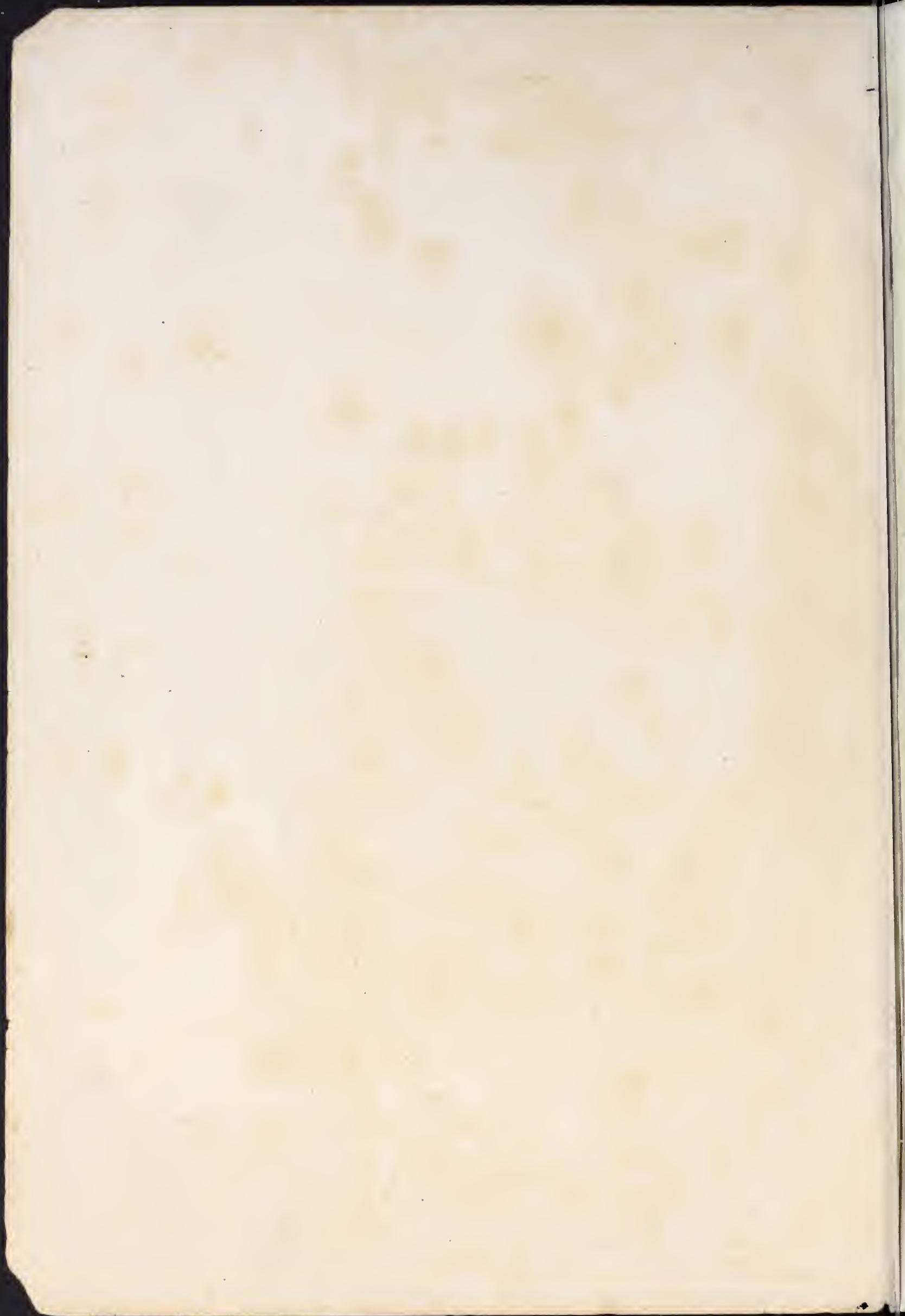




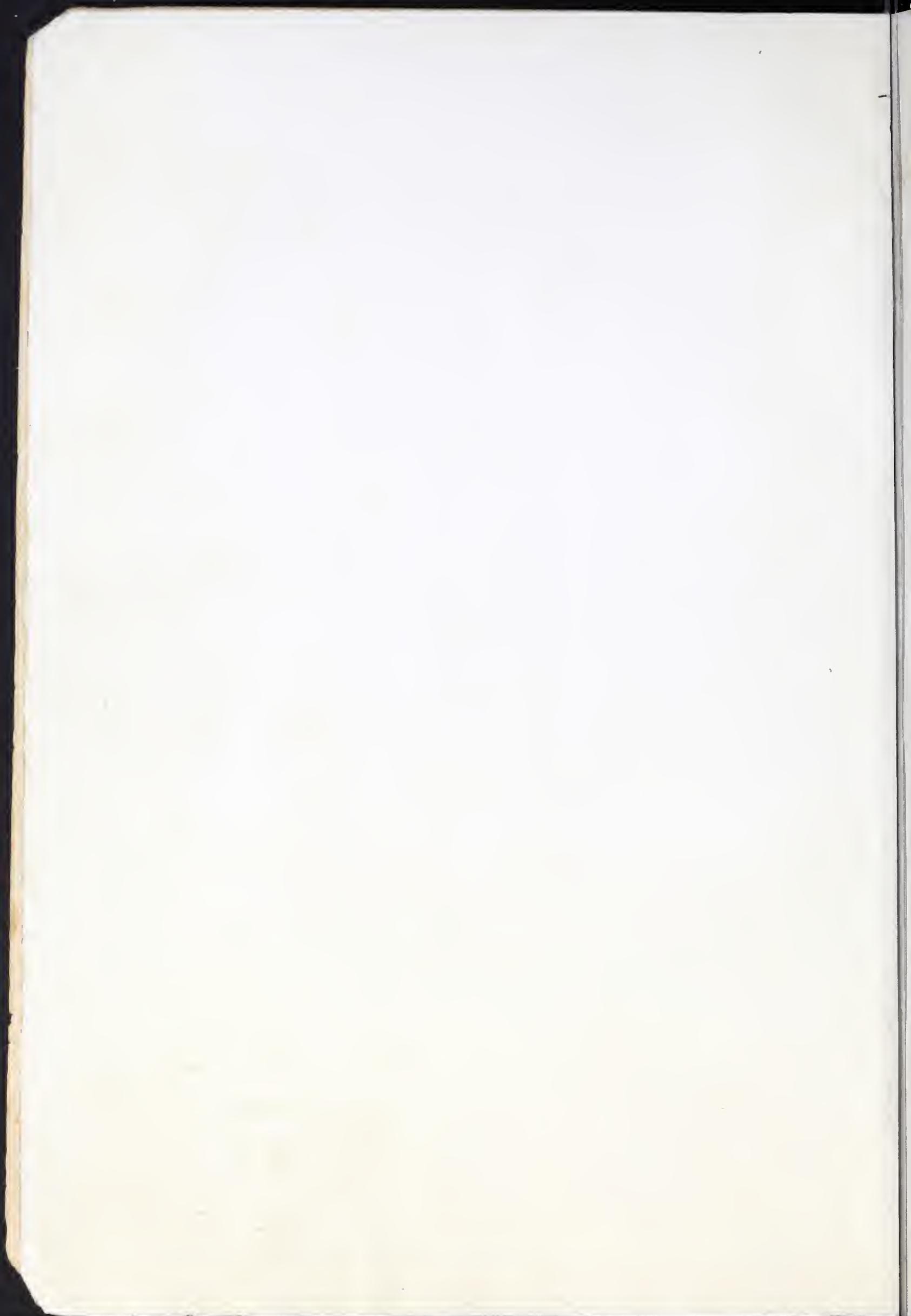
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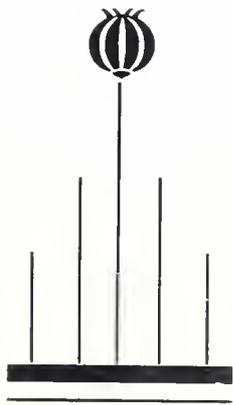
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G. H. S.
Annual
1909



INTRODUCTION

THIS Annual has been prepared by the Greensboro High School Students, not simply for amusement, but with two definite objects in view. First, it was intended to arouse greater school spirit; and second, it is an endeavor to remind the citizens of Greensboro that they have a High School. ¶ ¶ ¶

¶ At the very outset the Editors wish it to be understood that whatever personal aspersions may be contained herein are merely pleasantries, and should be taken in a spirit of genial humor. ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

¶ The Editors hope that the Annual will please the students, they hope it will arouse school pride, but above all they hope it will be instrumental in arousing a greater public interest in the High School. ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

DEDICATION

TO

WILEY H. SWIFT

whose energy and interest has meant so much
for the High School, and

TO

W. C. JACKSON

whose active co-operation and cheerful labor
have been such an inspiration to all:

TO

THE TWO MEN

who have been to this school what a shower
is to a drought-stricken country, this
Annual is affectionately
dedicated





WILEY HAMPTON SWIFT, Superintendent



WALTER CLINTON JACKSON, Principal



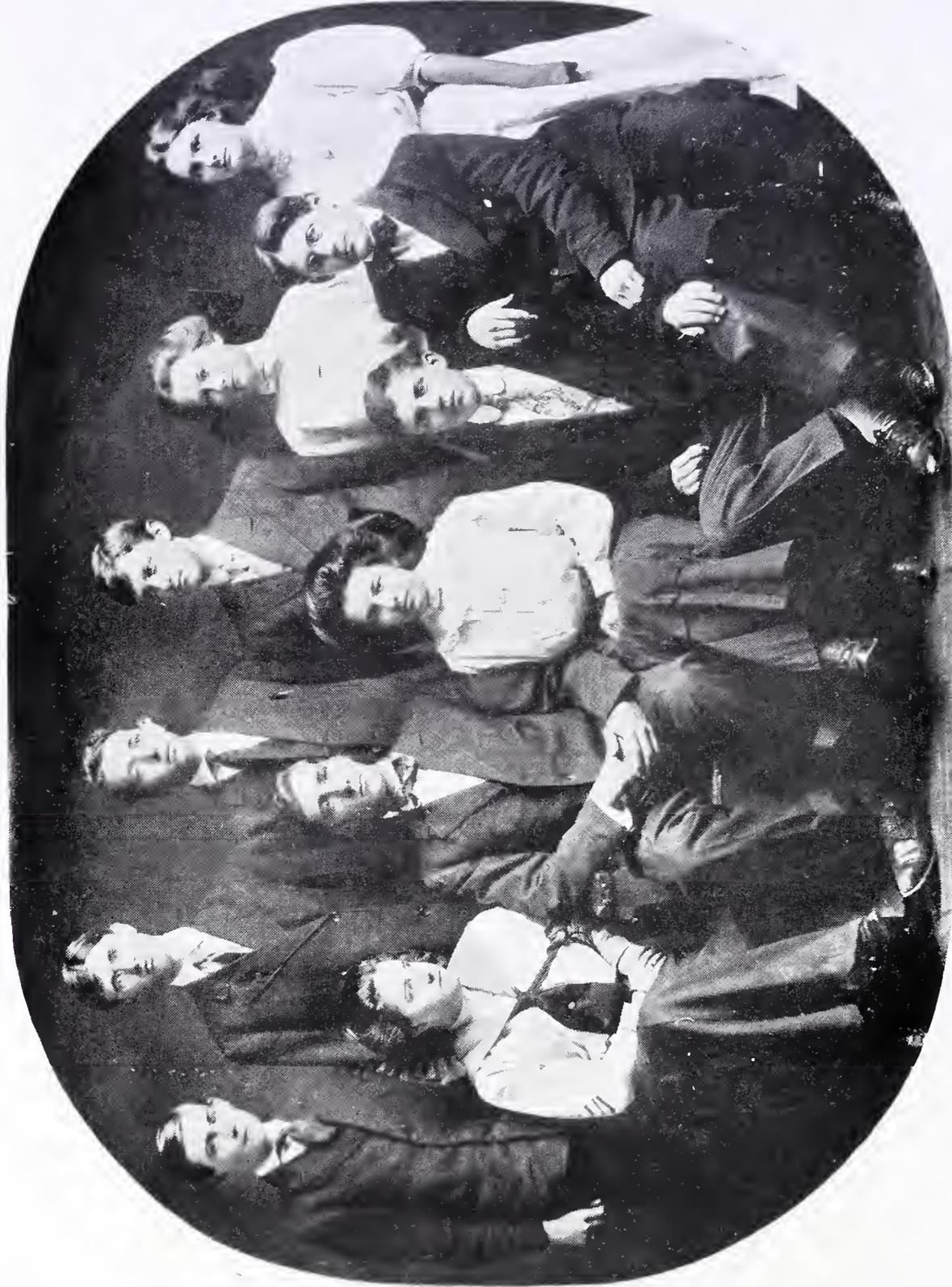
FACULTY OF THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

FACULTY

WILEY HAMPTON SWIFT, A. B.,
Superintendent

WALTER CLINTON JACKSON, B. S.,
Principal

A. H. KING	- - - -	Mathematics
FRANCES WOMBLE	- - - -	Latin
LELIA HAMPTON	- - - -	Science
ELEANOR ELLIOTT	- - - -	English
MARY JONES	- - - -	Domestic Science
ADA WOMBLE	- - - -	Junior B
MAY HENDRIX	- - - -	Junior B
EUNICE KIRKPATRICK	- - - -	Eighth Grade
EMMA WRENN	- - - -	Eighth Grade



EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITORIAL STAFF

NEWMAN I. WHITE

SIDNEY ALDERMAN

MARIANNA JUSTICE

EDYTHE MUIR

ANDREW JOYNER

GUELDA ELLIOT

RAY BOND

DOUB KERR

SIGMUND LINDAU

ALLAN T. PREYER

Business Manager

MABEL CLARY

Assistant Business Manager





SENIOR CLASS

ALLAN T. PREYER	President
MARGARETTE CALLUM	Vice President
CLARA GLENN	Secretary and Treasurer
SPEIGHT HUNTER	Orator
SIDNEY ALDERMAN	Historian
NEWMAN WHITE	Poet
MARIANNA JUSTICE	Prophet

Class Motto:—Nil Desperandum

Class Colors:—Black and gold

Class Flower:—Violet

ROLL

Alderman, Sidney	Mangum, Amber
Briggs, Joy	Merritt, Gray
Callum, Margarette	Moore, Eliza
Forney, Welborne	Paylor, Ivy
Freeman, Mamie	Preyer, Allan
Freeman, Vearl	Pierce, Lida
Fry, Fielding	Smith, Frank
Fry, Francis	Spivey, Rennie
Glenn, Clara	Sullivan, William
Groome, Ruth	Tate, Murray
Hawkins, Estelle	Taylor, Gretchen
Hunter, Speight	Weaver, Fleming
Justice, Marianna	White, Newman
Kirkman, Wallace	Williams, Anna

Senior Class and History



ALLAN TALMAGE PREYER

"A Mighty Man is He"

Born February 4th. 1891

President of Senior Class; business manager of the Magazine; full-back on foot ball team; captain of the base ball team for three years; basso profundo of Senior Quartet; and member of cast of Dramatic Club. Famous for his successful ball pitching and his eloquent, effective, though not always grammatically exact, extemporaneous speeches.

