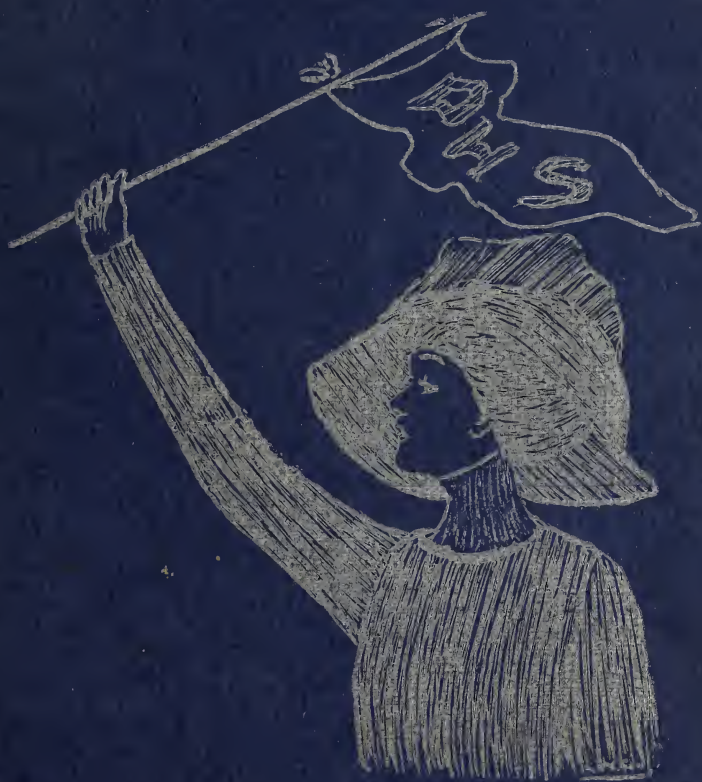


# MESSENGER



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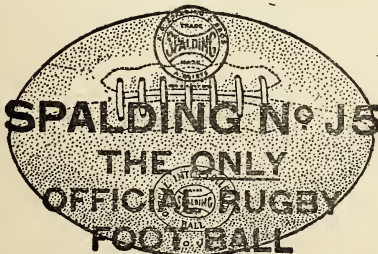
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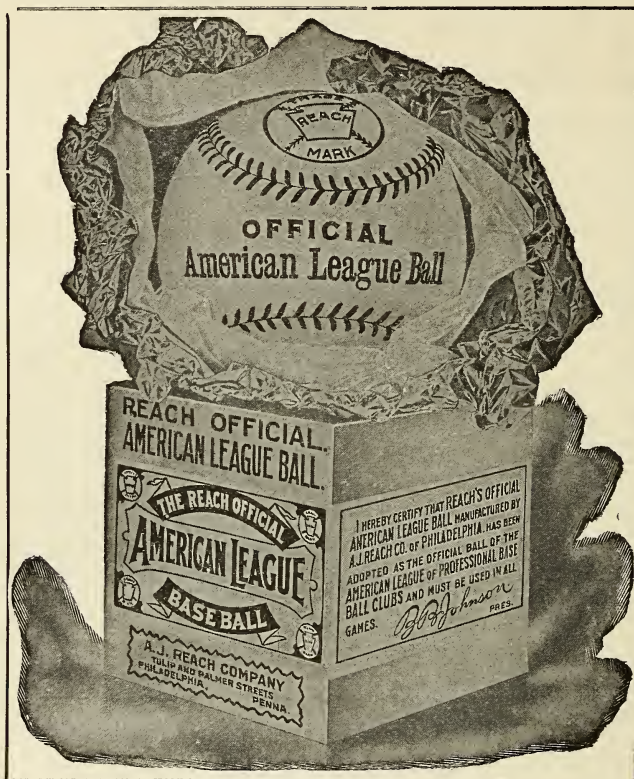
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*Dedication:*  
*To the Girl Rooters*  
*1910*







## Safe through the Clouds.

ELLEN CONSTABLE, '11.

"By George! I don't know what to do, I have two dates for to-night. Gee! but I am in a pickle! But never mind, I'll fix it."

Charlie had written a note to one of his friends to take her to a play in which she had a part. When the note was accepted he happened to think that it was his night to go to see Ada, and he could not think what to do. Finally he decided. He phoned Myrtle, the girl he was to take to the play, and said: "Myrtle, I will be there at seven-thirty promptly, because I will have to go to the lodge at eight, and I will come back at ten to go home with you. Wish I could see you in the play, but I have a message saying I must be at the lodge. Goodbye, until I see you at seven-thirty."

Just as the clock struck half-past seven Charles walked up on the piazza and called for Miss Myrtle Davis. She was ready, and they started immediately. When he left her he said, "I'll be back at ten."

