

R.I.S. MCMXIII

"VOULOIR C'EST POUVOIR"

RATTLE R

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This Book Is a Gift of

Elizabeth Reid Murray



WISSNER McGEACHY, Manager

FABIUS SHIPP, Assistant Manager

# RATTLER

1913

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE  
SENIOR CLASS OF THE RALEIGH HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME



FIVE

*EDITORS:*

PAUL SMITH, SAM TELFAIR, CALLIE HUNTER, ALLENE THORNBURGH

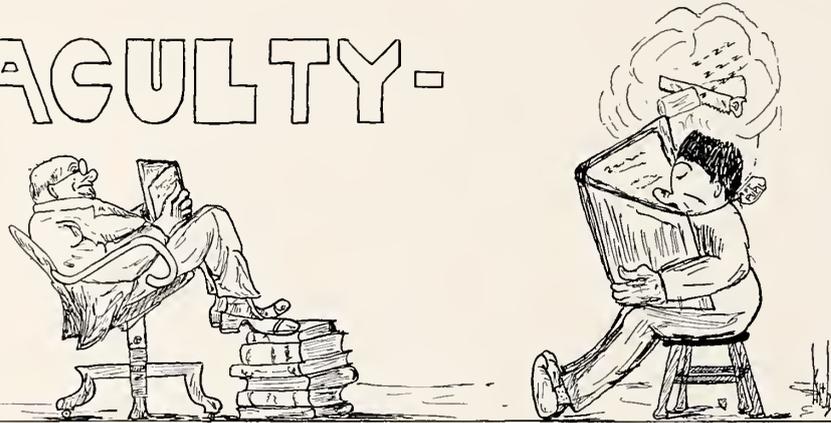
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To  
Frank Porter Graham  
as a mark of deep appreciation and high esteem  
this Annual is gratefully dedicated by the  
Senior Class of nineteen-thirteen



FRANK PORTER GRAHAM

# FACULTY-



1913

MISS ELIZA POOL

PROF. HUGH MORSON

MRS. J. M. BARBEE

MISS FRANCES LOWEN

MISS CLARA CHAPEL

MISS NANNIE E. SMITH

MISS ROSA M. BRADLEY

MISS FRANCES WINSTON

MISS NITA GRESSITT

MRS. L. R. PHILLIPS

MR. D. B. TEAGUE

MR. C. K. BURGESS

## SENIOR CLASS POEM, 1913

Perhaps you don't believe it, but a lot of things we know ;  
The boys know Math and Science, and the girls can surely sew :  
The boys are great on football, and the girls on cake and pie,  
And good they are—nay, better, far—than any grub you buy !

But that's not all the knowledge that the *thirty-three* possess ;  
We've learned hygiene and music ; we've learned the way to dress  
A turkey, or a chicken, and to make a rabbit stew ;  
In fact, the knowledge we've absorbed would cause surprise to you.

And, too, at basketball we're "some," at baseball we're the same,  
Though football, as I've said before, is our especial game ;  
We elocute, we do long sums—with Latin on the side,  
And Civics ! We could run a town with scientific pride !

There's Connor, Andrew, Alma, Maude, Rebekah, Amie, Roy,  
And Margaret, Mignel, Chloe, Ben—some girl, and some just boy !  
Virginia, Lena, Spencer, Paul, Louise, Eliza, Nell,  
And Fabius, Katherine, Jennie, too, who answer to the bell.

And Banks and Bettie, Kenneth, also Miriam, Wissner, Sam,  
And Beatrice, and Arthur, next (O, please forgive my "Gram"!),  
And Justin, Callie, Lizzie, too, and last—not least—Allene—  
The thirty-three who stand beneath the colors white and green !

The friendships that we've made, we hope, will strengthen with the years ;  
The lessons that we've learned, we trust, will never lead to tears ;  
So, we go forth, the world to win, to stand up for the right—  
The "Thirteen" Class of R. H. S., with colors green and white.

And now to college leads our path, or else to other sphere ;  
But always to our hearts we'll hold the Valley's Lilies dear ;  
And always will we backward look with joy—perhaps with sigh—  
To all the things we did, and learned, while at the "Raleigh High" !

So, good-bye, Girls ; and good-bye, Boys ; we'll meet again some day.  
In college, office, store, or street, in work, perhaps—or play !  
Good Luck to all ! May fortune kind lend each a helping hand  
And bring success and happiness to all the "Thirteen" band !

CLASS POET.



## KATHERINE SHERWOOD

*"An arch coquette, blithe, merry and gay."*

Member Pierian Literary Society; President Pierian Literary Society, Glee Club; Secretary and Treasurer Pierian Literary Society; President Class 1913; Secretary Class 1910-11; Sponsor Football Team 1910; Dramatic Club 1910; Athletic Association 1909-1913; Member Basketball 1910; Critic Pierian Literary Society 1913.

As every one has it, "Katherine is just the best looking thing you ever saw." A perfect butterfly, and adored by all the boys. She has a combination—good looks and judgment. She is some "beau" in every sense of the word—some dancer, too.



## ELIZA RIDDICK

*"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."*

Age 18. Height 5—7. Weight 145.

President Pierian Literary Society; Glee Club 1909-'13; Member Pierian Literary Society; Captain Basketball Team 1910-'12; Class Historian '10; Member Athletic Association '10-'12; Sponsor Baseball 1912.

Liza has an unfailing recipe for good humor, the necessary ingredients of which are (usually) love, a dance, and a boy. She is a "good egg"—always with an open hand and an open heart. She is a friend of all.



## BETTY PRINCE ROBERTSON . . . "Prince"

*"Let the world slide."*

Age 17. Height 5—7. Weight 140.

Member Pierian Literary Society; President Pierian Literary Society 1912; Member Basketball Team 1910, '11, '12.

"Betty" is our "fiddler." She insists that she can't play, but we, who have heard her, know better. She absolutely refuses to belong to the "recess study gang," but is always on hand to answer "present" at the "Epicurean Club." Betty's popularity is the result of her easy-going and friendly disposition. She is what you would call a "jolly good fellow."



WISSNER MCGEACHY . . . . . "McGeachy," "Pete"

*"Behold a child by nature's kindly law—  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."*

Age 15. Height 5—10½. Weight 138.

Manager "Rattler" 1913; Member Synergetic Literary Society 1909-'13; Chief Rooter 1913; Member Athletic Association 1909-'13; Class Editor 1909-1910; Member Jackson's Brigade 1910-'11; Class Historian 1909-'10; Member Dramatic Club 1912; Program Committee Synergetic Literary Society 1912-1913; Senior Dramatic Club.

One of our "Holy Innocents" who is persecuted and rapped upon by those brutish beasts, the faculty, on account of his beautiful martyrdom and most child-like simplicity. He has yellow ringlets and a once rosy complexion upon which—Helas—volcanoes have burst forth.

BANKS ARENDELL

*"A most acute juvenile."*

Age 17. Height 5—6¾. Weight 131.

Member Graham Literary Society; Chairman Program Committee Graham Literary Society; Member Athletic Association '09-'13; Member Dramatic Club '09; Debater Greensboro High School vs. Raleigh High School '13.

Well, he's just the "cutest little thing," inclined to be fat, freckled, good natured and laughable. Very tenacious of his reputation among the ladies, he shocks the Senior dignity by his foot-wear, rolling up his pants to show his treasures in green, purple and mixtures.





## CHLOE MARYE GUIRKIN

*"Hang sorrow; care would kill a cat."*

Age 17. Height 5—3. Weight 119.

Member of Synergetic Literary Society; Dramatic Club; Basketball Team '10; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Secretary and Treasurer Synergetic Literary Society '09, '10, '11, '12.

Chloe is always bubbling over with energy and fun. She is never seen in a bad humor, and always manages to look on the bright side of life. The only trouble we find with her is in keeping her from injuring her health by studying (?).



## ALMA GERTRUDE WOOD

*"Begone, dull care; thou and I shall never agree."*

Age 18. Height 5—3. Weight 113.

Member Pierian Literary Society; Athletic Association '09, '10; Basketball Team '10, '12; Glee Club '09, '13; President Pierian Literary Society '13.

Alma sees more to laugh and talk about than any member of the Class of '13. Her happy-go-lucky disposition, however, has won for her many friends. "Is there any powder on my nose?" That's Alma.



FABIUS BUSBEE SHIPP . . . . . "Fab"

*"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may die."*

Age 16. Height 5—8. Weight 138.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; S. D. A.; Vice-President Synergetic Literary Society '12; Program Committee Synergetic Literary Society '12; Athletic Association '09, '13; Jackson's Brigade; Assistant Manager Annual '13.

