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THE MESSENGER

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THE MESSENGER

VOLUME XIII

FEBRUARY, 1916

NO. 3

In February

PEARL LOWTHORP, '18

When rosy winters' fires are glowing
And the wind is blowing hard;
When the snow is just a-snowing,
And we indoors are barred;
There's some fun in popping pop-corn
And there's some in teasing Ted.
But just the greatest, biggest fun,
Is staying right in bed.

Failures

WILL NOWELL, '17

New Year's Eve Night, and every light was burning on Broadway. The cafés were filled with a jolly, reckless crowd. Corks popped, and the sparkling wine flowed freely, adding materially to the boisterousness of the crowds.

The Imperial Café was full. Business had been good all the evening, and now at midnight every waiter was busy. Seven people in all that throng felt no gaiety. In a balcony the orchestra played the gayest of ragtime while fatigue showed plainly in every movement. There was a study in each face, from the wistful-eyed woman at the piano to the enormous moutain of flesh that was the drummer. Of the seven stories, however, six must wait while we consider for a time the man who played first violin. The other players sank back in their seats for a grateful rest. A soprano singer, who, as rumor had it, had failed in grand opera and concert work, was to make her first appearance there that night, and the first violin player was to play the solo accompaniment for her rendition of, "Down on the Swanee in Honeysuckle Time."

Slightly under the average height his form had lost much of that erectness which it had once had, and the lined face and slightly gray hair spoke eloquently of a vanished youth. In his eyes, deep blue they were, was that hopeless expression which comes when ambition is banished by necessity.

His story was not unusual. Born in a little town in North Carolina, he had early shown a talent for the violin; and, when his studies had been finished, saying good bye to father, mother, and Her, he left for New York to become a famous musician.

For several years hope had burned high, and all had gone well. Then came a time when he went hungry; swearing to starve rather than prostitute his art. But starvation is slow, and he accepted a place in a café for a few days only. The few days had become fifteen years, and now the rag-time came easier than his once beloved reveries.

As he rose to play, a flood of memories was passing through his mind. In memory he was once again in the old farm-house on New Year's Eve night. How plainly he remembered the bright, laughing faces gathered round the crackling log-fire. How light of heart he

had been then as he took part in the merry games, helped pop corn, and played the violin. Even then he always played. The violin was part of his life. But how differently he played then. He remembered the last gathering. He had played, "Swanee River," while She sang. The words kept running through his mind:

"Way down upon de Swanee ribber
Far, far away."

He began to play, and the crowd hushed, craning their necks to see the new soprano as she stepped forward. Only the violinist did not look. The spell of memory was on him, and he moved mechanically. The air for the first few bars was that of, "Swanee River;" then it broke into rollicking ragtime. Softly he played the opening bars, and, under the spell of his memories, he played on through the verse of, "Swanee River." So strong was the magic of memory that he felt no shock when a clear, sweet voice—Her voice—sang the old Southern melody.

Softly, almost reverently, he played, while the voice sang the song through to the end. Then he came to himself. Bewildered, he looked around. Surely he had not been dreaming. Had he not heard Her voice? It had seemed so real,—and it was real! There she stood, calling his name.

He knew she had left home to study music in Paris years before, but they had drifted apart, materially and spiritually. He had not been home, and did not know where she had gone.

But what was she saying? "Yes, George, it is I. Have you no welcome for—a failure?" His brain cleared instantly and the flame of the old love, not dead, as he had thought, sprang to his eyes.

* * * * *

Slowly they came down the steps of, "The Little Church Around the Corner," and turning walked towards Broadway. Of the many couples which had been joined there, none was ever happier than this. As they walked along they were planning for the future.

"Why not go back home?" he said, "they love us down there; they will be glad to see us, while this heartless city will never miss us. Home! What a thrill there is in the thought. Shall we go?" She said nothing, but in the light of joy in her eyes he read assent, and they walked down the street together humming softly:

"Way down upon de Swanee ribber
Far, far away"—

the happiest two failures in New York.

"Didn't She?"

JESSE BROADWAY, '16

Three girls stood on the corner of Pine and Norwood streets in the town of N——— waiting for their car. As is the usual case they were discussing the good times they expected to have in the near future. Just as they reached the point of "and, oh! I've nothing to wear," their attention was called elsewhere. A red, rakish-looking machine flashed by and simultaneously three voices called "Hello!" in response to the driver's hastily lifted cap. "There goes the beau-ideal of N——— girls. Honestly that boy can talk a girl to death in five minutes,—and not only the girls. The last night he was over home, mother came in to bring me a message, and he got started on woman's suffrage. You know mother is a suffragette. He gave all the arguments on woman suffrage he could. Pretty soon father came in, and he is an anti. There they had Hubert caught between Scylla and Charybdis. He stood up and argued pro and con and made neither of my parents angry."

"But, Ruth, what were you doing all that while?"

"Who? me? Oh! I went into the hall and talked to Syd over the telephone."

"Ruth Covington! But, frankly I wish somebody could cure Hubert, of the garrulous habit he has. He's so conceited."

"Me, too," Elsie answered with more eagerness than correct grammar. "Good night, Alice comes next week. I'll bet she can cure him. Lets leave them together at the dance, Tuesday night, as much as possible. She'll give him Latin for Latin. He makes me tired eternally quoting his old languages."

Once the girls started this plan, it became a very dear one. Eagerly they plotted against one poor man.

As Elsie had said Miss Alice Catherick arrived in the city the following week to spend a week with her. Ignorant of the fact that she was being used as a tool, she entered gaily into their happy plans and social life.

The night of the dance arrived. And gay were the dancers. Alice and Elsie came in late, but before long Alice found herself being introduced to Hubert Nicholson. At first she was rather astonished at the flow of eloquence that issued from his mouth. Elsie stood by

trembling with anxiety. Was Alice going to be scared to death? Would she become dumb and give that brute the right of way? Soon, however, Alice rose to the test like a thoroughbred, and Elsie went her way rejoicing. Meeting Ruth on the stairs she informed her of their good luck. "Ruth, if, I could only see him beaten for once! I've swallowed Latin, Greek, and French until my soul revolted. This is the triumph of my life." And she executed a war-dance to the near ruin of Ruth's train and the astonishment of two portly dowagers.

Pretty soon they saw Hubert and Alice dancing, with a continuous stream of talk flowing on. Later they went to walk on the veranda. When the dance was over, the two girls leaving Elsie felt a hand on her arm.

"Oh! goodnight, Hubert. Haven't seen you since early in the evening."

"Wait just a minute. Why can't I go in the machine with you? I'd like to finish my talk with Miss Catherick."

"Delighted, but hurry up." On the way home Elsie was thoroughly worn out. She almost repented of participating in the plot, but tried to improve her mind by listening to the serious dialogue. However, the gay chatter of the other occupants attracted her attention. Toward the end of the week she noticed that Alice and Hubert talked less and less, and Sunday night they hardly exchanged a word from eight-thirty until eleven.

The next day Alice left. That very afternoon Elsie, Ruth, and Alice met to discuss their success.

"I'm crazy to see Hubert, and see if he talks as much as ever. But he went to R——— today and we've got to wait 'till he gets back."

They did indeed have to wait, for Hubert was away about one month. Before they saw him a letter came from Alice's home-town. One paragraph especially interested them:

"And, dear, we're to be married in the spring. Are you surprised? He was the only really interesting conversationalist I ever heard. You, dear, are to be the maid-of-honor. You will look darling, etc., etc."

"And, oh! our lovely plan failed. The horrid thing won her over. I feel like burning the world. She didn't even stop him from talking so much!"

But Elsie, the curious one, answered. "Didn't she?" and I ask you, "Did she?"

The Manual Training Department and Its Work

CAMDEN HUNDLEY, '16

The manual training course of the City High School is being improved every year by the addition of new branches of study and training. At the beginning of this school year a complete four year course, with special work for each year, was adopted.

In the first year the students are given six periods a week in cabinet making. As boys in this class have had no experience with tools and machinery, they are given at first such simple problems as tie racks, whisk broom holders, and other small pieces of furniture. Later in the year the pupils make larger pieces, such as tabourets and umbrella stands.

