

The
MESSENGER

Vol. II

MAY, 1906

No. 7

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Literary Department.....	159
Grammar School Department.....	169
Editorial.....	174
Poems Everyone Should Know.....	176
Blackwell Literary Society.....	179
In Lighter Vein.....	181
Exchange Department.....	183

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THE MESSENGER.

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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Send or hand all manuscripts intended for publication to ORIN LLOYD, Editor-in-Chief, Morehead School.

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ROBERT WINSTON, '08,
Business Manager, Morehead School.

Literary Department.

DOUGLAS HILL, '08,

- - - - - EDITOR.

WIT AND HUMOR.

By CHESLEY HUTCHINGS, '07.

Someone has said that "Man is the only being which laughs; above and below him all are serious." In Man, that span between the god and the animal, there are two stages: when the body rules the mind, and when the mind rules the body. In the first of these, *humor* is born; the second gives birth to *wit*.

Wit is talent; humor is genius. One is like a marble fountain in a well kept lawn; the other, like a bubbling mountain brook. Wit is seldom without humor, but humor is entirely independent of wit. A pun may be witty and lack humor; a man may have a humorous style of conversation and yet never show any wit. But the pun without humor is dead; the humorous conversation is just as bright.

Perhaps we had better look at the derivations of these words, and their early use. The word wit is derived from a Saxon verb, *weetan*, to know; hence meaning knowledge, sense. The earliest form and meaning is

preserved in such words as witness, witless, to-wit. The word humor is derived from the Latin, *humor*; which, under an old medical theory, mean the moisture of the body, supposed to govern the disposition of a person. It afterwards came to mean the disposition itself, as in "good humor," and "bad humor."

Thus we see that wit, from its definition, depends upon the brain, and appeals to the brain; while humor depends upon and appeals to the feelings, the emotions. We can also see this difference in the characteristics of nations. The sharp, quick-witted Frenchman would naturally be the wit; the droll, comic, good-natured Irishman would be the humorist. That is why we, at the beginning, compared wit to the fountain, humor to the wild stream.

Humor is a more natural faculty. When man was in his primitive state, he was entirely governed by his feelings and emotions. As he became more civilized, his brain gained the predominance. Thus it was with wit and humor. But as man in his growth should never lose his primitive feelings, but should make them subserviant; so wit should always abound with humor, to make itself more free and unrestrained, and to add to its own strength; as the beauty of a growing flower is heightened by an appropriate background.

The whole force of a witty story depends upon the amount of humor there is in the climax or point; the humorous story depends upon the manner of telling. The same difference is between wit and humor as between talent and genius, thought and feeling, the restraint and stiffness of the city and the natural ease of the country. As talents are certain gifts, whether natural or cultivated, and genius, the spirit which predominates the great, needing no cultivation; so is wit the offspring of the brain, and humor, that natural mirth

that the Almighty put into the breast of man, else he should not be able to withstand the hardships of this life of toil.

THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

By MARY LOOMIS SMITH, '08.

It was a few hours before sunset and the crowded thoroughfare, the principal one in Milan, was filled with people hurrying about, trying to dispense all their business ere the great golden orb should disappear below the horizon.

In a large room of a toppling, rickety old tenement house, some women were gathered, busy with their work. One woman was washing, another ironing, others sewing, and one trying to soothe a crying child by jumping it, while a motley group of small children were playing around and adding their noise to the confusion. Just then low and sweet strains proceeding from a violin caused the din to be somewhat abated, and when, suddenly the music grew louder, until the very soul of the player seemed to be ascending to the sky in the passionate, longing outburst, all was quiet in the large room, even the baby was listening with wonder to the song of the violin. "It's little Ottario," smilingly whispered one of the women, and she sorrowfully added, "whatever will he do without his mother?"

