

✓ Vol. 1 No. 3

# The Black And Gold

Winston City High School

April, 1911

**Beautiful Crafton Heights**

**WEST END LOTS**

**F. D. CHAMBERLAIN, Agent**

# Hitchcock-Trotter Co.

"THE WOMAN'S STORE"

## Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-to-Wear Garments

We believe in doing fair, square things to all—  
No better rule than this. It's the principle which  
floats from the flagstaff of our business—the  
principle that is interwoven through every  
thread of our business fabric. Its the principle  
that wins. We'll take our chances for reward  
on our fidelity to this rule.

---

## GAS SERVICE

### A FEW QUESTIONS—

How about that old-fashioned burner in the kitchen?  
Wont you let us make it right for you?

How about the Gas Heater for the bath room? Isn't  
it time to get it?

How about the reading lamp in the sitting room? Are  
you getting the best light?

How about an incandescent gas burner in the bed  
room? There never was such a light to dress by and it  
saves gas.

Are you having any difficulty with your gas range?  
Are you securing plenty of hot water from your water  
heater? You know you only have to ask—we do the work.

Complete your arrangements before Christmas.

Winston-Salem Light & Fuel Co.

We Are Headquarters for  
**Heating and Plumbing**

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished

Phone 319

Crawford Plumbing & Mill Supply Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

---

**O'HANLON'S is the Place  
For Drugs and Soda Water**

---

W. Reade Johnson

Fred M. Parrish

**Johnson & Parrish**

Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law

Masonic Temple,

Winston-Salem, N. C.

---

**Willard C. Northup**  
Architect

Rooms 414-416 Masonic Temple. Phone 335

Winston-Salem, N. C.

---

**Boyles Brothers**  
HIGH-GRADE SUITS For  
HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

# Thompson's Drug Store

Anything in Drugs

*Use Lily Cream for*

*Chapped Face and Hands*

Is Not Sticky or Greasy

---

## JOHN N. AMBLER CIVIL AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER

Member American Society Civil Engineers

Mem. Am. Society Municipal Improvements

Water Supply, Water Power, Sewerage, Street Pavement, Street Railways

Landscaping and Developing Properties

Office—Room 309 Masonic Temple.

Phone 218

Residence Phone 630

---



## FISCHER & SHAFER

Tailors

TO MEN AND WOMEN

---

# May We Serve You?

A Full Line of Office Supplies, Typewriters,

Adding Machines, Filing Cabinets, Kodaks, Etc.

## WATKINS' BOOK STORE

# Contents

	Page
From Our English Note-Book:—	
The Deer Hunt.—Edward S. Crosland, '13.....	6
The Happy New Year's Day.—Blanche Buxton,, '13,	7
At the Sale.—Ethel Sharpe, '13.....	8
The Invasion of Lars Porsena.—Robert Vaughn, '11,	9
The Unnatural Conflict.—Arthur Hauser, '11.....	11
Stories:—	
A South Sea Adventure.—Moses Shapiro, '11.....	13
For Love of Country.—Margaret Gray, '11.....	16
Good for the Mayor.—Louise Maddrey, '11.....	20
Editorials .....	23
Personals and Locals .....	24
Odds and Ends .....	26



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2014

# The Black and Gold

Published four times during the school year by the  
Students of the Winston City High School

Vol. 1.

Winston, N. C., April, 1911

No. 3

## The Tempter Wind

Wind that hurries the budding trees,  
Wind that hurries the clouds of spring,  
You rob my heart of its winter ease  
And tear content from its anchoring.

Tramp of the world and the warming skies,  
Rober of roads I too habe known,  
Why do you summon me, tempter-wise,  
When my fields are plowed and my crops  
are sown?

For I had steeled me to hold my place,  
To sow and reap as the others do,  
But you toss a challenge into my face,  
And I'm back to the careless trail with you!

—Cosmopolitan.

**From Our English Note Book**

## THE DEER HUNT.

Edward S. Crosland,-'13.

Several years ago a number of us boys decided that we would take a deer hunt. Hearing that a number of deer had been seen near the foot of the Sauratown mountain, we started for that section on horseback one cold October morning. At sundown of the same day, we came to an old hunter's cabin, within a few miles of the place where we had hoped to find the deer. The old hunter came out to greet us, and we told him what we were after. He at once offered to go with us early the next morning. So that night we camped in the woods near the old hunter's cabin, and being very tired, we slept soundly until the next morning about 4 o'clock, when the hunter came to tell us it was time to be off. After eating a hurried breakfast, we mounted our horses and started for the foot of the mountain.

After going something like two miles, the old man called a halt, telling us that we must now separate and arrange ourselves at intervals along the track which the deer usually travelled. We stationed ourselves about two hundred yards from each other and breathlessly awaited the coming of the deer. The old hunter with his dogs went deep into the woods. Not a sound was to be heard except the occasional barking of the dogs. All at once the old hunter began yelling, and the dogs began barking at a fearful rate. Every man cocked his gun and waited in silence, scarcely breathing for fear of making a noise. Minutes seemed like hours, and we had begun to think that the deer had gone another way, when suddenly we heard something coming through the brush at breakneck speed.

Peering through the undergrowth I saw a large buck coming toward my friend, Henry Smith. He came within twenty yards of Henry and then stood stone still for at least half a minute. Henry stood there with his gun cocked, trembling as though he had a chill, until the deer turned and galloped off through the woods. When we saw that the deer was gone all of us cried: "You stupid thing! Henry, why didn't you shoot that deer?" And Henry meekly replied: "Why, really, fellows, when I saw that deer I was so frightened that I forgot to shoot."