At eight, he rang the bell of Dr. Moore's residence and asked for Miss Ada. He was ushered into the parlor as usual, and there was met by Ada. They talked, and as the conversation drifted on, Ada left the room to get a picture. While she was gone, Charles turned the clock up fifteen minutes. When ten o'clock came he arose to go as usual, and promised he would not be so late next time.

He arrived at the Academy at ten, and was waiting when Myrtle appeared, ready to leave. As they wended their way homeward in the soft moonlight, Myrtle remarked in a tone of commendation, with a little touch of tenderness, "Charles, you certainly are prompt and true in all you say."

# Home.

(Sonnet)

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

In memory I see a little home  
Where sea-gulls wheel and stately eagles rise  
And wild geese honking dark the western skies,  
Where sunset warns us that the night is come.  
The little cottage boasts no princely dome;  
'Tis low and dark, and winds and raging sand  
Have stripped it of its beauty with rough hand,  
And left it graceless and rude to some.  
But often there I've thought the waves must be  
Telling of secrets captive 'neath the foam,  
And the moon rising o'er the summer sea  
Seemed to invite me forth abroad to roam.  
But now I long for that place dear to me,  
That land of dreams, my little cottage home.



## Tommy.

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

"Get up, Tommy, and get ready for school. Breakfast is almost ready."

"Oh, Ma," came from the depths of the bed-clothing, accompanied by a dolorous moan, "I'm *so* sick."

This was no new tale to Mrs. Ellis, for when Tommy didn't want to go to school because of some scheme he wished to carry out, he would suddenly have an attack of some dreadful malady. But, strange to say, one of these attacks never lasted longer than nine o'clock.

"Poor child," she said, commiseratingly, "where are you sick?"

"Oh," groaned the dissembling Tommy, "my head's jest busting, and my stummick's ject nacherally killin' me! I 'spect I got 'pendicitis."

"Well, my dear, lie right still," admonished Mrs. Ellis, "and I'll send Jane for Dr. Brown immediately."

Tommy lay there dozing,—vaguely wondering what the boys would do at school, and half regretting that he had not got up and gone. Presently he heard the clock strike nine, and he slowly began to move the covering, preparatory to getting up. But just then he heard low voices outside his door. The door opened and his mother entered

on tiptoe, closely followed by an oldish looking man whom Tommy recognized as Dr. Brown. As they approached the bed, Tommy heard his mother say in a low voice to the doctor: "I can't see what his trouble is, Doctor, but I'm sure he's very ill!"

"I ain't neither," cried Tommy, raising up in the bed.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed his mother, rushing forward and pressing him back on the bed, "the poor child is becoming delirious! Hurry, Doctor, and give him something to quiet him!"

Dr. Brown then felt the dismayed Tommy's pulse, looked at his tongue, made him swallow a bit of bitter powder, then turned to Mrs. Ellis, shook his head despondently and said: "Your boy's disease seems to be very complicated, and it will require rigorous treatment. If he isn't well enough to go to school tomorrow, an operation may be necessary." With that he left the room, followed by Mrs. Ellis,—leaving Tommy to himself and his fears.

By this time Tommy had begun to be greatly perturbed. He thought that he *must* be very sick, because his mother and the doctor had acted in such a singularly solemn manner, and that bitter powder—ugh!—Tommy grimaced as he recalled its taste. Surely such bitter stuff as that was administered only to persons "*in extremis*."

His doleful reverie was broken by the maid-of-all-work, who came tip-toeing into the room, carrying a hot-water bottle in either hand.

"Jane," eagerly began Tommy, thinking that she, at least, would understand and sympathize with him, "I'm not—

"Sh-h!" she interrupted; "now honey, doan talk, kayse its plumb ergin de doctor's orders. Jes' obey orders and take yer med'cine reg'lar and de doctor says p'raps ye'll be able to be up'n about in fo' weeks."

"Four weeks?" queried Tommy, in greatest confusion. "Why, I ain't all that sick!"

"Sh-h!" he was again interrupted. "Please keep quiet, honey, an' go ter sleep."

So Tommy had to give up his efforts at carrying on a conversation. He relapsed into sullen silence, while the industrious Jane packed hot-water bottles around him, and piled more covering on the already half-suffocating boy.

All that day he endured tortures which to his mind greatly surpassed all the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition, about which the teacher had told them. He now understood why the Catholics revered those old martyrs who had been broiled and burned at the stake. Tommy thought that he was a greater martyr than any of



them, however, in that he was boiling and roasting at the same time. All kinds of vague thoughts filled his mind in jumbled array, until he was finally worn out, and Morpheus overtook him, and he dropped into a quiet sleep.

