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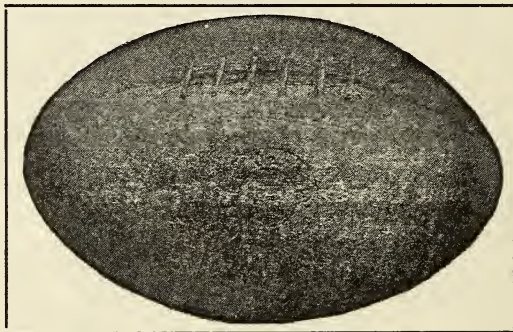
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Snatched from the Brink

'10.

Dorothy was heartbroken, she was sure of it, as she buried her face deeper in the cushions of the apple-tree hammock and wiped off another tear on the already drenched handkerchief.

To be engaged, and almost at the moment he was to call, to see him driving with another girl was something serious, enough to send one (even at seventeen) with cushions, a sad look, and a supply of handkerchiefs to the hammock beneath the outmost apple tree in the orchard. Here in a brief five minutes she had lived ages weeping copiously over the faithlessness of man. She had given to him and to him only her heart and now it was cast aside like a broken toy (she liked that expression, and revelled in its tragic meaning). Oh, the heartlessness of man!

What should she do with life? Never again could it hold such heavenly bliss as had been hers before this great sorrow. The idol before, which she had freely, gladly offered her young heart in loving devotion, had spurned the gift and she was left with desolated hopes a sorrowing victim. Perhaps sometime when he had learned of the hollow base world as she had done he would repent of his great wrong and come back to beg forgiveness—too late—over her untimely grave.

But something must be done with the little life remaining to her. Just what, she little cared, nor greatly wished to live. How beautiful it would be if, like the Greek heroines of old, she could draw near her heartless lover and stabbing herself tell him, while the warm blood gushed from the heart which he had broken, the cause of her tragic death! This picture so fed the fountains of her grief that another one of the immaculate handkerchiefs was reduced to a bit of damp lace.

But no, she resolved, though her heart was crushed and all freshness and sweetness gone out of her life, she would live for others. Stifling her own feelings she would make the lives of others happier and they would bless the day that she was born.

Perhaps she would enter a convent to be one of the gentle, sweet-faced nuns who administer to the world. Their hoods and capes would be becoming and the patient curves of her mouth would tell of the spirit which longed for flight. Perhaps some day she would be able to snatch *him* from death and despair and give him back to his sorrowing family.

This vision fled also. She wanted a more active life. Then why not be a Red Cross nurse? And there arose the picture of a bloody battlefield with its wounded and dying, among whom she found and nursed back to life a fair-haired soldier, who had the features of her false lover, only to obey the stern voice of duty and send him back to her for whom herself had been deserted. Pathos and soothing self-sacrifice were in the picture, but in spite of it she was not content. She wanted to do something which should make the world bow at her feet, be among the world. Ah, she had it now! She would be a singer. In the little town in which she lived she was a member of the choir, and her voice had been warmly praised. She would go away to cultivate it and in a few years would astonish the world with its rich, wonderful melody and her pathetic ballad of forsaken love. Crowns, coronets and wealth would be offered the beautiful singer who had so suddenly come into prominence, but remembering her early love she would sing on and continue to play upon people's hearts.

At length, after feeling assured that her long absence and great success had changed her beyond danger of recognition, she would accept an offer from the opera of her own town—now a flourishing city—to sing for a large sum, the song to be of her own selection. She would compose it herself, a song of her own wretched life and love. It would be about something given to the ocean which only toys with the choicest treasure, soon tires and casts it ashore or buries it beneath the waves to be forgotten. One line would be, "My love was cast upon the ocean," and in a voice of marvelous sweetness, which would thrill all hearers, she would sing of her own crushed life, of the suffering that had been endured without murmur, and of the longing when life is ended "to be at rest beneath the sea." Only, of course, it should be sadder than that, but she would have plenty of time to write it.

