

VOL. I.

NO. I.

# THE ECHO

MAY, 1905

Published by the Students in  
the Interest of the Science  
Bill High School, Johnson  
City, Tennessee. x x x

1905



**The Unaka National Bank,**  
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE.

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Capital paid in	-	-	-	\$50,000.00
Surplus	-	-	-	20,000.00

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This Bank issues interest bearing  
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**GOLD DUST**

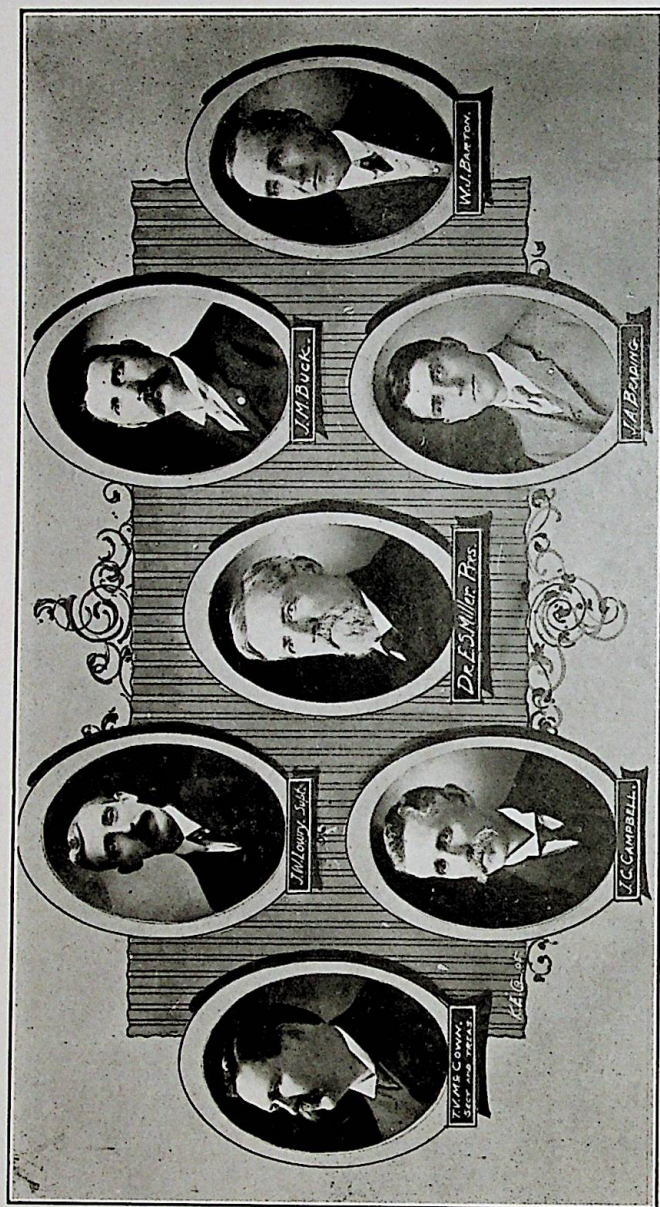
It is not how CHEAP we can make it,  
but HOW GOOD. Our unconditional  
Guarantee is behind every sack. We  
can furnish it in new wood barrels.

**Biddle & Ellsworth,**

Johnson City, : : Tennessee.

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#4





THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.  
To the Honorable Board of Education this paper is respectfully dedicated by the teachers and pupils of the Science Hill High School.

# THE ECHO.

VOLUME I. MAY, 1905. NUMBER I.

Fred King, Editor-in-chief.

Assistant Editors:

Emma Hatcher, Fra Matson, Lucy Sitton  
Arthur Weaver Ralph Preas

Committee on Advertisements:

Swannie Robinson Roma Eiseman

## Editorials.

¶ There is no reason why the High School of Johnson City should be in the rear. Other schools publish a paper of some kind and we are determined not to be outdone, hence this effort. While we do not make great claims for it, yet we feel that it will tend to increase the interest of the city in the work we are doing. In this first effort we have been greatly encouraged by our progressive Superintendent, together with our most efficient Principal and corps of teachers.

¶ Science Hill has been recently embellished by the addition of a large smokestack. If the volume of smoke pouring from it may be considered as a testimonial, there must have been good work going on in the interior during the winter.

¶ At the first of the year just ending the departmental plan of teaching was inaugurated. This method has proven very successful indeed. It greatly relieves the monotony of the ordinary system, thereby giving new vigor to both teacher and pupil.



¶ In January the building was slightly damaged by fire. Since then a fire escape has been added to its other and varied conveniences. This will prove indispensable in case of fire if we may judge by the excitement prevalent at the last alarm.



¶ Our motto this year is, "*Non Sumus, sed Ascendens.*" We could not truthfully have procured another one. That of a former class was, "We are Looking Toward the Hills." Strange how applicable the mottoes always are.