When he awoke, he was ravenously hungry, having eaten nothing that day. When he asked for something to eat, a small glass of sweet milk and a saucer of chicken soup were brought in to him. He gulped these down quickly and eagerly asked for more, but he was told that the doctor had forbidden him to eat any more. Poor Tommy indulged in some very uncomplimentary thoughts concerning doctors in general and Dr. Brown in particular. But these thoughts didn't lessen one whit the cravings of his boyish appetite.

It was now almost time for school to be out, and Tommy, full of remorse, began to think about those at school. He wondered if 'Lisabeth were there, and if she was missing him. He sincerely wished now that he had gone to school that morning, and promised himself he'd never feign sickness again.

He was almost asleep again, when his attention was attracted by a noise out on the street. The children were coming home from school.

His room was near the street and he caught a bit of the conversation of two boys who were passing.

"Say," sounded the first voice, "didn't Hal Robson think he wuz something, goin' home wid 'Lis'beth today "

Tommy raised himself in bed in greatest surprise, mingled with anger. To think that Hal Robson had had the effrontery to accompany *his* 'Lisabeth home! Oh, but he would settle with Hal tomorrow! But if the speech of the first voice surprised him, the answer filled him with dismay.

"Huh, Hal's done cut Tom Ellis out entirely," declared the second speaker. "Lis'beth herself, told my sister Hallie, that she was gettin' tired o' Tommy. Said he was such a baby—allers playin' off sick—that she didn't care nothin' for 'im."

The boys then passed on, and Tommy heard no more. But he had heard enough. How was he to stand it? Remorse, anger and jealousy were each striving to get possession of his thoughts. At last, worn out, he took refuge in tears, and that night when Mrs. Ellis came in to bid him good-night, she found him softly crying.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, bending over him in deepest concern.

"Oh, Ma," he sobbed, "I've been *so* wicked! But Ma, I ain't never goin' ter play off sick again!"

And at the end of the next school month Thomas Ellis receives honorable mention for perfect attendance.

---

## Hora Quieta.

ANNA LEA WILLIAMS, '10.

When the sun is slowly sinking in the silent golden west,  
And the breezes scarcely stir the down upon the robin's breast;  
When the twilight gently gathers all the earth under her wing,  
And the voices of the night-tide softly their upbraidings bring,  
'Tis then we gladly welcome thee, O sweetest hour of rest.

When the crickets start their music formless as the falling dew,  
And the whip-poor-will his song indites there where grows the yew,  
When the nightbirds' cry is echoed up and down the country lane,  
And the youngster's heart who hears it thrills and stands and thrills  
again,  
O glad hour of home-coming, it is then we welcome you!



## Under the Big Top.

LAURA HOLMES HUTCHINGS, '10.

It was one of those days when the sky is a cloudless mass of blue, and the sun beats unmercifully down upon the ground, while great clouds of dust rise at the least provocation. The "Big Show" was still holding sway over the multitude of circus-goers. All the long, hot, dusty day the grounds were thronged with the usual crowds. It was now late, and within the main tent the concert had just started.

In the shade of one of the tents "Jacques" came and sat down beside me. He was still in his circus garb, with his face painted in its clownish mask. For a long time nothing was said, but I knew by the look in his eyes that something was coming. For two years "Jacques" and I had been friends, and during that time I had seen my old friend a good deal. And though we were both travelers, yet our routes crossed many times. He was greatly given to what the circus folks called "spells," but I knew them to be attacks of dreaming, of ruminating in the scenes of past days and half-forgotten memories. For "Jacques" was getting old. It was a relief for him to have someone in whose ears he could safely pour his stories. In his younger days "Jacques" had ridden in the ring, and his success in equestrian feats had often been recounted to me. Suddenly lifting his head, and with his eyes shining, he began his story.

"It was a day just like this. I was a little kid, but I remember it well. The first performance was over. Everybody was hurrying to the dining-tent for supper. Have you ever been at that place at a meal? Well, you just ought to go. Everyone was in a hurry. I was holding Mother's hand, and as we crossed the animal tent (it was the shortest way to the dining-tent) we stopped to watch a little scene there. Madame Stella was at the cage of the big Bengal, and was playfully poking sticks at the animal. She was always rather partial to that particular tiger.

"Madame Stella, you know, was the star bare-back rider, and the most important personage of the whole circus, at least so she thought. Mother was only a freak, but she longed to ride, and she could ride. But when she joined the show she needed money, but as the circus didn't need any more barebacks she took the first place the manager offered.

"Perhaps on that particular day Madame Stella was a little careless, for she gave the Bengal one punch too many. Yet no one noticed the change that came over the tiger. What if his eyes gleamed a bit brighter, or his back rose or he snarled? Only the keeper, who was a good distance off, happening to look that way, with his trained eye caught the sign of anger and he yelled out: "Look out down there, don't make that tiger mad!"

