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# THE MESSENGER

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Durham, N. C.

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## Aunt Polly's Hallowe'en

MARION GOODALL, '12.

"Don' you do it, now, Honey! you'll be sorry ef you does. What fools chillun is!"

The speaker was old Aun' Polly, Aunt Anne Morrison's colored cook, and her remarks were addressed to Will and Maidie Gray, my brother Jack and myself. We were seated around the supper table, and Aun' Poly was standing in the doorway, with words of solemn warning on her lips.

"Trouble will come of it, you see. Ef Mis' Anne was only hyah, you wouldn't try no sech tricks. Lawdy, chile! you don' want to see no ha'nts an' witches!"

It was Hallowe'en; and Aun' Polly's wholesome fear of the supernatural had just been thoroughly aroused by Jack's careless remark about "witch catching." It was really provoking when Maidie and I had spent the afternoon in trying hard to keep our intentions hidden from the kind hearted but superstitious old woman, our self-appointed guardian during Aunt Anne's temporary absence, to have our plans betrayed at the moment when success seemed certain.

"I ain't agwine to hab it," she continued excitedly. "Dar ain't no sense in sech foolishness, nohow, and mebbe dose witches you gwine to catch, 'll catch me!"

"Oh, you needn't worry about that," spoke up Will Gray, soothingly. "You'll be perfectly safe as long as you stay away from the library."

"Stay 'way f'om de lib'ry?" she snorted as she gathered up a pile of plates and swept majestically from the room. "Stay 'way f'om de lib'ry? Why, I wouldn't go dar foah a t'ousan dollahs! Tank de Lawd, I'se got good sense, even ef othah folks hain't!"

"Come," I cried, as the laughter occasioned by this crushing retort subsided a little. "Let's go before she comes back." And push-

ing back our chairs, we adjourned to the lib'ry," where the boys at once began lighting candles and placing their pumpkin lanterns to the best advantage.

"As soon as Aun' Polly goes to bed, we'll make some candy," I announced, as we settled around the open fire.

"And now let's play 'Horned Lady' while we're waiting."

It was perhaps half an hour later and Will was just beginning, "I am a two-horned gentleman," when "Oh Lawdy! Lawdy! Lawdy!" came from the hall in a series of crescendo shrieks, followed by a noise as of something heavy falling. The cries continued. "Oh Lawd, I knows I'se a wicked ole woman but I nebber thought I was so bad at de debbil'd come foah me hisself! Oh sabe me, Lawd, sabe me! he's coming right foah me!"

Convulsed with laughter as we realized who the speaker was, we made a rush for the door. Will got there first, and as Aun' Polly saw his figure close at hand outlined against the dim light in the room beyond, his "horns" grotesquely bobbing from the swiftness of his advance, her cries broke out again with increased terror..

"Oh, Marse Debbil, please lemme 'lone! I don' want die yet! Marse Jack! Oh, Marse Jack," as Jack appeared, "fo de Lawd's sake keep him off! I tole you not to do it an' you done it ennyway and now hyah's de debbil hisself! Oh, Lawd!"

"Aun' Polly," I exclaimed, as a sudden light broke in upon me, "there's nothing the matter. That's not the devil, that's only Will."

"Is dat de trufe, honey?" she asked breathlessly, "Is dat de honest trufe?"

"Yes," I answered reassuringly. "Those horns are only paper. We were just playing 'Horned Lady!'"

"Well den" she remarked with a ludicrous change of tone as she rose slowly from her knees—"Well, den, I calls dat ar a mean trick to play on a poah ole woman dat was only comin' to tell you whar to find de cidah! Ennybody'd a been scarit to come along in de dark an' see dem awful faces a-grinnin' at you, and somebody wid horns in de middle of 'em, mighty like a debbil ennyway. It's my opinion dey'll fin' de sure thing quick enuff," and the trembling Polly stalked away with stately poise.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Will in a very bewildered tone as she vanished, "Do you mean to tell me that she thought I was the devil?"

