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THE RATTLER

1914



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF THE RALEIGH HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME SIX

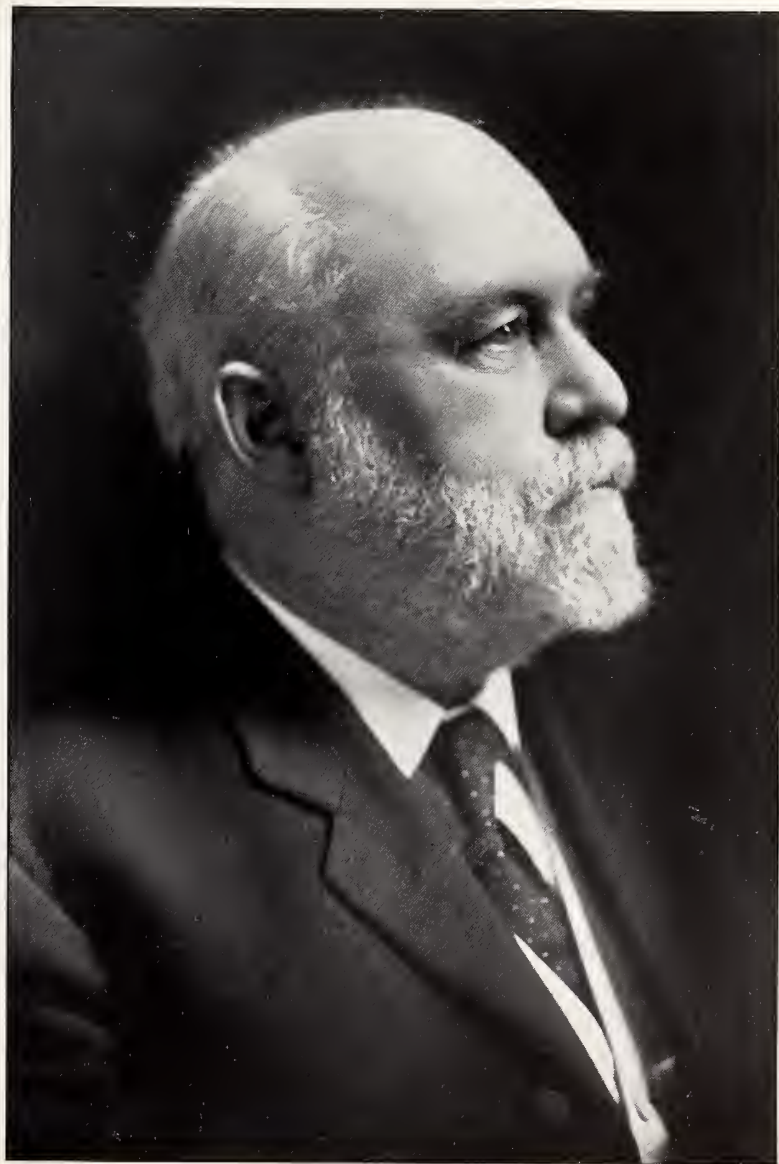
EDITORS

HERMAS STEPHENSON □ □ □ VIRGINIA ALLEN □ □ □ WILEY ROGERS □ □ □ SARA EDWARDS

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TO
RICHARD HENRY LEWIS
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF HIS LOYALTY TO THE
RALEIGH SCHOOLS
THIS ANNUAL IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF
NINETEEN - FOURTEEN



RICHARD HENRY LEWIS
M.D., LL.D.



THE EDITORS



PROFESSOR HUGH MORSON

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MR. G. B. PHILLIPS

MR. C. K. BURGESS

MISS GLADYS RICHARDS

MISS IRMA DEATON



WILEY M. ROGERS

For "E'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

Age 17. Height 5—9. Weight 135.

Member Graham Literary Society 1910-'13; Secretary of Graham Literary Society 1911-'12; Inter-Society Debate 1911-'12; Charlotte-Raleigh Debate 1913; Member Athletic Association; Assistant Editor Enterprise 1912-'13; Commencement Marshal 1913; President of Senior Class 1913-'14; President of Ayeoek Literary Society 1913; Business Manager of Enterprise 1913-'14; Editor-in-Chief of RATTLER 1913-'14; Glee Club 1914; Greensboro-Raleigh Debate 1914.

Wiley is the "idle" of the Class and the man of the hour. He never fails. He comes out victorious whether he debates or reads Latin. He is the only Senior who can look wise on a Latin quiz. His fame rests mainly on the dance, which he originated, entitled "The Morson Lope."



NAOMI JUDD ALFORD

"Salome"

*"She looks as fresh as morning roses
Newly washed with dew."*

Age 19. Height 5—6. Weight 120.

President Class 1911; Sponsor Traek Team 1911; Sponsor Football 1913; Member Dramatic Club 1910; Member Pierian Literary Society 1910-'12.

Naomi's chief pastime is dancing. She would rather dance than to eat; and that is a broad statement, for she is especially fond of pickles. She dances in her dreams, and is never happier than when threading the intricacies of the Tango.



ISAAC SCHWARTZ

"Ike"

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Age 17. Height 5—3. Weight 110.

Member Synergetic Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Athletic Association 1910-'14; Class Historian 1910-'11; Secretary and Treasurer Synergetic Literary Society 1912-'13; Magazine Editor 1912-'13, Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class 1913-'14; Manager RATTLER 1913-'14.

Isaac has been, throughout his High School career, the wonder and admiration of his classmates, and a boon and benediction to the faculty. He enjoys the distinction of never having been confined in the cruel limits of the "Prison of Chillon"—and yet he is a jolly good fellow!



SARA EDNA EDWARDS

"Sally"

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*

Age 17. Height 5—3. Weight 105.

Member Pierian Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Glee Club 1910-'14; Member Athletic Association 1910; Member Literary Class 1913-'14; Assistant Editor RATTLER 1914.

She has a temperament in which energy and composure blend; a mind blest with the light of understanding, and at the same time given the power of concentration.



WILLIAM HERMAS STEPHENSON

"Runt"

"He has good abilities, a genial temper and no vices."

Age 16. Height 5—4. Weight 115.

Member Graham Literary Society 1910-'13; Business Manager RATTLER 1914; Monitor Aycock Literary Society 1913; Senior Editor Enterprise 1914; Inter-society Debater 1911-'12; President Aycock Literary Society 1914; President Junior Class 1913; Member Athletic Association 1910-'14; Glee Club 1910; Vice-President Senior Class 1914; Raleigh-Charlotte Debater 1913; Raleigh-Charlotte Debater 1914; Winner of Charles U. Harris Medal 1913.

His rich, mellow eloquence joined to powerful argument, convinced the judges that Raleigh should triumph in the triangular debate. He may not look formidable, but he has a marvelously persuasive way.



VIRGINIA CAROLINA ALLEN

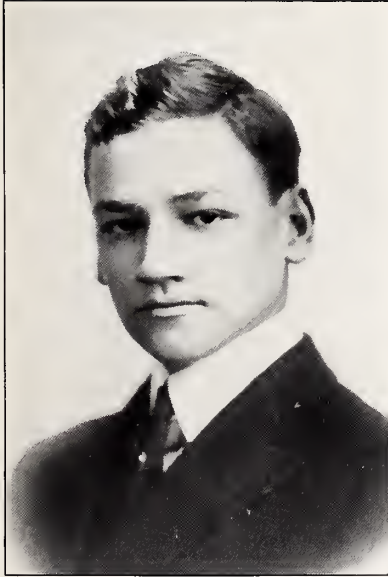
"Ginger"

*"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."*

Age 17. Height 5—7. Weight 111.

Member Glee Club 1910-'13; Member Pierian Literary Society 1910-'12; Critic Pierian Literary Society 1910-'11; Assistant Editor RATTLER 1914; Member Literary Class 1913-'14; Class Poet 1914.

Virginia is a brilliant young lady, a professional editor and a very successful beau-catcher. She is firm, independent and resolute. She is a good scholar, especially in reading German and explaining English.



EDWARD ANDREW ADAMS, JR. "Basso"

"Love has found its way."

Age 17. Height 5—9. Weight 149.

Member Synergetic Literary Society; President Aycock Literary Society; Vice-President Aycock Literary Society; Member Program Committee Aycock Literary Society; Raleigh-Charlotte Debate 1914; Commencement Marshal 1913.

