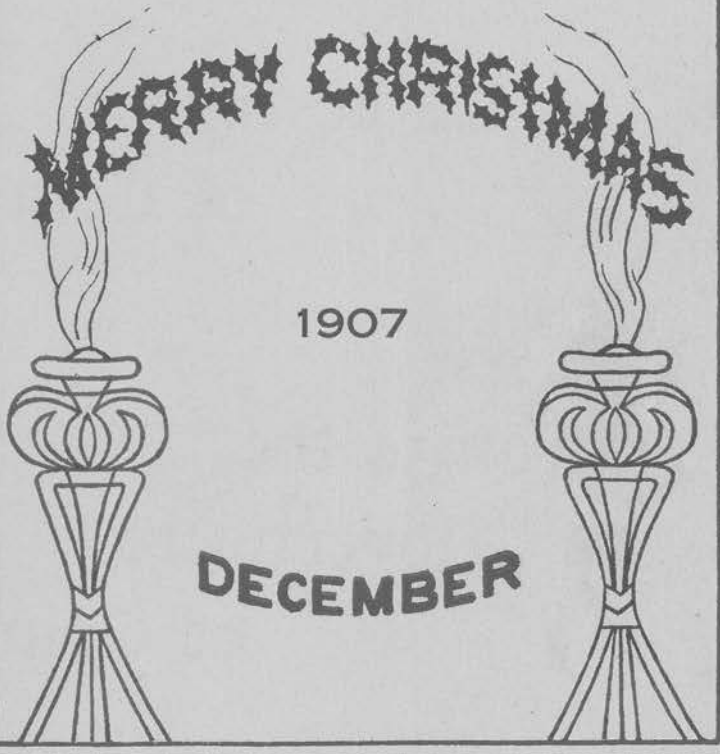


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The Crimson and White

VOL. IV

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 2



Literary Department

All Saint's Eve

The night is come, the lights are
low and dim;
I hear the noisy wind without,
within
The firelight dances, making
shadows grim,
And grotesque pictures 'fore my
eyes to swim.

And now my fancy sees within the
room
An oaken stair, with carvings rich
inlaid,
And down the broad descent a
maid and groom
Are coming with a stately step and
staid.

And now, before my own be-
wilder'd gaze
Passes an old-time master; in a
maze
I recognize Sir Roger, stout and
gay
As he had been in many a merry
day.

And now the Lawyer, and Sir
Andrew arm in arm
And jolly Wimble, bundles 'neath
his arm
With Captain Sentry, and Will
Honeycomb, so gay
In gaudy coat of Eighteenth Cen-
tury day.
Fair Susan Halliday, and lover fine
Are not the least of persons in this
line:
There is Kate Willow, who with
look of scorn
Still seems to me quite lonely and
forlorn.
And there Moll White, with cat and
broom at hand,
Has come to give her portents to
the band.

And now from shadows, comes de-
mure and slow,
A woman, whose fair form they
seem to know,
The Widow: and Sir Roger
hastening there,

Now claims her hand, and leads
her to a chair.
Her maid and other ladies follow
near;
The Widow is to everyone most
dear.
Just here the shadows part once
more to bring
The Clergyman and Chaplain to the
ring,
Who bless the company ere the
games they play
To welcome in the All Saint's
Festal Day.

Now good Sir Roger takes the
Widow's hand,
While each man takes a partner
from the band,
And, circling round the hall to
measures slow,
In stately dance the couples come
and go.
They learn their fortunes, and the
Witch, Moll White,
Tells how to make the future long
and bright.
They try for partners for the apple
game, and Puck,
Who twists men's fortunes to all
kinds of luck,
Now makes the Widow with Will
Honeycomb to duck:
And just as Fortune turneth to the
point,
Sir Roger's nose is sadly out of
joint.
And now the party play at sports
and rhymes
Long sacred to that generation's
times.

But, as all things must surely have
an end,
Back through the shadows dim
their way they wend;
And with their measured tread and
stately time
Their song floats back—the music
of an old-time rhyme:

"Should auld acquaintance be for-
got
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?"

The night is nearly spent; the
lights are gone;
The flickering fire gleams on the
hearth of stone;
My guests have gone; and I am all
alone.

J. L., '10

"She Couldn't Be Mistaken!"

I wonder if it could be! He
answers exactly to the description
Tom gave me. How embarrassed
I should feel if I made a mistake!
But he would never know: only,
dear me, he has such large eyes—
they almost look through you.
Goodness, I wish that train would
hurry so I could have this ordeal
over. I shall never, no never in
all my life, do such a thing again.
Suppose—? But never mind, it
couldn't be,—no, of course not.

Oh! Here he comes! My face
is burning up, I know. It's that
horrid big-eyed man who sat near
us at the opera that night. What
shall I do! Yes, I know it's he,—
a white carnation, dark blue suit,
soft white hat with a blue band;
his very clothes seem to say
"Yale."

Oh! I am so glad——. How
do you do, Mr. Dalton? I knew
I just simply couldn't be mistaken.
Do hurry, yes, right out here,—
my auto is waiting for us. Please
hurry. It's awfully good of you to
come, but you know I couldn't bear
to have his best friend miss that
Christmas masquerade. I've told
the girls all Tom told me about you,
and they can hardly wait to meet
you. It was too bad Tom couldn't
bring you up to the house himself,
but he just couldn't arrange it. I

suppose he told you all about it? Oh, yes. He'll be at the dance, but not till later. I was so afraid I might meet the wrong man,—well, you needn't laugh, I've read of such things.

Eh,—er—Mr. Dalton, weren't you at the opera last Wednesday evening? I thought so. Did you see m—er— that is, Tom there? No? What, you saw me? Why, isn't that queer? Tom was with me and you never saw him.

(At the house.) Oh, well, here we are. There's mother at the window; she is just as anxious as I am to meet one of Tom's best friends. Mother dear, this is Mr. Dalton. Pardon me for just a few moments.

Goodness, I'll have to fly.

Oh, that Marie is a perfect jewel. My costume all ready! She thought I'd be very tired. Dear me I can't get the tangles out of this stubborn hair. Hello? Come in. Why, mother, is that you? What *did* you do with Mr. Dalton? Why isn't that strange. He never even mentioned that he wanted to telegraph. Hum—in fact, he didn't say a great deal. How could he, I'm such a chatterbox. Oh,—well, he'll be back to dinner, never fear. There's the bell. Tell Marie not to bother, I'll go.

