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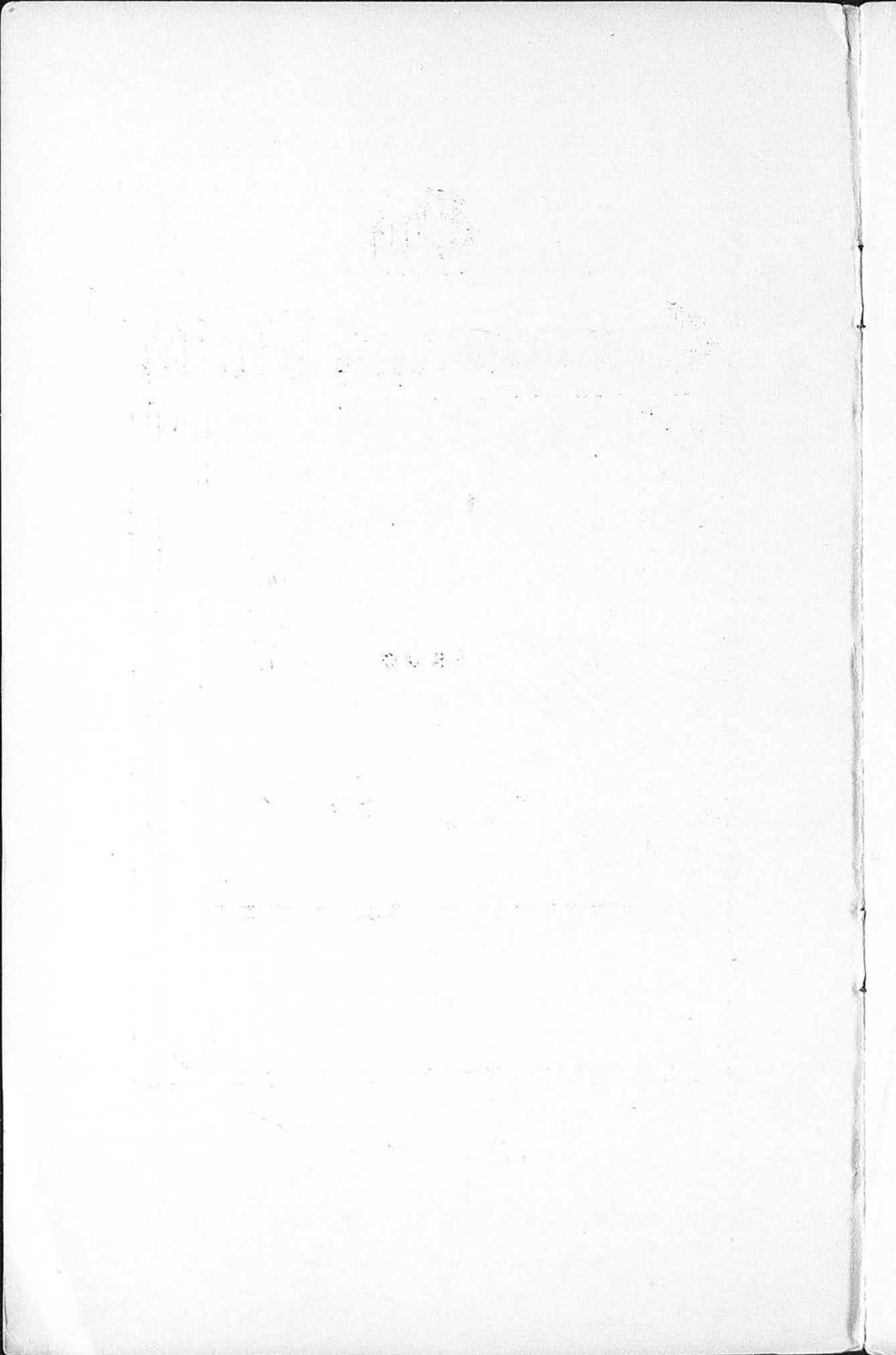
Crimson and White

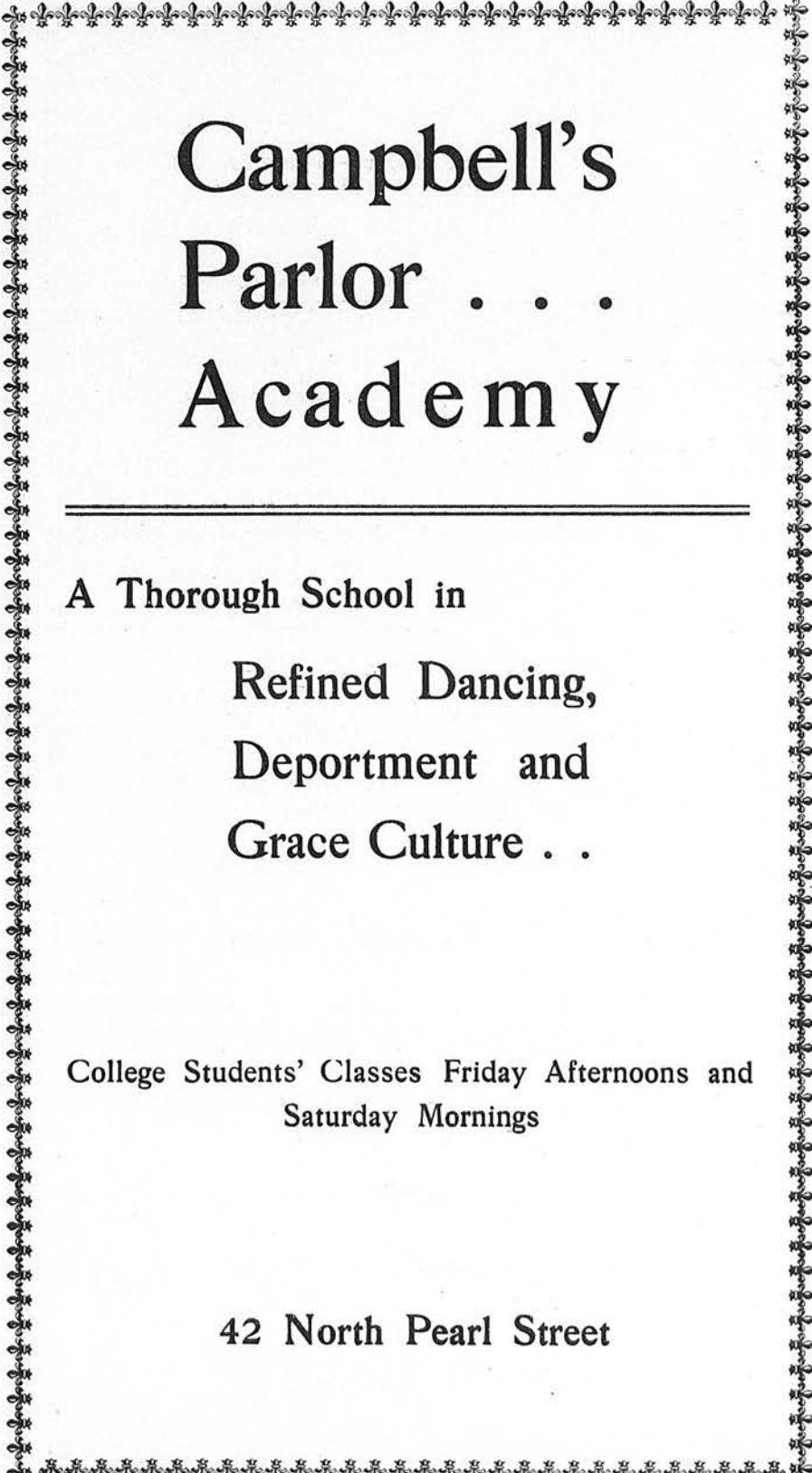
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1908