The vision continued to unfold. Conspicuous in the vast audience a handsome face would be lifted to her from a tall, erect form, which she would not recognize, but by some strange spell their eyes would meet and then she would seem to sing only for him. His handsome face would show deep emotion. Afterwards they would meet at a great reception. In the introduction the names would be missed, but later in a secluded corner cut off from the world by a mass of fern he would tell her the strange influence of her song and pour out to her the story of an early love broken by his recklessness and of a disappointed later life. Then with the divinest melancholy in her speech and mood she would tell him of her own early love so nearly like his, whereupon by some kind interference of fate he would recognize her and implore her to renew those early vows which had been made and he had broken in his youth. But she would tell him no, in the very sweetest, saddest way, that as her heart was broken long ago it was but idle speculation to dream of happiness now, and so the one course of action open to her until the flowers should bloom about her grave was to cherish the broken idol of her lost youth (with lingering pathos upon the word *lost*).

This rehearsal of her future actions was becoming interesting. The tears had already ceased to flow. She would begin the change immediately. She would be quiet and sweet-faced, ever ready to cheer the sad—with special attention to the brokenhearted—never gay and heedless as she had been that morning. How long ago it seemed! But never to anyone would she tell the cause of her changed life.

The busy train was still running when suddenly there broke soothingly upon her ear those same tones she had planned to hear years hence.

"Dot! why, Dot!"

He was bending over her, his voice full of loving concern and his breath fanning her hair. She sat up woundedly without looking into his face, a little petulant that her reverie had been broken. He saw the tears.

"Why, sweetheart, what is wrong? Did I frighten you? Didn't you get my note?"—a bewitching little pout playing about the corners of her mouth. "When mother sent me to take Annette to the depot—she is my cousin, you know—"

He had sent a note explaining that his call would be delayed because of a duty to his cousin, but as soon as that was performed

he would return. "In the hopes," as he had put it, that his "little girl wouldn't be mad." Now he had returned true to his promise—somehow the note had failed of delivery—and he had been searching the premises for her ever since.

Her vision of the sacrificial life had fled, but somehow she did not regret its flight. And making room for him beside her she told him how she had doubted him and of all her plans for her sunless future. And those two young things sat there hand in hand and devoutly thanked heaven for delivering them from the awful fate from which they had so narrowly escaped.

Simile

BLANCHE WRAY, '10.

On a high and rock-bound coast
A lonely lighthouse, lashed
Of seas and braved by Neptune's host,
Solidly stands.

Like the lighthouse, a pure life,
Besieged by all the powers
Of ill, will rise above the strife,
Regally grand.

Vacation—Exit

ELISE LLOYD, '11.

Fare thee well, O summer,
Sweet season of God's rest,
Thy ways were not of labor,
They led us pleasure's quest.

We journeyed through His meadows,
We traveled through His dale,
We listened to His warblers,
Their praises in the vale.

Thy paths lay by the brooklets,
Where glads the soul of man;
We slept by winding rivers,
And dreamed on ocean's strand.

O, we were worn and weary,
Our hearts were burdened sore,
But not too worn, O summer,
To quarry for thy lore.

Man's company had tired us,
With him we found no peace,
Hope led us to God's country
Where found we true heart-ease.

There caught we skyland glory,
The wonders of His hand;
We measured there His power
In the little grain of sand.

At length our hearts were lightened,
And healed our spirits sore.
Then came we back to duty
To stand her court before.

Her mandates now control us,
Again her bondsmen we,
But mark! the yoke seems lighter,
O summer, since fall'n from thee!



Mess

SAMUEL JORDAN, '10.

Mess was all that his name implied. When a half grown dog, handsome, dashing, frolicsome, his master had christened him. As his lithe body developed to splendid proportions and he discovered his great strength he became a *mess* in nature as well as in name.

Every boy in the neighborhood had felt the sting of Mess's teeth, and, when he stalked about, the other dogs sought safety within their kennels. For Mess made few friends with the neighboring dogs.

