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**NOVEMBER, 1912**

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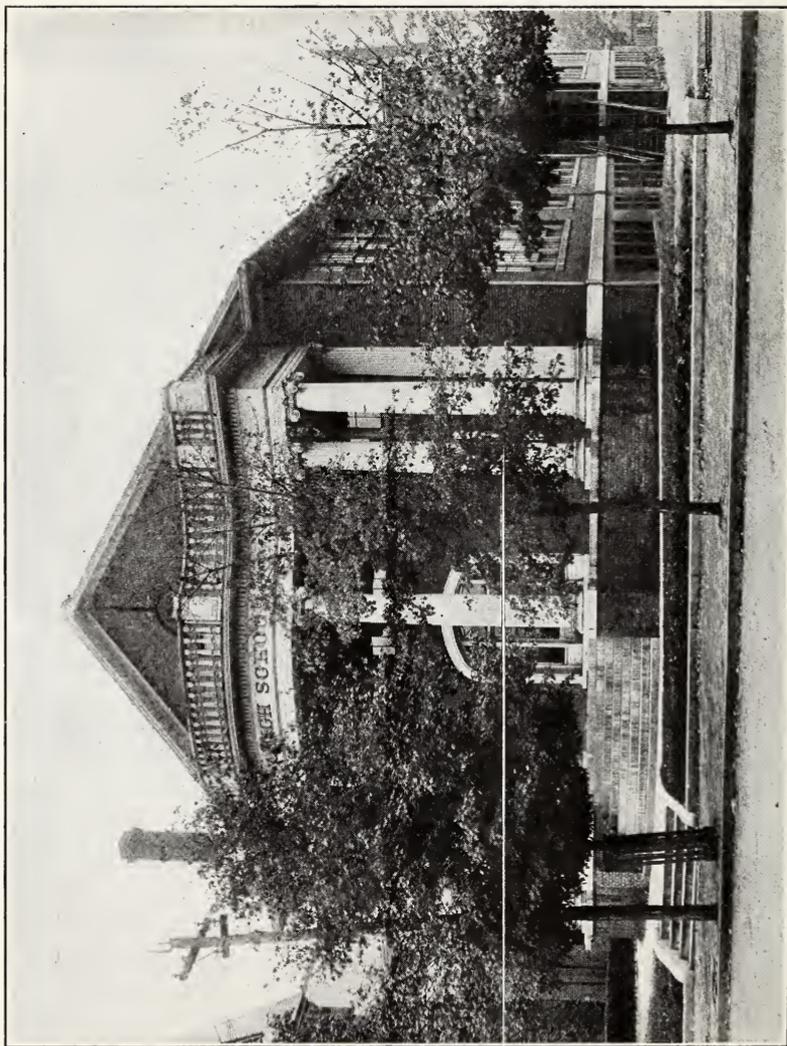
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WINSTON CITY HIGH SCHOOL

# The Black and Gold

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

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER 1912

No. 1

## Sometime

Sometime, oh heart so crushed.  
Life's journey will be o'er,  
The billows will be hushed,  
The waves will beat no more.  
The sun will shine again,  
After the dreary rain.  
Joy follows every pain,  
Sometime, sometime.  
—Louise Crute, '13.

## John Henry Boner

### Graduating Theme.



IN the historic little town of Salem, well named, because in the words of the poet himself, it seems "A place where world-worn men might go to calmly close their fading days,"

John Henry Boner was born January 31, 1845. His parents were Phoebe and Thomas Boner, humble and God-fearing people in their day and generation. There were many of the Boner brothers living in Salem plying their different trades. The trade of all of them is not known, but one of them had in his back yard the only salt mine in Salem, so

his trade was cleaning and selling salt. Thomas Boner, the father of the poet, with one of his brothers, was the hatter of Salem, having in his back yard a small house for dyeing his materials, a factory on the first floor of his home, and a small room upstairs where he showed his hats for sale.

The old Salem Tavern at that time was under the auspices of the Moravian Church and in 1846 Boner's parents were requested to take charge of it, returning to their old home about 1849. It was of this little home that Boner, on his return later in life, wrote "Broken and Desolate." Indeed his old home did look broken and desolate, for I imagine then it looked like it does now. The little house now stands on Liberty Street in Salem and is built on the order of many of the houses of long ago, right on the street. On each side is a small yard where there were once beautiful flowers. The roof of the small porch slopes almost to a point out over the cobble-stone side walk, and at each end of the porch is a strong, heavily built wooden bench reaching across the width of the porch. Two massive doors, that open either at the top or bottom, for they are cut half in two, lead into the rooms that were then the great room for the hat factory. An interesting fact is the structure of the building. The planks forming the floor are about two feet wide, and the walls are made of huge logs, halved; these are now plastered. The fireplace in the corner of each room is at least eight feet wide. There are many dark and curious places all around the house, and passages leading to the cellar and else where. Up the narrow stairs you find a great attic, for the house is only one and a half stories high, with a small built-in room at either end. The little house was once painted white, with green blinds on the outside, but now it is weather-worn and bare. No wonder Boner wrote what he did when he was so accustomed to finding it in complete order.

From early childhood Boner was fond of nature and full of fun. His mother said whenever there was a snow she could never get John to come in, for he loved to watch "a score of sparrows on the snow."

Now that he has gone from us we realize that Boner said very little about his boyhood. But in "A memory of Boyhood" he describes "the gentle Yadkin" and "ripe delicious muscadines" and also a "blue eyed, golden tressed Sue."

As a boy he was always full of life and ready to enter into a frolic, for when

"I heard the peals of laughter long and hearty,  
I caught the lusty tuning of the fiddle,  
And leaped the door-step, eager for the frolic."

He attended the Boys' School in Salem until he was thirteen years of age; then his father told him that business was not going well and, as tutoring at that time was expensive, he would have to stop school. At this Boner went into the printing office of L. V. & E. T. Blum, and for four years he worked there for fifty dollars a year, learning the printer's trade; and in time graduating from the composing room into the editorial sanctum.

