

MESSENGER





EVERYTHING



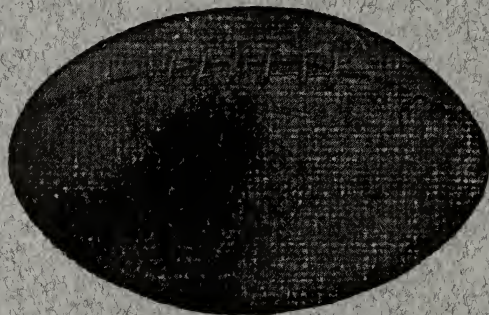
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January, 1909

THE MESSENGER

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Edgar Allen Poe

GEORGE CARRINGTON, '09.

A hundred years have passed since the birth of America's greatest literary genius, Edgar Allen Poe, the only one of her writers known abroad. Sixty years have passed since his death, but those years have only served to make his name the brighter and his fame the more certain. True he is not yet as fully appreciated as he deserves, still his mastery is felt and his renown more widely extended than that of any other American man of letters.

Poe inherited from his parents a warm, Gallic temperament; from his father, an Irish-Italian, the impulsive glow of the Irish and the delicate minstrelsy of the Italian, and from his mother the brooding spirit of melancholy. In addition to these emotional inheritances comes also somewhere from the ancestral vein his one great besetting weakness, which was to be his greatest enemy through a life of sorrow and disappointment, a weak will. His Creator alone knows how many dreary nights he spent in fighting that weakness, how many nights he left his room when the rain was pouring down in torrents without and with only an old army cloak thrown around to shelter him from the deluge and the cold, and walked up and down the streets with the rain beating in his face and his soul torn by the mighty conflict between the impulses of a lofty mind and the cravings of a weak will. Thus he spent the watches of the night, sometimes silent and sometimes muttering to himself, and at times he must have cried out to the storm when the pain within became too severe, but it is noticeable that the storm gave back no answer.

In addition to his weak will, Poe had other common frailties, which he had the preception to realize, and which another person with a stronger will could have overcome. The combination, how-

ever, proved fatal to Poe. In *Israfel* he gave expression to their mastery over him, and at the same time showed his despair of ever conquering them. Indeed he seemed better endowed to enjoy a heaven than to engage in the struggle here. In the comparison of himself to *Israfel* he ends with this thought:

"If I could dwell where *Israfel*
Hath dwelt and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his
Might swell from my lyre
Within the sky."

Already melancholy, he was entered at one of the old schools of England when a mere boy, and soon became accustomed to the gloomy atmosphere of the place. There, owing to his environments, the somber side of his nature was developed. Then, too, it was natural for a genius like his, supported by a lofty mind, but encumbered with a weak will, to be morose and melancholy, for he, with his high mental endowments, could see the faults of the world, but had not the strength of will to strive to set them to rights. He could only muse upon them and by musing become more settled in his wasting hypochondria.

In this circumstance also we discover the poet's bent for the peculiar line of literature he chose as a vehicle for his expression. A lover of the beautiful and a believer that all poetry should be written with the sole aim of finding and expressing beauty, and considering strange beauty the most excellent type of all, he gave expression to the truest spirit of romance in his writings—"strangeness added to beauty."

No pen but Poe's could have written the "Raven." It is equally impossible for another to have written "Ulalume," "Ligea," or "The Fall of the House of Usher." He stands in a field apart from other writers. His works are weirdly fantastical, romantically beautiful. He is not America's representative writer, he is her greatest man of letters, and judging him by his standard of poesy, which is as nearly perfect as any yet formulated, he is entitled to a place among the greatest poets of the ages.

Those Shadow Ships

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Out to the land of shattered dreams
The shadow ships sail slow ;
Freighted with hopes now cold and dead,
Bearing the vows we once have said,
Laden with memories, long since fled,
Of days of long ago.

Out through the evening's dusky light
Those ships sail on and on ;
The winds sigh oft o'er rope and spar,
The air grows still and from afar
Trembles aloft the evening star,
Now that alas is gone!