The second year boys are given five periods each week in advanced cabinet making and five periods in mechanical drawing. When a pupil enters the second year's work he is capable of attempting comparatively difficult problems in furniture making. In this class the problems are confined to the making of such useful pieces of furniture as chairs, library tables, book cases, and cabinets. In addition to this work the pupils are given an introductory course in mechanical drawing. The instruction is confined to geometric figures, simple working drawings, and lettering.

The third year pupils are given five periods weekly in mechanical drawing and five periods in wood turning. The drawing in this year is far more advanced than that of the preceding year. It consists of more difficult problems, such as complex working drawings, and machine detail drawings. The work in wood is as advanced as the drawing. After the second year cabinet making is discontinued and work in wood turning is introduced for the purpose of enabling the pupils to take up pattern making in the following year. The work in wood turning is confined to the making of simple cylinders, tool handles picture frames, napkin rings, trays, and boxes.

The fourth year boys are given five periods weekly in pattern making and five periods in either mechanical or architectural drawing. In the pattern-making work, pupils do the same work that men in foundries and machine shops do. They make models in wood of pulley wheels, fly-wheels, and simple parts of machinery. These wooden models are suitable for shaping molds into which molten metal for casting is

poured. In mechanical drawing the pupils are required to design, first, small parts of machinery; later they draw detail plans for such machinery as lathes, grinders, and engines. Those boys who elect architectural drawing begin with small detail copies of windows and other parts of the house; but, before the end of the year, they are required to draw complete plans for a house.

EQUIPMENT OF SHOP

The shop is now very well equipped with tools and machinery. An up-to-date combination saw has been recently installed. The other machinery consists of a rip saw, jig saw, a mortiser, and four wood lathes. There are twenty work benches, each being equipped with a sufficient selection of tools. A complete stock of oak, birch, pine, and maple wood is kept in the shop, together with arrangements for staining and glueing. A full equipment for mechanical and architectural drawing is installed in the shop.

CREDIT GIVEN

The credit given for complete work of four years in shop and drawing is three and one half units. The Southern Association of Accredited Colleges and Secondary Schools will allow three units entrance credit for work done in manual training. This credit is allowed only to students who desire to enter scientific courses at college.

WORK DONE FOR SCHOOLS

A considerable amount of work has been done by the department for the school in the last two years. Last year twenty-four drawing desks were made for the drawing room at the high school. Fifteen work benches were made for a manual training shop at Edgemont, besides book-cases, tables and cabinets for the various schools. At the present time the shop is making fifteen adjustable mechanical and architectural drawing tables for the high school. The manual training boys, under the direction of Mr. Hallenbeck, are repairing the fence around the high school playground.

The Story of an Old Indian

"BY ALL MEANS"

Several summers ago I spent a few weeks during the month of July in the western part of North Carolina. The weather being ideal, I spent much time every day riding horse-back over the beautiful mountains, which rose in lofty peaks on every side.

One sunshiny afternoon as I was riding along the bank of a river, which wound snakelike, around the foot of the mountains, about a mile farther down the stream I sighted a small column of pale blue smoke circling upward towards the clouds. Thinking the smoke was coming from some mountaineer's shanty, I decided to ford the river and go to the smoke, as these huts are generally very picturesque and interesting.

Crossing the reflecting stream, I spurred up my horse and rode at a fairly good gait down the rough mountain path, which soon led me to my destination,—but instead of finding a mountaineer's home, as I had expected, I discovered a large Indian wigwam. Being very fond of Indians and Indian legends, I decided to approach the queer home and introduce myself.

On going around to the front of the teepee, I found the inhabitant, an old Indian, dressed in skins, sitting before a very large fire, the smoke of which had attracted my attention and caused me to come there.

The old red-skin, busily engaged in stirring some Indian porridge, which was stewing over the fire and perfuming the atmosphere with delicious odors, very inviting indeed to a boy who had been riding all the afternoon, did not notice, my approach, until I had dismounted and was leading my tired horse in the direction of the wigwam. But when he turned around and caught sight of me, though he seemed slightly startled by my sudden appearance, he came forward and warmly welcoming me, invited me to draw near the fire, where he placed a handsome fox skin for me to sit on.

As soon as we were seated and had become better acquainted, which did not take very long as he spoke English perfectly, I begged him to tell me a story.

He ran his wrinkled hand through his long black hair, chuckled softly to himself, and taking a long puff of his pipe, asked me if I had

ever heard the legend of "Little Scar Face." As I never had, I told him I would like to very much indeed. So taking another puff of the beautifully carved pipe he began his story.

"In an Indian village by the Lake Wuchowson dwelt a young warrior named Team. He had no kinsfolk, with the exception of one sister called the White Maiden, and she kept house for him.

"No one had ever seen Team. The other Indians could hear his footsteps as he went by and see his tracks in the snow, but Team himself they never saw; he was invisible.

"One day Team's sister called all the village maidens together in the council lodge and told them, that Team wished to marry. She said, 'He is a young man and very rich, but he is invisible; no one can see him, but the gentle and good. Therefore, if any maiden here, can see him, she shall be his wife.'

"From that time on for months, every evening as the sun cast its golden rays over the lake and finally disappeared to go to bed behind the glittering waters, many maidens came to Team's wigwam and waited and watched for his face.

"By and by as they sat there around the fire, they heard footsteps approach, the door flapped open, and they heard his voice; but could see nothing. So finally they gave up all hope and stopped watching for him.

"At the other end of the village, near the woods, there lived an old man with his three daughters. The elder ones were young women; but the youngest was only a little sixteen-year-old girl.

"The two elder sisters were very unkind to the little girl, making her do all the work and giving her only scraps and bones to eat. But the eldest was more unkind to her. Often she became angry and threw ashes and red-hot coals of fire in her little sister's face. In this way the little girl's face became marked and scarred; so the Indians in the village called her "Little Scar-Face."

"One day in the dead of winter, when snow lay thick upon the ground, the eldest sister put on her moccasins and shell beads and set out to marry the much wished for Team. Going down to Team's teepee, by the lake, she went inside the beautiful wigwam and sat down on a large bear skin to await his return.

"Finally as the sun set and dark shadows settled upon the village, Team came crunching across the snow, raised the flap of the wigwam, and entered. Then the White Maiden asked little Scar-Face's sister if

she could see Team and if so to tell her what his sledge-string was made of.

"‘Yes, I can see him,’ she replied, ‘and his sledge-string is made of moose-skin.’

"This made the White Maiden angry and she drove Scar-Face’s wicked sister from the wigwam.

"The next afternoon Scar Face’s other sister went to win Team, but being unable to see him, she too, met the same fate, and was chased away as her sister had been.

"On the following day poor little Scar Face, to the amusement of her elder sisters, started out for Team’s wigwam. As the poor little maid, in her barefeet and ragged skins, passed through the village, the dogs barked at her, and the people laughed and called out,

"‘Oho! look at little ragged Scar Face! Oho! look at little tagged Scar Face!’

"But on she went to Team’s wigwam, where the White Maiden was very kind to her and gave her some baked venison to eat.

"After she had finished her fine meal they heard Team coming through the snow humming an Indian love song softly to himself. Then the White Maiden led Little Scar Face to the door and said, ‘Little Scar Face, can you see my brother?’

"‘Little Scar Face’s eyes sparkled and she replied, ‘Yes, I can see him and I am afraid for he is so wonderful.’

"‘Then tell me of what his sledge-string is made,’ said the White Maiden.

"‘How wonderful!’ exclaimed Little Scar Face, ‘his sledge-string is the rainbow.’

"When Team heard this he smiled and said to his sister, ‘White Maiden, bathe Little Scar Face’s hair in the magic water.’

"And when she did so, a marvelous miracle happened, for all the scars and burns faded away from her face, her hair came out long and black, her eyes shone like two large stars, and she was beautiful.

"Thus Little Scar Face’s name was changed to Little Star Face or Fallawawa and Team had found a wife."