And our peals of laughter answered his question

# To Hope

P. E., '12.

Most constant light that decks life's fickle sky,  
Thou hast enslaved me by thy constancy.  
Sometime the sun of joy, so bright, so high,  
Makes me ignore thee in my ecstasy,  
Joy, like the Sun, cannot its zenith hold,  
But fast doth wane and sinks behind the verge  
And so gives way to doubt's dark night and cold  
When foul despondence round my soul doth surge.  
Then I, with bowed head, disappointment's crown,  
Firm resolutions 'gainst all hopes do make,  
And clouds with night conspire thy light to down;  
Though life or fortune, much or all art stake  
Yet, heavenly tyrant, dost thou shine on still  
Forcing me onward 'gainst determined will.

# The Dragon's Story

GEORGE READE, '12.

"Mama, tell us a story!" cried the little dragons

"Children, be less noisy; I have just slain a knight and am a little irritable. Young dragons should be thoughtful and should never disturb their parents after a night's fighting is over!" said Mr. Dragon.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight all night and should have plenty of sleep in the day. I will tell you a story if you will promise to go quietly to bed afterwards."

So the little ones coiled themselves into comfortable hollows in their cave, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

Mama, tell us a man story, for we are so tired of 'when I was a little dragon,' cried all the young dragons together.

"Very well then. Listen quietly, and don't rustle your wings or flap your tails."

"There was once a most delightful land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl; no sunshine to shrink the scales or dry the wings; no bright glaring fields to dazzle one's eyes. Even at mid-day one could slide comfortably about and never catch the flash of a sunbeam on the water.

"In this charming country your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a while, for those creatures called men were plentiful. They lived in caves like we do and were easy to get; but at length came an age when those mean creatures began to build wooden houses that we could not enter, and so compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthy glaring daylight that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. Even with all this exposure, we could succeed in catching only some of the little ones. Think how your poor mother suffered. I was almost starved. I became so thin that I rattled."

Mrs. Dragon looked at the young creatures and saw that the eyes of the two smallest ones were really shedding sparks. She was touched by their sympathy but fearing the story was becoming too sad, hastened to brighten it.

"Well, dears, it did not last long. The next morning just at dawn Mr. Dragon returned with a delicious marketing. When we had

retired to the darkest, dampest corner of the cave, he told me the story of his great achievement.

"Your brave father had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden houses! We sat up late that happy morning and enjoyed a delicious supper and slept soundly until nightfall.

"We arose with the moon; and your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave; when suddenly he saw a dark object with a shiny coat. It was a thing called a knight. They are good to eat and are found among men. They are also dangerous.

"When I saw him I began to be afraid, but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar he blew out a mass of dark smoke and scarlet flame at the knight.

"Although small the knight was plucky and showed fight. He scratched dear papa slightly with a long hard stick, on the end of which was a bit of hard shell. Then the knight went away.

"Your father eagerly followed and broke the knight's stick. Then he got another and scratched your father's lovely scales. This new stick met the fate of the other. It was crushed by your father's strong teeth, and then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great swoop—and that decided the battle! We ate the knight at our next meal."

The young dragons were delighted and even thought of asking for another story; but their mother for the first time noticed that it was almost broad daylight.

"Goodness, children I hear the little birds singing," said she. "Run and get into your little beds. Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draught where you will keep good and cold."

## Echoes of Summer

NATALIE TUCK, '11.

O roses with thy crimson leaves,  
Thy grace and beauty rare,  
King Winter will soon come sweeping by,  
And leave thee cold and bare!  
Will kiss the blushes from thy cheeks,  
Will toss thy petals down;  
Thy dying, shattered, withered leaves  
Show crimson on the ground.

Thy nodding head is drooping low,  
Thy smile is not so bright,  
Thy shattered, falling, crimson leaves  
Are fragrant as the night.  
Thy arms so brown and dead, and bare,  
Reach upward through the snow,  
And thou art wrapped in winter's sleep  
'Til summer breezes blow.





CORA V. WESCOTT, '11.

