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THE MESSENGER

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THE FOOTBALL TEAM, '08.

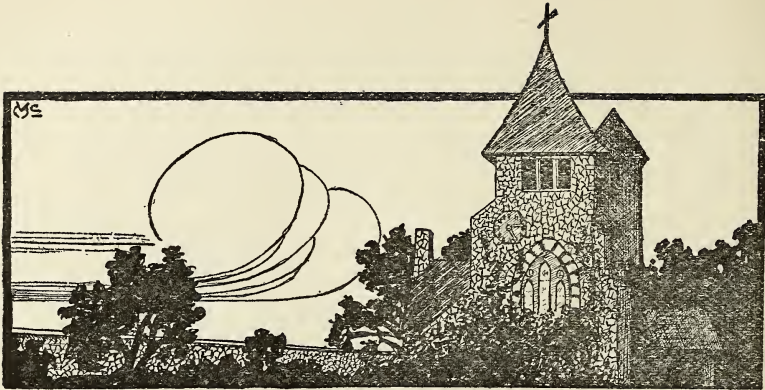
The Modern Lay

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Sing to me not of days of old,
The days of the Golden Fleece,
The apples of gold of Hespems,
The heroes of ancient Greece.
Spare me that tale how Troy was won
Through one man's craftiness.
Tell me of victories won today
By the athletes of D. H. S.

History records the wars of Rome,
When Cæsar defied the foe,
But it fails to tell what the school boy did
In Italy, long ago.
Epics sing of ancient fights,
And yet we all confess
The ones we like are those of today,
With the warriors of D. H. S.

Minstrels would sing how Arthur brave,
Defeating the heathen band,
Established his peerless Table Round
Of knighthood o'er the land,
Launcelot, the Queen, and Galahad,
And others in arms matchless,
We sing of knights renowned today,
The champions of D. H. S.



The Thanksgiving Game

NANCY RENN, '09.

It was the great Thanksgiving game to be played between the teams of Elon and Dorchester. Helen had a number of friends on the latter team and had not missed a single game. A day before this final event of the season, however, her face wore a baffled look.

"Why in the world did father have to go to hold that old court, when mother is away too? Just like him! He might have postponed it until next week, anyhow! What good am I doing here though? Mrs. Barnes does all the housekeeping, I never know where 'the kids,' are and besides Dr. Saunders is here at night. Ugh! I despise housekeeping and I'm never going to get married at all if Mack wants to keep house."

"There goes that miserable old 'phone. Some kid after Tom to come and see a billy-goat, or for Edith to come and play dolls."

But it wasn't. It was a telegram for Helen from Mary Williams asking her to come up and stay for the game. The game was to be at Mary's home, about twenty miles away. Helen in answer replied, "Impossible."

"Every chance in the world to go and then just on account of a couple of kids and a big house have to give it all up!" And throwing herself on the sofa in the spirit of a martyr the much-wronged girl

grew quiet and pensive. Now something is bound to happen, for she was quiet, and when a woman is quiet, then just watch.

"I'll do it," muttered Helen half aloud, "and no one will ever know it until it is all over. Father doesn't come home until midnight tomorrow, and I'll get back on the afternoon train."

Hastily she crammed a clean collar, half a dozen handkerchiefs, and a waist in her hand-bag and in a run started for the station, stopping only for a small bottle of Houbigant perfume, which she could not do without. She had only a few minutes within which to make the train, but she made it and in time to scribble off a note to Mrs. Barnes telling her she was going to spend the night with a friend and would stay until after supper of the next night. "Look out for the kids and leave the key with Dr. Saunders," was her admonition.

She gave a little boy a quarter and told him to hurry with the note.

When she was comfortably seated in the car she looked around to see who was aboard, and spied Lee Kingsby. He was an old sweetheart of her's, in fact they had been engaged, but that was all over and they were mere "friends" now. He recognized her and came over to share her seat.

The two had a pleasant little chat. He was bound for the same destination and after finding where Mary Williams lived decided to call that night. At the same time he arranged to take Helen to the football game and later to the matinee.

Helen was delighted with this, for Mack had not so much as asked her if she was going at all, much less if she would go with him. Of course when he saw her he would want to be with her all the time, but now she could toss her pretty head and say "she had previous engagements." It would be glorious.

The destination was reached and together they left the car and walked through the depot. Outside she took a cab, but gave him the street and number of her friend's house. Thinking of how much this trip would cost, she began to count her money. She had just enough to go to the game and get home with barely a dime for a drink at the soda fountain.

She got to Mary's about 5:30 and found the house closed and every one gone. Where in the world could they be? Finally, by continued summons, a girl came to the door and said they had all gone over to the college in the machine and would not be back for a

day or two. Then she realized that she was supposed to go with them to an entirely different game miles ago.

The girl, under no circumstances, would permit her to stay, and besides, she was afraid to stay in that big house by herself. She sat down on the front steps and began to cry. A passing policeman reminded her that it was getting late and no loafing or begging was allowed. She tried to explain, but he said he was used to these 'hard luck stories.' Better move on, I guess." Why hadn't she stayed at home? And why did she want to see the game? If Mack would only come now. But Mack was somewhere else happily oblivious of her predicament. Just then Lee came up and hesitatingly inquired the reason for so many tears and the cold seat on the steps. She confided her troubles to him, whereupon he gallantly proposed supper, then they would take in all the picture shows in the city, and afterwards the Lord only knows what they would do. It was 11:30 when they came from the last show. Both stopped impulsively.

"I'll tell you, Helen, I've paid for a room up at the hotel and you can just take it; I'll get my things out."

"But where will you go?"

"Oh! it doesn't matter about me; I'll go down in the office and,"—but seeing that Helen was about to weep again he turned for the hotel.

Lee explained to the clerk that "he—er thought—er—that—er—you—might—er—find—the——. Oh, the devil!" he said to himself, and then started fresh again. "You see me—er that is—she—no I mean—we couldn't—ere—find any one—so—so Helen's going to take the room I engaged."