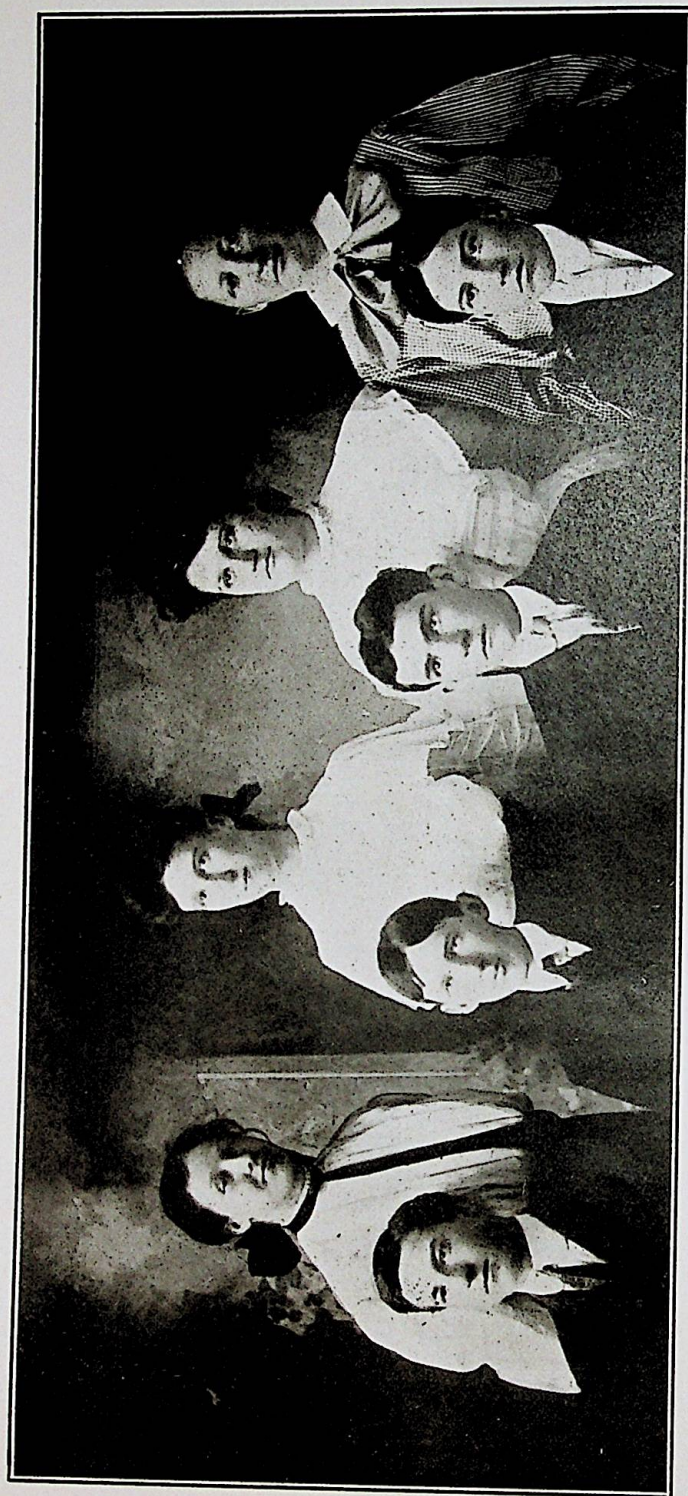
¶ This issue of THE ECHO has been very much delayed on account of the recent fire destroying all our photographs. Next year we promise to have it out on time if not burnt out again. The insurance men think we had better take stock with them.



¶ "Keep on keepin' on."—Mr. Lowry.







ELLA RUSSELL,  
WALTER FAW BROYLES.

CLAIRE FULTON,  
LEONIDAS W. McCOWN.

MAUDE LEO BEASLEY,  
CECIL B. DONNELLY,  
GRADUATING CLASS OF 1905

UNA V. TEMPLIN,  
FREDERICK KING.

### A Brief History of the Class of 1905.

THE class of 1905 of the Johnson City High School is composed of the following eight members: Leonidas W. McCown, Claire Fulton, Fred King, Maude Beasley, Walter Faw Broyles, Ella Russell, Cecil B. Donnelly, and Una V. Templin.

¶ Excluding the three last named, the members of the class are products of the Johnson City schools through the ten grades, and have had as instructors the following: Misses Rhoda Campbell, Clara Cloyd, Sue Wood, Laura King, Mattie Bullock, Mary Brown, Ina Yoakley, Willie Reeves, and Kate Simpson; Profs. W. P. Crouch and Jno. H. Pence.

¶ In order better to foster class spirit and to promote the welfare of the class generally, it was organized with Lonnie McCown, president, Fred King, vice-president, and Maude Beasley, secretary and treasurer.

¶ The colors chosen are olive and white. The class pin is a wreath surrounding a scroll upon which are carved the letters, "J. C. H. S." "Non Summas, sed Adscendens" is the motto chosen as being most in harmony with the ambition and lofty ideals of the members of the class who are now embarking upon the "storm-tossed sea of life."

¶ Through the whole year the untiring energies of superintendent and teachers have been subject to the beck and call of the class. To this, along with the matchless material upon which they had to work, is due the fact that the class of 1905 is the class of all classes that have ever been graduated from the Johnson City High School.

CECIL B. DONNELLY.





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### Class Prophecy.

BY MAUDE LEO BEASLEY.

IN my wonderings in search of some one possessed of the spirit of divination, I made a visit to the land of Elysium, where dwells in an enchanted castle, a prophetess of the future.

¶ In reply to the question, "Can you tell me the history of the graduating class of 1905 at Science Hill?" She said, "I have here that new marvel of inventive genius, the Mysterioscope, which holds a record of all things past and reveals with unerring accuracy the things of the future. Take this instrument, which is set in motion by the rays of light reflected from the recently discovered planet, Apollo; press the key marked 'Telegnostikon,' and read."

¶ But first, let me explain that the Mysterioscope, which the inventor promised not to place on the market until after the death of the Elysian prophetess, is a recent invention, and one that promises to revolutionize the world of Science and Philosophy. It solves the problem of evolution by revealing that man descended from the ape rather than from the monkey. Ever since the time that Euclid tried to teach Geometry to Ptolemy in Egypt, tenth grade pupils have contended that this branch of mathematics should be relegated to the past, as having a tendency to cause over work on the part of young minds. The Mysterioscope reveals the fact that if Geometry is not removed from the course of study (Physics and Latin and English along with it) the converse of Darwin's theory will be true—that from men will be evolved the monkey. In the year 1923, this little instrument was in-

vented by Cecil B. Donnelly, Ph. D., S. A. S., F. R. A. S. Dr. Donnelly made the invention while on his last visit to Apollo in his wingomobile. Tenth grade pupils are under lasting obligation to the inventor of this prophetic machine, and a society has been organized to erect an elaborate monument to his memory. However, this seems a little premature, since it is rumored that the Doctor has formulated a preparation which will produce the results of the fabled fountain of youth.

¶ The following wonderful facts were revealed to me by the Mysterioscope:

¶ At the present time the Rev. Leonidas W. McCown, D. D., is pastor of Talmage Tabernacle, the leading Presbyterian church in New York. Dr. McCown has been pastor of this church for many years; and his fame as an eloquent speaker and learned Divine will live in the annals of history along with the names of Savonarola and St. Augustine.

