

MESSENGER



OCTOBER





EVERYTHING



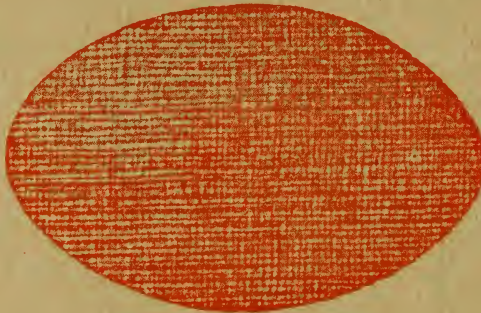
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THE MESSENGER

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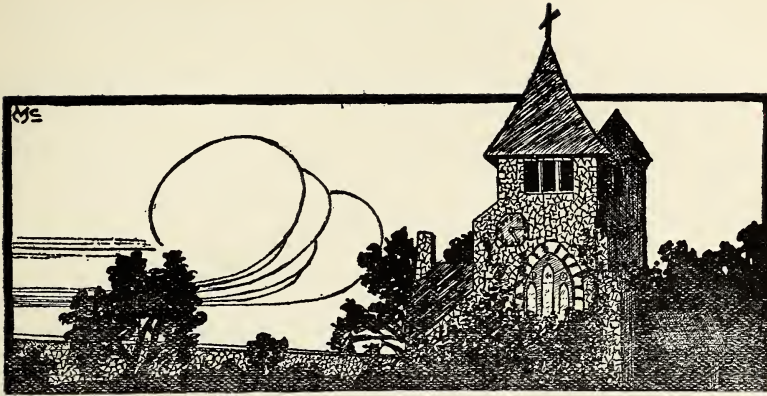
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Tragedy of a Ring

REBECCA MICHIE, '10.

Elizabeth looked admiringly at her small white hand. On her finger was a ring which she prized above all other jewels of her costly collection. It was set with a large pearl—as pure and as white as new-fallen snow.

But this treasure had been a source of annoyance to Elizabeth ever since she had entered school. She had brought it against her mother's wishes. "Why had she been so careless and so disobedient?" Every time she looked at it she recalled her mother's words: "My dear, if I were you I would not take it; you might lose it. You know it is very loose on your hand."

She had worried over the circumstances more than ever for the last few nights, but always she awoke in the morning to find the ring safe upon her dresser. Her resolution then, which she had made during the long hours of the night to send it home immediately the next morning, quite vanished.

Thursday afternoon she was introduced to a man whom she was to show over the school. During the rounds she noticed that several times he glanced at her handsome ring. Of course he was admiring it and she was greatly pleased. When he shook hands with her upon taking his leave—indeed he had seemed so pleasant he deftly slipped the ring from her finger, but Elizabeth was so wrapped up in his pleasantries that the theft escaped her notice.

Before retiring that night she walked over to the dresser, as usual, to place the ring in her dainty jewelry case, but alas! it had mysteriously disappeared. Where could it be?

She advised her roommate and sadly related to her the story of the loss. Together they searched the room, but in vain. Then Elizabeth informed the teachers of it and retired with a sad heart and remorseful conscience. Sleep refused to visit her eyelids that night, but reproaches came in countless throngs. How would she ever be able to face her mother again?

The next morning Elizabeth was confined to her room. Her concern for the ring and its associations had induced a passing sickness. "Elsie [this was her nick-name], dear," asked one of her friends on a visit of sympathy, "have you heard about the prize that is to be given for the best poem on the boyhood of Shakespeare? Why don't you try for it? I know you could win it. It is to be a handsome piece of jewelry and will be awarded at commencement.

They all loved Elizabeth. How could they help it? The deep blue eyes, the beautiful complexion, the wavy brown hair, the sweet expression, and above all the gentle ways were enough to captivate any one's affections.

Elizabeth offered to her visitor and well-wisher several coy objections to her entering the contest for the prize, but inwardly she hailed the suggestion with delight. "I will try, but the girls shall not know it," she said to herself an hour later. "Oh, if I could only carry that to mother! It would make up for the ring."

Commencement day had arrived and the exercises for the prize were on. After three girls had read their productions Elizabeth, much to the surprise of her classmates, arose with a manuscript. The subject of her effort was, "Dreams of the Boyhood of Shakespeare," and the treatment given was as beautiful as the title suggests. When the decision was handed in Elizabeth had won, and the applause that followed showed the hearty approval of public opinion.

