

The Athenian

Volume 8.

No. 4

Class Number



NEW BERN, N. C.

May, 1915

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CLASS PROPHECY

HAZEL TAYLOR

The young folks had gone to a New Year's dance, and I was sitting alone by my fire. The bells were ringing out the old year of 1934, and ringing in the glad year of 1935. I heard cheering, and realized that the new Mayor, Selby Hill, was elected this night. Little did I think that Bridgeton would ever be a twin-city to New Bern. Still less did I think that some day my old classmate would be its Mayor.

I wonder how many other friends have succeeded so well in life. I wonder where they have strayed since we received our diplomas in 1915—diplomas graciously granted us by the faculty in full payment for the ten or more years we toiled and boned at New Bern High.

Dreaming thus I heard a slight cough behind me, and turning quickly I saw old Father Time with scythe and hourglass, and a sunny smile on his wrinkled face.

“If you will come with me I will take you back to your classmates,” he said.

“Can it be possible that this good fortune is to be mine?” I asked, excitedly.

“It will not take long, and my car is at the door.” said Father Time.

It was a wonderful car that ran on one wheel, and my guide told me that it was as swift as thought. In ten minutes we were rolling up brilliant Broadway, and over the great new Opera House I read the sign, “Faust—Mademoiselle Bertha.” We were shown to the front of the hall, and in the beautiful Gretchen I recognized my chum of former years, Bertha Hawk. Her voice rang clear and true and I wished to hear more. My

companion was in a hurry to get back to his car, and with a whiz and a puff we were off again.

Columbia Roads, Washington, D. C., was our next stop. "The Suffragette parade," Time said as we alighted. At the head of the parade was Esther Marks. I always knew that she was a born leader, but I didn't think about the suffragettes.

"Where next?" I thought, as we moved on. The motorman called "Salisbury, ten minutes wait."

A Jitney Buss whirled me over the city. There were handsome homes on either hand, and from one of the broad gates a limousine was coming toward us. I recognized May Baxter—Question-Mark May,—now Mrs. ———, well, I promised not to tell.

Our car pulled into Richmond half an hour before the game between the Philadelphia professionals and the V. P. I. teams. Entering the grandstand I was presently joined by a familiar lean figure, Leroy Willis, now coach of the V. P. I. team.

On our way back from the game we dropped into a cheerful apartment. Surrounded by piles of papers and manuscripts I found romantic William Boyd, a popular novelist.

To Randolph-Macon College we flew next. "We wish to visit the German class," I heard Father Time say as we entered. A stern, determined looking lady was presiding. In her I recognized Corinne Blalock, strong in high school days for German and Randolph Macon.

"To Baltimore, next, to St. Charles Hospital," were the directions given our motorman. We were met at the stone entrance by a capable looking head nurse—no one but our little friend Mabel Chadwick. "If possible, we would like to speak to Dr. McSorley," I heard my companion say. But the famous surgeon was out on a case. So Charlie Mac was the only one I couldn't see.

Across the way we inquired at a convent gate for Maggie Smith. She had taken the veil and I could see her, but not

speak to her. Disappointed in love, she had withdrawn from the world. "To Texas," said Father Time.

At Long Neck we found Arthur Jenette superintending the surveying of large tracts of land. His hair was turning gray and his broad shoulders were rather stooped, but his voice was as strong as ever.

"Not to Kentucky!" I gasped in wonder.

"Yes, we will locate your fascinating friend Lou Mitchell Nixon. Years and suitors came and went, and she finally decided to link her fate with a prominent tobacco buyer."

On our way home we stopped at Durham. "Automatic Vacuum Cleaner" was written over the door of the factory where we stopped. I saw Katherine Patterson, the head saleslady. She was talking to a drummer! "Take us to the Greensboro Normal College," said Time to the man at the wheel. The lady principal received us. A second look at the tall, auburn-haired lady, and I recognized Bessie Bell. What more could have been expected of Bess? She was always a leader.

While standing on the campus talking to Bess, I noticed a distinguished looking man and a brown-haired lady dressed in black. "Who are they, Father Time?" I asked.

"Lucky you noticed them," he said. "She is a charming widow, formerly Miss Charlotte Howard."

"And the man with her?"

"That is Hon. Nathaniel Goodin. First love is last love sometimes, you know.

To Raleigh we went. On the way we passed a fine apple orchard. Time told me it belonged to Mr. David Ferebee, and showed me old David, standing disconsolately in the door of his home, "The Bachelors."