¶ Miss Ella Russell, the renowned actress who spent many years in London, Paris, Berlin, and other foreign cities, and has charmed theatre-going people in all lands, making for herself a name around which fame will linger down the ages, recently visited the city of her childhood days. While in Johnson City, Miss Russell appeared before a very large and appreciative audience, delighting all with her charming rendition and true portrayal of the character of Margaret. In accord with her philanthropic nature Miss Russell donated the proceeds of her entertainment to the city to be used in erecting a new smoke-stack and in repainting the fire escape at Science Hill.

¶ Miss Claire Fulton will continue to occupy the



chair of Conundrums and Jugglery at the College of Nihilists in Northern Siberia until the year 1930 when she will resign to share the duties of office along with the governor of Tennessee.

¶ May 10, 1924, will be invented the Cupidistroscope. By means of this instrument the inventor, Dr. Walter Faw Broyles, will be enabled to determine the exact nature of the wounds inflicted by Cupid's darts. On Point Philasis, in Venus, the Doctor will erect a sanitarium which will be matroned by Mrs. Broyles, nee, Miss Una V. Tempelin, who will devote all her time to pouring in balm and soothing the wounds of those who have been so (un)fortunate as to be pierced by the shafts of Eros.

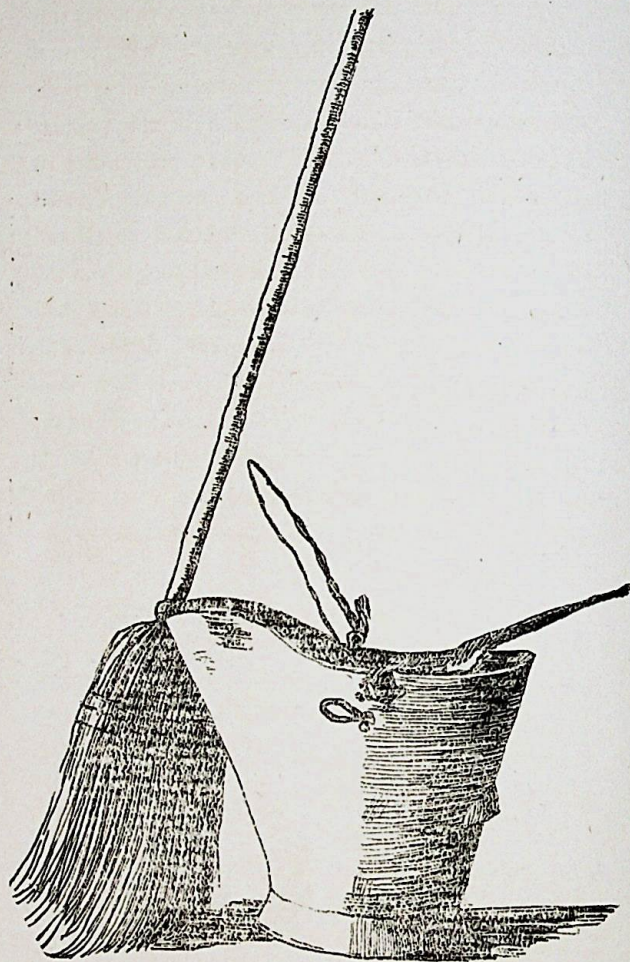
¶ From 1926 to 1932 the state of Tennessee will be presided over by Hon. Frederick Joseph King, who will be known as the Bachelor and Reform Governor. He will place himself on record as favoring all measures tending to the general welfare of his constituents. However, the Hon. Governor will strenuously oppose the Bachelor Tax Bill until 1930, when he will as strenuously advocate passing a law taxing all bachelors not less than \$1764.76. It is in this year that Miss Fulton will become a member of the Governor's staff.

¶ Ever since 1915 Astronomers have observed that the turmoil and wars on the planet Mars have been gradually decreasing both in frequency and in cruelty. Cities and factories have been built; railroads have been constructed; canals have been dug; telegraph and telephone lines have been established; in fact, Mars seems to be trying to rival the earth in all things. To what this great transformation is due they are not able to determine. Peering into

the Mysterioscope I saw that in 1914 Miss Maude Leo Beasley went to Mars as a missionary and that her efforts have been crowned by this miraculous revolution. It also revealed to me that on the night of October 12, 1940, she will return to the earth and, in the presence of more than 700,000 people, almost one-fourth of the population of Johnson City, will recount her efforts to civilize the inhabitants of Mars. It also revealed to me that two days after this she will be elected to fill the chair of Conundrums and Jugglery in the College of Nihilists in Northern Siberia, which chair has been vacant since the resignation of Miss Fulton. It also revealed to me \* \* \* Here a cloud obscured the light from Apollo, thus forbidding me to see whether or not a bachelor governor would be the reward for Miss Beasley's services in this new position as will be that of her predecessor.

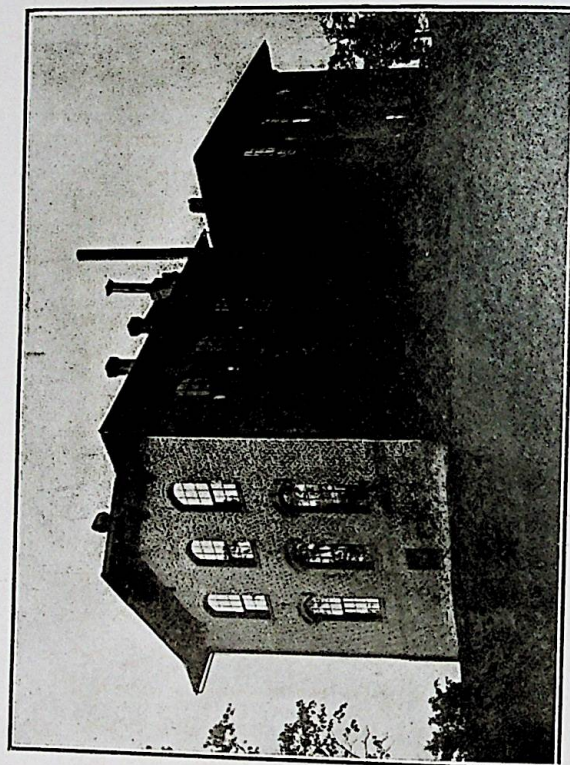






DEDICATED TO ROBERT.





SCIENCE HILL SCHOOL BUILDING.