Why Tom! (Dear, I could faint.) How do you do, Mr.—er—Dalton. Er—yes, um, Oh, Tom. I didn't meet the right man. What shall I do? Tom, I brought a strange, oh I made a strange man come home with me, no wonder he blushed; but Tom, he looked, I mean he was dressed just like your Mr. Dalton,—goodness, and he wanted to get away to telegraph. Oh horrors! I never can go to that dance.—Um, yes, Tom, it's all very well for you,—you're not a girl, and you didn't do such an outrageous thing: now you can laugh,

but I did it all for you, I say, I *didn't* care to meet any man, just because you talked him up to an ideal. I just hope I never, never see that man again. I should die, I know I should.

(At the dance.) Oh, Beatrix, don't you think the costumes are dandy? Who is that chap? Isn't it funny he's Romeo and I'm Juliet. Did you ever see him, or what, you thought it was he before? A number of those college boys who are home for Christmas were invited, that's so. We don't know them but we'll meet them when it's time to unmask.

(12 P. M.) What *do* you think, Beatrix? Romeo is that awful man I was telling you about and I shall have to meet him—be calm—you don't know what you say. He's talking to Mrs. Davis. Why! They're coming toward us. Oh! (Frigidly) I'm pleased to meet Mr. Canfield. No, I think not. Y—e—s, the next dance *is* yours, but— I think I'll sit this one out. (On the veranda), Yes, it *is* a beautiful evening,— um. Well, I just think you're the most horrible creature that ever existed. You could have,—have told me you weren't the one, oh dear,—I know that I didn't give you a chance to say much, but you could have explained.

N—N—No, I didn't *say* I was angry, but I do feel so chagrined,— just imagine if you were in my place, and then to meet the same person again,—well, you're not a girl. Um, yes, Mr. Canfield, I've enjoyed this dance immensely. What? Well yes, you *may* call to see—ah—Tom (?) sometime after Christmas.

'LEN, '09

One of our ~~own~~ choice translations—"He (Hector) was dragged through the horrid black dust.

Sir Roger Goes Christmas Shopping

Last Friday, Sir Roger, having come to the city to do some Christmas shopping, was walking through one of the large department stores, it being what is generally termed "Bargain day." The store was crowded with ladies carrying packages of all shapes and sizes and presenting quite a bedraggled appearance, with hats askew and locks of hair straying wildly about.

Sir Roger, secretly amused at the appearance of some of these ladies, was ploughing his way through the crowd, and in his effort to avoid being crushed to death, accidentally knocked a parcel out of a young lady's hand. Stooping, he picked up the parcel and was about to restore it to its owner, when, in his agitation at seeing to whom it belonged, promptly dropped it, for the owner happened to be none other than the widow!

Picking it up a second time, and apologizing profusely for his stupidity, he asked the widow if he might assist her in carrying her parcels, of which she had a generous supply.

The widow graciously accepted his offer and then Sir Roger politely inquired if she had completed her purchases. "Finished," exclaimed this young woman, "Why I have only just begun!" Walking over to a counter and examining some toys displayed there she called Sir Roger to her side and exclaimed rapturously, "Oh, Sir Roger, see these pretty toys; and so cheap too! I must buy some for my nieces—the two who visited me last summer, you know." "Yes," turning to the clerk and handing her several of the toys, "I'll have these, if you please."

So she flitted about from counter

to counter examining some things and purchasing others, talking to Sir Roger the while, who by this time might easily have been taken for a modern Santa Claus, judging from the number of parcels which he carried.

Poor Sir Roger, meanwhile, was experiencing a mixture of emotions. Of course he was exceedingly happy because he was with the widow and was actually having a chance to serve her. But then so many really heavy ladies had trodden upon his toes and his hat had been pushed askew so many times that he was feeling quite uncomfortable.

I imagine with what relief, then, he received the widow's announcement that she had finished her purchases and was ready to start for home, for he had a vision of a nice, long ride in the stage-coach with her. But when they had come out of the store and Sir Roger saw the widow's own sleigh, a one-seated conveyance, with her driver seated in it, his spirits fell to zero, and after assisting her into the carriage and arranging her parcels, he bowed very deeply, and with a cheerfulness which he did not feel, bade her good-bye.

Turning slowly and sorrowfully away, Sir Roger wondered why the Fates were always so cruel to him and thought that after his awful experiences in that crowded department store on "Bargain day" he might have had the pleasure of the widow's company on the homeward drive, at least. But since he had been denied this he decided to spend the night in the city and accordingly went to his hotel very thankful for his opportunity of serving the widow and with a devout determination never again to attempt to do any Christmas shopping in a department store on Friday.

M. I. '10

How I Spent Xmas

It was the day before Christmas and boarding school had just closed for the Christmas vacation. I could hardly wait until I should get home, for I had not been there since the beginning of the fall term. I had a number of miles to travel on railway and on leaving it, twenty miles of stage.

I clambered into the old stage and found that a number of passengers had arrived before me. I proved to be the last one so we were soon off.

Then I took time to notice my fellow passengers. They were very interesting, but I picked out the two pretty little ladies to examine first. They looked to me like sisters, although one seemed a little older than the other. The youngest looked like a girl about twenty and was very pretty. They were both dressed in good taste, and one would know, were well-to-do. The person next them was old enough, and I was sure she was an old maid. She had a funny bird-like manner of jerking her head around to see everything she could. When she did this, four little curls, two on each side of her head, bobbed up and down and looked as if they might drop off. Up in the corner of the coach sat a middle-aged man who looked like a bachelor. He was all alone and had two big suit cases with him. Two young men sat opposite him, and they looked like college students. They were having fun and seemed anxious to arrive at their destination.

I had been so busy inspecting the inmates of the stage that I had not looked out of doors. When I did, it was to see great flakes of snow falling faster and faster, on a ground already covered with a thick carpet. The poor horses had a difficult time plodding along. A

sudden turn in the road brought us into the midst of a little settlement of a few houses. Here the driver stopped and said that unless he could get a horse and sleigh, we would have to stay here all night. He inquired at the nearest house where he could find the sleigh and horse. The woman said that no one in the place except some people, who had unexpectedly gone away for over Christmas, had the necessary article and of course they had taken it with them. Neither did she have or know where we could get lodging for the night for everybody had the house either full of company or had too many of their own people. Then, after a moment's thought, she said that she would let us have the house where these people lived and, therefore, she led us over and unlocked the door saying she knew it would be all right just for the night. She told us to come to her if any food was needed.