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The Crimson and White

VOL. V

DECEMBER, 1908

No. 2



Literary Department

Winter Woods

"Now where are the little rovers,"
The gray woods seem to say,
"Who played in our leafy covers,
And gathered the flowers of
May?"

Lady's-slipper is hidden securely
Spring's beauty is not at home,
But we've other playthings, surely,
If the children would only come.
The gum of the spruce is clinging,
The winter-green peeps through
the snow,
The pine cones are swaying and
swinging,
And rattling down they go.

There are playhouses fit for a fairy
In the waterfall's icy cave,
There are silver feathers airy
By the little brook's frozen wave,
The rabbits are scampering gaily,
On the crusty drift, pit-pat,
The woodpecker drums for us
daily
His merry rat-tat-tat.

Then why do the little folks
smother,
Closed up in a sultry house,
While the fresh winds are chas-
ing each other
All under our spicy boughs?

Oh come to us, never fearing—
Jack Frost isn't really so bad,—
We have secrets worth the hearing,
For each little lass and lad."

B. G. '09

Marjorie's Revenge

Marjorie looked sorrowfully at
the piece of music. Then she
played a bar or two crying softly
the while. One great tear traveled
slowly down her cheek, and
splashed upon lower C. Marjorie
hastily wiped it off with her sleeve,
and whirled about on the stool.

"I won't play it," she said. "I've
got to think of some way to get
out of it, and spite her. Mean
old—"

But she got no further, for she
flung herself into the arm chair
by the window to meditate.

"I wish Beethoven had died be-
fore he said good-bye to his piano,"
she sighed, "then he wouldn't
have written that horrid 'Fare-
well'."

Suddenly she became aware that
someone she knew was passing the
window. She looked at the for-
lorn figure outside, and waved her

hand. Poor Billy! She knew he too was in distress. He was on his way home to do his required amount of practicing.

She watched the boy go slowly down the street. Then her face brightened. She opened the parlor door and listened to hear what her mother was doing. But her mother was running the sewing machine upstairs, and would not notice the interruption in the practicing. She went stealthily down the hall and out the front door, and then raced down the street after Billy.

Five minutes later, Marjorie and Billy might have been seen standing in front of Billy's house, the long, black curls, and the stubby chestnut locks very close together, as Marjorie excitedly explained her wonderful plan, to the now animated Billy.

When they parted, his freckled face was wreathed in smiles, or rather a good-natured grin, and Marjorie was simply beaming. Billy did not go into his house, as he had at first intended, but started off towards Marjorie's, and Marjorie skipped up Billy's front steps, and stepped softly into Billy's house.

Marjorie and Billy were not only near neighbors but boon companions. They were both twelve years old, and liked as nearly the same things as any two people could with but one exception. Marjorie liked music which had "some life about it," while Billy preferred something "slower."

They had both been taking music lessons of the same teacher, for the same length of time. The teacher, Miss Randolph, was a graduate of a conservatory of music and was just brim full of new ideas. Every year at the Holiday season, she gave a

musical (the average sort), but this year's was to be different from usual. She had given each of her pupils a piece, and told each one to learn it without help, and play it at the musical. This would show each child's ability.

She had given Beethoven's "Farewell to His Piano" to Marjorie, and Billy had received a piece, wonderful in its joyful tenor, much to Billy's disgust. Both children had pleaded for different pieces, but Miss Randolph was firm in her choice, and would not give them others. That was the reason that Marjorie and Billy hated to practice so, and it was to avoid practicing that piece, and have her revenge against Miss Randolph that Marjorie was planning.

A month passed and every afternoon Marjorie went to Billy's house, and Billy to Marjorie's. Mrs. Gilmore did not notice the absence of her daughter, nor pay any special attention if she saw Billy come in. Billy was in the habit of coming so often. Mrs. Dalton was also deceived as to the whereabouts of her son, from four to five every afternoon, and would have thought it nothing strange to see Marjorie come in.

Mrs. Gilmore told Mrs. Dalton that Marjorie was doing splendidly with her piece, although she said she did not like it. (She had listened to the practicing.) Mrs. Dalton said that it was marvelous how Billy played his, when she had believed he never could master runs.

The night of the musical came at last. Marjorie and Billy were attired in their Sunday clothes and each carried a piece of music. There was quite an audience of friends assembled to hear the children, for Miss Randolph was quite popular among the mothers.