Though young he is, yet he is loud, for when he speaks in his ponderous tones the world trembleth and all do hold their peace. He can shoe ponies and ride them too!! His handsome face has already caused many a maiden to be seized with the epidemic which but lately struck the Senior Class, viz., the grievous pangs of love.

MILDRED McKEE ANDERSON "Skinny"

*Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?*

Age 19. Height 5—4. Weight 99.

Vice-President Spencer Literary Society 1911; Vice-President Pierian Literary Society 1912; Member Dramatic Club 1911; Member Glee Club 1914.

Mildred is kind, generous and lovable, takes life at its very best and puts up a pretty good bluff. Tho' a great admirer of purple and gold, she may often be seen wearing red and white.





WILLIAM BANKS DEWAR

"Bill"

*"For a lion is a terrible thing loose
Among ladies."*

Age 17. Height 5—6. Weight 130.

Member Graham Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Aycock Literary Society 1914; Glee Club 1910; Track Team 1914; Business Manager Enterprise 1913-'14; Program Committee Aycock Literary Society 1914.

Ladies, beware! Don't believe his eyes nor trust too much in his words. But lady-killing is not Dewar's only accomplishment. He is the "Old-reliable" on Geometry and his jokes are always appreciated, especially by himself.



ANNIE LAURIE ERVIN

"Miss Annie"

*"Like dew on downs a lying,
Was the fall of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice was low and sweet."*

Age 17. Height 5—5. Weight 112.

Member Pierian Literary Society; Glee Club 1910-'14.

Annie Laurie wins the friendship of those who know her, and the hearts of those who know her well.



PETER F. LYNCH

"Pete"

Age 15. Height 5—3. Weight 105.

"Precious articles come in small packages."

We came to school last September and found him here, and 'twas a lucky find. He helps us all with Geometry and is a regular Virgil pony. He's the baby of our Class, so we all take care of him.

VIRGINIA RUTH CAMPBELL

"Pris."

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Age 17. Height 5—1. Weight 103.

Secretary and Treasurer Pierian Literary Society 1913; Secretary Junior Class 1912-'13; Class Historian 1914.

The smallest member of the Senior Class, but one who works faithfully and never shirks her duty. She is mistress of all she possesses. It is whispered that Ruth means to practice law by proxy.





WILMER ZADOCK BETTS

"Zaddock—Zamlock"

"Why 'tis a good thing to be sad and say nothing."

Age 17. Height 5—6. Weight 132.

Member Graham Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Ayeock Literary Society 1913; Member Senior Literary Class 1913-'14; Editor-in-Chief Enterprise 1913; Member Athletic Association 1910-'14; Vice-President Ayeock Literary Society 1913; Member Football Team 1913; Member Track Team 1913.

Always wears a happy smile, even when he is out of humor which is rare; he can't keep from smiling. He's a student without a doubt, but he has a peculiar aversion to Geometry. His "ughs" help him collect his scattered wits when he explains a thing.



EMILY DEAN YOUNG

"Hemmah"

"There's mischief lurking in her very eyes."

Age 18. Height 5—2. Weight 116.

Member Pierian Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Glee Club 1910-'12; Member Athletic Association 1910-'11.

One who looks on the bright side of life. There is no such word as gloom in her vocabulary. Joy is her constant companion. She is merry from the crown of her golden locks to the tips of her tiny feet.



LESTER SELIGSON

"Brutus"

"His eloquence would draw iron tears from Pluto's eyes."

Age 17. Height 5—4. Weight 130.

Member Synergetic Literary Society 1912-'13; Representative Trinity Declamation Contest 1914; Member Aycock Literary Society 1913-'14; Member Athletic Association 1913-14; Member Arrangement Committee and Marshal Raleigh-Charlotte Debate 1914.

Lester is a good student and a hard worker. He has a head and keeps it. Especially is he noted for his vivid imagination and his English note books. In spite of the great loss of his father a few months since, Lester has returned to school and is working as hard as ever.



JULIA GRAHAM JORDAN

"Mrs. Rip"

"Her heart's as true as steel."

Age 17. Height 5—8. Weight 135.

Member Pierian Literary Society 1910-'13; Member of the Glee Club 1910; Member Senior Literary Class 1913-'14.

The old "stand-by" of the Class, but often she is caught napping, which habit accounts for her nebulous ideas of propriety. But we all love her just the same. She is a star in Geometry and is always ready and willing to help others.



STEWART CRINKLEY

"Krink"

*"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend the mighty oak."*

Age 16. Height 5—11. Weight 165.

Member Graham Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Aycock Literary Society 1914; Fun and Rhyme Editor Enterprise 1914; Glee Club 1910.

From the occasion of his advent four summers ago, Stewart has grown about two feet in length and probably half that many in knowledge. He can typewrite, shorthand and crack jokes at the same time. In addition to all this he knows music.



GRACE JOYCE JEFFRIES

"Gracie"

"As well be out of the world as out of fashion."

Age 18. Height 5—5. Weight 117.

Member Basketball Team 1910; Member Glee Club 1910-'14; Member Pierian Literary Society 1914; Dramatic Club 1910; Critic Pierian Literary Society 1912.

If you wish to know the styles go to "Gracie." Her desk is never free from a burden of style books, which fact accounts for the absence of Geometry and French. She knows the cut of skirts from hoops to slash, and has a particular fondness for the latter.



RALPH McDONALD "Hobo"

"There is method in his madness."

Age 17. Height 5—8. Weight 130.

Member Synergetic Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Baseball Team 1913-'14; Manager Baseball Team 1913-'14; Member Football Team 1912-'13.

The most candid fellow in his class. Ralph regards thinking as a very arduous performance, but he would rather think than adopt a ready made opinion. Nature has blessed him with rare originality, and we expect good things of him.

LENA ROGERS BARROW

"Tilly"

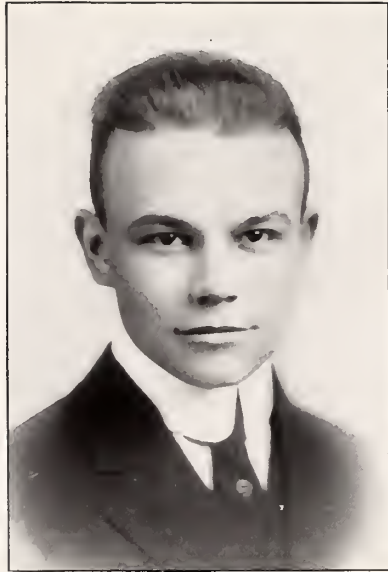
*"When in thy learning, hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Age 18. Height 5—4. Weight 110.

Member Basketball Team 1910-'11; Member Dramatic Club 1910-'12; Member Glee Club 1910; Class Prophet 1914.

Lena is an artist and an actress, a charter member of the "Recess Study_Gang." She thinks Aeneas is a "good scout."





JOSEPH DAVIS

"Smily"

Age 18. Height 5—6. Weight 140.

"He wears the smile that won't come off."

A brand new scholar who has early evinced his liking for the ladies. Since his stay of one year with us he has affected nearly every female in our class. Probably it is a good thing he did not come earlier, the other boys would not have been in it.

MARY THELMA NAYLOR

"Calm, whatsoever storms may shake the world."

Age 18. Height 5—6. Weight 130.

Member Pierian Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Glee Club 1910-'11.

We are justly proud of our musician. She can always be depended on to furnish music for anything whether a Tango Tea or—. She is one of the trio of young women who embarrass us with a Latin phrase now and then.





THOMAS PERRIN HARRISON, JR., "Tom"

"When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Age 16. Height 5—8. Weight 142.

Member Synergetic Literary Society 1910-'13; Member Athletic Association 1910-'14; Member Aycock Literary Society 1913; Editor Enterprise 1913-'14.

Tom's eyes say "Be still, for I will speak," and speak he does. He uses his copious vocabulary most fluently when he is once started. He explains passages from Shakespeare with ease, and to him the densest paragraphs in English are as clear as muddy water.



ELIZA VICTORIA MIAL "Vic"

"She looked down to blush and looked up to sigh."

Age 19. Height 5—5. Weight 106.

Member Dramatic Club 1910; Member Spencer Literary Society 1910-'11; Member Pierian Literary Society 1912.