As my new-found friend finished his legend, he arose to refill his pipe which had burned out during his story and as it was growing late I decided it was time to begin my fifteen mile ride.

Thanking my friend for his warm fire and still warmer hospitality, I mounted my refreshed horse, and rode away, feeling as though I had been dreaming all the afternoon.

A Valentine Escapade

PEARL, LOWTHROP, '18

Arlington and Huckabee's business office had hitherto buzzed along in just the same smooth, businesslike way, even though there was a mysterious interchanging of small parcels among the office girls, occasionally creating soft giggles among the force.

Miss Woodlie's "old maid" valentine, which she sent to a spinster business sister, caused such a great outburst of mirth that the usually listless "Honorable Arlie" could not refrain from commenting on the noise by presenting his ample figure in the doorway. His answer was a haughty stare—especially from Miss Woodlie—which caused the chunky bit of humanity to beat a hasty retreat to the dull recess of his "Private" labeled office. He closed the door with just a little too much energy, at which the bookkeepers and stenographers rolled their eyes in comical terror and regarded their books with intent scrutiny.

"Woodard and Roberts, two shipments of hats," called out Miss Biti Vali's masculine voice, to her chum, little twinkling, blue eyed Kitty.

"All right," a tiny feminine voice responded, and lower, "Bibi, I've an idea. Let's send the 'Honorable Arlie' a valentine. Real ridiculous, you know. Get up quickly and go to the cloak room. I'll tell you all about it there."

Without any ceremony Bibi walked boldly into the cloak room. "Wonder where my after-dinner peanuts are?"

Bashful little Kitty followed. After much deliberation and many flutterings of her heart, she explained her plan to her friend.

"You've got to be awfully bold to do it," she said, prettily pursing up her red rosebud lips and twinkling her mischievous eyes, "but it would be vengeance for his horrid, unsmiling ways during hours."

"Yes," Bibi agreed, "but we will try it. And besides we're not making our fortunes here anyway. It doesn't matter much if we are fired."

A tear came in Kitty's blue eyes. "I know, but dad's out of work. Don't talk about being fired or I shall positively refuse to help in the fun."

Bibi put her arms around the pretty little doll,—as affectionate as she had ever been to anyone.

"You won't be fired," she promised. "If you do I know a job you

could get. It was promised me and there's more money in it than you get here. Don't cry, please. If you do there won't be any fun for anybody here."

They hurried back to the office and explained their plan. "He wouldn't fire us all. Let's all go in it."

"Look through the keyhole and see what he is doing."

Asleep! Fortune favors us" Pattie whispered dramatically. "The sun is shining bright. Hurry before he wakes."

"Get a hat. Your ribbon—here Marjorie—and your large yellow beads."

"I've a wig I'm going to wear to a party tonight—long white curls," Miss Inez remarked.

"Give it here. Quick! It's just the thing. And hand me that doll—the one I got at the fair. Let him hold it."

"Don't break my kodak. It cost two week's wages," Bibi called to a chum.

"Please be quiet or he will surely wake and kill us," a tiny voice pleaded.

"Who is going to open the private door?" some one asked.

"Draw straws."

The fatal straw came to Kitty. Like a martyr, she opened the door very cautiously. There lay the Honorable Mr. Arlington. His head was thrown back over the top of his office chair and his feet were on his desk.

Kitty and Bibi advanced, followed by the rest.

"You must all touch him to say that you were a little guilty. Will you?"

They agreed.

Kitty put her doll in the arms of her employee. Over his head Bibi slipped a string of yellow beads—then a door slammed.

"O! I'm frightened to death," exclaimed a little black-eyed stenographer. "Stop whoever's at the door, Kitty."

Nerved by strong excitement, Kitty went.

There stood a tall good looking stranger. His frank smile put away all fears. She was sure he knew how to take a joke.

"I'm Huckabee," he said, "just come in to see how the force was killing the time. How's the baby elephant? O! I beg pardon! as she looked at him in perplexed surprise. "I mean Mr. Arlington."

A crimson blush overspread her face. She was very undecided

what to say. Vaguely she wondered if the girls were through with the fun. With all the nerve she possessed, she answered, "He is occupied right now. Won't you have a seat?"

"O I'll run in for a second. He won't mind."

The world was turning around. Everything was topsyturvy. "Please—er—er—Won't you wait for just a few minutes." Surely they ought to be finished. The suspense was awful.

"Sure. If he is very busy.

I might as well give you these valentines to give the force. Bought them in Japan. Had them hand painted."

"How perfectly lovely! We all thank you! They are just beautiful! Mr. Arlington can't appreciate the value of valentines on valentine day."

"Ought to have his neck twisted. Oh! I beg pardon—but that's what I meant. I'll have to learn the ways of civilization."

There wasn't any reason for not showing this handsome young man the spectacle that was going on in the next room.

"If I'll show you something extremely comical will you promise not to laugh and destroy our fun?" Kitty asked.

"If no savage instinct compels me to shout!"

"Will you promise?"

"Yes, Honor bright."

She walked slowly to the door. He followed and couldn't help admiring the sprightly girl before him.

"Look," she said as she opened the door to the private office. There stood about twelve girls. One was taking the Hon. Arlie's picture as he held the doll in his arms. The remaining eleven held their sides.

"But we're all in danger of being fired," Kitty said.

"No, you're not. I've bought the business. If you cross your heart and promise not to perform such savage feats on the 'Hon. Huck,' I'll let you stay."

"I'll promise. I've no desire for any more fun, especially if I'm not to share it."

"I always come in at the wrong time," (she hastened to deny it) "but I'll give you a raise in your wages for it. I ought to have stayed in the Orient—to have left Arlington and Huckabee's force to live in peaceful serenity. I've come and spoiled the fun but I want a photo. Then I want another to send to the Hon. Arlie. He didn't give you one but you must do unto others—you know."

They both laughed.

A Brave Aviator

HEARTT BRYANT, '16

"Fer what wuz that German shot fer"? asked an Irishman of one of his fellow soldiers.

"Faith! 'e wuz that German air-ship man phat blowed up our hopes yesterday."

And this is the story of the brave German aviator who met a cruel fate.

Dortch was the man's name, and he belonged to the third division of the aerial corps of the German Army.

One morning just at day-break, Dortch was summoned before the commander of the German Army in Northern Flanders. The commandant began in a thoughtful tone as Dortch was brought before him. "Sir, I have been told that you are the most daring and most dependable aviator in the German Army. You will have a chance to prove this within the next two hours.

"A scout has just reported that a train is rushing toward the French camp with four large seige guns, with which the French hope to drive us from our trenches. That train must never reach the French lines. You must destroy it."

Dortch knew what was to be done. He saluted the commandant and rushed out to the shed where his powerful Taube monoplane was kept. He hurriedly examined every part of the machine and, satisfied that all was in good shape, he climbed to his seat behind the propeller. "Good bye," he shouted to his mechanic as his machine raced across the open field. Then as gracefully as a bird, the monoplane rose and shot away to the northwest.

The day was just dawning as Dortch sped over the French camp. Soon the sun peeped over the eastern horizon, shooting its rays over that war-smitten country. After flying for some time, Dortch discovered a small black speck away off to the westward and decided that this must be the train bearing the French guns. He glanced over his machine to see that all was in readiness for the approaching fight. To his horror, Dortch discovered that, in overhauling his machine the night before, his mechanic had removed all the bombs from the machine. Something must be done.

Dortch was the man for such an emergency. Turning his machine

back toward the east, he began to look for a sharp curve with a convenient embankment on the outside of the track. He found this and landed about eight miles ahead of the onrushing train.

While searching in his tool box, Dortch uncovered a stick of dynamite, already charged with a cap and fuse. He ran to the far side of the curve with the dynamite and stooped down to place it under the outside rail. Just then the whistle of the approaching engine blew. He cut the fuse almost to the cap and lit it. Then running down the track about fifty yards he looked back. At that moment the train raced around the curve. There was an explosion and a great cloud of dirt shot up between Dortch and the train.

When the dirt and dust cleared away, Dortch saw two shapeless steel rails lying across the railroad bed, and there thirty feet below, at the foot of the embankment lay the train with a great cloud of steam pouring through a wide split in the engine boiler. There was no danger now of the French using the guns in that train, for they were shattered to pieces.