"But either it was too late or Madame Stella did not choose to heed the warning, for the next minute the tiger made a lunge, and—well, if that keeper hadn't got there when he did I don't think Madame Stella would have been alive many minutes. As it was, her arm was badly mangled and her face and neck gashed.

When the star bareback of the circus had been cared for, and disposed of, the manager said, "What now? Who's going to ride to-night?"

"And my mother, who was standing near, spoke up; 'I will,' she said, 'if you'll let me.'

"That's so,' said the manager, 'you said you could ride. Somebody'll have to. Yes, we'll try you.'

"So that night under the big top, with the gleaming lights, the swaying music and the crowds, my mother rode. There never has been, there never will be, another like her. From that night *she* was the star. And as she rode, the magic of it all, the grace, the skill, made her the marvel of all who saw her."

As the old clown spoke, his eyes shone. There was a note of pride in his voice that showed my applause was appreciated. So the story ended.

---



# A Likeness.

PRESTON H. EPPS.

O thou art to my life, love, what heaven is to my soul.  
A refuge from all strife, love, a treasure 'cant be told.  
And what would our souls be, love, without heaven's sure retreat?  
Where good may Goodness see, love, but ne'er with evil meet?  
And where's the mortal tongue, love, would dare heaven's glories tell,  
Or has a human sung, love, its praises one-half well?  
You answer no, and I love, a thousand no's do cry  
O! take the hope away, love, and who would live or die?

Well, as our souls would be, love, without this sure retreat,  
As evil's reign would see, love, no Goodness form compete,  
And as no mortal tongue, love, heaven's glories could indite,  
As human ne'er has sung, love, its praises half aright,  
So thou art to my life, love, a heaven, a safe abode;  
A rapture from its strife, love, its own presiding lord,  
Whose sway no pen or tongue, love, however great its swell,  
Through endless ages, none, love, can ever write or tell.

# Old Rattler and the King Snake.

GEORGE READE, '12.

Old Rattler was a snake who lived in the King's River Canyon, high up in the mountains of California. Behind and below a large flat granite rock, not far from the river, there was a hole that he called his home, for in it he slept all winter. In the canyon, the waterfalls sang in the side gulches of the roaring river, the wind rustled in the long needles of the yellow pines and the birds called with a merry note to their mates in the branches.

This music and the warm days aroused Old Rattler from behind his rock, so he came out. His neighbors thought him a bad snake, for his big, three-cornered, "coffin-shaped" head, set on a slim, flat neck, was very ugly. His vicious head was covered with gray and wrinkled scales, as was his body, and his black, bead-like eyes snapped when he opened his mouth to find out whether his fangs were both in working order.

Old Rattler was pretty stiff when he first came out. He had lain all the winter coiled up among the rocks, and his tail felt very cold. But the glad sun warmed his blood, and in an hour or two he became limber. This made him happy, in his snaky fashion. Soon he began to get hungry, for it had been a long time since he had had anything to eat; so he began to hunt for frogs.

While he was slowly crawling around, Glittershield, whom we call the king of snakes, was lying on a bed of pine needles behind a bunch of fern, and was watching him with a keen, sharp eye. Glittershield was slim and wiry in his body, just as long as Old Rattler, though not so large around. His coat was smooth and glossy, and his upraised head was small and pretty—for a snake. He was the best dressed of all his kind, and he looked his finest when he faced Old Rattler. His head was shiny black, his throat and neck were white as milk, while all down his body, to his tail, were painted rings—white, black and crimson.

The King Snake passed from under the sheltering fern and came toward Old Rattler. At once Rattler, hearing him, opened his eyes, threw himself on guard, and shook his bony clappers savagely. Old Rattler was a terrible sight, but the King Snake was not afraid.

Old Rattler, seeing that it was Glittershield coming, was astonished. His head dropped, his mouth closed, he straightened out his coil, and crept helplessly toward his hole, remembering sadly the day when he would have been a match for any snake.

This was a chance for the King. With a plunge so swift that all the rings on his body melted into one purple flash, he seized Old Rattler by his throat. As Old Rattler writhed feebly and stiffly, he wound his body in a "love-knot," around Old Rattler's neck, took a "half-hitch" with his tail about the other's stomach, while the rest of his body lay between the two knots in a curve like the letter "S." Then he stiffened his muscles in the direction of straightening his form, and Old Rattler's backbone was snapped at the neck, and with a snaky look of hatred, Old Rattler breathed his last.

All that Glittershield had to do now was to swallow his prey—thus completing his triumph. First, he mouthed all along Old Rattler's body until it became slippery with slime. Then he opened wide his jaws and began his meal. The ugly head was hard to manage, but he finally managed to clasp it around. Slowly, inch by inch, head, neck, and body disappeared.

