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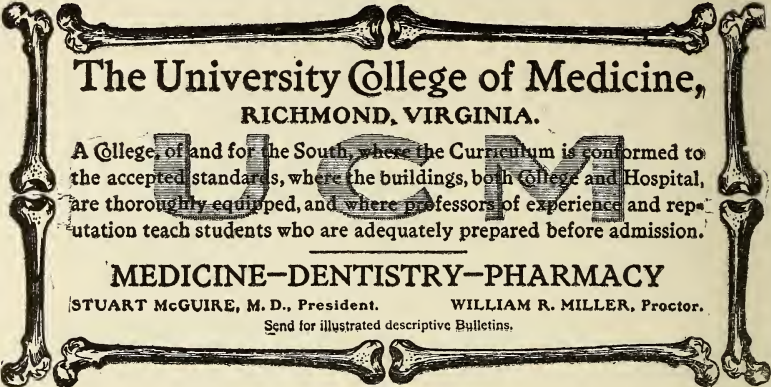
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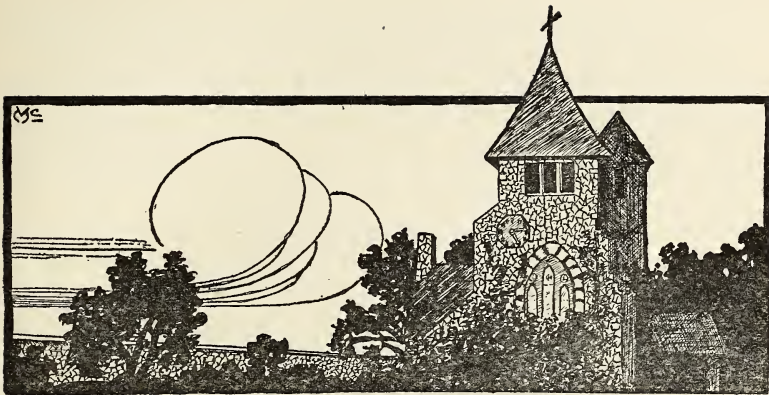
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Raggles: Moon-howler

GEORGE CARRINGTON, '09.

Raggles awoke in the back-yard of a down-town store with a vague feeling of uneasiness and a longing for he knew not what. Without even daring to stretch himself he crawled softly out of his dry-goods box into the pale, ghost-bearing light of the full moon.

All was silence. Raggles listened alert for a moment and then with increasing sense of unrest crept into a clear space, and sitting down on his haunches looked anxiously, even wildly, around. Vague phantoms of the past came back, thronging his dog mind and arousing in him old, primeval instincts that had long lain dormant under the civilization of his parents. Raggles sat for a long time and quietly in the reeking stillness, and when at last he could stand the tugging at his heart no longer, he raised his head in the strangest impulse, and pointing his nose toward the moon answered the ancestral call with howl reverberating upon howl—long, delicious, heart-breaking howls that eased the pain of the phantoms.

The Isles of Mist and Rain

MARY Y. WESCOTT, '10.

Out on the isles of mist and rain,
Those wretched spirits dwell.
Their gowns are gray, their flying hair
Streams over eyes grown dim with care,
Their hearts are filled with wild despair,
The waves sound funeral knell.

The winds a weird and solemn strain
Upon those islands sing.
Thick fogs shut out the noonday light,
The stars pierce not the veil at night,
Thereto Remorse has taken flight
And broods with raven wing.

The lost soul's wail wells up from those
But lately journeyed there.
They toss their arms in nameless woe,
And mourn for days lost long ago;
They strive to check Doom's onward flow,
And tear their streaming hair.

The ships that bore that ghastly crew,
Sailed quickly back again.
It did not heed despairing cries,
Nor catch the bursts of burning sighs.
But left that band in agonies
Upon those isles of pain.

And sad to say those wretched souls
Must dwell forever there;
Must wander through the mist and rain
And shriek and wail, though all in vain,
While worlds grow waste and cold stars wane,
Enslaved in wild despair.



In Fairyland

RUBY ELLIOTT, '10.

It was in June on my eighth birthday. I had a few of my little friends to take dinner and spend the afternoon with me. I got very tired of "putting on" and "acting smart" before my friends, but I was almost grown and had to do as older folk do.

After my visitors had departed I walked down to the lake with my sister. I had no idea that play could make anyone so tired. We sat down and I laid my head on Helen's knee to rest. As I was watching the ripples on the lake and wondering how the fairies lived under the water, some one touched me on the head lightly with a golden wand.

