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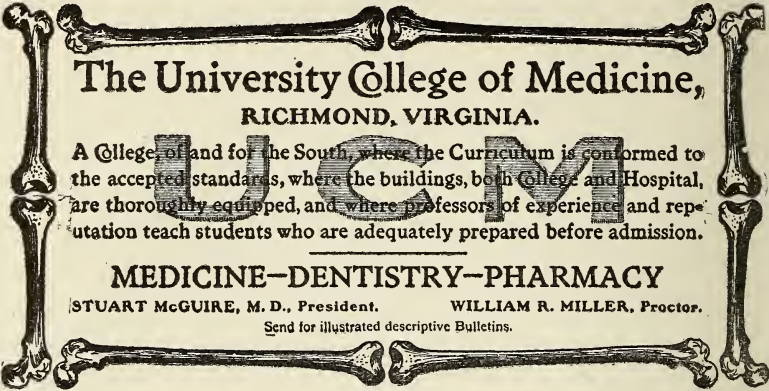
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Volume V, No. 7

March, 1909

THE MESSENGER

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

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

CONTENTS

THE LEGEND OF A FLOWER.....	Mary Wescott, '10	171
MY DREAMSHIPS (Poem).....	Aileen Taylor, '10	175
SPRING (Poem).....	Robert Murray, '10	175
RAGGLES: IDEALIST, REALIST.....	George Carrington, '09	176
AFTER THE BATTLE (Poem).....	Leonard Hurley, '09	177
MARY'S PHILOSOPHY.....	Virginia Badgett, '09	178
ONWARD SLOW (Poem).....	Samuel Jordan, '10	181
EDITORIAL.....		182
THE GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY.....		186
BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.....		187
THE JESTER'S TABLE.....		188
GENTLE KNOCKS.....		191
EXCHANGES.....		192
ALUMNI NOTES.....		194

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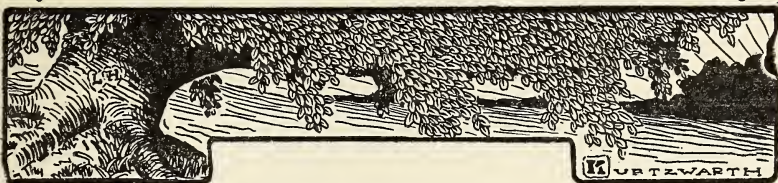
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The Legend of a Flower

MARY WESCOTT, '10.

Once, long ago, in a far-distant land there lived a prince, whose father ruled a great and prosperous people. The king, a valiant old soldier, had inherited strength and courage from his fathers before him, and with the aid of his own virtues had enlarged his kingdom until it was second to no other in the whole wide realm about him. The home in which the young prince lived was a stately old castle, high among the mountains, built by a faraway ancestor as a stronghold against the robber knights who infested the region in great numbers. Such valiant soldiers had the descendants of the builder been that they had added year by year more and more of the adjacent country, until they recognized authority in no man under the sun.

But the prince of whom I shall speak was a dreamer, caring little for the mighty conquests of his father save only as they added glory to the state. The king provided learned scholars to instruct his son, saying that at last the country should have a reign of peace, and encouraged him in the pursuit of knowledge. The Prince Glaucius, for that was his name, cared but little for the dark forbidding castle of his fathers. He liked best to wander in the valleys which lay at the base of the mountains, and watch the flowers and the everchanging sky, or listen to the heavenly chorus of the birds. There he would lie all day marvelling at the glories of the universe, whereupon would come to him strange visions and dreams such as none before him had possessed.

There was one vision in all the galaxy which came to Glaucius many times. So often indeed that he regarded it not quite as a vision, but as something almost real. It was of a fair gentle lady of whom Glaucius was completely enamored, although she was, as

yet, only a lady of his dreams. To himself he often said: "If I could but win her then would my years be crowned with peace and my life with joy." With thinking thus the desire of the prince grew until at last his heart knew no content and a deep pain usurped the seat of his joy and turned his life into sorrow.

As he grew older the visions became more and more infrequent, so that at last when he had attained manhood he had not seen her face for many years and the pain in his heart seemed almost more than he could bear. Then one day she appeared again and spoke to him, and her words were sweeter than all music: "Fear not, Prince Glaucius," she said, "I am yours, and some time we shall meet. Read thou the prophecy." She vanished and Glaucius wearily bent his way back to his father's hall. And lo! there was the gayest merry-making, for behold this was the appointed day on which the prophecy concerning the prince should be read.