Out at the land where joy is fled
The ships reach port at last ;
The sails are furled, the voyage o'er,
The dreams have reached the distant shore,
The shades of night are growing lower,
The anchor down is cast.

Out at the port of broken hopes
The ships lie side by side ;
Each brought a dream that could not stay,
A sad sweet hope of yesterday,
And ne'er a one must sail away,
But ever there abide.

Over the land of shattered dreams
The gray sky ne'er is bright ;
The wind sings ever a dreary song,
Old woes press close in countless throng,
The weary heart sobs all day long
And breaks at last in night.

A Mountain Climb

J. A. S., '08.

It was a beautiful morning. In the dim distance could be seen Aurora seated restfully in her golden chariot peeping over the lofty cloud-rift mountains, filling the whole region with joy and brilliancy. In the woods around were the twittering birds, all singing and jargoning their voices commingling in one grand harmonious chorus.

We arose and as was our usual custom went down to the Pigeon River, a beautiful mountain stream, about half a mile from camp, where we took our early morning swim. Only a participant in these trips and partaker of these pleasures can imagine how good one feels after coming from a pleasant swim in the purest of the pure mountain streams. Only a lover of water can imagine the vim and renewed animation that such a privilege affords.

Returning to camp we prepared breakfast, eating a big, hearty meal and enjoying every bite. This enormous appetite, however, is one of the characteristics of a camper, especially in this section of the country. We also prepared a big lunch, knowing the distance we had to span and the appetite that we would have on reaching our destination.

After arranging our tramping costume we were ready to begin our long trail through the high weeds and tall timbers into the "Land of the Sky." From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, filling the valley with verdure and fertility. All sides were covered with great masses of trees. The banks of the rivers were diversified with flowers and fragrance. On one side were the herds of cattle grazing on the green pastures, on another was seen great orchards of apples and various fruits, apples, however, seeming a specialty in this section. All the blessings of nature were collected, the evils extracted and secluded.

One of the finest luxuries afforded by a mountain climb is the opportunity of drinking from the various mountain springs. The water is cool and refreshing, reminding one of the "fountain of youth" of old.

We were on our way to "Lick Stone Bald," believed to be the best mountain in this entire section from which to get a view of the grandeur of nature and the great handiwork of God.

In the early days deer would come to this mountain and lick this

stone, upon the very summit of the mountain, supposed to have possessed some mineral akin to our salt-rock of today. From this old tradition the name was derived.

As I climbed from rock to rock up this long rugged trail leading to the summit of this beautiful mountain, I thought of the passage on duty that Tennyson so beautifully expresses in his ode on The Death of Wellington :

“Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory ;
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro’ the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.”

The trail seemed very rugged and hard to travel and we had “to learn to deaden our love for self,” however, upon reaching the goal the path of duty proved the way to glory.

I watched the sun as it slowly sank into the west, leaving behind the dim twilight. The whole world seemed to be one great piece of harmony. There isn't a more beautiful picture in any gallery than in the select art gallery of nature. Myriads of colors were tastefully blended. In the far distance could be seen other ranges of encircling mountains, acting as the frame-work of this great piece of art.

Sunset on the mountain is almost beyond expression, the picture is one great inspiring piece of sublime harmony, artistically arranged. The forests were gorgeously banked together. Down below in the valley was the pure mountain stream peacefully gliding on its winding pathway into the mother of waters, the great ocean.

The journey to “Lick Stone Bald” being of extraordinary length we decided to spend the night on the mountain and return the following evening.

Night hovered its dark mysterious veil about us. For a while the whole region was in utter darkness. Only one little faint twinkling star could be seen in the heavens, and that, lonely one, looked as lonesome as we were feeling at this particular time.

The wind blew brisk and it was very chilly, though not cold enough

to cause one to feel uncomfortable. All was silent with the exception of the frequent hoot of the owl and the shrill cry of the wild cat. An excellent place to read the ghostly stories of Edgar Allen Poe. Back in the Orient could be seen the lazy moon rising over the happy mountains, covered with a dense fog and gray hovering mist. As I lay wrapt in fascination at the great and glorious sight, "silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." I lay feasting on meditative luxury and the instructions of the planets. "The mountains seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."