One morning as he lay in a corner of his front yard dozing in the warm sunshine he caught sight of the canine member of a neighboring household lying on the soft grass under an evergreen. The sight interested him. He stretched his muscular body to its full length, one strong front leg reaching far out with widespread foot displaying long vicious claws, then opened his mouth with a wide yawn flashing two rows of snow-white teeth in the sunlight.

The neighboring dog continued his recumbencies, and gazing at him awoke memory in our indolent bully, that the other had growled at him the day before through the fence, and made him mad. Mess looked at Whity, which was his enemy's name, long enough to make sure he was asleep, then slowly crept toward him.

Once within a few feet of his victim Mess gave a sudden bound and sprang forward with great fury. There was a startled yelp, a blurred quick circling mass of white and brown heads, legs and tails, and then a white streak running toward the house pursued by Mess. Whity reached his porch before being overtaken and placed himself behind the railing for defense.

Mess tried in every way to remove his adversary from his security. He tried to scare him, but this made the other cower only the closer. He made as if he would jump through the lattice, but

this failed of its purpose. Then in reckless abandon, with a growl and tremendous effort, he sprang across the railing and at the throat of the cowering Whity.

The venture was one too many. Braved in his last stronghold Whity summoned his energies, met his assailant with savage onslaught and landed him heavily against a post. And before the surprised Mess could recover himself he was shaken from the porch to the ground, a whipped bully, gratified to the fullest of his blood-thirstiness.

His desire for trespass was also satisfied. He awaited no ceremonies, but sprang to his feet and made his way home at such speed that he appeared only a black blurr as he sailed over the fence.

The rest is only moral. Mess had come across looking for something. He had found it, and in the deep solicitude of his dog's heart he was carrying back to his own the satisfaction of his discovery.

A Springtime Rhapsody

ELBERT CHAPPELL, '10.

Thy ways to me, O, sightless one,
Are all a mystery.
They've luring proved and will allure
Throughout all history.

Used, when of thee I heard them speak,
With words so new to me,
I felt that I should like to live
A thousand years with thee.

Thereafter oft I longed for thee,
But all in vain it seemed,
Until one bright and sunny day
We met by ocean stream.

And there beside the restless wave,
Where voices whisper low,
I look'd into your face—or hers—
At least it seemed so.

Her countenance was like the rose,
O, she was fair to see!
And lily-like her life appeared,
Her slave I'd gladly be.

I tried to trace her soft desires,
That favor I might win.
Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes
Like witchery drew me in.

Then closely to her side I stole,
Some tender word to tell,
But silence on my lips was hung
And speech was under spell.

Alarmed at my want-wittedness
She fled invisibly,
Forlorn I stood like one amazed
And sorrowed silently.

In vain I waited her return,
She greeted me no more,
And I was left with sadder heart
Than I had known before.

Silently then I took my way
Across the dreary lea,
But ere my destination reached
This thought arose in me:

Blind one and small, how powerful
O'er mortal man thy sway!
One shaft of thine carelessly sped
Opes wounds that live away!



A Midnight Serenade

LAURA HOLMES HUTCHINGS, '10.

Grandpa Simmons was an old man of seventy. For twenty years he had been a widower, and in the meantime had become a rather fastidious and crusty old gentleman. He lived in a big house, had a big income and, in fact, was a big man in the village. His house was filled with silver plate, oak furniture and cut glass, of all of which Grandpa Simmons was very proud. His life was full of comfort and ease, but of late one thing had greatly annoyed him.

Now Grandfather Simmons had always held that the way to be "healthy, wealthy and wise" was to retire early and to spend the long night in peaceful slumber. But for several nights past, otherwise contented Grandpa had not been allowed to follow this rule in his accustomed way, owing to several midnight serenades of feline plan and perpetration. The interruption so aroused his nature that he prepared to reward his serenaders accordingly as the entertainment offered. A glimpse into his room the afternoon of the following day would have discovered a regular military post. Ranged beside his bed were rakes, broom handles, tomato cans and rocks, in general order of merit.