---

## THE HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Blanche Buxton,-'13.

It was a bright, warm New Year's Day, but one glancing at the sad, worried face of an old man walking slowly down the street would have noticed that he was not even conscious of the beautiful weather, or of the merry-faced people who passed him. He seemed lost in dreary thought, and nothing attracted his attention until a familiar voice from the little crowd of Salvation Army men reached his ear. He stopped at once, and found the owner of the familiar voice to be a handsome, though rather sad looking young man, who was telling the story of his life to the bystanders. The old man listened attentively.

"When a boy of eighteen," the story-teller was saying, "I had a misunderstanding with my father, and while still in this trouble I fell into bad company. Not caring what became of me, I finally ran away from home, and went out West. When once there I repented of my rash act, and began to make my way back home, but it was nearly two years before I got anywhere near my old home, and then I learned from a friend that my mother had died long since with a broken heart.

Overwhelmed with my grief and fearing to face my father, I'—

Just at this moment the old man succeeded in making his way through the crowd and throwing his arms about the storyteller's neck, claimed him as his long lost son.

So the New Year's Day, that had dawned so dismally for the old man, turned out to be the happiest he had spent in many a year.

---

### AT THE SALE.

Ethel Sharpe.

One hot afternoon in August, father said to me "Come, Johnny, don't you want to drive over with me to Billy Thompson's place which is to be sold at auction?" "Yes, sirree," said I, and I felt very big as I climbed up on "Rocky's" big brown back and held tightly to father.

We were new in the neighborhood—father had just bought our farm, and we were spending our first summer on it, our home being about five miles away from the little village of W—, which has since grown to be quite a flourishing city.

When we reached the Thompson place, father let me down, and we stood and looked on. All the children tried to get me to play, but I was shy and would only hold to father's coat. But I soon tired of the auctioneer's wheezy voice calling out, "Going! going! Five dollars! Five dollars! Who'll make it ten? Going! going!" I gradually worked myself on to where the children were playing. I ran with them down to the spring and we had a fine time wading in the branch.

Before I knew it, the sun was very low. I ran up the hill toward the house to find father—as I drew near I heard the same hum. I pushed through the crowd, looking everywhere

for father, but I couldn't find him. I leaned up against a tree and began crying. No one seemed to notice me, except a big black dog that stood by and licked my hand in a friendly manner.

Finally a kind looking woman, seeing me, came over and put her arm around me and, on hearing my story, said: "So this is little Johnny Harris. Why, don't cry, Johnny. Come with me. I go right by your house, and I will see you home." And so she and her husband, who was also very kind, took me home with them. When we got home father was just starting back for me. All he could say was, that he had forgotten his only child!

---

## THE INVASION OF LARS PORSENA.

Robert C. Vaughn,-'11.

When the news went out that Lars Porsena was going to war, all of his vassals and several neighboring princes flocked to his standard. All were joyful and full of hope for their speedy victory. Accordingly they enlivened the march to Rome with songs, races and other outdoor sports.

But at Rome the news was received in a different way. The Fathers of the city were greatly alarmed, for they knew that Rome was not prepared for a long siege. And when the country people heard the news they were thrown into a panic, and catching up a few of their most valuable articles, they set out for Rome at full speed.

There was such a multitude before the gate that the people crowded around them for two nights and days waiting to get in the city. The consul and the city fathers, assembling for the sake of seeing what could be done, went in a body to the

Tayseian Rock to catch a glimpse of the enemy as soon as possible. Every minute or so messengers would bring in tidings of burnt villages and devastated lands. These tidings only served to increase the fear of the now thoroughly terrified fathers. The fathers knew that something must be done, and so they began to debate what they should do. At last the consul said that the only hope of safety lay in destroying the bridge across the Tiber. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when suddenly a horseman dashed up, crying "To arms! To arms! Sir Consul: Lars Porsena is here!" When this news was received the council was broken up and the members hastened to the rivergate to watch the Tuscan's approach.

The scene was grand and awe-inspiring enough to strike terror to any heart. At first only a dark cloud of dust could be seen, then, as the Tuscans came nearer and nearer, the dark cloud turned to red. When the army was about a mile from the city, the people were able to hear the proud calls of the trumpet; then as it drew nearer, they could hear, first the tramp, tramp, of horse and foot; then the hum of many voices. Finally the army drew so near that the banners of the twelve cities could be clearly distinguished by the anxious Romans. The banner of "Proud Clusium" being the highest of them all. By the royal standard sat Lars Porsena in his ivory car, and by his right hand rode false Sextus. When the Romans spied the hated Sextus, they burst into a loud shout:

"A yell that rent the firmament,  
From all the town arose.  
On the house-tops was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed,  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist."

## THE UNNATURAL CONFLICT.

Arthur Hauser,-'11.

As Sohrab came from his tent Rustrum eyed him as some rich woman, on a cold winter morning, "eyes through her silken curtain the poor drudge who, with numb blackened fingers, makes her fire." They advanced towards the center of the two armies, and, Rustrum seeing how tall and slender, and how softly reared Sohrab seemed, was filled with pity and said: :

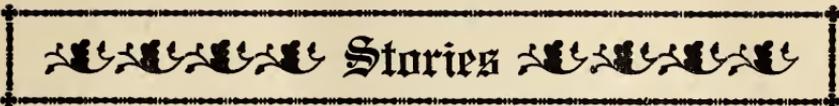
"O, thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,  
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!  
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.  
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on to death?  
Be governed! Quit the Tartar host, and come  
To Iran, and be as my son to me,  
And fight beneath my banner till I die."