Billy and Marjorie were the last two on the program, and everything happened nicely until it came Billy's turn to play. Miss Randolph opened his music for him, and he started in. But O! Poor Billy. What a time he had. He played the first bar. Then he stopped. Miss Randolph whispered to begin again. He did so, and this time accomplished the second bar, and then stopped again. Mrs. Dalton hid her face behind her program in sheer mortification. Three, four, five times, Billy started over, and then Miss Randolph, in disgust, told him to leave the piano.

Marjorie seated herself next. She played the first line mournfully. She played the second line still more mournfully. She finished the page. Then she stopped. Anyone might have been sad at Marjorie's "Farewell."

Miss Randolph was very angry. She turned to the ladies. "It seems evident," she announced, "that William Dalton and Marjorie Gilmore have not practiced the pieces assigned to them. I consider it an insult to me that they should attempt to play them under such conditions. If they had explained to me beforehand, I should consider it more gentlemanly and ladylike."

Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. Gilmore were very agitated, and said that they were certain Marjorie and Billy had practiced an hour every day. Miss Randolph became hot and excited, but Marjorie and Billy were quite calm.

Marjorie stood up straight. Her black eyes snapped. Billy's gray ones had a decided twinkle.

"Miss Randolph, and the assembled audience," began Marjorie. "It is drawing near Christmas, and my Sunday School teacher says we should all be very thankful, and

happy this time of year. Billy and I are each thankful and happy. We want you to know that we did practice, but as Billy's piece was the one that should have been mine, and my piece ought to have been Billy's, we changed houses to practice, and I learned Billy's piece and he learned mine." Here she thought of her Sunday School verses, and looking pointedly at Miss Randolph she continued; "And verily I say unto you, Billy and I can sing in our hearts, 'Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things? Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye His angels'."

With that she seated herself at the piano and played Billy's piece.

The listeners were trying to keep from laughing by stuffing their handkerchiefs in their mouths, and after Billy had played Marjorie's selection, the applause was so great that the house fairly shook.

Miss Randolph had dropped into a chair from very fright, and did not recover until long after the audience had gone.

But Marjorie had her revenge.

J. L. '10

A Peculiar Mistake

"Well Mother, as you have often asked why I have not invited Gertrude Allen and Marion Winters to spend a week or so with us, I have invited them to spend the Thanksgiving vacation here. They will be here on the eleven o'clock train to-morrow."

The speaker, Ruth Archer, a pretty, light-haired girl of eighteen was sitting at dinner with her mother, a sweet-faced, motherly looking little widow, and her brother Arthur, a young college student.

"That's a great stunt, Sis," said

her brother. "Here I've invited Roger North and Stanley Williams here for over Thanksgiving and it isn't likely mother would care to have quite such a houseful at one time. But then I don't suppose the boys will care so very much. They can come some other time."

"Why the very idea!" said his mother. "Do you mean that you will tell them not to come after you have invited them? It will be all right. They usually say "The more the merrier."

"You're a brick, Mother," responded Arthur. "I know they'd be terribly disappointed if they couldn't come. They haven't any place to go and I know it would be awfully lonesome over there at the college, with the other fellows away."

The next morning Ruth and her brother went to the station to meet their friends and all arrived at the Archers' home about twelve o'clock. Mrs. Archer hurried downstairs and, having greeted each one cordially, she warned them that it was almost time for luncheon, and bade Ruth and Arthur show their friends to their rooms.

At luncheon, Arthur announced that the pond, which had frozen over the night before, was in a splendid condition for skating and asked if they did not want to try it that afternoon. All readily answered in the affirmative, and that afternoon about two o'clock a very merry party started for the pond.

The wind was blowing a regular gale and it was very cold; but they did not mind that and it was long after five o'clock before they finally started for home.

On the way home the chief topic of conversation was the football game to be held the next day. They discussed the merits of this

or that player, which team they thought was the better and which would probably win. In short, every one of them was greatly excited about the game and fervently hoped that nothing would occur to mar the expected pleasure.

That evening all gathered about the open fire-place in the library and toasted marshmallows, popped corn, ate apples and told stories until after ten o'clock. Then all went upstairs to their rooms and after "Good-nights" had been said and all lights put out, Gertrude and Marion slipped into Ruth's room for a "good-night chat." They all curled up on the bed and laughed and talked for more than an hour.

Finally Marion said, "Ruth, I wish you would give me something to put on my face, for the wind has chapped it so, that it is really painful."

"Well," answered Ruth, "I haven't anything up here, but if you'll wait a few minutes, I'll go downstairs and get something. I guess I'd better not turn on the lights though, I might awaken somebody. But perhaps I can find it in the dark."

A few minutes later she returned with the bottle, and all three in turn, rubbed some of its contents on their faces in the dark. Then, after a prolonged "good-night," they finally retired.

The next morning all three girls were again assembled in Ruth's room, although, to look at them, one would never have thought that they were the same three girls who had been there the night before; for their faces were just covered with some dark colored substance which, despite all their efforts to remove, had obstinately remained.

"What can it be, Ruth?" demanded Gertrude. "Where is the bottle? Let me see what it is

labelled," and picking up the fatal, though innocent looking bottle, she read aloud "Iodine—(weak solution)."

"Iodine!" exclaimed Ruth. "What on earth shall we do? Wait, I'll call mother."

When Mrs. Archer came into the room, she could scarcely refrain from laughing. They did look so ridiculous. "Well girls," she said, "you are certainly in a 'great fix' as Arthur would say. However did you come to mistake that stuff for the face lotion, Ruth?"

"Why it was dark, mother, and it is in the same kind of a bottle," Ruth replied.

"Perhaps I can give you something to remove it," said Mrs. Archer, "although I doubt whether you will be able to go to the game to-day, for it may take several days before your faces will be presentable."

All three groaned aloud at this awful news, and Mrs. Archer, first having been made to promise that she would not breathe a word about it to anyone, went downstairs to consult the doctor by telephone. He told her what to do for it, but added that it would take several days to remove the traces of the iodine.

