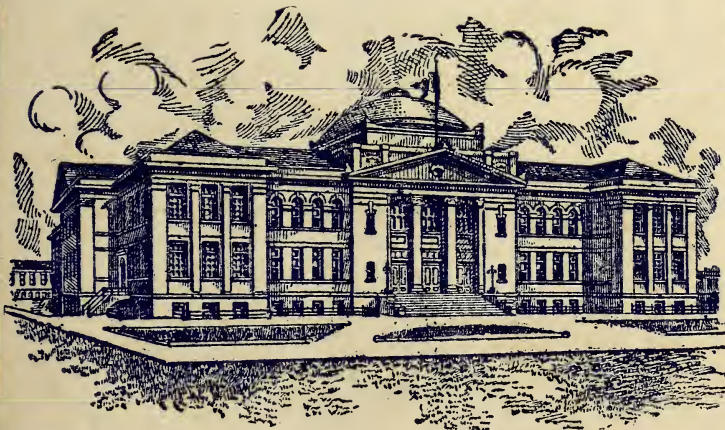


# MESSENGER

VOL. III

JUNE

No. 7



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Volume III, No. 7

June, 1907

# THE MESSENGER

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

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All papers must be written in ink on one side of the paper only.

All contributions must be signed, but the name will be withheld if desired.

Hand all manuscripts to your Grade Representative or to the Editor-in-Chief.

Articles intended for publication must be placed in the hands of the Editor 15 days before the date of issue.

Address all business communications relative to subscription or advertising to the Business Manager.

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Cover Design by AMY MUSE



## Class History

BY JAMES W. BLACKWELL, JR., '07.

In the days of ancient Greece we see the natives travelling weary miles in order to consult the far-famed oracle of Delphi; the Romans trusted with implicit faith their precious Sibylline books; Saul consulted the Witch of Endor for information; and today our poetess may listen to the inspiring voices of the muses, and enrapture her listeners with songs of poetic frenzy. Our prophetess may draw aside the curtain which separates the present from the future and revel in the stories woven from the wanderings of her imagination. But I, as historian, am denied the use of imagination, and the inspiration of the muses, for history deals with the deeds committed in the flesh. I, as the scapegoat of the ancient Hebrews, have all the sins of the people to bear, and these are they who have come up through tribulation and donned garments of white.

In most great eras there is some one condition which strikes the key-note to the age. In the beginning it would be best to give you our chief claim to fame, and I have good authority for the statement, which lies in the fact that "We have been heard for our much speaking," and for this reason the very dignified and dutiful members of our class, Mary Lucy Harrell, Alma Cole, Jessie Riggsbee, Lottie Burroughs, Mabel Bruce, Leonard Dunlop and Myrtle Leigh will be immortalized by the teachers.

Marea Jordan has gathered in all the knowledge of the ages, and when called on pours it out in a soft and gentle voice. Her

chief delight is in hunting up the luckless Greek verbs from their hiding places.

William McGary, a very studious boy, has denounced smiling and laughing as the wiles of the evil one, and we are reminded of that saying, "Why should a man whose blood is warm sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"

There are two girls, Anna Bell Hunter and Lavinia Pridgen, who divide their time between looking out of the window at a certain division of male animal and studying their fair countenances in a mirror slyly hidden in some book.

Amy Muse occupies the "amen" corner of the room, and is not satisfied with studying as few as six studies, but keeps her desk full of books and papers. Amy always sees the ridiculous side of everything, and no teacher can put on so rigid a frown as not to be melted by her odd sayings.

Otis Kirkland, a boy of high aspirations, finds pleasure in pursuing knowledge, and he has the advantage of us, as it will not take a very long ladder to place his head high up in the realms of fame.

Baxter Proctor rises every morning before dawn and comes all the way from East Durham, but he always gets here early and leaves late, forever seeking after knowledge. He is especially fond of Latin and usually translates thirty lines beyond the lesson.

Claire Uzzle has a laugh of a hidden brook, or to make a more commonplace comparison, as of water flowing from a bottle. Catherine Jones divides her time between masticating her gum and having spells of uncontrollable mirth while everybody else is wrestling with the Pious Aneas or pursuing Xenophon. Reba New, our much looked-up-to classmate, who always makes the best of difficult lessons, completes this trio which believes that care is an enemy to life.

Our favorite song is "Is My Name Written There," and we silently sing it at 2:30, as the retaining book is read.



Our favorite product is mirrors, due probably to the predominance of the feminine gender—and good looks. Second only to mirrors come side-combs, which have flourished to such an extent that our ancient sage and Prince of Philosophers, Chesley Hutchings, has declared that no wife of his shall ever wear one of those instruments of torture.

We had hoped that Fannie Max would grow in stature, as she showed marked advances in wisdom this last year, but she still has the advantage of passing for a very young girl.

Pluma Owens showed such an eager desire to pursue the study of history that to her properly belonged this task that I have, and I should have offered her the job had I not found that of late she has found unusual interest in Virgil, and since consulting George Umstead I have found that the reason for this favoritism for the Latin poet lies in the passages about Venus and the little blind god. Even George, for whom the teachers have talked a little louder than usual and whose sins of commission have received more forgiveness than due, has heard a “wee small voice,” which he answers on the sly with glances which only a few of the teachers have seen and recorded.

But you wonder who are there in brightest array. They compose the shirtwaist set, Kate Lee Hundley, Clyde Morris, Iola York, Mary Sasser and Annie May Corbett. Their sleepy looking eyes and bandaged fingers tell of long midnight hours spent in diligent sewing.

Louis Jaffe, the famous and widely known editor of the *MESSENGER*, writes strange tales, for varied and romantic has been his experience. “From women’s eyes this doctrine I divine” is his motto. He finds his greatest pleasure in the company of the fair ones and of a certain Bell especially. He has proven to the satisfaction of the entire student body, teachers and janitors that he has “A mint of phrases in his brain.”

We have a strangely and wonderfully gifted class, and have never been able to understand why so much genius should be

thrown together in one class. Kathleen Turrentine had one talent which she displayed as poetess, but she has also had her fine voice immortalized on a phonograph record, not only for the benefit of the '07 physics class, but for all those that shall come after us.