It is a delightful autumn morning. The shadows are yet long and dew sparkles from grass and shrubbery. A tall, awkward youth of about seventeen years may be seen moving casually through an open glade. Now he examines a bit of rare foliage or his attention is attracted by a peculiar species of insect which he happens upon. Certainly, from all appearances he is deeply interested in the works of nature so prevalent about him. In the distance he espies a large object, queerly shaped, black, with white bursting from its side as if it were a huge cotton-boll. Moving nearer, the dark portion takes on the aspect of a baby carriage while the white seems but the infant's clothing. He marvels somewhat at this untimely sight, for who would have a child out at this hour much less leave it to the mercies of the woods as this one seems to have been? Something seems to beckon him onward, so with hastening steps he draws nearer. A few yards away he stops stock still. His blood fairly curdles in his veins. Almost overcome he catches at a tree for support. For before his excited eyes is it not the form of his baby sister he beholds, across the foot of her carriage as though carelessly tossed there, a great red spot gleaming from her head which seems to bespeak of the horrible fate that has been hers?

How long he stands there he knows not, but after what seems a long time he gathers strength to go and raise the stiff body in his trembling hands. Is it the face of his little sister he sees with blood streaming from her head as he expects? He looks. To his astonishment there is the face of Sallie, the rag doll that has long held a place in the family circle; a great red bow pinned upon her hair instead of the splash of blood.

# The Grandfather's Clock

GLADYS GORMAN, '12.

Strike, ancient clock!  
Strike on the ever passing hour,  
Old Time may mock,  
But not at thy concealéd power  
Which before his scythe refuses to cower.

I wish that you  
The varied scenes you have seen,  
Could tell anew  
To me how many children e'en  
Gazed with wonder on your grave mien.

Did you not warn  
In colonial time the dames  
How near was dawn,  
That morning would bring other claims,  
Above the minute some higher aims.

Strike, ancient clock!  
Strike on the ever passing hour,  
Old Time may mock,  
But not at thy concealéd power  
Which before his scythe refuse to cower.

# Jerry's Unfortunate 'Possum Hunt

PRESTON EPPS, '12.

In a valley about five miles north of Lynchburg, Va., an old dark-ey named Jerry Tucker was living alone in a log cabin.

Uncle Jerry was a great 'possum hunter and owned three of the best hounds that ever scented a trail. Being reared in the days of slavery, "he nebber had seed dat place he was a skeered to go into no matter what time of de day or night it was;" for he had been hunting for forty years and never had been frightened.

Just two miles farther north lived a wealthy farmer named Daniel Harris who owned a large tract of hunting ground; and since he did not hunt much, game had come to be abundant on his pantation. Jerry, hearing of Mr. Harris' plantation—as he had killed all the game in his neighborhood—decided that he would go up and see if Mr. Harris would allow him to hunt 'possums on his plantation.

"Mr. Harris," said Jerry, after talking awhile about 'de good old days gone by,' "dey tell me dat you's jest got all kinds er good hunt-in' ground up here."

"Yes, Jerry," replied Mr. Harris, "just all you want and there are so many 'possums up here that they are annoying."

"Well boss I's jest got three er de best hounds dat you eber seed, and if dare is anything in dis world dat I likes to do, 'tis hunt 'possums. So I's come up here fer to see if you'd mind me a-huntin' some on your plantation."

"Why no, Jerry, just help yourself. But say, Jerry, do you know where that mountain is just about a mile east of here called the mountain of the Genii—over there close to Jack Sorrell's place?"

"Yes, boss I's passed by dare several times but nebber is been into it."

"Well it is said to be haunted and I would advise you not to hunt in there alone; for I know several men who have had some rather exciting experiences in there."

"Dat's all right about dat, boss. If dat's de only objection you has to me hunting in dare, I'll jest go ahead, 'case I'se not skeered."

"All right Jerry, I just thought I would tell you of it. You are perfectly welcome to hunt in there so far as I am concerned."

"All right sir boss, de fust damp night dat comes, you'd as well listen out for me 'case I'se comin."

"All right, Jerry."

"Thank you, boss."

And with that Jerry turned his face homeward dreaming about "dem possums he was gwine ter ketch;" and so carried away was Jerry with his fortune that he actually went to the potato hill and took out a sack of potatoes.

The third night following this was damp and cloudy. Jerry gathered up his horn, sack, lantern, and axe; and calling to his faithful hounds, set out for Mr. Harris' plantation. After he had gone about a mile and a half, he came to a little branch across which he had to jump. When he jumped, his light went out; and as he was miring up, he did not take time to relight it. However, after he had gone a short distance, he lighted his lantern and went on his way wondering if his sack would be sufficient to hold the 'possums. In a few minutes, to his great surprise, he found that he was lost. It was only a short time, however, before the dogs were so eager on a trail that Jerry forgot his misfortune and proceeded to follow them. Directly to the mountain of the Genii they led him; and around the mountain they began to trail as though they were within twenty-five feet of the object they were trailing.

