

# The Messenger

1905. Christmas Number 1905

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# THE MESSENGER.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 2.

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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

Subscription price, 25 cents per year (eight issues). Single copies, 5 cents.

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## *Literary Department.*

DOUGLAS HILL,

EDITOR.

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### THE 'SQUIRE'S NIECES.

"This is a jolly old place," said 'Squire Johnson, nodding at the fire, "a fine mansion. Been in the family a hundred years, and, if I have anything to say about it, it will be a hundred more; and, Herbert, I advise you as your uncle, to think over my proposition, for it is one that you won't run up against every day."

Herbert Johnson looked annoyed. "But, Uncle, the idea of harnessing up one's fancies and will, as it were—"

"Who wants to do anything of the kind?" interrupted his uncle.

"You, it seems."

"That's where you mistake; all I ask of you is to come down to the Manor and see the girls—your second cousins, you know—and all that—the most natural thing possible. Of course they will be glad to see you after your returning from Europe, and if you like either of them and they return the feeling,—well—you shall be my heir to the Johnson property."

"But suppose I do not like one of them?"

"Then," said the 'Squire, "you will be forced to work your way through the world. At any rate, come and go down with me and see them. Come next Saturday and go skating with the girls."

Herbert gave his promise to go on Saturday and then the 'Squire started for home to tell his maiden sister of his plans. His sister was shocked and told him he had made a terrible mistake. "How, where? I don't understand you, Claire?"

"If you wanted him to fall in love with one of the girls, you should not have breathed it to him."

"Why not?"

"You dear old Zeb, don't you see why not? He'll set to imagining all sorts of troubles. The very fact that you want him to marry his cousin will be the reason for his not doing so. That's simply human nature, Zeb, and I wouldn't be surprised if he takes a dislike to both of them just because you are so eager for the match."

"I only meant it for his own welfare," returned the 'Squire.

"That doesn't matter; the die is cast just the same."

"Well, sister, what would you have said, then?"

"Oh, I would have persuaded him to visit us, and left the girls to do the rest."

"Why didn't you tell me to do that way before it was too late?"

"You didn't ask me, but it is not yet too late by any means."

"What? ? ?"

Miss Johnson then in a low tone told her brother her scheme.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late on Saturday when Herbert reached the Manor. Before he could collect himself his Aunt Claire

was kissing him, his uncle shaking his hand and four of the prettiest girls he had ever seen were eyeing him closely.

"Are these four pretty girls my cousins!" said Herbert, congratulating himself with his pretty relatives.

"Not so much good fortune, my boy. Amy and Ethel, come here and kiss your cousin and mind you, no shyness. These other two golden haired lasses are Catherine and Lucy Day."

Amy Johnson was tall and graceful, Ethel, a perfect brunette. The Day sisters were golden haired, Catherine was lovely, also was Lucy, but Herbert thought otherwise, for she was very slender and pale. Still his thoughts were of her more than all the rest for he liked her better than the other three.

One evening he asked her to go skating. She refused. He thought she was angry with him, but finally she confessed it was because she did not want to go against his uncle's plans, and that he must learn to love Amy or Ethel.

"Lucy, I know they are both beautiful, but I would not marry them for the world."

"Why not?"

"I don't love them."

"But, Herbert, you will lose the Manor and all the other rich possessions of your uncle."

"Bother the Manor. I am not going to sell myself for the Manor and all uncle's riches. The reason is I love someone else better than I do my cousins."

"Whom?" she asked.

"You, yourself, Lucy."

"Oh!!!!!"

"It is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Do you think, dear, that I could live in the same house with you a month and not lose my heart? Can't you learn to love me enough to become my own

dear wife? We will have to be saving at first, but with you at my side, I will battle any storm that may come. Won't you, dear?"

"If your uncle consents."

They then went together to the 'Squire's room.

"What's this?" said the old man.

"Only that I love Lucy Day and want your consent to my making her my wife."

"What, Herbert? Lose the Manor and all the rest?"

"Yes, for Lucy is worth a thousand Manors and all the rest to boot."

"Didn't I tell you so, Zeb?" whispered Aunt Claire to her brother.

