

*The*  
**MESSENGER**

Vol. II

APRIL, 1906

No. 6

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All contributions for publication must be in by the 20th of the month preceding date of issue.

Send or hand all manuscripts intended for publication to ORIN LLOYD, Editor-in-Chief, Morehead School.

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ROBERT WINSTON, '08,  
Business Manager, Morehead School.

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## *Literary Department.*

DOUGLAS HILL, '08,

EDITOR.

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### A MENTAL EXPERIMENT.

By CHESLEY HUTCHINGS, '07.

#### PART I.

The waiting room of Signor Mezzarino, the great magician, was already crowded when Simpson entered. It was said that a great seance was to be given, but no one knew exactly why the signor had thrown his rooms open to the public for this night only. At 8·o'clock the hum of voices ceased and all eyes were fixed on the curtain through which the great man was to come. Simpson, in the back, stood up, and as he did so a small, dark, be-whiskered man entered. Not heeding the tumultuous applause, but giving a sharp glance at Simpson, who sat down at once, this person approached the table, and at once began speaking. As his words fell from his lips, a strange magnetic power seemed to thrill through the hearts of the listening assembly. He spoke of the powers of the mind, of the Hindoos, supposed discoverers of hypnotism, and, finally, he spoke thus:

"Yet, in spite of all I have said, it is a mistake to say



that will and the mental forces of a man can ever dominate, absolutely, his physical body. Yet the mind may be made to see non-existent phenomena and to believe in the reality of that which does not exist. Yet to a certain extent matter may be controlled by mind, as I will show now."

On conclusion, he picked up a glass from the table, and, holding it at arm's length, said, "You all have from infancy seen objects fall until it has become second nature to see the law of gravity obeyed. Look!" and he dropped the glass. The audience gave an involuntary jump, expecting to see the glass fall and be shattered. It remained in the air! The signor continued, "This is no illusion, as you each expected the glass to fall. It is really there. Will any skeptic who may be here please come forward, and examine the glass." Simpson advanced and consciously felt the glass. It was a strange feeling, touching a hypnotized, or what you may call it, glass, suspended in midair by the power of a man's mind. Being satisfied, he resumed his seat.

Next the signor turned the glass upside down. Although it had been full of water, none fell. Then the surprised people saw the glass emptied, filled, and re-emptied, each time being examined by the doubtful, and no source from which the water came, was found. He then concluded by saying that what he had done all could do, by practice, and then left the room. The dazed assembly rose and went out as in a dream. It had all been so strange that they could hardly believe that it had not been an optical illusion.

When Simpson reached his boarding house, he went straight to his room. Falling into a chair, he sat musing over the remarkable powers of Mezzerrino. He thought of every word the strange man had said, but particularly of his closing speech. Was it possible that *he*, Ezra Simpson, could perform such miracles as he

had just seen? Perhaps his mind was greatly suited for such power, why not try? Smiling at his own foolishness, he fixed his eye upon a cigar which lay upon the table and attempted by hypnotism to draw it to him. For a long time nothing happened, and he began to grow drowsy and his thoughts to wander. Suddenly he looked up. The cigar was nearly a foot nearer! As he sat up, it rolled the rest of the table's length and fell in his lap. Simpson was not naturally timid, but he was certainly very startled. The room was very quiet and lonely, and after the incident of the cigar he thought it best to seek the company of Miss Belter, the landlady. As his foot touched the stair, it seemed as if the steps flew up beneath him, and before he could draw a breath, he was at the bottom. His mere wish had carried him there! With unsteady steps he started to the kitchen. The door was open and Miss Belter's broad back was turned toward it. Suddenly an indescribable desire to make Miss Belter's bulky and very material body vanish as had the magician's water, took possession of him. Fixing his eyes firmly on her, he concentrated all his mind toward making her vanish. Presto! And Simpson was staring at the bare wall. What had he done? Where was she? Could he bring her back? Reeling, he caught hold of the wall. Something in his brain seemed to give way, everything became dim, and then he sank away into blackness and oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning, the papers were full of the strange disappearance of a boarding-house-keeper and one of her boarders. It was supposed (by those unacquainted with the lady) to have been an elopement.