We collected balsam branches for bedding and spent the night in 'God's out-of-doors,' in the very heart of nature.

Morning came finding us in slumberland. Finally we arose feeling a little stiff, but after exercising a bit we felt as intrepid as ever. Down the mountain we followed trail back into "Camp Retreat." Occasionally we would lose our way down the winding trail of underbrush and rubbish and become a little frightened. But these emergencies seemed only as spice and flavor to the occasion. After we reached camp they were the subject of our conversation, just as one on a hunting trip returns and summarizes his day's experience with his companions.

Finally we reached camp, and oh, how good camp does look to a tired, hungry camper! If you have ever camped out you can thoroughly appreciate the feeling. If you never have enjoyed camp life you should, by all means, take a camping trip sometime and live the real true life, away from civilization and the hurry-flurry of progress and city life.

Revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of day.

A Tribute to Home

CARRIE NOELL, '09.

There comes a joy divine,
My thoughts in fancy roam,
Again the long-leaf pine
I see, and home, sweet home.

There joy and peace prevail,
No wicked wiles ensnare,
No mortal woes assail,—
My soul forgets its care.

Like a shining beacon light
Across a lonely plain,
My path now shows aright,
Its ills I may disdain.

Then let me love thee more,
Thou haven hope, my home,
Protect me as of yore,
Till Heaven be my own.



The First Quarrel

WILLIE COX, '09.

From the first moment of Peggy Matthews' engagement to Ralph Smith, Mrs. Matthews had not hesitated to warn her daughter that a man of thirty would be far less easy to manage than a youth of, say, twenty-five. He would have contracted certain bachelor habits, for example, which would require much patience and determination to overcome.

Mrs. Smith soon discovered that her mother had spoken quite correctly. Her husband had remained a little too long in a state of barbarity. So many of the little niceties of manners seemed never to occur to him to need attention. For instance, it was a matter of indifference whether or not his napkin was neatly folded after use.

Another of his bad habits—and this distressed his wife far more than the trouble with the napkin—was the practice of leaving his toothbrush in the bathroom. In the first place Peggy could discover no good reason why he should not clean his teeth in his bedroom. When she alluded to the subject, he merely replied that he preferred the bathroom.

At the end of the third week in their new home the careful little wife removed the toothbrush to the bedroom. At six o'clock that same evening a tiny cloud appeared, the very first that had marred the fair sky of their married life. Ralph returned from town rather tired that day, and was busying himself in some other part of the house. Peggy at the time was arranging her hair. Presently she heard her husband calling. The voice came from the bathroom.

"Yes, dear!" she replied. "What is it? I'm just fixing my hair."

Mr. Smith entered the room, and she noticed he was frowning.

"Where is my toothbrush?" he asked.

"On the washstand, dearest."

"I left it in the bathroom."

"I know, dear."

"Did you move it?"

"Yes. I hate to see it lying about in the bathroom."

"Would you mind putting it back where you found it?"

"My dear Ralph, how can you be so unreasonable? This is the right place for it."

"Will you get the thing? Kindly decide."

"No-o, dear."

He went out, slamming the door behind him. Peggy's lower lip began to tremble.

Dinner, of course, was a gloomy meal that evening. The few remarks that were made came from Mrs. Smith. Poor Mary, the waitress, felt quite unhappy. She asked: "Shall I serve the coffee in the living-room, ma'am?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Smith.

"I'll have mine in here," said Mr. Smith.

"I don't see the necessity of quarreling before the servants," observed Peggy coldly, when Mary had left the room.

"I wasn't quarreling. I simply said I'd have my coffee in here. Perhaps you would rather I had it in the kitchen."

"Don't be absurd! You know I don't mind where you have it. All I meant was—"

"But you seem to mind where I keep my toothbrush."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Smith, "bother the wretched toothbrush!" And she, in her turn, slammed the door.