"Haven't you told him? I never knew a woman to keep that big a secret before."

"No, I have not told him. It's your secret, not mine."

"Herbert," said the 'Squire, soberly, "suppose I should say you will have to take the Manor and Lucy too?"

"Sir, I don't understand your meaning."

"Just this. The girls have changed names and places for this play only. Catherine and Lucy are my own granddaughters and Amy and Ethel are the right owners to the name of Day. You have fallen in love with your cousin, after all, just as I wanted you to."

The 'Squire laughed heartily, and Lucy looked at her lover in a mute appeal for the pardon that was already given.

"I couldn't help it," she said, "uncle would have me do so."

"That is all right so long as I have you."

Thus Aunt Claire's scheme for marrying second cousins succeeded.

HATTIE BARBEE.



## THE MAMMY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Let us take a peep in the home of Mrs. Lockhart on Christmas eve, just after the Civil War. Every eye is full of fun; and smiles on every face. The only thing that brings up a sigh is the vacant chair.

Around this happy fireside are four children, and their old "Mammy," the only one of the old-time darkies that remained faithful.

The mother of these children has retired, perhaps to think of him "who wore the gray," but never returned.

"Mammy, please tell us a story about the war," said one of the little girls.

"Yes, do," cried all the little voices.

Mammy was always willing to do anything "to please the children," and therefore agreed to do so, provided they would be quiet and not "disturb your ma."

"We will be good and quiet *all* the time if you will, Mammy," spoke up the younger boy, always ready to make a promise, but rarely ever keeping one.

At this, the old Mammy began:

"One time, du'ing de fust yea' of de war, de Yank'es come 'round to a good white 'oman's house and said dey was gwine to se'rch de house. Dis 'oman was so skeered she said dey could do anything, 'but don't hurt my chil-luns.' Dey promised to let dem alone, and walked in de house."

"Did they bother them?" asked the little boy, impatient to know the rest.

"An' dis 'oman had 'er nigger 'oman who was young, and wan't much good fer anything, only she was true to her mistis," said the old Mammy, not noticing the interruption.

"Dis nigger went to de front gate, while dey was in dar searchin', and saw dat de Yank'es horses were being held by one of mistis's ole niggers. Dat nigger

was name Josh Bill, and was dat colored gal's sweetheart. When she saw dat dis nigger was holding dem horses fur dem to rob her mistis, she hollered out, 'You better stop dat, if ye don't I aint gwine to let you spend your Sunday evenings with me no more!'

"Josh was kinder hurt at dis, and said: "Now, honey, you knows you loves me, and we's done made a bargain for dis coming Christmas.'

"It ain't gwine to be any bargain any longer,' said dat gal, and marched in de house saying 'she wan't gwine have nothing else to do with dat nigger no more.'"

"Didn't they get married?" inquired one of the youngsters.

"Now, you jes' wait and see, and don't pester me till I finish," said the Mammy, and went on with her story.

"Dat gal went up stairs, and, thinking about what she had done, began to cry. You know wimen folks are mighty hasty and does things in a hurry, den *cries* about it a'terwards.

"Soon she he'rd de Yankees leaving, she jumped to de window, jis' to peep, and saw her sweetheart following dem Yank'es. Dat jes' made her cry more and more.

"De next mornin' de mistis ask'd her if she was sick. She said no, but dat wan't so, cause she was *love sick*, and dat kinder sick is jes' as bad as any kinde' sick.

"Dat nigger went off with dem Yank'es and dat gal is waitin' for him now. Every night she goes down dar at de gate to see if he is coming."

Now the "old Mammy" dropped her head, and told them it was bed-time. They saw a tear drop from her eye, and of course wanted to know the cause.

She told them that "Dat nigger gal was me, and dat man was my sweet-heart."

The children were much surprised at this, but quietly slipped off to bed, each one wishing the old "nigger" would come back to Mammy.

After they were gone, she went as usual to the gate to see if *he* was coming.

When she looked, whom did she see? That same man; although bent and ugly she ran to meet him.

As they stood around the tree on Christmas night watching "Santa Claus" unload, they all agreed that Mammy's gift was the happiest.

MARY LUCY HARRELL.