Elizabeth did not open the small box until the shower of congratulations was over and she and her roommate were alone in their room. "Oh, Ethel!" she exclaimed upon opening the tiny box, "isn't it . . . ! Oh, it can't be! Yes, it is, for here is the 'E' inside. My ring!"

Ethel glanced in the box and sure enough there lay the ring with the exquisite pearl almost clearer and purer-looking than before. It had somehow wandered back to its mistress uncontaminated by the sinful hands through which it had passed.

To the Violet

SUSIE MARKHAM, '09.

Ah, sweet and modest violet,
In fragrant bed of green,
Know you not aurora sends
On you her choicest beam?

So strange it is, O, Violet,
That you should wish to hide
Your blushing face from earth's sweet light
And in dark shade abide.

Pray, toss your bashful head aloft
Where sunshine gently sways,
Indeed 'tis naught but innocence
That keeps you in such ways.

'Tis yours to cheer those comrades on
That pass from day to day,
And so sweet flow'ret, be not shy,
But grace the broad highway.

A Woman's Conclusion

GENEVA CHEATHAM, '09.

Eleanor Morse was born unto trouble, for she was one of those girls who can fall in love at sight and then be out again while you wait. She already had three fellows on her string, but the miscalculated attempt to add a fourth brought her confusion.

The first of the trio she had met at a house party—a man with little to say, but who would listen to her by the hour. The second she had captured at the seashore. The third one was “just an old home beau.”

Eleanor, with her usual caprice, decided to spend a week in a small college town near by. It was to be a surprise visit to her cousin Edith.

“Oh, Edith, you don't know how great it is to be here!” said Eleanor after the first greetings.

“But, Eleanor, this is the most tragic thing I ever heard of—your coming just now!”

“Tragic! Edith?” raising her eyebrows and contemplating her companion for a moment. Then in a modified voice, “Well, tell me about him, I might have known your laces and ribbons meant a man. I'm just in the humor to hear about a love affair; some one else's. Tell me about him.”

“No, it isn't that at all!” Edith made haste to explain.

“Not a lover!” laughed Eleanor, “and you diked out like this with not a sign of the country girl about you? My coming here tragic? Of course it's a lover!”

“No, it isn't,” protested Edith. “It isn't a man—or at least it isn't that kind of a man. You see we've got a student staying here.”

“A student! and not that kind of a man!” Eleanor laughed heartily at the manifest paradox.

“But really,” insisted Edith, “you are wrong this time. Mr. Lionel doesn't know that there is such a thing as love in the world—as love-making anyway.”

Weeks passed and still Eleanor remained at her cousin's home. She had met the strangely inconsistent student; barriers had soon broken away; and they were early on terms of friendship. One afternoon when her visit was fast drawing to a close he told her somewhat confidingly that he had something important to tell her before she left.

Of course her woman's instinct told her what it was he had to tell. To save time she wrote to her three "friends" telling them she did not care to keep up even friendly relations with them any longer.

A day later Eleanor and Lionel had paddled in under the willows and had tied their boat to an overhanging bough. The sun had vanished behind a cloud as the afternoon shadows continued to lengthen. A light, warmer than sunlight and gentler than the pale-faced moon, fell across the river (as Eleanor divined it). She relapsed into silence.

"Will you listen to my story now?" he asked at length with no little show of hesitancy in his voice. Eleanor dropped her eyes and waited. It seemed an age before the voice spoke again. " 'Love will find a way,' you know, and I felt that I was bound to talk. I am going to be married soon to the dearest girl in all the world—one of the down-home girls—and"—

Oh, what a mistake!

How disappointing.

The Editor's Reward

"What do you get for all this work?"

I was asked the other day;

"Oh, nothing at all," I frankly said,

"Thanks is our only pay."

Then straightway 'round the corner came

Some schoolmates on the run,

And, advancing towards my helpless self,

Said: "Gee, this issue's bum."

—Ex.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

"Yessum, I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—Ex.



A Line of Fate

MADGE SHIELDS, '09.

"Edith, don't hurry. I simply can't run another step, not if we miss the train."

Edith Hendrix laughed breathlessly, but only hurried the faster through the crowded station toward the waiting trains. "We have only a minute and a half," she called back over her shoulder.

"Where's the suit case?" inquired Nell, suddenly stopping at the revolving doors. Instantly the person behind her, who had been rushing at the same break-neck pace, was nearly thrown backward by her movement, and bumped vigorously into the glass sides.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," gasped Nell, catching a glimpse of a pair of masculine eyes that glared upon her.

"Not at all," returned the other, tearing himself loose and disappearing in the crowd.