Jerry, being tired, decided to rest a little while. So he walked up into the edge of the grove and, after putting out his lantern, sat down. Scarcely had he seated himself when he perceived that the dogs were coming nearer. In a few minutes, they passed by the edge of the grove, just a few feet below him, running at full speed and went on around the mountain. When this had been repeated three times Jerry noticed that he could see the dogs but could not see anything that they were running. So he thought that he would cut him a bush and strike about where he thought—judging from the eagerness with which the hounds were trailing—the object they were pursuing would be, the next time they passed. No sooner had he got his bush cut and walked out to the edge of the grove than they came up still eagerly trailing. Jerry, hearing a curious noise but seeing nothing, came down with his brush. When he did, something leaped over his head and giving a loud yell somewhat resembling the neigh of a horse, rushed into the interior of the grove, pursued by the hounds. Jerry's heart began to beat a little unusual. Yet the enthusiasm of the chase caused him to seize his lantern—which, although he had blown it out, was now burning—and axe

and begin to follow. He had gone only a short distance when he found that the dogs had treed. He began to cut the tree down; but as soon as it had begun to shake a little, he heard something, that sounded like the falling of about a hundred trace-chains. Something hit the ground beside him and again fled from the dogs. Jerry, grabbing his lantern, followed closely. Before going very far, they treed in a hollow stump about four feet high. When Jerry arrived, of course, he went up and started to look over into the hollow. When he did, his lantern went out and an apparation clothed in white teeth like a horse and claws like a bear, sprang out about two feet taller than the stump, and after giving a frightful neigh, exclaimed "The dogs have come, and you have come; now what can you do?"

Uncle Jerry was never able to remember just what or whether he answered; but judging from his action he must have said something like this: "I can run like a turkey." For it was a difficult matter to tell which succeeded in getting out of the mountain first, Uncle Jerry or the dogs.. After running for more than a mile, he came to another creek which he was forced to jump. As he was jumping this, his lantern fell into it. After getting it out, since it was darker on this side of the creek than it was on the other, he tried to light it, when he found that so much water had run into it, that it would not burn.

Groping on in the darkness he soon noticed a light swinging to and fro across the path. His heart almost failed him, but as there was no other way to go he walked on. When he was in about ten feet of the light, it went out and Jerry felt something take a hold on him as though it were trying to lead him. He refused to be led and caught hold of a tree. Then something began to whip him severely. It brought to him fond recollections of by-gone days; but since he would not loose his hold, whatever it was that was whipping him stopped. In a few minutes his dogs came up with their heads hung and tails tucked as though they had shared the same fate as their master; so after petting them a little he set out for home again and succeeded in reaching it about four-thirty the next morning.

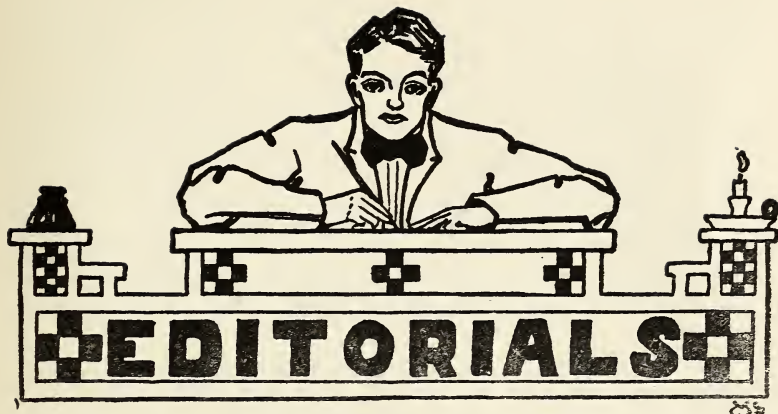
Whether Jerry ever went hunting again or not I do not know, but I do know that he could never again boast of never having been frightened and that he also ate the potatoes minus the 'possum gravy.