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ALBIONA.

PART I.

It was midnight in the year of 410, and the light of the stars penetrated into a narrow court-yard adjoining the Roman fort of Deva, in Britain. The occupant of this court was a young girl, whose fair complexion and slender stature showed her to be one of the conquered race of Britains. She was held a prisoner, like many others then, on some slight pretext, and awaited her sentence, which, if not death, would be worse than death itself. Now she wears an expectant look which makes her face doubly beautiful. But her look changes, a sound is heard, and a young Roman knight leaps over the wall. He is a fine type of warrior, that youth, with his strong arms and slender, wiry body.

"Greetings, Sextus," she said, with outstretched hand, "Why comes the Roman knight to visit the British maid?"

"The Roman comes that he may conquer Britain, my Albiona."

"The Roman army came not to conquer the heart of Britain, but to plunder her fields."

"You misjudge my people, Albiona," replied Sextus, a look of pain coming over his face. "When the Romans came, they brought civilization and law. Be-

cause some are cruel, all do not have to be. Even Verus is not unrelenting, and will let you go at my request. But when we parted last you had not answered my question. I am a plain soldier, and know no fine speeches, but I love you better than all the maids of Rome. Will you consent to be the wife of one of a race hated by yours, that in so doing you may be freed from this accursed prison?"

Her answer was lost in the tight clasp of two strong arms, and Sextus, winner of a thousand prizes, felt that he had a prize which excelled them all.

#### PART II.

Verus, the governor of Deva, sat in his justice hall, with Sextus standing beside him. Sextus' face was radiant, for he was thinking how he was to be married tomorrow. Verus was also thinking, and his ferret-like eyes looked keenly from under his bushy brows. Sextus first broke silence with: "My Lord, if I have served you faithfully, I would ask a boon."

"What is it?"

"Give me the maid, Albiona, for my wife."

"Ask aught else beside, for I want her myself."

"But what of your wife, Lucretia?"

"Hush, fool, what care I? Lucretia is away in Rome."

"But grant me this, and I will ask nothing else. Remember how I saved your life at Lyndyn."

"That was your duty, and it is my duty to keep temptation away from my soldiers. You are but young yet. Ho! guard, bring in Albiona."

With rough jest and shove, the maid was led before the governor.

"Albiona," said Verus, "I bring you here to tell you that you are free, and must become my wife. I know you will prefer to be mine, than to remain in prison."



"Hound!" cried Sextus, and struck the governor in the mouth! Instantly a soldier raised his pilum and struck the young knight senseless to the ground. Albiona gave a cry and started forward, but Verus stopped her.

"What is your answer?"

"No, I'll never marry you."

"It is marriage or death, which!"

"You cannot frighten me."

"I'll have you whether you will or not," and rushing forward, he seized her in his arms.

"You can have my body, but you cannot have my soul," and ere he could stop her, she had drawn a dagger and plunged it into her heart!

#### PART III.

It was midnight when Sextus awoke. Staggering to his feet, he began to grope about in the dark. His foot struck the body of Albiona and he fell upon his knees. As his hand touched the bloody form, he threw his head upon her breast, and great sobs of anguish burst from him. He ceased, and the door slowly opened. It was Verus who entered, and he addressed the bodies lying there in the dark, thus: "Now, my Sextus, see where thy insane love hath placed thee. Thou wilt strike nobody more. And you, my sweet Albiona"—He got no farther, for with one bound Sextus stretched him at his feet. Like a maddened lion, he drove his sword through and through the prostrate body of Verus.

#### PART IV.

It was morning, and Sextus stood bound to a post in the very court-yard where he had made love to Albiona. Around his feet were piled logs of wood, for he was to be burnt at the stake for treason and murder. What a change had come over him, from his cheerful hope of the morning before! Now his black eyes were streaked



with red, and shone upon his pale and ghastly cheeks like coals of fire. But his heart was calm, for he had had his revenge.