For a while he edited papers in Salem and in Asheville. Just after the Civil War the "Peoples' Press" was suspended and the "Salem Observer" was established by Mr. Boner. While it was "a literary gem", it was not a success financially. From here he went to Raleigh and was connected with the Republican Party, and in 1868 served as reading clerk of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention.

At that place he was married to Charlotte Smith, of whom he later spoke as the

“Noblest type of womanhood—  
She who faithfully has stood  
By my side and shared with me  
For a score of years and three  
Joys and sorrow, mirth and tears.”

But Boner's politics made him an alien among his own people. And it was perhaps for this reason that he entered the Civil Service at Washington in 1871. During the sixteen years he remained there, he became President of the Columbia Typographical Union. In 1883, upon the publication of his first volume, “Whispering Pines,” fame as a great poet began to gladden his life. It was the publication of this volume which attracted the attention of the poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who upon hearing of Boner's dismissal from his office in Washington for “offensive partnership,” invited him to come to New York.

There he served on the staff of the Century Dictionary and later with Stedman on his “Library of American Literature.” He was also editor of the New York World for a while, and after this he was engaged on the “Standard Dictionary,” upon the completion of which he became editor of the “Literary Digest.” His clear discernment and excellent judgment as a critic caused him to fill these positions with honor and made him a valuable addition to the literary men with whom his work brought him in contact. Always slow about making friends, yet when he did make them, he held them, and so these men were valuable friends to the last.

On his visit to Poe's Cottage at Fordham, it is said that as Boner and his friend Stedman started out, Boner jestingly suggested that Stedman write a poem on it. Then on being told to try it himself, he composed that wonderful

poem that so many know him by; for time has proven it to be one of the finest American lyrics.

The dark days of Boner's life came after 1897 when he resigned his editorship of "The Literary Digest". For he says:

"The wolf came sniffing at my door,  
But the wolf had prowled on my track before  
And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge-door sill  
Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

And the time came when I laughed no more  
But glanced with fear at my frail lodge door  
For I knew that the wolf had at bay  
Sooner or later would have his way.

A crash, and my door fell open wide,  
My strength was not as the beast's at my side,  
That night on my hearth-stone cold and bare,  
He licked his paws and made his lair."

So he sold his Critic Lodge and now there was nothing left but his pride. Broken in spirit and fortune, he appealed to his friends in Washington. With their help and through the influences of his literary associates in New York, the members of the Author's Club, he was restored to his former position in the Government Printing Office. But even this light work was too much for his failing health.

To a friend he wrote, "Am coming South next week, if possible. In bad shape, doctor says consumption." So he set out for

"The Old North State,  
Back to the place of his birth,  
Back through the pines colonaded gate  
To the dearest spot on earth."

As he says:

“To find once more and gladly greet  
Loved ones in mother nook.”

He suffered greatly from pain and poverty but he never lost his cheerfulness. From the hospital at Raleigh he wrote to his friends at Washington, “I am in bed again and am mortally sick. Have a new doctor, who tries to jolly me along.” To his friends he spoke of how he loved Raleigh with its people and hoped to spend his last days there. But in January 1902 he returned to his work in Washington. But it soon became apparent that for him

“Night was falling—gently falling, and the silvery stars were shining.”

But he had no fear of death. He rather believed that

“God’s love sometimes appears to be his wrath  
And his best gift is the white rose of death.”

And with a simple faith in Christ, he fell asleep in March, 1903.

Boner once wrote:

“Where’er it be my fate to die  
Beneath those trees in whose dark shades,  
The first loved of my life are laid,  
I want to lie.”

His wish was fulfilled. In December his remains were brought from Washington to Salem, and on a beautiful Sunday afternoon he was laid to rest in the God’s Acre of the Moravians, with the impressive service of the old Home Church.

As the procession, led by the band, slowly moved from

the Church, down Cedar Avenue into the quiet resting place of the dead, many recalled the verses Boner had written about the very spot:

“Full many a peaceful place I’ve seen,  
But the most restful spot I know,  
Is one where thick dark cedars grow  
In an old graveyard, cool and green.”

—Mary A. Horton, '12.

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## The Old North State

Dear Old North State! majestic land!  
How dear thou art to me,  
For all that’s noble thou dost stand,  
And proudly we cling to thee.  
Many the heroes brave and true  
Who’ve died for thee, dear State;  
Thy praises we would now renew,  
So noble and so great.

O beauteous State! of thee we sing,  
For there’s no land so fair—  
Through thy green woods clear echoes ring  
And flowers are every where.  
And so we say, Come rain or shine,  
A happy people we,  
Who live in the land of the long leaf pine,—  
The land of the brave—the free.

—Louise Maddrey, '13.

## The Testing of Phyllis

HYLLIS' book lay in her lap, wide open. She was not looking at it, but was gazing out of the window with a look of absolute boredom on her face. She thoroughly despised school and everything that pertained to it; instead of studying now, she wished she could be out in the sunshine and air. Her sister sat opposite her writing rapidly, pausing now and then for a brief time, only to go on again as rapidly as before.

The girls were exactly alike in looks and dress; but what a picture they presented now, one working, the other listless and idle.

The writer continued her work for a few minutes and then looked up.

"Won't you please help me with this problem, Phyllis," she asked. "I have worked on it for the last half hour and it just won't come out right."

"Certainly," replied Phyllis, with a yawn and getting up as she spoke, she dumped the book that she had in her lap unceremoniously on the floor and stepped over without taking the trouble to pick it up.

In a few minutes Phyllis had found the mistake in the solution of the problem, for she was a fine mathematician, though she was not so good in her other studies. Margaret, her sister, was quite the opposite, for she was bright in every thing but mathematics.