The boys having enquired from everybody in the house what had happened to the girls, and having been unable to get any satisfactory answer, had finally gone out skating again.

But the girls, horror stricken at not being able to go to the game, were unable to do a thing. Of course they knew it wasn't Ruth's fault; she was as badly off as they anyway. So they just lounged about the house, thinking of nothing but their disappointment.

After luncheon, which had been served upstairs in Ruth's room,

Mrs. Archer came up and told the girls to get ready to go to the game. Of course all refused, but as she insisted that she would see to it that their faces would not be seen, they, greatly mystified, did as she bade them.

And so when they were all ready and it was time to start for the football grounds, Mrs. Archer presented each one with a very heavy dark brown veil. As they themselves had been too disappointed to think of anything but their disappointment, the idea of wearing veils had never entered their heads. So when they realized that they would really be able to go to the game, through Mrs. Archer's kindness, they hugged her and danced her about the room until she screamed for mercy.

That afternoon at the game, people wondered to see three heavily veiled young ladies escorted by three openly amused young gentlemen; for Ruth had confessed the terrible disaster to Arthur and he, naturally, had told Roger and Stanley. However, their amusement caused the girls no annoyance, for, despite the fact that their faces were of a most peculiar hue, they had been able to see the football game, after all.

M. G. '10

The Heroism of Danny

Nestling among the hills of New England (and probably overlooked by the maps) lies the thriving little town of Thurlow. In the very center of this town, the nucleus of all life and action, is a small red building known as the postoffice.

To the chance passer-by this insignificant-looking structure might be considered scarcely worthy of a glance; but to Danny, the little mail carrier, it represented the height of hope and ambition,

for Danny's one great desire was to become the postmaster.

Danny was a sturdy, freckled-faced, good-natured lad of twelve years, who lived with the postmaster of Thurlow. No one knew from whence Danny had come. He had just happened there and had been received by the kind-hearted postmaster as a matter of course, and also, as a matter of course, he had become the mail carrier.

There are a great many smaller towns and farmhouses outside of Thurlow, too far away for the inhabitants to call for their mail. Danny's duty was to carry all messages to these outlying districts. In fact he took the place of the rural delivery man of to-day; but instead of driving about in a little covered wagon, Danny made his journeys on a little western broncho, and carried the mail in a large sack.

One morning in early spring, the Thurlow station agent received a telegram for the Grahams, a family living about three miles from the village. Accordingly Danny was sent for—there was no one else to carry the message.

"Here Danny," said the station agent, "is a telegram for John Graham. It seems his daughter has met with a serious accident in the city, and he is needed at once. Can you take it?"

"Sure," replied Danny though rather doubtfully, "If I can. They say the freshet is threatening the bridge across the Peekskill, and I may not be able to cross."

"You must try at least" said the agent, "it's very urgent, and here's a silver dollar for you if you succeed. I'm interested in that little girl."

"Bother the money" answered Danny scornfully, "Don't I know her too?"

With these words the little messenger departed, quickly donned his sweater and a heavy pair of leggins, saddled his broncho and was off with a bound.

For many weeks the weather had been stormy and frequent rains had made the roads almost impassible. Danny's route was particularly bad; for it was a common thoroughfare and, as it had not yet been stoned, the heavy wagons, on their way to the city, had cut it up badly. Although the broncho did its best and wisely picked its way along the rough road, Danny could not make much headway. The telegram seemed almost to burn a hole through his pocket. Alice Graham had gone to school with him that winter, had even been in his classes, and had coasted on his sled during recesses. With a stern determination, he urged his broncho onward, resolved that the message should not be to late.

The three miles were eventually covered, and Danny found himself on the hill overlooking the valley, through which the Peekskill flowed. On the other side of this creek was the Graham homestead. But how was he to reach it? There before him lay miles and miles of flooded flats, while the once peaceful Peekskill was rushing through them like a mad mountain torrent. The bridge, with the exception of a few remaining timbers, was entirely destroyed. The broncho could not find footing upon it, and there was no other crossing save one far upstream, a roundabout way of nearly four miles.

Still determined, though rather fearful at heart, Danny tied his broncho to a tree on the hill, and then began to wade toward the wrecked bridge. The way was difficult for the current, even on the flats, was very strong. People gathered upon the other side and

breathlessly watched the brave little messenger as he toiled slowly and painfully onward. They were unable to help him, for row-boats could not cross the turbulent stream.

Danny was now up to his waist in water and chilled and benumbed with the cold. Still he struggled onward until he finally reached the bridge. The worst, however, was yet before him; for the few remaining timbers of the bridge were infirm and tottering, threatening every minute to be swept away. He grasped hold of the iron railing, and clinging desperately to this, gradually worked his way across, balancing himself with one arm. When at last he gained the other side, a great cheer arose from the crowd of spectators. One man waded out and carried the now exhausted boy to dry land.

Mr. Graham was given the telegram and by dint of much hurrying, succeeded in reaching Thurlow in time for the noon express to the city. One of the neighbors took Danny home, and after clothing him in dry clothes and making him drink a glass of strong ginger, drove him back by the long way to Thurlow.

Straightway the news spread, and Danny found that he had suddenly become a hero. Some enthusiastic friends raised money and presented him with a handsome watch, upon which was engraved the little messenger's name and the date of his brave deed.

—BETTY, '10.

The Game and the Violets

Out on the field the teams were still struggling. Now and then a cheer from one side or the other told of a clever play. Once when the ball was given a very clever

pass, it sounded as if the bleachers would collapse under the stamping and jumping.

In the Professor's big sunny room, the doctor was toiling over a prostrate form. A form that twitched in pain when he touched the shoulder. For twenty minutes he had worked over the boy trying to restore him to consciousness.

Now he slit the blue sweater along the shoulder. Deftly he set the broken bone and bathed the cut hands and face. The boy opened his eyes, looked around, tried to lift his right hand and let it fall back again, with a cry of pain.

When he saw the doctor, he asked in a low voice, "How far has the game gone? Who has won?"

The doctor smiled, "No one has won so far, my boy, but I guess you have saved the day for Yale."

