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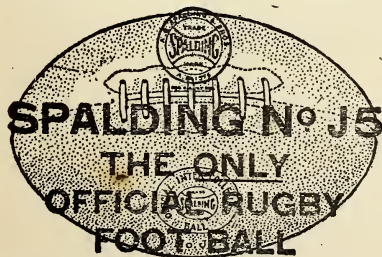
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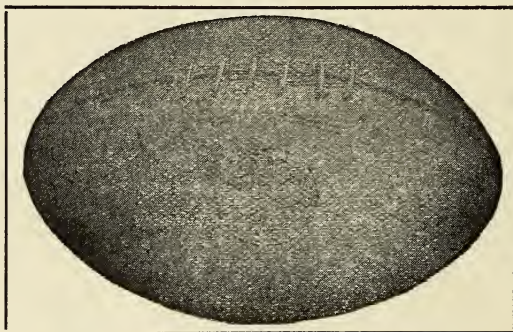
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SHORT CUTS  
that land you right in the midst of a  
FOOT BALL RUSH

**Durham Book & Stationery Co.**

112 W. MAIN STREET



# THE MESSENGER

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

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

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## CONTENTS

GEORGE WASHINGTON OF CHICKENDOM.....	
.....J. H. Thomson, '11	141
RESTLESSNESS (Poem).....	Mary Yeula Wescott, '10 142
A TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE.....	
.....Tempe Boddle, '10	143
THE SOIREE, (Poem) .....	Natalie H. Tuck, '11 146
FOUND.....	Illa Howerton, '10 148
A RHEUMATIC COMPLAINT (Poem).....	
.....Lynne Holcombe, '11	150
THE MYSTERY OF THE SILVER WATCH.....	
.....Samuel H. Jordan, '10	151
THE MODERN GEORGE.....	Mildred Muse, '11 153
HUMANITAS (Poem).....	Mamie Evie Morton, '10 15 <sup>4</sup>
AN ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES.....	Gordon M. Carver, '11 155
TRUST CRUSHED IN YOUTH (Poem) .....	
.....Preston Herschell Epps.	156
EDITORIALS.....	157
BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.....	159
McIVER LITERARY SOCIETY.....	160
THE GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY.....	Anna Lee Williams 161
THE JESTER'S TABLE.....	162
GENTLE KNOCKS.....	164
EXCHANGES.....	165

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## George Washington of Chickendom.

J. H. THOMSON, '11.

The barnyard one bright morning was a scene of the liveliest activity. All the fowls were engaged in a search for their morning meal in the usual way. Among them was an old patriarch, and his lineal descendant two generations renowned—George and Little George Washington. The old hero thought more of this one youngster than of any other thing in the world. So when the little gamester wanted to go off in search of adventure, the old sire would saunter along after him, muttering to himself in his pride, just as the lord of the barnyard will do. On this particular morning Old George saw that his tiny kinsman had found something, which had rolled a few inches out from a cozy corner among the boards, with which he did not know how to deal. Old George, according to his custom, very deliberately walked over to see what the new find was. But young George was impatient, and before his grandsire could arrive, vigorously pecked the object of interest—when presto! out popped a young chicken.

Old George arrived on the scene of action and inquired in his stately way, "George, my son, who did this?"

Little George, with tears in his eyes, replied, "Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it. I had to *hatch-it*."

"My son," said Old George, "come with me, I will make you president of all Chickendom."

# Restlessness.

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Oh, better than the life we are living now  
Is the dream of the life to be ;  
When we leave the port where our ships are moored,  
And sail for the open sea.

Out where the waves leap mountain high  
And the winds blow loud and strong ;  
Where the sails are wet by the dashing spray  
And the cordage creaks day long.

Out where the stormbirds shriek and call,  
And hover about the mast ;  
Where the sun is hid in a mist eclipse,  
And the gray clouds hurry past.

But those on shore who have sailed afar,  
Say tempt not the stormy main ;  
For none who venture upon its waves,  
Ever return again.

But we—Oh, we long for the mighty sweep  
Of the winds o'er the briny sea ;  
For if greater the dangers that lurk out there  
Then greater the joys must be.

And we fretfully wait on the peaceful shore,  
And long to sail far away ;  
Out where the winds blow wild and free,  
Into the fuller day.



## A Trip in an Aeroplane.

TEMPE BODDIE, '10.

"Why don't something happen so that we can have a good time!" said Gladys to her friend Mildred. "Our Christmas holidays are really tiresome!"

Gladys and Mildred were home from college. They both lived in a beautiful little town in the mountains of New York, and as they were the best of friends, they stayed together most of the time.

"We certainly have had the dullest time of our lives," Mildred declared.

"There goes that door-bell again. I won't answer it this time, for I have already been disappointed about twenty-five times this morning."

"A telegram for Miss Gladys," said the maid, entering. Gladys snatched it up and eagerly read it.

