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1909
December

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Please mention “The Crimson and White.”
Once on a time, long years ago,
At the farthest ends of the earth,
Lived a jolly old fellow,
Of temper so mellow
He was just brimming over with mirth.

He was so fond of children, this little old fellow,
And he kept a toyshop, himself,
That one year he began
And bought reindeer — four span!
Did this queer, little, jolly, old elf.

Then the next Christmas Eve at the stroke of twelve,
(My story is strange to tell),
He jumped in his sleigh,
And drove far away,
To the land where the children dwell.

And he carried them sweetmeats and candy, too,
In his sleigh with its reindeer small,—
And all sorts of toys
For good girls and boys,
No matter how short or tall.

Since then, every year, on Christmas Eve,
He has come o'er the icy roofs
To wish us "Good Cheer":
If you listen you'll hear
The patter of tiny hoofs.

But I fear since invaders have reached his home,
In the land of the glaciers white,
They will settle the whole
Of the top of the Pole
And ruin his business quite.

What to Read at Twelve

What books should you children read? Let me see, what did I read at twelve? Well, I read a little of everything. No one ever restricted me. I read anything which attracted me. But, of course, that isn’t saying that I would want every other child to do the same. Perhaps there are some books just as well left unread.

But just let me look into my book-case and see what I have there. Maybe I can remember better just which books are the best.
There, on the top shelf, I see a set of books,—eight in all. They look very familiar. Why, this must be the Little Men and Women Series! I ought to have thought of these without looking into the bookcase. I would recommend these books to everyone. No one is too old or too young to read these. And next to this set are the Scrap Bag Books and Flower Fables. Why, I’ve given a whole shelf to Miss Alcott’s works! And I’d be willing to give another shelf if I had the books to fill it.

Over there, just under Little Men and Little Women, are Kate Douglas Wiggin’s books. All of her books are good. There are the Bird’s Christmas Carol, and Half a Dozen Housekeepers, and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, and Timothy’s Quest, and Patsy. And finishing out the line are Captain January and Melody and some others by Laura Richards. Why, there isn’t a book on the first two shelves which I wouldn’t buy for every girl of twelve if I could. And I know the boys would like them if they tried them. Boys are not such dreadfully wild creatures.

But there are some on the next shelf which I would recommend especially to the boys. Do you see that old brown book over there with the back all split? There is hardly a page in that book which isn’t loose. That is Tom Sawyer. I’ve lent that book a score of times, and every time, it comes back more tattered and torn. But somehow I like to see a book like that. It shows that it is enjoyed. Next to Tom is another book, just as old and pretty badly torn, though not as bad as Tom. That is Huckleberry Finn. Yes, take them both if you want to. And when you are through reading them let your sister try them. I’m sure she will like them, too.

Here are some books which we can just as well pass by. Yes, I know. They look good. The covers are attractive. But I can recommend better books than those. Henty’s books are not bad and neither are Alger’s, but there are just as exciting stories, written in better form, which give true pictures of life. And I think if the boys can give up these books, you girls can do without Not Like Other Girls, and Elsie Dinsmore, and L. T. Meade’s books. They are too stilted and overdrawn to be of any benefit or real pleasure.

But there’s Neal the Miller, boys! That’s an American History Story. I always was fond of that. But then, you can depend on any of James Otis’ works. And there is Winning His W., and Robin Hood, and Lost in the Wilds and A Plebe at West Point, and The Hoosier School Master, and The Man Without a Country.

And look, girls! There are the Walcott Twins, and Emmy Lou, and Alice in Wonderland, and Rebecca Mary, and the Sleepy King, and May Iverson. And there is the Heart of a Girl. It would do the boys good to read that.

I didn’t mean to forget Richard Carvel, boys, nor the Last of the Mohicans, nor Oliver Twist. You certainly ought to read those. And if anyone wants any good stories of adventure, I’d advise them to read King Solomon’s Mines, and the Heart of the World. Perhaps some one would like to take Roughing It or Innocence Abroad. I’ve always had a soft spot in my heart for Mark Twain.