The funny side of the situation struck us and we all burst out laughing. Then, while the driver saw to the fires, we went up stairs and picked out our rooms. We were met by a lovely warm glow when we entered the parlor and later, the kitchen. The larder was well stocked for evidently the occupants had expected to stay at home for Christmas. We soon prepared a good supper, and called the gentlemen in to eat it. Then we all washed dishes together. The youngest of the two sisters had an interview with the driver and in a little while he appeared with a great big Christmas tree planted in an old dry goods box. Then we all started to trim it. We found corn to pop and walnuts which we hung on the tree. After we had gotten through with it, the tree looked very pretty. Then we all said good-night and retired.

The next day was Christmas. After breakfast everyone disappeared and then came back with little packages. We exchanged gifts. It was lots of fun to have presents and give them to people you never saw before and didn't know very well, but when the little old maid presented the bachelor with a little peanut lady everyone laughed. The young sisters gave something to everyone, for their valises seemed to have no end. We amused ourselves as best we could, roasted chestnuts, popped corn and told stories.

About one o'clock the storm began to abate, and our driver came to tell us he thought it would be safe to continue our journey. So we piled back into the old stage-coach, a jolly, contented party of friends, quite a contrast to the beginning of our journey. By five that evening I had arrived home. We all said good-bye reluctantly, and declared we had had a very Merry Christmas after all.

A. H. M.

"The Red House"

Dick is my cousin, and, what is far worse, my only cousin; therefore, he considers it his duty to deal out to me his precious wisdom on every occasion, called or uncalled for—usually uncalled for. It is his opinion that girls "aren't up to much, afraid of the dark, let alone their own shadow in the day-time."

It was this topic that we were discussing one dark, rainy day. In vain I pointed out to him the heroism of great women, such as Joan of Arc. Girls of the present day, he said he meant, though for his heroes he had taken men of long ago. He used long words that he knew perfectly well I didn't know the meaning of, and I believe he

didn't either. Each second, the discussion waxed warmer and Dick was getting the better, or at least he thought he was, which is the same thing, for you never can convince such a boy as Dick that he is wrong if he thinks he's right.

"I'll prove it, I'll prove it," I screamed angrily. "I'll go down to 'The Red House' all alone—this very night; all alone!" I cried.

Dick stopped in the middle of one of his grandest sentences.

"Pouf, you wouldn't dare," he exclaimed.

"You just see," I cried, stamping my foot.

"Bet a box of candy you wouldn't dare—now if you were a boy—"

I fled from the room, slamming the door after me, though Dick says slamming a door is the same as swearing.

"The Red House" is a great brick house surrounded by tall pine trees. Under a great pine at the corner of the house a girl was murdered on the night of a grand ball. Her lover, they say, became crazy and disappeared. That was almost fifteen years ago and the house has been closed ever since. The girl was very beautiful and was distantly related to us and, though it is odd, I look something like her even if, as Dick declares, my nose turns up much more, my hair is really red and *she* never had green eyes.

The people of the village say the house is haunted and every night, if you have the courage to go down that way, you can see dim forms moving among the trees and hear terrible cries. All the girls are afraid to go by there even by day and after Dick had gone, I wished I had never said I would go and that something would happen to prevent it. Nothing did and

I never thought of giving up because of the rain.

Dick came over after dark as I expected.

"Not going," he cried mockingly.

All my fears vanished, "Of course I am," I replied carelessly.

Dick had never thought for a moment I would and now he declared that he would not let me, that he would tell and then they would make me stay. Of course this only made me the more eager to go.

"You're afraid you will lose your bet," I jeered.

Dick never said a word but picked up a book and began to read. Deliberately I put on my hat and coat.

"If anything happens to me you may tell everyone that you were not to blame," I cried gaily as I stepped out.

Dick said never a word but calmly turned over a page.

It had stopped raining but was pitch dark outside. Nothing was heard save the sound of my footsteps as I splashed along. I'm not going to fib and say I wasn't afraid, because I was. I tried to whistle to keep up my courage, but it was such a weak sort of whistling that I stopped. The drip, drip of the rain-drops as they fell from the trees and the crackle of the twigs, when the wind stirred them, filled me with dread.

As I neared the house I wanted to turn and run but the thought of Dick made me go on, up to the very house itself, as I had agreed. The branches of the pine trees swayed to and fro singing a mournful, lonely song. The slightest sound made me start. When I reached the house I was trembling so that I could hardly stand. The moon had broken through the dark clouds, shedding a faint,

silvery light among the pine trees. I started back. Something stirred behind me.

"Diantha, Diantha," a low voice called.

My heart seemed to stop beating. I turned; staring at me with wild eyes, I saw an ill-kept man with thin, sunken cheeks, his hair falling over his face and his eyes—those awful eyes held me.

"Diantha," he repeated with a low laugh, and came toward me with out-stretched hands.

Then I turned and ran, down the avenue of pines, the branches brushed my face, I hastened. I heard footsteps following and the call that was now a wild cry, "Diantha." Terror lent wings to my feet; I splashed through the puddles that had settled in the road; I stumbled, I fell, but looking over my shoulder I saw the dark figure behind me. I rose and fled onward. My breath came in gasps. Never was a half-mile so long. On, on I ran. On, on came the footsteps. I had almost reached the house. The footsteps paused, I heard a wild cry, a cry of despair. Half fainting I burst into the house.

Well: I got my box of candy and Dick didn't preach for a long time after that. They never found the man; they said it was the girl's lover who had come back again and mistaken me for the girl even if I don't look so very much like her, as Dick says. I told Dick that though it was wonderful, a boy can sometimes be wrong and girl's aren't such 'fraid-cats after all and—he agreed. I'm glad he doesn't know how frightened I was.

G. G., '09.

A favorite Virgil translation—"King Aeolus sits on a high-chair."—*Ex.*

How Christmas was Observed many Years Ago

It was in New York, or New Amsterdam, as the city was then called, that the celebrating of Christmas, as a season of religious commemoration and domestic joy, first began.