Not only has a great singer sprung up among us, but a poet has come to the full realization of his powers and John Beavers has made contributions to the MESSENGER which lead us to doubt that ancient saying, "A poet is born, not made," for even in our day we have seen him in the making, and we all remember the time when he was not a poet.

Lida Mangum is at times very sentimental. She went riding with a certain person of the masculine gender and grew so weak from extreme ecstasy that she tumbled from the buggy in her supremest moment of happiness. (How the gentleman ever succeeded in getting her back in the buggy is the unsolved problem).

Rosa Branch, Hattie Barbee, and Rosa Smith, on account of their partiality to geometry, have caused all the other teachers to envy the instructor of that much beloved subject.

Rose Merritt has the walk of a nymph, so light and airy is her manner. She comes from Chapel Hill and thinks the world begins and ends there. She has never quite gotten the idea out of her head that Durham is not merely a suburb of that great city.

Robert Kruger, our adopted Russian, has a marvelous gift of tongues, and, like the Carthaginians when the "Pious Aneas," so dear to our hearts, spoke "All became silent," for verily "Sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Lillian Herndon has always had a cherished notion of being a teacher of Latin and English, and we have always encouraged her in pursuing this ideal, but in the past year she has begun a study of natural history, giving the due prominence to the op-

posite sex; and we know that she has given up her high calling, and we know not how soon her wedding bells will ring.

Tom Elliott is a handsome youth with a very deep insight to all branches of study. His only trouble is forgetfulness. This unfortunate habit enters into all his works, and especially about the head.

Robert Hunter, a boy of Chesterfieldian qualities, is very quiet and dignified, but his mental capacities must not be measured by his avoirdupois, for verily he reminds us of that ancient phrase, slightly altered, "And still our wonder grows that one small head can carry all he knows."

Claud Clark has soft brown eyes, and he has won the hearts of the teachers, like Robert, with his quiet ways and frequent blushes.

Isabel Jourdan's chief feat has been the accomplishing of wonderful ways in hair dressing, and we all are wondering just how she will appear on the graduating night; whether she will have it in the good school girl way or as a stately lady.

Clyde Fisher, with his deep bull frog bass voice, delights in reading his Latin in voluminous, rolling accents. His translations tell of a brimming vocabulary, which is well flavored with such long words that we of common clay find constant use for our dictionaries.

Ethel Pridgen has done a great deal toward making the class of '07 think highly of itself because she considers that even she could add no fresh facts to our great store of knowledge. For this encouragement we thank her sincerely, but regret that her unwillingness to answer every question put to her has denied us her rare smiles that a few of us have seen and valued—elsewhere.

Watts Norton has, borrowing a phrase, "Kivered himself with stygmatism" throughout this entire year. Just how he is able to write notes and smile at certain pretty girls, and get such good marks, is impossible to explain. But whenever he is

caught while "in the act," he is always able to cover his sin with a solemn face and a studious frown.

Leonard Cheek, our widely known orator and debater, has appalled all of us with his deep insight into logic and his remarkable power in reasoning on questions in history. Wherever he goes, his long well-kept hair betrays the orator. Leonard has moved many things to sympathy and tears, but the cruel subject of geometry stops its ears to all his eloquence.

A mystery is always a thing of interest, and for that reason Nonie Carrington stands prominent in our thoughts. We have tried by all the theorems in geometry and by every available science to understand how Nonie has found herself able to answer the office phone at least six times during a written review, finish first, and make a beautiful mark that we all admire. This is not her only feat, for Nonie "meanders" in the afternoon, and has less "weariness of the flesh" and more fun than any other, along with her study. Yet she does not come sleepily to school as her sister classmates do, but "with a morning face and a morning heart."

Harry W. Lehman has been saved to the last because the writer knew that he would be physically unable to undertake a faithful record of the other members after the deeds done in the flesh of our class president had been told. He has, as we all know and appreciate, a marvellous ability of carrying to perfection the most arduous and stupendous undertakings. This capacity for bringing things to pass has made him give up the idea of pursuing education further, for his unusual ability is immediately demanded in the business world. We lament this decision because we pity already the freshman class that must be deprived of so mighty a master of men—and women.

"The last leaf on this tree" is myself, but since I am a scapegoat I am ostracized from human society, and deserve no place among this illustrious body.





T. LEONARD CHEEK, '07  
RALEIGH VS. DURHAM  
INTER-HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE 1907



CHESLEY M. HUTCHINGS, '07  
RALBIGH VS. DURHAM  
INTER-HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE 1907

I should like to mention our beloved teachers individually, but I guess they have had enough of us already. However, in behalf of our grade I wish to extend our sincerest thanks to all of them with whom we have been thrown so constantly, and from whom we have received so many helpful lessons and examples. And in closing let us all hope that though the "years be many" we may all meet often in after life, and always keep and cherish that spirit of fellowship which we have so long experienced in our school life.

---

## Alma Mater

(An Apostrophe.)

BY H. W. LEHMAN, '07.

With many fond regrets we leave thee,  
Guardian of our childhood days,  
We still would have thy shining beacon  
Guide us with its golden rays!

O thou hast taught us many virtues  
When our years but yet were few,  
Thou hast ever held before us  
Standards of the learning true.

When connecting ties are severed,  
When our lots in life are cast,  
Thy name will ever bring before us  
Sweet memories of the happy past.



## Class Prophecy

BY REBA NEW, '07.

Durham, North Carolina,  
May 15, 1917.

Your presence is desired at the Tenth Annual Reunion  
of the Class of '07,  
to be held at the Carnegie Library Hall,  
Friday evening, June 1, 1917.  
T. Leonard Check,  
Cor. Sec.

Imagine my surprise at receiving this invitation one bright morning in May, as I was wending my way to the school of pedagogy at Columbia University, New York.

What a world of memories it brought back!

Little did I think that I would ever become so engrossed with my studies here in Columbia as to have completely forgotten my alma mater.