Victoria has been a very faithful student. She was very much interested in Latin and traced the devious perambulations of Æneas with great delight.

Senior Class History

The history of the class of 1914 is a story of how "we came, saw, and conquered." We regard this as a very conservative expression, indeed, in view of our distinguished and dazzling career.

During the first three years of our pilgrimage, we distinguished ourselves in dramatics, oratory, football, baseball, and the other conventional things; but it was in the years 1913 and 1914 that we outdid all our previous efforts and convinced the world that we were really prodigies. To prove and establish beyond all doubt our claim to genius, we present this record for the reader's perusal:

September 8. It was a grave but valiant little band of Seniors that was ushered into school to-day. We were very much impressed with our responsibility, knowing how prone the young are to follow in our footsteps. (They have followed us faithfully to the "Prison of Chillon.")

October 3. Lena Barrow knew her lessons to-day. Such an event furnishes much ground for speculation, and the only solution we can offer is that probably the previous night was one of the nights on which she received no caller.

October 27. William Dewar assumed the toga to-day.

November 5. Naomi Alford forgot to bring her vanity box to school.

November 7. Victoria Mial failed to say "Lessons are too long and you know to-morrow is our hardest day."

December 19. For once Mildred Anderson was stirred from her habitual dignified and deliberate manner, and got in a hurry. I have it from a reliable source that she was actually seen tearing up the stairs from Physical Culture with her shoes unfastened!

January 6. "O what a dreary place is this working day world!" Our sunny Emma and Joe haven't smiled all day.

January 13. A great honor was conferred upon one of our number to-day. Virginia Allen taught school at Brooklyn.

January 20. On this date our erratic, eccentric, idiosyncratic Ralph agreed with his class when they declared that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

January 22. To-day Lester Seligson revealed the fact that we had entertained a Demosthenes unawares.

March 1. Wisdom entered our room in the shape of Hebe.

March 3. Victoria Mial contributed the following to the sum of human knowledge: "A sonnet is that part of the metric system composed of fourteen lines."

March 4. Wilmer Betts was asked to act in the capacity of policeman. It was one week later that he made the important statement, that "A syllogism is a fellow talking to himself."

March 16. Today Edward Adams, becoming chilly, wanted the window lowered.

March 20. Julia Jordan wanted to know who the God of love was!

March 27. Annie Laurie Ervin kept her face toward the class one entire period. The fire engines are such a distraction!

March 30. A misfortune befell one of us to-day. Isaac Schwartz lost his pony. He says it answers to the name of Virgil.

April 7. Thomas Harrison was detained for a while after school to-day.

April 9. Wiley Rogers did a very unusual thing; for on this date the aforesaid passed out by Mr. Morson's office, having no charge on that date that would necessitate a lingering therein.

April 15. For once Thelma Naylor did not successfully evade Mr. Morson's eye and had to translate on Latin class.

April 29. Grace Jeffrey's got a new line of fashion plates. One's "get-up" must be studied out with assiduous care. Girls, chiffon taffetas are to be a la mode this season.

May 12. Sara and Hermas engaged in a long and bitter debate on the following query: "Resolved, the room is square; therefore the door is open."

May 22. To-day at 2:20 o'clock Stewart Crinkley finished reading Vanity Fair. It was assigned before Thanksgiving.

HISTORIAN.

Class Poem

I.

When all our tests are handed in
And all note books are done,
The final proposition proved,
Æneas' race is run;
When all experiments are o'er,
The last gym. lesson too,
We'll gaily fling our books away
And roam this wide world through.

II

But when we think of friendships fair,
And comrades that must go,
And revels in the chapel rare,
Our eyes must needs o'erflow.
When the last match game has been played
And sung the last sad song,
And when the closing dance is done,
As we must be e'er long—
O sad eyes fill with ready tears
And we feel keen regret;
We wonder if in other years
Our hearts can quite forget.

POET.

Class Prophecy

Oh! I am so lonely! I do wish I could see some one I know! O yes, I know what I'll do. Mr. Edison is away. I'll go into that dark and mysterious room where his latest invention, "the introscope," is kept, and see my old classmates.

I seat myself and look through the introscope, but everything seems hazy. I adjust various screws and now! Oh! What a revelation.

There is Grace Jeffreys, our old footlight star, singing on the stage of the Hippodrome. I am not surprised to see Grace here, using her voice so perfectly, for "practice makes perfect," and she has certainly practiced using her voice for a long time. There, too, I see Thelma at the piano, and by her side Hermas with his violin. The two have always been musical, and I am glad to see them making a success.

Why, who of my class could have wandered away down to New Orleans? Can it be Ruth? Well, I didn't think Ruth would get married, for she never seemed very kindly disposed toward the men. And to Peter Lynch too! The great lawyer! Well, I am glad they are so happily situated, for they deserve to be.

"Home, sweet home,
Down on the farm."

Why, that sounds like Virginia Allen's voice. So she is really going to marry a scientific farmer! That was her whole talk while at old R. H. S. But look! There are Julia and Emma. Why do they seem so interested and intent on Virginia's (mis) fortune? Emma Young, a preacher (ess), going to perform a marriage ceremony! But what part has Julia in this grave event? Oh! now I see. For some time I have been hearing of the noted soprano, Mme. Juliette Jourdain. And so she is no other than my old schoolmate Julia, and she is to sing at the great Allen- ———— wedding.

A circus! This is indeed a wonderful invention, Mr. Edison. But though I should like to see everything, as my time is very limited let us pass on to some picture that shows me my classmates. I have been watching the

performers closely for some time, but have recognized no one. Look! look at that clown. He is turning upside down, and doing all kinds of fancy dances. Why, it is Wiley Rogers, dancing the "Morson Lope," which he and William Dewar used to practice five afternoons a week the session that we were at R. H. S. But where is William? He should be here too, for he and Wiley, "like Juno's swans, went ever coupled and inseparable."

Here the scene changes to that of a large church of Gothic structure. Kneeling at the altar, I see, dressed in the garb of a priest, William, with a prayer book in his hand. Who would think that these two boys would choose these professions? But who is this calm and beautiful nun just entering? Her face seems familiar—Annie Laurie Ervin!

An ideal schoolroom. A large black-haired man stands in the front, teaching a class of young men and women. Faintly I see on the binding of his textbook, H-O-R-A-C-E. Horace! I look into this man's face, scrutinizing each feature closely. I recognize Ralph McDonald. This is Columbia University. Think of Ralph being professor of Latin in this institution!

Again the scene changes to the San Francisco Exposition. A great procession is passing in which Governor Seligson of California is one of the most prominent figures. Lester was always a quiet, hard-working boy, gifted in oratory; so it is no wonder he leads the West. In one carriage of the procession sits an earnest looking woman and every one wonders who she is. It is no secret to me for it is Miss Victoria Mial, the North Carolina multi-million-heiress, who by her invention of an automatic hat-trimmer has acquired a great fortune, and who is a niece of the great Governor Seligson's wife.

Over a small and exclusive shop in Paris I read, "Wilmer Betts." Within I see Sara Edwards. She is designing evening gowns for debutantes.

Here I am in the spacious auditorium of the University of North Carolina. On the platform I see a scholarly looking man, whom we used to call Isaac Schwartz, being presented with a silver loving cup, for the success of his wonderful book, "Methods of Raising Frejoles on the Front Lawn of the Man in the Moon." I recognize the orator of the day to be no other than our old debater, Edward Adams.

My next picture is a courtroom. I see Mildred Anderson on the judge's bench. Why, in the prisoner's box I see the sad face of Thomas Harrison! He is sitting beside the able suffragette lawyer, Naomi Alford, and facing the jury of twelve solemn women. He is charged with breaking up a large political meeting of suffragettes. His accomplice, Stewart Crinkley.

Oh! There is the telephone bell, and as most of the class of '14 seem to be getting on very well I will go and answer it, and in the meantime I trust that the jury will have mercy on poor old Thomas.

PROPHET.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior class of the Raleigh High School of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen, having passed through the fiery furnace of Freshmanhood into Sophomoredom, bearing all the taunts and blame which Sophomores are heir to, thence into the Junior Class, suffering the scorn of our elder brothers, whom we vied to surpass in wisdom and learning, and in our old age, having survived the ordeal of Latin, conquering with unabated courage our last foe, Geometry, all of us of sound body, and, comparatively speaking, of sane mind, realizing that our end is near, do hereby make this, our last will and testament:

ARTICLE I.

