

# The Black and Gold

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The Senior Class Number  

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Winston-Salem City High School

MAY 1914

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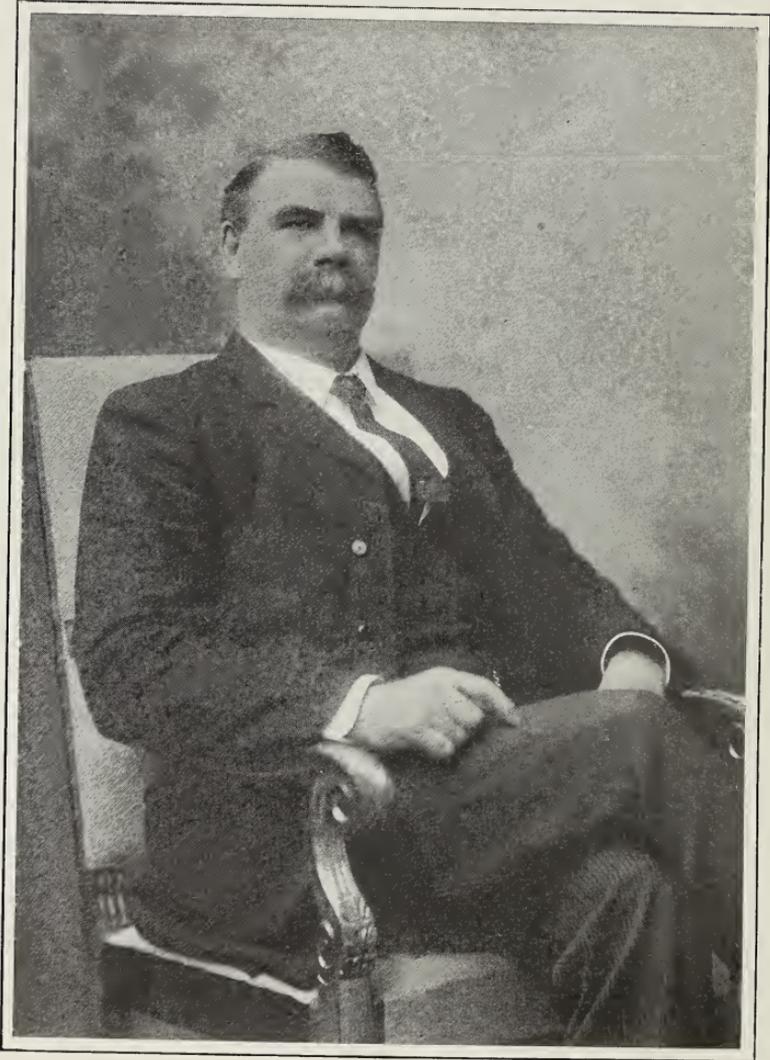
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HON. J. C. BUXTON

# The Black and Gold

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*Published four times during each School Year by the Students  
of the Winston-Salem City High School*

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VOL. IV.

MAY, 1914

No. 4

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SENIOR CLASS NUMBER

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TO OUR FRIEND  
JOHN CAMERON BUXTON

IN APPRECIATION OF HIS TWENTY-THREE  
YEARS OF SERVICE FOR THE BOYS AND  
GIRLS OF OUR CITY SCHOOLS WE  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS  
SENIOR NUMBER OF OUR  
MAGAZINE.



RUTH ANDERSON

"Ruthie" or "Hibbletyhop."

President of Charles D. Mc-Iver Literary Society; Secretary of Class; Class Statistician.

"Joyously I follow laughter's path,  
And now and then indulge  
in Math."



JENNIE BYERLY

"Jinks."

"The fair, the chaste, and un-  
expressive she."



GERTRUDE COOK

"Cookie."

"She is merry, she is clever."

KATE DAVIS

"Katie" or "Kitty."

Compiler of Class Quotations; Member of Executive Committee of Literary Society.

"As sweet and musical as bright Apollos' lute"





MARY DARKE JOHNSON

"Darky" or "Pinky."

Associate Editor of "Black and Gold"; Member of Program Committee of Literary Society.

"She that was ever sweet and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet never loud."

CALLIE LEWIS

"Cal."

Critic of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Editor-in-Chief of "Black and Gold."

"Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Cal-  
lie."





RUTH McKINNIE

"Skinney."

"I am resolved to grow fat,  
and look young till forty."

JANET McNAIR

"Coon."

"Not stepping over the bounds  
of modesty."





DOVIE DEAN

"Dot"

"Those about her  
From her shall read the per-  
fect ways of honour."

EMILY GRIFFITH

"Nemile."

Class Historian.

"A daughter of the Gods,  
divinely tall and most divine-  
ly fair."





NANNIE HANES

"Nan Curley."

Class Story-teller.

"Be to her virtues very kind  
Be to her faults a little  
blind."

BEATRICE HARWOOD

"Doc."

"Content to follow where  
others lead."





LUCILE HENNING

"Sis."

'Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low,—an ex-  
cellent thing in woman.'

EVELYN SHIPLEY

"Lefty."

Secretary of Charles D. Mc-  
Iver Literary Society; Vice-  
President of Class; Class  
Prophetess.

"Love is meat and drink to  
me."





EULA WALL

"Judge."

"My beauty haunts me in  
my sleep."

A. BANES FARRELL

"Beans."

"A proper man, as one shall  
see in a summer's day."





A. J. FOX

"Jax."

Executive Committee of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-B.; Associate Editor-in-Chief of "Black and Gold."

"Whence is thy learning?  
Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the mid-  
night oil?"

PATRICK HENRY

"Pat"

President of Athletic Association; President of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-B.; Class Statistician; Captain of Base Ball and member of Foot Ball teams.

"He trudg'd along unknow-  
ing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for  
want of thought."





HARDIN JEWETT

"Doodle."

Marshal in Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-B.; Member of Base Ball and Foot Ball teams; Associate Editor of "Black and Gold."

"I know and love the good, yet, oh! the worst pursue."

WALTER MAYNARD

"Sugar."

Member of Executive Committee of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

"He who desires naught will always be free."





GREGORY GRAHAM

"Moodle."

Chairman of Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-A; Assistant Manager "Black and Gold."

"Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony,  
But organically, I am incapable of tune."

HAMILTON HORTON

"Little Ham."

President of Juvenile Club; President of Class; Captain of Foot Ball team; Member of Base Ball team; Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-A; Vice-President of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-A.; Compiler of Quotations.

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."





RALPH STOCKTON

"Fatty."

Treasurer of Class; Treasurer of Athletic Association; Business Manager of "Black and Gold;" President of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-B.

"The best thing in him is his complexion."

RAYMOND DEAN

"Ikey."

President of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society-A; Member of Foot Ball team; Member of Base Ball team; Secretary of Juvenile Club; Manager Foot Ball team; Vice-President Athletic Association.