Edith had also disappeared, but after a glance around, Miss Hendrix, the elder, caught sight of a familiar hat, and knew that Edith's merry face was under it.

"All aboard," shouted the gateman, gently moving Nell beyond the closing gates. Ahead strode a colored porter, who was carrying a couple of suit cases.

Edith did not even pause for speech, but kept at the heels of the porter until he handed her up to the platform of a parlor car. "Well, thank goodness, we made it anyway," she exclaimed, sinking back in the soft-cushioned seat, as the train moved out of the station.

Nell's gaze rested fixedly on the suit case. "Edith, that doesn't belong to us!" she exclaimed. On one corner of the case plainly showed the initials "T. A."

"Open it," said Edith. "It's the only way we'll find out to whom it belongs."

Nell opened the suspicious case, and found inside, besides numerous other things, a kodak, and a neatly banded package of unmounted pictures.

Edith observed the package. "Maybe his picture is with them," she said.

Nell opened the top of a case. Burnt into it was the name "Tom Allison." She ran over the kodak pictures rapidly, but stopped short at sight of one of the snap-shots. It was the picture of the man who had collided with her at the station. Evidently the porter had misplaced the cases.

"He must be on this train," but Edith suddenly checked herself, for approaching them was the young man of the picture surveying closely the occupants of the car. Nell fastened the suit case hastily, and both girls sat back in their chairs and glanced indifferently at the landscape through the window.

But this attempt to delay the fateful hour was useless. The man stopped in front of them, referred to something in his hand and looked at Edith. Looking up she saw he held her own picture, and blushed hotly.

"Isn't this your photograph?" he asked.

Edith bowed her head stiffly.

"I found it in a suit case left with me by mistake."

Immediately the exchange was made. The young man again courtesied and disappeared.

"He must have opened this and looked through it just as we did his," ventured Edith. "Of course he saw your pink kimono on top."

"I don't care what he saw. He doesn't interest me," replied the other not a little vexed.

Suddenly remembering, Edith added, "Nell, he has kept your picture."

"I don't care if he has. I hope I will never see him again," retorted Miss Hendrix.

When the train had reached the station they caught only a glimpse of the gray-clad figure, the unintentional subject of their annoyance. A rickety carriage was backed up to the platform to carry them to the little village. Just as it started the gray-clad figure swung up beside the driver.

* * * * *

Three weeks later Miss Hendrix sat on the porch at one of the boarding houses with a photograph outfit beside her. Sunset was over, but the sky was still pink with the after-glow.

"Don't you think you had better ask Mr. Allison to return that picture of yours," asked Edith.

"Nell, ask him," she was saying as Tom Allison came up on the porch.

Edith had gone when she saw him approaching. Nell, girl-like, gave no sign that she was aware of his presence.

"You haven't spoken to me for three days," he said by way of salutation.

"I have a good reason," she answered. "You had no right to keep my picture."

"I have; I found it in that blessed suit case and fell"—

But here she checked him.

"Miss Nell!"

There was no answer. After a pause he tried again. "Miss Hendrix, do you believe in fate?"

She nodded.

"Then listen. Wasn't it fate that led the porter to make that mistake in the suit cases?"

She did not answer him, but after a few moments casually remarked: "I am going home in the morning."

His countenance softened and his look became anxious. Almost like a schoolboy in fright, he stammered, "May I keep the picture? And—and—may I come to see you?"

The silence that followed was the lover's evidence to him that he had won.

Other papers all remind us
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow classmates send us
Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little,
Story, club note, song or jest,
If you want a slick school paper
Each of you must do your best.

—Ex.

She—"Look, dear, papa's check will pay for our wedding trip."
The Duke—"But what will we do afterwards?"—Ex.

Friendship

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

To walk the dewy fields in early spring,
And watch the sun come forth to give us day;
To sing glad songs together, hand in hand,
And back again to tread the homeward way,
Shielded with care from every bruising stone.
Is not that Friendship—you who walk alone?

To stand upon the glorious mountain top
And see the world of care stretched far below;
To feel the soul drawn up beyond the skies
And touch in awe the things that angels know—
To long and plan for wretched mankind's good.
Is not that Friendship—you who walk the road?

To lie awake at night all fever tossed,
Surrounded by dread dreams that come and go,
Fantastic monsters of a weary brain;
And then to hear your voice so soft and low,
And feel your touch upon my aching brow—
Is not that Friendship—you who sorrow now?



Two Little Lives

MARY LOUISE MANNING, '09.