In those days, the most honored possession of the kingdom was an old book, no one knew how old, but there was a legend that it had been given to a member of the family by an old sorceress that had dwelt in the mountain before even a kingdom was formed. In this book was written a prophecy concerning each prince of the royal line, and never yet had one prediction failed to come true. A fearful doom was believed to be destined to befall any one who should presume to inquire further into the mysteries of the state, and never but the one prophecy was read at a time. And now at last had come the appointed time for the reading of the prophecy concerning Prince Glaucius, and the king had called forth the ends of his kingdom and prepared a royal feast in honor of the occasion.

But the young prince met the occasion reluctantly, for he cared not to be king and the pain was deep in his heart. When the feasting was at its height the king called forth his council of wise men and bade the nobles hearken to the prophecy which should be read. A mighty silence fell upon the assembled host as the ancient book was brought from its vault. The magicians unlocked the strange old clasps and slowly, very slowly, the pages fell apart at the prophecy of the prince. But lo! no royal power, no illustrious reign was given him. The runic symbols ran as follows, as offered by the white haired sages:

Glaucius, son of Ithurius,
'Tis destined that the crown thou shalt not wear;
Thy lot is ever sorrow's crown to bear,

Thy heart will e'er be filled with longing's pain,
Thy sins must all be purged by sorrow's stain,
Toil on through life, in all things do thy best,
Heart's-ease will come at last with final rest.

The king and his followers were filled with sorrow at the message. They knew not what to think, but it was so written and no man might gainsay what it said.

"My father," said the prince, "grieve not so, thou knowest that I have never cared to be king, and does not the prophecy say in truth, 'Heart's-ease will come at last?' Heart's-ease—that is my great desire, my father."

But the king was not satisfied. "Alas! my son," he cried, "who shall wear the crown? Shall it, which I and my father's fathers have purchased with our blood, pass to strangers?" And the magicians held up their hands to stop the despairing speech. "My liege," said one, "here are strange doings, new words have appeared upon the page, there is yet more to read."

An awed silence fell upon the great assembly and the chief magician read again: "The crown of mighty Ithurius shall descend unto the younger son of the king and unto him shall be granted length of days and a successful reign. But his prophecy awaits the day of his manhood."

Then there arose a sigh of relief from that assembly, because of the words of the prophecy, and there was rejoicing for the successful years that were promised. Prince Glacius rejoiced with the others, glad in the joy of his brother, but the pain was still in his heart and he awaited the day of fulfillment. And the stricken prince wandered yet more and more over the country so that his figure was well known throughout the land, and the people on seeing him would whisper one to another: "There goes our lord, the prince, he seeks the balm of a wounded heart."

One day it chanced that the unhappy one journeyed by an old castle, which was built in a deep wood on the borders of his father's country, and behold he met men carrying a bier—tenderly, as if it were a very precious burden, and their eyes were red with weeping. Glacius approached and asked them gently what they bore.

"Alas, my lord," said one, "it is the corpse of our lady Constance, who lived in yonder castle saintly and beloved by all. Her death was in strange manner. The lady Constance lived with her father

in the old castle and one day when she was scarcely other than a child an old sorcerer or magician—I hardly wot what—stood in the castle yard and offered to unravel the future to any who wished. When he saw the lady Constance standing by amazed, he said: "Thou art destined for a mighty prince, a prince whose kingdom is not of water and land, but whose borders far outstretch all kingdoms here."

But the heart of Glaucius was beating wildly, and his voice as he raised it seemed strangely weak and far away: "Is it that I may see the lady's face? I, too, would look upon her whom ye have loved so well." They lifted back the veil and it was as if an arrow had pierced through the heart of Glaucius, so full it was of pain. "Alas! alas!" he cried, "'tis even as the prophecy has said! Happiness will come to me only with death! I am the prince, my lords, and this lady is my destined bride!"

Then were the men amazed, but Glaucius assured them, how that his life was spent in search of the vision that had come to him, and that the face of the lady Constance was none other than that of the lady of his dreams.

Then Glaucius went sadly back to the hall of his father, but every day he wandered forth to the grave of his lady. Soon small flowers began to grow at the tomb nestled close in the bosom of the grass, and Glaucius called them "Heart's flowers," for said he, "they grow above the grave where my heart is planted."

At last one day as the forsaken prince, almost an old man now, lay by the grave of Constance, he heard her speak, and her voice was sweeter than the sound of running water and softer than the drip of summer rain. "Oh, my love," she said, "come over to me, for I wait by the river." And all the pain that he had borne through the long weary years gathered in his heart and burst the tender cords, so that red drops flowed out upon the flowers and stained the green in which they were embedded.

They buried Glaucius by the side of the lady Constance, whose fair face had haunted him during life and whose form he had won only after death. And soon above both graves grew those flowers, but they were purple now from the sorrow stains of the prince's blood. The people who knew his story called them "heart's-ease," for said they, "That he has found in the fulfillment of the prophecy." And the name clings to them still, though to the unthinking they are only pansies.