But now the executioners had applied the torch. His thoughts were bitter as the flames leaped up, and he cursed fate for the misery it had brought him. This was the morn on which he was to have been married, yet now his only bride was the flame, which embraced him with its snake-like arms, and the priest was death. What had he, out of all the Romans, done to deserve such a fate? And Albiona, whose young heart was always pure and innocent, did she deserve to lie dead upon the cold stones of the fort? And so, from the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the gods. As the flames leaped higher and higher, a new thought came to him. Would he and his love be parted forever? It must not be, it could not be, and with this thought he consigned himself to the flames.

As his agony became unbearable, and Sextus' soul hovered on the brink of the great divide, a shout was heard and British soldiers leaped down upon the Roman troops. With the word "Albiona" on his lips, Sextus sank into the flames, a lifeless body.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight, in the year 410, and the light of the stars shone upon a charred stake, in a narrow courtyard. About the yard lay the bodies of the Romans, weltering in blood. But beneath the foot of the stake lay the ashes of one who was once noblest of the Romans, and the ashes of Sextus were the ashes of Roman rule in Britain.

CHESLEY HUTCHINGS.

WILMINGTON AND THE RUNNERS OF THE CAPE FEAR  
BLOCKADE.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE)

Think of paying twenty-five thousand dollars in gold for a small box of medicines brought over in the cabin of the *Whisper*. "The Star of the Confederacy" was waning in 1864; a depreciated currency and scant supplies raised prices beyond moderate means. It was a saying in Richmond that money was carried in the market basket, and the purchases brought home in the pocketbook. Nothing could have replaced the blockade runners in the service rendered to the Confederacy. She could not have withstood the mowing fire of the Federal armies had not the vessels brought supplies for the starving families in the homes, and the armies in the fields.

It was a sad fact that Lee's army, when in the fight about Richmond in 1864, had only enough rations for thirty days. Mr. Tom Taylor, the owner of a blockade runner, was in Richmond when he heard the news. In the shortest possible time, he reached Wilmington and embarked for a perilous journey to Nassau. After a most exciting and dangerous run, he returned with a ship load of provisions, which he landed in Wilmington, eighteen days after his departure. Both Northern and Southern authorities state that the *Banshee*, Taylor's ship, saved the army of Northern Virginia from starvation.

Although these entrances were made under the shadow of night, many successful trips were made in the bright light of day.

The *Little Hattie* made her famous run through the Federal fleet in the daytime. The vessel had been to Bermuda and was on her return trip to Wilmington. The captain, through some error, mistook Cape Lookout for Fort Fisher Mound light. He discovered his mistake

only in time to avoid the Cape. At daybreak the ship was fifteen miles out, with her coal supply exhausted. The Federals had sighted her, but the captain resolved to have a lively chase. "Chauncey!" he shouted, "run up 'The Fox and Chicken,' (the private flag of the *Little Hattie*), fling to the wind every inch of bunting we have on board, throw out the 'Stars and Bars;' if we must die, we will die game." Onward she lurched, forward she sped, with the whole of the Cape Lookout squadron in pursuit. The fleet of Fort Fisher, little dreaming that an attempt would be made in the daytime, lay at anchor with the fires banked. As the *Little Hattie* approached, they slipped their chains and fell in with the pursuers. When the vessel came within three miles of the Fort, eight blockaders were following and thirteen were arrayed against her sides. The signal officer, standing upon the paddle-box of the Confederate asked permission to enter the river. The Fort's question was asked and answered, and the *Little Hattie* ran swiftly over the bar, under the protection of the Fort Fisher guns. It was about ten o'clock, upon a bright, cloudless day, when the pursued vessel reached Wilmington, but without being struck, and without a man of her crew injured.

Although the *Little Hattie* may be called one of the successful blockade runners, there are a few ships whose rank is above hers. The *Giraffe* should justly be placed at the head of our successful list. The *Owl*, *Florida*, *Shenandoah*, and the *Siren* made many voyages, bringing supplies to the famine-stricken South, and returning with millions for the proprietors. A few of the better class of steamers, as the North Carolina vessel, *Advance*, the *R. E. Lee*, formerly the *Giraffe*, and the *Lady Davis*, became well known. Some of the others which were more or less successful were the *Calypso*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Banshee*, and *Eagle*. The *Venus* and the *Beauregard* are stranded on Carolina Beach; the

*Modern Greece* lies near New Inlet, the *Georgiana McCaw* on Caswell Beach, the *Hebe* and the *Dee* between Masonboro and Wrightsville. Two others lie near Lockwood's Folly Bar; and others whose names are forgotten, are buried in the sand where they may remain for centuries to come.