But it seems as though I had missed something. Come here Uncle Tom, and let me turn your pages a minute. I never wept over Elsie Dinsmore’s trials, but I have come near crying over Uncle Tom’s Cabin, and I’m not ashamed to ad-
mit it, either. The first time I heard
about Uncle Tom, my cousin Mary
read the book to me. I couldn’t
read yet, myself. Mary was older
than I, but she was afraid to go to
bed after reading about Cassy’s
escape from Legree. I never was
afraid, and Mary was really so fas-
cinated with the book that she read
it to me twice in succession. After
I had learned to read I came to
appreciate the book more, and I
make a practice of reading Uncle
Tom’s Cabin and Ben Hur, at least
once a year.

But perhaps I had better close the
book-case doors. I think I have
told you of enough books to keep
you busy for sometime. And yet
I haven’t told you all my favorites.
A few of those I have named may
be a little old for you. You will
find some of them in your father’s
book-case. But some little minds
can grow into father’s books just
the way some little boys can grow
into father’s overcoats.

And let me add this: If you are
twelve years old, or older, read all
the good books you can, and then
read some of every kind, for it is
well to know just why certain books
are better than others. And while
you are reading, observe the people
about you and compare the lessons
which you learn. From a good
book we learn Character, and Char-
acter is the cornerstone of the build-
ing which we call Life.

JESSIE E. LUCK, ’10.

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Ruth’s Christmas Gift
It is Christmas Eve. A fine snow
is filling the air in flurries and scur-
ries which rise and fall and seem
to be blowing every way at once.
The streets are thronged with peo-
ple, some hurrying along, others
stopping for a moment to gaze at
the brilliantly dressed and lighted
shop windows. The crowds are
gay and cheery with happy
thoughts of Christmas.

But not one of the happy throng
notices a little newsboy who timidly
accosts the passers-by. His feet are
bare, his clothing ragged, and he
shivers with cold. As he wanders
through the streets, his whole
thoughts are of Christmas, of
Christmas. He, too, gazes at the
treasures so profusely displayed. He
too longs for Christmas cheer and
joy. But he has sold very few of
his papers (people had no time to
bother with this little waif), and
there is no one to care for him, no
one to buy him Christmas gifts such
as would delight the heart of child-
hood. How he wishes that the Santa
Claus of happier children would
come to him!

The snow is falling more and
more rapidly and the air is growing
colder. The child aimlessly tra-
dersees the streets. He leaves the
busy thoroughfares and at last finds
himself standing before a beautiful
stone mansion. The lights within
bejewel brightly on the big hearth. In
one corner of the room he can see
a wonderful Christmas tree, spark-
ling with tapers and tinsel, laden
with toys and crowned with a star.

The boy stands gazing at the
scene. The lights dazzle his be-
numbed senses. He feels that he
can go no farther. If he could
only rest a little while in the warmth
of the room! “Perhaps,” he thinks,
“these rich people will not notice if
I creep into the doorway for shel-
ter.” He climbs slowly up the stone
steps and into the vestibule. He has
not been there long before he falls
into a deep sleep.

Suddenly it seems to him that
he beholds a vision. He feels a
glorious warmth. He is standing
beneath the Christmas tree. A little
girl, a fairy, with golden hair in a
profusion of ringlets about a sweet
face, and with soft blue eyes turned kindly toward him, takes his hand. He feels the thrill of the friendly grasp tingle through him. And, hark, he hears the sound of Christmas bells and the voices of the Christmas heralds, proclaiming —

"Oh, papa, papa, he is opening his eyes. Oh, I am glad, glad!"

It is a vision come true. He really feels a child's arms around his neck and hears friendly voices. In amazement he gazes about. His heart leaps with joy when he sees the splendor surrounding him. Above him, the tree sheds its soft radiance, and in childish prattle, the little girl tells him how she found him, almost frozen, in her doorway when she went to greet her father and how she had begged her father to bring him in.

"Santa Claus left you for my Christmas present, for I have been so lonely without any playmates," said little Ruth.

