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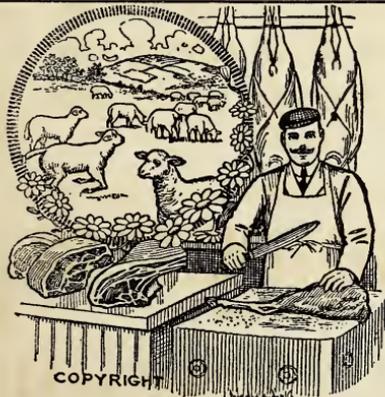
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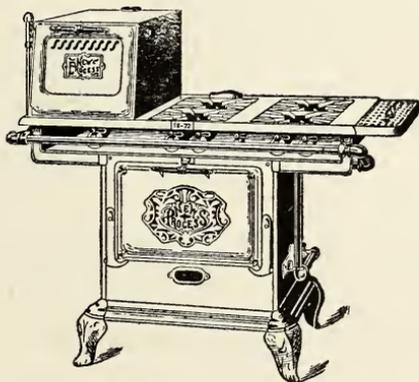
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J. S. CARR, Jr., President

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All contributions must be signed, but the name will be withheld if desired.

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On the Ebb Tide

FLORENCE GERTRUDE GREEN, '08.

Phil was bashful, there was no doubt of that, and owing to this exceeding timidity—well, it is sufficient to say that “Thereby hangs a tale.”

Phil was known for miles around as the “Lion Hearted,” but let us say, by way of explanation, that this element in his nature extended only as far as the “fair sex,” and there it stopped rather short.

All the boys on the ranch stood very much in awe of and respected equally this strong, broad-shouldered Philip Carlisle, with his dark, deep-set eyes and firmly compressed lips. They had often wondered how one so brave and daring could stand trembling in the presence of little Marie Swandale, the daughter of the so-called “Ranch King,” who lived just across the river.

Marie had never worn her heart on her sleeve, and was rather shy of her rustic admirers, chiefly because none of them realized her ideals of manhood created by fireside stories of the past. Indeed, she had always been inclined to laugh at Philip, her bashful yet ardent suitor, for a mere frown from her completely overwhelmed him.

She did not understand him and reasoned that one so afraid of her could not be much of a man, and for this reason she gave him little encouragement. She admired a man of courage, although the attempt to earn a few dollars to support his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters required courage of the highest order, yet it was not of a kind that appealed to the fancy of a romantic young girl.

She was ignorant of the struggle that was taking place in his loyal heart when she was bestowing winsome smiles and demure glances from her mischievous blue eyes on Jack Mackintosh, Phil’s chief competitor.

Phil was determined to affect some scheme by which he hoped to be raised in Marie's estimation.

He saw her very seldom now, and although his many rivals always managed to meet her when she chanced to ramble, he never succeeded in securing such good luck.

His bronzed face grew stern and thin and he lapsed into a state of melancholy indifference.

He now resolved to act toward her precisely as she had acted toward him. He tried not to notice her when she went flying by on horseback with Mackintosh and Hackly, but when they were out of sight he would grind his teeth in jealous rage.

One beautiful June day, weary and leaden spirited, he decided to go down to the river to row the fever out of his blood. He was drifting slowly on, when all of a sudden he stopped and sat up. Surely this was something extraordinary, he thought, for there high and dry on the beach was a rowboat. "Someone has forgotten that the tide is going out," he thought as he passed, but this was no affair of his.

A voice called faintly, "Philip!"

He started at the familiar tones and looked again. Surely that was Marie, standing by the prow of the stranded skiff. He recognized that it was she and put his boat about with an energy not in keeping with his former languid strokes.

His boat stranded several yards from the shore, and he rose and faced her.

"Oh, Philip," she cried, "I have done such a stupid thing; I stole away here to finish a book and—well—I didn't notice that the tide was going out. Dear me, I'm in such a dilemma," she added wistfully.

"And you would rather be in your boat," said Philip brusquely.

"But, Philip, I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Well, suppose you get in your boat and I'll try to push it off."

She obeyed with a troubled look in her face. He pushed till the veins knotted on his forehead. At this she sprang up, exclaiming, "Oh, this will never do, you'll burst a blood vessel, but I don't see what you can do."

"Carry you out to my boat, that is all I can do."

"Oh, Philip!" but as she looked at the black intervening mud she became silent.

"I could go and find Mackintosh or Hackly for you," he said, sarcastically.

She turned away to hide her tears. "But how in the world can you manage it?" she said, and there was real distress in her tones.

"You will have to put your arm around my neck."

"Oh!"

"You wouldn't mind putting your arm around a post, would you?" he asked bitterly.

"Well, have your way, but you don't know how heavy—"

"I soon will, soon as—oh, that will never do. Now, that's better."

"Philip, am I not very heavy?" she asked softly.

"Not as heavy as my heart and you know it," he replied gloomily.

Her head rested slightly against his shoulder, her breath fanned his cheek; her eyes, soft and lustrous, sought his. But he looked away, gloomy and defiant.

When she was seated, by great exertions the boat slid gradually into the water and he sprang in beside her.