Behold a bulky conglomeration of (adepose) tissue! He is in every respect a lady killer; he has the qualifications: A bullet head, a bulbous body, communicating knees and loving toes. He is modest, and retiring when he gets sleepy at night. His motto: "Fabius Busbee Shipp, the finest fellow I—!"



SAMUEL FOWLE TELFAIR . . . . . "Sambo"

*"Eternally in mischief."*

Age 16. Height 5—8. Weight 140.

Member Jackson's Brigade; Football Team '12; Member Graham Literary Society; Chairman Program Committee; Dramatic Club '12, '13; Member Athletic Association; Editor-in-Chief Enterprise '13; Editor Annual '13.

So here is one who is always in trouble on account of his unruly tongue. "A temper artist and fool there was." Was, and not is, for after four years in Raleigh High School he is more dead than alive.



## LENA PEARSON STEPHENSON

*"She seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."*

Age 19. Height 5—2. Weight 123.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; Critic Synergetic Literary Society '12.

Lena says, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep," and agrees heartily with the man who said "too much study is a weariness to the flesh." Says Latin is no good, but elocution—well, that's a little better, for, hark ye, my friends, Lena has a tongue in her head, and can use it.

## VIRGINIA HAWKINS STEPHENSON . . . "Ginger"

*"So blessed a disposition."*

Height 5. Weight 104.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer of Synergetic Literary Society.

Virginia may be found at any time following closely in the wake of Jemie, her guiding star. She firmly believes that some day McCullers Station will become the center of the universe, and is eagerly awaiting the close of school to take up her abode there. She may be seen frequently surrounded by a crowd, helping her enjoy her lunch, and well it may be said, "Cooking is become an art, a noble science, cooks are gentlemen."





PAUL FAISON SMITH . . . . . "Polly"

*"I ain't bowlegged; they're just warped."*

Age 17. Height 6. Weight 153.

Editor Annual '13; Football Team '11, '12; Commencement Marshal; Vice-President Graham Literary Society; Manager Athletic Association; President Graham Literary Society; Senior Dramatic Club.

Lo! A king; a king slope-shouldered in his very majesty—haughty. He usually addresses his adoring subjects (Flea Wyatt and the ladies in general, one rotund female in particular) sternly in the language of our Latin fathers.



ARTHUR WYATT . . . . . "Flea," "Ascanius"

*"Brains, not size, make a man."*

Age 16. Height 5—5. Weight 115.

Member Athletic Association '11, '12; Secretary and Treasurer Graham Literary Society '12, '13; Member of Jackson Brigade; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class.

*"Sua potentia non est altitudine sed mente"* (Virgil done this, too) *Latina Fienda*. Besides this he is all to the mustard, and can deliver the goods. He is the author of that famous saying, *"Latina est difficilis sed omnia vinco."*



CALLIE JACKSON HUNTER . . . . . "Jack"

*"Her heart is open as the day; her feelings all are true."*

Age 19. Height 5—3½. Weight 131.

Member Pierian Literary Society; Basketball Team '10, '11, '12; Glee Club '10, '11, '13; Manager Basketball Team '12; Assistant Editor of Annual '13.

Callie (Jack) is a type of school girl worth while, clear-headed, with the understanding of what she wants to do and the ability to do it. She is uncertain which she likes the better, basketball or Wake Forest. Math is a nightmare to Cal. The blushes which mount to her curly brow are suggestive of the tumult in her heart for fear the II's are next in line. Though making no display, she always gets there.



REBEKAH HUTCHINGS CULBRETH . . . . . "Beckie"

*"Manage? She'd manage the head off of you."*

Age 17. Height 5—5½. Weight 137.

Member of Pierian Literary Society; Basketball Team '10; Glee Club '09, '13; Athletic Association '09, '13; Pierian Literary Society Critic '11, '12.

"Beckie" is our stand-by. When anything needs to be done immediately, she is the one who is always there with the goods. She can waste half of her time reading novels and writing short stories, then keep up with her classes. One of her most lovable characteristics is her good disposition. Her favorite colors every time are red and white.



### CONNOR WOODARD AYCOCK

*"And he laughed sans intermission an hour by my dial."*

Age 18. Height 5—8. Weight 138.

Member Graham Literary Society; Monitor Graham Society; President Graham Society '13; Commencement Marshal '12; Member Baseball Team '11, '13; Football Team '12; Koershum Club.

A most cute fellow. The lion of the ladies (he says), whose hearts he smashes here and there until he astonishes the nations with his conquest (Flowers).



### MIGUEL GRAUSMAN ELIAS . . . . . "Mike"

*"He has an oar in every man's boat, a finger in every pie."*

Age 17. Height 5—8½. Weight 155.

Member Athletic Association; Member Graham Literary Society; Member Koershum; Chairman Executive Committee '11; Member Dramatic Club '10, '11; Assistant Manager Football Team '10; Manager Football Team '12; Member Football Team '11, '12; Member Associated Charities; Vice-President Steel Company; Assistant Manager Rattler '12.

Yes, this is Mike; garrulous, laughable Mike—Mike who is "in" everything. Who asks Mike to be in everything? Why Miguel G. Elias turned to Miguel G. Elias and said, "Please get in this," and to oblige, Miguel G. Elias, Miguel G. Elias got in.



## ALLENE ESTELLE THORNBURGH

*"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."*

Age 17. Height 5—7. Weight 132.

Member Pierian Literary Society; Assistant Editor Annual; Member "Recess Study Gang."

"Allene" has the reputation of being the most dignified girl of '13. Quiet and lady-like, she does her work in a systematic manner, which Miss 'Liza herself might envy. We might add that she does it well, for she is always seen surrounded by a crowd seeking to know why that equals that, etc., and she never fails to know why. She holds her own particular views which none of us even dream of, much less try to change, for Allene always comes straight to the point and states it in a tone of voice that admits of no argument. She has been absolutely cupid-proof thus far, but we hope she may *some time* find a man who doesn't "smoke"; isn't cynical, and who doesn't know the A. B. C's of slang.



## ELIZABETH BAKER UZZLE . . . . "Lizzie"

*"As full of fun as the month of May."*

Age 18. Height 5—1½. Weight 103.

"Lizzie's" great failing is her love for English (?); says the world could not exist without it, but however, nevertheless and notwithstanding, she can. She is usually quiet and demure, but when the conversation turns to boys—Beware! for her conversational ability lies in one subject alone, and that is—boys.

"Be still, sad heart, and do not bust—  
Those A. & M. boys won't do to trust."



JUSTIN WARD MAXWELL . . . . . "Mack"

*"He wears a lean and hungry look."*

Age 19. Height 5—9. Weight 130.

Member Graham Literary Society; Member Athletic Association; Member Koerslum Club; Winner Grantham Debate Prize; Member of Jackson's Brigade.

The only way one has of knowing what is in his noodle soup is that when asked a question he always replies, "*Je ne sais pas.*" Quiet to an excess, he neither butts in nor out, but sticks.

KENNETH HOLLOWAY . . . "Fido," "Fidelity," "Dog Legs"

*"His reasons are like two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff."*

Age 18. Height 5—11½. Weight 142.

Member Graham Literary Society; Secretary of Graham Society '10; Member Athletic Association; Member Jackson's Brigade; Artist for Annual '13; Member Koerslum Club '09, '13.

Kenneth was our expert lantern operator. He could make a speech on LaFayette and run the lantern at the same time.





MIRIAM ST. CLAIR ROBERTSON . . . "Miss Mirm"

*"Little, but oh, my!"*

Age 17. Height 5—1½. Weight 104.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; Athletic Association '11; Class Editor of Enterprise '11, '12; Associate Editor-in-chief '13; Synergetic Literary Society Critic '10; Secretary and Treasurer Synergetic Literary Society '12; President Synergetic Literary Society '12.

The baby of the Class of '13. Though diminutive in stature, she is broad in mind. She is never happier than when arguing, and can almost always prove her point, for she knows exactly what's what. This is another member of the "Recess Study Gang," but this does not decrease her cheerful grin and popularity.



EMMA LOUISE MERRITT . . . "Dearest Chuck"

*"Steel true and blade straight."*

Age 18. Height 5—4. Weight 103.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; Historian Synergetic Literary Society '12; Class Prophet '13.

One of the quiet, unassuming maidens whom you must know to appreciate. She does her work in a silent, modest manner, yet with a sincerity and thoroughness that mark her as one of the most intelligent students in the class. I forgot to state that this young lady is a member of the "Recess Study Gang." They may be seen every recess in any out of the way place studying Virgil as if their very life depended on it, and it goes without saying that Miss Mirm is there sharing her book. Her one flaw is the love of a joke and the love of her own opinion, for Louise is "as stubborn as a mule."



## ANDREW CRINKLEY

*"Rude am I in my speech."*

Age 17. Height 5—8½. Weight 140.

