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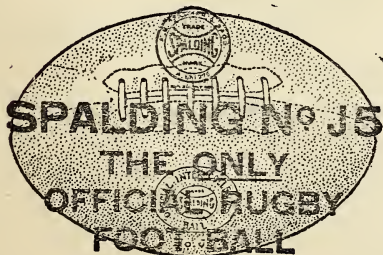
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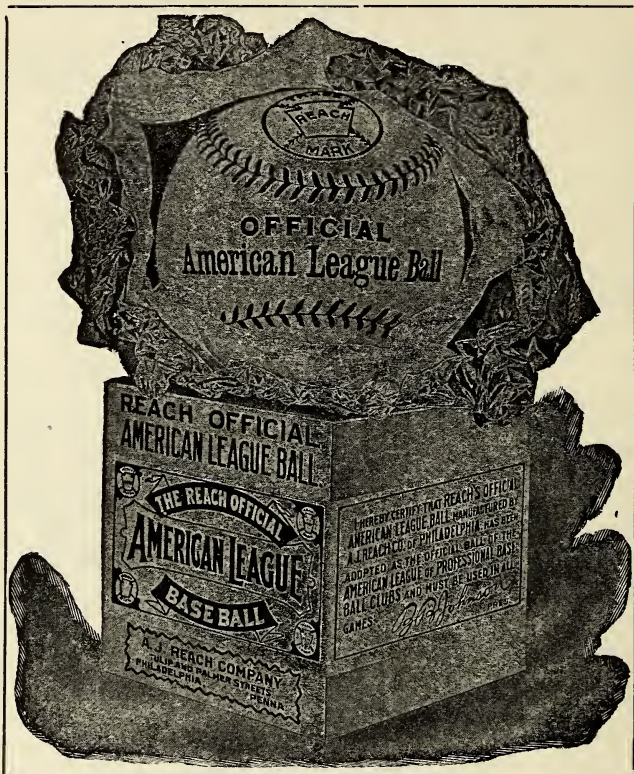
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The History of the Class of 1910

It is indeed an onerous and solemn duty which devolves upon me the task, hitherto unparalleled, of tracing the historical development of so important a body as the Class of 1910. It was an easy task for Plutarch to record the daring deeds and the adventurous exploits of the immortal Greeks and Romans. It was an easy task for learned Mr. Channing to set forth the steps of growth of the thirteen colonies as they became involved in the political and social advancement of the United States of America. But an attempt has never before been made, owing to its difficulties and vast, unmeasurable breadth of field, to set down in black and white the happenings of our distinguished class, a class that abounds with fluent orators, soaring poets, far-famed cooks and fearfully skilful hair dressers.

History repeats itself. And like our Pilgrim fathers, who crossed the seas and settled on foreign coasts, pursued by religious persecution, we too, came and settled on the unknown shores of a strange land. We, however, were not pursued by religious persecution, as our venerable fathers, but were goaded with an ambition to explore, discover and reveal to the world things then unknown, and to reveal likewise ourselves, when we successfully emerged from the dark regions of the grammar school and made our way with assurance toward the High School. Putting behind us all childish fancies and trivialities, we came forth to see and be seen.

On that memorable day in the year 1906, we assembled in the High School building, clad in our best array. Some were wearing Buster Brown suits, others pigtails finished with large bows, and all hopeful countenances and green looks. Thinking over our estate on that September morning, I recall a dearth of rats and puffs that must have made us appear surrounded by a halo. Could there have been within our hearts a tinge of regret or did someone whisper, "*Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium?*" But no, that could not be, for as yet we had not even reached that point where we could murmur, "*Amo te.*" In those early days we were assigned different rooms, but even then we tended to segregate. To this day, segregation is one of our strong points—we always get together. One instance of this was shown when we met to try our skill at Spelling, in which we have become of late so efficient. But in those days there was always the "glory and the freshness of a dream," even over Spelling, and we met our other

half with valiant hearts and ready tongues. Even now we cannot remember which half of us won, nor is there any possible way of deciding, since in these latter days, lo! Spelling has become a nightmare and we ever "feel our valor going."

Next year we all entered the eighth grade. This year was remarkable for two things, our entrance into Cæsar and the entrance of Mary Wescott. First of all, Cæsar! We entered his immortal domain with a flourish and a racket, mounted on half a dozen "jacks," seven interlinears, and directed by about so many atoms of gray matter. One whole year we labored with that atrocious and inexpressibly cruel torture for children, Cæsar's Gallic Wars, until in the depths of our despair, we exclaimed, "I love my Beginners' Book, but oh! you Cæsar." There was one specially bright spot, however, in our eighth grade work. Under the gentle guidance of our biology teacher, we became engrossed in the model employment of cutting up crayfishes. It was while in this grade that that highly intellectual and morally uplifting institution, the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, was organized. And had we not learned from Cæsar that "our men" were always on top, no matter what odds were against them? So with hearts courageous our girls swept into the C. S. L. S. "with one accord." We have had no cause to regret this step. To illustrious Cæsar's ghost we render a tribute of praise for giving us the fine sense of discrimination that can see an "ablative absolute" afar off. But more especially are we grateful to that sweet shade for imbruing us with a mighty valor and a daring spirit that lives even to this good day. That eighth grade was the place where we all got busy, and so we grew rapidly into splendid proportions, and found ourselves before we knew a gerund from a gerundive—sitting up one September morning with a new name upon our foreheads and greater joy in our hearts.

Thus we began our career in the ninth grade, and though we were still separated, our hearts were one, at least some of us thought so, for there existed several "cases." We were closely connected by a series of lines of rapid transit, and indeed communication prospered greatly, and the quickness and promptness of delivery and the safety of those "billets-doux" were insured, except in special instances, when the mail miscarried. "The life of a nation depends mainly upon its moral and mental make-up." If this be true then right here we began to *live*, for we began to make great preparations to appear soon as seniors, and our moral and mental make-ups took

on a "local habitation and a name." Why, we began to realize that we belonged to a race of immortals whose surname was "None-such." But alas! our exaltation suffered a severe shock. In a basketball game between the girls of the eighth grade and our grade we were defeated, and that beautiful pennant of white and gold, the token of victory, adorned—not our walls, but taunted us from the enemy's camp.

Now for the last and most important part of this history. We—are—seniors! Mark our glorious record. For have we not "flourished like a green bay tree?" In the first place we chose for our motto one that will ever be a "star" to us and for our colors the most beautiful as well as the most significant ones, blue and white. This year our career has been a brilliant one. First, we put forth a football team whose fame was echoed far and wide, and whose achievements were the pride and glory of a great people. Again a baseball team came forth and this likewise followed the laurel path of victory. We also may even boast Marathon runners. One thing this year marked an epoch in our history. Our ranks received a great and happy reinforcement. From the glorious east appeared a band of fellow sufferers—namely, Ellie Fleming, Evie Morton and Ransom O'Briant. The excellencies of these three we all know well. Their sky-scraping marks in scholarship and their wonderful skill in music have been the marvel of us all the year. We especially dote on Ellie.

In the spring there came to the front those hard-working and high aspiring ones, the debaters and declaimers. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of oratory, for has not the organization of the McIver Literary Society stirred the depths of our old Blackwell Society debaters, and made them "burn the midnight oil" and indulge in the midday yawn? But to return to athletics,—for we are great physically. This year the girls again played a game of basketball with the hostile team of the year before, and lo, again we were defeated! Like Achilles, an old friend, we sulked in our tents for awhile, but with the passing days a sweet and heavenly feeling of forgiveness has come into our hearts, and even that lost trophy *is* right pretty!