The sun smiled cheerily into the adjoining room and beamed especially kindly on the figure of a tall slender boy, with a violin which he caressed lovingly in his arms. His contour plainly showed him to be an Italian, and the pale face, fringed about with beautiful brown hair, lit up the most wonderful, large, mournful, liquid brown eyes, and the sensitive, delicate mouth pointed him out to be of noble birth. His general appearance was that of

a neat, well kept lad, very different from the usual Italian street boy, and he showed that a mother's loving care was bestowed upon him. The music had faded away again into dreamy meditative tones and at last ceased altogether. The boy threw himself before the window on his knees and buried his face in his hands, while dry, convulsive sobs shook his slight frame. "O mother!" he moaned, "why did you leave me?" I have worked so hard trying to find work and I am so discouraged, lonely and weary. O mother! I feel that you are near me, can you not help me bear it as you used to?" and the murmuring leaves and singing birds seemed to whisper back "yes," until it echoed all through his heart. Much comforted he arose and stumbled to the bed and tried to quiet his throbbing temples by sleep, but sleep would not come and the little body struggled with the fever eating away his life, in vain.

A knock was heard on the door of the large room and a small boy running to the door, came back and whispered very excitedly to his mother, "There's a great big man with a be-au-ti-ful coat at the door." She hurried to the door and a man in the court livery confronted her. "The Marquise has sent me to enquire who it was that was playing so beautifully on the violin this afternoon in this house; she heard the music and wishes the person to come to court,—it is surely none of these," and his eye roved rather contemptuously over the group of dirty children staring at him. "No," answered the woman, "but a little boy by the name of Ottario de Strozzi; his mother's funeral was yesterday. Oh! she was such a kind, pretty little thing and they were so devoted to each other; his poor little piteous face really haunts me." "The Marquise was a de Strozzi before she married," mused the man; but the woman heeded him not. "Come, I will lead you to him," she said. Some of the others followed and they entered the little room.

The setting sun threw his beams in splendor on the smiling, upturned face of little Ottario, who with arms outstretched was kneeling by the bed. The soul of the little violinist had winged its heavenward flight. "Poor little thing," murmured one of the women. "No! happy little thing," said one of the others, in a voice so gentle, the rest looked up in wonderment. "Happy little thing, for can't you see he is with his mother?"

A VISIT TO SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

By ROBERTA WEST, '08.

Travelers who would enter into the full charm of "Shakespeare's country" are recommended to start from the quaint and ancient city of Coventry, and to pursue the high road of Warwick, taking Kenilworth in their way. This is the way by which I was guided by a friend who was familiar with that country. There is scarcely a walk in England more perfect in its own kind than the five miles from Coventry to Kenilworth. Kenilworth Castle is a stately ruin. We duly observed Cæsar's Tower, the original keep, with its walls, in some parts, sixteen feet thick; then the remains of the magnificent banqueting hall, built by John of Gaunt; and, lastly, the dilapidated towers erected by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, one part of which bears the name of poor Amy Robsart. A trifling gate-fee opened the place freely to us.

Warwick castle needs little description. The winding road, cut out of solid rock from the lodge to the castle gate, is a fitting approach to the stately fortress-palace. We next visited the church; and the Beauchamp Chapel, with its monuments, is one of the finest in England. We spent the night at Leamington, which was nearby, and

the next morning renewed our pilgrimage for Stratford-on-Avon. Again we took the road, drinking in the influence in the pleasant Warwickshire scene; quaint rural loneliness, varying with every mile, and glimpses of the silver Avon at intervals, enhancing the charm. A slight detour led us to Hampton, Lucy and Charlecote House and Park, memorable for the exploits of Shakespeare's youth, and for the worshipful dignity of Sir Thomas Lucy, the presumed original of Mr. Justice Shallow.

This Warwickshire town has been often described. It is a quiet country town, very much like other towns; commonplace, save for the all-pervading presence and memory of Shakespeare. The house on Henly street, where he is said to have been born, was visited first, of course; then we walked along High street, noting the Shakespearian memorials in shop-windows, looking up, as we passed, at the fine statute of the poet, placed by Garrick in front of the town hall. At the site of New Place, now an open, well-kept garden, with here and there some of the scattered foundations of the poet's house, protected by wire-works on the greensward, we added our tribute of wonder, if not of contempt, to the twin memories of Sir Hugh Clopton, who pulled down Shakespeare's house in one generation, and of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree in another generation. Just opposite are the Guild chapel and the Guild hall, with the grammar-school, where the poet received his education; after some further walking we reached the extremity of the town, where a little gate opened to a charming avenue of overarching limetrees, leading to the church. Before entering we passed round to the other side, where the church-yard gently slopes to the Avon, and drank in the tranquility and beauty of the rustic scene. Then after gaining admission we went straight to the chancel and gazed

upon those which, after all, are the only memorials of the poet which possess a really satisfying value, the monument and tomb.

