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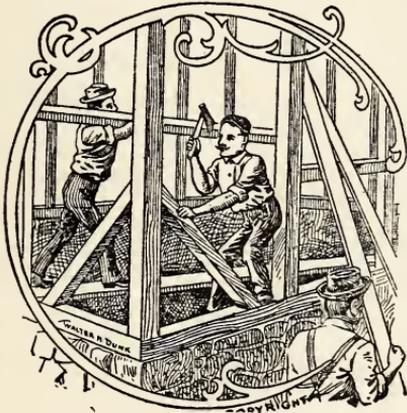
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The Black and Gold

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Christmas Joy

Down from the church on the slope of the hillside,
Floating out over the night,
Comes to the ear of the ones at the fireside
"Joy to the world!" "Hail the Giver of light!"
"Glory to God in the Highest!"
Again sounds that glorious refrain.
Christ is the hope that is nighest.
Shout aloud, "It is Christmas again!"

TOM CUSHING, '18.

A Slide Down the Hill



O, ma'am, dere won't be no Christmas at dis house dis year. You see, Miss Lucy, my ole man, he's been down wid de rheumatiz since March, an' Lillie Lou, she's done gone and married dat no-count nigger Jake; and Rubie's died an' left us two orfun chillun to take keer of, and de times is so hard hit's all I kin do to git bread and 'lasses to go round, less lone buy Christmas presents."

"I wish I could help you, Mandy," Miss Lucy said in her gentle, old-fashioned manner, "but you know father and I are having it pretty hard ourselves just now."

"You shure is, honey," the old servant caught Miss Lucy's hand impulsively in her own. "Jest to think my white folks has to worry 'bout money jest like po'e white trash! But de Lord ain't gwine t' forgit His own, Miss Lucy." Mandy wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"Well, I mus' be gwine," she said more cheerfully. "I hopes de clothes 'ull be all right. I'll be by some time tomorrow to scour out de kitchen for you."

The old woman hurried home. "'Pears like some folkses has all de trouble," she muttered to herself. "Here's Miss Lucy haben to take keer of her father jest like he was a chile, an' de prop'rty about to be lost cause some ole scrap of paper can't be found—de deed, Miss Lucy calls it—but I don't see no sense in a-body a-havin' to move out of a house dey's been borned an' raised in cause dey caint show a ole piece o' paper sayin' it's theirn. 'Pears like a person's word might count for something."

Suddenly she raised her voice.

"Abraham Lincoln George Washington Jones, what is you doin' dar?"

Abraham Lincoln George Washington Jones, commonly known as Abraham or Abe, looked sheepishly at his angry grandmother.

"Nuthin'," he muttered.

"Yes, he is, gran'ma," quickly put in Rosie Bell, his little sister. "He's fixin' fer to snowball you."

Mandy raised her hand threateningly, but with a light spring Abe quickly landed beyond her reach.

"I'se jest a foolin', granny," he cried, a grin on his good-natured face; but Mandy was already hurrying home.

"Lawd-a-massy!" she exclaimed as a minute later she entered her cabin home, "what're you settin' here shivering over no fire for, Sammy? Why didn't you call them no-count younguns to tote in some wood?"

"Dey's havin' sech a good time, Mandy," the old man knocked the ashes out of his cob-pipe as he spoke. "Poor little things," he continued, "the more I think about their havin' no Christmas, de

worse I feels about it."

"Me, too, Sammy," the old woman sighed. "When dey sees de other chillun wid der dolls and things, dey'll shure cry der eyes out."

"Ef de rheumatiz hadn't—"

"Dere, now, don't you worry, honey," Mandy laid her hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder, "we'll manage somehow."

Just then angry cries were heard without.

"You, Abraham!" Mandy called through the broken window, "come in dis very minute."

As Abraham, grinning, entered Mandy's sacred domain, he presented a woeful sight. His much-patched clothes were fast becoming too small, and his trouser legs persisted in remaining below his knees. His shoes, also, showed signs of prolonged wear and his stockings, upon close observation, were seen to be some cast-offs of Mandy's.

Rosie Bell presented rather an amusing appearance, too. Her kinky hair in numerous small plaits stood up like clothes-pins over her head. The soiled, snow-specked red coat she wore (a donation of some of Mandy's patrons) was much too large for her. From beneath the coat protruded a very large pair of some lady's (perhaps Miss Lucy's) thrown-away shoes.

Both children hovered toward the kitchen stove to warm their feet and hands.

"Mammy," said Abe, "let us go slide in d' holler back heah; hain't no fun in d' house."

"Yo-all ain't got no business out in dat snow; sides youse liable t' break yer necks in dat holler."

"Let 'em go an' play," put in Sammy, "tain't gwine t' hurt 'em."

"Well, guan an' git outer my way," exclaimed Mandy, "an' yo-all mine whar yer goes, too," she called as they scampered out of the cabin.

"Git dat boa'd by de wash buck, Rosie Bell," commanded lazy Abe. "I know whar the bestest place am."

A plank secured, the little negroes hurried to the hill back of the house. Below it was indeed a hollow with steep sides and many holes around. A few bare trees and shrubs, now covered with nature's winter blanket, stood here and there.

To the steepest part of this embankment went Abe and Rosie Bell.

"Hain't nobody neber slid heah befoah, but hit's de bestest place 'long here," said Abe.

"Hit's mighty steep," objected his little sister.

"Hit's got to be steep to slide good," scornfully exclaimed Abe. "Come on; git on behine me."

Rosie Bell mounted the plank-sled and with a push they started down the embankment. A plank is a pretty hard sled to guide and Abe began to see he was losing control of it. They were headed for

a large knoll at the bottom of the embankment and stopping that plank was now impossible!

K—bump!

When they opened their eyes the little negroes found themselves huddled together with snow and earth in an opening in the knoll.

"Whar am we?" exclaimed Abe as soon as he could get his breath. "We's done bumped clar into de ground," he said, looking around.

Rosie Bell began to cry.

"Aw, shet up, yer ain't hurt," Abe commanded, rising manfully. He could stand upright in the cave, for such it was. The opening at the entrance, which they had made by the collision, admitted light enough to see the interior dimly.

"Well, what on earth?" whispered Abe, gazing around amazed.

Rosie Bell ceased her crying in her curiosity. There were all kinds of old rusty and queer tools lying around. A profusion of yellow papers and earth-eaten books lay in one corner. In the center of the cave stood a broken stool beside a rude improvised table. The children, now full of curiosity at the sight, began to stealthily search about.

"Dar's a gun!" exclaimed Rosie Bell in an awed tone, pointing to a rifle propped beside the wall, a broken powder horn hanging above it.

"Tain't no 'count," said Abe wonderingly, taking it up.

Rosie Bell began to pick behind the books.

"What's dis?" she asked as she uncovered a small metal box.

Abe came over and picked it up. "It's a little heavy, an' listen," he said, shaking it. A clinking sound came forth.

"Open it," begged Rosie Bell.

"Cain't, it's rusted," replied Abe.

"Grandpa can; let's take it home," she suggested.

Brimming with curiosity the negroes crept out and laboriously climbed the hill and ran to the cabin.

"Look, granny, gran'pap," they cried.

"What's dat air?" exclaimed their grandfather.

Abe held up the little box.

"Whar'd yo-all git dat?" said Mandy.

"In a cave."

Grandpa began prizing at the lid with the butcher knife.

"Whoo-pee!" yelled Abe as the lid came off.

"Tain't nuthin' but papers," said Rosie Bell in a disappointed voice.

"Lawd-a-massy, here's some money," exclaimed Mandy as, searching through the papers, she found an envelope with something jingling in it like silver. "Hit b'longs to somebody, too," she added as she turned the envelope over, "fer here's de written on t'other side. I's gwine take right out to Miss Lucy's an' fine who's

'tis."

* * * * *

"Heaven be praised!" cried Miss Lucy when she saw what Mandy had. "It's the very box father always kept his papers in. Where did you find it?"

But she was too busy searching through the papers to hear what the old negro servant was saying about the cave.

"Thank God!" the tears were streaming down her cheek. "Look, Mandy, here's the deed—the piece of paper I told you we couldn't find. I remember now something about a secret room father used to love to study in. He must have fitted up the cave the children found as his den and then after his stroke forgotten all about it."

"Well," she continued cheerfully, "we'll have a happy Christmas after all, Mandy, and the children shall have the happiest of all," and to the old servant's unbounded delight, she pressed the envelope of change into her hand.