I arose quickly and—behold!—just behind my sister stood the queen of the fairies, smiling sweetly at me. I was amazed and started to speak, but she put her finger to her lips and motioned me to follow her. I made some excuse to Helen and ran after the beautiful fairy. We went a short distance and she stopped abruptly in front of a large tree.

"Do you wish to go with me to the home of the fairies at the bottom of the lake?" asked the queen in a voice like music.

"I'd be delightful to go," I answered, overjoyed at the thought and trying to use a fine word to the fairy to express my feelings.

The queen laughed, at my grammar, I guess, and tapped three times on the ground in front of the large tree. Suddenly the ground opened and there appeared a long row of golden steps. We passed down these into a spacious hall which was lighted with the most beautiful lamps I had ever seen. From somewhere I heard the soft sweet voice of a fairy singing. Did you ever hear a fairy sing? It is the most exquisite music in the world.

The queen informed me that they were practicing for a concert and ball which was to be given that night. She added also that I could stay and see it if I wished. Of course I was delighted. "But," thought I, "I'll not enjoy it if I can't sing and dance too." And then it dawned upon me that I was only a small girl, just eight years old, and the fairies would not notice me. I sat down and began to cry.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" asked the queen, kindly.

"I want to be a fairy so I can dance and sing tonight," I sobbed.

"Do you really? Well hush crying and I will see what I can do for you." And the queen laughed again as she glided away. I saw her disappear at the farther end of the hall, but in a few minutes she returned with two other fairies whom she introduced as "your maids, Yelda and Angelica."

They conducted me to an elegant dressing-room and there, by crossing their hands above my head, transformed me from an ugly little girl into a beautiful fairy. They then dressed me for the ball in a lovely yellow satin evening dress, embroidered with gold and diamonds.

When I was dressed they left me and another fairy came in. She said she had come to give me instructions as to how I should act with the other fairies. The laws were as follows: First, I should ask no questions; second, I should not dance more than three times; third, I should not wander off alone.

"If you disobey these laws the queen will have no mercy on you," she enjoined as she left me.

Then Yelda and Angelica took me back into the ball-room where the crowds of fairies were seated, awaiting the approach of their queen. As I walked down the hall everyone bowed to me and I was escorted by ten other fairies to the queen's throne.

"Is this not the queen's seat?" I asked in astonishment. No one answered, but Yelda put her finger to her lips and I knew that I had broken the first "fairy law." I was very sorry and determined not to break the other two.

Then the music began and—oh, the beautiful dances of the fairies! I was wild with excitement as I descended the steps leading to the throne for the fourth time. Suddenly, while I was enjoying the dance to the utmost, it came to me that I had broken the second fairy law. I stopped immediately, but I knew it was no use, for I saw the stern eyes of the queen fastened on me. I started towards her, but she waved me off and withdrew into another room.

Wishing to get away from the temptation to dance again, I went to a window and looked out upon the most beautiful flower garden imaginable. I opened the window and started toward the garden, but it seemed to get farther from me as I walked on. I did not understand it and was frightened.

Just then I stumbled and fell. When I arose I found myself face to face with the queen. She looked at me sternly and whistled thrice. Then there appeared three ugly black elves who bowed to the queen.

"Take this girl to the top story of the tower and throw her into the lake from there!" commanded the queen. Then turning to me she said: "I had chosen you for the next queen of the fairies, but as you have broken all three of the laws you are disinherited."

She disappeared and I was dragged screaming through the ball-room. The fairies laughed at me until I was out of sight. I was then taken to the tower, which proved to be the large hollow tree, and thrown from the uppermost branch. Just as I touched the lake I heard Helen call me.

I awoke with a start and was very much relieved to find it was still my eighth birthday, and I was only a little girl.

Heart Longings

E. R. L., '11.

O! to have the wings of a swallow,
And fly from the cares of life,
To behold from aerial summits,
Earth's sorrow and toil and strife;

Approaching to sense life's pleasures,
Then flying away to my rest,
Seeing but not touching life's sorrows,
And always enjoying its best;

To pilot my way through God's glory,
And flit with the angels on high,
To pillow my head on His bosom,
And feel His great presence nigh!

But to make of my life what He'd have it,
I must labor though seeming in vain,
Nor rest in the bowers of Heaven
But tempt the fierce battle amain.

Around the fluttering swallow,
His almighty protection is laid;
How much more to me then of His image
Is the promise of protection made!

My gain will then be forthcoming,
As my poor being is carried to rest,
God will sooth my weary spirit,
And pillow it upon His breast.



The Soul of Music

Laura Hutchings, '10.

The music reverberated through the soft twilight evening. At times it seemed to pause breathlessly and then to burst forth in a perfect rapture of melodies. Often there echoed melancholy strains, but these were lost in the beauty and glory of the music. Then suddenly it died away and all was still. The sun sank low in the west and darkness reigned.

