

THE ACADEMIC CONTESTS

TOOK PLACE LAST NIGHT AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Spite of Bad Weather, Exercises Were Held in Presence of Good Audience—Carried off well.

Last night at the Opera House, in the presence of a filled house, the first of the commencement exercises were held when the academic program was very creditably gone through with. The examinations were closed last Friday and the cadets have been ceaselessly working over their several stunts ever since. Each contestant has a great deal to be proud of, the execution demonstrating much natural ability and a very praiseworthy application.

The numbers on the programme were, as is always the case, equally divided between the two Societies, the Washington and the Franklin, and the rivalry between these two bodies is almost as keen as is exhibited between the companies themselves.

SOCIETY CONTESTS.

The Washington Society:

Declamation—The World as a Whispering Gallery—J. U. Vann.

Oration—The Old Actor's Story—J. U. Emmett.

Essay—Benedict Arnold—R. P. Eubanks.

Debate (negative) "Resolved that the postal savings bank system should be adopted in the United States."

The Franklin Society:

Declamation—"Dixie Remembers her Dead"—A. R. Phillips.

Oration—The Message to Garcia—R. B. Scott.

Essay—"New Florida"—A. E. Mellon.

Debate (affirmative)—"Resolved that the postal savings bank system should be adopted in the United States."

DECLAMATIONS CONTESTS.

1. J. P. Garcia—"Not Guilty."

2. J. U. Emmett—"Ben Hur"

3. R. B. Vance—"Distinguished Confederate Veterans."

4. J. O. Pollard—"The Death Penalty."

5. Henry Callis—"Emmett on Being Found Guilty of Treason."

6. Marsh Roy—"The Ride of Jenny McNeil."

7. A. E. Mellon—"Skimpily."

The marshals appeared very trim and bonny in their regalias, and handled the crowd with considerable credit. These marshals, a very clever septette of young gentlemen, were:

MARSHALS

A. E. Mellon, Tampa, Fla., Chief

R. S. Reinhardt, Jr., Lincolnton N. C.

H. B. Ferguson, Halifax, N. C.

R. M. Joyner, Farmville, N. C.

R. B. Scott, Greensboro, N. C.

J. A. Hancock, Winston-Salem

W. D. Boykin, Boykins, S. C.

Don't miss the bargains at Hamilton Drug Co. Special sale for 15 days only.

If you want vegetable or flower seeds of the best quality and true to name, get them of J. P. Stedman.

Out of sheer pleasure in anticipating this day and in the hope that it might not come amiss, the editors of the Ledger had made preparations to side-track the usual routine of the paper and make of this issue of the publication something of a reminiscent edition, arriving a day ahead of schedule time. The paper's patrons and friends have always been unusually kind, and this liberty was taken with them, practically all of the matter that usually appears having been omitted.

But, alas, the pains and preparations of mice and men often come to grief and, good sirs, that is just what has been done in this unfortunate printshop. In order that there might be no hitch, every contingency that could be thought of was provided against but one, and that one, the unexpected, as usual happened. The shop was shut up throughout two days, all plans have been abandoned but a tiny, infantile ray of hope having peeped over the dark clouds the next day, heart was again taken and, in what remaining time there was, these pages have been gotten together in some manner and are handed out timidly, shamefacedly, but in the deepest hope that you will take the will for the deed, and will make the resident old boys happy by being happy yourselves.

Hang the luck, but here's to you, just the same.

CALL HAM POWELL.

Don't Forget Your Banquet Tickets, Mr. Visitor.

Ham Powell has two kinds of banquet tickets, red and white, and every banqueter must have one or the other in order to pass the gentleman who camps at the head of the banquet hall.

The two colors, reds for the locals and whites for the visitors, were deemed sufficient, but Colonel William Landis is worried because he says it's not enough. He wants a blue one.

Just a Little Too Late.

Sheriff Sam Wheeler took another booze hunting expedition last Wednesday night with deputies Mose King, Connie Walters, and Ned Booth. He got a tip that a distillery down in Brassfield was just about right to be seized and took his deputies out after midnight. The quartette drove about 4 miles south of Wilton, or in the "Capital Square of the Hurricane" as he put it, and found where operations had just been going on, the still cap and worm gone. The four waited until about seven o'clock hoping to catch the owners, but there was nothing doing in that line. They destroyed about a thousand gallons of beer and came back home wet and bedraggled.

AMENITIES BETWEEN GIANTS;

Interesting Meeting Between Colonel Bingham and Mr. Horner.

An old clipping recently run across contains this interesting item:

"At the centennial celebration of the University of North Carolina in 1889, there were present two men, each of whom had contributed magnificently to the education of the youth of the State. They were James H. Horner, of Oxford, and Major Robert Bingham, of Mebane and Asheville.