And, truly, his Christmas dream had come true. For the first time he had a real, true "merry Christmas," and little Ruth was also happy in sharing with him the joy and gifts that Christmas had brought to her.

PEARL B. SHAFER, '11.

The Haunted Pool

By Geraldine H. Murray.

One afternoon in midsummer I decided to take a nice long walk through the woods which lay at the foot of "Old Round-Top," one of the celebrated peaks of the Catskills.

My way led me up the road till I reached "Emma-Jane's" hut and then I turned off to a path which was arched with tall maples and oaks and was so carpeted with leaves that it seemed like walking on velvet.

As I drew near "Emma-Jane's" hut, I spied some beautiful wild lilies growing on the other side of the stone wall bordering the road and going over I gathered a great bunch of them. As I came back over the wall, old Emma-Jane herself came from the hut with a "Howdy." She told me that "just as like as not, you might a got bit by some o' them snakes in them thar weeds."

She wanted to know where I was going, and I told her, pointing out the path I was going to take.

"Wall," said she, with a knowing expression lighting up her withered face and with her arms akimbo, "You had better not stay till after dark 'cause the 'Hanted Pool' is mighty skeery then." I questioned her as to where and what the "hanted pool" was.

"Why, ye see — there's a pool in that thare wood what's haunted by turrible spooks and sperits! Why, I hear tell on Ole man Perkins a comin' home from hayin' an' cuttin' through the woods 'count a' its gettin' dark, and bein' tuke by a ghost, sperited away, like as not, and not bein' seen fer never again."

With more injunctions about coming home before dark, she hustled into the house, shaking her head and muttering something about "city folks takin' walks through them woods and gettin' their best go-to-meetin' shoes all wore out."

I was soon on my way again and was most agreeably surprised to see stretching before me a wide, open field. High grass, spotted here and there with tall spikes of daisies and black-eyed susans were waving gently to and fro. I began to pick daisies and wandered farther and farther, as each particularly beautiful cluster lured me on. I walked for a long time before I grew tired for there always seemed to be one more bunch that I must gather before departing.
When I at last stopped, I looked up to find myself far away from the wooded path I had come by. Look as I would, I could not find any sign of it. Where could it be? Had I really wandered so far? I looked for it a long time, hunting up and down the edge of the woods to find some familiar object.

Ah! here it was, and I had not seen it before. But by this time night was closing in upon me, and though I hurried I could not reach home before dark.

The pathway was steep, and the great roots of trees seemed to vie with one another as to which should get most in my way. Everything that moved startled me and made me jump in a most disagreeable fashion. Suddenly I saw before me the “Haunted Pool,” or so I thought it must be. My heart gave a leap as I remembered the stories about it. Then, to my astonishment, I saw a number of tiny lights flickering to and fro on the opposite bank. I began to feel a little uneasy and stood contemplating what I should do when I heard the swish of garments behind me and thought some one must be near. I started to turn around, but I seemed frozen to the spot. Then I heard low mutterings and once in a while a long sigh and a cold breath seemed to flow in my face. Though I could not see any one, I felt that I was not alone. Then a hand was slipped through my arm and I started to walk, not of my own accord, but seemingly to be drawn along. My feet began to sink into the soft mud about the pool and I realized that some unseen force was drawing me toward that water. When I tried to withdraw, a tighter grip seemed to hold me and drag me along. What was I to do? I tried to scream, but I could not speak. I seemed to have lost all my strength and there was no more resistance on my part.

Then we stopped. I say “we,” for I judged there were half a dozen besides my companion, from the noise when they whispered together. I suppose they were holding a sort of trial, as to whether I should be led on to unknown regions or should be released. I was beginning to lose consciousness of all which was going on and simply felt that I was going off into a deep sleep, when suddenly I found myself rushing along the road at top speed. Past Emma-Jane’s hut, past the mill, till I reached our porch, exhausted, with my hair flying, my dress torn and bespattered with mud and water, and my flowers gone.

GERALDINE H. MURRAY, ’11.