Instantly I saw a vision of a crowd of girls dressed in white. There were boys, too, dressed in somber black. They were sitting in rows on the stage. All about were palms and flowers. Then I felt an indescribable longing to see again my classmates of that eventful night,—to see once more the dear old High School, which I had vowed so many times to remember.

Returning to my room, I hastily packed a few necessary articles in my suit case, and left a note for the Professor, telling him when I would be back.

My heart fairly thrilled in anticipation as the train left



Greensboro on the home stretch. Two more hours and I would be among friends. I wondered how much they had changed. I was sure I would know them all.

"West Durham!" yelled the conductor. I got off the train and entered a waiting trolley car. The landscape was a little strange, but I had never been very familiar with that part of the city.

"Fare, please," said the conductor. I hastily abstracted a nickel from my purse and handed it to him. He looked at me strangely a moment, then rang up the fare. I noticed his long lanky arm as he pulled the bell cord. In all my life I had seen but one arm as long as that. Presently he reigstered another fare. The sleeve scarcely covered his elbow. He took off his cap for a second. Ah! a flutter of recognition passed over me. Of course! it was Otis Kirkland.

I got off at Five Points and began walking up Main. It was the same old Durham, unchanged, just as it was ten years before.

As I passed by a drug store I heard familiar voices and entered. The truth was at once apparent. A little older, perhaps, but as jolly as ever, sat Mary Sasser and Kathleen Turrentine. Two verdant youths, bearing all the ear-marks of Trinity College, were with them. So Mary and Kathleen were still up to their old tricks—enticing freshmen into ice-cream parlors. "*O tempora! O mores!*"

I walked out before they recognized me. Suspended over a doorway hung a sign. It read: Chesley M. Hutchings, General Information Bureau. Second Floor."

This was indeed fortunate. Chesley could no doubt tell me about all our former schoolmates.

He greeted me effusively. He hadn't changed much, he still wore that ready-made black bow necktie.

"Harry Lehman?" he asked, in answer to my question. Oh, Harry is married. Yes, he got one of those Conservatory

girls, and they say he doesn't speak as much as he used to, poor fellow; he only weighs one hundred and ten pounds now.

What a shock that was, but more surprises were in store for me.

Kate Lee Hundley, it seems, had obtained her heart's desire. She was married to a man who could afford enough embroidery to keep her busy planning shirt waists three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and three hundred and sixty-six days in the leap year.

Nonie Carrington, who had always given us her word that she would be an exponent of the law, had found the research necessary for her final essay too difficult, and had given up that cherished ideal, and had settled down to an existence with one client, and that an ordinary husband.

Lavinia Pridgen, who has always displayed such an aversion to the attention of boys, I was told, to my surprise, had finally accepted one, and was enjoying a life of married bliss in Dunn.

Alma Cole, Marea Jordan, Mary Lucy Harrell, Rosa Smith, and Iola York were the leading lights of the faculty of the Creedmoor Female College, recently established, and from all accounts were doing a great work in educating the young women of Granville county.

Baxter Proctor was in Australia, where he had won a great name as an opera singer.

Annie May Corbett, Anna Bell Hunter, Amy Muse, Ethel Pridgen, Lyda Mangum, and Pluma Owens, following their bent for study, which they had acquired in their four years' course at the Durham High School, having graduated from Trinity, were now abroad indulging their ruling passion in Heidelberg University.

Leonard Cheek, who had distinguished himself in school for his oratorical abilities, had by steady perseverance become the head auctioneer at the Banner Warehouse, where he practiced

on the farmers with the same diligence that he displayed in the Blackwell Literary Society.

Mabel Bruce and Isabelle Jourdan had shaken the dust of Durham from their feet, and were well known in Paris as the proprietors of the French-American Manicuring and Hair-dressing Parlors.

Lottie Burroughs, Lillian Herndon, Rose Merritt, Rosa Branch, Myrtle Leigh, and Leonard Dunlop were in St. Louis attending the forty-fifth annual convention of the National Association of Old Maids, the newly elected president of which was Hattie Barbee. The chairman of the Durham delegation was Rose Merritt, an earnest advocate of the proposed law for taxing bachelors in North Carolina.

William McGary was at Harvard, still pursuing his favorite study of mathematics. His most famous work, "Shortcuts in Trigonometry," is known all over Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and some parts of Chapel Hill.

Claude Clark and Robert Hunter were the joint proprietors of the famous nickel in the slot—picture while you wait—ball-bearing—auto photographing machine, which was bringing them great fame and wealth.

When I asked about George Umstead, Chesley grew sad. "George," he said, with his usual solemnity of feature, "has shed 'this mortal vesture of decay,' and a neat little tombstone in Maplewood Cemetery bears this inscription:

'Here lies the body of George Umstead,  
He'll experiment no more;  
He thought the water was three feet deep,  
But, alas! 'twas twenty-four.'

Rumor has it that one of the boys of '07 has found in Claire Uzzle "a spirit and a woman, too," and a creature not too bright or good to see across his daily food.

Fannie Max had developed into a famous Woman's Rights

agitator. Her recent speech made before the W. C. T. U. in Chicago has been translated into every civilized language and a few uncivilized ones.

Catharine Jones, A. B., Trinity; A. M., Vassar, had realized the ambition of her life and was now at the head of the French department at the City High School.

Thomas Elliott was now serving his last year in the State Penitentiary at Raleigh, where he was sent ten years ago for selling translations of Cæsar's Gallie Wars to the eighth graders.

Louis Jaffe was the editor of a great daily paper in St. Louis. The advertising financial manager was Watts Norton. A regular and well paid contributor of poems was John Beavers.

"What about Clyde Morris and Jessie Rigsbee?" I asked Chesley. "They are assistant teachers to Mr. Bryant at the Southern Conservatory of Music," he said.

James Blackwell had recently resigned the professorship of history at Princeton University to accept the position of U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, London.

Robert Kruger, I learned, was occupying a padded cell in the State Asylum for the Insane. He lost his reason trying to figure out how old Ann was; and ever and anon, in the still watches of the night in Morganton, N. C., is heard Robert's plaintive voice, "Wie alt is Ann?"

