

MESSENGER



ME

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THE MESSENGER

Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School
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CONTENTS

HIS ONE FAILING	Ruby Elliott	3
DAYBREAK	Aileen Taylor	5
A STORM AT SEA	Mary Yeula Wescott	6
A HAPPY MISTAKE	Annie Laurie Long	7
THE CRY OF THE WEARY	Edgar Shepherd	9
O TEMPORA! O MORES!	Carrie Belle Noell	10
THE LONE MOUNTAIN	Clara Crawford	12
THE GHOST	Susie Markham	13
EDITORIAL		15
ATHLETICS		17
THE GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY		18
BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY		19
THE POETS' CLUB		20
THE JESTER'S TABLE		21
GENTLE KNOCKS		25
EXCHANGES		26

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His One Failing

RUBY ELLIOTT, '10.

"I can get Warden to take you out, I guess," said old Sackett. "He's just come in."

"Is he a good, safe man?" asked Mrs. Cranby.

"Who?—Warden? Well, he's supposed to be—safe as they make 'em round here," responded the hotel keeper. "He's been in the woods with a party for two weeks. Just got back this morning. Best guide on the lakes for a young fellow. Quiet, good-looking, and knows his business."

The Cranbys had come up to the String Lakes in quest of health and pleasure. Mr. Cranby had been called back to his home just after his arrival to attend to some important business matters, and to while away the time Mrs. Cranby and her three daughters had planned a picnic for the following day.

"I won't row four women, Sackett; you can put that down," declared Warden the next morning. "I'm willing to take two. Let 'em get a couple of boats. The 'Injun' can row one. Four females in a boat isn't safe."

Warden had considerable fault to find, and he did it loudly, addressing his remarks to the hotel man, who was on hand to see them off.

"Warden's a mite sour this morning," whispered Sackett to Emma. "Usually he don't say much. Fine-looking fellow when he's dressed up. Knows a lot, too."

But the girl was gazing at the active figure in the boat and did not seem to hear the remark. "I think I'll go in Mr. Warden's boat," she said aloud. Marie can go with me." The man looked up and their eyes met.

"She's a stunner!" thought Warden.

"He looks like a nobleman in disguise," mused Emma.

"Where are you goin', Warden?" asked the 'Injun,' who was only a tall, tanned Yankee.

"Over to Boggey Point," answered Warden.

"How long will it take to row to the Point?" asked Emma.

"Half an hour," was the short answer.

The pretty girl in the stern gazed across the lake. When she brought her eyes back to the face of Warden he was looking straight at her with an expression of respectful admiration. She smiled into his eyes a quick "I-like-you" smile, and the guide's cheeks burned through the tan.

At length he stopped rowing long enough to pull off his gray slouch hat and drop it at his feet. Then he dipped his brown hand in the lake and rubbed his hair vigorously with the cold water.

"There," he remarked, "that feels good."

"Mr. Warden," observed Marie, "you are such a fine-looking man. Isn't he, sister?"

"Hush, Marie," said her sister reprovingly, with a quick blush; "you mustn't be personal in your remarks."

"You look like a picture—"

"Do be quiet, child!" cried Emma sharply. "You mustn't be so outspoken, I say!"

Warden laughed and said, "Thank you. You remind me of—" He stopped short, then shook his head. "Not now," he said at length.

The picnic was all that was expected. After dinner Mrs. Cranby took a nap, Bessie and Marie, with the "Injun," went for a walk, while Warden rowed Emma along the shore in quest of flowers and changing scenery. The fair afternoon passed very quickly for Emma.

"Have a nice time yesterday?" inquired Mr. Sackett of Emma as she sat on the piazza the next morning trying to read.

"Lovely," responded the young lady dreamily. "Oh, Mr. Sackett, isn't that Mr. Warden—isn't he quite superior to most men about here? He uses such good language. He wasn't born here, was he?"

"Oh, well! Let's see. Yes, he does talk first-rate. He's a quick fellow."

Sackett gazed at the pretty face and smiled.

"Did he tell you about his uncle," he went on, "and his college days—the unjust charge, and how he bore it all to shield another—how he ran away and is now living in this desolate country?"

"Ah, you know about him then!" cried the girl, with vivacity.
"Please tell me more," with a spirit of sympathy and interest.

"Yes, I know about him," drawled the other. "Maybe he spoke to you as to a friend?"

Emma nodded.