#### PART II.

Simpson was wakened by the sound of a bell. As he remembered the night before, he sprang to his feet and

looked around. "How the d—— did I get here?" was his first thought. It was indeed a change from the boarding house. In the first place, it was on board a ship; the floor rose and fell, and the room had a porthole instead of a window. Everything else was in keeping with the room, from a bunk to the table which was fastened down to the floor. "Where am I?" he said, or at least, the sound came from his own throat, for these deep, guttural words were as unlike Simpson's high pitched voice as anything could be. "Have I swallowed a phonograph?" were the next words, uttered in the same tone of voice. In his perplexity, he stroked his chin. He had grown a beard. "Is this another case of Rip Van Winkle?" he muttered, rushing to the mirror. Oh! what a sight met his eyes. Instead of a young face, surmounted by straight black hair, his gaze met that of a man of forty, with curly brown hair and pointed brown beard. "In other words," he thought, "I have been changed into someone else, without losing my identity," and, filled with doubt and apprehension, he sat down to ponder on the perplexing questions, who he was, and who had transformed him. Suddenly the door was opened, and a servant in uniform entered. "Do you want your breakfast brought up, Prof. Hanover?" "Yes," was the answer, for he must not go out until better acquainted with himself, or rather, Prof. Hanover. So that was his name! Now to seek for some clue to his past. After emptying his trunk, he found a bundle of letters, etc. It was with a strange feeling, as if he was doing something dishonorable, that he read these. They informed him that he was professor of modern languages at Hampton College, N. J., and was going to London on the steamer "Calcedonia." He was unmarried, had no relatives, and was a fine linguist. Picking up a book written in French he began to read. To his surprise, although as



Simpson he had never studied French, he was able to read with perfect ease. By this time the servant returned with his breakfast. On finishing, he went out on the deck and began to stroll about. The deck was very bare, and he saw but one other person, a young girl. She was very young, slim and blonde, and Simpson—no, Hanover, determined to make her acquaintance. Looking for a way in which to do so, he saw her drop her handkerchief; stepping forward, he picked it up and handed it to her. She smiled and said, "Thank you, Mr. ——."

"Sim—Hanover," he stammered, "May I ask your name?"

"Why, er—Miss Be—Winthrop, do you happen to know Prof. Hanover?"

"You are talking to him now."

"Why, I've often heard of you." (Simpson felt very strange, receiving another's compliment). "You are one of the best linguists in America, it is said. I once visited Hampton College with my cousin, Sarah Belt—" she stopped suddenly, and looked confused. Something in the name made Simpson say:

"Did you know a Miss Belter, who kept a boarding house in X——?"

What made Miss Winthrope turn red, then pale, and stammer, "No?" Then, seeing his surprise, she whispered in his ear, "Yes, I do. If you will go with me to the library, I want to confide something in you."

He went wonderingly into the library and they sat down beside each other. Then she began:

"You are a professor and perhaps you will believe what I tell you. I am Miss Belter."

Only the solid chair saved Simpson from falling on his back. He said nothing, merely gasped, "Yes." She said, "I don't understand what happened to me, all I know is that I found myself here this morning."

"Good gracious," cried Simpson. "Then I have something to tell, too. We are old friends. I am Simpson."

She took it better than he did. She merely turned pale.

"Now," he said, "Miss Belter, I have known you for a long time. We are in a like predicament. Let us get married and brave it together."

"So soon," she gasped.

"Yes," he cried, "we are old friends. It will not be a bit unconventional. Will you say yes, darling?"

"Yes," she whispered.

When they parted, it was all arranged and Simpson slept with a light heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the breakfast bell! Simpson woke with a start. He was there in the old boarding house room once more. Dressing quickly, he went below. There stood Miss Belter, as before, looking as if her 172 pounds of solid flesh dared anybody to say that they had ever been transformed into a girl of sweet sixteen.

"How did you like the magic fellow, Mr. Simpson?" she inquired.

"Very well," he said, "but it gave me bad dreams."

"All of them weren't, were they?" she remarked. And to this day Simpson doesn't know what she meant.

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### THE HOUSE THAT BOBBY BUILT.

By JESSIE RIGSBEE, '07.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Bobby had come up from the city to see Miss Grey. The city was not far away—a matter of six hours on the vestibuled limited—and Miss Grey, in extending the invitation, had thought of Bobby, and of the express.

She had gone with him down the river. They sat on

the rocks far out in the stream, and talked of the willows, and of their greenness above the water; of the mill's picturesqueness, of the dogwood flowers that lighted the woods.

Suddenly Miss Grey leaned back and studied him attentively. The clear cut, cleanly shaven face, the handsome head with its wavy hair, the laugh that rang pleasantly on her ear, all these had not changed, but it was not quite the same Bobby with whom she had parted six months ago.

"Bobby," she said, her contemplative eyes still on his face, "you have changed."