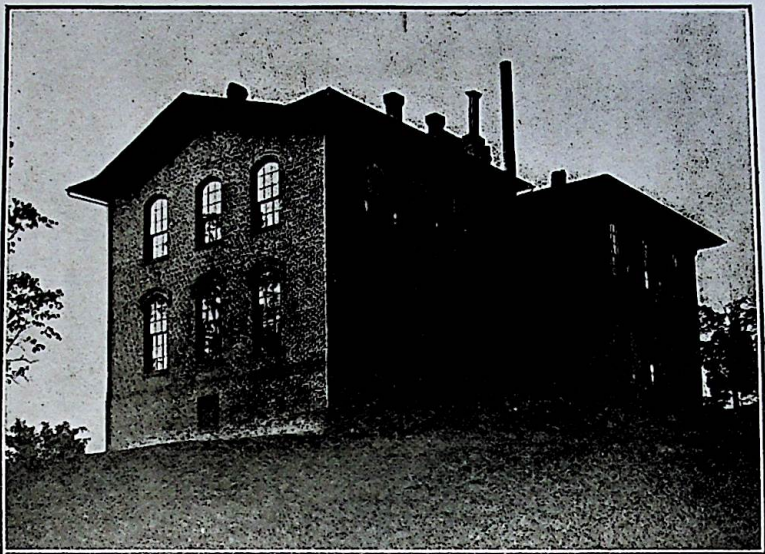
#### The Science Hill School Building.

ABOUT forty-five years ago, the late E. V. Easley, father of N. V. Easley, now deceased, who was, a few years since, principal of the Johnson City High School, organized at Oak Grove, about two and one-half miles from Johnson City, the Science Hill Debating Society. Its membership included many young and older men of the surrounding neighborhood, among others, J. M. Carr, H. H. Carr, Wm. Taylor, I. E. Reeves, J. D. Reeves, R. H. Reeves, and E. C. Reeves.

¶ About one year afterwards the Society meetings were transferred to the school house, which then stood at the Brush Creek Camp Ground, near where now stands the brick tobacco warehouse West of the City. There J. M. Johnson, A. H. Yeager, E. F. Yeager, G. F. Yeager, Benj. Akard, Elbert Akard, Maj. Joe Wagner, and others joined the Society, and it was a lively and useful organization.

¶ The war between the states came and went, and after its close the Society was reorganized. Although poverty, and almost destitution, was the common inheritance of the people of the neighborhood, the membership of the Society determined to have built at what was then "Johnson's Depot" a Seminary building. The late Tipton Jobe was induced to donate the ground now called "Science Hill." Subscriptions for money, material, and labor were taken, and "Science Hill Male and Female Seminary," a substantial and creditable brick building, was erected about the year 1867. Dr. H. H. Carr, the late T. A. Faw, and John H. Bowman, grandfather of the present principal, were





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the largest contributors. Rev. J. B. Pence, father of the present principal, was the first principal of the school.

¶ The Debating Society flourished in the new building, many of the younger men becoming identified with it, among others, Ex-Mayor J. W. Crumley, G. A. Reeves, A. F. Hoss, R. J. Rankin, W. P. Rankin, J. C. King, E. D. Gregory, Ex-Mayor W. W. Faw, S. S. Crumley, A. B. Bowman, R. J. Lusk, W. M. Boring, Isaac Harr, and Dr. J. W. Cox.

¶ The primary object of the Seminary was educational purposes; but it was also a place of worship, there being in the village no church building. The M. E. Church, South, was the first to build and take away its congregation. The Presbyterians followed next, and so on till the building was no longer used for church purposes. The City grew up around Science Hill and it became necessary to enlarge the building. So about three years ago the trustees leased it to the City for ninety-nine years for educational purposes, stipulating for an addition to the building, together with other improvements. The building has been enlarged by an annex, but the grounds have not yet been much improved.

¶ Science Hill is now the High School of the City and is enlarging its usefulness. From it have come young men who have made preachers, lawyers, doctors, and business men for this and other communities. The work of the small Debating Society, now almost forgotten, has been as bread cast upon the waters.

E. C. REEVES.

Johnson City, Tenn., May 1, 1905.

### A New School Building Needed.

THE course of study in the Public Schools, is and of necessity must be, based upon the supposed ability of the average child to accomplish the allotted tasks. The brightest pupils need but little aid from the teacher, the average pupil a regular amount of suggestion and instruction, while the dull pupil requires and should have daily help and personal attention.

¶ The best educators agree that 30 pupils is about the number which a competent teacher can govern and instruct, giving to each one the necessary time and attention. In inverse ratio, therefore, as the number of pupils above 30 increases, does the teacher's ability to give the proper amount of instruction decrease.

¶ This works a hardship upon both pupil and teacher, but especially on the pupil, because his habits of study are being formed and without timely help from the teacher, he will necessarily have imperfect lessons and must eventually be humiliated by failure to pass to the next grade, or if unwisely allowed to pass, take up advanced studies for which he is not prepared.

¶ The question of over-crowding, is the greatest problem connected with the Public Schools to-day, and it is just as much of a problem in Johnson City as in other places of much larger population.

¶ It is a problem of the deepest importance to parents who are poor and depend upon the Public Schools to supply all of the education for their children, as they naturally want the best and most thorough instruction possible. To parents who



are well to do and expect to send their children to college, it is of equal importance, as a well grounded start in under studies is absolutely essential to successful work in a college career. No child, unless exceptionally bright, can acquire thorough knowledge and correct habits of study in an over-crowded school room, and it is a lamentable fact, that for years, the lower grades in all of our school buildings have been full to overflowing.