But alas for Grandpa Simmons! Even these weapons of defense availed nothing. A few savage onslaughts, and he was left to the

resources of his former nights. So it was with a more resolute and determined mind that Grandpa Simmons arose next day and prepared for battle of a sterner nature. He cleaned his gun, which had not been used since the war, loaded it with a handful of leaden slugs, and placed it by his bed.

That night, when all was still and Grandpa Simmons was sleeping peacefully, again came the nightly caterwaulers. With a set jaw he reached for his gun and quietly tipped downstairs. He crossed the kitchen and reached the outside door, when suddenly he heard a noise, a soft, padded noise as of something or somebody on the porch outside. But, no, it could not be! Yet, there it was again! Now Grandpa Simmons had once been a soldier, so with this thought to encourage him he threw wide the kitchen door. There was a rush, a scurry and over the back fence climbed a man to safety ou'side, for Grandpa Simmons was firing his gun.

Half an hour later a limp old man picked himself up from the other side of the room, where the recoil from his gun had landed him, and made his way painfully back to bed. Whether he slept well the rest of the night is not in the story, but for succeeding nights there was little excuse because of the presence of a genuine French bulldog, his own special purchase as safeguard against "burglars and cats."

Our Last Vacation

(Echo from the Class).

ANNA LEA WILLIAMS, '10.

It was to me the last white rose
That bloomed so late in fall.
So nearly perfect it did seem
The fairest of them all.

So sad, in sooth, it is to think
That, when this year is o'er,
From these fair walls we'll pass to pluck
Vacation's flower no more.

Uncle Eph's Philosophy

NATALIE TUCK, '11.

'Tain't no use er lookin' gloomy
En er goin' off ter pout,
Kaze de cabbage pot am empty
En yer cawn pone done gin out.

Jes be happy, keep on smilin',
'N if de trials come yer way,
Dey 'll des scatter lak de raindrops
W'en de sun come out ter s'ay.

Whut's de use er allers grumblin'?
Jes sit whar yo' is en grin;
Ef yo' smile dar in yer do'way
Trubble nebber will come in.

Hit don't do no good, yer fussin',
When de worl' seem upside down;
Jes keep busy—do yer duty,
En don't stop ter sigh en frown.

Why yo' allers lookin' shady?
'Tain't no use ter snub en cry;
Try a little snatch er singin',
Yo'll fergit ter groan en sigh.

Allers keep yer face er beamin',
Yo' ain't got time fer feelin' blue;
Ef yo'll nebber trubble trubble,
Trubble nebber 'll trubble yo'.

Trubble am so mighty funny,
Allers laks er gloomy face;
Keep de ris'bles on yer count'nance,
Trubble 'll find some other place.

Do yer duty, allers laughin',
Dat's enuff fer one ter do;
Kaze ef yo' will smile at trubble,
Trubble will smile back at yo'.

Alumni Department

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

NETTIE SUE TILLET, '09.

Often in a very abstract way we talk of "school spirit," which is really or should be the first requisition made by a good school of a good student. Its hold once fixed gradually strengthens, transforming indifference into enthusiasm and disinterestedness into ardor. But there is one serious fault which the utmost school spirit is slow to correct, in fact the evil is of that spirit itself. The interest, which the term implies, embraces all phases of school life and does not, as many would have it, center entirely around any one, as for instance athletics. To be sure this is a very proper way to exhibit it, but there are others of equally strong proprieties. Surely it must include the various intellectual activities, by which is meant, not only the actual studies, but all things pertaining to literary acquirements—as the societies, and particularly the magazine work.