Toward the Capitol at Raleigh we made our way. "There goes an old acquaintance," said Father Time. "George Scales

is now the leading candidate for Congress. He uses that brain of his these days."

Just in front of the Capitol I heard a band playing and we stopped. I knew whom I should see. Our little musician, Eddy Merritt, was now leader of the band.

"Now for home," said my companion. "We have seen them all but Mildred Ferebee. She went to China as a missionary, and I really haven't time to take you there today."

"Thank you, Time," I said, turning to him. But the dear old man was gone, and the young people were tripping up the stairs from their dance. Well, it was the best dream I've had in twenty years.





DAVID FEREBEE

In baseball David and his "old-rose" bloomers may be relied on. He slings oratory in a truly Websterian style, and—he simply adores girls in middy-suits.



BERTHA HAWK

What does Bertha like? Goodness knows, but we guess at balls and beaux. What does she think about? An easy guess this time—Randolph Macon. Bertha boasts both beauty and brilliancy.



GEORGE SCALES

"Muggins" possesses every symptom of a genius—even that of laziness. He has only two besetting sins; a passionate fondness for ice-cream cones, and an unrestrained enthusiasm for taking physical exercise.



LOU MITCHELL NIXON

Comes to school with pockets full of letters. These are read for mental refreshment between classes. The most popular and the most mischievous graduate.



SELBY HILL

His temper is as changeable as his ties, and his affection as lasting as his smile. The biggest thing about him is his laugh, and the best thing about him is his girl.



MAGGIE SMITH

History is her first, last and only love. We understand that the faithful muff will be on hand at graduation, and we expect her to arise and solemnly declare, "Miss B., I'm here."



ARTHUR JENNETT

Arthur is our "Math" shark. He domesticated Algebra with ease; he runs through geometrical problems without changing gear. Yet in one thing he is deficient—he can't whisper.



BESSIE BELL

Bess is a shark in all ordinary and extraordinary studies. You will recognize her by a great amount of dignity offset by the rippliest giggle in the world.



HAZEL TAYLOR

Hazel does "Society." Of course Math., History, and German are necessary evils; but pretty frocks, new dances, flowers and beaux are much more to her liking.



WILLIAM BOYD

William is an improved Lord Chesterfield. He even doffs his hat and smiles sweetly at a zero.



MAY BAXTER

May is as fickle as the wind, we fear. Her fondness for history is on the wane, but her interest in "poetry" is about to drive her insane.



EDDY MERRITT

A combination of temper, forensic ability, and horn-tooting. Eddy likes best to make speeches, and to talk to his "colleague." He will coin words while you wait.



MABEL CHADWICK

Mabel is a demure little maiden who suffers "in silence (?)." No matter how hard the geometry, she never murmurs. Truly she is "Job's rival."



KATHERINE PATTERSON

A perfect marvel! Each month she carries home a report full of "E's" and "G's." Each afternoon she strolls. Every night she makes fudge for the boys and girls

NATHAN GOODING

Nathan, on entering High School, became peculiarly attached to German and starred therein. He seems particularly fitted for handling studies, arguments, oratory, money, and—girls. with equal skill.

CHARLOTTE HOWARD

She entertains a different boy each night, and her lessons are duly prepared for her and whispered to her over the back of the seat by—well, ask Nathan.

CORRINNE BLALOCK

We prophesy great things for Corrinne, provided her boat weathers the storms of "Trig." Her favorite pastimes are joy-riding and German coaching.



LEROY WILLIS

A fragile piece of machinery except on the diamond. Byronic in appearance, and sweetly pleasant in manner, you look for a poet and get a pitcher.



MILDRED FEREBEE

Mildred is a busy little mortal with a bunch of curls and a happy smile. It is rumored that of late she spends much time joy-riding in a Ford.



CHARLES M'SORLEY

"Mike" is the slimmest embodiment of prolonged physique in the class; his body strings out like a gourd-vine. He whirls a ball over the home plate with the skill of Matthewson. And his girls rival in number Lou Mitchell's beaux.



ESTHER MARKS

She has stored in her brain twenty schemes for making money for the "Athenian," all of which ought to be started AT ONCE. A familiar figure in the halls, and the best faculty interviewer of the lot.

CLASS POEM

SELBY HILL

Every ship must find a harbor,
Though in storms they're led astray;
Pilots skilled in worthy labor
Will land them safe within the bay.

High School life is like a vessel
Sailing on the sea of time;
With many dangers it must wrestle,
E're it reach its goal sublime.