The Knickerbockers were people who loved ease and contentment, enjoyed the merriment of children, and found the pleasures of life by their own fireside. They entered into all the sports of Christmas time with great enthusiasm and deliberation and not only enjoyed celebrating Christmas day alone, but prolonged the festivities, so the good time would last as long as possible. The Burgomaster commended the observance of Christmas day and both private and public business was laid aside, sometimes until the first of the new year.

It was also in New Amsterdam that Santa Claus first made his appearance in America. To the little Dutch children Saint Nicholas was a very sacred personage and they longed for his annual visits when he would bring all sorts of good things to those who had been good.

B. M. B., '11.

"In the Seat Ahead"

The girl stood a little aside from the great crowd which thronged around the ticket window. Her restless nature showed itself in every action; her foot beating an impatient time on the tiled floor; her gloved hands twisting nervously. Her eyes wandered listlessly about the room. It was the usual holiday crowd and the people had little attraction for her.

The steady clanging of the bells, the thunderous puffing of the engines, the roll of the heavy-laden

trucks and the loud chatter of the people seemed to affect her greatly.

Notwithstanding her nervousness she was the prettiest girl in the station; or so Mrs. Field thought as she watched her from the other side. There were tints of gold through her light-brown hair, and her hazel eyes glowed with vexation.

Hesitatingly the other woman made her way across the room to the girl, who turned quickly at her touch.

"You look very tired, Mrs. Kale, do sit down here by me."

"Why, Mrs. Field, I'm going to try and exchange my ticket for a return one back to Boston, I'm dead lonesome."

"My dear!—intend giving up your trip, what will your husband think?"

"I don't care, I'm frightened to death, I never travelled alone before. Mother told me just what to do when I get to St. Louis, but I've forgotten everything, except to cross tracks and look out for the cars, I just know I'll get on a freight train or the wrong one anyhow."

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Field, "many people travel through St. Louis alone, why you couldn't get lost if you wanted to."

"I wouldn't have to want! No, I'm going back home. Just think of all the good times I'll miss, just because John sent that horrid little telegram to 'come at once!' I had my sweetest dress all ready for Margie's party."

"But your husband will meet you at Denver, think how disappointed he will be if you fail to go," urged Mrs. Field.

Gretchen Kale caught her breath. "I never thought of that, and he couldn't come to St. Louis for me. Well, I suppose I shall have to go."

"My dear, you are very wise to go on. There is our train now. Let me help you with your suitcase, it is too heavy for you. Let us take our time, we don't want to get in that jam."

By the time they reached the platform the crowd had been well disposed of. They pressed down the congested aisle in the vain search for seats. Gretchen finally perched upon the arm of a chair unmindful of her companion and gazed out at the fast retreating world. They were already well under way.

Gretchen finally summoned a porter and cross-examined him as to the berths.

"Not an unoccupied one on the train!" she confided to Mrs. Field, across the aisle. "Why, John said the Boston agent had one reserved, it's an outrage, I'll report to the conductor."

"Sorry, madam, but the Pullman conductor says no berth ordered for such a party. If there's a vacancy—"

"Do you mean to say—that we—that I must sit cramped in this old stuffy car, herded in with these—people—without going to bed?"

Her lips closed tightly, revealing only a thin scarlet line.

"Reckon that's what you're up against," retorted the conductor.

Gretchen turned and gazed dejectedly out of the moistened window. Never in all her young life had she felt so helpless. She had travelled, but then she had enjoyed the luxury of her stateroom; but now—

In vain Mrs. Field tried to console her, but to no avail. When Gretchen turned again, that worthy woman had left the train.

She nestled deeper in the seat, drawing the folds of her fur coat about her, in the hope of excluding the harsh laughter and good-

natured talk around her, which grated upon her irate nerves. A few drops glistened on her down-cast eyelids, twinkled slowly down her cheeks, then sleep.

When she awoke, the car was dimly lighted, the swaying motion had ceased and a dead stillness prevailed. The rear door was finally opened and a rush of pure air wafted in the loud voices of the trainmen, who seemed to be disputing.

"I tell you there's no room for anyone in there."

"Yes there is, tight squeeze, but no matter, lift the kid up."

"Here, on you go young'un, here's her worldly possessions, keep your eye on her, you won't find her much trouble."

The loud banging of the door, a shrill toot, and the train glided out into the night. Gretchen slowly lapsed into sleep again.

When next she awoke, the warm, dazzling sunlight flooded the car. It put into bold relief the crudities of her surroundings. The happenings of the night before were all blotted out from her memory by the highest claims of dishevelled coils of hair, aching limbs and a keen appetite. So it was perhaps fully an hour before her casual glance took in her fellow-travelers. It then happened that wandering about curiously, it stopped as if uncontrollably drawn to the seat ahead, where huddled a wee, forlorn mite of a girl; just how miserable Gretchen Kale was quite incapable of judging at first glance.

In one's travels one sees so many ill-cared for children, that they make little difference, especially when they offend refined tastes as did this one, by wearing a vivid red cotton frock, of no particular fit or fashion, and a bright green straw hat of the variety which neither bends nor breaks. But there was

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Gretchen Kale caught her breath. "I never thought of that, and he couldn't come to St. Louis for me. Well, I suppose I shall have to go."

"My dear, you are very wise to go on. There is our train now. Let me help you with your suitcase, it is too heavy for you. Let us take our time, we don't want to get in that jam."

By the time they reached the platform the crowd had been well disposed of. They pressed down the congested aisle in the vain search for seats. Gretchen finally perched upon the arm of a chair unmindful of her companion and gazed out at the fast retreating world. They were already well under way.

Gretchen finally summoned a porter and cross-examined him as to the berths.

"Not an unoccupied one on the train!" she confided to Mrs. Field, across the aisle. "Why, John said the Boston agent had one reserved, it's an outrage, I'll report to the conductor."

"Sorry, madam, but the Pullman conductor says no berth ordered for such a party. If there's a vacancy—"

"Do you mean to say—that we—that I must sit cramped in this old stuffy car, herded in with these—people—without going to bed?"

Her lips closed tightly, revealing only a thin scarlet line.

"Reckon that's what you're up against," retorted the conductor.