There are those, too, in our class that, sad though it may be, have put Henry's gray-haired job out of business. I have reference, as you know, to our far-famed cooks. For this accomplishment we offer no comment for we have given something better than we were

wont to regale ourselves with, and feel "well-paid" while our customers are, we know, "well satisfied." We have made our peace with Henry, too.

Taking all these things into consideration we are a remarkable class, a very illustrious class. Let no one think that this is our estimate alone. It is that of our teachers as well—ask them—and not only of our teachers but of the whole world! For behold even the elements have conspired together that we should go forth from our alma mater in "trailing clouds of glory," as an appreciation of our worth. Who, indeed, does not know that it is to Halley's comet that our wagon is hitched? Where is that person who has not been up at three o'clock in the morning to see that comet? And I ask, "Who would not gladly get up at three o'clock any day to see our class?" I have at least one affirmative answer from a spinster in good standing in this community, and I dare say countless others could be had for the asking.

But we would not be boastful, merely profoundly grateful, that the gods should send this sure token of approval. Just as Halley's comet has blazed its way through immeasurable space and black infinitude of the heavens, so have we, "hitching our wagon to a star" swept our glorious way and left a trail that shall be the guiding light for all those who are to come up as we have "through great tribulation" and be admitted to a glorious company of noble men and women, purified and made perfect through daily grind and final examinations—and the tender mercy of long-suffering teachers.

Poem

We stand on the brink of a broader life
And eagerly look ahead
Into the world's gray labyrinth,
Through which our way we must thread.
The world looks fair to our youthful eyes
And promising it seems:
Oh! we are hoping to win in the fight
And realize our dreams.

As the morning sun rises out of the sea
To bring a glad world the light,
He seems, at first, unwilling to leave
His seat in the dark-browed realms of night;
But as on his journey his way he takes,
Vanish regrets from his inmost soul,
While planet and cloud and the blue
But pave his way to his glorious goal.

So we, as we pass from our high school life
To follow our varying ways,
Look back, with an infinite tender regret,
At the happy vanishing days.
But stronger far than this vain regret
Is the world's alluring call,
And the flowers that strew its roseate way
And flowers blooming for all.

And yet—scene changes—the sirens we hear
Echoing over the sea of life;
How sweet it would be to hearken there
But the way with death is rife!
Oh! it must be with the strictest care
That we steer the perilous way;
Shall it be by the star of hope, *perdu*,
Sometime? We believe it may.

And so may we pass beyond the reefs,
By the sirens' home of death;
Pass by Charybdis' ugly wave,
And Scylla's baleful breath;
And, at last, on the open sea,
With the treacherous waters sped,
We'll sail in the break of morning light
Out to the Happy Isles ahead.

Prophecy

A few days ago as I was sitting thinking of my classmates and the ten long years that have passed since the happy days spent in dear old D. H. S., I was startled from my reverie by a messenger boy, who handed me a telegram which read something like this: "Reunion of 1910 Class, June 2, 1920, Academy. Reception at Corcoran afterwards. Come. Answer. (Signed) President of class."

I was indeed transported to the seventh heaven of delight, and of course decided to be "Johnnie-on-the-spot." So the next day found me on the train nearing the city of Durham, which, by the way, now ranked among the largest in the South. Arriving at the station, I was overjoyed at seeing my old friend Tempe, who informed me that Sallie, who was in charge of the domestic science department of the leading female college in Chicago, having graduated at several colleges herself, ought to have come on the same train with me. But imagine my surprise when the fine-looking young woman who, in the train attracted the men like an electro-magnet, threw her arms around me and I heard Tempe scream, "Why Sallie!" Recovering from the shock, I looked up and—yes, Tempe was right. Those large brown eyes could belong to no one else.

Of course our class president, Elbert Chappell, soon joined us. He, by the way, had lived a confirmed bachelor's life since stopping school; writing love sonnets, singing his pathetic songs and debating a little, on the side, for amusement. (However, I am mind-reader enough to know that when he saw Tempe's good-looking sister step off the train he at once thought seriously about changing his way of living.) As we made our way to the hotel I inquired of Tempe how the absent ones were to be represented, or if all the class would be present. She informed me that only a few of the class could come, but that all of the high school students and those who had graduated since our class, had a special invitation. As to the absentees—well, no one knew. Elbert had planned a surprise and had at last *learned to keep a secret*. Astonished at that news, I turned and saw that he and Sallie, walking a few steps behind us, had overheard the statement, and I was surprised to see Sallie blush a deep crimson, but finally decided that Tempe was mistaken, for once.

That night at the Academy curiosity ran high. Some suggested that Elbert with his soaring oratory would give the history of all the absentees. Some even went so far as to guess that he had them

all hid behind the mysterious curtain. When lo! up it went, to the strains of "America." However, no one was prepared for the second curtain, with moving pictures, but Elbert was there to explain that he had taken the pains to have moving pictures made of all our classmates who found it impossible to come.

Well, the first scene reflected on the canvas was in Washington, D. C., where a great throng had assembled to witness the inauguration of the new President. I waited patiently, or rather impatiently, for the object of attraction to appear, for really I had not kept up with politics enough to know who was fighting in the presidential campaign. So imagine my surprise and delight when I saw our old classmate, Isaac Strayhorn, stand forth as the proud and handsome President of the United States. This seemed rather strange to me until I remembered that I had never inquired in regard to his age while at school. But I never imagined his being over twenty-one or two. However that may be, we were certainly proud that we belonged to the 1910 class. What an honor for our D. H. S. to send out from its protection a man fit for such an office! There was not the least doubt in our hearts of his ability to fill it, for we all remembered his aspirations to a senatorship.

After President Strayhorn's inauguration, there was tremendous excitement. A great automobile race was to take place immediately afterwards and with eager eyes we followed the crowd to the appointed place. We were told that the preliminary race was held a week before, and that two cars were chosen from the great number to race alone for the championship. Presently they came in sight. A solitary figure occupied each machine, but it was impossible to see their faces clearly on account of the goggles. The race began, and I held my breath, as the cars flew over the smooth ground. With terrific speed—faster and faster, went the machines, side by side. They were nearing the goal, still together, when suddenly one machine sped ahead with fearful lurch and stopped, having passed the goal first. But the stop was too sudden, and the occupant was thrown headlong from the car. Scarcely daring to breathe, we waited for the doctor to be flashed upon the canvas. When he came, the goggles were removed, and when we recognized the face of the suffering man, a gasp of horror arose from the frightened audience. He was none other than our friend and classmate, Grover Scoggins, the famous chauffeur, who although an expert, often became too reckless with his own machine. His condition had not been pronounced serious, so Elbert said, nevertheless it had been considered

advisable to remove him to the hospital, where his wounds could be carefully attended.

The next scene was at the hospital, where they were greeted by the head nurse, a small young woman with a serene countenance, who with the utmost skill and self-confidence, apparently gave orders concerning the sick man. I smiled to myself as I recognized Inez Poteat, and remembered how attentive she used to be to all her friends with aches and pains at school. She had been rewarded for trotting so many times for the lavender salts at D. H. S., and was now head nurse in the leading hospital at Washington.

At that point the scene changed to a beautiful western prairie, and away in the distance two beautiful bronchos were approaching, galloping rapidly. As the handsome couple drew nearer and stopped to rest in the shade of a tree, we recognized two more of our 1910 family. Cheatham Carrington and Annie Turner, we were told, had decided a few years before to combine forces and settle on a western ranch, where they both rode horseback to their heart's content and were as free as the birds to indulge every whim. I smiled again as I recalled the notes passed across the aisle long ago in the High School, where the foundations of many happy alliances are laid. Little did we dream then of the days to come when those notes would be considered "the beginning."

