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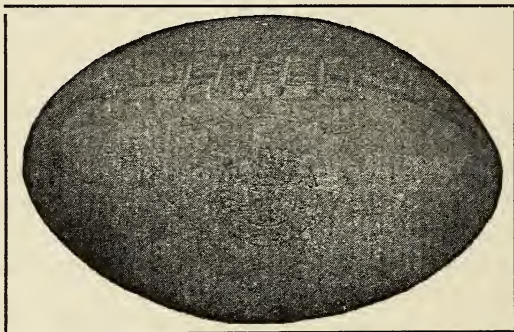
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THE MESSENGER

Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School
Durham, N. C.

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

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The Old and the New

CAROLYN KEARNEY, '10.

Silence hovered over the little village one bleak December night as the snow hissed through biting air and fell in downy drifts to the earth. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the tolling of a bell whose solemn tones echoed and reëchoed through the night air. It was the summons to the old year to depart. And as the last sounds died away his ghostlike figure arose in the spirit of storm and in tragedy, bade farewell to all nature with a good-bye touch in every snowflake, and vanished over the hills, never again to bear upon his shoulders the burdens and sins of man, to the long rest in the tomb of the centuries.

The elements seemed in upheaval, but the disturbance subsided, calm winds whispered and the bright stars twinkled upon the snow. The silvery moon arose from her sleepy bed hidden among the dark banks of the snow clouds, to greet the New Year as his form appeared treading lightly over the hills. On his face bloomed the beauty and health of youth, and his strong shoulders seemed built to bear the burdens of the world. Not the least trepidation showed he as he assumed his vast responsibilities, even though young, untutored, and under the cover of night.

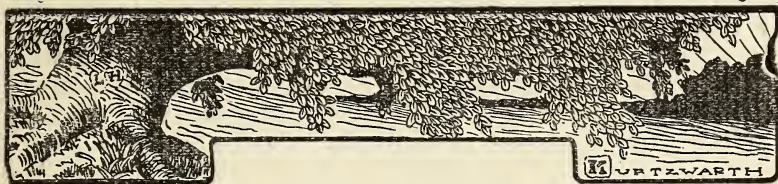
The next morning the sun of Heaven arose and with a smile and a

beam, greeted the new master. Thousands of the sons of men rose, too, paid their homage with a careless deference and passed to their work, while the New Year adjusted himself to his task, and the Old slept with his fathers.

Ring Out, Ye Bells

BLANCHE WRAY, '10.

Ring out, ye bells, a merry chime,
Tell to the world, at Christmas time,
The Savior's birth,
How in a lowly manger far on Orient hills
The Christ was born, and now the whole world fills
With joy and mirth ;
How o'er Judea's wandering way
The wise men brought their gifts to lay
At His dear feet,
For guided by that trustful orb in Heaven ablaze
They sought His couch and His due meed to raise
With tokens meet.
Then angels in a chorus sang
Of Peace on earth, while Heaven's bells rang
That Christmas morn.
And silent stars, aswing so far in realms above
Beamed glad good will to men, and hope and love
Eternal born.



Tiny's Home-Finding

LAURA HOLMES HUTCHINGS, '10.

In front of a big toy store in a large city, with her cold little nose pressed tightly against the great glass show window, stood a little waif. She was very thinly clad, with only an old and much worn plaid shawl over her small shoulders and concealing as best it could a very ragged little dress. Her hands were blue with the cold and her black hair was bare to the biting wind of the snow storm. The sidewalk on which she stood was thronged with a hurrying crowd of shoppers, for it was Christmas Eve. It was indeed a motley crowd, a mixture of all kinds and classes of folk. There were the well-to-do with their heavy fur coats and automobiles filled with packages and holly; then the tired looking mothers dragging tiny tots by the hand; and, lastly, the usual gay crowds of young people filled with the "Christmas spirit." And still the throng surged on and still the little waif stood alone by the window of toys.

"Oh," she sighed, "how I wish that beautiful doll were mine! I just love it, and I just can't go home and leave it here!"

A tear dropped on her hand. "Home?" Why, the very word was a mockery. It only stood for a cold, damp alley full of children and dogs, and a shattered old tenement house and, lastly, a corner of a dusty attic with a bundle of straw, where at frequent intervals there came the sharp tongue of the woman who gave bread, but grudgingly, to the little waif.

From babyhood, almost, she had been a waif. Her widowed mother had died when the child was only four. And since then it seemed to the waif that for all time there had been the cold musty attic and the sharp-voiced woman. Her name—well it did not matter much what it was, for she was called by everyone just "Tiny"—however, her real name was Margaret Lea. Often when the nights

were long "Tiny" would wonder how it happened that she had such a beautiful name, since she never was called by it. Then her hand would rest on the locket about her neck, the only reminder of her dead mother, and she would play in her fancy with the little golden-haired girl in the locket, and the kind looking gentleman on the opposite side would smile at them both.