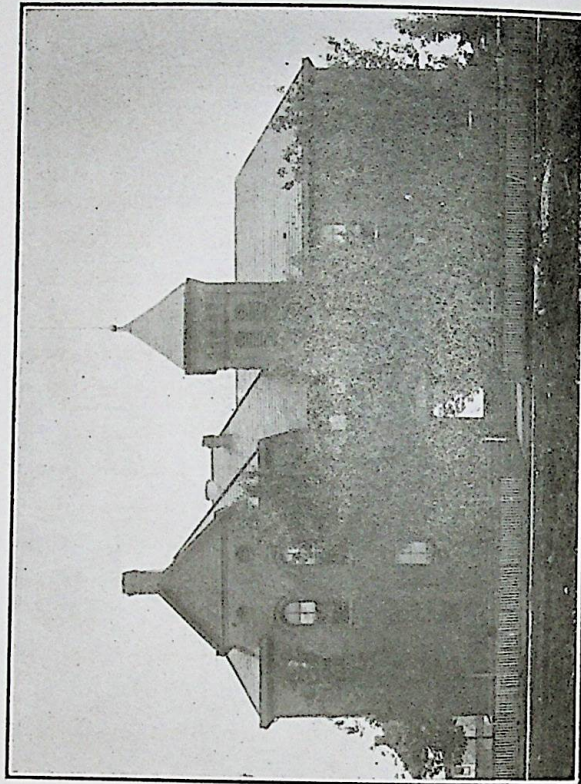
¶ To remedy this unfortunate state of affairs, the Board of Education has asked the City Council to provide for the erection of a new 10-room building for white children and for additional school rooms for the colored children.

¶ No one will question the desirability of having a new school house and the question "can we afford it," is readily answered by the question "can we afford not to do it." Possibly the first question might appeal to voters without children, but the second question should appeal with much greater force to the parents and voters who have children and expect them to be educated in the Public Schools.

¶ The Board of Education, the Superintendent, the Principals and Teachers are all striving to make the Johnson City Schools strong in discipline and thorough in instruction, so that our graduates may be broad minded men and women, equipped and ready to render efficient service in any field to which they may be called and nothing will expedite this work more than additional school rooms.

J. E. BRADING.





COLUMBUS POWELL SCHOOL BUILDING.

#### History Columbus Powell Building.

THE Columbus Powell School Building, located on the corner of Pine and South Roan streets, was erected in 1892 at a cost of \$10,000.

¶ It is a two-story brick structure, originally containing four large recitation rooms, five cloak rooms, an office, and a music room; but owing to the crowded condition of the schools it became necessary to enlarge the building by adding two large class rooms and two cloak rooms which were put into use the first of the present session.

¶ The building is well heated by a furnace, and the grounds are adorned by maples, which in a few years will furnish luxuriant shade.

¶ The lots were donated to the city by Col. Columbus Powell, R. M. Rhea, and Col. Thomas E. Matson, the building being named in honor of Col. Powell.

¶ Prof. I. N. Warren, of Piney Flats, was the first principal.

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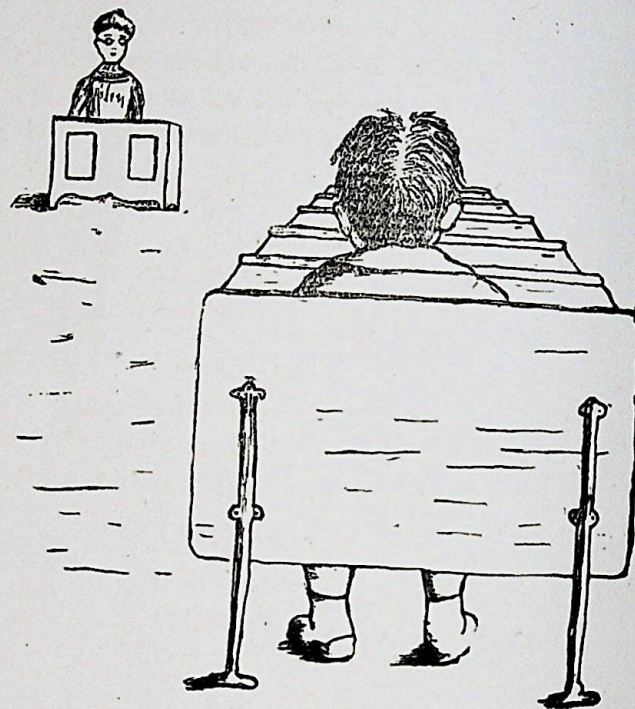
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J. F. TEMPLEIN.





(HIS COMPENSATION)

W. H. Hays

### His Compensation.

I'm "kep' in" when I'm tardy,  
An' I'm "kep' in" when I'm late;  
I'm "kep' in" for "position"—  
That means not settin' straight.

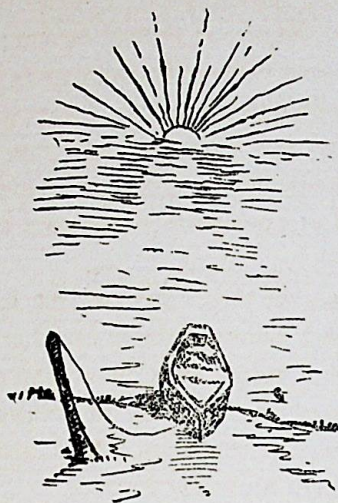
I'm "kep' in" on my joggerfy,  
My readin' an' my writin',  
An' I'm "kep' in" some for laughin',  
But I'm "kep' in" most for fightin'.

I'm "kep' in" when my marbles  
Comes rattlin' from my pockets,  
An' sometimes when my matches  
Gets mixed up with my rockets.

I'm "kep' in" ef I whisper,  
An' I'm "kep' in" ef I chaw  
The piece of gum I've borried  
An' am warmin' in my jaw!

The truth is, 'at I'm "kep' in"  
Most everything I do!  
But one jolly thing about it  
Is, the teacher's "kep' in" too!





### An Evening Sunset.

SWANNIE ROBINSON.

ONE afternoon several years ago, in the month of August, I decided to climb a very high hill just back of the hotel where I was staying. When I reached the top, after some time, I noticed that the sky had taken on a peculiar appearance—I had been so interested in reaching the summit that I had not noticed this before—it had changed from the "sky blue" which I had noticed when I started, to yellow, orange and red. It seemed that the very heavens themselves were on fire. I think there must have been every color of the rainbow in the sky just then. The sun was sinking lower and lower until gradually it sank behind the mountains, throwing a strange weird light over the entire landscape. I looked off into the distance and saw the beautiful mountains, hills, and valleys, and decided that it is at sunset that nature is arrayed

in her most gorgeous robes. Even the clouds took on fantastic shapes and seemed throbbing with life.

¶ I have seen many beautiful sunsets since this, but never one quite so grand. I have seen sunsets both on land and water, and have read of sunsets on the plains, but to my mind, a sunset viewed from a hill or a mountain is the most beautiful of them all.