"Mr. Carlyle," she began softly. He arrested his oars and turned wondering eyes to hers. They were sparkling with mirth as she continued, "You know I don't think this a misfortune and somehow I don't feel hungry a bit,—and I wouldn't mind spending another hour—"

Carlyle nearly upset the boat in his headlong effort to gain a seat beside her and—!!!

The Garden

Out in the world's great garden,
Numberless flowers aglow,
Crimson and gold and purple
Or white as the driven snow.

Out in God's great garden,
Fairer, the flowers that blow;
Sweeter, the incense arising
Whiter, the petals of snow.

Hearts are the blossoms, blooming,
God is the gardener there;
Souls are ever expanding
Under His loving care.

—Adapted.



Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of

INEZ CROOM, '09.

The deadly feud between the two noble Spanish houses had not descended to their children. The daughter of one and the son of the other were supremely indifferent, although their daily abodes were less than five miles apart, and in plain sight of each other.

The only home the slender, dark haired, gypsy-like girl had known since her childhood was the Abbey, a calm place in a calm valley.

The home of the boy, a noble youth, was the Monastery, a silent place upon a silent mountain top, overlooking the valley, and the Abbey.

The holy quiet of their homes had not calmed the fiery spirits of these children of famous warriors, and each chafed under it. Nor had it robbed the reverent priests of their love of excitement, and thus it came about that a chariot race was planned by them to satisfy their students. As it was quite customary for young girls to race in chariots, the race was a contest between the two schools, and timed in accordance with the visits of the noble heads of the noblest families represented at each school.

The race was in a hall, a splendid, round, colonnaded hall, shielded from the glare of the summer sun by a lofty-arched, dome-like yellow roof.

A brilliant, a beautiful affair, was the race! And oh, it was a deliriously happy time for the father of the little senorita! The Spanish nobleman shouted and cried encouragements and almost wept for pure delight as the chariot bearing the straight, slender figure of his young daughter shot ahead.

But oh, the inexplicable, heartrending pity of it, her fall! As she shot forward between the gilded columns at the end of the race, the victor, the ivory wheel of her chariot crashed against the column,

and the next instant the proud little figure lay in an insensible heap directly in the path of the nearest horseman, her rival, who was too close upon her to turn aside, who could only clutch the reins of his flying horses in stiff fingers and close his eyes upon the sight.

She was carried into the Abbey, unconscious, and laid in a darkened, hushed room.

When she regained consciousness, a sister of the Abbey leaned over her. She raised the bloodstained, cruelly crushed left arm with piteous eyes and mute, quivering lips. The poor arm was bandaged and everything possible done, but after it all, she lay at length on her couch, her left arm gone at the elbow, and her right limb at the knee.

And so she lived, a hopeless, cripple, helpless life forever. She did not remain at the Abbey, but removed in later years to the house her father had given her at his death, and though she was loved and revered by all, her home was lonely, and her heart sad and weary. She never married. Once in her life she had loved, had loved with all the strength of her old spirit, but one who had been more than father to her, a holy old man whom she loved dearly, had been bitterly opposed to any marriage; and her spirit, broken and weakened like her body, had yielded, and so her life was empty.

The Storm

BY MAUD CREWS, '08.

Dark is the night and cold,
And loud the wild waves roll,
They lash the shore with might and main,
They tear the rugged rocks in twain,
And on with that majestic sweep,
They burst thro' all that stormy deep,
And rolling on with mournful cry,
They rise and sink and seem to die.

Then louder still and yet more loud—
What demon of the sea or cloud,
Should cause this mighty foaming mass
O'er all this raging sea to pass?
Then lo, a mighty calm descends,
And this tumultuous mass impends,
And then a moan—a wailing cry
And all is o'er—with one—long—sigh.

The Two Hermits

YEDDIE GLADSTEIN, '08.

"Find me," wrote Philip Graham, "the most isolated farmhouse in your district, where I can have comfortable accommodations for the summer, and no one to disturb me from writing my book."

After a gerat deal of trouble Paul Blake found what he thought Graham would like and wrote his friend to come on.

Graham came by the next train. Blake met him at the station in his big red car, and they sped down a broad, dust-white road.

"Looks thickly settled," objected Graham anxiously.

"We have only started," laughed Blake. "I'll cure you of your desire for solitude."

When they had gone about eight miles they stopped before a small, white house surrounded by trees. "This is where I have engaged rooms for you," explained Blake. "The Browns live here, just Brown and his wife.

"Blake, this place was made for me," ejaculated the young author.

Blake helped him to take his belongings into the house and then departed for town with a curious smile lighting his face.

The place proved ideal for Graham. The farmer and his wife were very quiet and never disturbed him from his work.

"I am sorry," faltered his landlady one morning, "but John went to the postoffice today and found a letter from a young lady in the city. She is a young artist and wants to come here to be alone."

"Write her she shan't come," replied Graham quickly. "I'll pay you double."

"It's too late," said Mrs. Brown. "The letter was written a week ago. We don't get our mail but once in a while, and she said if she didn't hear to the contrary she would come today. Would you like to read her letter?"

