

The Black and Gold



Winston City High School

DECEMBER, 1911

The Twin-City Daily Sentinel

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A Note from the Business Managers

We wish to call attention of our subscribers and friends to the advertisements in the Black and Gold. You can find practically all your wants advertised in the columns of our paper. As we solicit only the best business firms in town we wish to assure you that when you patronize our advertisers you will get the best results. When you wish to make a purchase, glance over our list, select the firm that carries the line you want and they will do the rest.

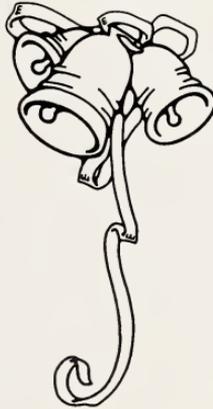
The Black and Gold

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

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 2



Christmas



CHRISTMAS is the joy of old and young alike. Who cannot remember what a day of expectation and excitement Christmas Eve used to be? Then has not every one experienced that delightful sensation of waking up Christmas morning so impatient to find out the contents of his stocking that he can scarcely wait to dress? Of course, after awhile one outgrows these pleasant illusions of childhood. But generally when one arrives at this age he has begun to realize more fully the true Christmas spirit, that of making other people happy. What a spirit of joy seems to infect every one at the Christmas season! Every home, even the humblest cottage, seems to be overflowing with good cheer and hospitality.

—Blanche Buxton, '13.

The Foreign Peril



AMERICA has for many years been the mecca of foreigners. The reason for this is that America has so many attractive qualities which the old country lacks. It is comparatively a new country, and there are several places which are thinly populated, and so offer splendid possibilities for settling in new homes. Then there is liberty in America, which is a great inducement to all king-ruled people. Here every one is free and equal and may rise to the highest places.

Our schools are also free, and many foreigners come on account of their children; wishing them to have a good education so that they may grow up well equipped for their new lives. Then wages are higher here than in any other country, and the foreigners' strong constitutions enable them to do the hard manual labor of our country and so earn good livings

In Europe, the appalling poverty, together with governmental oppression, goad the lower class of people to leaving their homes and going somewhere where freedom may be enjoyed. In the various countries of Europe, however, there are different reasons for immigration. The French people are fickle and their republic is a constant thorn in the sides of the European monarchies. The Germans have a great love for liberty but they have no knowledge of self-rule; revolution in Germany would mean a great many immigrants for America; all they want is money enough to get to America. In Italy, the people are the worst fed of any European people except the Portuguese. They are heavily taxed, and as the taxes increase the Italian immigration increases. In Russia, the people are greatly oppressed. They have no religious scruples and their only thought is of liberty. We have a great many immigrants from Ireland who come over here on account of poverty and famine. The Irish immi-

grants live on very little and a large family is often gathered into a very small house. Great numbers of them have come over and after a few years have become good American citizens. But as a contrast to them we find the Japanese and Chinese. They have been coming over here for many years, especially to the Western coast. A law has been passed prohibiting the Chinese from entering our country, but still our greatest foreign peril lies in the Japanese and Chinese question. These people, especially the Japanese, come over here and settle; become small merchants; or get up a little land; and, as they can really live on very little, they can save large amounts of money in a very short time. They will never make good American citizens like the Europeans. Even the educated German, Scandinavian or Italian, if not the educated Slav, becomes in the second or third generation a true American citizen; but the educated Oriental remains forever an Oriental. When they come over here these Orientals take smaller wages than the American working people will take; and so in that way depress wages; but they soon learn to demand the current rate and to get it. The Orientals have, in several large cities, certain parts of the city where they live and practice the same customs that are used at home. In these slums are all kinds of immoral dens where opium is sold and many young men are enticed and learn the opium habit. The law cannot reach into many such places, and so, of course, they are very dangerous to a community. The people of the West objected to the Oriental children going to the public schools with the white children, because they were too dirty to associate with the white children and sit on the same seat, as they expected to do. Then, too, many of them could not even tell how old they were, so a law was passed that they must attend the Negro schools. Of course this made the Japanese and Chinese very angry. Now this concerns the lowest classes only, for the educated American and Oriental meet and mingle as the Americans

and any other European race do. Indeed, there is nothing but admiration felt by many for the wonderful Japanese; and this nation is generally conceded to be the most polite nation in the world. The Chinese question is coming to an end; but the Japanese is only beginning and something must be done without causing trouble with that nation.

That there are some advantages of immigration, it must be admitted. For, of course, when the foreigners come over here, we learn new customs from them, and often are benefited from being brought into close contact with people of a different nation who have different habits from ours. One thing in which we are benefited is the fact that we get a great many servants from the immigrants and most of them do the heavy work of our country, such as working on the railroads, the streets, and the like. The Irish and Italians especially do such work; and almost all the servant girls in the North are Irish. If the foreigners have good habits, they are an addition to a country, and, many, after becoming naturalized, become leading men and women. Many people who will never be able to go abroad can get some idea of a country and its people and habits by observing these foreigners. All foreigners who come to our country become advertisers of this land for they write home and tell about it and then more come over.

In contrast to these advantages, there are many, many disadvantages of immigration. Many of the foreigners coming over to our country bring continental ideas concerning the Sabbath, and the results are seen in the fact that in almost all our cities "Sunday is transformed from a holy day into a holiday." Another thing which they affect is the liquor trade; for almost all of this is carried on by foreigners. The influence on politics is also very great. From the immigrants come most of the Mormon, Catholic and Socialistic vote. Then, many of the foreigners who vote are bought by the bosses of the different districts, and vote for a certain man,

only because they are paid to do so, and this has created the "Irish vote" and the "German vote," for which politicians bid and which have already become of great importance in the State elections and might easily become important in National elections. Much of the labor unrest of our country, with its occasional outbreaks and costly results, is the result of that "cheap labor" which modern immigration is bringing to our shores. The foreigners come over here to get work, and after a time get dissatisfied with their wages and strike for higher ones.

The Americans think that the Europeans should not get as high wages as they; and as the foreigners do not know how much to expect, they work for lower wages; and so workmen can be obtained for much less money than the Americans demand. The people who have work to be done, of course want the cheapest workmen, so in this way the wages are very much depressed.

One of the evils which has arisen out of immigration is the rise of secret organizations in our country. One of the worst of these is the Black Hand Society, which is made up almost wholly of Italians. If a foreigner seems to be making a little money, he receives notice to put a certain amount in a certain place at a certain time, and if this is not done he will be harmed in some way. Many crimes are committed in this way and often the persons who commit the crime cannot be found, so that it is left unpunished. Many of the people harmed do not really have as much money as demanded; and the Italians feel very unsafe if they have very much prosperity. Most of the crimes in our country are committed by foreigners, or people of foreign parentage; and a great percentage of the people in the workhouses and prisons are foreign born.

