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Christmas for Two

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

CHRISTMAS begins with the college boys right after the last punt has bunged and panted over the frozen ground. The bunch reflect: Only three weeks till the Twenty-Fifth; it hardly seems a day since the Thanksgiving game. Then, there was not a bite in the air and the autumn sun plashed gaily through the trees. Now Tim, the freshman finds it positively necessary to draw on those gloves with the silk lining which he has been fingering delicately for the benefit of the fair co-eds all fall on days when it was warm enough to swim. His meerscham and the silver '13 on the bowl receive not a moment's thought as he creaks across the white campus. Vanity is going to pieces. He is almost sensible. He reads the notice boards in the main hall with feverish perturbation. His ears prick up alert, and his eyes have a keen, calculating stare as he stands on the edge of a group of the year, which Henry, the Senior of the glasses and deep voice, solemnly admonishes about an immediate visitation called "term exams."

"You chappies, get your third in Math. and Francais and Latin and behold, rose-time is May. Don't and—"

Mr. Henry's warning jerk so flabbergasts Tim that he does not think of the puerile designation of "Chappie" as applied to his manhood, which ordinarily his pride would resent, but slinks off for contemplation.

Bill, a sophomore with a green cap and a pile of books, accosts him for a match. On the strength of favour granted, Tim makes bold to ask for confirmation of one Henry's remarks.

Bill just grunts in dignity: "You bet, kid! Get your nose down or—well, I have a star."

"What's that?" innocently from expectant Tim.

"It's —."

Bill is sore. He has a Greek supplementary to write off at the end of December. He must do some tall plugging. He cannot go home for Christmas. That is where the rub comes in. Bill held down right outside wing on the Seconds this fall. It was his tackle of Hardisty which saved the championship. He got a big write-up in the morning editions. He wanted to tell the folks at home all about it. Think of it! If he had not got bawled up on that syntax—it was a roasting hot day—why, in twenty-one days he might be beating it home on the flyer. He would pay for two seats. Of course, he could only sit on one; the other, across the aisle, would be a heap of his suitcases that he might keep an eye on the precious contents — Christmas truck enough to start an opposition general store in the home town. The train would roll into the little yellow station and he would jump out to find "Sis" wearing the new white furs, about which she had written him; then, they two would pile into the bright red cutter and tinkle off to the big house on the hill with its blazing old-fashioned grate and hungry incense of spluttering roasts pervading all the rooms.

Comes Christmas Day sparkling and white. Everybody cheerful but Bill. The first person to whom Bill grunts a "Merry Christmas" is Tim, the freshman, strolling in from the campus, blowing out great breaths of smoke and frosty air. The sophomore condescends to parley.

"Thought you were going home for Christmas?"

"Couldn't get away; too far," says Tim.

"How were the term exams?"

"Got 'em all. Your Greek comes off on the twenty-seventh."

"Perfect rot that stuff—no use to