Teachers are our worthy pilots,
With studies they our ship have stored,
Urging us to greater effort,
That our sail may not be lowered.

When we entered on this voyage,
When we started High School life,
We were filled with pep and courage,
Bound to win out in the strife.

Many storms have we battled,
Many joys have we seen,
Many tales have we tattled
In our folly on the Green.

Our good ship is heavy laden
With things that aid in proper ways
With worthy deeds for youth and maiden
To aid them in their future days.

Math. is placed snug in a corner
With all its angles true and right,
With composition we now adorn her
For we've learned just how to write.

History is there in endless story
Of deeds that will forever last,
And literature in all its glory,
Of the present, future, and the past.

German with its **ach** and **bible**
Surely in our minds will stay.
As for Latin, it matters little,
'Cause ponies ride us on our way.

Spelling now with all its ruling,
Fell again before our eyes;
And Science with such facts, appalling.
Took us all by great surprise.

With such a cargo then on hand,
We sailed straight o'er the sea;
Our principal was in command
Working hard with every plea.

Our ship has sailed in sorrow,
Our ship has sailed so gay,
Thinking only of tomorrow,
And our bright Commencement Day.

But now our ship has reached its harbor,
And anchored quite near the shore;
We all around the pilots hover,
And say farewell, forevermore.

CLASS WILL

GEORGE SCALES

We, the Class of 1915, some of us being of fairly sound minds, and having reached the point where we take our departure from old New Bern High, do hereby make and declare our last will and testament, all other wills being declared by us null and void.

I. To our unworthy successors, the 10-B and 9-A grades, we will our dignity and good example. We also will to them all privileges which by right belong to us, but which have never been delivered into our hands. In addition to them innumerable lectures from our seven teachers, subject, "Senior Dignity."

II. To the 10-B and 9-A grades we bequeath the full set of reference books, containing everything from "A to izzard"; from "How to make Miss Appie smile," to "How to make Mr. Ashley frown." Also the pictures and pennants upon the walls, including the picture of Bill Shakespeare. May his solemn countenance help them.

III. We also leave the 10-B and 9-A grades a fully equipped stable of thoroughbred, hardworked, Bill Tell and Cicero

ponies, jacks, draft-horses, etc. Judging from our experience, we think they will need them.

IV. To the 8-B grade we leave our room, if they can get it, the fixtures and appurtenances thereof, except those herein mentioned. In this gift we include three peep-holes cut through the wall of Mr. Ashley's office. From this vantage point his goings and comings, his actions, his affairs, his discussions and punishments may be duly reported to the grade, and through these holes contributions of peanuts, candy, etc., may be received from the world outside.

V. To the next senior class we bequeath one study period per week, held without a teacher, which have succeeded in extorting from the faculty. We suggest that this is a good opportunity to reinforce their strength for the struggles of the day, by disposing of any articles of food which they may have on their person.

VI. To the 10-B grade we leave all of our dear classmates that may succumb in the "Week of Terror," and ask that they may be treated with kind consideration and tender care.

VII. To our friends and enemies we will the following earthly possessions:

Bessie Bell wills her red head, but not its contents, to Marshall Speight.

Leroy Willis wills a famous anti-fat remedy, which he uses regularly, to Duffy Rowe.

Lou Mitchell wills all her beaux, together with her ability to keep them guessing, to Audrey Parker.

Selby Hill leaves the pitiful fragments of a broken heart to Verona Jackson.

Bertha wills all love letters now in her possession to Roderick Davenport, to serve as models.

Muggins and David desire to bequeath the aforementioned

Roderick their handsome sweater and old-rose bloomers, for dress parade this summer.

Eddy Merritt leaves Thelma Howell eleven debates and forty-nine declamations, his horn and hair, hot temper, and charming smile.

Hazel Taylor leaves all her curl papers to Catherine Lefferts. David Ferebee leaves his to Thelma Dudley.

Esther Marks leaves twenty-seven excuses on lessons, and for absence to Charles Hollister. The name may be erased.

Katherine Patterson leaves a small portion of her tongue to be preserved in alcohol and sent to the Raleigh Museum.

Duly witnessed, signed and sealed by us, on this, the thirty-first day of May, nineteen hundred fifteen.

A darkey clergyman in the State of Mississippi had married two negroes, and after the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply.