But to return to the crowded thoroughfare. Night was now falling and the street was streaming with electric lights. No longer could she linger at the toy window. She must go—*home*. The snow blinded, and the cold wind pinched her as she edged her way through the crowd. At the crossing she stopped. Automobiles, horses, wagons and carriages swirled past. Once she saw an opening and started across. The passing wagons bewildered her and caused her to forget for the moment where she was. Two great lighted eyes were bearing down upon her, fascinating her, drawing her towards them and every minute increasing in size, till with one mighty swoop they were upon her. And then there was—nothing.

The sun smiled down upon the big city, whose snow-covered houses and streets reflected the sunlight. It was Christmas morning and the chimes were ringing out "their old familiar carols," and the sleigh bells mingled in the music.

In a great warm room upon a large oak bed sat a little girl. Her eyes were wide with wonder, but they were also filled with contentment.

"I wonder how I got to this beautiful place," she said. "But it doesn't matter, just so I am here." At that instant a door opened and a stout, pleasant looking woman entered the room.

"So you've waked up at last, dearie," she said. "I have waited a long time. Now lie still, and if you are good I will tell you about everything, just as it happened."

It seemed that the owner of the house, crossing the city in his automobile, had run over a little child. On finding that she was not seriously hurt, but stunned and unconscious, he had brought her to his home and there a doctor had examined her.

"And now," said the woman, "you must tell me about yourself, your name and where you live."

"My name is 'Tiny,'" said the child. "That's what they call me, but my other name is Margaret Lea——"

"What!" interrupted the woman, "Margaret Lea?"

Then she ran out of the room. In another moment she returned

with an old gentleman. In some way his face was strangely familiar to Tiny.

"You say your name is Margaret Lea?" he asked. "Where do you live and who are your parents?"

"I haven't any parents," said Tiny. "They are dead. I live in the tenement house."

"But your mother, do you know who she was? Did she perhaps leave you some remembrance, a picture, a ring, or a locket?"

"Oh," said Tiny, "you mean the locket?" And she took it from around her neck and gave it to him. As his eyes rested upon the pictures enclosed he gave a cry, and, stooping down, took Tiny's hands in his.

"Do you know who you are?" he asked. "You are my little girl, my own daughter's child. Many years ago your mother left this house with your father, against my will, and I never saw her again, though I searched for her everywhere. Her name was Margaret Lea, and this is her picture in the locket, and mine, too."

There were tears in his eyes and his voice trembled as he took Tiny into his arms and held her close. And childlike, she cried, too, but hers was the cry of comfort and contentment at last.

Santa's Reproof

BEVERLY SNOW, '11.

Christmas eve I hung my stocking
By the mantel-shelf, you know;
I confess—'twas shocking! shocking!
It was "holey" at the toe.

I was much confused next morning,
And I am this very minute;
Santa left me, as a warning,
Just a darning-needle in it.

At Christmas Time

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

At Christmas time, O sing a gladful song,
And rouse, ye hearts, to swell His joyous praise!
Life up your voices and in accents strong
Sing, sons of men, your ringing anthems raise,
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time forget the world of care,
Forget the days ago gone so dark and drear,
The heavy lowering clouds, the waiting snare,
Cast them behind. Begin another year,
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time spread joy upon the earth
And send good will unto the hearts of men,
Recount to them the Christ Child's wondrous birth,
Make songs of joy resound today as then,
At Christmas time.

But best of all, send peace with hovering wings
To heal the bruised heart and cheer the sad,
With pitying touch to ease the deepest stings
And bring content where joy can ne'er be had,
At Christmas time.

And lo! at last will come your meed of praise,
The Christ King's smile for those who lighten care,
And full of joy will be that day of days—
O take the load the weak ones have to bear,
At Christmas time!



Roland and Farrie

ELLIE MYRTLE FLEMING, '10.

Nature had made Maybelle Carson beautiful, but it had not made her lovely, as now was evident from the ugly frown on her face and the angry words she was speaking to the maid who was dressing her hair. "Not another word, Therese! There is no excuse for that lazy dressmaker! I sent my dress to her a week ago and now it is only an hour until the guests will begin to arrive! I'll discharge her this very evening! Therese, you're not half-way arranging my hair! I am a perfect fright!" With that she buried her face in her hands and gave expression to her overwrought feelings in the much-abused way.

In a third-story room of a mean tenement just four squares from Mr. Carson's mansion a poor woman was wrapping up a beautiful white satin evening dress which she had just finished. "Tell Miss Maybelle I could not finish it any sooner, Vera has been so sick," she said as she handed the package to her little son, Roland, to deliver. "You may stop on your way home and get Vera something good to eat, and get a three-cent loaf for you and me."