MARGARETTE WARD CALLUM

"A Little Body doth often Harbor a Great Soul"

Born September 13, 1893

Vice-President of Class; President of Dramatic Club and member of cast. She is the musical genius of the class.



CLARA GREGORY GLENN

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove"

Born September 1, 1891

Class Secretary and writer of Last Will and Testament; member of cast of Dramatic Club. An abnormal student, holding the highest record of the class for entire High School. Can digest and memorize ten pages of history in one reading.





NEWMAN IVEY WHITE

"Late he sat at night and bleared his weary eyes with books"

Born February 3, 1892

Editor-in-Chief of the High School Magazine; Debator against Raleigh; member of the foot ball team, and Poet Laureate. Our mighty man of letters. For all his genius he has, however, a roguish disposition; he is founder, president and chief supporter of "Senior Order of Nuisances."

MARIANNA POISSON JUSTICE

"Oh! my prophetic soul."

Born December 1, 1892

Class Prophet; associate editor of Magazine; member of Senior basket ball team. A girl of extraordinary literary tastes; she has read more classics than any other member of the class. She is remarkably credulous, taking all jokes in earnest.



JOHN SPEIGHT HUNTER

"I love thy fondness for hot air."

Class orator; high tenor of senior quartet; captain pro tempore of base ball team '09. A voluminous "gasser". Prides himself on his penmanship and fancy handkerchiefs.



SIDNEY SHERILL ALDERMAN

"The truly great are always modest."

Born, November 28, 1892

Class historian; manager of track team '09; member of cast of dramatic club; associate editor of High School Magazine; baritone in Senior Quartet and debator against Raleigh. Famous for his successful efforts in fooling people into believing that he is modest.



GRETCHEN ARNOLD TAYLOR

"So buxom, blithe, and debonaire."

Born May 28, 1892

Senior basket ball team; member of cast of dramatic club. An F. F. V., always fighting for Virginia.



ANNA LITTLEPAGE WILLIAMS

"I am resolved to grow fat."

A small, soft-voiced girl from South Greensboro who is very successful in the department of domestic science.



RUFUS GRAY MERRITT

'Little but loud.'

Born January 26, 1893

Member of cast of dramatic club. An assiduous student. In his first two years of High School life he was the very torment of the faculty. In becoming a Senior, however, he put away childish things and settled down to work.

DORA VEARL FREEMAN

*"Thee imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy free."*

Born January 22, 1892

She never thinks of any thing but books. As a result she is very proficient especially in history and English Literature.



ELIZA CHESTER MOORE

"O woman of silent mood."

Born December 15, 1890

Another quiet girl to whom it is embarrassing to read aloud. She operates a "Marconi" system of intercourse with some girls across the room.





IVEY HENRIETTA PAYLOR

"Stiff in opinion, often in the wrong."

Born May 18, 1891

Dangerous when her wrath is kindled but a little; an immense arguer with her teachers having a strong aversion to geometry. In all other studies, however, she is the equal of the best.



WELBORN JOHNSTON FORNEY

"Not every one is a wit that would be."

Born February 19, 1893

Member of cast of dramatic club; youngest boy in the class; great at witticism; geometri-
cian and accommodation stenographer.



MAMIE WILSON FREEMAN

*"Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head, could carry all she
knew."*

Born January 19, 1892

A good student and hard worker; but she has one fault, she used Roosevelt's simplified spelling long before he ever thought of it.



FRANK STEED SMITH

"A parlous boy."

Born April 19, 1892

A man of literary inclinations; editor and proprietor of *Senior Buzz Saw*. An orator and weighty counsellor in class meetings.

LIDIE ECKEL PIERCE

"I know everything except myself."

Born May 2, 1892

A girl with a stern countenance but a tender heart and with no love for mathematics.



WILLIAM HENRY SULLIVAN

"Ah; why should life all labor be."

Born June 17, 1892

Champion of mile and half-mile run, of 440, 220 and 100 yard dash events in the track team that was to have been.

FLEMING ROSS WEAVER



"Oh, he was gentle, mild and virtuous."

Secretary of Athletic Association and assistant manager of ball team. Renowned chemist; has made some hair-raising experiments with sulphur-matches, gun-cotton, and nitro-glycerine.

REGINA JOY BRIGGS

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

In appearance as in name she is queenly and in nature as in name she is joyful.



AMBER EVLA MANGUM

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Born October 27, 1892



She sits at the back of the room and possesses the enviable faculty of being so quiet as to escape the attention of the teachers, (Miss Womble, of course, excepted.)



CATHERINE ESTELLE HAWKINS

"She is a bonny, wee thing."

Born December 8, 1891

She has been one of the greatest travelers of the class; has lived in Oxford, Fayetteville and Morganton, N. C., in Johnston City Tenn., and finally in Pomona.

RENNIE GENEVA SPIVEY

"Solitude is often the best society."

Born October 19, 1891

A good student; a good house keeper; a good seamstress; the right thing in the right place.



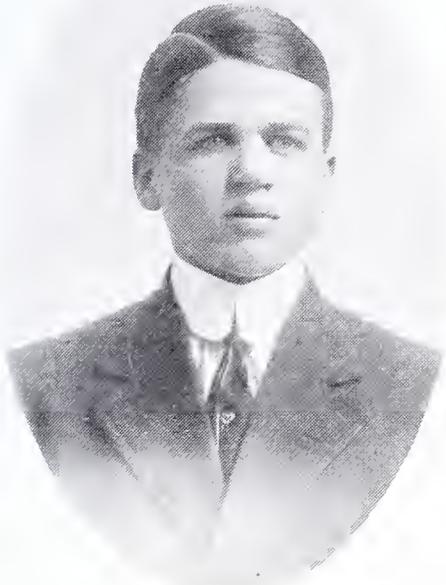
JANE RUTH GROOME

"Oh! give us a few brilliant flashes of silence."

Born May 4, 1892

A faithful member of the class who has never been afraid to express herself before the rest, during a recitation or otherwise. Studious, but full of fun, and has a fondness for talking.





FIELDING LEWIS FRY

"He was the very pink of courtesy"

Born March 12, 1892

Member cast of dramatic club; member of base ball team '09, and lead in Senior Quartet.



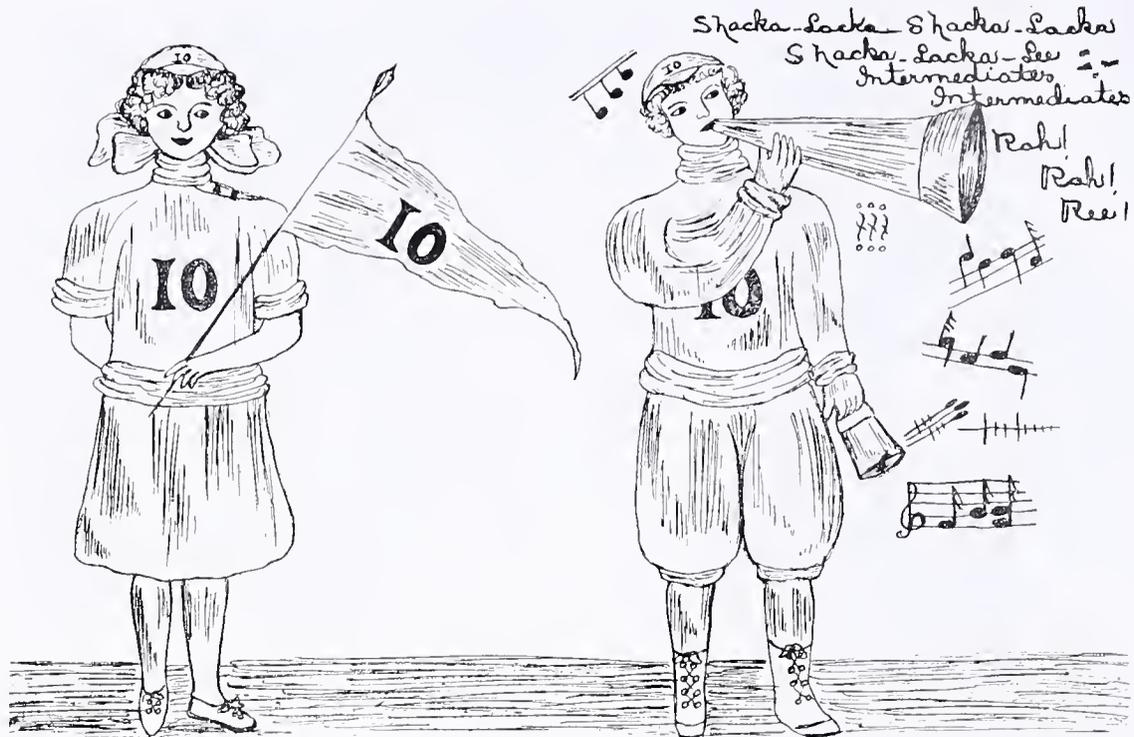
FRANCIS MOORE FRY

"She was ever fair and never proud"

Born March 12, 1892

Member of Senior Basket Ball Team. They have been together in school for ten years and have never had a fight.





Intermediate Class

EDYTHE MUIR	- - - - -	President
GUELDA ELLIOT	- - - - -	Vice-President
MAIE DORSETT	- - - - -	Secretary
EDWARD EUTSLER	- - - - -	Historian
ANDREW JOYNER	- - - - -	Critic

Class Motto:—Fideliter, Fortiter Feliciter
 Class Colors:—Red and Black
 Class Flower:—Red Carnation

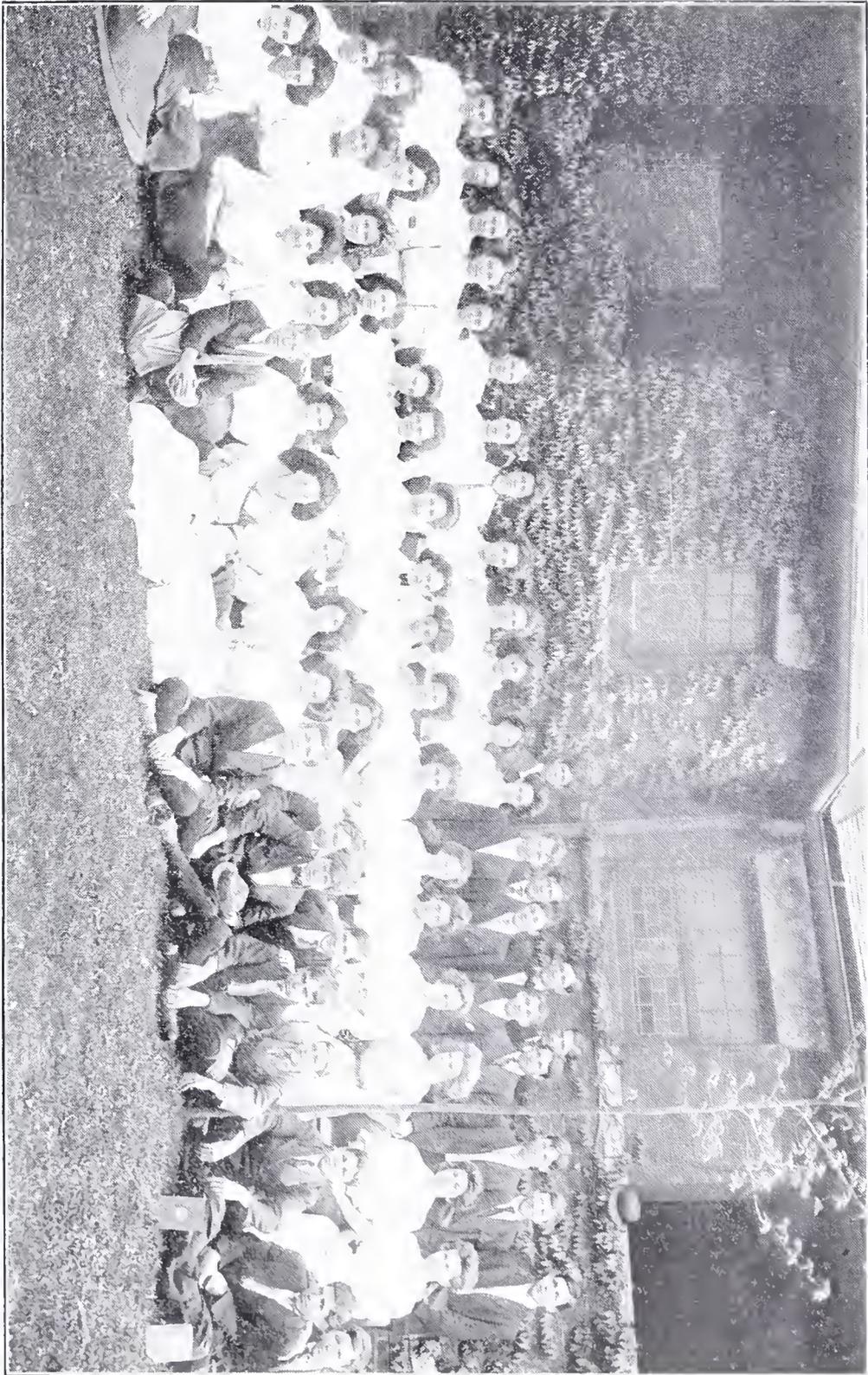
ROLL:

