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The

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VERY CHRISTMAS

1910

DECEMBER

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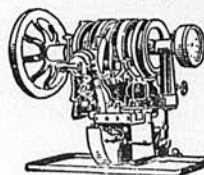
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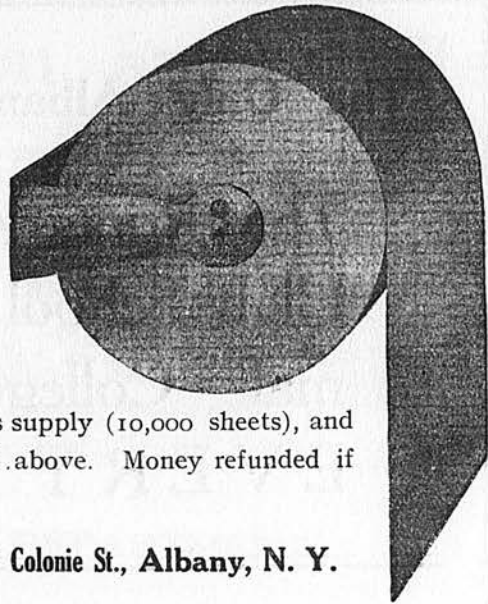
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The Crimson and White

Vol. VII

DECEMBER 1910

No. 2



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Christmas tide has come again,
The time of all the year,
When every heart and every home
Is filled with joy and cheer.

The holly and the mistletoe
Can everywhere be found,
While beautiful and dazzling snow
Gaily decks the ground.

The Christmas trees with candles
And ornaments made bright,
May often serve as a homeward
guide
To a wanderer in the night.

Let each one their very best
That is in them give, and then
Every one may loyally say,
Peace on earth, good will toward
men. H. M. '12.

"THE SPECTRE-PIRATE."

(A Story of Japan.)

PART I.

Ashikoga Yoshikuni and Kitabatake Hito were the truest of friends. Indeed, their loyalty to one another might be justly compared to that of the Old Testament heroes, David

and Jonathan, of the staunch apostles, Peter and John, and of the illustrious scientists Newton and Halley. Both were virtuous young men of the middle rank, full of the spirit and energy that has always been prominent in the youth of fair Japan.

They were reclining one warm afternoon, sheltered from the sun's burning rays by the foliage of a beautiful cherry tree, on the sandy bank of a streamlet in upper Nipon.

"This monotony wearies me," sighed Kitabatake, as he sifted a handful of glistening pebbles and sand through his fingers. "Oh, that we lived in Tokio, or Yokahama, or Nagasaki, or Osaka instead of in our dull and lifeless hamlet!"

But Ashikoga, who was of a more appreciative nature, only smiled at his friend's uneasiness.

"Why, Brother Kitapatake," he cried out in mild reproof, "is not ours the prettiest village in all Japan? Foreigners, as well as our own people, who have visited Miyanoshita, are simply enchanted with its beauty and pronounce it a typical Japanese village."

"Quite true, yes, quite true. What a discontented mood I am in to-day! But, my dear Ashikoga, you will acknowledge that even such beauty finally loses its charm in the eyes of the native."

"An occasional change is all that will satisfy that yearning for city gayety and animation. I would suggest a sojourn in Tokio next week."

"Capital idea! Clever thought!" rejoined Kitabatake enthusiastically. "But wait. No—I fear I cannot go next week for this reason. I have an adventure planned which certainly will be worth our while, though I tremble at the thought of hazarding it. Listen! You will recall the familiar name of Tikeuchi, the notorious pirate of yore, whose bloody deeds stirred Japan into a wild vengeance that did not die until it had resulted in his murder on the shore of this very stream. His body was thrust into a cave, which, as you know, to this day is called Tikeuchi's Cave. That was three hundred years ago. It is said that every century, at midnight, on the spot where the freebooter was slain, his ghost fights a furious battle with an unseen adversary whom it defeats. Then with a hideous shriek of triumph, the spectre leaps into a small black boat which is waiting at the shore, and slowly floats across the water to the cave in which the pirate's body is entombed. Here the apparition disembarks, and rushes hysterically into the murky halls and untrodden chamber of the cavern, where it is supposed to keep vigil with the body until the rise of Ten Sho Dai Jin (the sun god), when the spectre once more issues forth and vanishes with a clap of thunder and a flash of fire. Since this spectacle is due to occur the third night of next week, my plan is that we meet shortly

before midnight near this spot, observe the proceedings, and make such investigations as we can without risk of discovery. What do you say to the proposition?"

"In Budda's name! how did the idea ever occur to you?" cried Ashikoga.

"In glancing over an old Japanese document. But is it agreed, Brother Ashikoga?"

"Well, if the adventure proves as dramatic as your account of it, no doubt it will be worth the trying. I shall see you before the appointed night, and in the meantime endeavor to unearth some of the facts concerning the previous appearances of the ghost, so that we may make more precise arrangements. Yes, you may count on me, dear Kitabatake. Konnichi-wa!"

"Sayonara! Brother Ashikoga."

And with this the two friends parted, but so engrossed were they in their own thoughts that they did not perceive a rustle in the bushes directly back of them, nor hear the half-stifled titter of feminine voices that followed.

PART II.

"You are early Okin-san. The moon has but half mounted the sky. How long have you been waiting?"

"Oh, your dear girl! How glad I am that you are here at last. I have only been waiting a little while; but Arigato, do you really think there is such a ghost? I confess the possibility of it makes me shudder."

"So deucka! You silly thing—going to back out at this late moment. Of course there is nothing to the story. It's only an old maid's tale—an empty superstition. We'll frighten the boys out of their wits; and ah! I can fancy them now, crouched on the ground, speechless

with fear, and their hair standing on end like bristles. Is all in readiness?"

"Yes."

"Did Iyiyasu bring the boat?"

"Yes."

"Give me the robe, Okin-san. There! How do I look?"

"Bravo! Arigato-san. A perfect Tikeuchi!" And the girl clapped her hands in admiration.

An hour later Okin-san, whistling softly to herself a curious little Japanese air, took her station in the prow of the shadowy craft by the shore. Her companion, meanwhile, was impatiently watching for the moon to reach mid-heaven, when she would sally forth from her place of concealment "en masque" as the ghost of the once-dreaded Tikeuchi.

* * * * *

"See! Ashikoga. The spectre! The ghost of Tikeuchi!" Kitabatake half articulated as he clutched the hem of his comrade's tunic in his quivering hands.