"Yes," said Bobby.

"A woman?"

"Yes," said Bobby. He laughed.

For the first time Miss Grey felt a jarring note when Bobby laughed.

"Is her picture in your watch?" she questioned.

"No," he answered promptly, "it's in my heart."

"Bobby!" Miss Grey put out her white hand—it was like a sudden, wistful appeal. "I hope you will be happy."

"Expect to be," said Bobby. In the silence that followed he looked upstream and whistled cheerfully.

Of course she had known that it would come some day; but somehow she had not expected him to be so cheerful about it.

Dear Bobby—she would be lonely without him. She would miss the oft-repeated declarations, and the flowers. Other men sent her violets, roses, orchids—Bobby brought pinks, fragrant, old fashioned, grandmother pinks. Other men sent expensive candies; Bobby brought peanuts.

"Jeanie"—there wasn't anybody else who called Eugenia Grey "Jeanie"—"don't you want me to tell you about it?"

"Yes," said Miss Grey.

"It's to be in June. We are going to keep house in a cottage. You'll love it, Jeanie."

"It is late," Miss Grey spoke coldly, "you'll miss your train." They went back to the house in silence. At the steps Bobby kissed her brow.

He was gone.

A fierce, barbaric hatred for the woman who was to live there with Bobby possessed her.

"Bobby," she said, for a strong clasp was about her.

"I missed my train." He saw her eyes were wet.

"You are stupid, Jeanie, not to know your own house when it was described by your lover."

"Oh, Bobby," she cried, estatically, "is there really such a place?"

"No," said Bobby, the shameless, "there isn't—but there will be, Jeanie, there will be, and soon, too!"

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### A COLLEGE PRANK.

By J. W. BLACKWELL, JR., '07.

It was just after the annual game of ball between the Freshmen and Sophomores, and the Sophomores were feeling anything but brotherly toward the Freshmen, because they had been badly beaten. The Freshmen had very much puffed up over their victory and taunted the conquered a great deal, and they were especially teased by the Freshies' president. "I say, fellows," said Jack Hall, to five of his fellow Sophomores, "let's teach that sassy little Freshman president a lesson." The boys then went up to Jack's room to discuss when the lesson was to begin and what it was to be.

About 9 o'clock that night the six boys came across the campus and hid in the shadow of a clump of trees. In a few minutes the Freshman president came out of

the dormitory door and walked toward the clump of trees, evidently bound for one of his friend's room in another building. His path lay close to the clump of trees and when he had just started under the shadow he was seized and blindfolded. He was led about a mile into the country to a railroad and was then tied across the strip of old, dilapidated sidetrack nearby. "All right, fellows," said one of the boys, "the mail comes in about four minutes," and with that they left him, but went only a short way off. It was lonely and very dark, so dark that the boys could not see their victim, but everything was still and they heard no sound of a struggle. Finally they heard the whistle of the train, nearer and nearer it approached. Suddenly a series of agonizing cries rang out, but were drowned by the rumbling of the train. A little while after the train had passed the boys began to feel their way back to the siding. One of them stumbled over something and stooped to find out what it was. "Here he is, fellows." Just then the moon burst forth from behind a cloud and with a start the boys gazed upon the pale face and white hair of the man whom they had left a moment ago with ruddy cheeks and dark brown hair. Not one of them could speak. They unfastened the ropes, he sat up and gazed with a gleam in his staring eyes toward the direction from which the train had come, "Ah, see, see yonder it comes, will it ever get here; stop it for heaven's sake, stop it." A cloud veiled the moon and suddenly the man, with a piercing shriek, sprang up and darted away through the darkness. The boys searched all night for him, but not a trace could they find, and early in the morning they made their way back to the college. As they passed the dormitory who should they see but John Ray, the Freshman president, standing in the door, not with white hair either. "Your prank turned traitor," he said, as soon as he could stop laughing. "Great Scott," said



one of the boys, "we thought you had gone crazy from fright, how was it?" He then explained how it was. One of his friends roomed next to Jack and the transom over Jack's door and over his own were both down, and he had heard the whole plot and told it to John. John had arranged with him to get some white powder and go out to the railroad and hide. When the boys had tied him to the track and gone away his friend was to powder his hair and face and then he was to play the crazy man which he did with such reality that it had scared the boys out of about ten years' growth.

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TO MY BOOKS.

By CLAIR YOUNG, '08.