"Take it, Mandy, and buy the prettiest doll you can find for Rosie Bell and a drum and sword for Abe; they deserve a stocking full of good things from Old Santa."

FLORENCE DAVIS, '17.

Pictures in the Fire

It was Christmas Eve. The man sat alone in the great living room of the Club House. The firelight flickered and danced on the rich furniture. Now a log fell and the sudden light showed that the man was well dressed, clean shaven, with hair slightly gray at the temples—a handsome man, but one absorbed in the cares and pleasures of life.

Suddenly the man's face lightens. In the fire he sees an old farm-house. The snow is half-way up to the door, and in the window a lamp is burning. He crushes the note in his hand tighter.

Now the house is gone and in its place a care-worn, wrinkled face appears. The hands are stretched toward him and in the face is unutterable longing.

"Mother! forgive me! forgive me!"

Just then the clock gave one silvery ring. "There's just time," the man said aloud, "to catch the 9:45 train. I'm going home for Christmas."

TESSIE WALLS, '17.

On the Way to Cousin Frank's



ES, ma'am," said the station-master, "Frank Braw lives about a quarter of a mile up the road. You jest keep right on till you hit an old stile and then you git on that stile and find the north, then git down and keep agoin' and the first house is Frank's."

I kept right on till I got to the stile. I sat on the stile and tried to follow the station-master's directions, but I was never so turned in my life. I looked back the way I had come but that didn't help. I took the direction I thought was north and "kept agoin'" until it became so dark I could hardly find my way before me.

My heart bounded when at last I spied a dim flickering light in the pitchy darkness ahead of me. I started running and after turning a curve in the path I found a deep dark wood before me. But still I saw the light. I kept following it until it led me to a broken-down hut with the door invitingly open, and a wood fire flickering on the broad hearth.

A table, before the fire, stood ready set for supper and two chairs drawn around the table made it seem as if the people of the hut would come at any minute.

Still, I looked all around the room and the adjoining room and could find no sign of life. I felt, though, that someone was in the house.

Suddenly there was a slight jar as if some animal had jumped from an elevation, then a low but distinct growl and a harsh voice saying, "Joe, put that dog in the back kennel; he's new and hasn't learned to mind yet."

There was a struggle, a sharp bark and then silence.

Joe and his partner, whoever they might be, locked a door and started to ascend the steps. They seemed to be coming right up to where I sat. Nearer and nearer they came. Then, horrors on horrors! the chair upon which I was sitting was lifted upwards.

"Bill, why in the dickens did you put that table over the trap door? Don't you know I can't lift a table with my head?"

"Table? I put the chair on the door and you know I did. Somebody has been there. Here, let me lift it."

I just did have time to slip out of the chair and tip softly into the darkest corner of the adjoining room when, "You fool," broke upon the deathly stillness, "why in the name of thunder didn't you open that door? There wasn't anything there but the chair."

Snarling and quarreling they came up through the trap door. Meanwhile I was making several important discoveries under cover of their noise. The room I was in was pitch black and I was in the very darkest corner. There was a crack in the wall large enough to get my hand through.

"Go, light the lamp, Bill. It's about time for John and Ed to come. I wonder if they got any more sheps today."

The lamp was lighted and I could see everything that was going on in the kennels.

Suddenly a door opened in the left of the wall in the basement and two men came in, dragging a beautiful shepherd dog behind them. They took off a costly collar and locked the dog in a kennel. Then they came upstairs and joined the men who were eating supper.

"Well, Ed, what success?" asked Bill.

"Got that dog of Braw's we have been after so long. Here's the collar, too. It's a beauty and will bring a fine sum."

"Let me see, Bill," said Joe. The collar was passed to him. "Oh! I know a fellow that has a dog named Laddie. He's been wanting a collar like this, too."

Laddie! That was Cousin Frank's prize dog. I listened intently to what they were saying.

"Well, Ed, I'm some sleepy," I heard another voice say. "I'm going to turn in. See you in the morning. Don't let that bonehead Dick go in the basement because he can't lift the trap."

He pushed open the door of the room where I was hiding. I held my breath. Had not Bill and Dick just then drawn him into a drunken quarrel, I should never have been able to feel my way along the wall to another door and slip out to the porch at the back of the shanty.

To my dismay, however, I found that the back porch was perched high on wooden posts. I was up against it now. I had the choice of three things. First, drop from the porch; second, go in and put myself at the mercy of the men; or third, stay there all night and get caught in the morning. I preferred the drop.

It was a higher drop than I had expected. For a moment I lay stunned with the pain of a twisted ankle. Then the picture of the first thing I had noticed as I entered Brawsville flashed in my mind—a placard announcing in flaming letters—

“\$50 REWARD!”

Every word came back in my mind—“\$50 Reward for information leading to the arrest of Black Bill and his gang of dog thieves.”

That drove me on. How that \$50 would swell my Christmas fund! I tried to get up but I fell back against the foundation of the hut with a thud. Every dog in the world seemed to begin barking. *Now* I knew my end was near. Out rushed the four men with a lamp. But what? The foundation gave way and I found myself in a deep dark passage. I crawled along and after awhile I came to a place where I could stand upright. I felt as if I had walked a hundred miles, but I kept on until I came to a place where the tunnel became so low that I had to walk all cooped over. At last, however, I managed to crawl out and found myself in a large

corn field, as I supposed. To the left were some lights. I hurried to them, and who should be on the porch but my friend the station-master and Cousin Frank.

"Cousin Frank! Oh, Cousin Frank!" I came limping up to the porch and both men made a dash to me. I babbled and laughed and almost cried. Finally I remembered.

"Oh, Cousin Frank, Laddie! Laddie!"

"You can see Laddie in the morning, child. It's time for you to go to bed."

"But Laddie's stolen! Black Bill has got him!"

"Laddie stolen? Black Bill? What are you saying, child?"

I hardly knew what I was saying, but somehow I made Cousin Frank understand, and when some days later, he, with the sheriff, succeeded in finding the secret passage to the headquarters of the thieves, he saw to it that I received my share of the fifty dollars reward. And you may be sure I had the time of my life buying Christmas presents that year.

MIRIAM C. VAUGHN, '18.

Happy New Year Bells

Ring, happy bells, and the story tell,
 The story we love to hear so well.
 "Ring out the old, sing in the new,
 Ring out the false, ring in the true."
 From the open country's snow and sleet
 To the city's gay and noisy street
 We hear the beauty of thy chimes,
 And think once more of those gay times
 When the year was young and mem'ry bright,
 And we stood alone in the bright starlight,
 And heard thy happy voices swell
 On the midnight breezes, "All is well."
 And now, once more, the time draws near
 When we shall hear those voices dear.
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 To Nineteen-Sixteen we bid adieu.

NOELL A. HOLLAND, '17.

Students Views

Books A Boy Likes

When a boy is in Grammar School the books that he likes may be about different subjects but they must have plenty of action and a happy ending. The stories that he reads are usually devoted entirely to these two things without regard to logic, grammar, or moral worth.

But on entering High School a boy finds that the stories which he is required to write are faulty in those things because he has copied the style of his favorite authors. It is an easy step then to the loss of the desire to read books which he knows are not correct. He begins to hunt for books which are correctly written and reads those.

While the style of the books changes there is still little change in the character of the story. The books that please him must be deeply interesting. There are a number of different kinds of books which are of this class.

To say that boys like love stories might not be believed but it is a fact. Such books as those written by Bertha M. Clay and Mary J. Holmes are disgusting, but Gene Stratton Porter's books—such as "The Harvester"—are much liked. It may not be the love part that is attractive but probably it is the fine, clear-cut characters and the clean story.

Outdoor stories are fine, too. Some of my favorite authors in this class are Fenimore Cooper and Zane Grey, an ancient and a modern writer. College and school stories, especially of athletics, are almost universally liked. Adventure stories are of varying character, some being disgusting and others good.

Detective and mystery stories are liked by most of the boys I know, but I don't know whether they are generally liked. They are a little bit too exciting for some people but I believe that they are the very thing that a boy's nature demands.

To improve the standard of the books that boys like, the schools will have to adopt a new system. Now they merely read over a few good books and perhaps comment on them. To have success, though, they should get the books that boys read and study them, finding places where they are faulty and where they could be improved upon or by comparing them with some really good books.