In a spacious apartment, richly furnished, sat an old man. His white head was bent and his fingers idly wandered over the keys of a beautiful old piano. He was thinking of his life now nearly ended, of the music that had filled his soul, and of how he was soon to leave it all. But there was one hope left. If in his son there could be transplanted his own great soul of music, then he could die in peace. The moon had now risen and as its light flooded the room it was as if the brightness brought with it the needed inspiration, for the musician's hand sought the piano keys and a smile came over his face.

Not long afterward the old musician died and the son was alone in the world. The father had left no will and, strange to say, the vast wealth of the musician had suddenly disappeared. There was left of all the young man prized only the beautiful home, the piano and a composition of his father's.

But the son was no cringing weakling. He would earn his livelihood as his father had done and like him, perhaps, win fame by means of the music. One day as he sat at the piano he suddenly remembered his father's composition. He tried it and found it to be a masterpiece, one characteristic of his old father. As he played it he quite forgot himself and his surroundings, but abruptly he stopped.

In the very middle of a measure there was something left out, some chord that was needed to make the music complete. Again and again he played the composition, but each time he stopped when he reached the broken measure unable to fill the gap.

For days and weeks the melancholy air rolled from the instrument, but halted abruptly in the middle each time, because the musician could not complete the measure. But one day, in the strangest moment, when his soul was almost apart from his body, he struck a chord, his father's spirit must have been hovering near, which filled him with transport, for it was the lost measure of his father's music. And as it echoed through the apartment a panel of the wall slipped back and displayed a hoard of treasure, the great wealth of the old musician. For by certain vibrations in the lost chord the device of the panel, in sympathy, was loosed and the treasure revealed. It was the test the father had made and the son had responded.

The Legend of Forget-me-not

LILA M. HERNDON, '11.

Once in Heaven, a sunny day,
God called the flowers every one,
Gave to each in a kindly way
A name, and thought the work was done.

Each little flower bent its way,
Down to the earth to do His will,
Each one wishing from that day
His holy purpose to fulfill.

And all the flowers, except just one,
Remembered their names from that glad day,
But it forgot what He had done,
And how in such a kindly way.

Then it came back to the throne on high,
Blushing, "What is my name, I have forgot?"
And the great God turned a reproachful eye
And said, "Hence forth you are Forget-me-not."

The One Ticket

ALMA FISHER, '11.

The worthy Mr. Francis Jones was one of the city's most brilliant lawyers. His wife, a very intelligent woman, had a mania for clubs, and was an active member of several.

Mr. Jones was very fond of comic shows and could not very often resist the temptation to attend whenever convenient. On the other hand Mrs. Jones had a horror of such entertainments. She considered them very degrading and certainly antagonistic to her religious principles.

One week there appeared in the paper an attractive announcement of a coming opera, which was to be an event for all the society people. As Mr. Jones passed the box office that afternoon on his way to the court room he could not resist the temptation to purchase a ticket.

The next morning as he passed into the street by the gate he caught his coat pocket on a troublesome nail and tore it almost off. "Great day!" he exclaimed with no little vexation as he returned to the house, "I can't wear this coat in such condition!"

"Stop at the tailor's and have it mended," suggested his wife.

"But I haven't time," protested he.

Whereupon Mrs. Jones received the garment and withdrew to another room to mend it. When the operation was finished she gave the coat a shake and something in an envelope fell at her feet. She immediately picked it up. Opening it she found, to her great amazement, a ticket to the show. Wifely concern and religious indignation busied her for a moment, to be followed by the impulse to remove the cause of the offense, in fact to "break him of such tricks." She took the ticket out and cut a piece of paper of the same size and then placed the substitute in the envelope. The husband was waiting for his coat, so she helped him on with it, gave him a kiss and then turned to her work, the missionary spirit uppermost in her mind.

But what should she do with the ticket? To throw it away meant the loss of money, and she could hardly return it for redemption. Of course to give it away would be but to compromise her religion. Finally she decided to use it just to see what the show was, as every one was high in its praise. And, besides, he wanted to teach her husband a lesson.

Saturday morning came. "Don't look for me early tonight, dear. I have special business to look after today." And Mr. Jones hurried away to his office.

Promptly at the appointed hour Mr. Jones entered the theatre. Tearing open the envelope he pulled out a card which he supposed was the ticket. Imagine his chagrin at finding the blank card. "Who could have played me such a trick," he mused. "Someone has pinched me in the office today. Who knows what else he got?" He explained the circumstances to the doorkeeper.

"Do you remember your number?"