There are a great many more ignorant foreigners than Americans. The worst classes of our large cities are made up of foreigners, and the ignorance and vice of the lowest

class of people in a city are likely to influence the morals of a city.

All the foreigners, however, who come to our country are not of this low, vicious class. There is something good to be said even of the Oriental. Robert Louis Stevenson said in favor of the Chinese he observed in the steerage when once crossing the ocean. "The immigrants declared that the Chinese were dirty. I cannot say that they were clean, for that was impossible upon the journey, but in their efforts after cleanliness they put the rest of us to shame."

—Margaret Gray, '11.

Who stole Mona Lisa?
He's a slick one, I say, sir,
To run right over the guards of France
And lead every one of them such a prance.
It's queer about that Mona Lisa,
Now, I wonder—Why, Great Caesar!
Some fine morning we may awaken
To find our works of art all taken
It might even be well to guard with care
The Confederate Monument on the Square.

—Henrietta Marshall, '14.



Truth Stranger Than Fiction



THE old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, was brought forcibly to my mind the other day. I was on my way to Philadelphia, and as the car was crowded, I shared my seat with a venerable looking old gentleman who had about him an air of intelligence and honesty.

I soon found that the old gentleman was a Virginian, and as we entered the Valley of Virginia, he began to swell with pride as he pointed out to me the fertile farm lands, the fields of growing grain, and the substantial homes.

"Why, I am half Virginian myself," I said, "I spent four years at the old Westcott Male Academy."

Just then our train drew up at a sleepy little village that reminded me of Westcott. On the outskirts of the village was a queer looking old log cabin.

"Evidently built by the early settlers for protection against the Indians," said my companion, as I pointed it out to him.

"Well, that too, reminds me of Westcott," I said. "A schoolmate and I had a queer experience in an old Indian fort, near Westcott one Thanksgiving night, let me see, thirty, forty, fifty-one years ago. I was then about seventeen years of age."

"Then I'm two years your senior," said my companion.

"Indeed!" I am afraid my voice showed my surprise, the old gentleman look so venerable.

"My friend, Harry Johnson and I," I continued, "slipped away from school one Thanksgiving night. We determined to explore the old fort, with many underground passages and curious caves, where military supplies were kept when the fort was in use and about which we had heard many strange tales.

"When we reached the fort we found that there was no

opening. So we set to work and in about an hour we had enough of the debris cleared away to crawl through. Harry, who had brought a lantern with him, led the way down the ladder, which looked as if it had been placed there recently. Just as we reached the foot of the ladder we heard a scream, and then a gruff old voice saying, "Shut up, little fool, you ought to be glad it wasn't you." We ran to the spot and to our dismay, we saw a haggard looking old man, bending over a young girl who looked terribly frightened. When the old man became aware of our presence he turned and fled, and disappeared in a most mysterious way. When we returned to the girl, after a vain and fruitless search for the old man, she told us that she and her brother were passing the old fort early in the evening when they heard the piteous cries of a dog within. Being fond of dogs, they without thinking of the consequences, ran into the fort through a little door which Harry and I knew nothing of. They found not a thing in the fort. The whining of the dog seemed to come from underneath the floor. In the dim light of the fort the boy saw that some of the planks of the floor were loosened. He worked till he got the planks up, and then, to his surprise, he found a trap door with steep, narrow steps leading down into the darkness below. He crept down the step, his sister following in trembling and fear, and as he put his foot on the last step, the trap door above closed with a click. It was in vain they tried to open the door. It was fastened with a secret spring.

"While the boy and his sister were wondering what was to become of them, a light suddenly appeared in the darkness. A smoky old lantern was thrust into their very faces. The boy tried to shield his sister until he found out who it was, but as the lantern was slowly raised he saw it was a horrible looking old man with small, sleepy eyes, and a large tooth protruding over his lower lip, and a short grizzled beard, which gave him more the appearance of a monster

than a man. While they were gazing at him, suddenly and mysteriously the boy sank from view. As he disappeared his sister screamed, and it was just at that point that Harry and I appeared.

"We knew it was useless to search for the boy on account of the strange disappearance of the old man, so we took the frightened girl home and notified the neighborhood to be on the lookout for the boy and the strange looking man. But on our way back to school we determined we would come again when we would have plenty of time and explore this mysterious place. But when we got back to school, I found a telegram awaiting me. My father was very ill and I was to go home at once. I remained at my father's bedside for several weeks, and when, after great suffering, he passed away, I gave up my schooling for good, and began to work in my uncle's store. Boy like, Harry and I never exchanged more than one letter, so I never heard whether the boy soon returned or not, or anything at all concerning his disappearance. The whole thing had slipped my mind, until that old building reminded me of it."

"Do you really want to know what became of that boy," asked my companion, laughingly.

"I certainly do," I answered shortly, seeing nothing to laugh at.

"Well, I can tell you," he replied.

"You!" I shouted. "What do you know about it?"

"Why, you see," he answered, "I was the boy. Yes, listen and I will tell you what become of me. Well," he continued. "While the old hermit was pushing us along he gave me a violent shove forward. I must have stepped upon some secret spring to a trap door, for I suddenly felt myself falling through space. I landed upon a pile of rubbish, where I knew not. For it was pitch-dark, cold and clammy. When I recovered from the shock of the fall, I rose to try to feel my way around. I took one step forward and bumped

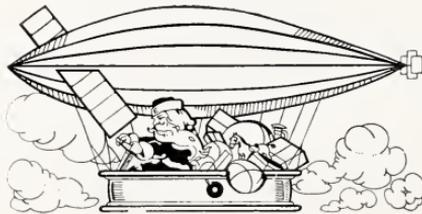
into a wall; I turned and stretching out my arms, felt the wall in front of me, I was evidently in a narrow underground passage-way.

"I walked for what seemed to me miles and miles. At last I could go no further, I sank down, exhausted. I must have dropped asleep. I woke up with a smothered feeling. I determined to make one last, desperate attempt to find my way out. The passage-way was now so low that I had to crawl on all fours. Time and again, I had to stop for breath. My strength was about to fail me completely, when turning a sharp corner, I spied a dim light ahead; the air, too, began to feel fresher. Inspired with hope, I began once more to make my way out.