Soon they mounted their ponies again, and chatting gaily galloped on. Finally they came to a large arena, where a great crowd had assembled to witness a prizefight between two of America's most famous champions. When the fighters appeared, we, the audience, stared dumfounded. Who could that short, stumpy, fierce little fellow with the marvelous smile and the extremely dark yellow hair be? Why Jake, of course! Will wonders never cease? But we did not doubt his ability to lick the other fellow at all, for his classmates, especially those he was not particularly fond of, had certainly been familiar with his fighting abilities. We eagerly watched the fight, although it was very short, for in the third round Jake's opponent was completely disabled, and left the grounds in disgrace, while the victor was lifted to the shoulders of his enthusiastic friends and paraded around the grounds.

The next scene was a magnificent ball park in Detroit, where America's most famous league teams were to play the game which would decide the world's championship. One side of the grandstand waved glaring pennants of bright red, while the other held aloft the simple colors of white and gold. I was a bit puzzled at first, but

soon solved the riddle. On the bench, representing the gold and white, sat Clyde White and Percy Brown, the pitcher and catcher of their famous team. But what was that piece of bright red cloth which they both handled with so much care? Surely not a pennant of the opposing team—of course not. How could anyone forget that—the remains of the fiery Sam Jordan's more fiery sweater, which served him so well in our D. H. S. games. So Percy and Clyde were keeping that as a talisman, for surely as long as a piece of that remained, the gold and white could never die.

Again the scene changed to a small Southern city, where in the shade of a large apple-tree an excited crowd of women were sitting listening to an address on "Woman's Rights" by our old friend, Emma Noell. I was not surprised at this, for I distinctly remembered her debates of long ago on the same subject with Mr. Campbell, which furnished so much fun for us. Looking over the audience I saw Laura Tillett and Louise Jones. Elbert told us that they had formed a company and were traveling all over the country giving these lectures to the women. Emma, her zeal aroused because of a disappointment in love, stirred their emotions one night with her fine forensic powers. Laura exhorted them the next with her eloquence and good sense. Louise, we were told, went with them for two reasons: the first, to act as a kind of chaperon, so they would not completely disgrace the opposite sex; the second, to satisfy her curiosity as to the conditions of the country.

The next scene was a beautiful field of cotton, and in the midst of the white bolls sat another classmate, Ransom O'Briant, contentedly picking cotton and humming. Suddenly he raised himself, took off his hat politely and smiled to a small young woman who was passing. We at once recognized our "star," Ellie Fleming, and eagerly followed her with our eyes. Soon she came to a small house on the door of which was written, "Fleming School." She entered and we saw several rows of dirty-faced children who welcomed her with shouts of delight. Only one thing puzzled me. I wondered why she had all the older boys on the front seats. But I guess that was fair enough, as they seemed most eager to learn.

Another scene. In London, at the Royal Palace before their majesties, the King and Queen of England, stood Rebecca Michie and Lucie Stokes, for although gorgeously attired we could not fail to recognize them, still together, the same good friends for want of someone to take their places, I guess. But at last *one* of the dreams of their lives had been realized. They were now being presented at

the English court. But why that anxious expression on Rebecca's face, and those furtive glances cast in all directions. I soon understood. All the English noblemen seemed to have ladies of their own and Rebecca in all her stay in the capital had not yet succeeded in catching one of the longed-for dukes. Yes, even the jester had deserted for the time being, and was turning the music for the young lady at the piano. She, on her part, was eagerly listening to the "soft phrases," he poured into her ear while she played. Finally, the order was given for the music to cease and as the couple turned we recognized the smiling countenances of Ira Cates and Evie Morton. Wonder of wonders! We learned that Ira had been the very pleasing jester at the king's court ever since Evie had accepted her position as pianist in the Royal Orchestra. So Rebecca had no chance of winning even the "phool."

Lucie seemed to have almost given up in despair, but covering that weary expression which plainly told us, who knew her of long ago, that she was tired of running around, and longed to settle down with a life-time companion, was the every-ready mask of smiles, and her quick glances fooled us for a while into believing she was still the flirt of yore.

Following their presentation, a big dance was given at the palace. The crowds seemed very much excited as they made their way to the ball-room. Wondering what the cause of such excitement was. I looked attentively and was soon rewarded. The throng eagerly craned their necks as an exquisitely gowned young lady, timidly clinging to the arm of her handsome escort, was ushered in. We were told (Elbert gave all these explanations) that it was the Duke of York and his pretty wife, who had just returned from their extended honeymoon, and the friends of the couple were giving this ball in their honor, as the bride was famous for her graceful dancing. Although in England she was known as the Duchess of York, we were not long in recognizing the sweet face of Laura Hutchings. For six years, we learned, she had been flirting around in London, learning all the fancy dances, and for awhile it was feared she would go on the stage but the handsome Duke, whom she had completely captivated with her innocent smile, would allow nothing of the kind, and she finally consented to share his lovely home with him.

But there was another extraordinary happening at this dance. A noted singer had been persuaded to render a few of her produc-

tions for the benefit of the musically inclined stranger. So in the few minutes intermission between the first and second dances, the famous prima donna with the unearthly assumed name arrived, and taking her place by the piano, as directed, began her wonderful songs. The crowds listened spellbound, and as she finished and bowed herself out we saw the fair face of Blanche Herndon. So Blanche was making her fame across the seas behind the footlights. Although we hardly envied her her job, we were all glad that she had reached the height of her ambition.

The next scene represented the interior of a select French school. On the front seat, eager to catch every word which fell from the lips of her beloved teacher, sat our French scholar, Annye Reade. We were told that as soon as her graduation at the High School she immediately set sail for France and had not once set foot on her native soil since. The reason for her long absence, as the story ran, was that she was afraid if she came home or to America, some new French book would be published while away and she might miss the chance of translating it, for it is reported that she has read every book in the French language.

After this interesting scene we beheld reflected on the canvas what first appeared to be a French art gallery, but later proved to be only the private office of another classmate of ours. Robert Murray the famous artist, had gone to France, where his numerous admirers were not always worrying the life out of him, and shut himself up in this den to study art. Giving up all thought of mythology and poetry he was devoting his whole attention to his calling and was making a swinging success of it, which anyone could imagine by taking one glance into his paper-strewn office.

After this business-like scene it was indeed a relief to be carried by the pictures to a small cottage by the seaside. On the steps of this lowly home sat a young woman with paper and pencil in hand, gazing abstractedly out at the waves. Her mind was certainly gathering treasures from over the sea, for suddenly she turned, and with an inspired light in her dark eyes began writing in that slow, fingering movement we all remembered so well. Yes, this was Mary Wescott, our poetess, who although now made very wealthy by her inspiring poems, could not consent to leave the cottage home of her childhood, and was still composing her beautiful songs of the sea.

We were then taken to a small city in China, where a crowd of interested Chinese were listening attentively to a small woman with

golden hair, an angelic face, and gentle manners, who was teaching them from the Bible. Well! who would have thought that one of our 1910 class would ever become a missionary? But Lillie Andrews had surprised us all by turning her attention to the poor heathen. And, indeed, when you think of it, no one in our class was more fitted for the work than Lillie, who with her quiet ways persuaded rather than convinced.

