

RATTLER

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This Book Is a Gift of

Elizabeth Reid Murray

HOWARD BARROW Managers ROBIN PHILLIPS

THE RATTLER

1915



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF THE RALEIGH HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME SEVEN

KATHERINE CREWS Editors FLORENCE BUSBEE

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING CO., RALEIGH, N. C.

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TO

MRS. J. M. BARBEE

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION FOR HER UNTIRING EFFORTS

TO HELP ALL YOUNG LIFE

AND FOR HER FAITHFUL WATCHFULNESS OF OUR WAYWARD STEPS

THROUGHOUT THE PAST FOUR YEARS IN HIGH SCHOOL

WE, THE CLASS OF 1915, DEDICATE THIS BOOK

MAY SHE LONG LIVE TO LOVINGLY SERVE

THE PUPILS OF OLD R. H. S.



MRS. J. M. BARBEE

Editors



FLORENCE BUSBEE, '15
Editor-in-Chief

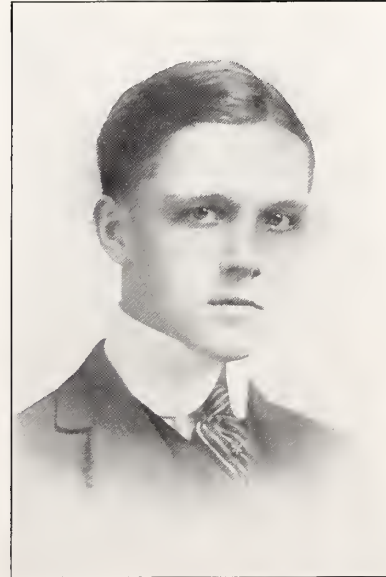


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MISS MARY HOWLAND

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MR. S. J. MARION

MISS GRACE E. CLARK

MISS IRMA DEATON

In Memoriam

LUCY ELIZABETH WYNNE

Born November 22, 1898

Died July 12, 1914

"GENTLE AND SWEET, BENEFICENT AND KIND"



WILLIAM NATHANIEL HENRY JONES

Age 19. Height 5 feet 11½ inches. Weight 145.

Member Synergetic Literary Society '12-13; Member Dramatic Club '13; Secretary-Treasurer Class '14; Chief Marshal '14; President Class '15.

*“Phoebus, what a name to fill
The speaking trump of future fame.”*

How William Nathaniel Henry survived under the burden of his nomenclature is a mystery to us all. But he has and has managed to come out on top too. He says that being president of the Senior Class is some job, especially trying to keep clear of the ring and pin agents. But when a job is to be done he can be depended upon to do it.



JOSEPH BYRON MARTIN

Age 18. Height 5 feet 11 inches. Weight 159.

Grammar School, Wiley.

Secretary Graham Literary Society '12; Critic Ayeoek Literary Society '14; Assistant Editor of *Enterprise* '12-13-14; Manager *Enterprise* '15; Member of Athletic Association '12-13-15; Member Basketball Team '15; Member Football Team '14; Commencement Marshal '14.

"E'en tho' vanquished, he could argue still."

Joe had rather argue than eat. Miss Winston declares that he breaks up her Current Events class. Why, he even tries to make you believe that $1 \text{ times } 0 = 1$. Besides being one of the best students in the class, he is one of our best athletes. In both football and basketball Joe is a star. He is sure to succeed.

KATHARINE LASSITER CREWS

Age 17. Height 5 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Weight 112.

Grammar School, Wiley.

Basketball Team '12; Pierian Literary Society '12-13; Domestic Science Editor RATTLER '13; Glee Club '12-13-14; Dramatic Club '12-13-14-15; Vice President Class '14; Sponsor Baseball Team '14; Secretary Athletic Association '15; Assistant Editor RATTLER '15.

"A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry."

Throughout her High School course she has proven that a good time and good grades go hand in hand. Whenever there is anything to be done, ask Katharine to do it and she will obey (unless it is to stop talking). She helped her closest companion make this book a success.





HOWARD LINDSAY BARROW

Age 19. Height 5 feet 11 inches. Weight 144.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member of Graham Literary Society '11-12-13; Commencement Marshal '14;
Business Manager RATTLER '15; Member of Athletic Association'

*"What care I when I can lie and rest,
Kill time and take life at its very best?"*

"Skinny," seldom does any more strenuous work than loafing in front of Murray's tailoring establishment. If you ever want him look for him *there*. But he's *there* with the goods too when it comes to the management of the RATTLER. He expects to get rich on his profits from this publication.



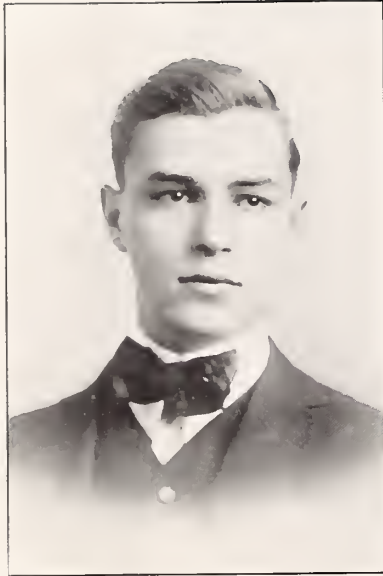
FLORENCE COOPER BUSBEE

Age 16. Height 5 feet 5 inches. Weight 112.

Glee Club '13; Pierian Literary Society '13; Exchange Editor of *Enterprise* '14; Editor-in-chief RATTLER '15; Dramatic Club '15.

"And ever find thine eyes upon me where I stand."

Her curl hangs over her left shoulder instead of down the proverbial middle of her forehead, to be sure. Yet she is not unlike the lady of the jingle, for when she is gay she is very very gay, and when she is not, she is nonchalant, to say the least. Intermittently indifferent—except toward "Kaddy" and the curves and angles of geometry! For the rest this book itself speaks for her versatility.



LOUIS BARBEE HEILIG

Age 18. Height 6 feet 1 inch. Weight 179.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Graham Literary Society 1912-13; Secretary Aycock Literary Society 1914;
Member Baseball Team 1914; President Athletic Association '15.

"You look wise. Pray correct that error."

"Sop" is a lion among the ladies. The feminine portion of the Freshman Class look up to him with adoration in their eyes for his good looks. Louis is some baseball player and much is expected of him this spring. But his appearance is not all, for he can do good work.



MARY LOUISE COOPER

Age 17. Height 5 feet 1 inch. Weight 101.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member of Glee Club '12-14; Pierian Literary Society '12-13; Department Editor of RATTLER '15.

"Promptness is a rare virtue."

"Lulu" Cooper is one of our few *workers*, and she is always prompt! Why it is rumored that she has never handed in an English theme after the appointed hour. Not even the continual racket of the Senior baby, who sits just in front of her, disturbs her deep thoughts.



JOHN LEE AYCOCK

Age 17. Height 5 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Weight 142.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member Synergetic Literary Society '12-13; Member Aycock Literary Society '14; Class Historian '14-15; Class Poet '15; Marshal '14.

"Love conquers all things."

John is simply in love with love. He declares that it is the greatest thing in the world. He is delighted that we are at last translating a love story in French class. But I do not think that he is in love with *anybody* because he is always eating in school. Another sign of this is the fact that he keeps his work up.



ANNIE GREY UZZLE

Age 17. Height 5 feet 4 inches. Weight 110.

Grammar School, Wiley.

Member Glee Club '12-14; Member Pierian Literary Society '12-14; Member Athletic Association '14-15; Basketball Team '15; Associate Editor RATTLER.

*"A woman will or won't; depend on't;
If she will do't she will, and there's an end on't."*

"Appearances are deceitful." From Annie's demure expression you would never think she is in with the Senior gang; least of all that she is official nurse when it comes to keeping the Senior babies out of trouble. We often wonder where she and Lizzie get their permission to go down the street so much.



JAMES FOUSHEE JOHNSON

Age 17. Height 6 feet. Weight 150.

Grammar School, Mercedith College.

Member Graham Literary Society '12; Member Athletic Association; Track Team '14-15; Baseball Team '14; Basketball Team '15.

"All nature wears one universal grin."

"Dippy" has never been seen without a broad grin on his face. It does not disappear even when Mr. Morson hops on him about his Latin. He is one of our basketball stars. He and Joe are practically the whole team—so think 1915.



WILLA MARGARET RAY

Age 18. Height 5 feet 6 inches. Weight 120.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member Pierian Literary Society '12-13.; Member Dramatic Club '12; Glee Club '12-13; Athletic Association; Member Basketball Team '15.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free.

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Willa is just scared to death of Math, but you would never think so from her appearance. She looks and acts as if she didn't have a care in the world. She is a good sport and is right in with the "Senior gang."