"Oh, I see," said the clerk, "but wait, maybe I can help you. There is a magistrate up the street a little way. I could reach him by 'phone for you."

Lee gasped, turned red and then white. "No—er—no—I don't—we don't—that is—she won't—no—you see we don't want a magistrate."

"Oh, I beg pardon. I didn't know it made much difference. But there is a preacher just across the street; have you tried to get him?"

"No," shrieked Lee, "no! we don't want anything! I want a place to sleep, that's all!"

The clerk, puzzled and angry at the man's ingratitude, assigned him a cot in the office and turned away.

The next morning Helen came down with a red face, swollen eyes and a general manner betokening little rest. She was determined to go home on the next train. She never wanted to see Lee or this hateful place again. She was going home as soon as she could.

The clerk took note of her attitude and decided that instead of a preacher it was a lawyer they wanted.

But Helen didn't go home. After much pleading from Lee she agreed to stay. The morning was spent at sight-seeing, then they had dinner at a comfortable little restaurant and a little later started for the ball game.

They had a fine view of the game. Helen almost forgot her trouble in it. After seeing Mack play the star's part, get "knocked out" once, then get up and "hit the line" harder than ever, and finally make the winning touchdown, she was glad that she had stayed. Really, it didn't matter if all those things did happen, in fact it was rather jolly (after it was all over).

As they were leaving, while still in the crowd, Mack looked up and smiled. She knew it meant that he had played only for her and she wondered if she hadn't better break the date for the matinee. She didn't want to hurt Mack after he had played so well, and all for her too. As delicately as she could she broke the date with Lee, pleading a headache and she was so very tired.

She waited at the hotel for Mack to call, but at a quarter to three there was no message for her. The matinee was at three. Lee hurried in just at this time and begged her to go, for it was "The Merry Widow," and she really couldn't afford to miss it. She went and was seated just in time to see Mack come in with a very beautiful girl leaning on his arm. She recognized this girl as the one who sat in front of her at the game. Then it was she for whom the smile was intended. Her own little self Mack had not even seen.

She would never speak to him again—no, never—and would break the engagement this very night. And yet he was such a hero. Any girl would be proud to have him walk down the street with her. Again she wished herself at home, then she would never have known anything about the new girl.

She enjoyed the play very much, at least Lee thought so, and told her he was so glad they had got together for just a short time.

"He is going to try to get me back again," reflected Helen. "I do like him a whole lot and I never intend to speak to Mack again.

I might make Lee happy and then I guess "Mr. Smarty Mack" will feel a bit hurt once in his life.

"I'll never allow him to think I regret it a bit; no, not if I am miserable forever. I'll marry Lee in a month after he puts that ring back on my hand." Thus she meditated as she absently protested, she had enjoyed the matinee immensely. "Really, Lee, it seems like old times, doesn't it?" (with a coquettish smile).

"Yes, Helen" (tenderly), "and there hasn't been a minute that I haven't enjoyed. When I'm on my way I'll think of what a pleasant time we had together; what a sweet little companion you'd make for some one. I hope Mack will get you, for he is a fine fellow. The next time I come home I'll be a married man and bring the dearest girl in the world with me. I'm to be married in two months and I want you two to be great friends."

"Why—yes—of course we will, and now I must catch my train, but you have my best wishes."

She boarded the train and the first person she saw was Mack on his way to the smoker.

He stopped, surprised at the sight of her and passed a few remarks by way of pleasantries. But Helen was very haughty and cold, hardly deigning to answer his questions.

Mack was not accustomed to this and thought at once something was wrong. A happy thought struck him. Maybe Janet could recall her good humor. If anybody could she was the one. He would try it.

On his way back he stopped just long enough to drop a box of chocolates in her lap and say he'd be back shortly.

She could see through the glass in the end of the car that he was coming and bringing this "woman" with him.

"Well, he need not think that I'll be at all friendly to her, for I won't," she declared to herself. "I hate them both and I'll not treat them with anything but rudeness, even if I never get married."

"Helen, I'd like you to meet my sister, Janet. She is going to be with me this winter and I want you two to be good friends."

Helen blushed furiously, and could only reply, she was sure they would be. Then the new girl relieved her by starting pleasantly into conversation. They all sat together and had such a good trip, although Helen's thoughts were of how very foolish she had been, and how beautiful and sweet Janet was, how kind Lee had been to her, although he was going to marry within two months, and then last, but by no means least, how perfectly grand Mack was and such a hero, too.

Autumn

AILEEN TAYLOR, '09.

Woods once more are gay with red,
All of summer's flowers are dead.
Songsters seek a warmer clime,
There to find fair summer time.

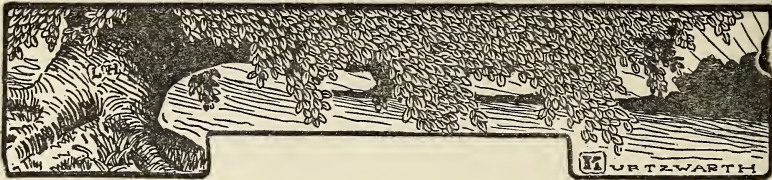
Such is life when it is waning,
Just a few short years remaining;
When our summer friends are leaving,
And we for them keep sorely grieving.

Then we feel so sad and lonely,
With our griefs and silence only,
For He, we know, our years is numbering,
Soon with the flowers we will be slumbering.

Football Romance

Autumn maiden—full of fun!
Football player—chapter one.
Maiden waves a flag of blue
From the grandstand—chapter two!
Football player turns to see—
Down he tumbles—chapter three!
Lost some scalp and what is more
Lost his heart—that's chapter four!
And he says, as surgeons mend,
"I've won my goal," and that's the end!
Except there'll be a wedding soon,
And then a happy honeymoon!

—Ex.