"No sir, he is not badly injured, his shoulder is broken, there is a slight danger of blood poisoning from the cuts on his face, but we will hope for the best. Are you his father?" The doctor stood facing the old man outside.

"No, I am his guardian. I was a great friend of his father's. His parents died when he was eight, leaving him uncared for. I have had the care of him since. I sent him here to college because—well he was growing too fond of my daughter. But I am talking too much. May I see him?"

As he spoke he was joined by his wife and daughter. The former was in a great flurry and her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "Is he all right, may we see him?"

The doctor nodded and pointed to the couch. The older woman stooped over it. The girl stood nearby clutching the violets, pinned among her dark furs.

The door again opened. A tall young man, whose crimson sweater told him to be one of the rival team, came in. He went over, laid his big hand on the kneeling woman's shoulder and helped her to her feet.

"He's a wonder, Mrs. Braner, I only wish we had him on Harvard's team. He's the best man Yale has."

He laid a small flag down on a table near the boy. "I promised it to him if he won," he explained.

At the doctor's suggestion, they left the room, all but the girl. She knelt beside the couch, unpinned the violets from her coat and laid them beside the boy.

"They're to stay there, please," she said to the doctor. "He'll know I was glad he won when he sees them. Poor boy, he may never see me again." The diamond on her finger flashed as she gently touched the violets. She left the room.

The setting sun sent its last beam through the western window. It fell on the football player with the huge Y on his breast.

The doctor stood beside the couch. "Poor fellow," he mused, "I might have known he was in love. No man could ever make such a tackle unless he knew *She* was watching him."

The sun had set. Out on the campus the leader of the Glee Club stood on a nearby fence and sang. The students were unusually quiet. The song was, "Then You'll Remember Me."

Up in the room the boy stirred uneasily; he opened his eyes, saw the violets and with his hand in their midst, fell back to sleep.

—ALBERTA, '12.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—*R. W. Emerson.*

The Miniature Automobile

Bob and Sis were always comrades, although Bob was eight years old and Sis only five. The only person whom they ever consulted was Katie, who was the soul of goodness and who had always looked after their welfare as long as Bob and Sis could remember. Their mother and father were always too busy to listen to their troubles or to look after them. Father was always tired when he came home and never cared to see them, but mother came to kiss them good-night before she went out. She was always dressed in such a beautiful dress and looked so handsome that Bob and Sis always gazed at her with undisguised admiration.

The children remembered hearing their father and mother quarreling and she had cried just as they did when Katie scolded them. The next day they heard Katie telling Annie, the cook that the mistress (although she was a dear, good woman) was too extravagant and that she would be the cause of making her husband a poor man some day. Even if the children were not often with their parents, they were happy and naturally when Christmas came they spent many hours talking about the presents which they wished Santa Claus to bring them.

Two weeks had passed since Bob and Sis had written their letters to Santa Claus asking him to bring them an automobile like Tommy King's uncle had given him for his birthday. Every night when they said their prayers, they added, "Please God tell Santa Claus not to forget to bring us an automobile like Tommy King's." Katie promised that she would see that Santa would bring everything they wanted if they were

good children, so every day they played in the attic, without making a sound, and no one saw them until dinner time.

The day before Christmas Bob and Sis went up to the attic as usual, but Katie was cleaning it and packing mysterious looking packages in one corner. When she saw them she told them to go downstairs and play and not to come up again.

"Let's go down in the cellar," said Bob, "and play ghosts. I'll get a table cloth and be the ghost."

"No I won't go down there," replied Sis, "unless I can be the ghost. You always want to be first."

"Oh, well I'll let you be the ghost if you will come down right away," said Bob resignedly.

They both went down in the cellar and played for a short time but since Bob could not be leader he did not enjoy the game. Finally he said; "I am going to look around and see if I can find anything to play with. I bet there is something over under the stairs."

He pointed to a large box on top of which something was standing covered over with a black cloth.

"Oh yes," cried Sis, "let's see what's in it. Maybe it is an old trunk with a lot of clothes in it just like the one in the attic."

They both examined it and at last untied the cloth which was fastened at both ends. Then Bob peeped under one corner. Suddenly he uttered a cry of astonishment.

"What is it? What is it?" cried Sis.

"Oh look," exclaimed Bob pulling the cover all off.

"Our automobile! where did it come from," said Sis in wonderment.

"Pshaw, you girls never know anything. I suppose Santa was

busy and sent it on ahead because he was afraid it would not fit in his sleigh. I'm going to take it out and show Tommy that I have an automobile as good as his."

"But Katie will punish us," replied Sis, "and Santa Claus may not like it."

"'Fraid cat, I knew you were a 'fraid cat. I don't care you will be sorry if you don't help me take it out because I won't give you a ride. Just wait until I go up and open the door and then I won't need your help."

Hearing this Sis seated herself on an old chair and commenced to cry for she knew Bob was determined to carry out his plan and she wanted a ride as much as he did. Finally she decided to help him and it was with great difficulty that they succeeded in getting it to the kitchen door. When they were ready to start Bob said, "Now, you sit in the back seat just as you would do if you were in a big, big auto, and I will sit in the front seat and steer, are you ready?"

"Yes I'm ready," answered Sis and soon the auto was flying down the avenue, regardless of the speed limit.

Dinner was ready and Katie went up to the nursery to look for her "darlings" but they were not there, so she looked through all the rooms and not finding them she asked Annie, the cook, if she had seen Bob and Sis.

"No not lately, but I saw them go down in the cellar this afternoon. They cannot be there now for it is too dark, they must be upstairs," replied Annie.

"I'll go and see if they are in the cellar," said Katie anxiously "they are not upstairs."

The first thing she noticed there was that the little automobile, which she had hidden away until Christmas, was gone.

"Gracious," said Katie, "they must have taken the car and gone out with it. What ever will I tell their mother?"

She went upstairs and knocked at her mistress' door.