To the entire school we do bequeath and devise the present Senior room, provided it be held sacred to our memory for all time to come.

ARTICLE II.

To the present Junior Class we do bequeath the sedate and imposing statue of Miss Hebe, provided it be thoroughly cleansed (if it be possible) and that it shall not be used as a hat rack or a target for chalk.

ARTICLE III.

To the present Junior Class we do bequeath the superfluous amount of dignity which our class possesses, the privilege of going down town, and using the RATTLER office.

ARRICLE IV.

We give and bequeath to the present Junior Class the two calendars now in the Senior room. We hope their exquisite beauty and magnificence will not disturb their studying.

ARTICLE V.

To the Sophomores we do bequeath our beloved teacher, Miss Eliza Pool, who, having borne with us faithfully for three years needs recreation, which we are sure she will find in the aforesaid class.

ARTICLE VI.

Whereas, the Sophomore Class have become so prominent in all the affairs pertaining to the High School, and, whereas, they have obtained a position more elevated than the upper classes in rights and privileges, we declare it to be our desire that henceforth it be a law at the Raleigh High School that the Sophomore Class co-operate with and be a chief advisory council to the Faculty in the management of all their affairs.

ARTICLE VII.

To the present Freshman Class we do bequeath Mrs. Barbee, with all her motherly care and solicitude for the aforesaid Freshmen.

ARTICLE VIII.

To the Freshmen we do give and bequeath our morning talks, hoping that they will not consume too much of their precious study period time and that they will find said sermons very edifying and profitable.

Signed this the 99th day of October 1492.

(Signed) SENIORS.

Witnesses:

JESSE BALL.

PEPPER-GRASS SNICKLEFRITZ.

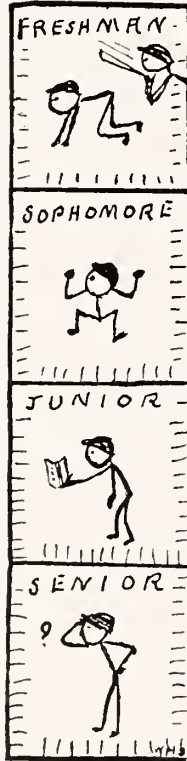
Administrator: JUDGE BURGESS.

Statistics of the

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Chief Characteristic</i>	<i>Pet Phrase</i>
WILEY ROGERS	"Innoeence"	Wit	"It looks like to me"
SARA EDWARDS	"Sally"	Preciseness	"That's right"
HERMAS STEPHENSON	"Runt"	Earnestness	"I know that"
THOMAS HARRISON	"Tom"	Straightforwardness	"Shakespeare says"
JULIA JORDAN	"Mrs. Rip"	Kindness	"How come?"
EDWARD ADAMS	"Basso"	Gruffness	"Baiser Moi"
ANNIE L. ERVIN	"Miss Annie"	Amiability	"O shoot!"
WILLIAM DEWAR	"Bill"	Pompadour	"Just as I am"
VIRGINIA ALLEN	"Ginger"	Dignity	"I should worry!"
JOE DAVIS	"Smiley"	His grin	"I don't know"
EMMA YOUNG	"Hemmah"	Gaiety	"Show your toofums"
PETER LYNCH	"Pete"	Small size	"Don't do that!"
MILDRED ANDERSON	"Skinny"	Bluff	"Piffles"
RALPH McDONALD	"Hobo"	Originality	"Umph!"
NAOMI ALFORD	"Salome"	Sanetimoniousness	"Oh! hush"
STEWART CRINKLEY	"Krink"	Awkwardness	"Sol, mi, do—"
LENA BARROW	"Tilly"	Sighing	"Improbe armor!"
WILMER BETTS	"Zadock"	Drowsiness	"Ah! ah!"
VICTORIA MIAL	"Vic"	Anxiety	"That's what I meant"
LESTER SELIGSON	"Brutus"	Meditation	"O, Catiline"
GRACE JEFFREYS	"Graeie"	Her pose	"Well, er, er!"
ISAAC SCHWARTZ	"Ike"	Cleverness	"The correct answer"
THELMA NAYLOR	"Cynthia"	Calmness	"Musie has eharms"
RUTH CAMPBELL	"Knot" any	Quietness	"Just as I said"

Senior Class

<i>Favorite Song or Book</i>	<i>Chief Accomplishment</i>	<i>Usual Occupation</i>	<i>Destination</i>
"Annie Laurie"	Arguing	Being brilliant	Winston-Salem
"Just A-wearying for You"	Explaining	Being dignified	New Athletic Park
"O, Perfect Day"	Debating	Writing	Boylan Heights
"Plato's Republic"	Character	Doing right	Chapel Hill
"Life of Edward VI"	Working math.	Talking to Edward	Mrs. (?)
"Crossing the Jordan"	Chest development	Exercising	Toward the Jordan
"Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms"	Winning friends	Being clever	Elizabeth City
"I Don't Want No Little Cosy Corner"	Breaking hearts	Raising Cain	Raleigh Apartments
"The Rosary"	Writing poetry	Talking	Florence, S. C.
"Sing me to Sleep"	Knowing nothing	Rubbering	Asia Minor
"I Have You"	Making friends	Giggling	Goldsboro
"Virgil's Æneid"	Being the kid	Jiggering about	New Orleans
"Love Me and the World Is Mine"	Looking wise	Smiling at Joe	Elizabeth City
"I Ain't Going to Work No More"	Playing football	Sleep	Straight down
"Absence"	Looking sweet	Primping	The Mirror
"I'm a Tar Heel"	Killing time	Typewriting	Stock Exchange
"Cook Book"	Latin	Eating	Wilson
"Teasing"	Skinning through	Loafing	A & M
"Looking Backward"	Objecting	Snickering	School Marm
"Modern Eloquence"	Elocution	Declaiming	State House
"Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay"	Dancing	Flirting	Stage
"I Love a Lassie"	Managing	Getting ads.	The Senate
"Schubert's Serenade"	Music	Talking to Joe	Bachelor girl
"Alice in Wonderland"	Studying	Thinking	New Orleans



High School Life

All our school's a stage
And all the boys and girls merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one child in his time plays many parts,
His acts being four ages. At first, the Freshman,
With his books and shining morning face,
Creeping like a snail timidly to school,
And suffering much at the hands of the Soph;
And then the Sophomore, cruel and proud,
Seeking to persecute his inferiors
Even in the presence of Mr. Morson.
The third age shifts to work and study
With Latin book on yard at recess,
Ever looking forward to the Senior stage.
The last scene of all is the dignified Senior,
With class ring on finger, and RATTLER in mind,
Seeking in vain the so-called privileges,
And ending this strange, eventful history
Sans strength, sans knowledge, sans sense, sans everything!

W. HERMAS STEPHENSON.

Junior Class History

One bright September morning a crowd of jolly boys and girls assembled at the High School, happily oblivious of the drudgery to which they were doomed.

How hard it is to realize that we are those same boys and girls, but no longer children, and suffused with knowledge beyond belief! (You may be sure that I am a Junior.)

In our Freshman year, we were initiated into the then-charming study of Algebra, and we thought the gods lent a tone of silver to our tongues, when speaking Latin.

When we became bright Sophs, however, we quickly undeceived ourselves, learning that Algebra, as well as English and all the others were very difficult. And, lo! the gods of Latin had deserted us. We continually lived in fear of "Report to my office," and oftentimes did. But why linger on such awful scenes? We now live in a joyful state of existence, proud to know that ours is the best class in school.

Under Marvin Boykin, as President; Katherine Crews, as Vice-President; and W. N. H. Jones as Secretary and Treasurer, our class has developed wonderfully. In every line our class has had success.

"Doc" Johnson, Carlyle Weathers, and John Koontz, make up the good football material, which our room has furnished. They have helped to win the High School championship in football. Though it is rather early to talk about baseball it is safe to predict that several Juniors will be chosen for the team. The High School will send a track team to Chapel Hill, and some of the boys in our room are trying out. We have some good debaters, also. Among them are Marvin Boykin, Raymond Maxwell, Katherine Crews and Louise Cooper.