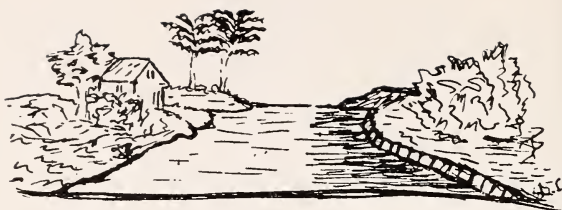
"Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Five dollars is a lot of money, pahson," said the groom.

"Ah'll give yo' two dollahs and den ef ah find ah ain't got cheated, ah'll give yo' mo' in a monf."

In the stipulated time the groom returned. "Pahson," he said, "dis here arrangement's a kind o' speculashun, an' reckon youse got de worst of it. Ah figgars that yo' owe me a dollar an' seventy-five cents."

A benevolent old gentleman sent to a bibulous friend a can of branded peaches. "Am sorry," wrote the invalid in thanks. "I cannot eat the peaches but I enjoyed the spirit in which they were sent."



THE INTERVIEW

BESSIE W. BELL, '15.

The scene was that of all the hurly-burly and confusion of the printing office of a city newspaper. The room contained twenty-five desks, at which sat twenty-five young men hard at work. The floor was completely covered with scrap-paper of all description. At opposite desks sat James Wesley and Dick Murray, the two best workmen on the house's staff, and rivals for the position of assistant editor, which was then vacant.

The position meant much to Wesley, who was only a poor young college graduate and who was very ambitious. On the other hand Dick Murray had recently been left a fortune and was on the newspaper staff only to get ahead of James Wesley, who had badly defeated him in athletics, while they were both at college. Murray, because of his conceit and overbearing disposition, had gained no friends on the staff, while Wesley was loved by everyone.

"Mr. Wesley, Mr. Brewster wants to see you and Mr. Murray in his office." The voice of the office boy startled the young men, both of whom had been thinking of the vacant position. Jack Brewster, a man of about fifty years, was the editor-in-chief of the newspaper, and they knew "something was up."

They walked silently, though side by side, into the private office of their chief, followed by the curious glances of their fellow workmen.

Wesley was the first to speak. "Mr. Brewster, Johnnie said you wished to see us."

"So I do, Wesley," was the slow reply as the chief looked

straight at them. "Of course you have both heard of Warren Barrymore, the great iron magnate, and his daughter, Miss Mildred. You know it has been impossible for a journalist to secure an interview with either him or his daughter. Well, this is the proposition I have to make: Whichever of you can get an interview with this man, and bring me a picture of both him and his daughter first, shall be assistant editor."

They both started back, for they knew the reputation Barrymore had among the journalists. Nevertheless they decided to do their best.

"Well, I'm going to have my try at the old man, and I believe I'll get him, too!" Murray exclaimed, confidently.

"Same here!" Wesley said, trying to keep the other two from seeing how down-hearted he felt. "Or that is," he corrected, "at least I'm going to do my best."

"That's right, Wesley," approved his chief. "Well, I wish you luck, boys."

At the door Murray turned and looked at Wesley.

"Here's where you get left a mile, kid," he sent as a parting shot at his rival.

As Wesley was walking along the street, thinking of how best to approach the great magnate, he was brought to himself by the shouts of the people about him. He looked up and saw dashing down the street toward him a great, black horse, pulling a carriage, in which sat two badly frightened people, a gray-haired man, and a beautiful, young girl. Wesley saw that if the horse should turn, they would both be killed.

He did not stop to think. He was again James Wesley, the college's star athlete, as he threw off his coat, rushed out in the street and, just as the frightened horse came opposite him, jumped, and caught the bridle. The horse reared and the spectators expected to see the daring young man dashed to the ground and trodden by the horse's feet. Wesley held on with a deathlike grip. His muscles were strained and his arms felt as if they would break, but still he held on.

The horse ran a little farther, jumped, and then stood still, perfectly passive. The man and girl both sprang from the carriage and rushed to Wesley.

“Young man, you’ve saved our lives,” the old man exclaimed with much emotion, as he seized Wesley’s hand, “and we’ll never be able to repay you.”

“Oh, sir, that was nothing,” Wesley replied, slightly embarrassed, yet charmed by the young lady at the old man’s side.

“Oh yes it was,” the girl interrupted, “it was grand and brave of you. But I know you’re exhausted, and are you sure you’re not hurt?” she asked anxiously.

“Perfectly sure. I’m tip-top as usual, in fact, I think I value my life more just now than ever before,” he answered, with a daring glance into the girl’s blue eyes, which surprised even himself.

“Well, at least you’ll come to see us, say tonight at eight,” the man broke in.