Again the scene changed to a large dairy farm, where, in the cool shade of a tree, talking earnestly to a young girl on the opposite side of a dividing hedge, stood our indolent friend, Sam McCracken. So he, as of old, was overseeing the work, though steering clear himself. Yes, that is the way he used to do, though the way we found out so much about it had best remain concealed.

But looking closely at the interested girl on the other side of the unwelcome hedge, we at last recognized Mirtie Lee. Although transformed from the little Mirtie of long ago into a tall, slender, attractive maiden of twenty-five summers, there could be no mistake as to her identity, for there was the same shy smile and blush which always appeared when Sam was near. For sometime Mirtie had lived with her family on the adjoining farm, where she had really managed things to suit herself, and had been extremely successful, but now she was about to be persuaded to leave her farm to the care of her sister and take charge of the one across the way, which Sam assured her was sadly in need of another manager. They were still talking when the outer curtain descended, and, hoping that interesting affair would turn out to suit all concerned, we, the remainder of the 1910 class, adjourned to the Corcoran, where the program was continued.

As we were crossing the street in front of the hotel, we were startled by the "toot" of an automobile horn coming from the rear, which hurried us across the street. Of course I turned to frown at the machine, but the frown soon changed into a hearty laugh, for the car stopped at the door and out of it scrambled an exceedingly fleshy fellow who was puffing and blowing because of the warm weather. We then recognized our classmate, Luther Barbour, who stood before us as the proud proprietor of the Corcoran Hotel, and who, on account of his bulk was accustomed to leaving most of the work for his attendant satellites, while he rode around in his auto, to keep cool.

Entering the house we were immediately ushered into the dining-hall where the choicest course dinner imaginable was served. This

elegant meal served as a stimulant as we eagerly waited for someone of the crowd to relate the events of the last ten years of his life. As no one moved, and as I was dying with curiosity, I timidly asked my old friend Tempe what she had accomplished. To this question she replied blushing, "I am just married." Somewhat taken aback by this unexpected answer, I summoned all my courage and asked the very foolish question—what she did that for. Whereupon she stammered that she had been so used to obeying the High School teachers in the dear old long ago, that when this Trinity professor asked for her hand she knew nothing to say but, "I will be delighted to oblige you."

Embarrassed by our laughter, Tempe turned and asked Ila and Carolyn how in the world they managed to get their hair up so becomingly. Ila said that the famous hair-dresser, Miss Fannie Land, had just invented that new style, and they were the first to adopt it. "Fannie always does our hair," she added, "we like her fine because she uses no rats." We could easily believe this statement, for Fannie had her curly locks arranged in the simplest manner possible—just as she used to wear them at school. I guess, too, that is where she got her training as hair-dresser, for when tired of combing her wayward curls she would worry Lillie so much that at last the poor child had to put her hair up.

"And are you married, too?" I finally asked Ila and Carolyn. At this they both laughed and replied that they had been too busy looking after each other to notice one of the opposite sex.

Next, the demure Ethel York attracted my attention, and in reply to my questions she said that she and her husband, Mr.— were running a swell conservatory of music in Greensboro, and having left the "old man" in charge of affairs she had come to the reunion. This match also started while Ethel was in school, although *he* was not one of the High School boys.

Just after Ethel finished her interesting tale, Leo Carden arose slowly, and with a stately bow asked to be excused. Of course we asked the cause of his early departure. We wondered if he was ashamed of his past deeds, that he should hurry away before telling of the last ten years. He soon enlightened us. He had really adopted his nick-name "Preacher," and on the following Sunday was to dedicate the completed Memorial Church. He cordially invited us all to attend the exercises, and then with another stately bow and smile of satisfaction, he withdrew to study his address.

All this time Hodgie Powell sat in the farthest corner of the room, listening silently, now and then smiling to herself. Seeing our looks of inquiry, she laughed and said, "I was ever attracted by the parrot and black cat, and now I am a happy old maid, teaching the third grade in the East Durham Graded School. And," she added, "I feel greatly indebted to our old classmate, Sam Jordan, for the spelling book he has lately introduced and caused to be adopted in our schools. You know that now every pupil in the class gets ninety-nine on spelling, while in our day the marks ranged from seventeen to seventy-five."

We could hardly believe Sam's statement that he believed in spelling words just like they sound, when we remembered the roundabout way of spelling "wheel-barrow" he used one day a few years back.

We were interrupted at this point by the entrance of a fine looking young man whom we soon recognized as our former friend, Hubert Scoggins. He apologized for being so late by saying that he had to stay at the Arcade until eleven P. M. On inquiring the cause of his long stay at the moving-picture show we learned that he had an engagement to sing there every night for two weeks. We determined to hear him. "I am surprised at you all," he said, seemingly a bit hurt, at not knowing that I am famous for my singing. I travel all over the country singing to large audiences at moving-picture shows. I got my training in the High School choir," he added.

Observing Hallie and Elizabeth in close conversation, which, by the way, did not seem to correspond with their old time friendly relations, I asked my neighbor what had happened to those two "belles." To which she laughingly responded. "Ask them." I did.

Hallie said that she had once thought of being a mind-reader (and really I think she is, or was, gifted in that way, for every morning long ago, when we went to school together, she would say: "Miss Lila's going to get me today;" and, strange to say, she never prophesied wrong) but, for some reason, during the few months of her practice she was so popular that she could never walk out without being surrounded by her numerous beaux. I guess the reason was, they were afraid that in some of her inspired moments she would become overpowered and faint again, and no one would be on hand. I wonder if she ever did. She ended by saying that she really didn't know what to do with herself, but hearing exclamations from the masculine corner she sat down, covered with blushes, and we could get no other word from her.

Class
Nineteen-Ten

Motto :

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Class Officers

PRESIDENT :

ELBERT M. CHAPPELL.

VICE-PRESIDENT :

MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

SECRETARY-TREASURER :

TEMPE CORNELIA BODDIE.

HISTORIAN :

LAURA HOLMES HUTCHINGS.

PROPHETESS :

RUBY ELLIOTT.

RECORDER :

TEMPE CORNELIA BODDIE.

POET :

ROBERT BROWNING MURRAY.

EQUIVOCATOR :

ZEB VANCE ROBERSON.

COLORS :
LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE.

FLOWER :
WHITE ROSE.

Roll

Lillie Clare Andrews,
Sallie Sledge Boddie,
Tempe Cornelia Boddie,
Hallie May Elliott,
Ruby Elliott,
Ellie Myrtle Fleming,
Margaret Allan Hall,
Clare Blanche Herndon,
Ila Lee Howerton,
Laura Holmes Hutchings,
Mary Louise Jones,
Carolyn Jones Kearney,
Fannie Esther Land,
Mirtie Blanche Lee,
Rebecca Lewis Michie,
Mamie Evie Morton,
Emma Arabella Noell,
Inez Eloise Poteat,
Hodgie Duke Powell,
Amye Catherine Reade,
Anna Laurie Rigsbee,
Hettie Belle Rochelle,
Lucie May Stokes,
Elizabeth Margaret Sugg,

Laura Augusta Tillett,
Annie Mozelle Turner,
Mary Yeula Wescott,
Elizabeth Dixon Whitaker,
Anna Lea Williams,
Blanche Olive Wray,
Ethel Louisiana York,
Luther Howerton Barbour,
Percival Augustine Brown,
Leo Julian Carden,
Julian Cheatham Carrington,
Ira Frank Cates,
Elbert M. Chappell,
Charles E. Crabtree,
Samuel Henry Jordan,
James Samuel McCracken,
Robert Browning Murray,
William Ransom O'Briant,
Zeb Vance Roberson,
Grover Hazel Scoggins,
Hubert Lee Scoggins,
Isaac R. Strayhorn,
Charles Clyde White, Jr.,
Jacob Zuckerman.