Before Graham could politely refuse, Mrs. Brown began to read it. Some of Graham's annoyance vanished as he listened. "She evidently craves solitude as much as I do, and so she will avoid me," he thought.

Three days passed without a meeting of the two boarders. The next morning as he was sitting at his writing table making heroic efforts to put his mind on his work, he heard the sound of some one running. He went to the door and saw a young girl running towards him. "Oh," she gasped with a sob, "save me! that bull will kill me."

"Nellie, would I let anyone or anything harm you?" replied Graham.

"Oh, Philip!" the girl exclaimed with astonishment.

"Philip," she said faintly when she had recovered from the fright, "did Paul Blake by any chance know you were here?"

"Paul Blake! why he found me this place," replied Graham.

"Dear Paul was far wiser than we. Shall we not profit by his wisdom and let his plan work out as he intended? Can't we forgive and forget, Nellie?"

Sunset

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

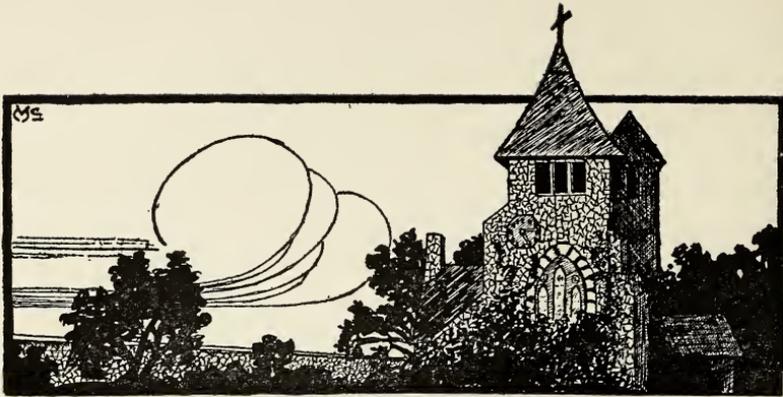
The wavelets moan upon the bar
And sob farewell to setting sun,
The seagulls shriek among the hills
The earth is still, the day is done.

The vessel's sail far out at sea
Glow with the sunset's rosy light;
The western sky's aglow with gold
And amethyst, a wondrous sight!

The wild geese rise in endless flocks
And honk farewell to dying day,
Then to the marshes mark their flight
To wait return of morning's gray.

A lone wild heron's mournful call
Rings out across the sand-dunes far,
And faint within the western sky
We see the twinkling evening star.

The earth is wrapped in twilight gray,
The setting sun is lost to sight,
The wild birds shriek, the breakers moan
To all the world a sad good-night.



An Experience

MARY CROOM, '08.

It is a settled fact, at home, that I cannot go anywhere and come back home without something ridiculous happening to me and I have come to wonder every time I start on a trip of any kind, "What will it be this time?"

Therefore it was with strange forebodings that I left with my classmates last year for a picnic at the pump-house, about six miles from the city.

As it was a class picnic, we were in high spirits, as all school girls and boys are on such an occasion; and in the excitement of the moment my fears for the future were forgotten and the dreaded realities were lost in the present dream, for so it was doomed to be; a dream which was soon to be shattered.

But, alas! how soon! We had been at the pump-house about five minutes. The boys had gone on ahead and the girls started running down the hill to the pond. I started with them. I say started, for I ran only a few steps to a small ridge in the hill. I rolled the rest of the way. But this was only the beginning.

About eleven o'clock, after exploring the land on this side of the stream, we decided to cross over and see what could be found on the other side. The only way we could cross was by stepping from one

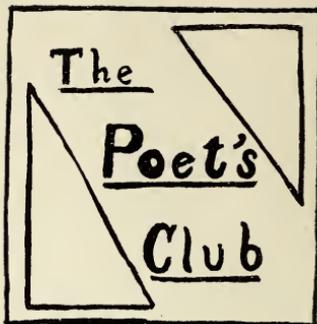
to another of the many large rocks in the stream. The water was not very high this time of day, so it was not very hard to cross. All started over very cautiously, for some of the rocks were very narrow and pointed and not very close together. I was behind, going very cautiously. I reached the middle in safely; my spirits rising, for the other rocks were flat and close together, but I rejoiced too soon, for on my eagerness to reach the safe rocks and my joy that the others were past, I stepped on a loose rock which turned, and over I went into the water. Nor was this the last nor the worst.

When we reached the pond that morning we saw two boats, one small rowboat and a larger rowboat. We found that the gasoline boat was used and run by the private owner or by the consent of the private owner only. As he was not there, there was no chance of our using it, and as we were afraid of the other one, we looked about for some other amusement, still hoping, though, that the owner would come before it should be time for us to go home. He did come about five o'clock. This is why "the ridiculous thing" happened to me.

When we saw the owner of the gasoline boat working away at the engine, getting it ready to run the boat up the stream, we at once "sent in our request." This request being answered in the affirmative, we waited impatiently for the boat to start. It was decided that the six smaller girls should go first and then the five larger ones. If I had not been among the unfortunates *large* ones *perhaps* I could have escaped, but as I was one of the larger and, in crossing the stream, the last one to get into the boat, or start to get into the boat, I did not escape. We were in a hurry, our teachers calling to us that it was already time to go home. One of the boys was helping us in. Without waiting for his help (afraid of being left, I suppose,) I stepped on the side of the boat instead of the middle, and of course lost my balance, almost turning the boat over and throwing those who were already in, out, I fell backward into the pond, pulling the boy in after me.