Roland ran down the street as fast as his little feet could carry him, thinking all the while what a dainty supper he would get for his little sick sister. He hurried up the steps at Mr. Carson's and rung the door bell before Maybelle's tears had ceased to flow. "Please tell Miss Maybelle that mamma could not finish the dress any sooner, Vera was so ill," he said to the woman who opened the door, and then took his stand by a column to await payment for the work.

"I have no time to bother with paying him now," exclaimed Maybelle angrily, when the maid delivered the package. "If she is in such a hurry for her pay she ought to be in a hurry about her work."

The cruel words floated through the open doors to the little boy waiting outside, and sitting down on the doorstep he gave voice to his fallen hopes in sobs.

Little Farrie Carson had also heard the cruel words, and with a child's sympathy came to the boy's relief. "I think it is a shame for sister Maybelle not to pay you, when you need the money so much," said the little sympathizer. "But don't cry, take this and sell it and get something for your little sick sister." As she spoke she took a pearl necklace from her throat and handed it to the boy.

"O no, I could not take that. It would not be right," he said, brightening up.

"It is mine. Papa gave it to me for a Christmas present this morning. You must take it! I have lots of other pretty things." Her tone was insistent.

Roland took the necklace and started for the jeweler. He felt that he was not doing just right, but little Vera was so hungry, and mamma had had nothing to eat all day.

Farrie bounded away to her father to tell him what she had done. He only kissed her, and said, "I am very glad my little girl is so generous, but we will overtake Roland and buy your necklace back. You may give him as much for it as you wish."

It was not a difficult task to overtake the little boy as he was looking carefully for a jeweler's sign. Farrie took her necklace back, putting in its place a crisp, new bill of rather exalted denomination.

The hearts in the humble tenement were joyous that Christmas night.

Twenty years after, many changes had taken place in the mansion and in the tenement. Maybelle Carson had married. Mrs. Earle and Vera had gone to their long rest. Roland was a jeweler and doing well. But what of Farrie?

It was Christmas night again, and young Earle was in his shop thinking, strangely, of that Christmas twenty years ago, for Vera had passed away soon after and a little later his mother had followed, when the door opened and a young lady, heavily veiled, entered. She took a jewelry case, containing a watch and chain and a pearl necklace, from her cloak, and asked how much he would give for the articles. Roland could barely repress an outcry, for he recognized the necklace at once, but he only said, "One thousand dollars," and quietly arranged payment.

That night the same lady was surprised to hear a knock at the door of her humble home, and still more surprised when she opened it and saw a tall, handsome young man standing on the steps. He stepped forward eagerly, without waiting for an invitation, but remembering that she did not know him, he stopped and holding out his hands, said quietly: "Roland Earle has not forgotten little Farrie, his benefactress of many years ago. Will she deign him her acquaintance now?"

Later events showed that she, too, remembered, and that even more than his acquaintance was acceptable unto her.

The Unfinished Grace

NATALIE H. TUCK, '11.

Git er way dar, Sambo,
Leave dat 'possum 'lone;
Ef yo' keeps on wid dat critter
Yo' shan't eben smell a bone.

Dat chump knows 'bout Christmas,
Seems he's gittin' pale
From his little wigglin' smeller
Ter his long en shiny tale.

Seems he's gittin' thiner'n thiner,
Las' week he wuz fat en roun';
Do I gibs him food er plenty
It's lef' layin' on de groun'.

I can smell dat 'possum cookin'
En sizzlin' in de pan,
Floatin' in de grease and graby,
Er feas' fer any man.

Sambo, git de kindlin',
Mandy, start de blaze,
Kase I gwin' ter cook dat 'possum,
Don't kere how much fuss yo' rais'.

I can't wait 'twell Christmas
Wid dat 'possum 'in my sight,
Lookin' at him in de day time
En dreamin' ob him eber night.

Git out all de good things, Mandy,
Berries en de pumpkin pies,
Put dem right here on de table,
Sot 'um here afore me eyes.

Den put on de oben,
En cook dem taters brown,
For we gwin' heb our Christmas
'Fore Christmas time come roun'.

Come in, chilluns, dinner's ready,
Each one git yer place;
Sot still now, en fol' yer han's,
While yer daddy sez de grace.

Lawd, we thanks yo' fer dis 'possum
En de cakes en taters, too—
Look here niggers, stop dat tas'in'
'Twell yer daddy's grace am thro'.

Lawd, yo' sent us many blessin's,
But de 'possum am de bes'—
Mandy, make 'em stop der wigglin'
'Twell I finish up de res'.