As Rustrum spoke there seemed to be something in his voice which made Sohrab rush forward and fall on his knees. "Art thou not Rustrum, Speak!" he cried. "Art thou not he?" Rustrum would not answer yes, because he was afraid if he did Sohrab would want to exchange gifts instead of fighting, and afterwards boast of it when in a crowd of Tartars. Therefore he asked what difference did it make whether he was Rustrum or not; he was there to accept the challenge and that he should either make good or yield; and if he did neither, his bones should be scattered over the sand. But his words did not scare Sohrab, who calmly answered that although he was the larger of the two, and also a proven warrior, yet success swayed with the breath of heaven, and although he might think the victory surely his, he did not know for sure. For answer Rustrum hurled his mighty spear at Sohrab. The young man saw it coming and springly lightly aside, he hurled his spear in return. But it only rang out sharply against Rustrum's shield.

Rustrum now caught up his club, which none but himself

could wield, for it was almost a tree, and struck at Sohrab. But again Sohrab sprang lightly aside, and so great was the force of the blow that, as the club fell from his hands, he fell to his knees, clutching the sand. Sohrab might now have killed Rustrum, but something within him seemed to say that this was his father. So he only looked on, smiled and courteously drew back. "Thou strikest too hard! That club of thine will float on the summer floods and not my bones," he said. "Rise and be not wroth, not wroth am I." And again he offered to make a truce. But Rustrum, now standing erect and trembling with rage, had regained his spear. His breast heaved and his lips foamed. Twice his voice choked with rage, but finally he managed to say, "Speak not to me of a truce, all pity I had is gone. You have shamed me before both armies, with your light skipping and girl tricks." As he spoke, Sohrab, too kindled at his words, and with drawn swords they rushed together. It seemed as if the very heavens participated in the unnatural conflict, for suddenly a dark cloud overhung the sun and the fighters were wrapped in a whirlwind of sand. Blows were hailed on each other. With blood shot eyes and laboring breath they fought. Once Rustrum's spear struck through the metal of Sohrab's shield, but it did not pierce the skin on the inside; and Sohrab nearly cut through Rustrum's helm with his sword.

Suddenly it grew darker and Ruske, Rustrum's horse, uttered a dreadful cry. The host heard it and quaked with fear, but the fighters heard it not. Rustrum raised his great spear to strike, "Rustrum," he shouted. Sohrab sprang back, amazed and bewildered. He dropped his shield and the spear pierced his side. He reeled, he sank, dying upon the sand.



## Stories

### A SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE.

Moses Shapiro,-'11.

Captain Maynard, who has visited nearly every important seaport in the world, is very fond of living over his past experiences. I was sitting in the Sailors' and Soldiers' Club in Norfolk one day when he came in and took a seat beside me. During our conversation the Solomon Islands were brought up and immediately I saw a gleam in his eye. I knew at once his narrative streak had been aroused and prepared to listen to a good story. I was rewarded with one of the most interesting ones I had ever heard him relate. "One day," he said, "about ten or twelve years back, while cruising in Southern Pacific waters, I put up at Sydney for supplies and for a few day's rest. I had hardly lowered anchor when a couple of row boats filled with men came alongside and their occupants climbed to the deck. I recognized some of them as prominent men of Sydney and nearby towns, and wondered what was the matter. After the usual greetings they explained what they were there for.

"It seemed that, a couple of days before, word had reached Sydney that about a hundred Bengi men had incited a revolt among the natives on the plantation of James Watson, on the island of Banca. After killing Watson, his wife and son, they had carried off his daughter a young girl of about nineteen years. When the news reached Sydney, an angry crowd had quickly gathered, but were unable to leave because there was no boat in the harbor large enough to carry them. They asked me whether I would let them use my schooner for the voyage.

Having plenty of time and a lust for adventure, I agreed. Supplies were brought on board and as soon as the men came, we set sail.

“About seven-thirty on the morning of the second day after, we stopped at Prince George, an island at the mouth of the Boa river, about thirty miles from Banca, belonging to a Mr. John Simpson. Mr. Simpson and his wife had seen us approaching and were ready and anxious to go aboard, leaving the plantation in charge of some Hawaiian sailors, whom Mrs. Simpson had brought with her to the island. It seems funny perhaps, that we should have taken a woman along, but she was as good as any man on the trip, for women in that country had to do a man’s work and had no time for social and other things. In fact she had been over the Solomons many a time securing the natives for the plantation. These natives were gathered by a man on the island and contracted for a certain length of time by different planters, being paid a trivial sum for their labor.

“Well, it was about eleven o’clock when we reached Banca, and lowered anchor. Setting out in small boats we approached the island cautiously, taking with us, in the boats a few natives we had brought from Sydney. We landed on the beach and approached the house, finding there many evidences of the murders. On our approach not a native, other than our own, was to be seen. Someone had brought a hound along and he began sniffing about. We kept quiet and watched his actions. Soon he went outside and trotted toward the other side of the island. We followed behind and soon came to the beach. There we saw footprints and other evidences of where boats had been drawn up on the beach. Unable to tell which way they had gone, however, we started to return to the house, when a groan was heard not far away. Looking about we discovered one of Watson’s head natives badly wounded and nearly dead. Seeing there was no hope for him, we at once asked him where the others had gone. He whispered one word, ‘Galula,’ and expired.

