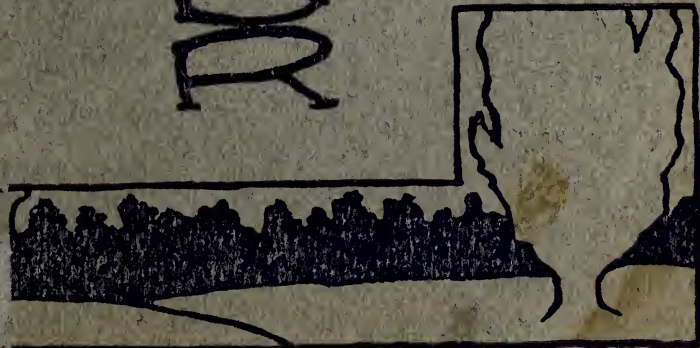


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October

Ruth Herndon, '12

When the song-birds southward go
O'er the tree-tops, flying low;
When the winds in merry rout
Toss the yellow leaves about;
When the moon is big and bright,
Lighting up the starless night;
When the first white frosts appear —
'Tis the time of all the year,
That is given the name — October.

When the air is cool and clear,
And the evening star is near;
When the summer turns to fall,
Making bare the trees so tall;
When all weariness is dead
And new life is given instead,
Then we all just seem to know
'Tis the month that we love so —
We've a feeling it's October.



A Hallowe'en Mystery

Margaret Martin, '13

The day before Hallowe'en all the girls of Briarwood Seminary were up for a lark. They could not agree, so they divided into three groups. The group which was the largest took the gymnasium for a masquerade. The other large group decided to decorate the laboratory and have a spread in one of the large parlors there.

Gay Harris and her "crowd," as that group of girls was called, decided to have their fun in a different way.

Gay was ringleader, so after supper on Hallowe'en they followed her upstairs to her room where they found everything scattered over the beds and chairs and even on the floor. The sheets and pillow cases lay across a chair, and on the back of the same one there hung a suit of boy's clothes which evidently belonged to Gay's brother, who was then a Freshman at a neighboring college.

"What in the world are you up to anyway?" asked one of the girls as she perched on the foot of the bed (the only place she could find to sit down).

"You just wait and you'll see," said Gay. Then she began to explain: "Elsie, you and Nellie must put these sheets around you and be ghosts. Each of you stand just inside of the cellar door with a piece of ice in your hand, and when the other girls come to see their fate in a mirror just lay a cold finger on them or grab

them with your icy hand. Then, if any one has the courage to come any farther with their mirror I will step behind her and look into her mirror and she will think she has seen her future husband. See?" As she talked she had arrayed herself in her brother's clothes.

"Wouldn't I make a fine 'fate' for some of these girls?" she said as they slipped down the fire escape into the back yard.

Gay lighted the way to the cellar door by a tiny electric flashlight, and the ghosts had just stationed themselves by the door, and Gay in a dark corner, when they heard the girls coming.

As one of the girls opened the door an icy finger was laid on her hand and she screamed: "Ghosts! Ghosts!" dropped her candle and ran.

"Huh! I wouldn't be such a goose; I'm not afraid," said another girl, and she walked boldly into the cellar. The ghosts did not bother her, but as she held her mirror up and began repeating the rhyme, the face of a handsome young man appeared smiling into her mirror. When she saw this she dropped both candle and mirror, and ran up the steps as fast as she could, believing that she had seen her fate.

About that time it seemed that a panic had struck the girls, for cold fingers were laid on their arms and icy hands clutched their ankles, and they thought they saw a whole army of ghosts and goblins. They aroused the whole school and ran to the east wing of the dormitory for refuge.

By the time the teachers reached the cellar not a ghost could be found, and in Gay's room in the west wing three giggling girls smothered between the cold sheets of Gay's bed.

That Hallowe'en was long talked about in the school, but the mystery of the ghosts was never found out. And Gay and her crowd kept their secret.



On Hallowe'en

Gladys Tuck, '14

Hallowe'en night's a scary time,
'Bout midnight, don't you know;
When your head's down under the covers,
And the light is burning low.
Witches come riding thro' the room,
And spooks a-whispering, too;
How can you keep from being scared,
And sorter feelin' blue?

And when you hear the screech-owl's call
From out the distant wood,
You think of the naughty things you've done,
And wish that you'd been good.
And how you hurt the little pup,
And made the piggie squeal;
And how you broke your sister's doll —
Aw, I know how you feel.

'Cause spooks are mighty scary things
'At walk around in white,
Looking at you with bright eyes
A-shining in the night.
Your hair stands straight up on your head;
With fright you turn mos' green,
And vow you'll never more be bad
On the night of Hallowe'en.



An Hour With the Witches

Roxie Riley, '12

I was very tired and worn out. School had been a bore, and then, too, I had been helping mother and some other ladies decorate for Hallowe'en. I was ill and cross and nothing suited me; so, gathering up some sofa pillows, I went down to the farthest corner of the lawn, and stretched myself on the grass and dead leaves for a long rest.

I was gazing up at the beautiful blue sky when some one tapped me on the shoulder. I arose quickly, and what do you think I saw? The ugliest old witch I had ever read about. I had always wanted to see a witch and at last my desire was gratified. I was about to speak when she put her finger to her lips and motioned me to follow her. When we had gone a short distance she stopped abruptly.