As all the world knows, the tomb is a dark slab, lying in the chancel, with the inscription turned to the east. No name is given, only the lines here copied :

“Good Frend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

The prostrate figure on a tomb in the east wall of the chancel represents Shakespeare's contemporary and intimate, John-a-Combe. Above us, on the left, was the monument of the poet, colored, according to the fashion of the time, with scarlet doublet, black sleeveless gown, florid cheeks, and gentle hazel eyes. The effigy certainly existed within seven years of Shakespeare's death, so that in all probability, we have a faithful representation of the poet as his friends knew him. The following Latin and English inscriptions are beneath his bust:

“Judicio Pylum, genio socratim, arte maronem, terra tegit, popolos mæret, olymos habet.”

“Stay Passenger, why goest thou by so fast,
Read, if thou canst whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakespeare, with whome
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
For more than cost; sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.”

The inscription proves that the poet's greatness was not unrecognized in his own time. The epitaph on Mistress Susanna Hall, Shakespeare's favorite daughter, struck a higher note. Thus it began :

“Witty above her sex—but that's not all—
Wise to salvation, was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss.”

I regret that this inscription has been effaced to make room for the epitaph of some obscure descendant. That to Shakespeare's widow, Anne Hathaway, was placed over her grave by her son; there is something in it pathetically and nobly Christian. It is in Latin and may be rendered freely:

“My mother: thou gavest me milk and life: alas, for me, that I can but repay thee with a sepulchre! Would that some good angel might roll the stone away, and thy form come forth in the Saviour's likeness! But my prayers await not. Come quickly, O Christ! then shall my mother, though enclosed in the tomb, arise and mount to heaven.”

Before leaving the church we observed some other monuments which in any other place would be considered worth attention; as well as a stained glass window, illustrating from scripture Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man—Moses, the infant; Jacob, the lover; Deborah, the judge, etc.

The day's explorations are not yet over. The epitaph on Anna Hathaway's tomb, if nothing else, has quickened our desires to know something more of her surroundings in those days when Shakespeare won and wooed her in her rustic home. Retracing our steps through the town, we were directed to a field-path bearing straight for Shuttery, a village but a mile distant. It is not difficult to picture the youthful lover, out here in the fair open country, among the wild flowers which line the walk, and which he has so well described; for there are few traditions of Stratford-on-Avon better authenticated than that which represents this as Shakespeare's walk in the days when he “went courting.” The village is a straggling one, with a look of comfort about its farmsteads and cottages; and, at the farthest extremity from Stratford, in a pleasant dell opposite a willow-shaded stream, we found the cottage, not much altered

since the poet there found his bride. The capacious chimney-corner where, no doubt, the lovers sat, is genuine; and other antique relics, from a carved bedstead to an old Bible, carry the mind back, at least, to the era of the poet; while the garden and orchard, with the well of pure spring water, must be much as Shakespeare saw them.

PEARL.

By ANNIE MAY CORBETT, '07.

A wild storm had been raging for two days all along the shore. The moon shone fitfully, for ragged white clouds partially covered it, looking very much like reflections of the rough white waves that beat incessantly upon the rocks a few yards distant from the cabin where the Nelsons lived.

Mrs. Nelson had but just finished the supper dishes, when her husband said: "The sea is very uneasy since the storm, Edith, and the tide must be bringing in drift-wood. I've a mind to go down and get some."

"Wait a minute and I'll go with you," replied his wife.

Mr. Nelson hesitated, and then he said: "Well, dear, I suppose you'll say I've taken leave of my senses; but I had a dream last night, and I would rather you would stay at home, and have things warm and cozy when I return."

His wife looked alarmed, and, seizing his hand, said: "Paul, tell me, if there is any harm coming to you, I want to go with you."

"There, dear, never worry. It was a good dream, and now I must be off, so good-bye," and he went out closing the door softly behind him. Down on the shore he stood watching the tide as intently as if he expected his ship was coming in.