"'Success crowns labor,' as the old proverb says. I came out on the side of a hill, and seeing a farm house near by I made for it. It was just about day. The good farmer took me in, gave me something warm to drink, and put me to bed. After dinner, he hitched up his team and took me to his aunt's. When I arrived there I found my sister safe and sound. She had forgotten to ask you your name, and so we never knew who had saved her. And to think that you are the man!"

"And to think," I returned, "that you are the boy!"

—Class of '12.



Acrostic

- N** is for nineteen and twelve, if you please ;
Our class—which of knowledge holds the bright keys.
- I** is for idleness, which we everyone scorn ;
In our busy class-room, we work from early morn.
- N** is for nerve—don't you think we have some
Since poets in the future—we aspire to become.
- E** is for effort ; and try, try again
Is the motto we've had from beginning to end.
- T** is for trials, of which we have many ;
but show me the person who never has any.
- E** is for earnestness, for which you all know
Our class has been noted from days of yore.
- E** is for energy, which we all have within ;
And often it acts on us like acid on tin.
- N** is for neatness, to this we aspire,
For all spoiled papers are thrown in the fire.
- T** is for tardiness ; but we are never late ;
Its always for others, our line has to wait.
- W** is for willingness, which we do possess,
And we always help others at their slightest request.
- E** is for excellency, for which we all strive,
Which keeps us busy as bees in a hive.
- L** is for lessons we are given to learn ;
And we all do our best when it comes our turn.
- V** is for vanity, which none of us have :
For we believe it is worse than Arnica's salve.
- E** is for exercise, which we look at with scorn ;
For our mind needs attention every hour of the morn.

Some True Stories of the War

The Masonic Sign.

(By Ralph Stockton, '15.)



SQUAD of Yankees once came to my grandfather's home and started taking everything they could find. They took the hams out of the smoke-house and even took the dinner that was cooking on the stove. My grandfather, who was a Mason, found the leader of this squad and gave him the Masonic Sign. The leader was also a Mason and therefore stopped his soldiers from ravaging the house, and set a guard over it.

A Dipperful of Molasses.

(By Julius Neeley, '15.)

When my great-uncle went to the war he left my great-aunt at the village hotel. In the spring, however, she went back to the farm to look after the crops. By the help of the negroes she was successful in raising a large crop. One day in the early fall my great-aunt and the servants were all down at the spring boiling molasses, when a squad of Yankee soldiers rode up, the captain telling them to go down and fill their canteens. When she heard this she told them that the first one that came down there would get a dipper of hot molasses in his face. One soldier thought that he would try her and started to dip his canteen in. When he did this she threw a dipperful in his face. The rest of the soldiers thought it best not to bother her, so they rode away.

A Bag of Rice.

(By Hardin Jewett, '15.)

During the Civil War my grandmother with six children,

wishing to get out of the route of Sherman's army, went to Rockingham, in Richmond county, but found that she had made a great mistake, however, for instead of escaping it, she got into the very meanest part of it. The soldiers overran the town. Everybody was alarmed and hid everything they owned. But this did little good, for the soldiers ransacked the houses, destroying everything they could not use. The only thing my grandmother managed to save was a bag of rice. She put it under a large four-posted bed and put all the children on top of it. When the soldiers looked under the bed they said, "There's nothing but children there," and did not look any further. After the army passed grandmother managed to get back to Wilmington, riding in a box car.

Another Molasses Story.

(By Ben H. Gray. '15.)

Once when the Yankees were passing through Hillsboro, N. C., they were robbing and stealing as usual, but they robbed once too much. For they went into the old cellar of the house that my grandfather owned (which is now "Occoneechee," the home of General J. S. Carr) and opened a barrel which they thought had molasses in it. When they started to eating it they found out, however, that it was not molasses, but lye-soap. This must have cured that squadron for, while it stayed near there a great deal, it never came back to rob that cellar again.

The Old Album.

(By Eula Wall, '15.)

In the spring of 1865, a few days after the surrender at Appamattox Court House, there came two Southern soldiers to the home of my grandmother and asked for something to eat.

They said their names were Louis and Caroue and they had been released at the surrender and were on their way to their homes in Louisiana.

After grandmother had given them plenty of food, they sat on the steps and talked of the surrender and the hard times. My mother, who was only six years old, was standing in the gate when these men left. One of them said to her: "Here, my little girl, I have nothing to pay you, but here is all I have. Take it, and luck be with you," and he handed her a book."

This book was a Bible and album combined. In the front was a picture of a man in a gray uniform. He was young and stately and looked nothing like the haggard soldier that had just left.

How Aunt Delia Saved the Soldier.

(By Hamilton Horton.)

It was in the mountains of Western North Carolina, and while grandpa was along the Mississippi with his regiment, that grandma, with the aid of Aunt Delia, the old black cook, saved the life of a Confederate soldier.

It happened this way: The negro men were in the woods taking care of the horses, and the negro women and children were in their quarters, so no one but Aunt Delia and grandma were in the house. A Confederate soldier, on leave of absence, dashed up to the door and knocking loudly, asked to be hid so as to escape some men who had deserted the Union army, and went around plundering and robbing. Not wishing him to be captured, grandma told Aunt Delia to take him to her home in the quarters and let him go through the trap door to the basement.

The men searched the house and on not finding their man, went away in a bad humor.

Grandfather's Treasure.

(Esther Jenkins, '13.)

The first of the winter months had been very severe in North Georgia. Four years of war and devastation of property had wrought poverty and left the inhabitants of the beautiful little city of Ringgold without sufficient means to buy their winter supplies. Christmas was drawing near and Altaleen, her two little brothers and baby sister were sitting before a large open fire-place in their old Colonial home, parching corn and cracking nuts.

Altaleen was telling the younger children of the Christmas they had enjoyed years ago, before the war, when their mother and father were living. She told them of the magnificent Christmas tree laden with exquisite presents, and the turkeys that were prepared, fruit cakes, preserves and all the dainties in the pantry, that a happy Yuletide brings.

But now as they looked around the cheerless room, tears came into their eyes, for they realized that nothing was in store for them. But they resolved nevertheless to hang up their stockings as usual and make the best of it.

Just at that time, their aunt with whom they lived, called David, one of the boys and told him to take a lamp and go up into the attic and bring her a pair of old brass candle-sticks that were packed away in an old chest. While David was looking for the candle-sticks, he found an old clock that had been used by his grand-parents. He took the candles to his aunt and asked if he might bring the clock down. David, upon receiving his aunt's permission, brought the clock down and wound it up. But it would not run. So he decided to take it apart and see if he could find out what the trouble was. As he was removing the pendulum, he saw in the back of the clock, a little roll of paper. As he drew the paper out, he found that it contained bank-notes amounting to several thousand dollars.