—INTERMEDIATE A—

Albright, Louise
 Arnfield, Roy
 Beall, Robert
 Clark, Laura
 Coppedge, Grady
 Denny, Charles
 Elliot, Guelda
 Eutsler, Edward
 Groome, Hulda
 Hampton, Ruth
 Hendrix, Max
 Hendrix, Edward
 Hiatt, Grace
 Halton, Lillie

Humbard, John
 Jacobs, Minnie
 Jennings, Casper
 Johnson, Annie
 Johnson, Katherine
 Lowe, Esther
 Mangum, Hyacinth
 Matlock, Thomas
 Medearis, Viola
 Moore, Mary
 Moore, Eleanor
 Richardson, Lunsford
 Scott, Robert
 Sharpe, Douglas

Smith, Sidney
 Sternberger, Rosa
 Smith, Ruby
 Thomas, Johnsie
 Townsend, James
 Wakefield, Pearl
 West, Dallie
 Westbrooke, George
 White, Pauline
 White, Willard
 White, James
 Witherspoon, Henry



INTERMEDIATE CLASS

—INTERMEDIATE B—

Adams, Allen	Grimsley, Sidney	Stafford, Mildred
Aiken, Eva	Holland, Curtis	Stephens, Hazel
Alderman, Bessie	Hutton, Mabel	Tate, Eunice
Ashley, Agnes	Jones, Alma	Taylor, Rowland
Brooks, Lester	Joyner, Andrew	Thacker, Gillespie
Brooks, Marguerite	Matthews, Myrtle	Thomas, Nellie
Clary, Mable	McIver, Mattie	Thompson, Louise
Clary, Robert	Muir, Edythe	Trent, Maud
Clapp, Sallie	Patterson, Imogene	Ward, Mary
Dorsett, Maie	Pearce, Allan	Watson, Lillian
Elliott, Grace	Preyer, Helen	Wharton, Annie
Fry, Annie	Ridge, Mabel	
Glenn, Margarette	Sparger, Alma	



Intermediate Class History

IN the fall of the year 1907 there assembled in front of the old High School what forms the present Intermediate Grade. The High School was new to the greater part of us and we felt very proud that we had reached the object of our ambitions. This year passed very slowly but at last the end of the term came and we found that our hard-worked-for fun and less-worked-for lessons had brought their reward in the form of a small ticket bearing the words "Promoted to the Intermediate Grade."

The next fall the same crowd again assembled in front of the High School. Instead of being Juniors we now occupied the exalted position of Intermediates. We were more industrious than our predecessors for by second recess every Junior had been caught and "bumped." Soon after school started, our class organized with Miss Edythe Muir as president and Miss Maie Dorsett as Secretary.

Our class spirit was shown by the short but exciting class war against the Seniors. Each Intermediate was true to the Red and Black and as a result we completely annihilated the Seniors. The election of Marshals next claimed our attention and the following were elected: Charles Denny, Chief; Allan Adams, Max Hendrix, George Westbrook, Maie Dorsett, Louise Thomson, and Guelda Elliott.

Once again we are nearing the end of the school term. Some of our faces wear a doubtful look, but we all agree that where there is life there is hope.

The Class of 1910 has taken a larger share in High School life than any class has done before. Eight out of the fifteen players who compose the State Football Champions hail from the Intermediate Grade and three of the players on the baseball team are wearers of the Red and Black.

Our history does not end here; it cannot at present be written further but it can easily be foreseen. Next year into the High School history and then into the history of our country will go the deeds of the glorious Class of 1910.

Junior Class

JUNIOR A

Atkinson, Carroll
Bond, Ray
Bradshaw, Margaret
Cox, Hattie
Denny, Floyd
Denny, Hazel
Field, Janie
Foushee, Sue
Foust, Henry
French, Marion
Grimsley, William

Hiatt, Mary
Higgins, Willie
Hobbs, May
Irvin, Willie Beall
Latham, Edwin
Leonard, Joe
McDuffie, Roger
McIlhenny, Eliza
Patterson, Inez
Pickard, Helen
Porter, Eugene

Plott, Bertha
Rees, Ben
Rees, Lucile
Scism, Margaret
Starr, Frank
Stone, Fannie
Tate, Grace
Watkins, Cutler
Wilson, Queenie

JUNIOR B-1

Bain, Edward
Brockmann, Max
Coffin, William
Eutsler, Willard
Gayle, Sidney
Ham, Ernest
Hopkins, Herndon
Hunter, Wills

Kerr, Doub
Mendelshon, Hyman
Mitchell, Renard
Morgan, Paul
Olive, Collier
Rowe, Walter
Spearman, Roy
Phipps, Fred

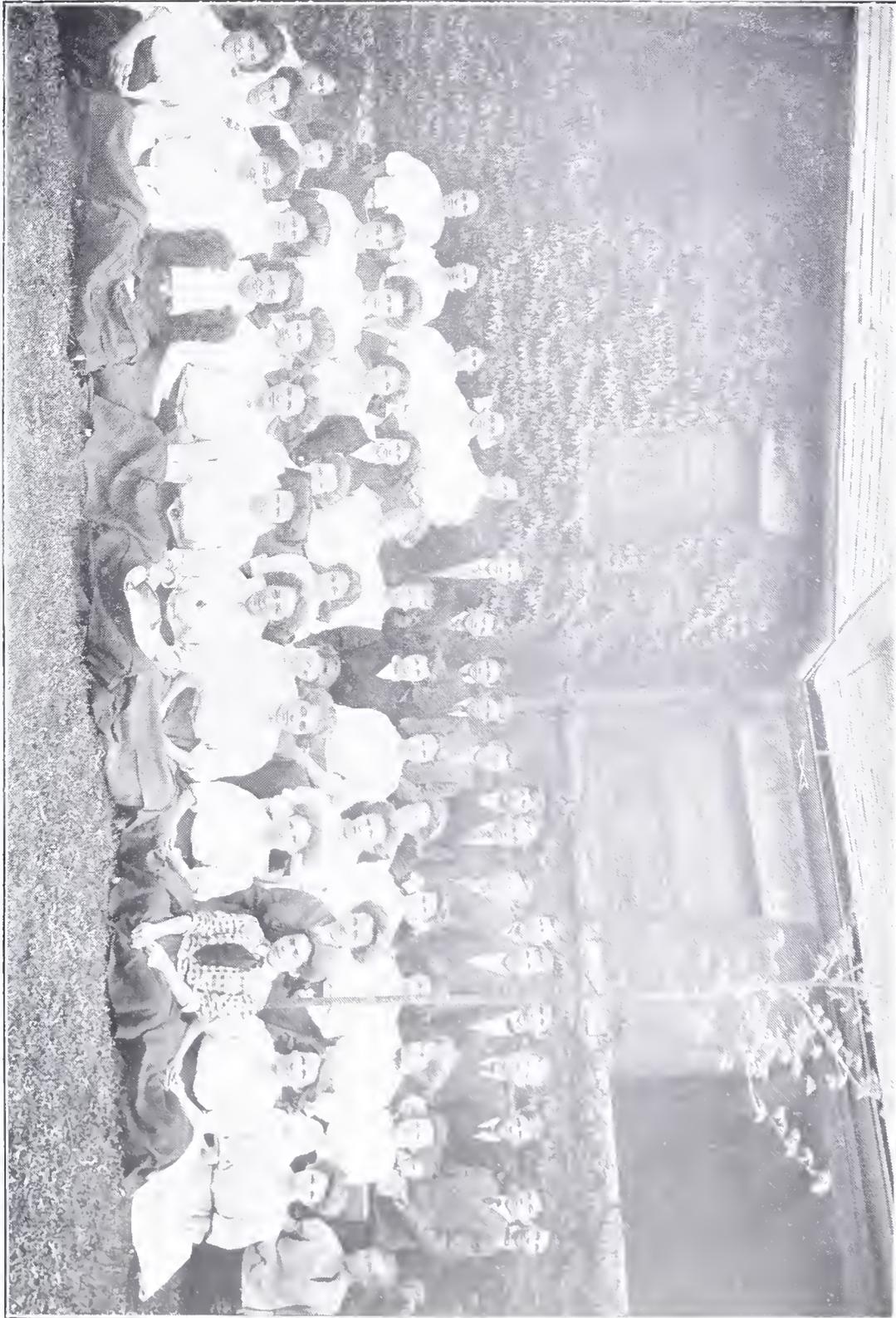
Russell, Fred
Tobin, Gibson
Tomlinson, Jesse
Trogden, James
Turner, Julian
Wharton, Harry
Wysong, Forrest

JUNIOR B-2

Yates, Henry
Bishop, Mattie
Byrd, Beatrice,
Clapp, Mary
Coltrane, Lizzie
Gilliland, Edna
Grimsley, Nell
Henley, Claire
Jones, Marion
Kornegay, Rachel
Lindau, Ruth

McCullen, Marie
McLean, Nellie
Mitchell, Janie
Monroe, Sarah
Moore, Marjorie
Ogburn, Bessie
Pegram, Ina
Phipps, Ruth
Pugh, Jessie
Ralls, Mary
Rives, Mattie Lee

Saunders, Sadie
Scarboro, Lillie
Shuping, Esther
Tomlinson, Anna
Vanstory, Ruth
Weaver, Lawrence
West, Louise
Witherspoon, Emmie
White, Kathryn



Class History

THE class of 1911 started a most successful year on the third day of September and has been steadily plodding on the road to intellectual wealth.

Several additions and subtractions have been made but never from any cause that could be remedied.

At present this is the largest class in the High School, being composed of three separate divisions and is "Bigger and Brighter than Ever." The class stands together through thick and thin (most of it is thin) and is ever ready in its lessons. Our greatest record for being kept in, is two and a half hours. We are not much at class sports, but have done our part in High School Athletics.

Some few of our people have strange powers of speech and can keep their mouths at work from 9:00 A. M., until 2:30 P. M., with no intermission for dinner.

Debate is defined in one sense as "to argue." Many of our number can argue, and some can debate. With as large a gathering as ours we can find many brilliant and diversified traits, but not wishing to appear vain and forward we often hide our lights under a bushel. For this reason the sunlight is still used in the G. H. S. as means of enabling pupils to see clearly. Some may say we are vain but let this disclaimer silence all; we owe it all to the faithful and patient teachers who have controlled the supply to our fount of knowledge since we first entered school.

HISTORIAN

Eighth Grade—Lindsay Street

ROLL

Armfield, George
Benson, George
Bilbo, Eva
Boyst, William
Broadnax, John
Caveness, Roy
Carr, Wilfred
Clendemin, Iovan
Clingman, Edwin
Collins, Alma
Cone, Herman
Craven, Juanita
Hamner, Paul
Hall, Leona
Hardin, Hazel
Hendley, Hester

Hendrix, Houston
Hicks, Tom
Horwitz, Moses
Lamb, Paul
Lindau, Sigmund
Mendelsohn, Sam
Morris, Harry
Mosley, Charles
Murray, Forrest
Ogburn, Hilda
Overby, Carrie
Pearce, Fred
Pickett, Chester
Prince, George
Pickard, Elmer
Rawlins, Machness

Richardson, Frank
Riddick, Charles
Scarboro, Frank
Shiffman, Le Roy
Shaffer, Margaret
Stewart, Norma
Stone, John
Stratford, Parke
Stout, Gertrude
Taylor, Grimsley
Turrentine, Wilbur
Tyson, Josie
Waddell, Robert
Wallace, Annie
White, Percy
Wright, Attie

Eighth Grade—Davie Street

ROLL

Anderson, Emma
Anderson, Vera
Armfield, Florence
Clapp, Nellie
Denny, Kathleen
Devlin, Lucile
Evans, Annie
Forbis, Margaret

Grimsley, Mary
Hendrix, Fannie
Hedgpeth, Lillian
Hobbs, Nina
Moore, Madeline
North, Nancy
Pearce, Lillian
Pickard, Lucile

Ralls, Martha
Robinson, Janie
Sharpe, Emma
Spearman, Mary
Sloan, Elizabeth
Williamson, Mildred
Williamson, Sara
Vanstory, Annie



EIGHTH GRADE—LINDSAY STREET



EIGHTH GRADE—DAVIE STREET

Class history

DURING the past year a much discussed subject has been, "How much longer could the G. H. S. have existed without the class of 1912." The most common answer has been, "No longer;" though some people thought that popular opinion was rather hard on the old school.

This class contains many distinguished members, who have upheld its honor in all things. Grimsley Taylor is the most stylish dude in the whole school. Charles Riddick, our light-weight champion, and Harry Morris are both excellent prevaricators but Harry is generally admitted to stand first in that line. Frank Scarboro and John Stone have covered themselves with glory on the base ball field. As a debater Roy Caviness is unequalled. Forrest Murray is an expert lady's man. Chester Pickett is our undisputed Adonis. Frank Richardson is our best bluffer and William Boyst is seldom seen without a piece of candy in his mouth. Houston Hendrix looks like a poet but Le Roy Shiftman is one. The class contains very few poor scholars but some of us, doubting the ability of the school to stand the shock of losing the whole class at once, are thinking seriously of not graduating until 1913.