“Sold”

O. Z. WRENN, '08.

His honor, the forty-third Earl of Bogushire, sat up and screwed his monocle vigorously. He had done this before. His father before him had done this. In fact it had long before become a family trait; something to be proud of; something to be admired by all the fair sex. The Earl was the last of his Noble family; that is, directly connected with the family. His father had died and left him all the family traits and very little property. He could scarcely be called a spendthrift because there was so little to spend. He had never married because of the fact that he could not persuade a certain Duchess to accept his heart and fortune. Some say that she found out that his fortune was not as big as his heart so she kept putting him off. It is further said that she explained to him that his heart was all right, but she wanted something more substantial in the way of a fortune. Therefore, in the words of those “’orrid Hamericans,” it was up to him to make good and pile up the stuff.

As I said the Earl sat up and screwed his monocle vigorously. He got up, walked around the room, sat down, and screwed his monocle again. Anyone with no more sense than a Congressman could tell that he was worried over something. After another vigorous twist of his monocle he picked up a copy of the “London Times.” The first thing that met his gaze was an announcement telling about a game of baseball to be played between the visiting American team and the local team. The Earl had never seen a game of baseball, and knowing that it was an American game, he immediately put it down as some brutal game common to all Americans. As the Earl was getting desperate over his love affair, this game gave him an idea. He would go and see this game and perhaps if he could see a few men get killed it would make him feel better and do him good in many ways. Consequently he borrowed a pound from a friend—a



THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM, '08.

new friend—and at the appointed time was at the appointed place. Naturally he took a seat among the Nobles. Then he looked around and screwed his monocle. While carrying out this family trait his eye fell upon a man sitting beside him. After taking a second look he started to leave his seat because the man was a “’orrid Hamerican.” What would his great-grandfather, the twenty-third Earl of Wostershire, have said if he had seen his grandson sitting beside a “’orrid Hamerican.” Still there was something that held him back. Maybe it was the sparkle of the other’s diamond, or maybe it was the genial smile on the other’s face. Anyway he decided to break a custom and sit under the same roof, so to speak, with an ‘Hamerican.”

The American seemed to wake up.

“Old man,” he said, “there seems to be something eating you. Wake up and be sociable. Have a cigar from a friend. Going to be a fine game today, but of course you are going to be beat. Pretty bad, too, after the way you all have talked about it so much. Never mind, though, you may beat somebody yet; some little one-horse team.”

It is needless to say that his honor was amazed, stupified, at the audacity of the stranger. He choked back his anger and bit hard on his cigar. However, he was desperate, and he determined to see this thing through.

Before he could answer, the game was started. All eyes were glued to the diamond where the men were running across the field. The game started and progressed smoothly until a little squabble arose over some technicality. Pretty soon a sporty-looking young man walked up to the man beside his honor and began an earnest conversation with him. Of course they were speaking low, but the Earl could not help hearing what was said. The man was saying: “Don’t give in an inch, we know the rules, and we must have them enforced.” The young man started off saying: “All right, sir; I’ll tell Dooley what you said.” That was all his honor heard, but there was more that he had not heard.

This scrap of a conversation put the Earl to thinking. He could see that this man had power even if it was only a baseball team he owned. He knew that he owned it because he could tell by the way the young man had acted a moment before. He felt that he could afford to get on better terms with this stranger. He found in his pocket one of his cards and passed it over, and received one in return that read thus:

“Mr. J. Rufus Watson, Capitalist, New York.”

"You see," he said, as he passed it over, accompanied by a cigar, "that is my regular business, but lately my health has given out, and I had to take a vacation. I decided to make a trip around the world, and as I always like to be doing something to make a little money, I decided to bring along this team to help my expenses. But since I have reached England my health has improved so much that I have decided to go back home, besides I had a cablegram today telling me that one or two of my railroads needed looking into a little bit. I am in a pretty tough fix here too. These baseball men have signed up for one year, and if I go back now I will have to pay their yearly salary. They are making me a lot of money, but I would rather lose them than my railroads. Say! by the way, do you know of anybody over here that would like to take up this proposition with me. I would either sell outright or lease it. I've a manager that will run the team, but he has not the backing to run it by himself. I would like mighty well to find some one to take this over. You look like a smart man. Could I interest you in this matter? Have another cigar?"

J. Rufus sat with an uninterested look on his face while the Earl framed an answer.

Before answering the Earl looked around, and, among other things he noticed, he saw that there was a £1,000 crowd present. Then he said, "Hi am deeply hinterested in what you say. Hof course, Hi don't know hany one that would take hup your proposition, but will you come hout to my 'ouse tonight hand we will talk things hover. Hi like your looks." After delivering himself thus he began humming an old Dutch song, for, in a few brief moments, he had found a way into the heart of the Duchess. The way was through this "Hamerican" (with "'orrid" left off). He would buy this man's team and make "money by the peck," and then he would claim his bride and live happily ever afterwards.

The game finally came to a close with the score thirteen to three in favor of the Americans. The Earl was glad, because he wanted his team to be a winning one. He went home with a head full of good dreams and tobacco smoke. He had given his address to the stranger, and he felt no uneasiness about his coming.

He had his plans all figured out except one thing. And that was that he could only scrape up £600 by hook or crook. Of course he didn't know the price of the team, but he felt sure that it would be more than that. He had a plan, however. He might get some money from that new friend of his. He went around to see this

friend and found that he would let him have £1,000. He didn't tell him what he wanted it for, however. With that and the property he hadn't already mortgaged he raised about £2,500. He figured that he could pay this back inside of a week, and have enough laid back in one month to claim his bride. With all these thoughts predominant in his mind he settled down to await the coming of his man.

At the prescribed time he arrived and brought with him a knotty-faced young man whom he introduced as his manager. They were soon deep into the discussion of the sale. This is the way things stood: This young manager has scraped up about £900, and he was willing to put that much into it if he was permitted to hold his position as manager at a good salary. This was readily agreed to because the Earl saw that he would need a manager, and he liked this man fairly well.