They were so much alike, Margaret and Phyllis, in books and in ways that they were often mistaken one for the other. They were used to being reprov'd for each other's misdemeanors or praised for one another's good works.

“What wouldn’t I give,” said Margaret, as Phyllis handed back the paper to her, “if I could work algebra like you! I just know I am going to fail on my examination tomorrow.”

“Well, you’ve led your class in all your other studies,” said Phyllis, who though not ambitious for herself, was very proud of the record her twin sister was making in school. “I heard Miss Butler say yesterday that if your algebra came up to the rest of your studies, you would get the highest distinction at mid-term.”

“If,” said Margaret, “There’s a good deal in that crooked little old ‘if,’ ” and she turned to her books with a sigh.

The next day when the hour for algebra examination came, Margaret was so sick she had to be sent home and it was not till the following Monday that she was able to return to her studies. At her first opportunity she spoke to Miss Butler, the teacher of Mathematics, in regard to her examination.

“Please let me have it while I am fresh,” she said. “I’m so anxious to get over with it.”

“Why, of course,” replied Miss Butler, “you may stand the examination in the next day or two. I will let you know the exact time and place later on. I am so busy correcting papers I can’t talk with you about it now.”

“All right, Miss Butler, I will be ready at any time,” Margaret answered.

Later in the day Phyllis was going out of the building when she was accosted by Miss Butler.

“Wait a minute,” she said, “I want to tell you about your examination.”

It was on the tip-end of Phyllis’ tongue to say, “You’ve got the wrong one this time, Miss Butler; this is Phyllis,”

but for some unaccountable reason, she stood without a word.

"You may take the examination tomorrow afternoon," continued the teacher who was always right to the point, "in my room at three o'clock," and without waiting for Phyllis to reply, she walked off.

Phyllis started to call her back. "No," she said, "It's her own fault. She ought to know us."

The girl had suddenly made up her mind. She would say nothing to Margaret about it, but she would stand the examination in her place.

"She's worked so hard," she said, trying to ease her conscience, "for class distinction, and it would just kill her if this algebra kept her from getting it. Besides, she's always been so good to me and many a time helped me out of a tight place, and now that I've got the chance I'm going to help her."

"But, what if you should be found out?" Phyllis dismissed the question with a shrug of her shoulders. She had determined upon the plan and she was going to carry it out, no matter what came of it. "There's not much danger of being found out though," she said to herself, "if Miss Butler's sharp eyes were deceived one time, why, I can deceive 'em again."

So she stood the examination at the appointed time. As she worked each problem, she proved it, and it was with a satisfied feeling that Margaret would receive a high mark on the paper, that she handed it in.

The next day, as Miss Butler was hearing the algebra class, she called Margaret up to commend her on such a splendid paper.

Margaret looked at her with puzzled eyes.

What was she talking about?

Then like a flash it came to her. Phyllis had stood the examination in her place.

"Thank you," she stammered, and then paused. She could not expose Phyllis. She must have time to think it over.

But Miss Butler's bright eyes were watching her; a look of pain came into them as Margaret hesitated. She began to suspect the truth.

She let Margaret pass to her seat; however, and said nothing more about it, for she trusted the girl implicitly, and she knew that she would come to her in good time and tell her the whole thing; and in her heart she felt a deep pity for Phyllis.

Margaret did not do justice to any of her lessons that day. She was very much troubled for she had a high sense of honor. "I must tell Miss Butler; I can't get credit for Phyllis' work. And yet," she thought, "if I tell, it will only bring disgrace upon Phyllis, and I know she did it through love. Oh, Phyllis, why did you do it?"

In her distress she instinctively turned toward her sister who was sitting across the aisle. Phyllis was sitting there, gazing at her, a serious troubled look in her brown eyes.

"After all, what does it matter? Why need anybody know but Phyllis and me? I'll tell Phyllis, though, I think she did wrong; she ought to have known that I place honor above distinction."

That night when the two girls were in their room alone, she burst out.

"Oh, Phyllis, why did you do it?" You don't know how wretched I am—"

"Why, how did you know anything about it?" said Phyllis in great surprise. And then Margaret told her how Miss Butler had praised her for work she had never done, and how shamed she was, but how her lips were closed be-

couse it would only bring disgrace upon her. "But let's make a clean sweep of it, Phyllis," Margaret put her arms tenderly about her sister, "let's go to Miss Butler tomorrow first thing, and I'll tell her, it's all my fault—you did it for love—"

"You'll not do anything of the kind, Margaret," cried Phyllis, "for I've already been to Miss Butler, and," she added with a mischievous look in her brown eyes, "she says for you to come to her tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock for your algebra examination."

—Hope E. Briggs and Mary D. Johnson, '14.

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## Autumn

The autumn days are here,  
The gloomiest of the year.  
The falling leaves come drifting down,  
And slowly, silently, cover the ground.

The little squirrel is gathering near  
His store of nuts in haste and fear.  
The cunning foxes from their dens,  
Steal forth to feast on the farmer's hens.

—Raymond Maxwell, '13.

## Flash



AS the first flakes of winter swirled against them, three men paused in their tracks, like automations pulled by the same wire, and stared blankly at one another.

Johnson, tall, straight and thirty, broke the silence.

"That was a great idea of yours," he said scornfully to the big Englishman at his side. "I don't see anything of those surveyors we were to meet. Was that a dream?"

"No, it wasn't a dream, and you know it, too," replied Payne, the Englishman. He had conceived the idea in one of his sober moments, which were few and far between, especially when he was in London. It was during one of these periods that Payne hit upon the plan which brought the three into the North West Territory.

"You said yourself that it was a corking good idea," went on Payne. "We were crazy to get up here before the rush, and didn't have the money. Anyway, am I to blame because it is an early winter?"

Johnson screwed up his face. "I know you are not to blame, Payne, but—" he glanced up at the gray sky—"it begins to strike me as rather awkward."