These, like all others who have served a brilliant career, are forgotten and deserted. The times of the blockaders and the blockade runners are gone, never to come again. The wharves where the Confederate ships moored are in ruins; new buildings have taken their places. The historic town of Wilmington still remains; the Cape Fear river still flows into the Atlantic; the Dram Tree still stands as a sign to the sailor. To all these there clings a memory of times stained with blood, pestilence, famine, and "of a strange traffic through a beleagured city, which supplied the sinews of war long after the resources of war were exhausted."

EVELYN JONES.

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#### CHRISTMAS.

I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good and will do me good, and I say, "God bless it!"—*Charles Dickens*.



## *Grammar School Department.*

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### THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day is one of the days that should mean more to us than any other day in the year, because on that day we have an opportunity to give thanks to God for His past mercies, and to consecrate ourselves to a better and purer life for the future.

The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated at Plymouth in the year 1621. After many hardships during the first year of their arrival, the Pilgrims' provisions grew less and less, until they finally saw that long before their corn was ripe, they would not have anything at all to eat. The winter was damp, and the summer proved dry; it seemed as though the Pilgrims' crops would perish for rain. A day of fasting and praying was therefore appointed, and for nine hours the Pilgrims besought God to help them. Ten days of moisture following the hours of prayer assured a plentiful harvest, which was safely gathered. The faithful Pilgrims were so grateful for this mercy that they set apart a day in which to give thanks. First they had a solemn service, and then a great feast. After this "Thanksgiving Day," as the Pilgrims named it, a day was set apart for this purpose every year in the New England States. Congress recommended a Thanksgiving Day yearly during the Revolutionary War, but there was no national appointment of the day. For years the day was almost exclusively a New England institution among the religious sects. The day gradually became a custom in the Western and some of the Southern States, each State appointing its own day. During the Civil War proclamations were issued, and since that time the day has been regularly appointed by the President of the United States.



People have different ideas about the significance of Thanksgiving Day; therefore, it is observed in different ways. Many people believe in spending it out of doors studying nature so that in their future days they may lead a better life. Some people gather in their homes or places of worship and give thanks for God's mercy and love. Many families on that day have a reunion at which all the scattered members of the family meet together at the old home. And this is followed by a big feast. Business men usually observe it by laying all their work aside and having a day of rest.

This day is celebrated by the Gentiles on the last Thursday in November. The Jews celebrate it on the 28th day of September, and the Roman Catholics on the first day of January.

CARRIE NOELL.

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#### THE SUNKEN TREASURE.

Sir William Phipps was born in the province of Maine, in 1651. His father was a poor man. He spent his boyhood tending sheep, and could not read or write until he was a grown man. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter. He spent two years of his life making ships.

In 1673 he went to Boston, where he married a widow who had property enough to set him up in business. He soon lost all he had, but he was not discouraged. He told his wife that some day he would be rich, and would build "a fair brick house in the green lane of Boston."

He was now following the sea, and in 1684 he heard of a Spanish ship that had been wrecked near the West Indies. It was said that the ship contained a great amount of gold and silver. Yet he did not get enough gold or silver to pay for the voyage. But he learned from a Spaniard that another vessel laden with gold had been wrecked near the Porto de la Plata.

Phipps went to England and told King James of the vast wealth that lay at the bottom of the sea. The king listened attentively. He thought this would be a good time to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. So he fitted out a ship by the name of "Rose Algier," and made Phipps captain of it. He was now Capt. William Phipps of the English Navy. Captain Phipps sailed from England, and cruised for about two years among the West Indies trying to find the treasure.

His sailors got discouraged and tried to compel Phipps to go back to England. The ship proved leaky and unseaworthy. Before sailing, he met an old Spaniard, who remembered the wreck, and told Captain Phipps the exact spot where it occurred.