Glee Club; Dramatic Club '11, '12; Athletic Association; Synergetic Literary Society; Football Team '11, '12; President Synergetic Literary Society.

A popular agitator, an anarchist who says what he thinks in spite of high water, and sticks to what he says in spite of proof. Frequently spoken of as one of the most brilliant pupils in school—America is a free country.



## SPENCER STELL . . . . . "Stell"

*"I speak in a monstrous voice."*

Age 19. Height 5—4½. Weight 120.

Vice-President Graham Literary Society; Football '11, '12; Chairman Executive Committee Graham Literary Society; Greensboro Debater; Athletic Association; Manager High School Enterprise; Jackson's Brigade.

Little is he, but loud, for when he speaks in his ponderous tones, refutation is impossible. A student and a lover of nature, who can be seen wandering in the wildest jungles of Wake County addressing the birds on woman's suffrage. He will give women their votes, but otherwise he troubles them not.



MAUDE DELMAR HOTCHKISS . . . . . "Peggy"

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."*

Age 18. Height 5—5. Weight 120.

Member Pierian Literary Society; Member Athletic Association '10, '12;  
Member Glee Club '09, '10; Member "Associated Charities" '11, '12.

Maude is our genius and a friend to all. She has the ability to entertain young men at night and come to school the next morning and learn her lessons in fifteen minutes. She does well what she does, and doesn't worry about what she doesn't do. Under strong excitement she has a habit of muttering a conglomeration of English, French and German phrases. For translation—see her. Although Maude is partial to all colleges, she says, "I would root for Wake Forest 'thout I die the next minute."



BEATRICE POE MASSEY . . . . . "Bee"

*"And kept the noiseless tenor of her way."*

Age 18. Height 5—3. Weight 113.

Member Synergetic Literary Society.

Beatrice is known only by a few of her classmates. A solemn silence does she keep, for she tends strictly to business. She is sometimes seen writing Latin letters, and we wonder who is the fortunate one—or rather the one unfortunate enough to be accosted with Latin. May he— Beatrice is a hard worker and is altogether a good student.



BENJAMIN RAWTON WILLIAMSON . . . "Rouge II"

*"A man's a man for a' that."*

Age 19. Height 5—10. Weight 150.

Member of Football Team '12, '13; Vice-President Senior Class; Secretary of Synergetic Literary Society '12; Monitor Synergetic Literary Society '13; Member of Jackson's Brigade.

This gentle man is one of the red top, freckled variety, but unlike the others of his kind, he has a quiet disposition. You would never suspect from his gentle manners that he was not in all respects eugenically normal. Withal, not a bad fellow.



ROY LEE WILLIAMSON . . . "Rouge I"

*"A beet has nothing on me."*

Age —. Height 5—6½. Weight 135.

Member Athletic Association; Member Synergetic Literary Society; Baseball Team '11, '13; Monitor Synergetic Literary Society '12; Vice-President Sophomore Class '10, '11; President Synergetic Literary Society, '13; Member Jackson's Brigade.

He is his brother's brother in appearance, but a more perfect specimen of a red man. His blushes come and go until they make his very hair turn pale beside them. He has made extensive experiments with freckle remedies, but all of no avail. On his unruffled brow nature has written gentleman.



## JENNIE LAW SCOTT

*"As I am just so I speak."*

Age 18. Height 5—7.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; President Synergetic Literary Society;  
Class Editor Enterprise '12, '13; Member Glee Club.

Jennie belongs to the studious set of Seniors, always knows her lessons,  
and will be sure to succeed in the business world if she does not

"Buy a little home in 'Rham Khatte'  
And settle down for life."

You will recognize Jennie as a girl with black hair singing, "Waltz me  
around again Willie," and who will most certainly accost you with the ques-  
tion, "Got anything to eat?"

## ANNIE DEBOY

*"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked upon."*

Age 18. Height 5—9.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

Annie is known to all her friends for her good disposition. No matter what  
happens, she just smiles. We are undecided which she likes best, ice cream  
cones or candy. She never eats less than three cones at recess. Those numer-  
ous boxes of candy set us wondering—





MARGARET ALICE EDWARDS . . . . . "Meg"

*"O, sweet pite (?) Margaret."*

Age 18. Height 5—4. Weight 101.

Member Pierian Literary Society; Critic Pierian Literary Society '10; Member Athletic Association '10, '12; won Junior Order Medal '11, '12; Class Historian; Member Glee Club '10; Member "Recess Study Gang."

"Meg" is our suffragette; says women ought'er vote; women can vote, and women are gon'er vote." Unlike the usual kind, however, she is good-natured, and is characterized by her demureness and quietness. She is leader of the "Recess Study Gang," for her chief hobby is study, and she rides it hard.



ELEANOR SIMS IDEN . . . . . "Nell"

*"Her voice is soft, sweet and low—an excellent thing in woman."*

Age 18. Height 5—7. Weight 107.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; Class Poet '13.

Quiet, modest, industrious. Nell is one of the studious kind who does not talk of her work, but does it in a quiet manner. Although modest and unassuming, she is ever ready to lend an ear if not her mouth. Her chief desire in life is to be a poet.

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

FOUR YEARS AGO our class entered Raleigh High School as very small children. Since that time many things have changed, and most of us now consider ourselves very much grown up. As Freshmen and Sophomores we did credit to our name and the school. As Juniors we did credit to ourselves; and as Seniors—well, that is yet to be seen. Naturally, we are the best class that has ever been to Raleigh High School. We have had stars in baseball, football, oratory and dramatics. They are familiar to us all; so, why name them? We have led the other classes in everything, even in mischievousness.

But every class would have you believe this of them. What will show you that we are really different? O, dear attendant spirit, help me! Immediately there appeared before my eyes a large mirror. A voice sounded in my ear: "This is the mirror of the past; now see yourselves 'as others see you.'" In the mirror there appeared—Wissner McGeachy. Wissner entered the class as the baby, and has never successfully gotten over it. He still preserves the innocent look of an angel.

Callie warbles delightfully, but, unlike many budding singers, she does not force it on you.

Allene appeared, as usual, helping some one else. Throughout her school life she has been diligent, bright and, above all, helpful. Many a student has had cause to bless her name.

Katherine is the butterfly of the class. She flits gaily from one thing to another, and thus has danced her way through school life.

Banks, the butter-ball; he is a thoroughly good fellow, just the same.

"Flea" Wyatt, like his name, always appears in unexpected places. He has jumped from one class to another, and we could never have gotten on without him.

Spencer is the dignified, rather aloof member of our class. He loves to argue, and will do so on the slightest provocation, hanging on like grim death.

Miguel is our "Beau Brummel." All during his school life "Mike" has been as neat and precise as a new pin. He is very popular with the ladies.

Miriam has done anything, from writing poetry to editing the school magazine. She is a "jack of all trades," but, unlike the old saying, she is good at all.

Nell is a poet—first, last and always. Whenever we need any of this article we go to her, for she seems to have an inexhaustible supply.

Kenneth is the most eloquent member of the class. The flowing verbosity of his words is astonishing. That he is a French student was plainly shown when at the close of a talk on Lincoln we were startled at hearing “Adieu, monsieur, adieu,” in his best French pronunciation.

Andrew waxed unbelieving, and argued—and still continues to do so.

Louise writes love stories that we all hold our breaths to listen to. We wonder where she gets her information.

Rebekah is an elocutionist. She much affects the slow Southern drawl, and sometimes we are astonished at hearing the deep tones she reserves for special occasions.

Betty is a belle. She has always been popular and is now the toast of the class.

Connor has been the monkey and kept us much amused, to the terror of the teachers. His all-conquering smile carries everything before it, even the teacher’s anger. It is the kind that won’t wear off.

Sam has won much fame as “Jimmy Wiggs.” He likes to boss, and is never so happy as when having his own way.

Lena has not been with us long, but we have already learned to love her and her lisp, which we have enviously though vainly tried to imitate.

Fabius is a good fellow and a good student. He was heard to boast that he had “1” on his report. When taxed with it, he confessed that he had a 1 on 1 day’s absence.

Paul has the gift of looking wise, and often gives us a “brilliant flash of silence.”

Just then there was a commotion in the air. “What is the matter?” again the voice came to my ears. “The others insist that they have led a normal school life and refuse to come before the mirror.” The mirror vanished. Don’t blame me. It wasn’t my fault, but the mirror’s.



## PROPHECY—CLASS OF 1913 IN 1923

THE SUN, shining brightly on the lofty Alps, causes their snow-capped peaks to gleam with an almost blinding light. With only the blue sky above, the white snow beneath, and the beautiful landscape wrapped in calm stillness, stretching before me like some enchanted inaccessible region, I feel quite alone, in spite of the nearness of my silent guide. Here I am in this unfrequented spot, to study the vegetation of the mountains, but the grandeur of the scenery, the unspeakable tranquillity of the unbroken silence and a feeling of separation from the outer world throw me into a reflective mood. I am thinking of the dear old class of 1913, not a single member of which have I seen or even heard from for many years. I wonder what channel of life each has finally fallen into, after a lapse of more than ten years. The very idea of my being a naturalist is absurd. How it would tickle my old school friends if they only—!