Payne looked at the thickening snow-flakes, swore beneath his breath, and strode on. Terrence, the third member of the party, a smooth-faced young American, smiled encouragingly.

"You fellows stop fussing. We are on the right track, and Payne's idea is as good as it ever was. Isn't the government of Canada building a railroad through this country, and haven't they dozens of surveying parties? All we have to do is to find one of the camps, and we're solid for the winter."

"All we have to do," growled Johnson. "Easy isn't it?"

“You don’t expect the surveying parties to come to meet you with a brass band, do you?” asked Payne.

“We’ll surely strike them tomorrow,” said Terrence. or two we can’t travel without snow-shoes. Then what? Get a flying machine?” asked Johnson, sarcastically.

“You know we haven’t snow-shoes,” put in Payne. That’s part of the game. We are taking chances up here; so let’s call it the ‘Hoboes’ Excursion,’ and let it go at that.”

“Oh well,” exclaimed Johnson, “but it’s time we were pitching camp.”

The others nodded assent, and threw their equipments upon the ground.

“We’ll surely strike them tomorrow,” said Terrence. “Come, Flash,” he said to the fourth member of the little party, the little dog, who was named Flash because of his unusual activity and swiftness. He belonged to the three men, who were very fond of him, and he in turn would obey no one but his masters.

But the next day came and went, and no sight of surveying parties. It was true they were traveling at right angles to the line of survey, and would strike it sooner or later, but every day was important to them. Their stock of provisions was so very near the danger point that they were forced to shorten their rations, and there was nothing to be found in that frozen country to eat. The birds had long since left the frozen land for the sunny South, and the ever-green forest was as still as death.

The next morning after eating their half-rations, the men gave a small portion to Flash, and set out again eastward. The sun had risen, and set the whitened earth agleam. Sometimes falling on the icy ground, and sometimes fighting their way through the dense undergrowth, they moved onward, while with every step their hunger increased.

The day drew to a close. Bravely the three men trudged on, climbing hills, descending valleys, while all the time hunger, like a grim specter, stalked at their side. Suddenly they stopped in surprise. Before their eyes was a clearing and in the frozen snow were footprints,—footprints headed the other way.

“Well,” said Payne, “it’s going to be tough, but let’s go back.” Without a word they struck back through the rough way they had come.

When Terrence staggered to his feet the next morning, he realized that things were at a crisis. He could go for a long time without food in a warm climate, but in a cold one it was different.

“Fine weather,” remarked Payne, “I think we are to have only a cup of coffee this morning. Tonight we can each have a biscuit. Of course we have plenty of coffee.”

That evening after the three biscuits had been eaten, Johnson showed his companions the remaining supplies.

“Only three biscuits left—you know what that means as well as I do. Where’s Flash? He must have some coffee, poor fellow. The idea of giving dogs coffee is new to me, but he is too fine a fellow to let die without some effort to save him.”

“Here he comes!” cried Terrence, “down that hill.”

“Boys,” said Payne, “suppose we play a game and stake the biscuits. With one apiece none of us has a chance. Let Flash come on up. Don’t say a word to him, and the man he goes to wins the three biscuits. The fellow that wins out has a chance for his life.”

“And the two that lose?” asked Johnson.

“The two that lose will be in the same fix that we’ll be in if we each keep our biscuit. We certainly can’t find the camp on one.”

For a minute there was silence. Payne was the first to break it, and gain his composure.

“Well, boys?” he asked.

The others nodded assent. In unison they watched the dog, now very near, with twisted, pallid faces. The dog came nearer and nearer—and each man could hear the labored breath of the other. Flash came, and pausing only for a moment, walked up to Terrence, and rubbed his head against his knee.

The perspiration stood out on Terrence’s forehead. He could not realize what had occurred, and was aroused only when he heard Johnson’s voice saying, “Good-bye, old man; give everybody down home our best regards, and some our love.” Here his voice broke, and he ended miserably, “good-bye Jack.”

“Yes, good-bye, old fellow,” added Payne, “take your biscuits—and Flash, for he must not be left here, and get out of this camp.” This was said with an attempt at his old time good humor.

“Boys, I can’t leave you like this,” cried Terrence, with tears in his eyes.

“You must,” said the others, and so it was that Terrence staggered out into the woods, and the two others were left alone.

In the days that followed, had it not been for Flash, Terrence would have given up. Indeed the dog showed such tenacity and endurance, that he was a marvel even to Terrence. But one dreary morning, he disappeared. Then it was that Terrence gave up all hopes of ever finding the camp. He built a fire as best he could on the ground and sat down to await the coming of grim death, who perhaps already, with his sickle keen, had gathered his two friends in his powerful grasp.

A sound in the thick underbrush aroused him from his

stupor. "Flash," he cried, and held out his arms, as the little dog, with a joyful bark leaped to his side.

"You owe your life to your dog," said a strange voice, and looking up, Terrence beheld a man standing before him. "I was out digging stakes, and he came up to me and led me back here."

"Flash, old boy," exclaimed Terrence, and he fondled the dog as he would a child.

"Come," said the surveyor, "lets go to the camp; it is only a few paces farther on."

"Many thanks for your offer," replied Terrence, "but we must find our companions first, mustn't we, Flash?" and the great love of the man for his pet shone in his eyes.

"Then I will help you," replied the surveyor. "I have here," and he opened a leather pouch suspended from his shoulder, "enough food for all of us, and the dog, too."

"Thanks," repeated Terrence, as he eagerly seized the proffered food. "Come, we must be moving."

In vain they searched the woods around. Terrence was almost despairing, when suddenly Flash, who had run on ahead, gave a quick bark of unmistakable delight. The two men ran to where he stood, and there, in the distance, Terrence saw the lonely camp from which he had departed three nights before. It was at this moment Terrence realized that he had been moving in a circle, in his effort to find the surveyor's camp, and that all the time he had been only a short distance from his own camp.

With all possible haste the two men reached the camp, and throwing back the flap, entered the tent.