Oh! how I love upon a winter's eve,  
When dark gray clouds obscure the golden west,  
And on the clean swept hearth the embers rest  
Of blazing wood fire—far away to leave  
All thought of work or play, and seek reprieve  
From study too, in books I love the best—  
Two little volumes, all in russet dres't,  
My Treasure Island, Burns—yet I believe  
A dozen others are almost as dear.  
When under sheltering trees I calmly lie,  
And upward gaze into the bright June sky,  
I like to have my famous Cooper near,  
My Scott and Poe—they seem to me the best—  
The ones that give more joy than all the rest.

## *Grammar School Department.*

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### ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By LANG EDDINS, Fourth Grade.

Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scotch author, was born November 13, 1850. When a boy he was not strong and he grew up to be a delicate man, so had to travel for his health. He loved little children and often thought of what he liked when he was a boy, so he wrote a book of poems for them called "A Child's Garden of Verses." Among these poems was "My Shadow."

I have a little shadow that follows me about. He is very like me from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed, but I can see no use of him.

He does not grow like other children, for he sometimes is very tall. And sometimes he gets so little there is none of him at all.

The way he plays he makes a fool of me and I think he is a coward because he sticks so close to me.

I rose very early one morning before the sun was up, and found the buttercups shining with dew. I guess my lazy little shadow, like a sleepy head, had stayed at home in bed fast asleep.

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### THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

By NELLO MERRITT, Third Grade.

One hot day a thirsty ant went down to the brook to drink. While he was walking down the bank his foot slipped, and the poor ant fell into the water. Just then a dove came flying by and saw the poor ant about to

drown. There was no time to be lost, so the dove flew to the ground and got a twig, and dropped it into the water. The ant got safe to land. One day the ant went out for a walk through the forest. When he came to the end of the forest he saw a man with a gun on his shoulder. When the ant got nearer he saw that the man was going to shoot the poor dove. It came into his mind that if he could worry the man that it might save the dove. So he crept up and bit the man on the heel. The gun went off, but the dove was not hurt. So the dove saved the ant, and the ant saved the dove. That teaches us that we should try to help each other.

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#### THE STORY OF A SEED.

By CLAUDE ADAMS, Second Grade.

I am a little seed. I lived in a pod with several other seed. I lived in a little green house. One day I looked up and saw that my house was turning yellow. I felt of my body and found that my body was turning yellow. I was very much distressed. I heard a roaring outside of my house. After a while I fell to the ground. A little girl picked me up. She carried me in the house. Then she showed me to her mother. Her mother said, "Save that seed." The little girl went upstairs and got a bag of other seeds. She dropped me into the bag of other seeds. There I stayed all the winter. One bright morning she took me in the yard. There she dug a hole. She dropped me in the hole. Then she covered me up. I stayed there until I grew to be a flower.

**PUSSY-WILLOW'S HOOD.**

By ELIZABETH FULLER.

Pussy-Willow had stayed in bed all winter. She had just come out and found that it was spring.

She saw her friends—the brook, the grass, and some others.

Pussy-Willow kept her cap on. One of the birds asked why she kept her cap on. "Mother Nature told me," answered Pussy-Willow. "She said I might have the toothache if I didn't." Pussy-Willow's friends said so much about the cap that she felt almost tempted to take it off, but she didn't.

Sly Mr. Robin whispered something to Pussy-Willow's friends.

The next morning when Pussy-Willow came out, they all cried out: "Bald head, bald head, have to keep your cap on because you are bald." This made Pussy-Willow feel bad.

After a few days she took her hood off. She had pretty golden curls. Then all those who had called her bald were ashamed of what they had done. "We were wrong," they cried, "she has pretty golden curls."

## *Editorial.*

ORIN LLOYD, '06,

- - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

### BASEBALL.

For some time past there has been in our school a growing sentiment in favor of athletics, and especially baseball. This year marks an epoch in our school history as the first time in many years that the students have really shown much interest in the matter.

With a determination to conquer, Manager Budd and Captain Cheek set to work, and, as a result of their labors, a first-rate baseball team has been organized and practiced. We expect to do some good work this spring on the baseball diamond, and we hope to make arrangements to cross bats with Trinity Park School, Cary High School, Clayton High School, Horner School, Warrenton High School, and the High School of Raleigh, and Greensboro.

The line up is as follows:

Pitcher—Jaffe.  
 Catcher—Warren.  
 1st Base—Wrenn.  
 2nd Base—Cheek, L.  
 Shortstop—Vickers.  
 3d Base—Hooper and Winston.  
 Left Field—Whitaker, C.  
 Center Field—Cheek, V.  
 Right Field—Whitaker, W.  
 Substitute—Matthews.