"Yes—number 4—row 3—side."

"That is all right. Go in and enjoy the show. I'll watch for the thief."

Not long after a well-dressed lady—gaudily, the doorkeeper thought—entered and presented the purloined ticket. At a sign given by the doorkeeper an officer approached and accosted her. "Guess you will have to follow me, lady."

She at once lost her color. "Pray! tell me what you mean?"

"I mean you stole your ticket and the Lord knows what else."

"I didn't!" she snapped indignantly, "I am Attorney Jones' wife!"

"However, he doesn't own you."

She hardly knew how, but somehow she yielded to the man in uniform's decision and soon found herself locked in an adjoining room waiting for the show to finish and Mr. Jones to appear.

But Mr. Jones, anxious to explore his office for other traces of the thief, departed by a side exit, and, though the show was ended, no Jones appeared.

"If he shouldn't come tonight, guess you'll have to go to the lock-up," suggested the feelingless officer.

Finally a phone call came from the office and Mrs. Jones devoured the police end of the conversation. "Yes—a woman—short, well-dressed, red hair, big mouth, big feet, gold teeth, thick lips and turn-up nose. Thief by description?—yes—well, hurry up!"

Since the thief was safe, Mr. Jones would just run by home for a bite to eat and appear a little later. The house girl answered his summons.

"Where is Mrs. Jones?"

"Didn't she go with you?"

"No."

"She hasn't been in since the early part of the afternoon."

He at once ordered a carriage and hurried to the theatre, just the faint shadow of a suspicion dawning upon him. As he entered Mrs. Jones sprang to his side, threw her arms around his neck and collapsed. They carried her to the carriage and drove home rapidly.

An hour later, when Mrs. Jones had fully recovered, Mr. Jones asked, "Dear, did you take the ticket?"

"Y—e—s," petulantly.

"Hadn't we better attend together hereafter?"

But her answer was a question, "Do you think that was a true description he gave of me? Does my nose really turn up?" To which Mr. Jones could only shake his head, and the understanding was complete.

Life's Highway

NATALIE H. TUCK, '11.

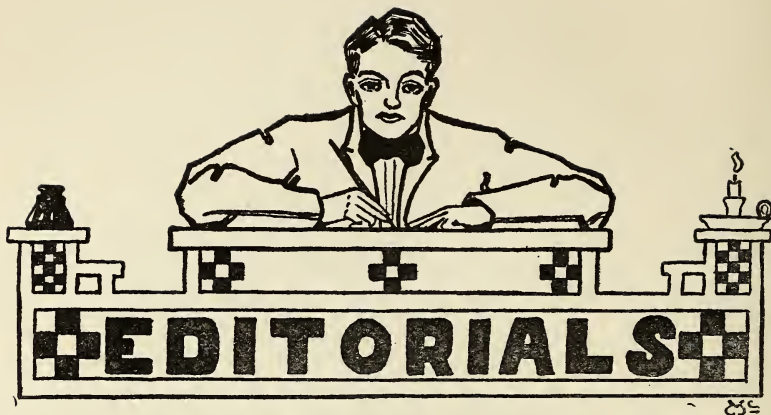
As you journey ever onward,
Passing on life's dreary way,
Be a faithful friend and comrade,
Bring some sunshine to the day.

To the saddened heart of some one
Send a word of loving cheer,
Guide him o'er the stormy places,
Help him dry the flowing tear.

All the dark forbidding shadows
Flee before the magic smile;
Brighter grows the pathway upward,
Shorter seems the dreary mile.

So be cheerful, brave, and tender,
Kindly in whate'er you do;
If you help the weary struggler,
Gentler grows the path for you.

On life's steep and rugged highway
Many a pilgrim trudges slow;
Time will bring a song of gladness,
If you'll help them as they go.



THE DEBATE

Again we are able to lay the laurels of victory at the feet of our alma mater and raise her banner above another contemporary with pride.

On the night of April 23, Chappell and Roberson won gloriously from the Goldsboro High School in the debating contest held in the chapel hall of this school. The hall was never more beautifully arranged, decorated in the colors of both schools, and plentifully furnished with flowers. When the large number present had been seated as well as possible, and a few well-chosen selections offered by the city orchestra, the presiding officer, Mr. W. D. Carmichael, arose, and with a brief introduction, read the query: "Resolved, That the Japanese should be denied the right of citizenship in the United States," and announced the first speaker of the occasion, Zeb V. Roberson. Roberson, for D. H. S., opened the discussion for the affirmative, and it was clear from the first that he had the spirit of fight in his veins. With his usual pleasing and self-possessed way he outlined the plan upon which the debate would be made. Useless to say that when his thirteen minutes were out it was plain to the upholders of the negative that work was needed to dethrone his argument.