"If you please, Mrs. Van Allen," said Katie, "I have something very important to tell you and I'm afraid it is all my fault. The children wanted to play in the attic this morning, but as I was packing Christmas presents up there, I told them to go down stairs. They went down in the cellar and found that toy automobile you ordered for them. I believe they went out with it and they have not come home yet."

"Oh, Katie you don't mean to tell me that the children are out. It's after seven o'clock! Something must have happened to them."

Just then Mr. Van Allen came in and Katie told him what had happened. Seeing his wife he went up to her and said: "Katie tells me that the children are lost. I think you will be obliged to have dinner delayed until I go and find them."

"Oh Austin," she cried, "think of those poor children away from home to-night. You told the truth when you said I was selfish and extravagant and never thought of anything but my own pleasure."

"Don't think of what I said now Helen, I was troubled and angry when I said that, but I am obliged to confess that we did not look after them as we should."

He went out to look for the children. He looked throughout the surrounding neighborhood and not finding them he walked towards the main streets, which were crowded with throngs of Christmas eve shoppers. Looking towards the window of a large department store he saw two little figures

standing side by side looking into the window which was filled with toys. He crept up in order to hear what they were saying.

"And Sis," Bob was saying, "wouldn't you like to have that lovely doll?"

"Yes," replied Sis, "but Bobbie dear Santa Claus will not bring us anything since that naughty man took our lovely automobile," and she began to sob.

"Oh, I say Sis, there's Papa" exclaimed Bob.

They both ran to him and he took Sis in his arms while Bob walked by his side. When they reached home, mother was waiting for them and she hugged and kissed them tenderly. They were allowed to eat dinner in the large dining room with father and mother. After dinner they became sleepy and mother said to them—

"I think you had better go to bed children for you must be very tired."

"Mother do you think Santa will forgive me for I was the naughty one. Sis didn't want to take the automobile out. I made her. I had a penny and we went into a candy store to buy some candy, of course I could not take the automobile in with me and Sis would not stay outside and mind it because she was afraid I would buy some candy that she wouldn't like. A man came along and took our automobile before we could stop him. We were afraid to come home because we knew Katie would scold us. Mother tell me do you think he will forgive me."

"Yes dear I think he will but go to sleep and don't worry about it."

When Mrs. Van Allen went down stairs to her husband's study she seated herself beside his desk and said—

"Austin please leave your busi-

ness affairs go for this evening and let us go out and buy another auto for the children. I shall tell Katie not to trim the Christmas tree for I wish to trim it myself when I come home. I shall write and tell Mrs. Mason not to expect me to attend her house party for I wish to spend Christmas with the children. I never realized how dear they are to me until to-night."

"And to think that a miniature automobile was the cause of it all Helen. I think I shall order a dozen or two of them if the dealer will guarantee that I shall always be as happy as I am to-night."

M. D. B. '09.

A Social Beginning and Would-Be End

John Lebrum had attended his first dance Christmas Eve and so his mother was anxiously waiting to hear his account of it the next morning. John appeared rather early, considering what had happened the night before. After Christmas greetings and pleasant surprises were exchanged, his mother noticed a black and blue mark on his forehead, which was quite swollen.

"What is the matter with your head John?"

"Oh, this?" said John pointing to the mark, "That is the result of the *dance*."

"How did it come about? Didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"Well I'll begin at the beginning. As you know I took Miriam Hilton to the dance. I called for her at a quarter of eight. She looked perfectly stunning! She wore some kind of a pink dress and pink ribbon around her hair. Everybody was so excited at her house. They all tried to do something which resulted in nobody doing

anything. This caused the accident as you'll see later. Well we finally started out and on the way met Florence and Stan. I enjoyed everything up to this.

"Before the dance Mr. Grafton had an entertainment for us which had to do with an old fashioned Christmas. We were all pleasantly surprised, after the play, by the gift Santa Claus presented us. The dance followed and everybody enjoyed it. It broke up at twelve and we all started for home.

"When we came to Miriam's she suddenly remembered that she did not have the key. The family in their great excitement and in their attempts to be useful had failed to give it to her. We then began to ring the bell. Everyone had retired late because of the preparations for Christmas day and so we thought they were sleeping soundly. We rang the bell again and again but received no answer.

"Miriam then proposed getting in the window and opening the door. By chance one was open and in I—fell. Such noise you never heard in your life! A chair fell, something else went over and then I picked myself up and groped around in the dark. I finally reached the hall and went to the door to try and open it. Mr. Hilton then appeared upon the scene. I might have lost my life in being taken for a burglar if Miriam's father was not a sensible man who looks before he acts. He recognized me, opened the door for Miriam and then listened to our explanation. He thought it was a capital joke. He said he had waited for her but had fallen asleep. It began to grow very late, or rather early, so I again started for home.

"I don't think I'll ever go to another. I like to dance *but* I

don't like the things which follow a dance. Why just think, I might have been killed only for Mr. Hilton's common sense. Some men, you know, haven't that when they are wide awake."

"Well John, I am afraid you would not make a very chivalrous knight," Mrs. Lebrum said laughing. "However I don't think it is wise to draw hasty conclusions. Perhaps you had better attend one more and then decide about your future social life."

"Yes—I suppose I ought to go to just one more."

This incident marked the beginning of John Lebrum's social career and though it then threatened to be a failure, it became a long and successful one after that, "just one more."

M. R. '09.

The Sword of Damocles

The Tyrant—"Ha! Thou art afraid, Damocles."

Damocles—"Oh, no; not a bit. But I was thinking it would be awfully annoying if that hair dropped into my soup."

"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible boy of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Dress him in a suit of shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "It would, at least, be one way of keeping him in check."

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbled that his morning paper was damp, said that "it was because there was so much due on it."

(Does THE CRIMSON AND WHITE ever seem damp to you?)

Rustic (to conductor)—"Which end of the car do I get off?"

Conductor (politely)—"Either you prefer, sir; both ends stop."

A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial he told the judge that he only took it as a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" inquired the judge.

"Two miles," answered the prisoner.

"Ah! That's carrying a joke too far," said the judge, and the prisoner was sentenced to jail for three months.

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other what side she would take, the right or left? She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left to thee to take the right."