Phipps returned to England and tried to persuade King James to let him have another ship. King James evidently was expecting the "Rose Algier" to return laden with treasure, and he refused to have anything further to do with it. The Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen fitted out a ship for him.

He sailed back to the West Indies and landed near the Porto de la Plata. There he went ashore and helped his men to make a small boat so they could go nearer the reef of rocks. Phipps stayed on board the ship while some of his men were searching for the place where the ship was wrecked. They had some skilful Indian divers with them. The water was so transparent it seemed that if any gold lay at its bottom it could be seen. The sailors saw a beautiful seashrub in the water. One of the English sailors told an Indian to dive down and get it for him. The Indian immediately plunged into the water, and soon reappeared with the seashrub in his hand. But he learned news at the bottom of the sea. He said there were cannon down among the rocks. The sailors immediately knew they had found the exact spot where the ship had been sunk.

All the divers plunged. One of them came up with a lump of silver worth over one thousand dollars. The sailors rowed hurriedly back to Phipps with the silver. As hopeful as Phipps had been to find the treasure he could hardly believe the good news.

They all went back to the place with rakes and hooks to get the treasure. They found a golden cup, gold and silver bullion, money and jewels.

There was great rejoicing by the Duke of Albemarle and his friends when Phipps returned. They took the greater part of the treasure for themselves. But Phipps had enough left to make him comfortable the rest of his life, and to build the "fair brick house in the green lane of Boston."

ROBERT MURRAY.

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#### FOOTBALL.

The game of football was originated among the Romans. It is now played in the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and Australia.

First, have a field laid off three hundred and thirty feet long and one hundred and sixty feet wide. Two goal posts are used, one at each end. These are twenty feet high, eighteen feet and six inches wide, and have a stripped tacked from one end to the other, ten feet from the ground.

The ball is an oval shaped leather covering, containing an inflated rubber bladder.

It takes eleven men on each side to play the game. These are a center, two guards, two tackles, two half-backs, two ends, a quarter back, and a full back. In England there are fifteen men to a side.

The game is commenced by one team kicking the ball into the opponent's territory. Then one of the opponent's men catches it and runs. The ball then is put down for a scrimmage. The center of the team holding

the ball, passes it back to quarterback who gives it to someone else on his side to run. The opponents try to keep the opposing team from advancing. When the man with the ball sees that he cannot get any further he must hollow, "down." They are given three "downs" in which they are to make five yards. If they fail to do this the ball is given to the opponents. The contest goes on this way until one team makes goal, which counts five points. After one team has made the goal the ball is then taken back to the center of the field and kicked to the losing team.

The game is played in two halves, thirty minutes each, with an intermission of ten minutes.

FRED BURCH.

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The holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows;—  
The happy days unclouded to their close;  
The sudden joys that out of darkness start  
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart  
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

—*Longfellow.*

## *Editorial.*

ORIN LLOYD,

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

The editors of the MESSENGER eagerly take this opportunity of thanking the people of Durham and all the supporters of the magazine for their hearty and sincere welcome of the first issue of volume two. It required a good deal of self-confidence, so to speak, for school boys and girls to edit a magazine, and place it before an exacting public, and it was not without hesitation that we exposed the results of our labors. This one thing comforted us: we knew that the good people of Durham would not reject a worthy enterprise and a school magazine is certainly deserving, if ever any undertaking was.

We counted on the generous spirit with which the community has always received every new enterprise of our schools, for the reception of the MESSENGER, and indeed we were not in the least disappointed. The business managers report that the MESSENGER has fully paid expenses up to date, and this in itself is encouraging to a high degree. We hope to improve the MESSENGER month by month, and we are confident that still greater success will mark its career.

The editors appreciate the generous words of praise for their efforts, and that they are not reproduced in these columns is no sign that they have fallen in a barren place. We are content that our work shall speak for itself, and feel assured that our efforts will be encouraged and appreciated.

Once again thanking the business men of this city, and the indulgent public, we present this, our Christmas number, wishing each of you a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



This being our Christmas number we deem it not inappropriate to say something about that great festival which is without question the greatest day of the year.