"Did he tell you," resumed Sackett, "that he had a wife and two children about four miles east of here."

"What!" cried the girl springing up and showing color in spite of herself.

"Just what I say," laughed Sackett.

Emma looked straight at him, then burst out laughing.

"That's right!" exclaimed Sackett. "You're a sensible young lady."

Daybreak

AILEEN TAYLOR, '09.

The stars are shining faintly,
The moon has long been down.
A hush of deathly stillness
Enshrouds the little town.

See! Tints of red are glowing
About the eastern hills,
And proud chanticleer's crowing
The sleeping silence fills.

Now day at last is breaking
Its fair prospects in view.
Lo! cool refreshing breezes
And skies of softest blue!

A Storm at Sea

MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

The sea was tossed by raging storm,
The sky was lost to day,
The waves leaped high, all white and hoar,
The wind rushed down with mighty roar,
And drove the tide the flood plain o'er,
And drenched the tranquil bay.

Loud shrieked the blast to all the world:
"Are any great save I?
Lives he who dares defy my power?
Then tempt this main for one short hour,
'S death! I will make him cringe and cower,
And prepare to die."

But none there came; it shrieked again:
"The world dares not my might!"
And laughed aloud in scornful glee.
Then chanced a ship upon that sea,
Increased the tempest's dark fury,
The waves went frothing white.

The whitecaps flashed, the ship went down
Beneath the raging deep.
Nor all the hopeless cries of pain
From anguished hearts well-rent in twain
Can call those souls from the cold main
And their eternal sleep.

The wild winds now grow low and still
And chant a mournful lay.
The waves sink down with muffled moan,
The storm subdued sings monotone,
O'er those who lie life-reft and lone
Outside the tranquil bay.



A Happy Mistake

ANNIE LAURIE LONG, '09.

Peggy and I had been engaged a month. We lived in a small but lively village, and enjoyed the companionship of many young people, all of whom seemed interested in us, and anxious to make our courtship "one glad, sweet song." It was our desire, for the time being at least, to guard our engagement as a secret, but we were too happy to hold our tongues. It was at length announced, and there followed parties, dinners, "showers," and many other happy occasions with Peggy and me as the leading characters.

We were returning from a dinner given by one of Peggy's old classmates and had almost reached her home—a mansion it seemed to me—when a sudden feeling of intense loneliness came over me. There was no cause for it except the realization that I was not to see her again for two whole days, and the further knowledge that her father had refused to allow the marriage to take place at the time we desired.

"Peggy," I remarked, "your father has been very unkind to us and further interference on his part will certainly arouse in me resentment, and cause me to act rashly. For weeks I have been"—But here I stopped, for I began to realize that she was becoming indignant. I saw clearly my mistake, but was willing to endure her anger for the pleasure of watching the color come and go in her cheeks and lips. I did not know that her resentment was other than temporary, else I would have hastened to recall those cruel words.

At the steps she did not linger as usual to say good-night, but with no other than a casual "good-bye," ran through the doorway leaving me in great perturbation to return gloomily to my home.

The next morning a messenger handed me a small package con-

taining numerous things which I had given Peggy, including the engagement ring. A very cool little note accompanied the package. She stated that our engagement was called off and that she had burned all my letters and would like for me to do the same with hers. Of course I was very, very sorry, because I loved Peggy dearly, and could not think of giving her up, even though her father and I could not agree.

But she seemed determined to revenge, and knowing this, I resigned myself to hard work without interest in things which I had formerly loved. We seldom ever met and when we did our greeting expressed no more than passing acquaintance.

I had about given up all hope of winning Peggy again, and had it not been for the kind invitation of Mrs. Durmont, a young society woman, urging me to spend a week with her at her summer home, I would even now be a lonely and overworked bachelor. I accepted without hesitation her invitation, not knowing that Peggy had received a similar message. At the station I found Peggy waiting patiently the arrival of some train. As I alighted from the car my surprise was raised to the highest tension to find Peggy comfortably seated in Mrs. Durmont's carriage, which I supposed was there to convey me to her home. We occupied seats as widely separate as possible, and at the same time struggled to conceal from Mrs. Durmont our embarrassment.

