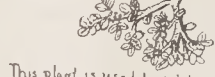


WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Mistletoe is a sacred plant!



This plant is used to celebrate the birthday of our Saviour. Just as the Druids used it in their Ceremonies of worship. Especially when it was found on oak trees.

There really was a Santa Claus!



An early Christian bishop in both Roman and Greek Churches and a favorite saint of children. Originally his feast was on Jan. 14th. His name comes from the Dutch Saint (Nicolaus). (He was clean shaven and bald.)

Dec. 25th is not the Date of Christ's birth!



The real date is not known. Dec. 25th has only been celebrated as Christ's birth since the 4th Century and is due to its assimilation with the pagan Mithraic festival of the Birthday of the Sun.

Christmas Island! Island in the Indian Ocean South West of Java



The Little Things

(Note: The following is composed of excerpts from freshmen themes on the subject of "The Little Things That Give Pleasure." Those from whose paper we have quoted are: M. Pierce, Nan Kelley, Marion Kiker, Annie Mae Campbell, Jean Kent Early, and Sarah Hunsucker.)

"It's not the orchids or the Rolls-Royces or sparkling jewels which give people their greatest pleasure in life. It's the little things, things which, it is true, do not count for much in a material way in this hustling, money-making world of ours, but which will bring a smile to the face of the tired business man, or light up the eyes of the worried mother. But let us illustrate, with a list of the 'little things' which bring us greatest pleasure."

"The sight of holly in a brass bowl."

"The intimacy of a beloved book. The deep yield of a luxurious rug. The sheen of a newly scrubbed copper kettle."

"Autumnal roses, ungathered and fragrant in their riotous beauty, pointing with a celestial grace toward spring when again my soul will be filled with joy."

"The quiet luminous night, scented with moonlight, with shadows lying like spilled wine beneath the trees."

"The odor of wild strawberries. Candlelight on a dark mahogany table. Antique vases and curious-cut crystal bottles."

"The sudden soapbubbles formed when hot water strikes Lux in the dishpan."

"The clipping of the hedge trimmer—thoughts of summer and of days spent in carefree leisure."

Our Philatelist

One hundred and thirty-one different kinds of stamps from twenty-seven different countries have come to Queens in the last few years! That is quite a record for one institution of this size, and we are indebted to Miss Harrell, our very efficient librarian, for the keeping of this record. Neatly filed in her universal stamp collector's album, Miss Harrell has the one hundred and thirty-one stamps arranged according to country.

It is interesting to note that the greatest number of stamps from a single country come from Austria. There are thirteen different varieties of stamps from this country. France and Congo tie for second place, each country being represented by eleven different kinds of stamps. Italy and China have several different variations each.

Countries represented are Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, China, Congo, Cuba, Denmark, France, French Colonies in Africa, Germany, Britain, Hungary, Italy, Jugoslavia, Japan, Mexico, The Netherlands, Wales, Rumania, Russia, Spain, South Africa, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and Nigeria.

Besides having variety in foreign stamps, Miss Harrell has 31 different kinds of United States stamps filed. Among these are two of the interesting "Century of Progress" stamps, one picturing the Federal Building, and the other Fort Dearborn. There is a stamp for the Centennial Exposition for 1926, and one of the early air-mail stamps bearing the date 1926.

The stamps, without their statistical value, would still be interesting just because they're stamps. Some of them are lovely; some of them most decidedly are not. But all of them have some distinctive characteristics. Japan and

Stolen Thunder

"Harvard has abolished Yale locks from its dormitories. In line with this rather startling policy of patriotism it will be but a matter of time until the Vassar student body put a ban on Smith cough drops and Yale takes a drastic action against the Harvard classics."—The Spectator.

"The Babson Institute at Wellesley, Mass., has a course in job hunting for unemployed men, with a guarantee that tuition will be refunded if on completion of course the 'student' fails to find work."—The Student Life.

"The evolution of a college man is shown as follows:

Freshman — embarrassed silence.

Sophomore—I don't know.

Junior—I'm not prepared.

Senior—I don't like to venture an opinion until I know more about the subject."—The Duke Chronicle.

"Two freshmen entering Purdue University have given the school a novel lesson in practical economy. Bringing their room and board from home in the form of a house on wheels mounted on a truck chassis, the two men have set up housekeeping on a street near the university campus. A remedy for home sickness anyway."—The Cadet.

"There's nothing to the moon, but it's a darn good excuse."—The Indian.

"By the way, several years ago some scientists opened a tomb in Egypt. There was a crudely sketched picture of two travellers mounted upon some species of beast. Beneath the picture was an inscription. At first they could not decipher it, but finally they made it out. It stated that two mounted men were returning from a meeting at which the peace of the world had been insured forever! That was back in 2000 B. C."—The Cadet.

"An exam asked for the principle parts of any Latin verb. A non-too-high student replied, "Slippe, slippere, falli, bumptus." The returned paper had these words, falio, failure, fluncto, suspendum."—The Brackety-Ack.

China have the most picturesque stamps. The Chinese stamps are blue, and have junks sailing choppy Chinese seas. The Japanese stamps are green and the most noteworthy of that collection pictures the praying mountain of Japan, Fugiyama. Lovely as these foreign stamps may be, however, patriotic Americans will still insist that our five cent air mail stamp is the prettiest. It is the stamp featuring the blue plane over blue skyscrapers.

Is There A Santa Claus?

(It has been the custom of The North American for several years to reprint at this time the New York Sun's famous Christmas editorial, "Is There a Santa Claus?" Here it is, with our thanks to the Sun):

Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun, it's so." Please tell me the truth: 'Is There a Santa Claus?'

Virginia O'Hanlon,
115 W. 95th Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist; and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

There is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. It is all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of children.

I Go Christmas Shopping

I am tired out; I simply can't stand it; in fact, I am stifled by the crowded store and must sit down. I sit down. I get up again — quickly — quicker than I sat down. I have sat upon someone's package and smashed something. I get up, as I said before, and hasten at a guilty pace, dashing like a hunted criminal to hide within the heaving, squirming crowd of an elevator. Up I skoot and am disgorged on an upper floor with a cocked hat and a wild feeling of doubt. Maybe this is the wrong floor. Alas, yes, this is the dining room. Ha! Ha! I laugh. I am staring fascinatedly at an aged specimen of the human race trying unsuccessfully to shove a forkful of spaghetti through a mass of engulfing beard. I stand there idiotically chuckling to myself. "Hello!" I am startled back to comprehension of my surroundings by a friendly greeting. I speak to the friendly greeting, get on the elevator, and ride with it down to the first floor again. I bid the friendly greeting farewell and go on my way unmolested. I pick up several cute little articles and put them down again. I have a guilty feeling—I have been reading in the papers lately that many shoplifters have been caught and apprehended of late and that stores are on the watch for them. I see the watch walking down the aisles toward me. I watch its approach with a moribund fascination. I am not guilty, but I feel so nevertheless. Then I turn with an engaging smile to the clerk. I even buy a button or two and flaunt my purchase before the eye of the watch, though it walks unconcernedly by without a glance in my direction. Next I stop to stare at the lady who makes up her face for the benefit of others. She's just got it all on nicely when she wipes it off again. I get a kick out of this, wondering how many times she makes the change per day and how great is her rate per hour. My eye wanders abstractedly to the clock above the book department. I gaze intently at it for no reason in particular—it just seems to look like an old friend or something. That clock bothers me immensely. I stroll around the store for a while but always my gaze returns to ye old Big Ben hooked up on the wall. 12:30, I muse. Hm! Then I remember suddenly—appointment with dentist at 11:00 o'clock. Oh, well.