“Yes, do come,” murmured the girl.

“Oh yes, thank you, I’ll be glad to,” Wesley answered quickly.

“Well, here’s my card, be sure to come. Goodbye till then.”

“Be there at eight,” the girl called, as they drove off.

“You bet I will,” he yelled.

“Gee! but that’s some girl!” was the mental comment of James Wesley as he looked after them.

“By jove!” he exclaimed, as he looked at the card he held in his hand. “Well who’d have thought it!” The card read:

J. WARREN BARRYMORE,
25 Deerbourn Avenue,
Chicago.

EXAMS.

PRIMROSE FISHER, '16

'Tis the month of 'aminations, of studying day and night;
Our Caesars lie before us, our ponies are in sight,
We cannot rest for thinking, what we'll do in 10-B grade,
When we get a little card that shows a "pass" is made.

We were growing fond of German, when a very small zero
Showed us clearly that translations on the bushes do not grow.
And the weather getting warmer, and our marks are very cold,
So we're wishing most devoutly that our brains the facts would hold.

We think of other moments, pleasant moments long gone by.
Our book falls from our hand, to be picked up with a sigh.
We study quite a bit, and it's difficult work to do,
For we know we've simply "gotta," if we're going to skin through.

We keep thinking of that movie, that we've never seen at all;
We thought we'd study late tonight, and tomorrow we'd play ball.
But we're getting powerful sleepy, no more math. for us tonight;
We will pass exams. somehow, so our books go out of sight.

WHEN WE WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

BERTHA HAWK.

"Oh, Aunt Bertha, I've found the funniest looking old book, and it's called, 'When We Were Sweet Sixteen,' " cried Peg, as she scampered down the attic steps with a dirty, leather-bound book clasped in her arms.

Aunt Bertha, to whom she spoke, was a white-haired, jolly-faced old lady of about fifty years, a perfect mother to all of Peg's friends, who called her "Aunt," regardless of relationship.

"What have you found now, my dear?" she asked, as Peg and her friends gathered around her with the greatest curiosity.

As Aunt Bertha placed her spectacles on her nose, she threw up her hands with an old-maidish delight and exclaimed, "Mercy, mercy, children; you have found my old diary that

I kept at New Bern High School when I was a young girl. You know I haven't always been an old gray-haired aunty. I'll read you different parts of it, those which I think will be most interesting. Oh, yes, I'll start with our New Year's Resolutions." And with a smile she carefully opened the old book and began:

Thursday night, Dec. 31, 1914.

Tomorrow is the first day of the New Year, and every member of the class has been making resolutions all day. How long we'll keep them we won't say, but as Esther says, "It's better to be good for a while than not to be good at all." Then be it resolved:

I. That we shall cease to flirt with our good looking men teachers, all book agents, travelling men, such as Cottolene Drummers. BUT, if the good looking man that sold class pins comes again. Resolution No. 1 may be considered a goner.

II. That we'll cease asking for impossible things—such as—Privileges. It's merely a waste of breath.

III. That we stop studying so hard, as we are all beginning to fail in health.

IV. That we hold class meetings more regularly, over which Mr. Lovinier shall preside.

V. That we refrain from using all profane language, such as "Der Teufel," which Frawlein Bess insists on calling "The mischief."

VI. That we be content with a G—— on Literature for the rest of our days.

VII. That we shall not receive any more peanuts from the 9-B boys, through the cracks in the partition, because that hole in the floor that served as a receptacle has been nailed up, and we couldn't very well swallow the hulls.

VIII. That we'll stop stealing pennants from the other

grades as we now have them all. If we haven't, resolution VIII shall not be stationary.

February 10, 1914.

May nearly killed herself today. She was climbing on the pantry shelf down at cooking class, trying to give Selby a piece of cake over the top of the wall, and slipped.

November 7, 1914.

"Muggins" knew his German today! This was sure worthy of note.

April 22, 1915.

A crowd of us girls was excused to go practice "Peppery Pa" in the auditorium. Oh, yes, we practiced. All of those good looking Goldsboro boys were up there! Nuf ced!

March 15, 1915.

Eddy didn't contradict a soul all day long! We never will get over it. But David made up for him on all occasions.

November 8, 1914.

Mr. Ashley kept about ten girls in today, for being late in ranks. He gave us an example up in the millions to cube. We all gave up in despair and said we couldn't work it. He told us we couldn't go home until we did, but he finally got hungry about 3:45 and let us go.