Our Class motto is "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," and soon we hope to reach Italy.

JUNIOR HISTORIAN.



JUNIOR CLASS

Sophomore Class History

As we endeavor to recall that remote time when we were verdant Freshmen it seems ridiculous that we should have entertained such doubts and fears as we began our first year at Raleigh High School, for many were the doubts and various the fears because those incorrigible Sophs had taken care to tell us all about the High School, Mr. Morson and Latin, and they would always end with, "Oh, you'll never want to go back to the Grammar School—never!" and we didn't.

We were the largest class the High School had ever welcomed, and we filled the rooms assigned us to their fullest extent—one hundred and thirty-one was our exact number. More of these came from Wiley than from any other school, and the least from Murphey; but these last made up in quality what they lacked in quantity.

It did not take us long to become accustomed to new ways, and, as the Sophs had prophesied, we soon grew to love them much better than the old ones.

During the fall term we organized a literary society under the direction of Mrs. Barbee, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Gressitt. The three rooms took turns in entertaining the others, and though the work was new to most of us and we were rather afraid of it at first, we managed to carry it through and do some really creditable debating, owing mainly to the fact that the teachers mercifully allowed us to stand behind the piano so the critical student body couldn't see how our knees shook.

Examinations were safely passed, at least by the majority of us, and then came the so-far happiest moment of our lives when we received the tiny pasteboards that entitled us to pass through the shining gate that leads from the obscure, looked-down-upon state of being a Freshman to the superior, enlightened "Sophomore state."

What a difference in the way we congregated in the capitol grounds on that first morning of our Freshmen year and came down in a body, to the confident, self-satisfied manner in which we stalked boldly in by twos and threes the opening day of our year as Sophomores, only stopping long enough to inquire of one of our own ranks, "Is this a Freshman? Please inform us, as we have heard of the dear, little, inoffensive things, and wish to see one."

Of course this year has been the most wonderful one we ever had, and there can never be another like it. Second year work is the hardest of all the High School course, and for this reason we feel that we have something to be proud of when we say that so far we have come off with flying colors. Our literary society, unencumbered by the timidity of other years (?) has done some excellent work, not only in debating, but in reciting as well.

Not only in mental activities, but on the athletic field also have members of our class distinguished themselves. Bowen, Mills, Whitaker, Tyree and Smith represented us in football; Mills, Cole, Demmark and Smith on the track; and Mills in baseball. These are our athletes, and we are proud that they should have had so large a part in winning the splendid honors which have come to Raleigh High School.

And now the question confronts us: are we really so very glad to pass on to Junior year and work, that third lap in the race for the goal of a High School course—our Senior year?

SOPHOMORE HISTORIAN.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Freshman Class History

We are, to begin with, new to the High School, or rather, the High School is new to us. We are, to use a plebeian expression, "a bright hue of verdant green." As yet, many of us are groping blindly in the mysterious mazes of Latin, German, Algebra and their associates. We are just laying the foundation for the stupendous task which we should accomplish in this school within the next three years.

We are a large class, a class of such colossal proportions as to be divided into three sections, under the supervision of a trio of the best teachers that ever graced our Faculty. Our class, which consisted of one hundred and thirty-two pupils on St. Patrick's Day, is the largest ever recorded in the annals of our school. Sixteen of these pupils came from the Centennial school, forty-six from the Wiley and fifty-one from the Murphey. There are nineteen others, some of whom were here last year and some who came from schools other than those of our city.

The three divisions are designated as 1-A, 1-B and 1-C. They are taught by Mrs. J. M. Barbee, Mrs. L. R. Phillips, and Miss Nita Gressitt, respectively. Mrs. Barbee's room, which has forty-nine pupils, is composed principally of Murpheyites; Mrs. Phillips' forty-seven are mostly Wileyites, while Miss Gressitt's thirty-six are divided.

The three divisions take turn about in entertaining the other two on occasional Friday afternoons. The program is made up of one or more recitations, a debate, and some music on the piano.

Some of our amateur lexicographers with their modern and startling revelations have caused such ancient professionals as Noah Webster to be completely placed in the shade. We learn that a "palfrey" is an officer in a

convent; that a "monastic vow" is a vow that a monk takes to become a nun; that a "stirrup cup" is a cup of wine poured on the foot of a guest before leaving the home of his host; that "levin" was a sort of bread sent to the children of Israel from Heaven; that a "juggler" is a vein of the throat; and that "Danish" comes from "diminish."

We are young—who knows what we may yet do? Here's to the hope that we may all pass through the dear old High School with honor.

HISTORIAN, CUM AUXILIO.





FRESHMEN GIRLS



FRESHMEN BOYS

Aycock Literary Society

This year marks a new era in the Literary Society work of the High School. Previously the entire school has been divided into societies controlled by the different teachers. The meetings of those societies have been held during the school hours; and consequently have lost some of the feeling of real constructive work. The effort was to train every one in that line of work when it could not be successfully done. To meet this condition the plan of dividing the school into what are called Literary Classes was originated. These meet once every two weeks under the direct guidance of the teachers.

But there came another demand. This was from those who desired further training along the lines of debating and declaiming. To meet this a society was formed to be composed of those boys who were interested sufficiently to enter voluntarily into the work. At first there seemed to be only a few interested ones. These faithful few have stood by and made the thing grow, however. The Society met and elected Wiley Rogers as its first president. A full corps of officers was elected and work on a constitution was begun immediately. At the next meeting this constitution was adopted and the time of meeting was put on each Friday night. Aycock was then suggested as a praiseworthy name for our society. It was selected, for who can look at the work of this great man and not see an example worthy of emulation?

Gradually new boys have been coming in until now we have a regular membership of thirty. It is our purpose to make this the head of all the debating of the High School. This year seven of the members of the Aycock Society tried out for the Triangular Debate. Four of these were selected.

The Society has also instituted a Sophomore Debate to be held each year. Only Sophomore members of the Society are eligible. A medal is to be given to the best speaker.

The second president of this Society was Hermas Stephenson, whose term was one of profit. Edward Adams was the last president of this group. It speaks well for these three old presidents, whose duty it was to begin a movement which promises to be an ever-growing system.



AYCOCK LITERARY SOCIETY



LESTER SELIGSON

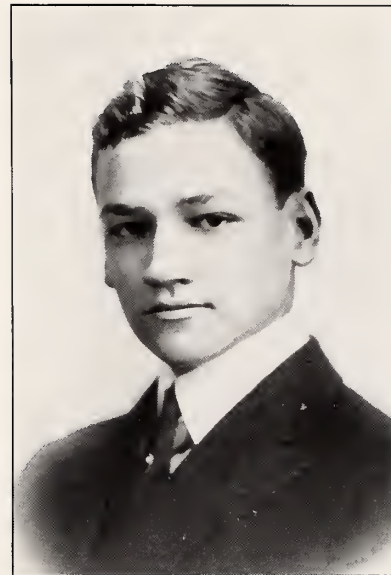
Lester was Raleigh's representative in the Interstate Declamation Contest that took place at Trinity College in January.



ORATORY



HERMAS STEPHENSON



EDWARD ADAMS

Raleigh vs. Charlotte

QUERY

Resolved, That the Constitution of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow the Initiative and the Referendum in state-wide legislation.

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

DECISION: Won by the negative.



WILEY ROGERS



RAYMOND MAXWELL

Raleigh vs. Greensboro

QUERY

Resolved, That the Constitution of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow the Initiative and the Referendum in state-wide legislation.

Affirmative Greensboro
Negative Raleigh

DECISION: Won by the negative.