"Quiet, man. Quiet!" whispered back Ashikoga, equally excited.

True to the legend, here on the beach was the spectre, cutlass in hand; thrusting, parrying and feinting with the invisible—the murderer of its body. It soon became evident that the unseen was getting the best of the battle, for the ghost, his ashen, blood-stained garments fluttering in the breeze, was now retreating steadily toward the place where the young men lay in watch, continuing, nevertheless, to fight with the utmost valor and dexterity. The spectre was but four yards away! They could not stir—they seemed pinned to the earth with deadly fear. One move would betray their presence. Nearer came the ghost! Their hearts leaped to their throats. Suddenly there appeared on the shore, stepping with

noiseless tread, another ghost, who seemed to have taken shape from the mist which hung over the waters of the stream. It, too, bore the image of Tikeuchi! The young men stared at each other through the darkness. No, this passage was not recorded in the tale. Spectre the first stopped as if in surprise, but actually in terror. In a moment, smarting, as it were, with indignation, the newcomer, the real ghost of Tikeuchi, was upon this mortal impostor with uplifted cutlass. Ashikoga and Kitabatake grew pale. A sharp scream rent the air.

"Kaunon! Kaunon! Have pity! Up Ashikoga! Kitabatake! It is only Arigato. Quick, or I die!"

The young men sprang to their feet, but lo! the true spectre had vanished. Arigato alone stood before them, unmasked—dumbfounded. Alas! the strain was too much. The girl burst into tears in spite of Kitabatake's attempts to comfort her.

"Okinsan! Okin-san!" she cried between her sobs. "She is in the boat. Go quick, else something will befall her also."

Ashikoga started—but Okin-san was already there. She had heard the outcry, and, instead of fleeing herself, had come to her friend's assistance.

All further ceremony was abandoned, and in the course of an hour the quartette had entered an ancient wood of pines more than a league from the place of their adventure. The silvery moonbeams glimmered through the tree-tops and flooded the well-beaten trail with a pallor not unlike that which dawn was presently to cast over the land. Gradually faint streaks of light shot through the heavens, the vanguard of the breaking day. The first flush of the morning soon greeted

their eyes and revived their spirits, and the events of the night quickly fled completely into oblivion. Again and again the woods rang with their laughter, and the venerable trees frowned at such unwonted intrusion upon their sacred solitude.

Fatigue at last overtaking them, they paused on the steps of a little sylvan temple, at the edge of a glade. Ashikoga's profound religious instinct led him to suggest:

"Let us enter and offer up our humble praises to the ever-benign Budda for our deliverance this night." The others very readily acquiesced.

Then they continued their journey now apparently lost in contemplation. The young men vowed that their companions had never seemed more beautiful, and they formed plans and resolutions, which, very happily for all, were afterwards realized. Finally they parted at the verge of the forest, at the foot of a high bluff overlooking verdant meadows and bounteous fields of rice. Nestled among the hills in the distance lay picturesque Miyano-shita.

Thus we leave our adventurers as mere specks on the landscape, eagerly bending their faces toward their little native town.

"W." '12.

HER VENETIAN CHRISTMAS.

"Have you heard about Jack Curtis? What do you think of such a state of affairs? By the way, they say that he is in Europe some place. Maybe you'll see him—"

Jean Benet laid down the letter in a daze. What *could* Ethel mean by "such a state of affairs?" What was it that she could have heard about him? Surely Jack could do nothing so terrible. He had always

been very conservative. Then she suddenly realized that he was in Europe! Here on the same continent! It seemed fairly incredible. But why should Jack bother her? He had never tried to see her or even written to her after— She caught herself up sharply and opened the rest of her Christmas mail. There were letters from all the home-folks, but she scarcely heeded the usually treasured news, for her eye continually wandered back to Ethel's bold, heavy scrawl.

Christmas away from home! And in Europe at that! Oh how happy every one was at home. Still, if Jack was in Europe too, it need not seem so bad after all. Maybe he would come to see her. Maybe he would forgive her, and—

With an effort she finished her dinner and went up to her room. The long windows were open and the breeze stirred the soft white draperies. She stood for a long time at the sash; comparing the scene before her with her home-land at Christmas. At home there was snow everywhere. It filled the roads, covered the fences and drifted in huge piles up at the side of the house. It was all cold and dismal. Inside the fires burned cheerfully and holly and mistletoe were hung from all parts of the low cozy rooms. The folks were happy and cheerful. They played and sang and danced. She even pictured them popping the corn before the roaring fire in the living-room.

And here? The Grand Canal lazily flowed by. When the wind stirred it even so slightly, the tiny waves flowed over and broke on the marble door-steps. Boats drifted this way and that and from one of them floated up in a rich tenor voice the haunting chorus of "Santa Lucia." Why, that was Jack's fav-

orite song! Across the way from her window was a tall row of houses rising directly out of the water. It was all so suggestive of a mid-summer day! Involuntarily her fingers wandered to the sprig of holly pinned on her black gown. It had required ever so much effort to get the holly, but somehow she felt she could not have stood Christmas without it.

Only last year she and Jack had helped decorate the rooms at home, and as they worked, he had caught a sprig of the holly in her hair. She had only seen him once after that. It was Christmas night and they were tired of dancing and were sitting out on the stairs. *Then* he had spoken and *then* she had answered. He hadn't even said "Good-bye," and the next February she had come to Europe. But if he were here maybe she would see him!

All the afternoon she sat and thought of what had been and what might still be. Unconsciously through her head ran those lines of Whittier—

"God pity us both and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth
recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or
pen,

The saddest are these,

It might have been!"

She combed her hair in the old way, and fastened the holly in it. If he should come he would find that she was not so changed as he had predicted a year's hard work in research and study would find her.

She would go to St. Mark's for the evening service. If he were in Venice he would be at the Cathedral, for she knew the fascination old buildings held for him. She wondered if he would be as lonely as she was.

As the gondola drew up at the square of St. Mark's she saw a tall young man spring out of a boat nearby. She started forward happily. Then she drew back as she saw him reach out his hand to a woman in the boat. The woman was tall and dark. She was dressed all in red and in her black hair was fastened a sprig of holly and mistletoe.

They were laughing happily as they passed her, but Jack saw the girl as she sought to draw back into the shadow.

"Why, Jean," he cried, as he came forward. Then—"Miss Benet, I would like you to meet my wife, Mrs. Curtis."