After thinking the situation over I finally decided to write my sister to telegraph for me at once. Of course no one was aware of what I had done. Imagine my surprise when at breakfast the next morning Peggy and I each received a telegram containing like messages. A guilty look rested on Peggy's face and mine was no better. We informed Mrs. Durmont of our messages and she at once expressed disappointment and regret that our visit was so unexpectedly interrupted. She was glad, however, that the lucky coincidence made it possible for us to be together on the trip, as I could care for Miss Gray and see that she returned without trouble.

The trip was a long and tiresome one, during which Peggy scarcely seemed aware of my presence, a recent novel affording her amusement sufficient to allow me to escape unnoticed.

At last we were at home again, and on learning from my mother that dinner was ready to be served, I ran hastily to my room and started in my trunk, which I found to be unlocked. Inwardly

abusing myself for being so careless, I raised the top to see that nothing was missing. To my great astonishment it was not my own, but, as further search made plain, belonged to a lady. The initials "M G." on the end convinced me that Mrs. Durmont had given me the check which belonged to Peggy. Horrible! Peggy evidently had my trunk, and the letters which she had requested me to burn were in plain sight should she raise the top.

What should I do? At last I decided to go and explain, for she must certainly have seen those tell-tale missives. I could do nothing more than apologize and leave the rest to fate.

A few moments later I was pushing the small button at the entrance of the inner door of the Gray home. Her maid, in response, curtly replied that Miss Gray was in and would be down in a minute.

A half hour elapsed before a slight rustling of skirts made known Peggy's approach. "I have come, Miss Gray," I began, "to tell you about those letters!"

"Oh! then you went through my trunk and found those letters which I had not destroyed!" she said angrily.

"Oh! Peggy, then you have never burned my letters?"

When I emerged from the parlor I was engaged "all over again" and happier than ever.

The Cry of the Weary

EDGAR SHEPHERD, '12.

Tangled is the forest,
Overgrown the way;
Will ye then despise me
If I go astray?

Even the sun is setting,
Tho' I pray for light;
Darker grows the forest,
Faster falls the night.

Heart-sore with the trying,
Weary, wan and frail;
Will ye then condemn me
If at last I fail?



“O Tempora! O Mores!”

CARRIE BELLE NOELL, '09.

The end of the college term was drawing near. It had been a wonderful year for the dignified Seniors of '08. In fact, these graduates-to-be had seemingly done more than any others for their dear old college, and they seemed to think that it belonged to no one else. But aside from all their faults of self-conceit, it was comparatively a good class

Now, as a recompense for their labor, Doctor Blanton had surprised them by stating about a week beforehand that he would give the esteemed Seniors a dinner and afterwards an old-time dance—and best of all each girl was to be permitted to invite her select one of the inferior sex. Nothing could have pleased them more.

Myra McDearmon appeared to be more interested in the coming event than any of her classmates. Her mind had been completely occupied since the day the announcement was made. There had never been so much for any one person to do or think upon. She was naturally very artistic in all her ways and so had been asked personally by Mrs. Blanton to help superintend the decoration and other necessary preparations.

Of course Myra couldn't refuse to undertake the service, in view

of the kindness and generosity of the president and his sweet wife to entertain them so elegantly. For four long days she labored incessantly in the library, hall and dining-room, to say nothing of a half-day she spent with the others in changing the assembly hall into a ball-room.

In fact the dutiful girl had worked very faithfully all the week, and all the time was looking forward to the day when she should be with Professor Leslie. This young Apollo she had fallen in love with on first sight while on a visit to her uncle, who was dean of the college in which Leslie was professor. She felt that the fact that she was a niece of Dean McDearmon would make a favorable impression upon the young man. She would do her best to make all other things agreeable.

The time for the festival was drawing near, yet Myra was just beginning the preparations for her toilet. She didn't realize how completely exhausted she was until she dropped in her arm-chair to make a memorandum of what she needed for the memorable occasion. She thought of many things she would add to her already full supply of girlish trinkets, but foremost of all she centered her mind upon a dozen handsome hair puffs which she had seen at the hair-dresser's. They were very expensive, but just exactly matched her hair and would look so beautiful and fairy-like entwined in her comely tresses. She had been saving her pocket money with these in view for many weeks and now had the exact amount necessary for their purchase.

The desired puffs were at once secured and became forthwith a source of interest to all the girls, as the fad was new and a pretty style. This, of course, made the matter all the more attractive to Myra, and she waited for the setting of the sun with a restless heart.

