

# MESSENGER





**EVERYTHING**



...in...

**ATHLETIC GOODS**

FOR EVERYBODY

Anything we do not have in stock, we will order for you

Our Sport-  
ing Goods  
Business  
has been  
doubled in  
one year.  
Why? Our  
Prices and  
Sales are  
Based on  
Quality  
and not on  
"names."



We repre-  
sent . . . .  
Reach,  
Draper &  
Maynard,  
Wright &  
Ditson.  
Every arti-  
cle is guar-  
anteed.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR LINE OF

**50c. FOOTBALLS? \$1.00**

**Durham Book & Stationery Company**



Main Street,

Durham, North Carolina.



DURHAM COUNTY LIBRARY

"THIS BOOK DOES NOT  
CIRCULATE"

GEO. W. WATTS, *President.*

JOHN SPRUNT HILL, *Vice-President.*

T. B. PIERCE, JR., *Cashier.*

J. W. WEATHERSPOON, *Ass't Cashier.*

# Home Savings Bank

DURHAM

## Durham, N. C.

*We welcome the accounts of every man, woman and child in Durham County. This is a BANK FOR ALL THE PEOPLE, and is patronized by everybody. We pay courteous attention to small as well as large deposits. Money left with us is a SAFE INVESTMENT, and earns  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent interest compounded three times a year.*

OPEN ALL DAY ON SATURDAYS

SAFE!

SOUND!

CONSERVATIVE!

---

H. D. MORRIS, Proprietor

W. E. BAKER, Manager

# The Electric Theatre

Open from 3 to 11 p. m.

*Showing only the highest class  
of imported moving pictures*

---

---

Don't forget our number

**213** Main  
Street

Opposite Trust Building

# Yearby's Drugs are fresh and Pure

Vinol

Kuylers's Candies

Kodaks

---

Before deciding where to attend College write for information to

## Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

The oldest and one of the very best colleges for young women in the South. Attendance more than 400. Special department for young pupils.

---

## MICHAELS' PHARMACY

THOMAS PHARMACY OLD STAND

Main and Mangum Streets

Drugs, Ice Drinks, Etc.

---

We Sell Wall Paper. We Do the Work Also.

Prices Reasonable. Work Guaranteed.

See Us Before Having  
Work Done. : : :

**Holman Bros.** Office Over Kronheimer's Store  
Phone 785

---

## Holland Brothers

Furniture, Carpets and Stoves

Cabinets, Mantles and Grates

West Main Street

Durham, N. C.

---

Buy good Hosiery and you will not have to buy so often. "Black Cat", "Cadet" and "Holeproof" are all good hose and can be had only at this store. "Cadets" and "Black Cats" are the best school hose, per pair . . . . . 25c at **Rawls'**

# *Sash, Doors and Blinds*

---

## **W. T. Carrington Lumber Co.**

East Durham, N. C.

Flooring      Ceiling      Siding      Shingles  
Hardwood      Interior      Finish  
Plastering Lath      Cabinet Mantles

Quartered and Plain Oak Flooring. Window and Door  
Frame. Odd Work of All Kinds.

---

## **University of North Carolina**

1789-1908

Head of the State's Educational System

### **DEPARTMENTS**

College, Graduate, Engineering, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy

---

Library contains 50,000 volumes. New water works, electric lights,  
central heating system. New dormitories, gymnasium,  
Y. M. C. A. building, library.

**790 Students**

**94 in Faculty**

The Fall Term begins September 7, 1908. Address

**FRANCIS P. VENABLE, . . . . President**  
**CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA**

WHEN IN NEED OF

**Hardware of All Kinds,**

CALL ON

LLOYD'S HARDWARE STORE, Durham, N. C.

---

*If it's Drugs, Cigars,  
Soda Water, Ice  
Cream, or anything  
else in the Drug line  
Get it at*

**Vaughan's**  
DRUG STORE

---

**WHITMORE** • *The Baker*

Makes the best Bread, Cakes, Pies, etc. Also carries a full line of Confectioneries and Fruits.

ROYSTER'S FINE CANDIES A SPECIALTY

---

W. H. Muse, Pres.

A. B. Bradsher, Vice-Pres.

S. T. Cannady, Sec.-Treas.

**Patterson Bros. Co.**

Successors to  
Patterson Brothers

Fine Groceries, Imported and Domestic

Fruits and Vegetables

Main and Market Streets

Durham, N. C.

---

**R. F. Morris** • *Job Printer*

Opposite Courthouse

CALL ON HIM FOR PRICES

---

**J. N. Umstead & Sons**  
Wood and Coal

# PRIDGEN & JONES

## Fine Shoes

### Durham Steam Laundry

THOMAS BROTHERS, Proprietors

EXPERT WORK

PROMPT DELIVERY

Main Street, Durham, N. C.

High Grade Shoes for School Boys and Girls

At

PERRY-HORTON CO. ONE PRICE  
CASH SHOERS

### J. Mahler's Sons

LEADING JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Repairing a Specialty

Established 1888

110 West Main Street

### R. Blacknall & Son

Druggists

Try Our Soda Fountain

Coolest Place in Town

Main and Corcoran Streets

### ISAAC N. CARR

#### Surgeon Dentist

Office over Kronheimer's store.

### B. F. Kronheimer's Department Store

DRESS GOODS, LADIES' SUITS, COATS AND SKIRTS  
LINENS, NOTIONS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.

Call Solicited

113-115 W. Main Street

**ONLY THE BEST  
ALL THE TIME**

AT THE

**DIXIE THEATRE**

HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE and the  
World in Motion interspersed with the  
DIXIE ORCHESTRA MUSIC

*NEW PICTURES EVERY DAY*

---

*"The Wide Awake Hardware Dealers."*

**DURHAM HARDWARE  
COMPANY**

*Buggies, Harness and General Hardware*

231-235 West Main Street



Volume V, No. 6

February, 1909

# 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

---

---

## CONTENTS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW.....	141
..... Clara Crawford, '09	
THE BROTHERLY WAY (Poem).....	143
.....Blanch Rey, '10	
APPROACH OF SPRING (Poem).....	143
.....Robert Murray, '10	
PAT MORGAN'S WATERLOO.....	144
.....Mary Ruffin Green,	
DICK. ....	148
.....Geneva Cheatham, '09	
THE VALENTINE (Poem).....	150
.....Mary Yeula Wescott, '10	
THE TRUE SPIRIT.....	151
.....Amy Winston, '10	
MY VISION.....	153
.....Isaac R. Strayhorn	
EDITORIAL.....	154
THE BASKETBALL CLUB.....	156
THE POET'S CLUB.....	158
CURRENT EVENTS' CLUB.....	159
THE GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY.....	160
BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.....	161
THE JESTER'S TABLE.....	162
GENTLE KNOCKS.....	166
EXCHANGES.....	167
ALUMNI NOTES.....	168

---

---

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 75c. A YEAR

SINGLE COPIES, 15c.

## EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE MESSENGER

---

Editor-in-Chief, . . . . .	H. A. PENDERGRAPH
Business Manager, . . . . .	C. I. MUSE
Assistant Business Manager, . . . . .	J. F. GOODRICH
Literary, . . . . .	NETTIE TILLET
Komics, . . . . .	CARRIE NOELL
Gentle Knocks, . . . . .	MARY RUFFIN GREEN
Blackwell Literary Society, . . . . .	ROBERT MURRAY
Exchanges and Reviews, . . . . .	SUSIE MARKHAM

---

## ADVISORY BOARD

---

MR. E. J. GREEN, MISS LILA B. MARKHAM, MR. C. T. GOODE,  
H. A. PENDERGRAPH, C. I. MUSE

---

## CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

---

First Year (B), . . . . .	CHARLIE MATTHEWS
First Year (A) Boys, . . . . .	FRANK SASSER
First Year (A) Girls, . . . . .	LESSIE KING
Second Year (B), . . . . .	WALTER SIMON
Second Year (A), . . . . .	BEATRICE WHITAKER
Second Year (A1), . . . . .	HALLIE LEA
Third Year (Boys' Special), . . . . .	FLOYD GOODRICH
Third Year (Girls' Special), . . . . .	ILA HOWERTON
Third Year (A), . . . . .	MARY WESCOTT
Fourth Year (A), . . . . .	CHARLIE WHITAKER



## Abraham Lincoln: A Southerner's View

CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

For many years the memory of Abraham Lincoln was so inextricably woven with the horrors of war and reconstruction that Southerners knew little about him and cared less. But at last, time, the effacer, has wiped out the first bitterness from memory and the Southland with the North has awakened to the realization that behind the blackness of the times is a man who will tower forever a foremost figure in American history.

In all ages, as crises approach, men come forward to meet them. Indeed, before the first blast announces the coming of the storm, the power that shapes the destiny of the world has begun to prepare the man who is to control the hour. We dare assert this fact of Abraham Lincoln.

Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, on the bank of the blue Yadkin, was born the man who was afterwards to become the father of the great war President. Perhaps this may seem a small matter, but to me it accounts largely for the deep love which the hero of the Union bore for the Southland, even though he considered us the erring children of the great family.

A second factor in the preparation of the man was the bounty of nature in filling the equipment. Her gifts included an unusually fine mind; a heart large enough to love a nation—for the man “was not Northern, nor Southern, nor Western, nor sectional at all, but simply national;” and physical power to sustain both the workings of heart and mind. Then was added the one thing that made these gifts worth while, pertinacity, for had young Lincoln wasted his time and energy the endowments of nature could hardly have lifted him above mediocrity.

Environment plays its part in the history of a life. Circumstances

are the university of the man. "God's out-of-doors" had its place in the schooling of Abraham Lincoln, feeding into his being the strength that was to support body and mind in the gravest responsibilities of the Federal government and army. Nor was this all. He learned there patience, forbearance, perseverance, along with the other lessons from the open heart of nature. When the day closed he took the few books that he had and sat down to read and study at the feet of his master, Hardship, and always found that the day could not be counted to him as lost.

Finally he came to manhood with a big body, a big mind, and a big heart—wonderful equipment! He had learned well his lesson of life, and stood at the threshold a complete man. Indeed he was not polished in the little conventionalities, such as have always characterized our Southern statesmen, but he had the wit and humor, which made him a genial companion, added ease to his rugged speech, and relieved many a trying situation in the later hard days at the White House. To his high sense of humor he owed his ability as a story-teller, and, since people enjoyed his stories, he had early learned to speak easily and fluently in public.

Last of all was displayed that steadfastness of character that directed his vision and turned his arm to his task. Touched kindly by the gloom of disappointment, it softened the ruggedness of his nature and constituted his passport to the hearts of men.

And yet he was always "simple Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary," as we all know him. Further, in the words of one of his biographers, "let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes without worrying ourselves about the proportion it may bear to other niches, and there let him remain forever, lonely as in his strong lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured and unsolved."

# The Brotherly Way

BLANCHE WRAY, '10.

On the broad highway of living,  
As you journey day by day,  
Speak a cheering word to some one,  
It will help him on his way.

If you see him struggling onward,  
Smile in greeting. Like the dew,  
It will make his pathway fairer,  
And will mean much more to you.

Just a word but kindly spoken  
Cheers a solitary life.  
It may be you'll need a kind word  
Ere you conquer in the strife.

---

# Approach of Spring

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

The wind sighs gently thro' the trees,  
Faint echoes wake with ev'ry breeze  
And lispings of the tiny wren  
Come, of spring down in the glen.

The violet creeps from out her lair  
Into the glorious sun's bright glare;  
And over in yon flower bed,  
The crocus lifts its cup-like head.

The chorus from the pond sounds clear,  
As from afar it greets the ear.  
Earth's thousand voices drifting by  
Proclaim to us that spring is nigh.

# Pat Morgan's Waterloo

MARY RUFFIN GREEN.

The gong in the Hamilton school sounded for dismissal, and was followed by the usual outpouring of children with their chatter and noise.

"We got a new teacher! We got a new teacher!" chorused the excited pupils of room five as they made a soldier-like exit with the others.

Immediately they were surrounded by a group of interested boys and girls from other forms who covered them with questions. In the confusion which followed from trying to answer several questions at the same time Miss Nancy, of the eighth grade, who wore an accordion-plaited skirt to school every day, made herself heard above the rest.

"What does she look like?" she asked pointedly.

Several little girls tried to answer, but Amy, the immensity of whose butterfly bows made her authority on matters of appearance, waived them aside.

"W'y, she looks somethin' like the lady what used to keep the lunch counter at the station, only teacher, she's kind o' thin and she's got blue eyes 'stead o' brown, an' her hair ain't black like that lady's, but kind o' slate-colored, an' she don't wear no rats an'"—

"An' she ain't got no dimunt ring, neither!" broke in Gladys, pityingly.

"But she's got a green silk waist, just like my ma," interrupted another whose mother was the acknowledged leader of styles in the town.

"An' she hath a buckthel on the fronth of her belth an' one on the backth," lisped Annie. The failure of Annie's eyes to "track" probably accounted for the complete inventory she had taken of teacher's appearance.

Meanwhile an interested group of boys had gathered around Pat Morgan. Pat enjoyed the honor of being the incorrigible of the school. Pat's former teacher, with the combined help of Pat's mother and father (sometimes), the principal, the officer on truancy and the janitor, had succeeded in reducing Pat to a state of brow-beaten subordination. Now a grin, which "out-Heroded" all the known "Herods," illumined his freckled face clear up to his stubby hair, as he strode proudly among his admiring friends and delivered his ultimatum thus:

"Gee, but she's easy! She ain't goggled-eyed like old Biffkins was, always watchin' a fellow to see what he is a doin'. This un's a peach! She don't hear nuthin'! Here's where Pat Morgan studies hard, nit! From this time on I has a grand good time, and don't you fergit it! It's me for the gay life. D'yer hear?" And Pat tapped his chest significantly as he swaggered up the alley toward his home.

And Pat kept his word. He not only refrained from study, but he made it impossible for those around him to study. Miss Morris, who had met Pat's type before in her varied experiences, went blissfully about her work as if Pat's disgraceful behavior were not worth the notice. The other children were simply amazed, and even Pat himself was puzzled at his license. It was too good to believe. Boldly he ran the whole gamut of misdemeanor incident to school—slipping his feet under his desk heavily when any one walked across the room, rattling his inkwell top with exasperating regularity, banging upon each seat as he passed down the aisle, pulling down the shades as he passed the windows, filling his pen with ink and spattering it on the floor in a semi-circle of mournful-looking blotches.