Once in a cozy little nook by the roadside, under a rustic apple tree, there lived a bright little daisy. Like all her tribe she was beautiful and oh! so happy, as she lifted her graceful head heavenward to watch the floating clouds, or turned to gaze with delight upon the children who played near at hand. The sunshine, as it streamed through the alley, only gave a new light to her joy.

There lived also a cheerful little lark in the apple tree above, who became at once a devoted admirer of the fickle little flower. Every morning after his matin at Heaven's gate, he perched, looked downward and sang admiringly to her a song of the heart. And the modest little mistress, raising her eyes in response, looked her delight for the tender lay. The courtship was fit for the garden of paradise.

These two little sweethearts were so happy until at last one day a fair maiden in passing picked the little daisy, caressed her for a moment, and then left her to die by the roadside alone. How sad was the heart of the lark when he came down as usual to sing his song of love and saw her plucked and dying in the path below. He was sadly singing one farewell verse to his sweetheart when the sound of a gun was heard, and as he lifted his head heavenward, his voice grew fainter and fainter until it was hushed. Thus two little lives were gone out of this bright world forevermore.

"Model? No, I am not drawing any girls now. I'm only painting fruit."

"Well! Ain't I a peach?"—Ex.

The Parting Ways

ROBERT MURRAY, '10.

The evening shadows were softly falling over the great city of Paris; that Mecca of the artists. Alone in her magnificent studio, Eulalie Lambert sat looking dreamily into space.

Seated in a large arm-chair beside a mahogany table she made a beautiful picture. Her golden hair was smoothly braided over her classic brow. One hand rested on the table at her side, the other lay languidly in her lap.

After a time she arose from the chair and walked over to the window which overlooked one of the busy streets of Paris. As she gazed on the scene of active life below a shadow stole over her fair face.

"Ah," she murmured, "how different is this from the little city in America—my home!"

She turned from the window as if sick of the sight below and the memories it brought. Seating herself again in the arm-chair she began to contrast fancifully her past life with her present.

"There," mused she, "I was a poor girl, struggling for a bare living. Then little thought I of the fame won since coming here. Paintings, which the Americans paid no heed to, the French people extol me for now. Then I was a poor, friendless girl; now I am under the guardianship of my uncle, a French nobleman. Jack! dear old Jack, who I know truly loved me. I wonder if I did right in refusing him?"

"But why do I think of these things? They are nothing to me now. I am done with the past life and have begun the new, with nothing but brightness and fame before me. I am happy." But deep in her bosom there was a dull pain as she thus dismissed the past, a tugging sense that after all she was not supremely happy.

The darkness had fallen upon the city. The fair head had drooped upon her bosom. A faint smile rested on her face. She was dreaming of the past. She saw again the little rose-covered cottage where she had spent her early life. She wandered again among the orchard trees with Jack. How happy those days were!

A shadow stole over her lovely countenance. The scene had now shifted to a busy city. It was New York. She passed through the many bitter disappointments again. There was Jack (again). He had proposed, she accepted. Then came her rich uncle from France.

She went off with him leaving Jack. She had chosen fame in preference to woman's natural way.

"Ah," she murmured in her sleep, "what rosy ways I might have gone!"

"A visitor, mademoiselle!"

She was rudely awakened from her dream by the announcement of the maid. The lights had been lit and it was quite dark outside. Before she could entirely free herself from the powers of Morpheus a handsome young man entered.

"Eulalie!" he cried eagerly.

It was Jack. He had come all the long way to know the cause of her broken engagement. Barriers break down and tears blot out. He was not honored with a cause, but was gratified none the less, for he carried back the assurance of ties completely healed.

The Best Way

CARRIE NOELL, '09.

'Taint no use er ebber sighin',
When de work's er goin' wrong.
What's de use er ebber cryin'?
Can't yo' sing some odder song?

'Taint no use ter ebber grumble
'Bout de trouble dat yo' meet,
Jes er settin' things er tumble—
Dat don't make de bitter sweet.

What's de use er allus whinin',
Tellin' fokes er bout yer woe.
Jes give up yer way er pinin',
Smile and den jes let 'em go.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

Mrs. S.—"John, didn't I hear you slipping up stairs at 4 a. m.?"

Mr. S.—"Not on your life; that was when I slipped down after crawling half-way up."—Ex.