"Oh, Mildred! it is from Mary, and she is coming up here—Oh! do take it and read it. It seems too good to be true!"

This is what Mildred read: "Father successful with aeroplane. Want you and Mildred to take trip with us. Coming for you in auto at once."

"How perfectly grand!" cried Mildred. "It is ten o'clock now, and they will soon be here." Almost overcome with excitement, they immediately began to make preparations for going, and the time flew swiftly by. Mary was one of their best college friends, and lived on a large country estate not far away. Her father, who was young, was her chum when she was at home.

The visitors arrived in due time, and at two-thirty they left for Mary's home. The trip was short, but the girls enjoyed it immensely, and especially the night in the beautiful old home. Mary's father, Dr. Blackstone, took them to his shop and explained many interesting things about the aeroplane. He had made some fuel for it, that would enable him to make a trip of almost indefinite length. And most interesting of all, they—Dr. Blackstone and the three girls—were going to travel above the mountains next day. Wasn't it going to be a 'lark', and wouldn't the girls at college open their eyes when they were told about it? Thus jabbering and talking into the wee hours of the night, then dreaming of gliding in and out among the stars, and even flirting with the men on Mars, they spent the night before the wonderful adventure.

Next morning the girls were almost afraid to open their eyes, lest they should behold a rainy day. But the Fates were kind, and the weather perfect. They were not hungry that morning—no sir! time was too precious to waste at eating. Would Dr. Blackstone never be ready?

After what seemed ages to the girls, the aviator called, "All aboard!" and with the school-girl's love of the unusual, and lack of fear, they joyously climbed to their places. They held their breaths as he turned the lever and the machine began to soar—at first slowly, but gaining as they rose higher and higher. Overcome by the very joy and pleasure of it all they were silent for a time.

"Isn't it all a dream?" said Mildred, as the novelty wore off a little, and she found her voice.

"If so, 'tis the happiest I ever had!" cried Gladys. "I never knew until now just how an angel feels," she added, as they passed over a fleecy white cloud.

On and on they went, forgetful of cold or hunger, forgetful of the world which yesterday seemed so stupid, and mindful only of the scenery above the clouds, in the land of the sky, and feeling the wild joy of living. Thus passed the morning hours.

At length they had begun to descend to try to spy a suitable place

for lunch. "There it is, among those lovely trees," said Mary, and they all agreed. But Dr. Blackstone had begun to descend too rapidly, and before they knew what had happened, they struck the tall trees, and one of the wings was hung in the branches.

"Sit still, girls," said Dr. Blackstone, as he cautiously climbed to the top of the tree to unfasten it. But he had forgotten the delicate poise of the machine, for as his weight was taken off, the aeroplane rose again, leaving him in the tree, and the three girls alone in the airship.

It gradually ascended, and the poor girls were almost dead from fear, flying at such speed high above the mountains. Indeed, they knew not what to do. But when they had regained speech, which had deserted them at first, Gladys jumped up and cried, "Oh, what on earth shall we do!"

"None of us know how to stop it, and we shall keep on going for ever and ever!" gasped Mary; "Father put in lots of fuel."

Only Mildred seemed to have any control of herself. "Do sit down, you will unbalance it, and it might turn over!" she said. She was thinking rapidly. What could they do? The situation was getting exceedingly dangerous, for just before them was a dark snow-cloud, and the atmosphere was growing much colder.

"Oh!" said Mildred, "why did I lose my head and forget!" Remembering what Dr. Blackstone told her the day before, she went carefully to his place and turned a lever. The aeroplane turned so quickly it almost took her from her feet. There was still much danger for the aeroplane was violently swaying from side to side. The girls could hardly stay in their seats. But Mildred gained self-confidence and kept working till it was balanced again. Cautiously guiding the airship, they retraced their course to find Dr. Blackstone. He was just getting down from the tree, for it had all happened in a few minutes.

They had their lunch and Mildred was proclaimed the heroine of the day. Dr. Blackstone declared he would not be afraid to make many trips with such a level-headed young lady with him.

Gladys and Mildred had had enough excitement to last them the rest of the holidays.

---

# The Soiree.

NATALIE H. TUCK, '11.

Miss Meadow's lawn wuz ready  
'Gin de risin' o' de moon;  
All de critters wuz invited  
Fum de rabbit ter de coon.

In honor o' Miss Junie-bug,  
Miss Meadow's summer guest,  
Dis grand soiree wuz given,  
De bigges' an' de bes'.

De charmin' Missus Junie-bug  
Gwine ter leave dar purty soon,  
Dey wanter say adieu to 'er,  
Twell de comin' June.

De Messrs. Firefly Company  
Furnished de 'lectric light,  
A thousand bulbs wuz lighted,  
En 'spelled de shades ob night.

At las' upriz de moon,  
En she begun ter smile;  
Dar wuz all de critters  
Drest in dar ebenin' style.

Miss June-bug wuz de hans'mes'  
In dress o' brilliant green,  
De raccoon en de possum  
Dey voted her de queen.