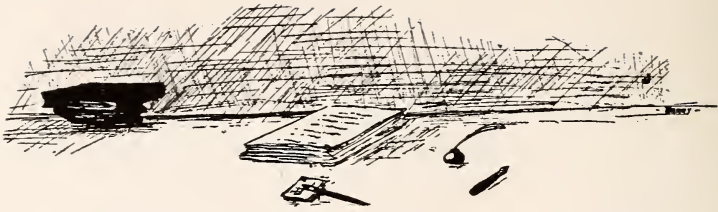
Here Aunt Bertha closed her dear book with a sad expression in her eyes.

"Oh, Aunty!" exclaimed Peg, "You must have had mighty good times when you went to school. Won't you please read us some more another day?"

But Aunt Bertha did not hear the question of the child, her thoughts were wandering back to the days when she was Sweet Sixteen.

The following was handed in on a quiz in 8-A history:

"Oliver Cromwell was killed in a fight. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."



THE RESCUE OF EZEKIEL

MARSHALL SPEIGHT, '17

Ezekiel surely needed to be rescued, for it had entered the mind of the teacher that Ezekiel was the cause of the frequent disturbance in that corner of the room. And in this instance undoubtedly was the cause. He was an exceedingly chubby little fellow who would never do anything wrong on purpose, but seemed to be a perfect genius for getting into trouble.

On this particular occasion Ezekiel had written a note. Now it was Ezekiel's custom to write plainly and form his letters well. He had taken great pains with this note, and you may imagine that the writing could be easily read.

Therefore be not surprised that a small boy seated behind Ezekiel, on seeing the words "I love you," proceeded to lean over and read a little more. Having done this, he seemed to be greatly amused, and when questioned by the teacher as to the cause of his merriment, he replied:

"Ezekiel has wrote such a quar note."

At the conclusion of his speech the small boy began to giggle and many of the other pupils joined in. The teacher looked stern. "Ezekiel!" The room became perfectly quiet, Ezekiel gazed into the cold eyes of the teacher pleadingly. "Ezekiel!" she repeated, "I am getting tired of these interruptions from you. What do you mean by not being at your lessons?"

Ezekiel rose slowly. "I was just looking at her," he said, turning his head toward Pansy.

"I will see you after school Ezekiel," replied the teacher,

casting a sharp glance at some birches resting peacefully in the corner.

Thus it came about. Ezekiel needed to be rescued; and it was Pansy who desired that he should be. Wishing to express her sympathy, she had slipped her beautiful new blue and white-striped pencil into his hand. Ezekiel smiled upon her radiantly, and in spite of his pain that he knew awaited him, steadily handed her another note, saying, "He didn't care" and "He was a boy." But Pansy saw the uneasiness and restlessness of him and thought. Her thinking resulted to this:

"Dear Teacher: You know you mustn't whip Ezekiel, because if you do his pa will not let him come to school no more. And one should be as lenient as one may.

"Respectfully your Pupil,

"PANSY GREEN."

Having, after much care, completed this epistle, she with courage born of love, carried it up to the teacher. The teacher, after reading it twice, looked kindly at trembling Pansy. And when school was over said, "Ezekiel, I will excuse you this time." Ezekiel, after bestowing a glance at the teacher, walked slowly over to the triumphant Pansy, and quietly taking her hand, said, "Let's go home."

Freddie's examination paper:

"Geometry is that branch of mathematics that deals with angels."

"The people who live in the uninhabited portions of the earth are mostly cannibals."

"Longfellow was a full-blooded American poet. He wrote 'The Salmon of Life.'"

"The Pilgrims came to America so that they might persecute their religion in peace."

The Athenian

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<hr/>	
MARSHALL SPEIGHT	Business Manager.
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Editorials

It is easy to make suggestions. It is easier to make them and leave them for someone else to carry out. But still we venture to suggest that there are four improvements that our High School needs. Three of the four we hope for next year.

We need, above all, a four-year course. The work is crowded now into three years, and suffers accordingly. A graduate from our school is conditioned upon entering college. With

a diploma from a four-year high school one could enter unconditionally at the State University, or any Southern college.

Second. The Study Hall, which was introduced on a small scale this year, has proven a great success. A larger room, which can seat every pupil, is badly needed.

Third. We need a Reference Library. This would be the greatest help in practically all studies. The Public Library is very inconvenient, and does not have the reference books needed in connection with high school work.