My Dreamships

AILEEN TAYLOR, '09.

My dreamships are sailing o'er fancy's blue sea,
Each bearing good fortune and treasure for me.
The sea is unruffled, the wind soft and calm,
The sky blue as azure, the sunlight like balm.

But lo! in the west there arises a cloud,
The spars of my ships by the fierce winds are bowed,
The foam and the salt spray dash up from the deep,
And alas for my dreamships, a wild course they keep.

The huge waves o'erpower them, rising on high,
And broken my dreamships in the sea bottom lie,
The sky calms again when the storm's fury's hushed,
But my fortune and treasure in the deep sea are crushed.

Spring

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

The gladsome birds are singing all day long,
For Spring her smiling face has shown again.
We've waited for her and the blue-bird's song,
And lo, our waiting has not been in vain!

So many flowers are blooming fresh and fair
For joy that Winter's form's no longer seen.
The winds of March blow fiercely everywhere,
Heralding the return of Proserpine.



Raggles: Idealist, Realist

GEORGE CARRINGTON, '09.

Raggles blinked lazily in the afternoon sunshine, growled a growl of perfect contentment, and turned over to dream of that ideal place where every dog is given a dry-goods box to sleep in and as much meat as he wants.

But Raggles, idealist though he was, was awakened by a very realistic cat, at which he promptly gave up his dreams and did the most natural thing for a dog to do. Needless to say he returned after an hour of watching under a nearby tree, and, having failed in his doggish aspirations, reflected that a cat should be beneath a well-bred's notice, anyway.

Raggles' loftiness of mind was again rudely and unceremoniously interrupted. This time by the advent of a policeman. So Raggles retreated from his position in somebody's front yard and immediately set out to the market in search of supplies.

After the Battle

LEONARD HURLEY, '09.

After the battle was over,
After the fighting was done,
I lay on the field of battle,
My face to the sinking sun.

The dreadful noise of the battle,
And the groan of the cannon was o'er,
But soldiers attested the conflict,
Many would fight no more.

I heard the cries of the wounded,
The prayer of the dying man
Who had fought in defense of his country
And died for his native land.

But my heart was stone to pity
For the poor stricken wretch at my side:
With his, my heart's blood was flowing
And darkling clotted the tide.

We had fought for our country's honor,
And the cause we thought was best;
And now with joy I remembered
That, after the strife comes rest.



Mary's Philosophy

VIRGINIA BADGETT, '09.

It was strange to Mary that her mother never seemed to have a good time now. However, she refrained from asking questions, for since her father's death many changes had come into the little girl's life. Now she always had cheap shoes, mended frocks and trimmed-over bonnets, whereas before she had had more new clothes than any of her girl friends.

Mary missed the missionary entertainments—or rather the wafers and chocolate which Mrs. Quinton, her grandmother, always made on those occasions—more than any of her old luxuries. Mrs. Arnold and the grandmother had often entertained the band before Mr. Arnold's death, but this was one of the changes that had come. He had failed in business through the deceit of one who claimed to be a friend. The shock of the failure had greatly hastened his end, for poverty was his chief dread and theretofore his one purpose in life had seemed to consist in the one end of providing a goodly fortune for his wife and daughter. Now Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Quinton had to work hard to keep the wolf from the door, but of all this, of course, Mary knew little or nothing. All she understood was that she did not have nearly so many clothes as she once had and that mother never seemed like a sister to her any more, and that grandmother never made any of that delicious chocolate for the missionary ladies.

One Saturday when Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Quinton were unusually busy with their sewing Mary grew very lonely. She went out into the garden among the roses, but a frown still disfigured her round face. At length suddenly it disappeared and a smile took its place. The thought that she indulged in seemed to be very pleasing, for it

brought forth a ripple of laughter. Mrs. Quinton, in the sitting-room sewing by the window, remarked to her daughter: "Mary seems to be enjoying herself in the garden. I hope she is pulling up the weeds, for they are certainly growing fast since we have been so busy, and it will keep her out of mischief."

Mary soon left the garden and hurried into the house. In a few minutes she came out upon the porch, attired in her best dimity and new spring hat. She ran gaily down the road taking care not to pass the window by which her grandmother sat sewing. When she came to Mrs. Dunn's she walked up the long cedar grove to the porch. Then tip-toeing noiselessly up the steps as if afraid, she reached the large brass knocker, raised it and let it fall. In a few minutes a neat looking maid came to the door. Mary decided to send up the message, not having the courage to face the stern Mrs. Dunn. "Tell Mrs. Dunn, mother will be pleased to see her at the missionary meeting this afternoon," she said timidly, and hurried on down the road to announce the same thing at the next neighbor's door, and so on until she had invited all the ladies who had formerly attended the meetings.