De bar' he wore his beaver,  
His di'mon' studs en cane;  
On his arm hung Miss Babboon,  
Her style wuz sorter plain.



Bre'r Bull-frog came in swallow-tail,  
En wore his snow white ves';  
Miss Turtle say it seem  
He outdid all de res'.

De crickets in de ban'-stan'  
Struck up a lively tune,  
Den de leaders ob de party  
Hike out ter dancin' soon.

De scrapin' ob de fiddles,  
Hit started all de res';  
Er prize wuz ter be given  
Ter de one dat dance de bes'.

Bre'r Bar en Miss Babboon  
Danced de Highland fling,  
Dey no more en got started,  
When de goat come buttin' in.

'Tu'n yo' opp'site partners,  
Now de ladies chain,  
De gents tu'n ter de center,  
Er prize yo' gwinter gain.'

Miss Cricket wuz de lucky one  
Ter win de highes' prize,  
De owl he 'sented it ter her  
Wid speech what's pow'ful wise.

Miss Jay-bird sung a song or two,  
Ober de scales she roam,  
An' ended up her repertoire  
By singin' "Home, Sweet Home."

Den all de critters parted  
Away fum dat soiree,  
Kaze de oninvited chickens  
Had 'nounced de crack o' day.



## Found.

ILA HOWERTON, '10.

Easter had come at last. The whole town of B— was enthusiastic over the baseball game that was to be played on Monday afternoon.

B— was a thriving little town of about one thousand inhabitants, and when one person began a thing, the whole town was ready to follow. Ball was a great game there. In the springtime all minds were turned toward baseball, and in the fall football was the rage. Every girl in the town could be relied upon for being at every game. with her pennant and voice ready for use.

The visiting team that day was a group of college boys, which fact of course held special charms for the B— High School girls. That afternoon, on the top seat of the grandstand, in the center of a long row of girls, stood Louise Herring, her pennant waving high and her cheers ringing loud. So intent was she that she seemed unconscious of everything save the game.

But suddenly there came a change over the girl. In an instant she dropped in her seat, silent, relaxed her hold on her pennant, and sat with eyes fixed on one spot.

Will Daniels, of the visiting team, had been hurt, and had fainted. All the boys and men crowded around, and it was found that a doctor's assistance was necessary. In the grandstand, inquiries were being made as to the identity of the injured student, but no one knew him except Louise, and she kept silent. With hardly power to control her feelings, she sat wondering at her foolishness, as she mentally termed it. Why should she feel unnatural? Nothing had happened out of the ordinary. Boys were always falling and being hurt during a ball game. What else could be expected?

"It is true, I met him last summer at the mountains, and he was one among a crowd that went to take snapshots. He was there only two days, and I know I had never seen him before nor have I since—until now." All this flashed through Louise's mind, and then she was aware that young Will was being carried from the field.

During the remainder of the game Louise did not seem to care which team won, and when the girls wanted to know the cause of her dejection, she said she was tired and hoarse.

On the way home, after the game, Louise was with the girls, but her thoughts were elsewhere—she didn't know exactly where, but she could picture a wounded boy with a doctor at his bedside.

Once at home she retreated to her room, and there found comfort in a long flow of useless tears. As soon as she had made herself presentable, she came downstairs to join the family gathered around the sitting-room fire. As she opened the door she caught these words, from her father, "He is crippled up pretty badly." What a pang it brought to her aching heart!

"Just what I expected," she whispered to herself.

"I had him brought here so I could attend him regularly through the night," Dr. Herring continued.

"Can it be true? But after all, why am I so interested,—I won't be silly any longer." With this determination, Louise left the family and went to the parlor to find relief in her piano.

In the room above, listening to the sweet melodies, wondering who could be the performer, and thinking of a tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, Will Daniels lay wrapped in bandages.

"I met her one day last summer, and I have a picture that I took myself. I left the mountains the next day and didn't see her again. I intended writing her when I got home, but what was her last name? She may be miles and miles away from me now, but I expect to find her yet."

A week passed and little did Will know that it was the maiden of the snapshot whose playing he had enjoyed so much, or that it was she whom her father and brother had spoken of as "Kid." For Louise had taken care that he should not have so much as a glimpse of her. In this way she had hoped to banish her "silly notions."

One week from the day he was hurt, Will was allowed to go downstairs. It was growing dark, and the sitting-room was only dimly lighted from the grate. At the west window he sat with the

picture in his hand, thinking of —. The door was softly opened, and, as he looked around, he saw a vision of the one girl whom he had longed to find. Could his own eyes deceive him?

Louise did not see the figure at the window, and walked to the fire to replenish the fuel. She was kneeling on the hearth, and the fire shone bright enough for Will to know that he was not mistaken.

“Yes, I have found her at last,” he said, half aloud, and started at the sound of his voice.

Louise caught the words and looked around, surprised to see some one in the room.