Grandfather had hidden them in the old clock when Sherman came by, and had forgotten all about it.

Little Bess and the Yankees.

(Ida Wilkinson, '13.)

The way was long, but the wind wasn't cold. On the other hand, the sun was very hot, and to the tired child who was trudging along by her nurse, the long, hot road seemed almost endless. Nothing broke the monotony of it,—just white, glistening sand. On one side a few pines, and on the other, fields of cotton, just bursting into bloom.

"Marie, when will we get to gra'ma's?" said the impatient child.

"Laws, chile! dere ain't no telling'. Hit depends on how fur yo' can walk widout stoppin'." replied her ebon visaged companion.

Bess became angry. "But I'm tired; I'll stop; d' you hear me?" So suiting the action to the word, she flopped down on a large flat rock, and began to fan. Marie followed her example, first depositing a good-sized sack by her side. Happening to look up, she became an ashy color and, clutching Bessie's arm, pointed up the road, to where the sun was shining on the polished bayonets and sabres of soldiers. Bessie was only ten years old, yet she knew these men were Yankees!

Her wits forsook her, but as quickly came back. Grabbing the terrified Marie by her apron, Bess jumped up, and sped to the woods, a short distance away. Then she discovered the absence of the sack! On no account were the despised Yankees to get this, for it contained a good deal of gold money, besides silver spoons and the like. They were taking them to grandma's for safe-keeping.

Marie would not go back, so Bess had to. As she grabbed up the sack one of the Yankees caught sight of her. A

chase began. Darting to Marie, Bess fairly dragged her along, down into the deep woods by a spring, and into an old cave-like structure, low down in the rocks, not visible to the eye at a first glance. A fugitive slave once had lived here.

Bess crawled beneath, dragging the senseless Marie after her. The rest was grateful to them and if their position had not been so dangerous both would have enjoyed it. Soon the men came along and began to search. This revealed nothing, so they passed on.

Soon Bess crawled forth, to assure the trembling Marie all danger was over. When she finally ventured forth, they cut across lots, and arriving directly at grandma's. They were in the midst of a graphic account of their venture, when Tom, the old butler, rushed in, calling out that the Yankees were approaching the house.

Grandma, always cool and collected, took the valuables, and going to a large potato patch began splitting open the potatoes, began putting one or two pieces of gold in them. This done, she threw the spoons in a large, old-fashioned horse-trough, and put them in the bottom, putting a little moss and dirt over them, and two lame mules to drinking water.

The Yankees came and stormed and swore, but it is needless to say that they found no money or valuables, but they did get several blessings, and rode away a thoroughly discomfited band of soldiers.



A Thanksgiving Ghost



FIVE and twenty years have passed since that last Thanksgiving at Grandfather's, and yet I remember it as though it had been yesterday. It was a cold, blowy day, that Thanksgiving day. We had all gone to Grandfather's to help him eat the big turkey gobbler.

We were sitting around the great fire-place in the sitting room just about dusk, waiting for Grandmother to call us to supper, when Joe—that's brother Ed's oldest son, you know—then only eight years old, came running in.

"Oh! Oh! he cried" It's coming! Look out! Get the guns quick, shoot it!"

As soon as Joe could get breath enough we made him tell us what was the matter. It seems that as he was walking down towards the woods he saw in the bushes a white thing which moved for a second or two, then became quiet.

We all laughed and made fun of Joe until he was just about ready to believe he hadn't seen any thing, when Old Black Jim—that's Grandfather's old negro who stayed with him after the war,—came dashing in at the door, trembling from head to foot. When we asked what was the matter, he told the same story that Joe had told, only he added that the ghost had charmed the cow, and it was running around in a circle about the ghost. For a minute everything was as quiet as could be, except the queer little noise made by Old Joe's knees smiting one another.

Bob, the hired boy, who was a few months younger than I, spoke up and said he would go down in the woods and see what it was if the rest would go too. At this, I being the oldest boy in the crowd, made a grab for Grandfather's old shot gun, for I didn't like for Bob to be braver than I. So I volunteered to go. One by one said he would go until everybody was willing to go, except Joe and Old Black Jim.

I had Grandfather's old gun and the rest got rocks and everything which they could use as a weapon.

When we reached the woods we found where the bushes were beaten down along the edge near the pumpkin patch. We could trail the ghost easily enough for it had beaten a path through the bushes which looked as if it had been made by men. We followed this until we came to a hollow or ravine full of underbrush. At first we hesitated about going into it but finally we got up courage enough to push on. Bob who was in the lead suddenly halted. He pointed to a cluster of bushes which were shaking and as we looked we saw something white move. We went around on the other side where there was an opening, but the more we looked the more mysterious the thing became.

We stood motionless for a few minutes, scared nearly to death. Then I slowly raised the gun and pulled the trigger. There was a struggle in the bushes for a second or two, then everything was quiet.

We were white from fear, but not willing to leave the mystery undiscovered, so we slowly approached the bushes where the white object could be seen lying motionless. As we drew near we saw that it looked like something wrapped in a sheet. Everybody stopped, and refused to go any farther except Bob and myself who pushed on until we were close enough to touch it. As we reached over to pull the sheet off the queer object, we discovered that it was—only Grandfather's pet calf!

It was left for me to tell this to Grandfather which I did as soon as I reached the house. At first Grandfather was angry, but at last his sense of humor got the best of his wrath, and he laughed as heartily as any of us.

—Hugh Pollard, '13.

One Christmas Gift



IT was a quaint old house, a great rambling affair, with all sorts of unexpected nooks and corners. In the living room, which was also the hall, there was a great fire place, stretching from one side of the room to the other, and we children used often of a winter night to sit in the old chimney seat and look up at the stars. The negroes believed that this room was haunted—"hanted," they said. Mother said this superstition probably arose from an incident during the Civil War.

Grandfather was home on a furlough one time when the Yankees unexpectedly come to our town. A party of these Yankees stationed themselves in our house and Grandfather just did escape. Late that night, when everybody was asleep except the Yankees who were in the hall drinking Grandfather's wine, suddenly a queer sound was heard, tap-tap, as if some one were walking right in the solid wall. The Yankees, half drunk, anyway, were terrified, and when they learned from the negroes that the great stairway in the hall was the only one in the house, they fled from the house, declaring that ghosts were in it.

One cold winter night, a short time before Thanksgiving, we were sitting before the great fire-place in the house, mother and all five of us children, talking about the noise in the wall, when we got to talking about that other mystery in the family—the hidden treasure.