"Oh! Mrs. Arnold, I can't tell you how glad I am that you have decided to join our band again. We have missed you so much," said Mrs. Dunn as she entered the Arnold home a few hours later. "I—er," began Mrs. Arnold, but Mrs. Dunn did not stop. "And if you could have seen Mary, the cunning way in which she said: 'Tell Mrs. Dunn mother will be pleased to see her at the missionary meeting this afternoon.' I stood at the top of the stairs watching her."

She paused, out of breath, and the truth flashed through Mrs. Arnold's mind. Mrs. Dunn did not have time to finish her speech as other guests were coming in and expressing great pleasure at Mrs. Arnold's rejoining the society.

As soon as Mrs. Arnold found a chance she slipped out into the kitchen and sank down in a chair almost in tears. "Oh! mother, what am I to do? We are so busy and"— But Mrs. Quinton was already busily preparing the usual cocolate and answered calmly: "Do cheer up, Emily, dear. It is all right. Fortunately I have in the house the necessary things to make the chocolate and the cake. Don't tell them the circumstances. I really think that it is better for you to rejoin the society. You are working too hard, Emily. Now just go back into the parlor and I can get things ready in plenty of time. Tell Mary to put on her new dress, so she can serve. No, wait, I'll tell her."

Mrs. Quinton hurried about and in a few minutes went to look for Mary, who had fled into the garden fearful of what she had done. But when the little culprit saw her grandmother in such a good humor and caught the delicious odor of the cakes from the kitchen she felt none of the criminal's remorse. "I was afraid mother wouldn't like it," she said to herself, "but I did want some of those cakes so bad. She'll have such a good time that she will forget what I did."

Mary looked very pretty when she had put on her best dress and blue ribbons and her grandmother had curled her long tresses. The ladies all praised her and the way she had delivered the invitations. Even her mother smiled, so that Mary began to feel proud that she had done the deed and was resolved to repeat it.

Finally it was all over and the last lady had gone. Mrs. Arnold came back into the kitchen and gave her mother an impetuous hug, saying, "How did you ever do it so quickly? Thank you so much!" Then she added, "and Mary served so well. Come, little girl, with mother." Mary followed wonderingly. Mrs. Arnold did not say a word, but led the child straight to her room, undressed her and put her to bed. Then she kissed her lightly on the cheek, saying, "Good-night, dearie," and left the room. "Well, anyway," sighed Mary as she turned over on her pillow, "I am glad *they* got some of those cakes, if I didn't."

Onward Slow

SAMUEL JORDAN, '10.

Journey slow for fear you stumble,
And in going take good heed,
At your pace some fool may grumble,
Faster you make poorest speed.

Exercise foresight ere leaping,
Find the cost before you start,
And when found keep slowly beating,
Haste might mar a hero's part.

Onward slow, bend to subjection.
Does success seem painful sought?
Haste will only harm perfection,
And time's best work bring to naught.

Journey slow, work well today,
Let tomorrow set its pace,
Not too swift in work or in play,
Deliberation wins the race.

Why do sweetest flowers spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do lovely seasons bring
Beautiful thoughts that die?

—S. J.



BASEBALL Our baseball prospects for the spring have been seriously eclipsed and the management delayed in organizing, because of the matter that has handicapped the athletic ambitions of the school so much in the past—the lack of a park or a suitable place for outdoor games. The city itself has shared this lack for several years, but at the present we are delighted to hope the lack will soon be removed. Our townsman, Mr. Wright, who deserves the highest commendation for his very generous and philanthropic spirit shown in providing places of amusement and recreation for the benefit of the city, has the matter of a public park under consideration. Every student in the High School who has the proper interest in the development of the city will be interested in the outcome of these considerations.

D. H. S. wants, of course, to put out a team that will prove a winner, and the proposition rests with the boys, not only those who aspire to places on the team, but those also who wish to see the school take its place in the front rank in athletics.

The material at hand is encouraging and the spirit shown admirable. Of the last year's team we are glad to have with us again this season "Bill" Whitaker and Clyde White. Their last year's team work, outside of D. H. S., is probably best remembered by Raleigh. The other men are new but promising. With the proper amount of effort in daily practice and earnest endeavor on the part of each applicant to make his place whatever it be the strongest on the team,

we have no fear for a team that will deserve the heartiest and most loyal support of the High School.

The management has several games arranged both here and away, but declines to offer a definite schedule at present.