LILLIE CLARE ANDREWS.

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."



TEMPE CORNELIA BODDIE.

"O! blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as to-day."

President Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, Class Secretary and Treasurer, Class Recorder.



SALLIE SLEDGE BODDIE.

"I have bought golden opinions from
all sorts of people."

President Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, President Tennis Club.



RUBY ELLIOTT.

"For softness she,
And sweet attractive grace."

Class Prophetess.



HALLIE MAY ELLIOTT.

"Is she not passing fair."



MARGARET ALLAN HALL.

"A good and virtuous nature."



ILA LEE HOWERTON.

"Good to be merie and wise."



LAURA HOLMES HUTCHINGS.

"A gem of purest ray serene."

Class Historian, Messenger Staff.



MARY LOUISE JONES.

"My tongue within my lips remain,
For who talks much must talk in vain."



CAROLYN JONES KEARNEY.

"Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise."



REBECCA LEWIS MICHIE.

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and
white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand
laid on."



MAMIE EVIE MORTON.

"With a most knowing eye."



EMMA ARABELLA NOELL.

"How lucyant are thy hopes, they turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny sky."

Captain Basketball Team.



INEZ ELOISE POTEAT.

"Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee."



ANNYE CATHERINE READE.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low."



ANNA LAURIE RIGSBEE.

"I speak in a monstrous little voice."



HETTIE BELLE ROCHELLE.

"Solitude sometimes is best society."



LUCIE MAY STOKES.

"Grace was in all her steps."



ELIZABETH MARGARET SUGG.

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love."



LAURA AUGUSTA TILLETT.

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all
dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my
mind."

President Cornelia Spencer Literary
Society, Messenger Staff.



MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

"With too much quickness ever to be
taught,
With too much thinking to have com-
mon thought."

Vice-President of Class, President
Poets' Club, Messenger Staff.



ELIZABETH DIXON WHITAKER.

"I'm sure care's an enemy to life."



ANNA LEA WILLIAMS.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."



BLANCHE OLIVE WRAY.

"She is troubled with thick coming
fancies."



ETHEL LOUISIANA YORK.

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."



LUTHER HOWERTON BARBOUR.

"And of his port as meke as is a
mayde."

President McIver Literary Society.



LEO JULIAN CARDEN.

"For sothe he was a worthy man with
alle."



JULIAN CHEATHAM CARRINGTON.

"He was, indeed, the glass wherein the
noble youth did dress themselves."



ELBERT CHAPPELL.

"Rightly to be great is not to stir
without great argument."

President Blackwell Literary Society,
President of Class, Inter-High
School Debater, Messenger Staff.



CHARLES EATON CRABTREE.

"A proper man as one shall see in a
summer's day."



ROBERT BROWNING MURRAY.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy roll-
ing."

President Blackwell Literary Society,
Editor-in-Chief the Messenger,
Captain Basketball Team, Class Poet.



ZEB VANCE ROBERSON.

"So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a
tongue."

President Blackwell Literary Society,
Manager Baseball Team, Class Jester,
Inter-High School Debater, Messenger
Staff.



HUBERT LEE SCOGGINS.

"What man dare, I dare."

Captain Football Team.



ISAAC RICHERSON STRAYHORN.

"Nothing evil can dwell in such a temple."

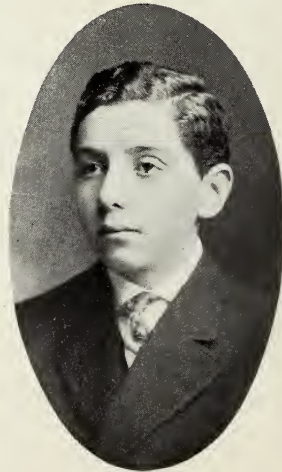
President Blackwell Literary Society,
Inter-High School Debater.



CHARLES CLYDE WHITE, JR.

"He jests at scars."

Captain Baseball Team.



JACOB ZUCKERMAN.

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength."

Elizabeth capped the climax by saying that she had not yet decided on her life work, and with a glance at Zeb, a triumphant smile to Hallie ended thus: "I have only one more week to think the matter over."

Of course Zeb came next, and he astonished us all by saying the same thing as Elizabeth. He said he once thought he was called to be a Presbyterian preacher, but something (with a suggestive glance in the opposite direction) caused him to think differently, and he turned his attention to medicine, but he did not like that profession, so he thought he would land in the shoe business, where he was trained in his youth.

Disappointed, I turned for relief to Anna Lea Williams, whose poetry had made her famous several years ago. She said, much to our surprise that she had married a Mr. Harris I think, about two years before, but as she had already made a name as Anna Lea Williams, she still signed her maiden name to all her productions. In truth, none of us knew she was even married.

Just then I espied the quiet little Anna Rigsbee, tugging at the hatpins in a large "merry widow." I noticed she wore black, and inquiring found that her husband had died several months before—supposedly from hen-pecked-ness. After the death of her husband, she had established herself in a swell millinery store on Main Street, and was fast becoming famous for her originality in styles; and, judging all from the one she had on, I can readily imagine that such was the case.

Margaret Hall and Blanche Wray next attracted my attention by their quaint costumes. Dressed in plain dark blue dresses and bonnets of the same material, with a light band across the front, they indeed looked like some old-time grand-mothers. I looked close to see the inscription, but imagine my surprise when I saw in gold letters, "Salvation Army." The idea of one of our crowd being in the Salvation Army, and especially from that corner. Margaret really was trained for that work, for how many of her friends in the D. H. S. days did not owe their passing grades to her ever-ready papers and notes. Of course I was expecting Blanche to be a famous poet, but I guess Margaret had to have her companion from that famous corner in the 4A class-room, and as Mirtie had about decided on her life work, Margaret chose Blanche and persuaded her to believe that she was called to that profession.

At this point Charles Crabtree arose and said that as it was his bed-time he would have to go. But we would allow no such proce-

ture until he had told his story. He began thus: "About three years ago I invented some wonderful things to be used in the laboratories of the city schools. Receiving patents on them, I am now living on my income, and retire early to retain my health and good looks;" and he bowed himself out amid our applause.

Only two others now remained whose history was not known. Hettie Rochelle was the next to speak. She said she had been coaching the backsliders on Latin ever since she graduated at Trinity. "I remembered the time I had making up Cicero at the High School." she said, "and I took pity on others in the same fix."

Lizzie Whitaker naturally was the last to speak. She seemed disgusted with all the careers of her classmates and when asked what she had been doing, scornfully answered, "I married, of course, just plain married. No romance for mine. It's too exciting. I have settled down on Morris Street, near my beloved D. H. S., and will be delighted to have you all take dinner with me tomorrow." So she was still the same Lizzie as of yore—moved by nothing, stubborn, yet mischievous. But you bet we took dinner with her the next day and she has certainly learned to cook and keep house.

Just as we were preparing to depart, Sallie Boddie arose, and with rosy cheeks and downcast eyes invited us to her wedding, which was to take place a few months hence, to one of the millionaires of Illinois. Elbert looked as if he had lost his best friend or heard his death sentence, and with bowed head hurried out.

So it seems that we turned out to be a marrying crowd in spite of all Mr. Green's lectures to the effect that the *summum bonum* of life is *not* matrimony. Nevertheless, I sincerely enjoyed this reunion and the best part of it was that it cost nobody a cent except one liberal gentleman who wished his name withheld. I guess he got that trait after leaving the High School, for everyone remembers the days when we all shivered and shook when a class-meeting was announced for fear the call for money would come.