Mr. J. Rufus Watson wanted about four times what they had for the team, but he offered to lease it to them the rest of the year for what they had. They readily agreed to do this and all necessary papers were drawn up and signed by all parties. Mr. Watson was so generous as to have a headline announcement in the "Times" in the morning, as this would be a great advertisement for his honor, and would probably bring him in thousands of pounds. After smoking another cigar, and arranging some of the minor details, J. Rufus and his manager left, to return on the morrow.

The next morning there was a large announcement in the "Times" that went something like this:

"SOLD.

"News reached this office last night through a friend of the victim that the forty-third Earl of Bogushire has been buncoed out of about £2,500 by an American crook who claimed to have sold him the American Baseball Team that is touring this country. He is of an old family, and his many friends will be shocked and grieved to hear of his loss."

In the column next to this was another announcement something like this:

"BIG WEDDING.

"The Duchess of Wortington, who recently turned down the Earl of Bogushire, will shortly marry his honor, the Count of Swatski, of Petersburg, Russia. It will be an important affair."

Then followed glowing descriptions of the bride and a hint of the enormous wealth of the groom.

In Actu

CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

Wild shouts fill all the air
And girls wave high the flag,
Resistlessly the tide sweeps on,
Nor fails one head to wag.

They raise a song of cheer
And sing assured success,
The fortune that has blessed thus far
Must follow D. H. S.

A Matter of Taste

I met a goat and said to him,
"The question, pray excuse;
Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews."

—Ex.



Winning the Half-mile Race

E. R. L., '11.

Jack Shirley sat at the window gazing wistfully across the school grounds. Who could study on such a day? Certainly not he. As he sat with an open Virgil in his hand, his eyes repeatedly wandered to the gymnasium. Presently a crowd of boys from the athletic field came into view. At sight of Jack they hailed him and soon burst into his room. They roosted everywhere—in chairs, and windows, but most of them piled upon his bed. "I say, Jack, I think it's tough luck about your falling," said one. "We went to Professor Nichols and asked him to remove your deficiency or let you stand another examination, but the old fellow flatly refused. Wish we could help you out."

"Thanks, boys, for trying to help me, but you might have known it would be of no use. Old 'Nick' would fail me or die. I believe if I got a 'max.' he'd flunk me, just because he knows how anxious I've been to make the team. And although I have made it in spite of him, he's determined to keep me out anyhow. But I hear Ellet has hurt his ankle and can't run. It doesn't make much difference for me, but without him we're sure to get beat; that's all there is to it."

"Never give up, old boy, perhaps we'll win yet," said the captain.

"Well, it's your place to be hopeful, but just tell me who's to run half-mile now, Ellet's out?"

"I'll tell you our plan if you'll keep mum," continued the captain. "I want to know what you think of it; you have a good head on your shoulders. You know that little Freshman, Austin, from your town? He's a splendid sprinter. He'll run quarter-mile as fast as he can make it, and we're hoping to draw Franklin's man out by that time so that Nelson, whom we're putting in for the regular run,

will have some chance. That's our only hope. What do you think of the scheme?"

"Great! old man. The fellows knew what they were doing when they made you captain."

Field day arrived—so did a crowd of lovely feminines with flying ribbons and pennants. The Franklin High School boys also arrived. Great big men were they, who looked as if they might in a dozen strides go around the race course. There was great excitement at the gymnasium. Jack Shirley, though feeling very much injured, was helping with all his might, and it was all he could do to keep Austin quiet.

The hour for the races was at hand. The first race, the mile run, was won by the captain of the Locustdale High School, and so unexpected was it that the boy enthusiasts, headed by Jack, took him upon their shoulder and rode him through the crowd. This joy, however, was soon turned to anxiety, for the Franklin sprinter, the fastest Locustdale had ever known, took off the laurels for the hundred-yard dash, and he, seemingly as fresh as ever, was to run the half-mile.

The Locustdale boys were nearly wild. Oh, if Jack Shirley had only been allowed to run, the day would be saved! But the time for the race was at hand. Austin, somewhat nervous, awaited the signal for starting. First he eyed his adversary, Franklin's quarter-mile man, then the boy he was put up to bluff, and lastly he surveyed Nelson. Nelson was plainly nervous and in no state for running his best, while today Locustdale demanded more than his best.

Precisely with the signal the runners sped away on the long course. Only a moment was required to fix the pace. Austin assumed first place abreast of Franklin's half-mile man, Nelson followed closely, while behind him plodded faithfully Austin's quarter-mile opponent.

In the rooters' stand there was great consternation among the Locustdale boys. Everywhere cries arose, "Why in the dickens does that little Freshman want to set such a pace! He'll give out before he runs half the distance! But you can't expect anything else of a Freshman!"

Austin turned his eyes and saw the big Franklin man a little behind him now, and a few yards ahead was the quarter-mile mark. Here his labor would be ended and there would be "rest for the weary." Then the thought darted through his brain, why stop here? He was not so very tired, but even as he thought this his feet pulled

like iron weights at his clogging limbs. It was clear that Nelson had no chance of passing Franklin's man, so he decided that he would try to hold out for the second half. As he passed the quarter-mile post, Locustdale sent up such a yell that he was encouraged to renew his effort. To say their surprise was great, when he did not stagger from the track, is expressing it mildly. The Franklin man was surprised too, for he had settled into an easy gait thinking the victory already won. Now, when he saw the kid, still running without slackening his pace a notch, breakers loomed ahead, but he continued his pace, he would save his strength for sprinting the last hundred yards.

The Locustdale boys were nearly frantic with excitement. They asked each other could he keep up. As soon as the runners rounded the last bend the boys left the stand and ran to the track cheering Austin on. He felt as if his bosom would burst if he kept on, but equally as strong was his feeling of shame if he failed to win. So he kept resolutely on. He was staggering and he could no longer hold his head erect. His breath came hard and fast, and he felt that his nostrils would split, but he was running for Locustdale and the boys, and he could not stop.