I do not know how I got out, I only remember struggling in the water while the boy said, "Why don't you come out?" just as if I wasn't trying to get out as fast as I could. Finally I did get out and was dragged away, my clothes streaming with water and so heavy I could hardly walk to be dried at the furnace.

Somehow I did not care to join in the singing on the way back home and the present was lost in the thoughts of what might be in the future.



MAMIE NEWMAN, Editor Pro Tempore.

A new club has been organized in the Durham High School, known as the Poets' Club. At the beginning of the year this club was thought of and occasionally there was a call meeting of these students gifted in the production of good verse. More good could be accomplished by having regular meetings, so the Poets' Club will now meet every other Tuesday in the Reading Room.

The officers are Mr. Garland Greever, President; Miss Mary Westcott, Secretary.

The desire of this Club is to promote the appreciation of good poetry. This Club also wishes to encourage each member to write poetry, not little squibs, but verse containing thought and deliberation. Already the number has increased from a charter membership of twenty to about thirty active members. Some of the members are showing remarkable ability in this work and we hope each member will not feel satisfied until he or she has contributed something to the MESSENGER for publication.

The meetings are opened with the usual preliminaries of a regular club. Then reports of the committees are heard. Before each meeting the poems which have been handed in are written on the board and criticised in a kind and suggestive way in regard to meter and appropriateness of words.

In the Social World

The Executive Staff and Advisory Board of the MESSENGER was delightfully entertained by the Business Manager, Mr. Bill Glass, on the evening of March 5th at his home, the Ashton Place.

After this happy crowd gathered they marched into the dining-hall, which was very appropriately decorated in school colors, and here they were served with a delightful luncheon, consisting of six courses.

Everyone seemed to be full of fun and a good time seemed to be in the atmosphere everywhere. Here's long life and happiness forever to the Business Manager; may he continue his good example, and it wouldn't seem bad if some of the others on this staff would follow his footsteps.

Dramatic Club Dinner.

Saturday evening, March 21, 1908—Six thirty o'clock.

Antonio's Residence.

"But, at dinner-time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet."—Antonio, the Duke and Shylock.

On Thursday evening each member of the Dramatic Club received the above invitation. There is little need in attempting to say in so many words how good we felt when we received this invitation, for we all knew the trio of actors that were affording the merry event and we all knew a good time was certainly in store. Then some of us had been to see Antonio before and "that is all ye need to know."

The Club gathered at the home of the "Merchant" at six-thirty. There we found everything beautifully and tastefully decorated. The "Merchant" can't be excelled when it comes to decorating, he has it down "pat."

After all had gathered this club of Shaksperian enthusiasts, mostly young, marched into the dining hall, which was elegantly decorated. At each plate, for young ladies, was a beautiful bunch of Parma violets and a *boutonnière* of violets for boys. The girls said we had the "cutest" program they ever saw; it was very neat indeed.

The Merchant, the Duke and Shylock had a swell program for this mirthful occasion.

A picture of the Club was on the outside; on the inside was the cast of characters. Opposite the cast was the following quotation:

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come." If any wrinkles came they were obliged to come that way for we were full of mirth and laughter all the time.

Next, the best of all, came the elegant luncheon of seven courses. During this splendid dinner six or eight were called on by the Toastmaster and all responded with very appropriate toasts which kept the Club continually in laughter.

At the bottom of the program was written "Show a merry cheer." Portia manipulated on the ivory and we all sang, even the "Merchant," old familiar, new familiar, and every other kind of familiar songs, duets, quartets, and every one was showing a merry, merry cheer.

Everyone left the "Merchant's" home feeling that they had had the most delightful time of their lives.

Here's also long life and happiness to Messrs. Green, Campbell and Greever; may you ever prosper as the days go by. J. A. S.

The Beauty of Nature

VIOLA ALDERMAN, '08.

'Neath the clear, calm canopy,
Nothing can more lovely be
Than the sunlight streaming down
On the flowers all around—

On a bed of richest green
In which tiny violets gleam
Fragrant in the morning dew
Purest gems of purple hue.

Sweeter music is not heard
Than the twittering of the birds
Mingled with the murmuring trees
Lulled by gentle zephyr's breeze.

While in sweet concord of tone
Weeping willows sigh and moan,
And the brooklet's trickling sound
On the pebbles and the ground.

Two Jolly Old Punsters

BY PERCY SPENCER, '08.

Two jolly old punsters, keen rivals in trade,
Kept shops where all elegant toys were displayed,
And ever the contest betwixt them was waging
To win the most trade and wit most engaging.