"I am Hecate, queen of the witches. How would you like to go with me to the witches' cave?" she asked, in a fine, shrill voice.

"Uh! I'd like it very much," I replied, curious, but half afraid.

At this she turned around several times and snatched a broom from the air. Mounting this she directed me to get on behind her. I did so, and away we sailed through the air.

She must have cast a great spell over me, for I remembered nothing else until I found myself in a dark cave, lighted only by the fire-light. The weird sisters, seated around a large cauldron, cast flickering shadows on the walls.

Hecate told me that they were just ready to boil the charmed pot and if I'd be very quiet I might stay and see what happened.

At a sign from the queen they all arose and began marching around the cauldron singing,

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,"

and at the same time throwing in,

“Eyes of newts and toes of frogs,
Wools of bat and tongue of dogs.”

Of course, this seemed funny to me and I laughed, and when I did they all ran at me with faces uglier than ever, exclaiming:

“You’ve broken the spell and we’ll turn you into a witch.”

I ran as fast as I could, falling down and bruising myself so badly that I could hardly run another step. The cave was so dark that I could hardly find my way, but I kept on and finally I saw a streak of light. When I got to the mouth of the cave, lo! and behold! there was a river, and no way to go around it; so I made up my mind I’d rather be drowned than turned into a witch. I gave one long plunge and just as I struck the water I heard — mother calling me:

“Come into the house! You’ll catch your death sleeping in the rain.”

Autumn Days

Theodore Young, '12

Old Summer gay, in bright array,
Is making way for Autumn’s day;
And this in turn will soon be burned
Until the whole year’s wheel is turned.

And thus it is with life so gay —
It soon gets in its Autumn day;
And then these bright days soon are left,
Leaving the home and world bereft.

Vacation Experiences

I.

It was all very much like the old story of the Wishing Gate and the Foolish Boy; but I was very glad that it happened so, for I think I could not have enjoyed this vacation experience quite so much had I known at first what I afterwards learned.

I had often been told that there was a very distinguished botanist living near the hotel, but aside from being very anxious to see her garden, I had thought no more of the news and was enjoying my afternoon walk with never a thought as to how many sepals, pistils, stamens or locules belonged to the wild flowers by the road, when I came to the quaintest cottage, surrounded by a very high hedge, and was immediately overwhelmed with a desire to know what was inside.

I suppose I must have wished aloud, for in a second I was facing the dearest old lady in a bewilderingly lovely garden on the other side of the hedge, and she was explaining to me how she nursed and loved each blossom soul, and I was telling her of how I loved the flowers, and of the famous botanist I had heard of.

"Well, I like the way you captured the botanist!" said one of the girls when I told of my visit. And then I knew.

Elizabeth Fuller, '13

II.

..

It was a beautiful evening. The sun could just be seen peeping over a mountain, making it more conspicuous than the rest. We were walking leisurely along when I felt a drop of rain, then another, on my head. I told my companions, and we looked in the west and saw that the mountains were almost hid from view by rain. None of us had an umbrella, so we turned back for home.

Not far from home, on the roadside, was a large apple tree. There my friend and I stopped, while my sister went for some umbrellas. While she was gone it began to rain hard and we were ready to run home in the rain when we saw her coming. We waited, and each took an umbrella. Now it was raining hard. We were almost compelled to go to town, for the next day was Sunday and there were several things we had to have. We did not know what to do, but ran on towards town. My friend saw a very

large apple tree (she seems to have liked apple trees), and said she was going to stop under it. She ran on in front and stopped there. Before I had time to reach the tree some one called me. I looked in the direction the voice came from and saw two of my friends standing under a barn-shed, which was near by. We went down there and waited until the rain was about over, and then started on our trip again.

We reached town all right without anything else happening, except being frightened by a cow, but did not reach town until nearly dark, with our slippers covered with mud. My friend said she had one grudge against the rain: it ruined her white slippers.

Grace Holton, '13

III.

Last summer, when we were planning our vacation trip, we decided that instead of taking our usual trip to the mountains or seashore we would take a trip in our new automobile. Mother, father, brother, a very dear friend and her brother, and I, made up the party.

We went direct to Plymouth Rock, Burial Hill, and the old Pilgrim houses.

Next morning we bade adieu to Plymouth, and headed northward, stopping at the town of Marshfield long enough to visit the grave of Daniel Webster.

We made Lexington our headquarters, and from there we made trips to neighboring points of interest. Our first trip was to Cambridge, where we saw the houses of Longfellow and Lowell. Next we went to Concord, where we saw the statue of "The Minute-Man," and all other interesting sights.

After ten delightful days of this sightseeing, we returned to Philadelphia, making few stops except those at night.

Mattie Moye Adams, '13

IV.

The day was hot and sultry, the very kind to make one feel lonesome and lazy. I was sitting on the cool porch at my aunt's, in the country. There were no children, except one, a small boy, but he had gone off. I had a book, trying to read, but found it uninteresting. There was a beautiful landscape before me — the large oak trees in the grove, the green pasture on one side, where

some half-grown sheep were grazing (for I was down in the eastern part of the State), and the poultry-yard on another, where vain peafowls and turkeys were.