¶ Not only the beauty impressed me, but a strange feeling that I cannot describe passed over me and my thoughts drifted away for a time and I more fully realized the meaning of the words, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

¶ Finally, arousing myself from my dream, I walked slowly back to the hotel and have always looked upon this as being one of the most beautiful evenings of my life.

"Still that last look is solemn, though thy rays,  
Oh sun! tomorrow will give back we know,  
The joy to Nature's heart.  
Yet, through the glow  
Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze  
Tracks thee with love half fearful, and in days  
When earth too much adored thee, what a swell  
Of mournful passions deepening, mighty lays,  
Told how the dying bade thee farewell."





### Mildred's Heroism.

"Where are you going, Mildred?" asked Mrs. Landon, as her niece passed through the hall.

"Just for a walk on the cliffs," answered Mildred.

"Oh, Cousin Milly, you promised to take me with you when you went!" cried little Margie.

"All right, yet; get your hat and come on."

The Landons were spending the summer at their seashore cottage, and had invited Mildred, their orphaned niece, to whom seven-year-old Margie was greatly attached, to visit them.

Mildred was a charming girl of sixteen, full of fun and wit, and a great favorite with all who knew her.

As it was still early in the season the paths about the place had not been thoroughly explored and some of the walks were said to have become dangerous. Therefore Mrs. Landon asked anxiously: "Is the Cliff Walk safe now, Milly? Ralph said part had fallen."

"Oh, I think he must be mistaken, we will go and see anyway," replied Mildred.

"Well, Margie, you may go, if Milly will promise to take care of you," said Mrs. Landon.

"Oh, I will take care of her," cried Mildred gaily, running down the steps. "Now for a race," and the two ran across the lawn toward the beach.

The day was clear and beautiful, but as they crossed the beach and stopped to speak to Ben, the old fisherman, who was mending his nets, he shook his head and prophesied bad weather. "If you take the lower path, Miss, don't go far on it,

for its covered at high tide, and they say part has caved in lately," said Ben.

Nodding to the old fisherman they hurried away, Mildred calling back that the tide was just turning, and they would have plenty of time. "Oh, Milly, do go by the lower path, we can get such pretty shells that way," begged Margie, as they climbed the ascent to the place where the two paths met. And so they took the lower path in order that Margie might get the shells.

They walked slowly down to the lowest dip, stopping now and then to gather shells or look across the beautiful bay, up which the tide swept so quickly, and which was now growing gray and dotted with white caps. More slowly still they climbed the ascent on the other side and reaching the highest point, suddenly found themselves stopped. The path which they had been following was merely a shelf hanging far down the cliff and which at high tide was covered more than six feet. Before them the rocks had fallen and they could look through the chasm into the sea far below.

"This must be the 'cave' Old Ben told us of," said Milly. "We must run back or we will be caught by the tide. I intended to go back by the upper path." As she spoke a gust of wind made her look upward. The sky was overcast with dark clouds and the sea looked rough and angry. The storm would be upon them in an instant. They turned to retrace their steps, but what was their horror to find the path already covered by the rapidly incoming tide.

"Run," cried Mildred; "we shall be too late!" and they dashed down the slope. But they were too late. The water was too deep to be passed,



Mildred found, when she waded in, and they were forced to turn back. Margie did not realize the danger of their situation and Mildred would not frighten her, but she herself was terrified. On one side was the chasm; on the other the waves every moment dashing close. Before them was the sea and behind the cliffs stretched upward.

"Oh, if I could only climb it," thought Mildred, and at the same time came the remembrance of her last words to her aunt. "I promised to take care of Margie," she moaned; "what shall I do?"

The wind was whistling wildly now and the waves, as they dashed against the base of the cliff, drenched them with spray. Mildred took off her jacket and made Margie put it on.

"Now, dear," she said in a voice that trembled slightly, "I will lift you on my shoulder, so your feet won't get wet. You see we can't get off until a boat comes, so you must keep waving this," loosening the silk scarf from her neck. "I expect Ben will be along soon. If I can only hold her up until help comes," she prayed.

"Milly," cried Margie, suddenly, "up here is a shelf."

Mildred's heart gave a great throb of joy.

"Can you reach it?" she asked.

"No, not quite," said Margie.

There were some huge stones lying near and Mildred brought them, climbed upon them and again lifted little Margie to her shoulder.

"Can you reach it now so you can get on it?" she asked.

"I could if I stood up," the child answered.

"Stand upon my shoulder, then. I will hold you," and slowly and carefully Margie climbed up,

and when Mildred felt the weight lifted from her shoulder and knew her pet was safe, she gave a great sob of joy and relief.

The shelf was not large enough for both, so Mildred said she would stay there, and turned again to the sea. The angry, foaming waves dashing against the cliffs almost touched her feet and the spray filled the air. She looked across the bay and far away she saw a boat, but knew that, for her, they would come too late. The wave came, beating her cruelly, and almost wrenching her from the rock. She knew that before the boat could reach her, she would be torn away. She crouched on the rock and tried to pray, and wondered why she could not think of the words and if God would forgive her and take her home. "Home yes, to papa and mamma," she murmured, and then she saw the great wave towering above her and shut her eyes.

But it was not from the sea that help came at last. The boats could not approach near enough and a man was lowered from the top of the cliff. He carried up poor little Margie and, as trembling and sobbing in her mother's arms she tried to tell how she called and called and "Milly wouldn't answer," he started to return once more, when they saw drifting on the waves that now, as if in repentance for their cruelty, carried it gently, came a still white form that had once been the home of a noble soul.