All yo' chilluns leave dis table,
Let me make dis blessin' right,
Den me 'n Mandy'll eat dis 'possum,
Gues' dat'll fix yer appetite.

Good Lawd, chilluns, don't howl so loud,
I's gwin' gib yo' all a piece;
Gues' dis blessin' 'll heb to wait
'Twell we finish up de feas'.

The Autobiography of a Thoroughbred

LILIAN FULLER, '11.

I was born on a large plantation in North Carolina. The first morning of my life when Jim, one of the slaves, came out and found me I was too weak to get up. He helped me to my feet and then ran like mad to tell master. When master came out to look at me he was surprised to see that I was a blue roan, while my mother was a blood bay. My front legs were rather weak and had to be bandaged so I could stand up.

At first I was afraid to move, but seeing my mother walking around I decided to see if I could not walk, too. I put out one front foot, then moved one of my back ones. Then I moved the other two simultaneously, and becoming more confident I started to follow my mother, who had gone on a few yards and was calling to me.

While the slaves, who had been working near us in the fields by the big pasture, were at their dinner in the cabins, a negro came out of the woods and bent his way toward us. His beard and hair were long and shaggy and he looked more like a beast than a man. When my mother saw him she gave a cry of fear, and calling to me to follow her, went off at a long, swinging, but swift pace across the pasture. When the negro saw this he glided, rather than ran, up to me so swiftly that I did not have time to get to my feet. He tried to throw a bag over my head, but while he was busy in the attempt my mother came back and kicked him. He lay on the ground as if dead, and we went off at a rapid gait down the pasture. My mother told me he was a "free nigger" who stole all the horses he could and sold them in another state.

Nothing eventful happened for a long time afterward, until I was about a year and a half old. Master brought a friend of his to see his horses and told him with pride that I was the best two-year-old he had ever seen. He shook his handkerchief at me, and I went pacing off around the field. I heard the man say, "My, but he can pace!" And master, trying to conceal a note of pride in his voice, said, "That he can, it is his natural gait!" Then the man offered master one hundred and fifty dollars for me. "I will take no less than three hundred dollars for him," master said, but at last consented to sell me for two hundred and fifty. My mother was also bought, but I knew nothing of this and spent the most miserable

night I had ever known in my short life, thinking of the parting that I should take on the morrow.

The next morning I started to my new home and was delighted that mother was carried along with me. About sundown of the same day we reached our new home after traveling all day. The place was quite as beautiful as our former home, though somewhat of a different style. Our new master was very kind and we were very happy and contented.

When I had reached my third year, and had been broken so that I could be ridden, master used to ride me daily. On some of these rides with others I had often heard them discussing a question which meant there might be no more slaves, but of course I did not understand it well.

At last the Southerners could stand abuse no longer and war began. Everybody in the neighborhood went Southern, even the slaves. Sad was the morning when master parted from mistress and I from mother, although I was not at all dependent on her now.

In my first battle I was scared half to death until I remembered that master was a Southern gentleman and that I should behave as a Southern gentleman's horse. After that I obeyed his slightest command, whether of voice or touch.

I was with master in every battle and took him to the Bennett house to be one of the men with Johnson when he surrendered. Then I bore him safely back to mistress.

I will never try to tell of the joyful greeting both of us got from mistress upon our arrival, nor of the dire distress the plantation and the inhabitants of the "big house" had suffered.

We are now living again in peace and plenty, and master still rides me occasionally, but we are both very old and seemingly have time only to think of the battlefields of Virginia and the losses of the war. I wonder why we are not as we once were?

The Spirit of the Christmastide

RUTH CHAMBERLAIN, '11.

Sing-tu was bewildered. Where he could possibly be was beyond his conception. The night before, as he was passing he had seen some beautifully decorated windows, but his grandfather, Wung-tu, had his hand on Sing-tu's arm, so the child had not dared more than to glance at the enticing windows.

Now, on his return from the mission school, he had decided to find the brilliant windows, but alas! how little like them did these squalid huts, which met his view, appear. Still he was a brave little chap and trudged steadily on. Surely he would be there soon, and, while beholding so many lovely things, the long, tiresome walk to find them would be forgotten.

He had learned much in the seven months he had been in the great city of San Francisco, and was able to find his way around the streets very well for so small a foreigner. So he continued on his way, each step seeming to bring him more completely into an inexplicable labyrinth of streets. The unkempt people in the doorways stopped to gaze at the strangely dressed, black-haired little Japanese. Occasionally, some one with a kind heart, despite his wretched looks, was moved by the spirit of the Christmastide to give him a kindly word.