All night long the King Snake, twice as large as he ought to have been, lay motionless on Old Rattler's rock.

---

## Soul Windows.

BLANCHE WRAY, '10.

I know a pair of glorious eyes  
So bright, so soft, so brown,  
Their like, if all the world were searched,  
Never could be found.

Beneath a cluster of chestnut curls  
Those soulful eyes shine bright;  
And mirror back a soul as pure  
As heaven's morning light.

Such eyes as wake the artist's soul  
And bards of yore did love,  
A light in their clear liquid depths  
Reflects the heaven above.

# The Old Chest.

MAY LOUISE FALLON, '12.

"Please let me help," said a child's voice.

"Oh, child, you're too little, get out of the way," replied her mother.

All the family were busy planting young fruit trees, and as little Jean had nothing to do she wanted to help. But every time she was repulsed with, "You're too little." She didn't ever seem to get big. She felt like crying today. It was very hot. In the cabin it was warmer than out of doors, because the sun seemed to heat the logs of which the home was made, and the heat from these filled the two small rooms. Besides, she hated to be alone. Finally, she went to her favorite old apple tree in the shade of which she was soon asleep. Then she dreamed an angel came to her with promises of the great things she would do for her family when she became "grown up." Awake from her beautiful dream she told herself that she was going to make that dream come true. But how? She would watch for an opportunity.

The Dixons lived thirty miles from their nearest neighbor, Mr. Halford, on the top of the highest mountain in the range. They raised fruit for Mr. Halford, and twice a year his son John came up the mountain and carried a large amount to his father. He would also bring supplies to the Dixon family, for they had no other way of getting them. Mr. Halford was a very rich man. He bought his fruit cheap, and because it was the best to be had, he sold it at a very high price.

When John went up the mountain he always spent three days at the Dixon cabin. He did not enjoy going there very much, but it meant so much money to his father that he did not mind it. Mr. Dixon had not been to the city for ten years, so he was perfectly ignorant of the fact that Mr. Halford was making a large profit, a great part of which should have been his.

There were two rooms in the Dixon cabin—one a kitchen, in which was an old fashioned fireplace, where the cooking was done; a home-made table and two home-made chairs. The other was a bedroom, which had many patch-quilts piled up in one corner, (their beds at night) and an odd old chest in another. Mr. Dixon, by way of apology for the chest, said he just kept it because it was useful to sit on, but as for what the chest contained, "they were



useless things anyhow." John noticed that every time he came the chest was pulled in the kitchen and he had the honor of sitting on it. He became very curious as to its contents, but, ask as he might, none of the children could tell him. So he always went away in ignorance.

When Jean awoke she suddenly remembered it was time for John to come. How glad she was to see him, because he always carried a little book in his pocket, out of which he would read her such beautiful stories! She often wondered why she could not learn to read. Besides, the day before she had found the key to the chest and had opened it. The sight which greeted her eyes made her hungry for an education. She saw many books just like the one John read from, and she looked long at the curious old pictures. A new idea came to her—could she do it? Yes, she'd ask John to teach her to read.

After supper she ran to John and whispered what she wanted him to do. He laughed at first, because it was not often these mountain people cared for learning, and what would her father say about it? Then at last he told her when she was eight years old he would begin to teach her.

Now she had something to look forward to. Only two more years and she could learn to read. Jean could hardly sleep that night she was so excited about it. Would she ever get as old as eight?

Yes, she did, after what seemed ages to her, and it was almost time for John. Oh! could she wait until he came? Finally John did come, and as soon as Jean saw him she cried, "I am eight now, you will teach me now, won't you?"

John said he would begin that night. After supper they sat on the chest and she learned half of the alphabet. The next night she learned the other half, and the third night she knew them all and could tell them when she saw them. The next morning John had to leave. Jean was very sorry, but she could practice on the letters until he came again. By the time he came and went another time, Jean could read very well.

One day when the family were working and she was told she was too small to work she decided to read one of the books in the chest. She went in the cabin and took out a large volume. She spelled out the words and found that it told how to make an ale that had long been forgotten. She read a little and found that several of the fruits mentioned in the book grew on her father's farm. She was just planning to try the recipe when her father came in the

house, saw her reading and angrily told her not to waste her time in reading. He replaced the book and hid the key. Jean, very angry, very much hurt, took refuge in a flood of tears. Afterwards she tried long in vain to find the key.

She grew into a pretty girl of sixteen. One day wandering around she suddenly came across the key to the chest. Going straight to the old box, she began reading where she had left off so many years ago. She finished the book, and when no one was looking she took some fruit and did exactly as the book said. She watched results eagerly and when it turned out as the recipe promised, she tasted the product. Oh! it was the best thing she had ever tasted. She gave some to all the family, they liked it so much they gave John some when he came. He told them it was the best ale he had ever seen, and begged her to make some for him to take home to his friends.