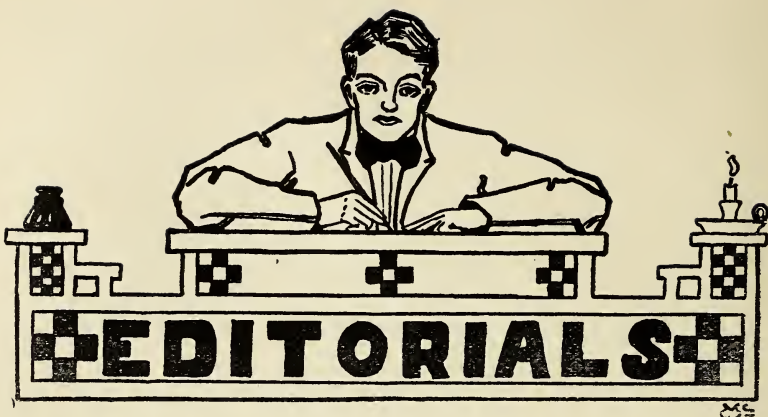
The athletes of a school usually have the respect and admiration of the whole student body, not to mention the worship of some, which we are not in position to question and so accord them as right. Indeed we have utter scorn for the student who has no sympathy for his home team in time of defeat, or who does not feel proud of its victories. The athletes fix the standard of the school as to physical strength and activity, and every loyal student is solicitous there about the record of his school. So "school spirit" can hardly be wrong if applied generously to athletics.

The school magazine is supposed to reveal the intellectual scope of the school in literary gymnastics. Is it not equally, if not more, important then, that the best efforts be put forth in that which represents the school from the standpoint by which most people judge such an institution? And yet often a school magazine is left wholly to the care of the editors who in no few cases have to tease and beg the capable students to write for that which the students themselves are supposed to put out. Those who are kind enough to assist then have a sort of indescribable feeling that they have done the editors a great favor. Of course, as to all rules, there are exceptions to this, but as a usual thing very few of the students put forth their best

efforts in aid of the magazine. Some do not even subscribe for it, but argue that the price for it will buy several tickets to a moving picture show. What "a prudent consideration for number one"! Even this class is superior to another found in perhaps all magazine-producing schools—those who subscribe for the magazine, but somehow manage to forget the subscription fee. Such, though, are not worthy of mention, and happily form only a small part of the student body. Another set, which beggars description, are the cynics, who are always ready to make fun of or criticise in any harsh way possible the contents of the magazine. Such as they become interested only when some misfortune befalls the publication.

But we would not do violence to a few choice spirits, such as are found behind every enterprise, who, with the editors, are the life of the magazine. They are the happy exceptions when we say that the student body as a whole does not yet recognize its duty to the school publication. It is possible for every one to assist in some way, and that possibility should be fulfilled, if for no other reason than that each owns a share in it.

High School students, support your magazine in every possible way! Write for it! Draw for it! Subscribe for it! Pay for it! Or if you find yourself unable to do any of these at least weep at the tragedies it contains and shake your sides at its jokes.



During its brief career the MESSENGER has reached and maintained a rank equal to that of any high school magazine in the State. This success has been brought about by the faithful, untiring efforts of former staff officials, and of a few of the student body. Always its motto has been "Excelsior"—higher, always higher. But no matter how good a thing may be, there is always room for improvement. Such is the hope for the MESSENGER, and as long as the student body supports and works for it, such will the realization be. But as soon as the student body ceases to have the welfare of its magazine at heart, it can but fail. There are numerous ways by which you can help the MESSENGER, students. You can help it financially by subscribing to it; you can help it just as materially by writing for it.

In the school there are numbers of students who have never contributed material for the magazine, many of whom have shown a marked degree of literary ability. Do not stand back and let others do the work, if you can do it as well or better. If you have any aptitude at all for writing, write us a story. Even if it should not be published it will do you great good and will make much easier the second attempt, not to mention the gratification it will be to the Literary Editor.

Those of the students gifted with the art of drawing can also help the MESSENGER very materially. This year, for the first time in the history of the magazine, it has been decided to have the cover designs and other pictures for the departments drawn by students

of the school, if the first issue, by the attention given it along this line, shall justify such a course. If you have any original sketches, fellow-students, or if you can make some for the magazine, your service with them will be greatly appreciated.