BURKE W. FOX, '17.

Boys in the lower grades of the High School like books dealing mainly with adventure. Those that have thrilling action all the way through usually appeal to boys of this class. Boys of this age, too,

enjoy books known as "Boys Books;" in other words those that deal with high-school life, such as "The Rover Boys," "The Motor Boys," "The High School Series," and others of the same nature. All of the mentioned books are good, clean, wholesome books and would be very appropriate for a younger boy to read.

Boys in the upper grades of the High School enjoy books different from those mentioned above. Many like books dealing with college life and athletics. This is very natural, as a boy at this age is beginning to think over the problem, whether he shall go to college or not. Also, books which have their plot as a love story appeal to many boys of this age. John Fox's books are fine examples. Likewise, detective stories are relished by many boys in the upper classes of High School.

ALAN W. WRIGHT, '17.

Christmas Is Here

Hark to the tumult of children shouting!
 Hark to the tinkle and jingle of bells!
 Joy in the face of old Winter they're flouting.
 "Christmas is here." How the merry note swells!
 Out on the hill where the moon's shining brightly,
 Out where the snow and the ice lie most deep,
 There is a scene of young hearts beating lightly
 Where sleds clipping sharply the rhythm doth keep.
 What person though ill, or with age drawing nigh
 Can do else but thrill at the sight?
 The cries strike their hearts from the youths rushing by,
 "Christmas is here again, Christmas tonight!"

—TOM CUSHING, '18.

The Sunset

Let's look at the sunset
 Yellow, pink, and red,
 It seems as if the roses
 Were in one lovely bed.

They cast their light upon the windows,
 They make the sky seem gay,
 They cast their shadows on the meadows,
 To tell when ends the day.

MIRIAM VAUGHN, '18.

Books A Girl Likes

If a book is written especially for a girl, girls take more interest in it than the books of adventure and books of boys school days which are intended for boys. There are books of course which interest both boys and girls, such as "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield" and other of Dickens' books and many others by different authors.

But the most popular authors who wrote especially for girls are: Gene Stratton Porter, who wrote "Freckles," "A Girl of the Limberlost" and others; Eleanor Porter, the author of "Pollyanna" and the "Miss Billy Books!" Louise Alcott, who is especially loved and well known for her "Little Men," "Little Women," "Joe's Boys" and many others that are equally popular; Johnson, the author of "The Little Colonel Books" and others; and some like Augusta Evans, who wrote especially for girls, "St. Elmo" being her best-known book.

All the books that have been mentioned are liked by most girls. They have something in them that appeals to girls, and besides this they are desirable literature for girls on account of the language and the view they give of different modes of life.

LUCILE NICHOLS, '18.

The Boy A Boy Likes

There are some boys who are said to be "sissy". They are the kind who like to hang around the girls all the time, who never take any exercise and are always little weaklings with pale white skin. Boys of this type are far from being the kind liked by the average boy. In fact they are not liked by anyone but a certain class of girls.

There is another class who are sometimes called "rounders" or, in other words, the "wild ones." They are the dissipaters or the cigarette-sucking kind. They think they look manly when they go around puffing on a cigarette, pipe, or a big black cigar. This is another class who do not get the exercise needed. They generally hang out in a pool room or some drug store. It would not surprise you to find them loafing on the streets long past bedtime. One of this type could not possibly be the boy liked by the average boy.

But the boy liked by all is the real live American boy. He is strong, healthy, and has red blood flowing through his veins. He takes an interest in all branches of athletics and stands well in school. He never does anything to weaken his body. His most valuable asset is that he is loyal and courteous at all times.

HOWARD FULTON, '17.

The Boy A Boy Likes

It is almost impossible to find a boy who at some time does not incur the dislike of his associates, and therefore the qualities of which I shall speak as making up the boy the boys like, shall, as I hope my reader understands, be general.

This type of boy should have a sunny disposition, and one that cannot be easily damped, while his ability to laugh at as well as to tell good jokes should under ordinary circumstances be never lacking. But outside of the sunny side of life the boy a boy likes is one who can sympathize with his fellowman in time of trouble and can give encouragement to the downfallen. He is one in whom perfect confidence can be placed and one when your back is turned you can be confident that he will say nothing to hurt your feelings. Also he must be one who does not ignore the lowly in his effort to gain the friendship of the high but must always be the same to everybody and must always be willing to bear their troubles as well as hear their jokes. And then on the athletic field if he is a superior athlete to his fellow-teamsmen he should never dote in showing their weaknesses by his ability but rather he should work for the interest of the team, and after the game is over and the coach has some reproach to bring against the team he should not make the excuse that he did his part and it was not his fault that the others did not do theirs, but rather he should take his portion of the reproach, and he will be respected by his fellowmen.

JAMES CONRAD, '17.

To describe such a boy exactly, or to tell whether a boy, who seemed to have the required traits, would be liked or not, is quite impossible. For, as some psychologist has said, the so-called natural or typical boy is so rare that he is really an oddity, and the boy with peculiarities is, truly speaking, the typical boy. With such unstable material to deal with, who can say what his likes and dislikes will be? However, it is true that there are certain traits that seldom fail to make a boy likable or otherwise.

A boy to be liked by boys in general must have interests in common with the rest. The boy who shows enthusiasm for school affairs is generally popular because he makes the interest of the school body his own interest. On the other hand the boy who selfishly works for his own interest alone and gets all he can out of his companions without ever giving anything in return will soon be disliked and shunned. The boy who carries the attitude of the "know-all" is never liked and is often made the object of derision and sarcasm. There is no other kind of boy that is more contemptible to boys than the "mollycoddle" or "sissy". Many such youths have paid the penalty for this trait in various and sundry ways. The popular boy

is one that allows himself to become one of the majority and one who is enthusiastically in for anything that is started.

JULIAN BUXTON, '17.

The Boy A Girl Likes

Every girl has her different boy friends and her very best girl friend may dislike the very one she likes best.

But generally speaking a girl likes a boy who is careful about his dress and always looks clean and neat. No one likes a boy who does not care how he looks and goes "slouchy" and dirty.

Another thing a girl likes in a boy is his habits. If a boy smokes, chews or drinks most girls won't even consider him in a friendly way. Then, too, a boy who uses profane language will never be liked by a girl. Some boys think it is smart to use such language, but anyone with common sense won't admire it in any boy.

Last, but certainly not least, a boy who has such respect for his mother that he never uses profane language, smokes, chews or drinks will certainly be admired and liked by all the girls.

ELEANOR TAYLOR, '17.

It is easy for a girl to lose her head over a good-looking boy. She may like him at first, but it is not looks that count everything. If a boy is good-looking, but has no manners, is dull or has bad habits, his looks will not carry him far. A girl will not like a "sissy boy". By the expression "sissy boy" I mean one that gets mad every time some one else tries to have a little fun with him; one that is too good even to go to a picture show or who never wants to have any fun of any kind. A girl does not like a boy who thinks he knows more than any one else and always wants to argue. A boy who looks on the bright side of everything and has a pleasant word for every one he knows; who does not find fault with every one and who, instead of always trying to think of something bad to say about a person, has a good word for that person is liked by every one. The kind of a boy a girl likes must be intelligent. He must have nice manners and must not indulge in bad habits. He may be full of fun and ready for a joke, but he must not carry his fun and joking too far.

LOULIE THORNTON, '17.

The Girl A Girl Likes

A girl to be liked by girls does not have to be a beautiful or even a pretty girl. One thing a popular girl has to be and that is: friendly. Not only does she have to be friendly with her own friends but she has to be friendly or kind, which is the same thing, with every one she comes in contact with. No "biggity" girl ever has any true friends. Although a girl must be dignified, she must not be above having a little fun now and then. Rowdy or loud she must not be, for no one likes to hear a girl go along the street talking at the top of her voice. A hearty, wholesome laugh is a thing every girl should have, but no silly giggling is enjoyed by anyone. Above everything else, the kind of girl I like, or any other girl for that matter, must be a true, kind-hearted girl.

JESSIE COFER, '17.