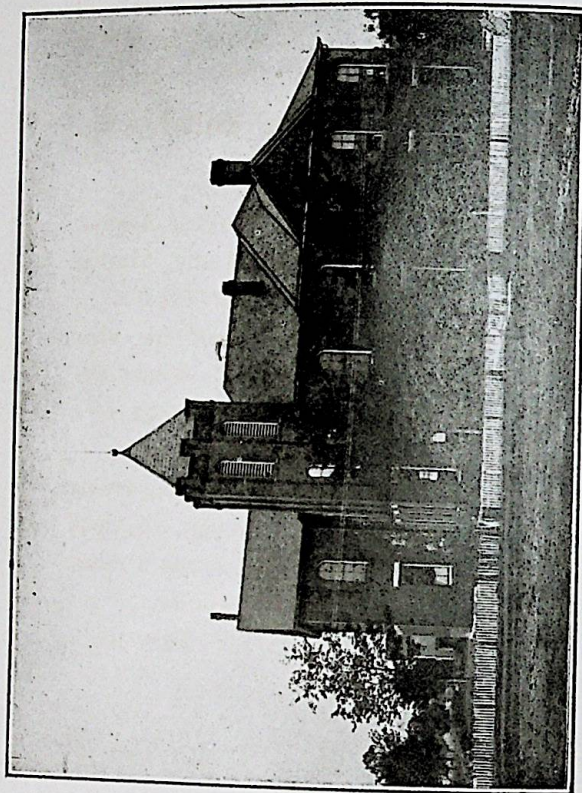
Mildred had been taken home to her papa and mamma.





DEDICATED TO THE MUSIC TEACHER.





MARTHA WILDER SCHOOL BUILDING.

#### History Martha Wilder Building.

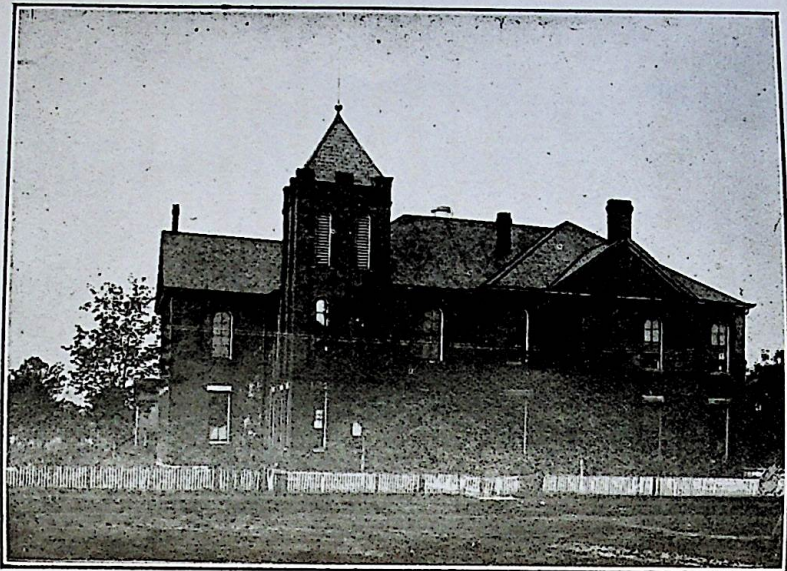
IN 1892, on the corner of East Myrtle Avenue and New Street, was erected the Martha Wilder School Building, costing about \$14,000.

¶ This building, which was named for Mrs. Martha Wilder, wife of Gen. John T. Wilder, was opened for school work in the fall of 1892, with Prof. S. A. Crockett as principal.

¶ This substantial brick building, nestling among the maples, has six large class rooms, six cloak rooms, two spacious halls, an office, and a music room, and is thoroughly heated by hot air.

J. F. TEMPLIN.





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J. F. TEMPLEIN.





"JIM"

### How Jim Fooled the Boys.

IT was two o'clock in the afternoon, in a dusty little town on the western border of Arizona.

In front of a stuffy-looking building, announced by a bullet-riddled board over the low door to be the hotel, lounged a group of cow boys from "Old Jim's Ranch." Rough looking fellows truly they were, but strong and muscular, and bronzed by their out-door life. Dressed in leather pants, with red shirts and high boots, with bright bandanas about their necks, and their heads covered with broad-brimmed felt hats, turned up at the front, they gave a touch of brightness to the otherwise dreary scene.

"Old Jim," the owner of the ranch, was absent in the East, where he had gone to arrange for a shipment of the fine cattle for which the ranch was noted. So there was a flutter of expectation as the west-bound flyer rolled into the little town, and stopped panting at the platform which did duty as a station.

But expectation was changed to disgust as the train deposited one lone man, a tenderfoot apparently, from some eastern city.

The stranger wore a suit of black broadcloth, a spotless collar and a tall shining hat. He glanced nervously at the braces of huge 45's carried so handily at the belts of the cow boys, who in turn viewed him with looks of utter contempt. Finally he gathered courage and walked up to the largest man in the bunch. "Mister, can you tell me where I can find lodging for the night?"

"Over thar at the 'Cow punchers' Heaven' I



guess you'll find it," said the big man, pointing to the hotel.

¶ "Thank you," said the young man, walking away.

¶ "Wall, Bill, that chap beats me. He must take us for a gang o' hoss thieves," said Big Jake.

¶ "We'll take that idee out o' him if he stays here long, or put it in his head wuss'n 'tis," said Thunderbolt Willie.

¶ "All right, boys, let's get this here chap out here tonight and have some fun, and show him it won't do to wear them thar store clothes 'round here," said Jake.

¶ At eight o'clock, on the porch of "Punchers' Heaven," about a dozen cow boys could be seen lounging about. They were laughing and talking together when in walked the young man in store clothes. Dead silence reigned. He walked to the bar and called for a glass of sweetened buttermilk. Such a howl as went up from those cow boys! Tough Trittzy grabbed up his gun and sent the shiny hat flying from the dude's head. "His hair is parted in the middle!" shouted some one, and immediately the slick hair was tousled by the nearest pair of hands. Some reached for his necktie, some for his collar, others for his stiff shirt front or his patent leather shoes. All that Thunderbolt got hold of was one end of his cut-a-way coat, but he swung on to it with might and main, until it bade its former part farewell and went with Thunder for a roll into the middle of the room.

¶ Five minutes from the time the bullet went from Trittzy's gun, the dude was a spectacle. His hair looked like a briar patch; his shirt front like an old man's face; his once shiny hat was flat as

a pancake; his cut-a-way coat minus one of its tails and his patent leather shoes minus all their buttons. He ran out followed by shouts of laughter from the cow boys.

¶ When he came down next morning he wore leather pants, a broad brimmed hat, a red shirt, and high boots with spurs. All he lacked of being a very presentable cow boy was the brace of guns.

¶ Gee-e-e! Look-ee yonder!" said Jake. "Say, boys, let's put him on Thunderbolt's broncho, being as Thunderbolt is still makin' love to that piece o' coat tail he severed from that dude last night."