Thus the week passed. By Friday afternoon Pat had very nearly exhausted his resources in the way of amusements. Somehow he couldn't understand Miss Morris. She was so unlike any other teacher he had ever seen or heard of. To tell the truth, he was really beginning to think she was no good, else why didn't she make him behave?

When the gong rang for dismissal, Pat threw his books in his desk, preparatory to making a hasty and unencumbered departure. "Pat Morgan and Hugh Smith may remain after school," announced Miss Morris, quietly. "The others may go."

Pat could hardly believe his ears. He could only stare and wonder, too astonished to notice the significant winks and nods of his departing classmates. Of course being retained was nothing new, but from the gentle teacher he could hardly believe it.

Outside the building a group of his intimate friends idly speculated on what would happen to Pat, and the result was a decision to wait until he came out and get the story from the hero himself.

Twenty minutes went by, thirty, forty, a whole hour, and then the door slowly opened and Hugh Smith came out on tiptoe.

"Where's Pat?" "What's she doin' to him?" "What are you so easy and quiet about?" were some of the eager questions that greeted him.

Hugh rose to the occasion :

"Say, fellers," he began in an impressive whisper, "I couldn't tell you in a week all she's done to Pat! I wouldn't a'missed it for ten dollars!"

"What'd she do? G'won an' tell us!"

"D'ye remember seein' her a writin' in that big book sometimes? She's got all our names in it, an' she marks down ever'thing we've done durin' the week, an' not only what we've done, but the day an' the hour an' the minute we done it. Well, sir, she's got two whole pages agin Pat. Yes, I seen 'em. She says kinder soft and firm-like, 'Now, Patrick, at 9:25 on Monday morning you scraped your feet noisily under your desk. It was very annoying,' she says, 'and I don't want it to ever happen again. So you may scrape your feet now for ten minutes, which I hope will last you the rest of school.' Well, old Pat he acted sort o' stubborn an' said he wouldn't do it. An' nen you ought to a seen her eyes. You ain't never seen fire yet. She pointed her finger straight at Pat an' she says real low an slow-like, 'You scrape your feet!!' an' I'm here to tell you he scraped too. I tell you kids, I was scared stiff. I lit into that geography lesson an' learned how to spell every state in the Union an' its capital. E're once an' awhile Pat would slow up like he was goin' to stop an' she'd say, 'Go on!' He sure went on. When the ten minutes was up she made him promise he'd never do it again, an' then she took up something else fer him to do for the next ten minutes. He's jumped an' banged desks an' hopped, an' squatted an' flapped window shades, an' when I left she had him a scrapin' up the ink by his desk with a piece o' glass an' singin' *do, re, me*, up the scale, at the same time. Once I heard her tell the janitor that she wasn't sure that she would go home tonight, as it was all owin' to when Pat got his work done. The last I heard was old Pat a snivelin' an' tryin' to sing at the same time, an' a scrapin' away to beat the band!"

Hugh had just paused to enjoy the effect of his story upon his hearers when some one yelled, "*Jiggers!*" A sound as of some one beating a carpet rather vigorously came from the schoolroom. Was Pat obstinate again, or was he only in another form of continuing his own punishment? Only conjecture could answer.

An hour later the door opened once more and out came Miss Morris, followed by a cowed, tear-stained lad, who was hardly recognizable as the Pat Morgan from whom they had parted over an hour ago.



One glance told Pat that his friends knew it all and his limp spirit rose. It was all right with teacher, but his friends mustn't crow. He quickly mapped out his plan to spoil Hugh's story and to save his "honor." He sprang to Miss Morris' side and touched his cap politely: "May I carry your books to the street car for you?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," answered Miss Morris sweetly.

The boys stood for a moment speechless, looking foolishly after the departing couple.

As Miss Morris climbed into the car with Pat's help, she said cheerily: "Don't forget to study your lessons for Monday, Patrick."

"No ma'm, I wont ferget!" answered Pat, respectfully, as the car shot away.

The next thing Hugh knew he was picking himself up from the sidewalk and some one was saying: "You big liar, you, I've a notion to punch your face into the middle of next week."

But Pat had learned not to disturb school any more.

---

And he wondered what they'd say

When he died.

What the press would write about him!

What his friends would think about him!

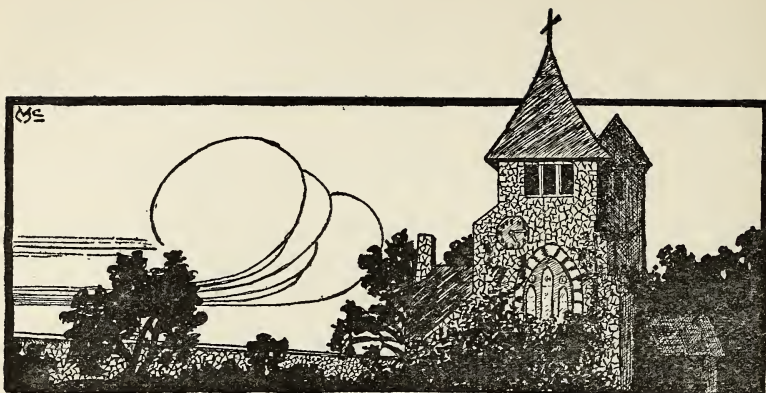
What the world would do without him!

When he died.

(But they didn't even know it

When he died.)

—Ex.



## Dick

GENEVA CHEATHAM, '09.

Brock had been wondering how he could recognize her. He had never seen her photograph and Dick's description was somewhat vague. But when the steamer drew slowly up to the dock he knew the girl instantly. Brock told himself that he recognized her by the roses that, at Dick's suggestion, he had sent down by the tug.

Suddenly her eyes met his, "Dick! oh, Dick!" she cried and threw him a rose. A downward rush from the decks of the big liner and in another instant Constance Conley had stepped ashore and was by his side.

"You are Brock, aren't you?" she asked with changing countenance. "How stupid you must have thought me! But you are so like your cousin, Dick, that I thought—. I was terribly disappointed when I got his flowers and note saying he could not meet me. You see we'd always counted so on this meeting—right here where I left him. I can't quite think of him as a business man. Is he so awfully busy?" she questioned. "I—. Honestly, I can't think of him in any way except as my football hero—mine and Yale's!"

"Great Heavens!" thought Brock, "doesn't she know? Hasn't Dick told her?"

The transfers were made and the train that was to bear her on

was expected. Brock suddenly bethought him of a letter from Dick that would interest her. He felt for it in his pocket, but withdrew his hand hastily. If she did not know what had happened to Dick, and evidently she did not, she must not see that letter.

The fair girl informed Brock how angry her aunt was because she wanted to go at once to Dick's home. "She has scolded continually. But I haven't seen him in two years and he seems so to want me to come. 'Straight from the steamer,' he said over and over again in his letters. Well, Dick always does have what he wants, doesn't he?"