"I know nothing more about it than you," said mother. "When the news of Sherman's march came to us, Grandfather, who was home for a day or two, hid all the family treasure, where, we've never been able to find out, for Grandfather told no one his secret, and he was killed in battle pretty soon after hiding the treasure. An old slave, however, declared that he had heard Grandfather say that

his treasure was hidden where no Yankee living could find it. I do know, however, that father spoke of buying that lot down on the corner which they are now trying to purchase for a government building from old Mr. Roth. Whether Mr. Roth owns the lot or not, nobody knows. The deeds of the town were lost and the register of deeds was killed by the Yankees. If grandfather bought it, we have never been able to find the deed."

While we were still discussing this mystery the old grandfather clock suddenly stopped. As I started to take the key off of a nail to wind it up, I noticed something I had never noticed before. In a picture of grandfather, which was next to the clock, was a defect in his nose. I touched it with my fingers and as I pushed it, a spring door suddenly opened. "What can this mean!" I said with much surprise. On closer examination, I noticed a winding stairway which seemed to lead up to the roof. There I stood like a stone image, scared half to death, trying to see through the darkness.

Picking up a lighted pine knot, I started up the stairway. There was a perfect net work of spider webs all the way. The rats ran on the walls and ceiling. For all that I knew, I might step on a trap door any time and fall into a pit. But I didn't pay any attention to this because I was so scared.

I finally reached a small room in the chimney, a kind of office fitted up with desk and book-shelves and an old-fashioned arm chair and lighted with a tiny skylight. In one place in the wall a brick seemed to be loose and I tried to push it back. But in vain! I took out the brick to see what was the matter. After removing the brick from the wall, I saw a neatly folded paper. When I opened it I found that it was an old deed made between grandfather and old Mr. Roth.

"Oh, Mother!" I shouted, as I ran down the steps, "I'll

bet that you couldn't guess what I've found!"

"A rat!" said mother.

"No! no!" said I. "Guess again."

"I give it up," she said.

"A deed," said I, very joyfully.

And so, indeed, it proved to be. You may be sure there was very little sleep in our house that night, and by early morning we were off to the lawyer's to see about our property. For in due time, Mr. Roth's corner lot was proved beyond a doubt, to be our corner lot, and it was to us that the government made a Christmas present of ten thousand dollars.

Foster Hankins, '13.

Robert Conrad, '13.

William Wright, '13.

"Caesar's Gallie War"

(F. A. Coleman, Jr.)

I.

The day was cold and dark and dreary,

I sat and studied, weak and weary,

O'er an old book called "Caesar's Gallie War."

II.

I sat and tried, and tried to work,

But still it seemed that I must shirk

From that old book called "Caesar's Gallie War."

III.

I wished old Caesar'd not stopped fighting,

And started up the awful writing

Of that old book called "Caesar's Gallie War."

An Heroic Deed



THE second evening of December was a very bleak and stormy one. The snow fell thick and fast, while the wind completed the raging storm outside. It was on this evening that Jack Cary and his family were sitting and lounging about the fire, which consisted of sticks and trash.

It was not a month until old Santa Claus would visit all the good little boys and girls. The little Carys were discussing among themselves what they wanted old Santa Claus to bring them, for surely they had been good.

“I want a doll whath got eyth like Muver’th wif weel hair and a pink toof,” said little Mary.

“Well, if Eddie an’ me can get a hobby horse and a drum together, we won’t want anything else, Mama.”

The mother, hearing Jim speak to her, turned from her knitting, and asked, “What is it, Jim?”

Jim repeated what he had said, and waited through the long pause, which followed, for an answer.

At last Mrs. Cary replied, “Darling, I’m afraid old Santa won’t come to see my dear little children.”

“But why, mama?”

“You see, Santa Claus will not come unless I give him some money, and I haven’t a cent. Unless some one will give us something to eat, we will starve.”

Jim was not quite old enough to understand everything his mother was telling him, but he did understand that there would be no Santa Claus for them, and his dear mother was hurt.

At length, he went to his father, who was lying on the bed half asleep, and said, “Papa, can’t Santa Claus come to see us any more? Mama says he can’t come this time.”

“But why can’t he come, my boy?”

“We haven’t got any money for him.”

“Dorothy, what can we do?” asked Mr. Cary of his wife. “It is a pity for the dear little things not to have a Santa Claus. Oh! if I only had my dear father here, or his lost fortune which is mine, we would never want.”

At this moment Mr. Cary arose from the bed and crossed the room to his wife’s side, saying, “Well, Dorothy, I suppose I might as well go out and try to find a job, although I suppose it is useless, for a man without a job is spurned by every one. Since I lost my job as bookkeeper at the factory, it seems that no one will trust me, or even give me a chance.” Saying this, he closed the door, and stepped out into the snow-storm.

He had now reached the outskirts of the city, and was passing the magnificent suburban home of Fred Dalton, the millionaire broker. As he paused in front of the mansion to knock the snow off his boots, he heard scream after scream issuing from one of the rooms on the second story. Without a moments hesitation he ran up the stone steps, swung open the heavy oak door, and entered the spacious hall. Up the wide stair-case he flew, to the last bed-room of the long corridor on the second floor. Throwing open the door, he sprang into the room.

On a bed in a far corner of the large room, lay a beautiful golden-haired child of about three years. Over her, a young woman, her mother, as any one could tell by the resemblance between the two, was crying as if the child was in a very serious condition.

At the sound of the door being opened, the woman sprang from her crouching position by the bed, and ran to Jack Cary who by this time was standing in the center of the room. Not once taking notice who he might be, she cried:

“My child has just swallowed spirits of camphor which I left in this bottle.” She pointed to an empty bottle on a table in the center of the room. “I can’t get the doctor, as my phone is out of order, my husband is away in the city,

my servants are away for the night. Won't you, for a helpless woman's sake, help me in securing a physician?" Without waiting for any further explanation, but knowing only that this beautiful woman was in sore need of a doctor he rushed from the house.

Down the muddy, snow covered road, Jack Cary ran. It was two good miles to the doctor's residence. He did not mind this, however, for he was thinking only of the little child, lying so pale and sick in the room he had just left. By the time he reached his destination, he was barely able to deliver his message. He crawled to the door, raised the huge brass knocker, and let it drop. Overhead a window was suddenly opened and a voice asked, "Who is there?" Cary faintly replied, "Come down, quick!" By the time the doctor made his appearance he had sufficiently recovered to deliver his message clearly. The doctor agreed to go, and running out to his garage he aroused his chauffeur to bring around the machine. When the machine was brought around they jumped in and quickly sped away.