Franklin's man was running his hardest now, and if he did not give out, victory looked imminent for him. But tired as he was, Austin sprinted too. At this sign of strength the boys cheered as they had never done before. On both struggled. Just a few yards ahead was the half-mile post. Was ever any half-mile so long? Franklin's man was just behind Austin now. The latter could hear his heavy breathing. At last only ten paces remained. Austin stumbled, but regaining his balance hurled himself forward and past the fraction of a measure in advance of Franklin's man.

"Locustdale forever!" rose cheer after cheer on the air. Then, "A—U—S—T—I—N, AUSTIN! AUSTIN! AUSTIN!"

Football

Sing a song of football,
Don't it make you smile?
Two and twenty players
Struggling in a pile;
When the pile is opened,
Hear those awful groans;
Boys begin to creep out,
Looking for their bones.
Sections there of noses,
Patches here of hair,
But they made a touchdown,
And little do they care.

—Ex.

The Football Song

(With Apologies to Tennyson).

The sun's rays glare upon the park,
Where Durham's team stands in its glory,
A long, long cheer comes loud and clear,
A football game!—exciting story!

Play, Durham, play (hear the wild echoes flying),
Play, Durham, yield not though dying, dying, dying.

Oh look! oh see! one's down, now three!
They're up again and off they're going—
Oh far and long, like a happy song,
Cheers from the grandstand loudly flowing!

Cheer (give them not a chance for their replying),
Play, Durham, yield not though dying, dying, dying.

And on they play till close of day,
Now lost the ball, and now recovered,
Until at length with ebbing strength
They're victors with the glory smothered!

Play, Durham, play (hear the wild echoes flying),
Play, Durham, yield not though dying, dying, dying.



THE BOYS' TENNIS CLUB, '08.

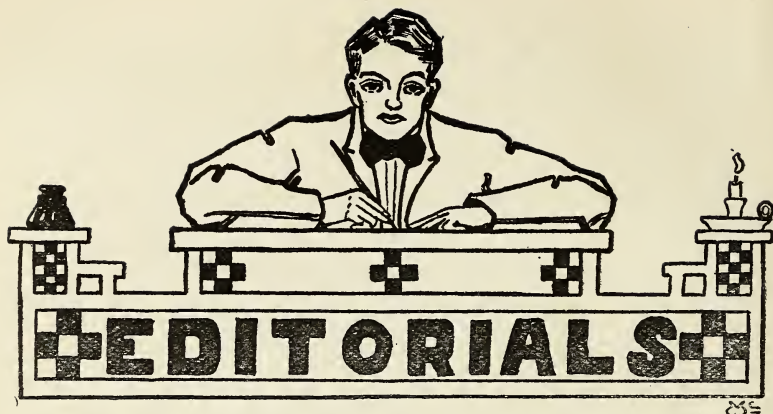
In Memoriam.

ERNEST JONES PATTON

1891--1908

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

—Ps. cii: 6.



ATHLETICS

Athletics in the High School this year have at last reached that high plane that our principal had dreamed of when he said: "Let's have *Athletics* in the High School." To him is due a great part of our success along these lines, for he is always a leader in our mass-meetings, and a source of sympathy and good cheer in the dark and dismal hour of defeat. Not only is he a friend who speaks his sympathy, but a financial friend when circumstances demands it.

Although our football team failed to win the championship of the State this season, our team has been a great success and one that our High School is proud of.

After all, success is not always measured by score, although our team has worked hard to have these in our favor as often as possible. Athletics create a spirit of loyalty among the students of a school and help to produce a good school spirit, which is one of the greatest essentials in High School life.

We doff our hats to the Greensboro football team and express our sincere congratulations to them for being able to carry off the championship of the State.

Three cheers for G. H. S.! We'll meet you on the gridiron next year.



S. K., '09.

After three months of playing, the football season of 1908 at D. H. S. came to a close with the Thanksgiving game. The season has been a very successful one. Although we have not won as many games as we did last year, we have met much stronger teams this year. Only two men crossed our goal during the entire season.

The team deserves the praise of the faculty as well as that of the student body, for each player has made good in his studies. Their gentlemanly conduct while upon the field has been of the highest type. The team always went on the field with the determination to win. They were never defeated until the time was called in the last half, for they always fought to the "bitter end."

OUR TEAM.

Henry Pendergraph, at center, measured up to his standard of last year. He did not make a single bad pass during the season.

"Bill" Whitaker, a last year's man who played right guard and full back, was always in the game. He could either open a place in the line as guard, or go through it as full back.

Powell, at left guard, was a new man in football. He was rather light weight for a guard, but his hardness, developed in the rural districts, enabled him to hold down the place well.

Walter Simon, at right tackle, was the star man in the line. He never failed to open a place for the backs and when playing defensive ball always tackled his man.

Mack White, left tackle, was ever "on the jump." He could easily go through the line and tackle the runner before he got started.

Hugh Whitted, right end, made a specialty of forward passes, handling nicely his own and also breaking up those of the opponents.

"Bill" Farthing, who played the other end, was a sure tackle and was on the spot to get the man receiving punts.

Captain Clyde White, our star quarter back, played in his '07 style. He was never at a loss what play to run and kept the team always moving. He was also keen judge of the plays of the other side.

Charlie Whitaker, at right half, excited the admiration of all by his speed. He often made end runs carrying from ten to forty yards.

Grover Scoggins developed into a splendid player this season and easily held his place at left half. Whenever there was an opening in the line he went through it for great gains.

Campbell, who played full back, added greatly to the strength of the team. He tackled well himself, but it was extremely hard for any one to tackle him, and many times he went through the opponent's line for distance with two or three of them swinging around his neck or dangling at his feet.

Hubert Scoggins alternated between quarter back, half back, full back and end. It is enough to say that he made good at all these places.