Finding things so altered, and my classmates so scattered, I decided to go back to New York, instead of waiting in Durham until June first.

---

A fishy old senior named Fisher  
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;  
A fish with a grin pulled the fisherman in,  
And now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.  
—Adapted.



# Class Poem

BY KATHLEEN TURRENTINE, '07.

## INVOCATION.

Oh! Muses NINE I beg of thee,  
Thy utmost riches on me shed;  
And at thy altar honor me,  
While I portray the life we've led.

We've had our sorrows and delights,  
We've had our victories and our fights;  
And as the time draws near to leave  
This dear old school; for it we grieve.

So with each task we've had to fight,  
And many things have brought to light;  
As in our wanderings with Æneas  
We had Miss Markham there to lead us.

She who has been our guide and stay,  
Through many a half-forgotten day,  
But one who soothed us in our sorrow,  
And *slowly* helped, was Mr. Morrow.

We'll not forget Mr. Greever kind—  
For one like him is hard to find.  
He opened wide our mind's cage door  
And then our thoughts would upward soar.

Hail! Sun of our last school year!  
He comes with joy and drives out fear;  
He taught that life was not all sadness,  
And a joke would often bring great gladness.

Of trials many I could tell the story  
And the times we had in the Laboratory;  
We had there one who, with his strong hand,  
Could make us *feel* and understand.

Now classmates, dear, I'd like so well,  
About each one some good to tell;  
But if I'd try each one to mention,  
I'm sure I'd soon lose your attention.

I'll express our regrets to our Alma Mater,  
And promise hereafter ne'er to forsake her;  
Many mistakes we've made, many stones we've cast,  
But we'll forget those things which now are past.

We hope that the years yet to come  
Will be as happy as this bright one;  
And we wish peace and happiness  
Always to hover round old D. H. S.

# Class Oration

BY T. LEONARD CHEEK, '07.

*Mr. President, Fellow Students of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seven, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The advent of the General and Southern Educational Boards and also the State, County, and City Boards of Education throughout the South land marked a distinct epoch in the development of the South. Even before these boards were organized for business, here and there a progressive man or woman was striking for a higher educational ideal. Such workers these boards of education respectively, welcomed, and made their work more effective by drawing them together in bold and concerted action.

But in order that we may more clearly understand the work undertaken by these boards of education, and the necessity therefor, with the emphasis on the necessity, and partly as an illustration, a brief review of the conditions in the South may not be out of place.

In the Atlantic ocean there is but one gulf stream, but in the nineteenth century there were three gulf streams. These three streams of tendency are as traceable, as measurable, and as potent in their influence as that mighty river in the sea. What now were these three tendencies in the nineteenth century that so affected the growth of the South? They were the liberal, the national and the industrial.

First, the liberal tendency of that age was both the strongest and most easily discernible. The French Revolution, which ushered in the nineteenth century, was a frenzy for freedom. Before the rush of its maddening emancipation spirit there went down in irretrievable ruin the absolute monarchies which had held in bondage the continent of Europe. Stein's memorable edict of the ninth of October, eighteen hundred and seven, just one hundred years ago, abolishing slavery in Prussia was

a most vivid expression of the differences between the old and new Europe. Russia's freeing her serfs in eighteen hundred and sixty-one was no doubt a great step, opening the way for the emancipation of the laboring classes of people in Russia during the present century. The old feudal lord, with his despotic power, and the aristocrat, with his absolute privileges, were one after another swept away; equality for all before the law was established, liberal constitutions were wrested from the hands of monarchs; the press was unmuzzled; labor was unshackled; restrictions on religion to a large extent were swept away; in short, every man was given a chance. It is pleasing for us to note the fact that it was our forefathers, of that great Revolutionary epoch in our history, who sounded the dominant note of that great century. Jefferson's Declaration of Independence was the prelude to the French Revolution and its far-reaching liberal influences.

Second, the national tendency in the nineteenth century was hardly less strong than the liberal. The two tendencies, the liberal and the national, though separable, were usually found working together. Says Dr. Mitchell of Richmond College, "Nationality is to a race what personality is to a man." This certainly has been true of the American race since the basis of our government was changed in the administration of President Jackson from the State as a unit to the central government as a unit. Since then our country has been growing as one mighty individual, with the exception of a few years, due absolutely to the Civil War. Again says Dr. Mitchell, "The desire of each race to set up house-keeping for itself, to live under its own vine and fig-tree, to feel the full force of the spirit of kinship in its unifying effect, to attain to complete racial individuality"—this intense yearning for nationality was to transform the map of Europe in the nineteenth century. However, we can only note the results. Greece made good the nationality in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, Belgium and Holland

followed in 1830, Italy and Germany made good their nationality in 1870, Poland, Ireland, and Hungary, despite heroic struggles to form nations, have failed, but in this century the Macedonians in the Balkan peninsula were in arms against the Turks in order to win the goal of nationality for themselves. The stars in their courses fight for progress. Nationality has proven itself an electric and resistless force.

Third, the industrial tendency of the nineteenth century was also noticeable in its effect. Invention kept pace with the other two tendencies already discussed. James Watt, as early as 1769, announced his patent for a method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in fire engines. Later a clergyman of Kent, Cartwright, by name, invented the power loom. In 1793 a Connecticut school teacher living in Georgia invented the cotton gin. The changes that resulted may be suggested by recalling the fact that in 1794 an American vessel landed eight bales of cotton at Liverpool and the officers of authority seized them on the ground that cotton was not a product of the United States. Coal, steel, steam, electricity, these made a new earth, giving magic wealth and power to the nations that possess them. In brief, society became dominantly industrial.