"A most lovely, gentleman-like man."





WALTER CREWS

"Izzy."

Marshal of Calvin H. Wiley  
Literary Society-A.

"Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world,  
'This is a man.'"



SPECIAL COMMERCIAL GROUP

## Class Poem

Again, O muse, yet once again  
I seek thy kindly grace,  
That I may wander in thy realms,  
And for my classmates find a place  
Among thy honored few.  
'Tis not with sadness come I here;  
Nay, with gladness and joy I come,  
For in our hearts is hope;  
And on our lips a song  
Tells of the victory we have won,  
Of the knowledge we have gained,  
Of the days and weeks and months and years,  
Of the joys and hopes and fears and tears  
Of the class of Nineteen-fourteen.

Yet in the hour of victory,  
Let us not forget  
That he who thinks he conquers  
Has not won the victory yet.  
The swift is not always first,  
The strong does not always win,  
But he who would gain success  
Must go on and always say, "I can."  
We must not think with regret  
Of the days that have passed away,  
When a golden future lies before us,  
And the present we have today  
To make of it what we will.  
So let us not look backward;  
But on the present stay the mind;  
And every minute fill with labor

For 'tis gone as a passing wind  
That gently comes and is no more.  
Let us make the best of what we have,  
The future is only a dream  
That may or may not bring pleasure,  
O class of Nineteen-fourteen.

A feeling of sadness comes o'er us,  
As parting time draws near,  
When we shall bid farewell  
To scenes that have been so dear.  
But this is only a step  
To joys that to us will seem  
The greatest and best of all the joys,  
Of the class of Nineteen-fourteen.

—Callie Lewis.



# The Black and Gold

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Winston-Salem City High School.

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Assistant Editor in Chief .....A. J. Fox, '14.

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## Editorial

Four years ago the faculty and School Board of the Winston High School decided to establish a magazine to be run entirely by the students. The school colors being black and gold, it was decided to call the magazine the "Black and Gold." We have now had a successful run of four years and it is only fitting that something should be said of the reputation this magazine has brought to our school. People in other cities who probably had never heard of the Winston High School, are now familiar with us in a way through our magazine. The students of the High School have always been proud of their magazine, and it is through the school students chiefly, that it has been improved.

In the first issue these words were found, "We take pride in this magazine as it is ours and our work. It inspires us; and it creates a school spirit which the school has lacked so long." This was the aim of the magazine. The contributions of the first number were not very large, but were well written, and well worthy of credit.

As the magazine was good, it grew in favor and gradually the work was increased and improved. The next issue, even, was very much better. Due to the excellent staff of business managers the magazine has had, the magazine is a financial success. The concluding issue of the year has always been left open as the Senior Class number, the other issues being open to work from any student in the High School.

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Perhaps no greater honor has ever come to the Winston-Salem High School than the winning of the Aycok Memorial Cup at Chapel Hill on the night of April 9th. It was with but little hope of winning that our boys entered the contest which included six hundred boys and girls from one hundred and fifty high schools all over the State. When the four boys, who had been chosen to represent Winston-Salem, Gordon Ambler, Hortus Scott, Charles Roddick and Clifton Eaton, won in the preliminary debates at home and High Point, the whole student body was enthusiastic over the prospect of going to the University for the final contest. The four boys with whom lay the power of bringing this prize home, worked as no boys ever worked. The initiative and referendum was their topics of conversation at all times. They absorbed the subject and went to Chapel Hill with the determination to do their best for their school. Very few realized what it took to win that cup, and how much the school wanted to win, until the debates were all over and the news of success came home. It was then that we understood what the school's representatives had fought against, and the determination, perseverance, and hard work that they put forth to win. They determined to do their best and to persevere under

all circumstances. They worked hard to win, and did not think of losing when the final contest came off with Graham High School. The example set by these boys might be followed by every member of our school, for it is only by determination, perseverance and hard work, that we can ever expect to bring any honor to our school.

—L.

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### The High School and the City

The high school is often referred to as a business establishment, and there is no doubt that it is one of the most important and most interesting of all the business plants in the world.. It is almost a necessity for every city to maintain a school which will give to its boys and girls a broader and more thorough training. Our city high school is a school which does all of this; it is the best investment ever made by our citizens. Here the student does not depend upon a teacher for help, but stands on his own feet; and in the high school he begins to realize all that he may make of himself. The high school is an investment made by the men and women of today, in order to have a more efficient and more ideal citizenship tomorrow. In our high school are found the boys and girls who will make the Winston-Salem of twenty years hence. Here are the men and women who will, or will not, make our city a city of power and influence in the State. In fact, our high school is the Winston-Salem of tomorrow.

—L.



The Aycock Memorial Cup and the Boys who Brought it to Winston-Salem High School

## Over the Tea-Cup—Class History



T was a dismal afternoon in late February. I had stepped to the door to answer the postman's call, when my attention was attracted by a crowd of merry school girls coming down the street. They were evidently seniors at the High School near by, for now and then I caught echoes of "senior play," "fourth year English," "the party the Juniors gave us."

As I listened my thoughts went back to my school days, and the words of the old song surged in my heart,

"Roll backward, O time in your flight,

Make me a school girl just for to-night."

So intent was I on the thought of other days, that I did not notice that the gate had opened and some one was coming up the gravel walk.

"Is this where———?" a sweet voice broke upon my reveries.

"Why—Mary Johnson! as sure as I'm living! Where did you come from, Mary? Isn't it funny? I was just thinking of old days," I rattled on, not giving Mary a minute to answer as I led her into the sitting-room.

"Can you realize," said Mary, as we drew our chairs close together for a cozy chat, "that it is almost ten years since we graduated from the old High School?"

"No, I can't," I replied. "It seems but as yesterday since we were having class meetings to decide such momentous questions as to what kind of blouse we girls should have our pictures taken in, or as to whether the boys should wear button bouquets or not on commencement night."

"How long that commencement night was coming," said Mary with a gentle sigh. "Five long years we worked with that in view, longer than other graduating classes, for the seventh

grade, you remember, was considered High School when we were members of it."

"It was in the seventh grade," she continued, in a reminiscent way, "that we were introduced to the departmental system, for there were so many of us seventh-graders that it took three teachers to keep us busy, or rather, I suspect, it was we who kept the teachers busy."

"What a time we did have," laughed I, "in those early days of departmental work, in the seventh and eighth grades, testing the different teachers, seeing how far we could go with this one, learning that we had to study for that one, that the other one couldn't make us behave, if he kept us in every recess."

"We didn't mind staying in at recess. In fact, it was much nicer, we thought, spending our recess in a comfortable class room than breathing the air of a stuffy basement or promenading up and down Cherry street."

Just then the maid came in with hot tea and sandwiches.

"Though very different," laughed Mary, "this four o'clock tea reminds me of those afternoon receptions the teachers, especially the men, used to insist upon our attending."