I was sitting there taking it all in when, being tired of swinging to and fro in the hammock, my attention was drawn to some ants going to and fro on the floor. I reached out my hand and they ran away — all but one which (I confess, shamefully) I killed, although unknowingly. I followed the others and soon came to a tiny house made of moss and dirt, and I looked in. "Mother Ant" had come home and was telling the sad story about "somebody" killing her beloved husband. After awhile they all came out, and spying me they joined in chorus, "Here she is," and in a minute the whole pack was on me trying to carry me to their king, and —

"Oh! Mother; here she is," cried Gaston, my cousin, who had returned. Though only a dream it did me good, for I learned a lesson not soon to be forgot that August afternoon.

Elva Dixon, '14

V.

Generally speaking, every girl, during her vacation undergoes a certain experience that she will never forget.

One of my most interesting experiences took place this summer, while I was away from home. I was visiting a cousin of mine who lives in Hillsboro.

She has almost everything she cares for, but the dearest thing she possesses is her spotted pony, Dan. The little Dan is very gentle, so we would go to ride every afternoon.

One afternoon, as we started for our trip, we quickly observed that something had gone wrong with the pony. He shook his head, pawed the ground, and acted in all respects profoundly unlike his customs. He started off with a leap, and it took all of our strength to hold Dan. At last Helen and I got the little "rebel" under control, but suddenly turning his eyes to a bridge, he wheeled swiftly around and rushed back with a gallop. We carefully examined the bridge and its surroundings. And lo! there was a little negro sitting on a stone under the bridge. Of course, we thought the pony was frightened at this little boy. But to our utter surprise and ignorance, the harness on Dan was put on entirely wrong, and certainly he was cross.

Carrie Belle Craig, '12

VI.

As the imperial sun rode majestically downward to the edge of the horizon, and the sky blushed into the pale tint of a wild rose and deepened softly and steadily with an ever-increasing brilliance, we moved slowly up to the top of the enchanted rock.

Just as the last rays of light died away a wind began to rustle mysteriously among the trees. Then, gradually growing wrathful, strove to whistle a loud defiance to the roar of the tumbling waters of the falls beyond the tall oaks. Through the little nooks and windows of our roughly constructed cabin it uttered small, wild shrieks of warning or dismay, until the raindrops began to fall as if the clouds had been touched by an invisible hand. Was the forest on fire, or was it the glare of fitful lightning that streamed through the door and dazzled our drowsy eyes?

Without another second's hesitation the party rushed to the door. Where was the peaceful scene of the evening? The tall trees, rustling and swaying in the boistrous wind, took all the lightning flashes into their trunks and leaves,—the grey stones and pebbles turned to lumps of gold and heaps of diamonds in this apparently suddenly kindled fire. Nothing would have surprised us at that minute,—a troop of witches dancing on the heath,—a ring of fairies dancing from rock to rock, or the song of sweet-voiced water-nymphs would have been eminently fitted for the unreal and fantastical scene.

For one half second a lightning flash revealed the opposite mountain, on which white wreaths of snow lay, darkened here and there by interrupting rocks and boulders, bringing them into near and sparkling prominence.

Lois Roberts, '12



An Eagle Hunt

A. R. Moore, '12

We had now been tramping through marshy valleys and over barren peaks for near a week, hunting, fishing, and robbing the nests of large birds, so both of us were tired, yet neither of us wished to leave the life we had been living for the last week.

While we were standing there on the top of that barren peak watching the sun as it was fast falling and touching, as it were, every peak and boulder with the hand of Midas, my friend, Lea, saw an eagle slowly circling a peak some miles away.

"That eagle has a nest on that mountain," he said, "and I intend to find it if it takes me until this time tomorrow. Will you go with me?" And before I could protest, for it was getting late and I was tired, and therefore the idea didn't seem a good one to me, he was off, down the steep and rugged mountain side, and I following. At times we were almost falling, at others suspended by one arm over a ravine nearly a thousand feet deep and with but one chance out of a hundred of finding a safe footing, and none whatever of getting back should we fail to find one.

At last, we found ourselves in the valley below. Here the sun had disappeared, but we plunged on through the fast deepening gloom until we reached the foot of the mountain around whose barren head we had seen the eagle circling, and then up the rugged side, over boulders and up the steep and narrow ravines, when, at last we found ourselves on the summit, the glow in the western sky had changed from gold to deep purple.

We walked to the opposite edge and there, far below, was the object of our search, with its owner sitting on it. The cliff was perpendicular, without a projection, except the one on which the eagle had built its nest, which was about fifty feet below.

"Give me your rope," said Lea; "I shall swing down and get whatever is in that nest," and before I knew what was being done, so great was my astonishment, he was asking me to hold the rope and let him down. This brought me to my senses, and I refused to, as I thought, let him down to his death, and told him so; but without a word he tied it to a rock which happened to be near the edge and began to swing over the edge.

As he passed from my sight, I picked up the loose end for fear that the rock would not hold if the eagle should attack him. I had hardly done so when I heard a flutter of wings and I knew

that she was going to attack. Then there was a hard jerk and the stone rolled out of the ground and almost pulled me over the cliff after it.