Perhaps the situation was a little embarrassing to both for an instant, but it wasn't long until they understood.

---

## A Rheumatic Complaint.

LYNNE HOLCOMBE, '11.

I tell you folks I'm jes' erbout dead,  
Kase I'se got de rheumatiz;  
It started in me lef' foot toes,  
And riz and riz and riz.

I fust tried yearbs and co'n whiskey  
Dat ol' Sally Burke gib me;  
But me leg jes' kep' a swellin' up,  
Till it fotched me above de knee.

I limped down to de horspital  
To see de great Doctah Breeze;  
He jammed a knife clean t'rough me leg  
An' said, “Ten dollars, please.”

I'll neber consult wid a doctah agin,  
I'll jes' stay at home an' groan;  
An' try de only cure dar is—  
Possum an' hot co'n pone.

# The Mystery of the Silver Watch.

SAMUEL H. JORDAN, '10.

I was sitting in my room one night reading, when there came a gentle tap at my door. Almost unconsciously I answered, "Scratch under!" at the same time abashed, and wondering why this relic of college days should have returned to me just at the time. Imagine further my surprise when I was greeted by a chum of those old days, whom I had not seen for years.

After the first effects of the meeting were over, and we were seated, he produced a watch with the remark, "Here is something that will amuse you for a while."

"What is it?" I queried. "A silver watch, why that isn't anything unusual."

"No," he answered, "but there is something a little unusual about this one."

I took the watch and looked carefully at it and handed it back to him.

"Do you see anything peculiar about it?" he asked.

"Nothing except a cross, with the letter O in the center, on the inside of the lid."

"Well," he continued, "isn't that enough?" Observing my perplexity, he at once began to unravel the mystery of the watch.

He told me briefly of his travels, which were extensive; and particularly of his life on the plains, where once he came very near losing his life.

"It was after this manner," he continued. "I had been on the prairie all day, but in the afternoon was hoping for the appearance of civilization again. As I was passing one of the few farmhouses of that section, a man overtook me, riding on horseback, and we rode along for some distance, engaged in friendly conversation. Suddenly we became aware of shouts behind us, two or three shots rang out, bullets whistled past us, and turning, we discovered a man riding furiously towards us. My companion became nervous.

"Take my watch, for it is dearer to me than anything on earth!" he said. "Your horse is faster than mine; ride for your life, and leave the man to me!"

"I did as he told me, thinking only that I was escaping robbing,

and not doubting my companion's ability to take care of our assailant. Two or three shots were fired at me, but the aim was bad, and no harm was done.

"I rode on to the nearest village, and took up lodging for the night, expecting my companion to appear later. Next morning I was up early, and when I went downstairs, I found an officer awaiting with a warrant of arrest for me, charging murder. I demanded explanation, and insisted upon innocence, but to no avail, for soon I was locked up in jail to await trial. All the knowledge I had of the matter was that I had killed a man out on the prairies.

"I soon saw the mistake. They had me charged with killing the man I had met out on the prairie, as I was found with his watch. Indeed, all the evidence was against me. I was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. Out in those waste places too often bare suspicion means conviction. Could I expect anything else? My time to die drew nearer, and indeed I had given up hope.

"But a few days before the execution a stranger entered my cell. Despair directed little attention to my visitor at first, but on a second glance, I was made aware that my companion of the fatal afternoon was in my presence. Had the dead returned to life? Not so; it was a case of mistaken identity. Our, his assailant, was the man killed on the prairie. Briefly he told me his story, which meant life to me. He had slain his antagonist, who was attempting to rescue the watch from him—an inexplicable talisman between them. But upon reflection, the difficulty of establishing self-defense had dawned upon him, and he had fled the deed, only to return upon hearing of my condemnation. I was released, and so was my deliverer, upon my testimony, in appreciation of which he presented me with the watch.

"And," he added a moment later, "though there is more evil fortune than good attached to it, I can't part with it, and so I have it still."

# The Modern George

MILDRED MUSE, '11.

"George Washington, did you say? What a noble name you have chosen for him! I am quite anxious to see the little fellow. I know he must be a perfect dear. Oh! did you say he named himself? How interesting!"

"Yes, he chose it himself, after hearing the story of the little hatchet, and decided that he would like to be a second George Washington. And he really is. I must say that the noble example he has chosen has already influenced his life to a great extent."

The speaker was interrupted at this interesting point by an unearthly howl coming from somewhere in the rear. Presently the door was opened, admitting another deafening howl, and a very tear-stained face.

"Mamma, George hit me on purpose with the axe, and its bleeding."

His mother at once bathed his head and told him to summon the offender.

After much slamming of doors and other noise, the guilty son presented himself, not the manly George with the three-cornered hat that one always thinks of when one hears the name—but, instead—well, the first thing the visitor saw was a little freckled face, and then just an "every day" looking little fellow, whose personal appearance showed that he had been in a scrimmage of some kind.