# October

MARION GOODALL, '12.

When the leaves begin to turn and fall,  
When from the air the wild birds call,  
And a soft blue mist lies over all,  
We sing, "Tis thee, October!"

But when cold winds begin to shrill,  
And leaves lie dead on dale and hill,  
And all the world is bare and still,  
We sigh, 'Farewell, October!'



### THE MAGAZINE

Speaking to the student body as a whole, in behalf of the editors and the staff in general, I wish to say that unless the student body gives us the proper support it will be impossible to make a success of the magazine. If the student body will but realize that the magazine is theirs and will come forward with their subscriptions, we will promise the best magazine ever put out.

You who come to the High School for the first time this year, we want your support. Think about the magazine, talk about it, boost it. If you can't subscribe, get a subscriber; write for it; draw for it; don't try to knock it, but lift it up all you can. Tell us our faults and tell your friends our good points. The success of the magazine rests with the student body. What will you do with it?

Try to think up some original story or poem, in your spare moments and write them for the MESSENGER. Even if you fail to get your story published, do not be discouraged, but write another, and if that is no good write another. "Don't give up the ship." Remember the fable of the tortoise and the hare, and keep on trying and in the end your efforts will be crowned with success. If the student body will help us in the ways I have mentioned our success will be assured.

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### ATHLETICS

The school board has seen fit to abolish football from our list of

athletics. Of course no one ever gets killed or hurt except in football games, but let's not grumble about that but make the best of our other games.

The baseball boys have played two games this fall, these games being with East Durham, the High School defeating them to the tune of 6-1 and 3-1. Although we lost some of our best players in last year's graduating class, we have some new material which gives promise of a better team than we have ever had before.

The Girls' Tennis Court has been cleared and every day sees some one on the court. Basketball too has become one of the favorites with our girls. Class teams are being organized and a lively contest is expected for the class championship.

G. M. C.

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Our readers will be interested in the following facts about the Durham City Schools.

The total enrollment in the schools for the first month of the present session was 3,251. Of this number 2,025 are enrolled in the white schools.

The enrollment by schools is as follows: The High School, 454; the Morehead School 565; the Fuller School 337; the Edgement School 433; the North Durham School 236; the Whitted School 776; the West End School 450.

There are employed in all of the schools this year ninety teachers. Sixty-one of these are in the white schools, and twenty-nine in the colored.

The building of the High School five years ago, and the consequent removal of High School pupils from the Elementary School buildings, left some rooms vacant in these buildings. These have gradually been filled until there are now no vacant rooms in any of the buildings, and some of the buildings are crowded this year.

The usual amount of repair work was done on the buildings during the past summer. The largest amount of repair work was done in the Morehead School. This building is the oldest in the system. The heating plant was thoroughly worn out. A thoroughly modern heating and ventilating plant has now been installed.

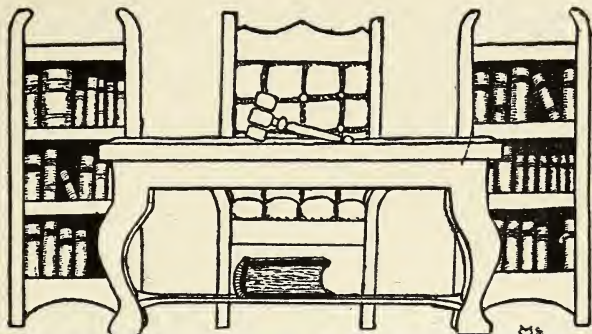
G. M. C.

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## BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

On the 16th of September the B. L. S. held its first meeting of the year for the purpose of initiating new members and transacting other business relative to the first of the year.

As a result of this meeting six new members were added to the roll, who will fill the seats made vacant by the members who graduated last year and whom we greatly regret giving up.

The time of assembling and the methods of carrying on the work in the Society has been greatly changed by a committee composed of two representatives of the society together with the faculty managers and Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Green.

The time of meeting was decided by this committee to be at four o'clock in the afternoon instead of seven-thirty at night, as has been the custom heretofore.