Watkins followed for the negative, and from his first utterance he had the ear of the audience. The logically arranged points of his speech were brought out in a clear and distinct tone of voice and delivered in a convincing style.

Chappell closed for the affirmative. He spoke with the smooth, polished grace of an orator, holding the large audience in almost perfect attention to the end. He, as Roberson had done, placed the burden of proof on the negative, constructing a net-work of argument that proved to be very troublesome for the G. H. S. representatives.

Royall ended the discussion with a rather long but well-constructed piece of argument. The diction of his speech was unusually fine. The ability of so young a mind to grasp and handle an argument like his reflects credit on both him and his institution.

The rejoinders were of a high order, Chappell for D. H. S. having the best of the four.

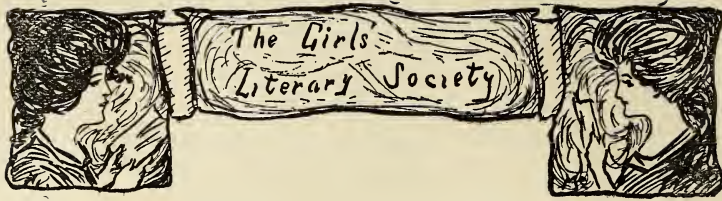
The judges, Rev. G. T. Adams, Mr. T. B. Fuller, and Judge R. H. Sykes, retired to make up a decision. During the thirty-five minutes of deliberation the audience was most agreeably entertained with a solo by Miss Wooten.

Further, during the absence of the judges, Mr. M. A. Briggs, in behalf of the High School Alumni Association, presented Elbert Chappell with the prize of ten dollars, which is offered by this Association each year for the best debater of the Blackwell Literary Society. Another prize of five dollars was awarded to Beverly Snow for his proficiency in declaiming.

The judges were conducted back into the hall and Mr. Fuller revealed the secret of the trio in a few words, deciding that D. H. S. had won the debate.

BASEBALL Another victory here on Saturday, April 24, gave cause for more rejoicing, and it is needless to say that we rejoiced. Our baseball team defeated the Greensboro High School team in a twelve-inning struggle by the score of 8 to 7. The score might probably suggest a loose, uninteresting game, but from the time Whitaker, for D. H. S., started the first ball across the plate until Brown, our star catcher, in the twelfth inning, with two men on bases, hit for a clear two-bagger and ended the game, the result of the match was very uncertain.

Greensboro has defeated us by taking the first of the three games. Now, boys, we can't afford to lose the third and decisive one to be played here on May 8. The High School demands it of you, and we who are unable to play will support you with our voices.

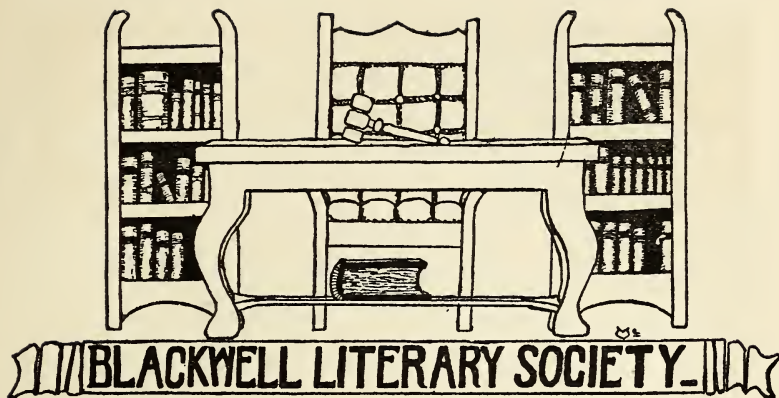


The Society met as usual on Saturday afternoon, March the twentieth. Dr. Mims, of Trinity College, addressed the girls, his subject being Henry Van Dyke. He told us many things, both of his life and works, which we found very interesting and helpful. Dr. Mims is personally acquainted with Dr. Van Dyke, and read some extracts from Dr. Van Dyke's letters to him, which revealed his striking personality.

On March the twenty-seventh the girls again assembled in the Society Hall, and the meeting was called to order by the president. After the first roll-call, the minutes of the two previous meetings were read by the secretary. The report of the Committee on the Constitution was read and some amendments were added; to this committee was given the task of finding how many members desired constitutions and the cost of providing them. After this business the Literary program followed. Keats was the topic of the afternoon, and a very interesting sketch of his life was read by Lizzie Whitaker. Nettie Tillet read the "Ode to a Nightingale," and Blanche Whitmore read "La Belle Dame sans Meki." The second roll-call was answered with a quotation from Keats, and the meeting was beneficial and enjoyed by all.