One morn, as old Thomas walked down to his store,
A sight he beheld which made him feel sore,
For old Simon, his rival, had hung on a nail
A notice which read, "These ships are for *sail!*"

Then old Tom scratched his pate, and quickly formed a plan,
Which he thought would eclipse the other old man,
And he vowed that he would not be left in the mire,
As he hung out a sign, "These balloons are for *higher!*"

We, as students of the High School, look upon the financial part of our magazine as being a very small matter. Let me say in the beginning that it is not. We do not get the support from the school that we should. Most of us seem to think if we get a few subscribers from each grade, say eight or ten, we are all right and we are helping it out fine. We thank you for that, but, that is not enough. We ought to have at least half in each grade regular subscribers, and then we could put out a better magazine. It is too late to subscribe now, but you can buy single copies each month and you have not the least idea how much that would help.

Fellow students, do not think this is the editor's magazine, nor the staff's magazine. Nor any individual's, but it belongs to you, it's yours; now why not be proud of it and give it your support?

We want to get you more interested in this work than you are, and the only way to do this is to get you to invest something in it. You know whenever anybody has anything invested they will be interested in the investment. Now, invest something and get interested in this work. You can invest something besides money, you can put some thought in verse and prose for your magazine.

Now, for our "advertisers," "business men"—we could not run our magazine without your support, and the greater part of our financial success, we owe to you.

We believe you will get great benefits from your ads in our magazine.

Here is a long and prosperous life to our "advertisers."

E. W. G., '08.

A Modern Daphne

BY BERTHA WILSON, '08.

It was one bright summer afternoon, when the cool green shades of the trees in the woods offered a restful place to the weary.

A young girl was seated on a high rock, with a lap full of flowers, her hands were clasped behind her and she leaned against the trunk of a giant oak. Suddenly she began to sing and then to imitate the birds. So excellent was the imitation that the birds began to warble also. While this twittering contest was going on, a very young fellow came creeping through the bushes to see who the human participant was. He uttered a whistle of astonishment and disappeared. Very soon he was seen again coming up the path, nonchalantly whistling a popular tune. When he came opposite the rock on which Bessie was seated, he bowed low and in a musical voice said, "Good afternoon, Miss." Bessie bowed in reply, and a white finger flew to her rosy lips.

"May I sit down?" he asked, and Bessie gravely assented by a motion of her head, and she moved a little, away from the other rock on which he was seated. Then he seemed lost in a reverie, and sat silent, digging holes in the sandy path. After awhile he turned, and so suddenly that Bessie was in great danger of falling from her seat, he said, "Do you know, I like your eyes; I think they are pretty, and I think you are a pretty good-looking girl, except your nose, and that reminds me of Toot's nose, but," he hastily added, as he saw the tears springing up in her eyes, "I like it, because I kiss Toot's nose very often." Bessie moved still further away. "And," he continued, "you have freckles, and I like them too, because they look like marks that Apollo left on your face, when he kissed you." Bessie gave this frank young man a side glance of anxiety, for he was making personal remarks as to her saucy little pug nose, which she often declared was the bane of her existence; and her freckles too, which she had often tried to remove by several mysterious applications of lemon juice. But she concealed her anxiety, for she found the face of the young man very pleasant to look upon, and she was greatly attracted by the bold black eyes with a twinkle of mischief lurking in their depths. He had a clean, nice looking face, with a frank, open forehead. Suddenly he asked, "Won't you give me a kiss, I—" but Bessie, alarmed at the suggestion, began to flee, and before the young fellow could recover his wits, she was gone. In a

moment he was after her, but as fear put wings on her heels, she flew over the ground. Nothing daunted, the young man went in pursuit, and just as he was about to grasp a fluttering piece of the pink gingham dress, she stumbled and fell headlong in the laps of a group of picknickers, who were lounging around on an open sward in the woods.

"Robert, Robert, come here a moment," called a voice to the modern Apollo, who was very much vexed at finding himself outdone. Bob turned in surprise and greeted his mother, who told him that the two picnics had met together and joined in one great picnic. She asked him where he had been and then she said that they were just going to start in search for him and Bessie Worthing, who had also gone for a ramble in the woods. "I am glad you two have met, and I hope you will be good friends," said his mother.

"I hope so, too," said Bob, and hastily muttering an excuse, he went over to where Bessie, having recovered from her fright and flight, was busily munching a huge slice of chocolate cake, which Bob eyed hungrily.

"Will you forgive me?" he pleaded.

"Yes," said Bessie, "if you promise never to do it again," and without waiting for a reply, she added in a burst of generosity, "I'll give you half of my cake." And soon they were seated side by side, eating cake and exchanging secrets. For, as I am sure you have already surmised, that my hero and heroine are very young. Bessie was just eight and Bob just ten.

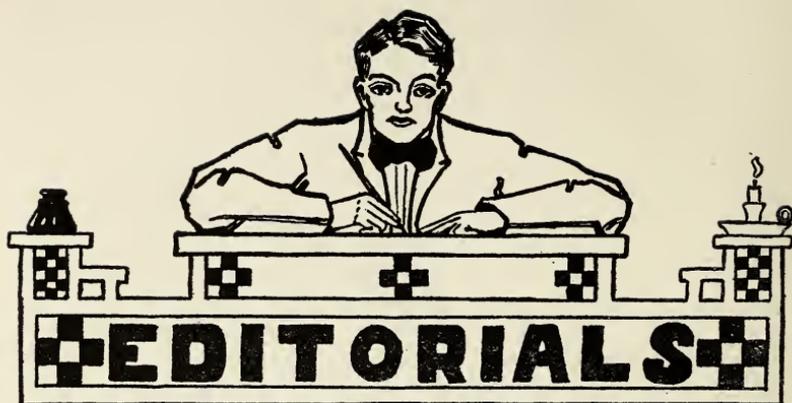
Evening

BY ROBERTA WEST, '08.