Said Major Bingham:

But the alumnus is with us today who is the Nestor of the private school work in this State. He is a brilliant man in intellect; a kingly man in person. He is the most striking and efficient man that I have ever seen in the classroom. It is he of all others who should respond to this toast and you will not do justice to the man, to the private schools, and to yourselves, if you do not on this auspicious day hear the words of wisdom from James H. Horner, of Oxford.

Mr. Horner rose to his great height, slightly embarrassed by the compliment, looked a moment at Major Bingham and said with unconscious grace and simplicity that he was not a speaker, and that whatever he may have done of usefulness, or whatever success he may have attained in his profession, was the result of having sat at the feet of the greatest teacher that North Carolina has known, the eminent Colonel Bingham, the father of the friend that had so kindly introduced him.

Coming as it did in such impromptu style, and pitched on the tender note given it by Mr. Horner, the meeting of the two great educators caught the attention of the audience completely; and as the significance of the Horner and Bingham families was more strongly impressed by the sight, the enthusiasm was intense. The incident was one of the happiest of the celebration."

BOYS ARE GATHERING FROM EVERYWHERE FOR REUNION.

Numbers Arrived Yesterday Afternoon and Night and To-day Trains Bringing Many More.

PROUD DAY FOR BOYS OF OXFORD AND GRANVILLE.

Programme To-day Consists of Competitive Dumbbell

Drill at 10; Manual of Arms on Parade Grounds at

10:30; Baseball 11:00; Alumni Address 4:30

P. M. Opera House; BANQUET 9:00

P. M. Until

There has at last arrived the day, the 26th of May, the glorious 26th day that the old students of the Horner School living in Oxford and Granville County have been looking for with so much solicitude and pleasure. For many weeks every one has ruminated of the days that have glided back into history, and wondering how many will assemble here on this auspicious occasion and be boys once more, forgetting that they are judges, doctors, lawyers, preachers, statesmen, business men, or what not.

Every train as it arrives from the four quarters brings numerous happy men feverishly anxious to rejoin those whom they have not seen in many, many years, perhaps.

The Association of Old Horner Boys of Oxford and Granville county with outstretched hand greets every one of these old schoolmates and classmates. The citizens of the town are proud that it has in it the Horner School, and proud that so many of the old students are today coming to revive the memories of the past and again live over the happy, devil-may-care, but instructive and prosperous days that helped in such material way to make them what they are. And it is every Oxonian and Granvillian's proudest thing to say that the matrons, whom Horner Boys have always found so gracious and charming, and the lasses, the matrons of the future, are helping them guild the latch string, ever keeping it in view of every Old Boy, be he young and wise, or aged and foolish.

Schoolmates, Classmates, Friends, Kinsmen, Old Acquaintance, New Acquaintances, everything in this old burgh, everything in this old county, greets you! May this day be one of everlasting pleasure to you in coming to see us, as it is to us in the honor and gratification of your presence and your pleasure. We are glad, very glad to have you with us.

The Programme To-day:

At ten of the clock, this nice and happy day the cadets are to compete over at the school with the dumbbells, which is the initial event of the day.

On the half-hour, or at ten-thirty, the Manual of Arms according to Mr. Butt, fills the second number of the programme.

In thirty minutes more, in the event of their examinations, allowing their attendance, a nine of old Horner boys from Chapel Hill will attempt to show the cadets something new in the handling of the leather sphere.

At four-thirty in the afternoon, when dinner has become a matter of history, after the siesta has been taken by the lazy, there will be a gathering of the public when the Alumni address will be delivered by the Hon. Francis D. Winston, of Bertie, the ex-lieutenant-governor being one of the happiest and jolliest of the address makers. The address of welcome will be made by general the Hon. Beverly S. Royster, and the introductory speech by Dr. E. T. White. These things will take place in the Opera House.

And the Banquet, it will begin to happen about nine in the evening over in the Auditorium. But what will be doing—sufficient unto hour. A little bird whispereth that several chests are burdened with suppressed English that is ornate, highly polished, and bound to be removed from those chests. As to how long these things will go on or what will be the manner thereof, Uncle Ben is the doctor. Anxiously will everybody all await the nod of his head.



There is much interest in tennis among the cadets, and Company B. pins its faith in this quartette of young stalwarts.

A NOTABLE MAN.

Comment of the Hon. R. H. Battle About the Late Mr. Horner.

The Hon. R. H. Battle, of Raleigh, in a newspaper article written some years ago, says of the late James H. Horner:

"The last of the four notable teachers I would mention is James H. Horner, the founder of the Horner School at Oxford. He was younger than the other three, and was graduated from our university with the highest honors in 1844. He had been a pupil of Col. Wm. J. Bingham, and largely adopted his methods of instruction and discipline, though perhaps with some improvements. His students sent to the University did not much attract my notice until the latter part of my course as tutor in the institution in 1857. The proficiency of a large class he sent up in that year, when I examined them for admission into Greek and Latin, struck me forcibly, and I was satisfied that he who had so prepared them had attained the first rank as a great teacher. The success of those pupils and others who sat at his feet, afterwards, such as the four Winston brothers, Bishop Robert Strange, and some of their predecessors or successors, possibly as distinguished as they at school or since, has proved that my opinion then formed was well founded.