At last the time had come. The affair was very informal. Myra and Professor Leslie were soon sitting on the porch enjoying the afternoon in the fullest measure. She was beginning to feel that something of the barriers were being torn away and was ready to believe that perhaps a consummation was not so far in the future after all. Just as she realized that her thoughts were wandering from the present conversation, they were called to dinner.

Myra was seated by the handsome Professor Leslie and was almost radiant in her happiness. All the girls were a little jealous of her, she believed, a thought that adds infinitely to any girl's

peace of mind. She was conversing rapidly and the tension of her excitement was at its highest pitch, when—lo! with a great splash her beautiful puffs rolled into her soup plate and floated majestically around on its placid bosom.

This was too much for poor Myra. Indeed the occurrence was small, but the significance how great! To be laughed at by her classmates! The very splendor of her beauty floating mockingly in the dish before her! To see Professor Leslie's face redden with sympathy and repressed laughter! It was all quite too much. The dethroned girl arose and went to her room. The dream had vanished, nor could all the promptings of the hurt heart induce it back again.

The Lone Mountain

CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

In a wild and rugged region
Lifts a mountain, high and cold,
Far above the others tow'ring,
Like some noble human soul.

Bare its lofty head is lifted
Tow'rd the Guardian of its life,
While the mists its body circling
Screen it from all earthly strife.

And above the storms and mistings,
Dim it rests against the blue,
There where none dispute dominion
Grandly ruling all that's True.

The Ghost

SUSIE MARKHAM, '09.

It was the last night of the old year and the rain and howling winds were beating incessantly against the dormitory window with increasing force. The college dormitory was as cold and dreary as a desolate island and the monotony of college life was oppressive. The hall doors had not been tightly bolted and frequently they would fly back, making a clamoring noise and giving the cold wind and damp atmosphere on the outside an opportunity to venture in. It rushed in with gusts, sweeping through the long hall and making the doors and transoms rattle with a ghostly tremor which was very discomforting. Deep sighs and moans, as the pangs of some soul lost through all eternity, resounded through the empty hall. The girls were overcome with home-sickness and could not stand it any longer. Everything was quiet and for a few minutes stillness reigned, but the silence was suddenly broken by a soft, sweet alto voice of a girl going through the hall singing in tones sweet and tender. The only words that Elizabeth Austin could catch were, "There is no place like home." "It is certainly true," she said, "though we cannot realize it until we get away and then we are conscious of it, and long to get just one glimpse of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The wind blew over the transom in a mighty gust and before Elizabeth Austin or her room-mate, Josephine Thomas, could turn the gas out the wind had extinguished it. They ran to the windows and raised them; the gas was escaping and the room needed ventilation. In a moment it was all right, but for fear that it would go out again they did not relight it. This kept them from studying any longer, so they drew up closer to the stove in which a roaring fire was burning.

Suddenly the shivering head of the pale-face moon sent its dim light into the room through the vine which entwined the window and cast shadows of fantastic figures on the wall which suggested ghosts and goblins of various description. They sat there for awhile gazing with great amazement on the figures, which now seemed very grotesque, as the moon had moved its course.

"Elizabeth." said Josephine, "I can't stand the monotony of this school life any longer. We must do something to make things

brighter. We never play any pranks or have a jolly, good time as other college girls do."

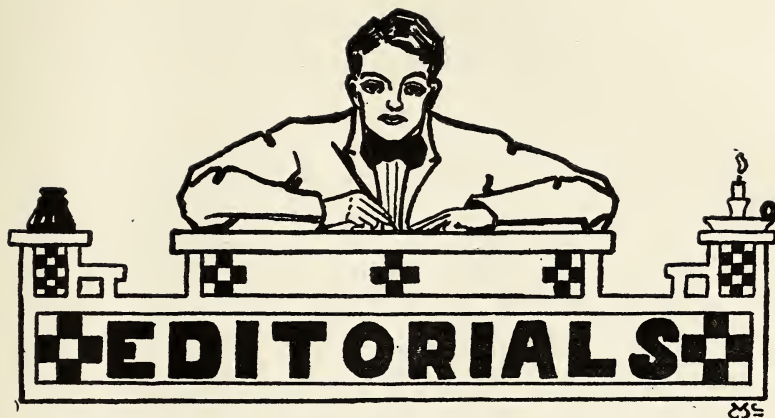
"We love Mrs. Dalton so dearly, I think it would be very unappreciative to annoy her," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, pshaw! you sit up and try to be so dignified. We could have something on the sly and she would never find it out, and tonight is so lonesome and dreary that she has retired already. If you are willing to help me, I will ask the other girls to come in and we will have a jolly time to-night." Elizabeth consented, but wondered where they would get the provisions. "Isn't it lucky," said Josephine, as though she were reading her mind, "that mother sent me that delightful box this morning. It will furnish dainties for the feast."