"How indignant we felt that Juniors soon-to-be should be treated so childishly as to be kept in," I replied, "especially on bright afternoons when automobiles flew by our windows, street cars went clanging by, and the happy voices of more fortunate companions sounded from the Y. M. C. A. corner or the tennis court just beneath us."

"The expression you've used brings back that 'set-down' feeling we had when upon entering our Junior-year, as we thought, we found that an Eleventh Grade had been added to our High School course and that for another whole year we were to be nothing but Sophomores."

"The news was stunning indeed, at first but it was soon forgotten in the excitement of getting our class organized, choosing class colors, and buying our pins."

"Oh yes, I do remember that it was not until the tenth

grade that our entire class was organized, for you know there were two groups of us," I replied.

"Yes, the commercial students and the Latin students, and oh, how we hated each other, how we Latin students looked down upon the commercial students, and how the commercial students thought they were something because they could use the typewriter."

"It was in the ninth grade, wasn't it, that we had such a tussle with algebra, and in the conflict, lost many of our comrades?"

"It most assuredly was," I replied. "The next year we lost others in the fight with geometry. 'A straight line is the shortest line between two points.' Do you remember?"

"Yes, and those awful originals. What tears we girls shed over them," Mary answered, smiling.

"Our dread of geometry originals was turned to mortal terror at the thought of physics problems," I said.

"To every original there is an equal reaction in the opposite direction," Mary gave as answer.

"Despite all of that we were happy for we were Juniors at last. We had reached the point where we might have class parties."

"And entertain the Seniors," cried Mary.

"Oh, that reception to the seniors! What a time we had planning for it, trying to keep everything a secret, working before school and after to make it the best party ever given in our old High School."

"And it was the best, too,—at least we thought so, when tired and happy we bade each other good night about eleven-thirty that night."

"This was but the beginning of many such good times, for the next year was marked by parties galore."

"Between parties and jollifications over base ball victories, planning for our Shakespearan play, having our pictures taken

for the annual, and getting up the Senior number of the Black and Gold, there was little time left for studying, but in some mysterious way we managed to reach the longed-for goal, graduation night and diplomas."

"Why, must you be going? Do come up the next time you have to wait between trains and let us renew our youth again talking over the days that are no more."

Emily Griffith.

## Class Prophecy



Y DEAR MAMIE:

Can you realize that thirty years have rolled by since that never-to-be-forgotten Commencement Day when we bade farewell to the old High School? How little we dreamed on that day, we two, who were so near and dear to each other, that for years the broad Atlantic would separate us; that you, "the lassie so delightful," would bury yourself in the heart of Africa among the heathen Bakubas, that I, so fitted, as everyone thought, to make some man happy, would spend my days in single blessedness.

But there are compensations in every walk of life. You in your chosen work among the heathen have won the respect and love of thousands of black ones; I, with my turn for homely tasks, have gained a reputation here in Chinquapin Cove for cakes and pies, for jellies of every kind. Indeed, it has been my custom ever since I located here to exhibit at the annual County Fair specimens of my culinary skill that are the wonder and envy of housewives far and near.

Owing partly to my success as a winner at the County Fair, and partly to the fact that she wished to make a little extra pin money, Janet McNair—Blumendale-Henderson,—you remember I wrote you that our old friend had buried two husbands and

was about to take unto herself a third,—decided this fall to compete with me for the prize in cake making. When I heard of it, I gracefully withdrew from the contest, for you know, dear Mamie, that I would never compete with a friend when I was sure to win. But I helped Janet all I could with my advice and my recipes, too, so it was no wonder that she took every prize in the cake making department. When I heard the good news, I fairly flew to offer Janet my congratulations; but would you believe it?—that scatter-brain girl—for though Janet is about to take her third husband, she's just like she always was,—that scatter-brain girl, I say, was nowhere to be seen. I seated myself in the cake booth for I felt for the honor of the contest, some one should be there to look after the blue ribbons. Pretty soon in came Janet, her hair all blowsy, her hat on one side.

“Oh, Evelyn,” she cried “whom do you think I saw at the Bear Show just now? Robert Ormsby, that quiet boy you know who used to sit on the back seat in school. Well, he had grown so tall that at first I didn't recognize him. When he began tooting his horn, though, I knew it was Robert.”

Of course it was interesting to hear of Robert again after all these years, but I tried to explain to Janet how imprudent it was of her, even though she was a widow of two husbands, to take in the midway alone, especially one with the reputation this one had. But Janet insisted that in this enlightened day, there was no harm in a woman's going anywhere, and much against my better judgment she persuaded me to accompany her on another visit to the midway.

So that was how it was I found myself in the midst of the fakirs gazing upon a brightly colored picture of a midget that hung in front of a rusty brown tent. There was something in the picture that attracted me, I knew not why, and when a shrill voice began to cry, “Come in and see little Hammie, the wonderful midget,” I followed the crowd in.

But what a shock I received. The midget proved to be no other than our own Ham Horton! He was standing upon a

barrel, giving his age and measurements, spouting forth pages of Practical Chemistry, working originals in Solid Geometry with neither pencil nor paper, while the crowd before him listened in open-mouthed wonder that one head so small could hold all he knew.

As we turned aside from little Hammie, the sound of a woman's voice drew us to a crowded tent where upon a raised platform Kate Davis,

"A woman of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon,"

harangued upon the subject of Woman's Suffrage. Kate, I must confess, proved to be a most forceful speaker, and I was not surprised when I learned that she was in much demand at conventions for Women's Rights. Her husband, 'tis said, leads a lonely life at home, however, while she gallivants round the country. The person who gave me this information was a reporter for The Cutty Chunk Times, a pleasant, grey-haired woman who stood near me. She wore heavy goggles so that it was not till she raised her glasses to wipe her eyes, that I saw she was our commercial friend, Minnie Whitaker.

"And what of Dovie Dean?" I asked Minnie, for seeing one of our 'business girls,' reminded me of the other.

"Why, haven't you heard?" asked Minnie in surprise. "She has attained an unprecedented reputation as a speiler. She is now speiling for Francisco Utopeeoh, the noted ventriloquist."

Francisco Utopeeoh turned out to be our Jennie Byerly, and Little Bitee Nancy, the girl who helped her amuse the crowd by doing sleight-of-hand tricks, proved to be the youngest member of our class, Nannie Hanes.

In the heart of the Midway we found another schoolmate, Lucile Henning, with a troop of orphans tagging after her. Lucile was giving the orphans the time of their life, treating them to pink ice cream and letting them see the outside of the shows.