"I haven't thanked you for these roses," she continued, without waiting for his answer to her question. "Of course you sent them, but Dick thought of them. It was dear of him to remember that I loved this kind. Awful things for a Yale man to have to send to his fiancée, aren't they?"

Brock pulled himself together enough to echo her laugh, but questions were surging through his brain. What had Dick been thinking of? Why had he left the girl so long in absolute ignorance of what had happened?

When Constance saw that she was no longer holding her companion's attention she stopped her babble and said, "Won't you talk, please? I have been talking steadily since I met you. Tell me something about Dick? Does he look older? Is he changed? Is he big and fine as ever? He was terribly ill last fall, wasn't he? It was so strange, too, that it should come just after the last big game of the year. I would have come to him then, but he didn't want me to, so I didn't."

Twice Brock had said good-bye and still Constance was talking. "If I find Dick changed in any way——." But the train had started and he caught no more.

It was Dick's mother who met the travel-worn girl in Chicago—Dick's mother, whom she had seen only twice before. Deeply hurt and heart-sore at her lover's neglect, she looked at the woman with almost hostile eyes.

"Is it very hard for you to see him?" the mother asked in a gentle way.

"Hard for me to see him!" she answered. "It seems to be impossible for him to see me!" She did not see the look of pain that passed over the older woman's face.

Constance did not know! Dick had not told her! And yet Dick said he had told all that was necessary.

Dick was not even at the threshold of his home to meet her, nor yet was he at the library door. He was, apparently, not at home. Striving to control her tears, desperately anxious that no one should see how deeply she was hurt, she stood in the door of the library—the library Dick had so often described to her, with its chairs and tables and book just as he had told her. Under the massive mantel a low fire smoldered and in front of this was a high-backed couch. She did not remember the couch. She even wondered why Dick had not told her of it. And then, from somewhere, from somewhere that seemed very far away, Dick's voice rose: "Constance!"

And Constance hardly knew her own answering cry: "Dick! oh, Dick! where are you?"

In some way she reached the couch, in some way she circled it, in some way she fell on her knees beside it, beside Dick, Dick broken and crippled, Dick a wreck of a hero, Dick a wreck of a man!

---

## The Valentine

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

It is a little valentine,  
All yellowed now with age,  
So old and worn you scarce can read  
The words upon the page:

"You are my lady and I pledge  
To be your knight, and true,  
Through all the years, O lady fair,  
To love you, only you."

This was the message that it brought  
So many years ago;  
The chestnut locks of those bright days  
Are now as white as snow.

But though long years have passed away,  
Those two hearts still are true,  
And still the valentine sings on,  
"Love you, only you."



## The True Spirit

AMY WINSTON, '10.

By the strangest coincidence Jack and Jean had the same birthday. It was the afternoon before an anniversary of it and Jean had not determined how to spend that five dollars for Jack's gift. She was a thrifty, painstaking little wife and had managed to save that sum by the strictest economy in her housekeeping. Jack worked hard and was gentle and good to her and she loved him and longed with all her heart to give him what she knew he most desired, a chain for his watch. She was not willing to give him any except the best and that would take at least twenty-five dollars. Jack's watch was the pride of his heart. It was not only handsome, but an heirloom in his family.

Jean was a beautiful woman. Hers was a face that would attract you in a crowd. But her hair was the greatest asset to her beauty. It was the envy of all her friends and her one personal endowment that appealed to her own vanity. It hung below her knees and when she laundered it and hung it from her window to dry the neighbors peeped from theirs to admire it. She had arranged it most becomingly and now she must hasten down street to see about the gift and get home in time to prepare her sweetheart's supper.

On the way Jean saw from a shop window numerous puffs, switches and other hair goods of all kinds. A thought struck her that shook her slender frame, but she accepted its suggestion and rushed in. A stout German woman met her.

"Would you like to buy some hair?" Jean's heart was almost still.

"Let me see it."

Out came the pins, down fell the beautiful hair.

"What will you take for it?"

"How much will you give?"

"Twenty dollars."

The chain the little martyr coveted was bought and the supper ready. The short hair was curled with tongs and Jean happily, but with great uncertainty, awaited the coming of her husband. Soon she heard his step and almost aloud she prayed, "Oh, God! make him think me pretty without my hair!"

"Jack," she cried, "don't you like me? Speak to me! Surely you love me without my hair as much as you did with it! Don't look so strange! Come Jack, I sold it to get you a chain for your watch. Give me the watch and I'll put it on for you. Where is it, Jack?"

Jack's voice sounded strangely far away in reply.

"I've sold it, Jean, to buy you these tortoise shell combs for your hair."

---

You can ride a horse to water,  
But you cannot make him drink.  
You can ride a trusty pony,  
But you cannot make him think.

[The Latin teacher's exhortation to the Senior class.]

—Ex.

---

(The TENTH grade's advice to the *lower* classes):

Vex not thou the Seniors' mind  
With thy shallow wit:  
Vex not thou the Seniors' mind  
For thou can'st not fathom it!

# My Vision

ISAAC R. STRAYHORN.

"Forward! Forward!" cried the commander as the music of Dixie was struck. Then came a wild shout that shook the hills as I sat upon my steed on a high knoll. I could see the armies in motion. "Forward! Forward!" again was the cry and "Charge!" Then the great General with his heart the field of war led his men against the foe. Sabers gleamed, half drawn, from scabbards. Muskets spake the awful monosyllable and in the far distance I could hear the roar of artillery. Men sped across the field and I prayed that God would save them from the ranks of the dead.

Just then I cast my eyes to the North. It seemed that all nature was shrouded. The moon shrank away in the heavens and the sun himself paled in the darkness. Then I sought in my soul this simple plea, that God would save Lee from death and despair. Even my steed seemed to kneel and pray, while the artillery sounded and the noise of battle raged.

Then the clouds lifted, the darkness fled away and the sun dropped his gold in the valley and I saw smitten with the storm the figure of Lee.

He was walking to and fro;  
Soon to Appomattox he must go.

His long gray hairs were given to wind,  
His once full ranks were battle-thinned.

Again I prayed, my soul in the prayer,  
"Save him from death, Lord, he knows despair."



Not that the Editor of this magazine would presume to dictate to his fellow students or attempt to play the role of instructor, yet the MESSENGER, through him as mouthpiece, should voice the highest sentiments and the highest ideals of the student body. We feel that there are yet a few faults that we, as students, might easily correct, and by doing so bring the High School a little nearer perfection. No institution can be greater than the ideals and dreams of its faculty, which are materialized in the student life. Realizing this it would be well for us to consider what expression our daily lives are giving to the fondest hopes of those who are laboring in our behalf from day to day. It is their desire to make of us the very best we are capable of becoming, to instill into our lives those things that tend to lift us to a higher plane and place us on the vantage-ground of our possibilities.

Taken as a whole our record is good—our scholarship above the average and our conduct as a rule commendable—but even then are we turning out that high grade of work possible to us with such excellent equipment? Not until every student is passing on his work and our Principal no longer compelled to read out in chapel each week a list of those who have failed, have we attained unto that which the faculty and the parents have a right to expect of us. Not until we can conduct ourselves in such manner as to be above the reproach of a teacher or the constraint of a visit to the office have we that character or self-control that is the chief end of our education.