We wish to thank the students for the generous way in which they have received and subscribed to the MESSENGER this year. The number of subscribers in the High School is twenty per cent higher than that of last year, and the responsibility of making it worth the price paid and the interest shown has also increased. We can never make this magazine what it should be until the students are made to realize that it is theirs, and will be just what they make it and nothing more. We want *you* to write something for the MESSENGER, and help to make its pages interesting. We need your best thoughts as well as your subscription. Don't wait for the editor to drive you "ten days in the week" for some promised article, but try, out of the goodness of your soul, to appreciate the fact that he has many other things to do. It is indeed a pleasure and a relief to have some one occasionally tender voluntarily some article for the MESSENGER. When we have a spirit of this kind animate the students of the High School, the office of the editor will no longer be a burden.

It is the object of the MESSENGER to publish each month the very best work along literary lines that the High School is able to produce. Now we do not wish to have our school organ misrepresent our literary abilities, and the only remedy for this is for each and every one to feel that he has a stock and share in the MESSENGER and its success.

ATHLETICS

Nothing is more encouraging than to note the steady growth of a healthy and enthusiastic athletic spirit in the High School. This is a spirit that the High School has long been in need of.

We have on the football field an aggregation of young athletes with the muscle, the speed and the skill to make ours the best High School eleven that the State can put out. They are not only noted for their fast playing, but they are marked wherever they go for their manly conduct and gentlemanly bearing. When they are defeated they have "no kick coming," but they can congratulate their opponents with not a trace of bitterness, sore feeling or prejudice. All in all, we feel safe in saying that the boys who are to represent us on the gridiron this season will make a record that will be a credit to the High School. Our team is composed of only the boys who are doing their work in school in a satisfactory manner. This places athletics on a high plane, and the school does not hesitate to give to them its hearty support. It is indeed gratifying to see the large number of students who come out to witness the games played on the home ground. Their presence and their enthusiastic support is indeed an inspiration to the team.

We would like to make mention of the loyalty and good feeling the students of last year's class still hold toward their "Alma Mater." They show that they still have a tender spot in their hearts for the scenes of their happier hours, by their frequent visits to the school. They are often with us in chapel in the morning, and are always welcome. Call again!

We stated in the first issue of the MESSENGER that there would be prizes offered for the best story and for the best poem written for the MESSENGER during the year, but the value of the prizes was not given. We are now ready to disclose this secret. There will be a prize of ten dollars for the best story and a prize of ten dollars for the best poem.

Alumni Department

There seems to be a tendency among the graduates of High Schools to forget their "Alma Mater," and the ones who first taught them the way and the truth. Such a tendency is very evident and can be easily demonstrated by the roll of graduates and the guests on the "Guest Book," who have visited the school after graduation.

Of course, you are not expected to visit your High School every month or every six months, but the act of stopping in as you pass and showing the proper spirit is a mighty good habit to cultivate.

Your instructors will be glad to see you and you should be glad to see them, even though you may have been "curried down with a rake" occasionally by them. They are entirely too busy to stop their work and entertain you and you should be too considerate to expect such individual attention.

However, we need to revive our loyalty and patriotism to an institution that first taught us to walk and endured us through our most troublesome age. They lead with such never ceasing patience and sympathetic guidance that I sometimes wonder how they could bear so many different natures and not be any more impatient than they are. These little duties, seemingly, are very small, but a thorough test will show that they are some of the essentials in the life of a school and an Alumni Association. We need unity, unity is strength and the bulwark of success.

The Executive Staff of the MESSENGER has seen fit to place among its various departments a new department and a new interest to all the readers of this magazine. This department is known as the "Alumni Department."

The purpose of this department is to show yearly what each graduating class is doing. If in college, where, and if in any other vocation of life, what, and where located. This is a new interest to the MESSENGER and we hope to make its columns as interesting and inviting to the Alumni and all who read from its pages as we possibly can. In this way we can keep in touch with each other better and watch those who have gone out into the various pathways of experience.

The Staff also wishes to have published, occasionally, under this department, an article written by some Alumnus on whatever subject he or she may choose to write on.

Below is a list of the graduates of the class of 1908 and their respective duties:

Trinity College, of course, has the majority of the class. Those who are in Trinity this year are: Mary Loomis Smith, Maye Bowling, Florence Green, Ruby Markham, Ruth Poteat, Lela Markham, Ethel Thompson, Annie West, Bertha Wilson, Rosaline Young, Daisy Rogers, Yeddie Gladstein, Maud Crews, Maria Murray, Saddie Cozart, Mamie Newman, Lawrence Cowan, Jno. Faucette, Richard Taliaferro, Leon Jones and Joe Speed. The boys are in the minority, as you can readily see, in quality and quantity.