'Tis evening and the gentle vesper bell
Is filling earth with music sweet and clear;
The sun seems sinking in the distant dell,
And twilight swiftly draweth near.

When eastern gray is urging day to rest,
And stars are waiting to shine o'er the glade;
The heavens show their brightness in the west,
And we're between the sunshine and the shade.

We hear the echoes from the far off hills,
While deepening shadows crowd out fading light;
The moon throws silver light across the rills,
And everything is bidding us goodnight.



PROCRASTINATION.

There is a tendency among the students of our school to put off and to delay just as long as possible. This is a bad habit. You know we are all creatures of habit, and this quality led the wrong way is an awful thing. We mean no harm and no inconvenience to any one by being tardy and slow in our duties, yet this innocent guilt is the hardest and most difficult to administer a remedy.

Now don't misconstrue; habit may be good as well as bad; just as among the majority of people a criticism means only a reprimand or a reproof or something only to the bad, while a criticism does and should include the good as well as bad in every phase of life.

Now the graduating class have essays to write. These essays are supposed to represent, and they do represent, the best work of the student. These essays require steady exertion and thorough preparation before they are accepted by the faculty as the best work of a graduating student. This is the last pull the Faculty has at you, and they are going to make the road steep and rugged.

So let's don't put off until the last moment or the last days of the year to begin working on this last representative paper we hand to our English teacher. Let's give him our very best efforts and show by our essays that we truly deserve a diploma.

Those who are to represent the class on commencement should be at work also on their assigned duties. We expect to have an inter-

esting commencement this year, not only for the graduating class, but for all of those who will honor us with their presence on this glad occasion, yet tinged with a feeling of sadness.

You will remember some wit has said, "Procrastination is the thief of time;" let's not be guilty of allowing this habit to steal gradually upon us and awake us the last moments with unfinished work. "There is all in readiness."

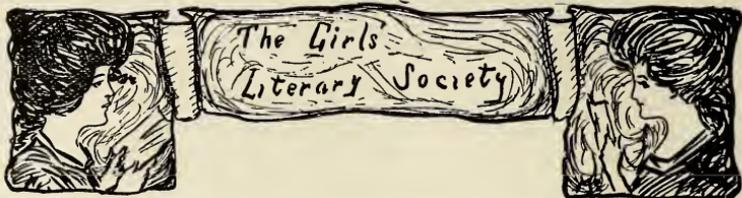
The keen, shrewd, crafty student that has business tact about him is prompt on all occasions. If he has a date at three o'clock he is on the spot at the appointed time, not ten minutes or even five minutes after, but right on time. If he plays ball, basket or base, he is in his position when the game is called and the captain doesn't have to hunt him up.

Our Society meets at seven-thirty, be on time; our Athletic Association meets at two-thirty on Friday, be on time; and whenever anyone, teacher or student, has a date with you, be on time. "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." That's practical, that's business like, and it isn't so stiff and practical that there isn't a feeling of sublimity in it; a fellow's conscience feels good when he knows he has done the right thing and at the proper time.

The MESSENGER is glad to have represented in its columns this issue two new elements that are very essential in all up-to-date schools. One is the "Cornelia Spencer Literary Society," the other the "Poet's Club." We have often wondered why our school didn't have a literary society for the girls as they deserve one and when they enter the various colleges of our country and join a literary society, they appear a little weak and awkward at first, but in a short time the D. H. S. girls are the leaders and rarest students of their college.

The MESSENGER congratulates the girls for these two elements, as we have long wished for the inauguration of just such a Society and Club for the best and rarest product we have in our school.

J. A. S., '08.



BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

This Society was organized March 6th by the girls of the Durham High School for the purpose of literary advancement in our school.

The following officers were elected: Miss Douglas Hill, President; Miss Annie Bridgers, Vice-President; Miss Emily Bridgers, Treasurer; Miss Leah Boddie, Secretary; Miss Mary Wescott, Critic and Miss Julia Henry, and Miss Lucie Stokes, Marshals.

At the second meeting the constitution was read and approved and the colors, flower, and motto agreed upon as follows: Colors, maroon and gold; flower, red rose, and motto, "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare."