Thus it happened that everybody in the city heard of this new ale from John, and when he went up the mountain again, he took many orders to Jean. He told her to sell it at a high price, because it was in great demand. She did as he said and soon had a handsome little bank account. Everybody wanted it at the teas and lunches. Finally she had enough money to build a small factory, so she could have it made in larger quantities.

At last she was not "too little," her dream had come true, she had helped her family to leave the lonely mountain and come in touch with civilization. And best of all, she could go to school and learn for herself what had meant so much to others. And to this day Jean Dixon holds religiously to her belief in dreams.



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### **The Final Effort**

With hearts of hope we eagerly yearn to look past the few intervening weeks of labor upon the vista beyond. Each succeeding day draws us nearer that longed-for goal, toward which we have striven for years. But, even though we are in sight of the end of our high school days, and of our graduation day, there is still much to be accomplished before we are able to receive our diplomas.

It is natural, perhaps, that in the hurry and excitement of getting ready for our commencement exercises we should be prone to neglect our regular school work. We should, however, strive to avoid this, for every point made counts that much more upon our yearly grade, and many of us need every point that we can possibly obtain. For there are some of us hovering very near the brink of what constitutes a failing grade, and one more month's work will decide whether or not we are to graduate with the class of '10. So let none of us, at this important time of the year, become careless about our work, but, as the Marathon runner, with a final great exertion triumphantly cross the goal.



We are now nearing the close of our baseball season. Just how successful we have been thus far we leave for others to say. If the success is measured entirely by our victories, we may not stand as high as some other schools, but we have a number of other things, which we will mention later, that we consider when we estimate our success in athletics.

When we first began organized athletics in the High School, the school authorities laid down a rule that has been strictly adhered to ever since. This rule was to the effect that any student who failed to do passing work in all the departments of the school could not engage in any public athletic contests. Many times this rule has worked hardships to us, both in baseball and football. It has placed us at a disadvantage in playing other schools that have no such restrictions, but on the other hand, they have often had members on their teams whose principal business in school was to engage in the various sports.

The authorities of our school constantly remind us that before athletics comes scholarship, and that if the two cannot exist harmoniously together, then our athletics must suffer; they tell us that our school is not a training school for athletes but that our sports are merely an auxiliary for the development of a well rounded student.

Notwithstanding all this, we have no reason to complain. We are willing for anybody to examine our records for the past three years under these restrictions.

Our schedule this season includes games with our two principal

rivals—Raleigh and Greensboro. Two of the games with Raleigh have already been played. The first one in Raleigh, on April the second, the score being in Raleigh's favor. Our team played an errorless game, something unusual in high school baseball, but Raleigh, with a lucky combination of two hits after one man had walked, scored the only two runs of the game. The second game with Raleigh was played at home on April the fifteenth. The hitting of our team, coupled with a "comedy of errors" on the part of Raleigh decided the game for us,—13 to 4. We have also played Cary High School and Horner Military School, losing to both. But we have no apologies to make for these games. These schools are entirely out of our class, and we really did about as well as we expected. Before this issue of the MESSENGER appears we will have played Greenboro here. A third game is also being arranged with Raleigh. If we but win these two games, we shall consider it a very successful season.

We don't believe there is a city high school in the State that can boast of more "school spirit" than the Durham High School. Especially is this true in regard to the girls. Not only are they sympathizers, but they are also "backers." We can always count upon the girls of the school to support us in our contests. Whether we win or lose, they are always with us. It matters not to them who does the scoring, their cheering and the music of their voices never ceases, from the time the first ball is thrown across the plate until the last man is out. The boys, as a rule, yell when we lead and keep silence when the "gods are against us," but not so with the girls. The grandstand is alive with their applause from A to Z. Their pennants are never furled. In victory or defeat the White and Gold always waves aloft in their hands.

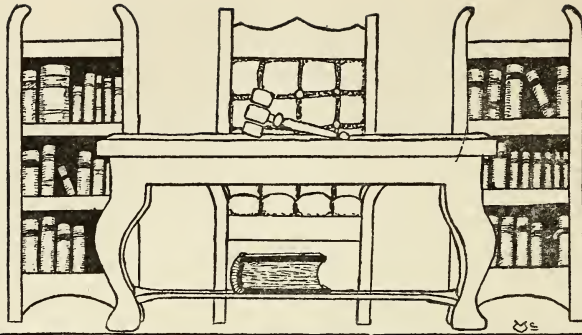
To you, oh loyal girl supporters, we graciously doff our hats; to you, we dedicate our best efforts in all our athletics; upon you we invoke a special blessing in all your endeavors.