THE DEBATE On Friday night, February 26, the largest and most spirited crowd that has ever filled the chapel hall of the High School gathered to hear the debate between the representatives of this school and the East Durham High School. When Mr. Carmichael, who presided at the occasion, arose to announce the program, the hall was verily packed and jammed. A good delegation came with the visitors, and it goes without saying that the school's own support was great. There was a real calm when Chappell, the first speaker, was introduced, and this calm prevailed throughout his speech, except for the occasional outburst of applause when he reached the most eloquent and pointed paragraphs of his argument. He closed his speech in the real orator's style, and sat down amid cheers from both sides of the house.

Barbee was then presented and was cheered to his feet by the audience. He began very deliberate and with distinct utterance, and continued so throughout, never attempting oratory, but always presenting his side of the question with clearness and coolness.

Then followed Roberson, rising to applause that was really flattering, and that certainly must have been very inspiring. His argument was convincing and his manner pleasing. He impressed his hearers as one who feels the keenest interest in his subject and who is able to heap up points in support of his side until his opponents are carried from their ground by storm.

Ross certainly made the effort of his life, which indeed told for his school.

The rejoinders were equally interesting.

Upon the completion of the argument the judges, Messrs. Brooks, Cranford, and Wannamaker, retired to make up a decision.

During their absence the restless audience was agreeably entertained with music from a local male quartet. After some moments of deliberation the judges filed into the hall, amid roars from the expectant audience. Prof. Brooks, of Trinity College, as spokesman for the trio, delivered, in his pleasing manner and with the use of the principle of suspense, the decision, with the unanimous consent of the committee, to D. H. S.

PLAGIARISM IN THE SCHOOLS

Most people have a hazy conception of what constitutes plagiarism, a few understand it definitely, many—of the student class—practice it with little thought of the great moral principle involved. It is the most common evil, we dare say, that infests our school life, not even the great universities excepted. A student may be thoroughly honorable in every other respect and yet manifestly remiss in this one particular. And yet if approached on the subject he is surprised and hurt that his honor is called in question. Indeed there seems to be just here a misinterpretation of truthfulness and honesty. Or rather, as has been said, we are honest only in spots. Indeed we need to be a little more spotted in this particular, in fact we need the native hue of uniformity wherever the surface of character is presented. To be specific, we should be a little more conscientiously honest in what we write. We should understand once for all that it is just as criminal to take the language or the ideas of some one else and claim the authorship as it is to take something of another's personal belongings without the owner's knowledge or consent.

The student who is guilty of appropriating another's composition, ten chances to one, does not comprehend the matter in its true nature. When called to account, and the evil is brought to his notice, he seeks to excuse himself on the ground that "he didn't have time," or "didn't think." The fact is he had the time but did not know—as so few of us do—how to use it. By procrastination he simply allows the time to slip away until it is too late to prepare an original paper, and so feels that it is incumbent upon him to supply one the easiest way he can. And so without intentional wrong, in fact with little thought at all, he submits himself a plagiarist and lays the burden of dishonesty on his soul.

D. H. S., like all other institutions that have student bodies not fixed in the habits of life, is naturally susceptible to about all the weaknesses that come the way of humanity. This subtle weakness, referred to above, has shown itself in the written work of the school and so brought us into reproach. In the same way a few stories have crept into the MESSENGER, unwittingly to the editors through the guilelessness of trust, that do not possess the merit of strict originality. We disclaim all part in or countenance of them and at the same time make no excuse for them. Such that have appeared from time to time during the year we take opportunity here

to confess to our subscribers and exchanges and ask them to credit as we direct:

The First Quarrel, copied almost in toto.

A Happy Mistake, *Two Little Lives*, *His One Failing*, and *The True Spirit*, borrowed by way of plot, suggestion or incident.

Further, we wish to assure our readers that the matter, unpleasant to say the least, has been taken into consideration by faculty and students and in such way that we feel safe in promising that no repetition of the offense will occur. In the meantime, let us modestly suggest to other schools to look to their laurels.



Saturday, February 20th, almost the entire Society came together to study the life of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. A long program, which contained their best known short poems, had been arranged. Also an interesting writing on the courtship and love of these two was read by the President, Susie Markham. In answer to the second roll-call short quotations from their works were given. It was a beneficial meeting as well as interesting.

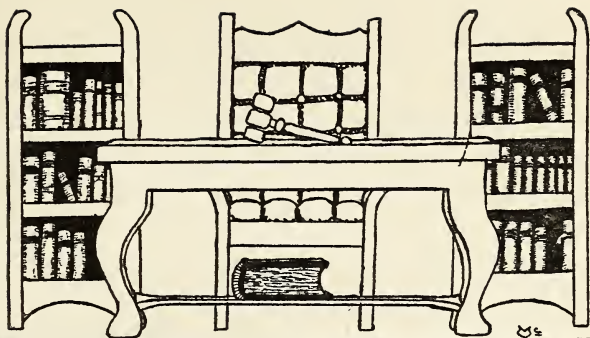
On the following Saturday the officers, who are to serve until the close, were elected. After a lively contest the following were chosen to offices:

Carrie Noel, President; Hannah Pope, Vice-President; Mary Westcott, Secretary; Tempe Boddie, Treasurer; Ethel York and Mary A. Bass, Critics; Virginia Badgett and Maud Willis, Censors; Natalie Tuck, Magazine Editor; Annie Reade, Marshal; Hallie Elliott, Usher; and Virginia Badgett, Laura Gillet, and Susie Markham, Directresses.