"Boys," cried Terrence.

"Terrence is it really you?" cried Johnson and Payne, raising themselves to a sitting position from their rough bed of evergreens and fir.

“The same!” cried Terrence, “and this gentleman who has proved a friend in need, Mr.—?”

“Smith, of the C. & O. Surveying Corps,” replied the surveyor.

“Good!” cried Payne, “then we’re sure of a job next spring.”

“Sure,” said the surveyor. “But in the meantime, let me offer you something to eat.”

When the last crumb had been eaten, and the black bottle drained to the last drop, the men rose to follow the surveyor to the camp.

Johnson, who had hitherto been silent, fumbled in his pockets, and picking up a piece of paper from the camp table, said, “Is there any place around here where you could send a telegram?”

“Yes,” answered the surveyor.

“Then be kind enough to send this for me,” and this was the message:

Mr. D. H. Johnson,

....., Indiana:

All safe and sound. Expect us home when we get rich.

Your son,  
Dave Johnson.

—Louise Crute, '13.

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Two teams upon the diamond came,  
In a baseball game their strength to test.  
The team which lost, we do not blame,  
For they played the nine of W. H. S.

—Benbow Jones.

## A Youthful Conscript



IN SEPTEMBER 18th, 1813, Napoleon issued his last general conscription. This time it was not, as before, who should go, but who would be allowed to stay. In the little village of Marchand in the south of France every adult male who could walk without a crutch and fire a gun was on the list. In the drawing they had ten chances to remain at home as against a hundred and fifty to go to the war.

Marchand was in that district of France where Napoleon (especially since the conscriptions were begun) was very unpopular. The village was incensed at the conscription of his men, but when at the close of the list the names of ten boys, none over fourteen years old, were read out, the village nearly went mad. But the conscription guard was there, so what could be done but remain quiet? Nevertheless an undercurrent of fierce hatred ran through the minds of the people.

The next day at the drawing, even the men themselves, took very little interest in their tickets. But when the ten little boys walked trembling up to decide which should bear the flag of the despised Emperor, every person in the crowd hissed venomously. In their futile anger the mass of people had lost sight of the drawing until, crash! and the grandfather of little Jean Goulden, who had been chosen, was seen twirling curses over his shoulder and making off on his crutches with amazing speed. When the old man had disappeared the people turned their attention to the cause of the crash, which was a stone hurled by the old man. It had struck the captain of the guard on the head, completely stunning him.

The next day the conscript guard, after hunting for the fierce old man, collected their unwilling charges and pre-

pared to march away with them. Jean Goulden was given the flag and a grizzled old blacksmith the drum and they were ordered to lead the way. Poor Jean set his face and started off. The way led by his mother's cottage and Jean, who had bidden her a tearful farewell an hour before, was determined not to cry. But notwithstanding his determination a few tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. He held the flag so that it drooped down over his shoulder and kept him from seeing his mother, who stood in the door of her hut watching her son march away to, as she believed, certain death.

After a week of marching, the conscripts, almost dead from fatigue, were led into a village, and each one was given a cot in a huge room, which had once been a hospital ward for the wounded soldiers of Napoleon.

To Jean it seemed as if he had hardly fallen asleep when a bugle sounded outside and he was ordered to get up. He was given a rough suit which looked as if it had once been a uniform, but had been so patched that it was hardly recognizable. The men, conscripts from all parts of France, were given similar uniforms and guns. Then all were ordered to go into the yard before the barracks, where they were martialled into line and ordered to march.

They had not marched more than two hours when they came to the trenches where the French were making a stand against the Germans. Here Jean for the first time saw the hated Napoleon.

The conscripts were marched into the trenches and allowed to sit down and eat the loaves of soggy bread which had been given them for breakfast.

They had scarcely finished their scanty meal when the order to form ranks was given. Jean seized his flag and at the head of his company marched out of the trench. The many companies of conscripts were placed in front as Na-

napoleon knew that he could better afford to lose many conscripts than a few veterans. The Germans, lined up in a solid mass, stood quietly, awaiting the onslaught, and the French advanced rapidly, yelling all the while. When they were within two hundred yards of the Germans, the French were ordered to charge. Jean grasped his flag firmly and rushed forward, followed by the whole company.

Napoleon had dismounted and was leading the charge at the head of Jean's company. In a second more the shock came and French and Germans were fighting over the bodies of their comrades. Jean was standing beside Napoleon waving his flag when suddenly Napoleon, just as he struck at a huge German, slipped and fell. The German was upon him. But Jean, hardly knowing what he did, lowered his flag and gave the German a terrible thrust in the chest. Napoleon sprang up, and before the German could recover his balance, was at him again with a deadly thrust.

The armies fought on; but finally the Germans began to retreat and Napoleon, not wishing to lose any more men, marched his army back to the village, where they had spent the night before.

Late in the evening an Aide came in and called, "Jean Golden is wanted at headquarters."

Jean arose sleepily and followed the Aide, leaving the soldiers to guess what was wanted with that "little brat."

"Jean Goulden," said Napoleon to the frightened boy, "You have rendered France and Napoleon a service today. Can I do anything to requite it?"

"Sire, I only ask to be allowed to follow you all my life," answered Jean.

"And that you shall do, my boy," said the Emperor. "But God help you when the sun begins to set," he added, huskily.

—A. E. Coleman, '13.

## Saved



LD FRANCOIS sat looking absently at the great golden square of sunshine on the floor. He was making a shoe, but the work went on slowly for his mind was far away. He saw his son captured by the stern Germans. He saw him as he was taken by surprise and as he struggled and finally freeing himself, made off toward the boundary, only to be taken and brought back. He felt the cold dampness of his son's prison cell and passed with him the weary night of restless walking to and fro. He was probably now preparing for his death. In a few more hours his son, who had just begun to make a name for himself and to rise to prominence in the army, and who had grown up to be the staff and prop of his old father's last years, would dangle lifeless from a tree. He thought of the little worn Testament that he always carried in his pocket, thrown away, uncared for. He knew that the last thought in his son's mind would be of his aged father.