“Now, Galula was considered about the worst of the Solomons and its cannibals the wildest and most ferocious; so we knew we must hurry if anything was to be done toward saving the girl. We at once returned to the ship and sailed for Galula. We proceeded quickly until within a few miles of the island and then waited for night fall, and then moved up close to the shore. Promptly at six next morning we left the ship and approached the island, leaving a sufficient guard aboard. One of the natives who was a Bengi man, volunteered to lead us to the nearest chief. We followed him and in about an hour we reached the chief’s lodge. Our native explained what we wanted and asked for information. He at first claimed to know nothing, but after a forceful show of arms, and then giving him a few trinkets, he opened up. He told us that the murderers were a neighboring tribe and had passed through three or four days before. Some of the cannibals were known to keep captives sometimes for a week or so to fatten them up; and we took a chance that these would do the same. Our man not knowing the way, we took one of the chief’s men along. We had started quickly but soon had to slacken speed because of the thorns and poisoned arrows and other deadly devices which the natives had placed on each side of the path in bushes or trees and which would go off at the slightest motion. It was well that we had the native along, for he seemed to be a genius for discovering these things.

“Well, to go back to my story, we had gone perhaps ten miles when our guide told us to move carefully as we were approaching the village. Sure enough, we soon came in sight of it. It was comprised of about ten huts, besides a large hut in the center, given over to the keeping of the smoked heads of their victims and the images of their gods. Looking through the trees we saw the young girl tied to a tree and the natives beginning a dance around her; and we knew we were just in time. At a given signal we fired a few shots and made a rush. The natives were easily put to flight. Mrs. Simpson took charge of the girl, who, after a good meal, seemed as well as

ever. On our way back she told us the story. It seemed that her father's men had been restless for a long while and were easily led to revolt by the persuasions of the Bengi men. They had sneaked into the house at night and killed her father, mother and brother. She had tried to run away but had been caught and brought back. Being in a hurry they had not killed her, but had taken her along.

“After a short rest, we started back and, except for being pestered a little by arrows, nothing of any account happened on the way. Upon reaching the ship we immediately set sail for Simpson's plantation, leaving them and the girl there, as Mrs. Simpson volunteered to take charge of her. We then proceeded to Sydney, stopping at Brisbane on the way, where we dropped a few of the men.

“I must say that, of all the adventures I ever had this one had the greatest effect on me. It seemed to me as though the natives were not to blame for what they did. You must remember that they were cannibals and savages; and, being in such an uncivilized state, they knew no better. Perhaps, with the settling of civilized people in such places, these savages will lose their savage ways and become civilized. But then adventures of different kinds will have to be sought, and in different places.’

---

### FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Margaret E. Gray, '11.

It was New Year's Eve of that dreadful winter of '80-'81, and our camp had a gala aspect in spite of the fact that the Red Coats were only a few miles off. Some of my boon companions and I were grouped around a roaring camp fire ex-

changing reminiscences of our lives at the different camps, and of the girls at home. We all had had some exciting times, even I was not devoid of anecdotes, and, when real facts failed me, I brought my imagination into play.

We were hunting through our pockets to find all of our pennies so that we would throw them away at the passing of the old year, when we heard a footstep and looking up, saw our commanding officer standing near us. In his quick manner of talking he said, "An important message for Greene, twenty miles away. Must reach him before day break. Volunteers?"

I have never since been able to discover why I spoke up, but I did.

"I volunteer, Captain," I said. He looked around at me in surprise and I believing that I had detected a slight bit of contempt in his face, was stung to the quick and jumping up, cried, "I may be young, sir, but before God, if you entrust me with the message it will reach General Greene before morning if I am a living man."

He nodded at me quickly, which I knew was the acceptance of my offer. "Some one must go with you," he cried, "the country is full of the enemy, and without help you will never be able to reach Greene."

No one volunteered and I began to think that I would have to make the perilous journey by myself, when the General said, "Johnson, you and Cling will accompany the boy as his subordinates. Come to my tent as quickly as possible and receive orders." He then turned and strode back into the darkness.

I hastened to my tent, got my knapsack and went quickly to the camp cook to get it filled. This took me about ten minutes and so I started on the run for the General's tent. I found him in his tent and, sitting down beside him, received explicit directions for the night's proceedings. Hearing horses outside, we finished up our conference and on going out found my two traveling companions waiting for me on horse, and with them, an orderly holding a horse for me. I jumped

on my horse, saluted the General, and with the message wrapped in a cabbage-leaf placed inside my shirt, I started off on my journey with two surly companions who already hated me for being in command, as I was so much younger than either.

Our route lay along an old unused country road and in some parts through dense forests. I won't say that I was not afraid, because I really was. It was fearfully cold, but there was no snow on the ground, for which I was thankful. We did not dare to talk as we were sure that the enemy was near at hand.

It was nearly eleven o'clock by my watch and we were just at the third bend in the road, by which I knew that we had made half of our journey, when my companions fell back a little. I was about to inquire the cause of their proceedings, when suddenly I received a blow on the back of my head. As I fell to the ground senseless my last thought was of the message in the cabbage leaf next to my heart.

I don't know how long I lay there, probably not more than ten minutes. When I came to I felt for my watch, and finding it gone, thought that I had been attacked by robbers. I looked around for my companions, and, on not seeing them, my first misgivings came to me. But why had they deserted me in this manner? On account of jealousy, I suppose, but whatever the reason, I never saw the two men again and their names were afterwards enrolled on the deserters' list.

In my first waking thought, the dispatch was forgotten, but on thinking of it, I was greatly relieved to find it safe. I had given my oath to deliver the message before day break and I was determined to do it, although the chances looked slim to me just then.

After resting a few minutes, I got up and walked as quickly as possible toward Greene's camp. I think I had gone about three miles, when suddenly I heard the enemy's challenge and before I could even make an attempt to run away I had been seized by a soldier in British uniform and was marching in front of him toward the tent of the commanding officer, to

face the crime of spying. They didn't seem to think that I could be a messenger and what seems a miracle to me was that they did not search my clothes very thoroughly. Of course I was found guilty and they said that one Yankee Doodle would die before daybreak anyhow. My protests passed unheard, and as there could not possibly be any escape for me, I began to think that my hour had come.