The literary societies are among the most important features of a high school. In them boys and girls are preparing themselves to think and speak before audiences.

This year for the first time there are two boys' literary societies in the school: the Blackwell and the McIver. The latter has just been organized under the direction and management of Mr. Holton and Mr. Campbell. Much good should come from the presence of a new society in the Durham High School, since the competition between the two should cause the members of each to work harder for their respective society than they would do under the stimulus of one.

Many boys go through school without joining a debating society. If asked to join they usually answer that they do not intend to become public speakers and therefore do not care to join. No matter in what business a person may be engaged, he is most apt at some period of his life to be called upon to speak in public. Then it is that early training in some good society asserts itself. The man who has had advantage of such training can get up and intelligently express himself, but the untrained man, even though he knows what he wishes to say, will be assailed with such nervousness that his powers of expression will be taken from him. At best he can but talk confusedly and resume his seat, having left but little impression of what he had wished to say. No person is more to be pitied than that one who tries to make a speech, and, through lack of training, fails.

There are other boys in school who would really like to join one of the societies, but who think that they cannot stand up before the society in debate. Boys, if this is what is keeping you out, hesitate no longer. Select your society and join at the next meeting. Don't be afraid to make your first speech. It will be hard to face a crowd for the first time, but be man enough to make your first attempts and succeeding ones will be much easier. The doors of the societies are gateways to great opportunities. Will you not enter?

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society is to the girls what the

Blackwell and McIver societies are to the boys. This society was organized about two years ago, since which time it has done very efficient work. No high school girl should be out of this society.

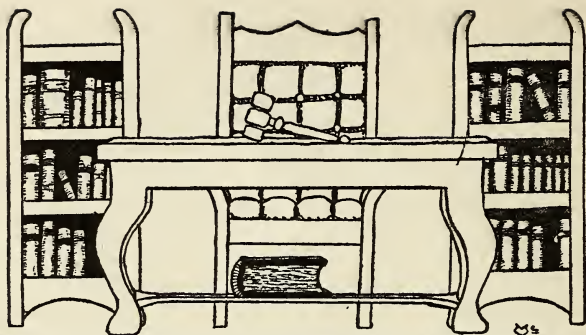
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The term *athletics* implies everything pertaining to healthful sports. But at this season of the year one's thoughts turn naturally to football. We reached and held a position last year in football circles that we were, and still are, justly proud of. We realize that we must put forth every effort this year to hold that envied position which we attained. Perhaps we have not as many of our old stars as is usually the case, many having left us, but we have new material that, when properly broken and trained, will be first-class. Every candidate's one resolve is to make the team, consequently every afternoon you may see them out on the gridiron in bad and good weather going through some sharp practice work or learning signals.

The Association this year has secured a good coach, who is out every afternoon with the boys instructing them in some new plays. We have in the team four elements which are most essential in the make-up of a football team. They are strength, endurance, speed, and grit. We have a line-up that that could withstand the rush of a tornado, and our back-field is like lightning.

Soon basketball and tennis will be in popular sway and then those games will claim the attention of a number of the students. To say the least, our athletic outlook is promising.



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Blackwell Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday, the tenth of September.

We opened with eighteen or twenty old members back with us. Six new members from the higher grades were admitted at this meeting.

Messrs. Bryan and Scott, of the faculty, will be with us this year as advisers and helpers in running the Society.

On Friday, the seventeenth of September, we held our second meeting, the purpose of which was to take in new members from the first year classes and to discuss any business which might come up.

We now have on roll some thirty members, and with these we have brilliant prospects. We hope to be able to have one or more inter-high school debates within the year.