For nearly an hour, it seemed to me, I could tell by the sound of fluttering wings and occasional mutterings that the battle was still raging, and then all was still. I waited for a few minutes and then pulled my friend up. He was badly torn and bleeding with one arm broken and holding the eagle, which he had chafed to death, in the other. Just as I lifted him over the edge he fainted.

There happened to be a little spring of clear, cold water up there, one of those rare treasures of the hills, so I bathed his wounds and bandaged his broken arm as best I could with the scanty material which I happened to have with me. Just as I was finishing he "came to" and wanted to talk, but this I would not let him do, and soon he was sound asleep.

I then went down the mountain side and got as much dry wood as I could bring back in the dark, and built a fire, for it was cold up on the top of that peak, and then, in the same way, kept it burning all night.

The next morning found Lea much revived, so we immediately began our descent. The way was steep, and with Lea crippled, and with the eagle, it took much longer to come down than it did to go up.

When we reached the foot we sat down to rest, and Lea said: "Did you see the fight?"

"No," I replied; "it was all that I could do to hold the rope."

"I didn't think you did," he said.

"Well," he continued, "I have heard of battles in the air, but that was the first I ever had anything to do with.

"I had hardly got off the edge when that old thing," indicating the eagle with a wave of his uninjured arm, "attacked me. How I won I don't know, but the second time that she struck me I let go, and the next I found myself hanging at the end of the rope a few feet below the nest with the breath out of me.

"For some time I hung there with my face to the cliff, while she fought at my back. Then, finding that she could not hurt me much that way, she lit on my head. I then turned and began my defence. We fought there for some time, at least she did, for I could not do much, and when she broke my arm I thought she would have killed me, but I managed to get her by the neck. There was the time that she cut me up so badly, but I held on until I had killed her.

"Then you pulled me up, and I reckon I fainted."

A Venetian Boat Song

Elizabeth Fuller, '13

It is the middle of the night, and the dark waters murmur soothing sweetness to the boat that gently sways in its arms. All other music has ceased; but the music of the spheres and the music of the water shall continue forever, for they are the soul of the love that never dies.

As the waters murmur, they sing their song into the soul of the youth who guides his boat at his lady's pleasure. As his oars sink deep into the water, his heart plunges into the mystery of love and, like the oars, his spirit comes up drenched and sparkling.

"Love," he pleads, "comes not in the storm or the light, but in the deep, dark stillness of the night! The darkness of the sky breathes it to me; the waters whisper it; and you inspire it! Let your love's steady song sing for my soul!"

"Love's song," she replies, "must be sung by two, and the voice of my soul ill suits the melody you have set for it. It is not atune with a theme so high."

"Then let the water's song soothe my soul!" And as the waters tenderly close about him, she knows that at last he is satisfied with a love as deep as his own.



A Nation's Choice

Lawrence Dixon, '12

Oh, lift your head, you bloom of light,
That does Liberty's hand make bright;
And reminds us when you we see
You are the choice of Liberty.

And justified you are in pride
That stands up for a nation tried;
And well we'd do to bow and nod
Whene'er we see the golden rod.

Annabelle's Legacy

Eula Roberts, '13

The summer sun was setting and the hot August afternoon was drawing rapidly to a close. Annabelle sat on the doorsteps of the large farm-house, a little dejected heap, her eyes swollen and red with weeping, pondering over the greatest disappointment that had ever shadowed her young life.

It had always been her highest ambition to become educated. Ever since she could remember she had been a great lover of books. Even when she was a wee girlie she enjoyed books much better than doll babies. Although she had never mentioned it to anyone until a few months before, a great desire for learning had lain buried in her inmost soul since she could not tell how long.

On the evening before she had followed her father out on the veranda and approached him with her question:

"Father," she said, "it's just three weeks till school opens. Marie Graham and Katie Wellington are going to the high school this year and I want to go, too. Don't you think you could give me two years there?"

"Now, what's put that silly notion into your head? You've already been to school more than I went, and I didn't send your brothers off to school, and besides I haven't the money that I want to spend that way."

"But, father, it wouldn't cost much, and when I get an education I can make money myself."

"Yes, you'll make money. If you went you'd have to eat while you were there and the board would run the expenses into the hundreds."

"Well, as far as that goes, I eat when I'm at home; so what's the difference?"

"Yes, Anna; but that's not like pulling the money out of your pocket."

"But, father, you know I can't do any more at our school where, although the work may be hard, the teachers don't have time to help you, and the terms are short, and there are always drones in the class that keep you back. Then, the other girls are going and I'll feel so bad to have them get ahead of me."

"Oh, yes; they're the ones who put you up to this. Education is getting to be a fad anyway, and I am tired of so much of the business."

"Father, you don't know how much I want to go. If you will send me through the high school I can go to college myself."

"Yes, you'll go to college and do wondrous things. About the time I'd get you through the high school you'd up and marry some little silly headed dude. Then your time and my money would be wasted."