In regard to the debates and declamations it was decided that the Society shall be divided into sections A and B, respectively, and that each section shall be given the query for debate a month in advance, thus giving two weeks in which to write the debate. At the end of two weeks the debaters are to hand the speeches in to the English teacher, who hands it back corrected within a week, giving the debaters one week in which to memorize the debate. The declamations are also submitted to the English teacher for approval.

It was also decided that no member should be allowed either to debate or declaim over four minutes or less than one, and that every time he debates or declaims satisfactorily he is given two points on English for the month.

Boys, with these changes, let's make this the banner year in the history of the Society by hard work and by supporting such methods as will tend to the betterment of the Society..

# McIver Literary Society

---

We had our first meeting on September 16, and there was a good attendance. We miss those of our number who have graduated or gone to work.

Mr. Holton's place as the general helper and adviser of the Society will be hard to fill. This year we have Mr. Campbell and Mr. Blanchard to help us. Mr. Campbell is critic of the Society and Mr. Blanchard is chairman of the Executive Committee.

The officers of the Society are now: Preston Epps, President; Frank Sasser, Vice-President; George Reade, Secretary; James Freeman, Treasurer; and Allan Markham, Marshal.

Since resuming the work of the Society, we have had two very good debates and several good declamations. The question for the first debate was: "Resolved, that a high tax should be placed upon all immigrants to the United States." This debate was won by the negative. The question for the second debate was: "Resolved, that the policy of the United States with respect to Chinese immigration should be continued." This was won by the affirmative. Each afternoon that we had a debate we had two declamations. These were also very good, considering the time that was given for the declaimers to memorize a declamation. These first two times the speakers had only a few days in which to learn a speech. On October 14 we had a program composed entirely of declamations. This meeting was the first time that we have tried the new plan of doing the work of the Society.

This year, the way in which the Society does its work is very different from that of last year. The council of the two Societies met and arranged this. The membership is divided into four parts, and instead of having a debate and two declamations each meeting, we have only a debate one afternoon, and the next Friday we have only declamations. In debating, one part takes the affirmative and another part takes the negative, not considering the number of people on each side. There may be any number debating on the same question. In declaiming, one-half of the members declaim.

In this way every fellow has a chance both to debate and declaim each month.

This year, the time of meeting has also been changed. Instead of meeting at half-past seven in the evening, as before, we now meet at four o'clock in the afternoon.

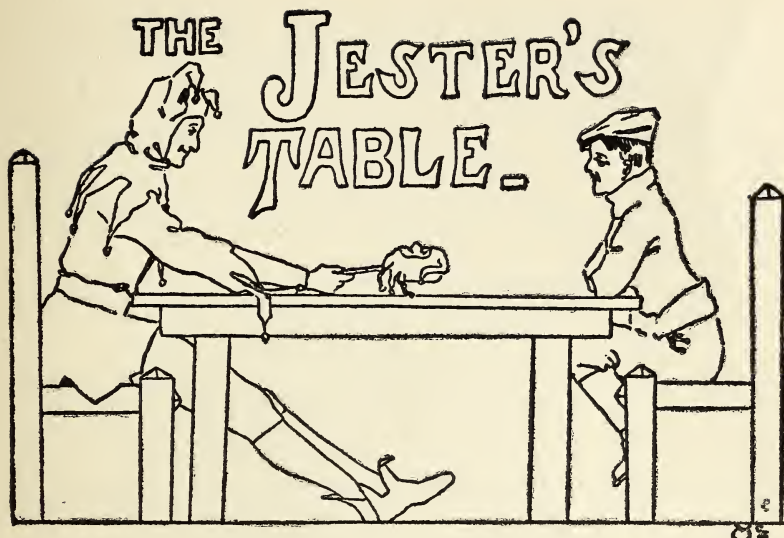
The coming year bids fair to be one of the best in Society work. Our members are attending regularly, only one or two fellows being out each meeting, and they usually have good excuses—and the boys are becoming enthusiastic over the work.