JOHN NEWTON KOONTZ

Age 18. Height 5 feet 11 inches. Weight 150.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member Synergetic Literary Society '12-13; Critic Synergetic Literary Society '13; Debater for Chas. U. Harris Medal '13; Member Football Team '14-15; Vice-President Class '15; Manager R. H. S. and John Marshall H. S. Track Meet and Baseball Game '14.

"Hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat."

"Johnnie" is not worried by everyday cares as most of us are. "Don't let a little thing like study bother you," is certainly Johnnie's motto. He has an unfailing good humor. He belongs to the "gang" that has its hanging out place in front of Murray's tailoring establishment.



ELLAMAE HARWARD

Age 18. Height 5 feet 4½ inches. Weight 125.

Member Pierian Literary Society '13.

*"In Mathematics she was greater,
Than Tycho Brahe or Era Pater."*

Ellamae has certainly put one over on the teachers in the High School. Every month she proudly shows her 1's. Where she gets them from and why she gets them her classmates fail to see, except on Math.

Ellamae is a Math shark—we'll have to give her that.



ALDERMAN MERRITT

Age 16. Height 5 feet 7 inches.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Synergetic Literary Society '12-13; Athletic Association '13; President Aycock Literary Society '15; Prize Story Writer '14; Press Agent Aycock Literary Society '14; Class Editor *Enterprise* '14; Editor-in-chief *Times News* '15; Class Prophet '15.

"Why, yes, I write a little."

Behold the genius of 1915! He is unrivaled. "Pink's" most famous and widely read book, "Dynamite Dope," has entertained many of us in our leisure hours. He is a most restless young man and has never been known to occupy the same seat longer than one period at a time.

HELEN LYNWOOD THOMAS

Age 18. Height 5 feet 5 inches. Weight 114.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member Dramatic Club '12; Pierian Literary Society '12-13; Member Glee Club '12-13.

"Beware of her fair hair for she excels all women in the magic of her locks."

Helen is the society queen of 1915. With her spats and her golden locks she would fascinate any one of the masculine gender. We used to wonder why Alderman always moved his seat to the back of the room, but the problem has been solved at last; it is fair Helen that draws him like a magnet.





HAROLD LEE NAYLOR

Age 16. Height 6 feet. Weight 150.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Member Graham Literary Society '12-13; Dramatic Club '12-13-14-15.

"But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?"

Harold is in his glory when he can strut around the stage with an audience watching his every movement. We predict dramatic fame for him. He also writes poetry; they say this is a sure sign, but we wish somebody would produce the lady. Harold is one of Miss Liza's pet German scholars, and he and Polly are some "Deutsch phines."



ELIZABETH STELL

Age 18. Height 5 feet 4 inches. Weight 115.

Grammar School, Centennial.

Member Dramatic Club '12; Member Glee Club '12-13; Member Pierian Literary Society '12-13; Member Athletic Association '15; Member Basketball Team '15.

"Athlete now, athlete forever."

"Lizzie" is the athletic girl of 1915 and Miss Clark's one and only pet. She has the reputation of being the best basketball player in the High School. She is another one of those angelic looking girls, and she and Annie can be seen together every recess with the satisfied look of being full.



RAYMOND CROFT MAXWELL

Age 18. Height 5 feet 6 inches. Weight 135.

Grammar School, Dover (Delaware) High School.

Member Graham Literary Society '12-13; Vice-President Graham Literary Society '13; Monitor Ayeock Literary Society '14; President Ayeock Literary Society '15; Inter-scholastic Triangle Debater '14-15; Winner of the Charles U. Harris Medal '14; Member Athletic Association '15.

"Well, then, have you considered my speeches?"

"Mae" is our debater and one of whom we are proud. On Current Events he gives us all the points about the subsidizing of the merchant marine. He does not say much on class, but what little he does—well—it is usually right.



MAURICE GRAUSMAN ROSENTHAL

Age 18. Height 6 feet 1¼ inches. Weight 159.

Grammar School, Centennial.

Graham Literary Society '12-13; Athletic Association '12-13.

"Hoch der Kaiser."

"Polly" is our German enthusiast. He can always tell you of the latest German victory. He is some German speaker too. The "Deutsch" phrases just flow from his lips. "Polly" is a good fellow and one of the best liked boys in '15.



ARTHUR FELIX PAKULA

Age 18. Height 5 feet 6 inches. Weight 205.

Grammar School, Centennial.

Member Graham Literary Society '12-13; Member Athletic Association '12-13.

"Like two single gentlemen rolled in one."

"Fatty" is conspicuous for his avoirdupois. There is a saying that fat men are jolly, and this is certainly true in Arthur's case. He stands being the class punching bag better than most of us would. He can be seen almost every recess treating some boy to soup at the Cooking School.

FREDERICK WILLIAM STAUDT, JR.

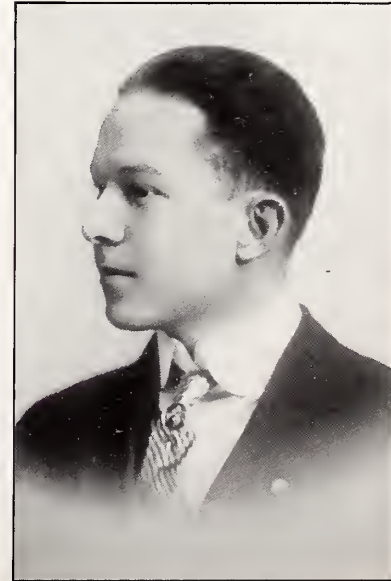
Age 17. Height 5 feet 10 inches. Weight 140.

Grammar School, Murphey.

Graham Literary Society '12-14.

"A beet has nothing on me."

"Fred" is one of those individuals who likes a change. Leaving us in our Sophomore year, he tried Cary High School, Sewanee Military Academy, etc., but finding there was "no place like home," he returned to finish with us. "Fred" belongs to our famous Current Events class, and is right there when it comes to the happenings of today.





HERBERT CARLYLE WEATHERS

Age 19. Height 6 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Weight 194.

Grammar School, Thompson.

Football Team '12-13-14; Manager Football Team '14; Member Athletic Association; Member Baseball Team '14-15; Member Graham Literary Society; Program Committee Graham Literary Society '13; Member Mr. Morson's Literary Society '12.

"Oh 'tis excellent to have a giant's strength."

"Dog" is our great big athlete. On the football field he works like a demon to add one more victory to R. H. S. But strange as it may seem, "Carlos's" favorite occupation in the classroom is gazing absentmindedly out the window. We wonder if he is thinking about Burlington.



JOSEPH BRANCH BATCHELOR

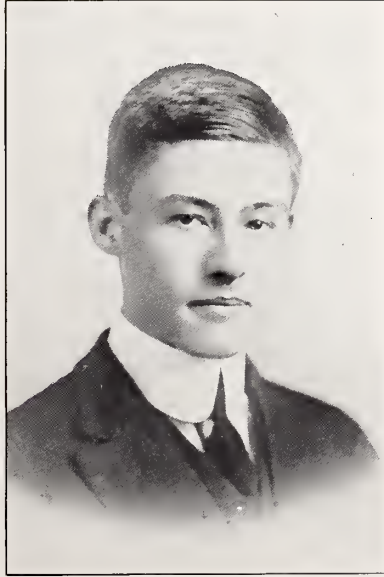
Age 17. Height 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Weight 133.

Grammar School, Murphey, Wiley, Centennial.

Track Team, '14-15; Football Team '14; Graham Literary Society '11-12; Member Athletic Association; Program Committee Graham Literary Society '13.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Joe has the reputation of being the funniest man in his class. With his dry remarks he would make "Nestor swear the jest be laughable." His hobby is horse racing, and in Current Events you can always hear of the latest record breaker from him.



RUSSELL EARL BROWN

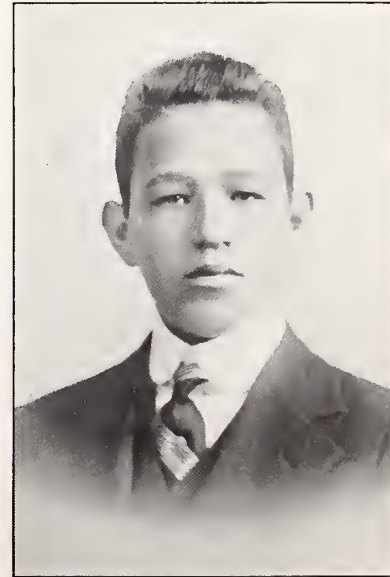
Age 19. Height 5 feet 5½ inches. Weight 125.

Grammar School, Wiley.

Member Synergetic Literary Society '12-13; Member Athletic Association '12-13.

"I am as sober as a judge."