“A King of His Clan”

Those of you who have read Robert Louis Stevenson’s “Travels with a Donkey” will recall that in the wild counties of Gévauden and Vivarais in the Cévennes was the lair of the ever-memorable Napoleon Bonaparte of wolves; the King Pest of the region, who roamed and ravaged thereabouts for some ten months. The abrupt and startling appearances, and the miraculous escapes of this rapacious beast had led the fanciful people of the mountains to believe that there was something supernatural about him, and so great had been the number of lives he had doomed, and the general havoc he had wrought, that a much-coveted reward of ten thousand francs was offered for his head.

Since Stevenson does not relate the circumstances of his last encounter, it may be of interest to you to learn how the Count de Étienne, who upon this noteworthy occasion was my gracious host, in company with three trusty peasants and myself was instrumental in bringing it about.
Jubilant at the prospect of a merry adventure, to say nothing of the proffered compensation which would await us, should our expedition prove successful, we turned our backs on the Count's picturesque castle near Cheylard, and presently entered the adjacent forest of Mecoire. I could not resist the impulse, however, of lingering near its verge to gaze with inspiration at the ancient stronghold boldly outlined, as it were, against a red and golden sunrise.

We pitched camp the first night in the heart of this extensive wood, not in any favored haunt of the Beast of Gévauden, for he possessed none. He shrewdly vanished from one spot when danger was scented, and with as much suddenness appeared in another.

The early evening was spent by our company around a glowing camp-fire in exchanging exciting tales of how this so-called Napoleon ate women and children by the hundred, and "shepherdesses celebrated for their beauty;" how he pursued armed horsemen, and how he had been seen at broad noonday chasing a post-chaise and outrider along the King's high-road, while chaise and outrider fled before him at a gallop.

These ghastly stories were made to seem even more horrible by the weird moanings of the great trees, which as they gently swayed to and fro, harmonized in wild strains of alien melody with the high-pitched voices of the speakers; the crackling fire beating time in unison. Through the overhanging branches of these seeming sympathizers with the narrators, faint glimpses of a murky sky could be obtained as now and then a solitary star winked its sparkling eye, and the dull gleaming moon pushed its way through an over-presumptuous mass of blackish clouds. Around about us in this dreamy haunt of nature, the dancing glare of the fire illuminated with a lurid hue the huge trunks of a few neighboring trees. Beyond, all was utter gloom.

Suddenly a terrorizing yell—a piercing cry, broke in upon the quiet, and barely could we reach for our rifles and leap to our feet before a dark animal; a trifle smaller than the average fully-matured collie, with bristling hair, large, penetrating eyes, and a bloodthirsty tongue protruding eagerly from his open jaws, was among us. The impetuosity and agility of his movements told us that this was the object of our quest. In the interval which we occupied in making our stand, this carnivorous being had leaped at the throat of one of the peasants and borne him heavily to the ground, and was in the act of doing likewise to another of our band, when a well-directed bullet from the Count's shooting-piece and the vision of our formidable array caused him to refrain from his purpose and slink back into the tangled undergrowth from whence he had come, filling the air as he went with savage snarls, mingled with occasional groans of pain.

Only one of our random shots had taken effect, and this had apparently wounded him to such an extent that we needed not to fear another attack that evening. The loss on our side, however, was more appalling, for one of our faithful men had been deprived of his life by the jaws of the brute. As it would have been fruitless, and almost folly, to pursue our advantage that night, we, after providing ample guard, enjoyed from the fatigue of the day's exertion, a sound and uninterrupted repose.

Our confidence undaunted, the next morning we followed the bloody prints of our late antagonist for perhaps three miles, and then joyfully beheld his lifeless carcass.
stretched as if in suffering agony upon the green sward. We hastily examined the body, and lo! he was a common wolf, and even small for that. A blotch of crimson marked where the fatal bullet had entered his side.

We triumphantly bore our victim to Cheylard for a more precise identification by the town authorities, and thence sent his head to Versailles, from which place the promised reward and an acknowledgment of thanks came shortly after.

The remark of Alexander Pope might apply to this notorious beast, "If all the wolves had been as this wolf, they would have changed the history of man."