The Girl A Boy Likes

A boy likes the most modest girl in the community in the long run. Although a boy likes to be with a girl, for the time being, that will let him put his arms around her, and talk as slushy as he can to her, but in the long run he does not admire her. He does not admire the girl that goes down town and walks the street with a bag of popcorn in her hand and flirts with every man she sees, but he does like the girl who has pride and self-respect enough not to do these things. Sometimes you can hear a girl tell how many dates she has had with boys that week. A boy would much rather hear her tell how hard she has been studying during that week, even if he hasn't been studying himself. When a girl is just at the age that she can go to dances she thinks she is "it" then. She begins to tell who she is going with, the new dress she is having made and so forth. Of course this is high society and such as most boys like, and also girls, but not the girls that see if they can't dance with every fellow on the floor. The real girl is the girl that doesn't tell everything she knows, that sees that no boy can love her up, as you might call it, and that is modest enough not to go down town alone and walk the streets.

ROBERT MARLER, '19.

The Thing I Like to Do Most

What do you like to do on a rainy day when everything is dull inside and out? Nothing pleases me better than to curl up in a big chair off to myself with a good book and several big apples.

In a minute the rain is forgotten and I am visiting foreign

countries, seeing strange people, and learning new customs, or maybe I am hearing some white-headed grandfather tell of "When I was a boy," or what happened during the war. Sometimes I am in ancient Greece or Rome learning from famous men. At others I am enjoying a pretty love story or the experience of some girls at boarding school.

Perhaps one reason I like to read so well is because my book friends are so real to me. I cry over their misfortunes and laugh at their jokes as though they were living persons having trials and pleasures the same as we.

All of a sudden I am called to supper and, like the bursting of a soap-bubble, I am back to earth again, wishing that rainy afternoons were longer and came more often.

ELIZABETH CUDE, '19.

What I Learned This Summer

It is remarkable how much one can learn in a short length of time under the right influences. What I have learned this summer can only be gotten by practice and experience. I did not climb any big steps in progress, but only many little ones. There are two separate and distinct kinds of training I received, but these two go hand in hand and more so in a business life than elsewhere.

The first of these was practical experience and practice in office work. Two-thirds of my day was generally spent in typewriting, which greatly increased my speed and accuracy. I also became thoroughly familiar with one of the two best typewriters—I knew the other already. If I misspelled a word in a letter my employer would tease me so I would never want to misspell another. I learned that a copy must be made of every letter, and that copy filed, while the original was attached to an envelope, stamped and placed on the manager's desk. I gained much from my employer's dictating to me. He used such fluent English that some of his new words and perfect grammar were imparted to me, so improving my manner of speech and writing. My employer's motto was "THINK." If I made a mistake I was told to Think! I learned to observe by being observed. My employer took notice of every little thing I did. The more new things I thought of, the more little things I thought of doing, and the more suggestions I made, the more he thought of me. All of my suggestions were given consideration by my employer, and perhaps were often of help to him.

The second kind of training I received was the kind that builds character and develops individuality. My employer often talked to his employees on personality and character, and he certainly gave me a wider vision of those traits, I was taught to always be cour-

teous, gracious and willing to all customers. Willing to leave my work to assist them in their smallest request. I learned that quietness and good cheer were invaluable traits; that dignity, a low tone of speaking, and a smile added to personality.

Above all, an employee must be trustworthy to an employer. There is a great difference in working "for a man" and "with a man." To work "with an employer" is to help him by every suggestion you can make, keep him posted as to all papers of date, and to be trusted by him with all business secrets. My employer did not fail to notice everything I did or thought of for improvement, and, though he did not always tell me of it, I realized that he had noticed it and I was as pleased as he was. It certainly means a great deal to accomplish something and have it appreciated; but to be successful means hard work and "thought."

FLORENCE N. DAVIS, '17.

Our Schools Should Have Frequent Fire Drills

The many school fires, and also other fires, bring the question of protection and of prevention against the loss of life and property, in these fires, to our minds more vividly than ever before. One of the best ways to prevent the loss of life in a fire is to have frequent fire drills in our schools. Some of you may say, "It takes up too much time to have them." But I say it does not take up much time; and that the time spent in this way is not wasted, but well spent. I want to convince you that we should have frequent drills in our schools.

My first reason for believing in frequent fire drills is that they teach the children self-control. Now, you may say that you do not see what fire drills have to do with self-control; but I say they have a great deal to do with it. In the drills the children leave hats, books, everything; form in line, and march hurriedly out. They aren't allowed to push or crowd one another. This is one of the main things to guard against, for in a fire many people are pushed down, and in that way meet their death.

Another point in favor of fire drills is that if there should be a fire, more children would be saved. In the drills, the principal of the school tells the children which exit to take; and thus, when a fire breaks out, they know which way to go without having to lose precious time in roaming about. They know how they can get out easiest and quickest, if they have been trained. They do not get so terribly excited. They know that if they keep in order and do as the teachers say, they can be saved quicker than if they lose their nerve and rush wildly about.

If we had more fire drills many fires outside of school-life would

not prove so disastrous in the matter of life. If, when at school, the child is trained by frequent fire drills, it would prove advantageous in later life. The years that a child is in school are the years in which his future life is shaped. These are the years which are never forgotten; and things done then make a lasting impression on the mind. If the school boy or girl is taught not to push and crowd one another when they have fire drills, they will not push or crowd if they should ever happen to be in a fire in later life. It follows that more lives would be saved than otherwise. Therefore, I say, we should have frequent fire drills in our schools.

LOUISE WILKINSON, '17.

Why I Chose Domestic Science

About the first of September when we were called back to school I had to decide whether I would take plane geometry or domestic science. I wanted to put in both but of course this was impossible.

I had thought about the subject all summer. The geometry would give me mind training, which is very important and which I want so badly. But then a girl should know how to cook and sew, because she will be most likely to have to do it or superintend it done.

During the summer I read several articles on domestic science by great men. I read that Senator Smoot is a strong believer in the cooking and sewing departments of the school. He said that if he had a dozen daughters and were able to give each of them one million dollars the day of her marriage, he would still want each one to know how to cook, make her own clothes, and, in fact, be a superior housekeeper.

Another writer whom I consulted said that tens of thousands of homes are ruined by helpless and ignorant housekeepers, and the American garbage can is the fattest in the world.

I would like to be an ideal housekeeper. A housekeeper needs to be able to think clearly. After thinking over the matter, I decided that nine months of geometry would not be of more value to me than a year spent in the school kitchen. So I went back the next morning, with my apron, prepared to begin domestic science.

RUTH ROEDIGER, '16.

True Stories of Old Times

My Aunt Rosaie's Experience

My great-aunt knows just lots of stories about what happened during the Civil War, and oftentimes we children gather 'round her begging for stories. Our favorite one is this:

Aunt Rosalie had a large plantation just a few miles out from Atlanta, and of course when Sherman passed through Atlanta he passed my aunt's plantation.

The news of Sherman's arrival in Atlanta filled every one on the plantation with terror. The few remaining slaves fled into the woods, leaving my aunt and her ten-year-old son, Robert, by themselves in the house. Now Aunt Rosalie is very cool and brave, so instead of running she got all the family silver and jewels together, wrapped them up in linen and oilcloth and buried them in the garden. Then she and Robert got all the supplies they could take and carried them out into the yard to a large pit, which was so surrounded by small shrubs that it could not be easily found by anyone who was not familiar with the place. They placed the supplies on the ground and climbed down into the pit, then they waited, straining their ears to catch the least sound.

Soon they heard a "tramp, tramp, tramp," and they knew that the soldiers had come. Men were shouting to each other. They heard the leader say to the men, "This place seems to be deserted. However, we will see if there are any supplies and then we will burn the house."

This they did and then with a great fuss and confusion departed.

Aunt Rosalie and Robert then came out of the pit; the house was a mass of flames, the grass and shrubs were all trampled and mashed.

Fortunately the weather was clear, so Aunt Rosalie and Robert stayed on the desolate plantation for about three days, and during that time they had to live in the open as there were no houses left standing for miles around, and the few supplies they had were all that kept them from starvation. As soon as passes through the Confederate lines could be procured they went to Augusta and stayed until the war was over.

LOIS CARTER, '18.

Grandma And The Yankees

When the Civil War broke out, grandfather was called to arms,

Grandmother, her little boy, Jim, and her mother and father were left at home. Many times the Yankees would come to her home and call for food, and grandmother never dared to refuse it if she had it, because she was afraid. So one day a Yankee came to her house and stopped.

"Have you any chickens?" asked the Yankee.

"Yes," answered grandmother.

"Will you give me one?" asked the Yankee.

"Go catch it and kill it," said grandmother, because she knew better than to refuse it.