The course of three quarters of an hour had passed since Jack Cary left the residence of Fred Dalton. At the end of this time Doctor Smith's car drew up in front of the house. Jumping out Cary and the doctor ran into the mansion. They were just in time to save the life of the child, whose mother was nearly frantic by this time. Of course the doctor being a famous one, the child soon recovered under his treatment.

After Mrs. Dalton had seen that her child could be left in the doctor's hands she turned to Fred Cary, who stood quietly by the table waiting to see if there was any further need of his services. Mrs. Dalton clasped his hand within her own and said:

"I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me and mine. If I can ever be of any assistance to you please let me know."

The next morning about ten o'clock Mr. Cary and his family were sitting in their little kitchen discussing the same serious problem of the day before. All at once there came a knock at the front door. Running to it, Jim opened it and admitted a handsome, middle-aged man who came towards Cary with outstretched hand. "I am Mr. Fred Dalton, whose little daughter's life was saved yesterday through your heroic efforts in her behalf. I came to thank you for it. I hear you are looking for a position and I'm ready to offer you a position as bookkeeper in my office at No. 213 Harlan Street. Will you accept?" He smilingly held out his hand a second time.

It took but a few minutes for the contract to be sealed between the two men, and it was arranged that Cary should start to work the following morning.

It is impossible to tell how happy the little Cary family was when they heard that the husband and father had secured such a valuable position with so prominent a man.

"Now," said Jim, as the door closed behind Mr. Dalton, "we can have what we want Christmas, and papa and mama will be so happy."

"O, doody," cried little Mary, "now I can have my dollie wif a pink toof and blue eyths like muverth."

Louise Crute, '13.

Mary Sue Henly, '13.

A Toast

(Annie Clingman, '13.)

Here's to Winston-Salem, the best town in the State,
You'll look the wide world over, and then not find her mate.

The Black and Gold

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Associate Editor.....Ernestine Lott, '12.
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Old Family Stories



Every family there are old stories handed down from father to son. We wish to call the attention of our readers to these true family stories in this issue, which were written as a part of the High School English course.

The Good Things in This Issue.

This year, more than ever before, we are making our work in English fit in with our Magazine work. The story entitled "Truth Stranger than Fiction," was written by the students of the eleventh grade. As a class, we discussed various plots for the story, then prepared an outline, and each one of us selected a certain part of the outline to develop. The best of these paragraphs were selected and two of us wove them into a complete story. The story was then passed around the class for criticism and correction. The

aerostic of the eleventh grade was written in somewhat the same manner, each student making some short rhymes and the best being selected. As a part of their English work, the students of the tenth grade wrote Thanksgiving and Christmas stories. There were many good stories written, but only a few could be published on account of lack of space.

However, we wish to call attention to the several War Time stories, written by the younger members of the High School student body and published in this issue.

Children who like to read have several different stages in which different kinds of books are their favorites, before their taste for the best literature has fully matured. There is always the fairy story age, where hours are spent in any convenient place poring over the most remarkable fairy tales they can lay hands upon. There is the age where fairy tales seem silly and only tales of thrilling adventure will answer. Then comes the first novel; and it is after the first novel has been read that boys and girls show their taste for real literature.

Of course in these three kinds of stories there are some books which are not worth reading. But it has been observed by the librarian of our Carnegie Library that many of the children who come, ask for the best. "The Little Colonel Books" are great favorites, and for children there could be nothing better, as they are very interesting.

All boys read the Alger Books, but the time always comes when they go to the library for something different, as they are tired of these books. And so books of animal life have been given them; and they are now in great demand. Tomlinson's Historical and College Works are great favorites, also Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories and "Neighbors

Unknown," by Roberts, which is all about the habits of animals.

Of course the girls always like a little romance, but when they ask for a novel and have not read "Little Women," it is given to them; and now there is a great demand for it.

And all this goes to show that the tastes for the best literature among our boys and girls is improving rapidly. The Public Library offers the best books, and if we did not have this library many of the boys and girls could not read at all.

We have added a Grammar Grade Department this time, though only the West End School was able to get in their material in time for publication in this issue.



Locals

An oratorical contest was held on Friday, the seventeenth, in the auditorium of the Winston High School, by eleven boys of the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society. The winner in the contest will represent the High School at the oratorical contest to be held soon at Trinity College. The judges decided as follows: First, Harry Dalton, who spoke on "Mothers of Men;" second, Luther Ferrell, who selected the speech of "Spartacus to the Gladiators;" third, Paul Sprinkle, whose subject was "The Fight with the Aurocks."

The other contestants and their subjects were as follows: Ernest Hedgecock, "Mark Antony;" Fred Hutchins, Moses Shapiro, David Crawford, and Willian Pell, Patrick Henry's speech; Linville Martin, Daniel Webster's speech at the unveiling of the Bunker Hill Monument; Robert Vaughn, "Effect of the Death of Lincoln;" Paul Walker, Robespierre's speech to the French Assembly.

The contest was an excellent one, and all the contestants acquitted themselves creditably.

The Charles D. McIver Literary Society held a most interesting debate on Friday afternoon, November 10th. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that Self-Government in the High School would give better results than the present system of government." The debaters were as follows:

Affirmative—Esther Jenkins, '13; Sudie Self, '12; Ila Howard, '13; Ernestine Lott, '12.

Negative—Helen Carter, '13; Mary Cash, '13; Alice Davenport, '13; Mary Horton, '13.

The judges, Percy Garner, Jessie James and Blache Buxton, decided in favor of the affirmative. The decision resting upon the fact that self-government develops character.

The Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society met Friday afternoon, November 10th. A most entertaining and interesting hour was spent in a debate. The subject being: "Resolved, That the South should encourage the settlement, within her boundaries, of such emigrants as are lawfully admitted to the United States." The negative side won, the judges being Mr. Wm. Holden, David Crawford and Edward Crossland. The following debated:

Affirmative—William Wright, '13; Benbow Jones, '13; Gregory Graham, '14; Hardin Jewett, '14.

Negative—Robert Vaughn, '12; A. J. Fox, '14; Patrick Henry, '14; Hiram Brown, '13.

The whole school was shocked and grieved to hear of the death of Nellie Rector, which occurred at her home in Mt. Airy, on Sunday morning, October 29th, after an illness of two weeks with typhoid fever.

She lived here several years, being a student of the seventh and eighth grades. We quote the following selection from *The Sentinel*: "She was loved by every one who knew her. Blessed with a lovable, sweet disposition, she was a friend among friends with those who knew her, and a joy in her home. A girl, we might say, just blooming into young womanhood, her death was particularly sad.