But what is that sound? It is like the rumble of thunder. It draws nearer and the clatter of horses hoofs is distinguishable. He looks out of the window for several minutes. Suddenly there is a gleam of blue which is soon hidden by the trees. In an instant the blue speck is again visible. Immediately old Francois remembers another blue speck he once watched, the retiring figure of his son. What does that cloud mean? He watched attentively and sees a German helmet or two gleam in the sun. He understands now. A son of France is trying to escape. Somebody's boy has a chance of freedom. Oh, that such a chance had been given his own son! The cloud of dust is gaining on the blue speck. Suddenly Francois had a thought. He will do something to save some one from the anguish of a bereaved father. He

rushes to the toll gate. The figure in blue comes ever nearer and close behind him the Germans. Quick, the Germans gain time! They are almost on the French soldier, as he dashes past the toll house, but the old man rushes across the road closing the gate just as the Germans came up.

Several hours later when the aged Francois awoke to consciousness, it was to find that he had saved his own son.

—Blanche Buxton, '13.

---

### Teddy.

Who bolted from his party's bounds  
 With banner torn and loose,  
 And with songs of praise, aloft did raise  
 The emblem of the Moose?  
 Whose voice is known throughout the land,  
 Whose grin is known far and wide?  
 Whose nerve do we admire as much  
 As we do his abounding pride?  
 Why, Teddy's.

Who rode around the country wide  
 And spoke in every town,  
 With words galore—and then some more?  
 Said he wished to wear no crown?  
 Who raved about the tariff laws  
 And the sinnings of the trust?  
 Who said he would mend all these things?  
 Or swell clean up and "bust"?  
 Why, Teddy.

—Wilson B. Dalton, '13.

# The Black and Gold

Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the  
Winston City High School.

Subscription Price.....Fifty Cents the Year.

## Editorial Staff.

Editor in Chief.....William Wright, '13.  
Associate Editor .....Blanche Buxton, '13.

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Locals.....Emily Vaughn, '15, A. J. Fox, '14.  
Personals.....Marguerite Pierce, '15, Gregory Graham, '14.  
Exchanges. Louise Crute, '13, Callie Lewis, '14, Walter Crews, '14,  
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**Assistant Managers.**  
Francis Coleman, '13., Ralph Stockton, '14.

For Advertising Rates, address the Managers.

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## Editorial

"A girl, who with her mother now plies some light female task." This was our grandmother's sphere of life. Her world was bounded by the four walks of the home. She was educated in the home, having been drilled in the domestic science from childhood. She lived in the home, busying herself with its problems. But outside of her limited kingdom, she was an absolute stranger. This mode of life was more in accordance with the pleasure-loving age of half a century ago than with the busy world today. In that day times were not as strenuous and the world did not require as much of its inhabitants. In the South the internal upheaval of the Civil War did much to bring about a change

in women's condition. The poverty and death of the men caused by this war made it necessary in many instances for the woman to quit her quiet life and become a bread-winner. As a result of her ability she is admitted to many spheres from which she was excluded. The American woman of today is prepared to take her place in the home or, if need be, to make her living in the business world.

—B.

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“Injun run mighty fast enough, Injun not start soon enough,” so said an Indian spectator in speaking of a race he had just witnessed between an Indian and a white man. Many pupils in school are like the Indian in the race. They loiter along with their work during the first half of the school year, barely skimming through their lesson, neglecting entirely that one. After it is too late they awake to the realization of the fact that they have no chance whatever, or at least only a slight one of passing the year's work. Fellow students, may none of us find ourselves in this predicament at the close of the first half of the school year. Perchance you haven't made the best of a start. Don't give up. Start right away to better your chance, and keeping this up, in the end you'll have ten chances to one of winning. Remember that in the race between the tortoise and the hare, the tortoise won by steadily sticking to it from the beginning to the end of the race.

—W.

---

“Yesterday is dead, forget it.” The way to get the most out of a day is to employ yourself with the problems of that day alone, letting neither yesterday nor tomorrow distract your attention. If the duties at hand are performed in the best possible way no room is left for thoughts of anything else. It often happens that in bewailing yesterday's

misfortunes the opportunity of repairing those misfortunes at the present time is lost. In school life this quotation is especially applicable: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

—B.

---

"Opportunity never knocks at a man's door but once." Winston-Salem offers fine advantages to her boys and girls in the way of schools. She is paying out two hundred and fifty dollars every day of the school year for the maintenance of her schools. She is giving her boys and girls an opportunity to make something of themselves in life. The boy with an education will be the man in the future who will give orders instead of taking them. The girl with an education will be the maker of a refined and cultured home. Every boy and girl in Winston-Salem should make use of his or her educational advantages. They are offered absolutely free. All that is asked is that you use them to the best of your ability.

—W.

---

### The Society Child's Lament.

Mother has gone to Reno,  
 Father lives at the club;  
 Sister is over in Europe  
 Hunting a titled dub.

I'm left alone with the servants;  
 I sit here and wonder all day  
 If I am Father's or Mother's—  
 Kind Judge, won't you hurry and say?

—Puck.

## Locals

The Board of Trade has inaugurated a Juvenile Club. This is for boys from the ages of twelve to eighteen and members of the High School. The applicants are required to take the Athenian oath.

The first person to join was Gregory Nowell Graham of the Tenth Grade.

---

On Friday, September the thirteenth, the boys of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades of the High School met and reorganized the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society. The following officers were elected: Fred Hutchings, President; Wilson Dalton, Vice-President; Raymond Dean, Secretary; Orpheus Wright, Treasurer and Raymond Maxwell, Marshal. The Executive Committee is: William Wright, Chairman; Ralph Stockton, Secretary; Francis Coleman; James Haskins and A. J. Fox. Several interesting meetings have been held.