¶ "That's just it," said Trittzy, "he's got on the garb now; let's see if he can stick Gunpowder."

¶ Off they went to bring the pony, the most vicious of all the horses on "Old Jim's" ranch. Soon they re-appeared with the pony. They led him up to the porch and asked the dude if he wanted to buy a good horse. With a very serene look on his face, the dude walked down the steps and began to look the pony over. Suddenly he was seized from behind and thrown astride of the surprised animal.

¶ Only one moment did the pony stay still, but that moment gave the dude time to get his feet in the stirrups. The pony reared and sprang into the air landing about ten feet away with its legs as stiff as pokers, and then it kicked as high as it possibly could. To the surprise of all of the boys the Easterner sat in the saddle through it all as calmly as could be. The pony tried for half an hour to get the dude off its back, but to no avail.

¶ After conquering the pony, the rider was dismounting, when just then Thunderbolt came

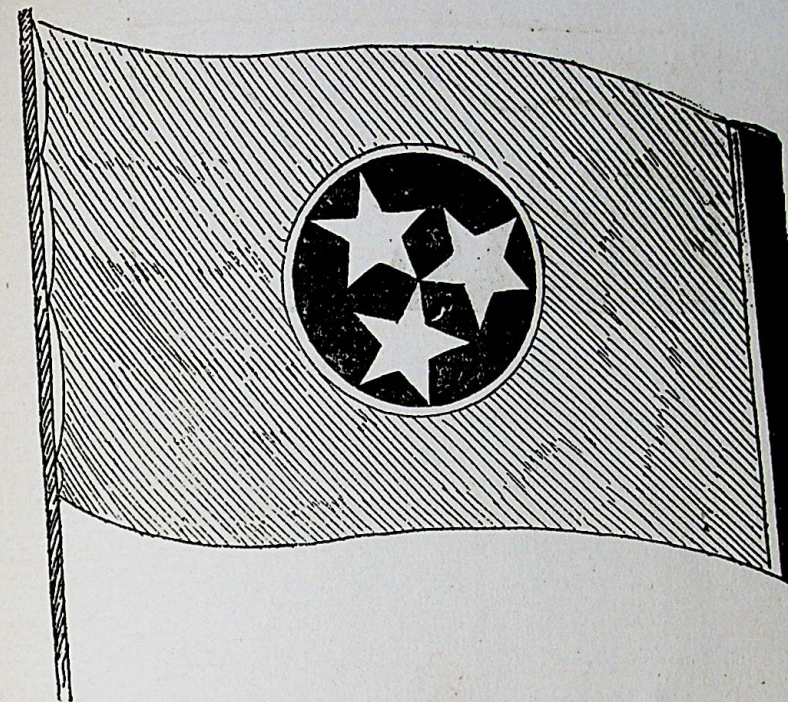


around the corner of the house in a rage, vowing he would break the dude's head!

¶ Then the "dude" quietly removed a wig and a false beard, took a wet handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the powders and paint from his face and neck, and "Old Jim" stood before them.

¶ "Boys," he said, "shut your mouths or your jaws will cramp; and don't look so wild. It's just a little fun for both of us at each other's expense."

ARTHUR WEAVER.

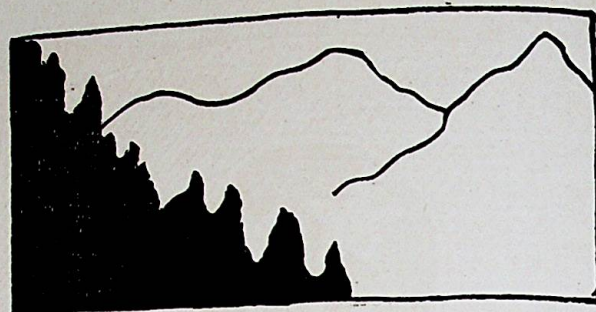


The Tennessee Flag.

THE above, which, on April 17, 1905, was adopted as the official flag of the State of Tennessee, was originated and designed by Mr. LeRoy Reeves, an alumnus of the Johnson City High School, now a lawyer and Captain of National Guard at Johnson City.

¶ The three stars are of pure white, representing the three grand divisions of the State. They are bound together by the endless circle of the blue field, the symbol being three bound together in one—an indissoluble trinity. The large field is crimson. The final blue bar relieves the sameness of the crimson field and prevents the flag from showing too much crimson when hanging limp. The white edgings contrast more strongly the other colors.





### A Mountain Trip.

ORAN WARD.

THIS story is taken from a real adventure up in the mountains of North Carolina.

¶ A crowd of young people who were staying at the hotel proposed a trip up the mountain to what is called the "Flag Staff," situated on Huckleberry Point. So, about nine o'clock one clear, warm morning, after refreshing ourselves with the clear, pure water of the spring, we started on our journey from the small railroad station.

¶ For the first half mile the slope was very gentle but after that it became so steep that we had to pull each other up. We became so warm that we took off our coats and hung them on a bush near by. Later we came to a place where the blackberries were very large and abundant, and of course we were obliged to take numerous rests just here.

¶ As we neared the "Flag Staff" there was a general rush to see who would reach it first. Once at the summit we were able to see the hotel and railroad which looked like mere toys in the valley below. Proceeding along the ridge, where we found an abundance of huckleberries, we loosened

rocks from the side of the mountain which we could hear crash through the trees and into the river far below us. Amid the blackberry bushes our guide discovered a bear's track, but bruin surely had heard us coming and left, for we saw nothing of him.

¶ Leaving the ridge on our return I stepped on a stone which turned and landed me, face down, about twenty feet from the starting point. But this merely furnished amusement for the other boys.

¶ At last we reached the ferry, but there not being money enough among us to pay our passage, we rode across on some lumber and reached the hotel thoroughly exhausted but glad that we had taken the trip.





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 Leola Martin, City.  
 Miss Will Scott—Jennie Lusk, City.



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 Haynes Miller, with Unaka Lumber Co., City.  
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Question: Should Capital Punishment Be Abolished?

AFFIRMATIVE,	NEGATIVE,
W. P. RANKIN,	A. B. BOWMAN,
J. C. KING,	E. F. AKARD.

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