At nine-thirty Ralph rose from his chair, put on his overcoat and cap and went out for a walk. Peggy rushed across to the piano and began to play the gayest piece she knew. Ralph bit his lip savagely. There was no door to slam, but he did the best he could with the gate.

It was late when he returned, and the house was in darkness, save for a light in the hall.

On his way upstairs he remembered that he had forgotten to remove his toothbrush from the bedroom to the bathroom. That was a pity. It would look as if he were beaten.

He went into the bedroom, but the brush was nowhere to be seen. Then an idea struck him. Could it be possible that—? He tiptoed into the bathroom. Yes! there was the toothbrush where he had been in the habit of leaving it. Mr. Smith hesitated. He

had won the battle, but the victory seemed to bring him no satisfaction. Then, he carried it into the bedroom and placed it on the washstand.

Peggy was asleep. Ralph noticed on her face the trace of tears. His kiss awoke her. She put a soft arm around his neck and drew him down. "Darling," she whispered, "I—"

"Yes, dear."

"I put it back."

"So did I," said Ralph.

To a Rose

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

Thou lovely rose, there lying so low,
Vain one, ne'er thought'st thou winter's snow
Would touch thy head, so queenly late,
But now, alas! thou'st met thy fate.

Just so it is with human life,
We little reck of coming strife
But spend the hours without a thought
Of what will come, or time has brought.

And aye, without a sky o'ercast,
The snow of Death falls thick and fast
And chills the fairest and the best
That e'er in the field a life confessed.



Friday

MARY RUFFIN GREEN, '09.

Nearly all people have their suspicions about Friday being unlucky or lucky. There is nothing unlucky about its name, for it was named from Frea or Friga, a goddess at Saxon mythology, and from the Anglo-Saxon word daeg, meaning day.

Is it lucky, or unlucky, which?

Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday.

Shakespeare born on Friday.

Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.

America discovered on Friday.

King Charles beheaded on Friday.

Mayflower landed on Friday.

Bastille destroyed on Friday.

George Washington born on Friday.

Napoleon born on Friday.

Moscow burned on Friday.

Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.

Queen Victoria married on Friday.

President McKinley assassinated on Friday.

1909 born on Friday.

School is out on Friday ! ! ! ! !

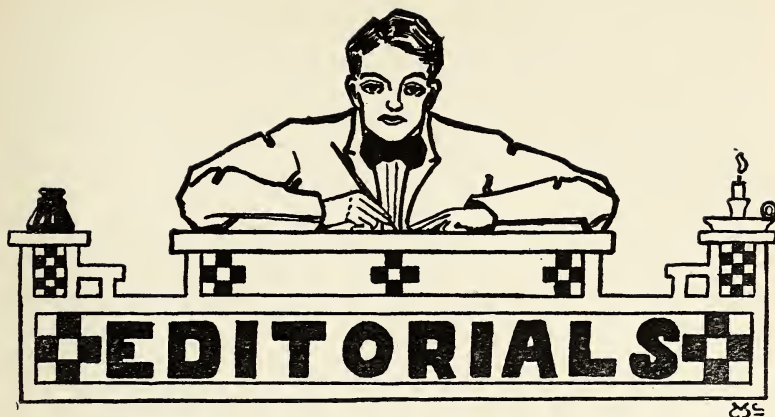
The Encounter

ZEB. V. ROBERSON, '10.

I met a maid surpassing fair,
With laughing eyes and golden hair.
To me she did appear so sweet,
A fairer one I could not greet.
Now shame on me! I in a whisper
Ask'd if I might just one time kiss her.
(You lift your hands in holy "hush!"
Even memory makes the writer blush).
Those laughing eyes she turned on me
And fiery darts they tried to be;
But she could not suppress a smile
At my boldness, said: "Wait a while!"
Now some whiles are of short duration,
Nor can I long withstand temptation;
I looked around as far as eye
Could reach, not one there was to spy.
The dainty maid before me stood,
A tempting morsel for young blood.
I took one step, she did not stir,
Another, and I reached for her—
But try real hard, just do your best,
It may be you can guess the rest.

Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girliorum,
Girlibus likibus
Wanti somorum,
Kickibus boyibus
Out of the dorum.
Darkibus nightibus
No lightiorum,
Climibus gatibus
Breechibus torum.

—Ex.



The year nineteen hundred and eight, with its joy and sorrows, its pleasures and troubles, its good deeds and bad are now recorded as history. Father Time has carefully sealed this another volume of our lives and laid it by to be held against us on That Day. The Old Year can never be lived over again, except through the medium of memory, the eye with which we see our past, and strangely enough only the pleasures thereof. And by remembering the mistakes and errors of the past year we hope to make them an incentive for nobler impulses and greater efforts in the future.

Our High School, like a splendid old galleon just wetting its keel in untried waters, is now embarked upon the bosom of the New Year. The experience has brought, too, renewed energies and brave resolutions to overcome the hard propositions and the obstacles that are sure to be encountered on the voyage.

DEBATING SOCIETY

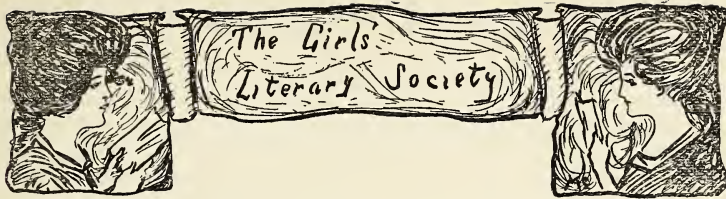
The Blackwell Literary Society is one of the best organs of the High School. Its work is in many respects just as important as the classroom duties. To have a well-equipped society hall in our school is indeed a rare opportunity, and to slight advantages of this kind seems almost unnatural in a boy. Yet there are boys who are doing themselves this injustice, dragging along through the

four years in the High School with no greater ambition than merely to pass on the work which is required of them.

A boy gathers something from his work in the debating society that will be a help to him in his daily recitations. It will enable him to express more clearly what he thinks when standing before his class, and will remove, in a great measure, that timidity and embarrassment which most of us have experienced when trying to stand on our feet and speak intelligently to our fellow students.

Boys, don't waste valuable opportunities like this. Get into the Society and work; it will help you and thereby help the Society to succeed in doing the very thing for which it exists. Show a true school spirit, and in order to do this you must get behind every movement and every organization that is for the betterment of your institution. Do it for the sake of school, even if not personally interested.

The Society hopes to meet some other high school in the State in a public debate some time during the spring. In fact it is already decided that we will go up against our very close neighbors, the East Durham High School, in a public debate on February 26. Now we are looking forward to this with a great deal of interest and hope for nothing short of a victory. So get busy, boys, and show our friends the real art of debating.



LAURA TILLET, '10.

The Christmas holidays are over and the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society has resumed its work with a vim. We hope that one of the New Year's resolutions of each member of the Society was to attend every meeting during the ensuing year. This was evidently the case, as many of the former absentees have again resumed their seats among us.

Our officers wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Blackwell Literary Society boys for their invitation to attend one of their meetings on Friday, December the 18th. A most interesting debate took place and every debater was well prepared and showed much skill in forensic art. The declamations were also excellent and the whole program was thoroughly enjoyed.

On December the 19th, this being the last meeting before the holidays, the program was in keeping with the season, and many selections were read, which, not only gave credit to the ones who read them, but also to the directresses.

The Society recently invited Mr. Goode to meet with us regularly, as we found the need of some leader, and he graciously consented. His good influence has already been felt. Mr. Green has also honored us with his presence many times and has spoken encouragingly to us.

Some of the girls are not only talented in the literary line, but also in music. This was shown by the musical program on Saturday, January the 9th. We also studied the life and works of George Eliot during the past month, and selections from many of her works were read. We are all very much interested in her and every member gave a reason for loving her, which made the program very interesting indeed.