Annabelle saw that it was useless to debate the question any longer, and her father's last words had pierced her like a knife. So she went to bed and wet her pillow with tears. And this evening, as she sat thinking it over after crying until she could not cry, she wished for some one to whom she could pour out her tale of disappointment. But she did not remember her mother, as she had died when Annabelle was only two years old. And just three months before her dear old grandmother, to whom she had always gone for advice and comfort, had passed suddenly away, leaving Annabelle, above all others, to mourn her loss. Although the old lady had been almost an invalid, afflicted with rheumatism so that it was necessary for her to go on crutches most of the time, Annabelle found a great delight in talking to and caring for her. She was never too busy to pay attention to the old lady's whims and fancies, and she often helped her with her fancy work which brought to the grandmother her small earnings. To this gentle old grandmother Annabelle first revealed the one dream of her life—to acquire an education. "Well, my dear," she had said, "I'll leave you my fortune." She had often told the girl this, but Annabelle knew that the child-like old lady was saying it to please her, for of course grandmother had no bank account.

Just at this time Annabelle glanced down the road and saw Marie and Katie coming.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "any other time I would be glad to see them, but they must not see me like this, with my face swollen with weeping." So she jumped up and ran into the house and peeped through the window curtains with hands folded, while the girls passed. "Well, I'm glad they didn't stop this time. They must be happy, talking about going off to school. I didn't think father could be so hard-hearted. I never had the slightest doubt that he would send me to the high school, and —, but then men don't look at things as girls do. I'm going to stop thinking about it. There'll be some way for me to go, I'm sure. Maybe father will change his mind when he thinks it over. I'm going some way. I'm going if I'm an old maid when I get there!"

She shut her teeth with a decisive snap and strolled down the hall to her grandmother's room. She had been in there only a few times since the old lady's death, as it only made the sad event fresh in her memory.

Everything in the room reminded her of the one who, a short time ago, had occupied the place. There were the little work-table and easy chair by the window. In one corner stood the bed; in another the old-fashioned dresser, and in a third grandmother's crutches, which brought her loss more vividly to her mind than did anything else in the room. Near them stood an old brown leather-covered trunk into which Anabelle had never seen.

"Dear old grandmother," sighed Anabelle, and the old lady's spirit seemed to hover about her.

She walked over to the old dresser, and, her elbows resting on the dresser and her chin in her hands, she peered into the abused mirror. "Annabelle Marshal!" she scolded. . "Here you are only sixteen years old, with nine chances in ten that you'll yet get to go to school to your heart's content, with almost your whole life before you, and then you're trying to cry your heart out because of one disappointment. Cheer up, old girl, and win out!"

Although she had taught herself a good lesson it was hard to apply it, and she sighed a deep sigh as she turned away.

"Wonder what grandmother has got in that old trunk! I'm going to open it. I'll bet it's full of old letters and maybe I'll find a diary in it."

So open it she did, but just then Aunt Cindy, the old servant, who had been in the family almost all her life, called:

"Annabelle! Annabelle!"

"Oh, I'll have to go," she said, but I'm coming up here tomorrow afternoon when I've finished my work and see what is in it."

The next afternoon she ran blithely to grandmother's room with a very different countenance from the one of the day before, and again opened the old trunk to spend an hour in rummaging through its contents. She found old letters, photographs, and many keepsakes and relics of the old lady's youthful days. Then her eyes grew wide with astonishment, and an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips, for there was a new envelope with her own address on it. She examined it and found a small object enclosed. "What can that be?" she said, and her fingers trembled as she hastily tore open the envelope. "Well, it's a letter and a key, and it's

written to me. Poor, dear, grandmother! Let's see what she says." Tears filled her eyes as she read:

"My dear Annabelle.

"Before you see this I shall have passed away, but do not weep for me for I shall be as a captive set free, and shall be no longer a cripple.

"A few weeks ago my physician told me that I might pass away suddenly at any time, and said if I had any last requests to make to attend to them. Consequently, I have made my will by writing you this letter.

"Take the little key enclosed with the letter and unlock the small rosewood box in the bottom of the trunk. In it you'll find my savings of twenty years — five hundred in all. Not a fortune, but it will help you a long way in your education. If you do well in the high school your father will help you when you get in college.

"I know you thought it took all my fancy work brought to buy my flannels and tonics, and such other things, but the Charity Workers always got the best prices for my work, so that I had something to put by every time they sold a piece. I shall never need it, and so it is yours. Use it to the best advantage.

"Always be a good girl and be true to the memory of your

"Grandmother."

Here the letter ended and Annabelle felt as though she were dreaming. She laid the letter back in the trunk, and wiping her eyes proceeded to look for the box. Yes; sure enough, there it was, together with a few old jewels that belonged to the grandmother in the days of her youth.

Annabelle stood for a few moments in deep thought, and she seemed to know what the gift meant to her, and that the dream of her life was about to be realized, and she could enter school with the girls of her class. Mechanically, she placed the contents back in the trunk, and locking it, put away the key, wishing in the depths of her heart that grandmother had told her before her death so that she might have thanked her.

Impatiently she awaited her father's return. After she had told him of her good fortune he showed no surprise, but sat for a while in deep thought. Then he said: "Well, Anna, I congratulate you. And since mother left it to you, take it and go to school."



A PLEA.