What *is* the matter? I'm falling! Oh, I'm falling! And I see a peculiar-looking object coming swiftly towards me. An aeroplane! And, upon my word, those two dainty ladies are Alma and Chloe! But why should I be surprised, since they were always so very airish—er—er—I mean, so light on their feet? No, that isn't it. But, anyway, I'm not surprised. Well, of all things! There are Kenneth and Justin following suit. I never would have thought that of Justin, but Kenneth has *never* shocked me.

I'm traveling at a break-neck speed now, and it looks like I will hit that church steeple. But no; this is the Raleigh court-house. I'll go in and take a look. Just as I always predicted. There's Spencer, the judge; Banks, the arguing lawyer; and—oh, horrors! Miguel, the defendant. His face is beaming, and at frequent intervals he laughs outright. What unusual behavior for an accused man! Jennie, the suffragette leader, is the star witness. It appears that "Mike," a friend of the suffragettes, had been invited to speak at a recent convention. He had unintentionally said things detrimental to the cause, and the militant ladies were making him answer for it. "He just talked backwards, I reckon," concludes the witness. "Mike" was the first to laugh at this, and he was acquitted because of his good intentions.

I'll ask Jennie if she knows what has happened to any of the others. "Yes," she says, with disgust, "Maude is happily married and living at her beautiful country home, 'Wake Forest.' At present she is entertaining Beatrice, who is now a very noted artist of Philadelphia. Here's a Washington paper; that

will explain some more of our friends' fates. Nell Iden is society editor of *The Post*. These pictures look familiar. Oh, yes; that's Allene, and this certainly looks like Annie DeBoy, but I see they call her a 'Mrs. Van ——' —oh, I can't pronounce that name. They are labeled 'Society Leaders and Prominent Club Women.' "

To-day has been full of surprises. I have only to think of a place, to be swiftly wafted there. I'm moving now more slowly than at first. I see a high monument in the distance, and I know I must be approaching the capital of the United States. That is a rather unusual-looking person strutting down Pennsylvania Avenue. He walks like he owns the earth, though he is a mighty little fellow to claim such vast possessions. His high silk hat, however, adds greatly to his stature, and also to his comical appearance. He is wearing a frock coat and streaked trousers, and he carries his head a little to one side. Behold the politician, "Flea" Wyatt!

Well, there's Roy, Speaker of the House. There's one thing about it—things ought to be lively here now. The temperature never reaches a low degree, nor does the light grow dim in this assembly, thanks to the color of the Speaker's hair.

The sound of wonderful music has a soothing effect upon my dulled senses. I always loved grand opera, but to hear one of my own classmates singing here is more than I can grasp. Callie's voice is beautiful—but, oh, mercy! she's choked. I knew she would never overcome that peculiarity, but I'll bet she can talk as well as ever. I can ask her about Rebekah.

"What's happened to Rebekah?" "Aw, you better say what has happened to *Somebody Else*. You know she was an elocution crank. Well, she made quite a rep. for herself in that line, but she has decided she would like civil engineering better; so she has just entered partnership with a civil engineer in the Philippine Islands. Poor man! She's got to manage something, and I reckon it will be—"

I'm leaving that place some fast. What a secluded-looking place for a person to live in! I know Ben is a philosopher, or he would never be satisfied in this lonely place. But, then, he always believed that the location of happiness was in the State of Mind.

What a contrast between contented Ben and fiery Andrew! Now, here he is, airing his pet hobby. He is raising money to erect a monument to Andrew Jackson in North Carolina. If this vast crowd don't appreciate Jackson, when Andrew finishes telling them about him it won't be his fault.

Bettie and Margaret *might* treat each other a little better, even if they have different views about who should be Speaker of the Colorado Legislature. Of course, they both want the man they think is the handsomest, and, unfortunately, they do not have the same opinion. "I don't care. Go on and have whom you please," says the care-free Bettie. "I'll not do it. I'm going home and finish my book on 'The Proper Time and Method of Blushing.'" That book ought to be a success, for Margaret knows her subject.

It's funny that I seem to be always falling, but never get any lower. I always move sideways. Now, here I am, at Columbia University, New York, and only a few minutes ago I was in Colorado. What can Fab Shipp be doing at Columbia?

"Who, me? Why-y, I have the ch-ch-chair of—of L-latin here. 'Polly' Smith is here, too. He—he has perfected the four-fourth di-di-dimension. It's no longer called 'Throughth,' but 'Pol(1)ymension.'" "

I have seen so much in such a short time that my brain is all a muddle. I don't know where I am now, unless it's London. Yes, it is, and I must see Sam Telfair's all-star company. Sam makes a swell comedian! Oh, my! Wissner is beating the drum in Sam's orchestra. They used to be always together at Miss 'Liza's afternoon reception for the very same things in which they are now engaged—performing and drumming.

These are the most beautiful grounds I have ever seen. Everything is so quiet and restful. Those two figures look familiar, but I'm sure I don't know any nuns. Is it possible that they are Eliza and Katherine? I cannot understand that; but, then, you never can tell what people will do. Connor must be somewhere near. Ah, yes! There he is. And he looks every inch an eccentric bachelor.

"Connor, what is the matter with everybody? Things seem all turned around."

"I do not know. I can't ascertain what is wrong with *some* people. I think it is positively excruciating!"

"Oh, how my head aches!"

"Are you awake, Louise?"

"I didn't know I had been asleep yet. I think I have been very much awake. I have seen nearly all the members of the class of 1913 to-day. Who in the mischief are you, anyhow?"

"I am Virginia Stephenson. Don't you—"

“Virginia Stephenson! A trained nurse! Ha! ha!”

“Listen, child. Don’t you remember losing foothold and falling this morning as you were climbing the Alps?”

“Oh, yes; I remember now. Well, I thought I was flying around all over the world, and I saw the people that graduated in my class at the High School.”

“You hit your head against a rock and you were brought here unconscious. You certainly did amuse me, talking. Strange to say, you hit them exactly right in your ravings.”

“But I didn’t see all of them.”

“Well, I have just had a letter from Lena, saying that she and Lizzie are employed by the Edison Phonograph Company. Wait just a minute. I’ll call the doctor now.”

“Good heavens! Miriam Robertson a doctor! Well, no wonder I have been raving!”

CLASS PROPHECY.

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

HAVING COME to declining years, we, the Class of 1913, do hereby make our last will and testament, all previous wills being hereby annulled and declared invalid. We realize and deeply feel the great responsibility of giving; so we have, after careful consideration, decided to so give our goods, chattels and good will that we have accumulated in our sojourn in this honored institution of learning, that no one shall be so enriched by them as to render them independents and thereby paupers, but act only as an incentive to industry. So we do will and bequeath to the various classes as follows:

To the Junior Class:

- 1st. The seats of learning that we now possess. Would that they were softer!
- 2d. The Senior statue, if it be solemnly sworn that it shall be thoroughly cleansed and not be used as a hat rack or target.
- 3d. The much-talked-of Senior privileges, if they are able to find any.
- 4th. The RATTLER office, if they are able to hound the faculty into letting them use it.
- 5th. The highly prized, beautiful, full-sized crayon portrait of "Beatrice De Cevie," as no Senior year could be complete without it.
- 6th. The Senior dignity. For particulars, see Stell, Thornburgh and Smith.
- 7th. The honor of being the first to leave the auditorium on Mondays.
- 8th. The "privilege" of being an example to the lower grades.
- 9th. The Senior assets of good will, and all Senior moneys, letters and business paraphernalia.

For these many benevolences they will take over all debts and obligations, and uphold the honor of this soon departing class. For the debts, kindly see Miguel Elias.

To the Sophomores:

- 1st. The sixteen (16) small pictures that have so faithfully adorned our walls. They, being very youthful in character, might please them, as we know no one else weak-minded enough to enjoy such junk.
- 2d. The little frescoe of mottoes that have been such an inspiration to us might prove so to them, who certainly need inspiration.

To the Freshmen :

1st. Any advice that they wish. This is our most valuable gift.

2d. Our seventeen (17) calendars. If carefully taught, they may learn to tell what day it is.

To the Faculty: Our sincerest sympathy in having had to deal with us for four (4) years, and our heartiest congratulations on having turned out such a fine bunch.

To the school in general: The S. D. A., to those worthy, our best wishes to all.

Signed this eleventh day of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirteen.

(Signed) SENIORS.

Witnesses :

CRAP-HED DITTY.

JACK SELLERS.