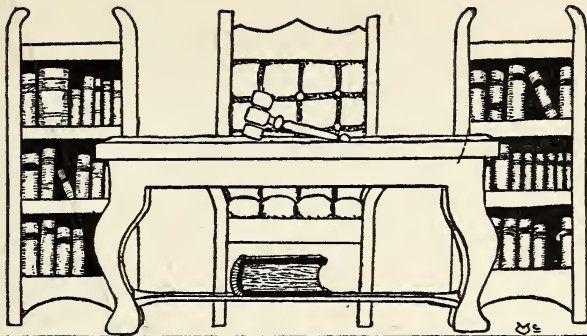
Current Events' Club

CARRIE NOELL, '09.

In the course of human events it has always been the case that practically everybody has been prone to give far more of their attention to past history than to that happening daily at the home, in the State, in our nation, and abroad. Realizing the mistake of this some of the students of the High School have come together for the purpose of studying current news.

The purpose of the Club is not to have fun, but to learn of things that should be interesting to every thoughtful person. We hope that many of the High School students will join our band, but in the outset we wish to say that we do not desire to have any one as a member who does not propose to work.

Mr. Campbell has been elected faculty manager and with him as leader our prospects are exceedingly bright for a very successful year's work.



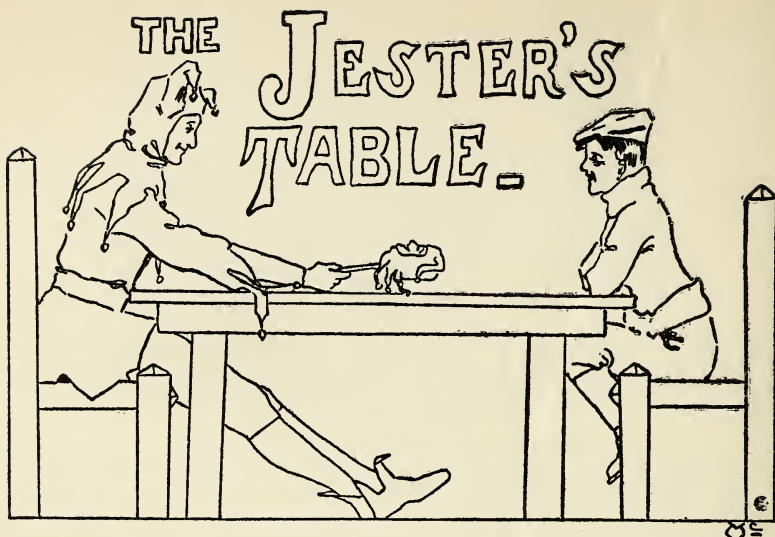
BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

H. A. P., '09.

The boys of this Society have started out into the work of the New Year with a promising outlook for a most successful spring term. Nothing is more encouraging than the good attendance each Friday night. Those who are put on for debate or declamation are always present and show good preparation. This is the kind of work that makes the Society a success. Let's keep it up.

On February 26 we will meet our neighboring High School, of East Durham, in a public debate. They issued the challenge, and we accepted and submitted the question: "Resolved, That it should be the policy of the Southern States to encourage European immigration." They chose the negative side of the question, and, of course, that leaves the affirmative in our care. Now, boys, we expect you to defend this side of the query in such a manner as to absolutely prove to every one who hears you speak that immigration is the real thing for the South, and unless we get it this wonderful Southland of ours will shrivel up and vanish entirely from the globe. The boys of East Durham will probably be working while we sleep, so arouse and buckle on the armor of argument and forthwith win a victory for the B. L. S.

It is almost a certainty now that we will debate the Goldsboro High School, also, this spring. Definite arrangements have not yet been made. However, they have accepted a challenge from us, and only the minor arrangements remain to be made. See what we have before us with only a few months in which to do them. Nothing short of good, hard, honest, everyday work can make such an undertaking a success.



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Tell me where is *knowledge* bread?
Or in the heart, or in the head?

Mr. Green says in the *head*, but most of the High School students seem to think it is in the heart.

* * *

Experiment No. 23, Chemical Affinities. (Copied from a Freshman's laboratory manual):

"I found by experiment that Potassium Iodide (ki) united with sulphur under pressure with the following reaction $ki+23=kiss$. No violent reaction took place, though there was a slight explosion. My assistant and I (not my sister, my assistant,) repeated the experiment several times with the same result. The experiment was formed in the dark, as directed."