Russell is very serious and solemn, but nevertheless he is a good fellow. He has always taken his High School career in earnest and is a hard worker. You never see Russell in school when he is not doing something.



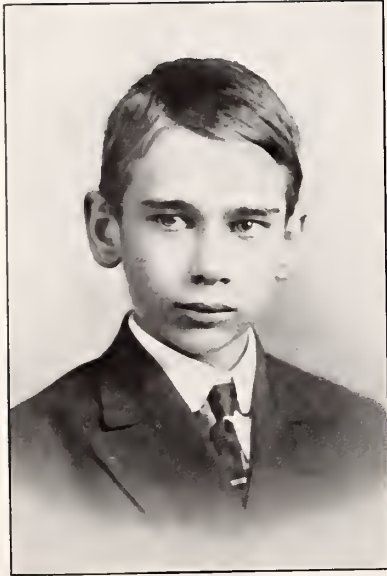
JOSEPH BARBER TOWLER

Age 16. Height 5 feet 10 inches. Weight 138.

Member Athletic Association '11-14-15; Member Graham Literary Society '12-13.

"Much talk—much foolishness."

If anybody has ever seen "B." Towler when he was not gasing please report it to the RATTLER Board; they would like to make a note of it. His continual flow of conversation is startling. Barber is Mr. Morson's most famous Latin student. His marvelous translations are even quoted over the entire High School.



OWENS HAND BROWNE

Age 15. Height 5 feet 5 inches. Weight 104.

Grammar School, Wiley.

Member Graham Literary Society; Member Dramatic Club '11-13.

"All I ask is to be let alone."

"O. Handsome's" High School career has been a long, nerve-racking nightmare. Being a nice, sweet little boy, he has always been at the mercy of the older fellows. But in spite of all this "O. Handsome" is a good student and is some science "shark."

GOLDA FOY JUDD

Age 17. Height 5 feet 4 inches. Weight 105.

Grammar School, Murphy.

Glee Club '12-13; Member Pierian Literary Society '12-13; Class Historian '13; Member Dramatic Club '13-14; Prize-winning story '14; Editor-in-chief *Enterprise* '15.

"Learning by study must be won."

Golda is one of the girls who always knows her lessons. Why? Because she studies them. She is the envy of the whole class because reading Latin and explaining difficult passages do not seem like work to her. She is some English student and Mr. Phillips holds her opinion above that of any one else. Whatever "Miss Goldie" says goes.



Senior Class History

Our Class motto is "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," and truly we feel that we have scaled the heights and now stand ready to descend into Italy. But for a moment we close our eyes to this vision and let memory trace its pencil backward. Different pictures, clear and definite, come up. First, we see ourselves as Freshmen, proud of our position, and with rather vague ideas concerning Seniors, but with no uncertain opinions of a Sophomore's duty in school life. We recall with pride our success under Katherine Crews as president of the class, and of the large number who endured old 1911-12 and passed on to Sophomorphism.

Now our thoughts are of that happy Sophomore year, when we gave the Freshmen a good chance to form opinions similar to those we had formed the year before. It has been said that Sophomores, as a rule, are conceited, and we cannot claim we helped make the rule by proving an exception. We thought, and we still think, that we were a credit to the school that year. We became orators, we became real students, we became cooks, and after a year of becoming nice things, we became Juniors.

We remember our Junior Class record as quite an enviable one—we maintained the high record which we had already attained, and dreamed of our coming Seniority. During the year we were saddened by the death of one of our members, Elizabeth Wynne. In the same year Marvin Boykin, the president of the class, left to accept a position in Washington, D. C.

And now we are happy in thinking of our very best year. As Seniors we have made a record, as a whole and individually. We hate to leave our old school behind, but the fact that we are prepared to go out into life and fight for ourselves, consoles us, we doubt not. Miss Eliza says she's proud of us, for "There's Earl and Carlyle and Joe and Johnny, who have helped win the football championship; and Raymond is almost able to win a debate from Joe Batchelor; Wm. N. H. and Maurice are real Latin scholars, while Alderman seems to have gained benefit from reading about Latin oracles; just read his prophecy and see. Florence and Katherine deserve great honor for their Annual work. Howard Barrow and Joe Martin have shown their efficiency in managing the Annual and the *Enterprise*. Goldie has given us some fine *Enterprises* and we appreciate her work." But Miss Eliza is out of breath, and the rest of us must be satisfied in believing that, if breath permitted, she would have nice things to say of us, too. Our Senior year has been our best and, remembering our motto, we stand ready to descend into Italy.

HISTORIAN.

SUFFRAGETTE SUCCUMBS TO HUNGER STRIKE

(By the Associated Press)

London, Eng., May 28—Miss Golda Judd, a famous English suffragette, is dead as the result of going on a three-weeks hunger strike. In losing her, the militants lose one of their foremost leaders.

RHAMKATTE HOLDS ELECTION

(By the Associated Press)

Rhamkatte, N. C., May 28—Rhamkatte today held the most important municipal election in the history of the city. Earle Johnson, who has been running regularly for the past six years, was elected Mayor.

The city council met this afternoon and increased the yearly stipend of the Mayor from \$237.00 to \$237.25.

TOOTHPICK FACTORY FOR RALEIGH

The Secretary of State yesterday issued the following charter:

Harward Toothpick Company, of Raleigh, with authorized capital stock of \$1,000,000. Incorporators: Ella Mae Harward and others.

LECTURE AT MEREDITH COLLEGE

Raleigh's talented musician, Miss Louise Cooper, will deliver a lecture at Meredith next Thursday upon "The Artistic Temperament." There will be no admission fee and her remarks will be well worth hearing. Next Friday she will talk on "Math. Made Easy."

HONOR COMES TO OLD RALEIGH BOY

(By the Associated Press)

Washington, D. C., May 28—Congressman Raymond Maxwell of North Carolina today sent Hon. Russell E. Brown's name to the President for appointment to the postmastership at Cary, N. C. Mr. Brown has been connected with the postoffice department for several years, having entered its service at Raleigh during the year 1914.

NAYLOR—RAY

The TELEGRAM acknowledges receipt of the following announcement:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Ray announce the marriage of their daughter

Willa Margaret

to

Mr. Harold Lee Naylor

on Thursday, the thirtieth of June one thousand nine hundred twenty-five at

Raleigh, N. C.

SIX YEARS FOR KOONTZ

(By the Associated Press)

Albany, N. Y., May 28—The New York State Supreme Court yesterday handed down a decision sustaining the lower courts in the case of *State vs. Koontz*. John Koontz was sentenced to a term of six years for sparking in a public park. He is by no means unknown at Sing Sing, this being his seventeenth term in prison.

NEW PROGRAM AT GRAND THEATRE

The Grand Theatre is this week presenting "Pakula and Polly" in a two-act farce comedy. In the first act there is a very exciting battle between the principals, Arthur Pakula and Maurice Rosenthal, which makes one's hair stand on end.

WOMAN'S FOOTBALL TEAM ORGANIZED

The athletic committee of the Woman's Club met yesterday afternoon and organized a feminine football eleven. Miss Elizabeth Stell is the captain and there are twenty-four others who are trying for positions.

LARGE BAKERY GOES UNDER

The Staudt Bakery Company of this city filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy yesterday morning. One of the causes of the company's lack of financial stability is the fact that the building caught fire from its owner's head last summer and was destroyed, entailing an enormous loss.

BOOK AGENT LANDS IN TOWN

Howard Barrow, an erstwhile resident of Raleigh, reached town yesterday afternoon and was greeted by his old friends. "Winksy" is selling "Plutarch's Lives of Great Men." He chose this occupation because of his success in hoo-dooing sensible business men into advertising in the RATTLER ten years ago. He should be successful in his new occupation.

Class Poem

Memory comes and speaks to me,
Recalls dear, tender thoughts of thee;
She comes in flowing robes of white;
Brings scenes before my visioned sight
Of thee, old R. H. S.

Small pictures of the friends I've known,
Dear friends I've met and loved are shown.
I seem to each of them to say
"We leave behind our school today—
Our dear old R. H. S.

"The Spring-time of our lives is gone;
We hear the Summer's dulcet tone,
Calling to us—us, half-grown plants.
Life's strange mystery 'round us haunts,
A pleading, calling thing.

"Shall we hearken unto that call?
Shall any in the running fall?
That's for future times to say.
Then let us strive and hope and pray
For battles fought and won."

Memory seems to fade from me
Gives place to hope, possessing me.
Sweet thoughts I fondly whisper out
Visions rise that dare me doubt
That all my dreams are false.

I turn to Hope and with a smile
I list unto her cheery words the while,
Until just before she fades away
She hands to me the Book of Life,
And bids me write.