The line-up this season has been about as follows: White, our former star second-baseman, has pitched all the games; Brown, as usual, has been at the receiving end; first base has been played jointly by Roberson and Goodrich; Carver, an outfield man last year, has played second base; Manning, a star end during the football season, has held the third sack; Whitted, also a football player (our forward pass artist) has played shortstop. The out-field has been played by Jordan, a last year man and Lipscombe and Proctor, two recruits. Others that have played are Rigsbee, Ross and Howard.

Those who have led in the batting average this season are Brown, Carver, White and Whitted.

Z. V. R.





## BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The much talked of triangular debate was held on Friday night, April the first, with the result that Durham lost both to Greensboro and Raleigh. The Raleigh boys seemed to have no trouble in winning from us.

The decision at home, however, was a surprise to every one. There was hardly anyone in the audience who thought that Greensboro would win the decision. Our boys had worked hard on the debate, and deserved to win from the Gate City boys. In the opinion of the majority of the audience our boys ought to have had the decision of the judges. About the only way we can explain our defeat is the fact that the Greensboro boys seemed to be loaded to the top by older heads in their first speeches, and the rejoinders, too, seemed to have been prepared before they left Greensboro.

An interesting declaimers' contest was held in the High School Building Friday, April the fifteenth, the object for which the boys were striving being ten dollars in gold. This prize was won by Clarence Ross, after a close contest. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Grammar Schools.

# McIver Literary Society

The declaimers' contest was held Friday, April the fifteenth, in the High School auditorium in the presence of a large audience. All the eight who represented the two societies did well. The three who represented the McIver: Wyatt Dixon, Hunter Watkins, and Clarence Ross, did their part and the Society feels proud of them. The ten-dollar prize in this contest was won by Clarence Ross, of the McIver.

It has been decided by the two societies that for the rest of the year they will meet together and have inter-society debates, in this way showing what each society has accomplished during the year. There will be two debaters from each society, and one declaimer. The judges will be from the faculty. The time limit for the debates will be twelve minutes, and voluntary debaters may take five minutes each after the judges retire.

Friday evening, May twentieth, will be set apart for the decision of the prize contests within the Society. No one will be permitted to enter the contest who has not appeared before the Society as declaimer at least four times during the year, and a similar restriction applies to the debaters. By these restrictions the prizes will go to reward the members who have sustained interest in the regular Friday night programs.

During the past month six new members have been added to the McIver roll. They are, Eddie Edwards, Roy Levy, Locke Christian, Julius Land, Marion Fowler and Bernard Cheek. This makes the number on roll approach thirty-five.



The meeting of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, March the twenty-fifth, was held in the main auditorium, for the musical program. These entertaining meetings are held once a month. Vocal and instrumental productions are rendered, which furnish enjoyment to those musically inclined.

William Cullen Bryant was the topic of the meeting, April the first. An interesting sketch of his life was read, and several of his beautiful poems. In addition to that a declamation entitled, "The Ownerless Toys," was rendered by Tempe Boddie, in a creditable manner.

On April the seventh a short business meeting was held, and the reports of the different officers were read.

The meeting on the fifteenth of April was postponed on account of the ball game with Raleigh.



An Original Joke.—One day in school a girl received a note which read: "Lend me dicternary—S. F." In answer, the sender of the note received along with the dictionary a note. "You may use the dictionary, and while you have it, please learn how to spell its name."  
—B. P.

\* \* \*

Miss — (1A Girls)—"Give me the plural of Miss Jones."

H. T. (quickly)—"Mrs. Jones."

\* \* \*

E. E. (7th Grade, in oratorical style, reading "Idylls of the King") :

1. "Thou that art her skin (kin) go likewise, and lay him low and slay him not."
2. "But the Queen who saw not, burst away, to sweep (weep) and wail in secret."

Composition (7th Grade) :

1. "When Gareth went on his journey he was expecting to bring back some great deeds to fill up his armor with."
2. "Gareth wanted to be a knight so his mother sent him a uniform and the king gave him a horse."

\* \* \*

Miss M— (7th Grade)—“What does America get from Paris?”

J. W.—“Fashions.”

Class Know-all—“That’s what you call gossip, ain’t it?”

\* \* \*

Boy (who has been naughty, and sent out into the garden to find a switch to punish him with)—“Oh, mummy, I couldn’t find a switch anywhere, but here’s a stone you can throw at me.”—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Teacher—“Johnny, what is the meaning of the word ‘procrastinate?’ ”

Pupil—“Put off.”

Teacher—“Right. Use it in an original sentence.”

Pupil—“The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train.”  
—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Tommy—“Pop, which is correct: ‘I shall’, or ‘I will?’ ”

Tommy’s Pop—“It deepnds on the sex, my son. A man says ‘I shall’ and a woman says ‘I will.’ ”—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Two little girls, walking in a field, feared that a cow would attack them.