* * *

Father—"You can't have him."

Daughter—"O, Father, you said once that you could deny me nothing."

Father—"Well he comes as near being 'nothing' as anything I know of."—Ex.

After Exams. (the song of the jubilant):

Happy, happy, happy class!
Only the good,
Only the good,
Only the good,
Deserve to pass. ? ? ?

* * *

TIME TO SMOKE.

He—"I've money to burn."

She—"Then I'm your match."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Bryan—"Chaucer's father didn't know much about the English language."

Watts Carr—"Chaucer didn't know much either about the English language by the mistakes he made in writing."

* * *

Wife (on return from seashore)—"What! you haven't opened any of the letters I wrote you?"

Hubby—"No, it wasn't necessary. I sent you money every time one came."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. C.—"Where was George Washington born?"

M. C.—"In Genoa."

* * *

Mr. Meekes—"Surely I ought to have some say as to whom my daughter marries."

Mrs. Meekes—"Not a word, sir! When she gets good and ready she shall, if she likes, marry any old fool, just as her mother did."—Ex.

* * *

Pat.—"That woman wants washing."

Mike—"Turn the hose on her."—Ex.

* * *

Wife—"What is the best thing to put into pie?"

Husband—"Teeth, of course."

* * *

Teacher—"William, what has Italy given to the world?"

W. W.—"An earthquake."

WOODED AND WON.

Wooper—"Ah, may I be your Captain, and guide your barque over the Sea of Life?"

Widow—"No; but you can be my second mate."—N. Y.

* * *

Mr. S.—"I noticed you hoeing your garden last evening. What are you raising?"

Mr. M.—"Blisters."—Ex.

* * *

Will you tell us why Miss Ethel, of 3A, persists, with a smile, in telling the history teacher of CADE's part in the Yorkish conflict, and is continually having Henry the colossal figure?

* * *

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Till woman has a voice, we fear,

In the ballot box controls,

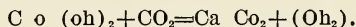
It cannot be denied her sphere

Is slightly flattened at the Poles.

—Ex.

* * *

Ten dollars reward for any one in 3A who will make a better combination than this:



(Signed) E. N. TILLET.

* * *

FEMININE INTELLIGENCE.

"Do you believe men like women with intelligence?" asked the serious girl.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "provided they have enough of it to refrain from impressing a man of ignorance."—W. S.

* * *

Mr. Tillett—"What is the production of the union of oxygen and burning carbon?"

Pupil—"Nitrogen."

Mr. T.—"Next!"

Next Pupil—"A flame."

* * *

Mr. Goode—"Who was Timotheus?"

Pupil—"He was a goddess."

BRIEF BUT POINTED.

"Can I. O. U.?" asked the new customer.

"No," answered the grocer. "I C. O. D."—C. N.

* * *

Teacher—"What is an avalanche?"

Pupil—"An avalanche is a valley rolling down a mountain."

Teacher—"Next!"

Next Pupil—"An avalanche is a thing you carry folks to the hospital in."

* * *

AT THE GAME.

No, Clarise, dear, in baseball speech.

In stories like you scanned,

No fan is used by players when

They say a player fanned.

Likewise there is no violence,

Except a weird, wild shout,

In cases where the pitcher throws

The man on third base out.

Also is not larceny,

Though rooters grim of face,

Cry loud against the happening,

For a man to steal a base.

Ditto (and this is curious)

When rooters start to root,

They root with mouth and tongue instead

Of rooting with the snout.

—Ex.

* * *

THE NEW DISCOVERY.

"Faith is and always has been of the greatest beliefs any one can believe."

* * *

"So long I've been by woman bossed,

I feel," poor Henpeck said,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,

Than to have loved and wed."

—P. S.



GENTLE KNOCKS

"A great sweet silence"??? 4a—4b—before 9.

"Disappointment is a good thing if you do not get an overdose."—*Don or Watts*, after *Amy's* decision. (?)

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—*Lida Vaughan*.