Christmas is the day on which the nativity of our Savior Jesus Christ is observed. Telesphorus is supposed to have instituted this festival during the reign of Antonius Pius (138-161 A. D.), but the first certain traces of it are found about the time of Commodus (180-192 A. D.). As to the day on which Christmas was formerly celebrated, there was long considerable diversity, but by the time of St. Chrysostom the Western Church had fixed on the 25th day of December, although no certain day of Christ's birth existed. The Eastern Church favored the 6th of January, but gradually adopted the same date.

It is, nevertheless, almost certain that December 25 cannot be the nativity of Christ, for at that time it is the height of the rainy season in Judea, and it would be impossible for shepherds to be watching their flocks by night in the plains. The Christmas story is this:

More than nineteen hundred years ago, when Palestine was a part of the Roman empire, Augustus wished to have a list of all his subjects made. Therefore Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Joseph, her husband, went up to Bethlehem to enroll their names. The distance from Nazareth to Bethlehem was eighty miles, and when they arrived at their journey's end they were compelled to take shelter in a stable because the inn was already filled to overflowing.

In this stable Jesus was born, and was cradled in a manger. Angels announced the good news to shepherds tending their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem; immediately the shepherds repaired to the stable and found things just as the angel had said. When they had seen the babe they told the joyful tidings to every one. "And

the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen."

"And all about the courtly stable  
Bright harness'd angels sat in order serviceable."

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### NORTH CAROLINA DAY.

BY STERLING CARRINGTON.

In compliance with an act of the General Assembly, to provide for the celebration of North Carolina Day in the public schools, December 15 of this year has been set apart for this purpose. "The consecration of at least one day in the year to the public consideration of the history of the State in the public schools as directed by the act of the General Assembly \* \* \* is a beautiful idea." A great opportunity is given "to inspire the children with a new pride in their State, a new enthusiasm for the study of her history, and a new love for her and her people."

A contribution of at least one cent will be asked from each pupil in the State, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Calvin H. Wiley, rightly called the "Maker of the Public Schools of North Carolina." "It will be little less than an act of ingratitude to a great unselfish benefactor of the children and the teachers, if every public school does not send a contribution for this worthy cause."

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We regret that the Alumni and In Lighter Vein Departments had to be omitted for lack of space.

## *Poems Everyone Should Know*

MARY LUCY HARRELL, - - - - - EDITOR.

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There was a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth  
For the Virgin's Sweet Boy  
Is the Lord of the earth;  
The star rains its fire  
While the Beautiful sing;  
For the Manger of Bethlehem  
Cradles a King.

—J. G. Holland.

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### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"  
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels, answering overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on Earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more  
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;  
We wait for Him, like them of yore;  
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold  
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,  
That little children might be bold  
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw,  
If we our loving wills incline  
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the Angel-song,  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—*Lowell.*

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Lo! Now is come our joyful'st feast!  
Let every man be jolly,  
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly.  
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with bak't meats choked,  
And all their spits are turning.

—*Wither: Christmas Carol.*

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#### CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care,—  
The little toy my darling knew,  
A little sock of faded hue,  
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,  
My little one—my all to me—  
Sat robed in white upon my knee,  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,  
If Santa Claus should come to-night,  
What shall he bring my baby bright,—  
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy,  
While in his round and mournful eyes  
There came a look of sweet surprise,  
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer  
He asked the boon with childish grace;  
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,  
He hung this little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,  
I saw the white-winged angels come,  
With singing to our lowly home,  
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,  
For in the morn, with rapturous face,  
He toddled to the chimney-place,  
And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide,—  
That angel host, so fair and white;  
And, singing all that glorious night,  
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,  
A little lock of golden hair,  
The Christmas music on the air,  
A watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train  
And golden head come back for me,  
To bear me to Eternity,  
My watching will not be in vain.

—*Eugene Field.*



## *Current Events.*

MARIA MURRAY,

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EDITOR.

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Improvements in the consular service of the United States are assured by an order published November 11, which provides that all appointments to consular positions, the compensation of which is not less than \$1,000, shall be made by transfer or promotion, or after the fitness of the appointee has been demonstrated by examination. This is an extension of the order of 1896, which required examinations for appointment to positions, the compensation of which was from \$1,000 to \$2,500. In future, also, no one can become secretary of a legation who is not familiar with one language besides English.