We greatly appreciate the good work of the retired officers, and recognize the improvement made during their term. However, the whole Society is pleased with the outcome of the election, and know that the work has fallen into good hands.

At the next meeting the newly-elected officers were installed by Mr. Green.

March 13th we were disappointed to learn that Dr. Mims would not be able at that time to address the Society on Henry Van Dyke, as was his intention, but an interesting program on the same subject was furnished by some of the members. Mr. Green made a short talk, and other readings made the hour a very pleasant one. We were very glad to have with us some of last year's graduates. Joe Speed, class '08, gave us words of encouragement.



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

New officers were recently elected and installed in this Society. They are as follows: Isaac Strayhorn, President; Will Whitaker, Vice-President; Rufus Powell, Secretary; Thos. Roberts, Treasurer; Leo Carden, Censor; Oscar Pickett, Assistant Censor, and Carson West, Marshal.

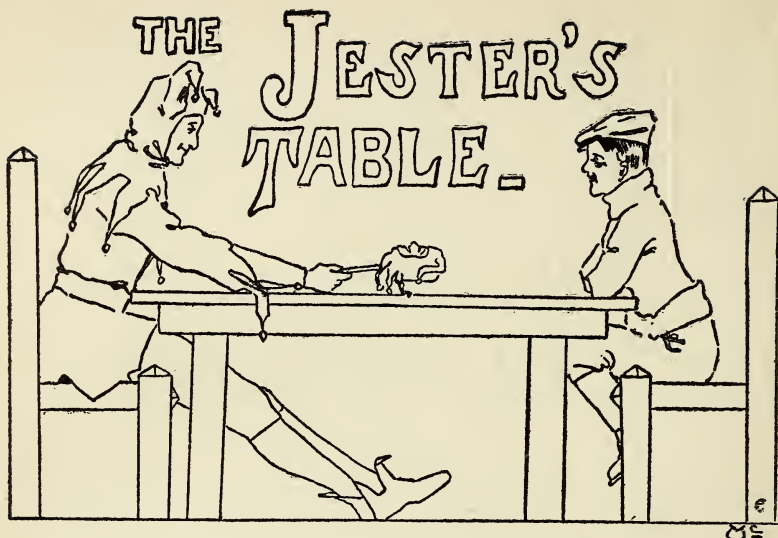
Exceptionally good work has been done during the administration of the retiring officers, and we feel confident that this good work will continue.

Recently this Society, through Zeb. Roberson and Elbert Chappell, won a victory over the East Durham School.

A debate with the Goldsboro High School will be held here Easter. A goodly number of boys of this Society have entered the preliminary, determined to win another crown of laurels for the D. H. S. and the B. L. S. Of course they do not expect an easy victory, but by hard, steady work they do expect to gain a decision in their favor.

For a long time we have derived and needed a place wherein to keep our books and magazines. A book-case was begun in the workshop some time ago for this Society. Not long since, it was completed and the books and magazines were placed in it.

Any member of the Society wishing to use these books in working up a debate or declamation, may do so upon applying to the librarian, Leo Carden.



A noble queen of English fame,
 A governor of our State,
 Behold within our school they dwell
 This wondrous pair so great.
 But she with dignity sublime
 Scarce answers when he smiles.
 Ah, well! 'tis hard to fathom now
 The depths of maiden's wiles!

It is that little miss "with laughing eyes and golden hair" that you hear OUR ORATOR speaking of so often.

* * *

The Stranger—"Do the people who live across the road from you, Rastus, keep chickens?"

Rastus—"Dey keep some of 'em, sah."—Ex.

* * *

"Mistah Bones, does yo' beliebe in signs?"

"No, sah, Mistah Brown, ah don't beliebe in signs. De othah day ah wuz feelin' sick an' ah saw a sign, 'Rubber Heels,' an' ah went home an' chewed a piece of rubbah all day, an' de next day ah wuz sicker dan eber. No, sah, ah don't beliebe in signs!"—Ex.

SOME DEFINITIONS FROM THIRD-YEAR SPECIAL GIRLS.