# Cornelia Spencer Literary Society

---

Never so keenly have we felt the loss of the Class '10 as when we resumed our society work this year. We were aware that in it went as goodly a number of the brightest stars as we have ever had to guide us. Though they are greatly missed from our midst, yet we extend to them, in the greater fields where they have gone to cast their labors, our greatest good will for success. We feel keenly our inability to fill their places. However only a few meetings were called before our courage began to grow rapidly. While thinking of our loss we overlooked the splendid material we still had left to us. This soon made itself felt in the way new members were acquired. Never in the history of our Society has it known so large an enrollment as it now has. Not only is our membership large, but it possesses those qualities which assure success. Then too we have from our faculty Miss Tillett and Miss Whitted, who have ever kindly assisted us in whatever way we have had need of them. We gladly welcome among us Miss Hampton, also one of the members of our faculty, and are grateful for the services she offers.

Though our loss has been heavy our gain too has been great, and we are looking forward to a year of wonderful success.



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

Johnny—"Because I am the only one that knows where it itches."

—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

### A TOUCHING VERSE

At first she touches up her hair  
 To see if it's in place,  
 And then in manner debonnair  
 She touches up her face;  
 A touch to curls behind her ear,  
 A touch to silken collar,  
 And then she's off to hubby dear—  
 To touch him for a dollar."

—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Teacher (to Sammy, who was idly wasting his time)—"Look here, Sammy, don't you know that the devil always finds work for idle hands? Come right up here and let me give you something to do."

—*Ex.*

"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.*

\* \* \*

"These are times that try men's souls."—Examination Week.

\* \* \*

She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself—Mary Bryan Griswold.

\* \* \*

I remember, I remember  
The girls I used to woo;  
The pretty roundness of their forms  
Was pleasant to the view.  
They never seemed a bit too plump,  
So sweet and fair were they;  
But now most all the girls I meet  
A breath would blow away.

Oh, Jimmie dear, oh Jimmie dear,  
The girls you used to woo?  
Why did the maids so fair receive  
Advances made by you?  
They must have been just plump enough,  
But tell us if you please,  
What right had you to sit around,  
And hold them on your knees.

—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Principal (entering room where the pupils were almost holding a jubilee in the absence of their teacher)—"Why, girls, don't you know if you are bad the old devil will get you? The next time I find that you have been behaving so, I shall come up for you."

\* \* \*

Bachelor—"Was that you I kissed behind the conservatory last night?"

Widow—"About what time was it?"—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

We do not want her any longer, she is long enough.—Mamie Cheek

"The man sat on the moonlight deck,  
His head was in a whirl;  
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,  
His arms were full of girl."—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

There is one girl in 4A who is not afraid of worms.

\* \* \*

"That's fare enough," said the conductor, as I handed him a nickel

\* \* \*

T. H.—"Do you believe a fellow can love more than one?"

L. S.—"Oh yes. One winter I loved an entire seminary."—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

T. K.—"There was a terrible storm here, and it blew up Main st."

H. W.—"That must have been the same one that blew down Chapel Hill."

\* \* \*

Science Teacher—"Lillian, if you were sitting on the seashore, what would happen to your dress?"

"L. S. (1B)—"I suppose it would blow away."

\* \* \*

1B Science—"When the water strikes the shore where does it go?"

R. L.—"It bumps back in the ocean."



The only magazine which has come to our table this month is the *Wake Forest Student*, a periodical so far our superior that we would not presume to criticise it. We may say, however, that we welcome it and if all the numbers measure up to the excellence of this one we shall read it with increasing interest.

We are anticipating the pleasure of receiving all of our old friends this month and shall enjoy reading them and offering some friendly criticism. It will be very beneficial to us, too, and we should appreciate it, if our exchanges will make any suggestions which may occur to them for improvement of our magazine.



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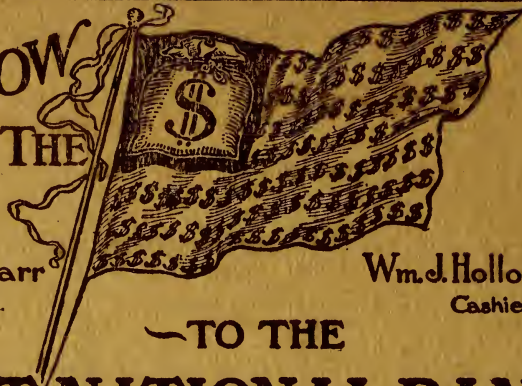
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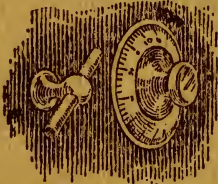
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