On coming through the camp I had caught a passing glimpse of a girl face, which seemed to me the fairest I had ever seen. A look of sympathy passed between us and suddenly I knew that here I had found help. Several times I saw her pass by the front of the tent and each time she had some sewing article.

They said that I was to die at once and a detachment of soldiers were to take me out to a place about three miles from the camp to hang me. It certainly sounded grewsome to me and especially after I had just seen the girl whom it seemed to me right from the first, was the only girl for me. Going out to the spot where I was to die, I asked who she was and one of the soldiers kindly told me that she was a "Reb" too, and added "But don't you be thinking she'll help you, because she is under guard too." I must admit that when I received this information my heart sank considerably.

We reached the tree, the rope was tied, a few kind words were spoken to me, and in one dizzy second, I felt a tightening around my neck. I felt myself being drawn up, and then—I fainted. When I regained consciousness, I heard a sweet voice saying, "Oh, will he never come to? He is so heavy! Looking up I saw the sweet face of the girl that I had seen in the camp. "Where, where am I?" I asked unsteadily..

"Oh, so you thought you would wake up, did you? Well, it is time! Come, hurry, for they will be back in a little while." She would not answer my questions so I followed her out to a road where there were two horses. "Jump on quick," she commanded and I obeyed. She jumped on her own horse and we went off at a fast rate.

On that wild ride I heard the rest of the story : How she had managed to evade her guard, get the horses and ride out to where we were; and, dressed up in sheet, how she had made a sudden descent upon the enemy, terrifying them so that they had scattered in every direction, leaving me hanging. That is the story in brief and at two o'clock we broke into Greene's camp, exhausted, where my message was delivered quite safe.

And the rest of it? Well, when the war was over, one beautiful June night when the roses were in bloom, and all the stars shining, as though smiling in sympathy with my happiness, she made me the happiest man in the world.

---

### GOOD FOR THE MAYOR.

Louise Maddrey,-'13.

Early in the morning of a bleak December day, several years ago, a poor little twelve-year-old girl was peddling apples in the railway station of a city in Tennessee. A worn shawl was thrown over her shoulders and her shoes were thin. Almost at the last moment before the express train pulled out, a tall, well-dressed man stepped from the car and asked the girl for fifteen cents' worth of apples. She carefully counted the apples and handed them to him. As he walked toward the car fumbling in his pocket as if for his purse, the train began to move. The stranger dropped the apples into his pocket and quickly jumped on the last car.

The little girl ran eagerly after the moving train, holding out her hand for the money. The stranger however, paid no attention to her, and as the train rounded the curve, he laughed and began eating one of the apples. Big tears came

into the sad eyes of the little girl and slowly rolled down her thin cheeks, for now she must go without any dinner and maybe supper, too.

By good luck, the mayor of the town—a veteran of the war, with a tender heart and a contempt for all meanness—happened to be one of the by-standers. He saw the way the man treated the little girl and he also saw her disappointment. The mayor went up to her and put a shining new dollar into her hand. A happy expression of gratitude shone over her face. She reached into her basket and commenced counting out a dollar's worth of apples. The mayor told her to keep her apples and sell them to some one else. She thanked him and went on around the station calling out, "Apples for sale! apples for sale! Only ten cents a dozen!"

The mayor went into the express office and telephoned to the mayor of the next town, where the train would stop. He described the man, and told him to have him arrested and kept in custody until he arrived. He took the next train and when he reached the town he fined the man twenty-five dollars for his meanness to the girl.

In the meantime, a well-dressed elderly lady, who was sitting in the waiting-room, had also witnessed the passenger's meanness, and the little girl's disappointment. She had seen the child's gratitude to the mayor for his kindness. She called the little girl to her and asked where she lived and who her parents were. The girl replied that she had no home and that her parents were dead, her mother having died only the week before.

The lady was very much impressed by the delicate features and polite manners of the girl. Being very wealthy herself, and having no relatives, she decided to take the child to live with her if she were willing. Of course the child was willing, for the promise of a good home and a good education was enough to make any homeless girl accept the offer.

All this happened over eight years ago. Last May the young girl graduated at one of the best women's colleges in our coun-

try. The old mayor and the man who treated the little apple peddler so meanly were both at the commencement, and both recognized the girl. She is now English teacher in the college from which she graduated.



# THE BLACK AND GOLD

Published Quarterly by the Senior Class of the  
City High School.

---

---

## Editorial Staff

PERCY GARNER .....	Editor-in-Chief.
CORNELIA TAYLOR .....	Personals.
JESSIE JAMES .....	Locals.
HOWARD GODFREY .....	Odds and Ends.
PAUL WALKER .....	Exchange.
HARRY DALTON } MOSES SHAPIRO }	.....Business Managers.

---

---

## A REVIEW.

Our Editorial, as well as the school year, is fast becoming past history, and in casting about for a theme to fill this space, our thoughts turned backward to what we had been doing these past seven months. What have we done to arouse a better school spirit? First we remember the High School Orchestra, organized early in the fall, and which has now become our pride. This organization we feel, belongs to us—of us and for us. What has it done in the way of making the school more vital, more inspiring? It has aided us to present programs for ourselves and the public.

Then we have our two Literary Societies organized by the

present student body. This is another institution about which our school pride and interest has centered. They are ours. We arrange our programs, with the assistance of our instructors, of course; we debate, we declaim, in a word, we practice to do things ourselves along the lines of society work.

We have organized a Glee Club and Dramatic Club by means of which we may better develop our latent talents as well as add another interest to school life.