Ella Boddie is in school at Greensboro Female College.

Leah Boddie, Mary Croom and Viola Alderman are students at the Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro.

Jas. S. Manning, Jr., and Clair Young are students at the State University, Chapel Hill.

Percy Spencer and Fred Hamlin are working with the Golden Belt Manufacturing Company, of this city.

Owen Wrenn is running the Durham Art Shop.

Roberta West and Annie Bagwell have settled down to domestic tranquility.

Janie Branson is in the office of Blackwell's Factory, of this city.

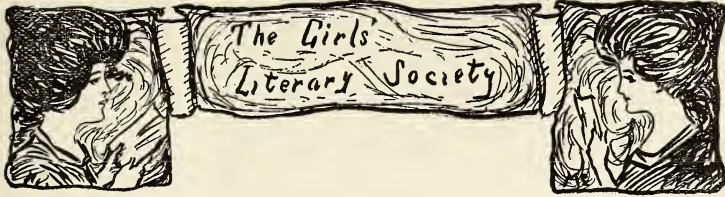
Douglas Hill is in school at Hollin's Institute, Virginia.

Willie Rogers is working with the W. R. Murray Piano Company.

Cecelia Henry is attending Converse College, of Spartanburg.

Willie Glass and Jno. Newton are following sales for the American Tobacco Company.

Several of the class couldn't be located. However, we all wish them well in whatever vocation they have taken up.



CORA WESCOTT, '11.

The Society had the pleasure of being addressed by Dr. Mims, of Trinity College, Saturday, October 3rd. His address was greatly appreciated and we thank him very much for sparing to us a few moments of his valuable time. Impromptu speeches by the visiting members of the faculty added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The interest in the Society does not die when the student ceases to be an active member was proven by the presence of so many of the class of '08 and the delightful letter addressed to us by our former president, Miss Douglas Hill.

A goodly number of new members have been added to our roll and we feel that the Society is in better shape than ever to do the work mapped out for it.

Blackwell Literary Society

GEO L. CARRINGTON, '09.

The Blackwell Literary Society now has one of the best equipped High School society halls in the State, and will soon have the best. Two years ago when the new High School building was completed the Alumni very kindly fitted out a hall in it for the use of the Blackwell Literary Society. Last year the Society improved the looks of it a great deal by having the pictures of some of the leading men of modern times hung upon the walls and otherwise decorating the hall.

This year the Society decided to begin a library of her own, or at any rate to procure some of the leading magazines of today, together with declamation and reference books, in order that the boys may not be put to the inconvenience of having to go to the Public Library to get up all the Society work. Often after they go to the library some one else has the book or magazine which they want. So, following this line of action the Society is now a subscriber to several of the leading magazines of today, and is the owner of some half a dozen declamation books and of valuable reference books which will save the boys a great deal of time and trouble in the preparation of debates.

Realizing the value of hearing another person speak and the good one can derive from it, and especially the good one can derive from hearing a person speak who knows how to speak, how to handle a subject, and how best to present that subject to his hearers, the Blackwell Literary Society has decided, if possible, to inaugurate a course of lectures to be given in the Society by some of the foremost men of Durham. It is expected that these lectures will greatly benefit the members of the Society, for by hearing these able men speak the boys will be able to profit by their good points and become better speakers.

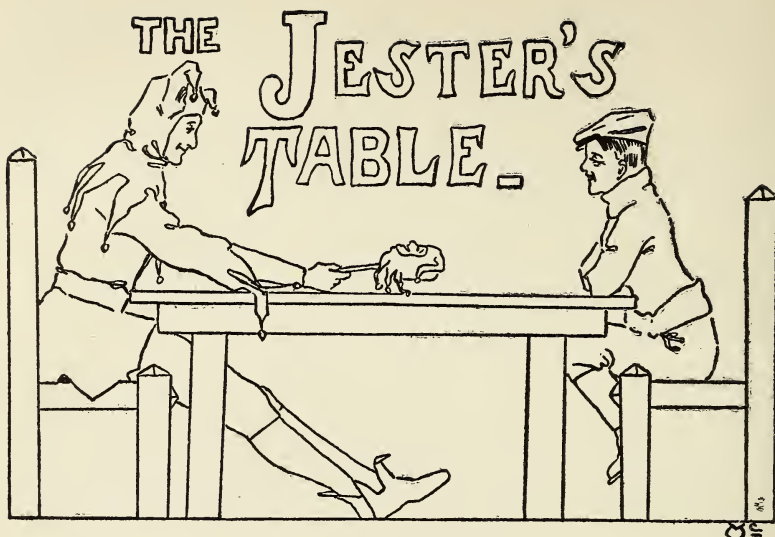


MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

This organization is not so well patronized as one would expect from such a large and enthusiastic student body. We wish to urge upon the members of the High School that this is not a club for poem writing alone, but for criticizing as well, and that this last is just as important as the first. We wish to produce poems which will appeal to the whole school and without your healthy, friendly criticism this is well nigh impossible.