“Let’s go right on and act as if we weren’t afraid of her at all,” said one.

“But,” remonstrated the other, “wouldn’t that be deceiving the cow?”—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on Fourth Year English, reading from “A Woman’s Last Word”)—

“Be a god and hold me  
With a charm!  
Be a man and fold me  
With thine arm!”

I. C.—(Suddenly interrupting, after having variously criticised Browning as worthless)—“That’s fine!”

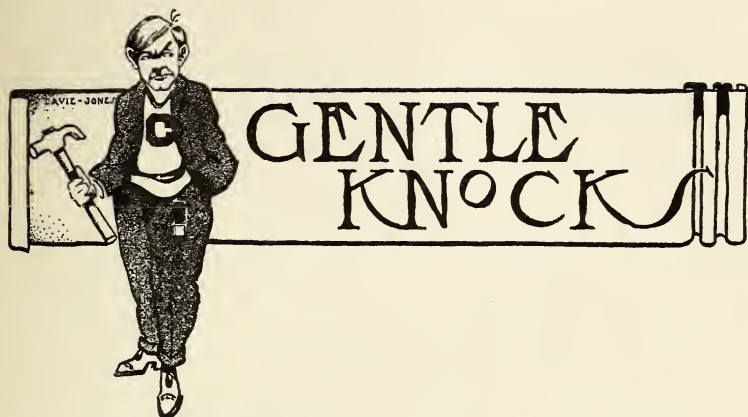
\* \* \*

Mr.— (on Fourth Year English)—“What was Marlowe’s great fault?”

I. C.—“He died too young.”

\* \* \*





"The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease"—Our Magazine Editors.

"My valor is certainly going"—Isaac on the Fourth Year Spelling Class.

"With cautious steps we'll tread"—In the basement, on rainy days.

"The proper study of mankind is man"—Ask Elizabeth S.

"Getting and spending we lay waste our powers"—On Henry's perennial doughnuts.

"There's something in a flying horse."—Ask some of our rapid translators.

"The fretful stir unprofitable"—Our spelling class (4A) "Let us do or die."

"The sweetest thing that ever grew"—Tempe B.

"Books cannot always please, however good"—Our parallel reading.



We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges during the past month: *The Academy*, *The High School Enterprise*, *The High School Student*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Purple and Gold*, *The Courier*, *Blue and Gold*, *The Athenian*, *The Liberty College Student*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Record*, *The Occident*, *Gastonia High School Magazine*, *The Wake Forest Student*, and *Spectator*. Among these we are very glad to find some new exchanges added to our list, these being *Gastonia High School Magazine*, *The Purple and Gold*, and *The Liberty College Student*.

We consider *The Athenian* for March one of the best numbers that the Newbern High School has published this year, for it contains interesting material in every department. "The Mysteries of Miss Wiley" has a fine plot which is well developed. We like the "cute" way in which the authoress expressed it. The "Studies in Ivanhoe" is something new in the way of material for a high school magazine, and it is considered by us as excellent material.

Congratulations to the editors of the *Gastonia High School Magazine* for its first issue, and we wish it much success. The stories are all good for the first number, but we expect to see an improvement in the literary department, in the addition of poetry and also another improvement in the magazine could be made by having more cuts. The "Quips and Cranks" afford much fun to the reader.

We don't understand why *The Liberty College Student* for March contains Christmas stories, and why the editorials extend New Year greetings to their friends. Let us suggest that they wake up and get the spirit of spring into their magazine. The essay on "The Character of Hamlet" is a creditable piece, and the other pieces of prose are very good. It is strange that this magazine has no exchange department, for this would certainly be an addition to it.

The story, "A Trip Across the Pond as a Cadet" in *The Occident* is indeed excellent, and is expressed in an interesting way. The poem "Do it Now" is good, but the literary department is not as full as it usually is.

*The Record* retains its same standard, containing much material as usual, and it is almost beyond criticism.

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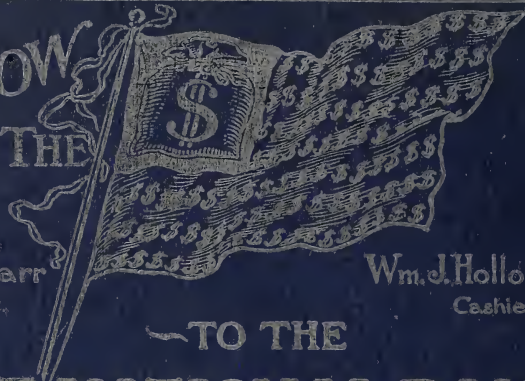
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