It was not long before the girls whom Josephine had invited began to assemble. They relighted the gas and made various preparations for the feast.

"What good sandwiches," exclaimed Stewart Wilson, and "this chocolate cake is delicious," added Sarah Merriam. Numerous compliments were given on the feast which all were thoroughly enjoying. Josephine, after cutting more cake, chanced to glance at Elizabeth and perceiving the deathly pallor of her countenance, and nervous agitation of her body, knew that she had one of her severe nervous attacks and was affected by the ghostly atmosphere which pervaded the room. She rushed to her and found her stiff and her eyes glaring. Her wits were apparently scattered to the four winds. She called her, but she didn't answer. Suddenly she began talking deliriously and mumbled words in a low undertone, as though she were talking to some unseen creatures. Although it was difficult to understand her indistinct words, Josephine caught these, "The ghost in the closet, the ghost in the closet!"

She rushed to the closet and opened the door. She was not a believer in ghosts, but now she felt as if she were standing in the presence of one. Forgetting to be cautious, she uttered a very loud shriek. The other girls losing their wits joined in the uproar. In the midst of the confusion Mrs. Dalton walked in. All the girls rushed to her and while they were explaining the causes of the confusion, Miss Ryan, one of the younger teachers, throwing off a sheet, stepped from the closet to explain to Mrs. Dalton what she had heard in the girls' conversation and how she had decided to give them a little pleasure.



With this issue the new staff takes into its hands the management and destiny of the MESSENGER for the year. And, as editors, we are not unmindful of the task that lies before us (for we are aware of the responsibility that falls upon us). We know that the MESSENGER has measured up to a high standard among high school magazines during the past, and it will be no easy matter to keep it up to this standard.

Students, is not part of the responsibility of making the magazine a success on you? Does it all depend upon the loyalty and feeble efforts of the staff? We hope not. There is resting on you a duty, though much easier to perform, just as binding as ours. You owe your school paper your hearty support. It is yours and will always reflect the interest you take in it. Subscribe to the MESSENGER and thereby help it financially; write for it and you help it to accomplish the very thing for which it exists. The MESSENGER is not published for the money there is in it, for there is none, but entirely to encourage and foster a literary spirit among the students of the High School by giving them an opportunity of bringing their thoughts before the public.

Both Miss Tuttle and Mr. Greever endeared themselves to the student body during their stay, and they carry with them to their new work our tenderest feeling and best wishes.

The MESSENGER takes this, its first opportunity, to extend to their successors a most cordial welcome, and trust that their labors with us may be both pleasant and profitable.

**PRIZES FOR
STORIES AND
POEMS**

It requires a little stimulus of one kind and another to get some people to do even that which they ought to feel obligated to do of their own free will. Owing to the fact that we have trouble each month in getting a sufficient amount of stories and poems for the magazine, a friend has generously enabled us to offer a prize for the best story and poem written for the MESSENGER during the year. The contest is open to every member of the High School, and we hope you will appreciate and take advantage of this opportunity for broadening and developing your powers of expression and imagination.

A competent class of judges will pass on all work done along this line, and will render their decision at the end of the term.

**OUR
ADVERTISERS**

The business men of our city have been very kind to buy spaces in our magazine for advertising, and we wish to say a word for their benefit. The MESSENGER would be unable to exist without their "ads," and the advertiser cannot thrive unless he receives some benefit from them. So when you go shopping don't forget to look over the concerns that are interested in us. They solicit your trade and by advertising in your paper deserve it.

Athletics

J. C. A., '09.

Athletics in the High School were not forgotten during the pleasures of vacation, as was shown by the healthy spirit abroad among the students at the opening of the session of '08 and '09

Those especially interested are the boys who are practicing to make the football team the first sport of the season.

The candidates for the team—there being a large number—are busy at work on the field every afternoon with E. R. Stephenson, of Trinity, as coach, and Clyde White, the star quarter-back, as captain.

The coach is carrying the candidates through a rigid course of training and one would judge from this that old D. H. S. will not be behind or lower her former average and high rank in the football field this season.