POET

Last Will and Testament

OFFICE OF
CATCH'EM & CHEAT'EM
OFFICIAL CLASS GRAFTERS
RALEIGH, N. C.

STATE OF BEING, }
COUNTY OF NEVER WAKE, }
WOULD-BE-CITY OF RALEIGH. }

To all whom it may concern—Greeting:

We, the members of the Class of 1915, having arrived at that stage of life when it becomes necessary to leave behind the happy days of school and go forth into the cold and cruel world, do declare and maintain that we are sound in mind and body and, being in this state, do bequeath and bestow to the persons and organizations named hereinafter, the following articles to be used as they see fit:

To the Class of 1916:

First. The institution known as the Raleigh High School, hoping that this class will stick by her until the bitter end.

Second. Our many (?) Senior privileges, trusting that they will not take advantage of them, but act in a dignified manner, thus setting a good example for the lower classes.

Third. We do give up the Senior room, second floor, northeast corner of the building, and all that goes with it, including our beloved and persecuted guardian, Miss Eliza Pool, and the benches and desks, provided the future Seniors do not mar them with knives.

Fourth. A compass and ruler, sincerely hoping that they will not be stolen as often as they have been this year.

To the Sophomores:

First. Harold Naylor's derby. Being of a vain and conceited nature, the boys of this class should be delighted.

Second. A badly worn copy of the New Websterian Dictionary. With its aid they should learn how to spell and pronounce such simple words as cat, dog, tree, etc.

Third. The right to report to Mr. Morson after school. They are badly in need of his gentle training.

To the Freshman Class:

First. Prof. S. J. Marion's complicated clock if they solemnly promise not to tinker with it.

Second. A Fahrenheit thermometer, capable of telling two hundred lies per day. By means of it they may be persuaded that the room is warm when it is not.

To the incoming Freshmen:

First. Mrs. Barbee, trusting that she will take as good care of them as she did of us.

Second. "Dynamite Dope," hoping that it will not prove too deep for them.

To Mrs. Barbee:

The 1915 RATTLER and our deepest appreciation for all that she has done for us in our high school career.

To the State Museum:

Early Johnson's hat. It is three years old, but only slightly damaged and soiled. Original color was gray, and it will form a valuable addition to some Confederate soldier's uniform.

To the Fates :

We give ourselves. May neither of us be cheated.

Signed, this the First day of May, 1915.

(Signed) SENIORS.

Witnesses:

MR. PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO.

DIRECTUM.

Administrator: MISS HEBE.

Our Hall of Fame

Puellae

Best Looking—Elizabeth Tucker
Sweetest—Josie Wester
Biggest Flirt—Louise Hall
Most Sentimental—Louise Yates
Most Athletic—Lizzie Stell
Best Student—Edith Russell
Most Dignified—Golda Judd
Laziest—Mary Frances Bowen
Biggest Talker—Agatha Knox
Cutest—Josephine White
Best-all-round—Puddin Busbee and Kaddy Crews

Pueri

Best Looking—Bill Bowen
Most Attractive—Roy Smith
Biggest Flirt—Johnnie Koontz
Most Sentimental—John Aycock
Most Athletic—Joe Martin
Best Student—Lee Denson
Laziest—Carlyle Weathers
Biggest Talker—Barber Towler
Most dignified—W. N. H. Jones
Cutest—Joe Batchelor
Most Original—Alderman Merritt
Best-all-round—Eugene Mills

Four Long Years

<i>Name</i>	<i>Better Known As</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Chief Characteristic</i>	<i>Loafing Place</i>	<i>Destination</i>
FRED STAUDT	Fredericka	Complaining about too long lessons	Knocking	In Staudt's delivery wagon	Head chef
ELLA MAE HARWARD	Tooth pick	Working Math.	Ability to work geometry originals	In auditorium studying Latin	Math. teacher
KATHARINE CREWS	Kaddy	Worrying Mr. Phillips	Small size	Anywhere with Pud	There's no telling
GOLDA JUDD	Miss Goldie	Studying something	Calmness	Same as Ella Mae	Suffragette
ANNIE UZZLE	Miss Buzzle	Fussing	Looks	Down street	Mrs.———
ELIZABETH STELL	Lizzie	Imitating Miss Clark	Athletic spirit	Play grounds	Physical culture teacher
HELEN THOMAS	Fair Helen	Primping	Hair	Somewhere near a mirror	Wake Forest
WILLA RAY	Will-a	Giggling	Gaiety	On her front porch	Old Ladies' Home
LOUISE COOPER	Lula	Being good	Quietness	At the piano	Musician
FLORENCE BUSBEE	Puddin'	Same as Kaddy	Indifference	Anywhere with Kaddy	Army
JOHN KOONTZ	Johnnie	Doing nothing	Arrogance	Murray's tailoring establishment	Poor House
ARTHUR PAKULA	Fatty	Fighting Polly	Large size	Almo Theatre	Side show
MAURICE ROSENTHAL	Polly	Hoching der Kaiser	Love for Germans	Grocery store	Side show

Four Long Years

<i>Name</i>	<i>Better Known As</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Chief Characteristic</i>	<i>Loafing Place</i>	<i>Destination</i>
RUSSELL BROWN	Roosel	Messing with something	Innocence	Never loafes	Soldiers' Home
LOUIS HEILIG	Sop	Heart breaking	Eye glasses	Around Meredith	Norfolk
JAMES JOHNSON	Dippy	Grinning	His grin	Y. M. C. A.	Y. M. C. A.
HOWARD BARROW	Skinny	Getting ads for the RATTLER	Drowsiness	Murray's tailoring establishment	Straight down
WILLIAM N. H. JONES	Willie	Reading Latin	Dignity	On the farm	Straight up
HAROLD NAYLOR	Mutt	Taking photographs	Feet	Toyland	Stock Co.
CARLYLE WEATHERS	Dog	Loafing	Strength	Smoker's Den	Manufacturing Fords
JOHN AYCOCK	Cupid	Writing poetry	Sentimentality	Home	Loveland
ALDERMAN MERRIT	Pink	Wandering round the room	Originality	No time to loaf	Editor newspaper
EARL JOHNSON	Doc	Talking about him- self	His complexion	In front of Brant- ley's	Whitehouse
RAYMOND MAXWELL	Mack	Debating	His English	Cameron Field	Congress
JOE BATCHELOR	Directum	Worrying O. Hand- some	Wit	At the horse races	Horse racer
OWENS H. BROWNE	O. Handsome	Being on the defen- sive	Timidity	He does'nt loaf, he plays	German scientist
JOE MARTIN	Boney	Arguing	Bull Headedness	N. Blount St.	Sorting socks
BARBER TOWLER	B. Towler	Gasing	Foolishness	In his turn-out	Insane asylum

Junior Class History

"Ignorance is bliss," says the proverb, and perhaps that is the principal reason why the present Junior Class was so hopeful and carefree as it mounted the steps of the High School in September three years ago. It cannot be denied that we were most enthusiastic, although we were a trifle overawed at the thought of beginning our High School career; for even the over-polite Sophomores, who kindly offered to show us the way to the "Kindergarten," failed to dampen our satisfied feeling that at last we had discarded the long familiar routine of the Grammar School for the unknown, and hence appealing, life of the High School.

Of course it was delightful to have a different program for each day; to have a bell ring at the end of each forty-minute period; to have a different teacher for each lesson; and when, after repeated attempts, we were at last able to decline "stella, stellae" we fully believed that we had mastered the Latin language, and that for the next three years we had merely to review what we had already learned. Alas! Ceasar and Cicero have dispelled that truly infantile thought, and Shakespeare and Tennyson have proved to us beyond a doubt that we are far, very far, from mastering our own English language, which only proves the truth of the proverb.

With almost incredible rapidity, a second September came and we more proudly than any one guessed, assumed the time—and otherwise—honored name of Sophomores. When we look back now we are aware that as Freshmen we possessed the poise and dignity of kings, to say nothing of Seniors, when compared to the self-conscious manner in which we bore ourselves as Sophomores. When we passed through the halls, we felt that every Freshman in the building, nay!—every member of the faculty—looked after us worshipingly and whispered in awe-struck tones, "Behold, yonder is a Sophomore!"

Although we always managed to present the appearance of great frivolity and general unstableness of character which was due our station to maintain, we let none of the seriousness of Sophomore year escape us, and felt that we did ourselves and our school justice.

In our Junior year we have derived much satisfaction through realizing that we are far above and beyond both the discomfiture of the Freshmen and the self-consciousness of the Sophomores. It is hard to believe that we were ever so inexperienced as the present Freshmen Class or that we were ever so obviously egotistical as the Class of '17, but the Seniors assure us that we were, and, after the fashion of Seniors, that we still are. We have filled an important place in the life of our school, for we have supported its many activities in a praiseworthy manner. We have furnished more than our proportionate share of material for the athletic teams that Racligh High School has produced, and have done equally as well by the debating teams. The magazine has not suffered for want of Junior contributions; and we feel assured that our report cards would compare favorably with those of any other class.