While we might have done much more toward arousing within us a healthy school spirit, we feel confident that what has been done has made us better students—more loyal to our school, and prouder of the fact that we are students of the Winston City High School.

---

The next issue of the **Black and Gold** will be gotten out as a class annual, and we trust to make it the most interesting number yet published. We have plenty of talent in the present Senior Class. Hence we can safely predict a splendid finale to the closing chapter of the **Black and Gold** for 1911.

---

#### LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Miss Annabelle Gray, who has been teaching in Eastern North Carolina, has returned to Winston.

Mr. Calvin Webb, of last year's class, has been spending a few days at home—the visit enforced by sickness.

Mrs. Charles D. McIver, of Greensboro, was a guest of the McIver Literary Society recently. The Society was named for her husband, the lamented Dr. McIver, late president of the State Normal and Industrial College. She made a most interesting talk to the young ladies, and in the course of her remarks made allusion to her late husband's life-long effort to make possible an education for the young women of small means of North Carolina.

On the 22nd of February Rev. Crawford Jackson delivered a most interesting address in the High School auditorium on the subject of the wayward Boy Problem, and how the problem is being solved at different places. He also outlined the purposes and needs of the Bill Nye Memorial Building to be erected at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The student body brought a collection as an offering from the student body toward the erection of this memorial. Quite a neat little sum was the result of the call.

In the afternoon of the same day, (Feb. 22) the High School students presented a Washington Birthday program.

The West End Graded School recently gave a play entitled "Jack the Giant Killer." The caste included more than 200 school children and was enthusiastically received by the public. The teachers and pupils both deserve the plaudits of the public in this splendid effort.

The officers of the newly organized Dramatic Club are as follows: President, Ernestine Lott; Secretary, Mildred Rector; Treasurer, Harry Dalton.

Committees:—Program, Mary Grogan, Olive Abernethy, Donna Henry, Hallie Inge..

Executive: Anna Dell Neal, Mattie Guy White, Jessie James, Fred Hutchens, David Crawfordd.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Miss 9th Grade: "Say, I don't know how to take Mr. Clements' comment on my singing."

Miss 8th Grade: "What did he say?"

Miss 9th Grade: "He said Miss P. G.'s voice was splendid, but mine was better still."

Vaughn: "I don't see what good deportment is. Why, I've been taking it every year for the past ten and it's going to push me to pass this year."

Mr. White had spent the entire period in explaining the workings of a specific gravity cell, and was retiring from the recitation feeling that he had made the subject so plain that the most listless pupil must have grasped the principle. Hauser, however, accosts him in the hall with the following question: "Prof. how does one of them things work anyhow?"—Well, Hauser hasn't gotten satisfaction yet.

Mr. Jerome: "Martin, were you speaking to some one?"

Martin: "No, sir; I was just talking to myself."

Mr. Jerome: Well, you may just finish that conversation after school."

A yard of so of cheese-cloth,  
A little piece of lace,  
Is plenty good for graduates  
In this year of grace,—'11.

Miss F.: "Carl, conjugate possum."

Carl H. L.: "Possum, Posse, Opossum."

Pigs are very queer animals. The pig has its uses. Our dog don't like pigs. His name is Nero. Our teacher read a piece one day about a wicked king named Nero. I like good

men. My papa is an awful good man. He don't swear and he don't blaspheme. Men are very useful. They have a great many uses which I can't stop to tell them all. This is all I can think of about the pig.—Woman's Home Companion.

## TO SECURE ISOLATION.

She: "They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away."

He: "Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away."

## A MERE SLIP OF THE MIND.

Old Gent: "Hi, you boy, what are you doing out here fishin? Don't you know you ought to be at school?"

Small Boy: "There now! I knew I had forgotten something."

All who joy would win  
Must share it;  
Happiness was born a twin.—Byron.

"Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Hump! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years spent at college."

Illiterate Person: "I want some graduated sugar, please."

Merchant: "I haven't any; you will have to call at the High School for that."

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

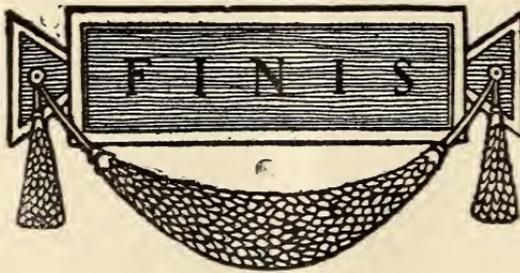
## WANT ADDS.

A Latin jack. State price, conditions, quality etc. L. K. M.

Anti-giggling remedy. D. H.

A substitute for geometry. D. C.

An automatic window device for raising and lowering windows with every change of weather. So the poor(?) girls would not have to be scolded for having too much or too little in the room.



# We Want Your Trade and Prescription Work

We know how to read a prescription and how to fill it.

We do work accurately and promptly.

You are assured of the very best of everything here.

Send us your next prescription.

**Best Coca-Cola, Ice Creams and Fountain Drinks in the South.**

## REMEDIES

**THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.**

Every one is prepared from the cream of different Prescriptions and Formulas of the most noted physicians in the United States. The best ingredients taken and made into a formula for each of these remedies.

Do not be persuaded or led astray by so-called as good remedies for they are not. Each one has not an equal on the market. Take no others from your druggists.