At last when the child was becoming disheartened, he heard from a distance beautiful voices. Then his search for windows was forgotten in his desire to find the source of the heavenly sounds. Turning a corner, he came into a wider street where the houses were larger and cleaner, and a little way up the street he was confronted by a building that looked like the mission to his eyes. It was from this building that those ethereal voices proceeded.

The little yellow lad was entranced, and still under the spell he entered the door of the building. Sitting in the darkness of the church, for such it was, with his mouth agape, he listened to the words which he could but faintly understand:

"The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

For a long, long time he sat there, intent on the beautiful music sung by the choir boys but little older than himself until, tired from

tramping, he fell asleep. Then the music was ended, and the boys began to leave the church. When they approached the door, they discovered the sleeping figure of the little Japanese, crouched in one corner of a pew.

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, see who is here!" they cried in surprise. The singing master hurried to the spot where they all crowded round the now wide-awake, squint-eyed little stranger.

"Why, my lad, how came you here?" he asked kindly, not unlike the mission teacher, Sing-tu thought. But Sing-tu remained silent from lack of anything to say.

"Where do you live?" Mr. Johnson insisted.

This was better. Sing-tu had been asked that very question by the mission teacher, so he answered by telling in broken English the name of his street.

"So far!" exclaimed the teacher, who, being a city missionary, was well acquainted with many of the poorer streets. "Well, we must see about that," he continued, and turning to the boys he explained that the child was lost, but that he himself would take him home.

By the time Mr. Johnson and the little Japanese reached the home of the latter, the missionary was possessed of the name and circumstances of Sing-tu, and Sing-tu had been told of the wonderful story of Christmas and of the Christmas exercises to be held in the Garden Street Church on the following day. And joy of all joys to Sing-tu, he was to hear the beautiful music again! For had not Mr. Johnson asked his grandfather to bring him, and had not his grandfather promised?

So the next day in the very back pew of the Garden Street Church were to be seen a withered old Japanese man and a tiny Japanese lad, both entirely oblivious of everything save the music that flowed from the mouths of the choir, and the scarcely understood words of the pastor.

So intent were they that they hardly knew when the last beautiful song was over and the last words of the pastor said. At length some one seemed to address them, and turning they heard Mr. Johnson ask, "Would you not like to come back this afternoon and hear more?"

Oh, wouldn't they! That afternoon even as early as they had come, the church had taken on a new appearance. "This is like the lovely windows," Sing-tu thought, a new idea beginning to dawn upon him.

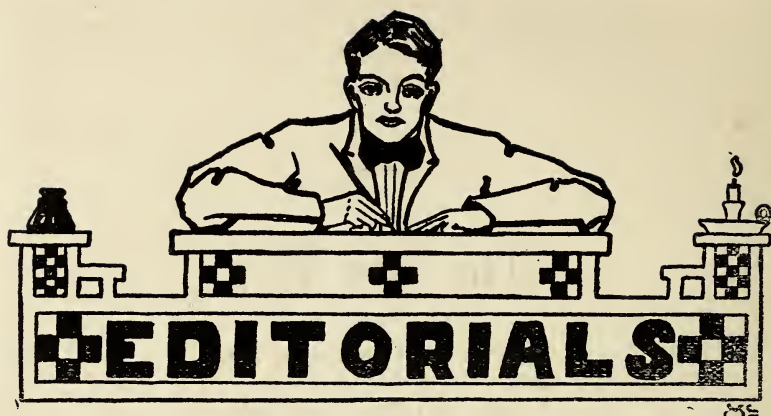
"Grandfather," he said, in the Japanese language, "those beautiful windows, these lovely decorations, this music, which makes you forget all your cold and hunger and weariness, were all telling us of the beautiful Spirit of the Christmastide.

The True Way

IRA CATES, '10.

Here's a heart for you, in love,
See, I toss it, you're above,
Catch it if you will, and then
Please don't toss it back again.

Keep it, please, it's my desire,
Trust it, try it under fire,
Think of me as best you can,
But remember this: I'm just a man.



**The
Christmastide.**

We are again nearing the Christmastide. What is this season to mean to us? We would suppose that to the majority it means—or at least the thought uppermost in most minds is—the exchange of gifts. If we consider this custom of remembering and being remembered in the proper light it seems to us very appropriate, for the very first Christian Christmas marked the event of the greatest gift ever known to the world—the gift of the “Light of the World” to “a people who sat in darkness.” The method of celebration then is good. But how of the spirit? Are we thinking more of what we are to receive than of those things with which we are to make other lives happy? Let us remember that it was that same Gift, who, grown into the world’s inheritance, said, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Lowell has very beautifully expressed the spirit of true giving and consequently of Christmas as it ought to be, in these lines from “Vision of Sir Launfal:”

“Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”

The Future of Football

For several weeks past the press of the country and the public in general have had a good deal to say concerning football. We of the South have heard much because of the fact that this season this section has suffered more than its proportionate share of the fatalities. Since the death of the brilliant young halfback of the University of Virginia, the papers of the South have been using the phrase, "mend or end."