We urge you one and all to attend. If you cannot write a poem you might offer a suggestion which will prove just as valuable.

In connection with this work we are contemplating taking up a course of study of the poems of great authors upon the same subjects as those offered by the students, and we wish to change the time of the meetings, which is rather inconvenient for some of the members.



We daily lament the action taken by the Advisory Board that no jokes on teachers shall be printed. However, desiring to convince former students that they are "gone but not forgotten," and believing that it will be no violation of the advice of our elders, we are persuaded to tell the following, "In Memoriam:"

Joe Speed, '08 (during the interim between bells, while monitors were giving out hats—with the memory of the third lesson on conditional sentences in Latin—with his usual winning smile—aside, to Latin teacher)—"I say, Miss ——, I bet you'll die saying 'Future less vivid!'"

Miss —— regards that as a pure clause of characteristic—coming from Joe—but a rather doubtful condition and an uncertain compliment to a spinster of good standing in community.

* * *

USEFUL.

Father—"Was your French of any use to you while in Paris?"

Daughter—"Oh, yes; when I tried to talk it, they thought I was a Portuguese and didn't charge me half as much as they do Americans."—Ex.

PROPERLY ANSWERED.

S. S. Teacher—"Now, Tom, can you tell me whose day this is?"
Tom—"Yes'm, it's Bridget's. Della had last Sunday out."—Ex.

* * *

Miss —— (in Virgil)—"Fuller, parse 'olli.'"

F. Glass (upon careful deliberation)—"That's Dative—same as
'illi.'"

Miss —— (suggesting that he should look "before and after"
for its use, and being unable to get an immediate and lucid answer)
—"Well, Fuller, what is the 'sub' in subdividens?"

Fuller (visibly brightening as the principal came in to observe)—
"Oh! that's a supposition!"

* * *

Mr. Campbell—"Which one of Shakespeare's plays is based upon
the historical fact of this invasion of the Danes?"

Third-Year Pupil—"Romeo and Juliet."

* * *

Mr. Goode—"What is meant by 'the finny drove'?"

C. C.—"Porcupines."

* * *

Who said Ex. was his favorite author?

* * *

At sweet sixteen the maiden fair,
With many lovers busy,
Will lift her nose upon the air
And ask with quite a haughty stare,
"Who is he? O who is he?"

At twenty-five she's more subdued,
With lovers not so busy.
Still doubtful men must not intrude,
She asks (not meaning to be rude):
"What is he, O what is he?"

But at the age of thirty-five,
With hopes deferred quite dizzy,
She works on quite a different plan,
And cries when hearing of a man,
"Where is he? O where is he?"

—Ex.

Of course we all wonder why Lizzie W., of 3a, translates "mon ami Robert" "my friend John."

* * *

Teacher—"Tommy, why are you scratching your head?"

Tommy—"Because I am the only one who knows where it itches."—Ex.

* * *

Countryman—"I want some cream, please."

Clerk—"What kind?"

Countryman—"I want ice cream."

* * *

Mr. C.—"Miss Hundley, who was Napoleon?"

Lucile Hundley—"He was an explorer."

* * *

History Teacher—"What was the Monroe Doctrine?"

Fuller Glass—"The Monroe Doctrine was to go against the Turks."

* * *

Parson—Do you take this woman for better or for worse?

Bridegroom—Well, I can't exactly say; her people think it is for better, but mine think it's for worse.—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Green—What is a straight line?

Mary Ruffin—"There's no such thing as a straight line. It keeps on going until it goes around the world and makes a curved line."

* * *

English Scholar—"You could quote 'Lay on Macbeth' as you butter your bread."

Younger Sister—"What kind of stuff is that?"

* * *

Distinguished Visitor—"Miss T., I admire your uncle very much."

N. S. T.—"Yes, Uncle Gus is very ecclesiastic."

* * *

English Teacher—"Miss Maude, if a man loses his wife, what is he liable to do? Either become a viler or better man?"

Maude Willis—"Marry again, I think."

* * *

Prof. E.—"Mr. L., why haven't you worked that example—don't you know there is no time like the present?"