Jean slipped away into the Cathedral, and as she knelt in the old pew, she drew from her hair the sprig of holly and dropped it on the floor. The "state of affairs" was explained at last.

ALBERTA, '12.

PINE DISTRICT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Margaret Ainslee sat at her desk, thinking with her forehead puckered in a puzzled frown. School was over for the day and her pupils had left the building with more or less stamping of feet and clatter of books and lunch-pails or boxes. They had been coaxing to have an entertainment at the school-house for Christmas, and Miss Ainslee had promised to think it over and let them know her decision in the morning. The holiday season was still over a fortnight in the future, and she knew there was plenty of time to prepare something. But could she do it?

The teacher surveyed the bare room with a sensation of hopeless-

ness. In one corner stood a little old cabinet organ of which some of the stops were missing, and one pedal refused to move properly. A huge, ugly sheet-iron stove filled the center of the room, and the desks bore testimonies of jackknives owned by former pupils. But the room was of fairly good size for a country school and could be made to accommodate all who would be apt to come.

"I could put a tree where the organ now stands, and move the organ out nearer the platform," she said aloud. "Then my desk could go out in the entry, and that would leave the front of the room clear." The frown disappeared and Margaret decided that she would at least make an effort to celebrate Christmas in her school.

That night she discussed the project with her landlady, who was at once all enthusiasm. "The teacher last year didn't have anything, nor the one year before last," she said. "There can't many of these children remember having had any there, and it would be something they could remember for a long time."

Margaret knew this was true, although she would not have believed before she came to this out-of-the-way district to teach that anything she might do would be remembered. But then, she had made many discoveries since beginning her work here. She had found that events were few and far between in the lives of her pupils, that the parents cared nothing for books or education, and that neighborhood happenings were the topics of all conversation.

The children's faces fairly shone on the following morning when Miss Ainslee told them her decision and what plans she had made overnight. Instead of "pieces" and

singing in regular order, they would have both, and combine their whole entertainment into a sort of play. The children were delighted at the idea of a play. A few of the boys were rather difficult, but all learned the parts assigned to them. How they worked noontimes and after school! For, of course, lessons had to go on just the same.

Christmas came on Saturday that year. School would close on Friday and "Teacher" realized with a little pang of homesickness that she must defer her journey home until Christmas day. But the thought only spurred her on with the task that she had undertaken. Friday was devoted entirely to preparations for the evening at the school-house of "Pine District." Miss Ainslee cut the words "Merry Christmas" from cardboard and these, effectively placed among greens, occupied a conspicuous place in the front of the room. The side walls were also decorated with greens and the tree was a sight wonderful to behold. The people of the neighborhood loaned everything Margaret could have wished for and had even had the school organ repaired for the occasion. By five o'clock everything was ready as nearly as could be and the workers all hurried home to be at the school again promptly at half-past seven.

The teacher decided to ask a small admission fee and one of the pupils stood at the door to receive this. There was much laughter and clatter as the people came in and took their places. The children buzzed about the room very much excited. Occasionally the jingle of sleigh-bells might be heard as some arrived from a distance. There were the Wrights and the Smiths, and among the last to arrive, Ethel Grant with her father. Ethel stood

in the entry waiting, while her father cared for their horse. But it was cold there. "If you will let me go on in," she said to Jim Tolman, whom Margaret had stationed at the door, "the next man that comes in will pay for me."

Jim looked rather dazed, but Ethel went in quickly. Unfortunately, the next arrival instead of Mr. Grant, was an elderly bachelor of the neighborhood. Honest Jim meant to do his duty, so he accosted portly Mr. Copin with: "There was a girl come in here and said you was goin' to pay for her."

Mr. Copin gasped.

"Yes," said Jim, "there she is over there."

Then the elderly bachelor, seeing a vacant chair next Ethel, gallantly rose to the occasion, paid the fee, and went over and took the vacant place, much to the amusement of the younger members of the assembled crowd, and to Miss Grant's mortification.

Then the entertainment began. I cannot attempt to describe how nervously the girls "spoke," or their efforts ended in giggles, and in one case, in tears; how the boys went through their parts with a do-or-die expression of countenance and how the star singer's voice suddenly cracked on a high note. Santa Claus' beard caught fire from a candle and a man rushed up from the audience and slapped poor Santa's face till the fire was extinguished.

But the little children for whom Miss Ainslee had especially planned the entertainment, thoroughly enjoyed it. To them it was wonderful to think that they could give such an exhibition before their parents and neighbors. The Santa Claus who promised so generously to visit them that very night, they

sincerely believed. The older children and the grown-up members of that gathering seemed to find it as pleasant as the little children.

When the last "Merry Christmas" had been said, and the last guest had gone, Margaret, with a few who stayed to help her close up the school and get it ready for work after the Christmas vacation should be over, discussed the event.

"It was certainly a great success, Miss Ainslee," whispered Ethel Grant, as they stood alone together for a moment; "but you look dreadfully tired."

"Never mind," the teacher answered, "I will be home to-morrow and shall not have to think of Pine District again for two whole weeks."

K. W. '11.

FOR THE ALMA MATER

"Dalton's sick, what shall we do? We can never win without him. He is the main support of the team and without him it can never score," said Ned Bradley, captain of the Yale basketball team, to a group of college chums who were on their way to the college a few days before the closing of school for the Christmas vacation.

This small piece of news created a great deal of excitement which gradually increased as boy after boy joined the first small group. But what did this excitement mean? Only a fellow chum sick, a frequent occurrence? It was this: only two two days remained before the big Yale-Harvard basketball game, the Christmas game which was considered *the* game of the season. "To win," they must. Their minds had been filled completely with the thought of victory. Hardly one thought of defeat had entered their minds previously. What, lose a

game with "Bud" playing? Never. But now their champion was ill, so ill that the doctors had ordered him not to leave his bed for two weeks at least, a case of pneumonia. Only two days, and then,—must it be defeat? No, never! They must not let Harvard carry off the laurels, they must not—yet how to prevent it was the thought that filled each student's mind as he entered upon the lessons of the day.

Among the fellows that had been disturbed by this piece of bad news was Sidney Ridge, a fellow more poorly dressed than most of the others, yet neat in person. He was solving a most difficult problem more perplexing than his chums or anyone realized. Should he do it? It was his school, his college, but oh, how bitter disappointment was! Should he give up what he had worked for so long, or should he keep silent? Keep silent and lose the game?