Now the question naturally arises, Why wasn't the South benefited by these great tendencies of that century? The answer, to my mind, circumstances; yes, cruel circumstances. Destiny seemed to have arrayed the South against them, in spite of the fact that Virginia's sons were pioneers in the advocacy of national and liberal measures. Such is the pathos and irony of civil tragedy. Madison, as father of the constitution; Washington putting his strong stamp on the Federal executive; Marshall giving force to Federal judiciary; and Jefferson drafting the preliminary ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory. These men and actions appeared prophetic of a destiny for the South the reverse of what fol-



lowed. The change in the scene was in 1793, when Whitney invented the cotton gin, which made slavery a paying institution so far as the raising of cotton was concerned. The result of which the South found herself at variance with the predominating influences of the nineteenth century. The South was led by these circumstances, first, to hold on to slavery in opposition to the liberal tendency of the age. Second, to cling to State right doctrine rather than national, and third, to be content with agriculture alone. History does not permit us to escape this conclusion, notwithstanding that the South still possessed much of the nobility, chivalry, and the beautiful life which all love and love to admire. Indirectly it was due to these historic forces—the liberal, the national and the industrial, that won at Appomattox over the South, in spite of the genius of Lee, the heroism of her sons and the sacrifices of her daughters. If this be the right solution of this problem, fellow members of the class, then certain duties become clear as to the South of our day. Although the slavery question has been settled for us, we are yet to be liberalized in thought with the emphasis upon liberalized. Although the State right doctrine has been settled for us in the same way the slavery question was, we are yet to be nationalized in politics. Here the emphasis upon nationalized. Although we are making great strides in manufacturing and other industry, there is yet more to be done, with the emphasis upon the more. A great many of our most fertile valleys are thirsting for a cultivator to turn them into money. A great per cent of our mineral wealth still is unearthed. We are still shipping a great deal too large a per cent of our cotton abroad to be manufactured.

We look with pride at the last ten years of our history and see the great improvements in every line that have taken place that will affect the South. The Panama Canal will put us on the pathway of the world. We are beginning to realize if cotton is ever king its scepter must be a spindle. By such align-

ments with this wondrous mother-age, we shall enable the South to take her rightful part in determining the National destiny. The task, therefore, fellow members of the class, of us today is to aid on these educational boards in their efforts to help on these progressive tendencies.

The call last year from a great many of these boards was for more teachers and publicists. Not that I am attempting to choose a profession for some of you, but on the other hand I have attempted to show you three great needs of the South today. And it shall fall to our lot as citizens to advance as much as possible these tendencies.

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## A Few Last Words

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR.

It has been my good fortune to have been connected with the editorial staff of the MESSENGER for two years, and now, as we prepare our work for the last issue, "It is a feeling of sadness that is akin to pain."

We would like to express our gratitude to those who have helped us by their literary work. Everyone who has tried, has accomplished something. The saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," is wrong, for our failures are often stepping stones to higher things. This has been our comfort as we marked our deficiencies in this work.

Some of us will go out into new and untried fields, and according to common Fate, will grow footsore and faint-hearted, but amid the burning sands our remembrance of the pleasant associations here will be an oasis to give new cheer and courage.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past she cannot destroy,  
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.  
Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,  
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled:  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses remains with it still."



(Tune, America.)

BY JAP, '07.

O! Senior nineteen seven,  
Thou lovely dream of heaven,  
    Thou creature glad,  
I love thy frocks and frills,  
Thy mighty dry goods bills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
    I'm not your dad.

Let music drown his cries  
His tears and mournful sighs,  
    List if thou wilt.  
"One hundred yards it took  
Of lawn and white nainsook,  
Great Scott! O do I look  
    Like Vanderbilt!"

O sweet girl graduate  
I sing ere it's too late,  
    My heart you pierce.  
I love thy soulful face  
That owes most of its grace  
To fifty miles of lace!  
    Great Scott! It's fierce.

# Sentimental and Otherwise

BY CHESLEY HUTCHINGS, '07.

It was my original intention, and indeed my apparent duty, to attempt to relieve the atmosphere of this sad occasion by a little jocularity.

But alas! I was confronted with a dilemma. My honorable colleagues, the prophetess, the poetess, the historian, had about got all the jokes that were eligible. And then, just look at our noble class orator over there. He's a regular joke incarnate, on the face of him. In fact, every good joke (and some bad ones) had already been made use of, and there was nothing left for the poor class Funny man. Think of it, it is pitiable! I, who ought by right to crack every joke this evening, thus to be misused.

But I must say something, so in despair I have fallen back upon the sad, the solemn, and the sentimental. And why shouldn't we be sad? I'm sad, and I'm proud of it.

A few more days, a few more hours, and the commencement exercises will be over, the baccalaureate sermon will have been forgotten, this old high school will stand deserted, never to be entered by us as pupils again; the knot holes in the back fence will for the first time be destitute of eager eyes, the last one of Henry's nondescript bananas will have gone the way of all its kind, Amy Muse will have ceased to laugh on Greek class, and the Class of 1907 will be no more. Let us look back at the many years we have spent together here—years of mingled joy and sorrow. How swiftly have these four *years* passed! How strangely and by what a close shave have *we* passed.

Those days are over. With tears in her eyes but relief in her heart, our old alma mater bids us farewell, and our kind, long-suffering faculty heaves a sigh of deep gratitude, and turns us over to the tender mercies of the world, with the secret prayer: "May the Lord have mercy upon the—world."



But we have not made such a bad record, Mr. Greever *et omnes* to the contrary. In reviewing our past achievements, I find that:

We have done more to ruin Miss Lila's angelic temper than all the rest of the school combined, with Charley Whitaker to boot.

We know more than Mr. Greever and Gayley's Classic Myths combined. (Or think we do).

We have invented an entirely new and original method of passing notes in school, known as the Jaffe-Hunter system, patented.

The feminine portion of our grade has broken all previous records for continued and strenuous flirtation; even causing Mr. Greever to blush a rosy red—a thing unheard of in high school annals.

We have survived so many of Henry's dastardly attempts to poison us with his fifty-seven varieties of embalmed pickles that we deserve a Carnegie Hero Medal.

And as to individual members. There's our learned magazine editor, Louis Jaffe, who in a scholarly article did what Darwin could not do, discovered the missing link.

There's Leonard Cheek, the gasomaniac orator, who can talk more and say less than the whole school together. (With the exception of the 4a girls).

There's Claire Uzzle. Watts the matter with *her*?

There's Clyde Fisher, the boy with the polar bear voice, the "horseless translation," and the elephantine feet.