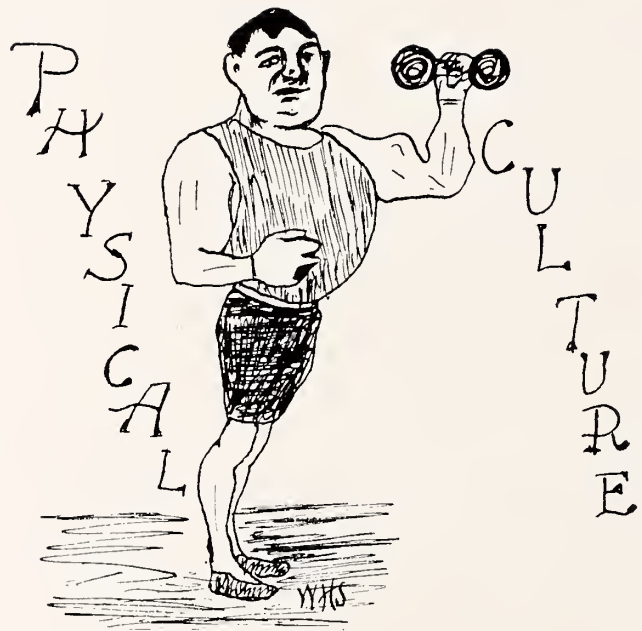
Glee Club

The spring term of nineteen hundred and fourteen finds the Glee Club progressing under the instruction of Miss Clara Chapel. There are about two hundred members this year, which shows an increase of about twenty per cent over last year's record. Most of the members are Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, for the Seniors, to their regret, are too busy with more urgent studies.

A medal has been offered by Mr. Charles E. Johnson to the one who excels in music.

Miss Chapel, by her patient diligence, added greatly to the "Kirmess," which was held in the Raleigh Auditorium in February. The music which was furnished by her pupils was very enjoyable.

We wish the Glee Club of nineteen and fifteen every possible success, and we have no doubt that the Senior members will be homesick for High School when they hear the sweet strains of "Auld Lang Syne."



Physical Training

This year the work in physical training has been conducted by Miss Clark. The most spectacular and difficult feature of the year's work was the Zouave Drill, given by the High School girls at the "Kirmess." It was regarded, by people who appreciate the beautiful, as a most creditable performance.

There is a prospect of securing a swimming pool for the use of the High School girls and they may have the delectable experience of learning to swim.

There are exercises in the physical training classes for all kinds of people. One exercise makes us fat, another makes us slim, another tall and willowy. As the country doctor said about his pills, "They are good for what ails you."

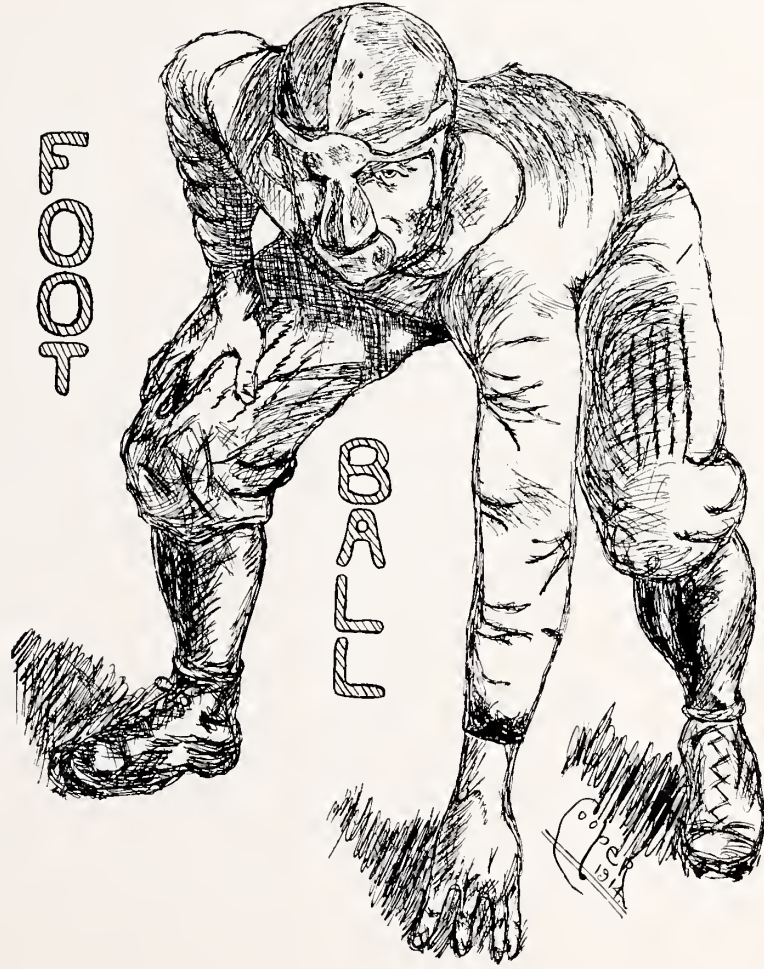
Domestic Science

The Freshman girls have enjoyed their cooking lessons very much this year. I might also add that the boys have enjoyed very much what the girls cooked.

We have three periods a week with Miss Sliter, two for cooking and one for dietetics. At last we have learned what a leaven is and the action of one. Through tragic experiences we have learned the difference between the salt and sugar bowls. We are learning, and will soon know as much about cooking as the Sophomores.

We have had soup, sandwiches and fruit down at the cooking school all this winter. Notwithstanding the ungallant but facetious remarks of the boys, concerning the soup bone, which they say has been used continuously since Thanksgiving, the soup is both nutritious and palatable. The soup is only five cents a bowl, with crackers included. Miss Sliter and Aunt Minerva make it, and it is sold at cost. But still the boys must have something to tease the girls about, and the ancient soup bone seems to be about the best thing they can find. They say that when the school board finally decides that the High School can afford a new bone they want the old one to put in the State museum.

Regardless of the banter of the unfortunate boys, the girls enjoy thoroughly the hours that they are allowed to leave Math. and Latin for a training that is different but not less important at the Cooking School.



Football

The team began work this year with the full determination of settling the State Championship without question. Under the auspices of the University Athletic Association in its effort to aid in the development of high school athletics, this was made possible under the most just and favorable conditions.

One week after school opened last fall about twenty-five boys reported for practice. Some of these had played football before, and they went into the work with the proper spirit. Others began to develop; while still another group saw too much hard work ahead to take much interest. Soon there was left only one team to run signals against an imaginary team, and no doubt you may think that we played some imaginary teams when you glance at the scores.

Our season opened with the game at Warrenton High School against a team several pounds heavier than ours. The interference and team work that was very noticeable so early in the season gave us the victory of 19—0 over the prep. school.

Still confining our work to the prep. schools, we met the Horner Military School at Oxford. After a hard fought game against heavy odds in a heavier team, and in their coach, an old A & M star who played the entire game, we lost by the score of 7—6. We did not feel bad about it, however, for, who were our opponents?

Then came the Donaldson Military School at Fayetteville. It seems that the revenge for our defeat by Horner was sufficient. At the end of the game the score stood 49—2 in our favor.

But the State Contest called for some High School victories. Consequently we went to Greensboro at the end of Fair Week, without any practice during the previous week, and won by the good margin of 19—0.

Then came the great surprise for Goldsboro. They actually had the idea that they could win the game on their own ground, and for the first three minutes did so by scoring a touchdown. Then we began to play football, and never again during the game allowed them any advantage or reason for hope. The game ended with thirty-three points for us and seven for Goldsboro.

The University Freshman Class team had been making an enviable record by running over all the high school teams they could get a chance to play, and they came to Raleigh with the same expectation. Even with some of Raleigh's old stars on their team they could not defeat us, for we had an entire team of Raleigh boys. That is the secret. In the last two seconds of the most exciting game of the season Raleigh scored her only touchdown and tied the score. Captain Mills then kicked goal and won the game, 7—6 for his great team.

Greensboro hoped to get revenge by a return trip, but the bitter sting of defeat came again in the score of 37—0, rather than 19—0. "They came; they hoped; they fell."

But this brings us to a sad chapter in our record. We went to Washington on Thanksgiving Day with our excellent quarterback, "Doc." Johnson, out of the game with a bad shoulder. Ralph Champion directed a fine game. The sad part is the fact that while each team scored two touchdowns we were not able to kick a single goal. Washington put one over and won the game. Reluctantly we wired home our defeat of 13—12.

This unlooked-for event completely upset the championship series. The three teams—Washington, Wilmington and Raleigh—all claimed that they had a chance. We knew that the other two did not, and were willing to prove it. The University was generous enough to let us all come there to play it off at their expense.

The confident, undefeated Wilmington eleven came with high hopes, for they contended that their team was much stronger than ours. However, when our team had scored twenty-nine points while they had scored only six, and that on a lucky fumble, their thoughts were ready for a change.