Distinctions

Relying upon the great authority of form, Mr. Blank on Home-made Rhetoric, we find that all composition must, from the purpose of the author, either elevate or amuse. This paper of necessity must belong to the latter class because it wouldn't "elevate a cow."

But let me admonish you (since its to my advantage to do so) not to act rashly. Upon first perusal here if you fail to see the intended joke, I refer you to the duplicate I have made of this, which is now in the hands of the class attorney, who insists upon being styled "Isaac Richardson Strayhorn, Esq.," but who is known among the boys generally as "Ike" or "Senator." He is preparing some important decisions upon the mirth of the paper, which will be handed down in his own good time. While thinking of the career of this distinguished gentleman, I happened to recall an incident which will show something of Mr. Strayhorn's attachment to his chosen calling. After spending an entire night, without becoming at all sleepy, poring over volumes of Blackstone and such like, his mother reminded him that it was school time. He gathered his arms full of books of the law and serenely walked to school. When called upon by one of the teachers he arose and said, "If it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury—" whereupon he was reminded that court had not yet convened.

Just across the aisle from the aforesaid mentioned gentleman there has sat this year another member of the class who is known in a serious friendly way as "Ike," and sometimes "Kid," of the latter name of Cates. Mr. Cates has been in a great quandary for a long time, in that he cannot decide in what direction to turn his talents. I think it has finally been narrowed down to two spheres, and by this time he may have decided whether he will be a tragedian or professor of acrobatic stunts in vaudeville. Aside from the regular school tasks in which he was ever faithful, Ike has been spending spare moments in school training in the professions just mentioned. He is very well satisfied, he says, with the progress made along acrobatic lines, for he is now able after all these months of training to hurdle Isaac Strayhorn's feet. I mention this because it is considered quite a feat (feet). How well he is succeeding in tragedy, he is not able to ascertain, except from the applause of his classmates when he has given demonstrations while the teachers are out of the room.

Now to turn for a while to the gentler sex, I have just a few remarks to submit in regard to a pair of girls. I say a pair because they are so much attached to each other that I would not dare mention one without the other. These two are Emma Noell and Laura Tillett. They are the girl athletes of the Class of 1910, and with all due regard for the other girls who have taken part in the various sports, whether football, baseball or what not, I want it understood that these two young ladies are *the* athletes of our class. I would not be so emphatic if I had not chanced upon a baseball diamond a few days since and much to my surprise found Laura and Emma doing the battery work for one of the teams. Being somewhat of a "fan" myself, I began to question them as to their success, record, *et cetera*. Laura was very jubilant over her success as a slab artist, said that in the last game she came very near striking out one man (or woman) and that only twelve had knocked home runs. Emma was quite graceful in a mask, and explained that in that same game she attempted to throw out sixteen men at second and would have caught them all if they had not beat the ball there or the second baseman had not dropped the ball.

Since I am naming some of the members of the class in pairs, I now announce another: Lucie Stokes and Rebecca Michie. Rebecca and Lucie, it is usually conceded, set the pace of the class in style, fashion and up to date ways of ensnaring and dallying with the hearts of Trinity "frats"—whatever they are. I had intended to have an interview, in my reportorial vein, with these young ladies and get some information in regard to the exact number of those things (I mean frats) which they number among their admirers; but not being able to interview them, I was told by Lucie in school that she claimed the attention of sixteen more than Rebecca. In regard to their "glass of fashion and the mold of form" qualities, they have a motto something like this: "First at Ellis and Stones, farthest at Kronheimer's, last at Kirby's." One of the dry goods clerks told me that Lucie and Rebecca both came near fainting when told that there was no chance of getting any new Val lace or hair switches before commencement. The proprietor consoled them, however, by telling them he had put aside a dozen switches and a thousand yards of lace for each of them.

Next in the hall of fame is one member of our class who is especially noted for precision. This, useless to say, is Anye Reade. To such an extent is Miss Reade controlled by this virtue that she has come to school every morning for the entire year at exactly the

same time—ten minutes of nine. As a further illustration, she suffered intense agony for an entire half day because in dressing for school one morning she left one pin out of the back of her shirt-waist. She has never ceased to wonder how anything so extraordinary could have occurred. She is now preparing an essay entitled, "A Guide to Precision," which would have appeared before now, but she fixed five hundred as the number of words it should contain and the first copy lacked two, while the second ran one over. She hopes by careful study to have it published by June the tenth, at twenty-five minutes to two o'clock.

Possibly the most surprising thing in all the annals of our school life is the case of Mary Wescott and Ellie Fleming. These young ladies sit each within four feet of the teacher's desk and of course would be supposed to maintain perfect deportment, but alas! Mary upon some provocation put a package of chewing-gum that she had been masticating in Ellie's hair. Ellie retaliated the following day by bringing her snuff box to school and sprinkled the brown dust on Mary's Latin book, at which she was taken with violent fits of sneezing. As a punishment for so gross a misdemeanor our principal sentenced them to one study period each in the 2B Grade room.

To turn again to the boys, I would call your attention to the youngest boy in the class. This young gentleman, Sam McCracken, spent part of his high school course in a "prep" school, where he acquired a habit of wearing shirts with collars that turn up around the neck. We have never yet been able to teach him better. Just why, I can't understand, unless it's on account of his love affair. Pretty soon after joining our ranks Sam became enamoured of one Mirtie Lee, and despite all the lectures of the Faculty on youthful love and affection, he has held on to the very end. To prove this a note of his recently fell into the writer's hands. In this he declares most pathetically, "Mirtie, spurn me and I die the death of a true Roman, 'love me and the world is mine.'"

Next in order I would mention Percy Brown. By way of parenthesis Percy has a few nicknames which I would be glad to enumerate if space permitted, but being allowed only one page for his account I shall have to refrain from it. First of all Percy prides himself on having a suit of clothes for each day in the week, each of which has specially padded shoulders in order that he may appear the true athlete he claims to be. I said *claims* to be. I will let you judge for yourself from the following: It was in our game in Ral-

eight. Percy came to the bat with four men on bases and only three men out. Raleigh had only two runs. We always counted on Percy, so the whole team began to feel happy. The first ball split the plate, according to the umpire. The next one, shall I say it, he struck at, over the fence it went—behind the grandstand. All the baserunners tagged and took fresh courage when the pitcher threw three balls in succession. Percy picked up a handful of sand and got ready for the climax. I won't give my opinion, but somebody said the umpire said three strikes. For further information call upon Mr. Brown personally.

Clyde White, while in the High School, has played football, sometimes baseball and would have made us a fair athlete if he had not insisted on devoting so much of his time to studying. His greatest failure has been sleeping on class. One day while the history class was discussing the gain to the U. S. of some measure passed in Congress, Clyde woke up just in time to hear the word gain, whereupon he said "It's the second down and about six to go," and immediately began to call signals for a play around right end.

There is a quartet of girls in our class that claims the distinction of having hit upon an idea that heretofore was unknown to high school life. Whether or not the idea is copyrighted I don't know. The object of this quartet has been to promote the manipulation of words or in plain English, talking on class. The officers of this band are Lizzie Whitaker, President; Margaret Hall, Vice-President; Fannie Land, Secretary; and Mirtie Lea, Director. Prizes were provided at the beginning of the session to be awarded along with all other rewards for vigilance. No official judges were appointed but it was generally understood that the teachers would decide. Lizzie took first prize with Margaret a close second, while Mirtie and Fannie tied for what was left.