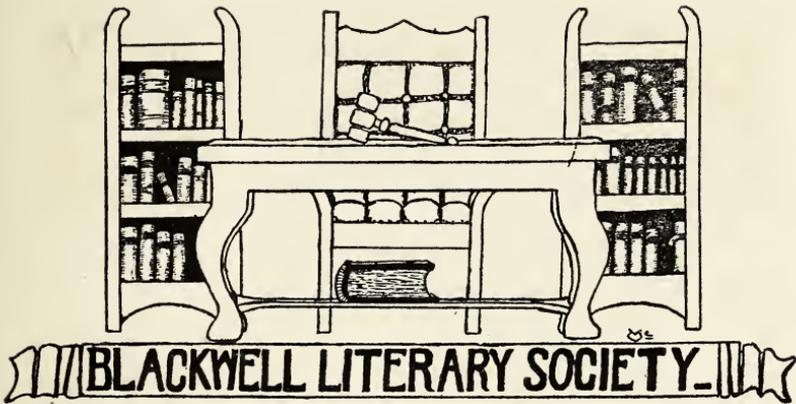
We chose to name our Society for Mrs. Cornelia Spencer, one of North Carolina's foremost women in the literary field.

Much credit is due Mr. Green and Miss Tuttle for their aid in organizing this Society, which promises to be so advantageous to the girls of this institution. In application of her efforts the title of honorary member was conferred upon Miss Tuttle. Only his misfortune of belonging to the other sex kept Mr. Green off our roll.

In this way we wish to thank the members of the Blackwell Literary Society for the interest they have shown in our work, especially when on Friday, March 27, the officers of the new organization were invited to meet with them that they might gain information as to the manner in which their meetings were conducted.

The girls are all very enthusiastic over their Society and this promises to be one of the best means for advancement in this line of work.

MARY YEULA WESCOTT.



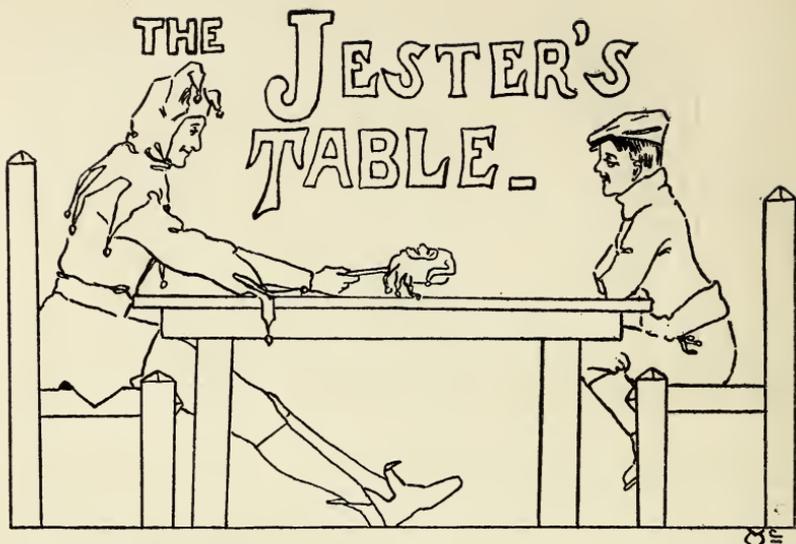
The standard of the Blackwell Literary Society is day by day being raised. The new officers are doing faithful work and all the members seem to be enthused with Society work.

The Constitutional Committee is now at work revising the constitution and in a few days the constitution will be complete. The Society will be left in good order for the next set of officers who will preside next fall.

We welcome as a co-worker in the Durham High School the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society. We wish for you a year of progress.

During next month the contests for debating and declaiming will take place. There is a prize of ten dollars offered to the best debater and five dollars offered to the best declaimer.

The contestants for the debater's prize are Messrs. Speed, Brown, Strayhorn, Robinson, Spencer, Cobb, Cowan, and Ashley. Those who have entered for the declaimer's prize are Messrs. Cates, Chapel, Strayhorn, Kearney, Brown, Hamlin, Wrenn, Robinson, Cowan and Spencer. The contestants are all capable speakers and some good debates and declamations will be delivered. It is the purpose of the Society to turn out from the Durham High School boys who can speak sanely on their feet.



heard during a study period:

E. T.—“Has a boy ever kissed you?”

L. Markham—“Yes.”

Chorus of Innocents—“What was it like?”

L. Markham—“Just as if you had been knocked on the punny-bone.”

* * *

Miss Tuttle—“What is a function?”

Arthur Pope—“It is a little off station.”

* * *

TO OUR TEACHERS.

“O wad some power the giftie gie them
To see themselves, as we do see 'em;
It wad from many a blunder free 'em
And gosh-darned notion.

—Ex.

* * *

R. Poteat—“Mr. Green, if you let those two angles be equal by construction, why can't all the angles be equal by construction?”

"Johnny, did you give your sister the best part of the potato?"

"Yessum, I gave her the peeling. She can plant that and have a whole patch of potatoes."

* * *

This is what a boy wrote about the dachshund: "The dachshund is a dorg notwithstanding appeerencis. He has fore legs, two in front an two behind an they ain't on speakin terms. I wunst made a dacksbound out of a cowcumber an fore matches, an it lookt as nacherel as life. Dachshound is farely intelligent considerin thare shaip. Thare brains bein so far away frum thare tales it bothers them sum to wage the lattur. I wunst noo a dackshound who wuz too impashnt to wate till he cood signal the hole length of his boddly when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But as fer me, gimme a bull pup with a peddygree."—Master Pieces of Humor.