### HELM'S BABYOLINE

**An External Remedy for Old and Young.**

For Croup, Colds, Whooping Cough, Soreness in Chest, Cold in head, Bronchitis and Pneumonia. Physicians prescribe it and get the best of results. Directions: When you or your child has a cold rub the chest with Babyoline, then saturate a flannel cloth and apply to chest close up to neck and you will get almost instant relief. Sold by all druggists. 25c

### HELM'S VIOLET VELVET CREAM.

For chapped hands, face and lips, roughness of the skin and complexion. Ladies prefer it to any so-called skin lotions or creams. It renders the skin soft, smooth and white; kid gloves can be worn just after it is used, as it is not greasy or sticky. Delightful to use just after shaving. Directions: Apply to the dry skin and rub till it disappears. Price 25c a bottle.

All guaranteed under Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906, No. 2399.

## HELMS DRUG STORE

304 Liberty Street, Next to People's National Bank

Watson, Buxton & Watson  
ATTORNEYS AT  
LAW

Masonic Temple

Winston-Salem, N. C.

---

J. W. SHIPLEY

HARNESS AND SADDLERY

LARGEST LINE OF LAP ROBES IN THE STATE

---

THE SWELLEST LINE OF  
Boy's Suits, Hats and  
Furnishings  
TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY

*Mock-Bagby-Stockton Co*

---

JOHNSON & BARR

"CASH SHOE STORE"

428 TRADE ST.

PHONE 11600

---

William C. Wilson, Attorney

206-207 Masonic Temple

Winston-Salem, N. C.

---

Office Hours: 8 to 12 A. M.  
1:30 to 6 P. M.

Phone 366

Dr. George J. Evans  
Dentist

404-405 Masonic Temple

Winston-Salem, N. C.

# Wachovia Bank and Trust Co.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

**CAPITAL, \$1,250,000.00**

---

One-fifteenth the capital of North Carolina Banks

One-fifteenth the deposits of all banks

---

The Proof of Protection and Good Service is Constant Growth.

*Your Business Invited.*

---

"My Grandmother's School, My Mother's School and the School for My Daughter."

## Salem Academy and College

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

One hundred and ten years unbroken history.

Beautiful and historic environment, with thoroughly modern equipment.

This year's enrollment, five hundred and twenty. Faculty forty-two.

College course, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Academy (high school). Average cost \$300 per year.

A safe, high-grade, conscientious school, best known through the thirteen thousand Southern women it has trained.

—Address—

**PRESIDENT HOWARD E. RONDHALER**

**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

# SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL SCHOOLS

BOOKKEEPING, TYPEWRITING, SHORT-  
HAND and PENMANSHIP

Schools in Winston-Salem, Wilmington.  
Rocky Mount, Salisbury, N. C. Florence  
and Charleston, S. C.

For information, write

CHAS. L. PADGITT, President.

---

**W**E base our claims for your patronage in Printing on three things, viz : PRICE, QUALITY and PROMPTNESS. Each is essential. ¶ In our new quarters, Corner Fourth and Cherry Streets, we are prepared to handle a larger range of work with more dispatch than ever before. P h o n e 300.

WINSTON PRINTING CO.

---

## LINDSAY PATTERSON

*Attorney at Law*

WINSTON-SALEM

- -

North Carolina

# CRAFTON

## Heights

### Most Select Residential Section of Winston-Salem

Located at end of West 4th St., with water, lights and sewerage. One and one-half blocks from car line. 14 beautiful home sites have been sold, two of which are in process of building, others to be built early in Spring.

The value of property is determined by its class of residents.

#### **WE HAVE THE BEST.**

The LOCATION Will Suit You

The PRICES Will Astonish You

The TERMS Are Easy

A safe investment, the best place for a home.

We invite comparison.

Let us show you.

## Southern Development Co.

W. G. Jerome, Agt.

T. V. EDMUNDS, President

The Largest Line of

## SPORTING GOODS

In the State. BASEBALL, FOOTBALL,  
TENNIS, GYMNASIUM GOODS.

A Close Inspection is Solicited.

**BROWN-ROGERS & CO.**

---

**Huntley-Hill-Stockton Company**

Home and Office

Furnishers

Corner Trade and 5th Streets

---

## For Sale

A lot in West End convenient to car line, water,  
sewerage and lights. A bargain at \$500.