"Her remains were brought to Winston-Salem on the 11:20 morning train and were carried direct to the First Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Neal S. Anderson, assisted by Rev. Geo. W. Lee.

"Touching indeed was the sight of her former schoolmates of the High School, marching into the church to pay the last respects to one they loved."

The convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy was held in the auditorium of the Winston High School the latter part of October. The attendance was very large and the meetings proved very interesting.

A new feature of the High School is the interest in which the pupils are taking in beautifying their rooms. This is especially shown in Miss Follin's division of the ninth grade where the walls are adorned with beautiful pictures, and the windows with blooming plants. Among the many pictures are the handsome portraits of Lee and Napoleon, which the pupils of the seventh grade of 1909 secured for selling tags for the hospital. Another picture is *The Angelus*, given by the ninth grade of 1912, in memory of their beloved classmate, Nellie Rector. The picture "*Sir Galahad*" is a large and handsome one, given by the class of 1911. They also have an athletic pennant, which was won by the eighth grade of 1911.

Francis Coleman, '13, who is very ill with appendicitis, is very much improved and his many friends hope that he will soon be back again.

We hope that Louise Maddrey, '13, who has been in quarantine for some time on account of the illness of her brother, will be able to resume her studies shortly.



Personals

Kelly King is studying art in Germany.

William Liipfert is attending school at V. P. I.

Alden Penry is in Germany studying art and architecture.

Miss Emma Wilson, '10, is attending school at the State Normal College.

Miss Minnie L. Henry has been quite sick at the Twin-City Hospital.

Miss Annie Medearis holds a position with Gilmer Bros. Company as stenographer.

Mr. Milton Cash, '10, holds a responsible position with the Forsyth Chair Company in this city.

Miss Elizabeth Grogan, who graduated in 1909, is now attending school at Salem Academy and College.

Carl Ogburn and Ashton Hill, former students of the High School, are attending school at Woodbury Institute, in Virginia.

A boy in the Commercial Department of our school was asked to give a definition of the word "symptom." "A sign," said the boy. "Now give the word in a sentence." "There was a large symptom hanging in front of the hotel."

Exchanges and Reviews

Of the three stories in the Park School Gazette, "His Trust," is perhaps the best, being bright and refreshing. "Camping," which is a very pretty word picture, is also well written. The editorials of the magazine are all concise and well gotten up. In closing let us say that we hope Rato or Euterpe will soon visit some of the members of this school.

The Sage is a very well edited magazine. All the stories are good, "The Daughter Versus the Musician" and "Sky Pictures" being especially well written and enjoyable. "A Roman Secret" is also a very interesting and novel article. The G. H. S. laugh-foundry is at present turning out quite a number of good jokes.

The table of contents of the "Wahisco" is quite varied. The two little poems in memory of schoolmates are both full of deep feeling and yet present such pleasing ideas to the mind that we read them more with pleasure than pain. The story, "From Tyranny to Freedom," is very interesting and contains many quaint expressions which are very attractive. Most of the other stories are good as far as they go, their chief fault being brevity.

We have not a criticism to make on the Gluck Aug. For a small paper it does remarkably well and shows that much labor and thought has been devoted to its compilation. By what we read, we are certain that a strong and united school spirit is behind this magazine.

We are glad that the Goldsboro High School has free books; we hope in a short time to be with them. The poem "Be a Booster" is both excellent and original and we almost envy their possession of such a second Longfellow. The last issue we received of this paper was an improvement on the first one and we hope it will continue to improve.

The High School Echo is of the same age as our magazine and we read it with interest. We are disappointed in not finding any stories in this issue. We hope to find some in an early number. Would it not be better to substitute a few short stories in place of some of the wit and humor?

The Messenger of Durham, is also well gotten up. P. H. Epps, the editor-in-chief, seems to be a prominent figure in the Durham High School literary circle, for besides an editorial, he has a poem and a story in this number. "Phil's Magic Football" is very interesting and shows the originality of the writer, which characteristic is visible throughout the entire magazine. The poem by P. H. Epps, "Thanksgiving Thoughts," and the story, "What Billy Was Thankful For," are very appropriate.

The Columbian is beyond all high school criticism, and is one of the best magazines we have yet received. The little poem, "A Psalm of Life," is very good. "For the Cause," a story by an eighth grade girl is fine—the writer seems to be delving very deep into love stories for one so young. "The Trip to Washington," and the Snapshots were both original and interesting. We hope to exchange with this magazine regularly.

We are glad to hear that Mr. R. L. Hayes, a former student of the Winston High School, is editor-in-chief of the Park School Gazette, and so we are very much interested in the success of this magazine. Mr. Hayes is president of the Calhoun Literary Society, and for his sake we hope that the Park School will come second in the "1909" declaimer's contest; of course they can't come out first, for our representative will win the medal. All the matter in this number was excellent, and we congratulate the Park School on having such a capable staff.

Statesville High School Magazine: There is some very clever poetry in this issue. The best being the "Wasp at Camp-Meeting." The short stories of the lower grades show talent for such premature writers. The general get-up of the magazine is good, having good paper.

The Critic: The short stories are good though scarce, and the continued story promises to have an interesting conclusion.



Grammar Grade Department

West End Local Items.

The little people of the First Grades were as much interested in the historical facts entering around Thanksgiving Day and entered as much into the spirit of it, as did their older brothers and sisters.

Their exercises opened with the Thanksgiving Psalm, followed by the story, told in pupil's own language of the Pilgrims' wanderings and hardships leading up to the First Thanksgiving Day.

Some few costumed as Pilgrim fathers, mothers, maidens and laddies and said their parts in a very attractive manner, while this was in progress the Indian warriors lurked in the background and soon come stealing in, led by their chief. They were closely followed by the light-hearted Indian maidens who tripped in merrily, singing an Indian song.

The gay colors of the Indians in strong contrast with the somber dress of the Pilgrims, left quite an impressive picture.

The pupils of the 6A I Grade were at home to their parents and friends on Wednesday before Thanksgiving. The girls and boys were dressed as Puritans and made a very attractive picture. The guests were met at the door by two little Pilgrim maids and were presented with tiny Puritan shoes tied with class colors, red and white ribbon. Ferns and potted plants gave a home-like appearance to the class room, while an exhibit of work done the past three months was placed on the boards and a sand table, "The First Thanksgiving," stood in the rear of the room.