About the time I saw Lucile I was feeling pretty "bum," to use a slang expression. Accustomed as I had been for years to

the quiet of a maiden lady's home, the noise and sights of the Midway completely unnerved me. It was no wonder then that I fainted dead away upon hearing the ferocious roar of a lion within three feet of me. When I came to, after Janet, in her excitement, had thrown iced-lemonade on me—for you know Janet always did do things by contrary—I peeped under a flapping end of the tent from which had come this blood curdling noise. There sat Hardin Jewett, perfectly unconscious, sawing upon a waxed rope with a stick. He was devouring a bag of brown sugar, and as I looked at him I thought, same old 'Doody,' for I recalled the time in the far-away past, when he had four cents to invest in sweets and settled the question of how to get the most out of his money by buying brown sugar.

Now, Mamie, you will be shocked when you hear that after recovering from my fright I visited the fortune teller. You know that I never took stock in fortune telling and the like, but Janet was so eager to have her hand read that I went with her to the Gypsy's tent. I saw nothing familiar in the foreign looks, the painted face of Madam Cal Laois, to make me think of one I had known in my school days, but the bright eye of the pretended Gypsy recognized us. "Hush, don't give me away," she whispered, and then I saw it was Callie Lewis.

It was Janet who spied Raymond Dean, for Janet, you know, always had an eye for the boys, swallowing swords, one after another for the amusement of the crowd.

But the center of attraction for the crowd seemed to be a dancing pavilion, across which was stretched a great sign "Lessons in The Latest Dances by Professor Banes Farrell."

"Banes has a national reputation as a dancing master you know," remarked Janet as we dropped our dimes in the slot and passed in to watch the dances. "He and his assistants are busy every minute of the day—"

Janet's voice was suddenly drowned in a burst of applause.

"Look!" she cried, and to my wondering gaze there came the vision of old friends doing the latest in tango, Mary

Johnson in sea-green chiffon with much-befrizzled hair to match, Beatrice Harwood in a shimmering satin made in the fashion of '42, and last but not least in brilliance of costume and suppleness of figure, Professor Banes himself in scarlet tights and velvet tunic trimmed in gold braid and real lace.

As we came out of the pavilion we were drawn with the crowd to where The Fat Lady was on exhibition. There was something familiar in the aspect of this "fat lady" as she was depicted on the sign boards, leaning back in her chair reading Virgil in the original. Nor were we disappointed when we entered the tent to find our old friend Ruth McKinnie was the fat lady herself. And she was the same old Ruth, too, for as she sat reading her Virgil, her head dropped to one side and she fell gently asleep.

The next thing we took in was Cook and Crews' Mosquito Show. It was wonderful indeed to see what infinite patience had trained the little creatures to do, and we were lingering behind to congratulate our old friends upon their success when, who should come along but Emily Griffith with a great megaphone to her mouth crying, "Kisses from the Beauty! Ten cents a Kiss for the cause of Charity."

Could the beauty be one of our class-mates? I determined to find out. Never would I have recognized her as sweet Eula Wall, had I not noticed that the two gallants fighting about the tickets they had bought to kiss the beauty were Walter Maynard and Raymond Dean, who had abandoned his occupation of swallowing swords to acquire something with a more pleasant and lasting effect. While Walter and Raymond were settling the question, who should sneak up and steal a kiss but A. J. Fox.

We weren't to linger long here, for our attention was arrested by a pistol shot from the front of the next tent. A tall, slender showman in Prince Albert and high hat, came out. We suspected Patrick Henry when we found this to be a dog show; and guess who was in the crowd in front of the show? Gertrude

Cook, another who had abandoned duty, one who was, as you know, always fond of—dogs.

But the next I dread to relate, Mamie dear. There was a great wheel, the kind that you pay ten cents to spin one time, and you may win a gold clock or a hand-painted vase or perhaps nothing, just where the hand happens to stop. We were notified by two officers in charge, that the clock had been stopped; it was found upon investigation to be a great big fake, a fraud; but don't faint when I tell you that the two unfortunate owners whom the clock hitherto had served so faithfully through so many fairs, were Ruth Anderson and Ralph Stockton.

Well, we felt as though we wanted to leave now. You understand. So we looked for the nearest way of escape which led us by the poultry exhibits, so we could not help but see the beautiful exhibition of 'pheasants,' with the owner, who was no other than our old schoolmate, Gregory Graham, sitting near by so intent on reading Carlyle he overlooked our presence altogether.

Well, doesn't this show "True greatness is never recognized?" So much gift and talent as was lying dormant in that last High School year when we were all together, we little dreamed of.

And now, best beloved, you know that I wouldn't have written all these silly nothings had not I known that, though you spend your days in grave catechisings, at heart you are the same jolly class-mate of High School days.

As ever, your own,

—Evelyn.

# CHARACTERISTICS

## DISLIKES MOST

- To be bored.....
- Buying an Easter bonnet....
- Not to have a date on Fri-  
day night .....
- To be called Katie.....
- To debate .....
- Making up back work.....
- A fox .....
- To be called on first in  
Latin .....
- Straight hair .....
- Rainy days on account of  
curls .....
- Dull students .....
- To be fat.....
- To be teased.....
- To be lonesome.....
- Arithmetic examinations .....
- Geometry .....

## STRONG POINT

- Impressing others with  
her dignity .....
- Making others laugh.....
- Talking .....
- Music .....
- Singing .....
- Blushing .....
- Giggling .....
- Helping R. A. keep up  
with her belongings.....
- Talking .....
- Pondering .....
- Arguing .....
- Getting to school on time....
- Making faces .....
- Punctuality .....
- Keeping her own counsel....
- Primping .....

## AMBITION

- To learn to walk without fall-  
ing .....
- To grow fat .....
- To get married .....
- To be a great musician .....
- To become a Prima Donna .....
- To be a historian .....
- To write an essay .....
- To be seen and not heard .....
- To doctor the heathen .....
- To become a school Ma'am .....
- To go to Guilford .....
- To weigh ninety-nine pounds .....
- To be a country School  
Teacher .....
- To be an actress .....
- To be a first class stenogra-  
pher .....
- To reign in beauty's realm .....

## DISLIKES MOST

- Frivolity .....
- To lose the game.....
- Studying .....
- For anybody to get ahead  
of him .....
- To fall off of a bicycle.....
- To settle down to work.....
- To have the girls make  
eyes at him .....
- All girls but one.....
- Nothing .....
- Not to be able to start his  
auto on a snowy night.....

## STRONG POINT

- Boxing .....
- Proposing .....
- "Tripping the light fantas-  
tic toe" .....
- Pompadour .....
- Reading poetry .....
- Writing notes .....
- Good looks .....
- Singing .....
- Shooting marbles.....
- Washing dishes after the  
party .....

## AMBITION

- To lick Jack Johnson .....
- To go one point beyond Mark  
Antony as an orator .....
- To become President of U.  
S., or a dancing master .....
- To be an actor in a moving  
picture show .....
- To be a famous surgeon .....
- "To get through" .....
- To be a big man .....
- To go to U. N. C. .....
- To play the fiddle .....
- To make the "Black and  
Gold" pay .....