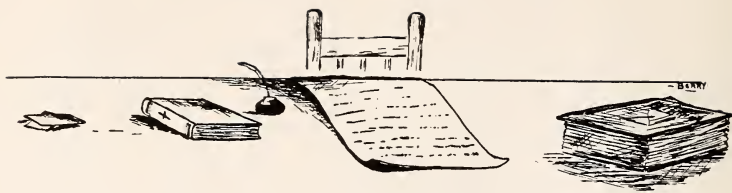
The Science course in our High School is perhaps the weakest offered. The great reason for this is that we have no laboratory, and therefore are like carpenters trying to work without tools. We consider a simple, well-planned laboratory as our fourth great need.

* * * * *

An editorial in the Kinston "Tattler" suggests that the editors of the different magazines meet and discuss the magazines in order to obtain ideas. This would surely be a helpful plan, but we think it hardly practical, for only a few editors could meet together, as many of our exchanges come from some distance. But we think it would be splendid to find out how other schools run their magazines, and this could easily be done through correspondence. Let us hear from some other exchanges on this subject.

* * * * *

While New Bern High School is progressing, one thing seems to have been forgotten. That thing is an annual. This year Dover, Kinston and Washington had an annual for the first time, and most progressive schools have been publishing them for some time. New Bern High School, don't stay asleep while others are awakening. Don't let other schools go ahead of us in this respect. This issue of the ATHENIAN is the nearest approach to an annual that we have ever made, but next year would it not be much better to have a regular annual? Think about this next fall, and do not wait until the last of the year to wake up to the fact that you want an annual.



EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CORINNE BLALOCK, '16

To our successor we leave a pleasant but arduous task, a long list of exchanges, and the bit of advice—be merciful.

University of N. C.: "Sketches" in your last issue are attractive, and the humor is a bit racy now and then. "Around the Well" gives "Freshie" a chance to air his views, and some of them are worth airing. Your poetry may be criticized as "Short but sweet." You have the quality, we think, but not the quantity. It seems that you lack both of these—when it comes to your stories. And stories do improve a magazine.

Virginian: "Dutchy Lees" "Der Kricket on der Heart" is a clever story, and much praise is due to the author. Your joke department is a good one. We could say as much for your Editorial Department had you not spoiled it with a continuation of your jokes. There seems to be a scarcity of poetry—and while we know that's hard to get, it is necessary to a well rounded magazine.

The E. L. H. S. Oracle. Your magazine is one of the best that comes to us, and we praise both poetry and prose in the last issue. "The Proposal" is one of the best stories.

The Student, Portsmouth, Va. We would suggest more and longer stories as an improvement. Your interest seems to be

largely in Athletics, though you have a few poets. The photographs are attractive.

The Hillbilly. What a catchy name! We like your stories, especially "Wisdom," which is a thriller.

Sotoyorman. This is perhaps our best exchange. The stories are excellent, and the jokes ditto. One suggestion—more poetry would improve your looks. The Juniors' issue is good. Let them try it again.

Clarion, W. Hartford. Where are your stories? We rather like your Controversy Department, but you need more jokes and more athletic news.

Crimson Rambler. Your stories are all interesting, especially the continued one, "The Snaky Bend Gang." Why not some poetry?

The Messenger, Durham, N. C. Issue another baseball number if it will prove as good as this one. Your stories are good, but if they were longer they would be better. Your joke department is where you shine. How do you get such funny ones? Are your poets all dead?

Tattler, Kinston, N. C. Neighbor of ours, we like you. Your editorial department is a bit short, and you need more personal jokes, but you make up for it by your good stories.

Sammy was not a very good scholar, therefore his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement, "I got 100 this morning."

"That's lovely, Sammy!" exclaimed his proud mother.

"What was it in?"

"Fifty in reading and 50 in 'rithmetic," was Sammy's prompt reply.

ON THE GREEN

NELLIE SIMPSON

The "mad, merry month of May" is here. And "It" is here, too. You feel it in the air; you see it in those "languishing looks" and "murmured nothings" that are passed back and forth on the Green. Everyone feels it. The boys and girls sit around under the trees—and—just look. They sit in school and gaze out the window, entirely unaware that a lesson is being taught. In Public Speaking they debate on such subjects as, "'Tis love that makes the world go round." Even the teachers seem to feel it. They keep big boys and girls in after school, and—forget to scold. And so—thus goes the life on the Green.

With the coming of April and the warm days, basketball subsided and tennis took its place. A tennis court has been made on the Green, and from early afternoon 'till dark you hear the cry: "Fifteen, love," "Your ad."