F. L.—Tigress—A lady tiger.

M. M.—Oasis—A bird.

A. P.—Bazaar—Czar of Russia.

P. K.—Bazaar—Place where church ladies sell things.

Z. C.—Desert—Something like a plane.

L. H.—Fulfill—To fill up a bottle.

R. O.—Holiday—A day off from school.

* * *

Little grains of powder, little dabs of paint
Often make a pretty girl out of one that ain't.

* * *

“What is a phenomenon?” asked the little boy after Uncle Joe, the negro butler, had finished the story. “Why, chile, don't you know what dat word is? Well, I'll 'splain it to you. If you see—if you see a cow, why, that ain't one; and if you see—a thistle, why, that ain't one; and if you see a bird, why, dat ain't one, neither. But I tell you, chile, if you see a cow sittin' on a thistle, a-singing like a bird, why, then, dat's a phenomenon.”—Ex.

* * *

In days of old
The warriors bold
Rode forth in brave array,
And for to prove
His own true love
He'd strive to win the day.

But now the while
With gallant smile,
Our S— calms each dispute;
Of M—'s heart
He's stole a part
But—don't you think he's cute?

* * *

Mr. C. (at 2:30)—“Pull off your overcoat, you are not going home.”

C. Z.—“I know it, but I thought the fire would go out before I started home.”

CICERO IN THE 3A.

A pupil had struggled through a long sentence in the fourth oration and had failed to translate properly "exanimata uxor." Robert Murray, when called upon to translate the same sentence, broke suddenly into the calm with, "Miss L——, I thought that was 'my wife fainting.'" Whereupon Leo Carden chimed in with, "Miss L——, the book said it was 'my abstract wife!'"

The 3A had at last found Brer Rabbit's laughin' place.

* * *

N. T.—Reading a poem entitled "My Castle in Spain," beginning, "Across the land of waters blue"—suggested that if we call it "airships," she thought the idea would be simply grand.

* * *

Tommy—"Pa, what is an equinox?"

Pa—"Why, er—it is—ahem. For goodness sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words 'equine' and 'ox.' It does seem as if these public schools don't learn children nothing nowadays."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. G.—"Sam, explain, 'therefore make her grave straight.'"

S. K.—"Make the corners straight."



GENTLE KNOCKS

"This wonder (as wonders last) lasted four days." None retained in the 4A.

"We have strange power of speech"—Zeb and Elbert.

"My mouth runs itself"—Mary Bryan Griswold.

"—— Therefore is reputed wise for saying nothing"—Pannie Petty.

"His greatest ambition, we regret to state,
Is simply this, to graduate."

—Bruce Mason.

"Why am I?"—Jack Latta.

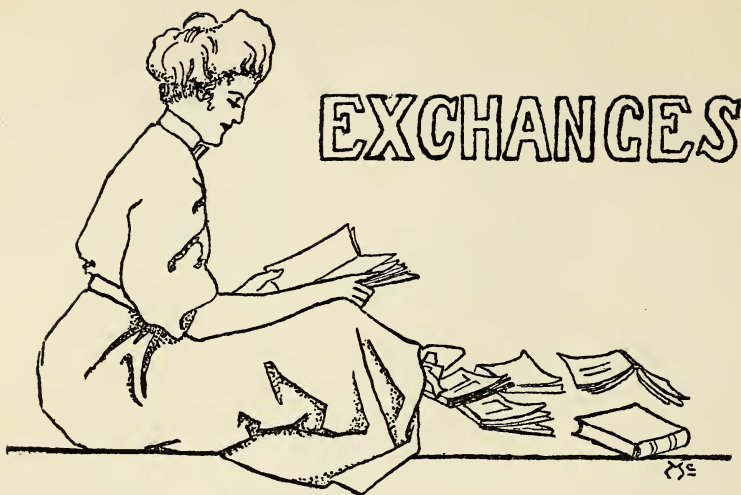
"And when she sings in the chapel choir
It is like the squeak of a Teddy bear."

—Nellie Barbee.

"By who was Paul V. *Pearced?*" "*Lucile!*"

"Don wants to take a '*Tuck.*'"

"Might have gone farther and fared worse"—*Maude and Bernice.*



We are very glad to receive *The Sotoyoman*, a new exchange from Healdsburg, California. It is a well-worked up magazine and especially would we mention the literary department. A similarity of theme—self-sacrifice and heroism—runs through all the articles, yet this theme is developed along different lines and the stories are well written. “Home, Sweet Home,” wins our sympathy for its heroine. We think it would improve the magazine to a great extent not to mix the advertisements with the reading matter.

Congratulations to *The Item*! The original cuts at the head of each department are so appropriate. The students are to be commended for their artistic talents.

The High School Student is a very neat magazine, although we think that even a few cuts would add much to the attractiveness of the magazine. This issue contains a number of short and varied articles.