## To the Incoming Seniors



### EARLY BELOVED:

Although we realize by the pomposity of spirit you have shown this year that you feel yourselves able perfectly as a class, to cope with any difficulties that may lie in your road to graduation and success, yet as fellow students who have attained the end only through trials and tribulations, we feel it incumbent upon us to give you the benefit of our experience.

First of all, when you enter High School next fall, impress your importance upon Mr. White and the faculty by boldly coming in the front door. Then with a firm step promenade up and down the halls several times, as you have daily seen us do, laughing and talking the while. By this means you will help Mr. Latham to gain in concentration. Then, too, you will win the everlasting good will of the eighth-graders who will have your example to point to, if called down by their teachers for prolonging conversations in the hall.

Before settling down to work each morning, spend a few minutes in the cloak-room that you may exchange greetings with your class-mates, then pass quietly to the teachers' room, at the end of the hall, to arrange your cravat before the big mirror or see that your hair-ribbon is at the right angle.

Be sure, at the earliest date possible, to choose your seat up near the front or Mr. Moore will choose one for you. Carve your full name on your desk, lest after the excitement of an explosion in chemistry period, you lose your head and forget where you belong.

Remember that the sink in the front of the room is not for use except during laboratory period and on the morning after a senior reception where dishes are to be washed.

Now, as to senior privileges, we advise you to ask boldly for them; it's the proper thing to do—though of course you under-

stand that your petition will be refused or ignored altogether.

Prepare to hear every few days a lecture from Mr. Moore on the subject of *hard work*. You can keep from a good deal of this *hard work* Mr. Moore is fond of talking about, if you will lay in hand, before we leave you this spring, a good supply of our geometry note books and Latin exercises carefully corrected in red ink.

Never pick up a bit of paper that falls to the floor. It is one of the pleasures of being a senior to keep one's desk as untidy as possible, to spill ink on the floor, and never to use the waste paper basket, except on those occasions when you wish to see if you can throw your paper in it without leaving your desk.

Now, as to study periods. Remember they were made to pass memory books around in. But if the teacher in charge is too sharp to allow you to do this, just keep your book open before you and pretend to be studying. If a classmate falls asleep during the unusual stillness of this hour, by no means, disturb her sweet slumbers by whispering or giggling about her.

Have all your receptions at 7:00 or 7:30 at the latest, that Mr. White may be able to turn off the lights by nine.

When you ask for a holiday, not that you wish a holiday yourself, but as a mark of respect to some class that has been honored in athletics or declamation, ask for a whole week, and then perhaps you will get half-a-day.

In chemistry period beware of passing notes, for Mr. Hoke is fond of reading the news.

There are many other things we might advise you of, but our deep sense of responsibility in your welfare forbids, for believing that experience is the best teacher, we think it best to leave you to find something out yourselves.

—Seniors of 1914.

## Aunt Minerva's Question Box

Question—Oh, Aunt Minerva, wont you please tell me how  
 'To work Geometry originals now?—R. A.

Answer—A little common sense is all it will take  
 If on Geometry a hundred you would make.

Question—Aunt Minerva, dear, give me a recipe quick,  
 'To graduate this year without studying a bit.—  
 P. H.

Answer—Listen to explanations, never one overlook,  
 And keep your eyes from wandering toward Miss  
 Cook.

Question—Oh, Aunt Minerva, please tell a poor girl  
 How on rainy days to keep her hair in curl.—  
 N. H.

Answer—Wear a hat, my dear, when taking the air,  
 And don't let the rain ever get on your hair.

Question—Aunt Minerva, dear, we'll give you a dime,  
 If you'll tell us why Eula primps all the time?

Answer—Why Eula, my dear, of the boys is fond,  
 And to good looks she hopes they'll respond.

---

## Just in Fun

Mr. W. (translating Latin for Senior Class)—“Have you  
 any one whom you love better than me?”

Inattentive Senior—“Sir!”

---

There is a young man in our class  
 Whose most prominent trait is “brass,”  
 He adorns the front seat  
 With his “number ten” feet,  
 And his beauty it charms every lass.

Katie is modest,  
 Katie is meek,  
 And her voice is soft and low ;  
 Katie is funny,  
 Katie is sunny,  
 Some day perhaps she'll catch a beau.

---

Learned Senior—"Did you ever take magnesium sulphate?"  
 Freshman (who is eager to learn)—"No, who teaches it?"

---

Banes F.—"There's one thing I'd like to know?"

Teacher—"What's that?"

Banes—"Is coo-coo a bird, or can it be used as a verb when referring to lovers?"

---

If our Jew-et(t) Ham, would Gertrude Cook it?

---

There's a dear little girl named Ruth A,  
 Who's too young for a wisdom tooth, Eh?  
 But all the while  
 Her dark eyes smile  
 On every passing youth—a.

---

There is a young maiden named Jennie  
 Who wishes she wasn't so skinny,  
 For folks walk right over her  
 Without ever seeing her  
 This slender young maiden named Jennie.

---

There was a young lad named Jewett  
 He was very wise and he knew it.  
 He fired a cracker in school,  
 Breaking an excellent rule.  
 Next time—he'll know better than to do it.

There haps to be in the eleventh grade  
 A lassie both pretty and wise.  
 Her hair is brown, her cheeks are pink,  
 And liquid pools are her eyes.  
 She never speaks till spoken to—  
 A bit of wisdom you guess;  
 And for this virtue, for virtue it is,  
 She's loved by all the rest.

---

### Experiments in Chemistry

Material. Patrick Henry, a pin, a chair and Banes Farrell.

Directions. Give pin to Patrick and place chair near him. Note results when Banes sits in chair which he is sure to do, as he never stands when there is a vacant chair.

Observation. Patrick bent pin and placed it on chair. Immediately after sitting down Banes arose with a few warm remarks.

Inference. That the uniting of Banes with a bent pin will invariably cause a loud explosion.

---

Material. Fox, Farrell, and a certain girl.

Directions. Keep silent, note actions.

Observation. A. J. and Banes "boil" when near B—— and sends out green sparks.

Inference. That jealousy causes chemical action.

## As a Senior Sees Things



THE High School is supposed to be a grand old place for Seniors. Every thing is for our good, so the faculty say. Even having to take pages and pages of history, chemistry, and besides, other hard lessons.

Receptions and holidays are only hindrances to our health and the progress of our studies and we should not murmur if it is thought best to put a stop to them. And as for privileges, what more could we desire than to come in at the front door, like the faculty, to go over to the library without permission, and to enter the building any time before 9:00 o'clock? What else could we desire?