We believe, however, the burden of protest has come from people who are unacquainted with the game, or at least from those who have never actively engaged in it. There is a certain amount of hazard connected with almost all outdoor sports. We sometimes hear of a victim of baseball, but the accident is looked upon merely as an unfortunately unavoidable affair. No one would think of legislation restricting the game. Motoring is in a large measure a sport, and the list of victims of it would fill the pages of volumes, yet who has suggested restrictive or prohibitory legislation in regard to it? As we mentioned before, the protest comes from those who are ignorant of football. We never hear a veteran of the gridiron talk of abolishing the game. On the other hand, those of the days of "'Rah-'rah-'rah Yale" McIlung, Treasurer of the United States, look upon the game of today as a rather tame sport. We in no wise claim the gift of prophecy, but it is our opinion that by the time the season opens next fall the antipathy will have vanished and the majority of ancient rivals will meet as usual on the field of valor.

Greensboro-Raleigh-Durham Debate

The Blackwell and McIver Literary Societies are now looking forward to the triangular debating contest to be held in the early spring, with Greensboro, Raleigh, and Durham, as participants. The boys of both societies should exert their utmost endeavors from now until after these debates. Let them bear in mind that they are to debate their two most ancient and bitter rivals. The preliminaries are not complete yet, but the order will probably be Greensboro and Raleigh in Greensboro, Greensboro and Durham in Durham, Raleigh and Durham in Raleigh.

We have not forgotten the result of the debate in Raleigh three years ago. Let us turn the tables this time, although in the enemy's country. And, again, we positively must not allow Greensboro to "score" here.

Z. V. R.



Since the football season has passed, basketball has come into prominence. The girls' basketball teams have been organized for some time, during which they have played several games among themselves. The boys, however, have more recently organized their team, with Robert Murray as captain, and Mr. Bryan as manager.

The first game played by the High School team was played on the night of December the eleventh, with the Y. M. C. A. team. The outcome of the game was a victory for D. H. S., the score being eighteen to fourteen. The line-up of this game was as follows:

Y. M. C. A.		D. H. S.	
Malcolm Cheatham.....	Right Guards.....	Ira Cates	
Lynne Holcomb.....	Left Guards.....	Charles Crabtree	
Watts Carr.....	Centers.....	Robert Murray	
Warner Watkins.....	Right Forwards.....	Floyd Goodrich	
Gordan Carver.....	Left Forwards.....	Sam Jordan	

Arrangements for several other games which we hope to play and win in the near future are now being made.

The second contest in the Girls' Basketball Tournament was held on the second of December, when the First and Second Year teams met, with the following line-up:

First Year.

Annie Cobb.....	Goal.....	Laura Anderson
Elizabeth Cheatham.....	Left Forwards.....	Helen Beall
Sarah Wall.....	Left Centers.....	Lucille Pearce
Louise Currin.....	Centers.....	Elsie Brown
Nannie Green.....	Right Centers.....	Laura May Bivins
Annie Latta.....	Right Forwards.....	Janie Lee Pritchard
Margaret Knight.....	Goal.....	Gene Montgomery

Second Year.

For the Second Year, the playing of Elsie Brown and Laura Anderson was a feature of the game, while the First Year team as a whole did remarkably well, considering their short experience in basketball. The score was twenty-two to eleven, in favor of the Second Year.

On Friday afternoon, December the third, the Second and Third Year teams played for the championship. The line-up was as follows:

Third Year.

Hallie Lea.....	Goal.....	Gene Montgomery
Roxie Riley.....	Left Forwards.....	Helen Beall
Natalie Tuck.....	Left Centers.....	Laura Anderson
Lillian Fuller.....	Centers.....	Lucille Pearce, Capt.
Elsie Lloyd, Capt.....	Right Centers.....	Laura May Bivins
Ruth Chamberlain.....	Right Forwards.....	Janie Lee Pritchard
Rachel Leary.....	Goal.....	Elsie Brown

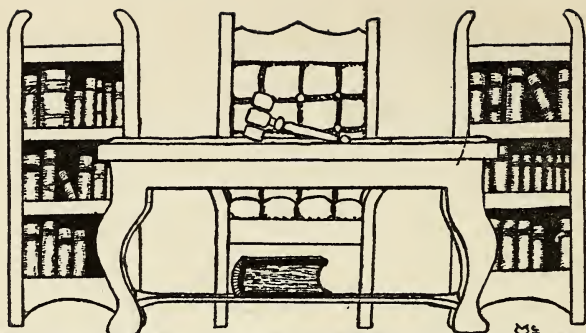
Second Year.