Everything has united to make this the best and happiest year we have ever known, and as this has been said of all our High School years in succession, we believe that we can, with confidence, look forward to our Senior year as certain to be the most delightful year of all—which will be as it should be. We think that, taken as a whole, we are justified in numbering our Junior year as a priceless bead in that rosary of school years, which, when our school days are far behind us, we will, in musing retrospect, count over with the greatest joy, and, no doubt, with a touch of sadness.

HISTORIAN.



JUNIOR CLASS

Sophomore Class History

There is no doubt in the minds of the Sophomores, or indeed in the minds of our underlings, the Freshmen, that the Class of '17 is the finest, most brilliant class that the High School ever welcomed within her walls. We came to school the first day with that idea firmly fixed in our minds, and we have never had cause to doubt its reasonableness.

When we first entered the High School as Freshmen we looked with awe upon the mighty Sophomores. Indeed, most of us tried to keep as much away from them as possible, but as time passed we gradually settled into the daily routine of school life. After a time we began to forget the old way of doing things and to like the new way better.

Then came the holidays, which we enjoyed immensely; and after returning to school we first had a week of review and then—examinations. Most of us passed on these and felt highly elated but, sad to say, it was not all easy sailing even after that. We began several difficult studies, among which was the entirely new one—Algebra. But as all things have an end sooner or later, our Freshman days passed.

On the twenty-sixth of May we became Sophomores—at least most of us did—although some failed to make their grade and remained Freshmen another year.

When we returned to school the next fall we did not feel the same in any way. Now we were Sophomores, and it seems as if we had never been as inferior as Freshmen. We could see the new students quietly slipping away and whispering together whenever we came near. We wondered if we had been so humble and awestruck just one year before.

Just as the preceding Sophomore Class had been we were separated and the girls and boys were put in different rooms. Later still greater change was made among us. All of the business pupils, both boys and girls, were put into another room with Miss Deaton in charge. This made three Sophomore rooms when before there had never been more than two.

In athletics we have several men, who both in football and in basketball have brought honor to R. H. S.

By the completion of this year we have scaled one more round of the ladder of education and, if only we are as successful in mounting the next as we have been in this one, we shall feel that even if the path to knowledge is not strewn with roses, at least its thorns are few.

HISTORIAN



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN

Freshman Class History

On the serene morning of September 14, 1914, there assembled at old R. H. S. a multitude of students of whom about one hundred and fifty were Freshmen. Having passed the inferior grammar school age they could now consider themselves as studious Freshmen with all hopes of becoming bright Sophomores next fall, and in time Juniors, and finally sedate Seniors.

This enormous class was divided into three divisions under the supervision of three faithful and ambitious teachers—Miss Howland, Miss Sparrow, and Mrs. Barbee.

The first important step was one suggested by Miss Sparrow. This was the organization of a "Civics Club." The main purpose of this was to discuss current events. The class elected officers as follows: John Harden, President; Macon Belvin, Vice-President; Mary McGee, Secretary; and Anna Riddick, Treasurer. Every one took great interest in this movement, but unfortunately this plan had to be abandoned on account of establishing a spelling system.

Of course, every one was more than delighted to welcome the dear old month of December, and at the same time felt grateful to the school board for being so generous in giving us a nice vacation of two weeks, which, however, seemed to pass very quickly; and soon it was necessary to start anew for a week's review for examinations. The majority of the class successfully passed this mid-term crisis and hope to be more fortunate in the final term, thereby becoming bright and studious Sophomores next fall.

The ever working, motherly Mrs. Barbee is still with us, we are very glad to say. Mrs. Barbee has been teaching school for thirty-four years. To her the Raleigh High School owes much. Not only does the school, but the City of Raleigh, many of whose successful and leading business men have been inspired by her.

Now that the final term is nearly over, the time will soon come for the final examinations, on the knowledge that we have acquired, (or at least on that which we are supposed to have acquired). After this comes vacation; and the Freshman Class most heartily extends to all its best wishes for a pleasant and joyful vacation, after which we all hope to return as Sophomores next fall.

HISTORIAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Literary Societies

At the beginning of school this year it was thought best to organize two Literary Societies for the boys. A few members of the Aycock Society volunteered to start the new one. It was established and named after Dr. R. H. Lewis, who has given so much of his time and energy to the Raleigh schools. These two societies began work in earnest and have carried on a friendly rivalry all the year. The success of any organization must be judged by its work. While many cannot vouch for the success in the regular weekly debates because they are private; all can spread the news of our success in public appearances.

The four debaters who won a decision on both sides of the same question are all members of the societies. Limer Payne and Raymond Maxwell, who defeated Greensboro in Raleigh on March 26, are members of the Aycock Society. Ross Pillsbury and Brainard Whiting, who went to Charlotte and won a unanimous decision for the first time in the history of our debates in Charlotte, represent the Lewis Society. Both of these teams deserve mention because this is the first year the tie in the Raleigh-Charlotte-Greensboro triangle has ever been broken.

Besides our successes in debate we made an excellent showing at the Trinity College Declamation Contest. Robin Phillips, from the Lewis Society, was our representative. We are all proud of our Society work and hope to make it even more helpful than it is at present.



AYCOCK AND LEWIS LITERARY SOCIETIES

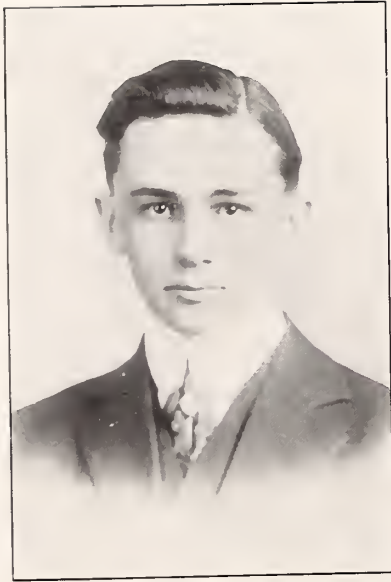


ROBIN PHILLIPS, Orator

Robin represented Raleigh at Trinity College in the State-wide Declamation Contest this year.



ORATORY



LINER PAYNE



RAYMOND MAXWELL

Raleigh vs. Greensboro

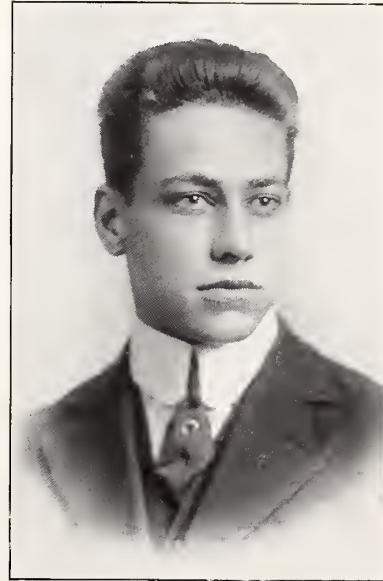
RESOLVED, That the United States should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine employed in foreign trade.

Affirmative Raleigh
Negative Greensboro

Decision: Won by Raleigh



BRAINARD WHITING



ROSS PILLSBURY

Raleigh vs. Charlotte

RESOLVED, That the United States should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine employed in foreign trade.

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

Decision: Won by Raleigh



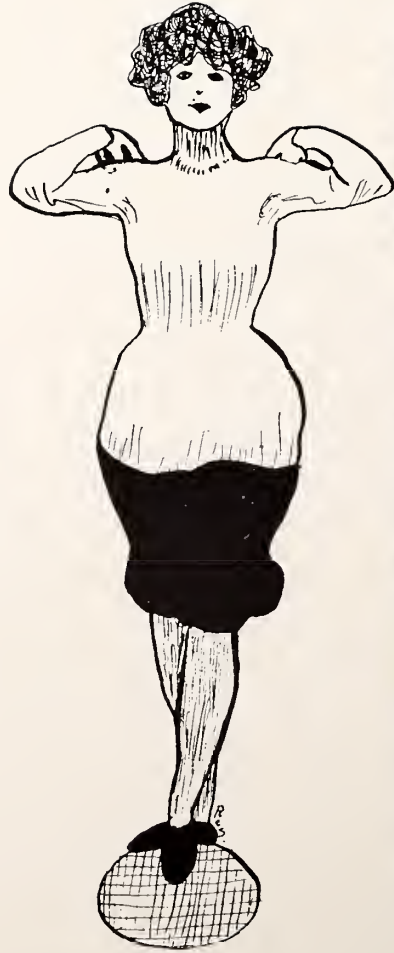
Glee Club

The full Glee Club of nineteen hundred and fifteen is composed of about one hundred and eighty members. There is also a Girls' Glee Club which is doing splendid work. This "special" class, which meets on Wednesday morning to study theory, the history of music, and composers, has proved a great success. Notebooks are being kept which will be on display at the exhibition in May. To the pupil doing the best work a medal will be awarded, at the end of the year, by Mr. Charles E. Johnson. Many hold high hopes of obtaining this much coveted honor, won last year by Miss Miriam Holloway.