Gretchen turned and gazed dejectedly out of the moistened window. Never in all her young life had she felt so helpless. She had travelled, but then she had enjoyed the luxury of her stateroom; but now—

In vain Mrs. Field tried to console her, but to no avail. When Gretchen turned again, that worthy woman had left the train.

She nestled deeper in the seat, drawing the folds of her fur coat about her, in the hope of excluding the harsh laughter and good-

natured talk around her, which grated upon her irate nerves. A few drops glistened on her down-cast eyelids, twinkled slowly down her cheeks, then sleep.

When she awoke, the car was dimly lighted, the swaying motion had ceased and a dead stillness prevailed. The rear door was finally opened and a rush of pure air wafted in the loud voices of the trainmen, who seemed to be disputing.

"I tell you there's no room for anyone in there."

"Yes there is, tight squeeze, but no matter, lift the kid up."

"Here, on you go young'un, here's her worldly possessions, keep your eye on her, you won't find her much trouble."

The loud banging of the door, a shrill toot, and the train glided out into the night. Gretchen slowly lapsed into sleep again.

When next she awoke, the warm, dazzling sunlight flooded the car. It put into bold relief the crudities of her surroundings. The happenings of the night before were all blotted out from her memory by the highest claims of dishevelled coils of hair, aching limbs and a keen appetite. So it was perhaps fully an hour before her casual glance took in her fellow-travelers. It then happened that wandering about curiously, it stopped as if uncontrollably drawn to the seat ahead, where huddled a wee, forlorn mite of a girl; just how miserable Gretchen Kale was quite incapable of judging at first glance.

In one's travels one sees so many ill-cared for children, that they make little difference, especially when they offend refined tastes as did this one, by wearing a vivid red cotton frock, of no particular fit or fashion, and a bright green straw hat of the variety which neither bends nor breaks. But there was

a something about this child that seemed to cry out for a hearing. It directed Gretchen's attention to the little, thin arms, and the short, black braids that lacked the continual bobbing of childhood. At that instant the child lifted its head and gave Gretchen the full view of grave, grey eyes and a sallow, little face of which everything was lacking except its innocence.

All this Gretchen realized by degrees; the conductor coming in at this point sent her scurrying for her ticket.

"Well, young'un," said the conductor briskly, pausing beside the child, "let's see your ticket."

She produced it silently, never taking her eyes off him.

"Did they tell you to change at St. Louis, little one?"

She nodded. "Aunt Addie told me."

"Well, till you get off there, you're my little girl, see! After that they'll be a new conductor and he'll see that you get through all safe. Your father will meet you there."

Interested, in spite of herself, Gretchen stared hard at the child, and saw a sudden spasm of pain cross the little, pinched face, vanishing instantly, but leaving a piteous expression in its stead. The conductor saw it too, and changed the subject.

"How did you leave Aunt Addie?"

"Pretty well."

"You hadn't heard from papa, until he sent for you, did you?"

"No!"

The monosyllable was uttered with deliberate unchildish dignity.

"Well," he resumed, "you've got a smart trip before you, Prissy, but you're game I hope, not afraid, eh!"

She nodded slightly, folded her

ticket carefully and sat staring out of the window.

"Is this her first trip?" queried an interested old lady opposite Gretchen.

The conductor shrugged his shoulders.

"Reckon it's her first trip cross country, but she's been knocked quite a bit around the world."

"Poor little innocent! What is her name?"

"Priscilla Perkins. Got on at Buffalo last night. Got a good-for-nothing father who expects to meet her out in Denver. Since her mother died, the child has been living with an aunt, who now ships her off."

"And this baby—going to Denver alone."

"Yes, plucky piece, never murmurs."

Long after Gretchen sat trying to read a novel, with which she had hoped to render existence bearable, but her mind would continually wander ahead where a thin little figure crouched motionless.

With each advancing hour, new complications and illuminations to the problem began to show upon Gretchen's untried nature.

Returning from the dining-car, she almost collided with the old lady in the act of giving the child an orange. She met Gretchen's amazed look with an embarrassed flush.

"I caught that mite eating the hardest sandwich and the staled hard egg that you could ever imagine," she explained. "I hadn't a thing left but this orange, we're so near St. Louis, but I think when I offered it to her, she expected me to strike her; I don't think she gets enough to eat."

"Oh!" Gretchen sank helplessly in her seat, gazing ahead at the child, who sat turning the orange over and over.

She sat there a long time trying to open the door of her narrow world, wide enough to form new ideas, suddenly she brought forth a box of candy from her satchel, and leaning over thrust it impulsively toward the child who made no effort to take the gift.

"Here, take it," said Gretchen, putting it into the little hands.

"Thank you," said a small scared voice, whereupon Gretchen drew aside her skirts and made room for the child beside her.

"Do you like them?"

"I dunno," answered the child.

"Didn't your aunt ever buy you any?"

The black braids dropped quickly. "She never had no money, Aunt Addie was always cross, said I was in the way."

"Was that when she was sick?"

"Yes, and sometimes she would throw things at me, but I got so I could dodge them after a time."

Gretchen was completely outwitted. She was trying to grasp the situation more clearly, when a general commotion throughout the car aroused her to the significance of time and place—St. Louis, proclaiming the first half of her hated journey ended. As she nervously collected her belongings, the old terrors returned with double force, until borne out on a tidal wave of humanity, she found herself standing desolate upon the platform with the crowd of her late fellow-passengers fading away in the distance.

All at once a bright green hat came into view and a small voice seemed to issue from under the car.

"Hurry up!" it cried, amid the confusing noise, "we'll have to run to catch them."

And away went the green hat and red frock amidst the ribbons of tracks, followed closely by Gretchen, who never stopped to

question how this tiny girl could inspire such blind confidence in her.

They came at last among the rest of the travelers and entered the waiting-room with the fag end of the crowd, the little thin hand clasped firmly within that of Gretchen's finely gloved one.

It was Gretchen now who managed the finding of two seats rescued from the last scramble.

It was unexplainable the comradeship which grew up between Gretchen and the child, both lonely wayfarers, and in this common interest there was strength. Gretchen even picked up courage enough to inquire for berths at the ticket window, while Priscilla guarded faithfully the possessions, against the possibility of the goggle-eyed woman across the way, who certainly looked suspicious.