There is that financial genius of the MESSENGER, Watts Norton, who has made two "ads" grow where only one grew before, *without* using the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company's fertilizers.

But we have our faults as well as our virtues. Of course our most conspicuous fault is excessive, abnormal goodness. This abnormal goodness of ours is of so peculiar a nature that it is a

little hard to appreciate at first sight, but it is there just the same. For example, if Mr. Greever is coming from the 3b, that noisy and obstreperous grade, we do not wish to give our poor teacher too great a shock, by finding our room too quiet, so we, out of the kindness of our hearts, raise a little racket, so as to create a familiar and natural atmosphere. Of course all this comes from the goodness of our hearts.

Our next great fault is an excessive and eager love of study. This also, you would not notice at first sight, but let me assure you it is so. In fact, some of the teachers, especially Miss Lila, have become alarmed at this unnatural studiousness of ours, and have tried, alas, in vain, to check it. Indeed it was rumored that John D. Rockefeller, out of grateful appreciation, intends to present us with a silver oil can, bearing the inscription, "To the members of the Senior Class of Durham, N. C., who have early learned to burn the midnight oil. Eruditio et Petroleum."

Led by Ethel Pridgen in Greek, Leonard Cheek in geometry and Lottie Burroughs in English, ours has been a wonderful and fearful record.

But now the future lies before us, unrevealed. To what heights may we not rise? Yet to what depths may we not sink? Some one of us may become, yes, the President of the United States, or the Federation of Women's Clubs, according to their sex. Others may fall short of the highest and yet write their footsteps in the sands of time (as John Greenleaf Beavers would say). But, on the other hand, some of us may end up on the Trinity College Glee Club, and some of us, sad as it may seem, some of us may get married. Yet we cannot tell.

There's John Beavers, now, he may become a poet, and disgrace his grief-stricken parents.

There's the immaculate William McGary. Can you imagine him at Patterson's selling cabbages, onions, and sausage? Yet such may be his fate.

There's Chesley Hutchings, that rising young genius. (You notice I speak in the third person. That's my excessive modesty). Could you imagine him pushing a nondescript baby carriage up Chapel Hill street? Still such may be his fortune.

And so on. Rosa Smith may become an actress, Baxter Proctor an opera singer and Nonie Carrington a lawyer. We never can tell.

But now, before we depart this life, it is our desire to leave behind us a few faded relics of our former glory, and thus we have made a will, duly signed and witnessed.

We, the Senior Class of '07, being of sound body, and more or less unsound mind—owing to the late examinations—and arrayed like the lilies of the valley, do make this our last will and testament.

We bequeath unto the school at large, Henry Faucett and all equipments, consisting of two bags of mouldy cakes, a bunch of doubtful bananas, and a few ancient and respected apples.

We bequeath unto the 3rd, A and B, Miss Lila B. Markham, for the future training of their minds. May the Lord have mercy on the 3rd A and 3rd B.

We likewise bequeath unto the aforesaid 3rd year any stray ponies which we may leave behind. May they use them well.

We bequeath unto the 1a Mr. Morrow. It will be four years before they graduate, so they will have plenty of time.

We bequeath Mr. Brogden unto the world of lawyers.

We bequeath the last remnants of our happy childhood, consisting of two old, much bewritten Virgils, one geometry, overgrown with cobwebs, one dozen broken looking glasses (Annie May Corbett kept hers as a souvenir), one bottle of olives, one Gayley's Classic Myths, unopened, unto the 3rd year class; the mirrors to the girls, of course. (Give Mary Loomis Smith the large square one). The Gayley's Classic Myths we bequeath unto John Faucett, for the improvement of his already extensive classical wisdom.

Further, we recommend as a deserving candidate for Mr. Rockefeller's fund for ancient and well meaning professors, Mr. Garland G. Greever, and recommend further to the trustees of this fund that he be given a pension of thirty cents a week for life, with the degree Professor Emeritus, on condition that he refrain from reciting Browning to people who hanker after Wallace Irwin.

Finally, the editors of the MESSENGER bequeath unto the newly elected board of editors, one poem entitled, "O Geometry, How I Love Thee," written in blank verse, eighty-three poems on spring, seventy-six stories thrilling with suppressed heart's interest (entirely suppressed) and a scientific article entitled "Why Was Adam," on condition that they never be printed in the MESSENGER.

(Signed) SENIORS, '07.

---

Little Willie one day tore  
All the clothes off Theodore,  
Gleefully he shouted, "There  
Now you're just a Teddy bare!"

---

Maud Muller on a summer's morn,  
Heard the toot of a motor horn.  
She saw the judge come scorching past,  
"My!" said Maud, "but he's going fast!"  
Then she remembered the sighs and tears  
The judge had caused in former years.  
"Why, he's breaking the law at that awful rate;  
"Revenge for me," laughed Maud. "Just wait!"  
So she stood close by and never flinched,  
As she took his number and had him pinched.

—Ex.





## THE CLASS.

“The World’s a Stage.”

There are times when the less a person says the better he expresses his feelings. There are times when gifts of eloquence and the art of painting pictures in words, fail utterly to accomplish a desired end. And when one is placed as the editors are—possessing no remarkable degree of either—any attempt to express how deeply we feel the approaching departure of the graduating class from the old high school, is futile.

The rehearsals are over. Tomorrow they go out on the stage of life. The stage manager says they are ready. “For four long years,” he says, “you have been rehearsing. For four long years by perhaps thrice as many directors you have been cajoled, threatened, entreated and taught, and now you are ready.” Ready for what? Are they sorry to go? No. Are they glad? No. Do they care *at all*? Yes, dear reader, they *care*. It is not contradictory. It is life in one of its many phases from the view-point of the player.

Tomorrow is the last rehearsal. The footlights will glare and the orchestra will play with the same intense disinterestedness with which they glared and played at numerous other last rehearsals whose erstwhile splendor is now a dim speck in the

vista of years. The players will enact their pathetic little parts in the same prescribed way and with the same apparent *sang froid* that characterized the players in other last rehearsals. Every one will smile; it is the proper thing to do—every player at every last rehearsal since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary has smiled. Who shall ever know how much have been the trials, the joys, the pleasures and the heartaches concealed beneath the tinsel and powder of smiles and laughter.