He went and caught and killed the chicken and brought it to grandmother.

"Will you cook the chicken and bake me some bread?" asked he.

"Yes," grandmother replied.

Grandmother dressed and cooked the chicken and baked him some bread. When he had gotten his bread and chicken he handed grandmother fifty cents to pay for the kindness she had shown him.

CORINNA CHATMAN, '18.

The Yankees Are Coming!

My grandmother, although a Southern lady, was the widow of a New Englander. When the Civil War broke out she was living in Wilmington. Thinking that her family was in danger there, she, with her ten children, went to Rockingham County to live. Here she was right in the midst of the struggle.

One day a great commotion was heard and the children came running in crying, "Oh! the Yankees are coming, the Yankees are coming!" Sure enough, here they came, riding on horseback, with banners flying and drums beating.

The poor lady, frightened almost to death, put the children under a large four-posted bed. Two of the boys had been bringing in a large bag of rice; this they put under the bed also.

When the Yankees got to the house they straightway entered, ransacking as they went. All the valuable old silver was taken and the chairs thrown out of the window. As they had no earthly use for the china they smashed it up and took the beautiful china cups, running strings through the handles, tied them around the horses' necks. They also took all the food supplies and jewels. This didn't even satisfy them, for two of them seized the pet dog and stuck spikes through it and left him hanging on the fence to die.

After the Yankees had gone, leaving their marks on everything, the children crept cautiously from under the bed. As the bag of rice was the only thing left they went on mighty short rations.

My father, who was the youngest child, says he can remember

standing out on the ice, barefooted, and watch the skaters as they went by. He also remembers picking up corn from under the horses' trough and taking it home to eat.

By this instance I do not mean that all the Yankees were so cruel. But it did seem hard for them to treat the widow of a Northerner so—even if she was a Southern lady.

LUCY JEWETT, '18.

One Night's Work

It was during the Civil War. Food was scarce for the soldiers and a good many were nearly starved; at any rate the crowd my grandfather was with had not had anything to eat for nearly a week. This certain crowd of soldiers were hiding at this time in some woods, near a farmer's house. The man who owned the land came down to the meadow one evening with some laborers, and said, "Men, tomorrow come down to the meadow and mow my grass."

"Now is our chance," said the hungry soldiers.

After dark the soldiers started to work cutting grass and before daybreak the meadow had all been mown. In the morning when the old man came with the laborers to the meadow, to his surprise he saw what had been done and he thought it must have been the soldiers, for he knew they were hiding on his property. He gave a low familiar call and the soldiers came out and the old man said, "Boys, I know that you did the mowing and I also know that you are hungry. Come up to the house and help yourselves."

Always after this time when the soldiers were passing by this plantation they knew where the old man kept his food, for he told them that whenever they were hungry to come to the dining-room window and they would find the window open with the table close by filled with food. They never went hungry when near this place, for they had made a true friend by one night's work.

MAY MILLER, '18.

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Editorial

The Glad Spirit

Do you love Christmas? What do you love it for? For the love friends show you at that season, or the form which that love takes—the gifts? Do you think only of what to give and what you are to get? Or do you think, "I love her, I shall remember her"?

Oh! at Christmas be glad! Glad because of the First Christmas that now makes us all rejoice. To make this a happy season: mingle

with the people on the streets. Watch their smiles and the gladness in their faces and let that light be reflected in yours. Sit around the fire at home and watch the happiness of the little ones; join in their play. See the light on mother's face, and note the happy surprise on the face of someone at an unexpected gift. Attend a Christmas service and hear again of that First Christmas. Hear the glad anthems of the choir as they sing again, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Give gifts of love, not of form and for return. Send some of your joy to one less happy. This, my friend, is the true Christmas spirit, and if you do this you will have the real Christmas joy.

D.

Athletics in High School

It seems to some people that athletics has too important a place in school life. We do not believe this and think that there are good reasons why we should not. The school is the place where people go for an education, and an education does not consist only of training the mind. To be well balanced one must be educated mentally, morally and physically. The fact that the school should educate in all three branches is being accepted more and more each day. The old-style curriculum affords the necessary mental training but there is the need of something else to educate morally and physically. Athletics does this.

By indulging in athletics a strong, healthy body is built up. This satisfies the need for something which gives physical training, and if that were all it would deserve an important place in the school life. But it plays an important part in character building also. Athletics gives energy, decision, and promptness to the will. It also brings out a boy's individuality, while at the same time it develops a spirit of coöperation. It gives courage and confidence, it tends to simplify the life and habits, and it gives something to a boy to center his interests in, which if left to stray would probably get him into something which would do him more harm than good. Consequently we believe that since it satisfies two sides of education it deserves an even more important part in school life than it now enjoys.

F.

An Hour in the Print Shop



E rush into the print shop door eager to get to work. Most of the boys pull off their coats and roll up their sleeves. This makes them look like real workers. "Walker," said Mr. Falls, "you and Wanchese go over to Barber's and get that eggshell paper."

Of course we had never heard of this before but the name satisfied me so I went on my way rejoicing. Walker, however, looked wise and not at all pleased.

"What is the matter, Walker?" asked I.

"Have you ever carried any eggshell paper?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing, you will find out," he said.

Well, we reached Barber's and went upstairs. Here we were told to gather up an armful of eggshell paper. Walker picked up a small armful.

"Why don't you take some more?" asked I. "Can't you lift it?"

He did not say anything but I saw that he looked tickled. I stooped down and picked up a large armful of paper. The word "eggshell" paper would lead you to believe that the paper is light. I came to the conclusion that eggshell paper was light (before I had lifted it) by the following reasoning: eggshells are light, therefore eggshell paper is light. But my, how I was disappointed. There was certainly no comparison between the weight of eggshells and that paper. However, the quality was probably the same. At last I managed to reach the shop after much discomfort from the weight and also Walker's derision.

My next task, however, more than made up for the discomfort I had suffered. I was told to feed the small printing press. This is an easy job but one which takes practice. The machine is run by a foot pedal. It was very hard for me to learn to use my hand to feed the press and my foot at the same time. In fact I used both hands and one foot most of the time. It kept me very busy stopping and starting it.

Let us now go back to the other boys who have been working so diligently. Thomas Sumner is just about the laziest boy I ever saw. Mr. Falls, although he is very patient with us all, continually urges us onward. Sam Evans seems to be very careless and clumsy as he drops a whole stick of type on the floor. Similar accidents have happened to all of us. There is an old saying that experience is obtained by one's failures. This saying has certainly been proved true in the print shop.

Our next task seemed very simple. We began to fold the paper, "Winston-Salem News," which is edited by the Printing Department. We started folding very rapidly, but soon our hands became sore from creasing the paper. At this juncture the bell

rang and we had to stop work. With the exception of Tom Sumner, we left feeling that we have had a good time besides the good we have gotten out of it.

WANCHESE TRIVETTE, '17.

The Moonbeams

The moonbeams shone through the shadows,
In numberless silvery threads,
On the flowers in the meadows,
As nodding their little heads
They sank to rest so sweetly
On the soft warm earth, their bed.

The moonbeams shone through a window
Of the great house on the hill,
Where a child lay sleeping sweetly;
For her thoughts were in dreamland still.
Thus the moonbeams sped on their silent way,
Bright'ning the night 'til the dawn of the day.
ABIGAIL ROAN, '18.

An Hour in the School Kitchen



HE bell rang for study and twenty girls of the Junior Class hurried downstairs to the Domestic Science Department. In the sewing room there was quite a little commotion while everyone was hunting for her apron and getting ready. Frequent bitter remarks were heard addressed to some unknown persons who were supposed to have "hooked", "cribbed" or "borrowed" aprons and other personal property. Finally we are all ready and we go into the kitchen very quietly, for Miss Hunter dislikes noise very much.

We take our seats and wait for Miss Hunter to call the roll. Then the lesson begins. We have been studying about eggs and their combination with milk. We know that milk is the most perfect food we have, because it contains all the five food principles.

Milk makes a perfect food for babies and small children, and when combined with egg, which also contains all the food principles, makes a very splendid food, especially for building up and strengthening the body.

We had a little review of some of these things this morning, and when Miss Hunter asked what the white of an egg was composed of, Lucile Morris informed her that among other things it contained a great deal of aluminum. She saw her mistake, however, when an aluminum kettle was held up for her to see. She probably realized that she meant to say albumen.