He struggled inwardly all day with such questions as these. But as he walked across the campus toward the gym where the boys had all preceded him, his mind was made up. He would give up his long worked-for pleasure. He would do all in his power for his school, his college, his Alma Mater.

Reaching the gym, Sidney singled out the captain of the team and in a few words told him how before he had come to college he had been the champion of his High School team and could shoot a basket at almost any distance, and if they wished to test his ability he was ready. The boys all crowded around and many said, "Why hasn't he gone out for the team before, if he can play so well?" Then Sidney came forth and told his story.

Before he had come to college he had always been champion of his team, but the year he was graduated from High School his father had failed in business and soon after had died. On his death bed he made Sidney promise to work his way through college and support his mother. "I have done this so far and in doing it I could not afford to spend afternoon after afternoon at practice, but as you know, have worked until late at night to carry out my father's wishes. I am willing to do my best for you fellows and for my school and will take pleasure in doing it."

But he did not tell the whole of his story, how he was saving up his money to go home for Christmas and see his mother, and that he needed the next two days' pay to make out his carfare. But being tried, he shot seventeen out of twenty baskets and was put on the team for the Christmas game.

The night of the big game came at last. The building was crowded with people. Amid the waving of banners and the yell of thousands, the game began. For a long time it looked gloomy for Yale, but at the end of the first inning the score was a tie, seven to seven. When the whistle blew for the beginning of the second inning, as Sidney left the dressing room, while the cheers of the boys surrounded him, he said, "I'll win this game for 'Dear Old Yale' or die in the attempt." Although only a few words, they were said in such a manner that they assured the Yale fellows of victory.

Harvard scored a foul, one, Yale two, then Harvard went ahead. How Yale yelled! They held each other down for a long time. Harvard was ahead, just one moment left. Just as the whistle

blew, before the hush of thousands, Sidney made a basket. He had won the game. Oh, Yale, Yale, Yale! It had won by one point.

They carried Sidney out on their shoulders, and as he left the gym after the game, the captain pressed a small package into the palm of his hand as he said, "You have done well and we all appreciate your school spirit. Accept this from your college chums as you have won the game for the 'Blue and White.'"

That night found Sidney on the train bound for home, for the package given him contained one hundred dollars. He had done his duty and had been doubly repaid.

F. L. G., '13.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

The youth of Haydenville had organized a Literary Society, that the books in the town library might not suffer from lack of use, and that they might be considered well read. The officers were not as yet elected. The president should be kind, charitable, literary and should possess great oratorical powers. Anne Miller had stated. She had a special reason for making this announcement, not one of the boys or girls, save Anne, had these four requisites. Hence the inevitable would be that Anne would occupy the president's chair.

No one wanted this office more than Willie Morris. He was not over-anxious to sit in the president's chair, for that piece of furniture was in the habit of collapsing on important occasions, but how fine it would be to address the members and explain to them their mission in life! (he hadn't the slightest idea, however, what the mission was.) There was one obstacle, he wasn't charitable. Still it was two weeks before the election, and Christmas the

great day for practicing charity, occurred before then, so why couldn't he develop this virtue within that time?

His attempts to assist the poor and aged proved failures, for the aged seemed to become rejuvenated, *pro tempore*, and usually sent him home with smarting ears, and the poor forgot that poverty wasn't a disgrace and treated charity's pilgrim very rudely.

When Katrina, the shrew of the town, chased him home because he spilled the cranberries he was bringing to her, he felt discouraged but decided to do one thing more. The Smith family were badly in need of shoes and provisions. To them he would give his attentions.

On Christmas eve he might have been seen "cutting cross lots" to the Smith cottage and depositing several boxes and an old sleigh over them. Then feeling unusually uplifted he went home.

Willie thought it strange that every one who met him on the way to church the next morning should be so overcome with laughter that utterance was impossible, but concluded that they had an unusual supply of good will toward men on hand.

When he reached home his father met him at the door! "See here, William," he said. "You remember that sheet of paper that was wrapped around my new shoes?"

Willie remembered.

"I wrote my name on it and put it in the wood-box. Perhaps you can explain the theorem, "If a sheet of paper with your name written on it is placed in the wood-box two days before Christmas, it will be found wrapped around six pairs of old shoes, on Neighbor Smith's door-step with boxes and sleighs over it on Christmas morning."

"Given a wood-box—O the dog isn't fed!"

The dog was soon satisfied, and Willie was looking for something else to do when he saw a boy, famous for carrying news approaching him. The newcomer said:

"You should have seen Bob Smith this morning. He was the angriest man in the universe. He tried to get out of the door this morning and couldn't move it. (Willie recalled that the Smith door opened out). They couldn't find the key of the front door, so he tried the little window in the kitchen. He got stuck there and yelled so loud that we heard him and went down to see the fun.

"There was a ten-pound bag of candy and six pairs of old shoes against the door, and boxes on top of 'em."

"Bob found your father's name on the paper wrapped around the shoes, and he has had an interview with him!"

"I saw Anne Miller," he continued, "and she says no one can perform the part of president well enough, so she will undertake it."

"Isn't that just like a girl?" Willie groaned and then murmured resignedly, "Serves me right, I should have begun earlier."

L. R. '13

The Straw Ride.

We went upon a straw ride
 One dark November night,
 And wandered into town again
 By early morning light.
 We rode on big hay-riggings
 Piled high with nice clean straw,
 And we were the very jolliest crowd
 That anyone ever saw.
 It grew rather cold towards mid-
 night,
 But did we care, not in the least,
 We thought of the good here-after
 And that delicious chicken feast.

At last we reached old Nassau,
 'Twas after one I guess,
 And there the Fates awaited us
 And—well you couldn't guess the
 rest.

So now I'll try to tell you
 Just what happened there,
 We waited and we waited
 With a very patient air.

The door was locked and bolted,
 The windows were closed tight,
 And suddenly some glass crashed in
 Which awakened the silent night.

The boys banged the door and
 stamped their feet,
 And smashed a window in,
 And finally the sleepy proprietor
 Made himself heard in the din.

"Get away from here or I'll fire!"
 That horrid old man said,
 And of course we'd rather leave
 the chicken
 Than to be filled with lead.

The crowd that went to the Irish
 home
 Was very cold and mad,
 But the thought of something good
 to eat,
 Once more made them glad.

Cocoa and cake in abundance we
 had,
 And fruit and nuts galore,
 And we ate and ate, till we truly
 said.
 That we didn't want any more.