As he stood watching the fluttering foam, his eye caught sight of something else, which, even in the pale moonlight, he knew to be something more than foam. He started forward, aimed his grappling hook, swiftly but carefully, and brought in his prize. His dream had come true, and he held in his strong arms a little child.

"It is just as I dreamed, Edith," he said, as he laid the unconscious little burden in his wife's arms. She was very much astonished, but forgot it all in her delight at finding that the dream meant no harm to her husband.

Together they worked with the precious baby, and great was their joy when the white lids opened and the large blue eyes looked innocently into theirs. "So like little Eva's," sighed Mrs. Nelson, as she thought of their own darling, who was sleeping in a lonely little grave beneath the cedars in the garden.

"What shall we call her?" asked Mrs. Nelson. "What is the best thing that comes out of the sea?"

"Let's call her Pearl. How's that?"

So "Pearl" she was named, as there was no clue to her former name nor to her parents. She grew up like a flower, and was always spoken of by Paul and Edith as long as they lived as "Our Pearl."

Grammar School Department.

A RANCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

By ELISE R. LLOYD, Fifth Grade.

I spent one of my summers at Omaha, Nebraska. During my stay at that city, a ranchman's little daughter, Nellie, came and boarded in the house where I boarded. Everyone liked Nellie. She had been coming to Omaha ever since she was big enough to come with her father when he brought the steers to market.

As Nellie was a quiet child she and I soon became acquainted with each other.

She always came to me in her troubles. One day she came to me with a troubled look on her face and openly admitted that she was home-sick. I want to see someone about home, and when I start to tell the other girls about it they say, "Oh, don't tell that now, we would heap rather play 'Raise the Gates,'" she said to me. "Well, tell *me* about your home, little one," I said. With a sigh of relief, the troubled look disappearing from her face, she began: "I live on the Loup river, out on the range. You know ranchmen must have water and lumber for houses and corrals for the cattle in winter. There are no neighbors near us, but that is all the because Bossy, Belle, Beck, Rose—" She was about to name many more, but I interrupted her with, "And pray, who are they?" "Oh, I forgot, you didn't know; they're my favorite cows."

"At home we're not stuffed up in small lots like people are here. Why, there's not a fence inside of thirty miles from our house. Father owns eighteen thousand head of cattle.

"I have a pet named Fido, and a fine dog he is," she

said. "Why, brother Bill, he's my cowboy brother, only has to say, 'Fido, I think it's time the cows were coming in. Come help me get them,' and Fido helps him as well as a man could. Then I have a pony named Black Beauty. Oh, how I wish I could see you, my darling Beauty," and a look of longing came into her pretty brown eyes. "It may seem strange to you," she said, "that I could love a pony so, but I have had her ever since I was three years old," and here she hastily brushed away a tear. "Out on the frontier I haven't anyone to play with, so, of course, that makes me love Beauty, all the more. She is of great service to father, too.

"In May or June we have our first general collection or a round-up. Every time we have one I get a new pet, for one object of it is to find all the calves that have been born the winter before and brand them. Because there are no fences around us or around many other ranches, the cattle get mixed, and those in one herd may belong to twenty ranchmen, therefore some sign is burnt on them. Father's is a star. A round-up lasts several weeks and is planned by a number of ranchmen. About twenty cowboys with the necessities for the journey, make up one squad. These squads go in different directions, riding a great many miles a day. The calves follow their mothers and the mothers have the ranch's brand on them so the calves are branded without trouble. If any of the men I know come across an especially pretty calf they always bring it to me. I have a great many at home now that are waiting for me.

"The object of the second round-up is to bring together the steers and select the ones to ship away. Every time that round-up draws near, I have a cry, because I hate to part with the steers. Father always brings his here to Omaha, because it is so near, and this second round-up is what brings me here.

"Father is just like a pioneer in the early days, he has

so many things to do for himself, but I tell you he is a good teacher and I learn a great deal because he studies with me. He says, 'Nell, you must be smart and learn a great deal, for I don't expect you to live on the pampas always.' "

Just then the dinner bell rang and she and I hurried in. "Now, that I have poured out all that was in my heart, I feel better," she said, and so she looked.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INDIANS.