Eleanor's Triumph

“Oh! dear,” sighed Eleanor Mann as she rose from the piano stool. “I’m not going near that piano again to-day, play as I may tonight.”

The girl speaking was about seventeen years old. Besides herself there was only her mother, her father having been dead less than six months. At his death they had been compelled to move from their rich surroundings to a more modest section of the city.

“I do wish mother would come home,” Eleanor was just saying when the door opened and Margaret Dramer rushed into the room. “Oh, Eleanor, guess what? I just told Mr. Montramer what your selection was for to-night and he said if you have given it much practice you surely ought to win the prize and you will, too. Won’t that be fine? Then you and your mother can go to the seashore right away.”

“Well,” said Eleanor, quietly, “I would like to win it because mother needs the rest. She looks so thin and tired. I don’t know anyone who would intentionally hinder me unless it be Grace Hampton.”

Grace Hampton was a girl whose parents were high up in social life and she and Eleanor had been chums for years when the Mann’s social position had been equal to her’s. Grace and Eleanor had attended Professor Mand’s Musical Institution together for more than eight years, and both were excellent pupils.

Best of all things did Eleanor love her piano and on breaking up after her father’s death it was one of the few valuable articles saved. Life to Eleanor without it would be dreary enough.

At the present time Eleanor and her mother both needed a vacation, but that meant money and they had none to spare.

The prize which the girls seemed so excited about was this: Fifty dollars in gold was to be given to the young lady under eighteen years of age who should render the best piano selection at a musical to be given on June 20th, and Eleanor had entered her name as one of the competitors.

The lights were brightly gleaming and the orchestra was softly playing. The hall was nearly full.

In the front row sat those who were to take part. Among them was Eleanor Mann, in a simple white dress, while next to her, paying no more attention to her than if she were a stranger, sat Grace Hampton.

The orchestra ceased. the Professor came forward and announced the first selection. Piece after piece had been rendered when Eleanor’s name was called.

Very gracefully she rose, and passing to the place where in the afternoon she had left her piece, found it gone, and in its place a very simple melody. What was she
to do? Hundreds of eyes were upon her. There was only one thing, and with heart heavy as lead she seated herself and played the piece which she had never seen before. Loud was the applause when she finished, but with heart nearly broken she returned to her seat.

After some deliberation the judge rose and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It is now my honor to award the prize to Miss Martha Ramp, and honorable mention to Miss Eleanor Mann. If Miss Ramp will please step forward I will award her the prize."

At this a young lady rose, but instead of taking the purse, said: "I thank you for your approval of my selection, but I think there is one here who is more worthy to receive it than I am. On passing this room about five o'clock I saw an act which I feel justified in disclosing. One of the competitors when called upon found her piece missing, and was compelled to play a more simple one found in its place, thereby winning only honorable mention."

"In justice to her I ask that before awarding the prize she be allowed to play the piece prepared for the contest. Here," she said, unfolding a sheet of music, "is the selection prepared by Miss Eleanor Mann and hidden by a person whose name I will not mention."

At this Eleanor came forward and played as she had never played before, holding the audience spellbound.

When she had finished a cheer proclaimed her victory, and another was given to the girl who had so unselfishly lost the prize.

While the cheers were being given, Grace Hampton was seen to leave the hall guiltily.

Florence Gale, '13.

The Pith of Humor

Her sleeves are 1830,
And her skirt is '61.
Her tresses in the manner
Of Louis Quinze are done.
Her hat is quaint Colonial,
Her brooch is pure antique,
Her belt is 1850,
But when you hear her speak
What year the maid belongs to,
With all her trappings fine,
You are not left to wonder,
For her slang is 1909.

—Adapted.

He—They’re going to toast the football players to-morrow.
She—Oh, now I understand why they call it a gridiron.—Ex.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree;
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle D. D."

A minister, meeting a neighbor's boy who had just come out of a fight on New Year's Day with a fearful black eye, put his hand on the boy's head and said:
"My boy, I pray you may never fight again, and that you may never receive another black eye."
"That's all right," said the boy, "but you go home and pray over your own kid. I gave him two of 'em."—Ex.