Students, let us appreciate our circumstances as we go forward in the spring term, and with the high standard that is ever held up to us, let us so regulate the life of the student body as to make the work at all times a pleasure to our instructors. Then the dreams of our dear old mother—our Alma Mater—may be realized in our lives. Soon we shall leave her. Our stay under her care is very short, and it would be a source of much regret to us in our after-life to hear her say: "Oh! boys, Oh! girls, 'How often would I . . . but ye would not.'"

---

The organization of the Current News Club in the High School is due to the energetic efforts of a few faithful students. These are the students who are putting something into the life of the school, and we see for them a reward for their labor in the success and the good that promises to come from this phase of the school work.

This organization offers new opportunities for the student to keep himself informed on the current happenings of the day—national, international, state and local. The hour spent every Friday evening in discussing the principal events of the week from the whole world is very interesting and well used.

It is well worth while for a student to spare a few minutes each week in keeping himself in touch with the current history of the world. While we spend hours in studying the problems of the nations a century ago, we know comparatively nothing of those that are confronting even our own at present. Every boy in the High School should be glad of an opportunity of this kind and connect himself with the Club and its work. Don't be foolish enough to want a personal invitation. Do something voluntarily sometime and see how you feel. The Club is meant for your benefit and if you slight its advantages you are the loser.

---

On February 26th our debating society will have its first opportunity this year to win honors for itself and for the school. There has been much preparation for this debate, in the preliminary contest for which Zeb. V. Roberson and Elbert Chappell were selected to represent us. We feel safe in having these two young men to defend the white and gold for old D. H. S. With Chappell's eloquence and Roberson's reasoning and convincing argument we have nothing to fear and all to hope.

# The Basketball Club

The basketball girls are still at work, and instead of growing tired and losing interest, they are becoming more enthusiastic and are working even harder than at the first of the year. It is very gratifying to note that the girls of the High School realize that a strong, healthy body is, in a sense, the most essential thing in life. No one can picture a sadder sight than a bright and valuable young mind hampered, disabled, and almost totally destroyed by a weak body. To accomplish our highest ideals we must be strong and well developed physically. It is certainly creditable to any institution when the girls thereof realize that there is something more valuable to them than to have their nails most beautifully manicured and polished, their hands as dainty as a little baby's and as soft and white as down, their faces as spotless as the snow, or all in all, pretty wiles and sweet looks. For the D. H. S. girls this ideal is going out of style.

A tournament was arranged for the club in which the ninth and the tenth and the seventh and the eighth grade teams played each other. The teams scoring the most in these two games played for the championship.

On January 27th the ninth and tenth grade teams met in a close game.

The line-up was as follows:

Ninth.		Tenth.	
Amy Winston.....	R. F. ....	Carrie Noell	
Lucy Stokes.....	L. F. ....	Blanch Herndon	
Emma Noell.....	C. ....	Gladys Taliferro	
Laura Tillett.....	S. C. ....	Mary Ruffin Green	
Lizzie Whitaker.....	G. ....	Nancy Renn	
Daisy Herndon.....	G. ....	Mary Alice Bass	

Officials—Mr. Bryan, Elise Lloyd, Mary Hooker.

Score—First half: Tenth, 7; Ninth, 3. Second half: Tenth, 1; Ninth, 5. Extra half: Tenth, 0; Ninth, 4.

On February 2nd there was a very interesting game between the seventh and eighth grade teams.

The line-up was as follows:

Eighth.		Seventh.	
Natalie Tuck.....	F.	.....	Mary Hooker
Janet Mason.....	F.	.....	Lessie King
Lillian Fuller.....	C.	.....	Gene Montgomery
Elise Lloyd.....	S. C.	.....	Roxie Riley
Hallie Lea.....	G.	.....	Mildred Muse
Margaret McGary.....	G.	.....	Mary Berry

Officials—Mr. Campbell, Mr. Green, Carrie Noell, Nancy Renn.

Score—First half: Eighth, 7; Seventh, 3. Second half: Eighth, 5; Seventh, 0.

On February 3rd the two winning teams, the ninth and eighth, played the decisive game.

Line-up:

Ninth.		Eighth.	
Lucy Stokes.....	F.	.....	Margaret McGary
Amy Winston.....	F.	.....	Natalie Tuck
Emma Noell.....	C.	.....	Lillian Fuller
Laura Tillett.....	S. C.	.....	Elise Lloyd
Lizzie Whitaker.....	G.	.....	Janet Mason
Daisy Herndon.....	G.	.....	Hallie Lea

Officials—Mr. Green, Mr. Campbell, Carrie Noell, Mary Ruffin Green.

Score—First half: Eighth, 7; Ninth, 0. Second half: Eighth, 4; Ninth, 2.

After the game a large pennant was presented to Capt. Elise Lloyd and her well trained team. All of the teams played well and deserve to be congratulated. Very many of the High School girls witnessed these games.

We trust that the girls will work steadily on and keep up their present record.



MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

The Poet's Club has been meeting regularly in the magazine room, and criticising and improving the work of some of the members. Faulty meter and selection of words receive a great deal of attention and each one is at liberty to give his or her opinion upon anything found in the poem which seems to require altering. The suggestions are kindly given and are usually acted upon by the author.

Occasionally a new member is added and we are very glad to receive these among us. At a recent meeting, our former secretary having resigned, Miss Blanch Wray was elected as her successor.

We hope that with the coming of spring, which is the poet's season, our youthful poets may receive new inspiration and give us a great deal of work to consider for the use of our magazine.

# Current Events' Club

N. T. R., '09.

The Current Event Club was organized January 15, 1909. There were present at the first meeting about twenty members. Since then some have been added at every meeting. The object in view is to keep in touch with the news of importance all over the world and to keep up with progress throughout the whole nation.

From time to time the program is varied by discussing a subject of great importance, such as the anniversaries of prominent men like Poe, Lee, Jackson and Lincoln.

At the first meeting the Club was organized and the following officers were elected:

President, Zeb. Roberson; Vice-President, Carrie Noell; Secretary and Treasurer, Elbert Chappell; Faculty Manager—Mr. C. M. Campbell.

The following editors for the year were elected at the second meeting:

Foreign editor, Mary R. Green; National editor, Robert Murray; State editor, Berry Ashby; Local editor, Chas. Matthews.

These editors collect the news appointed to them each day and exchange with the other editors and in this way every one has the opportunity to read these clippings if they have not already done so.

At the close of each week the news is summarized by certain members of the Club appointed by the President.

Every one seems interested and we hope much good may be realized.



Laura Augusta Tillett, '10.

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society has not been idle during the past month, but has studied some very great characters. On March the 6th we will celebrate our first anniversary, and as we look back on our first year, we feel that we have accomplished as much as any society could have done under like circumstances. The roll now consists of thirty-five members and is gradually increasing.