At the Peace Day exercises held in the city auditorium, several patriotic airs were sung by the pupils of the High School, led by the Glee Club. This added much to the spirit of the occasion.

Miss Chapel is preparing for a recital, to be given in the spring by a number of her pupils, in connection with the work of the physical training class.

We wish, if classes were not interfered with, that many more might be members of the Glee Club, as all of the present members thoroughly enjoy it, except probably, our hard-worked musicians, Cohen, Stephenson and Separk.



PHYSICAL CULTURE

Physical Culture

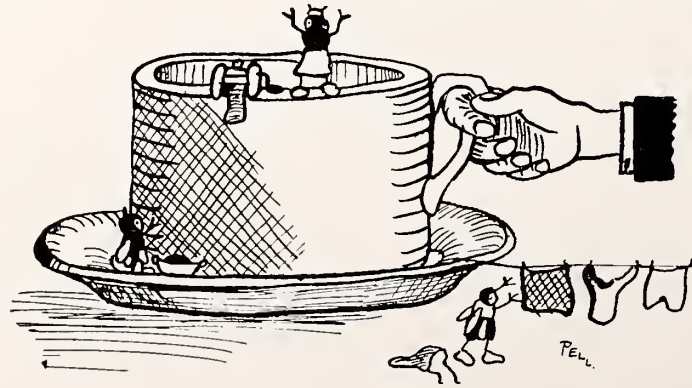
With a larger number of girls than ever before, the physical training classes have been doing some good work, under the direction of Miss Clark, our teacher.

At the Mardi Gras, which was a great success, our High School girls took a prominent part and they did it well. Besides this, work is being done for the festival to be held in May.

During the fall our interest was in the game of end ball. As all of the classes had good players, many interesting match games were played always with a close score. Now all of our interest is in basketball. We have a fine team with Madge Bernard, Hattie Alston and Elizabeth Tucker, forwards; Katharine Knox, and Mary Guirkin, centers; Claudia Jones and Elizabeth Stell guards. This is the first team that the girls have had in several years, and we are proud of it.

Many trips have been planned and some games are to be played at home, and we feel sure that our team will do some good playing. To Miss Clark and Miss Williams we extend our thanks for working so hard with this team.

Domestic Science



Domestic Science

Any one who has had the good fortune to have tasted any of the good things made down at the Cooking School this year, (taking it for granted that that person has seen a R. H. S. football or baseball game) must acknowledge that the girls of the Domestic Science classes can make just as good pies and cakes as the boys can make touchdowns and home runs. However, we are sincerely thankful that the boys don't watch us making these masterpieces in the art of cookery. Our shiny red noses and floury faces might slightly alter their opinions of our looks.

It is estimated that the students of this school have consumed approximately ten thousand bowls of Aunt Minerva's soup. In addition to this they have also bought fifteen or sixteen thousand sandwiches, twenty-five or thirty thousand crackers and innumerable apples. Also, for these things they have spent nearly thirty thousand "jits."

We have found "Bacteriology" very interesting. We have enjoyed our cooking lessons quite as much as we have profited by them. We regret that next year, as Juniors, (we hope to be), we may not continue our study of these useful subjects.



FOOT BALL

Foot Ball

Raleigh High School has always had a good record on the gridiron, but the last two years have been especially noteworthy in her athletic history. In 1913 the State championship was easily won at Chapel Hill. During the past season the championship of Virginia was added to the North Carolina victories. This title was gained when the Raleigh eleven defeated the John Marshall team of Richmond 27-0 on the 25th of November in Richmond. The Virginia team later won the championship of that State.

The 1914 season was indeed remarkable. Never before has North Carolina produced such a high school team. This team won all nine games during the season against the best high schools in this State and in Virginia. The closest score of any game was 20-0. The total score of the Raleigh team was 472 points against 22 scored by all opponents. After all opponents had been eliminated in the eastern part of the State, the Asheville team from the west was defeated 117-0. This game was played at Chapel Hill on the 12th of December. A special train carried a large crowd of supporters. This game was a fitting climax to a wonderful season. Since it was the last game in which some of the boys would ever play for R. H. S., they determined to do their best.

After defeating Warrenton 20-0, and the A & M Sophomores 57-0, Raleigh traveled up to the Gate City and won from her ancient rival 38-6. Still Greensboro was not satisfied, and came down here, only to be completely convinced by a 54-0 defeat. Though we defeated Greensboro by large scores, they had a plucky team, and we consider it an honor to beat them.

Warrenton was again defeated 45-3. As has already been said, Raleigh was not satisfied with her conquests in this State, but went to Richmond with the hope of getting revenge for the defeat in track and baseball administered by John Marshall in Raleigh last spring. A Richmond paper stated the morning before the game that John Marshall was glad of the chance to annex the North Carolina championship. But Raleigh took pleasure in killing that selfsame gladness.

The game was called at 10:30 in the morning because the park could be secured for no other time. From the very beginning it was clear that Raleigh had the superior team, and the ball was to be kept in John Marshall's territory. Raleigh would have scored more than one touchdown in the first quarter had it not been for the costly fumbles near John Marshall's goal. These fumbles were undoubtedly due to the bad trip the team had the night before. None of the team got any rest before the game. However, the boys were able to overcome this handicap and win the game 27-0.

Raleigh High School had the distinction of sending the only victorious team into Virginia soil and having them come back with great honor. However, we would have been glad to have shared this honor with Carolina and A & M had it been possible.

When we came back to North Carolina the championship series had been narrowed down to four schools in the East—Washington, Wilmington, Goldsboro and Raleigh. In the preliminary contest Washington won from Goldsboro 13-0, and Raleigh won from

Wilmington 39-7. This game was played under serious handicap. It was played on the Saturday following the game in Richmond on Wednesday. The team did not get back to Raleigh until Friday morning, and had had very little rest.

The next game was with Washington to select the team to play Asheville—the school which won out in the west. This game resulted in a walk-over—75-6 in favor of Raleigh. Then came the final game at Chapel Hill, which was won 117-0.

The causes of the phenomenal success of the '14 football team were first, the experience and football knowledge of the team; next, the spirit and grim determination to win with which each man entered every game; and last, the excellent coaching of Prof. G. B. Phillips. He knew the game; was full of spirit; got down with the boys and made friends with them. To him the Raleigh High School is deeply indebted for his valuable services.

Raleigh had six men on the All-State team this year, which was picked by Mr. Kluttz of the U. N. C. They were Weathers, Bowen, Champion, Tyree, Whitaker and Johnson. We might here mention that Mills must have been overlooked by Mr. Kluttz, for Mills is one of the best half-backs that ever represented the Purple and Gold, and *far better* than any half-back we faced this year.

Football Team, 1914

Champions of North Carolina and Virginia

MARTIN

TYREE

KOONTZ

SMITH

WEATHERS

DENMARK

WHITAKER

MILLS

JOHNSON

BOWEN

CHAMPION

WHITING

NORWOOD

COLEY

BATCHELOR



GRIDIRON HEROES.



WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIP CUP OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1914
Champions of Virginia and North Carolina



ELIZABETH TUCKER
Sponsor Football Team



BASKE^TBALL

Basketball

This is the first year that Raleigh High School has been represented by a basketball team, but truly we have been well represented.

We have been very fortunate in having as coach Mr. Arrol of the Y. M. C. A., to whom we are very much indebted for the success of our team. We have, however, had the same difficulty as in football—that of arranging games with other high schools.

Up to the present time we have defeated some strong teams and expect to do as much to several more before the season ends. Our first game was with Cary, which ended in a victory for R. H. S. 18-12. We then proceeded to “beat up” Wakelon 59-14. Then, being unable to get a game with a high school, all of which seem very reluctant to play us, we played a game with the Trinity Park Prep. School, and, although it was the first game that our boys had played on the auditorium floor, they surprised everybody and emerged from the contest the victors by the score of 42-12. After two weeks of hard practice the boys journeyed up and put an end to Durham’s championship aspirations by the score of 26-9. On the following night they again defeated the greatly strengthened Trinity Park team on their own floor 21-17. Then came Durham to Raleigh swearing revenge; but it was the same old story—Raleigh 39, Durham 12. The next game was a victory over the A & M College Sophomore team.