When we reached old Albany
 It all seemed like a dream,
 And Irving Goewey, the naughty
 boy,
 Stole a bottle of cream!

As to the results, of course you
 know
 The usual day of sleep,
 Which everyone makes use of
 And which you all may know is
 deep. H. M.

THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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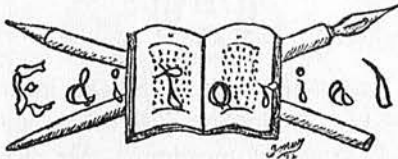
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The holiday season is drawing near. Another year has passed and Christmas tide is with us once more. The shops are well filled with toys and other articles that the customers would be expected to buy for their friends and dear ones. The large stores are crowded to their utmost capacity with prospective purchasers. What happy thoughts must these minds contain as they are selecting their gifts! But we should not stop with this, there is the orphaned child, the sick, the poor and needy, all of whom should have a liberal portion of our attentions. Charity is a generous virtue, whose deeds inspire the utmost pleasure. It brings gratification to its possessor, and delights to dispense its bounties in aid of the needy and distressed. Let each one of us try to

perform some charitable act at this season and by so doing bring happiness to others as well as God's blessing to ourselves.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE extends to its readers a Merry Christmas and expresses a hope that the New Year may bring to them an abundance of good health and prosperity.

* * *

It has been nearly three months since the beginning of our school year. We are confident that we all have tried to perform such duties as have been required of us with willingness and zeal. And now that the holiday season will soon be o'er, let us enter once again upon those duties with such determination and enthusiasm that the result can only be "Success."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Frances Hayford and Clarence Fix are married.

Warren Vosburg is a Freshman at Union College.

Helen Morton has a position in the Capitol.

Clara Springsteed is assisting in teaching German and Latin at the State Normal College.

Willis Morton has entered Cornell.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Sandlers has left the Freshman class.

Theodora Jansen has left school.

Mr. Wilcox has entered the Freshman class.

On October 29th, the Sophomores gave a Hallowe'en party to the Seniors and Juniors in the gymnasium, which was decorated in green, orange and black. Dancing was

enjoyed, the music being furnished by Mr. Steers. Favors were drawn by the Seniors from a large pumpkin and refreshments were served.

On Thanksgiving eve the Adelphoi and Theta Nu societies enjoyed a ride out to Nassau. They were entertained at the home of Mr. Irish, a member of Theta Nu and arrived home at an early hour.

At the Senior Class meeting held December 2nd, Miss Murray was elected Secretary of the class, in place of Miss Sutherland, who has resigned.

We hope and ask that all the students who will be graduated in the class of 1911, attend the meetings of the Senior Class.

The Seniors are again called upon to speak in chapel. Mr. Delaney gave an especially fine declamation. Mr. Cody's declamation and Miss Anthony's recitation are also worthy of mention.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Zeta Sigma.



At a meeting of Zeta Sigma, held Tuesday Nov. 7th, the Misses Edith Dolan, Jennie Dodds, Clara Anthony, Kathrine Read, Edith Herber and Alice Griffin were initiated to active membership. Needless to say the other members enjoyed the meeting.

On Tuesday, Nov. 22, Miss Clement gave a talk on her recent trip to Europe, which proved a pleasant change from the usual program.

At the regular meeting held Tuesday, Nov. 29th, business concerning the mid-winter dance was discussed. A committee was

chosen consisting of Miss Sutherland, Chairman; Miss Murray and Miss Packer, who are making all arrangements necessary. Sigma believes that this dance is going to be her best effort as yet to entertain her friends.

The programs have held the interest of every member this year. The debates are improving and the quotations are excellent. We all feel that we are deriving more benefit than ever before from a literary standpoint and it is hoped that when the old year is left behind, we will leave the best record yet made.

Adelphoi



Adelphoi, with increased membership, is holding interesting and well attended meetings. Mr. Ed. McEntee's eloquence adds largely to the literary work, while Mr. Kirk with violin solos, and Mr. Bacon with banjo selections make a very enjoyable musical program.

Chester Long and Nelson Covey were initiated Friday, Nov. 11th, and admitted to membership at the following meeting.

The members are planning for a sleighride to be held in the near future. The following officers have been elected for the second quarter:

President—Richard Kirk.

Vice-President—John Becker.

Secretary—Edward McEntee.

Treasurer—Tom Clary.

Sergeant - at - arms — Newton Bacon.

Chaplain—Alwyne George.

Master of Ceremonies—Edwin Taylor.

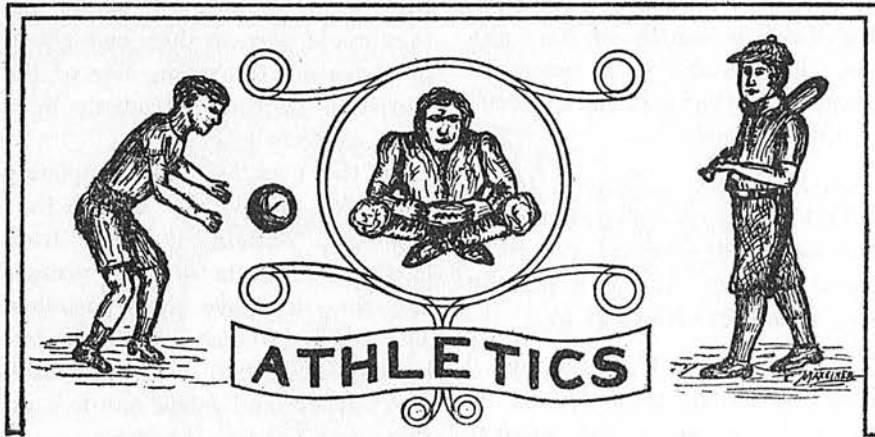
Theta Nu



During the past ten weeks, Theta Nu, having acquired a number of new members, has improved wonderfully in the art of debate, also of declamation. With the rhetorical again holding the platform down in chapel, declaiming has become much easier for the members of our society, as shown by the excellent

declamation delivered by Mr. Delaney. On Nov. 30th, the society paper, "RED AND GREEN," was read. It showed in all its departments the good literary ability for which our society is noted. Also at that meeting was held one of the finest impromptu discussions of the year, namely: "Doctors are More Useful than Lawyers," which was ably discussed by all the members present.

Messrs. MacArdle, Hoyt, Wiltsie and Wood were admitted as members at a recent meeting.