A few more review questions we are given a recipe to make "Prune Whip". We have already learned to make very delicious custard, omelet, and other combinations of eggs and milk.

In Prune Whip, milk is not used, but prunes have a very high food value, so this makes a very wholesome as well as delicious dessert.

As soon as we finished taking the recipe we began work. We work in groups of two, which is very convenient when something goes wrong and we want someone to pack it on, but as a general rule we are a very peaceable set of cooks. We work rapidly and systematically. Soon the sound of twenty egg-beaters was heard. If anyone had entered the room just then they might have thought they were entering a machine shop, judging by the noise.

It was not long until we had finished making the dessert. Then we poured it into molds and put them in a pan of cold water to get firm. Then came the part which we all dislike most, "washing up". We washed all the cooking utensils which we had used, and cleaned off our desks. Then two of our most industrious cooks, Vera and Florence, set the table, while I assisted by putting a glass of water at each place. While doing this I collided with someone and spilled water all over my freshly-laundered apron.

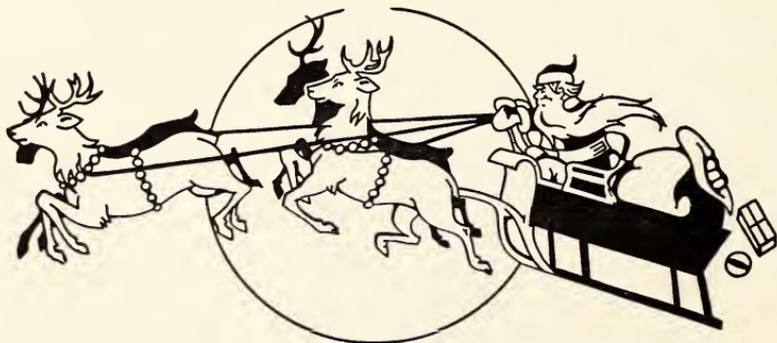
When we finally got all the work finished and had taken our

seats, Miss Hunter selected twelve of the nicest-looking molds of dessert for the teachers' lunch, and we each get one for ourselves. We are fully convinced that we are perfectly splendid cooks when we get a sample of whatever we have cooked.

By the time we had finished eating our dessert the bell rang for recess. Some of us stayed behind to help Ola, our faithful cook, get the dinner on the table and lunch counters, while the others hurried away, glad that one more lesson had been learned.

Twice every week these things happen, with variations, of course, for we learn to make something new every lesson; besides, we study about different kinds of food, their source, and how best to prepare them; learn which foods to combine for the greatest food value, how to cook and buy economically, to work rapidly and systematically, and all other things which every good cook or housekeeper should know.

ALICE BUTNER, '17.



Personal Attention

Eleanor Schofield, who was a student of our High School last year, is living at Salem, Virginia, and is attending school there.

* * *

Barnette Douglas and Charles Norfleet are attending school at Woodberry Forest this year.

* * *

Marguerite Pierce has charge of the lunch counter at West End.

* * *

William Wright, a former graduate of the High School, is the manager of the "Walk-Over Boot Shop."

* * *

Ruth Anderson of the Class of '13 is a Junior at Agnes Scott College.

* * *

Mary Horton, a member of the Class of '12 and editor-in-chief of THE BLACK AND GOLD for that year, is now Mrs. Andrew Gregory and makes her home in Lancaster, S. C.

* * *

Callie Lewis, '13, has made a remarkable record. Since leaving the High School in '13 she made three years' work in two at Guilford College and graduates at the State University this year.

* * *

Elizabeth Bailey, a member of last year's ninth grade, is attending Greensboro College for Women.

* * *

A. J. Fox, '13, is now in the engineering department at R. J. Reynolds'.

* * *

James Mallard holds a position with Mock-Bagby-Stockton Co.

* * *

Lee Kiger is employed with the Maline Mills.

* * *

Paul Crist holds a position in one of Winston-Salem's new concerns, the Double Tread Tire Co.

* * *

Curtis Vogler writes that he is a teacher as well as a student. He teaches a Sunday school class about four and a half miles from Chapel Hill and has not missed a Sunday this fall. If this is the case, he has walked seventy-two miles this fall to and from Sunday school.

* * *

Duclos Wolff, of the Class of '17, is attending A. & M. at Raleigh.

Charles Knott, a former student of W.-S. H. S., is at the Oak Ridge Institute this year.

* * *

Ethel Moser, a last year's student of the High School, has accepted a position in Dr. Lawrence's office.

* * *

Grace Hamilton, a former W.-S. H. S. student, is working at Reynolds'.

* * *

Paul Butner, a former student of the High School, is a Sophomore at V. P. I.

* * *

The alumni of this school are keenly interested in our athletics. The boys at Chapel Hill wrote Professor White a letter saying that they were expecting us to come down in football, basketball and debating. Carl Long and Jacquelin Taylor came from Davidson to see us beat Greensboro. Carl gave us some good advice on line work.

* * *

We are glad to see that Stokes Lott is a contributor to the Davidson College Magazine. While in the High School Stokes showed unusual poetical gifts and he seems to have become more proficient than ever. His poem in the November Davidson Magazine is an exceptionally fine one and we hope to see him succeed further along this line.

* * *

We are unusually fortunate this year in having such a fine staff of business managers. Under their guiding hand **THE BLACK AND GOLD** has been brought from the Land of Dreams to that of actualities. In spite of several unusual handicaps, the prospects for this year in a financial way seem to be better than ever before. On account of the zeal of the managers, instead of having to cut down our magazine we have been able to enlarge it.

Here and There

The Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Section A, has been organized for some time, but the real work of the term has not begun yet, owing to the many holidays in the early part of the year. The work was very much interrupted, but it is now beginning to come down to a steady swing and all members seem to be taking a good deal of interest. In spite of the holidays, two very interesting debates have taken place. They were: "Resolved, That Student Government Should Be Adopted by the High School," and "Resolved, That North Carolina Should Adopt the Policy of Legislative Initiative and Referendum for Her Government." Both of these debates were well argued by the speakers on each side, and we hope this show of interest will create a spirit which will lead us on to a place in the triangular debate at Chapel Hill early next spring.

Just at this time there is a great deal of interest being manifested over the Declamation Contest at Trinity College, which takes place on the last Friday before Thanksgiving. Several members of this Section have been chosen to represent this school and a preliminary will be held soon to decide upon the man to go to Trinity and capture the much-sought-for cup. If the interest that is being manifested is any forerunner of the decision, we are not afraid to say we shall win in the contest.

The boys and girls of the Senior Class shared the honors in a reception given to them by the Juniors on the Friday night preceding Hallowe'en. As this was a masquerade, many fantastic figures were seen moving about the school building in the dim light of jack-o'-lanterns. The whole building had been transformed into a regular abode for witches and goblins. In every corner one saw shining, grinning faces or scary-looking figures.

For half an hour every one had a great deal of fun, trying to keep himself from being recognized but endeavoring to find out who the others were. Following this everyone was given a number. Then those who held certain lucky numbers were called upon the platform and a mock wedding was held. Was there ever a wedding just like that one, with a clown as preacher and a bandit and nun in the bridal party?

Of course everyone visited the fortune teller, who had an inexhaustible supply of fortunes. These caused much merriment and to some a little anxiety, I am afraid.

Later a tempting salad course was served by several members of the Junior Class and the time to go home came all too soon, it seemed. Everyone voted that it was one of the nicest receptions ever given.

Section B of the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society has begun

what is believed will prove the most successful year it has ever had. The programs so far have proved most interesting and, judging from the interest exhibited in the society, everyone wishes for a chance to get on the program. In order to get more people to debate, at every third meeting there will be an extemporaneous debate, at which time anyone who wishes may debate on either side. The interest shown by the new members coming in from the eighth grades of last year is very appreciable and it is hoped that they will continue to take interest in the work of the society.

The Rooters' Club and Athletic Association gave a reception on October 15th at the High School building. This was given in honor of the Greensboro and Winston-Salem football teams. The halls and chapel were tastefully decorated in goldenrod and High School pennants.

Cards were given to everyone to be filled out for progressive conversation. As the entire reception was a leap-year affair, the girls made the dates for the night. After about an hour had been spent in walking, talking or riding, refreshments were served by several of the teachers. All too soon the hands of the clock moved to half-past ten and the reception, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, came to an end.