W. G. JEROME.

---

**L. B. BRICKENSTEIN**

**Heating, Plumbing**

**Water Mains, Sewerage**

**Systems**

**WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.**

---

Chew Old Reliable

**RICH & WAXY**

The Original 10 Inch Tobacco

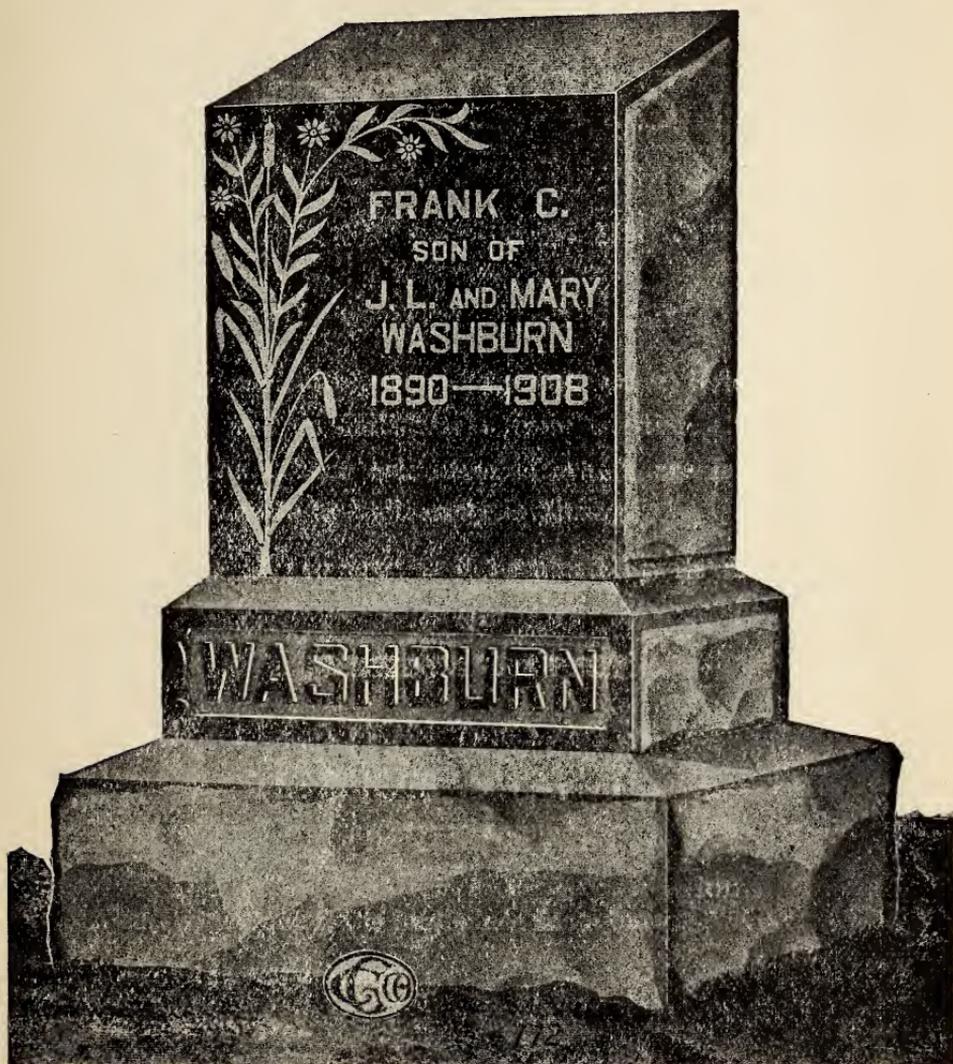
MADE BY

**OGBURN, HILL & COMPANY**

Independent Manufacturers

Winston-Salem, N. C.

# See Us for Tasty Monumental Work



Consolidated Granite Company

Opposite N. & W. Freight Depot

# University of North Carolina

1789-1911.

College of Liberal Arts, Applied  
Science, Graduate, Law  
Medicine, Pharmacy

75 in Faculty

820 Students

24 Buildings, Equipment \$800,000  
Library 60,000 Volumes

Address

THE REGISTRAR,

Chapel Hill, N. C.

---

*"Distinction in Dress"*

## Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments

IN THE LATEST STYLES.

Coat Suits, Long Coats, Skirts, Waists, Petticoats, Corsets,  
Underwear, Gloves, Etc.

ANYTHING A WOMAN WEARS

### The Misses Martin

---

We Sell the Best Suits for Boys

From \$3.50 to \$6.00

*Fletcher Bros. 420 Trade Street*

---

LOUIS M. SWINK

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

WINSTON-SALEM, . . . N. C.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMERCIAL LAW  
SPECIALTY

# IT'S UNFAIR

If you are a renter to drag your family from "pillar to post" each Spring looking up a new location, without making at least an effort to get a home of your own



Be a Genuine American Citizen  
and Commence at Once

We have beautiful residence lots in any section of the city at reasonable prices, and on easy weekly or monthly payments,

We would like to show and tell you all about the property we have for sale, and how you can make the arrangements.

Don't forget that property in Win on-Salem is advancing in price every day.

Winston Realty Co.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Here's tobacco that smashes the big joy gong whether you jam it into a jimmy pipe or roll it in a cigarette—

# Prince Albert

**CAN'T BITE YOUR TONGUE.**

That's a sure thing bet. Never did have teeth. For a fact it's just a double-ex joy smoke.

Listen: You can't tell from where you are sitting how your picture's going to look. Nor can you tell how bully "P. A." is until you fire up. Say, mix a dime with your nerve and get pipe-happy.

**R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.**

Winston-Salem, N. C.

---

## The People's National Bank

**U. S. Depository**

Wants accounts from every pupil in the City  
Schools, as well as from the parents  
and teachers. Will give  
you special care and  
attention.

---







# The Black and Gold

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

A Magazine published four times during the  
school year by the pupils of the  
High School, Each issue  
Contains

**Short Stories, Essays, Jokes**

Also Editorials, Exchanges, Locals, Current Events, Ads.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 25c PER YEAR

10c the Copy at Bookstores

For information, apply to

MOSES SHAPIRO,  
H. L. DALTON,  
Business Managers.

---

**The Chas. E. Pless  
Company**

**BOOK DEALERS**

We carry a full line of everything you  
would expect to find in an up-to-date  
Stationery and Book Store.

Office Supplies, Typewriters, Mimeo-  
graphs, Adding Machines, Filing Cabi-  
nets, Etc.

Engraving and Embossing.

**314 Liberty St., Winston-Salem, N. C.**

Better Value  
Smarter Styles

# Suits

Boys and Young Mens

Knee Suits—D. B. and Norfolk.  
Styles up to large 18 years.

Won't Rip, Rain Proofed, Patent  
Pockets, lined and taped Pants,  
etc, Every improvement.

Everything that's new in patterns  
and style FIT is the very BEST.  
Come in for a look and try-on.

**McDOWELL & ROGERS**

Clothing, Hats and Furnishings



**"IT'S UP TO YOU"**

**Better Values. Better Clothes.**

**Better Prices**

**MEN'S-WEAR HEAD TO FOOT**

**"It's What You Get For What You Pay  
That Does You Good."**

**OUR MOTTO:**

*Not how cheap, but how good*

**THE ALLEN CO.**

**MENS OUTFITTERS**