BASKETBALL.

The outlook for a successful basketball team for this season is very promising. Of last year's team we have Goewey, Wurthman and DuBois. From the candidates who came out for the team, "Doc" Cody and Ed. Mulcahy proved to be the material Captain Goewey was looking for.

The team has been practicing since October and is in fine condition for the hard schedule which Manager K. Du Bois has arranged. Home games to be played in the S. N. C. gym.

THE SCHEDULE

The opening game for the season, Thursday, Nov. 24, with Kin-

derhook H. S. at Kinderhook. Dec. 2, Christian Brothers' Academy, at home, and at night Scotia H. S., at Scotia. Dec. 7, Christian Brothers' Academy, on later's court. Dec. 9, Kinderhook H. S., at home. Dec. 14, Troy H. S., at home. Dec. 16, Albany H. S., at Y. M. C. A. gym. Jan. 13, Troy Academy, at home. Jan. 18, Lansingburgh H. S., at home. Jan. 20, Albany Academy, at Racquet Club. Jan. 27, Albany Academy, at home. Feb. 1, Albany H. S., at home. Feb. 11, Lansingburgh H. S., at Lansingburgh. Feb. 17, Union University Sophomores, at home. March 3, New Paltz Normal High School, at New Paltz. March 4, Riverview Military Academy, at Poughkeepsie. (March 3

and 4 is a two-day trip.) March 11, New Paltz Normal H. S., at home. Two or more games with State Normal College (Albany), will be played on dates to be decided later. Manager Du Bois has had the good luck of engaging former Manager Donahoe to referee all home games.

You are all aware that "season tickets" for home basketball games have been on sale for the small amount of thirty-five cents. They are still on sale and can be secured from Mr. Du Bois at any time. If you haven't secured a ticket yet, *buy it to-day*. We have a team this year which is worthy of your support. Help make it a successful season by buying a ticket and coming to the games.

N. H. S. 18. S. N. C. 10.

On Thursday, Oct. 27, our quintette met and defeated the State Normal College five in a practice game by a score of 18 to 10.

N. H. S. 48. K. H. S. 15

Our basketball team opened its season in a successful manner Thanksgiving night at Kinderhook by defeating the High School team of that place, in a one-sided contest by the score of 48 to 15. The work of our "five" was excellent, especially the shooting of Goewey who made nine field baskets, and Wurthman who made six. Briefly speaking, the entire aggregation played well, considering that they were all out late the night before.

The line up:

	Position	
Normal	Kinderhook
	Left Forward	
Wurthman	Heney
	Right Forward	
E. Mulcahy	A. Waite (Capt.)
	Center	
Cody	Gage

Left Guard

Du Bois

Right Guard

Goewey (Capt.) Van Alstyne

SUMMARY

Basket from field—Goewey 9, Wurthman 6, Du Bois 3, Cody 2, Mulcahy 2, Starp 3, Henry 1, A. Waite 1, Van Alstyne 1. Baskets from free throw—Goewey 4, Heney 3. Referee—W. Waite. Timer—Bacon. Scorer—McEntee. Time of halves, 20 minutes each.

N. H. S. 22. C. B. A. 9.

On Friday, Dec. 2, our team showed what kind of basket ball they could play on their own court, by defeating the strong five of the Christian Brothers' Academy by a score of 22 to 9.

In the first half we completely outplayed the C. B. A., Du Bois making a sensational basket from half the court before the visitors had time to move their positions. This seemed to dishearten them, but in the second half they came back very strong and made our five go some to keep up with them.

As usual, the playing of Goewey, Cody and Du Bois was of the sensational order.

The line up:

N. H. S.	Position	C. B. A.
	Right Forward	
Mulcahy	Wise
	Left Forward	
George	Lennon (Capt.)
	Center	
Cody	Alex
	Right Guard	
Du Bois	Cantwell
	Left Guard	
Goewey (Capt.)	Leonard

SUMMARY

Baskets from field—Goewey 4, Du Bois 2, Cody 2, Mulcahy 2, Lennon 3, Cantwell 1. Baskets on free

throws—Goewey 2, Leonard 1. Score at end of first half—N. H. S. 13, C. B. A. 2. Final score—N. H. S. 22, C. B. A. 9. Referee—Donahoe. Timekeeper—Wilson. Scorer—McEntee. Time of halves twenty minutes. Attendance about 250.

N. H. S. 33. S. H. S. 51

Our team met its first defeat by the Scotia H. S. team at Scotia by a score of 33 to 51. Our quintette was not familiar with the baskets on Scotia's courts and were outplayed in the first half. Instead of a board bank, wire was used and our opponents had it down pat. They could make a basket from any corner of the court. As a result we

only scored a few in the first half, but in the second half is when we showed up, making a majority of the baskets. Scotias team work was excellent and hard to break up.

TRACK.

It is sincerely hoped by the manager that some fellows will turn out, so as to make it possible to do something toward establishing a track team in this school. There is absolutely no reason why Normal should not be represented in the local Armory meets, as nearly every other school in the city has anywhere from one to four men in each meet.



The Ledger, Brooklyn, N. Y.,—you have some clever cartoonists, but the frontispiece illustrating the story, "The Hypnotist," is rather crude.

The Tectonion, Buffalo, N. Y., has some excellent jokes. The article on "College Life" in the November issue is as interesting as any article which has come to our attention.

Comus, Zanesville, Ohio, is well edited, but we can find no definite information as to the name of the institution of which it is the organ. Had we not known this from past exchanges, we could not have deter-

mined where to send this year's issue of the CRIMSON AND WHITE.

That "Hello" sketch in the *Windmill*, Hudson, N. Y., is quite amusing. Exchange criticisms are requisite to any live high school periodical, and would materially improve the *Windmill*.

We would suggest a cover design for *The Benhi*, Bennington, Vt. Otherwise the magazine is fairly commendable. The romance, "Castles in Spain," in the October number, is particularly good.

The exchange department of the *Oracle*, Jacksonville, Fla., is plausibly edited.

We find the *Academe*, Hamilton, N. Y., to be our only bi-weekly exchange.

The *Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y., is all that can be expected of a high school publication. The November cover design is a marvel of artistic skill.

We cannot compliment the *North Star*, Syracuse, N. Y., too highly. All departments, with special reference to the editorials, are well maintained. The organ has some remarkably good cuts, and abounds in real jokes.

"The Passing of the Warrior," an inspiring football story in the October *Review*, Shamokin, Pa., deserves more than passing mention.