### THE ANNUAL DEBATE WITH TRINITY PARK SCHOOL.

The annual debate between the Durham High School and the Trinity Park School will be held this year on



April 13, at the Southern Conservatory of Music. The query for debate will be: "Resolved, that Congress should regulate the railroad rates." Messrs. T. F. Kiker and C. N. Crawford will represent the affirmative side of this question in behalf of the Park School, and Messrs. S. R. Carrington and A. L. M. Wiggins the negative, in behalf of our school.

This is the third of these annual debates with Trinity Park School. In the first we were victorious, and in the second we were defeated. We are confident of success this year, and expect to come off with "flying colors."

The judges in this debate will be Messrs. J. H. Southgate, J. C. Biggs and Jones Fuller.

## Poems Everyone Should Know

MARY LUCY HARRELL, '07, - - - - - EDITOR.

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We think it was Dr. Holmes who said it was not the head of a woman, but the heart, that appeals strongest to mankind. In the following poems you can catch the music of a woman's soul, and feel the heart-beats in the simple lines:

### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care;  
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;—  
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
 Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;  
 There comes a day for grief's overwhelming power,  
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

\* \* \* \* \*

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale?—  
 They have one season—all are ours to die!

\* \* \* \* \*

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

—

I think we are too ready with complaint  
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope  
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope  
 Of yon grey back of sky, we might be faint.  
 To muse upon Eternity's constraint  
 Round out aspirant souls. But since the scope  
 Must widen early, it is well to droop  
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?  
 O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,  
 And, like a cheerful traveler take the road  
 Singing, beside the hedge. What if the bread  
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
 To meet the flints? At least it may be said,  
 Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

—

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
 A pleasant road;  
 I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
 Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
 Beneath my feet;  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;  
 Lead me aright,  
 Though strength should falter and  
 Though peace to light.  
 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
 Full radiance here;  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
 My way to see;  
 Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
 And follow thee.  
 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
 Like quiet night;  
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
 Through peace to light.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

---

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
 It's the thing you leave undone;  
 That gives you a bit of heartache,  
 At the setting of the sun;  
 A tender word forgotten,  
 The letter you did not write;  
 The flower you did not send, dear,  
 Are your haunting ghosts at night;  
 The stone you might have lifted  
 Out of a brother's way;  
 The bit of heartsome counsel

You were hurried too much to say:  
 The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
 The gentle, winning tone  
 Which you had no time or thought for,  
 With trouble enough of your own.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

---

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming,  
 In doing each day that goes by  
 Some little good—not in the dreaming  
 Of great things to do by and by.  
 For whatever men say in blindness,  
 And in spite of the fancies of youth,  
 There is nothing so kingly as kindness,  
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—  
 We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
 For Justice avengeth each slight.  
 The air for the wing of a sparrow,  
 The bush for the robin and wren,  
 But always the path that is narrow  
 And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story  
 The heart of its ills to beguile,  
 Though he who makes courtship to glory  
 Gives all that he hath for her smile:  
 For when from her heights he has won her,  
 Alas! it is only to prove,  
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,  
 And nothing's so loyal as love.



We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing that it gets.  
For good lieth not in pursuing  
Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
But just in the doing and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait.  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Cary.*

## *In Lighter Vein.*

FELICIA KUEFFNER, '06, - - - - - EDITOR.

---

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles."

### STRAY SHOTS FROM YOUNG GUNS.

Teacher—"Johnnie, in what battle was Wolfe killed?"

Johnnie—"I am not sure, but I think it was in his last one."

Here is a little exercise in punctuation a pupil brought to the teacher:

*It is not and I said but or.*

Looks a little confused, doesn't it! Simple, though.

A few quotation marks and two commas will fix it all right. For instance:

"It is not 'and,'" I said, "but 'or.'"

Teacher—"Tommy, has an oyster brains?"

Tommy—"Certainly, for an oyster knows when to shut up."

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, give me a sentence, Johnny, containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote this:

"A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Teacher—"Sam, why do they call language the 'mother tongue?'"

Sam—"Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."

## MOTHERS' EXCUSES TO TEACHERS.

MISS BROWN: You must stop teach my Lizzie fysical torture. She needs yet reading an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumping I kin make her jump.

MRS. ISRAEL.

DEAR TEACHER: Please excus' Fritz for staying home he had der meesells to oblige his father.

F. P.

DEAR MISS L: Please excuse Rachel for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother.

MRS. SMITH.