"His enthusiasm in the classroom, especially when the recitations were in the Ancient Languages, has been described to be by some of his students as intensive, and it was communicated to the pupils. As he would stand in his classes, nearly six and a half feet high, with his face aglow and unconsciously gesticulating with head and arms, as with rapid words he delivered the thoughts of the great writers and orators of Greece and Rome, so interested his eager listeners that the stroke of the bell for recess passed unheeded. A rare achievement, judging from my own experience, at school and in college, when the voice of the teacher was at once drowned in the hubbub of a general rush for the door on the sounding of such bell.

"Soon after the War Between the States, Mr. Horner and Ralph Graves, the elder, himself an experienced teacher of high rank, established the Horner and Graves School near Hillsboro, where Col. Tew had conducted a military school with growing success, shortly before the beginning of hostilities.

"The school commanded a large patronage and excellent teaching was done by the principals and such assistants as Mr. H. Morson, who then began life as a teacher, and Monroe Horner, the elder son of Mr. J. H. Horner, but the strain consequent upon the change proved too much for Mr. Horner and his health became so much affected that it was thought best for him to return to Oxford, and with the help of his two sons (Junius M., now the Bishop of Asheville, having completed his scholastic education), and others, and re-established the Horner School. This was done, and his health being partially restored, he was able on the old plantations again to do excellent work.

"The venture redounded to the advantage of the family and the community; as the present high standing of the school, under its old name with Jerome Horner as a principal, with dormitories, its session time all filled, shows. But the burden soon proved too heavy for the old founder longer to help bear—as in his zeal he would do—and after a successful career as a teacher for about forty years, he passed to his rest."

Shopworn goods are few with us, but what there are must be sold. Cost is not considered at Crenshaws, next door to Crenwillo Drug Co. Main St.

PROGRAM FOR THURSDAY

WHAT WILL BE DONE IF ANY DECENT WEATHER COMES.

The Competitive Drills Between the Companies, the Manual of Arms Drill, Field and Track Athletics

The programme as scheduled for Thursday opens in the morning with a competitive drill between the companies at 10 o'clock. This event which takes place on the Campus is a very pretty spectacle as the cadets are perhaps better drilled this year than in many years before, and this is the biggest event in the selection of the company that wins the colors. This will be followed by Butts Manual of Arms drill.

At 3:30 o'clock the annual field track athletics will come off. Pole vaulting, long and short distance jumping, foot races, putting the shot, and the other usual stunts necessitating skill and endurance will be pulled off. So interested in these events are the cadets, so anxious are they to preserve every bit of strength and wind, that they are going to bed tonight, I kegood fellows, every man hoping and striving for glory in the award of athletic honors.

At 9:30 the Cadet Ball is the culminating event of the commencement of the year 1909. The floor of the Auditorium will be put in excellent condition and every young heart thrills at the very mention of the cadet ball.

Precisely at 12 midnight the music will stop, the dancers will pause a few moments and, the presentation of Colors will take place. This august and anxious scene, in the eyes of every cadet, will bring happiness and glory to the members of one company and desolation and woes to the vanquished. Which is it to be?

HE GOT A LICLING

Mr. Horner Denies the Charge but He Got a Good One.

A certain report has been going the rounds for a great many years, but Mr. Rome says that it is very largely a mistake. He kind of mumbles and gives some sort of explanation; but he admits that there is a modicum of truth in it. At any rate he hasn't the nerve to deny the whole thing.

It was this way. When he was a young man, a young blood from college, he came tripping up Horner Avenue one crisp, snowy morning. His breath, frozen by the low temperature, was as smoking as if he had just been exhaling the smoke of one of those flat, odoriferous, black Turkish Trophies. A gang of chattering boys up at the house were begging a holiday of the late founder of the school. He was standing listening to the importunities, but had told them that there was nothing doing in the holiday line. However, spying Mr. Rome clipping up the avenue at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, more or less, Mr. Horner said:

"Boys, if you'll take Rome down and give him a good beating I'll give you a holiday." In less time than it takes to tell it, if the report be true, Mr. Rome went down and before he rose again, in the words of the narrator, "he got the darn'dest licking mortal man ever had."

Mr. Horner says it ain't so, that is, some of it ain't so, but he is an interested party and has never volunteered to name any witnesses.

"Mr. Farmer you know, and your neighbor knows that Davis will save you money on hardware, and implements of all kinds: I buy in car lots such things as wire fencing, barb wire, plain wire, cook stoves, ranges, mowers, rakes, cultivators, roofing, and many other things too numerous to mention. A postal brings results, write me at once, Davis, Clarksville, Va."

Rhode Island Red pullets and hens of the best strain. Apply to J. P. Stedman.