Cheatham Carrington, George Carrington and Don Sasser were substitutes. When in the game they held down their positions with much credit.

A great deal of our success must be attributed to Coach Stephenson and Mr. George Graham, both of whom rendered valuable assistance to the team.

The following games have been played during the season:

D. H. S., 17. Bingham, 0.

The football season opened at Durham on September 28th, with Bingham Military School.

We were very much gratified by the playing of the team, as it was our first game. For D. H. S., C. Whitaker, Campbell and Whitted played well. Campbell went through the line for two touchdowns, while Whitted, by a well-worked forward pass, made the other touchdown. Although Bingham was clearly outclassed they would make a good team with the right sort of coaching. The line-up was as follows:

D. H. S.**BINGHAM.**

Farthing.....	left end.....	Taylor (Captain)
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Morrow
Dixon.....	left guard.....	Thompson
Pendergraph.....	center.....	Gore
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Hewson
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Sanders
Whitted.....	right end.....	Cole
White C. (Captain).....	quarter back.....	Purnell
Scoggins, H.....	left half.....	Strings
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Taylor
Campbell.....	full back.....	Harry

D. H. S., 0. G. H. S., 5.

October 10th, we met the Greensboro High School upon their grid-iron. They had a comparatively small team, but played fast ball. Two or three fumbles lost us much distance. Captain White had to be taken out of the game in the first half. This, of course, weakened us very much. Nevertheless, at the end of the last half, both Whitakers were hitting the line so hard that they were making distance every down, and with a few minutes more time the tale of victory would have been different.

D. H. S.**G. H. S.**

Farthing.....	left end.....	Leonard
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Grimsley, W.
Dixon.....	left guard.....	Grimsley, S.
Pendergraph.....	center.....	Armfield
Powell.....	right guard.....	Aldrid
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Taylor
Whitted.....	right end.....	Denny
White—Scoggins.....	quarter back.....	Coffin
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Hendrix (Captain)
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Dillon
Whitaker, W.....	full back.....	Preyer

D. H. S., 0. U. N. C. Freshmen, 4.

We played the University of North Carolina Freshmen at Durham on October 17th. Although we did not win, we felt that our team had shown up well against the college team. They outweighed us,

and had been well coached. For Durham, C. Whitaker, G. Scoggins and Sasser; for U. N. C., Winston played good ball. Winston kicked a nice goal from field. U. N. C. was on the defensive a great deal of the game. The following was the line-up for each side:

D. H. S.	U. N. C.
Sasser.....	left end.....Hemphill
White, M.....	left tackle.....Neely
Dixon.....	left guard.....Hill
Pendergraph.....	center.....Crutchfield
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....Daniels
Simon.....	right tackle.....Warlick
Whitted.....	right end.....Hoffman
Scoggins, H.....	quarter back.....Jones
Scoggins, G.....	quarter back.....Cook
Whitaker, C. (Captain) ..	right half.....Herd
Campbell.....	full back.....Winston (Captain)

D. H. S., 6. G. H. S., 0.

On the 24th of October D. H. S. defeated Greensboro High School by a score of 6 to 0. Greensboro played a good defensive game, but could not stand the heavy line plunging of our team. Grover Scoggins went through their line for a touchdown with two or three men hanging to him. Hubert Scoggins played at quarter back, as Captain White had not recovered from the injuries received in the first G. H. S. game. He played well and displayed great coolness in calling signals. The following line-up each:

D. H. S.	G. H. S.
Farthing.....	left end.....Leonard
White, M.....	left tackle.....Grimsely, W.
Carrington, G.....	left guard.....Grimsley, S.
Pendergraph.....	center.....Armfield
Powell.....	right guard.....Aldrid
Simon.....	right tackle.....Denny
Whitted.....	right end.....Taylor
Scoggins, H.....	quarter back.....Coffin
Whitaker, C. (Captain) ..	right half.....Hendrix (Captain)
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....Dillon
Whitaker, W.....	full back.....Preyer

D. H. S., 5. Warrenton, 0.

D. H. S. defeated Warrenton High School at Durham on November 6th. Warrenton put up a good game, but D. H. S. was too swift for them. They outweighed us. In the first half it was merely a punting battle, but in the second D. H. S. hammered at the line for a touchdown. Campbell, Scoggins, C. Whitaker and Simon played star ball. Warrenton put out one of the best high school teams in the State, and it is not under the standard this year. The line-up was as follows:

D. H. S.

WARRENTON.

White, M.....	left end.....	Manning—Flemming
Carrington, G.....	left tackle.....	Cherry (Captian)
Whitaker, W.....	left guard.....	Vann—Rowland
Pendergraph.....	center	Griffith
Powell.....	right guard.....	Parker
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Martin
Scoggins, H.....	right end.....	Howell
White, C. (Captain)...	quarter back.....	Bonner
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Sarratt
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Graham
Campbell.....	full back.....	Hughes

D. H. S., 17. Warrenton, 6.

Saturday, November 21st, we defeated Warrenton at Warrenton. Durham received the kick off, and by line plunges and end runs made a touchdown after four minutes' playing. During this half Warrenton made a touchdown and kicked goal, making the score 6 to 5 in their favor. In the second half they did not fare so well. Durham made two touchdowns and successfully kicked goal each time. For Durham, Campbell, C. Whitaker, Simon and G. Scoggins; for Warrenton, Graham and Sarratt do good work. The line-up was as follows:

D. H. S.

WARRENTON.

Farthing.....	left end.....	Manning
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Cherry (Captain)
Powell.....	left guard.....	Vann
Pendergraph.....	center	Griffith
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Parker

Simon.....	right tackle.....	Martin
Whitted.....	right end.....	Howell
White, C. (Captain)....	quarter back.....	Bonner
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Graham
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Flemming—Sarratt
Campbell.....	full back.....	Hughes

D. H. S., 0. Greensboro, 4.

The football season closed with the Thanksgiving game at Greensboro. Lack of team work was the cause of defeat. Greensboro played a fast game. The breaking up of interference by H. Scoggins, the punting by Captain White and the tackling by Simon were excellent. Hendrix, Dillon and Humbolt did good work for Greensboro.

