

The
MESSENGER

Vol. II

FEBRUARY, 1906

No. 4

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THE MESSENGER.

Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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

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

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All persons desiring to insert advertisements will communicate with

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

Literary Department.

DOUGLAS HILL, '08, - - - - - EDITOR.

CAMALAIRD.

Midnight! and all was still, save the sound of footsteps that grew fainter, and fainter, finally dying away in the distance. The wan moon, rolling majestically from behind a bank of dark clouds, illumined, with a pale light, the sleeping world. It now touched a tall white figure gliding across the white meadows towards the silent brook.

The figure stealthily approached the edge of the water and with cautious footsteps wended his way along the winding stream until he was lost from view behind a piece of old stone wall that remained standing.

Stately and grandly loomed up, on a gentle slope from the brook, an old Scottish castle built in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Just one month previous Lord and Lady Chester, who had been spending a year in America, had arrived in Scotland bringing with them several American friends, who were to spend December with them, at Camalaird, their beautiful home, and to find out what a real Christmas, in Scotland, meant.

The castle was an inheritance that he had lately come into possession of, and it had been prepared for his coming in the fall.

The driveway in the center of a beautiful lawn, winding in and out among trees and shrubbery, was about a quarter of a mile long, curving up by the broad stone steps around to the stables.

Wide verandas encircled the castle, and it was adorned with innumerable turrets and gables.

A choice flower garden was on one side, and though it was a "bower of beauty" in spring and summer, only a few evergreens, hung with icicles, and sprinkled with snow, remained.

Back of the house were spacious stables; back of these, a vegetable garden and an orchard.

The rooms of the castle were high-pitched and large, all furnished with the quaint old draperies and furniture, but unusually large was the dining hall, where great banquets had been given, when it was first built.

Its proportion was about twice as long as wide; the walls were panels from the floor to the ceiling and were beautifully painted.

The furniture was massive oak, carved elaborately.

As this hall was so large it could be used as a ball-room, and on the night this story opens a dance was given, people from miles around coming.

Everyone retired at twelve o'clock and by one quiet reigned through all the house.

But no rest came to Lord Chester.

All the curious, creepy stories he had ever heard or read were imprinted vividly in his mind. All at once he thought he heard a door open and then, after a little pause, shut again. "It's only some of the guests," he thought, but no, the door of every room was softly opened and shut, and he heard soft footsteps coming toward his own room.

Nearer, nearer, and nearer, came the steps and a tall white figure glided into the room and, by the faint light, he could see it slip over to the dresser where his wife kept her jewelry. The figure was about to pick up a box of jewelry when Lady Catherine suddenly cried out, "My diamonds!" Though she did it unconsciously, it so startled the figure that it left the jewelry and made all haste out of the room, down the stairs and on towards the dining hall.

Lord Chester followed, but could not keep up, and got in the dining hall just in time to see the figure disappearing in the end of the hall.

He roused the servants and they searched, but could find no place where it could have made its exit.

The next day, most of the guests had lost something, but Lord Chester said nothing for he determined to unravel the mystery.

The next night he waited with a lot of servants, behind draperies in the dining hall. At just a quarter to twelve the panels at the end of the hall moved, and a white figure slipped through. The servants shuddered when the figure came near them and shrunk back, but at a word rushed forward and seized it.

Tearing the mask and clothes off, they found themselves face to face with Roderick Douglas, the noted chief of a famous robber band!

Commanding him to carry them to his den and restore the missing jewels, they pushed him forward. He then, knowing that he could do nothing, touched a hidden spring, and the panel rolled back showing a long corridor; he then led them down the passage until they came to a door. This he opened, showing piles and bags of jewels and money. Then he led them a long way underground, and opening a second door came out in the ice and snow at the bend of the brook, and as they stood there in the moonlight the clock in the old castle tower struck twelve!

MARY LOOMIS SMITH, '08.

UNDER HIS CARE.

The shepherd was slowly plodding homeward, his gray mantle thrown carelessly over his shoulder, his staff resting easily on his arm, his tender gray eyes wandering listlessly over the barren fields, and his large brown hand held uneasily to his ear as he would stop and listen apprehensively as if he heard some noise.