"Well, what have you done to Jack?"

"Nothin', Ma."

"But, George, he says that you struck him while he was out on the back porch."

"But, Ma, he wasn't even on the back porch, and anyway he said he was going to take my kindlin' I cut."

The mother roused herself for the "final rub." "Now, George, tell me exactly what you did!"

George put his hands in his pockets and tried to look brave by whistling, "If It Doesn't Concern You, Let It Alone."

"Speak, George!"

But silence reigned. As the mother reached for "the strap" she was interrupted by "Yes'm, I didn't, Ma."

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't touch him; I just touched the ax and that touched him."

"But, George, you absolutely contradicted him, in saying that he wasn't even on the back porch!"

"Well, he wasn't when I hit him, because before I had time, he was half-way down the steps."

This last with a note of victory which was seemingly unnoticed by the mother, as she silently motioned him to a chair, where he remained the rest of the evening in absolute dejection.

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## Humanitas.

MAMIE EVIE MORTON, '10.

When upon life's toilsome pathway  
You are sadly trudging on,  
Won't you sometime stop and ponder  
On the good that might be done?

And when those around you falter  
Or are halting on the road,  
Won't you kindly show some mercy  
And help them to bear the load?

Lo! by making others happy,  
You will happy grow yourself;  
And the journey will be brighter  
Both to you and those you help.



# An Encounter with Wolves.

GORDON M. CARVER, '11.

It was in the mid-winter of 1870. I had driven a party to a distant town and was returning along the solitary way, when I heard, deep in the forest to the right, a dismal howl. I knew from experience that it was the gathering cry of a pack of wolves, and that before long I might have the encounter of my life.

I was still some miles from a settlement, and the winter twilight was fast settling into the darkness of night. I lashed my horses into a faster pace, and the sleigh fairly spun over the snow. Nevertheless, in the gloom of the pines, which lined the sides of the road, I fancied I could see dark objects darting in and out among the trees, and ever narrowing the distance between themselves and my sleigh.

Soon my horses began to show some uneasiness, and I, too, felt alarmed, for I perceived that it was not with one or two animals I had to deal, but with a pack.

A few hundred yards further told me that my position was fast becoming perilous, and it was still some eight miles to a village. The wolves seemed content at the time simply to follow the sleigh, but I knew that before long they would change their manner.

When I had covered nearly half of the remaining eight miles, the wolves had shown no design of attack, and my spirits began to rise. It was the delusion of hope, however, for almost instantly three or four of the wolves, bolder than the rest, rushed forward, and with yelp and snarl, savagely attacked my terrified steeds. It was now a moment for action. I managed with difficulty to crawl out on the back of the middle horse, (they were harnessed three abreast) and there, with my long knife, fought the wolves away for another mile.

But the fierce creatures had tasted blood, and having done so, became bolder in their attack. Plainly, I would have to devise some other means of defense. Realizing that something must be done, and done quickly, I slashed the ropes that held one outer horse. Finding himself free the loosed creature broke for the woods as fast as terror could urge him, and with him went no less than a dozen of the pack.

Another mile was passed, and now barely two lay between me

and safety. On rushed the maddened horses, followed by the blood-thirsty pack. Another half mile was covered,—fiercer grew the fight until it seemed certain that my remaining outer horse would be pulled down despite my efforts at defense. With a slash of my knife, I gave the poor brute his liberty, and, as in the case of the former horse, he dashed off, carrying a great part of the pack with him.

But snarling fiends were still everywhere to renew the attack upon me and my last horse. Springing from his back into the sleigh, I cut the traces and set the last of my faithful animals free. Like the others, he darted away, followed by all but some half dozen of the pack.

I stepped out into the snow. Seeing me on foot and at bay, yet unable to overcome that fear of man which is inherent in all beasts, those wolves so fierce only a few moments before, slunk away to some distance, and there followed until I came to the edge of the village. Then looking around guiltily before finally retreating, they licked their chops hungrily as if their imaginations dwelt upon the delights of a feast that might have been.

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## Trust Crushed in Youth.

PRESTON HERSCHELL EPPS.

Trust crushed in youth is like a young tree writhed,  
Like broken bones maturity knows not,  
Like youth's fair hours spent with degrading lusts,  
Like palsied limbs that shake perennially—  
Like tendrils, youthful bones, or hours, or limbs,  
Writhed, broken, squandered, hopelessly unnerved.

As young tree writhed ne'er gains its primal form,  
As broken bones their former strength can't win,  
As fair hours spent with sin their taint ne'er lose,  
As palsied limbs full firmness never reach;  
So trust o'erwhelmed in youth, prime course can ne'er regain,  
Despite her gallant efforts, infirmities still reign.



255

### **Enthusiasm.**

After a long and dreary winter we joyfully hail the approach of spring. Again she comes, restoring life to a dead world and bringing with her the fresh, invigorating air, so different from the biting chill of winter and the sultry heat of mid-summer. Truly, in the breath of spring is the very spirit of the seasons.