* * *

Rumor has it that Wellie Glass looked swell in his dress suit at the dinner of the Dramatic Club.

* * *

Julia Henry thinks a "Carr" is a great invention.

* * *

There is a girl, I am told,
Who is ever so old;
Yet there is a chance,
For Leap Year is not far advanced,
To make your impression on Dick.
So up and work while 'tis day,
For sweet Florence may stay
And try her wiles on poor Dick.

* * *

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh! that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock."

—Ex.

* * *

A little boy on his way to a country school dropped his book in the mud. When he came to school, he brought his book up to the teacher and said, "Teacher, my book done rusted."

NIT.

In olden times the maiden fair
When asked to name the day
By one who failed to touch her heart,
Responded gently, "nay."

In later years the fair young maid
Who did not like a beau,
Dispelled his hopes and sent him off
By firmly saying "no."

Today the maiden, when resolved
To make a lover quit,
Looks calmly at his eager face
And gurgles softly, "nit."

* * *

Sam Jourdan—"Mr. Greever, there is not but one thing that you can prove."

Mr. Greever—"How is that?"

Sam Jourdan—"That Amy Winston hasn't a heart."

Mr. Greever—"How is that?"

Sam Jourdan—"Watts Carr has it."

* * *

Who is Rebecca Michie's Taylor?—"Clarence."

* * *

T.—"Parse kiss."

S.—"Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular and is generally used in the plural and agrees with 'me,' how about you?"—Ex.



GENTLE KNOCKS

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."—This is why Cecilia comes veiled.

"From Love's weak, childish bow he lives unharmed."—Elbert Chappel.

"The courageous captain of compliments."—Ralph Malone.

"An unbruised youth with unstuffed brain."—James Manning.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."—Fuller Hill.

"Laught and the tenth grade laughs with you."

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"—Ruth Poteat.

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou justified (?)"—Austin Carr, the prince of cats.

"Surpassed by few in powers of mind."—Maye Bowling.

"Blushes are the rainbow of modesty."—Lela Markham.

"All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge."—Annie West.

"God mad him small in order to do a more choice bit of workmanship."—Clair Young.

"The laughter of girls is and ever was among the delightful sounds of earth."—Ethel Thompson.



The Campus, from the University of Rochester, is an excellent bi-weekly filled with interesting bits of college life, but it seems to be quite void of literary efforts.

We always welcome the Blue and Gold to our exchange table. It is not only attractive in the different departments, the stories are always good. Especially might we mention "John Chester, Freshman," for this month. The only lack is that of poetry.

The February issue of the Retina is rendered additionally attractive by the fact that it is both "Valentine" and "Commencement" number. "Leath" is an exceptionally fine story. It reminds one of Ernest Thompson Seton.

We are glad to have you, New Bern High School Magazine. Your Literary Department does credit to you. "Following the Gleam" is quite a clever little story. "Charles Lamb, Essayist," also is well written.

We try never to be surprised at anything. The staff of the Index may put out, but we must confess that the February issue is really great! "The Stranger" is cleverly devised and carried out and is far above the average high school magazine story.

While a good magazine, the addition of several good stories and poems would mean a great deal to the Horner Cadet.

The Occident comes to us filled with enthusiastic athletic articles. The teams seem to be well supported by the students.

The Almanack is really one of the most prosperous looking magazines that has lately come to us.

The High School Item for January deserves a great amount of praise. The stories are good, especially "Veni, Vidi, Vici," and the athletic and social departments are both interesting and enthusiastic. The scientific article, "Is the Planet Mars Inhabited?" is well worth the reading.

The High School Review contains some excellent stories. Aunt Drusilla's Journal," although we have only had the opportunity of reading the latter part, is decidedly one of the best magazine stories that has come to us this year. "The Lost Slipper" is also a dear little bit of romance. But we offer, as an only suggestion, the idea that the Literary Department be together instead of being scattered over the whole magazine.

The High School Echo is interesting for this month, since it has a splendid essay and story. The only fault is the briefness of the Literary Department.

The Dragon is resplendent in attractive new cuts that add much to its appearance. In it the exciting story, "The Blood Red Symbol," finds a happy "finis." "Benjamin's Cunning" is what girls would call the "cutest" little piece, in negro dialect.

We wish to acknowledge in addition the following exchanges: The Park School Gazette, the St. Mary's Muse, The Spike, the Wake Forest Student, the Red and White.

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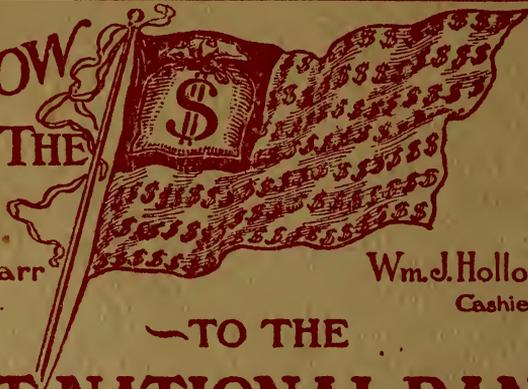
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