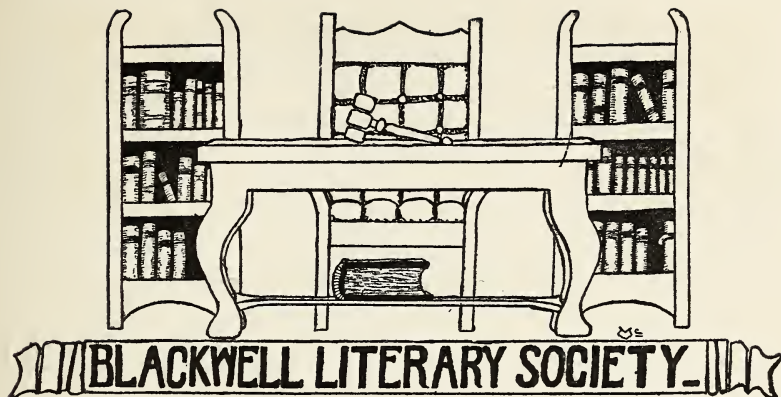
During the past month we have had our program as nearly as possible in keeping with the birthdays of different literary men. On Saturday, the 23rd of January, this being four days after Poe's centenary, we studied his life and works. A sketch of his life by one of the girls was very interesting and we all enjoyed the poems and prose selections. Every member present answered the second roll-call with a quotation from him.

Robert Burns was the topic for Saturday, January 13th. We studied him in our usual manner.

On the 6th of February Mr. Campbell spoke to us on Queen Victoria. Not only did we gain knowledge concerning the Queen's noble life from his words, but they were an inspiration to all of us. It was an excellent address and we thank him for giving us so much of his valuable time.

We devoted the next Saturday to a study of Charles Dickens. The program was unusually long and especially good, and everyone gave a reason for admiring him.

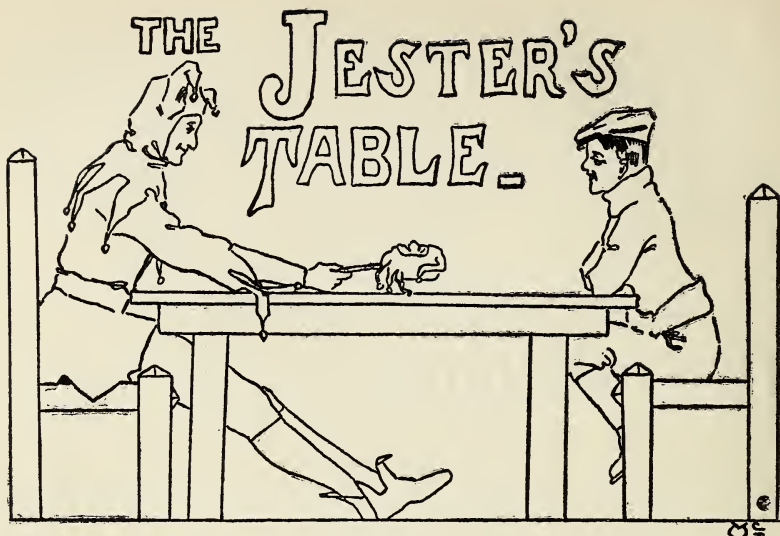
We greatly appreciate the pennants which former members have presented to us and by next year we hope to have a prettily decorated hall.



At the meeting of this society on February 12th the preliminary of the debate with East Durham was held. This debate will take place in the chapel hall of the Durham High School on the night of February 26th.

All the boys who entered the preliminary showed a great deal of preparation and thorough knowledge of the question. From the four who entered this preliminary Elbert Chappell and Zeb. Roberson were chosen to represent our side of the question. Both of these are very capable speakers and will be sure to put up a fine argument. With our side in the hands of these two we need have no fear concerning the outcome.

Sometime ago this Society challenged the debating society of the Greensboro High School for a debate, but they declined to debate us. So, as it has always been our custom to have an inter-school debate with some other high school society, a committee was appointed to challenge the Goldsboro High School Debating Society. Recently the chairman of this committee received word from that society, saying that they would accept the challenge. They submitted the following query: "Resolved, That the Japanese should be allowed the rights and privileges of citizenship in the United States." This debate will be held in Durham some time in the spring.



### THE FLATTERER.

"So he praised my singing, did he?"

"Yes, he said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly, but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Lightibus outibus in parlorum,  
 Boyibus kissibus sweeti girlorum;  
 Dadibus hearibus loudie smackorum;  
 Comibus quickabus with a cluborum,  
 Boyibus gettibus hardi spankorum,  
 Landibus nextibus outside dorum;  
 Gettibus upibus with a limporum;  
 Swearibus kissibus girli nomorum.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

"How long does the Vice-President serve, pa?"

"Four years, my son."

"Doesn't he get anything off for good behavior?"—Ex.



IMPATIENT SUSIE.

"Oh, I can't thread this needle, ma,"

Was little Susie's cry;

"Just as the thread is going through,

The needle winks its eye."

—W. H. C.

\* \* \*

"What is the meaning of 'fake doctrine?'"

School Boy—"Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to the people who are sick."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Mr. Tillett wishes to announce through these columns that he will exchange for every kitten brought him one setting of the very finest eggs—almost any kind save game. See him—immediately.

\* \* \*

Sunday School Teacher—"What is an espistle, Willie?"

Willie—"I don't know, ma'am, unless its the wife of an apostle."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Max—"I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster."

Edward—"That's nothing; my sister got a diamond necklace out of a lobster."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Housekeep—"Jane, are the eggs boiling?"

Jane (late of Boston)—"Most assuredly not, madam. I may safely say, however, that the water is in which they are immersed."—P. P.

\* \* \*

The eighth grade, beholding their pennant:

"We are kings of all we survey;

Our rights there is none to dispute."

The consolation to the ninth,

"Not to the strong is the battle."

\* \* \*

Jiggs—"Oh! well, everybody has his ups and downs."

Briggs—"That's right. Just at present I'm pretty low down because I'm hard up."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Miss W. (in 1B)—"Read your composition on A Queer Person."

Margaret Turner—"A queer person is a queer thing.

### A NEAR-RIGHT ANSWER.

A Brooklyn teacher called upon a small boy to define "multitude."  
"A multitude," said the boy, "is what we get when we multiply."—Ex.

\* \* \*

### A SOLUTION OF THE QUESTION.

Strams—"I'm in a great quandary what to do with that boy of mine. I must put him to work at something; he's leading such a fast life."

Putts—"Why not make a messenger boy of him?"—Ex.

\* \* \*

### FEMININE FIGURES.

Arithmetic 'tis well to shun,  
Of puzzle it has plenty;  
For instance, I was twenty-one  
When Madge was sweet and twenty.

Old time, as fast the seasons flow,  
Worked on me with his leaven;  
I felt the weight of thirty-two  
When Madge was twenty-seven.

The marvel grew to huge estate,  
Madge proved of time so thrifty,  
Remaining simple thirty-eight  
Long after I turned fifty.

My brain is plunged in awful whirls  
By mathematics' rigors,  
And who shall now maintain that girls  
Have no control of figures?

—S. P.

\* \* \*

### NO REST ON EARTH.

Perambulating Pete—"Tim, don't yer wish yer lived in the tropics, where yer could set under a cocoanut tree an' have de ripe nuts fall right at yer feet?"

Tie-pass Tim—"Naw; who'd crack the nuts for me?"—C. L.

### SOLEMN FACTS.

Now this here thing we call a joke—  
There's lots of folks can make one,  
But fewer far  
Them humans are  
With sense enough to take one.