At this time the championship series had narrowed down considerably. We were scheduled to play Middleburg High School. Their team had not been defeated during the season. But listen to this score: 90-9 in favor of Raleigh, and you can see they lost one game at least.

Then Goldsboro was scheduled in Raleigh by the championship committee. They, for some unknown reason, refused to play. Thus they forfeited the game to Raleigh. With this game we journeyed to Chapel Hill to meet Winston-Salem. The Winston team outplayed us and won the championship 25-13. They had had more experience than our team and deserved to win. It was by no means a walkover, however, for our boys worked hard. We simply remind them that we will play again next season. Watch the second season, and may it come up to the record we hold in the athletic world.

The squad was composed of Martin (Capt.), Ball, Lumsden, Young, Johnson, James, Whitaker, Cole and Coley.



BASKETBALL TEAM



BESSIE LUMSDEN
Sponsor Boys' Basketball Team



BASKETBALL TEAM

**B
A
S
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**B
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Baseball

Our baseball season in 1914 was not as successful as it might have been. We had a good team and all the games that we lost were hotly contested, and two of the four went over nine innings.

We opened the season at Burlington and lost 9-1. Although our team had only "been out" a few days it showed that there was some good material there. On the following Friday we lost to Goldsboro in a hard fought ten-inning game 5-4. The next day we were defeated by New Bern in another hard fought game 8-6. On Easter Monday we defeated Washington in probably the best game of the year by the tune of 2-1, ten-innings. After this we defeated Goldsboro and would very probably have done as much to New Bern but for an injury to Weathers, the mainstay of R. H. S. in the box.

Our largest game was on May 2 with John Marshall High School of Richmond. We emerged from this contest the losers 10-6, but the game was much closer than the score would indicate. We were greatly handicapped in the loss of Weathers although Heilig pitched good ball.

With Champion, Weathers, Johnson, Mills, Bowen, Terrell, Johnson, J., Heilig and Coley of last year's squad, and such newcomers as Martin, Faucette, Fetner, Maxwell and McKimmon, we are sure that when the season of 1915 is passed Coach Phillips will have turned out another ehampionship team for old R. H. S.



BASEBALL "SNAPS"



FAMILIAR VIEWS

A Rose of India

It was July in India long ago; and that month in that part of the East used to be warm of the warmest, even as, I dare say, it is now.

I had been out for a row to the beautiful Shalimar lake, with its floating islands covered with melons, peach groves, mulberry thickets, delicious apricots and limes; and after indulging in fruit to my heart's desire I was returning by one of the canals, and was dreaming half awake, half asleep, amidst sounds produced by birds, insects and the rippling of the water under the boat, when I was suddenly aroused by an uproar on one of the banks.

I raised myself languidly and looked around for the reason. On the left bank of the stream was a considerable gathering of natives—men, women and children, all hallooing at the full pitch of their voices, beating their breasts, and with outstretched hands imploring assistance from the heavens above.

I asked my boatman what was the matter; and one, laughing and showing his white teeth, carelessly replied, as if it were a matter of no moment at all:

“Oh, sahib, some one has been bitten by a snake.”

Not a moment was lost in changing our course, and on reaching the bank I was immediately surrounded by the crowd, who seemed to consider my appearance as sent by the gods to their assistance.

They led me to where the sufferer—an old fisherman, dirty, unkempt, ragged—lay writhing on the ground, holding with both hands the foot which had been bitten, whilst he rolled to and fro, and poured forth supplications to the Prophet, and to the protector—this last directed to me—to assist him in his distress.

I hastily examined the wound; found two punctures in the ball of the great toe, from which the inflammation was spreading over the foot, causing it to swell greatly, and then I applied some cords and a couple of sticks above the knee and ankle, in order to stop the circulation, and delay the spread of the poison until I had time to consider what was best to do.

Now, at some time I had read that, when no other means were at hand, large doses of powerful stimulants, constantly repeated so as to keep the patient in a state of drunkenness, sometimes had been known to be effective in cases of snake bite; and as I had a bottle of brandy in my boat, I at once proceeded to give him several draughts of it.

In a very short time the brandy mounted to his head; he laughed, he chatted, he sang. More and more brandy I poured down his throat, and he who at first was disinclined to touch a drop of the forbidden drink, now tossed it off gaily, and asked for more. And in this state I kept him for some hours until he had finished all the brandy.

In the mean time, I had carried him to the boat, which formed the only residence of himself and family, and in the bow of this—a kind of barge with a thatched house in its center—I placed him. And then, the evening being far gone, I took my departure,

promising to call next day, and giving strict orders that, whenever the patient appeared to be getting sleepy, he was to be taken on shore, and forcibly compelled to run up and down until he became lively.

That night Jack Moreland dined with me. Now Jack was a fine, handsome young fellow, and possessed all manner of knowledge on all subjects, from civil engineering to the best way of cooking omelette. Of course I told him the events of the day, and he was greatly interested in the chances of my success; and would not be satisfied until I agreed to let him go with me next day.

The morning came, bright, fair, and cool, as it always is during the summer months in the East, before the midday heat sets in; and after we had disposed of our breakfasts, we got into our boat, were paddled up the river for about a mile, and then gained the creek in which lay moored the floating mansion of my patient.

We found the sufferer reclining on a rude couch, covered with a remarkably old and filthy coverlet; and on inquiry we were informed that, in accordance with my instructions, he had been kept awake for nearly the whole night, and he was now in a state of depression and weariness. The swelling had abated greatly, and the pain had almost ceased; but the bitten limb was quite paralyzed. We gave him some money, for immediate needs, and promised to supply him with meal and flour every day until he recovered; which act drew down on us a perfect torrent of praises, especially from one rosy cheeked brunette who stood by the bedside and who expressed her feelings by fervent glances of—well, it may have been of gratitude—at my handsome friend.

I cannot say that he was backward in returning these looks; nor was he much to blame, for indeed Rose—the girl in question—was well worth looking at.

Of medium height; her graceful head firmly set on a full white throat, rising from a high arched chest; her whole form supple and pliant, with a roguish dimple in either cheek, and her large liquid eyes coyly veiled by the drooping fringe of their silken lids; dressed in a loose flowing crimson robe reaching to her instep, and her tiny feet thrust into minature gold spangled slippers—such was Rose, such the vision which shone out of the surrounding squalor like a brilliant gem set in jet.

Days went by, and the old man gradually, slowly, but surely improved, so that he could limp about with difficulty. In my daily visits I was often accompanied by Jack, but more frequently he would invent some excuse for going alone to see how the patient, “Old Islam,” was getting on, and on these occasions he generally remained away for many hours, returning home so absent-minded as to render him anything but a cheerful companion. As for either friendly advice or laughing ridicule on the subject of Rose, he would not allow it. So as I did not wish to quarrel with him, I allowed matters to take their course, trusting to chance, and I went on attending my patient as usual, until at length he emerged into perfect strength and health.

The old man was rejoiced at this, but at the same time I could see that there was a bitter drop in his cup of joy. This was the reflection, that now, being restored to health he would again have to work hard to provide for his family, and then obtain barely enough to keep body and life together. Therefore I was not much surprised when, after explaining that he and his family were my slaves forever, that their lives were mine, to do with as I liked, and using other Eastern hyperbole of the same sort, he quietly and calmly proposed to make me a present of his daughter Rose, to be my servant and slave, all the days of her life. He added as though an after-consideration that if I accepted the gift, he hoped I should be so mercifully benevolent as also to take him and the rest of his family with me, “for,” said he, “if you carry off Rose, and leave us, the Rajah will put us all in prison for giving our daughter to an Englishman.”

I informed him that on my return home I was to be married, and that therefore his proposal could not be accepted. At my departure he and his family, embracing my feet with effusion, gave many thanks for my kindness; and so I left them, as I thought, forever.

On my returning to my tent, I found Jack there, smoking his pipe and moving about in a restless way. He inquired anxiously, as I thought, as to where I had been; and, on my giving him a laughing account of the strange proposal, his brow darkened for an instant, and I heard him mutter something like "I'll strangle the old beast!" However, after hearing of my refusal the cloud disappeared, and he broke forth into the wildest spirits, laughing, singing and joking, just as he had in the days before he had known Rose.

Weeks passed by, and I was out with a party on the great Isamalee Lake, a sheet of water some eight or ten miles long. By and by, a large traveling-boat loomed into sight through the mist which was beginning to rise. The figure of an Englishman stood in the bow, waving a hat with his upraised hand. We all dashed down upon him, and were delighted to find he was none other than loquacious Dick Marston just coming from near the Shalimar Lake where I had formerly been staying during my memorable adventure with the old fisherman. We escorted the newly-arrived to our encampment, and then we sat down to dinner, and prepared to hear about the outside world.

"S'pose you've heard about Jack Moreland's escapade?" said Dick.