Suddenly Dortch saw a shadow pass through the steam and, looking up, he discovered a French biplane hovering over the disaster. He immediately thought of taking flight in his monoplane. But alas! In landing he had smashed the front wheels of the machine and this made it impossible for the monoplane to rise from the ground. Dortch tried to escape on foot but he was run down and captured by the French airman.

He was shot at sunrise the next morning at the order of the French commandment as a "brave" spy.

"Will," said the Irishman as the story was completed. "Oi'll have to call 'im brave iven if 'e wuz wun iv them Germans."

Seniors

EUNICE WILDER, '16

(With apologies to James Ryder Randall, author of
"Maryland! My Maryland!")

The year of toil will soon be o'er,
Seniors! proud Seniors!
The hated *three* will be no more,
Seniors! proud Seniors!
No need for you to them implore
The cause of that once horried *four*,
That caused you to rejoice no more.
Seniors! proud Seniors!

If you will try to gain success,
Seniors! proud Seniors!
You will surely obtain no less,
Seniors! proud Seniors!
When misfortune causes distress
Out in life's course you'll wish no less
Than the dear old days at D. H. S.
Seniors! proud Seniors!

Tale-Bearer, Umph!

VERA CARR, '16

Ella and Anna marched directly behind the Tale-bearer of the school, when coming from recess. Under cover of the noise made by marching Ella and Anna began to talk.

"Sure, they needed a reprimand but I wouldn't have said it where everybody could hear," said Anna.

"And such an outburst of temper!" broke in Ella hastily.

"I think it showed a lack of good taste," said Anna critically.

"Common sense, you'd better say," Ella added.

The Tale-bearer had lent eager ears to every word the girls had been saying. She did not listen any more now, but began mentally to frame a speech by which she might gain the teacher's favor. On math class, under the pretense of getting help on an example, she told Miss White every word she had heard. She finished with, "And, Miss White, it is quite evident that they were talking about what you said this morning." Miss White looked wise.

At the close of school the teacher said, "Ella Brown and Anna Nelson are retained." The faces of the victims plainly expressed bewilderment. Great was their consternation.

When the other pupils had gone, Miss White said, "According to the *Sedition Law* of this school, you shall be suspended for three weeks."

"Miss—Miss White!" shouted both in their terror.

"Oh, perhaps, you didn't know that I heard what you both said about my action in censuring the Freshmen because they talked during chapel exercises," sarcastically.

"I can't understand!" put in Anna.

"Very well, I found out (and from a reliable source) the exact words you said as you came to the room after recess," said their teacher confidently.

A look of comprehension dawned on their faces. "Why that's easily explained," said Ella, with a laugh, "we were talking about the hostess at a party we attended yesterday. She severely reproved her inexperienced servants because they attempted to serve pound sugar instead of loaf with the tea."

(To the reader: There are two morals to this tale—delicately hidden—but there!)

The Test of Courage

ALFRED GRIGGS, '16

In the Sierras, twenty miles north of Tinckee, lies a mining camp called Little Tinckee. This little camp frequently had dances and parties, to which many miners came. Thursday night was selected for the next, and it was expected to be one of the best dances held.

Louise Rosser was the belle of the camp and the idol of all, because of her beauty. When Jim Armstrong, her steady, entered the ball room the would-be suitors of Louise began to drop away. Jim, finding Louise rather unentertaining, sought May Hardy with whom he danced most of the evening.

When the time came to go home, Jim got Louise, and they proceeded on the way home. Louise made the trip somewhat unpleasant for Jim, by picking him to pieces, because she felt that Jim had snubbed her. At the door of Louise's cabin things had come to a crisis as far as Louise was concerned and she returned the engagement ring to Jim. Jim hardly had the heart to say anything, but he replied sorrowfully, "When you get over this, Louise, I'll be waiting for you."

The next day Jim had to go to Independence, another mining town, for the purpose of staking some claims. He expected to be gone for about two months and he hoped Louise would forgive him when he returned.

During Jim's absence, Tom Newbold, a young eastern mining engineer, arrived at Little Tinckee. Tom met Louise after several days at the camp. During Tom's off time he went to see Louise very often and they became very fond of each other. After several weeks of companionship Tom proposed to Louise and she accepted him, because she felt peeved toward Jim.

While at Independence, Jim read an account of Louise's marriage to Tom, and he wrote her that he would not give her up—to look out for him. Jim's letters terrified Louise, and she begged Tom to take her on his next prospecting trip. Tom consented and they left a few days later, going northward over the Big Horn range.

The trail over which they journeyed was narrow and dim. The trail became narrower and narrower as they went on until it was only a few feet wide.

"Crash!"

The trail, weakened by recent rains and slides, had given away beneath Louise and her pony and they were plunged sideways into the rocky ravine five hundred feet below.

Tom was speechless when he saw what had happened. Hurriedly he jumped from rock to rock—it seemed as if he never would reach the ravine. The ravine at last! He found Louise conscious, but too bruised and broken to be moved and too severely injured to live. The suffering of Louise was terrible, but she stood it without a murmur. Tom, quick thinking as he was, was at an utter loss. It was too cruel to move her and too cruel to let her stay and suffer.

“Tom, if you love me, kill me,” murmured the suffering wife.

What! kill his wife? How could he even think of such a thing. But then he looked down on her bruised body and suffering face and then he knew it was best—both for her and him. And because of his supreme love, he put an end to her agony.

After he fired the fatal shot he raised his eyes in agony towards the heavens, and there he saw vultures and eagles soaring, seeking for food. He heard the distant bark of the coyote. Realizing then, that something must be done to protect her body, he raised a mound of stones over the body.

* * * * *

Little Tinckee three days later.

“Whose pony is that?” someone asked.

“Tom Newbold’s, he must be in trouble. We must find him,” came from old Kirkley, the guard.

Two hours later Kirkley and two men were on the trail of Newbold and his wife. They followed the trail until they finally came to the place where the trail had given away.

Down in the ravine they saw Newbold lying prostrate on a mound. They made their way to him and carried him to the settlement.

Tom was very weak from the want of food and water, so old Kirkley would not permit him to be questioned until he became stronger. When able to sit up, Tom told his story, the news of which caused sorrow to all. On the following night Tom disappeared, and nothing has been seen or heard of him to this day; though some superstitious people say his ghost haunts the ravine into which his wife fell.

ATHLETIC NEWS

D. H. S. IN BASKET-BALL

D. H. S.—GREENSBORO

On the evening of December 31st, in one of the fastest and most exciting games ever witnessed by basket-ball fans in Greensboro, our basket-ball team easily defeated the quint representing the Greensboro High School.

From the very beginning D. H. S. was in the lead and it was only a few minutes before some spectacular goal shooting by Winston and Perry, together with brilliant guarding by White and Teer, our star guards, gave our team a safe lead, which Greensboro was never able to overcome. The final score stood 30 to 19, with D. H. S. proudly hanging on to the larger end.

D. H. S.—RALEIGH

Not satisfied with a victory in Greensboro on the Friday before; our basket-ball quintet journeyed down to Raleigh on January 7th and took the scalp of the Raleigh High School team, the score being 30 to 5.

After the first few minutes of play there was never a doubt in the minds of the spectators as to the outcome. Durham outpassed, out shot, and, to make a long story short, completely outclassed the Raleigh team in every department of the game.

Perry and Winston had no trouble whatever in finding the basket and threw all kinds of goals from all kinds of angles. But the real stars of the game were White and Teer—the old reliables—who held the fleet-footed Raleigh forwards scoreless during the entire game.

It should be stated, however, that the Raleigh team had had but a very little practice together, and this is probably one excuse for the overwhelming score.

D. H. S.—TRINITY PARK

On Monday, January the ninth, in the opening game of the season at home and before two hundred and fifty enthusiastic spectators our basket-ball team overwhelmed the fast team of the Trinity Park School by the score of 53 to 9.