BY INEZ CROOM, Seventh Grade.

Long before America was discovered, a race of people called Indians lived there. These people were wild and barbarous. They were tall, lithe and wiry, with skin of a dull red, long straight black hair, high cheekbones, and small, keen, black eyes. They wore almost no clothing in summer, but in winter they wore mantles and moccasins of deer skin.

The Indian warrior was very fond of hunting. He wore no hair save the warlock, which he wore so that on his downfall in war the scalp might be taken by his enemy, for the scalp was the token of victory over an enemy.

In war the warrior painted his face with roots and berries from the forests. They were exceedingly cruel in war, but also exceedingly just. They were stern, cold, and reserved, never giving away to any feeling. The young Indian warrior always showed a great respect for age.

The Indian woman was given entirely to domestic work, tilling corn, cooking venison, beating corn for bread and tending the papooses.

The Indians had always lived in the open forests, thus

having unconfined freedom. It was impossible to lose an experienced Indian warrior in his native forest. He guided himself by the sun or the moss on trees by day, and by the stars by night. They escaped from out of the hands of an enemy with all the cunning of a serpent. They ran with the swiftness of a deer, passed through the most difficult places with the ease and silence of a deer. No trail of passage through the forest could be hid from Indian eyes, and when the trail was found it was followed with singular perseverance and patience.

These people were singularly hospitable to everyone who was not their hated enemy, and when the "pale-faces" came to the shores which they considered their own, they were friendly to them, and not once displayed any hostility to them, until their hunting and fishing grounds were being cleared for the benefit of the "pale-faces." And now those people who owned all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific are allowed only one territory called Indian Reservation, for their own by the "palefaces."

PAN-PUK-KEWIS.

By MAY JOHNSON, Fifth Grade.

Pau-Puk-Kewis was the friend of old Nokomis. He was an idle man. He was loved by the women and maidens. They loved him because he was a handsome man. He was at Hiawatha's wedding feast.

He was dressed in a soft, white shirt of doe-skin, fringed with ermine. It was wrought with beads of wampum. He had on deer-skin leggings, fringed with hedge-hog quills and ermine. He had moccasins of buckskin, thickly embroidered with beads and quills. On his head were plumes of swan's down. On his heels were

tails of foxes. In one hand he had a fan of feathers and a pipe in the other. His face was painted with streaks of red, blue, yellow and bright vermilion.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By BETSY PERRY, First Grade.

Once there was a lion sleeping in the woods. A rat ran on his nose. That woke him. He caught the rat with his paw. The rat said, "Please let me go; I will be your friend."

"You cannot be my friend," said the lion.

One day the lion was caught in a trap. The rat heard him and came to see about his friend. He saw that his friend was caught in a trap. He cut the rope with his teeth and let the lion go.

Editorial.

ORIN LLOYD, '06,

- - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

THE RESULT OF THE DEBATE WITH TRINITY PARK SCHOOL.

The third annual debate between the Trinity Park School and the Durham High School was held at the Southern Conservatory of Music on Friday evening, April 13, at 8:30 o'clock. It was a gala occasion for our supporters, for, as we had anticipated, our representatives were left in full possession of the field of conflict, crowned with the laurels of victory.

The debate was a stubbornly contested affair. The query was: "Resolved, That Congress Should Regulate the Railroad Rates." The affirmative of this question was represented by Messrs. N. Clyde Crawford and Paul J. Kiker, of the Trinity Park School, and the negative by Messrs. A. Lee M. Wiggins and Sterling R. Carrington, of our school. Excellent argument was set forth by both sides and it required the judges some minutes to arrive at a decision.

Judge R. W. Winston presided as chairman of the occasion. Mr. J. A. Morgan acted as secretary, and Mr. W. H. Overton as time-keeper. The judges were: Rev. T. A. Smoot, Col. Jones Fuller, and Mr. J. Crawford Biggs. The marshals representing the Trinity Park School were: Messrs. G. W. Daniels, D. F. Cheatham, J. F. Burgess, and J. C. Fuller; those representing the Durham High School were: Messrs. T. L. Cheek, H. W. Lehman, J. S. Beaman and J. A. Spencer. Beautiful selections were rendered by the Conservatory orchestra before the debate and during the interval in which the judges were retired.