Intense interest was manifested throughout the game. In the first half the Third Year team scored seven and the Second Year two.

After ten minutes' intermission the game began with more enthusiasm and both teams played well and gained credit for themselves and their teams. But, much to the sorrow of the Second Year team and its sympathizers, the Third Year won ten more points and the Second Year six, making the final score seventeen to eight. Mr. Green refereed both games.

Shouts of joy and sorrow mingled at the close of this game, for it ended a hard-fought fight.

The coveted pennant has its place in the Third Year class room with last year's trophy, won by the same class.



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

During the past month the Society has been doing some very good work. The debates have been full of good material and show that the boys are in earnest about their Society work.

While the debates as a whole have been good, the declamations seem to be losing ground. Probably some of our members do not know that a prize is given at the end of the year for the best declaimer. Let us see if we cannot have better debates and better declamations in the coming months.

We are glad to see that the girls are getting along so well in fitting up their new hall. If the boys of our Society can help in any way, we assure them that we are ready to do all we can, and we extend to them our hearty coöperation.

On Friday, the third of December, we held our first election. The officers chosen for the next three months are as follows: President, Robert Murray; Vice-President, Leo Carden; Secretary, Zeb Roberson; Treasurer, Samuel Jordan; Censor, Blackwell Markham; Assistant Censor, David Brady; Marshal, Gordon Carver.

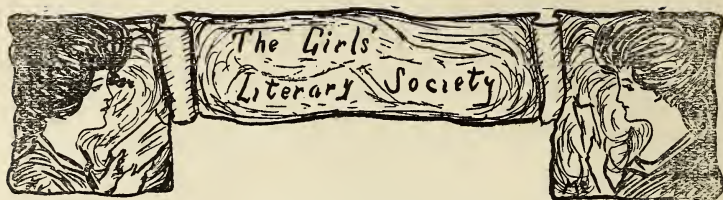
May our new officers' terms be as prosperous as those of our retiring officers, who justly deserve our thanks for their faithful service.

McIver Literary Society

The McIver has now ended the first quarter of its career, and we can truly say that it has been a success. The members have worked hard and have gained by their work. The officers of the past quarter have done exceptionally good work.

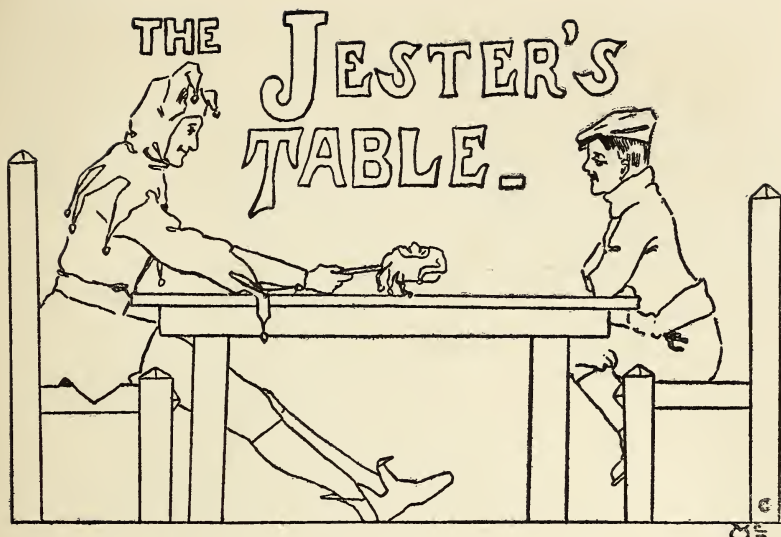
The election of new officers took place Friday, the third of December. After a lively contest the following were chosen :

Eugene Currin, President; Luther Barlow, Vice-President; Frank Sasser, Secretary; Mr. Campbell Treasurer; George Reade, Assistant Treasurer; Allen Markham, Marshal.



On Wednesday before Thanksgiving Dr. Frank Brown, of Trinity College, addressed the school at the request of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society. This address was greatly enjoyed and we appreciate his giving us so much of his valuable time.

Friday, December the third, was election day with the Society, and only after much discussion and a heated campaign were the officers elected. We regret very much to give up the old officers, and heartily thank them for the work they have given the Society, but we think they have been replaced by officers of equal ability. Those elected were: President, Tempe Boddie; Vice-President, Laura Hutchings; Secretary, Ethel York; Treasurer, Cora Wescott; Censor, Emma Noell; Assistant Censor, May Fallon; Critic, Laura Tillett; Assistant Critic, Sallie Boddie; Magazine Editor, Anna Lee Williams. Adjournment followed this election, there being no further business.