---

There are several changes in the faculty of the High School this year. Miss Smith, of Hollins, Va., a graduate of Randolph-Macon, is teaching French and German. Mr. P. L. Wright of Trenton, S. C., a graduate of the Trenton High School and the University of South Carolina, is teaching Mathematics. Mr. J. W. Moore, of Taylorsville, N. C., a graduate of Taylorsville Collegiate Institute and Davidson College, is teaching Science. During the sessions 1910 and 1911-1912 he was assistant in Physics at Davidson College. Miss Courtney, a graduate of Davenport College and Randolph-Macon, is teaching English and Penmanship. Mr. Hodges, secretary of the Board of Trade, a graduate of Cornell, has consented to give the eleventh grade a course in Civics.

The Charles D. McIver Literary Society met Friday, September 20, for the first time this session to elect the officers for the year. Officers as follow were elected:

President, Louise Crute; First Vice-President, Ruth Anderson; Second Vice-President, Mary Efrid; Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Wilson; Critic, Emily Gray; Correc-tor, Kate Davis.

Executive Committee: Louise Crute, Alice Wilson, Blanche Buxton, Irma Teague and Mary Cash.

Program Committee: Blanche Buxton, Eula Wall, Elizabeth Conrad, Vivian Edmonds, Mary Cash, Evelyn Shipley and Ila Howard.

The society met Friday, September 27, for its first regu-lar meeting. There was an interesting debate on Woman Suffrage. The affirmatives were Callie Lewis and Grace Foltz, the negatives, Marguerite Pierce and Mamie Whal-ing. The vote of the judges was unanimous for the negative.

The society met Friday, October 4. The subject for the afternoon was Alfred Lord Tennyson. Several inter-esting pieces and a sketch of his life were read.

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### Chapel Talks.

Since school opened we have had some very interesting and instructive talks by Rev. Mr. Lee, Rev. Mr. Gillipsie and Mr. Latham.

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### Mr. Longhurst and the Orchestra.

The school is very fortunate to have Mr. Longhurst, the pianist and organist of the Episcopal Church, to direct

and instruct the singing. The singing has improved very much since he took it under his direction. We also have a fine orchestra composed of about eighteen pieces. With Mr. Longhurst and this large orchestra we should do fine singing.

---

### **Black and Gold Day.**

On October 17, 1912, Black and Gold Day was celebrated in a concerted effort to increase the interest of the student body in their own enterprise and also to get the outside world in touch with us. On the morning of the seventeenth the Principal announced the subscription list to be only 135. At the close of the day it had been increased through the efforts of the students to considerably more than three hundred.

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### **A Dream.**

Last night I had a remarkable dream about Esther.

I dreamed that Esther died and went to Heaven. At the gate she met St. Peter, who pointed to a large rock upon which he told her to write every sin she had committed. Esther picked up the chalk and began to write.

The next night I dreamed that I died. On my way to heaven I met Esther, who said she had been writing all day. When I asked her where she was going, she replied:

“Back to earth, after some more chalk.”

—Vivian Edmunds, '15.

## Personals

Out of the last year's graduating class of fifteen, eleven, or seventy three and one-third per cent. of that number, are in colleges this year.

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Robert Vaughn, William Pell and Moses Shapiro, graduates of '12 are attending school at University of North Carolina.

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Misses Sudie Byerly, Mary Grogan, Mary Horton, Ernestine Lott, Sudie Self, May Norman and Mamie Wall, former students of the High School, are now in Salem Female Academy.

---

Mr. Linville Martin, '12, has a position with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

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Mr. David Crawford, formerly of Winston High School, is holding a responsible position in Thompson's Drug Store.

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Mr. Paul Sprinkle, one of last year's graduates, is at Wake Forest this year.

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Miss Edna Wilson, a post graduate of the High School has become quite a successful writer. Besides having written short stories for magazines, she has also contributed poems. In the May number of The Woman's Magazine, her poem entitled "Mary O' Dreams" appeared. She wrote another called "And You" for the September copy of McCall's.

Mr. Henry Conrad, '08, graduated with honor last year from Wake Forest and is there this year taking the Medical Course.

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We are pleased to know that many graduates of the Winston High School are not satisfied with what they learn here but pursue their studies in the State Colleges; and even in the large Universities of the North. Among these are: William Coan, Harvard; Robert Hanes, Harvard; John Hanes, Yale and Richard Stockton, Columbia.

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John Labberton is teaching electrical engineering at Chapel Hill.

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Jeff and Kelly King are buying tobacco on the local market.

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Ashton Hill, Carl Ogburn, Ralph Ogburn, Watt Martin and Ralph Hanes are at Woodbury Forest Institute at Orange, Va.

---

Charles Farrell, 1908 is at Wake Forest.

---

Hugh Cuthrell, '10, our famous athlete, is making a fine record at Wake Forest.

---

William Conrad, '10 is at Wake Forest.

---

“Willie,” said the mother sorrowful, “every time you are naughty I get another gray hair.”

“Gee!” said Willie; “you must have been a terror. Look at Grandpa.”—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Exchanges and Reviews

Owing to the small number of magazines received at the time of going to press it will be impossible for us to include in this issue the Exchange and Review Department.

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### Not That Kind of Switch.

The country boy's parents had just moved to the city and arrangements were being made for him to attend the city school. One day he saw electricians at work there.

"What are those fellows doing?" he asked his father.

"Putting in an electric switch," was the answer.

"Well, I quit right here," said the boy. "I won't stand for any school where they do the licking by electricity."—Exchange.

---

Instructor of class in Physiology—"What do you know concerning sebaceous follicles?"

Boy at foot of class (making a wild guess)—"Sebaceous Follicles is the name of the senator from the State of Wisconsin."

---

Mrs. Fidget—"What's that noise I hear down in the library?"