The faithful ones of last year with us again are White, C., White, M., Campbell, Whitted, Lea, Scoggins, H., Whitaker, C., Whitaker, W., and Pendergraph, the six-foot center.

With the support of the school and the loyalty of the students the team will be ready to start out with higher aims for the season of '08.

The boys' tennis club has had the tennis court cleared to begin another year's playing, and from the present situation the prospects are very bright. We wish for them a most successful and pleasant year.



AMY WINSTON, '10.

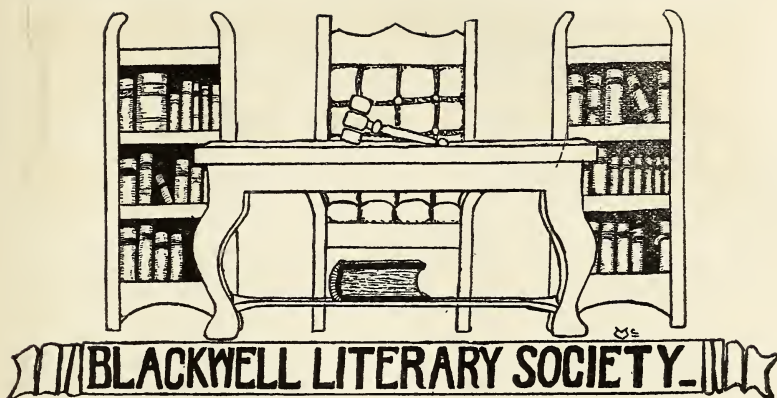
The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society has resumed its work. The first meeting was called to order Saturday, September 12th, by Virginia Badgett, who is president for the ensuing three months.

The old members were missed very much and we regret the loss of them. Miss Leah Boddie, a 1908 girl, added to the pleasure of the Society, and we hope to have the last year's graduates with us often.

The programme was very delightful. Miss Julia Henry played a piano solo, Miss Mary Louise Manning and Miss Amy Winston played a duet, and Miss Mary Alice Bass sang a solo, all of which was done quite well, and enjoyed by the members.

The Society regrets the loss of one of their valuable members, Miss Julia Henry, who is going to leave town.

Several new names were voted on for membership and we all hope to have a prosperous year in our literary work.



GEO. L. CARRINGTON.

The Blackwell Literary Society is one of the most important branches of the school work. To become a member it should be the pleasure, as it is the privilege, of every boy in the High School.

The Society has done good work in the past and expects to do even better work this year. It has begun the year's work with a fine set of officers and a fine roll, which, though somewhat smaller than that of last year, has a marked absence of the undesirable class of boys, who join principally that they may say they "belong to the society." It has some fine material, and if every one buckles right down to business and gets to work there is no reason why it should not put out a team that will beat Raleigh and her boasted orators. And it doesn't take a prophet or the son of a prophet to tell that we are going to defeat her in a debate as well as in football.



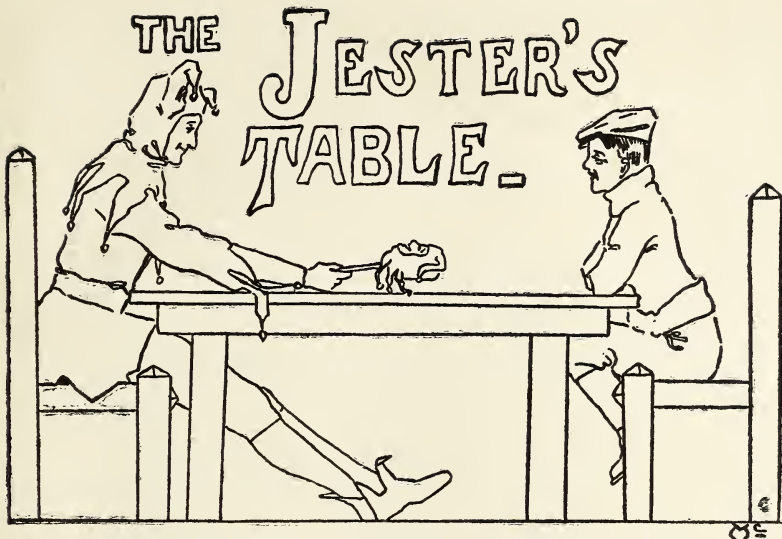
MARY YEULA WESCOTT, Editor Pro Tempore.