Yet, despite these peculiarities, we are a fine class, and all of us say, from the bottom of our hearts, "Good luck to the boys of 1912, and may they prosper greatly."

HISTORIAN



Literary

NOUGHTY NINE

O, ho, and the Senior Class are we,
Without a care or sorrow;
To-day we are out for pleasure free,
And a fig, boys, for to-morrow.

We romp and shout and have our fun,
And make the time seem pleasant;
We may not see to-morrow's sun,
So we enjoy the present.

We do not care, nor do we ken
What the future has in keeping,
If good, then well; if bad, why then
There'll still be time for weeping.

O, ho! and the Senior Class are we,
Without a care or sorrow;
To-day we are out for pleasure free,
And a fig, boys, for to-morrow.

—*Newman White*

A Tragic Comedy



P-29. MR. RASTUS JONES.

RASTUS JONES was the most well-to-do negro farmer in the Cherry Bottom Section. All his life Ras had labored hard to lay up enough to keep him and Dinah in their old age. Now he had ceased to work any longer and was enjoying his accumulated wealth. From cultivating the fields he had turned his attention toward the cultivation of his appetite.

There was but one cloud on Ras's gastronomic horizon—the regular Sunday visits which the district preacher had begun to pay them. Not being strictly religious Ras did not approve of the idea of Rev. Josh's regular visits, and concluded that it was for no other purpose than to partake of Dinah's delicious dinners. After thinking the matter over Ras decided to seize the first opportunity to put an end to this imposition.

On the next Sunday while Dinah was preparing dinner Ras said, "Say Dinah, I bet yer wont mo'n git dat mutton haf din 'fore ole Josh eems creepin' up." "Done say dat Ras, cause I doan want fur Bro. Josh ter be insulted," says Dinah. "O! I doan ker fer dat," Ras replied, "Ise gwine ter put a stop ter dem visitations." Ras hadn't much more than said this when sure enough Bro. Josh walked up. "Good mornin, Bro. Ras, how yer feel dis perty day," remarked the minister. "O, I feels turble good," replied Ras, "Come in an set down, I allus likes ter hab you wid us; better let me hab yer coat'n hat, I'll hang em up so's you'l be mo comfortable."

Josh removed his hat and coat and handed them over to Ras. As he did so Ras chuckled, saying to himself, "De worse aint eum yit ole fellow, but thank de Lawd, it aint fur off." He took the coat and hung it on the rack, but instead of hanging the hat up he walked to the cupboard, took down a large box of powdered red pepper and literally lined the inside of the hat with it. After he had hung the hat up, he walked out upon the porch and sat down beside Josh.

"Say Josh, dis is a powerful hot spell aint it; it has just bant up my crap so bad dat it aint wurth cuttin'. Dey say its turble on fok'es tu. I jus herd yistidday at de store dat three fellers in dis sestion hab been killed by de heat; an' powerful funny too, dey wnz all niggers. Such things as dat makes me seecerd to go outi'n doors. Dey say dat when yer gits in de sun shine yer 'gins ter feel a little hot about de hed, an' atter while when it gits almost intolerable



THE REV. DR. JOSH, D.D. PH.D.

yer kin fine a lot o' powder all ober yuh hed. Dis is what dey call sunpowder, an' when dat eums yer sho gone up less yer go jump in dee creek at once." All this time Josh was listening attentively, and when Ras had finished he said with a look of horror, "O doan git skeered, Bro. Josh, it aint goin' ter hurt you, 'cause you knos better in ter git in der smshine while its so hot. Say, aint dat mutton goin ter go good when Dinah zits it done?" Josh made no reply and after a short silence Ras said, "Josh, do you want ter see de finest watermelon patch in de whole country?" If you do I'll sho' you mine. By de time we walks down in de field an back, de mutton'll be done and we'll hab a rabenous apeteite." Josh consented to go, and Ras walked in the house, took down Josh'es hat, handed it to him and both walked off.

After they had gone a few hundred feet Josh began to complain that his head was burning. At first Ras pretended not to hear him, but later when he complained again Ras said, "O, its jus yer 'magination, dere aint nothin dee matter wid yer."

Josh didn't seem much impressed by this, so he lifted his hat and to his consternation a fine brown powder sifted into his eyes and on his clothes. Ras jumped aside as if scared half to death and gasped, "Its sunpowder! you sho gone now, bedog if you aint. You'd better hit fur de creek." Josh didn't need the advice for at that instant he threw down his hat, gave a loud shriek, and pitched headlong across the field toward the creek, yelling at every leap. Ras stood and watched him until he got to the creek, and when he saw him make a plunge for the water, he turned and walked triumphantly toward the house saying, "I sho put de fixins on dat fool, he aint neber cumin dis way no more."

—Fleming Weaver.



"YELLING LOUDLY.... HE MADE FOR THE CREEK..."

A Historical Incident

IN his "Literary Studies" Androine gives a vivid account of the lectures by which Polarino Schezsky in (2317) obtained the chair of history at the Inter-Polar University. We reproduce it verbatim.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you are already familiar with the lives of Hunter, the second Bean Brummel, Alderman, the eminent disciple of Orpheus the great wit Forney, and the eminent scientists, Preyer and Weaver. For me to describe to you their public career would be insulting, so I have selected for my subject a less well known incident of their youth.

In the year 1909, these celebrated men were all Seniors in that typical ancient high school, the G. H. S. The next highest class (an obscure crowd, whose very names have been lost in the oblivion of the ages), became jealous of their dignity as Seniors, and in an evil hour the Powers of Darkness inspired them with the idea of nailing to the tower a tin sign on which was painted their number '10. One dark night, while the very stars hung their heads with shame, this nefarious scheme was carried out and to their mortification the Seniors were compelled to view the disgraceful sign of their ignoble enemies almost at their very door. Greenlough records that on that day the same portents were visible which had been seen at the murder of Caesar and the fall of Jerusalem.

Men such as the Seniors were to become would never endure such an insult as this; and that same day the word went forth to assemble and replace the badge of nefarianism with the pure and unsullied '09. However, the ancients knew nothing of telepathy, and the order was misunderstood. But a scant half dozen were at hand. Worse than this, their despicable foes, with the cunning of the wicked were awaiting them.

Hopelessly outnumbered the Seniors nevertheless made a bold stand. A few, separated from the rest, were forced to flee, but even then their greatness did not desert them. For as he fled, yelling at every step in order to frighten his

pursuers. Tate is said to have originated the ancient maxim—"It's no disgrace to run when you get scared."

The other division of the Seniors made a masterly retreat into the Laboratory, and although it ended differently their defense has been compared with that of Thermopylae and the Alamo. Preigny asserts that their valor even surpassed that of the Old Guard of the mythological Napoleon.

Surrounded and blockaded by a yelling, desperate host of bloodthirsty enemies they defended themselves with superhuman courage. When other weapons failed they resorted to ammonium hydroxide and 'tis said that by this method they well-nigh extinguished that bold arch villain Dillon. Finally, by a stratagem, a sortie and a rapid retreat they evaded the enemy and escaped. They had removed the tin number and substituted their own, but immediately thereafter the Intermediate had again desecrated the tower with their sign. Nevertheless, although driven from the field the Seniors had captured the "dollar ten" sign.

But the disgraceful '10 had been replaced, and Seniors were resolved not to endure it. Accordingly, next morning before daybreak they assembled on the spot in full force. Triumphantly they tore down the hated '10 and substituted the brilliant '09 of the noble Seniors. While this was going on the Intermediate Joyner, alias Demosthenes, was captured by vigilant Senior scouts but with characteristic generosity the Seniors paroled him without the customary bumping.

Soon after, another Intermediate named Adams came racing by on a horse, with loud shouts of derision and defiance. All attempts at capture were futile until Tate, springing suddenly from ambush, captured the horse while the rider was dismounted. After parading the trophy for a while the Seniors soon became unable to endure the distress of the former owner, and it was returned.

By this time the work had been completed and the morning sun was reflected from the golden letters with a splendour dazzling to the beholders. The noble Seniors assembled gave their war cry in concert, and departed.

At this juncture a humane professor interfered. He perceived that the Intermediates were on the verge of being annihilated and deciding that a sorry Senior class in '10 was better than none at all he pointed out to the victorious Seniors the beauty of mercy. To avert further disaster to the '10s the Seniors yielded, and with magnificent patriotism allowed their glorious '09 to be painted out and a beautiful G. H. S. to be substituted.

—Newman White.

A Joke on The Seniors

ON the morning of a certain day in January as the Seniors walked proudly up the steps, with that air which no one but a Senior possesses, they all stopped, and as if by magnetism their eyes were drawn up, up, until they dared go no farther. They paused only a moment, and incredible as it may seem that look of Seniorism had vanished. They saw that they were clearly beaten, and they did not fail to show their mortification, for on the most conspicuous part of the High School building was a beautiful sign, on which in Henley's best style was painted a '10. Slowly the Seniors continued their way up the stairs, and if a stranger had been at the top he would have had good cause to believe that a band of Catholic monks were coming to reclaim their building.

When recess came, the boys tried their best to smile and laugh, but it was really amusing to see them make the attempt. Some would be grinning, while tears flowed from their eyes, while others passed the fifteen minutes by repeatedly singing their class song, entitled, "Long live the Seniors."

The next recess they were not quite so loud. They all assembled in a corner of the yard, and occasionally Preyer's voice could be heard above them all, apparently giving them instructions. We suspected that they were up to something, for knowing them to be the greatest mimics of all ages, we felt sure that they were intending to follow in our footsteps, and place a '09 where our '10 was. And this was exactly what we had planned and wished for them to do, for by so doing, they would recognize the members of the class of 1910 as their superiors.

They follow us, and attempt to do what we do, and thus they plainly show that they recognize us as their superiors. We had long suspected this of them, but we were not absolutely certain.

We couldn't have been better judges of human nature, for the next day sure enough we found that they had walked into our trap. But they must have been as unskillful in the art of painting as they are in everything else, for it could be discovered only with the greatest difficulty that the dab of white wash, where our '10 had been, was intended for a '09. It would have made

a sick man feel good to see those Seniors laugh, for they thought that they had turned the tables on us. But it was the Intermediates that laughed loudest, and longest, for the Seniors had sustained us in our suspicions.

But we decided to try them again, so at eight o'clock the following night fifty-six boys from the Intermediate grade met in the school yard. Of course Welborne and Wallace and about a dozen more of the Seniors followed behind us, perhaps to learn the art of painting; but Hoppy said it made him nervous to have so many onlookers that wouldn't drop a cent in the collection basket. So we took them into the Laboratory, and securely locked them up. By eleven o'clock the job had been completed, and a very decent looking '10 was being closely scrutinized by the old man in the moon, as we separated and made our way homeward.

Mr. Jackson said that he was sound asleep, about one o'clock, when he was suddenly aroused by his telephone. He was requested by Mr. Wilson, who lives next to the school to come immediately to the High School building with the keys and release those children, because they were crying so loud that his family could not sleep.

It was almost two o'clock A. M., before they were greeted by Mr. Jackson, who demanded an explanation of their conduct. Putting it to a vote, they unanimously decided to let Murray make the explanation to him, but Murray was unable to do so, and Frank tried to help him out. Finally, they satisfied him, and when he told them to run along home, they began to cry again, and said they were afraid, because it was so dark and that they wanted to stay on the school porch until it was light. Mr. Jackson granted their request and remained with them himself.

As soon as light came they again climbed up the ladder and put a '09 in the place of our '10, and then they hurried home to wash their faces, in order that all signs of their crying might be removed.

That morning they were again smiling, and they thought it was a great joke that Hoppy's '10 had not been permitted to witness the daylight. We were also smiling and when they asked us the cause of our mirth, they could not find words to express their indignation because they had so easily been caught in a trap, and had unintentionally showed their true character.

—Andrew Joyner.

The Senior Quartette

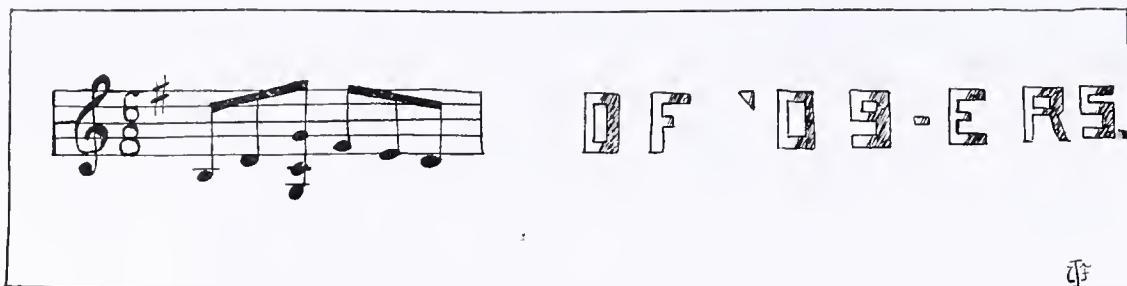
You all have met
The Senior Quartette:
Consisting of gentlemen fine,
One of them is tall,
The others are small;
And their manners are—well—sublime.

It's really a shame,
To witness such pain:
As they struggle to get their notes,
The high ones they reach,
With an awful screech:
Seems as if they would burst their throats.

Oh! send us a cure
Or help us endure:
This terrible nightmare of song,
These gentlemen fine,
With manners sublime:
Such agony should not prolong.

They may do their best,
But we need a rest:
So gentlemen "silence"! we say,
Oh! hand them a line,
They're of class '09;
Perhaps that's the reason they bray.

Edythe R. Muir, '10.