He stopped, the sound grew louder; it sounded like the cry of a child in pain. He hastened his steps, but could not trace the sound. He leaned against a tree and listened. He started as a faint sound reached his ear; it sounded as if it came from the tree behind him. He looked and, ah! did his eyes deceive him, there lay a beautiful babe, about three years old.

When the shepherd came in view it opened its large brown eyes, extended its chubby arms, and, with a joyful cry of "O! Papa," flung them lovingly around his neck.

The shepherd stood dumb-founded, tears were in his eyes; never in his dreary life had he known the touch of a gentle hand, never had heard that precious word that fell so gently on his ear. He clasped his arms around her and silently walked home.

The shades of night were deepening and when he had reached his humble cottage it was dark. The child was sound asleep while a beautiful smile lingered on its face. He placed her tenderly upon his cot while the moonbeams came floating softly in the room. He thought it was an angel he was gazing at. He imagined he heard her sing softly with the angels:

Under his care
Under his care
Safely I'm dwelling
While under his care.

FLORENCE GREEN, '08.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

Travelers get different ideas of Jerusalem, according to the season of the year in which they visit that city. In the summer and winter the low, square, tomb-like houses are encircled by bare, dry hills, and all is desolation.

It has often been said that Jerusalem is "a city of stone, upon a land of iron, under a heaven of brass." But when I visited Jerusalem in the spring after the abundant winter rains, the surrounding hills and valleys were covered with fresh green vegetation. Daffodils, hyacinths, and other flowers were abundant wherever there was a chance among the rocks; the rivulets murmured between their verdant banks. Even within the city plants and flowers abounded, and the enclosures of mosques were bright with a profusion of flowers. The very walls and towers were adorned and festooned with plants.

The streets of this ancient city change but very little at any season unless, indeed, during the heat of summer they appear more deserted than ever. I found the narrow streets, covered with either dust or mud, and mostly either ascents or descents of great steepness; where I stumbled over rolling stones or glided over worn slabs strewn with vegetation. On each side of these streets were Arab shops with displays of gay stuffs or stores of pipes; most numerous, however, were the barbers' shops. Here and there I saw European establishments, kept by Maltese or Italians, and displaying objects for the toilet from London or Paris.

The passers-by were of all nationalities, Moslems in robes and turbans, Turkish officers in richly embroidered vests, Jews in their long great-coats and pointed hats, Greeks, Spaniards, Englishmen, and monks of divers orders, in sandals and somber robes. All the

women were clothed in large white mantles, their toilet only varying in the color of the veil that masked each countenance.

I stopped a while by a low dark archway, supported by massive pillars of carved stone—the remains of some old convent church, and there a poverty-stricken market was held for the sale of meat and bread. In one corner an Arab butcher stood beside an animal which he had slaughtered, and hung by a chain attached to the roof, and awaited customers; he shouted to us as we passed, “Ohe! let him that hath money come and buy; whosoever you are, come and buy.” There were quite a number of females seated on the ground near by, selling fruits and vegetables from their baskets. These females were mostly peasant girls from Bethany and Siloam. They did not wear white mantles as the other women did, but were clothed in a long blue garment, with a colored handkerchief or sometimes a white napkin arranged on the head like a cap, which shaded their olive faces. They had large dark eyes, which looked the larger and darker on account of the black paint with which they had colored their eyelids and eyelashes. They wore bracelets of colored glass on their bare arms, gold rings upon their ankles, and collars of coins, and silver rings around their necks.

At every step along the streets surprises awaited me. My curiosity was roughly tried on a visit to the Holy Sepulcher and the ruins of the Church and Convent of the Knights of Saint John. It was necessary to climb over heaps of dust and all kinds of rubbish. At the noise of our footsteps gaunt dogs disturbed from some loathsome repast or from their slumber in the sunshine, surround us, barking furiously, and apparently ready to spring upon us.

A little farther on I began to admire the broken columns and sculptured capitals, and fragments of mold-

ings and marble ornaments which were strewn upon the ground, when on entering some hall of which the four walls are still standing, I found myself in the presence of heaps of bones of animals which the inhabitants of that neighborhood had deposited in that abandoned place.