Our quint began the game in their customary whirlwind fashion and literally swept the Park School team off its feet; utterly bewildering them by some of the fastest passing ever exhibited on the Y. M. C. A. court. While White and Teer, "ruff" and "reddy," took care of the Prep forwards, Perry and Winston were at the other end dropping the ball in the basket with greatest nonchalance and with such rapidity that the scorekeeper could hardly get their numbers.

D. H. S.—WILSON

On January 14th, D. H. S. added another link to its unbroken chain of victories by defeating the Wilson High School team to the tune of 47 to 7. But "there's a reason". The Durham High School has a big old fat boy who plays center (and basketball, too) for them; and this big fat lobster defeated the Wilson team by himself. The Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was brightly illuminated by this fatty's brilliancy, for, honest, he did shine. In the first half he pitched four field goals, but was not satisfied; so in the second half he rolled in ten more. Winston also tossed a good many pretty baskets, while White and Teer—well, they were the same old White and Teer—"nuff sed. C?" Well, anyway, the score ended 47 to 7 with D. H. S. victorious—of course.

D. H. S.—RALEIGH

On Friday, January 21, before the largest crowd that has ever witnessed a basketball game in Durham, our basketball quint completely swamped the Raleigh High School team by the overwhelming score of 49 to 3.

Durham took the lead early in the game and kept up their brilliant playing all through the game. During the latter half the Durham scrub team was put in and displayed some excellent team-work.

For Durham Perry and Winston played brilliantly on the offense, making many difficult shots from all points of the court. While Perry and Winston were putting the ball in the basket, White and Teer, our star guards, were taking care of the defensive end and held Raleigh's speedy forwards scoreless.

After the game the two teams went in a body to the high school where a delightful reception was given in honor of the Raleigh team.

A ROOTERS' CLUB ORGANIZED

The latest and by far the most successful organization of its kind ever attempted in this school is a rooters' club; the object of which is to raise sand and enthusiasm, and the roof too, if possible.

Led by Thomas Knight, this mad and enthusiastic throng aid materially in the winning of many games, by their encouraging yells for the team. This spirit in the student body is greatly appreciated by the team, both individually and collectively.

Do you belong to the rooters' club? Have you been attending the games? Do you back the team and do everything in your power to make it win?

If not, join the club; come to the games, root and encourage your team, that your school may have the best team in the state. It all depends on you. The team can't win if you don't back it. You have the best captain and the best manager, the greatest pair of guards, and one of the best teams in the State. So back the team; encourage it, come out and root for it. But please don't knock.

—"BY ALL MEANS."

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The girls of the Durham High School at last have a well-organized Athletic Association. They have been working for this for sometime, and only this year has their desire been realized.

At the first meeting Jessie Edwards was elected president of the association; Josephine Erwin, secretary and treasurer; and Ruby Rigsbee, captain of the team. The use of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was obtained for practice on Tuesday and Thursday. Mr. Wilcox consented to coach the team.

There was twenty-five contestants for the team, but according to the captain and the coach the following were the best players:

Ruby Rigsbee, Jessie Edwards, Annie Lee Barker, Maud Outlaw, and Annie Lee Evans.

Substitutes: Mary Beard, Eva Rosenstein, Emma McNutt, Mary Terry, and Pattie Knight.

On January fifteenth, the hard but faithful practicing of the girls was duly rewarded. The team met an aggregation representing Greensboro and delivered an overwhelming defeat; the final score being 27 to 7. For Durham, the forwards did star work; Miss Rigsbee shoot-

ing four field goals, and Miss Outlaw five field goals, and five fouls. Miss Evans played splendid ball, at center. She outtipped the Greensboro center on nearly every toss-up, besides shooting two pretty goals. The guards, Miss Jesse Edwards, Miss Beard (substituted in second half), and Miss Annie Lee Barker were certainly up to their jobs in all departments. They guarded well, and passed the ball in a manner calculated to aid the forwards materially. The whole team, in fact, played beautiful ball; they worked together, and no one did any individual playing. The girls have got the goods, and stand a good showing for having a "defeatless" record at the end of the season.

The schedule has not been completed but before the season is out there will be games with Wilson, Raleigh, and Chapel Hill.

The team deserves a great deal of credit for their splendid work, so let us all show that we realize this by giving them our hearty support.

—MILDRED KARNES.

BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

HUNTER REAMS, '16

As was expected, Mr. Gwynn returned to the school in fine health on the first day after the Christmas holidays, and plunged again into the active work of the society. One of his first cases concerned the progress being made in the line of the triangular debate which is to come off sometime in March. He began immediately rousing the interest of the society members in the debate, and by January 10, he had over twenty caandidates enlisted for places on the two teams, including those who had already been working on the debate for some time. The interest in the event is shown not only by the numbers, but a'lso by the enthusiasm of the contestants, many of whom have done much careful work on the subject. From present indications a pair of good teams should be selected in the preliminary contest to be held in February.

MR. CUNNINGHAM'S LECTURE

At the regular meeting of December 3, the members of the society were treated to an instructive scientific lecture by Mr. Cunningham on "The Making of a World." The substance of the lecture was an explanation of the theoretical beginning of the earth's existence, which Mr. Cunningham explained as follows: Ages ago the whole material universe was collected in one huge mass of molten, glowing matter revolving in space at an enormous rate, and throwing off occasional particles of its liquid rock which, continuing to revolve, and at the same time to rotate around the central mass, cooled a good deal,—some even entirely—on the exterior, assumed spherical form, caused by the terrific whirling speed, and formed what now comprises the solar system, including the stars, the planets, and our earth.

Parts of the lecture were illustrated by means of a projection machine in the society hall, and the talk proved very interesting to the speaker's many hearers.

CARD OF THANKS

The society wishes to thank Mr. Connely for his generous aid during the absence of Mr. Gwynn.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE

On December 17, the annual debate between the Cornelia Spencer and Blackwell Literary Societies was held in the Chapel of the High School building. The query was, "Resolved, That the security of the nation requires an increase in the military force of the United States." The meeting was presided over jointly by Miss Martha Adams, head of the girls' society, and Boyd Leyburn, the Blackwell president and the audience very nearly filled the hall.

Battle Williams and "Billy" Carmichael were chosen in a preliminary on December 10, to represent the Blackwell Society, and on the evening set, proceeded to uphold the negative side of the question, which had fallen to the boys' lot. This they did ably and well, bringing out many important ideas, and presenting them in a forcible manner. They emphasized that the United States will never engage in an offensive war, that it is not likely to be called upon to defend itself, and that our military force is sufficient to meet any demands likely to be made upon it, and can easily be enlarged in case of necessity, without the tremendous expense of keeping a greatly enlarged standing army continually.

Miss Patte Jordan and Miss Vera Carr, composing the affirmative team, also delivered arguments which bespoke surprising debating ability and thorough, careful preparation. They brought out the low standing of the American army, the probable desire of the warring nations of Europe for territorial expansion after the war, and the necessity, under the Monroe Doctrine, to protect not only our own country, but also the whole of the American continents from invasion.

The judges, Messrs. Pusey, Hedrick, and Foushee, awarded the affirmative a unanimous decision.

THE CONSTITUTION REVISED

On January 14, the Constitutional Committee of the society met with Mr. Gwynn and two other members of the society, appointed by the president to alter certain parts of the constitution, which were becoming cumbersome, and a copy of the constitution in its revised form was given to the committee chairman to be re-typewritten.

BEST SPEAKERS

Joe Dave and Henry Jones have been chosen "best speakers" for the two meetings held since the Christmas holidays.

CORNELIA SPENCER LITERARY SOCIETY

It's great to be a Spencerian,
And with the Spencerians stand;
Examples to the Blackwell boys,
And their envy to command.

CORNELIA SPENCER SOCIETY ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

At its meeting Friday afternoon, December 3, the Cornelia Spencer Literary society had no literary program but gave over the entire meeting to business and the election of officers for the second term of the society year.

The following students were elected as officers: Martha Adams, president; Vera Carr, vice-president; Mildred Karnes, secretary; Patte Jordan, treasurer; Gladys Umstead, censor; and Rebecca Markham, critic.