Extracts

Charlotte, N. C.:—Judge Forney adjourned court to-day: a decision being declared in favor of Mrs. Preyer, formerly Miss Clara Glenn, who was suing for a divorce from Mr. A. T. Preyer, her third husband. The other two shared the same fate as Mr. Preyer.

Greensboro, N. C.:—A valuable imported rat has been lost by Miss Ivy Paylor. If the finder will kindly return it he will receive a very liberal reward.

High Point, N. C.:—Captain Tate of the Salvation Army will speak to-night at 8 o'clock at the Court House Square. His speech will be about how he was converted and became a member of the Salvation Army.

Gaffney, S. C.:—Mr. J. S. Hunter has arrived here to take dancing lessons under the celebrated instructoress, Miss Gretchen Taylor.

Durham, N. C.:—NOTICE: Miss Lydie Pierce has lost her beau and will be very much obliged if the finder will return him at once. He has red hair, red beard, red moustache, a red face, and is very small.

Asheville, N. C.:—Mr. Grey Merritt has completed his great work of translating Wentworth's Geometry into Latin.

Raleigh, N. C.:—Mr. W. H. Sullivan, a former student at the A. & M. College, has returned to take a post-graduate course in foot ball. He will get his F. B. next year.

Baltimore, Md.:—It is rumored here that poet N. I. White has decided to fool the people by keeping his hair cut short.

Paris, France:—Mr. Fleming Weaver, the great scientist, has just announced his discovery that 12,000 microbes can comfortably roost on the point of a pin.

New York:—Music lovers will have a chance to hear Miss Margaret Callum here to-night. Miss Callum is the greatest female musician of the day and holds the world's record for *completely smashing* 100 pianos. Her record is 3 weeks, 5 days, 9 hours, 6 minutes and 47¾ seconds.

Boston, Mass.:—Having successfully stood the examination, Mr. S. L. Alderman is now Principal of the Department of Psychological Theology at Harvard University. His answers were all excellent with but one exception. The question was: "What ought a person to do immediately after eating onions?" His answer was: "He should drink carbon disulphide to counteract the action." The correct answer was: "He should read a dime novel to take his breath away."



Basket Ball Game

WHILE the basket ball season was taking its course, and each class was striving for supremacy the Intermediates challenged the "Dignified Seniors," for a game. They accepted the challenge, and on Saturday November 21, at three o'clock all the players, including the subs, were assembled on the field in full uniform. Both classes were occasionally exchanging smiles (rather the Intermediates gave smiles for grins) just to show the friendly spirit existing between the two classes. In a few minutes Miss Jones, the umpire cried "Ready—Play" and the ball was hurled between the two captains Emmie Tate and Lydie Pierce. Of course Lydie got the ball, and with her usual good judgment threw it to Edythe Muir the President of the Intermediates. Edythe, then without hesitation tossed the ball to Helen Preyer, the goal man. This was done, because Bones Preyer was the only person Edythe could see, she being the Sister of "A. T."

The height of "A. T.'s" Sister permitted her to thrust the ball into the basket without any exertion. This gave the Intermediates a score. A triumphant shout rang through the great crowd of Intermediate rooters consisting of Allan Adams, Allan Pearce, Gillespie Thacker, and Curtis Holland. The ball was then taken to the center and Miss Jones with all sympathy threw the ball to Lydie again. In jumping to catch the ball one of Lydie's "pes" struck

poor little "Happy Clary" cracking her upper story from which she has not entirely recovered. The ball was hurled into the air landing on Marianna Justice's head. The blow washed her hair flat, and much to her sorrow she has not been able to raise it since. We were all sympathizing with poor Miss Justice when our attention was called to the other end of the field, where we saw "Baby Gretchen" and Louise Thomson engaged in a skirmish. On the ground lay the ball punctured and at this instant Baby Gretchen gave Louise a lift which sent her to the ground. There Louise lay in the same condition as the ball.

The Seniors saw what was to be the finish of the game, so with much pity for the younger class, they thought it better to retreat from the field. They proclaimed themselves victorious and started for the kitchen. The score then stood 600 in favor of the Intermediates. Just as the crowd reached the kitchen steps, a severe battle took place. Frances Fry while endeavoring to keep Ruth Hampton from the door gave her nose a pound which left it in a flat aspect. But Ruth was not to be pushed from the steps for she clung violently to Frances' nose pulling it until it grew extremely unpleasant for Miss Fry. About this time the Seniors had succeeded in getting into the kitchen and safely locking the door. They jumped on the table yelling at the top of their voices, amid the racket and threats outside. The noise outside was soon stopped by a sudden crash in the kitchen. One of the Seniors opened the door from fright, and behold the Intermediates saw the table, stools, dishes, and plastering all broken on the floor. Each member soon took the shortest route for "Home, Sweet Home," and left Miss Jones' broken treasures as they were.

On our return to School next morning we saw about twenty-five carpenters busily at work repairing the damages done. We also heard that Miss Jones, on hearing the dreadful news, was taken violently ill. Miss Eliza Moore had been taken to the Hospital with a fractured skull. After about three months steady work the total cost for repairing was \$4,284,416.63. As a result Greensboro has gone into bankruptcy, High Point, Jamestown, and Thomasville being the creditors.

—Mable Clary.

A High School Teachers' Meeting

The exciting cause of the little drama which follows was this notice, sent out by Mr. Jackson on last Thursday afternoon:

"There will be a very important Teacher's meeting this afternoon immediately after school."

Time: 2:30 to 4:30.

Place: The upstairs hall in the High School Building.

Dramatis Personæ:

Mr. Jackson:—Presiding officer and chief speaker.

Mr. King:—Leading Dilettante and Follower of Pythagoras.

Miss Womble:—Most Mighty Ruler of the Latin Verbs.

Miss Hampton:—The Scientist.

Miss Elliott:—Shakespeare's Understudy.

Miss Jones:—Presiding Genius of the Kitchen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

(Enter Miss Womble and Miss Elliott)

Miss W.—Well, I wish those men would come on now. I don't want to spend the whole afternoon at this meeting.

Miss E.—Neither do I. I can't. I've got five sets of papers to be corrected right now.

(Enter Miss Hampton from Laboratory, Miss Jones from Kitchen, and after some delay, Mr. Jackson from Office).

Mr. J.—Well, if you are all ready, we'll begin the meeting, and dispatch the business with all convenient haste. Where's King?

Miss E.—He's explaining Geometry to Fielding down stairs. He said he would be up in two minutes.

Mr. J.—Just call him, won't you, please? We can't postpone a meeting of this nature another minute.

(Miss Hampton's voice floats down stairs, but provokes no response.)

Mr. J.—(with prodigious frown). I'll go bring him up. (Exit)

(Meanwhile, the feminine element yawns, sighs, objects, threatens, until the recalcitrant King is towed in by the outwardly bland Mr. Jackson.)

Mr. J.—(Settling himself in his chair)—Now, to business! I suppose we will have to grade department first. Each of you take your reports, and put down grades as I call them—Ready! 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91,

Miss E.—But, Mr. Jackson! — —

Mr. J.—90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98.

Miss E.—Listen a minute! Mr. Jackson, I don't think — —

Miss W.—That's just absurd. Strat over again. ('Tis done)

Mr. J.—All right! What will you give Allan Preyer?

Mr. K.—Give him 85. He wears such loud ties.

Mr. J.—How about James White?

Miss E.—Grade him higher than before. He handed in his composition on time.

Mr. J.—Rennie Spivey?

Miss H.—About 80. She's so quiet that one is apt to neglect her. Just show her that much attention.

Mr. J.—Sidney Alderman?

Miss W.—98, on the strength of his good looks.

Mr. J.—Margaret Glenn! I'm going to give her 98 too, because I like the cut of her hair. Ben Rees?

Miss E.—99. He's so interested in my personal affairs, and so extremely quiet.

Mr. J.—Allan Pearce?

Chorus.—100!

Mr. K.—No, take him down to 90. Since he adopted his "specs" he's growing more worldly wise. Don't discourage him by giving him 100.

(Thus they proceeded through the long list, discussing the foibles, frailties, and failings of each child).

Mr. J.—Now, that that has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, I have other matters of importance to lay before this august body. I have of late been revolving a scheme in my mind whereby delinquents may be brought to a reckoning without inconveniencing them or me. But before we go into that let me tell you what to-day reminds me of. About fifteen years ago, down on Stony Creek, Bud Johnson and Mandy Simpson went to ride together. They had just reached the bluff near — —

Miss W.—Great Caesar, Mr. Jackson, we haven't got all day to sit here and listen to your long-winded stories.

Mr. J.—(With a complacent and placating smile). Now, Miss Womble, if I were to consult the innermost machinations of your mental machinery, I am persuaded that there I should discover a palpitating eagerness to hear the conclusion of this Idyll I am about to relate. As I was saying — —

Miss E.—I've got to correct some papers this afternoon. Please hurry!

Mr. J.—Mandy and Bud had just reached this bluff when another vehicle precipitated itself down a steep slope nearby, colliding with — —

Mr. K.—Just a moment, Mr. Jackson! I was asked to inquire whether we were going to have a half holiday for the Virginia-Carolina Game.

Mr. J.—NO, SIR! That is, Mr. Swift hasn't said anything to me about it.

Miss W.—And you haven't said anything to him, and won't. Every other institution in the country gets half holiday. And it's utterly unreasonable to expect us to come here and miss the game, and a chance at Grand Stand Seats.

Miss E.—It certainly is a shame!

Mr. J.—Well now, Miss Womble, we can't get along without the light of your presence for even half an hour. The inspiration which you furnish is indispensable to the maintenance of good cheer and creditable work. Hence, in order to allow your influence to permeate as far as possible within the short time left us in the school year, we will continue school until 2:30, as usual, next Monday. Meanwhile, let's get back to the subject under discussion. I had just reached the climax of my story where Bud and his sweetheart — —

(Miss Womble, unmollified, walks majestically down stairs, closely attended by Miss Elliott with Miss Jones. Down the opposite stairs Miss Hampton goes, discoursing good humoredly to Mr. King about the very important Teacher's Meeting which has been terminated so abruptly, while floating down to the receding members of the High School faculty comes Mr. Jackson's comforting assurance: "Never mind, I'll finish my story at the next meeting.")

But—that story is still running in serial form, and is still "to be continued in our next."

A Class Meeting

AN order was issued by the president summoning all her subjects to meet in the classroom where the motto is "Work Without Ceasing" at the usual hour, 6 P. M. After every one had become settled to his or her fancy the president arose and with the sweetest of smiles requested that the minutes of the previous meeting be read if the secretary felt like exercising her voice—if not they might go unread.

The business was next brought before the class on a silver waiter by a small yellow kid. When the cover was lifted the business was found to be a petition asking for footstools to be placed for the convenience of the students, as they are all very small but with bright minds. With a few exceptions this class looks like pygmies by the other classes. The feet of these exceptions are always seen before the owner appears and when they enter the schoolroom it requires two knots to be tied in their legs to prevent them taking up all the available space.

A motion was then made towards securing the footstools, but on the seconding of this motion Casper Long arose and proceeded to throw a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary at Roy Short, Mr. Long claiming that sofas were far more comfortable than stools.

Turning to Miss Flyer, he asked that she make a motion towards getting sofas instead of stools. But his request was unnoticed for Miss Flyer being greatly interested in a certain James Black, declined to answer. "Cute" Germany was next called on but he refused and Edward Rootsler was called. Upon rising Mr. Rootsler said he was unprepared to make an address at that meeting, but that Eleanor Less and Douglas Blunt were carrying on a flirtation very becoming to their style of beauty. This notable speech called attention to a Miss East and a Mr. W. Dipper who were spooning in the rays of a gas jet. George Eastriver becoming tired proposed an adjournment, but at this time refreshments were served, consisting of liquid veneer, broom-straws, and oak-leaves. Miss Rivers proposed an adjournment which was ably seconded by Miss Stew. The meeting closed with a solo by Mr. Leaver assisted by Miss Plow.

—Grace Hiatt.

Senior Hymn

REVISED BY POET

DELIVERANCE WILL COME

I saw a wayworn Senior
With look of blank despair
A-toiling toward Commencement
His face bore lines of care
His mind was overburdened
His health was on the bum
Yet he shouted as he labored—
“Deliverance will come.”

Refrain—

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory, I shall wear.

The midnight oil was burning
His brow with sweat was damp,
He failed to get a problem
He cursed the smoky lamp,
He bit his chewed up pencil,
The prospects made him glum,
But he cried out “Hallelujah,
Deliverance will come.”

I heard a song of triumph
The twenty-fifth of May
I saw him on the rostrum,
He seemed to be most gay,
And though the hour was solemn
He could not then be dumb,
But cried in joyous frenzy—
“Deliverance has come.”

The Moonlight Dip

The moon as she sailed through the sky,
Once saw with her watchful eye,
A tiny canoe,
Built just for two;
And the paddles were drifting nigh.

It was a calm and peaceful night,
The wavelets, bright with silvery light,
The man in the moon,
Then started a tune;
For his coaching is out of sight.

The lover with actions so shy,
Thought only of her close by,
Then clasped the wee hand,
And gave the command;
That she look him straight in the eye.

Her lovely eyes resting on him,
Filled his heart with love to the brim,
So he tried to kiss
That dear little miss;
And tipped the canoe to the rim.

But alas! their lips never met,
The man in the moon's laughing yet;
Their love was soon quenched,
The lovers were drenched,
For the blamed old canoe upset!

—Edythe R. Muir

EXTRACTS FROM

The Last Will and Testament

OF THE CLASS OF 1909

High School,

City of Greensboro:

We, the Senior Class of the aforesaid school, being (in our own opinion), of sound mind, but considering the uncertainty of our future existence in this favored institution, do make and declare this Our Last Will and Testament.