Next she ventured to the station fruit-stand where Priscilla was induced to pick out four large red apples, which she did with much bewilderment. As they were walking back to their seats, the child suddenly uttered a faint cry, and Gretchen, upon looking down, saw Prissy shrink behind her skirts to avoid coming in contact with a large, florid man who walked gayly along.

"What is the matter?" inquired the young wife, bending down to meet the frightened eyes.

"Oh, I thought it was father," whispered the child.

"My dear—your father is in Denver."

"I know," sobbed Priscilla, "but it walked so like him."

"Priscilla," she said in an awed voice, "did your father ever beat you?"

"No, but sometimes he flung things at me, too. And once I got hit with a butter-dish he was fling-

ing at Aunt Addie. He was sorry after."

A silence—Gretchen twitched her fingers and looked ahead with very bright eyes. Once she glanced quickly at the patient little mite beside her. Presently the attendant called out in a minor key the trains which were then due. Gretchen jumped up with a determined mind, and extended her hand to Priscilla.

"Come, dear, you and I go together. He's calling our train now."

Speechless, but with a swift upward glance, the child took the proffered hand, caught up her own little bundle, and trotted off at Gretchen's side. When they reached the car steps, they became momentarily separated. The conductor called gruffly "Anyone looking after this child?" Gretchen's voice rang out quite clearly "Yes, she is in my care," adding in a low tone, "you're going in the sleeper with me."

Once established behind the heavy curtains of the berth, Gretchen asked Priscilla what she would do when she would meet her father.

Prissy slowly bowed her head.

Gretchen bent lower to look at the child, her eyes widening as she removed a stray lock of hair.

"Where did you get that scar?" she questioned quickly.

"O, that's where the butter-dish broke," faltered Prissy.

"It's barbarous!" she shuddered, "isn't there anyone else but your father that you could go to?"

Again the saddened shake of the head.

All during the night Gretchen Kale lay thinking. In her heart there was rising a force greater than that of the comradeship of the day. In the narrow path of her selfish nature it swept all before

it. A slight quivering roused her to action; she realized a little bowed figure sitting up in bed rocking to and fro in silent anguish.

"Prissy dear, what is it?"

"Oh, I had such a bad dream, I thought he came after me, I don't want to go home—No!"

"You poor darling, you shan't go to him, there!" cried Gretchen Kale, gathering the little quivering figure in her arms. "He won't get you, if I can help it."

The eternal mother within Gretchen enabled her to lull the child back to sleep, after which she schemed and thought. Her husband—John the tender-hearted—would never object to her proposition. And yet if she could only talk it over with him, she knew he would be on her side. Never had the time passed so drearily before; and never had she been so anxious to see her husband.

* * * * *

As Denver loomed up in the afternoon sunlight, Gretchen became a prey to nervous terrors. Priscilla, too, sat crouching half paralyzed with fear. As the train crawled slowly to the station, Gretchen was on her feet grasping the child by the arm.

"Now, look out for him," she whispered, as they made their way out of the train, "we'll turn in the opposite direction and miss him in the crowd."

As they hurried across the network of tracks Priscilla stopped short, crying—"There he is!"

Then she whirled around and saw him; he was everything she had pictured him to be. He was talking in a loud voice to the conductor that he was looking for Priscilla Perkins, the kid should have come on that train.

Horrified, Gretchen thrust Priscilla behind her and started on a

run, where, she did not know, until she stumbled square into a large, broad-shouldered fellow, evidently strong enough to sustain the shock.

"Gretchen!"

"Oh! John."

"I thought you had missed connections, I have been looking for you everywhere."

"No, dear, we didn't miss connections, Oh, I have so much to tell you; do call a cab. That frightful man will spy Priscilla."

"Here, give me your suit-case; kid too, does she come?"

"Certainly, I'll explain later."

Once at the hotel, Gretchen faced her husband with tearful eyes and told her story, to which he listened with an amused expression; gravity not being his strong point.

"Well, you want to keep the kid?"

"Of course I do, you are just beastly to laugh at me. She would be a regular little sister to me."

"But what about the father? The law recognizes his claim, above all others, Gretchen."

"Don't talk to me—"

"Goodness, Gretchen, what have you been doing lately, you are looking prettier every day?"

She retreated in confusion.

"Oh, John, you silly, I'm not changed a bit."

"Why, it's been nothing but Priscilla ever since you came, I don't seem to count; you haven't even kissed me, Gretchen."

"Silly—to be jealous of Prissy. Why, she has nothing and we—everything. You don't grudge her a wee little bit of my heart, do you?"

"Well, I didn't get that kiss yet."

She blushed deeply under the jovial blue eyes, and advanced shyly.

"Well, then," he said, as he folded her close, "I've been thinking of what you said—and—"

"Well!"

"John, I'm going to keep Priscilla."

M. F. F.

Ask the seniors what they do in English. They'll say:

"Expound,
explain,
expatiate,
expose,
expand,
expostulate,
expone,
explode,
and expire."

The class had been discussing a picture of Orpheus in Hades, and below the picture Ethel spied a note to the effect that the original was in an art gallery at Washington. So she exclaims excitedly, "Oh, wouldn't I like to go there!"

Miss Clement (looking rather surprised)—"Where, Miss Han-nay, Hades?"

Mr. ——— translating in Caesar class—"And they threw together in this place the women and those on account of age who seemed too old for service to whom on account of swamps there was no access for fighting."

Miss Cook—"Can't you treat the women any better than that?"

Old gentleman—"Dear me! and is that the style of bonnet they wear now? When I was courting my wife they were very different. Why, I had to go down a passage to kiss her!"

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Editorials

The Yule-tide is approaching, and with it that all-pervading spirit of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." As we anticipate the advent of the happiest time of the year, it seems the natural tendency to turn one's thoughts to the giving of gifts, to the planning of a pleasant vacation, and to merry-making in general. In so doing, we become captivated by material things, and we are very apt to lose sight of the deep meaning, the true significance, which this season properly possesses, as being the anniversary of the birthday of the Saviour of Mankind, the first of a series of holidays, or holy days, in which the spirit should receive unmeasured uplift in striving to bring true happiness to others.