Immediately after the election of officers the president appointed the following committees and officers: Program committee, Vera Carr, chairman; Jessie Broadway and Mary McNutt; hall committee, Gertrude Duncan, chairman; Agnes Jones and Sara Smith; marshals, Lelia Rigsbee and Charlotte Clements.

* * *

At the meeting of the girls' literary society, December 10, the officers who are to serve for the second term of the society year, were installed by Mr. Briggs, principal of the school. He made a talk on "Loyalty", which inspired every member present with greater interest and enthusiasm. The officers then took the pledge of office and gratefully received Mr. Briggs' wish for their success.

The literary program for the afternoon consisted of impromptu talks. Three-minute topics were discussed by the following girls. Rebecca Markham, Gertrude Duncan, and Louise Crumpacker. These proved highly entertaining as well as amusing to those present.

* * *

By far the most important event which has taken place during the society year was the inter-society debate between the Blackwell Liter-

ary Society and the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, which occurred Friday, December 17, in the auditorium of the City High School.

For some time the keenest interest had been manifested in the coming event by the members of both societies. Much time and thought was spent in the preparation of speeches, and each debater is worthy of the highest praise.

The query discussed was: "Resolved, That the security of the nation requires an increase in the military forces of the United States" Vera Carr and Patte Jordan, of the Cornelia Spencer Society, defended the affirmative, and Billy Carmichael and Battle Williams, of the Blackwell Society, the negative. The judges for the occasion were Supt. E. D. Pusey, Mr. H. G. Hedrick, and Mr. W. L. Foushee. They decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative. The debate was presided over by Martha Adams and Boyd Leyburn, presidents of the two Societies. Mr. J. R. Conley acted as timekeeper.

Following the debate the Blackwell Boys were hosts to the Cornelia Spencer Society, Judges, Faculty, and Chapel Hill basketball team at a most delightful informal reception. Delicious refreshments were served. Every feature of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

For several years it has been the custom to have these inter-society debates. They are of particular interest and benefit, not only to the participants, but to all the Society members, creating in each a greater spirit of loyalty and patriotism, as was clearly manifested by the recent debate. The girls have had the good fortune to win the last two debates. This greatly increases the spirit of rivalry between the two societies, and already many are looking forward to next year's debate with the greatest interest.

* * *

Friday afternoon, January 7, the Cornelia Spencer Society heard an interesting, though unusual literary program. It consisted of the reading of a number of current high school poems. These were well read by the girls taking part in the program and furnished much entertainment. The aim of this program was to show the society what other high schools are doing in this field of work, and to encourage those members of our school who have a poetical turn to write for *THE MESSENGER*.

Those taking part in this program were Patte Jordan, Mildred

Jeffries, Ruth Christian, Eunice Wilder, Lafon Royster, Gladys Woody, Virter Matthews, and Mabel Strain.

* * *

On January the fourteenth, the Cornelia Spencer Society held its regular business session. After the necessary business had been given its share of attention, one of the most humorous programs of the year was carried out. Certain girls were selected. They were given subjects and asked to make two-minute speeches. Every one seemed to enjoy the program immensely, with the possible exception of those taking part. The victims were: Clara Ellis, Virginia Venable, Hellen Muse, Maude Outlaw, Willie Billings and Agnes Jones.

* * *

A number of Cornelia Spencer girls are the proud possessors of new society pins. They came a little late for Christmas presents but are none the less welcome. The silver ones are especially pretty.

* * *

M. A. (In society meeting)—“We want to encourage our debaters by yelling during the entire debate.”

* * *

Just after the Society social: L. C.—“What’s the matter, dear? You look mournful.”

E. W.—“That’s just the trouble. I’m more-en-full.”

* * *

The door closed quietly. The President arose with all her dignity and called the meeting to order.

Soon there was a frown on every face. I looked around to see what could be the matter. It seemed that all the girls had a common sorrow. I wondered if one of the girls could have fainted, for I did remember that it was quite warm in the room.

But soon I heard a Freshman exclaim, “Oh! that horried constitution! Can’t we have a society without a constitution?”

Amidst a chorus of sighs, the President began reading. The constitution was soon (?) read. Then there were sighs of great

relief, which could have been heard from afar. It seemed as if final examinations were just over. But in truth, it was only the reading of that dreaded constitution!

* * *

May W.—“I motion that we make a move to adjourn.”

Rah! Rah!

Ray! Ray!!

Cornelia Spencer!!!

EDITORIAL

BASKETBALL

Some young gentleman in a MESSENGER issued the first of this year said, "Our school ranks as high as any of them as far as scholarship goes, but in athletics it ranks along with Foggy Bottom and Sleepy Hollow." This was doubtless so when written, but times have certainly changed. As far as basketball goes in athletics, we have had an awakening. We have a championship team which is winning games at a rate which will take it rapidly to the top.

The article that remarked on our athletic standing also called for support to help raise our standard. We have the team now. Have we the support? Are you doing your part? If not, why not? Get busy!

SPRING ATHLETICS

The school proposes to start a new thing in athletics this spring. Some of the "big guns" of the senior class are talking up a track team to send to Chapel Hill for the state championship track meet. The matter has been proposed to Mr. Briggs, and he seems willing if the boys get behind it. We have some first class track material in this school, and we have as much right to that Winner's Cup as anyone, and on top of that we have as much "pep" and "getatitiveness." This triple combination ought to win; so get at it, boys, and put out a team that will set a standard for future teams from this school.

Baseball practice is to start soon, and we want a better team than we usually put out. Don't take the life out of your whips by working too soon and too hard in the beginning, but begin to think of the position you wish to win on the team.

But of all things keep in mind the advice of a Harvard professor to his class: "While you are chasing the pigskin and the old horsehide pill, keep chasing that *sheepskin* too."—M. J.

LOCALGRAMS

We are back at work now, hardly realizing that we had a Christmas holiday of ten days. But despite of this fact we are not forgetting the many things which happened before Christmas, those things which tend to make our school life enjoyable and keep up the school spirit.

Our news for this issue covers such a wide range of time that some of it may seem stale, yet we hope our readers will not look at it in this way.

OUR CHAPEL EXERCISES

Our chapel exercises have been very miscellaneous during the past two months. The first was a declamation contest in which Joel Muse, Sam Murray, and Dewey Ray declaimed. The judges, Mr. Alton Hobgood, Mr. L. P. McLendon, and Mr. Hedrick, decided that Sam Murray was winner. He represented us at Trinity College on Thanksgiving Day in the 9019 contest.

Among the many men that have led our Chapel exercises have been Mr. D. H. Wilcox, of the local Y. M. C. A., who made a talk on thankfulness, and Judge G. E. Cassell, of Virginia, who spoke to us on "Habits of Thought." His speech was highly enjoyed and appreciated. He told us that it is an age of brains and that each one of us ought to try to form a habit of cultivating our affection for good studies and most of all to cultivate loyalty and patriotism. Rev. Q. C. Davis, of the East Durham Baptist Church, was also with us and left a beautiful message. Mr. Hinton, from the Y. M. C. A. of Wilmington, made his talk on good deeds and what we can do. His talk was made very effective by personal illustrations. Mr. North, of the Memorial Church, made a talk on "Redeeming Thought."

Mr. E. K. McIver, of the Edgemont Presbyterian Church, took for the subject of his talk, "The glory of a young man is in his strength," a verse taken from Proverbs. Mr. McIver said that this verse refers not only to young men but to all young people. A young person has the power to take any course in life or to make his life anything that he wishes. He may learn to be a lawyer, a physician, or anything else that he wishes to do while the older person has to follow the profession that he started out to follow. The habits that are begun in early life get

stronger and stronger as one grows older. He illustrated this by two springs, which are so near together that only a road divides them. One empties into the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico, the other is the source of a river that empties into the Atlantic Ocean. When they were small their course might have been changed by a hand pump. After they had grown larger and larger, the greatest steam pump in the world could not change their course. In like manner the speaker pointed out that our lives may be changed in early life and for this reason we should be careful to lead a pure and useful life while we are young.