It seems that in some mysterious way an idea has become prevalent that the magazine is something that must come entirely from the Senior class, and must be used by them only; that every compliment its pages bring forth must be attributed to the graduating class; and that it would be considered a disgraceful impertinence for some one not a member of the Senior class to try to write something for its pages. Where such an idea could have originated, we cannot tell. But we do say that a more mistaken idea never existed anywhere. The Messenger, although the Senior class is responsible for its financial obligations, belongs to, and represents, every member of the school. Each one has a share in every success with which it meets. Since this is true, we all should support it with our money, our ability to write, and our good words.

But, aside from the above reasons, there are other reasons why we should try to contribute of our literary ability to the Messenger. In the first place, it offers an encouragement to develop our writing ability, that nothing else offers. Our work will be subject to severer criticisms, and thereby give us a clearer insight into preciseness and clearness of expression.

In the second place, the Messenger needs us and cannot be altogether as good a magazine without each member of the school as it would be with each one. Let us not fail to do our best for the magazine this year. The only thing that will keep the Messenger

from being the best this year that it has ever been is the failure to do our best by it. It is true that a few can fill up its pages; but it is also true that many thoughts will give more variety than one. This is exactly what we need. Many stories, short and precise, are more entertaining than a long, detailed one. This is especially true of poetry. Now, are we the kind of pupils who are ashamed to put forth an effort for anything that our school sets out to do? If we are, then we are not worthy of the best things that a school can accomplish. Will we permit our negligence to deprive our school of the best magazine that it can possibly have? If we will, then we are not fit to attach ourselves to any task in the world. The aid of every pupil we desire. If we give it our financial and mental support, we will have the best magazine this year that we have ever had. "Let's do it!"





LOCALGRAMS

Dr. Snyder's Chapel Talk.

Dr. Snyder, president of Wofford College, South Carolina, spoke to the students of the Durham High School Wednesday, October 4, on the "Advantages of Being a High School Student." He is an inspiring speaker and has the way of making his audience think with him.

He began his talk rather humorously, by saying what was in most of our minds: that whenever we heard that a man was going to lecture up in chapel we began to hope that he would take a long time, or, at least, until one period is gone. He said he did not know how long he would talk but maybe take up two periods. Although the teachers always pretended that they were glad to see the pupils that first period, still he expected they were just as glad to miss that period as the pupils were. He spoke of one instance in his life at college.

He said that in his time at college the Freshmen sat down at the front, the Sophomores next, the Juniors next, and the Seniors last. He remembered one day when he was a Freshman, one noted man, a senator, spoke in chapel one morning to the students. Doctor Snyder said he could see him now,— a large man, very popular with his party, already being spoken of as a candidate for the presidency. The speaker began by complimenting the school. Doctor Snyder said there was one sentence that surprised him very much. The speaker, looking down at the Freshmen, said that he would give anything to be one of those Freshmen. He, the

great statesman, who had at last got through studies and had succeeded as he had, would throw all this away just to be a Freshman. Doctor Snyder said this surprised him very much. He could not see why this great man would want to become a Freshman again in college. He could not understand it then, but now he did. Doctor Snyder said that it meant simply this: that that man would give anything to be a youth in school again to correct his errors. Doctor Snyder said that was what we must do now, while we could.

Doctor Snyder said that there were two words which tells what education requires: the first word was 'Possibility'—that what you would do if you could; the second word was "Preparation." He said most students were heedless, thoughtless and careless. He gave as an illustration the difference between the way baseball used to be played and the way it is played now. The way it used to be played was that the man at the bat would stand there and with his heavy bat was told to knock the cover off the ball. He would strike very heedlessly and very hard, not knowing where the ball was going. But now, you were told to hit the ball on the seam, to have some aim: plan where you wanted it to go and send it there. He said in our preparation that was what we wanted to do. We must have some aim in life and follow it.

Doctor Snyder ended his address by telling about Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Dabney Murray and W. P. Hill. He said that one day in the 'forties,' three young men were standing on the campus at West Point. They were talking about various things, when a large, ungainly young man passed them. One of the young men asked who that was, but neither of the others knew. But one of the three said that he looked like he was going to stick there. The tall, ungainly man was Thomas Jackson; the three men standing together were Jeb Stuart, Dabney Murray and W. P. Hill.

When Stuart went off to college his mother made him promise not to smoke or to drink liquor. He ever through life kept that promise.

Dabney Murray was offered thirty-five thousand dollars by the North. He was tempted very much. He would give seven thousand of it to Elizabeth, seven thousand to Jack, seven thousand to this brother, seven thousand to this one of the family, and there would be seven thousand left for him and his wife. He could take this and live in comfort. But he did not take it. He threw it aside. He would not stain his soul with dishonesty.

Stuart kept his promise, and Murray kept his soul unstained.

When Lee and Jackson lay dying they both trusted Hill. So Jeb Stuart kept his promise, Dabney Murray kept his soul unstained and Hill could be trusted.

When Stonewall Jackson was on the battlefield he was steady, remained firm, never moved, stood as if rooted to the spot; therefore, Jackson could be depended upon.

Jeb Stuart kept his promise, Dabney Murray kept his soul unstained, W. P. Hill could be trusted, and Stonewall Jackson depended upon.

Doctor Snyder ended by urging us all to be like these four men.