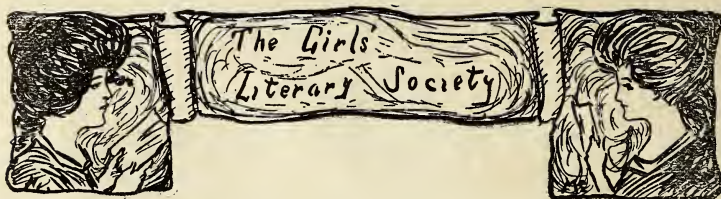
McIver Literary Society

There has been a new society organized in the High School under the name of McIver Literary Society. It was named for the late Dr. McIver, a man formerly connected with the schools of Durham, who has played a great part in the educational system of the State.

This Society was organized by students with the aid of Messrs. Holton and Campbell. It is believed that by having two societies in the school harder work will be done by each.

The McIver Society has already begun its work. It met for the first time Friday night, September the tenth, in the Tenth Grade room. It has about twenty-five members at present, including Messrs. Holton, Campbell and Goode, of the faculty. The following were elected officers: Clarence Ross, President; Eugene Currin, Vice-President; Frank Sasser, Secretary; Mr. Campbell, Treasurer. The President appointed a committee to draw up the Constitution and By-laws. This committee reported at the following meeting, September the seventeenth, and the report was accepted. The colors were also chosen and passed upon by the Society. A committee has already been working with a like committee from the Blackwell Society to arrange debates with different high schools of the State.

We wish to mention that, though the McIver Literary Society is new and largely made up of students not experienced in the work, we believe it will prove to be a credit to this school as the other societies have been.



This session marks the third year in the history of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society. The Society has had a very prosperous life the first two years, and with the help of each member we intend to make this third year the best of all. Each year the Society has grown, not only in the number of members, but also in the quality of the work. We can make this society work one of the most enjoyable, as well as the most instructive, phases of our school life. We welcome to our number all new members meaning to work for and support the Society. So come, girls, and help us to make this the Red Letter Year of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society.



The Poet's Club met for the first time this year Friday afternoon, September the seventeenth. As none of the members belonging to last year's graduating class were present and, as no new members were admitted, the attendance was small.

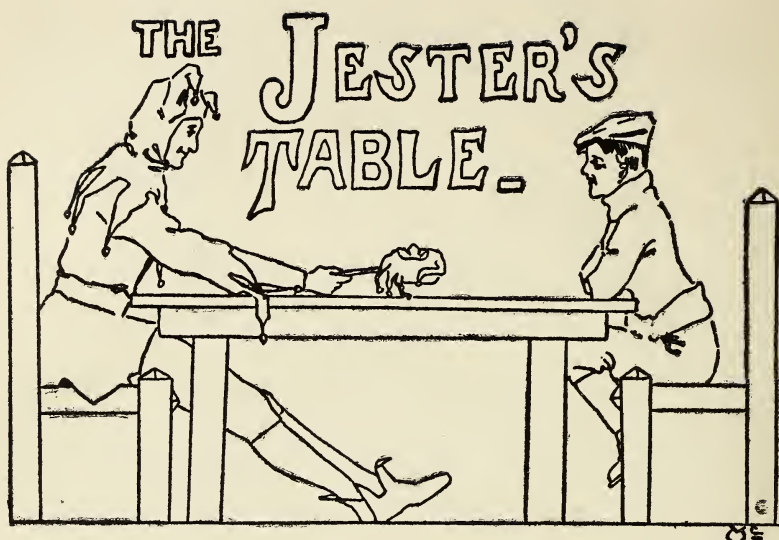
Several new plans were discussed which, if carried out, will make the Poet's Club one of the most interesting as well as one of the most profitable features of the school. It is the unanimous wish of the members not to have an overflowing Club, but to have a few earnest, active members. It is quality and not quantity that we want.

Through the English teachers we have learned that there are a great many students in the school who have shown marked poetic talent. We cordially invite them to join this Club, as it will not only be very beneficial to them, but will train and encourage them in this line of work.

Under the direction of Mr. Goode and our President, Miss Mary Wescott, we hope to make this year the most successful of the Club's career, and if we can but get the members properly interested we can do this.

We most heartily thank the old members of the class of '09 for the work they did while with us.

The same time as that of last year was agreed upon for meeting, the second and fourth Tuesday afternoon of every school month.