—B. A.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bronson—"How was it that Archimedes discovered his famous principle while in his bath?"

Innocent Student—"He noticed that his body became lighter."—Ex.

\* \* \*

### BIG UNDERTAKING.

Orator—"Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Farmer Foddershucks (in a stage whisper)—"My land! Merici, let's git out o' here. He's a-goin' ter start in on the dictionary."

\* \* \*

### PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"He said, I did not have sense enough to come in out of the rain."

"Well?"

"Well, you're my lawyer, aren't you? What do you advise me to do?"

"Buy an umbrella."



# GENTLE KNOCKS

Wanted—A return ticket to China—"Chink" Scoggins.

Wanted—Everybody to know that *I* am going to Chapel Hill—Placide Kramer.

Wanted—A cure for fighting—Ernest Jones.

Wanted—More time added to all periods for the benefit of Lida Vaughan and Carrie Noell—4A.

Wanted—Some more rats—Annie Owens and Lucile Hundley.

Wanted—Three policemen armed with guns, pistols, swords, brass-knucks, etc., to keep the last period on Friday in Mr. Tillett's room.

Wanted—A gentle reminder—Willie Cox.

Lost—A priceless *Ruby*. The finder will please return to Bruce Mason.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—The high notes of the chapel choir.

Lost—A few years of my age since entering the High School—Ola Cole.

Found—Three of a kind—(Gladys, Willie, Mary Louise).

Found—Niobe II—Elies Lloyd.

Found—By Carrie Noell, two beautiful brown eyes in the 1B. They can't be returned.

Found—The eighth wonder of the world (a girl that was never known to speak in school)—Susie Markham.



The Davidson College Magazine comes to our exchange table with the usual promptness. It is in every respect a good number. Especially does the literary department deserve favorable comment since the variety in the subject-matter will suit all classes of readers. The prize essay, "The Material Versus the Spiritual," sets forth the practical problem of today—the marvelous growth of things material and the peril that threatens our modern life. "Why We Should Protect Our Forests" deals with a question of present-day interest. The piece is clearly written and is highly readable. Another notable virtue of this issue is a number of poems of good length.

The January number of the Spike has just reached us. We have watched this magazine closely and note with pleasure some improvement, but we observe still a manifest lack in the literary department. We also notice the lack of an exchange department.

The Athenian is quite fortunate in having such a great amount of literary material. This shows a great school spirit and we are glad to commend so good a feature of the magazine.

We believe that the St. Mary's Muse might secure more material than it has in its last issue, for it leaves to the reader a feeling

of disappointment because of the lack of a sufficient number of contributions.

In addition to the magazines mentioned, we are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: The High School Enterprise, The Courier, The Radiant and The High School Student.

---

## Alumni Notes

The pupils of the High School and the community in general will be interested in a list of the names of the graduates of the school. We are beginning the list below, and will complete it in the next issue of the magazine:

Miss Katie Cox, Miss Etta Fanning, Miss Marion Fuller, Miss Anna Belle McGary, Miss Jessie Lewellin, Charles A. W. Barham, Miss Sallie Halliburton, Miss Della Reams, Miss Josie Seeman, J. N. W. Latta, S. H. Reams, Hal. J. Durham, Miss Lena Harden, Miss Verlester Rhodes, Miss Mary Sims, Miss Virgie Tingen, Charles Styron, William Darnall, Fred A. Green, Miss Nellie Fuller, Miss Rachel Sims, Herbert Newton, Mallie King, Wesley Cheek, Needham Couch, Thomas B. Christian, Miss Hattie Freeland, Miss Cora Ramsey, Winston Rogers, Miss Jessie Woodward, Miss Daisy Adams, Miss Bessie Mooring, Miss Ada Hanks, Miss Rosa Holloway, Miss Addie Ramsey, Miss Bessie Battle, Miss Nellie Bernard, Miss Eve Carlton, Miss Rosa Hamilton, Miss Mary Harris, Miss Kate Styron, Edward P. Carr, William J. Christian, Ernest J. Green, Miss Julia Faucette, Miss Blanche Ferrell, Miss Minnie Happer, Miss Eugenia Patterson, Miss Pauline Ramsey, Fred G. Battle, Luther Carlton, Miss Bessie Whitaker, Samuel Darnall, Marshall Happer, Miss Lenore Barham, Miss Ada Brown, Miss Alice Holman, Miss Rosa Lee, Miss Bertha McClees, Miss Bessie Potter, Miss Lizzie Taylor, Miss Ruth Toms, Herman Hornthal, Miss Linnie Watts, Miss Bessie Woodson, John Carr, William Dowd, Miss Eva Barbee, Miss Irene Barbee, Miss Kempe Carlton, Miss Lina Faucette, Miss Rosa Freeland, Miss Maud Morgan, Miss Ellen Saunders, Miss Jennie Tinnen, Harry Jordan, William Saunders.

# Special to the Students of the Durham High School

If You Want the Very Latest Style Pic-  
tures Taken at Low Rates, Come to

**HITCHCOCK STUDIO** Opp. Court House  
211 1-2 E. Main St.

We are making PHOTOGRAPHS from \$1.00 up to  
\$35.00 per dozen. We will give to the Students a  
special discount of 25 per cent. on all **Cabinet** and  
**Group** work from now until May 30, 1909. . . .

*ALL WORK GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY*

---

## LOLA M. KIRKLAND

Successor to MRS. J. SMITH

# Fancy Millinery

---

---

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SALESFLOOR  
PATRONAGE SOLICITED

## Miracle Defined By a Little Tot

Here is a story worth telling. It is true and names are omitted only because there is no use to print them. It happened in Raleigh, North Carolina, and the place was Christ's Church. The Sunday School teacher had asked "What is a Miracle?" and finally a little tot who looked wise, and who had remembered, held up his hand.

The teacher asked him to tell her what was a miracle.

The little fellow replied: "Mamma says Gowan's Pneumonia Preparation is a miracle."

This happened. We only tell it to show wherein we have gained our popularity; our undoubted strength. Because we have the goods and because people who use the Preparation TELL OTHER PEOPLE.

That is the secret of our great success. Every Mother who has seen the magical power of Gowan's Preparation in extreme cases of Pneumonia, Colds and Croup, hastens to tell other mothers what it will do. It is external and the Mother values this above all other things. No danger of the drug habit—and no danger of death when Gowan's is applied in time. Buy a bottle to-day—to-day is the time. All druggists sell it—take no substitute. Three sizes.



**Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!! Eggs!!!!**

From the best strains of Silver Spangled Hamburgs, styled the "Everlasting Layers," and the most beautiful fowl of the poultry yard.

Blue Andalusians, the only fowl that wears our national colors, red, white and blue. Great layers.

Pure bred Brown Leghorns, the greatest layers on earth.