D. H. S.

GREENSBORO.

Farthing.....	left end.....	Leonard
White, M.....	left tackle.....	Denny
Powell.....	left guard.....	Grimsley
Pendergraph.....	center.....	Armfield
Whitaker, W.....	right guard.....	Taylor
Simon.....	right tackle.....	Aldrid
Whitted.....	right end.....	Humbolt
White, C. (Captain)....	quarter back.....	Coffin
Scoggins, G.....	left half.....	Dillon
Whitaker, C.....	right half.....	Hendrix (Captain)
Scoggins, H.....	full back.....	Preyer





THE GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB, '08.

Girls' Athletics

CARRIE NOELL, '09, EDITOR PRO TEMPORE.

In the days of antiquity there were great athletes; many, many people joined in and witnessed the famous Olympian games, but all who took part in these games and practically all the spectators were of the male sex. In those days, grand as they were, a woman was considered too good to witness outdoor sports, much less join in them. In Durham things are quite different. The girls as well as the boys are lovers of outdoor sports and are really athletes.

In September a large number of our girls came together at the suggestion of one or two of the Senior class and organized a Basketball Club. A general captain was elected and under this one four sub-captains with their respective teams.

The members of this club have been constantly at work. The court has been fixed nicely and the well-matched teams are doing good work.

During the first week in December there will be a Basketball Tournament. This will be given free to the girls of the High School and the team which scores the most will be given a High School pennant.

We hope to do good work in basketball and from the present situation our prospects are very encouraging.

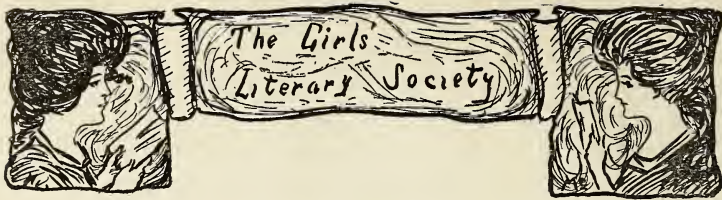
The racket girls have not begun their playing, but they have a court in good shape and expect to begin soon. They have a large club and we wish for them much success.

As It Might Have Been Written

When lovely woman lives too jolly,
And finds her hair at last turned gray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What potion wash her age away?

The only art her years to cover,
To hide her age from every eye;
To bring again the youthful lover
Back to her bosom is, to—dye!

—*Louis I. Jaffe, in the Trinity Archive.*



CORA WESCOTT, '11.

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was very enjoyably entertained in one of its recent meetings, by a musical program. The performers did their parts very well indeed. The girls show much talent and skill along this line.

The Society has of late made a study of one of the earliest Greek poets, Sappho. We find her life and what we were able to learn concerning her poems very interesting and helpful.

The members are also taking great interest in debating; they are taking hold of their work with a firm hand and bid fair to make it one of the most profitable branches of the Society work.

A committee has been appointed to select an emblem for the Society. In the next meeting there will be an election of officers. All the committees will be heard from, besides the other important business that is to be transacted. We hope that the importance of these steps will be realized by the members and that they will show care and good spirit in their selections.

A few new members have been admitted recently and other names are to be voted upon at later meetings. We gladly welcome these to our number and sincerely hope that not only will the Society benefit them, but that they will render great help to us.

Our former President, Douglas Hill, has presented us with a beautiful Hollin's Institute pennant, which we greatly appreciate. We note with great delight that the interest of the members of '08 in the Society did not die when they left us the work and went to take up their own in a larger field.

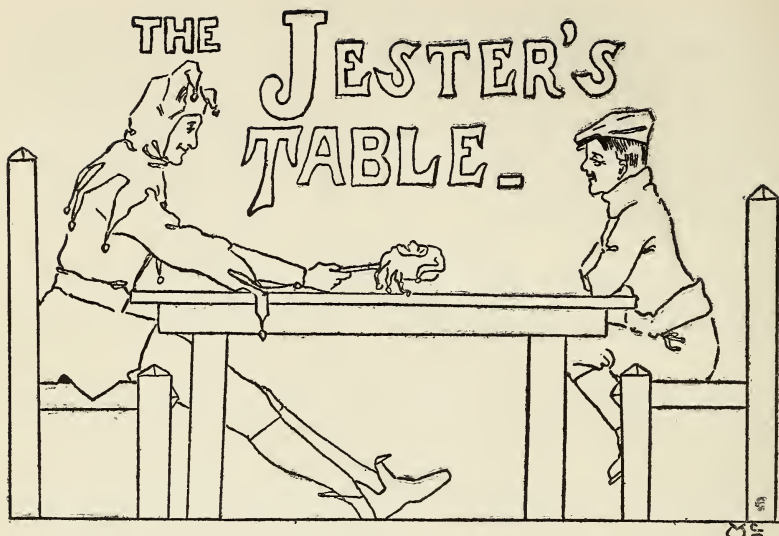


MARY ZEULA WESCOTT, '10.

This little band meets regularly in the magazine room and passes friendly criticism upon the work of the members. Here the sentiment, punctuation and choice of words is commented upon and suggestions offered for improvement. By this method the kind of poetry appealing to the school is learned and the members are encouraged to produce this sort. Not long poems alone are required, but short ones also—sometimes mere lines—which contain original thought are appreciated. No subjects are given and each one has a wide range from which to choose. The students are asked to remember, however, that the next issue will be the Christmas number and that poems in keeping with the holidays will be very much in order. All phases of this season may be used from the old, old journey of the Wise Man and its outcome to that of our modern Saint and the wonderful mission which he performs.

Concerning High School football teams,
Too oft it comes to pass,
The boy who's half-back in the field
Is whole back in his class.

—Madge Shields, '09.