Dottie, aged six, was playing with her dolls. She was heard to remark: "Now, Rosamond, you put on your things and go down to the grocery and get some groceries for me, and then if you want to, you can stop at the court-house and get courted awhile."
Editorials

The Christmas-tide has come upon us before we have had time to realize it. Some of us, perhaps, are not prepared to meet the season. Christmas may mean to us nothing more than a very poor sort of a Santa Claus for the little folks, closely crowded shops for the big people, an exchange of inappropriate presents for everybody, and no money to start the New Year with for anybody. But this is the very worst side. It is not the true spirit of Christmas.

We are sadly mistaken when we imagine that this rushing and pushing and hustling in our shopping districts means "Peace on Earth," or that "Good will toward Men" is the giving of presents which we cannot afford to those who have everything, and nothing at all to those in want.

But the true Spirit of Christmas is Happiness. We are not all endowed with this spirit, but we can all cultivate it. If we ourselves are happy, some one else is sure to be.

And if we do possess this Spirit of Happiness, the matter of gift-giving will take its natural place.

If a friend has done us a kindness and we wish to show our appreciation, a gift at Christmas time is an appropriate way. If a person is in need and we can help him, the time to do it is now at the Christmas season. If we have any friends whom we love, we cannot afford to let Christmas slip by without letting them know it, no matter in how simple a way we do it.

We have been at our books nearly half the year. The first half counts, of course, but we still have the chance of the future. Let us show our school spirit by doing better work from now on. And if we have any extra time from our studies, the CRIMSON AND WHITE needs our support.

Alumni Notes

1904

The engagement of Miss Agnes Stephens to Mr. Meade Zimmer is announced.

Clara Springstead has resumed her studies in the Normal College.

1905

Miss Louise Wood is teaching at Ridgefield, New Jersey.

Miss Elizabeth Wheeler is teaching the second grade in Schenectady.

Miss Winifred Goldring is a member of the faculty of the Zoology Department at Wellesley College.

1906

The engagement of Miss Eleanor Danaher is announced.

1908

Russell Meany is a member of the senior class at the Albany Law School.
School Notes
We are receiving with great pleasure the instruction given by Prof. Belding for improving our singing.
Miss Louise Edwards was a visitor in several of the classes.
Miss Marietta Keenholts has left school.

Society Notes
Theta Nu
On the evening of November 19th the members of the Society gave a straw ride. They drove to the home of Wilbur Frost on the Schenectady Road, where they passed a most enjoyable evening.
Mr. De Bois and Mr. McFarlane were initiated into the Society October 13th, while Mr. I. Goewey and Mr. Wilson were made members November 24th.
The members of the Society sympathize with Mr. Kirby in the loss of his father.

Zeta Sigma
It has been the custom of the members of Zeta Sigma to give some form of an entertainment to the new girls of the school, that they may become acquainted with the Society's members. This year a Mother Goose Party was given, the members dressing to represent Mother Goose characters. Games, recitations, solos and dancing constituted the program, after which refreshments were served.

Adelphoi Notes
The meetings of Adelphoi this year have been full of interest and enthusiasm. Debates upon some of the leading questions of the day have been instructive and beneficial.
Mr. George, Mr. Kirk and Mr. Morton survived a recent initiation, which was very amusing, particularly to the candidates.
At the regular quarterly election the following officers were chosen:
President — Howard Weaver.
Vice-President — Thomas Clary.
Secretary — Harold Springstead.
Corresponding Secretary — Richard Kirk.
Treasurer — Willis Morton.
Master of Ceremonies — Edward McEntee.
Chaplain — Newton Bacon.
Sergeant at Arms — Carl Wurthmann.
Miss Hannigan (addressing the Virgil class in mournful whispers)
— "Are you all Seniors? Do you all expect to graduate?"
Class (reflecting her despondent tones)— "If we pass.
Miss H.— "Then, won't you please be a little more dignified? What will you do if you go to college? If you should ever enter Dr. Richardson's class and act — etc."