FIRST—Our executor herein named, the class of 1910, shall render to our memory due respect and shall endeavor to the best of their ability to follow in our noble footsteps.

SECOND—We, the aforesaid class of 1909, do hereby solemnly will and bequeath the beautiful and costly hand mirror which has been discovered reposing in the desk of our most charming poet, Mr. White, to our friend Mr. Robert Scott, with the sincere wish that the reflection of his noble countenance may be as great a source of pleasure to him as is Mr. White's to all who are so fortunate as to see it.

THIRD—We do moreover will and bequeath the primrose blush of modest and retiring Miss Ivy Paylor to Ruth Hampton, provided, she will promise not to exhibit its beauty too lavishly.

FOURTH—We do most joyfully will and bequeath to the class of 1910 a bunch of lemons, earnestly hoping that they will enjoy their lemonade feast as much as we did the one they were kind enough to give us.

—Clara Gregory Glenn.

A RIDDLE.

“Why is Mr. King like a Republican politician?”

“Because he is so fond of pie.”

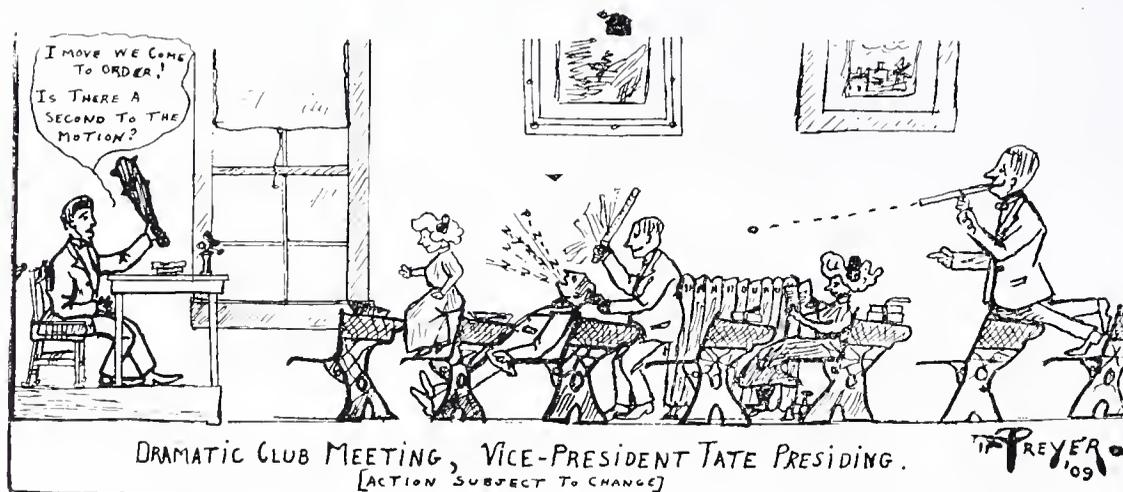
Senior Dramatic Club

President Margaret Callum
Vice-President Murray Tate
Manager Allan Preyer
Secretary Frances Fry

Diamonds and Hearts

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bernice Halstead Margaret Callum
Amy Halstead Marianna Justice
Inez Gray Ruth Groom
Mrs. Halstead Clara Glenn
Hannah Mary Barnes Gretchen Taylor
Dwight Bradley Speight Hunter
Dr. Burton Allan Preyer
Sammy Grey Merritt
Abraham Barnes Welborne Forney
Attorney Sidney Alderman
Sheriff Fielding Fry



Longfellow Club

ALLAN PREYER

Height (without hair)—6 feet, 7 inches
 Height (hair included)—8 feet.
 Hat number—6.
 Hat number (after ball game)—9.
 Size of voice—999,432 cubic centimeters

ROY ARMFIELD

Complexion (speaking to girl)—brick red.
 Complexion (on foot ball field)—lily white.
 Weight of his opinion—Zero.
 Length of his yarns—Forever and ever.
 Size of grin—19 inches by 4 inches.

HENRY WITHERSPOON

Weight (without ears and feet)—7 oz.
 Weight (ears and feet included)—40 lbs.
 General Dimensions—3 inches by 2 inches, by 9 feet.
 Extent of his learning—Too ponderous for measurement.
 Intended Profession—Professor of Philosophy.

FRANK SCARBORO

Weight of his brain—90 lbs. below zero.
 Account in Recording Angel's Book—47 miles long at last reading and still growing rapidly.
 Vocal Equipment—Loud, continuous, grave and gloomy.
 Recreation—Cap-collecting.
 Intended Occupation—Correspondence Instructor in the Art of Gab.



And as I slept, I dreamed a vision rare,
 I gazed on Heaven's highway. Lo the air
 Reverberated. Then I shook with fear
 And then I said, "'Tis Baalam's ass
 And what doth he do here?"
 I wondered long, but as the sound came near
 With a familiar accent did it strike my ear
 Behold I saw The Senior Quartette pass!

Ananias Club

MEMBERS

Mmehausen Tate	<i>Chief Prevaricator</i>
Gulliver Fry	<i>Official Truth-Distorter</i>
Kendrick Bangs Hunter	<i>Noble Grand Liar</i>
Marco Polo Smith	<i>Fact Twister</i>
Mandeville Richardson	<i>Fabulous Yarn Spinner</i>

THE first meeting of the club was held in Pandemonium Hall at midnight on the 42nd day of February. After the roll was called and every body had answered "absent", the Chief Prevaricator ordered the Fact Twister to close the window, as the reflection of the sun on the Hadean icebergs hurt his blind eye. When this was accomplished and reported uncompleted the Noble Grand Liar arose and proceeded to relate veraciously the following adventure:

At the end of a long hill in Greensboro, North Carolina, there is a very dangerous precipice, over which every year thousands of people go to a horrible destruction.

Recently, as I was promenading this street with my illustrious friend, Gulliver Fry, to our horror we saw a baby carriage, containing one of the prettiest babies I have ever seen, start rapidly down the hill. The nurse, who had been paying very little attention to her charge, got one glimpse of the rapidly descending carriage and then shrieked, "Oh! Lord, save the President's baby. Oh! what will Mrs. Guggenslaecker do to me?"

Realizing what was happening, Gulliver and I started in pursuit of the child which was quickly and surely approaching a horrible death. We ran as we had never run before but still the carriage gained on us. With one more desperate burst of speed we charged down upon the carriage; but, alas! though we were fast gaining the carriage was now but a quarter of a mile from the brink of ruin.

"Slip, sizz, zing, screech! Oh! what was that?" We were within ten feet of the precipice. We were going so fast that alas! too late, mable to check ourselves—over the precipice Gulliver and I went down, down, down.

We read of our horrible death in the morning paper, and of our extraordinary bravery. But what do you think? That little baby was a trick baby and had thus enticed many people to destruction. All he did when he got to the edge of that terrible precipice was to slap on the brakes and wait for the nurse to come and roll him up the hill.



Chirpers

MOTTO:—Make a noise like a song.

Colors:—Vocal pink and bass green.

MEMBERS:

Deeptone Armfield

Shakyvoice Richardson

Squeaky Kirkman

Sawenfile Westbrook

Openwide Muir

Hyp Clary

Rumbling Briggs

Tenore Smith

Sweetarelow Tate

Hyeryet Elliott

Monotone Scott

Tenorsweet White

Gozlins Eutsler

Hytone Foust

General Nuisance Organization

OFFICERS:

Max Hendrix	<i>Chief Slap-me-in-the-back</i>
William Grimsley	<i>The Great Pinch-and-Run Man</i>
James White	<i>The Original Pebble-Tesser</i>
Wallace Kirkman	<i>Jack-of-all-Devilment</i>
Murray Tate	<i>Assistant Jack-of-all-Devilment</i>
Grey Merritt	<i>Wing-Sprouter</i>
Frank Scarboro	<i>Authorized Cap-Collector</i>
Willard Eutsler	<i>Chief Contortionist</i>

EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION

The motto of the Organization shall be: "Better not be at all than not be a nuisance."

No one is eligible for membership who attends Sunday School, or belongs to a church or Y. M. C. A. Candidates for membership must exhibit proofs of general uselessness, and must give incontestable evidence of having at least having snapped school or stolen watermelons.

STATISTICIAN'S REPORT

The Organization can now boast of the three greatest rascals in human history. Recent investigations show that Nero, Borgia and King John combined can boast of but 11,987 acts of devilment, whereas Kirkman, Tate, and Scarboro are known to have committed at least 20,000.

If all the pebbles and cinders tossed at unsuspecting victims by James White were collected, it has been estimated that there would be enough to completely cover up the foot of Mr. Hendrix.

It has been ascertained that Mr. Merritt has definitely given up sprouting wings and has transferred his attention to the culture of a moustache.

The most minute observer has been unable to discover a single instant in which Willard Eutsler has been perfectly still, and it has been ascertained that he has kicked the footboard out of forty-seven iron bedsteads, he being as active while asleep as while awake.

General Items and Statistics

Mr. Jackson has won the Joker's Medal with a record of 4,987 during the term. Miss Womble and Miss Hampton, after a severe strain, have succeeded in perpetrating but three.

For the student body Mr. Forney, whose motto is "Quantity not Quality," has attempted 3,400, and successfully completed 15. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

After unremitting labor the Statistician has completed the Flirtation Record.

Hallbach leads with	789
Scott (Robert)	302
McDuffie	190
Porter	187
Weaver	1

PHRENOLOGICAL REPORT

After a careful examination of heads the Official Phrenologist has submitted the following report:

R. G. Merritt—His bump for acquiring knowledge, bananas and long trousers is strongly marked.

William Sullivan—His head was so soft that a satisfactory report is impossible.

Fielding Fry and Fleming Weaver—Their bump of soft and flowing language is highly developed.

J. S. Hunter—His head shows a decided inclination for finery. After his thrilling death an analysis of his brain was attempted, but his head was found to be entirely empty. The theory has been advanced that this was due to the escape of all the hot air.

Frank Smith—The phrenologist declines to continue the examination of his head, having got a splinter in his hand at the very outset.

SOCIAL

The Society Editor has handed in the following interesting figures:

Number of Marie McCullen's beaux	437
Number of Mattie Bishop's beaux	203
Number of Louise West's beaux (not quite)	1/2

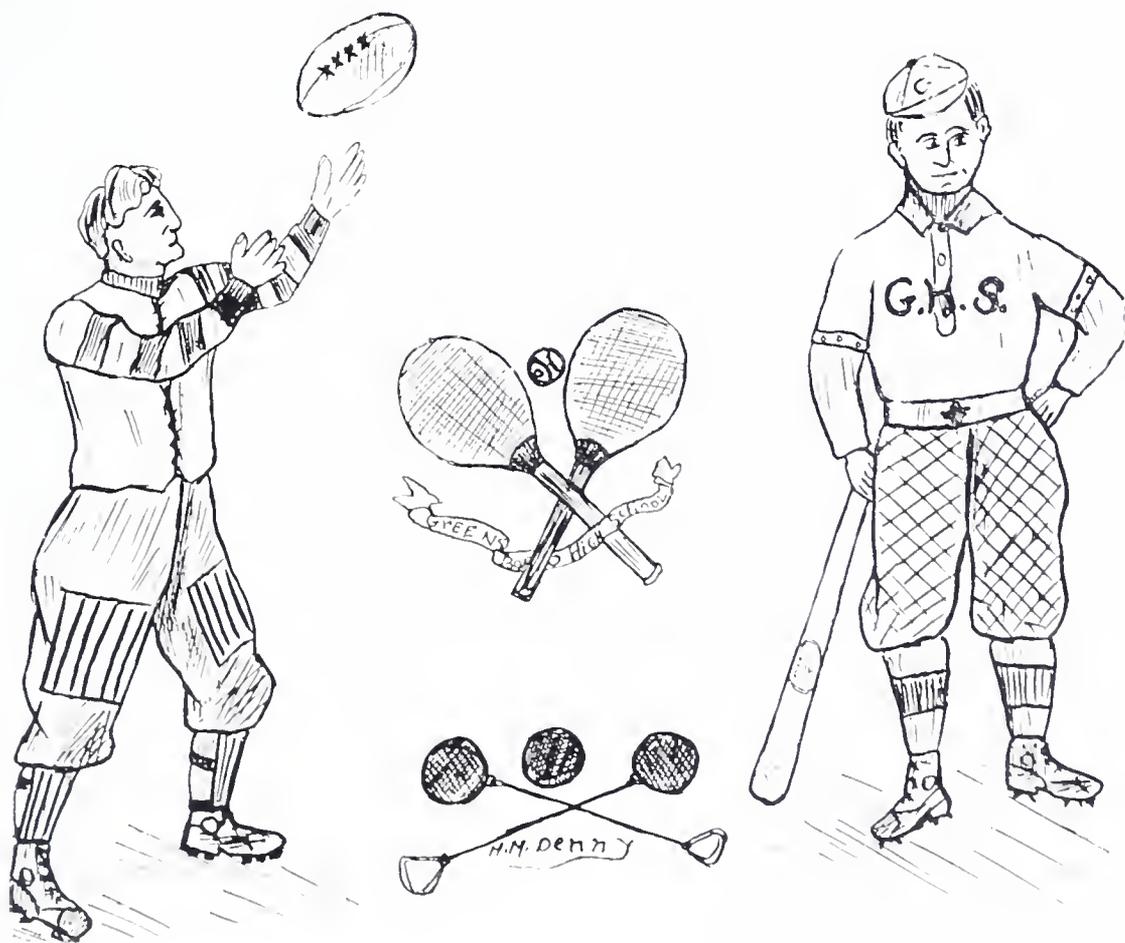
The world's Long Distance Talking Championship has been won by Ruth Vanstory. Her maximum record at 500 yards is 481 words per minute.