There is one other club in our class that is composed of Hettie Rochelle. There being no other member of the club Hettie was unanimously elected to fill all the offices thereof. This is also a vigilance club, established for the purpose of encouraging all 3B's to attempt to graduate. For the last several months she has never gone home for lunch, but always remained in the school building until the janitor was ready to lock up, poring over Latin books and inhaling the intellectual atmosphere of the 4A.

Among our members, I am proud to say, is a genius of finance. He always carries on his person a pocket-book containing an amount of money ranging anywhere from nineteen cents to one dol-

lar and forty-nine cents. If given plenty of time he can change fifty cents so that fifteen may be taken out, or on paper he can actually compe the interest of ten dollars for one year at 6 per cent. The person I refer to is Jake Zuckerman. Furthermore, Jake has always had a bright head and is noted for agility and rapidity in all lines.

Samuel Jordan claims the distinction of being the champion pedestrian of Durham, and all surrounding counties. I will not attempt to relate any of Sam's record, but just to give you a hint, he often takes a sprint over to Chapel Hill and back just to limber up and get an appetite. The only thing that gives me any fear for his future career is the fact that in the spring Sam's "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Whether or not that will ever affect him very seriously I will not say. I just want to warn him ere it be too late.

I now feel called upon to say something in regard to a portion of our class that bids fair to be heard from in after years. These are the suffragettes. Among their number are Ila Howerton, Carolyn Kearney, Anna Rigsbee, Anna Lea Williams and Lillie Andrews. These young ladies now have on foot a campaign which they intend to prosecute very strenuously the coming summer. I chanced upon a schedule of stump speeches they have arranged, but not having secured their consent to publish, I will not announce the plan just yet. Blanche Wray, I understand, wanted to join them but Blanche has now turned her talents to composing music, and has been engaged by the *Morning Herald* to supply its Sunday editions.

The next celebrity I would mention is Elbert Chappell. At the beginning of the year Elbert, being rather sentimental, got an idea in his head that he would make a mash on every girl in the room. He began by taking three of the girls a month. This, you see, would have come out about right but one month he became somewhat entangled and lost time. The next month he undertook to catch up, but matters became more complicated from day to day and that month was lost also. Now, at the end of school, he finds there are just eight girls in the class that have not fallen victim to his blandishments. He consoles himself by writing near-poetry, and is also preparing an oration on the faithlessness of the female sex.

Aside and apart from all things else we have one tower of intellectual strength—at least he was until very recently. I mean Grover Scoggins. He has always taken an especial interest in Latin, Science, Mathematics and all other foreign languages. Recently he felt a call to impersonate Tex Rickard, just why, I hardly know,

unless he thought by that to turn all attention from himself to the principals in the pugilistic enterprise which he is now promoting. Grover always was a bashful boy, but he may get over it some day.

Ransom O'Briant, whom all the boys affectionately call "Grandpa," would have been very successful in school this year if he had not been so frivolous. Just to illustrate, one day when some of the boys wanted to do something dreadful Ransom suggested that we roll up three sheets of tablet paper and throw them at the wastebasket. He also has a predilection for athletics, but was ruled off all our teams on account of professionalism.

There are three boys in our class that are exactly alike, in the respect that they in nowise resemble anybody else that has ever been in the High School. These are Charles Crabtree, Robert Murray and Hubert Scoggins. Charles decided while he was still in the seventh grade that if he ever reached the tenth grade he would be phone monitor. During the first three years Charles spent all his spare time in learning the tricks of the trade; in fact, he took lessons one entire summer in learning how to say "hello." The only things that mar Charles' chances for distinction are that he never smiles, and has failed to do his work in school. Robert Murray has a degree of B. F. D. I don't know what that means, but Robert is known to be something of a fisherman. Just to show you, he has prepared a directory to all the streams around Durham, where there is any chance of catching anything between a minnow and a whale. It is reported upon good authority that Robert often comes home as early as 2 A. M. with a string of three fish. Hubert, the last of the trio, is known to be of a very delicate build, and because of this has never been able to engage actively in any of the sports in the High School. For this reason Hubert has spent his time at the Y. M. C. A. playing checkers.

Last among the boys, but in nowise least, are Luther Barbour and Leo Carden. Especially is this true of Leo. His avordupois is of such immense proportions that it was necessary to remove two desks from the rear of the room that he might have room to rest comfortably while on class. Luther has been one of the most docile creatures in the tenth year. I think this grew out of the fact that he was told by somebody that he looked like the twin brother of President Taft.

Our class was recruited this year by Evie Morton. She hails from one of our suburbs and of course, to begin with, was not acquainted with real city school life. She came, however, with a determination

to have a diploma. For awhile she progressed finely, but Cupid seldom sleeps, and Evie was pierced by a dart. It now looks as if Evie may win something other than a diploma, from the D. H. S. In addition to this she is a specialist in passing notes. Evie claims that she kept an account for one week of the notes that she handled and at the rate Uncle Sam charges, she found that it would have amounted to \$8.84.

Next in line of succession are Ruby Elliott and Tempe Boddie. They have been known for their faithful services as rooters at all the ball games. These young ladies became so accustomed to singing our war-whoop that it was quite a task for them to sing anything else. In fact, it is reported that they are contemplating a contest in which only our athletic songs will be used. I furthermore wish to announce that Ruby and Tempe have been elected chief rooters for the Durham Baseball League, and will begin their services as soon as possible after commencement.

Ethel York, I understand, has decided not to continue in school after this year. In fact, she has considered stopping before this, but a wiser plan occurred to her. You see, it's like this. Ethel, a number of years ago, decided that her calling in life was that of a housewife. But instead of stopping school this year she decided to remain, in the meantime, however, to receive the applications of all her suitors and place them on file. At the close of this year she is to compare all the applications and make a selection. A contract is then to be prepared, to be signed by the happy victim. After this Ethel will enter upon her duties in her chosen calling. Laura Holmes Hutchings was in a manner in the position of Ethel, but one of Laura's fellows deserted her—so to speak—and at that she lost all confidence in the masculine gender. Poor Laura!

Hallie Elliott and Annie Turner have recently styled themselves the "sailor-suit twins." Both are considering the life of the nun. Why, nobody has been able to find out, for at present each claims a dozen suitors, and here I don't merely mean admirers—I mean those who have been down on their knees, and with tears in their eyes sought the hands and hearts of the "twins." Both of them, however, seem to have decided once for all and there is now no apparent way of changing the decision.

When the cards were shuffled this time the name of Elizabeth Sugg appeared, and I didn't know exactly what to say. For at the beginning of this, Elizabeth told me that if I mentioned her name in this she would never speak to me again. I conferred with one of

the teachers as to what course to pursue, and she out of consideration for the *circumstances* said, "Say the rest is silence." And so it is.

Inez Poteat, known among her intimate friends as the "little package," is quite a loving and lovable girl. To prove this I will tell you what Inez did in connection with her commencement book. She insisted that all who wrote in this book must write a message of love in all the languages known to them. It seems that some either forgot or made the mistake of leaving this out. The "little package" quite furious and enraged, wrote each of these transgressors a ten-page letter on their "lack of appreciation of love."

In conclusion I will say that I will not finish until I get through, and before I get through I wish to discuss three members of the class that have recently become famous in a commercial way. These are Sallie Boddie, Hodgie Powell, and Louise Jones. It came about in this way. Louise and Hodgie each have a wealth of hair. Sallie hit upon the idea of selling sandwiches over the fence to the boys; a stand was provided and Louise and Hodgie were to sell while Sallie prepared the sandwiches for market. When the sales were rather small Hodgie and Louise cut off locks of their hair, which anyone would be proud of, and gave them away with the lunches. As I said before, they were very successful, and are entitled to have their names in our hall of fame. The only lamentable thing about this is that Louise and Hodgie had to buy a new lot of hair.