We do not approve of including advertising items in the columns intended for "Locals" in the *Normal Eyte*, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Such cuts as the editorial cut in the *Vexillum*, Boston, Mass., should not be permitted in a high school periodical.

We desire to call especial attention to the technique of "A Meeting in Mexico," to be found in the *Echo*, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Tattler*, Milwaukee, Wis., is printed on a fine quality of paper. Its November cover design, however, though attractive, is rather a disappointment.

The *Voice*, New London, N. H., is one of the neatest of our exchanges.

The literary department of the *Recorder*, Winchester, Mass., needs to be strengthened.

We congratulate the *E. H. S. News*, Eugene, Or., and the *Sentinel*, Los Angeles, Cal., for their all-around excellence.

The cover design of the *Windmill*, Manlius, N. Y., is very deftly executed. Here again we emphasize the need of an improved literary department.

The *Iliad*, Troy, N. Y., says of the CRIMSON AND WHITE:

"All of the departments are very good this month. We wish to commend your stories. 'While the Country Mourned' is exceptionally well done. The column, 'The Wit of Our Contemporaries' is a very good idea. You have a fine column of 'grinds.'"

We do not like the arrangement of the "O," Oskaloosa, Iowa. The advertisements should be kept apart from the literary material.

The *Spinster*, Portland, Or., is a fine example of durability.

The editorials and school notes of the *Huisache*, San Antonio, Tex., are exceptionally well developed. The cover design for October is quite novel.

Exchanges Received

We desire to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue:

The North Star (2), *High School Recorder* (Saratoga Springs), *Shamokin High School Review* (2), *The Oracle* (2), (Jacksonville, Fla.), *The Voice* (2), *The Echo* (S. N. C., Albany), *The Academy* (Owego, N. Y.), *Normal Eyte*, *Eugene High School News*, *The Comet*, *The Benhi* (2), *The Vexillum*, *The Cue*, *High School Echo*, *The Advocate*, *The Academe*, *The Tattler*, *Canary and White*, *The Tectonion*, *The Ledger*, *The Enterprise*, *The Bulletin*, *The "O," Winchester High School Recorder*, *Shucis*, *The Lyceum*, *College Index*, *The Windmill* (Hudson,

N. Y.), *The Sentinel*, *Comus*, *Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *The Chronicle*, *The Windmill* (Manlius, N. Y.), *The Oracle* (Fulton, N. Y.), *Ripples*, *The Iliad*, *The Spinster*, *The Russ*, *The Huisache*, *The Lilliputian*.

The Hammer Club

Clary (correcting a sentence in French)—“I don't like the order, Miss Keller.”

Du Bois (abruptly)—“Then make it pork chops.”

Mr. Bacon (in Ancient History)—“Mr. Taylor, name the chief contribution of the oriental nations to the world's culture.”

Taylor (absently)—“The different brands of cigarettes.”

Professor Sayles (in chapel)—“Miss O'Connor lost her hair during recess yesterday. Has anybody seen it?”

Hare (popping up suddenly)—“Here I am!”

Miss Clement—“Mr. McEntee, what is an anecdote?”

McEntee (suddenly awakening)—“An animal with whiskers.”

Clara—“Is my hat on straight?”

Bill—“No, Clara, it's on your head.”

McGarr—“Tom Clary caught a fish, and he weighed three hundred pounds.”

Cody—“You mean Clary weighed three hundred pounds.”

McGarr—“Yes, of course.”

Mr. Bacon (in Ancient History)—“Mr. Wurthman, tell me something about Homer.”

Wurthman—“Last spring, with the bases full, I hit one of the opposing pitcher's high shoots for a homer.”

Joe Mulcahy—“Will someone please analyze what Cody smokes in his pipe?”

The “bunch” (in unison)—“We can't get near enough.”

Miss Root—“Who was Sappho?”

Miss Clement—“A love-lorn poetess, who, failing to win the man she first loved, cured herself by jumping into the Mediterranean Sea.”

Miss Root—“Oh, she probably acted on the old advice, “There's plenty more fish in the sea.”

Geowey—“I know a girl who was killed by a boar the other day.”

Miss Goldring—“Excuse me, Irving. I also value my life.” (Exit.)

A word to the wise is unnecessary. (This also refers to our faculty).

And Wurthman actually took four girls home after the hay ride last month. Maybe the girls couldn't escape him. Carl's sweet temper and mild disposition deserve our deepest admiration.

Prof. Sayles (to Miss O'Connor in Intermediate Algebra)—“Your mark is very low and you have just passed.”

Alberta—“Oh, I'm so glad!”

Prof. Sayles (Surprised)—“Why?”

Alberta—“I do so love a tight squeeze.”

Margaret—“I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.”

Kenneth—“Have I asked you to?”

Miss May Veite is giving free demonstrations on the difficult art of “How to hobble gracefully, up and down stairs in a Hobble Skirt.”

Irving G.—“Why is kissing your girl, like a bottle of olives?”

Alwyne G.—“Give it up.”

Irving G.—“Because if you get one, the rest come easy.”

Pearl—“Now Edith, you can let Mr. Casey take your Sigma pin, can't you?”

Edith H. (blushing sweetly)—
“Why Pearl, what a suggestion!”

Those Boys Go Shopping.

Bacon (in the drug store)—
“Will you kindly let me see some of your combs?”

Clerk—“Combs!”

Bacon—“Yes.”

Clerk—“For whom?”

Bacon—“Myself.”

Clerk—“Great Scott, man! What you need is a rake.”

Clary (in a clothing store)—
“I'd like to get a collar.”

Clerk—“Well, sir, there's a harness shop two blocks down the street.”

The Wit of Our Contemporaries.

THE WILES OF THE WEED.

Minister (to urchin on the street corner)—“My son, I trust you never degrade yourself to such a degree as to smoke.” (With emphasis on the last word).

Urchin—“Yep, I smoke every day.”

Minister—“My boy, you astound me! One of your age should never—”

Urchin—“Aw, what yer givin' me! I don't smoke terbaccer. I works in a fish market smokin' mackerel.”

Junior (to freshman)—“Have you met Sophia.”

Freshie (innocently)—“Sophia who?”

Junior—“Sophomore!”

Freshman flees in terror.

A problem for geometrics:

“If a hog is a rooter and a football enthusiast is a rooter, to prove that a football enthusiast is a hog.” Proof, ax. 1—things equal to the same things are equal to each other.