A short meeting was called at noon the following Friday. Mr. Green presided. It was decided by the Society that during the ball season the meetings should be held Friday afternoon at four o'clock. Adjournment followed, there being no further business.

The Society held its weekly meeting Friday afternoon, April the ninth. Maude Willis acted as secretary. A motion was made and carried that our students should wear ribbon badges, with D. H. S. printed on them, at Goldsboro-Durham debate. Then followed the Literary program. We studied Alfred Tennyson. His life was read by Susie Markham; some of his poems were either read or recited. The hour was a profitable one; made more pleasant by the presence of some of our teachers, for we are always glad to have any of them with us.



It is a custom of this Society to give a prize of five dollars each year to the best declaimer in the Society. The Alumni Association also presents to the best debater a prize of ten dollars. This year the declaimer's prize was won by Beverly Snow, and Elbert Chappell was awarded the debater's prize.

The preliminary for the debate with Goldsboro High School was held some time ago. The query of this debate is: "Resolved, That the Japanese should be denied the rights and privileges of citizenship in the United States." The affirmative was represented by Isaac Strayhorn and Charley Matthews, while Zeb Roberson and Elbert Chappell supported the negative side of the question.

The judges were to decide which side had the better argument and also to pick out the best two speakers. After much deliberation it was decided that the negative had won and that Elbert Chappell and Zeb Roberson were the best speakers. Therefore these two young men will represent us in the debate with Goldsboro.

Once, already, this year these same two young debaters have won a victory for this Society from the East Durham High School, and we are confident that they will add the Goldsboro High School to the list of the conquered.



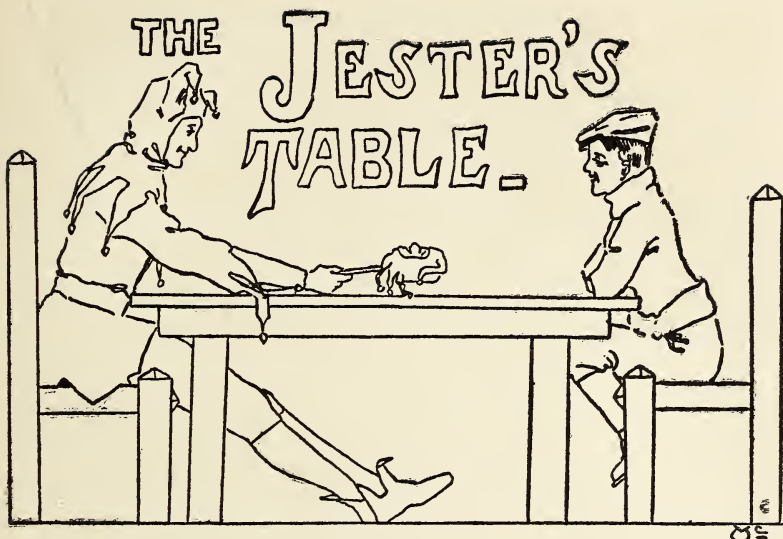
MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

The Poet's Club has been meeting recently in the Third-year Special Girls' class room and here has been given the criticism and suggested improvements which comprise a great deal of its bi-weekly work.

That a great many new members have been added to the roll is very encouraging to the officers, and the great interest that all display shows very gratifying results at the close of the meetings.

Recently the proceedings of the meetings have been slightly changed. Each member is required to answer roll-call, with an original production. As these may be serious or funny, and as no special subject is given, the members have a very wide range and quite a miscellaneous collection has been handed in to the secretary to be added to her book. These are to be kept by her with a view to future use.

We should be very glad to welcome more members from the first and second year classes, for it is to be remembered that a great deal must be depended upon from these two classes next year.



CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION OF TEACHERS.

"I presume."—Mrs. Shaw.

"May the good Lord give us students."—Mr. Green.

"Here's the point."—Miss Markham.

"Never mind about that."—Mr. Goode.

"Concentrate your mind."—Miss Noell.

"Cut it out."—Mr. Bryan.

"Very well!"—Miss Whitted.

"Now don't reckon."—Mr. Campbell.

"Quiet, girls."—Miss Jamison.

"We'll have this lesson after school."—Miss Bancroft.

"For goodness sake keep your feet still."—Miss Jourdan.

"Let's have quiet in here."—Mr. Kibler.

"Don't be too fresh."—Mr. Card.

"Henry, you may be excused from the room, if you please."—Mr. Martin.

"I'll take this home to the baby."—Mr. Tillett.

"Bring me my money."—Prof. Faucett.