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—*Phillips Brooks*.

A man who is a friend, such as the name imports, except the gods, nothing transcends him.—*Plautus*.

Mistress—"Did the fisherman that stopped here this morning have frog legs?"

Mary—"I don't know, mum, he wore long pants."

W. Smith—"Can you tell an oak when you see it?"

Holt—"No; but I can tell a hickory when I feel it."

The **CRIMSON and WHITE**

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Editorials

Every one likes at least one thing in life, no matter how small that may be. There are some who place that which they like so far above all else that in the end they become so absorbed in it that they lose all interest in other things. These people are not the happiest, although they may imagine that they are, for they have never known the happiness which comes to the one who likes everybody and everything around him.

Would you call the miser happy who loves only his gold? Would you call the musician happy who loves only music? Would you call the person who loves self alone, or the person who has no other interest in life save in climbing the ladder of fame happy? They cannot be happy. They cannot have the sort of happiness which makes one desire to have everyone about him happy and which is the only true happiness.

There is a saying, "Be good and you will be happy," but be happy and you cannot help but be good. This you cannot achieve unless you feel good-will towards all. The

best men and women are those who love humanity. If you go through life trying to like all around you, you are going to be the better for it.

There are certain mornings on which you look upon the world as through blue glasses, when you feel as if there were no one or nothing in the world worth liking. Those are the mornings on which you do and say things which you regret afterwards.

If on one of these days you were to try to find in those people and in those things which you especially dislike some things to like, you would be surprised to find the list of likable qualities very long and to find those blue glasses exchanged for glasses of a rosier hue.

Glasses of this color are especially necessary at this time of year when you should like everyone and take an interest in all. Morris Mogilewsky, in Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens," always desired to have "kind feelings mit his teacher." If you would only cultivate such kind feeling towards all for this Christmas, then it would be the happiest one you have ever experienced.

The first reports of our school work may not have been satisfactory to us. We may have honestly tried and failed or the failure may have been due to our carelessness or indifference. We who have endeavored to do our best, let us not become discouraged. In one of the late monthlies this sentence appeared, "Even if a man is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best he could and has never lost heart." Remembering this, let us not lose heart. Let us forget the failure of the past and think of a victory to be in the future. But if we have failed and

know deep in our hearts that the failure is due to ourselves alone, we can profit by it. It will do us more good than any undeserved victory, for it has shown us that victory cannot be gained without a fight; that to fight, and fight well, our whole hearts must be in the struggle, and that only after the conquest may we receive the prize.

Alumni

'04

The Misses Clara Springstead and Agnes Stephens graduated from Mt. Holyoke last June and are now taking a post-graduate course in the Normal College.

'05

Miss Irene Vagel is teaching school at Union Church.

'06

Miss Ethel Breitenstein has returned to Mt. Holyoke College.

'07

Miss Letha Cooper has moved to Delanson.

The Misses Ida Chave and Grace Binley from the Oneonta Normal visited school on Wednesday, Nov. 25.

'08

Mr. Russell Meany is attending the Albany Law School.

Miss Helen Morton is teaching school at Schodack.

Miss Ethel Hannay is teaching school at Niverville.

Mr. Robert Wheeler has entered the Freshman class of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Miss Beth Cobb from Syracuse University visited school on Nov. 25.

Miss Adele Le Compte has joined the Delta Omega Fraternity of the Normal College.

Miss Letha Lapius visited school on Nov. 9.

School Notes

On November eleventh, Mr. Thorne visited school.

Miss Despart has left school.

Miss Mildred Hunting will not return to school.

Miss Eva Fredericks who did not return to school on account of illness visited us on November eleventh.

Miss Jessie Carhart has left school.

Society Notes

Theta



Nu

Having successfully undergone the initiation of the Theta Nu Society, Messrs. Gerald Grounds, George Ballagh, James Hagar and William Gazeley were admitted as active members on the afternoon of Wednesday, October twenty-first. On the following Wednesday Messrs. George Irish and John Mitchell were admitted.

On the evening of November sixth, the members of the Theta Nu Society and their friends were entertained at the home of Warren C. Vosburgh of Voorheesville. The party, chaperoned by Mr. Bronson and Miss McCutcheon, met at 98 Willet Street, and from there enjoyed a straw-ride to the village. Here the participants passed a most enjoyable evening dancing, singing and playing games. At an early hour the party returned to

the city with considerably less noise than when they left. All were most cordially received and wish to extend their hearty thanks to Mr. Vosburgh for his hospitality.

Q. L. S.

The girls of the Freshman class were given a theater party on Friday, October seventeenth.

Miss Butler has been elected Vice-President to succeed Mildred Hunting, who did not return to school.

At the regular meeting on October twenty-ninth, the following were initiated: Misses Tedford, Wing, Hawn, Wheeler, Ballagh, Freisatz, Hosler, and Summers, after which a spread was served.

Zeta Sigma

On October twenty-seventh, Misses Florence Goodwin, Theodora Jansen and Carolyn Surtzer were initiated into the Zeta Sigma Society. The following regular meeting they were admitted to full membership.

On the evening of November twenty-seventh, the Zeta Sigma Society gave a Thanksgiving dance at Burgess Corps Armory. The hall was prettily decorated with flags and pennants. The chaperons were Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Luck, Mrs. Doods, Miss Dodds and Mrs. McLaughlin.

Adelphoi

During the past ten weeks many of the Alumni members of the Adelphoi have been present at the meetings.

Although we were sorry to lose

so many of our active members of last year, we are glad to hear that they are getting on nicely in the occupations which they have taken up.

Carl Wurthmann, Newton Bacon and Raymond Patten survived an initiation during the first quarter and are now doing active work in Adelphoi.

At the recent election, the following officers were elected:

President, Howard Weaver.

Vice-President, Carl Wurthmann.

Secretary, Arthur Wilson.

Treasurer, Thomas Clary.

Chaplain, Raymond Patten.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Newton Bacon.

Master of Ceremonies, Harold Springstead.

Quigley—"I went home to see the old folks recently and introduced myself to them as the prodigal son."