At the coming of spring, one's thoughts turn naturally to out-of-door sports, and especially to baseball. At this early date the outlook of the High School for a winning team is very promising. Already much enthusiasm is being shown in regard to the game. Some of those who have been failing in their work in the past are now preparing their lessons in order that they may be eligible for the team. There is no substantial reason why we should not have the best public high school team in the State this year, for we certainly have plenty of good material. The only thing that is wanting, we believe, is the enthusiasm of the student body. If the whole school would only catch the enthusiasm that is embodied in a few rare spirits of the school, what could our baseball team not accomplish this year!

Enthusiasm is an element almost unknown to many students of this school. Indeed, its benefits extend beyond the athletic park. In the schoolroom, in the society halls, and in fact, in all the phases of school life, this important quality is most decidedly lacking. If we would only employ more spirit in our everyday life, how much

brighter and more profitable would that life be! Think, fellow-students, what a trial we must be to our teachers in their efforts to impart knowledge to us when we sit back in that listless attitude, which some of us know so well how to assume, and show no interest whatever in what is being presented to us.

Not only in our school life is a zealous spirit necessary, but in all pursuits of life is it imperative. No matter in what business one may be engaged, he cannot attain to any great success if he be indifferent. Let us endeavor to cast off this apathy, fellow-students, and try to catch some of that spirit which so distinguishes the choice lives of time and history.

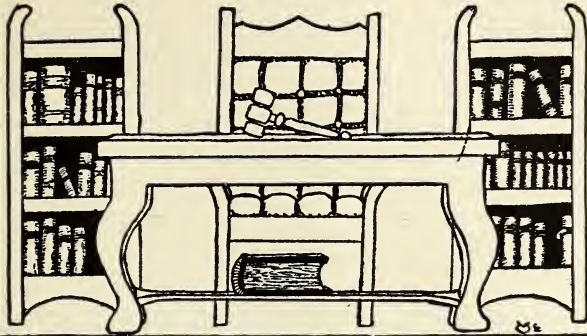
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**Prizes.** This year several prizes have been offered to the high school students of North Carolina for the best essays written on certain subjects. These prizes are offered as a stimulus to encourage the rising generation to take more interest in the leading questions of the day, as well as to promote the interests of journalism in the State.

Two prizes of ten dollars each have been offered for the best essay on the following subjects: "Waterway Conservation and Improvement," and "Forest Preservation." Each of these essays is limited to five hundred words.

To those students who write well this is an excellent opportunity to bring their talent before the public. To carry off one of these prizes will require no little work and ability, for students anywhere in the State are eligible to enter the contest. This fact makes the prize all the more worthy to be striven for; for the one who wins will secure for himself the distinction of being the best juvenile writer in North Carolina. Surely such an honor is worth any student's best efforts.

Dr. T. A. Mann, of this city, also offers a prize of ten dollars in gold to the student of the Durham High School who shall write the best essay on the subject, "The Relation of the Sanitary Department to the City." Students, get to work!



## BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The preliminary contest for the declaimers and debaters has taken place within the past month.

As was mentioned last month, the boys entered the declaimers' contest with a will, with the result that the following men from the Blackwell Society were chosen to take part in this contest: Beverly Snow, Robert Murray, Carson West, Charlton Pope, and Henry Greenberg. This contest will take place sometime in the near future, and the winner will receive the ten dollars offered as a prize.

On Friday night, February the twenty-fifth, the debaters' preliminary was held in the assembly hall. The object of this was to select the men to defend D. H. S. in the coming triangular debate, and to select the best debater from the Blackwell Society.

The boys of both societies did well in this debate, all contestants showing excellent preparation on the subject. The successful men were as follows: Elbert Chappell, first place; Zeb Roberson, second place; Preston Epps, third place; and Isaac Strayhorn, fourth place. Beverly Snow and William Zuckerman as alternates. Elbert Chappell was awarded the debater's prize of ten dollars. The Society offers its congratulations, "old man,"—let the good work go on.

The triangular debate is scheduled for March twenty-fifth. Unless some other arrangements are made, Elbert and Zeb will defend the affirmative at home, while Preston and Isaac will uphold the negative in Raleigh.

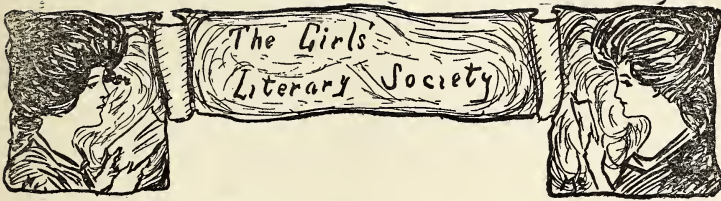
# McIver Literary Society

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The declamation contest took place Friday evening, February the fourth. The contest was a hot one and the contestants from both societies worked hard to get on. The McIver Society came out well, getting three on and both the alternates. Those who made it from the McIver Society were: Lawrence Moore, Hunter Watkins, and Clarence Ross. The two alternates were Wyatt Dixon and Allan Markham. The final contest for the prize, which was to be held February the twenty-fifth, has been postponed until April the fifteenth, so that it will not interfere with the Inter-school debate.