Ye Komic Editor, while attending the first football game, overheard one of the girls giving the following paraphrase upon the new grand stand:

This is the grand stand that Bryan built.

These are the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

These are the cheers one, two, and three which come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the joy so full and free which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the train so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the game hard fought and long won by the team so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free, which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the happy joyous throng for whom the game hard fought

and long was won by the team so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

This is the school, renowned in song,—the school of the happy joyous throng for whom the game hard fought and long was won by the team so brave and strong who brought the joy so full and free, which caused the cheers one, two, and three to come from the girls whom you may see to sit in the grand stand that Bryan built.

* * *

A student in one of the first-year Latin classes in a recent examination, while giving rules for gender, originated the following: "Invisible nouns are neuter."

* * *

Hugh Whitted (to news boy on returning from Raleigh)—"Say, fellow, there is a mosquito on your nose."

News Butcher—"Catch him."

Sturdy Hugh—"I got him."

News Butcher—"Hold him then."

* * *

English Professor—"Thomas, correct this sentence. It is a tremendous apple."

Thomas—"It is a magnagulous apple."

* * *

When Eve and Adam courted, she,
Like many another trustful human,
Believed him when he told her he
Had never loved another woman.

—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Green (in 2a Latin class)—"Where do you find lege?"

Pupil—"In the back of the book."

* * *

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Hark, hark the boys do bark!
The team has come to town,
Back from the toils,
Laden with spoils,
Each one with great renown.

Postmaster (to an old negress)—“What did you say your address was, Auntie?”

“Cotton-checks, sir, least ways, dat’s whut Marse John said it wus.”

* * *

Mr. Goode—“Miss Susie, what do you know about Cræsus.”

S. F. M.—“Was it a he or a she?”

* * *

FOOTBALL HEROES.

This little boy made a touchdown,

This little boy stole the ball,

This little boy recounts his deeds

(You’d think he did it all),

This little boy cries boo-hoo (he can’t play till fall).

* * *

Geometry Teacher—“Now, Lida, if the segments of a line are equal, what about—?”

L. C. V.—“But, Mr. Green, where are the sediments?”

* * *

“I am sick to death of everything,” said the society woman. “Let’s spend an evening where we’ve never spent one before.”

“Agreed!” said her husband.

“Shall we try home or church?”

“Church,” she replied, sighing.—Ex.

* * *

HE FOUND SOMETHING.

A pretty school teacher, noticing one of her little charges idle, said sharply: “John, the devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and let me give you some work.”—Ex.

* * *

ASKING IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Teacher—“Johnnie, where is the North Pole?”

Johnnie—“Dunno.”

Teacher—“You don’t know after all my teaching.”

Johnnie—“Nope. If Peary can’t find it, there’s no use of my trying.”—Brooklyn Life.



GENTLE KNOCKS

"He has a wild stag's foot and the lion's heart."—*Charlie Whitaker.*

"Least but not least heard."—*George Johnson.*

"Maude, who is your favorite *author*?" "Pope, of course."

"The all-seeing sun ne'er saw their equal since the world begun."—*Football Team.*

"Wanted—A translation of *Horace*.—*Gentle Knocks Editor.*

We do not want him any longer, he is long enough.—*George Carrington.*

Surely thy hair hath rusted!—*Floyd Goodrich.*

"The heavens for height and the earth for depth and I shine crosswise."—*Carrie Noell.*

SHAKESPEAR SCHOOL.

First Year—"A Comedy of Errors." Amen.

Second Year—"Much Ado About Nothing." Amen (signed by Mr. Green).

Third Year—"As You Like It."

Fourth Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

"None but thyself can be thy parallel—3 S.—(Boys or girls).



We are especially glad to have our good neighbor, "The Park School Gazette," this month. It is neat and attractive, but the Literary Department has a scarcity of articles. We can sympathize with the staff, for we, too, know how hard it is to get contributions for the first issue. Good school spirit, however, is evident throughout this magazine.

"The Index" ranks among the best high school magazines and is the most striking exchange on our table. "The Prank of the Season" is a well-written and very interesting story.

"The Spike," which comes to us from the West Salem High School, Wisconsin, is not up to the standard of high school magazines. Let us suggest that more attention be paid to its form.

"The Critic" of the Lynchburg High School is an attractive and well-arranged magazine. It has a good number of short and varied stories, one of which, "Juoni," deserves special mention as the real Indian spirit pervades it.

"The Wake Forest Student" has a notable memorial poem, "The Meeting," a tribute to John Charles McNeill and his mother, who recently died.

"The Dragon" has a continued story, "The Mysterious Suit Case," that is excellent enough to make readers look forward to the end of the story. We commend the fine original cuts in "The Dragon" and would suggest more articles for the Literary Department.

Had She But Known

When Jean Ingelow, the poetess, wrote:

“To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love, and then to lose,”

If she had known what the world now knows,
that

Gowan's Preparation

Is an absolute remedy for croup, colds and pneumonia and costing from twenty-five cents to a dollar a bottle, according to size, and sold by all druggists, she perhaps would have come from her sad frame of mind and pointed the way to all mothers to use this great external remedy to protect the lives of their children.



Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!! Eggs!!!!

From the best strains of Silver Spangled Hamburgs, styled the “Everlasting Layers,” and the most beautiful fowl of the poultry yard.

Blue Andalusians, the only fowl that wears our national colors, red, white and blue. Great layers.

Pure bread Brown Leghorns, the greatest layers on earth.

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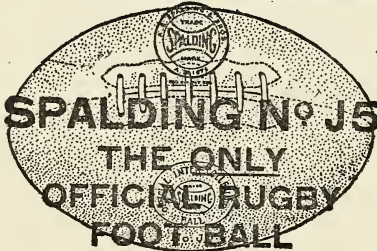
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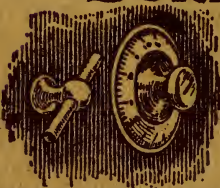
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