Let the world think what it will about seniors, probably some have forgotten their senior days, but as for us, our opinions are very marked on certain things, as for instance, the course of study. Why should girls have to take the same studies as boys? Why should chemistry and higher mathematics be required for graduation any more than cooking, music, and sewing? What help will it be to girls when in after life they are making a home for someone, and all girls hope to do this, to know the relation of bismuth hyanoxide to bismuth subnitrate, or to be able to prove the ordinate of any point of a parabola is the mean proportional between the latus rectum and abscisso. Nor do the boys need to know how to run scales in every key on a piano, or whether kneading little or kneading much makes the best bread, or if two or three inches "are allowed" in a cotton skirt it will fit better after washing.

Then, as to receptions. We think they are very necessary to a school, especially to the senior class, in that they foster the spirit of comradeship among the students and keep up class and school pride. What can draw classmates closer together, and make them love their school more, give them something to re-

member in after years, like planning and carrying out merry parties, and then paying their good money for them?

And now, as to privileges. Just think of it, we seniors have been spared this year, by being allowed to enter the front door every morning, seven steps a day; for five days, thirty-five steps; for nine months, one thousand, two hundred and sixty steps; counting two and one-half feet to a step, three thousand, one hundred and sixty feet, over one half a mile a session. A fine privilege! In shoe leather it saves one ninety-ninth of an inch, in time, exactly twenty minutes.

There's one other thing upon which Seniors as a class, have strong feeling, and that is Commencement, Class Day exercises and class plays.

What real self-denial is practiced for Class Day! What scrimping and saving that each girl may out shine the others in laces and ribbons; that each boy may be better dressed than his neighbors! Then too, for four long years seniors look forward to that one night of all nights, when the Class Play is to be given. For the play they give up all of their chances of winning school honor in declamation and debates. For it they save their voices, reserve their best energies, that as actors and actresses they may win fame for themselves, their school, their community. What a disappointment to be deprived of all chances of winning glory!



## To Washington by Automobile



**A**BOUT five o'clock on the morning of August 19, 1913, we were awakened by the ding, ding, of an alarm clock. Contrary to our usual custom, we obeyed its persistent summoning, for even the sleepiest of us realized that if we were to begin the life of a tourist, we would have to sacrifice a few hours of our peaceful slumber. We had made our plans for our trip to Washington in the automobile, several weeks before, and it was indeed with a heart full of anticipation that we set about making the needful preparations.

By seven o'clock, though, everything had been finished and we were well on our way to Greensboro. I fear some people would have said they would have preferred to go on the train, if they could have seen the numerous suit cases, lunch baskets, hat bags, with which we were packed in. We, however, looked upon all of our impediments in a "Polly-anna" way and said we were glad we could take it with us and not have to bother with trunks. We reached Danville in time for dinner, drove around the principal streets, and then started on our way again, expecting to reach Lynchburg in time for supper. We had had fine roads all day and had made splendid time up until about five o'clock in the afternoon; then, however, we reached the end of our "perfect day" for a terrible storm came up and the roads became so slick that we were thankful when we reached Lynchburg a little after ten instead of six, as we had planned.

Fortunately, for us, it had not rained on the other side of Lynchburg, so we were able to start out again bright and early the next morning. We had a fine pike road all morning, but about noon we had to cross a mountain. It was from the top of this mountain that we got the prettiest view of our whole trip. We were at an elevation of several hundred feet and below us flowed the broad and beautiful James, while directly opposite arose

peak after peak of lovely mountains, at whose base ran the Norfolk and Western Railroad. Then directly in front could be seen a little village, nestled in a green and fertile valley. It was really rather dangerous to try to cross this mountain, as the road was so narrow and so near the precipice, therefore we were very glad when we were finally on level ground again. The remainder of the day was lovely. We reached Natural Bridge at four o'clock and then drove over to Lexington in the cool of the afternoon. The scenery from Natural Bridge to Lexington was beautiful, for it was a lovely afternoon, and the lights on the mountains were so good. We spent the night with friends in Lexington and enjoyed it very much. Lexington, it will be remembered, was the home of both Lee and Jackson, and it is here that the Virginia Military Institute and the Washington and Lee University are located. We didn't leave until two o'clock the next day, as we were only going as far as Staunton that day.

Our trip from Lexington to Staunton cannot be called quite as pleasant as some of our others, for it was such a hot afternoon, and then we had several "blow-outs" on the way.

We spent a very pleasant night with relatives in Staunton, leaving early the next morning, hoping to reach Harper's Ferry by night fall. It was a bad rainy day, but we had all the curtains up, and were on the Halley Pike, so that we were very comfortable. There was one thing, however, which diminished both our speed and our pocket book, and that was the numerous toll gates. Nevertheless, it was interesting to watch the strenuous efforts of the toll gate keepers to get to the gate before you had passed by. Poor old people, they sometimes had an awfully hard time, for most of them were either fat old ladies, or shrivelled up old men. The sky cleared during the afternoon and we enjoyed the rest of our trip very much, for we passed through so many places where battles were fought during the Civil War. For instance, Harrisonburg, Winchester, Strausburg, Charlestown, and many others. How strange it seemed to be speeding, in an automobile, over the

same roads which Lee and Jackson marched over more than fifty years before.

It was about ten o'clock the next morning that we reached Harper's Ferry, for, on account of the rain, we had to spend the night in Charlestown. Harper's Ferry is almost entirely surrounded by mountains and it is here that the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers meet, so that a prettier place is hard to be found.

After leaving Harper's Ferry we made no other stops, for we were on the last lap of our trip and were anxious to reach Washington.. Finally about three o'clock our steady persistence was rewarded and we caught our first glimpse of the Washington Monument. Fifteen minutes from this time we were in the heart of the city. The first thing we did was to get a good dinner, and then go out to the Cairo, a large apartment house, where we got lovely rooms on the fifth floor. As this was on Saturday, we didn't attempt any sight seeing until Monday.

Bright and early though, Monday morning we set out for Mount Vernon. We had planned to go all the way in the automobile, but on our way, we met a man, who told us that the roads hadn't been worked since George Washington had had them worked, so we went only to Alexandria and from there took the trolley the rest of the way. After leaving the trolley we walked about a half block to the entrance to the estate, where we had to pay a quarter to enter. Once inside, however, we were at liberty to go where we pleased. We entered the house by a side door, which led into the dining room, where we saw many interesting relics. From here we went out to the front porch, where we got a beautiful view of the shaded lawns, the deer park, and at a distance the gently flowing Potomac. We then went into the main hall, where we saw the great iron key to the Bastille, which LaFayette sent to Washington, Washington's sword and many family treasures. From here we went to the music room and library and then upstairs, where we saw the rooms in which both Martha and George Washington died. What queer little rooms they were too, with

their high posted beds, small windows, and quaint furniture! After we had finished going over the house we went out to the front of the house again and down to see Washington's tomb.