Fierce anti-Jewish riots followed the Czar's manifesto proclaiming a constitution for Russia. The worst disturbances were at Odessa, where for about a week, beginning with October 31st, Jewish men, women, and children were killed, wherever they were found, in their homes, their shops, and on the streets. It is not known what caused this outbreak of racial and religious hatred, unless it was in order to force the Czar to withdraw his concession of political rights.

Official returns of the losses of the Japanese army in the war just closed show that 46,180 were killed, 10,970 died from wounds, and 15,300 died from disease, a total of 72,450 dead.

## *Blackwell Literary Society.*

LEONARD CHEEK, - - - - - EDITOR.

On last Friday evening (December 1) the students of the High School had the privilege of hearing a debate by four of the best speakers of our Society. I think every student that heard this debate will agree with me when I say that these young debaters reflected credit on themselves and on their Society. The object of the debate was not only to train our members to speak before an audience, but to show the student body and faculty what the Society is doing for the boys of the school.

The query was, "Resolved, that the Republican form of government is superior to the English Monarchical System." The affirmative was represented by Sneed Sasser and John Spencer, while the negative was upheld by Lee Wiggins and Robert Fitts.

When the debate was over, we could plainly see that the students were about equally divided. But not so with the judges, for there were only three. When the judges announced their decision that the negative had won, this side was smiling over victory. But the speakers on affirmative had nothing to say, as if it were hard to acknowledge that they had been defeated. But there was an expression on their faces as if they were saying, "there's another time coming."

It has always been the custom of the judges in our debates, not only to decide which side had won, but to decide which speaker had the best argument and delivered his speech the best. This honor was awarded to Mr. Lee Wiggins, of the negative.

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY FROM THE BEGINNING OF THIS TERM. BY LEE WIGGINS.

The Blackwell Literary Society began its third year's work in September, with an enrollment of 26. The

members who came into office were: President, Leonard Cheek; Vice President, Robert Winston; Secretary, Sneed Sasser; Treasurer, John Spencer; Censor, Southgate Beaman. The officers served well and there was great improvement in the Society while they ruled.

As the membership was increased about twenty, and there were more debaters, there was need of more time. The faculty, seeing the good work that was being done by the Society, gave more time for the meetings. The questions that have been debated have been very interesting and also of great importance. They not only dealt with current events, but with the world's greatest governments, and the histories of foreign nations. As this is the case they make the members more familiar with the workings of governments and enable them to know something about the greatest historical events. It trains each member to think for himself and not be dependent on others.

The Society not only debates, but also has declamations and this is coming to be one of the most important features of the meetings.

There has been a judicial department added to the Society for the trial of all cases of misconduct and misdemeanor. For this tribunal there were elected a judge and a solicitor. A jury of seven is selected at each term of court. Several law firms have been formed to argue the cases in court. This department was formed for the training that is received in arguing the cases.

Nearly all of the male students of the High School have taken advantage of the Society and some consider it one of the most important branches of their training. The faculty has shown much interest in the Society and this is a great encouragement to the members to put forth greater efforts in carrying out the work.

## *Exchange Department.*

STERLING R. CARRINGTON,

- - - - - EDITOR.

We welcome to the exchange table this month "The College Message," "The St. Mary's Muse," "The High School Monthly," "The Park School Gazette," and "The Oak Leaf."

"The College Message" makes a very neat appearance. The literary department of this magazine is especially good. One of the best short stories we have seen this month is "Helen Broughton's Lesson." The poem, "The Persian Rose," is an excellent one. "The Career of Blucher," is an exceedingly instructive article.

"The St. Mary's Muse" is a very good news magazine, but we think it would be much more interesting, if a literary department were added to it.

We consider the motto of "The High School Monthly" a good one. It can be seen that this magazine strives to live up to its motto. Although some improvements could be made, it is a very creditable high school magazine.

One of the best school magazines which we have received this year is the "Park School Gazette." The story entitled "Love's Supremacy" reflects credit upon the author; it is a fine exposition of the maxim, "Love will find a way."

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