The triangular debate with Raleigh and Greensboro, by request of Raleigh, has been postponed from Friday, March the twenty-fifth until Friday, April the first. The query for this debate is: "Resolved, That the plan of vesting all the powers of municipal government in a single commission is the policy best adapted to North Carolina cities." Durham will uphold the affirmative at home, against Greensboro, and the negative at Raleigh, against Raleigh. Each of the three schools uphold the affirmative side of this question at home, and the negative away. The preliminary, to choose the speakers for Durham, took place Friday, February twenty-fifth. From those who entered the contest were chosen: Zeb Roberson, Elbert Chappell, Preston Epps and Isaac Strayhorn.

The McIver Society has progressed so in its work that it has made plans to challenge the Blackwell to an Inter-Society debate at their next regular meeting. We have a good chance to win in this contest.

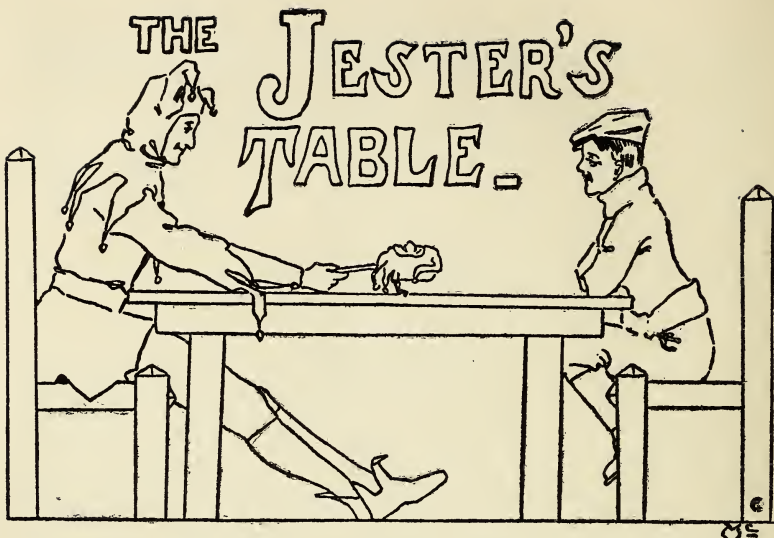


The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society held its regular meeting Friday, January the twenty-eighth. At this time Greek myths were studied, and enjoyed very much by all.

On February the fourth, we expected to have a debate, but owing to the illness of one of the debaters, it was postponed.

A business meeting was held on February the eleventh. Some amendments to the constitution were proposed, and adopted. The by-laws were read, and as there was no further business we adjourned.

The Society met again February the eighteenth. The first number on the program was a declamation by Miss Elise Lloyd, which was indeed rendered well. Then followed the debate. The query was, "Resolved, That High School girls should not belong to social clubs." Misses Ruth Chamberlain and Margaret McGary had the affirmative while Misses Evie Morton and Laura Tillett had the negative. Miss Bessie Whitted, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Scott were the judges, and while they were out, a declamation was rendered by Miss Laura Holmes Hutchings, in a creditable manner. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative, and after this, we adjourned to meet again a week later.



Mistakes! Who does not make them? Show us a man who thinks he never does, and we will show you the biggest mistake-maker of all.—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on 2A Boys' English, reading from Merchant of Venice)—  
 "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. Everette, what touch do you discover there that Shylock had seen better days?"

E. G.—"There where he says, 'When I was a bachelor.'"

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on Fourth Year French)—"Miss L—, what were some of Dante's writings?"

L. S.—"Paradise Lost."

\* \* \*

DEFINITIONS OF COMPARISON IN GRAMMAR.—(2A BOYS).

W. S.—"Comparison means to take two things and see if they have anything alike, as the apple and orange: they both grow on trees and both have seed, etc."

S. W.—"Comparison is that distinguishing of an adjective to tell what degree it is."



F. M.—“Comparison means to compare words in the three comparisons.”

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on History)—“Would it be treason to kill the President?”

I. P.—“No, it would be assassination.”

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on English)—“What was a gleeman?”

C. C.—“A wheat cutter.”

\* \* \*

I. S.—(translating from Virgil)—“She hung intently on his lips.”

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on Fourth Year History)—“C—, where have we heard of Thomas Jefferson before?”

C. W.—“Writing.”

Mr.— “Writing what?”

C. W.—“Review of Reviews.”

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on History)—“What is a patent?”

H. S.—“An invention.”

\* \* \*

Mr.— (on Fourth Year History)—“What is meant by implied powers of Congress?”