The Poet's Club held its first meeting for this year September the fifteenth. Most of the remaining members were present and some new ones gave evidence that the spirit of appreciation of poetry is not dead in the school.

In the absence of Mr. Greever, former teacher of English, and ex-President of the Club, we have lost an enthusiastic friend and helper. We warmly welcome Mr. Goode, and thank him for his interest and aid.

Clara Crawford is to be congratulated upon the ease with which she assumes the role of president.

By the absence of the class of '08 we are deprived of some of our most loyal members, whose places it will be impossible to fill.



"The whole world is a comedy to those that think."

Excited Lady (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please, at once."

Telephone Girl (from the exchange)—"Number, please."

Excited Lady (snappishly)—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"—Ex.

* * *

Teacher (in geometry)—"When two faces coincide, what is formed?"

Pupil (blushing furiously)—"Why-er-r, I don't know."—Ex.

* * *

Willie—"Mamma, why don't chickens have teeth?"

Mamma—"They don't need them, dear; they have bills instead."

Willie—"Grandma got a bill for her teeth last week. Is that why papa calls her the old hen?"—Ex.

* * *

Fond Mother (to Margaret, who is crying lustily)—"Oh, you precious darling, whereabouts is the pain?"

Margaret (aged three)—"Right here, mamma, in de front of me back. Boo hoo!"—Ex.

Mr. Kibler—"Miss Mildred, how is the root connected to the stem?"

Mildred Muse—"The roots of a plant are connected to the stem by the sun."

* * *

Tom—"Pa, what is a Board of Education?"

Pa—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—Ex.

* * *

Tongue-tied Boy (to sick father)—"Say, dad, when er you gonter hit hell?"

* * *

Housekeeper—"How does it happen, Jane, you never saw finger bowls before? Didn't they have them at the last place you worked?"

Jane—"No, ma'am, they mostly washed their hands before they came to the table, ma'm."—Ex.

* * *

What sub inquired for George Eliot's "Silence Mourner?"—Ex.

* * *

Laura G—"What became of that girl you were making love to in a hammock on Mt. Mitchell?"

Robert G—"We fell out."—Ex.

* * *

City Chap—"Come, let's go to the poolroom."

Greenhorn—"I can't swim."—Ex.

* * *

IN AN AMATEUR THEATRE.

She—"Do you think my husband will object to your making love to me?"

"Oh, no. He knows I wouldn't if I didn't have to."—Ex.

* * *

IN A NEW YORK RESTAURANT.

"Who are those people, Isadore?"

"Americans. They seem to be pushing in everywhere."—Ex.

* * *

"You might ask your mistress if she is at home."

"It's no use, sir; she saw you coming."—Ex.

"How long have you been in love with him?"

"Ever since I rejected him."—Ex.

* * *

New Professor (to Business Manager)—"Your brother, I believe, is your assistant. Is he not?"

Business Manager—"Yes, I want him to learn enough about it this year to let it alone next year."

* * *

"Wilt thou take this title with all his faults and manifold ailments to be thy wedded husband?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou take this American heiress to be thy wedded wife?"

"I will endeavor so to do, by the help of God."

* * *

"Did I see you kissing my daughter, sir?"

"I really don't know, sir; I was too much occupied at the time to notice."—Ex.

* * *

Percy—"Do you like corn on the ear?"

Harold—"I never had one there."—Ex.

* * *

Doctor—"I think you have too much gas on your stomach."

Patient—"Yes, I told my husband this morning we were living too near that gas plant."

* * *

Careless Student—"What is the subject of our composition for Monday?"

Willie Cox—"The excavation of Cawdor, I think."

* * *

Tax Collector—"How old are you, Jim? Twenty-five?"

Jim—"Naw, sar. I'se twenty-four. I was twenty-five last year."

* * *

Mr. Gem—n—"Miss At—t, what important work did King James do during his reign?"

Miss Al—t (looking frantically around)—"He—he died."—Ex.

* * *

Mother—"Don't you dare use such language. I'm ashamed of you."

Boy—"Why, mamma, Sherman used the same word."

Mother—"Don't stay with the naughty thing."—Ex.

He—"How much do you think I ought to give the minister, dear?"

She—"Whatever it is worth."

"But I can't tell that until afterwards."

* * *

Mr. Tillett—"John, what is the equator,"

John—"It's an imaginary line running around the earth from north to south."