Grace Holton, '13

On Saturday, October 7, the Fourth year girls, with Miss Boughton as chaperon, went to Christian's Mill on a picnic. The morning was spent in making kodak pictures and strolling along the banks of the river. Lunch was served in the beautiful grove at the home of Mrs. Day, whose hospitality will long be remembered. The greater part of the afternoon was spent in lounging on the grass under the stately elms.

The Science Department this year is in charge of Mr. Bert Cunningham of Cameron, Missouri. New equipment has been added to both the physical and chemical laboratories, and the work is highly interesting and instructive.

We are glad to have as members of our faculty this year two of the last graduating class of the University of North Carolina, Mr. E. E. McIntosh, who teaches history, and Mr. W. H. Jones, who teaches mathematics.

Our Domestic Science Department, of which Miss Bertha L. Boughton has charge, has been greatly improved this year. The kitchen has been fitted up with an entirely new equipment. Each girl is to have a cooking apparatus to herself. With these improvements we hope to make this the most successful year the department has ever known.

The manual training work last year had to be suspended on account of the illness and resignation of Mr. Johnson, but this year, under the efficient management of Mr. A. H. Bingham of Buffalo,

N. Y., it has taken new life, and there is nothing that appeals more to the boys.

The Commercial course is a new department in our curriculum, and it seems to be very popular. It offers quite an opportunity to those who expect to enter business immediately after leaving school. Mr. J. W. Spransy has charge of this course.

Mr. W. A. Bryan, who for the past several years has taught modern languages in the High School, is this year principal of the Fuller School. His place in the High School is filled by Mrs. J. F. Bivins.

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society is in a most flourishing condition. At the meeting held Friday, October 6, a number of new members were admitted. Mr. Green was present and made a short talk, after which Mr. Briggs, of the English Department, spoke for a while on the importance of observing the commonplace things of everyday. Then he read a poem written by Irwin Russell, and told some interesting things about this Southern poet.

This year we have a great many more students in school than we had last year. All the available space has been put to use, and with so many students it now seems that this should be the best year that the High School has had.

It will be remembered that last year there was practically no Society work done. But this year interest has been renewed, and on Friday evening, October 7, about twenty-five boys met with Mr. Scott and Mr. McIntosh in the Society Hall and organized the Blackwell-McIver Literary Society. Officers were elected as follows: Clarence Stroud, president; George Reade, vice-president; Frank Sasser, secretary; William Umstead, treasurer. The boys plan to get down to work as soon as possible and some good, hard work is expected.

THE JESTER'S TABLE.



B. P. (4 Girls); reading Virgil—"With a slender bow suspended from her shoulder as a hostess let loose her hair to the winds."

* * *

Mattie Toms—"May I get my glasses?"

* * *

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash that ink clear from the floor by Lucille's desk?"

* * *

Madeline K——: A secluded seat in the corner.

* * *

O. J. (reading Latin)—"Ah — ah — Oh, Miss Lila, let me start over?"

* * *

Swift of foot — First year girls.

* * *

When asked of a First year girl, "What class do you belong to?" she quickly responded: "I'm a fresh woman."

* * *

A very popular Fourth year girl sadly exclaimed: "Oh! all my leaves are like pins!"

"Why, do they stick as well as that?"

"No; because when I lose one he is not worth looking for."

All that Glitters Is Not Gold.

..

One day an Irishman was seated in the waiting room of a station with an odorous pipe in his mouth.

One of his attendants called his attention to the sign: "No Smoking."

"Well," said Pat, "I'm not a-smokin'."

"But you hav e a pipe in your mouth."

"Shure! an' I've shoes on me feet an' I'm not walkin',"—Ex.

* * *

A certain Third year girl's mother was packing her luncheon for her to carry to school.

"Mother, do your spec's magnify?"

"A little," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, I wouldn't mind a bit if you would take them off while fixing my lunch."—Ex.

* * *

A well-known clubman of Boston was married during the early part of last winter to a charming college girl, who, of her many accomplishments, is proud of her cooking.

Her husband, returning late one afternoon to his home, was surprised to find his wife "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," said he in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was her reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit. So I meant to surprise you with one for dinner; but I've been hard at work on the rabbit all day, and I haven't got it more than half picked."

* * *

T. W.—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

* * *

While a small boy was fishing one Sunday morning he accidentally lost his foothold and tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out, he said: "How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?"

"I didn't come to fall in the river. I came to fish," replied the boy.

* * *

1. Girls (2) A. J.—"Miss, if Miles Standish had to send John Alden to Priscilla to make love for him, who did he send to Rose Standish?"

L. A. (4 Girls)—“ Miserable Vice!”

* * *

Mrs ——: “ Lois, what is a comedian?”

L. R.—“A comedian is something funny.”

* * *

His Question.

“ Pa,” came little Willie’s voice from the nursery.

Pa gave a poor imitation of a snore. He was tired and did not want to be disturbed.

“ Pa,” came the little voice again.

“ What is it, Willie?” asked his father.

“ Tum in here; I want to ast you sumptin,” said Willie.

So Pa arose from his downy bed and slipped on his bath robe and slippers. Then he marched into the nursery. “ Well, what is it now?” he asked.

“ Say, Pa; if you was to feed the cow on soap, would she give shaving cream?”—Ex.

* * *

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

Widow—“ About what time was it?”—Ex.