The bad boy of the school had done something more than usually outrageous and the teacher talked to him gravely. The boy watched and listened to him intently, and the teacher quite thought he was making a great impression. At last, when the appeal to his better self was over, a light discovery broke over the boy. "Say, teacher," he said, "it's your lower jaw that moves, isn't it?"—Ex.

* * *

Mother (in a very gentle way correcting her little son for saying *tatoes*)—"Harold, my child, you should never say *tatoes*; say *potatoes*."

Harold—"Well, Mamma, most do seem to like poor *tatoes*, but somehow or other I always did like great big ones."

* * *

A simple worm went out to play
Upon an April morning;
An early robin chanced that way
Without a chirp of warning,
And that is the end of the story.

—F. J.

* * *

Teacher—"William, can't you tell the young man where Trinity College is?"

William—"It's near the woman's building."

* * *

"Here, ma," requested the boy, hurrying in from school before time, "hang my jacket up behind the stove."

"Is it wet?"

"No, but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me!"

* * *

When "Horace" was traveling alone,
He was eating a meal at Cologne;
It popped in his head
He wanted some bread,
So he reached out and grabbed him a pone.

An observer said look at that man,
He has taken the bread in his han',
Up to now I have guessed
England's Isle was his nest,
But he must be an A-mer-i-can."

—Ex.

Mr. C.—“What is the matter with George?”

J. T.—“He has poison oak.”

C. L.—“He is having a swell time.”

* * *

Teacher—“What is commission?”

Pupil—“A man who transacts business.”

* * *

Father (teaching the family the Sunday School lesson)—“What man in the lesson had a piece of land and sold it?”

Family—“Barnabas.”

Father—“What other man had a piece of land?”

Little eight-year-old Chapman (promptly)—“The man he sold it to.”

* * *

In a certain Georgia town the Presbyterian and Methodist churches are quite near each other. Some one passing between the two churches on prayer-meeting night heard this spirited dialogue in song: Presbyterians—“Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown when at evening the sun goeth down?”

Methodist (answering in full chorus)—“‘No, not one; no, not one.’”
—Ex.

* * *

HINTS FOR THE TEACHERS.

1. If a pupil is tardy, greet him with a smile and say: “Better late than never.”
2. Never give a pupil zero; it may make him feel bad.
3. Don't scold a pupil for eating in school; it's bad for digestion.
4. Allow the use of phones at all times.
5. Allow the pupils to be dismissed via the windows; it saves time.
6. Don't ask pupils to prepare work outside of school; it might embarrass them.
7. Never censure a pupil for wrong doing. Console him by saying: “Every one is apt to make mistakes.”
8. Don't ask a pupil to recite. He may injure his voice.
9. When a pupil asks to be excused, be polite and say: “Why, certainly.”
10. Never forget that you were once a child and the other fellow's candy was always sweeter.
11. Do not correct pupils for talking. It may prevent their becoming orators.—Ex.

Mr. Tillet—"Robert, if cattle-raising is the principal occupation in Denmark, what is the chief occupation?"

R. M.—"Milking."

* * *

Teacher—"What is a compound equation?"

W. C.—"One that isn't simple."

* * *

Father (who has just returned home from preaching and seated himself to rest, addressing his little son Paul)—"Son, bring papa his slippers."

Mother (to son, who had hesitated as though he had not heard his father's request): "Son, did you not hear your father? Go bring his slippers; he is tired—he has been preaching."

Paul (yawningly)—"I'm tired, too; I've been lis'ning."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Bryan—"Miss Placid, turn around, please."

P. K.—"I am looking on Daisy's book."

Mr. B.—"All books are supposed to be closed."

* * *

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday School teacher—"And Harry, what are you going to give your dear little brother for a Christmas present this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry. "I gave him the measles last year."

* * *

AFTER THE G. H. S. GAME.

Mr. G.—"Miss Annie, what does this mean, or rather what has happened when Brutus says:

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train!"