The initial number of these debates was held in the

spring of 1904. Our school was represented by Messrs. Umstead and Hobgood. In this contest we were victorious. In the spring of 1905 the second debate was held in which we were represented by Messrs. Manning and Briggs. In this debate the judges decided in favor of the Trinity Park School. The debate of 1906 proves the Durham High School to be the champion since she has won the "best two" out of the three debates.

Poems Everyone Should Know

MARY LUCY HARRELL, '07, - - - - - EDITOR.

GRANDMA'S PRAYER.

I pray, that, risen from the dead,
 I may in glory stand—
 A crown, perhaps, upon my head,
 But a needle in my hand.

I've never learned to sing or play,
 So let no harp be mine;
 From birth unto my dying day,
 Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore, accustomed to the end
 To plying useful stitches,
 I'll be content if asked to mend
 The little angels' breeches.

—*Eugene Field.*

LAST NIGHT—AND THIS.

Last night—how deep the darkness was!
 And well I knew its depths, because
 I waded it from shore to shore,
 Thinking to reach the light no more.

She would not even touch my hand—
 The wind rose and the cedars fanned
 The moon out, and the stars fled back
 In heaven and hid—and all was black!

But ah! Tonight a summons came,
Signed with a tear-drop for a name,—
For as I wondering kissed it, lo,
A line beneath it told me so.

And *now* the moon hangs over me
A dish of dazzling brilliancy,
And every star-tip stabs my sight
With splintered glitterings of light!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

Some go to church, just for a walk ;
Some go there to laugh and talk ;
Some go there to meet a friend ;
Some go there, their time to spend ;
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

—*Selected.*

Blackwell Literary Society.

LEONARD CHEEK, '07, - - - - - EDITOR.

HISTORY OF BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY INTERSCHOOL DEBATES.

It was a pat idea that led the boys of the Blackwell Literary Society to challenge Trinity Park School for a series of debates. The first of this series was pulled off in the spring of 1904 at the Southern Conservatory of Music. We were represented on this occasion by Walter Umstead and Burke Hobgood and they won the decision unanimously.

The second of these debates was pulled off in the spring of 1905 at the same place. Blackwell Literary Society was represented by John H. Manning and M. Arnold Briggs. This time we were the losers, but nevertheless, our boys made fine speeches and did credit to themselves and to the Society.

The third and last, so far, and we believe, the best one of the three, was pulled off this spring, on Good Friday night. There was a great deal more interest shown on this occasion than on any of the others. It was probably because the victories stood even, and this debate would decide the tie.

The scene at this debate was an inspiration. The hall of the Conservatory of Music was filled with boys and girls of the two schools; inwardly throbbing with interest and excitement; outwardly maintaining the utmost composure. On the rostrum sat the stay of our hopes, Lee and Sterling, seemingly with stoical indifference; yet only seemingly, as their opponents were soon to learn. Nothing but Dakota temperature can indicate the successive change of hope to fear as our representa-

tives would spar the fling of their opponents or send the quivering arrow home. There was a feeling of relief on our part when the contest was over, and we waited patiently for the judges to satisfy formally our confidently asserted opinion. And we can almost hear, at this distance of time and place, the rousing yells which the boys of the Blackwell Literary Society, once planted on terra firma, proceeded to give.

SUPERINTENDENT J. A. MATHESON SPEAKS TO SOCIETY.

At last Friday's meeting Superintendent J. A. Matheson was present and made the boys a short talk. Mr. Matheson congratulated our representatives on their victory over the Trinity Park School in the debate and thanked them for upholding the standard of the school. He recognized the good work of the Society and offered it any help at his hands. He said "that there was a great future in store for the Society." He then offered a five dollar gold piece to the best declaimer. The final contest will come off the 20th of May.

In Lighter Vein.

FELICIA KUEFFNER, '06, - - - - - EDITOR.

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles."

STRAY SHOTS FROM YOUNG GUNS.

Proud Mother—Oh, John, the baby can walk.

Cruel Father—Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night then.

The class was studying Greek history.

"Who was Porus?" the teacher asked.

"The man that invented plasters," instantly yelled little Johnny Wise.