* * *

Small Sister—“ What do you call the four years in the High School?”

Big Brother—“ Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior.”

Small Sister—“ I think I will stop at the ‘freshments!’”—Ex.

* * *

Mother—“ My son, haven’t I told you it is poor form to dip your bread in your coffee?”

Willie (aged five)—“ Yes, mother; but it’s good taste.”—Ex.

* * *

Mrs. Knicker—“ And did you see the cow milked?”

Tommy—“ Yes; it’s got spring faucets that you can’t leave running.”—Ex.

* * *

A woman never looks on the dark side — of a looking glass.

* * *

The Disgusted Angler (who had fished all the morning without any success)—“ Here! hanged if I’ll wait on you any longer! Help yourselves!”—Ex.

Unlike Her Chickens.

"Is this really chicken soup?" asked Mr. Starboard.

"Of course!" snapped Mrs. Starvem. "Doesn't it taste like chicken?"

"Why, no! It's positively tender!"—Ex.

* * *

Softer.

"If I buy you a seat in the Stock Exchange, will you agree to go to work?"

"I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the Senate."—Ex.

* * *

Sunday School Teacher—"Why was Lot's wife turned to salt?"

Pupil—"Because she was too fresh."—Ex.

* * *

Bewildering Recompense.

Aunt Marthy laid down her weekly newspaper, and assuming a pensive attitude, addressed her husband: "Josh," said she, "I don't see how it is, some folks get paid a lot of money for not lifting a hand. This paper tells how a certain celebrated tenor was paid \$1,000 just for appearing at a concert in Chicago."

"I've read such things before, and they keep me a-scratching my head, too," responded Josh, with a sigh. "Why, only a couple o' weeks ago I read where a well-known prize-fighter was offered \$10,000 simply to meet another fighter in his own town."—Ex.

* * *

In Bad Shape.

Customer—"What have you got today?"

Waiter—"I have pig's feet, calves' brains, and frog legs."

Customer—"Gee! But you are in a bad way!"—Ex.

* * *

Doctor (after examining Pat, who has been run over by an auto)—"Madam, I fear your husband is dead."

Pat (feeby)—"No; I ain't dead yet."

Pat's Wife—"Hush! Pat; the gentleman knows better than you."—Ex.

* * *

A Squall.

"My husband was the homeliest man you ever saw. He had the funniest little turned-up nose and every time he sneezed he blew his hat off."—Ex.

Our Beautiful Language.

I see you are early of late;
You used to be behind before;
But now you are first at last.—Ex.
* * *

“So,” said Tommy’s father, “you took dinner at Willie Stout’s house today?”

“Yes, sir;” said Tommy.

“I hope you had manners enough to say ‘No,’ when it came to extra helping.”

“Yes, sir, replied Tommy; “I said ‘No’ several times.”

“Ah! you did?”

“Yes, sir; Mrs. Stout kept asking me if I had enough.”—Ex.
* * *

Mistress—“Cook tells me, Mary, that you wish to go out with a friend tonight. Is it urgent?”

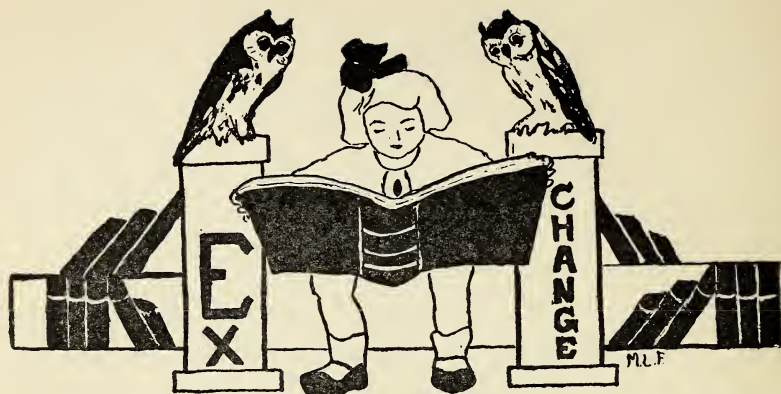
Mary—“Oh, no, ma’am; ’tishn’t ’er gent—It’s my gent.”—Ex.
* * *

“Did you see those big skyscrapers while ye was in New York, Silas?”

“Well, I seed the bottom part; but them blame police fellers wouldn’t let me stand still long enough to see clean to the tops.”—Ex.
* * *

Do You?

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth I know not where,
And, what is more, I do not care.—Ex.



It seems that none of our exchanges get out a September issue, and as a consequence our table is bare this month. However, we have heard from a number of them and they will soon be with us.

We have always enjoyed the friendly criticisms given by our exchanges, and they have, we believe, been a great help to us in making our magazine what it is today. We trust that they will continue to show us our weak points and suggest improvements; tell us wherein we are strong and praise us when they can truthfully do so. We are going to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us," and in this way we hope to help and be helped. Real friends are real friends only when they criticize, suggest, and praise (where it is due), and we sincerely hope that our exchanges will be real friends to us.

To each and every one with whom we have the pleasure of exchanging we extend the glad hand of welcome, and we trust that this is going to be the very best year that each one has had, and that this year may be merely a stepping-stone to a greater future.

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