A gentleman who discovered that he was standing on a lady's train, had the presence of mind to remark:
"Though I may not have the power to draw an angel from the skies, I have pinned one to the earth."
The lady excused him.
"Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."
"Oh, little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie, Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The silent stars go by."
The exchanges received so far have all been worthy of praise and commendation. We have only favorable criticisms to offer. Naturally there are a number of minor faults to be found in many, but on a whole this year's exchanges seem to have succeeded in reaching a higher standard than last year's. In order that our students may have the benefit of reading other school papers, arrangements will be made later to have a place for them in school. Nevertheless, it must be understood that these exchanges may not be moved without notifying the Exchange Editor.

* * * * *

The News, High School, Eugene, Oregon.— Your departments are very well defined, but your cuts are rather crude. They lack the dignity necessary in a high-school paper.

The Voice, Colby Academy, N. H., is expressive of a very lively school spirit. Your Colby yells are most thrilling.

We are particularly pleased with the cover of The Russ, San Diego, Cal. It is without doubt the most attractive of any of our exchanges.

The story, "A Commencement Idyll," in the September issue of the H. S. Student, Bridgeport, Conn., is very bright and entertaining.

The Mount Marty Annual is the only school paper we have received in magazine form. It is also one of our most "literary-like" exchanges.

The Spinster, St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.— The department "Whirrs" in your October number is quite unique.

The Crimson and White, Pottsville, Pa.— Accept our sympathies in the loss of your former Exchange Editor. We admire the evident loyalty existing between your school and its students.

The appearance of The College Index, Kalamazoo, Mich., would be greatly improved by a few cuts.

The Ledger, Commercial H. S., Brooklyn, is one of our most practical exchanges. Your "Snap Shots" and "Exchange" departments are very well written.

We also welcome to this month's column The Yellow Dragon, from Queens College, Hongkong, China. It is a paper full of interest for American students.

The Triangle, Emma Willard School, Troy, is clever and well planned. Your cover may be recommended as an example of neatness and simplicity.

As Others See Us

The Russ — The June number of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is rather uninteresting in appearance. Children like pictures, you know. The exchange column is well written.

Yuba Delta — THE CRIMSON AND WHITE. Always an interesting paper with fine stories. "Julius, a Dog," is especially good.

The Black and Gold — THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is usually one

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of our best exchanges. "The Adventuress" is a very cleverly written story. (June number.)

The Polymnian — The Crimson and White could be improved by a list of exchanges in addition to comments. The jokes, however, are very good.

The Tiger — Crimson and White, you could use more cuts without detriment to your paper. Also the different departments should be kept separate.

Athletic Youth — Rah, rah, rah, pa. Rah, rah, rah, ma. I'm half-back on the 'varsity team!

Fond Parent — Yes, so I heard, and all the way back with your studies.

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An anxious parent sent a note of excuse to the teacher as follows:

"Please excuse Willie as he has torn his trousers on a nail. Hoping you will do the same, I remain, yours truly."

"Father, can you tell me who Shylock was?"

"What!" exclaimed the father, "you ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you, boy! Get your Bible and find out at once!" — Ex.

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Stranger — Oh, there, my son, does Mr. Burns live about here. I want to see him.

Boy — Father! Oh, yes — you’ll see him over there in the pig pen feedin’ pigs. You’ll know father, he’s got a hat on.

Mrs. Clement (sadly)—Mr. Gowey, I’m afraid I shall never see you in heaven.

Harold (innocently)—Why what have you been doing now?

“When you speak to a person, look him in the face.”

Great deeds cannot die — they, with the sun and moon,— renew their light.— Tennyson.

Christmas

The Anthem stilled — the Angels leaning there
Above the golden walls — the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
“ God bless us every one!”

RILEY.

In English

Miss Clement — Mr. Vosburg, describe the scene which Milton gives us.

Mr. Vosburg — Well — a — why — he sez — the chickens had just woked up.

Take things always by the smooth handle.— THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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