Administrator:

MR. COLLINS.



JUNIOR CLASS

## JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

THERE WAS a meeting of the Junior Class early in the fall, at which the following officers were elected: President, Hermas Stephenson; Vice-President, Miss Mildred Yates; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Ruth Campbell; Magazine Editor, Isaac Schwartz; and Historian, Miss Marion Pickel. Under these officers the class has enjoyed a most successful year.

We were sorry to lose some of our old teachers this year, but were very fortunate in securing the new ones, and we congratulate them on their splendid success.

The Junior Class has taken quite an active part in school work this year. The Athletic Association chose as its president a Junior, Sam Hill; also the baseball team elected Sam Hill as captain and Ralph McDonald as manager. On the football team we have two men, Ralph McDonald and Kenneth Merritt. The Vice-President of the Graham Literary Society, John Saunders, is a Junior (he says); and the Secretary and Treasurer of the Synergetic Literary Society, Isaac Schwartz, also came from the Junior Class. Our class has also been very active in debating. In the preliminary for the triangular, three Juniors defeated four Seniors on the question of "Woman Suffrage," and Hermas Stephenson and Wiley Rogers were selected as one of the teams. To sum up, what it takes to make a "star" class, the Junior Class has it.

Just before Christmas we presented our teacher, Mr. Teague, with a set of books of his favorite authors, which seemed to be very much appreciated.

We were very sorry to lose one of our best students, Mr. Clarence Pearce, who moved to Atlanta shortly after Christmas.

We have passed the ages of frivolous Freshmen and bold Sophomores, and are now jolly Juniors. May the day be hastened when we shall become dignified Seniors!



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

WHEN WE ENTERED the High School we were 111 strong, and passed the trials and temptations which all Freshmen meet, and survived. Arriving at the Sophomore year, we found to our sorrow that "life is not what it seems," even though it is seen through the glorious haze of an unsophisticated Sophomore's dream. Several of our number have shown their brilliancy as orators during the year, while others have done equally well in the debates. We have some of the best quoters in the school, some of the best artists, singers and historians.

The class, as a whole, has done excellent work, and expects to do more before the term closes. Many things have been done to help the class by the teachers, and we all extend to them our heartiest thanks and appreciation.

Here's wishing a busier, better and brighter year than ever before, and may all enter the Junior year with banners flying.

GOLDA JUDD.



FRESHMAN CLASS

## FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY



### THE BEGINNING

THE LARGE BODY of expectant-looking girls and boys, fresh from the grammar schools, that the world called Freshmen, and the Sophomores, called "Cradle Roll," took their seats in the auditorium of the High School in September, with the unspoken resolve to make their class the best and most reliable in the school. How well we have carried out that resolution is not for us to say. We are not conceited enough as yet to brag on ourselves, though may be when we are Sophs.; but that remains to be seen.

We were the largest Freshman Class the High School ever received, and proud of it. One hundred and thirty-one strong, we got thirty-nine of our number from Wiley, thirty-six from Centennial, twenty-four from Murphey, and the remaining thirty-two from country schools and other cities.

The year has brought forth many things for us, mostly things we didn't expect. Everything has been very different from the grammar-school life to which we had grown accustomed. But, after much puzzlement, we are becoming high-schoolish and begin to feel at home. Soon we shall become bright Sophomores.

EDITH RUSSELL, '16.

## GRAHAM SOCIETY

IN THE triangular debate this year the debaters, Banks Arendell, Spencer Stell, Wiley Rogers and Her-  
mas Stephenson, were all members of the Graham Literary Society. A large part of the football team are  
Graham boys. The Freshmen have not been in our society this year, as they have a society of their own.

The officers for the fall term were: President, Paul Smith; Vice-President, Spencer Stell; Secretary and  
Treasurer, Arthur Wyatt; Monitor, Raymond Maxwell. For the spring term: President, Connor Aycock;  
Vice-President, John Saunders; Secretary and Treasurer, Joe Martin; Monitor, Earl Johnson.



GRAHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

## THE SYNERGETIC LITERARY SOCIETY

THE SYNERGETIC SOCIETY was not so successful this year as it has been in previous years. In the preliminary for the triangular debate neither one of the two contestants won a place on the team; also, in the debate on "Commission Form of Government" our contestants were not so successful as to win the prize, but they did credit, both to themselves and the society. The society was very small this year, as a great many members graduated last year, and they did not admit the Freshmen to the societies this year. The debates of the regular meetings on Fridays seem to grow better and better as the session passes on.

In athletics this society was successful. Its members of the football team were stars, and the contestants for the different positions on the baseball team seemed to have their positions cinched, but were not given a chance to show their ability, as the team was compelled to disband on account of the lack of money.

The officers of the society for the fall term were: Andrew Crinkley, President; Fabius Shipp, Vice-President; Ben Williamson, Secretary and Treasurer; Julian Hervey, Monitor; and Professor Burgess, Critic. Those for the spring term were: Roy Williamson, President; Marvin Boykin, Vice-President; Isaac Schwartz, Secretary and Treasurer; Ben Williamson, Monitor; and Professor Burgess, Critic.



SYNERGETIC LITERARY SOCIETY

## PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

MORE INTEREST has been shown in the work of the Pierian Society this year than ever before. The Freshmen were organized into two separate societies—one for boys and one for girls—and this left very few members in the two original societies, the Pierian and the Spencer. Therefore, on the cordial invitation of the Pierians, the Spencer Society was dissolved and the members were admitted to the Pierian. This plan has worked well, and the new members have done much to add to the interest of the programs.

The officers for the spring term are: President, Miss Alma Wood; Vice-President, Miss Mildred Anderson; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Ruth Campbell; Critic, Miss Katherine Sherwood; Monitor, Miss Rebekah Culbreth.

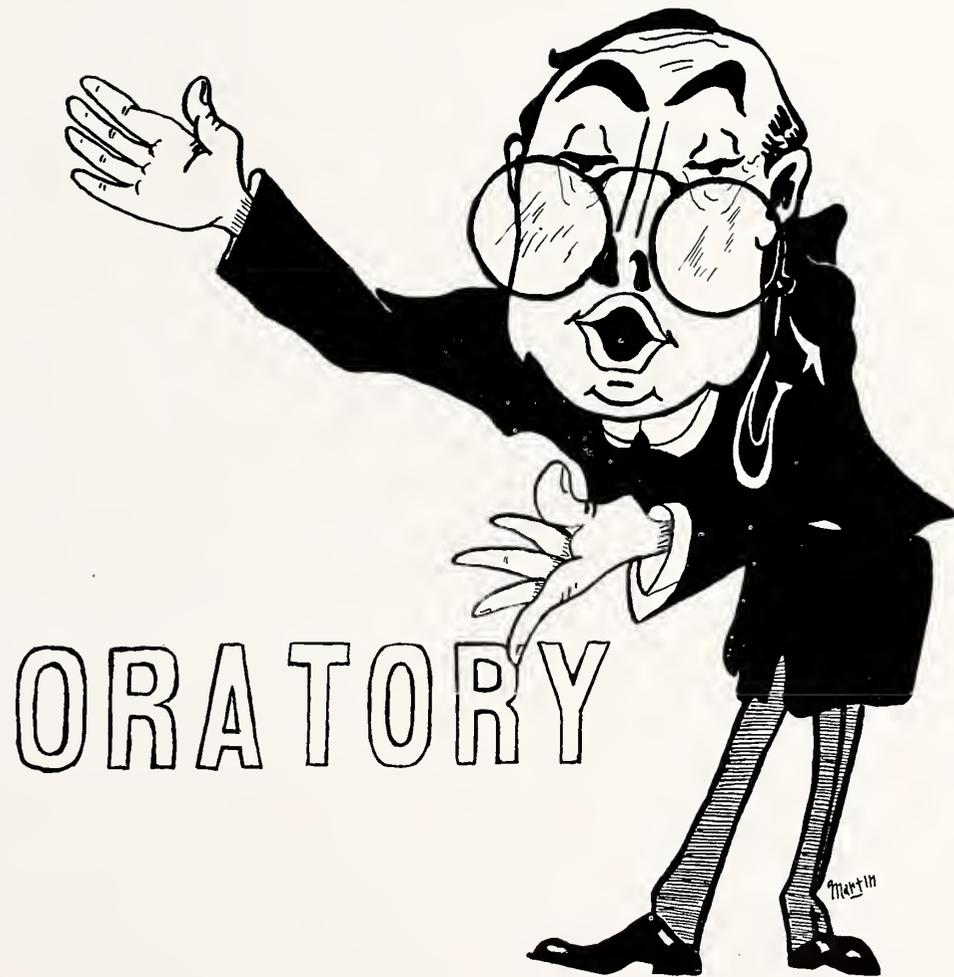
A debate has been arranged with the Graham Literary Society, to take place the 18th of April. We will be ably represented by Misses Alma Wood, Arline Chester and Katherine Crews.