We are especially glad to have the February issue of *The Dragon*. We are sorry to notice a lack of material in the literary department. We wonder why *The Dragon* never criticises its exchanges. This seems to us a great aid, because it helps us to see our faults and defects.

The February number of *The Wake Forest Student* is devoted largely to Poe. The poem, "To Edgar Allan Poe," well expresses Poe's romantic temperament. The excellent poem, "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," by Henry Boner, taken from the American Anthology, appears in this issue.

The Record of the Wofford College Fitting School has joined the magazine ranks with a very creditable issue. The subject matter is varied and well balanced. The loyal support of the students will bring it a successful career.

We are glad to welcome another issue of *The Park School Gazette* from our neighbor, the Trinity Park School. The articles on "Robert E. Lee" and "The Question of Immigration" are timely and interesting. The little poem on "The Merry Widow Hats" deserves an encore, for its theme is one of the most important and vital questions of the day, as it touches a menace to the peace of all communities.

The Red and White has a good February issue. It contains an excellent article on "True College Spirit." All the contributions are to be commended for their seriousness. "The Star of the Empire" finds ready approval, for we are glad to believe that it will shine in America forever.

The February issue of *The Index* from Oshkosh School, Wisconsin, surpasses its usual high standard of excellence. It is, first of all, seasonable and its numerous good valentines are so well balanced with articles of a serious nature that it is worthily dedicated to Washington and Lincoln. The cover of this magazine is one of the most attractive we have received.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *The Black Board*, *The Courier*, *The Criterion*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *Echoes from Locust Grove Institute*, *The Oracle*, *The Donegal Banner*, *The Blue and Gold*, and *The Graded School Hustler*.

Alumni Notes

The list of the graduates from the High School, which was begun in the February issue of the MESSENGER, is continued below :

Miss Lillian Adams, Miss Effie Conyers, Miss Mary Crabtree, Miss Mamie Dowd, Miss Mary Faucette, Miss Lizzie Guthrie, Miss Mollie Holloway, Miss Annie Lee, Miss Annie Lunsford, Miss Mattie Rigsbee, Miss Eleanor Wheeler, Joseph Conrad, Ernest Ferrell, Harry Happer, Samuel Henderson, Hallie Holloway, Wallace Mason, Miss Daisy Barbee, Miss Gelia Bradsher, Miss Grizzelle Burton, Miss Mina Conrad, Miss Daisy Cox, Miss Daisy Green, Miss Annie Hamilton, Miss Ethel Herndon, Miss Carrie Herndon, Miss Lulu Johnson, Miss Bessie Langhorn, Miss Lottie Markham, Miss Ella Peay, Miss Nellie Rawls, Palmer Rosemond, Miss Mary Rogers, Miss Lillie Slade, Miss Josie Taylor, Miss Fannie Whitaker, Miss Lottie Whitaker, Ernest Carrington, Henry Highsmith, Miss Lucy Burwell, Miss Ada Cates, Miss Clyde Dowell, Miss Hallie Holman, Miss Katie Johnson, Miss Marjie Jordan, Miss Maude Lambe, Miss Lila Markham, Miss Mamie Peay, Miss Alice Piper, Miss Willie Smith, Miss Lela Whitted, Miss Maie Woodward, Will Carr, Jeter Howerton, Taylor Anderson, Miss Eunice Christian, Miss Lois Christian, Miss Lucy Cole, Miss Ida Cowan, Miss Alice Giddens, Miss Leila Markham, Lathrop Morehead, Miss Ethel Morris, Miss Mary Renn, Ralph Richardson, Miss Julia Shaw, Miss Effie Stephenson, Miss Lucy Wyatt.

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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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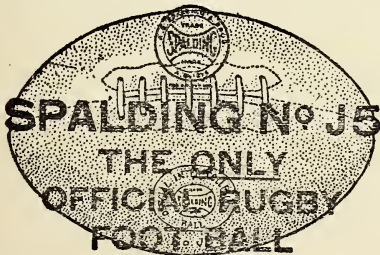
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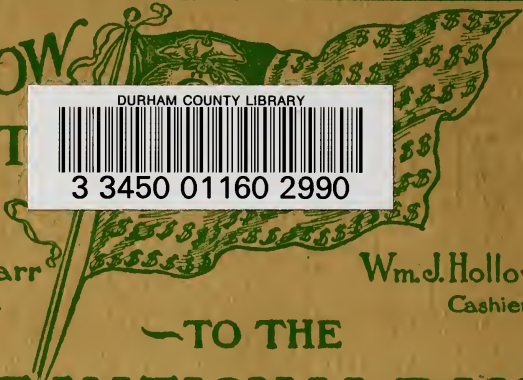
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