Husband—You know, my dear, my devotion to you is unremitting.

Wife—Yes, I've noticed that when I've been away and wrote to you for money.

Robert, aged 5, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged 2.

"Sister," he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."

Teacher—What is a glazier?

Pupil—A glazier is something that freezes up north and slides down south.

"When is a farmer cruel to his corn?" asked Bob.

Jimmy—"When he pulls off the ears."

A young man brought a lovely bunch of flowers to his girl one night. She of course announced her appreciation and then said—"Oh, and they have a little DEW on them yet."

“Yes,” replied the young man, “but I intended to pay it off tomorrow.”

A little boy went walking with his father one Sunday evening. When they came to the cemetery, they noticed the initials “R. I. P.” on a tombstone, which stood for “Rest in Peace.”

He asked his son if he knew what it meant, and he answered, “Rise if Possible.”

School Visitor—How beautifully still the children sit while you talk to them!

Teacher—Yes; I’ve got them pretty well trained. I told them at the start that every time I caught a boy moving in his seat while I was talking to them, I would talk ten minutes longer.

A. S. F. certainly does believe in liberty. (*Free-land*).

L. S. S. is very fond of the company of Fair *Rosamond*.

S. R. C. is certainly the real thing. (*Sterling*).

Hawks has a little *Lamb*, Campbell wants one, too.

M. T. M. has discovered a new specie of *Berries*—*Branberry*.

One of the largest pen-points we have ever seen is in the 10th Grade—The *Spencer-ian*.

Exchange Department.

STERLING R. CARRINGTON, '06, - - - - - EDITOR.

Two numbers of *The College Message*, the March and April, have been issued since our last issue. Foremost in quality in the former, is the story entitled, "The Results of a Practical Joke." This story, with the exception that it is written upon the usual popular subject—that of love—of the G. F. C. girls, is very creditable. It is a relief to turn from the love literature to the "Reminiscences." These are written in very good style, and in many instances, the writer shows a marked ability to see the humorous side of life. The poems, "Pen Picture," and "A Day—A Life," deserve creditable mention. The April issue, though well up to the standard of love, contains an excellent "Interpretation of 'The Ancient Mariner.'" The writer understands it to mean "the voyage of life" of a youth, and she has evidently spent much time and thought in its preparation. The "Reminiscences," which are continued in this number, are equally as good as in the former issue.

The *Davidson College Magazine* merits our heartiest commendation. The essays are weighty, the fiction original. Still, there is need for improvement in the matter of poetry. In the first class, an appeal for "Independence in Politics" is filled with potent arguments which are worthy of careful consideration. Another essay, "An Evil of Today," deals with the movement of our rural population to the cities. The author goes into the very root of the matter and supports his position with strong proofs. A well-written essay of interest to North Carolinians, "The Battle of Moore's Creek

Bridge," gives the history of "the Lexington of the South." Decidedly the best fiction is the story entitled, "The Transplanting." It is a vivid portrayal of the hopes and fears of the leading spirit of the Italian colony. "At the Mercy of the Law" is also fiction. Its plot, of the dis-union and re-union again of a husband and wife, through the agency of fate and their son, is well laid and developed. "The Pomroi Cyclone" is an excellent description of a typical cyclone.

It gives us pleasure to recognize the attractive *Ivy* among the usual exchanges. It has two very good essays entitled, respectively, "Hamlet" and "Unhappiness of Men of Genius." The "Master Politician," fiction, rises far above mediocrity. The author displays much talent in the ability to write an interesting story and to hold the attention of the reader. It is with anticipations of pleasure that we await the outcome of this story in the next issue. More space should be devoted to verse.

On the whole, the second issue of the *Greensboro High School Magazine* is an advance over the first in the quality of the material. An interesting sketch gives the origin of "How the Easter Egg Became Associated with the Rabbit." Though we do not approve of nothing but love stories in a magazine, still a mild one does no harm, especially if it is combined with such other qualities as entitle it to a place in the magazine. Such a story as meets our approval is "Cynthia Byrd." In this, as in so many other high school, and even college, magazines, the field of poetry seems to be very much neglected.

We beg to acknowledge the usual number of exchanges.

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