Centuries ago, the celebration of Christmas was beautiful in its purity and simplicity, but, to-day, as the result of the development of custom through many generations, it unfortunately has been somewhat

stripped of its real purpose, and has become a day for the exchange of material gifts, supposedly expressing love and friendship. To-day it seems necessary to offer some material manifestation whereby friends may be convinced of one's "good-will" toward them. This is the custom, and, for the present, the original, pure and simple way of manifesting one's feeling cannot be readily and naturally resumed; it alone is considered insufficient. Therefore, at your homes during this festive season, since custom demands it and people expect it, give and receive gifts, and delight in merry-making; but, even while so doing, do not forget that it is through Him whom the day commemorates, that "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" has been, forever, firmly established.

It is with considerable pleasure and approval that we note the rise which athletics have already taken in our school this year. As the present season demands our representation on the basket-ball field, both the girls and the boys have organized a first and second team. Games with local schools are being planned in which our teams hope to compete very creditably, if not always successfully. All the students are urged to lend a helping hand in the encouragement and support of these teams. You should remember that they represent your school, that their victory or defeat is, also, yours, and that you are undeniably responsible for their progress.

"Miss Powell, what were some of the laws of Lycurgus?"

"I do' know. Oh, yes I do, he went to India."

**"Never Leave till To-morrow
that which You Can
Do To-day"**

Whenever a task is given to us to accomplish, how often we try to evade it, if not for all time, at least for a while by procrastinating, or postponing it until some future time, when perhaps it will be more convenient. "To-morrow," we say, "is time enough." That might be, if to-morrow were taken more literally, but generally to-morrow finds the task put off until another to-morrow, and that until some other day, until there is little likelihood of the work ever being undertaken and accomplished.

We might reasonably urge the postponing of some work until future times, were we certain that the future would be free and have no duties of its own. A man has his regularly appointed tasks for each day, with sufficient time to finish them. But he thinks: "This work is not great and I have plenty of time; I will leave it till to-morrow." So the work is left, and the time allotted for it is spent in his own pleasure. To-morrow and successive to-morrows come and go, each bringing its own duties, which, like the first, are put off.

Sooner or later the man must awaken to the fact that his work is ahead of him, looming up like a veritable mountain before him, and to his eyes, about to fall and crush him. Then he complains of the vast amount of work which he must do, and of the short time left in which to do it. The time which he should have devoted to his tasks, he has used in pleasure making, and he has grown unaccustomed to the labor which he has now to shoulder. In vain he tries to grapple with it, but it is too much for him, and too often he falls in the middle of the conflict, just when

he should be in the height of his glory.

For us as students, this old but ever new proverb of the whimsical philosopher has a lesson. Every day brings us work, and plenty of it, generally in the same well-worn routine. The natural tendency of nearly everyone of us is to put off that which is not absolutely necessary at once, until some other time, "when we feel more like it." As an example of this take note-books, which we are not required to keep up day by day. We think that there is no particular hurry, and we have enough else to do. When, however, examination day approaches, or the note-books are called in, great is the commotion, the haste and the complaining. With all speed and countless errors, those same note-books are hastily compiled, with but very little benefit to ourselves, save that of experience.

This lesson of doing our duties as they come is old, but one which needs to be impressed upon us. Until we learn to take our tasks, our joys and our sorrows day by day, and not to leave them to overburden some unknown to-morrow, we can never get from life all that we should.

G. V.

The Faculty assigns the following work as a basis for the prize competitions:

- I. The President's Medal:
 1. Ovid: Gleason's edition
—I, II, IV, V, VI, X.
 2. Prose and Latin Grammar.
 3. Translation at sight.
- II. The Pruyn Medal:
 - Public Speaking.
 - Selections to be made by the candidates with the approval of the Faculty.

1. Selections to be submitted April 24, 1908.
 2. Trial Competition, May 8, 1908.
 3. Final Competition, May 22, 1908.
- III. The McDonald Medal:
Mathematics.
1. Plane and Solid Geometry.
 2. Theorems and Original Problems.
- IV. The Buchanan Medal:
English Essay.
1. Historical Avocations.
 2. From Santa Maria to Mauretania.
 3. The Traveler of To-day.
- V. The Mereness Medal:
Junior Scholarship.
To be determined by class standing.
- VI. The Sage Medal:
French.
1. Maupassant: Huit Contes Choisis.
 2. French Grammar.
 3. Translation at sight.
- VII. The Vander Veer Medal:
German.
1. Heyse: L'Arrabiata.
 2. German Grammar.
 3. Translation at sight.
- VIII. The Principal's Medal:
Senior Scholarship.
To be determined by class standing.

Alumni Notes

'05

Laura Meigs is teaching school at Crescent, N. Y.
 Josie Cashin is teaching school in Schenectady.
 Harriet Smith is teaching school on the Troy Road.

'06

Ethel Breitenstein is at Mt. Holyoke College.

Mary Jennings has a position as Computer in the Dudley Observatory.

Leroy Herber is a Freshman at Rutgers College.

'07

George Weaver is captain of the freshman football team at Union.

Will Sheedy has a position in the D. & H. Railroad Office.

School Notes

Miss Christine Smith, of Water-vliet High School has entered N. H. S. in class '11.

Harvey Penrose has resumed his school work again.

Howard Weaver has returned to school after a siege of the chicken-pox.

The N. H. S. girls have organized two practice Basket teams, the "Crimsons" and the "Whites." They held their first match game December fifth, when the "Whites" beat the "Crimsons" 9 to 2.

The teams are:

"Crimsons."

Center—Verna Fowler.

Sec. Center—Ruth Fellows.

Forwards—

Adele Le Compte (Captain).

Clara Sutherland.

Guards—

Iona Pier.

Marguerite Root.

"Whites."

Center—Natalie Gray.

Sec. Center—Marian Flanders.

Forwards—

Lillian Flanders (Captain).

Heleen Horton.

Guards—

Annetta Rappe.

Anna Reed.

Society Notes

Zeta Sigma

On the evening of October fourth, the Zeta Sigma Society gave its annual spread to the freshmen. This year, the spread took the form of a Baby party, the society girls dressing in various youthful costumes and bringing their dolls, Teddy bears, etc. There was but one gentleman present, Master Buster Brown, who looked "perfectly dear," and did much toward the amusement of the other children by his cunning ways and childish prattle.