Many of the teachers have made speeches in chapel. Among them have been Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Hindel, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Gwynn. November the twenty-ninth Mr. Briggs reminded us of the fact that it was the birthday of Cyrus W. Field, the inventor of the cablegram. His was a very interesting talk and much enjoyed.

GLEE CLUB RECITAL

The annual concert by the glee club of the Durham High School was given on Friday evening, December the tenth, in the school auditorium. The program was in two parts and well carried out before a large and appreciative audience.

The program in detail and the cast follow: *

PART I

Whip-poor-will Song (a capello)
Glee Club

My Heart at Thy Dear Voice—Saint-Saens
(From opera "Samson and Delilah")
Quartette

The Key of My Heart (Old English Costumes)
Sextette

The Stars Are Brightly Shining
Glee Club

PART II

That Old Sweetheart of Mine
Scene I. His Sweethearts.
Scene II. Her Sweethearts.

SCENE I

Bettie, School Girl—Lelia Rigsbee.
Kate, Basketball Girl—Ruby Rigsbee.
Blanche, Actress—Gertrude Duncan.
Elizabeth, College Girl—Helen Cole.
Mildred, Winter Girl—Mamie Andrews.
Clare, Summer Girl—Hazelina Broadway.
Jeanette, Riding Companion—Mary McNutt.
Helen, Debutante—Nellie Blackwell.
Julia, Young Widow—Maud Maynor.
Mary, His Bride—Gladys Umstead.

SCENE II

Billy, School Boy—Alfred Griggs.
Jack, Football Boy—Bill Adams.
Clarence, Actor (Romeo)—Thomas Winston.
John, Business Man—Meryle Knight.
Algernon, Poet—Tom Knight.
Bob, Summer Flirt—Camden Hundley.
Henri, Artist (French)—Roy Farthing.
Charlie, Millionaire—Hubert Teer.
Burton, Preacher—Thomas Bass.
Frank, The Groom—Billy Carmichael.

"ART IN CHILD LIFE"

On Thursday evening, December the ninth, Mr. Jacques Busbee, of Raleigh, delivered in the high school assembly hall an intensely interesting and instructive lecture on the subject: "Art In Child Life." This was one of a series of lectures arranged by the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mr. Busbee, after being introduced by Mr. Pusey, began by drawing a distinction between "Child Life In Art" and "Art in Child Life." He showed that the former subject deals with the use of children in painting, while his subject pertained to the influence of art on the lives of directing child's love of pictures into the proper channels. He then mentioned the primitive man's desire for gaudy colors in the decoration of his body and compared this love of brilliant show to the ordinary child's preference for strong striking color schemes in pictures and on toys. He did not condemn this taste of children, however,

but justified it as being perfectly natural to the child who is in the same stage in the development of his life as the primitive man in the development of the human race.

But he stated that just as the race has developed from its original savage state to its present state of civilization, so the mind of an individual develops from the crudeness of a child's brain to the maturity of an adult's intellect. He then stressed the importance of developing the child's artistic sense as he grows older each year and more mature in mind and body. For the accomplishment of this design, he recommended the use of appropriate pictures in school rooms and other places frequented mainly by children. But he warned his hearers against putting before children pictures not easily understood, as the sight of such pictures is no benefit to children, but may be even harmful. As desirable pictures for children's rooms Mr. Busbee recommended those which represent scenes familiar to the children and illustrate no anecdote or romance other than simple juvenile stories. For instance, he stated a picture of an American farmer boy leading his cows from the pasture would be more interesting to children in this land than a painting of an Asiatic shepherdess tending her flock, as the former is familiar to the average child in this country while few have beheld a scene similar to the latter.

Mr. Busbee emphasized the need of an understanding and appreciation of art and urged that although a taste for painting cannot be created, yet it can be trained and developed into a highly useful quality. A love of painting, he said, aids one in the enjoyment of life, as art is really an appreciation of the beauty of the commonplace things in life. He declared that success in life is measured by a mistaken standard if in the judging of it some love and knowledge of art is not included.

SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED

The University of Virginia is offering a scholarship this year to the boys of the senior class of this school. This scholarship will be awarded to one of the three boys making the highest averages in their senior year. This makes three scholarships that will be given through this school to boys of the graduating class, the other two being offered by the University of North Carolina and by Trinity College.

OUR ORCHESTRA

On the seventeenth of January, the high school orchestra made its official bow to the school in the form of the rendition of several selections. This orchestra and especially its conductor, Mr. Hallenbeck, deserve much praise for splendid appearance they made on the seventeenth. The members and their respective instruments are: Joe Dave, violin; Miss Della Wayne Utermohlen, violin; Miss Carla May Utermohlen, flute; Camden Hundley, clarinet; Boyd Leyburn, cornet; James Leyburn, piano; Billy Carmichael, drums; Mr. Hallenbeck, violin and conductor.

It is the intention of the conductor to play the music for the march to chapel about once a week and to be on hand at any school function where an orchestra is needed.

After leaving chapel on the seventeenth of January, it was the firm belief of every high school member that the old proverb, "Misfortunes never come singly," should be reversed. Certainly it should have been reversed for that morning Messrs. Wolslagel and King, who had been holding evangelistic services in Edgemont, rendered a program that has hardly been equalled in the school this year. Mr. Wolslagel sang a solo entitled "Building." He also delighted his audience with several jokes. Then Mr. King gave a short talk on "How to prepare for the dilemmas of Life." He illustrated his point with a joke that was enjoyed by all.

JESTERS' SPACE

A NEW WAY TO CATCH TRAINS

A lady who seemed to be very much excited rushed into one of the largest hardware stores in Columbia and said to one of the clerks, "Please get me a trap quickly, I want to catch a train."

The clerk looked at her in astonishment and said, "Madam, our traps catch rats, not trains."—Ex.

* * *

Miss T.—"Agnes, at what point in the poem does the pastoral proper begin?"

A. J.—"On the top of the second page."—4 g.

* * *

(TO ILLUSTRATE COHERENCE)

E. M. B.—"Lost an umbrella with a bone handle by an old gentleman with a broken rib."

* * *

What part of the day does Nannie Ruth like best? The Dewey part.

* * *

STUDY-HALL TEACHER DEPARTED

VERA CARR, '16

Sleep, comrades, pray, sleep and rest,
In the quiet study-hall;
Where Math (thanks) does not molest,
Nor Latin and History call.

You have slept within these walls,
And started to your senses,
At the teachers' sudden call,
As she peered through her lenses.

Now all in repose and peace,
And friendly ties are severed;
The policeman's cries have ceased,
Let there be peace forever.

Mr. Gwynn—"In what battle was General Wolfe killed?"

L. N. M.—"I think it was his last one, sir."—4 g.

* * *

If Miss Lila gave us forty lines of Virgil instead of thirty would it make Eunice Wilder?

* * *

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SHAKESPERIAN COURSE

Freshman Year—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year—"As You Like It."

Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."—Ex.

* * *

Miss T.—"What is meant by 'Ambrosial Weeds,' Dora?"

Dora H.—"I don't know exactly, Miss Tillett. I think it's some kind of little flower."—4 g.

* * *

If Bill went hunting and killed a sparrow would Cynthia Pickett?

* * *

Mr. Gwynn—"Why did the Americans think that the English caused the Indian Uprising in the western part of the United States?"

Dora H.—"Well, you see England owned India."—4 g.

* * *

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

It was evening. He and she were seated in her father's room burning her father's gas.

"Answer me, Angelina!" he cried, in a voice full of passionate earnestness. "Answer me! I can bear this suspense no longer."

"Answer him, Angelina!" came a voice through the keyhole. "Answer him! I can bear this expense no longer."

* * *

Maude M.—"Mary's little lamb followed her to school one day."

Rebecca M.—"That's nothing, I've got a pony that follows me around to every class."—4 g.

* * *

Mr. A. (teaching Ancient History)—"When did the Roman legendary kings stop ruling?"

L. G. D.—"When they died."—2 g.

Mr. H. (on French class)—“Miss Muse, give me the word for ‘early.’”

Miss Muse.—“Beck.”