An open meeting of the Lartanian Literary Society was also held and an interesting Thanksgiving program, consist-

ing of original stories and compositions, songs, recitations and dialogues was carried out. The meeting was presided over by Julian Buxton, the president, assisted by Mildred Watkins, the secretary. About thirty guests were present.

The new officers of the Lartanian Literary Society recently elected for the second quarter are: Barnette Douglass, president; James Mallard, vice-president, and James Conrad, secretary. The next regular meeting will be a Louise Alcott meeting.

The Thanksgiving exercises in the Advanced Fourth Grade consisted of a play and several appropriate songs and recitations. The short two-scene play, "The First Thanksgiving," was presented, the cast being as follows: Kate Veach, Mazella Dugan, Dora Solomon and Ishnee Roediger, taking the parts of Pilgrim women; Arthur Green, Robert Paris and Willie Setliff as Pilgrim elders, while Stokes Phillips, Mebane Turner and Robert Williams represented the "wild and savage red men." The room was decorated to represent a Pilgrim dining room on the first Thanksgiving day.

At the close of the special program given in the classrooms on Wednesday, November 29th, the West End Graded School assembled in the chapel to formally express their thanks for the blessings of the past year.

Reverends Lumpkin and Lee and a number of patrons and friends were guests of the school.

In addition to appropriate music by the choir and school, the special features of this service were a timely address by Mr. Lumpkin; "The Puritan Maiden," by Mildred Watkins; Indian song, by the First Grade, and "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," by the Sixth A1 girls.

The personal offerings of the children were tastefully arranged in front of the rostrum. After the exercises these offerings were placed in the hands of the Associated Charities for distribution.

A handsome picture is to be presented to the grade which marches the best and is the most orderly between now and Christmas, while the beautiful West End banner will be given for a month to the grade which has the highest percentage of attendance.

The approaching series of match games of basket ball to be played between two picked teams, the Giants and the Athletics, is arousing great interest not only among the boys, but also among the girls of the higher grades. The Basket Ball Club at West End is composed of the boys of the sixth and seventh grades and there are eight strong teams. These eight teams will be organized into a league and a regular series of games will be played after the holidays.

The Thanksgiving exercises of the Fifth grades, at West End School were given Wednesday at eleven o'clock. Some very interesting stories of the "First Thanksgiving" were read. Appropriate recitations and songs also were a part of the program. The attendance of the mothers added to the interest and enthusiasm of the occasion.

In one of the fourth grades the Thanksgiving exercises consisted of a scene in which the Indians and Pilgrims were grouped among the pine trees around a wigwam to recite

the address of welcome. In order that three great nations of the United States be represented, Michael Daye, dressed up as a negro, recited "Signs of Thanksgiving," in negro dialect.

During the month of November the Third grades of the West End School delighted in stories of the Pilgrims, their wanderings and hardships. They were especially interested in writing an illustrated Pilgrim Story of their own which should be read like a "truly story book." Several of them enjoy the distinction of writing this story from beginning to end without a mistake.

The Thanksgiving exercises in Fourth Grade A consisted of songs and recitations. A short but connected story of the Pilgrims was given by a number of girls and boys.

Several boys dressed as Indians, representing Massasoit and his braves.

Parents and friends were invited to attend the exercises.

Parents' Department



THE report of all high school students should reach parents or guardians on the Friday following the close of the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th school months. You may expect it regularly. If it is delayed ask your child to explain. If it is delayed long or improperly filled out ask your principal about it. After having examined it carefully, please sign in the proper space and return promptly.

Do not refuse to sign the card because it may be bad; your signature is to indicate that you have examined the report, not necessarily that you approve of it. If you do not approve of the report received by your child it would be very helpful to all concerned if you would call around and see the teacher and principal about the matter. A bad report may be attributed to lack of study, to too many outside engagements, to irregular attendance, to inattention, to the fact that he relies on outside help too much, or to some other cause which might be removed if we had your personal cooperation.

Any pupil absent or tardy should bring to the teacher a written cause, signed by the parent stating the cause. This excuse to be valid at all must be presented the first day the pupil is present after the absence or tardiness. The only excuses considered satisfactory for absences or tardies are: Sickness of pupil; sickness in the family requiring the presence of the pupil at home; or other causes rendering the attendance of the pupil unavoidable.

Spending a day in the country with relatives or friends; helping with ordinary work about home and such like, we do not consider sufficient excuse for the absence from the very important business of school work. A man who neglects his business engagements; who should remain at home one day out of each week to attend to the little things about

the house, would soon lose his job—that is if he had no better excuse to offer. Nothing should be more important to the boy than close application to the work he has in hand at school. School work is a real business matter and demands his time and energies. Besides this, unexcused absence or tardy marks count proportionately against the pupil's daily marks on studies.

These reports give a summary of your child's school life, parents. We trust, therefore, that you will give them more than passing notice. Study the meaning of the markings, estimate the standing of your child and if it fails to measure up to the ideal you have set for your boy or girl, help us to help him.

We seek your co-operation in this as well as all other things pertaining to school matters. Don't take sides with your child against the teacher before giving the teacher a chance to state the other side of the case.

Pupils who absent themselves from any test or examination without a satisfactory excuse, shall forfeit the right to stand the test at a later date.

We trust that you will consider the above requirements before keeping your child out of school when he has work that ought to be done.

Winston-Salem? Forsyth County?

When was Forsyth County formed?

From what was it formed; and where did it get its name?

What is the area in square miles of Forsyth County?

How many square acres has Forsyth County?

Name the two largest streams in Forsyth County, their general course and the streams in which they empty.

Name the principal historic points in Forsyth County.

When was Salem settlement established and Salem College founded?

When was Winston established and when incorporated?

Name the Mayors of Salem and Winston, when they serve and for how long?

What five things are most necessary to the future progress of Winston-Salem?

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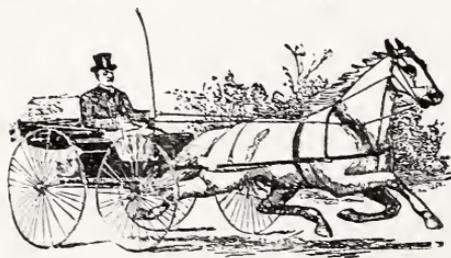
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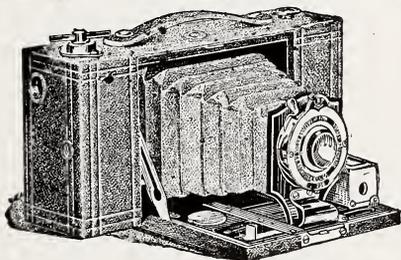
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