Mr. — (on History)—Miss S., what position did Washington obtain? (meaning Dorchester Heights).

S. B.—General, I think.

* * *

Mr. — (on 2A Boys' English)—What's the plural of goose-quill?

G. H.—Geese quill.

* * *

Mr. — (on History)—Where is Bunker Hill?

R. E.—Somewhere near Chapel Hill, I think.

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—Max, what is a corps?

Max (very much excited)—A dead body.

* * *

L. W. (to a classmate)—Laura, who wrote Franklin's autobiography?

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—At about what time was Washington's farewell address prepared?

P. B. (after meditating a while)—About 1745.

E. P. 2A (quotation from Sohrab and Rustum)—For we are all a swinging in the sea, Poisoned on the top of a huge wave of fame.

* * *

From English Schoolboys.—The following schoolboy “howlers” are given by a correspondent: To kill a butterfly you pinch its borax. The blood-vessels are the veins, arteries, and artilleries. A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs. Algebra was the wife of Euclid. The masculine of vixen is vicar.

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—How many votes did Washington get at his second election?

I. S.—I think he got a majority.

* * *

The First Lesson.—Father—Well, Carolyn, how do you like school? Carolyn (aged six)—Oh, so much, papa!

Father—That’s right, daughter. And now what have you learned today?

Carolyn—I’ve learned the names of all the little boys.—Ex.

* * *

Miss — (to Wilhelmina B., who only signed her first name to a paper for the exhibit)—I’d know whose work that is, but I’m afraid the people in Charlotte would not.

W. B.—Well, Miss T., I thought maybe they’d think it was the queen’s.

* * *

Genealogical.—She—How far can your ancestry be traced?

He—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.—Ex.



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"Coming events cast their shadows before"—Christmas holidays.

"Accomplishments were native to her mind"—Elise Lloyd.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair"—Rebecca Michie.

"There was weeping and dolour out of measure"—Second Year Basketball Team.

"A work not to be ashamed of"—Watts Carr's Magazine Covers.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him"—Frederick Manning.

"He baits his hook for subscribers"—Our Business Manager.

"The leaves of memory seemed to make a mournful rustling"—on our examinations.

"I am lost in my own web of thought"—Ellie Fleming.

"I scarcely understand my own intent"—Ira Cates.

Exchanges

We welcome with pleasure our old friend, *The Athenian*. This magazine has a full as well as a good literary department and we would like to commend this feature. "The Masquerade Ball" and "Romance of a Senior" are splendidly written.

The Dragon contains some very interesting stories, but we think it would be a great improvement if a few more poems were added to the literary department. The other department work is all good.

We have no suggestions that could improve *The Retina*, which we consider a very excellent magazine. All of the original cuts are fine. "Stuffed" is a very ludicrous story, and we like the way in which it is expressed.

The first number of *The Virginian* comes to us from the Norfolk High School. We wish it much success in the coming year and hope it will visit us monthly.

The cover design of *The Ivy* is very neat and attractive. The material is good, but we should like to suggest more cuts. The ones it contains, however, are very appropriate.

The Red and White for November, which is the Junior Number, is indeed attractive. This college magazine holds one of the highest places among our exchanges.

We congratulate *The Record* for its new cover design. It is much more suitable than the one of the month before. The simplicity of the cover adds much to the magazine. The departments come up to their usual good standard.

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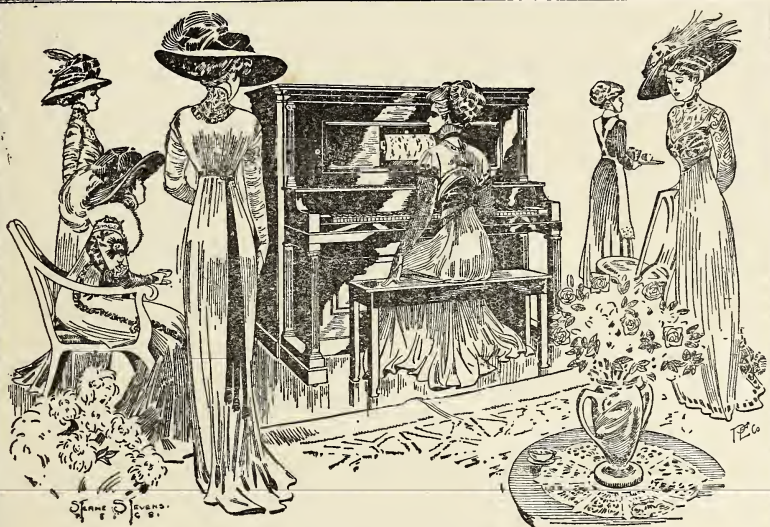
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