REBEKAH H. CULBRETH.



PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY







SPENCER STELL



BANKS ARENDELL

**RALEIGH VS. GREENSBORO**

QUERY—Resolved, That the Constitution of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow women to vote under the same qualifications as men.

*Affirmative*.....Raleigh  
*Negative*.....Greensboro

Decision: won by negative.



HERMAS STEPIENSON



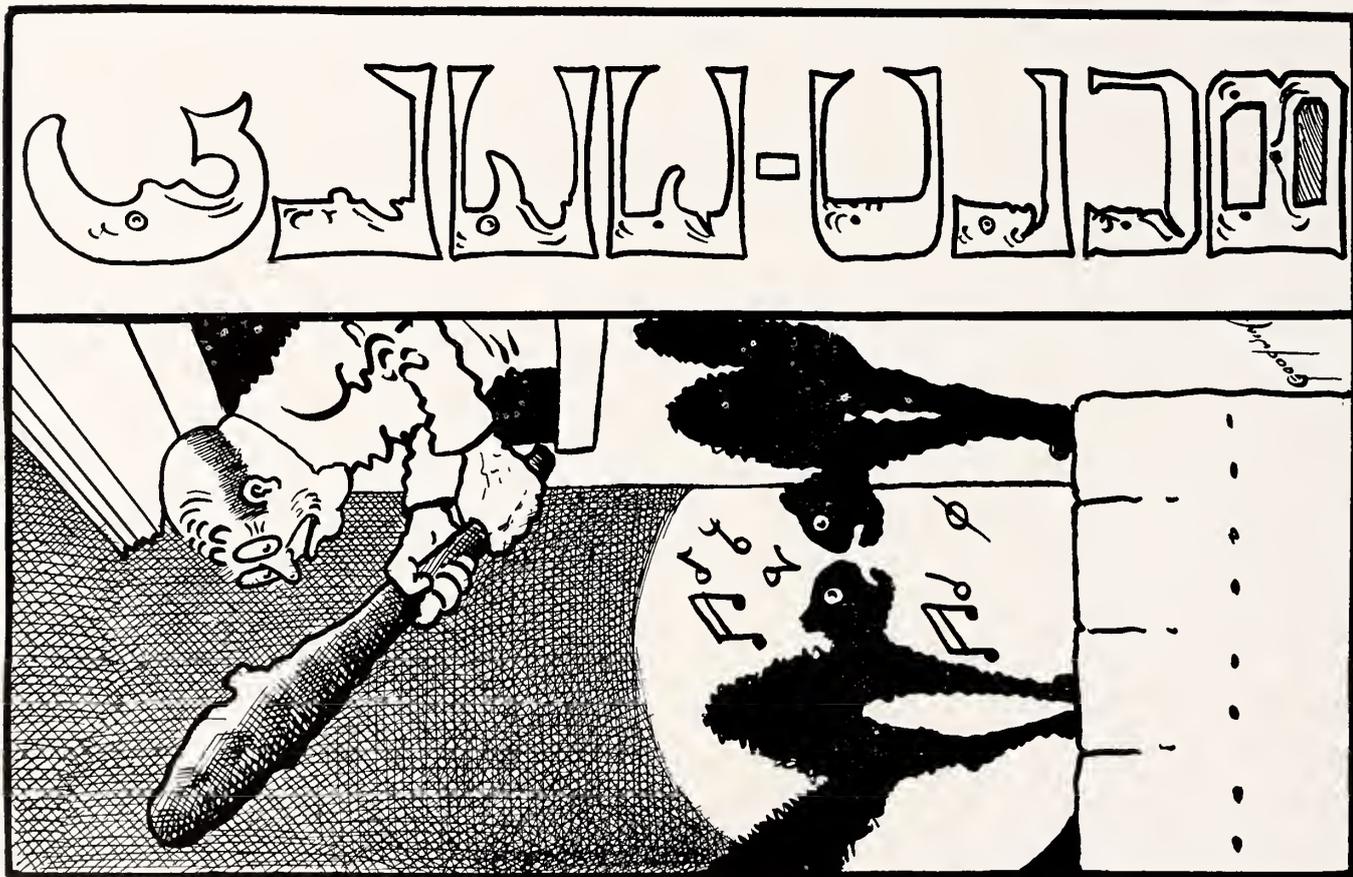
WILEY ROGERS

**RALEIGH VS. CHARLOTTE**

QUERY—Resolved, That the Constitution of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow women to vote under the same qualifications as men.

*Affirmative* ..... Charlotte  
*Negative* ..... Raleigh

Decision: won by negative.



## GLEE CLUB

DEAR MISS CROSSMAN: I received your letter last week, asking about our Glee Club. I am glad to know that you are interested in this work, and that you have such a dandy club at your school.

This year we have a hundred and fifty members, mixed voices. Two-thirds of this number are Freshmen, as Glee Club work is required in the Freshman course. We have several good soloists, who, having had their voices trained, are a great help.

The Glee Club will give an operetta, "Jack and the Bean Stalk," on the 18th of April. This operetta promises to be a success in every way, as our voice director, Miss Clara Chapell, with the assistance of Miss Bradley, has trained the members thoroughly.

The Glee Club is always ready to sing at Mothers' Meetings, exercises at the capitol and on other occasions of this nature. We are now working on special music for this year's commencement.

The members of the Glee Club who are Seniors regret that this is their last year, and they hope that the work will be more successful every year.

Sincerely,

RALEIGH, N. C., April 11, 1913.

REBEKAH H. CULBRETH.



## PHYSICAL CULTURE

AS THIS is our second year of physical training, we have done decidedly better work. The attendance on class has been much better and the work has been carried out in a more systematic manner.

On February 7th the public schools gave an exhibition of the work in the city auditorium, under the superintendence of our training teacher, Miss Jennie Fleming. The High School girls, dressed in Swedish costumes, took a very prominent part and did credit to their training. The entertainment was very much enjoyed and pronounced a complete success by every one.

The classes are now looking forward to the "field-day" exercises, to take place some time in May, when they will give an exhibition of outdoor sports.

All of us, especially the Seniors, are very grateful to Miss Fleming for our excellent training, and we hope that the future classes may receive as much benefit.

ALLENE E. THORNBURGH.



## DOMESTIC SCIENCE

WHEN SEPTEMBER CAME, the Domestic Science classes were ready to start back to work. The experienced (?) Sophomores felt at home, while the unpracticed Freshmen tried to roll out dough without any flour on the board, and ran to get lard to fry bacon. But, from what Aunt Minerva says, they were brilliant. She says they are even smarter than the Sophomores, which is terrible.

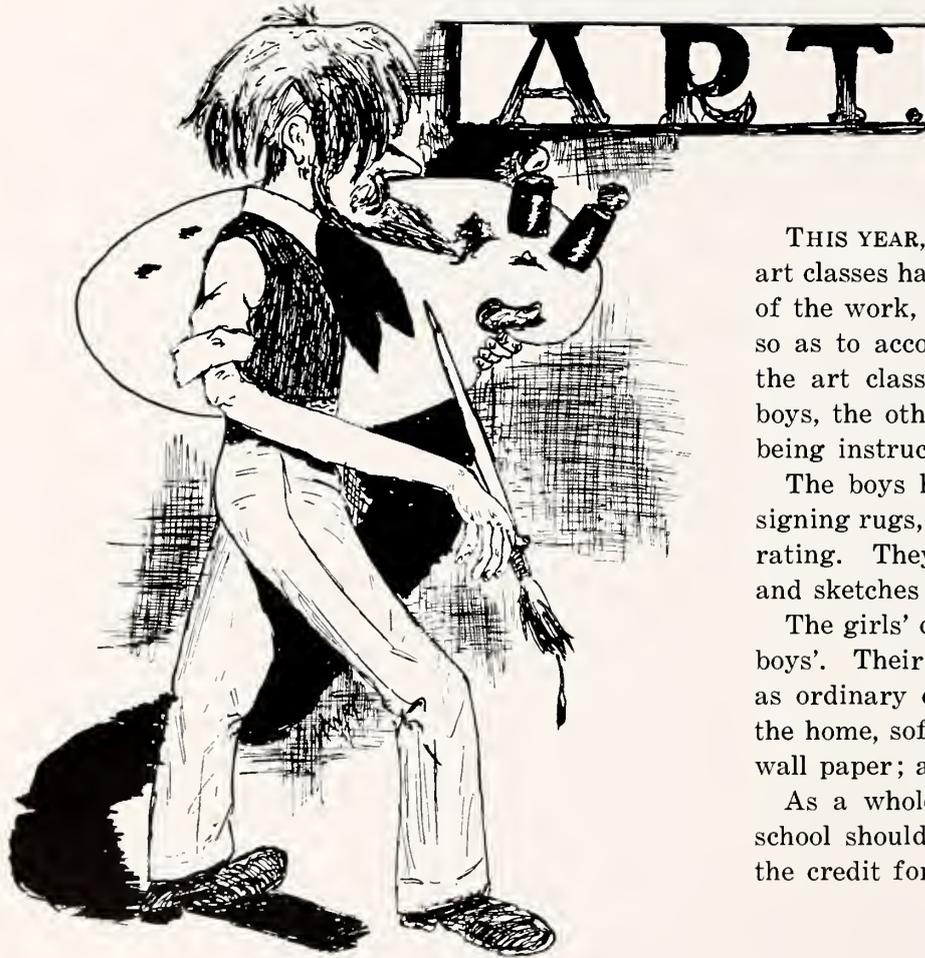
At teachers' meetings this year we have served tea and sandwiches, and, after the teachers were gone, managed to consume inordinate quantities of various eatables ourselves. The Cooking School also has served lunch at long recess for the hungry girls and boys who live too far to go home to lunch.