Then came Washington, of Thanksgiving fame, to bear away the honors of the season. We are happy to say that in one of the best exhibitions of football recently seen in high school athletics (according to the spectators) we won from them, 29—0.

From these accounts you have perhaps come to the natural conclusion that Raleigh won the beautiful loving cup given to the championship team. Greater than this trophy was the opinion expressed by men who saw the team in action. They said, that "Raleigh had the best high school football team ever developed in the State." How could it be otherwise since Raleigh was the school?

Stars cannot be pointed out without naming the entire team. It was a star team that played stellar ball. The following men were put on the all-state team: Raymond Tyree, Earl Johnson, Ralph Champion, William Bowen, Carlyle Weathers and Andrew Crinkley.



GLIMPSES OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

Football Team, 1913

McDONALD

TYREE

PARHAM

CRINKLEY, A.

WEATHERS

CRINKLEY, S.

WHITAKER

MILLS

JOHNSON

BOWEN

CHAMPION

SMITH

Substitutes

KOONTZ

BETTS



FOOTBALL TEAM



LOUISE YATES
Sponsor Football Team



Track Athletics

Though training in track athletics was much delayed by the late snows and wintry rains, still the outlook is promising. Practically all of last year's team are again in the race. Mills and Bowen are still running, jumping and vaulting; and Cole, Denmark, Johnson and Batchelor are again on the cinder path. There are also some new candidates of promise. Joe Young jumps like a deer; and Dewar, Smith and Lumsden are showing much speed.

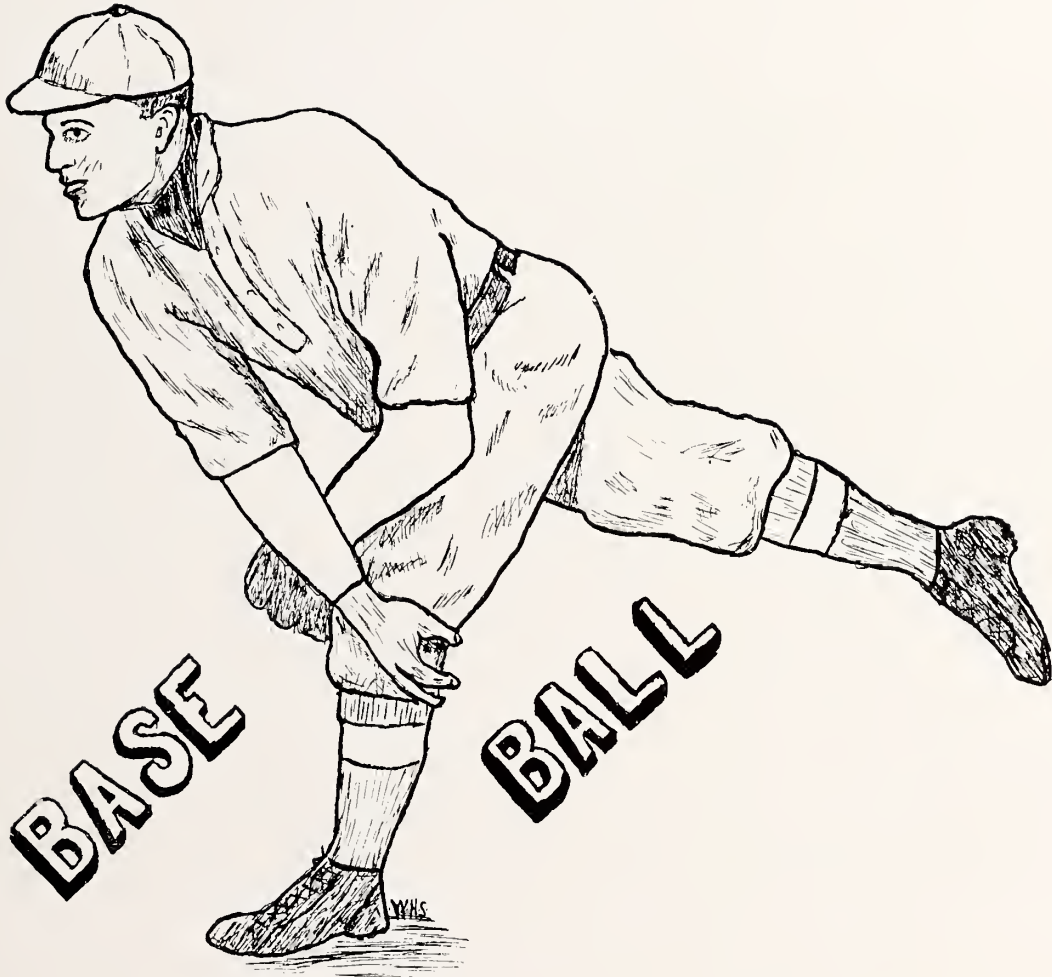
With the proper training these men will win some medals in the State Track Meet at Chapel Hill April 3d; and they will win some honors on May 2d against the John Marshall High School of Richmond. Consequently the prospects of the 1914 season are unusual. Raleigh has a chance to capture the championship honors of both the Old Dominion and the Tar Heel States.



ANNIE ROGERS
Sponsor Track Team



TRACK TEAM



BASE

BALL

Baseball

The prolonged winter season has kept the lovers of baseball longing vainly for a change. A very strong schedule has been arranged for the team, including a four-day trip into the eastern part of the State to meet Goldsboro, New Bern and Washington. We will also play Burlington in our first game on April 4th. Then Durham is to be played, possibly two games.

The greatest event of the year is the time we hope to meet some other team in Chapel Hill in the final contest. With Carlyle Weathers, the great left-hander, in the box, victory looks sure. He has some close seconds in Rigsby and Heilig. At first, Mills seems to be the choice. Barber and Faucette must fight it out for second bag. Johnson on short and Captain Champion on third will possibly finish the infield line-up. Lloyd Deaton looks good behind the bat this spring. The outfielders are numerous. The three final men will possibly come from this group: McDonald, Bowen, Spruill, Billings, Terrell and Maxwell. Everything points to a fast fielding team, but rather weak batting averages. We hope to be a contestant in the end for championship honors.

Besides the State contest this year we hope to spread to an inter-state contest. On the second of May we will meet in Raleigh the strong team of the John Marshall High School of Richmond, Va. Our hopes are good for this too, and we intend to make it an annual affair.

Of course, when this comes out our success or defeat will have become an established thing. But, however it results, you may be able to judge that our intentions and aspirations were right in the beginning. Prophecies have come true. We hope these may.



BASEBALL TEAM



KATHERYNE CREWS
Sponsor Baseball Team

An Hour in a Mental Gymnasium

Ding! Ding! With a whiz the car was off for Diverseland. Scarcely was I seated comfortably when the conductor yelled out "All off for the Mental Gymnasium!" I left the car and looked over the place. One bleak building was all there was to be seen. This was the Mental Gymnasium. I entered at the main door, explained my case to Dr. Joe Davis, and bought a ticket. Entering the gymnasium proper, I secured a program from which I learned that the exercises today would be none other than a marriage by the Raleigh High School Class of 1914.

No sooner had I found a seat than the curtain rose and the mental gymnastics began. There were the Seniors. Julia Jordan stood in the center and illumined the whole stage. Ralph McDonald was sitting in the corner industriously putting the final touches on his Latin lesson. Ruth Campbell was practicing the tango with Isaac Schwartz, while Naomi Alford was lecturing to the crowd on the "Method of Teaching Greek to Fiji Babies." William Dewar was yelling with all his might, trying to convince the audience that his peanuts were worth five cents a bag. Grace Jeffreys shouted, "Hurrah for Carey!" All was quiet. Bombshell after bombshell exploded. Wiley Rogers tipped silently across the stage so as not to awake the baby in the cradle, who was no other than Stewart Crinkley.

But hark, more Seniors appear! They are Annie Laurie Ervin, Lena Barrow, Victoria Mial, and Sara Edwards. Oh yes, they are the bridal chorus. Before they sing, however, the ushers throw open the doors to admit those who were late. Leading the crowd is a most interesting couple. They seem familiar too. Yes, it is Mr. Morson and Miss Richards. And there is Miss Winston, in short dresses, skipping along like a butterfly. But who is the man with her? I know, he is Judge Burgess, aged, wrinkled, and bent. My! but there is a solemn old lady. It is Miss Sliter. And she is with Mr. Phillips. Who would a-thought it?