Mr. Fidgett—"Must be the history repeating itself. Go to sleep."—Exchange.

## Athletics

The Athletic Association of the Winston High School was organized early this fall with a brighter prospect than ever before. A large number of boys joined, and there has seemed to be more "school spirit" this year than has ever been shown previously. Fred Hutchings was elected President of the Association; Wilson Dalton, Treasurer; William Wright, Secretary; Edward Crosland, Manager of the baseball team and Mr. Wright, a member of the faculty, consented to coach the team.

A great deal of interest was manifested in the ball team, and all who wished—about 45 in number—were given try-outs. The squad was cut down to 25 in a few days, and, out of that number, two teams were picked, which played each other every afternoon for practice until the first team was chosen. The players selected were: Spear, catcher; Fogleman, pitcher; Jones, first base; Gray, second base; Dean, short-stop; Pinkston, third base; Henry, right field; Maxwell, center field; Roddick, left field, and Morris, Pollard, Graham and Cash, substitutes. Spear was elected captain by the players.

Two games have been played, both with Tinsley Military Institute. The High School won both by the score of 8 to 3 and 6 to 1, respectively. Hancock and Follerman were the opposing twirlers in each contest. Both were very effective, but the Military boys were a little outclassed.



---

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*(Chorus)*

Dear Winston, and old Salem, too,  
My heart is longing still for you;  
I've looked around all o'er the land  
And found you were at my command  
My Winston, dear, I do love you  
And ways that win in Salem, too.

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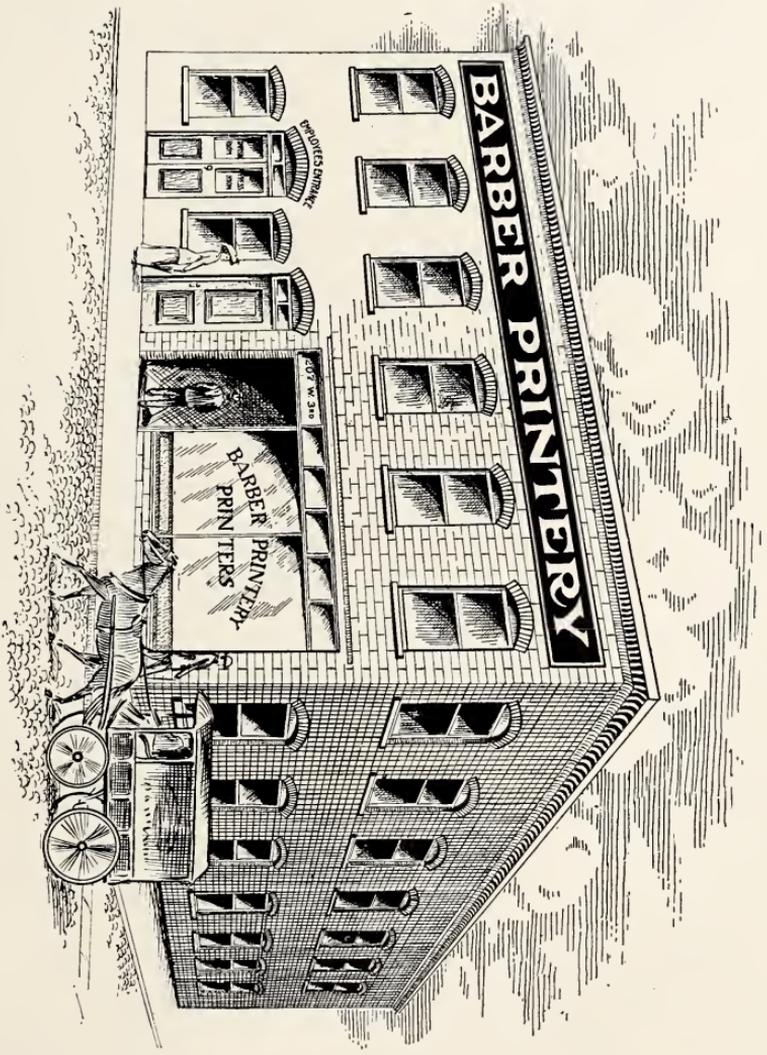
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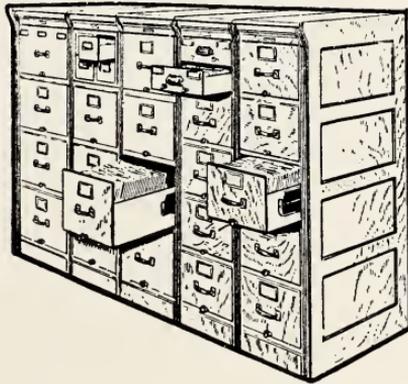


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# PIANO WISDOM

It is not wise to buy a piano because it is cheap. Buy as cheaply as possible, but don't expect to get a really good instrument without paying its price.

Unless you really know the value of a piano, and few people do, it is not wise to buy because you are told that you are getting a great bargain—a \$500 piano for \$350, or some such miraculous offer.

It is not always wise to take the advice of a music teacher or tuner. You might find out that you paid dearly for the advice that you were supposed to get free. It is not wise to expect something for nothing. You might get picked up.

It is not wise to buy from firms who price their pianos very high and expect to sell by accepting an "offer" from you. They'll take all they can get.

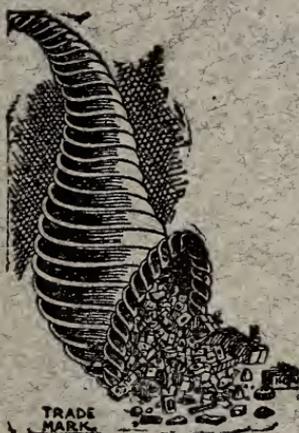
We do not sell \$500 pianos for \$350; we do not misrepresent the grade of a piano; we do not pay anyone a commission to recommend or help us sell our pianos; we do not give something for nothing.

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