* * *

Shy Young Man—"Let's play public courtship."

Nettie Tillett (a few minutes later)—"Please do let us play private courtship."

* * *

Mr. Martin—"Clarence, what is the matter with your head?"

Clarence (whose hair was badly torn up)—"Nothing, but it needs cutting."

* * *

Head of Institution—"I'm afraid we can't cure your husband of drinking, madam."

She—"Your note said it could be done in six months."

"True, but I hadn't seen you then."—Ex.

* * *

K. E. (to 1C grade representative)—"Will you please attend to getting all the Komics from this grade for me?"

Grade Representative—"What do you want me to do, get the subscriptions for the magazine?"

* * *

I wish to say in this, my first attempt, that I am not responsible for anything my readers may not like in these columns. If anything is the matter with this, my best effort, I here wish to say it was not my fault, but that the printer was to blame. With this message I beg to conclude.

Yours,

THE KOMIC EDITOR.



GENTLE KNOCKS

Placide thinks there is nothing like a *Good man*.

"And yet he seemed a busier man than he was"—Business Manager.

Heavenly twins—Mary Louise and Amy.

1A—"Did Johnson write Webster's Dictionary?"

Why is M. A. B. so fond of *Flowers*?

When looking for wise students in the 3S, look for Hen's teeth.

"That's not what he told me"—Nancy Renn.

"Mary V., what is your favorite color?" "*Redd*, of course."



This department has in the past been exceedingly fortunate in having a large number of magazines upon the table, and we have always placed a high value upon this evidence of their good will.

At present we are looking forward to the return of our familiar exchanges and will hereafter devote this space to its proper use and discuss and criticise the work of our friends. We may not show any great ability in estimating the value of articles in the various magazines, but we shall try to give a frank opinion of their merit. We shall also be willing to receive the same treatment at the hands of other magazines.

We shall try to deserve any encouraging words that we may receive, and shall take all adverse comments in the spirit of kindness in which we feel sure they will be made.

Where Tragedy Was High

Act I—Scene I—Enter King's armor bearer who addresses Lord Vermiform Appendix.

LORD V. A. What, ho, and where's the King?

ARMOR BEARER. The King my Lord is ill. Sitting on his throne barefooted he contracted a cold that's deep and fierce and for his health, my Lord, we have grave apprehension.

OMNES. The King is ill—the King is ill—long live the King.

Enters Servants and Officers Exclaiming: Hey dey, hey dey, hey dey—His Royal Nibs is out again as nimble as a cricket and as happy as a hired man.

LORD VERMIFORM APPENDIX. Methought the King was ill with fearful cold and pneumonia sitting on his throne and he abdicated.

OMNES. He was, he was my Lord but we rubbed His Royal Nibs down good and hard with GOWAN'S CELEBRATED PREPARATION and now he is himself again. 'Tis external—not dope, but hope. The King is well—long live the King and Gowan's Preparation.

Enter the King. Zounds, and by my halberd—but it's the stuff. Put it on the banners and hang them on the outer walls: Gowan's Preparation does the work—removes all inflammation—clutched death as it tried to usurp my throne and put him on the run.



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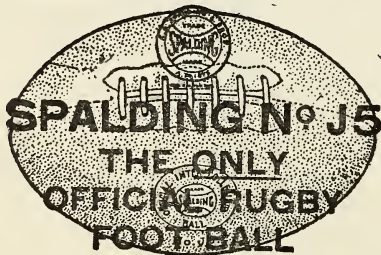
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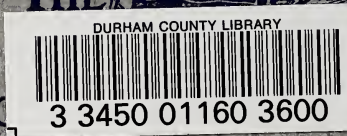
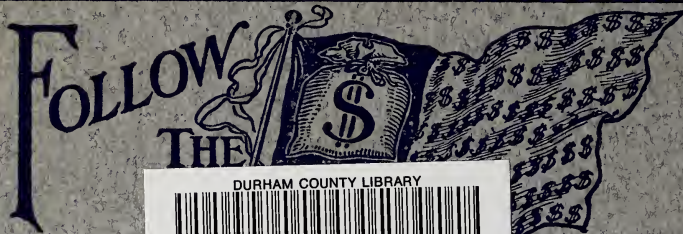
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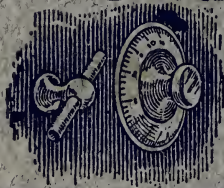
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