That night we spent from eight to ten o'clock in the Congressional Library. I wouldn't dare to even attempt to describe the library itself, for it is too wonderful, but I will point out some of the most striking features. The grand staircase is said to be the most beautiful stair case in the world. It is made of Italian marble, and has elaborately carved columns and arches adorned with marble rosettes, palm leaves and other floral designs of exquisite finish. Days could be spent in simply looking at and studying the wonderful works of art in the Library, among which are the noted Mosaic friezes and the beautiful picture of Minerva. Another interesting thing is the Signs of the Zodiac, which are inlaid in brass in the center of the main rotunda. Indeed from the time I entered the building until I left it, I was filled with amazement and awe at the thought of the great amount of skill and labor necessary to construct such a marvelous building.

The next afternoon we had a lovely drive over to Arlington, in spite of the fact that we lost our way several times. The rest of my family admired the beauty of Arlington very much, but my Southern blood was aroused too much, at seeing all those Yankee soldiers buried in what had once been Lee's own grounds, to see the beauty in it as I should have.

Wednesday morning we spent in the capital. This is a massive building made of Massachusetts marble with an imposing Dome surmounted by the Statue of Armed Liberty. The most important rooms are the Senate Chamber, House of Representatives and Supreme Court Room, all of which are magnificently and fittingly furnished. In the rotunda are many famous portraits and prizes. Another interesting room is the Statuary Hall, which was formerly the House of Representatives and echoed in days gone by, to the voices of Clay, Calhoun and Webster. This Hall, besides being very interesting, is noted for its extraordinary acoustic properties, which enable people to converse with

one another with their faces against columns in the opposite corners of the room. All of these various rooms tend to inspire one with awe and to give an idea of the dignified way in which our country is governed..

Thursday morning we secured tickets of admission, from Senator Overman, to the Senate Chamber, in order to hear the President deliver his message on the Mexican situation. As President Wilson was the first President since John Quincy Adams to deliver his message in person, we considered ourselves quite fortunate in being able to hear him.. After the message we were introduced to Mrs. Wilson, Miss Eleanor Wilson and William Jennings Bryan. After a dinner in the capital Cafe, we drove over to the Washington Monument. This to me, is the most impressive and beautiful thing in Washington, especially at night, when the great search light is thrown on its aluminum top.

As Father had known President Wilson at Princeton, we went, by special appointment, to the White House office the next morning.. After presenting our card at the door we were invited into the Reception Hall, where we found about ten other people also waiting to meet the President. While there we became very much interested in two Indians, who were dressed in citizens clothes but wore their hair long and had on regular Indian moccasins. They had evidently come to see the President on very important business, for they looked worried and had such a sad expression on their faces. We were never able to find out what they wanted, however, for they couldn't speak a word of English, and when they saw the President, they handed him a written note, which he read and promised to look into later. On account of our Indian friends, the half hour which we spent in the Reception Hall seemed very short; nevertheless, we were very glad when we were told that we might see the President.. The room was crowded when we entered, so we had to wait about five minutes more before we were able to meet the President himself. I occupied this time in looking around the room, trying to pick out the secret service men and admiring the President's cool linen

suit and spotless white shoes. Finally, it came to our turn to meet the President. I must confess that I was a little anxious at first, over what I was to say to such an important personage, but Father and Mother spoke to him first, so all I had to do was to shake hands and listen to their conversation.

We spent the remainder of the morning in the State, War and Navy Building and in the Smithsonian Museum, both of which were very interesting. We were so tired when we got back to the Cairo, that we rested all the earlier part of the afternoon and then spent the latter part in packing, for we had decided that it would be best to leave on Saturday and spend Sunday in Lexington, as we had to be home by Thursday of the next week. That night we went to bid farewell to the beautiful Congressional Library, after which we took our favorite drive on the Speedway in Potomac Park. Then on Saturday morning, as we had planned, we turned our faces homeward, carrying with us many pleasant memories of our happy week in Washington.

—Ruth Anderson.



## Senior Essays

To Washington By Automobile.....	Ruth Anderson
Ways of Travelling, Old and New.....	Jennie Byerly
The Girl of a Hundred Years Ago.....	Kate Davis
Sir Isaac Pitman.....	Dovie Dean
The Ante-bellum Negro.....	Nannie Hanes
Fashions of Sixty Years Ago.....	Beatrice Harwood
Women in the Making of America.....	Lucile Henning
An Hour With the Novelists.....	Callie Lewis
The Effect of Novels on High School Students...	Mary Johnson
Educational Value of Moving Pictures.....	Ruth McKinnie
When the Shelter Becomes a Home.....	Evelyn Shipley
Country Life in the Present Day.....	Janet McNair
U. D. C.....	Eula Wall
From Torch Light to Incandescent.....	Gertrude Cook
Good Roads.....	Walter Crew
Fire Prevention.....	Raymond Dean
The Rarest Metal.....	Gregory Graham
The Negro in the United States.....	Banes Farrell
Making the Old Farm Pay.....	Hamilton Horton
Forest Preservation.....	Hardin Jewett
The History of the Postage Stamp.....	Walter Maynard
Great Inventions.....	Patrick Henry
Educational Conditions in North Carolina.....	A. J. Fox
Sironcha, A Mission in India.....	Emily Griffith

## Want Column

WANTED—To know why Ruth A. doesn't think babies are sweet? Kate D.

WANTED—Teachers to give arithmetic examinations with answers. M. L. W.

WANTED—Ham! J. McN.

WANTED—A recipe for blushing. Ralph S.

WANTED—An antidote for crying. D. D.

WANTED—A geometry that has no originals. R. A.

WANTED—To know, "Has the judges come yet?" R. A. D.

WANTED—To sell you six feet of earth. Ralph Stockton, Real Estate Agent Salem Graveyard.

WANTED—A husband, one who will not object to my going to suffrage meetings. J. McN.

WANTED—An automatic machine to give outlines when taking dictation. Raymond A. D.

WANTED—To know how far one can go on a Hinds-Noble pony? Interested Latin Students.

WANTED—To know how to square a circle. One cramming for geom. test.

WANTED—A substitute for geometry. L. H.

WANTED—A typewriter with high speed. W. C.

---

## For Sale

FOR SALE—A "Cooky"—nice and fresh. Senior Class, City High School.

FOR SALE—A Virgil, by a Senior without a single dog ear.

FOR SALE—Complete set of French books. Guaranteed to last until they wear out. Jennie B.

TO LET—A corner of my heart recently vacated. E. S.

## Lost and Found Column

LOST—Somewhere between Broad street and City High School, on the last rainy day, my curls. No reward offered for I am sure to lose them the next time it rains. Mary J.

LOST—A lot of conceit. No reward, I have some left. G. N. G.

LOST—A set of brains—never used. G. C.

LOST—The key to learning. Please return before May 29, to W. P. M., as it is necessary for graduation.