The footlights glare, the trumpets blare, the air is heavy with fragrant perfumes and the players smile, sad, uncertain; wondering just what is out there beyond the music—they can but imagine. For some the pit. The boxes for others. And the galleries, they too must be filled—by whom?

The last music at rehearsal is gay. It has always been gay. It must of necessity be gay, for it is one of our human traits to interpret music to harmonize with our feelings. If the music were not gay, or worse, if there were no music, there would be among the players that sadness that pervades all children of men when the time arrives to say farewell to—even a four year rehearsal. And yet the sadness itself is mild. For after all what is graduation from a high school, but a step from a lower to a broader and loftier plane of life. To many this means the entrance into the world of industry, into the world of business where strife is keen and one meets with men, whose wits have been sharpened by the grindstones of competition. Here will be developed faculties which from the very nature of things must have lain dormant throughout a high school course.

To others it means college. College with its shady campus, its sequestered nooks, its libraries, its erudition and its fine old traditions. College with its hundred and one opportunities for broadening out and developing those God-given faculties which were meant by our Creator to be developed. Here they will meet with men who have drunk deep in the fountain of learning, and whose broader views of humanity shall help them towards



THE MESSENGER EDITORIAL STAFF 1907

LOUIS I. JAFFE, Editor in Chief

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MATTIE HUNTER	WATTS NORTON, Bus. Mgr.	MIRNIE COLL	JOB A. SPEED	NONIE FAY CARRINGTON
MARY LOUIE HANDEL	EMMA NEW	ANNIE BRIDGEMAN		



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IOLA YORK,	AMY MUSE,
ROBERT KRUGER,	CHESLEY HUTCHINGS,
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CLAIRE UZZLE,	HARRY LEHMAN,
PLUMA OWENS,	MYRTLE LEIGH,
CLYDE FISHER,	MARY LUCY HARRELL,
FANNIE MAX,	HATTIE BARBEE,
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LIDA MANGUM,	ROSA SMITH,
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KATHLEEN TURRENTINE,	WILLIAM MCGARY,
OTIS KIRKLAND,	BAXTER PROCTOR,
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JAMES BLACKWELL,	KATE LEE HUNDLEY,
LOTTIE BURROUGHS,	NONIE CARRINGTON,
ROSA BRANCH,	

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### Class Alumni Organization

HARRY W. LEHMAN, PRESIDENT.  
WATTS NORTON, VICE-PRESIDENT.  
T. LEONARD CHEEK, SECRETARY.

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CLASS COLORS—BLACK AND GOLD.  
CLASS FLOWER—MARSHAL NEIL ROSE.  
CLASS MOTTO—NULLA DIES SINE LINEA.



the emancipation of the soul from the gross and material, and send them out better men and better women.

The average boy must attend school for ten years before he finds out how very little he really does know, then he is on the road to learning. Whether he will pursue his studies in classic halls, whose very atmosphere breathes learning, or whether he will continue his studies in the sordid mixture of magnificence, mankind and meanness which philosophers call life, in a way, is immaterial. The former method is the better one, but it is by no means infallible. The latter method is just as sure, but infinitely slower. There is a quality essential to both—endeavor.

Perhaps one of the oldest comparisons of which we have any knowledge, common to every country and all peoples, mentioned in the Bible and found in the Koran of the Mohammedans, is that comparison which likens our life unto a book. "The days of our existence are as the leaves of a volume," say the followers of the prophet. Carrying the simile a little further why shall we not say that this large volume is composed of many smaller volumes and that one of these smaller ones contains the annals of our high school life?

The class of nineteen seven is about to close this volume. Will they label it, "A four years' struggle for a diploma," or will they bestow upon it a title more deserving of its significance? Study, after all, is but a means to an end. "Art for art's sake" is a sublime truth, but "study for study's sake" is mere pedantry. Our brains were not intended to usurp the functions of the Encyclopedia Britannica, neither were they intended to take the place of an information bureau. Facts, dates, figures, persons, events—all may escape us, but all the time that we consumed in learning them we were undergoing a certain intangible refining process of the brain which is to help us ponder clearly and solve correctly the problems that are certain to arise in life.

Class of nought seven, of which I proudly count myself a member, in our high school volume there are still a few blank pages; no blots have yet fallen on them, the goal waits, let us

keep them free from contamination. And now the end. It is sad, just as it is inevitable.

Whether we enter the industrial arena or go to college or remain stationary and do neither; whether our paths in the future shall diverge, intersect or coincide, it is well—exceedingly well, to have a good start and a clean record.

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With this issue of the MESSENGER the duties of the present editors cease. A new staff has been elected, upon whom will devolve the responsibility next year, of putting out a better MESSENGER than we have ever had. We have every confidence in their ability to do so, and now that we relinquish the management to them, we do so with a sigh of relief, feeling confident that the MESSENGER has not suffered. Most of the present executive staff leave the high school this year to return no more as students, but our spirit will ever be present at all your deliberations.

In reviewing our connection with the MESSENGER we do so with a certain pardonable complacency inasmuch as we feel that our school paper has presented a better appearance this year than it has in previous years. This belief may be confined to the editors alone. If it is, we are truly penitent.

We have had warm assurances from capable critics that our school paper has equaled if not surpassed any in the State and we have also had a few fervent assurances from critics not quite so capable (in our opinion) that the MESSENGER has been very poorly managed this year. Between the two extremes, we are inclined to choose the happy medium. We hope that the MESSENGER has been at least as good as the average.

With every confidence in the incoming board of editors, with more or less relief in being released from our onerous duties, yet tinged with a feeling of regret at parting from that which has been to most of us a labor of love, we say farewell to the MESSENGER. May you prosper and improve ever.

LOUIS I. JAFFE, '07.

# Blackwell Literary Society

BY H. W. L., '07.

It is with a feeling of regret that the editor takes up his pen to contribute his last article to the MESSENGER. He has tried in the past to give a faithful record of all society happenings, and if he has failed it has certainly been from a lack of ability and not from a want of good motive.