A. O.—"He's fallen in love."



GENTLE KNOCKS

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise"—*Don and Henry.*

"And Pug protested"—

"A Daniel, ho, a Daniel come to judgment"—*Zeb Roberson.*

"She speaks an infinite deal of nothing"—*Carrie on History.*

Lucile P. expects to turn *White.*

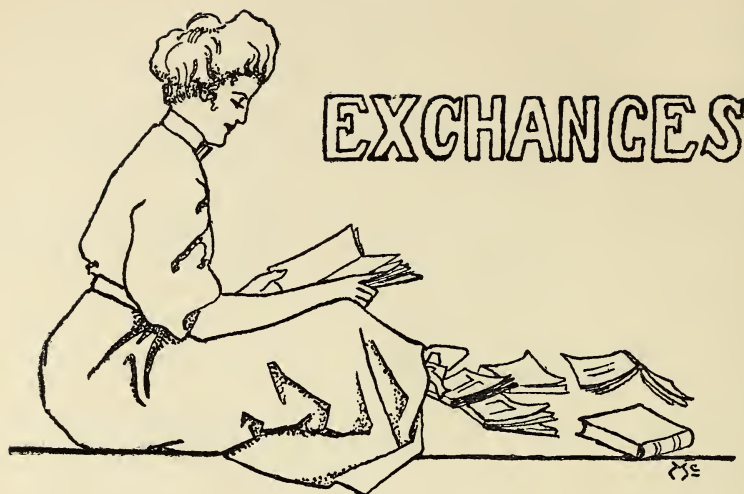
"Walk back!" Greensboro.

Mary Alice is still very fond of *Flowers.*

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true"—But—— Placide went to Chapel Hill *again!*

"Lions among ladies are most dangerous things"—*The Greensboro team Saturday night.*

Lida says a "field-glass" is the drinking cup on a train.



The magazines for this month, as a whole, have improved to a great extent, and especially are the student bodies to be commended for the neat, attractive cover designs which are a true insight into the work of the contents. One general criticism which we have to offer for all of us is that the writers in some cases seem to have the wrong idea of story writing. They seem to forget that there are other kinds of stories besides love stories. In looking over the magazines we are very sorry to note that many of them, if they have an exchange department, have not been using it for the proper purpose. We consider this department a source of help and advice and without your kindly criticism, Fellow Critics, we could do only half so well. But taking it from the other point of view, those who do criticise the magazines make some very good points and give us many new ideas. The business managers have done some good hard work, for the magazines do not seem to be lacking in advertisements. While there are some that are pleasing, we think that in some instances the advertisements could be placed to a better advantage. The editorials are very well worked up, which shows that the editors have devoted a good bit of their time and thought to them. The jokes are good and very few literary departments seem to lack ma-

terial. Again do we congratulate each and every magazine, and gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Greensboro High School Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.; *The Somerset Idea*, Somerset, Ky.; *The Dragon*, Greenfield, Ohio; *The Item*, Pasadena, Fla.; *The St. Mary's Muse*, Raleigh, N. C.; *The Donegal Banner*, Kenansville, N. C.; *The High School Student*, Newport News, Va.; *The Davidson College Magazine*, Davidson, N. C.; *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, Chapel Hill, N. C.; *The Occident*, Rochester, N. Y.; *The Athenian*, New Bern, N. C.; *The Blue and Gold*, Findlay, Ohio; *The Courier*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Record*, Spartanburg, S. C.; *The Almanac*, Lake Forest, Ill.; *The Radiant*, Wilson, N. C.; *The Booster*, La Crosse, Wis.; *The Wake Forest Student*, Wake Forest, N. C.

Alumni Notes

CLASS OF 1900.

Myrtle Branch, Daisy Freeland, Jean Holman, Alice Hundley, Mary Johnson, Josie Mauney, Lizzie Muse, Lizzie Rawls, Nellie Stephenson, Kate Wall, Minnie Walker, Arthur Bradsher, Walter Budd, Calvin Hicks, Earl Jordan, Harris King, Ernest Tillett, John Walker.

CLASS OF 1901.

Minnie Cheek, Rosa Cole, Sara Cowan, Mattie Dunlap, Rosa Green, Bessie Hackney, Kate Herndon, Augusta Michaels, Bessie Proctor, Verna Shelburn, Inge Lyon, Mary Shaw, Claiborne Carr, Arthur Cole, Guy Foushee, Willis Happer, Curtis Richardson, Lawrence Tomlinson.

CLASS OF 1902.

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CLASS OF 1903.

Nannie Bowling, Pearl Carrington, Beulah Ferrell, Sallie Ferrell, Bessie Greenberg, Fannie Hicks, Irene Hicks, Nan Jordan, Susie Michaels, Mallie Speed, Annie Tillett, Eleanor Whitaker, Lela Young, Luther Barbee, Frank Boddie, John Carlton, Alec. Dickson, Claude Hicks, Holland Holton, Richard Howerton, Leon Kelley, Robert Shaw, Lewis Wall.

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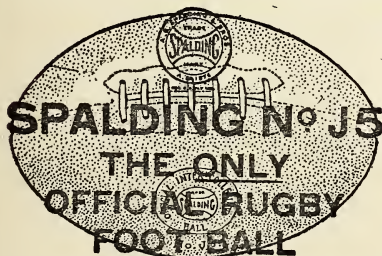
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