Baseball is now the chief attraction for the boys. Our team is made of good, solid, long, lean, lanky and fat material. We have won enough games to put us in the preliminaries for State championship. Our boys are jolly fellows; a smile if they win and a smile if they lose.

On Friday, April 23, the High School students under direction of Prof. Bourdelais, presented "Peppery Pa" in the school auditorium. There were two performances, a matinee for the children, and a night performance for the public at large. The play was given for the benefit of the Athenian and the Athletic Association. It was a "howling" success in every way.

The boys and girls of the High School are now working faithfully on declamations and recitations. Two medals, one for girls, the other for boys, will be given at Commencement. This is the first time that the girls have been allowed to enter

this contest. Twelve girls and thirteen boys are working for the medals.

Thursday morning, April 29th, Dr. Wharton conducted our chapel exercises. He gave us a splendid talk, beneficial and elevating to our young minds, and appreciated by every member of the school. Mr. Bush's solo was also greatly enjoyed. We are always glad to have visitors, and we extend them a hearty welcome.

The Seniors are working hard now for Class Night exercises. We hate to see these boys and girls leave us; it makes our hearts sad when we think of parting with them. As our friend Seniors go out in the world we hope that in whatever they undertake they will be successful.

That some of the Seniors are a little doubtful of leaving us in June is shown by the following verses which we heard one of them mournfully muttering the other day.

She: "You don't seem to have any sympathy for me, even though my heart is breaking."

He: "Everything belonging to you, dear, seems to be more or less broken."

She: "Yes, even you are a little cracked."

"Well, Willie," said his employer, "I don't see how you can get to any of the ball games this season. Your grandmother died four times last summer."

"Oh, yes sir," replied Willie, "Grandpa has married again."

SMILES

Charlie Loveday: "Um-ah-er-er— He! he—"

Jeweler (to his assistant): "Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry."

All those who think our jokes are poor,
Would straightway change their views,
Could they compare the ones we print,
With those that we refuse.

Arthur (translating): "Hohl ist der Boden unter den Tyrannen."

The ground under the tyrants is full of holes.

Miss Bessie: "What famous painting is in the Dresden Art Gallery?"

Julia Bryan: "The Christine Madonna!"

A charming young woman walked into the stationer's shop in a village, and asked to see some typewriting paper. After making her selection, she hesitated for a moment. "Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the stationer promptly. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," she answered.

"A clergyman's daughter, probably," said the man, as he tied up the package.

"No," was the young woman's hesitating answer. "But—" and she leaned over the counter and spoke in a confidential whisper—"if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home from college next term."

Arthur: "Miss Bessie, who was Deuteronomy?"

“Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?”

“Only Martha, father.”

“Well, tell Martha that she left her pipe on the piano.”

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two—
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

A little boy on returning from Sunday School one day, when asked by his mother what the Golden Text was, instantly replied: “Hold a grater to Solomon's ear.” For a moment the mother was puzzled, until she recalled the true text: “Behold a greater than Solomon is here.”

Miss Rice had written on the blackboard the sentence, “The toast was drank in silence,” and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Harry Pasman waved his hand frantically, and going to the board, scribbled the correction: “The toast was ate in silence.”

“Tom, who are you for, the Germans or the Allies?”

Tom Moore: “Oh, I don't care, I'm neutral. Don't make any difference to me who licks the old Germans.”

Primrose (writing under poetic inspiration, and vast Latin lore): “Look at fair Luna, rising like a lump of lard!”

May B U C it 2.

Said a sailor who bragged with great E's,
“Look at me! I've crossed many C's.”
But a lubber quite Y's
Said with mirth-laden I's,
“Look at me! I've crossed many T's.”

A curly-haired maiden named Grace
Was an awful terrible case.
She ran round the Green
With a blacking machine
To black the tall principal's face.

The Bore: "Do you know Tennyson's poems carry me away completely."

The Hostess: "I am so sorry we haven't a copy in the house."

The rain it falls upon the just,
And, too, upon the unjust fellows,
But more upon the just because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

Mad May is now at hand;
Its sleepy, dreary, vernal haze,
Hangs soft o'er all the land.

I cannot work these weary days,
Exams. however near;
The sight of that diploma,
Is not for me, I fear.

I'd rather sit upon the grass
Beneath an old oak tree,
And gaze and gaze in some one's eyes,
Than to study—"historie."

I cannot think, I cannot work;
I only want to rest;
To just sit still and dream, and dream,
Is all that I request.

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