**ERNEST N. TILLET, Durham, N. C.**

## Dolian Harris

Fine Tailoring for  
Young Men

Suits from

**\$18.50 to \$50**

Over Haywood & Boone's  
Drug Store

## "Pure Drugs"

*Nunnally's Fine Candies*

Delicious Fountain Drinks

AT

## C. E. KING & SONS

Three Registered Druggists

224 W. Main

Phone 106



# W. H. ROGERS

## REAL ESTATE

5th FLOOR

LOAN AND TRUST BUILDING

*Everything in the latest style  
to be found in* **Millinery**

at

MRS. L. PERKINSON'S

127 E. Main Street

## L. B. MARKHAM

**Tailor-Made Suits, Shirts and Fancy Vests**

**"WE FIT THE HARD TO FIT"**

Over Durham Cigar Store Co.

209 1-2 W. Main Street

Durham, N. C.

# JONES & FRASIER

INCORPORATED

## Jewelers

Main Street

Durham, N. C.

Clothing for the Young Man.

Clothing for the School Boy.

THERE IS NO BETTER STORE THAN

## Sneed-Markham-Taylor Co.

for there it is one price to all, and you will fully appreciate our Children's clothes when you see your boy in one of our suits.

*The*  
**Royall & Borden Co.**

*SELL ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE  
AT REASONABLE PRICES.*

Main Steeet

Durham, N. C

---

When you can do so, patronize a specialist.

**SOUTHGATE & SON**

Have made a specialty of **Insurance** For over thirty years

---

**Five Points Drug Co.** *Drugs, Cigars and Soda Water*

Telephone No. 150

DURHAM, N. C.

---

**MATTHEWS BROS.** 114 Church Street  
Phone No. 516

For Typewriter Cleaning and Key Fitting to any kind  
of Locks.

...GO TO...

# FOWLER LIVERY AND LIVE STOCK CO.

FOR NICE TURNOUTS.

J. T. FOWLER, Manager

West Main Street

SEE

## Hibberd

For CUT FLOWERS, FLORAL  
DESIGNS and DECORATIONS

All Orders Promptly Filled

PHONE 236

## Buy COAL and WOOD FROM GEO. H. BEALL.

Satisfaction Guaranteed on Quality, Price and Service.

Phone No. 125

Yard Back of N. & W. Depot.

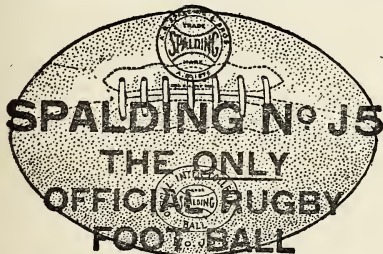
# The J. T. CHRISTIAN PRESS

Producers of the kind of *PRINTING* that brings the best results

Phone 559

109 Market St.

Durham, N. C.



## J. Henry Smith

Crockery, Fine China  
Cut Glass, Art Novel-  
ties, Silverware and  
Housefurnishing  
Goods. Headquarters  
for Birthday and Wed-  
ding Presents.



Spalding's  
Athletic Goods  
School Supplies  
Books and Sta-  
tionery,

# Taylor & Phipps Company

Hardware, Stores and Paints

Tin and Slate Roofers, Hot Air Heating,  
Cornice Workers.

*The*  
**Durham & Southern Ry.**

In connection with the Seaboard Air Line at  
Apex. Offers to the public the

Fastest Freight and Passenger Schedule

TO ALL POINTS IN THE

**South and Southwest**

Freight Service from NORTHERN and EASTERN CITIES  
unsurpassed

J. E. STAGG,  
Vice-Pres.

S. H. REAMS,  
Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt

Local Phone 249

---

**R. A. BODENHEIMER**  
**Practical Plumber**

**STEAM, & GAS & AND & HOT & WATER & FITTING**  
PHONE 695 FIVE POINTS

---

**L. C. RICHARDSON**

Heating and Plumbing

Contractor

Phone 246

211 E. Main Street

---

**MAIN STREET PHARMACY**

Opposite the Courthouse

**THE ALL NIGHT DRUG STORE**

---

*The Singer Sewing Machine Company*

**SINGER and WHEELER & WILSON MACHINES**

Supplies for all Machines

111 Market St.

Durham, N. C.

You are always next at the old reliable 10 chair barbershop which has been doing business for more than 30 years. This is now run by

## **Martin & Leach**

We have a full line of up-to-date barbers, who are polite and attentive to business. Names as follows:

MARTIN	HARGRAVES
LEACH	WARREN
THOMPSON	UMSTEAD;
HARGRAVES	THOMPSON
JEFFRIES	CLEMENTS

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

We are yours as above

---

**Headquarters** for school teachers or pupils. For boy's and girls' school hose. Special numbers every day in the year at 15c per pair. For boys' and girls' school umbrellas, a splendid Gloria silk, rustless frame umbrella, always in stock for real service **99c** at.....

**ELLIS, STONE & COMPANY**

---

**S. M. SNIDER** Successors to  
SNIDER, BYRD & CO

**JEWELERS**

Special Attention Given to Repairing

116 W. Main St.

Durham, N. C.

---

**Go To Parker's Drug Store**

For Pure Drugs, Fine Cigars, and Tobaccos

Phone No. 283

Opposite Postoffice

17  
(NC)

THE  
**DURHAM ART SHOP**

---

**PICTURES AND FRAMES**

---

**OVER KING'S DRUG STORE**

---

Young Men and Boys will find a large selection of

***CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS***

---

AT

**T. J. Lambe Sons & Company**

---

**DR. A. P. READE**

**DENTIST**

OFFICE 211 1-2 E. MAIN ST.

OFFICE PHONE 622

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

RESIDENCE 837

B. N. DUKE, Pres.  
F. L. FULLER Vice-Pres.

# The High

Durham

---

CAPITAL . . . .  
SURPLUS . . . .  
TOTAL RESOURCES

Largest Surplus of

---

SAVINGS I

\$1.00 and upwards taken an

---

PHO

# The Holl

## High-class

---

SCHOOL GROU

Opposite

Amateur Developing

WELLIE GLASS, Hi

# FEB

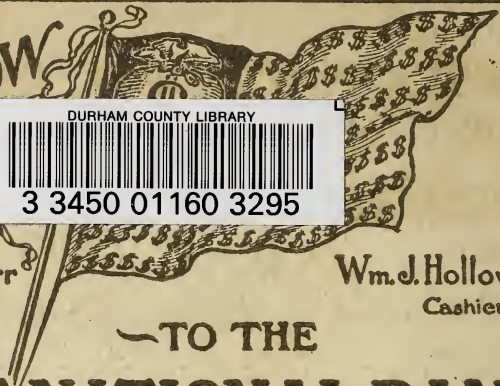
# 1909

---

---



# FOLLOW



Julian S. Carr  
President.

Wm. J. Holloway  
Cashier.

— TO THE

# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

THE BANK OF THE TOWN

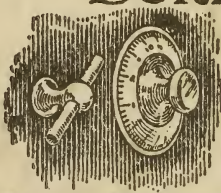
We Strive to Oblige and Accomodate the PUBLIC

**4% SAVINGS  
DEPARTMENT**

We Issue Certificates of Deposit  
bearing FOUR percent Interest


**\$1.00** opens You an Account

**SURE BIND**



**IS SURE FIND**

**SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT  
Burglar & Fire Proof VAULTS**

You Carry the 



We invite Your account and promise  
such care and personal attention as shall  
best protect and promote Your interest.



**We Know Your Wants  
and Want Your Business.**



1905  
V  
51