—Ex.

Example of a long sentence in English; “Imprisonment for life.”

—Ex.

The comparison of “dead.”

dead (Albany),

deader (Rensselaer),

deadest (Cohoes).

“When I graduate I'll step into a position at \$20,000 per,” modestly announced the Senior.

“Per what?” inquired the Soph.

“Per-haps!” bawled the noisy Freshie.

—Ex.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: “I've flunked again.”

—Ex.

Youthless—“What a finely chiseled mouth you have; it ought to be on a girl's face.”

Youth—“Well, I seldom miss the opportunity.”

—Ex.

Adam—“I've a new field for you to till, my son. Are you able?”

Cain—“Not quite, father. I'm Cain.”

There was a thief who ne'er would leave

“A clue,” he oft would say,

But he wouldn't touch a pair of scales

Lest he would give himself a-weigh.

—Ex.

“Just smile awhile, and as you smile another smiles, and soon there's miles and miles of smiles, and life's worth while because you smile.”

CLASS STONES.

Fresh, emerald; sophs, Blarney stone; juniors, grindstone; seniors, tombstone. —*Ex.*

There are meters of measure,
And meters of tone—
But the best way to meet her
Is to meet her alone. —*Ex.*

John—"Pat, are you good at measurements?"

Pat—"I am that."

John—"Then can you tell me how many shirts can I get out of a yard?"

Pat—"Sure it depends on whose yard you get into." —*Ex.*

Typical Englishman—"Hi say! 'Ow long 've Hi got to wait for those chops Hi sent to be warmed over?"

Waiter—"Why, Ah et 'em up, boss. Yo' tol' me to."

Englishman—"You blawsted hid-iot! Cawn't you hunderstand Henglish? Hi said distinctly to 'eat 'em up." —*Ex.*

A deadbeat—one who makes a soft living by sponging it.

"It is said that a cannibal never works," said the professor.

"How, then, does he live?" inquired the student incredulously.

"On other people," was the prompt retort.

Lady—"Could you please tell me where the corset department is?"

Floor walker (pointing to back of store)—"Straight back."

Lady (highly indignant)—"No, sir. Straight front." —*Ex.*

First hotel proprietor—"We have a blind waiter in our hotel who is a perfect wonder. He has never broken a dish to my knowledge, and walks about as confidently and as safely as if he could see."

Second hotel proprietor—"Humph!

Not so remarkable. We have a dumbwaiter in our hotel."

Professor—"We will represent the moon by my hat."

Freshie—"Is the moon inhabited?" —*Ex.*

Freshman—"Suppose a man were to call you a liar, what would you do?"

Soph. (hesitatingly) — "What sized man?" —*Ex.*

Be careful about singing through a screen—you are likely to strain your voice. —*Ex.*

Weary Willie—"How would you like a seat in congress?"

Tommy Tatters — "I'd rather have a seat in dis pair of trousers just at present." —*Ex.*

A miss is as good as a mile—always.

A miss is as good as her smile—sometimes.

Out of the frying-pan into the mouth—mother's griddle-cakes.

Mirth.

Willie had tried various means to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now, don't bother me."

Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then reflectively: "Awful accident in the subway to-day.

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "What was the accident in the subway?"

"Why," replied Willie, edging toward the door, "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

"What's all the row over on the next block?" a reporter asked of a policeman.

"Aw, only a wooden weddin'."

"A wooden wedding?"

"Sure. A couple of Poles is gettin' married."

In a New York street car recently a young man attracted the attention of the other passengers by suddenly leaping from his seat and picking up something from between the seats of the floor. For a moment he ex-

amined his find. Then he asked, "Did anybody lose a five-dollar gold piece?"

Burglar—"Take back yer purse, lady. Youse has got more use for a button hook an' a powder puff dan what I have."



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Here you will find a complete assortment of the Season's Latest Creations in

Ladies' Dress at the Most Reasonable Prices

VISIT OUR FUR DEPARTMENT

MANN & ANKER

37 North Pearl Street,

Albany, N. Y.

A ministerial-looking man got up from his seat at the other end of the car and started toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, "I dropped a five-dollar gold piece when I got on, but

owing to the crush I couldn't find it."

"Very well," said the young man, gleefully. "Here's a nickel toward it."

The Dolan Company

ALBANY'S BEST CLOTHIERS

SPECIAL STYLES FOR YOUNG MEN

The Home of College Styles

South Pearl and Beaver Streets

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: 'Examination over. Nothing new!'"

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."

In Topeka three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor saw to the right of him a big sign—"Bankrupt Sale," and to the left, "Closing Out at Cost." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door, in larger letters, "Main Entrance."

"Wouldn't you like another piece of cake, dear?" asked the good lady of the urchin at the end of the Christmas dinner.

"No'm, I guess not," said the boy dubiously. "I could chew it, but I couldn't swallow it."

"Papa," said Freddie, "what is a fortification?"

"Why, a big fort," said his father.

"Well, papa, is a ratification a big—"

"I am busy now, dear," replied father as he escaped.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," replied John without hesitation.

"Good morning, ma'am," began the temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' Home and—"

"Why, me husband's out," replied Mrs. McGuire, "but if ye can find him anywhere's ye're welcome to him."

Walk Over Shoes



*Snappy Styles for the
College Man
and Woman*



Walk Over Boot Shop

WORBASS & HASKELL,

71 No. Pearl Street

Visitor—"What became of that other windmill that was here last year?"

Native—"There was only enough wind for one, so we took it down."

"Me gotta da good job," said Pietro, as he gave the monkey a little more line after grinding out on his organ a selection from "Santa Lucia." "Getta forty dollar da month and eata myself; thirty da month if da boss eata me."

Character is higher than intellect—a great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.—*Emerson.*

A good name is better than bags of gold.—*Cervantes.*

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

The first years of man must make provision for the last.—*Johnson.*

Shake hands, before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:

What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

—*Tennyson.*

Our life should resemble a long day of light.—*Moore.*

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.—*Shakespeare.*

EDISON

PHONOGRAPHS

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No matter what type **Edison Phonograph** you want to buy, we have it—\$1.00 a week will buy an **Edison** at **Thomas' Music Store**. Come in and hear the new **Amberol Edison** record—runs four minutes—we attach to any style **Edison Amberol** attachment for \$5 to \$8.50. Look into the subject. Our **Christmas Record Cabinets** are ready—select now. We deliver when you wish. All roads lead to

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