Jessie—"So they wouldn't mistake you for the fatted calf, I suppose?"

Prof. S.—"Now, my son, tell me why I punished you."

Charles—"That's it—You've pounded the life out of me, and now you don't know what you did it for."

Miss Cook—"What was Neptune's trident, Miss Powell?"

Venus (scared)—"I—I—I don't know."

Flossie (aside)—"Aw—bluff it; —"

Venus—"I'm afraid they'll put it in THE CRIMSON AND WHITE."



There are several very clever stories in your November issue, *Techtonian*, and your other departments are complete, but why have you not an Exchange? How could you expect papers to notice your "Please Exchange" if you have not the means of criticising and helping others? This may be said of *The Academy* from Oswego. Literature is very important, but should not be the sole composition of a paper.

In the *High School Review* the tabulated article, "As the Seniors Are Seen," occupies space which could be filled to a better advantage. Your Exchange department is excellent.

If there is an Exchange in the *College Index*, it cannot easily be found. No doubt this is due to the fact that several of the articles are well mixed with the ads. among the first pages of the paper. The cover of your November issue would be very attractive if it were a sketch in black and white, but a variety of colors gives it the appearance of a dime novel.

We notice, *Hackettstonian*, that you have only one story this month, also that your Exchange has fallen below its usual standard. It is rather inconsistent that with so

large a staff, the two best departments should be seemingly slighted.

The *Ledger* is one of our best exchanges and we are in no position to criticise, but would like to suggest that more attention be given to the arrangement of material. Your cuts are especially good.

For *The Cue*, Albany Boys' Academy: We all know how difficult it is to find or originate good jokes and wish to thank you for the slight compliment suggested, but we are sorry to say that your "SELECTION" is not the best. While WE have an occasional original, we have never noticed one in *The Cue*.

If the October issue is the first of the school year, *The Sentinel* is to be commended, for nearly all of the papers seem feeble when starting under the management of a new board.

The Echo, Nashville, Tenn., has several interesting stories, but the exchange is not well arranged. Your paper would have a better appearance if the ads. were not scattered among the various departments.

Vermont Academy Life—Why

is it you have no stories? You have omitted a very important editor from your staff—the literary editor. The other departments are very good.

Purple and White is a well-organized paper. Your school songs are unusually clever and the composer should not be ashamed to sign his name. The Exchange column deserves special praise.

The cut under Sport in the *Polymnian* is most appropriate. Every department is complete and the material well arranged.

Every department of the *Comus* is complete. The cut and name, "Comical," are very appropriate for that column.



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Sensible Christmas Gifts will be found here

MANN & ANKER

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"I thought your son was pursuing his studies at the University?"

"So he was, but he concluded he couldn't catch up with them."

—Ex.

In heaven above
Where all is love
There'll be no faculty there
But down below
Where all is woe
The faculty, they'll be there.

—Ex.

Beatrice—"I'm going to get my new dress to match my complexion."

Hagar—"Aren't those hand-painted dresses awfully expensive?"

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss
And in less than a jiffy

They landed like this.

—Ex.

HOME PHONE—Two-Two-Three-Four

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UNDERTAKER

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of subscription,

When anyone presents it to view.
Of him who'll not pay us, we
shrink from description,

For perchance, dear reader, that
one might be you.—Ex.

She—"Do you like tea?"

He—"Yes, but I like the next
letter best."

"If 32 is the freezing point, what
is the squeezing point?"

"Two in the shade."

Farmer Grounds—"See here,
boy, what yer doin' up that tree?"

Guilty Goewey (quickly)—"One
of your pears fell off an' I'm try-
ing to put it back."

Quoth the demure damsel—
"Matches are made in heaven."

"Yes," growled the stern parent,
"but some are Lucifer matches."

"It's a case of arms and the man
in a round about way," said Dido,
when the long-suffering Aeneas
wrapped her in his embrace.

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The fraction leaned over, and touched the whole number on the shoulder.

"Say," she whispered nervously, "is my numerator on straight?"

—Ex.

There was once a young lady named Horton,
Whom they say all the boys went a-courtin',
But she got in such fixes,
For they came by the sixes,
That to brain treatment now she's resortin'.

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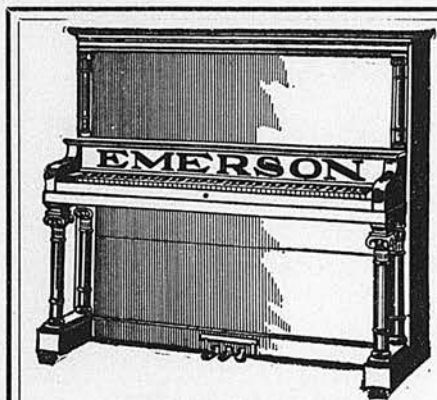
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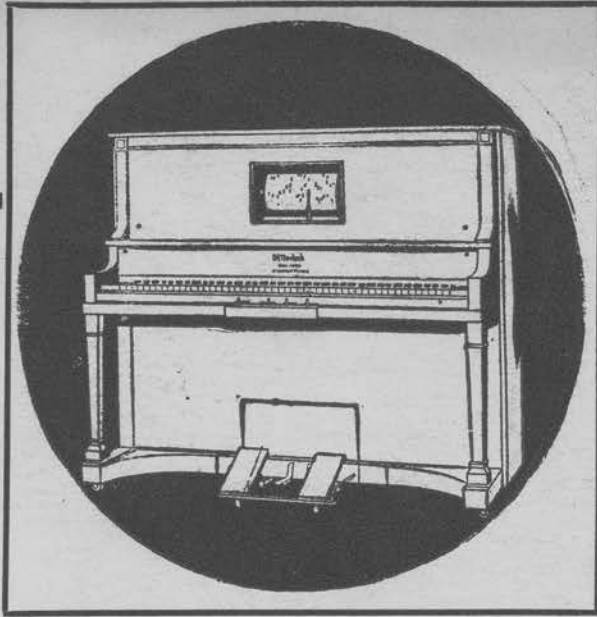
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