The latest statistics show that the High School has yet another source of pride—the tardies. James Trogdon leads, with a record of 79 tardies out of 81 days present. As an excuse for not being tardy the remaining two days he urged that once he fell asleep in his desk and slept till next morning, thus being unavoidably on time. The other time he was so late for the day before that he did not arrive till 8 o'clock next day. Douglas Sharpe has also made a very creditable record—60 tardies in 75 days.



The only Remedy

.. Athletics ..



Athletic Association

OFFICERS

W. C. Jackson *President*
Fleming Weaver *Sec'y and Treas.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Speight Hunter *Chairman*
Edward M. Eutsler Allan Adams
Eugene Porter Frank Scarborough
A. H. King *Mgr. Baseball Team*
Allan Preyer *Captain Baseball Team*
Sidney Alderman *Mgr. Track Team*
Max Hendrix *Captain Track Team*
A. H. King *Mgr. Football Team*
Max Hendrix *Captain Football Team*

Athletics in the High School

ATHLETICS have always played an important part in the life of a Greensboro High School student. Several years ago the Greensboro High School took the lead and made determined efforts to establish among the High Schools of the state a Public School Athletic League. Although we have not yet permanently established this league we have so pushed forward the spirit of athletics that almost every large High School in the State meets another at least once a year in some athletic event.

Our past efforts in athletics have been crowned with success and our records are higher than those of any High School in the State. We have held the title of State Football Champions for two successive years and during these two years we have lost only one game. This year's baseball team is fully up to our usual standard and from present indications we will win the baseball championship. This year an effort was made to establish track athletics and basketball in the High School but we have been successful in neither. Although not a success this season we have paved the way for their permanent establishment in our High School, and next year we hope to be as successful in these as in our other athletic sports.

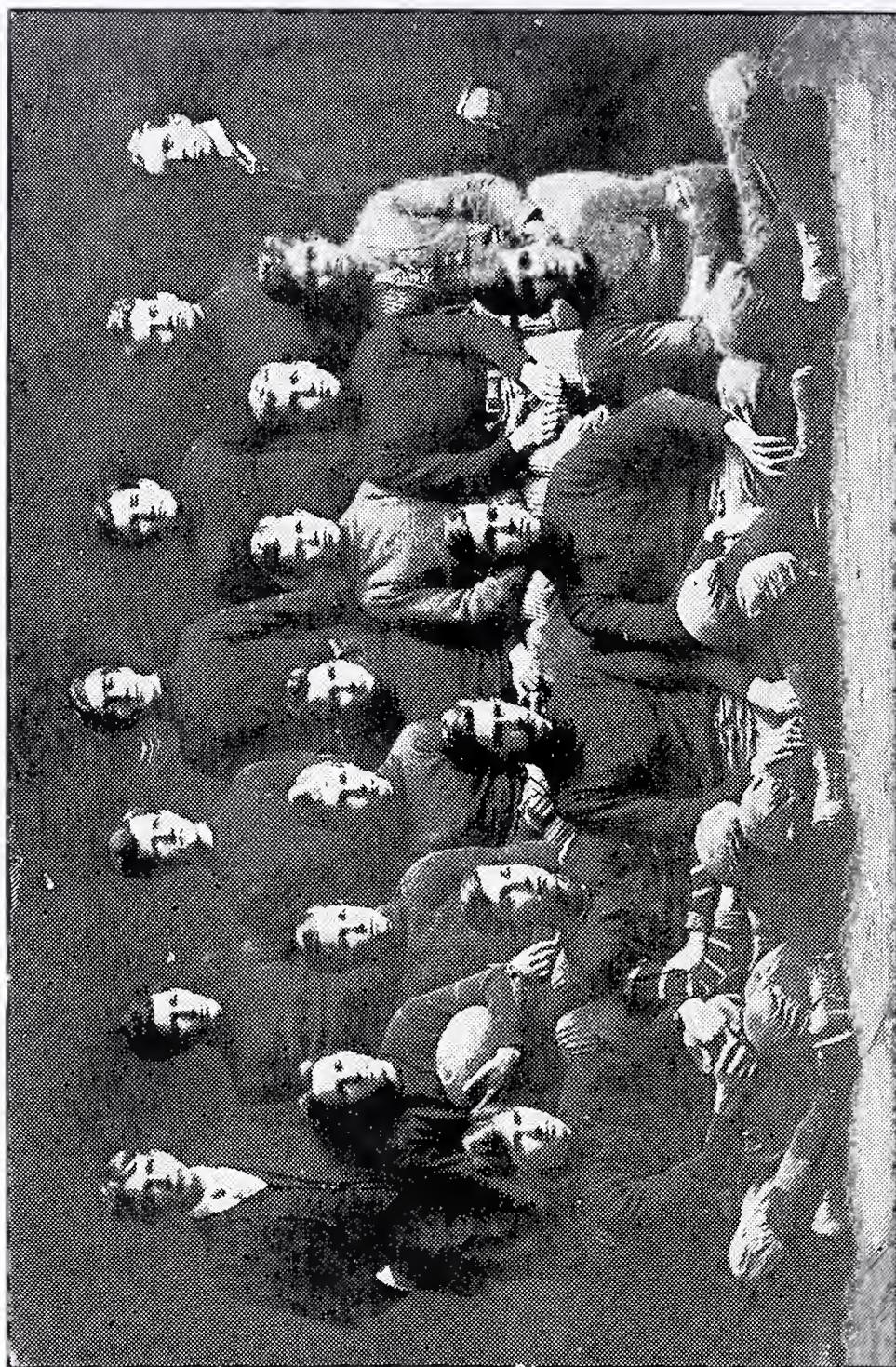
High School Foot Ball Team

FIRST TEAM		"SCRUBS"
Roy Armfield	Center	Homer Paylor
Roland Taylor	Guard	James Townsend
Sidney Grimsley	Guard	Newman White
Charles Denny	Tackle	Allan Riddick
Sam Alfred	Tackle	Frank Scarborough
Joe Leonard	End	Wallace Kirkman
John Hubbard	End	Eugene Porter
Willie Coffin	Quarter	Edward Entsler
Max Hendrix (Capt)	Half-back	Murray Tate (Capt)
Will Dillon	Half-back	George Westbrook
Allan Preyer	Full-back	Robert Beall
Lunsford Richardson	Substitute	Charles Riddick
Newman White	Substitute	
James Townsend	Substitute	
William Grimsley	Substitute	
Murray Tate	Substitute	

GAMES PLAYED

Greensboro High School 5	Greensboro High School 51
High Point High School 0	Reidsville Seminary 0
Greensboro High School 5	Greensboro High School 11
Durham High School 0	Raleigh High School 0
Greensboro High School 5	Greensboro High School 0
Bingham School 0	High Point High School 0
Greensboro High School 38	Greensboro High School 5
Reidsville Seminary 0	Raleigh High School 0
Greensboro High School 0	Greensboro High School 4
Durham High School 6	Durham High School 0

WANTED IN HASTE—By Speight Hunter, Welborne Forney and Newman White, a good book on etiquette; book must be approved by Miss Womble.



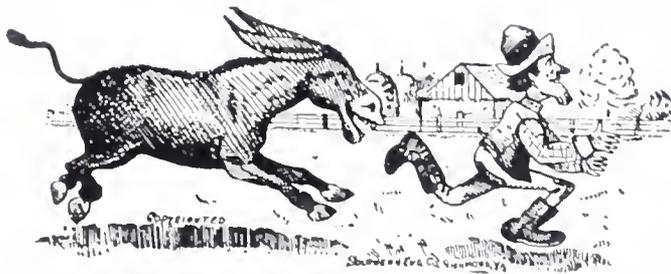
HIGH SCHOOL FOOT BALL TEAM

High School Base Ball Team

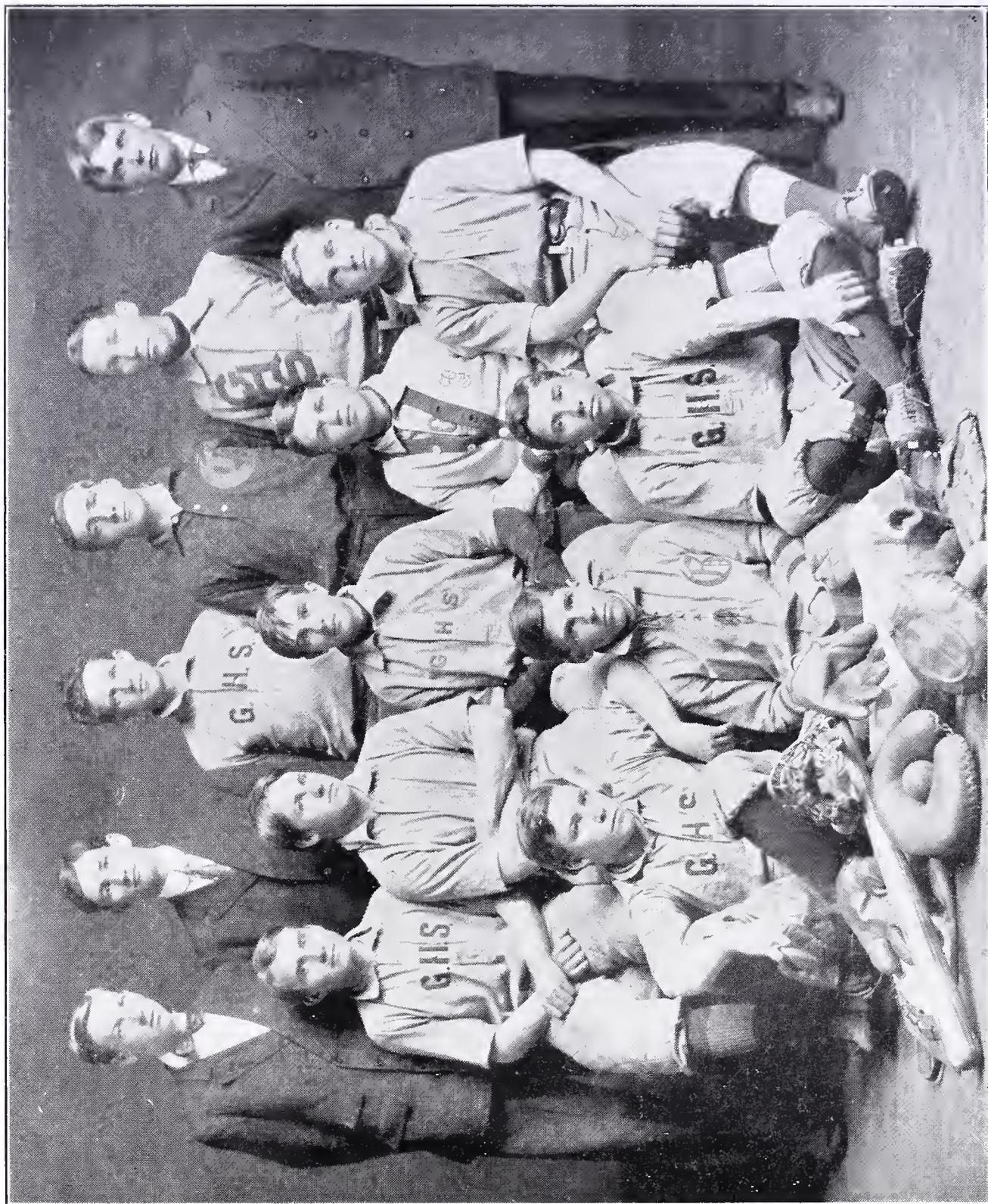
Murray Tate	<i>Catcher</i>
Allan Preyer	<i>Pitcher</i>
Speight Hunter	<i>First base</i>
Willie Coffin	<i>Second base</i>
Max Hendrix	<i>Short stop</i>
Frank Scarborough	<i>Third base</i>
Lansford Richardson	<i>Left field</i>
James White	<i>Center field</i>
Wallace Kirkman	<i>Right field</i>
Fielding Fry	<i>Substitute</i>
John Stone	<i>Substitute</i>

GAMES PLAYED

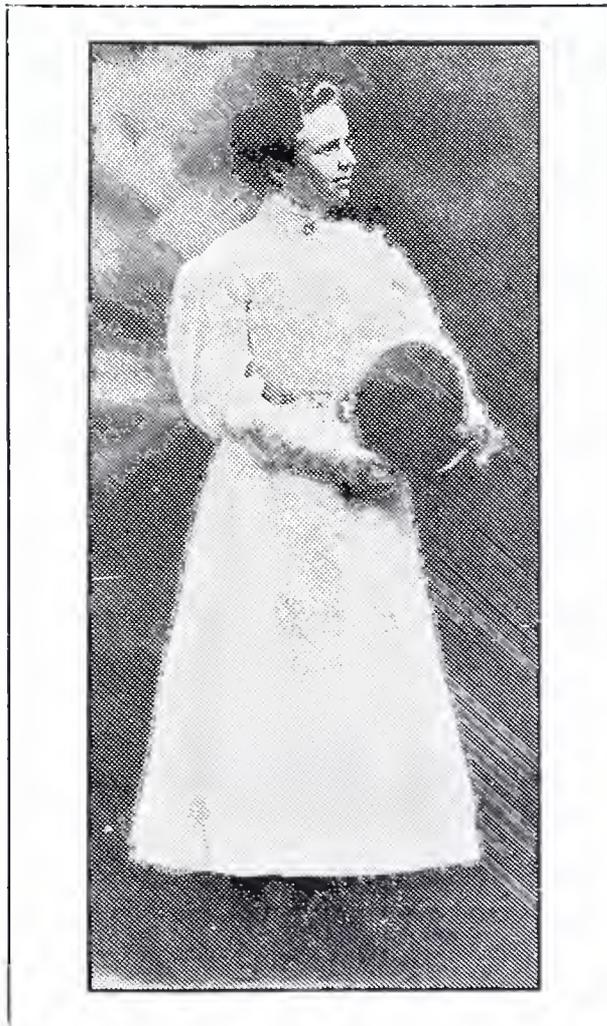
Greensboro High School	3
Pleasant Garden High School	5
Greensboro High School	8
Reidsville High School	3
Greensboro High School (ten innings)	9
Guilford "Kids" (ten innings)	7
Greensboro High School	16
Durham High School	3
Greensboro High School	7
Durham High School	8



Slide! Slide!! S-l-i-d-e!!!



GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL BASE BALL TEAM



MARGARETT GLENN, Sponsor
Athletic Association



A DRAW

Thrilling Contest Between Dago Preyer and
Bill Grimsley



What's The Odds on Dago

S EVERAL days ago an interesting bout was pulled off between Dago Preyer and Bill Grimsley before the sport-loving people of this community. Both men entered the ring promptly at 3:15 and prepared for the bout. Betting ran high, the odds being placed on Dago. The match was by far the most interesting that has been pulled off in the local ring this season.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS

ROUND 1

Both growl; Dago the fiercest.

They sparred a little, prayed a little, growled a little more and killed each other with looks.

Then the fight proper began. Bill lead off and slammed his left binocular

against Dago's masticating apparatus. The Greaser fell to his knees but quickly rose and met Bill's bearlike hug with a terrific uppercut. For some minutes they rolled over and over on the ground scratching, biting and kicking. At length they struggled to their feet and breaking the chainlike hold Dago proceeded to close one of Bill's eyes.

At this interesting moment Inspector King of the Thirty-second Street Police Station appeared at the ring-side and ordered the bout to cease. Both men left the ring and Dago challenged Bill to finish the match.

Bill refused and set out for home.

Dago hailed him telling him bravely that he would not accept his refusal to fight.

"I told you that I was not going out of my way to fight you," returned Bill.

"Then here in the presence of the upturned faces of this vast assembled multitude I call you a coward," hissed Dago.

Bill speedily hid himself and happy Dago after a theatrical pose and a tragic "Once more I ask you," for effect, homeward wended his weary way.

AN event of great interest occurred some days ago in the form of a talking match between the Senior and Intermediate Grades. The Seniors were represented by Miss Anna Williams while Miss Gueda Elliott championed the Red and Black. It is needless to say that the Intermediates won, Miss Elliott speaking 17,843 words in five minutes against 17,842 by Miss Williams. Just another scalp added to the already long list of Intermediate victories.

ALTHOUGH still a colt, Lumsford Richardson's thoroughbred, Starvey, is pacing around the oval in fine shape. We expect Richardson and Starvey to win new honors for the Greensboro High's in the near future.

CUTE HOLLAND has received a challenge from Gobbo Armfield for a ten round bout before the All Sports Club on May 2nd. Gobbo Armfield is an aspirant for the heavy weight honors of the school. Cute Holland is the same determined little Cute who fought the famous Jim Jeffries to a standstill several years ago. Local fight promoters are anxious to see these two artists draw conclusions and are taking subscriptions for the purpose of getting the match.

TEXT FOR BACCALAUREATE SERMON:

"And now abideth faith, hope, and a pass mark; these three; but the greatest of these is a pass mark."

A Few IF^s



IF I were Dago Preyer, do you know what I would do?
I'd bore some holes into my head and let some sense sift through.

IF I were Happy Clary, what do you reckon I'd do?
I'd not be quite so fickle, but to one beau be true.

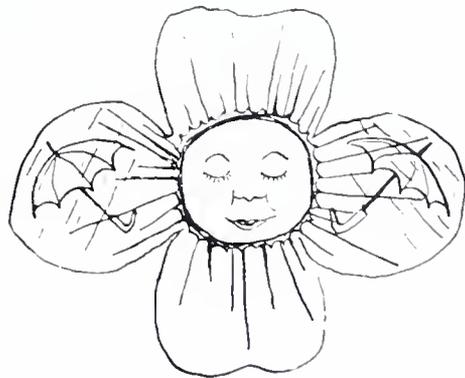
IF I were the handsome Tater-bug, I tell you what I'd do,
I'd get a cage and live in it at the New York National Zoo.

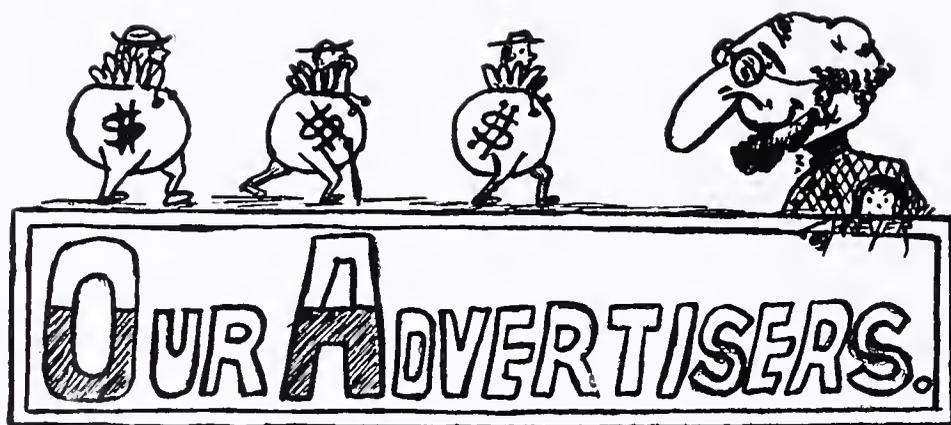
IF I were Captain Hunter, now this is what I'd do,
I'd flirt with every Senior girl, but fall in love with two.

IF I were the curly headed Jack do you know what I'd do?
I'd get a lovely long black wig and stick it on with glue.

IF I were all these persons at once, what do you reckon I'd do?
I'd do exactly as I said, and I bet you would too.

I WISH for you a life of gladness,
Free from study and tiresome hours;
Full of fun and free from sadness,
Radiant as sunshine after showers.





Fine Growing Weather

This is for Young Fellows with Growing Chest Expansions

THINGS get tight, even if the wearer does not. Hand them over to your younger brother, and stock up fresh. Let us supply that suit you are thinking about. It will be at once stylish and roomy—starting there we can make the rest harmonize ☐ ☐

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is very complete. We handle the well-known Victor Tennis Rackets and Championship Balls, the American line of Gloves and Mitts, and the Reach, Victor and Simons League Balls.

IN OUR STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

will be found Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, and Waterman's Fountain Pen Ink, Tablets, Composition Books, and Memorandum Books of all kinds required for School use.

IN OUR BOOK STOCK

can be found the latest Fiction, the most popular Poets, and Books of General Character.

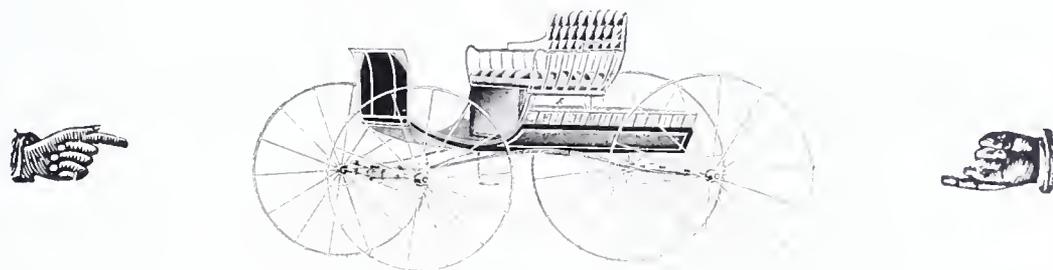
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DENTIST



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PATRICIAN

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you get them
again



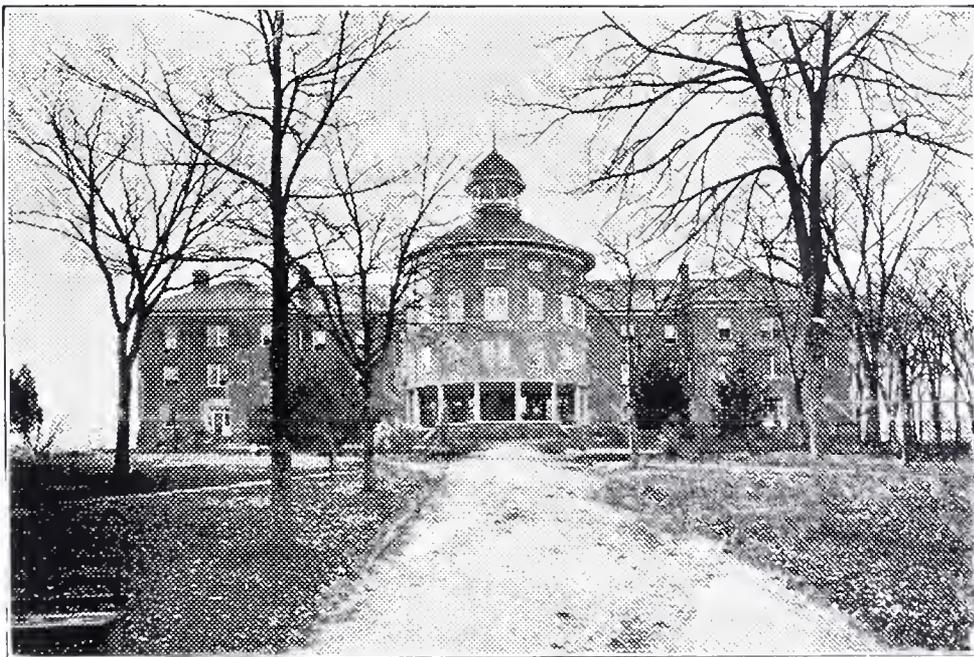
The Beauty of the Feminine Figure Consists chiefly in its lithe and graceful movements. If you walk easily and gracefully you possess a charm which always makes an indelible impression. Patrician Shoes for women are constructed in a way which gives the foot perfect balance and a springy, elastic step. The shoes are high supporting at the instep, and the heel tilt distributes the pressure so as to give the wearer, not only grace, but actual pleasure in walking. For sale at

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Greensboro, North Carolina

Published three times during the year by the pupils of
the High School. Each issue contains:
SHORT STORIES, POEMS, ESSAYS AND JOKES
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ials, Exchanges and Current Events. Subscription
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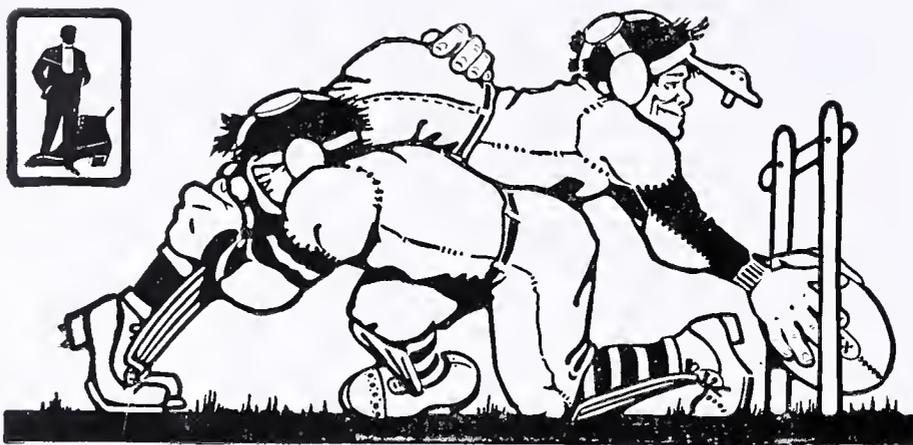


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BUSINESS IN NORTH CAROLINA 1908.

	Policies in Force Dec, 31, 1907		Losses Incurred During 1907	Premiums Received
	Number	Amount		
Aetna	3646	\$ 5,369,910	\$ 122,712	\$ 161,457
Equitable	4892	9,028,141	144,116	298,637
Mutual Benefit	7146	11,282,774	144,179	394,243
Mutual Life	6814	14,048,741	162,390	373,856
National Life	818	1,043,077	16,000	33,392
New York Life	5912	10,657,777	151,667	341,260
Northwestern Mutual	2261	4,465,380	44,761	140,252
Penn Mutual	4868	8,982,816	124,034	299,498
Prudential	2944	5,092,397	35,088	176,310
Union Central	4072	5,646,315	36,444	189,867
Security Life & Annuity Co.	4360	7,176,051	51,626	248,219

All policies are registered and the Legal Reserve deposited with Insurance Commissioner of North Carolina in securities as required by law
GEORGE A. GRIMSLEY, Sec't. J. VAN LINDLEY, Pres.

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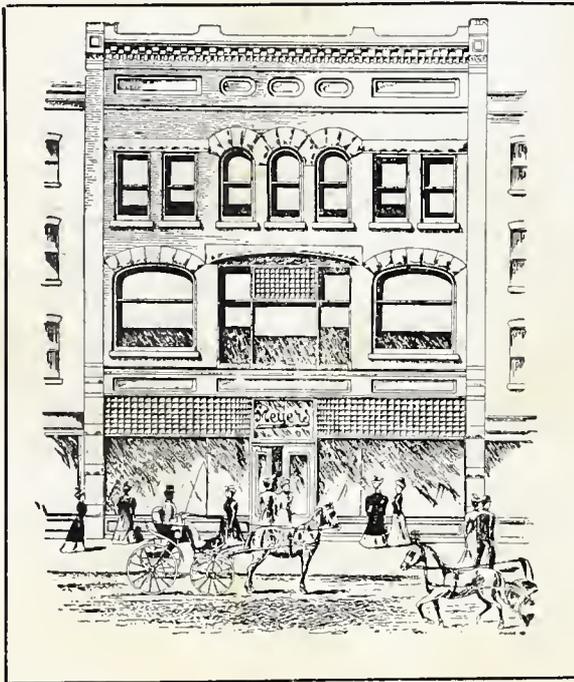
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