Mr. ———, on History—"What invention enabled the early settlers to lessen the difficulties of crossing the mountains?"

I. Strayhorn—"Steamboats."

* * *

Mr. ———, on English—"How common is Exposition?"

Adolph H.—"Not very much."

Mr. ——— "You are trying to *explain* now, aren't you? Isn't that exposition?"

Adolph (reflecting upon his own efforts)—"It must be pretty common then."

* * *

Mr. ———, on History—"What were the names of Columbus's ships?"

Anna R.—"The Mayflower was the name of one."

* * *

Mr. ———, on History—"During whose reign did colonization take on new life?"

Zeb R.—"Elizabeth's" (of course).

Mr. ———, on English—"What is the reference 'the cat in the adage?'"

Isaac S.—"It means the cat was in the attic."

* * *

Miss ———, on Latin—"I don't understand, Percy, where you got 'brazen prow' in your sentence."

Percy B.—"Why, I got it right here in the book!"

And for a wonder Percy could explain it.

* * *

Miss ———, on Virgil—"Explain the proper name 'Aeoliam,' Ira." With perfect confidence Ira Cates, in haste, answered: "He was the King of the Winds."

Miss ——— "Look at the gender of it, Ira."

Ira looked and with a smile of triumph answered: "Oh, yes, I knew that! He was his wife!"

* * *

There's a maxim of the ages

You've no trouble to recall.

"It's better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all."

You may take it as you want to—

How you'll take it, I can't tell—

But my opinion pure and simple

Is: To love and lose is—well

You know—

by Z. V. R.

* * *

Mr. ———, on History—"Where did Magellan abandon his ships?"

P. Brown—"Where he left them."

* * *

Miss ———, on Latin—"What is a natatorium?"

Zeb R.—"It is a place where you keep fish."



GENTLE KNOCKS

"Ye learned sisters"—*4th year girls.*

"I am a part of all that I have met"—*Mary Wescott.*

"The old familiar faces"—*3 B.*

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair"—*Luther Barbour.*

"But, O, those eyes!"—*Elizabeth Sugg.*

"The idle singers of an empty day"—*The choir.*

"A great, deep silence"—*Lucie Stokes.*

"Rags, Rem, Busy Bee, Peter, Walter Simon—see him—he has something to tell you.

"Where ignorance is bliss"—*Lizzie Whitaker.*

"For I am nothing, if not critical"—*The Exchange Editor.*

"They fool me to the top of my bent"—*Literary Editor.*

"I am the very pink of courtesy"—*Zeb Roberson.*

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver"—*Charles Crabtree—
Phone Monitor.*



An empty table confronts the exchange editor this month, due to the early publication of our magazine. There being no criticisms to make we wish to extend a hearty greeting to all of our exchanges and hope that the coming year will be a successful one to them.

As another new year opens we wish to thank our exchanges for their beneficial criticisms of the past and we hope that they will continue to give us their same friendly opinions. May our critical remarks be of aid to others, as we expect to profit by what is said concerning us. And we wish our exchanges to know that whatever we may say in regard to them is said with good will. In criticising other magazines we intend to commend the good as well as to condemn the bad material in them.

A hearty welcome is extended to all of the old exchanges as they come back to us and to any new ones that may be added to the list.

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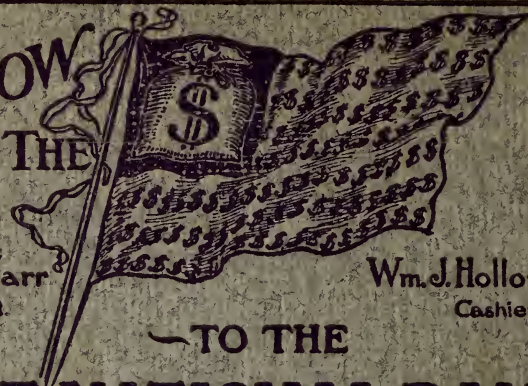
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