"Consistency, thou art a smile."—*Clara Crawford*.

"You look wise: pray correct the error!"—*Zeb. Roberson*.

"Brains! not size."—*Mary Wescott*.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

—*Susie Markham*.

"Civilized men cannot live without cooks."—*Maude Willis*.

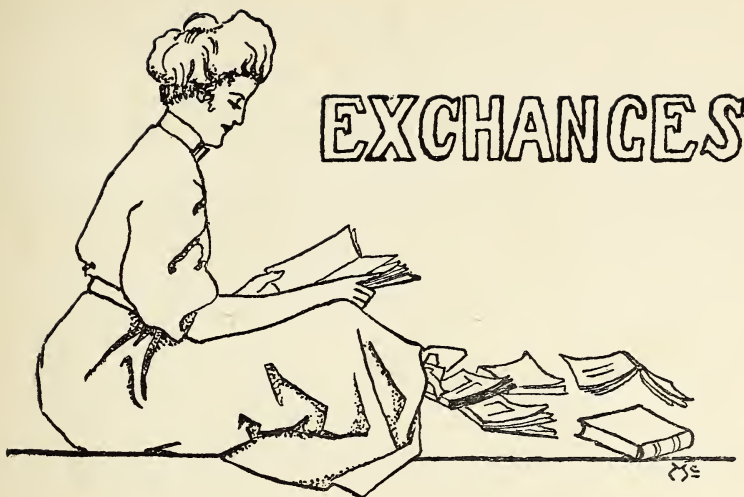
"Friends, Romans, Countrymen: lend me your ears."—*Percy Brown*.

"And so she smiles, nor frown, nor pout,
That look divine can put to rout."

—*Hallie Lea*.

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—*Clara Petty*.



Echoes from Locust Grove Institute comes to our table this month for the first time. It is an exceedingly neat magazine, but a few cuts would add much to its attractiveness.

The Occident for December is a very good number. "Betty's Christmas Eve" is a cleverly written story containing an amusing Christmas incident.

The December number of The Greensboro High School Magazine comes to us full of varied stories of great interest. The poem, "Reflections," contains some comforting philosophy. This magazine, however, would have been greatly improved had it had a cover more suggestive of the Christmas season.

The Christmas number of The Wake Forest Student is an excellent one. The cover is especially appropriate, as it is an index of the right sort of Christmas spirit.

The Retina, from the Toledo High School, is an exceptionally fine magazine. Its Literary Department consists of a number of commendable stories, but we think that the poetic field is neglected. This magazine has no Exchange Department.

The Black Board for the month of December is not so creditable as it might be. The Literary Department of this magazine can be improved upon to a great extent.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges: The Red and White, The Sentinel, Tileston Topics, Davidson College Magazine, The Asheville High School Monthly, The Somerset Idea, The Courier, High School Chat, The Goldsboro High School Magazine, The Chronicle, The Almanack, The Echo, The Dragon, The Kaleidoscope, and The Sotoyoman.

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Miracle Defined By a Little Tot

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

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

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

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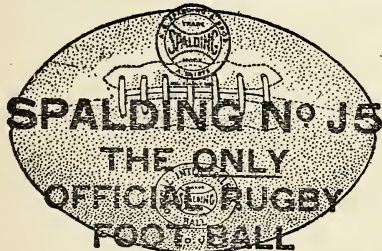
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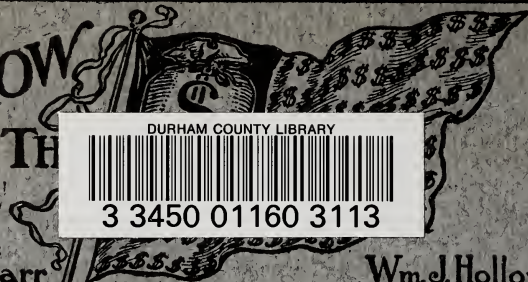
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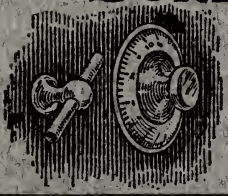
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