In traversing the streets of Jerusalem I saw a great many really pretty Oriental houses. The entry gate was within a dark archway of which the roof was decorated with ornaments in relief. On each side of the arch were low stone divans, where one perceives in the shadow black servants sitting with their waists adorned with gleaming weapons. The facades of the houses were ornamented here and there, with alabaster tablets, upon which Arabic inscriptions were sculptured in relief, often in letters of red, blue or gold.

ROBERTA WEST, '08.

THE LAME GIRL—A DESCRIPTION.

The general appearance of this cripple is startling in its deformity. Her figure is twisted, and her limbs so drawn that she cannot walk a step. She has a hump on her back, and is about the size of a twelve-year-old child, although she is more than twice that age. Her features, however, are regular and full, her skin is a clear, olive color, and her eyes are a soft, dark brown. She dresses her pretty black hair in the prevailing style, and if the fashion permits, wears in it a bow of ribbon. Her disposition is contented and merry, and she is thankful for the smallest blessings. She is amiable and accommodating, and always ready to do a favor. She supports herself by sewing, and, as far as she is able, looks after the little children, while the older members

of the family are at work in the factory. She expresses herself remarkably well for one who has attended school only a year or two. She has a quick mind, is fond of reading, and is a Christian.

ORIN LLOYD, '06.

Grammar School Department.

THE SETTLEMENT OF CAROLINA.

Sir Walter Raleigh tried to settle a colony on Roanoke Island about the year of 1588 and failed. After that no one tried to settle there for a long time. But in 1663 Charles the Second gave a large tract of land, which included Roanoke Island, to some of his friends. They were called the lords proprietors. They named this land Carolina in honor of King Charles.

These proprietors wanted to make this colony different from the others. This was done by placing the land in the hands of the rich people. This was arranged by a code of laws made by John Locke. But the people did not like this law and to get people to settle in Carolina at all they had to promise them a large tract of land and a share in making the laws.

When this was granted a great many different kinds of people came. There were the Dutch, Quakers, Swiss, Germans, Irish, English and Puritans.

Carolina was a good place for raising rice. The first rice seed were brought to the governor of Charleston by an old sea captain, who told him to plant it in marshy soil.

The rice grew so well that soon all the swamps of Carolina were made into rice fields.

Fifty years later a farmer's daughter tried to raise indigo. She had several failures, but she finally succeeded. Indigo was raised until cotton came along and paid better.

Carolina soon became a very rich colony. Though it was the twelfth colony, it soon rose above a good many others. The planters of Carolina soon became so rich

they bought negro slaves to work their land while they staid in Charleston and led a gay life.

The French did not like to see the English coming so far south, so they stirred the Indians up and caused them to fight. In 1729 the lords proprietors ceased to have any control over Carolina and it parted and became North and South Carolina.

LESSIE KING.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

A long time after the Pilgrims came to America, there lived an old Indian chief named Massasoit. He was very good to the Pilgrims and they all liked him. He used to come to see them and they would go to see him. He had two sons, Alexander and Philip. Finally he grew sick and died.

Alexander being the older son now became king. The white people kept on taking more and more land from the Indians, until they had taken nearly all of it from them. Now Alexander, being a wise king and wiser than his father, began to think. An Indian once invited a white man to come and take dinner with him. After dinner they sat on a log. The Indian kept on slipping up toward the white man and making him move down until he was at the end of the log and he said he could move no more. Then the Indian said that that was the way with the Indians. They had moved until they could move no more. Still the white people kept on taking more land. So Alexander began to make plots for war. The white people heard of this and sent for him to come to them and explain what he had done, but he would not come. They sent for him several times, but he would not come.

Finally the white people came and took him by force. Soon after they took him he had the fever. Then the white people let him go home, but he died on the way.

Philip now became king, and he and all the Indians thought that the white people had poisoned Alexander. Philip also began to plot for war. The white people heard of it and sent for him a great many times. Finally he came and promised to be better. But after a while he began to plot again. After plotting for about two years a war broke out between the white people and the Indians, this war was known as "King Philip's War."

Plymouth got all the other colonies to help them and the Indians got all the other tribes to help them.