L.—"That's why I waited till now, sir."—Ex.

SUGGESTION.

Wife—"The ice doesn't look very strong, does it?"
"Perhaps you'd better try it. You know you weigh more than I do."—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"What was the Holy Alliance?"

A. D.—"The Holy Alliance was when the people joined together to go into the Holy Land."

* * *

Teacher—"Give the plural of child."

Pupil—"Twins."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. T.—"Robert, spell needle."

Robert M.—"N—e—i—d—l—e."

Mr. T.—"Needle has no i in it."

Robert M.—"It ain't a good one then."

* * *

"I'm sorry, my dear, I can't find out what's wrong. I'm afraid you'll have to walk."

"Why, George, I wouldn't ask a dog to walk on roads like these; you'll have to push the thing, that's all."—Ex.

* * *

STRANGE.

He—"I shall be just miserable when I have to go away and leave you."

"Oh! Jack, if I were sure of that, I'd feel so happy."—Ex.

* * *

"Why did you let him in the house if you couldn't trust him?"

"But, good Heavens, man! I didn't know he was going to run off with my daughter. I thought it was my wife."

* * *

"Don't you think, Mabel, it was foolish of us to have such an expensive wedding?"

"Yes, dear; but we'll both know better next time."—Ex.

* * *

"Is your engagement a secret?"

"Oh, no. The girl knows it."—Ex.



Our Exchange table is somewhat bare this month and this state of affairs is due, we believe, to the fact that many schools are unable to get out a September issue of their magazine. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the "Red and White," published by the A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C., and the "Blue and Gold," which comes from the Findlay High School, Findlay, Ohio.

We feel that we should be too presumptuous if we should attempt to criticise the "Red and White" as it is a college magazine, yet we should like to say that in our judgment it is an unusually good opening issue.

The "Blue and Gold" has some excellent cuts for several departments, designed by "Hunter, '09." We consider this a most valuable attraction and should be glad to see some of our own students follow this good example.

From the short number of productions in the Literary Department, we are led to believe that the "Blue and Gold" suffers from the same malady as her contemporary magazines—the failure of pupils to "rush" material to the editor for the first issue.

We shall be glad to see these friends again and shall welcome others that come in later.

All Gold Does Not Glitter.

*Act I—Scene I—*King Asbestos, who fears no subsequent heat. "Ah, 'twas but yesternight the Fates in unkind mood came to my royal bed and fastened upon me the dread disease Pneumonia. Royal physicians shook gravely their learned heads, and tender hauds expressed the gentle grief writ in faces that uttering nothing yet spoke sublimest woe 'I have come,' said grim visaged Death to take thee to that charnel house where sleep together master and slave, prince and peasant, king and yokel—so you will come with me.' 'What ho! said I, go with you—not on my royal trappings. I have here a bottle of GOWAN'S PREPARATION which knocks into smithereens your advance agent, Pneumonia, which scatters congestions like a whirlwind's wrath—ha, ha—the horse seems on you and not on me—I'll rub my royal flesh and saturate it to the bone with this compound worth more than pure gold.

"And Death said:—'Were I a cussing character I would almost be tempted to use an adjective such as drunken sailors use and say that that Compound, GOWAN'S PREPARATION has caused me more failures than all other things the magicians monkey with. It seems, true indeed, that all gold does not glitter."



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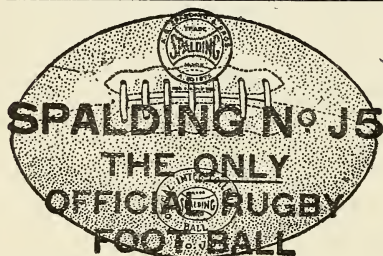
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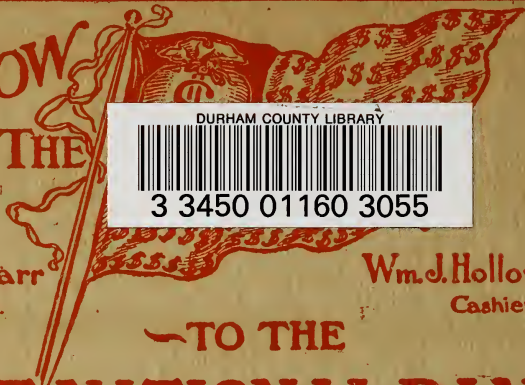
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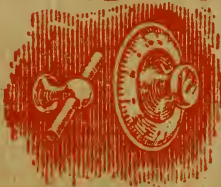
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