Hallowe'en night, the Zeta Sigma members were entertained at the home of Miss Moat, of Slingerlands. The girls met at Pine Hills, and from there, enjoyed a straw-ride to the village. They were heartily welcomed by their hostess, who, they found, had taken great pains to decorate the house in true Autumn style. There were then Hallowe'en games to be enjoyed and Hallowe'en refreshments, and there were also, pretty little witch and pumpkin favors.



On the evening of November fifteenth the Theta Nu Society enjoyed a hay-rigging ride accompanied by two chaperons, Misses Johnson and France. The ride passed through Delmar and terminated at Dockstader's in Slingerlands. Here the participants passed the time with games and dancing which was followed by a dinner served in the dining hall, trimmed

with the society colors. After the dinner the amusements were again resumed. At an early hour the party returned to the city.

Messrs. Green, Lindsay, Broderick and Fenster were initiated on Wednesday, December eleventh, and were admitted as members at the following regular meeting.

Q. L. S.

The Quintillian Literary Society tendered a reception to the Freshman class at the home of Miss Helen Horton Friday evening, October eighteenth. The rooms were tastefully decorated in the society colors. Musical selections were rendered and many games were played. An amusing feature of the evening was fortune telling by a witch. Dainty refreshments were served after which each guest received a favor appropriate to the occasion.

Adelphoi

The following officers have been elected for the second quarter:

President—Russell Meany.
 Vice-President—Harvey Penrose.
 Secretary—Morgan Dickinson.
 Corresponding Secretary—Carle Wherle.
 Treasurer—Robert Wheeler.
 Sergeant-at-arms—Gilbert Newell.
 Chaplain—Howard Weaver.
 Master of Ceremonies—Arthur Wilson.

Brilliant senior—"If Tisaphernes was first defeated and then beheaded, he was cut off at both ends, wasn't he?"



About fifty of our old friends have this year renewed their accustomed visits to us. Naturally, they differ widely in merit as to spirit, expression and dress. In many instances a marked improvement in one or more of these particulars commands attention and affords us genuine pleasure.

As the earlier issues of a school publication are seldom a fair expression of the real ability of the editorial staff, we comment with more than ordinary charity. Now, however, the school year is well begun and the editors, having profited by three months' experience, may fairly be expected to afford us even greater pleasure by their holiday editions.

Among our new friends is the *A. H. S. Whirlwind*, from Albany, Oregon. We find in this a fairly well edited paper, but one lacking in literary matter. A larger exchange column would, we believe, prove helpful.

From the *Student*, Detroit Central High School, we can gain much inspiration. An attractive cover encloses the bright, sensible reading matter, enlivened by good pictures and cartoons.

We gladly welcome our old friend *Yuba Delta*, from the Marysville High School, Marysville, Cal., and note its improvement.

The *Ledger*, from the Commercial High School, Brooklyn, has particularly artistic cover designs which furnish a pleasing introduction to the rest of the paper.

The *H. S. News*, St. Louis, Mo., is an interesting exchange in which we find much to praise. The advertising matter scattered through the magazine detracts somewhat, however, from its general attractiveness.

In the *Lilliputian*, from the high school at Canton, N. Y., which comes to our desk this year for the first, we find many commendable points. Although the exchange and other departments show a chance for expansion, let us remember that, after all, it is quality and not quantity which counts.

The *Spinster*, St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon, is a very attractive exchange. "When Elizabeth was Young," a story in the October issue, is quite amusing and original.

Concerning those bearing the same name as our own publication, we note that the *Crimson and White* of Gloucester, Mass., though only two-thirds the age of the *Crimson and White* of Pottsville, Pa., easily surpasses the latter both in editorial ability and in printer's art.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

The CRIMSON AND WHITE should be congratulated on its Commencement Number. It is very tastefully gotten up and the stories show much talent.

The Iliad.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE is the best school paper yet received. The cover design is novel and striking. Each department has been carefully written, and numerous jokes aid to brighten the whole. In spite of all our efforts we can find nothing deserving a "knock." Keep up the good work, CRIMSON AND WHITE!

High School Student.

N. H. S. girl—"I see you recover umbrellas?"

Clerk—"Yes'm. What do you wish?"

The young lady gravely—"I want the one I lost in the cloak-room last week."—*Adapted.*



Women's Outer Garment Shop

A Suit, Waist or Furs makes a most acceptable Christmas Gift

MANN & ANKER

37 No. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE has a beautiful cover design.

The Lyceum.

The cover of the CRIMSON AND WHITE is certainly a novel idea. The stories, especially "In One Night," a humorous tale of a diminutive man's attempt to play Macbeth, are well written and interesting. We notice in the exchange column, among the ironical definitions of a school paper, one which reads, "A collection of local gags and insipid personals." Although the issue does not fall into this class, it does contain rather too much of this sort of thing.

The Ledger.

Of all sad words
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest these,

"I've flunked again."

—*Normal News.*

"That seems to be a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, while surveying the wooden horse, "Of what weight would you say it was?"

"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector, whereat envy turned Paris green.—*Ex.*

Freshman (who thinks)—"Say, if we're made of dust, why don't we get muddy when we drink?"

—*Ex.*

To the class of 1911:
 I stood upon a mountain,
 I looked down on a plain,
 I saw a lot of green stuff
 And it looked like waving grain.

I took another look,
 I thought it must be grass,
 But goodness! to my horror
 It was the Freshman class.—*Ex.*

Miss J—, feeling that she had
 duly instructed her class concern-
 ing the Declaration of Independ-
 ence, said, "Where was the Decla-
 ration of Independence signed?"

Miss Bender—"At the bottom."
 —*Adapted.*

I stood on the bridge at close of day
 Attired in football clothes,
 And the bridge belonged, I wish
 to say,
 To the rival halfback's nose.
 —*Ex.*

"Miss Valentine, who were the
 sons of Atreus?"

"Agamemnon and Menelaus"
 came the answer.

"Very well, Miss Flanders, who
 was Agamemnon?"

Lillian (dreamily)—"The son
 of Atreus."

Miss Clement (surveying a row
 of vacant chairs)—"Is it necessary
 for you to have those chairs for
 your feet?"

"No, let the boys sit on them,"
 came the rather indefinite answer.

Senior—"The porcupine is a
 great flatterer."

Freshman — "W—W—Why?"
 (rather doubtfully.)

Senior—"Because, little one, it
 sends a person away feeling so
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