Thus the war began. The Indians beat the white people at first, but finally the white people won. If the Indians hadn't had so many traitors they probably would have won. Philip himself was shot by a traitor. Soon after his death the war closed. Captain Church won the last battle. He was one of the most important men in the war. For his service the Congress gave him a very fine sword. He also got all of King Philip's valuable things. Philip's head was cut off and hung on a post for the people to see. It stood there a great many years.

During this war the Indians killed a great many people and burned many towns. The name of one of the battles was "Bloody Brook." Philip's wife and child were made slaves. This was the end of the "King Philip's War."

WALLACE GIBBS.

Editorial.

ORIN LLOYD, '06,

- - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

FIRE ESCAPES FOR SCHOOLS.

A few days ago, in his charge to the grand jury of Durham county, Judge Furgerson suggested that the jurors should investigate the necessity of fire escapes for the public school buildings of this county. On looking into the matter, the jurors ordered that fire escapes be placed upon all of the city school buildings, and upon the buildings both in East and West Durham.

As yet this subject has not been brought before the city school board, but as soon as this has been done, it is probable that work will begin at an early date. In case of fire these will render every means of escape possible for occupants of the buildings, and although it is not probable that a fire would result in loss of life, since our fire drill acts as a safeguard, still it is reassuring to know that additional means may be provided for our safety.

THE FIRE DRILL.

The fire drill was introduced into the Durham City Schools about seven years ago, during the regime of Superintendent W. W. Flowers. Its objects were to prevent a stampede among the pupils in case of a fire, to aid them in maintaining their presence of mind, and to empty the building of occupants in as little time as possible without the least disorder. Although there has never been an alarm of fire in any of the buildings the fire drill still remains as an important feature of our schools.

The drill is announced by the ringing of a loud gong and immediately the teachers in the various rooms command the pupils to form in line and to march in order to their appointed places of exit. This is done without hesitation or delay and as each grade knows its place in line, the building is soon emptied of occupants. The gong then sounds again and the pupils return to their class rooms. Practice has rendered the fire drill almost perfect and the superintendent reports that he can empty and refill the largest building in the city, containing over six hundred persons, in two and one-half minutes.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

For many years past February 22 has been observed throughout the United States with pleasure and hilarity. Long ago the states ratified the recommendation of Congress and made it a national holiday. Before the circulation of the next issue of the MESSENGER we will have celebrated the one hundred and seventy-fourth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the illustrious father of his country. Therefore, we seize this opportunity of saying a few words concerning the character of a man, who, with a small, half-fed, half-clothed army, won a continent.

In the mysterious book of Revelation we read of one "that was and is not and yet is." This language seems to contradict itself, but when we contemplate the life of Washington we can well understand how the words may be true, for he lived, he is dead, and yet he lives. And, more than this, he lives on earth, he lives in his precepts, in his writings, in his matchless example and in the institution of learning which he endowed and in which minds will be enlightened that will in turn enlighten others, and so continue throughout the endless ages. But in these hurrying days the multitude of smaller figures

vanish and disappear behind the cloud of forgetfulness and the few mighty ones soon are wrapped in the hazy atmosphere of the heroic heights, always unfamiliar and superhuman, demi-gods rather than men, and become our wonder and despair when they should be our reverence and our inspiration. Thus it is with him who lies at Mount Vernon.

In the process of time Washington has become in the popular imagination largely mythical and we picture him as one to whom a few thousand years ago, altars would have been builded and libations poured out. Thus we have in our minds today a Washington, grand, solemn, and impressive, rising to our imagination as some one has said, "With all the imperial splendor of the Livian Augustus." His fame has reached far-off China whence comes the tribute comparing him favorably with her greatest heroes and pronouncing him peerless.

To use the words of an American eulogist: "Were he compared with the sages and the heroes of antiquity he would gain by the comparison, or, rather, he would be found to be free from the blemishes and to unite the excellencies of them all. Like Fabius, he was prudent; like Hannibal, he was unappalled by difficulties; like Cyrus, he conciliated affection; like Philopœmen, he was humble; and, like Pompey, he was successful. If we compare him with characters in the sacred records, he combined the exploits of Moses and Joshua, not only by conducting us safely across the Red Sea and through the wilderness, but by bringing us into the promised land; like David, he conquered an insulting Goliath, and rose to the highest honors from an humble station."