In January the Sophomores gave a banquet to the Board of Aldermen, the School Board and several members of the Legislature who were interested in education. This banquet was given that the School Board and Board of Aldermen might meet and co-operate, and also to show them what work the Cooking School was doing.

The first year in Domestic Science is spent in learning the elementary principles of cookery and the study of dietetics. In the second year there is more entertaining work to do. The cooking is divided into a series of breakfast, luncheon and dinner dishes. At the end of each series the class is divided into families and each family cooks a meal. Also, during the spring term, the Sophomores give a series of luncheons to the School Board and High School teachers, principally to "show off" their skill in culinary art.

In May comes the grand *finale*—the exhibit—to which we are all looking forward, for it will show our fond and proud parents how we can cook.

KATHARINE CREWS, '15.



## ART CLUB

THIS YEAR, under the supervision of Miss Smith, the art classes have done splendid work. From the nature of the work, it was necessary to have the class small, so as to accomplish as much as possible. Therefore, the art class was divided into two sections—one of boys, the other of young girls, each of these sections being instructed once a week.

The boys have had very interesting lessons in designing rugs, wall paper, houses, and the interior decorating. They have also had many lessons of nature and sketches of life.

The girls' class work has been more varied than the boys'. Their work was to make useful things, as well as ordinary class work. They designed curtains for the home, sofa pillows, book covers, baskets, rugs and wall paper; also sketches of life and of nature.

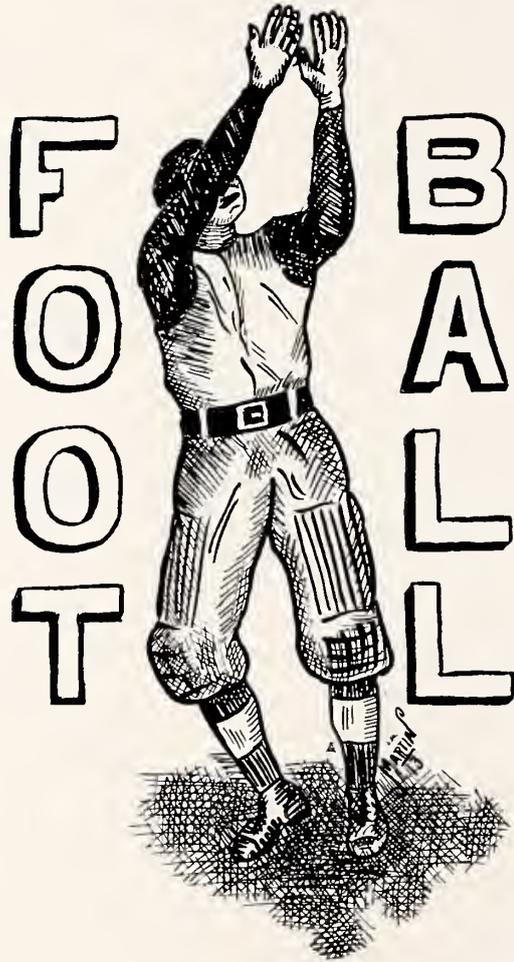
As a whole, the classes have done work that any school should be proud of, and to Miss Smith is due the credit for our success.

EFFIE UNDERHILL.

## TRACK ATHLETICS

RALEIGH HIGH SCHOOL entered six men in the first annual Interscholastic State Track Meet, which was held at Chapel Hill on April 11th. With only three weeks' training, our team won several honors and scored only six points less than the team that won the State championship. In every event that our men entered they made an excellent show; and in the mile, the broad jump, the high jump and the pole vault they made especially good records. In fact, in the pole vault Mills and Bowen cleared the reed at nine feet and seven inches, and thus won two medals and broke the State scholastic record in pole vaulting. With sufficient training, what may we expect from our track team in the next annual meet at Chapel Hill?

*Track Team.*—Eugene Mills, William Bowen, Henry Cole, James Denmark, Wilmer Betts, Willie Woodall.



## FOOTBALL.

AT THE BEGINNING of the football season this year the prospects were not very bright; but when the bugle-call came for men, about thirty-five responded. Of this number, however, there were only three regulars and two substitutes from that memorable team of last year. We were very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Arthur Bernard as coach. He immediately lined up his men, and they practiced, and practiced, and practiced some more.

When the first game came, with Warrenton, the team was in fine shape, and they put up a hard fight; but, owing to the fact that the local team was twenty pounds to the man heavier than ours, we were defeated by the small score of 7 to 9. But in all probability the victory would have gone to the visitors if the last quarter had been extended one minute, for the Raleigh team had forced the ball to Warrenton's 2-yard line when the referee's whistle blew.

Though this game was not a victory by actual score, it served as an inspiration for the boys, and they surprised everybody by tying that "invincible" Goldsboro team in the next game, the score being 14 to 14.

The third game played was with Greensboro. It was hotly contested throughout, and the outcome was 3 to 0, in favor of Raleigh.

The next game was with Warrenton, at Raleigh. Warrenton was determined to win and put up a fierce struggle; but in one or two rushes she found Raleigh's rock wall, and in no part of the game did she prove to be R. H. S.'s equal.

Then came Greensboro, full of determination, only to "get it all knocked out of her by the playingest little team in the State," as some one put it. The home team completely outclassed the visitors and succeeded in defeating them, 26 to 0. And then she played five substitutes.

But the grandest victory of the season was the game with Goldsboro, at Raleigh. Goldsboro came, proud and confident, but they did not have "the goods," and went down in defeat by the score of 20 to 12.

And then came the final game. It was played at Wilmington on Thanksgiving Day. We went down with confidence of winning, as usual. But the Wilmington boys were there. The visiting team played a good game, but Wilmington, with a well-trained team, won the game, 32 to 0. The home team was espe-

cially good on forward passes and showed some splendid team work. Besides this, the visitors had to fight up-hill against the umpire and referee. Had this game gone to Raleigh, she would have been the undisputed champions of North Carolina; but, since Wilmington won, it could go to neither school. Raleigh challenged Wilmington to play another game, at Raleigh, to decide the championship, but the locals would not agree to this. However, if we didn't win the championship, our team played as good and perhaps better than any other team in the State.

All through the season our team appeared brimming full of that do-or-die, ever-win spirit, put there by Brown, Bruner, Woolcott, Uzzle, Curtice and others, and common to Raleigh High School teams. This is a spirit that never fails to win. It is a spirit that can't be conquered, and may it continue to thrill Raleigh High School teams forever!



## FOOTBALL TEAM, 1912

STELL  
McDONALD  
L. E.

ELIAS, C.

CRINKLEY, L. E.

WEATHERS  
DENMARK

WILLIAMSON

TELFAIR

MILLS

JOHNSON

CHAMPION  
STELL

BOWEN

SMITH

SUBS—AYCOCK, UZZLE, PHILLIPS, ROBBINS (W.), ROBBINS (WILLIAM).



FOOTBALL TEAM



NAOMI ALFORD  
*Sponsor Football Team*



BASEBALL TEAM



MILDRED YATES  
*Sponsor Baseball Team*



## BASEBALL

THE BASEBALL CALL went out this spring, a bunch of likely material appeared for work, and, under the supervision of Dr. McGee and Mr. Perrin Busbee, practice began, a schedule was partially arranged, and then came a crash. Sam Hill, the captain, was taken down with appendicitis, the Raleigh Capitals were granted the use of our grounds for practice, six members of the squad were below par on their averages and could not play, no sufficient funds were in sight for financing the season, and so the team, thus crippled, had nothing left to do but disband. Consequently the High School is this year without a baseball team.