LOST—A walking cane by Harden Jewett with a solid gold head.

LOST—A baseball by a boy with a pig-skin and rubber center. If found, please return to H. Horton.



## Athletics

Our High School base ball team, while not a pennant winner, has played and won more games than any one would have expected, considering the strong teams played. No one would expect a high school team to defeat such teams as the Carolina Freshmen, the Guilford College "Kids," and the Greensboro Independent team. Yet against these teams, we have been quite successful, in all having scored 73 runs against our opponents' 54 runs.

The following is a list of the games played during the season:

- W. H. S. 4; L. P. I. 6
- W. H. S. 22; B. H. S. 2.
- W. H. S. 6; G. Ind. 11
- W. H. S. 0; C. Fresh. 8.
- W. H. S. 8; Burlington 8.
- W. H. S. 12; L. P. I. 1.
- W. H. S. 5; G. C. "Kids" 7.
- W. H. S. 7; G. C. "Kids" 2.
- W. H. S. 2; Carolina Fresh 6.
- W. H. S. 7; Burlington 3.

The members of the team and their positions are as follows: Fogleman, P; Jewett, P; Hancock, P; Speer, C; Henry, 1st; Morris, 2nd; Horton, SS; Dean, 3rd; Martin, LF; Weatherman, CF; Douglas, RF; and the substitutes are, Wilson and Graham.

---

Much interest has been manifested in all kinds of athletics, especially football, during the past year. While being this year entirely an experiment, it has proven quite a successful one. Every one seems to have taken a great deal of interest in this form of sport, and the prospects seem good for a strong team next year. It is seldom that a team wins the first two games, if it is a new



1913-14 BASEBALL TEAM

sport, as our team did from High Point, the scores being 14 to 0 and 14 to 13.

The team was composed of the following boys:

Hughes, C; Walker, R. G.; Wagner, R. T.; Weatherman, R. E.; Ambler, L. G.; Tucker, L. T.; Horton, L. E., Captain; Dean, Q; Speer, L. H.; Jewett, R. H.; Taylor, F. B.

Substitutes: Wilson, Buxton, Fearington and Crews.





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P. L. Wright

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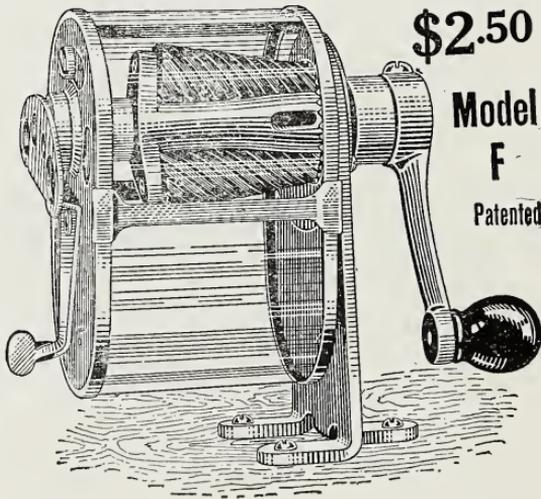
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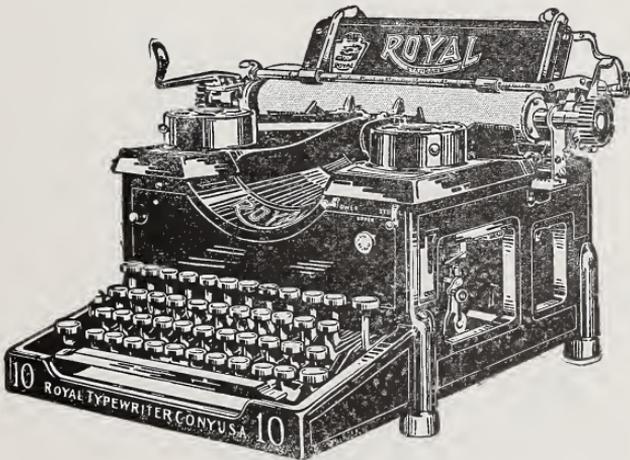


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**Schools of Music, Domestic Science,  
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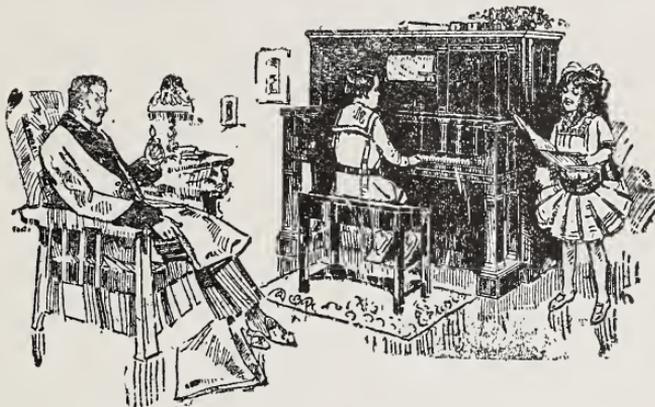
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Any father who is so fortunate as to have a daughter and in justice to her possessing a thorough education, it is his duty to let her be the proud owner of a fine piano.

If father wants her to be accomplished he should seriously look into her musical education.

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A complete stock of Athletic Supplies.

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Make this store your TRADING PLACE

FOR CLOTHES

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That is what we are selling—and we insure everything—  
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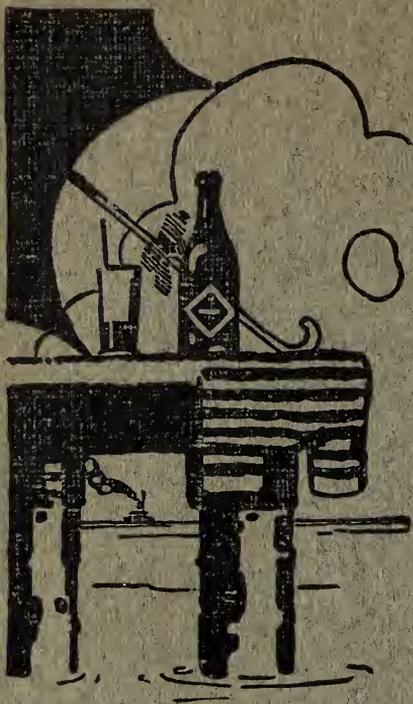
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*never* fails to cool—  
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This and its healthy  
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Try it, and Pepsi-Cola  
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your daily preference.

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5c

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In hearty sympathy with the Pure Food Laws, we take every precaution possible for the protection of the health of our customers, in the manufacture of Pepsi-Cola.

Every bottle, before refilling, is thoroughly sterilized and rinsed inside and out; and no person is allowed to touch the mouth of the bottle until crowned.

We extend to the students of our city schools and to the faculty a special invitation to visit us at any time and inspect the sanitary condition of our plant.