Again, it has been said: "Where shall we find a character like the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon? Equal in stratagem to Hannibal, as modest as Cincinnatus, as disinterested as Regulus, as daring as Leonidas, as cautious as Fabius, as valiant as Cæsar." But

behind popular myths we see the noblest figure that "ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life," a strong, vigorous man with a resistless will of iron; a great soldier who fought a trying war, which would have been unsuccessful without him; an illustrious statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of this great republic; an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose; a pure, high-minded gentleman of stainless honor and dauntless courage and with a kind and generous heart, George Washington, who embodied the noblest possibilities of humanity.

Poems Everyone Should Know

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

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
 Working in this wall of Time;
 Some with massive deeds and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
 Each thing in its place is best;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our todays and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
 Leave no yawning gap between;
 Think not, because no man sees
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part;
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Longfellow.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Thanatopsis—Bryant.*

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound,
 As he totters o'er the ground,
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the street,
 And looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 “They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has pressed,
 In their bloom,
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
 Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago—
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
 And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,

Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Holmes.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil
side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

—*The Present Crisis—Lowell.*

I know not where His Islands lift,
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—*Whittier.*

In this copy we have given you some of the best selections from Northern poets, and in the next issue we hope to give some thought and sentiment from the Southland.

Current Events.

MARIA MURRAY, '08, - - - - -

EDITOR.

The energetic measures taken by the Russian government brought the revolt at Moscow to an end, December 31, with the surrender or flight of most of the members of the so-called "Flying Legions." The revolutionists made their last stand in the Presna, or tenement-house district, and the factories from which they fought were battered down by artillery. The Workmen's Council formally declared the strike off January 1, but voted to continue the organization of an armed insurrection. In the south of Russia there were armed uprisings at several points, and practically the whole of the Black Sea littoral was under martial law. The strike at Riga ended December 30, and attempts made the same day to erect barricades at Warsaw failed.

Twelve State Legislatures are in session this month—in Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Kentucky, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Virginia. In five states—Iowa, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Mississippi and Virginia—United States Senators are to be chosen. Questions of ballot reform, primary election laws and the restraint of corrupt election practices are among the subjects which the legislatures will consider. In New York the better protection of policy-holders in the great life insurance companies and the restraint of extravagance and dishonesty in the management of these corporations are subjects to which the legislature is expected to give serious attention.

An adjourned conference on football reform at New

York, December 28, was attended by the representatives of 62 colleges and universities. The conference adopted resolutions strongly condemning the offering of inducements to players to enter universities because of their athletic ability, the playing of men ineligible as amateurs, all deliberate attempts to injure members of opposing teams, and other practices which have brought the game into discredit. The conference appointed a committee of seven to revise the rules of the game.

In Lighter Vein

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

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles."

STRAY SHOTS FROM YOUNG GUNS.

A boy reading the verse: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on *thrones*," startled the class by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on *thorns*."

Little Boy—"I wish I could go off and discover a country."

Proud Father—"Do you, my boy? And why?"

Little Boy—"I think it 'ud be a good deal more fun sailin' around than sitting in school an' studin' about wot others discovered."

Teacher—"If one man can perform a piece of work in six days, how long would it take six men to do it?"

Willie—"About six weeks."

Teacher—"How do you get that?"

Willie—"Six men would get up a strike."

A pupil in a Lynn (Mass.) school was asked by his teacher to give the definition of vacuum. "I can't just describe it," he said, "but I have it in my head."—Ex.

A colored Methodist preacher was giving a sermon on "Jining the Church." He said to one of the women: "If you want to go to heaven, sistah, you'll have to jine the army of the Lord."

She answered: "I jined the Baptist 'tuther day."

Then the preacher said: "Well you ain't jined the army, you have jined the navy."

Sunday School Teacher—"Why, Willie Wilson!

Fighting again? Didn't last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other to the striker?"

Willie—"Yes'm; but he hit me on the nose, an' I've only got one."

Son—"You didn't learn logic when you were a boy, did you dad?"

Father—"No, my son. What is it?"

