot."

L. McN., '24: "Sterling, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She: "I want you to come to our house party with me."

He: "Thanks, is it formal or shall I wear my own clothes?"

S. F., '25: "What did your sight-seeing trip cost you?"

B. M., '24: "Five dollars a pint."

W. L., '24: "How did you get that cut on your head?"

F. S., '24: "Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."

W. L.: "G'wan, you couldn't bite yourself up there."

F. S., '24: "Musta stood on a chair."

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

Prisoner: "That's all right judge, I know your too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

Padre: "You'll ruin your stomach, old man, drinking that stuff."

Old Soak: "That's all right it won't show with my coat on."

Old Lady (to little boy with fish-pole over his shoulder): "Are you going fishing my little man?"

Youngster: "Nope, hunting."

"Hunting?"

"Yep—for a place to fish."

Frosh—(to the librarian): "May I take Lorna Doon out over the week-end?"

C. R.: "I had my nose broken in three places this summer."

W. B., '25: "But why do you keep on going to those places?"

She (enthusiastically): "Oh, if your boys make another touch-down I just know I'll stand on my head."

Heard (In English Class)—"When Macbeth stabbed Duncan he felt it."

Teacher: "What joints are in the lumbar region?"

Frosh: "I think they've all been closed."

F. S., '24: "Think of all the trouble an apple caused in the Garden of Eden!"

A. R., '24: "That wasn't an apple. It was a green pear."

M. L., '24: "I'll never get over what I saw last night."

W. V. A., '24: "What's that?"

"The moon."

 —Hic—

Violets are red,
 Roses are blue,
 I just had a drink
 Of hard water.

 W. J. A., '24: "Will that watch tell time?"

H. H., '25: "No, you have to look at it."

 He's (in unison): "We want a touchdown."

 M. C., '25 (to her music teacher): "Why did you take off your hat so many times while I was playing that original composition of mine?"

Teacher: "I always take off my hat when I meet old friends."

 W. B., '25: "Didn't you see me down town yesterday? I saw you twice."

A. B. C., '25: "I never notice people in that condition."

 A city and a chorus girl
 Are much alike 'tis true;
 A city's built without skirts
 A chorus girl is too.

 Opposites

Chapel Reverence
 Steam heat Love in a cottage
 No N-n-noooo
 Consistency Faculty
 Classic Classy
 Literature Graphic
 Lips Lips

H. S., '25: "I hope this rain keeps up."

M. McH., '2: "Why?"

"Well then it won't come down, will it?"

Bosh—"Where's the funny paper?"

Gosh—"Funny paper! Today is not Sunday. I told you not to take a bath last night."

We want to know

Who does John Bull?

Whose uncle is Uncle Sam?

Who do the trade winds trade with?

Who Burnt Sienna?

How much does the milky way?

Where does the gulf stream?

How much is Kennilworth?

Who killed Cock-Robin?

Mr. Beaver: "Now I put the number seven on the board, what number immediately comes into your mind?"

Class (in unison): "Eleven."

Things to be thankful for:

That Henry Ford still lives in Dearborn.

That we don't have to buy turkey every day.

That In Memoriam is an American horse.

That we've passed the crisis of, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and are now safely convalescent.

That an American nine won the series.

That the coal shortage comes only once a year.

That Pinchot can't censor comic weeklies.

That this editorial is done.

He—"You refuse my proposal. Is this absolutely final?"

M. McK., '24—"Yes, indeed. Shall I return your letters?"

He—"Please do; there is some very good material in them that I can use again."

M. G., '24: "What's a dry martini?"
 S. F., '25: "Heaven's on earth, man!"
 "Oh!"

Miss Rice: "There are two sides to every question."
 L. H., '24: "And when you listen in on the radio you hear both
 of them at once."

Seventh Heaven M. H. S.
 Flaming Youth The Frosh.
 Mr. Battling Butter..... Sterling Ferguson
 The Covered Wagon..... The seven forty W. I. A. T. Bus
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