## THE SIMULTANEOUSNESS OF THE AMBIENT

IT WAS EARLY in the morning, at a small town on the seacoast, and the water was very rough. There had been a storm at sea the night before, and as a result the waves were rushing with fury upon the beach, the white foam venturing almost up to the cottages which were built some distance from the water's edge. The roar of the waves as they broke upon the beach was as the steady rumble of thunder which precedes an electrical storm. Further down the shore could be seen the light-house, with its shining glass windows, from which every night a brilliant light would sweep the ocean for miles, showing passing vessels the dangerous rocks, upon which, should a ship be so unfortunate as to strike, it would surely be broken to pieces and cast upon the shore by the angry waves. The beach was strewn with broken pieces of wood, shells, bunches of sea-weed, and other refuse which is found on any shore after a storm.

Up the beach in the opposite direction from the light-house was a group of small houses. It required only a glance to know that they were the homes of fishermen, for in front of every house was a rowboat, pulled far up on the beach, out of reach of the waves, which seemed so eager to reach them, carry them out and toss them upon the restless waves; and by the door hung the nets in which the fish were caught. In front of some of the houses sat old men, carefully mending their nets or stringing fish that they were to carry to market and sell to supply the wants of some inland town, where large, fresh fish are so eagerly bought.

To this small place—it hardly deserved the name of town—had come a disheartened artist. Donis Calvert had been for some years painting pictures, which he could not persuade any one to buy. His father died when he was in his 'teens and had left him a few thousand dollars with which to complete his education. The greater part of this he had spent preparing himself to be an artist. It was just at this time that the people were becoming interested in the new spirit of art, the past impressionists, the cubists, and the simultaneousness of the ambient. There was no beauty in this new art conglomeration of objects in daubs of color, representing everything the artist saw when he was painting, but Donis was very much interested in it and had spent much of his time and money learning the new art. Although he had been an

apt pupil and loved art better than anything else, and had painted many pictures, he had never been able to find a purchaser for any of them. No one seemed to want any of his pictures.

With his money nearly gone, and very much discouraged, he had come to the seacoast to make one more attempt. If he should fail to sell this picture, he had decided to give up art and make a living as best he could.

The morning found Donis with his canvas spread on his easel and a camp stool before it, ready to make his last attempt. He was standing by the easel, carelessly turning the pages of his portfolio, in which were several rough sketches, when down the beach came a girl, dressed in white, with a big white hat perched on the back of her head. Donis' face lighted up at sight of her, for in the few days that he had been there he had seen her constantly, having found a boarding place with her mother, and the two had become good friends. As the girl came near, she cried:

"Oh, Mr. Calvert! May I see your sketches?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Barnes; I shall be pleased to have you look at them if you wish, although they are rough and unfinished."

"What funny pictures!" exclaimed Miss Barnes, eagerly looking over his shoulder as he turned the pages. "They are only daubs of color. I have never seen any pictures before like these. What do they represent?"

"I admit that they are strange pictures to some people, but to me they are very beautiful. These are some specimens of the new art—the simultaneousness of the ambient."

"I have heard of the new art before," said Miss Barnes, "but have never seen any of the pictures. Of what is this a picture? One way it looks like a dog, and another like a man. Which is it?"

"Why," replied Donis, who seemed slightly embarrassed, "it's just whatever you feel about it."

"Well, what did you feel when you painted it?"

"I—er—must have felt like a man, as I couldn't feel like a dog."

"My! What is this?" exclaimed Miss Barnes, drawing from the collection a wiggly dash of green across a canvas.

"That is a 'shiver,'" said Donis.

“And this?” pursued Miss Barnes, extracting from the portfolio a splutter of Fourth of July fireworks, in all colors of the rainbow. “And this?” a mass of splotched yellow.

“That is a ‘sneeze,’” said Donis, “and the yellow canvas is a ‘spasm of jealousy.’ You see, you have to feel each emotion and sensation to properly appreciate the picture.”

“I feel like a dish rag,” breathed Miss Barnes, dropping upon a boulder, “with all the emotions wrung out of me, I’ve experienced so many sensations in the last few minutes.”

Presently, collecting herself, she continued:

“I suppose that you have sold many pictures and are quite a distinguished artist. We should feel honored that from among many places you have selected this one in which you expect to find subjects for your pictures.”

“To the contrary, Miss Barnes, I have not been successful. I came here to paint one more picture, and if I am not successful I have decided to give up art and become a business man.”

“Many artists have been here,” said Miss Barnes, “and they have painted beautiful pictures, which, I am sure, sold immediately. None of them, however, were interested in this new art. Some of them would work for weeks painting the ocean, the light-house, and usual subjects, such as those. Why do you not paint some of those? I believe that you could make a success along that line.”

Donis sat looking out over the sea for some time, considering what Miss Barnes had said. Finally he turned to the girl and, looking her square in the eyes, said:

“I feel that if you only believe in me I can make a success in anything I undertake. I shall begin a picture of the light-house, showing the rocky cliff it is built upon, and if it is a success I shall owe it all to you.”

The remainder of that day, and several succeeding days, found Donis at his easel, faithfully working on his picture, which he was trying to make his masterpiece. At last he felt that there was nothing that he could do to improve the picture. He told Miss Barnes that the picture was completed, and she went down to the beach to see it before he took it from the easel.

It was a splendid picture of the light-house, and she told Donis that, of all the pictures that she had seen of the place, this was by far the best, and she felt sure that at last he had made a success.

That night he boxed the picture, ready to take to New York the next morning. As he told Miss Barnes good-bye, he said:

“Something tells me that this picture will be accepted, and as soon as I can be certain about its fate I will come back with a question for you to answer. While I am away I hope that you will be thinking of the question, and when I return will be ready to give me the answer I desire.”

In a week Miss Barnes received a telegram which caused her eyes to brighten with expectancy and a becoming blush to glow on her cheeks. The telegram said:

*“Picture accepted by the American Art Gallery. Am leaving New York to-night and will reach  
R—— to-morrow morning. Donis Calvert.”*

NELL IDEN.



## A KONGO FEAST

It was a hot summer day in Kongo Free State. Ben and Roy Williamson shone forth in golden glory. Kenneth Holloway, as host, was setting forth the marvelous advantages of his native land—Kongo. Spencer Stell was quietly but forcefully persuading a hippopotamus that his wife should vote. Allene Thornburgh shouted forth with horrible accent (all was quiet). Fabius Shipp was teaching *A Chat* to chatter, while Andrew Crinkley was gradually bringing a monkey to see that he was really an elephant. Sam Telfair was faithfully teaching an orangoutang the many trots and tangs of the tang-o on a banana peel. Wissner McGeachy sat idly on his imagination, playing “Everybody’s Doing It” with a ruler on his teeth. Justin Maxwell was standing in a far corner, trying to think—a hopeless job. Rebekah Culbreth, drooping daintily over an orchid, charmed the audience with a magnificent pose. Miguel Elias came forward with his opinion, but was promptly squelched by a sidelong glance from the kangaroo. At length “Flea” Wyatt stepped forth, Cicero in hand, reading thus wise: “How long, oh, Holloway, will you abuse our appetites? How long before the ‘grub’ is served?”

Promptly Holloway, with a gesture of his noble hand and a nod of his stately head, calls forth his (“*socii patriae*”) servers, who serve with taste the renowned African recipes. The delicious menu was as follows:

## MENU

RHINOCEROS TAIL SOUP DANS LA DISHE

BREAD FRUIT DANS LA SLICE

GRAPE FRUIT EN DEMI

KANGAROO CHICKWEED DE MASSE

COCOANUT DE LA HALF SHELL

ELEPHANTINE SPAGHETTI, PARROT SAUCE

The crowning feature of the occasion was:

NIGGER PUDDING, FIDO SAUCE, OF THE HOST'S OWN COMPOSURE

Banks Arendell stepped forth, the  
Meeting broke up.

P. F. S., '13.

## THE SENIOR'S FAREWELL

How can we bear to leave thee?  
One last farewell we bid thee;  
But now, whate'er befalls us,  
We go where duty calls us.  
Farewell, farewell, old R. H. S.  
Farewell, farewell, dear R. H. S.

Ne'er more canst thou behold us  
Or in thy walls enfold us.  
After years of ceaseless trodding,  
We end our weary plodding.  
Farewell, farewell, old R. H. S.  
Farewell, farewell, dear R. H. S.

We think of thee with longing—  
Think deep while tears are thronging,  
Our Alma Mater's fading,  
Our fond farewell we're paying.  
Farewell, farewell, old R. H. S.  
Farewell, farewell, dear R. H. S.

LOUISE MERRITT.

# THE END





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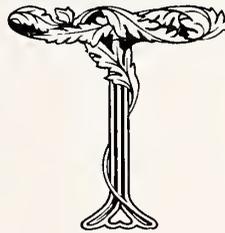


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