Again my attention is called to the bridal chorus. They ope their lips to sing. I bend forward to catch the words:

“Here comes the bride, trying to slide,
Skipping about from side to side.
Here comes the groom, not a moment too soon,
How bravely he meets his impending doom.
Parson so glorious hikes on before,
Bridesmaid so envious, eyes on the floor.
Tango and trotting the bride has forsaken,
Her job now is to fry eggs and bacon;
Drinking and betting, gambling and chawing,
The groom must abandon to go to wood-sawing.
Here comes the bride, trying to slide,
Skipping about from side to side.
Here comes the groom, not a moment too soon,
How bravely he meets his impending doom.”

As they sing the parson, Edward A. Adams, stalks out with a book in his hand. The bridesmaid, Virginia Allen, is very picturesque in her flowing hoop-skirt. The best man is a little boy in knee trousers, Thomas Harrison. Then amidst profound silence, the doomed couple approach. A scrutinizing look reveals Peter Lynch and Thelma Naylor. The parson adjusts his glasses and reads:

“When in the course of human events two people decide to give up freedom and independence, and all that makes life worth living, and enter into the bondage of matrimony, it is fitting that their sorrowing friends be present to offer comfort in their hour of affliction. The Scripture says: ‘Man is prone to trouble as the sparks fly upward,’ therefore we are gathered together to see these two people jump the broom-stick, and if either of you has aught to say let him speak now, or else forever hold your peace, as, of course the groom will have to do anyway.

“Thelma Naylor, do you solemnly promise, in the presence of this large, distinguished and most appreciative audience, that you will in the future cut out all rag dances, including the Bunny Hug, Tango, Hesitation, Kitchen Sink, etc., to say nothing of the Office Lope? And will you refrain from attending your regular suffragette meetings, from breaking windows with brickbats, from dynamiting churches, and such other mild arguments as said

suffragettes use? Instead, will you make this man love, honor, and obey you, and support you and provide for you, or else know the reason why? And will you promise not to make him eat your first pies, biscuits, and other (uneatable) things? If this is your earnest desire, then come across like a good sport and say, 'you bet.' ”

Bride—“You bet you boots.”

“Peter Francisco Lynch, do you solemnly promise on your honor as no gentleman, that you will not rue your bargain or welch on this proposition, but will take your medicine like a man? That you will cut out going to the clubs, cards, cocktails, cigarettes, joy-rides, and all other pleasures of bachelorhood? That you will buy her fine clothes, diamonds, houses, and electrics? That you will let her spend as much money as she pleases, take her to Europe when she so desires, and always be kind and gentle to your mother-in-law? If this is your desire, make it known by saying : ‘I should worry.’ ”

Groom—“Ich Gebibble !”

“The first steps in this proceeding having been successfully endured, the bargain now remains to be sealed with a brass emblem guaranteed never to change to gold. (Curtain ring is produced.) This link that so properly joins these young people together will be placed upon the thumb of the right hand of Mary Thelma Naylor, and Peter Francisco Lynch will comply with the customary formality by saying : ‘With this ring I tie myself to thy apron strings, and thee to my indomitable will.’

“Now, my dear beloved brethren, I commit this wretched pair into your protection, and pronounce them Mr. and Mrs. Peter Francisco Lynch. And may you two good people live scrappily ever after.

“A vimmen ! A men !”

And thus ended the exercises of the evening. I caught the next car for Raleigh.

W. H. STEPHENSON, '14.



JOKES

Jokes

FRESHMAN: "I smell cabbage burning."

SOPHOMORE: "Yes, you have your head too near the stove."

MR. B.: "Where do we find the oil in a plant?"

STUDENT: "In most any joint."

MISS W.: "Which way does the Neuse River flow?"

"It flies north doesn't it?"

Macbeth says, "I have *scotched* the snake, not killed it."

A Sophomore girl analyzed it thus: "I have *cotched* the snake, not killed it."

"Stewart, do you sleep with you mouth open?"

"I don't know, I never look to see."

Some one asked which William Dewar likes the best—A porch swing or a *Hammock*.

MR. B. (*on physics*): "I heard of a lady once whose voice was so musical that every time she made a certain exclamation a corresponding note on the piano would vibrate."

STUDENT: "That's nothing, I know a girl whose voice is so musical that every time she laughs the piano vibrates 'Home Sweet Home.' "

MISS P. (*holding up a red pencil*): "Whose pencil is this?"

ISAAC S.: "I lost one just like it," (*after receiving the pencil*) "only mine was yellow."

W. R. (*at the board*): "Two feet make a yard."

MISS G.: "What?"

W. R.: "Oh, I was thinking about William Dewar's."

JUNIOR: "Mr. Morson, may I go down and get this check cashed?"

MR. M.: "What sort of check is it?"

JUNIOR: "A soda water check."

A little queen, a cunning curl,
A box of powder, a pretty girl,
A little rain, away she goes,
A homely girl, with a freckled nose.

"Why does a deaf mute go to bed with his hands under his pillow?"

"To keep from talking in his sleep."

MISS GRESSITT: "What have you learned about circles?"

HERMAS: "They are pretty round."

BARBER L.: "I saw you pumping up your tire this morning; was it punctured?"

H. SMITH: "No, I always let the wind out at night; it's so much fun pumping them up in the morning."

"What is a sound?"

"Anything that can be detected by the eye."

MISS WINSTON: "Virginia, don't you ever get tired of talking?"

VIRGINIA A.: "No'm."

STRANGER: "Isn't there a large chicken farm in Raleigh?"

T. WHITAKER: "Three of them—Peace, Meredith and St. Mary's."

W. X. COLEY: "Do you see anything funny about me?"

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS: "Why, no, I never have."

MR. BURGESS (*on physics*): "What makes the ocean roar?"

BRIGHT STUDENT: "It is the fish running their scales."

MR. MORSON: "Dewar, decline Hic, hæc, hoc."

DEWAR: "Hic, hæc, hoc—hug-us, hug-us hug-us—quick, quick, quick."

TEACHER: Mary, translate: "Galli Crassum pilis necabunt."

MARY: "The Gauls will kill Crassus with pills."

JOHN: "Er ging an das Fenster und sah hinaus."

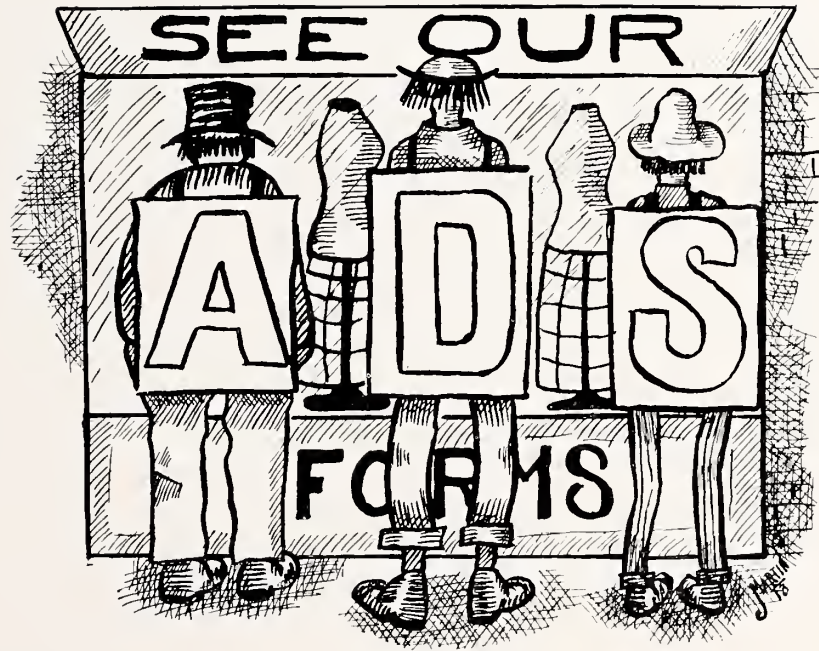
"He went to the window and saw the henhouse."

"What is a beagle? Give a sentence using the word."

"A beagle is a musical instrument. The man blew on the beagle."

"Amphibious means living on the land or the water. My uncle is amphibious." (Her uncle is a sailor.)





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