"No, not a bit. What's he been up to now?"

"He is in for no end of a row, I expect; bolted with a Hindu girl, some boatman's daughter; and the Rajah has reported him to the government."

"Tell us about it, and don't spare details."

"Well, he persuaded her to make a midnight flitting! They got off safely, and reached British territory, about half an hour before the Rajah, who was in pursuit, reached the banks of the river."

I managed to hush the matter up later by paying the old fisherman two hundred rupees, a sum he would have sold the whole family for, if need be.

A year elapsed before I heard of Jack again, and his escapade had almost escaped my mind. Then rumors came to me that he had married Rose after having her converted to Christianity. I made some special inquiries after this and received the following information.

Jack had first commenced her education, taught her to read, write and talk English, showed her the truths of Christianity, and then had married her without any further loss of time.

Society was horrified when Rose became Mrs. Moreland and would not have either of them. So Jack had accepted an out-of-the-way place where his wife would be free and not be shunned.

It was about three years afterward, when returning to England, I had to pass through the place of Jack's residence; so I wrote him a line, saying that I would stay with him a couple of days, and then followed my note in person.

Beautiful as I had considered Rose in other times, her present exceeding loveliness far surpassed her former good looks. She welcomed me as an old friend, without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, and proved herself a true hostess during my visit.

Soon after this the Indian Mutiny broke out, and Jaek was ordered to the front. On the third day of the greatest battle, he fell bravely fighting for his country.

After his death Rose made her home near the northern frontier, and spent most of her time in the culture of her two little children. Some time later she became almost wealthy, through a distant relative of Jaek's, who had made him heir to a great amount of property. Then society several times offered to take her in, but she refused, saying that the memory of her husband was too deep for her to mingle with others. And so she lives; and, altogether, I think that the Indian Rose was a good woman and made a warm-hearted, kind-dispositioned wife.

GOLDA JUDD, '15

JOKES



Jokes

PUPIL IN I B (reading): "Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he was a second father."

LOUISE HALL (excitedly): Does that mean, Miss S—, that Mr. Scrooge married Tiny Tim's mother?

MISS H. (during a history recitation in I B): The Spartans surrendered at Pylos. Fifty-five years before at Thermopylae, they died to a man, rather than give up. What does this show about the Spartans?

RYAN BASHFORD: It shows they had more sense.

MELISSA S. (raising her hand): There was an ink-pen on my desk and it has disappeared!

MISS S. (wearily): It isn't necessary to say *ink*-pen, Melissa; what other kind of pen could it be?

NEATHERY S. (seriously): Beauty-pins, Miss S.

MISS S.: Not pins, Melissa, *pens*.

JEANIE S. (brightly): There is another kind, Miss S.

MISS S. Well, Jeanie, what kind?

JEANIE: Pig-pens!

M. G.: Don't you think this theme ends rather corruptly?

MISS SLITER: Josephine, what do they make ice with?

JOSEPHINE S.: Pneumonia.

FIRST FRESH.: Oh yes, I understand football perfectly. We stayed after school and Mr. Phillips told us all about it. I went to the game yesterday.

SECOND FRESH.: What did Toxy do?

FIRST FRESH.: He made a home run in the third half.

SOPH.: Freshie, do you know what position Earl Johnson has on the team?

FRESH. (cautiously): He—he's a quarter-back, I think.

SOPH.: A quarter-back! And may I ask how many there are?

FRESH.: You needn't think I haven't studied fractions. I know there are four.

FRESH.: What part of the body is the scrimmage?

SOPH.: The what?

FRESH.: Well, I saw in the account of the football game that someone was hurt in the scrimmage.

CUSTOMER: What have you got to eat?

WAITER: Saurkraut, frankfurters, beef au jus and pie a-la-mode.

CUSTOMER: Give me ham and eggs, I'm neutral.

TAKINGS

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame,
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to coming afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

Motto for sewing machine—As you sew, so shall you rip.

Forced politeness—bowing to circumstances.

SOPH. (Showing her French off to the family circle): Papa, fermez la porte.

PAPA: Sure, I'll sign your report.

MISS S. (on Soph English): When a swan dies she sings herself to death.

P. B. (hearing one of Capt. Williamson's ducks quack): Yes'm, I hear one dying now.

FIRST FRESHMAN: Say, did you know that all French girls are called "Polly"?

SECOND FRESHMAN: Nonsense, they're not. What makes you think so?

FIRST FRESHMAN: Well, I heard one of the Sophomores talking French to another just a moment ago and she said, "Polly, do you Francais?"

MISS GRESSITT (explaining that subtraction is necessary to make two men's profits equal): B. is up in the air. How can we get him down?

DISTRACTED PUPIL (vainly seeking for a plausible answer): Why-er-er— you might clip his wings.

E. R. (on a discussion of Milton): He was married in 1654, and then he wrote "Paradise Lost."

GLEANINGS FROM SCIENCE EXAMINATIONS

“There are great salmon industries that furnish the whole country with delicious *salards*.”

“Flies carry deceased germs on their feet.”

Q.—How is the best way to keep fish from smelling?

A.—Cut off their noses.

“The different agents that tried to destroy bird life are the agents for millinery stores.”

Some destructive insects are the “*bald weavers*” (boll weevils).

“Currents are caused in the ocean by springs coming up in the bottom of the ocean.”

“Ocean waves are caused by the sun and moon having a drawing sensation on the water.”

“Bacteria had its first beginnings with the researches of a Frenchman.”

“The malaria mosquito lays a bunch of eggs which turn into *whirligigs*.”

“Without protoplasm life would be *instinct*.”

Editorial Comment

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....FLORENCE C. BUSBEE
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FRESHMAN HISTORIAN.....MACON BELVIN

In the preparation of such a stupendous publication as the RATTLER, it would be unreasonable to place all the work upon one or two persons. Florence Busbee and Katharine Crews, editors-in-chief, wrote character sketches of the twenty-eight Seniors to accompany the photographs, the Hall of Fame, and the class statistics. John Aycock composed the Class poem which adorns this number, and Annie Uzzle worried everybody in school to death, locating her jokes. Alderman Merritt was the prophetic soul and was also bribed by the editors-in-chief to write the Last Will and Testament and this spiel. The terms of the bribery will not be made public. Howard Barrow contributed the advertisements after wearing out the Raleigh sidewalks getting them. To James Denmark we are indebted for the striking cover design. Ross Pillsbury had charge of the cartoons. Earle Johnson wrote the Athletic notes and Louise Cooper supervised the Departments. Isabelle Bowen and Jeanie Smith assisted her. The class historians are John L. Aycock, Edith Russell, Robert Russell, Macon Belvin.

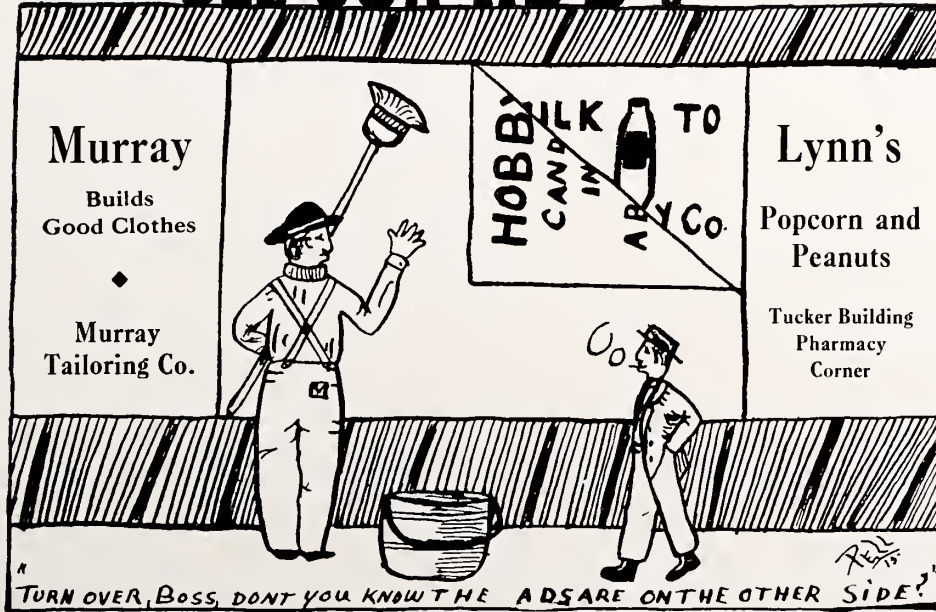
If you should get miffed at anything that is printed, file complaints with Florence Busbee and Katharine Crews, as these two are personally responsible for all that has been said.



THE END.

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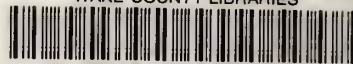
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