E. C.—“The powers not defined in the Constitution, but are necessary for her to do what she do do.”

\* \* \*

Teacher—“What do you mean by the ‘quick and the dead?’ ”

Boy.—“Well, the quick get out of the way of the motor cars, and the dead don’t!—*Ex.*”

\* \* \*

Foreigner—“What was the total loss of life caused by your Revolutionary War?”

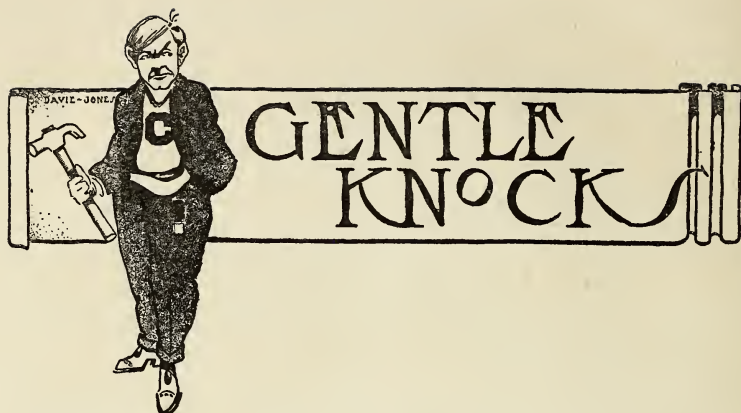
Native American—“Nobody knows. We keep adding to it every Fourth of July.”—*Ex.*

#### QUAINT EXAMINATION ANSWERS.

“A blizzard is the inside of a hen.”

“The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth.”

“Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides.”—*Ex.*



"Oh, my prophetic soul!"—*Ruby Elliott.*

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form"—*Edgar Dinwiddie.*

She knows Watts what—*Lucie Stokes.*

"My mind to me an empire is."—*Ruth Chamberlain.*

"Two Stars keep not motion in one sphere."—*Ellie and Mary.*

"A surfeit of the sweetest things."—*Henry's doughnuts.*

"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."—*Beverly Snow.*

Ask the Fourth Year girls what the unique power of the Supreme Court is.

"That eternal smile."—*Charles Crabtree.*



We indeed consider it an honor to have among our exchanges *The Wake Forest Student*, and we welcome it with pleasure. We do not deem ourselves worthy of criticising it, but only hope that our magazine may some day be as excellent as it is.

*The High School Student*, from Newport News, Va., retains its usual good standard among high school magazines. We like the variety of articles contained in this magazine very much, but we wonder why they have no cuts. A better arrangement of the advertisements would add much to its attractiveness and neatness.

The cover design of *The High School Enterprise* is very pretty, and the colors blend so nicely. It has a good number of short stories and one continued one, which deserves special mention. The department "Fun and Rhyme" is very full of good jokes and rhymes.

*The Record* for this month has many interesting stories. "A Visit to Bills" is excellent, being expressed in a very entertaining way, but "Gertrude's Sorrow and Joy," although the plot is good, could be improved in many ways. We think more jokes would add to *The Record's* interest.

We are glad to see on our Exchange Table our old friend, *The Dragon*, published by the Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio. All of its departments are up to their usual good standards and we commend its original cuts.

*The Courier*, a monthly magazine devoted to the art and literature of music and drama, certainly fulfils its purpose. The articles are all good, and this magazine is especially appreciated by us, as it is the only magazine of its kind we receive.

As there is more than one school magazine called *The Messenger*, we would ask our exchanges, when criticising any magazine by this name to please specify which one is meant. We ask this favor as we expect to profit by the criticisms we receive.

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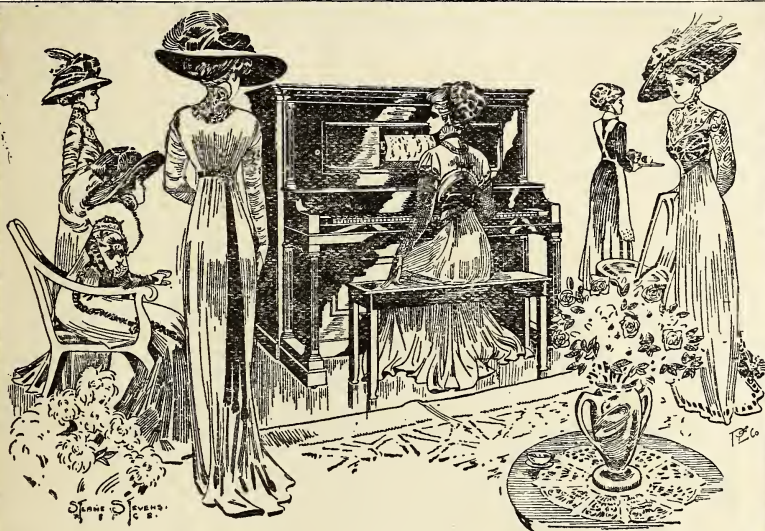
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