Section B of the Charles D. McIver Literary Society held its first regular meeting on Friday afternoon, October 27th. The newly-elected officers were installed and then a literary program, which consisted of debates, readings and other interesting numbers, was thoroughly enjoyed. The members of this section look forward with great enthusiasm to the work of the coming year.

For chapel exercises on election day, Mr. Latham delivered a short but most interesting speech to the school. He told us how two of the men who were going to be elected to the highest offices in the State, Hons. T. W. Bickett and J. Y. Joyner, had at one time been teachers in our school, and expressed our ever loyal support to these especially. Great applause was heard when Mr. Latham announced that he had sent an invitation to Hon. T. W. Bickett to deliver the Commencement address to the Seniors of 1917.

Section A of the Charles D. McIver Literary Society has started work in earnest. On Friday, October 27th, we held a very entertaining Hallowe'en program in the chapel. The program committee is busy preparing other interesting programs for the meetings of the future. With the interest and enthusiasm which has been aroused by the division of the society, and the spirit of rivalry which exists between the two, we believe that the future prospects of our society far surpass those of the past.

We had decided to include in our magazine this year a department of news of the other High Schools of this county. Requests were sent to the various High Schools to remit their news but so far only one school has responded. Bethania High School sends the following notes:

"The enrollment of the school at present is 99, a number which exceeds that of any previous year.

"Great interest is being manifested by the boys and girls, and the teachers are sparing themselves not at all in their efforts to serve them.

"On Thursday morning, October 26, Dr. E. F. Strickland delivered a lecture on diseases and their preventives, which was highly appreciated by the entire student-body."

This year several prizes have been offered in the High School for the best "Health Playettes" written by the pupils; and one prize of two dollars and a half especially to the Eighth Grades. Much interest is being taken by the members of the classes and it is expected that there will be quite a few really good playettes entered.

The Literary Societies of the Eighth Grades are accomplishing more this year than ever before. The work done in debate is especially worthy of notice. The boys under capable management are learning to speak without manuscript and next year's Wiley Literary Society will have some good debaters from the present Eighth Grade.

Making jokes is hard work. To help THE BLACK AND GOLD Staff in this department of editorial work, our Editor-in-Chief has placed a Contribution Box in a conspicuous place in the hall so that any one who hears a funny thing in class or on the playground may write it up and drop it in for publication. Every item contributed must be signed with the contributor's name. Great interest is being taken in the Contribution Box and we take this opportunity of thanking all who have dropped in jokes, personals, or stories.

Some days ago the question, "We Need a New High School," was debated in Eighth Grade. To our surprise the negative side won. We do not understand how anyone could see the crowded conditions under which we are working at school this year and argue for the negative of the question. We have class-rooms in every available room in our building, in the basement, on the first and second floors, in one corner of the Chapel, across the street in the basement of the Carnegie Library and in the old Barber Building, upstairs and down. Indeed, rooms are so crowded that we have to hurry to school to keep someone from getting our desk.

The Commercial Department this year is full and overflowing. In the incoming class alone there are fifty-five students, while the

enrollment of the whole department last year was only fifty-seven. The crowded conditions there show how strenuous the need for a new High School is becoming. Last May a typewriting team representing the department won the Winston-Salem High School Commercial Alumni Cup, which is offered to the team of the High School in this State that makes the highest average in typewriting. Last year Salisbury High School was the only other contestant. The team and their respective records are as follows: Harvey Fritts, 58 words per minute net; Gordon Ambler, 54; Lurline Willis, 50; Banks Newman, 46; Alma Lackey, 43. From all indications so far there will be quite a number of high schools contesting for the cup this year and it is only a question of time before the contest will be entered into by most of the schools.

A very interesting science lesson was held in Ninth A1 on Thursday, November 9th. Instead of the usual way of questions and answers the lesson was in the form of a debate: "Resolved, That Mountains Have Been More of a Help to Civilization Than a Hindrance." There were several good points brought out and a good deal of interest was shown.

"The Boston Bean" is the name of our latest "news getter." The boys of the Tenth Grade had been studying Daniel Webster's orations on The Bunker Hill Monument and The Boston Bean came out the day after they completed the study. An editor, the various news reporters, writers of ads, compiler of jokes were appointed by our English teacher and after a careful study of the manners and customs of that day The Boston Bean was published. It contained departments of editorials, political and current news, market reports, advertisements and fun; all as they might have appeared in a daily paper of Webster's day.

The publishing of this paper caused the students to manifest more interest in their study and gave them an insight into the customs and life of the people of long ago.

Thursday morning, October 19, was the time for the Tenth girls to hold the chapel exercises and they gave a most interesting and original program. A number of the students brought old books, household articles and manuscripts of their grandmothers' day and exhibited them to the school, making short talks as they showed their articles. Among the articles exhibited was a faded old manuscript showing the patrons of a grammar school taught in the neighboring village of Germanton in 1807 and bearing the signature of Joseph Winston and Benjamin Forsyth, after whom our town and county are named.

Thursday, October 26th, the 9C boys conducted the chapel exercises. After the Scripture reading by the president, Bruce Ellis

gave an interesting reading which was followed by a violin solo, a declamation and quotations from well-known poets.

Our orchestra is enabled to give all the latest song hits through the courtesy of Emmett J. Welch, Philadelphia, Penn., who furnishes, free of cost, the latest music as soon as it is printed.

When the box for jokes was first put up in the hall, it created quite a sensation because everybody wished to know what it was for. Joe, inquiring as to what it was, was told that it was a contribution box. He said, "Well, I want to put in the first nickel that goes into it."

The girls of the Ninth Grade had charge of the chapel exercises on Thursday, November 2. After the Scripture reading by the president, Katherine Montgomery, the Lord's Prayer was repeated. Next came a piano solo by Marvis Burchett, followed by a quartet. Everyone enjoyed the comic recitations, which were given by Helen Henley and Nellie Sharp. The last thing on the program was a Latin song, accompanied on the piano by Miss Mahaffey.

Twenty-five of the business students have received buttons for completing the first twenty-five drills in the Palmer Method of business writing. Two girls, Mary Boone Neeley and Ina Carter, have completed one hundred drills. They received pins, as a merited reward for their skill in writing.

The Domestic Science Department is showing good results this year. An unusually large number of girls are in the sewing department. These girls are greatly interested in making garments for themselves. They buy their own material and when the garments are finished, keep them for their own use.

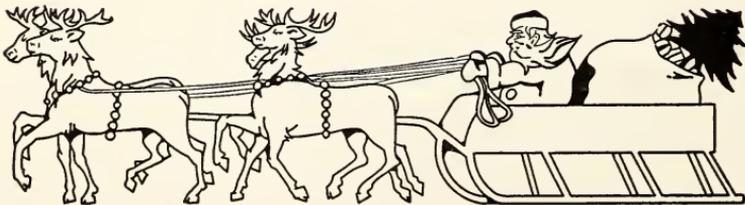
Another division of this department is the cooking class. These girls are very helpful in preparing the luncheons for the teachers and pupils in an economical but substantial way. When the club women of the city held their reciprocity meeting in October the Eleventh Grade cooking class prepared a most appetizing two-course luncheon for them. During the luncheon Mrs. Latham and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds spoke in a most complimentary manner of the work of this department.

The Manual Training Department, installed last year, is rapidly developing into one of the most important branches of the High School. The work in this department is carried on straight through the summer months and some of the best work that is put out is done during this time. The students are at present employed in making equipment for this and other schools of the city, such as benches, typostands for the printing department, and many other

articles. Quite a bit of outside work is done, the more advanced pupils making library tables, book racks, hall stands, and many other household articles, which are sold at a minimum price.

One of the most useful of the departments of the High School is the printing department. This work was started with an equipment of about \$1,000, which has been enlarged, another press and new type having been added. This department does all the school printing and much of the city's work. It also prints our High School magazine. The classes continue through the summer, the past summer class having put out a school report of 111 pages. We are glad to see this branch of High School work progressing so rapidly and feel assured that we are more than justified in taking the first step along this line.

Thursday morning November 9th, the most enthusiastic exercises we have had were held in the chapel, with Mr. Jeter presiding. The program was prepared chiefly to encourage the football players. The Commercial Eighth Grade sang an original football song. The leaders on the team, Mr. Moore, Pass Ferrington and Fritz Crute, made talks, after which the school showed their spirit by giving nine cheers for each. Then they gave cheers for Mr. White, Mr. Latham, the Rooters' Club, Mr. Jeter, and last of all, for the football team.