The officers elected for the first term of the new school year are: Fred Hamlin, President; Fred Warren, Vice-President; Hubert Kearney, Secretary; James Cobb, Censor; Watts Carr, Assistant Censor, Owen Wrenn, Treasurer, and Frank White, Marshal.

The following Marshals have been elected to serve at commencement: Joseph Speed, Chief; Fred Warren, Charles Whitaker, Wellie Glass, Watts Carr, Frank Fuller, Owen Wrenn, Richard Taliaferro, Hubert Kearney, George Carrington, and Fred Hamlin. With such competent men for Marshals we are confident that the onerous duties incident to commencement will be well taken care of, and everything will pass off without a hitch.

The Society work of the school year just ended has been very satisfactory. With the exception of a few laggards, every man has shown his willingness to labor for that acquirement that can only be obtained by literary society work. While the acme of perfection may be out of reach for most of us, it is better by conscientious work to have tried and failed to reach perfection than never to have tried at all. May the approaching year be fully as prosperous, and may the standard of work be raised to a still higher degree of excellence.



By N. F. C., '07.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges received during the year:

The Dragon, Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio; High School Chat, Ypsilanti High School, Ypsilanti, Mich.; The Retina, Toledo High School, Toledo, Ohio; Blue and Gold, Findlay High School, Findlay, Ohio; The Occident, West High School, Rochester, N. Y.; The Item, Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Cal.; The High School Student, Newport News, Va.; Index, Oshkosh High School, Oshkosh, Wis.; The Spectator, Patterson High School, Patterson, N. J.; The Red and White, A. & M. College, West Raleigh, N. C.; The Gazette, Trinity Park School, Durham, N. C.; The Sentinel, Howe School, Lima, Ind.; The St. Mary's Muse, St. Mary's College, Raleigh, N. C.; The Acorn, Baptist University, Raleigh, N. C.; The Critic, Lynchburg High School, Lynchburg, Va.; The High School Enterprise, Raleigh, N. C.; Greensboro High School Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.; Reidsville High School Magazine, Reidsville, N. C.; The Goldsboro High School Magazine, Goldsboro, N. C.; The High School Bulletin, Morristown, Tenn.; Davidson College Magazine, Davidson, N. C.; The University of N. C. Record, Chapel Hill, N. C.





Haste thee, Muse, and bring along  
 Jokes and tricks and merry song,  
 Tales and dreams and student's pranks  
 For noughty seven quips and cranks.

\* \* \*

Son—"How did Julius Cæsar die?"

Papa—"Shure, I didn't know the poor man was sick at all,  
 at all."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Why is the great pianist  
 Whose music thrills with bliss,  
 Unhappy if his hair does not

Stand  
 up  
 straight  
 like  
 this?

He kissed her on the cheek,  
It seemed a harmless frolic;  
He's been laid up a week,  
They say, with painter's colic.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

"It's the little things in the world that tell," said the girl as she pulled her younger brother out from under the sofa.—Ex.

\* \* \*

Johnnie stole a penny,  
And to jail was sent;  
The judge rendered, "Not guilty,"  
And John was in-a-cent.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

Don't run down steps or teachers.—Ex.

\* \* \*

"We're in a pickle," said a man in the crowd.  
"A regular jam," said another.  
"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed an old lady.  
(What a spicy joke).

\* \* \*

Mary had some chewing gum,  
That gum was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That gum was sure to go.

She took the gum to school one day,  
Which was against the rule;  
The teacher took her gum away,  
And chewed it after school.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

He—"I am going to kiss you when I go."  
She—"Leave the house at once."—Ex.

There are meters of accent,  
There are meters of tone;  
But the best of all meters  
Is to meet her alone.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

Mr. Brogden (on history)—“Miss Rosa, why did the British  
carry around such heavy guns?”

Rosa Branch—“To shoot.”

\* \* \*

He put his arm around her waist,  
She didn't seem to mind;  
To tell the truth, she couldn't,  
For the waist was on the line.

\* \* \*

Mr. Tillett—“What is the color of a flame due to, Miss Man-  
gum?”

Lida Mangum—“Combustion.”

\* \* \*

Mr. Greever—“Can you name any more epic poems?”

“John B.—“Has ‘Cicero’s Orations’ been mentioned?”

\* \* \*

“A girl must look before she leaps.”

“Yes, if she hasn't got good looks she won't get a chance to  
leap.”

\* \* \*

“Je t'adore,” murmured the boy who took French, to the  
object of his affections.

“Maybe I'd better,” she returned. “You can't tell who's  
listening in this yere house.”—Ex.

\* \* \*

. “It stands to reason,” said the wit as the first debater arose.

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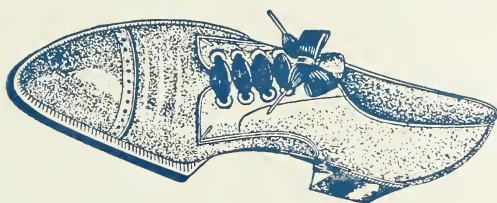
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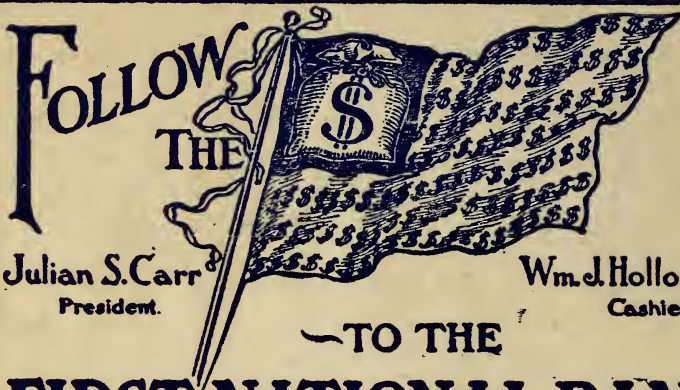
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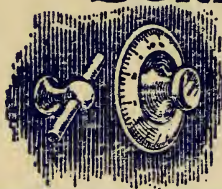
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