Son—"The art of reasoning. For instance, by means of logic, I can prove that this house is the other one over the way."

Father—"The dickens you can! Let's hear."

Son—"Well, there are two houses, are there not? Yes; and that house over the way is one of them isn't it? Yes; and so this house must be the other one, musn't it?"

Uncle Bob—"I hope, Tommy, you are a favorite with your school master?"

Tommy—"I think I must be. He can't seem to get enough of me, or he wouldn't keep me in after school so much."

Mr. S—"An heirloom, Johnny, is something that is handed down from father to son."

Little Johnny—"Huh! That's a funny name for old clothes."

An irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum.

"But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant, "that the editor is too ill to talk to anyone today."

"Never mind, I'll do the talking."

Dashaway—"You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I didn't know but what she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day."

Willie—"Not this time. I played a trick on her. I told her that you were another fellow."

"I wouldn't be a donkey if I were you," said John to a friend.

"If you were I, you wouldn't be a donkey, of course," was the reply.

She—"Have you ever faced powder?"

He—"Haven't I kissed you twenty times in the last half hour?"

She (passionately)—"Will you ever love another, dearest?"

He (wearily)—"No, never, if I get out of this affair."

Mother—"Why, Tommy, you don't mean to say you took a second piece of pie when you were visiting, do you? Why did you do it?"

Tommy—"I just wanted to show them that I was used to havin' plenty to eat when I was at home."

In a cemetery near Portland there are five tablets all alike, except the inscriptions, which read:

"Anne, first wife of John Brown."

"Mary, second wife of John Brown."

"Jane, third wife of John Brown."

"Clara, fourth wife of John Brown."

"John Brown, at rest, at last."

"Minnie, if you'll come and sit on my knee I'll give you a nice present."

Minnie (aged five)—"Is that what made you give sister that diamond ring?"

Well, at any rate, people always laugh at my jokes. A case of "grin and bear."

Exchange Department.

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

We are glad to receive *The Wake Forest Student* for exchange this month. The "Christmas Number" of this admirable magazine is a commendable one. Though it is well filled with historic and scientific articles and is not lacking in good fiction, yet, we regret to notice, it is deficient in poetry. The story, "That Newish from 'Way Down South," is well written and the plot is well developed. It shows marked ability in its author. "The Old Man and John," also fiction, is very pathetic and deserves mention. "The Role of Bacteria," a scientific article, as its name implies, takes the side of optimism and shows us that these minute bodies are a power for good as well as for evil. "An Eclipse," is a conventional love story, but is a fairly good one. The hero in the story entitled, "Max Stolprain," is a very good type of his class. The mistakes which he makes are extremely ludicrous. We feel sure this story could not have lost anything in interest in the translation, though we consider that it is better, as a general rule, to use only the work of the students themselves in a college or school magazine.

The *High School Student* ranks among the best of high school magazines, and deservedly so. The historical article, "Joan of Arc," is written in an interesting manner on an interesting subject. The article, "Christmas Customs," appears to have been compiled with a great amount of labor from various sources, and deserves recognition for this especially.

"The North Carolina Regulators," in the "Christmas

Number" of the Park School Gazette, is a well thought-out article. The "Retired Farmer," in his humorous sketch "The Muel," has evidently taken the correct view of his subject. The magazine contains only one poem. It is a very good one, entitled, "We Come to Thee."

We have before us the December and January numbers of The Academy. Neither contains anything of note from a literary standpoint, with the probable exception of the discussion of "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence."

The "Shakspeare Number" of The High School Monthly is lacking in interest. There is too much sameness in it, though, taking everything into consideration, some of the articles are very creditable.

The High School Bulletin for December is a first-class magazine. But we regret to notice the absence of poetry and an exchange department, a very valuable part of a magazine. "Bismarck and German Unity" shows that the author has a thorough knowledge of his subject and can consequently write an article well worth reading. "Love in a Cartridge," is an excellent love story.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: The St. Mary's Muse, The Wake Forest Student, The High School Student, Park School Gazette, The Academy, the High School Monthly, The Guidon, The High School Bulletin, and The Oak Leaf.

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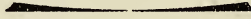
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