Laughing Gas



Miss Mary (to victim of appendicitis): "Annie, are you in pain?"

Visitor: "No, the pain's in Annie."

In Geometry Class—

Miss Veile: "State your reason."

Bright Pupil: "EF is parallel to AB by hypotenuse."

Mr. Edwards: "Phin, define expansibility."

Phin: "Mr. Edwards, I can't define it but I'll give you a definition."

Senior: "Hush, little Junior, don't be bold,
You're only a Freshman, two years old."

Bill: "Phin, how old are you?"

Phin: "Sixteen."

Bill: "Boy, I didn't ask you the number of your shoes!"

Miss Mary: "Abigail, where do you sit regularly?"

Abigail: "Why, Miss Mary, I just sit all over the room."

Just Answered—

A soldier in the English Army wrote home: "They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon forty minutes long. Then the parson said: 'No. 575, Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days in the guardhouse because I answered that I certainly was."—*Exchange*.

"My wife has gone to the West Indies."

"Jamaica?"

"No, she went of her own accord."—*Exchange*.

Miss Mahaffey (to yawning Latin student): "Close your mouth, Asbury, I want to see your face."

Mr. Edwards: "Miss Norman, will you please put the next problem on the board?"

Miss Norman: "Must I do it just like the *other* boys?"

Mr. Edwards (to girls of the Eleventh Grade Physics Class): "Is there any of you who would like to ask a question?"

Immediately Cicero Ogburn raised his hand.

"We're in a pickle," said the first Freshman.

"A regular jam," said another.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed a third.—*Exchange*.

Question: Why is *THE BLACK AND GOLD* like a girl?

Answer: Because every fellow should have one of his own and not borrow someone else's.—*Adapted from Exchange*.

Scream, Scram, Scrum—

Bright Junior: "We had so much fun in class yesterday.

I laughed so hard I nearly scrum."—*Exchange*.

Professor: "How do you spell heaven, Fritz?"

Fritz: A-n-n-i-e.

Lucile N. to Mr. M.—

"Mr. M——, may I borrow your 'Heart Throbs'?"

Mr. M——, "Why, er-er, certainly."

Mary Shepherd: Mr. Edwards, how many *quarters* are there in a football game?

Can you imagine:—

Louise Wilkinson "cutting up" in class?

Sara Jeffreys having but very little to say?

Bailey Liipfert keeping quiet during Latin?

Cicero Ogburn not asking a question?

Mr. Edwards with a mustache?

James Conrad only five feet tall?

Donald Tatem losing his dignity?

Mr. Moore smoking a pipe?

Pass Ferrington talking in a whisper?

Mr. Craig with a full head of hair?

Miss Mahaffey: "Wasn't that a gentleman that just came to the door?"

Pupil: "No, ma'am, it was Pass Ferrington."

An Examination

Old Caesar crossed the Delaware;
 Hannibal crossed the sea,
 Discovered More's "Utopia" there,
 And fought with Gen'ral Lee.
 Xerxes' "Ironsides" seized the throne
 Of Peter, England's pride,
 While maidens from the torrid zone
 With Eskimos did ride.
 Good Nero, in his robes of black,
 Stood in a pulpit high.
 As on things bad he turned his back,
 He, mournful heaved a sigh.
 Otho, of the Stoic race,
 Did frown on things of life.
 Luther, he that loved things base,
 Delighted in much strife.
 Richard, of the coward's line,
 All battle did disdain;
 Simon, the priest, who loved things fine,
 In luxury did reign.

T. R. C., '18.

LOST—When four sleeping football players who were coming from Greensboro with Pass F. one Saturday night in his car awoke they found Pass wandering around the streets of Kernersville trying to find a way out.

WANTED—To know why a certain Junior girl has put up her curls so suddenly. "There's a reason" (?)

WANTED—Someone to keep Mary S. supplied with omens and chewing gum.

WANTED—To know how Mr. Hutchins can give a person two zeros on one recitation. "Snow."

WANTED—Someone to teach L. W. the number of minutes in an hour. *The Geometry Class.*

Howard B., reciting Senior History: "Then Washington crossed the Delaware and the British came up just in time to be too late."

Mr. E.: "Wanchese, do you think that if you hit a wall with your fist the wall would hit your hand as hard as your hand hit it?"

Wanchese: "Well Mr. E——, that was just what I was going to ask."

Howard F., answering the same question: "From personal experience I believe it would hit my hand harder."

Mr. Moore: "Charlotte will play Winston here Thanksgiving Day."

Bright Ninth Grader: "Mr. Moore, is Thanksgiving on Saturday?"

Exchanges

Our exchanges are unusually slow in coming in. Since our last issue we have received only the following: The Hillbilly, Asheville, N. C.; The Vexillum, Boston, Mass.; The Sage, Greensboro, N. C.; The Acorn, Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.; Wake Forest Magazine, Wake Forest, N. C.; St. Mary's Muse, St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.

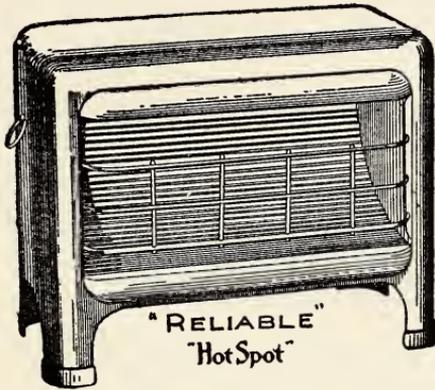
The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.—This is a splendid magazine. The poetry and several of the stories are exceptionally good, but one or two stories do not come up to the standard of the magazine. The cuts are fine and the jokes good.

The Sage, Greensboro, N. C.—Your School Directory, giving names of all student officers, is a splendid idea. Longer stories would add much to the interest of your magazine. On the whole, it is well edited and deserves much credit.

The June number of The Vexillum is not up to the magazine's standard. The cuts and the "Man at the Corner" story are good but the other stories, with the exception of the "Glory of War", are not what they should be. The "Glory of War" is written splendidly but is a little too tragic.

The Hillbilly, Asheville High School—Your magazine is too small. Why not put in a few more good stories and some personals? Your poems are fair. On the whole, you could improve your magazine a great deal.

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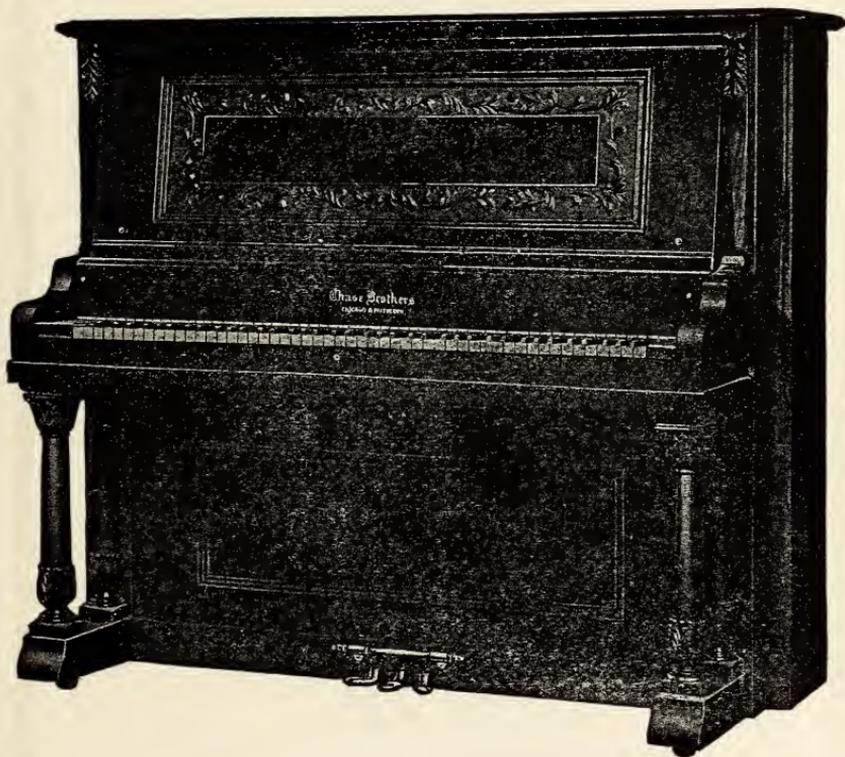
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