The last name in the catalogue is Blanche Herndon. There is more than one reason why I mention Blanche last. In the first place, she belongs there by right of conquest. She has worked hard for the distinction. Blanche has the record of tardies for the entire four years of the high school course, and added to that she was always the last away from school in the afternoon. Another reason is, that I wished to close with a blaze of glory. And everybody knows that Blanche is the one out of all the class that shines. Really, Blanche is resplendent, she is a star, with apologies to the prophetess, Blanche should be a *prima donna* some day.

Now to speak of the class in general. Now, my private personal opinion is that the Class of 1910 is the most remarkable class that has ever graduated from the Durham High School. I said this was my opinion, but I formed this after consulting all the members of the Faculty. Besides that, the actual records of the class show it. Instead of a retain book this last year we have had a merit book, or books, and this has hardly sufficed to keep account of all our virtues.

Especially has this class been noted for quietness from eight-thirty to nine o'clock. And there are just numbers of things I could show to prove the foregoing statements if time permitted or if I were not so considerate of our beloved teachers. But these troubles are enough; time after time have I heard them laud us to the skies, again and again have I seen them shed tears as they pondered over the thoughts of our leaving them. This is, of course, true with each member of the Faculty, but especially so in the case of Miss Lila and Mr. Green. They absolutely refuse to be comforted. The only consolation we have is that we have tried to "bring up the 3A in the way they should go"—in our footsteps. May they all make the best of it.

Songs

(TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.)

We're saying goodbye to our High School days,
 Sadly we go away;
For we're thinking tonight of the years gone by
 With their songs so glad and gay.
Many are the hearts that are grieving tonight,
 Grieving for the glad days flown;
Now they are going forth in the struggle for the right
 Each one to stand alone.
Grieving tonight, grieving tonight,
Grieving for our High School days.

We're thinking tonight of our High School days,
 Their gladness and their cheer;
When we longed for the time we should enter the fight,
"Till the longed for time drew near.
All the boys and girls are grieving tonight,
 Grieving for the days gone by;
Fearful of the world and its struggle for the right
And sad to say goodbye.
Grieving tonight, grieving tonight,
Grieving for our High School days.

(ANNIE LAURIE.)

Our school days here are ended,
Our books are laid aside;
And the future looms before us,
Its dangers still untried.
And for all that it shall bring
We look forth eagerly
But the pleasures of our schooldays
Can never, never die.

When our life is filled with sadness
And shadows rise before;
Then the lessons of endurance
Shall come to us once more.
And throughout the years to come
They shall ne'er forgotten be
For the lessons of our school days
Can never, never die.

Our companions soon will leave us,
The world will claim its own;
There will grow to great achievements
The early seed here sown;
For their hearts will e'er be true
Throughout eternity;
And the lessons of our schooldays
Can never, never die.

(GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.)

There's a class will be known
When long years have flown,
The Class of Nineteen Ten;
With girls who are knowing
And boys who are going
To be the greatest men.
The teachers' great pleasure
Is oft without measure,
To come to us just now and then;
No need of more lauding,

They're always applauding
The Class of Nineteen Ten.

CHORUS:

O the Class of Nineteen Ten, the Class of Nineteen Ten,
Most renowned throughout the world,
Wondrous girls and men;
Geniuses of every kind, with pencil, tool and pen,
Wonder of the century, the Class of Nineteen Ten.

As the short days do pass
This marvellous class
Grows brighter yet by far,
Their work is but playtime,
The whole year seems May time
So wonderful they are.
Their motto says you should
Hitch, as the whole world could,
Your small wagon unto a star;
But no more explaining,
In years now remaining
You'll hear them near and far.

(CHORUS)

(MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.)

We're a crowd of High School folks, the Class of Nineteen Ten,
We'll make our songs reëcho as we sing them now and then;
Future days when we shall be revered by greatest men,
And today as we graduate in June-time.
Hurrah, hurrah, the Class of Nineteen Ten;
of Nineteen Ten;
Hurrah, hurrah, through countryside and fen
Ring out the glad songs everywhere, through wood and field and
glen,
Today as we graduate in June-time.

All our books are laid aside, our lessons have been said,
We've learned of valiant soldiers who are numbered with the dead;
We've proved our propositions, learned the density of lead,

And today we will graduate in June-time.
Hurrah, hurrah, the Class of Nineteen Ten,
Hurrah, hurrah, behold the mighty men,
The whole class destined for the stars, sometime—we don't know
when,
Today will graduate in June-time.

Toast

M. Y. W.

Here's to the school! May it greater grow
As it lives from day to day;
Here's to the teachers! May their woe
Take wings and fly away.
Here's to the classes gone before!
May we know their like again;
Here's to *us*—once and three times o'er,
The Class of NINETEEN-TEN!

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Naughty-ten;
D. H. S.!
D. H. S.!
NINE-TEEN-TEN!



A Final Word

Again that feeling of gladness at vacation's approach, yet mingled with a vague regret at parting from friends and class-mates, thrills us. Especially does it appeal to the Seniors, who, at the close of this year, leave high school life forever. No more will they have the pleasure of looking forward to the beginning of a new school year when they may again take up the unfinished task under the guidance of their alma mater, and again renew old acquaintances. Yes, comrades, life and work for us in D. H. S. is now a thing of the past; but, although we have passed from its doors into the various ways of life, we will never cease to remember with affection our alma mater, and we dare indulge the hope that we will not be forgotten, but

"Departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time."

With this issue of the MESSENGER the duties of the present staff cease. What has been accomplished this year, we leave others to say. From what we have heard, however, through the exchange columns of contemporary magazines and from various other sources, we are led to believe that the MESSENGER has, at least, been kept up to its usual high standard in all its departments. For the success of the MESSENGER this year we owe much to the aid and support of the student body. But without the generous and timely aid of Mr.

Green, Mr. Goode, Mr. Kibler and Miss Lila Markham, the MESSENGER could never have been what it is. Mere thanks may seem poor recompense for such service as they have rendered, nevertheless we extend to them our most grateful thanks, feeling sure that they will understand and appreciate the spirit in which they are offered.

To the business men of our city, also, we extend a vote of thanks for the hearty way in which they have helped the MESSENGER by advertising through its columns. We wish also to thank all who have offered contributions of any kind to the MESSENGER at any time through the year.

Before retiring, the present staff would commend to D. H. S. the incoming staff. We feel every confidence in their ability, and no hesitation whatever in leaving the welfare of the MESSENGER in their hands.

“And they said, farewell, forever!
Said, farewell, O Hiawatha-”

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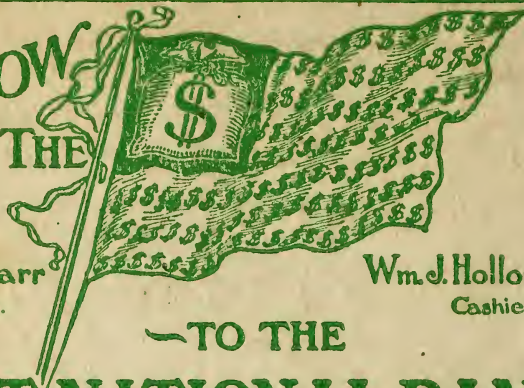
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