* * *

NOT MEANT FOR PUBLICATION. DON'T READ IT!

(Picked up on floor of third year room)

Isn't he a Cunning Ham?

Oh! Shaw (pshaw)!

She sat there Till ett came,

Then she went to the Faucette.

* * *

Query: Did you put this in *THE MESSENGER*?

If Fred's heart was exposed to Cupid's arrow, would Dovie Pearce it?

* * *

Miss T.—“Name a word akin to parley.”

Pauline B.—“Parlor.”

Miss T.—“What is a parlor?”

Pauline—“A place to talk to your beau.”

* * *

A LOVE PROPOSITION

Given: That I love you.

To Prove: That you love me.

Proof: I love you (by hypothesis).

I am a lover.

All the world loves a lover.

All the world loves me.

You are all the world to me.

You love me.—Q. E. D.—Ex.

* * *

Of what salad is Gladys Woody especially fond? Waldorf (Waldo).

* * *

Miss Lila suggests that a good motto for the senior class would be, “*Equo ne credite, Teneri.*”

* * *

Mr. F.—“What is the meaning of the word ‘betimes?’”

J. M.—“It means ‘bed time.’”

AN INCIDENT
EULA CARPENTER, '17

Oh! the other day on French class
I felt the worst of all,
For Mr. Hindle stood me
Right up against the wall.

He handed me the yard-stick
And said, now do not grieve,
But *montre nous le tableau*
Un joli petit livre."

I hardly knew the answer
And the answer I could not say
So he said as he saw me tremble
"A *one* do you *desirez?*

"Well, you mustn't be embarrassed
At such a little thing as that
For I fear you'll be disappointed
At a grade of *trois* or *quatre."*

Since then I have gotten rid of
That bashful, timid way
Of getting up before my class
When I don't know what to say!

* * *

If May Waller had the headache would B. C. cure it?

* * *

Mr. F. (on English class)—"What is a 'versatile' man?"

R. G.—"A 'versatile' man is one who is capable of writing 'verses.'"

* * *

Mrs. Shaw—"What will *a* plus *b* divided by two be?"

J. M.—"It will be the square root of *a* plus *b*."

* * *

Mr. F.—"What is the meaning of the word 'pennywise?'"

B. A.—"It means that when you give anything to charity give more than a 'penny.'"

Mr. F.—“Bruce, what is ‘Biology?’”

B. J.—“It is a study of ‘Bugs.’”

* * *

B. L. (reading Latin)—“A star falling from the ‘Skay’”————

* * *

Miss L. (on Latin class)—“Why did Aeneas’ wife follow him?”

W. B.—“Because he told her to.” (Much laughter).

* * *

W. B. (reading Latin)—“The ‘wild’ Achilles”.....

* * *

L. S.—“At the extremity of the afternoon”————.

* * *

R. Rigsbee (reading French)—“Almost nearly”————.

* * *

Mr. B.—“I have a gas meter in my home, but it is not used for recording my speech.”

* * *

Mr. H. (in study hall when the boys were making a great deal of noise)—“Why worry when ‘empty vessels’ make the noise.”

* * *

Hot ‘Teers were running down Jessie Edwards’ cheeks, but now a Cole has come between.

* * *

INTELLIGENT YOUTH

The boy was very small and the load he was pushing in the wheelbarrow was very, very big.

A benevolent old gentleman, putting down his bundles, lent him a helping hand.

“Really, my boy,” he puffed, “I don’t see how you manage to get that barrow up the gutters alone.”

“I don’t,” replied the appreciative kid. “Dere’s always some jay a-standin’ ‘round as takes it up for me.”—Puck.

* * *

L. S.—“They courtmartialed him and sentenced him to be hung?”

H. B.—“Did they kill him?”

TID BITS FROM HISTORY CLASS

Mr. G.—“How did the Indian uprising affect the strained relations between the United States and England?”

(4th Year Girl)—“Well England owned India and since the Indians lived there”_____

* * *

Teacher—“Bob, what have you got in your mouth?”

R. G.—“A button.”

Teacher—“I would fill up the top and not the bottom of it.”

R. G.—“What is *it*?”

Teacher—“Well, well, Bob didn’t even know that he has a head.”

* * *

Mr. G.—“Robert, why were volunteer soldiers scarce to get to send to America during the Revolutionary War?”

R. D. (stammering)—“They were afraid to cross the Atlantic ocean.”

EXCHANGES

We wish all of our exchanges a happy and prosperous New Year. We have some splendid magazine this month, but there is one general criticism, which we wish to make. Many of our contemporaries, coming from other parts of the country, print only the name of the town from which they come and not the state—which is sure to cause confusion to exchange editors.

This month we have been favored by visits from four of our college friends. The *Trinity Chronicle* and the *Wake Forest Bulletin* are the faithful reporters of the happenings at colleges where happenings are not few. The December number of the *State Normal* bubbles over with Christmas spirit. The *University Magazine* is especially well arranged. The author of "The Weaker Way" is an interesting writer.

Several magazines have come to us from afar. We are interested in these magazines and also the schools they represent.

Lasell Leaves, Boston, Mass.—The cover of your November magazine is characteristic of the Thanksgiving season. We are anxious to read the second chapter of "That Letter."

The Comet, Orono, Me.—Your December publication is an unusually good one but it is not a bit "Christmasy." We commend "The Home of the Attendant Spirit" because of its literary value; and "A Proposal That Missed Fire" because it gratifies our innate love of a story.

High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.—Your magazine presents a very attractive appearance. Your exchange table is the most extensive we have seen this year.

The Mirror, Coldwater, Mich.—"The Halls of Time" shows much originality on the part of the writer, and a few more short stories of its kind would not be out of place.

Poor Richard, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.—Old Ben himself would be proud to own some of your witty sayings. We should like to see your pages increase in number.

The Habit, from Salina, Kansas, is up to the usual standard. It might be said of the cuts, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The Scout, Muskogee, Okla.—The bitter end of your continued story "Romance" appeals to us because it is unusual. It gives nobody the chance to say, "The same old story in the same old way."

Exchanges from the Sunny South have been abundant.

Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Give our congratulations to your Joke and Art Editors.

The Signal, Columbia, Tenn.—Your second issue is so much better than the first that we would like to give you a hearty handshake.

The Missile, Petersburg, Va.—"The Spy" is a good story and well written. You need more like it.

The Student, Portsmouth, Va.—We can see from your January edition that your patriotism is not limited to your school. You are worthy sons of Lee and the South.

The Columbian, Columbia, S. C.—Many magazines seemingly try to push their exchange tables off the map. We are glad to see yours near the middle of your magazine.

Berry News, Mount Berry, Ga.—Your selected poetry is good but what about encouraging your own students to write?

The Oracle, Jacksonville, Fla.—We like your cuts and jokes but there is room for some original stories. Think about it.

Welcome! friends from our own state of the long leaf pine!

The Tatler, Kinston, N. C.—Your December cover is very attractive. "The Refugee" is especially interesting, in the light of current history.

High School Magazine, Mount Olive, N. C.—Your magazine is well arranged but we notice, with regret, that your exchange department is lacking. Your short stories and sketches are excellent.

The Wahisco, Washington, N. C.—It is apparent, from your magazine, that your school is strong along the lines of story-writing, literary societies and athletics.

The Black and Gold, Winston-Salem, N. C.—Your December issue is an improvement over the November, but there is only one lone story to let us know that Christmas comes in December.

The Sage, Greensboro, N. C.—Your magazine is far above the average in every single department.

The Enterprise, our friendly rival from Raleigh! When we looked at your cunning and characteristic November cover, we thought that yours was a school of art. When we found but one cut, it almost reminded us of Shakespeare's words, "All that glistens," etc.

The Hillbilly, Asheville, N. C.—We admire the name, cover, and literary material of your magazine. What more?

The Poplar Leaf, Chapel Hill, N. C.—Your magazine is far better than some which hail from larger cities than Chapel Hill. You showed good taste in choosing a name for your magazine which had a historical significance.

The Tattler, Elizabeth City, N. C.—You are a delightful magazine from cover to cover.

Call again, friends!—V. C.

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