Mr. Brown—"Mrs. Smith, may I have the next dance with you?"

Mrs. Smith—"I'm very sorry, but my husband isn't dead long enough yet."

"Here, what are you doing?" asked the janitor of the Porter building of a wild-eyed granger who was rushing across the roof to the copings on the edge.

"By Ginger, that's quer!" was the astonished reply. "I stepped inter a little office when I come in, and the hull building begin to sink. Fust thing I knowed she stopped; and now, when I get out, I find myself up in the air 'bout four miles. Quer place, this York."

Lambs are always on the lookout for Hawks.

F. S. P. prefers the country to the city if there is a Hill near by.

The Tenth Grade is very fortunate to have a Mayde for serving "Tee" and Fish.

Mrs. Wiggs was a plain countrywoman, who came to town about every ten years to do some shopping. Of course she always noticed some improvement or new inventions, which she had never before seen. The latest she saw were the street cars, so she took advantage of

this convenient transportation, and not being familiar with it asked the conductor, "On which end of the car must I get off?"

"Madam," he replied, "it makes no difference, the car will stop at both ends."

Teacher—"S—, what does equinox mean?"

S—"I don't know, sir."

Teacher—"What is it derived from in Latin?"

S—"Equus—horse, and nox—night. Then equinox means a night horse."

"Mister," said the small boy to the chemist, "give me another box of them pills you sold father the day before yesterday."

"Are they doing him good?" asked the chemist, looking well pleased.

"I d'no whether they're doing father any good or not, but they're doin' me good. They just fit my new air gun."

Mamma—"Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashion? Look how quiet Willie is!"

Ethel—"Of course he's quiet; that's our game. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."

## *Exchange Department.*

STERLING R. CARRINGTON, '06, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The February issue of *The St. Mary's Muse* contains two very good storiettes entitled respectively, "A Great Sacrifice" and "A Mountain Wedding." The writer of the latter, in particular, seems to have that enthusiasm for his subject which is a prime necessity for a readable story. Other articles in this magazine worthy of note are "Examination Echoes" and "My Airship that Failed." The literary department could, perhaps, be enlarged to advantage.

The *Park School Gazette* for February meets our fullest expectations of it. The author of "University Life in the Middle Age" has given us an article in which instruction is well blended with interest. The piece second in order as well as quality is "Fortune's Smile." "Neighborhood Sketches" should be mentioned on account of the excellent descriptions contained in them. Judging from the first of the series, the author is well fitted to depict these scenes of his boyhood. We hope to see them continued. "Katie Mine," poetry, is a beautiful thought on a beautiful subject.

We are glad to welcome the initial number of *The High School Magazine* to the Exchange table. This issue is exceptionally good, better than many of those of the older magazines. It is with regret that we note the absence of an exchange department. We hope that one will be established by next month. With the exception of two stories, the literature is composed entirely of essays: Essays on Addison, A June Day, The Shake-



sperian Play, and sketches of the characters in "Macbeth." It is very difficult to decide as to the merits of these different essays, but perhaps the one which shows the most originality—though there is a lack of originality throughout the entire magazine—is the first, "The Enactment of a Shakespearian Play in Shakespeare's Time." At least one commendable thing about the story "A Night at the Inn" is that it is just simply an adventure, and the hero and heroine do not fall in love.

The High School Student for February comes to us slightly improved over the preceding issue. A valuable contribution to this issue is "The Evolution of the Novel." "The Entertainer" is an entertaining little story. A weightier article is entitled "Brains Better than Money." The author presents striking facts in a lucid manner. The subject is exceedingly well handled and the points well developed. The plot of "The Contest for the Red Hill Scholarship" is well thought out and the style of the author is good.

By far the best article contained in The High School Bulletin is the oration "East Tennessee." There is a spirit and fire in it which holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end. "Frank's Victory" tells of a noble achievement and of a nobler deed afterwards. Two very creditable poems are "A Pillow for the Head and a Pillow for the Heart" and "Violets."

For the first issue, The High School Enterprise is, indeed, a good magazine, and we are glad to number it among our exchanges. However, it is very poorly arranged. The fictitious story, "My Christmas Hunt," contains several very fine descriptions. An imaginative "Dialogue Between Socrates and Xanthippe" shows

clearly that the author has an excellent grasp of the characters of these two subjects.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The St. Mary's Muse, Park School Gazette, The High School Magazine, The High School Student, The High School Bulletin, The High School Enterprise, The Academy, The Little River Record, University of North Carolina Record, and The Oak Leaf.

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