

1906

THE ECHO





FACULTY.

MISS REEVES, Latin.
MISS YOAKLEY, Science. MISS SIMPSON, Mathematics.
PRINCIPAL JNO. H. PENCE, English and History.

THE ECHO.

VOLUME II. MAY, 1906. NUMBER I.

CORDIE TOMLINSON, Editor.

Financial Managers:

ROMA EISEMAN, LUCY CARR, KATHLEEN GAUNT,
BESSIE SLAUGHTER, EDITH BARTON.

Editorials.

The day of slates at Science Hill has passed, but out on the grounds "soap-stone" pencils reign supreme.

The class of 1906 is famed for being the prettiest graduating class in the history of Johnson City. But we are proud of the fact that sound health, resolute purpose, and uprightness of character count more than mere beauty.

The class of 1906 has learned since becoming seniors that in order to grasp the "sheep skin" you cannot "slide up hill," but must climb, even though the ascent be steep and perilous—especially in Geometry.

That Enthusiasm as easily aroused, but is hard to keep alive" was shown by the class of '07 when it challenged that of '06 to a spelling match. According to rules of old the challenged ones had the right to choose the weapons and place of meeting. But lo! the enemy backed on its own proposition—Wonder why?

The old saying, "Freely give and freely receive" was put in practice by the High School pupils during the second Quarterly examination, and as a result the names of a number of "star" pupils did not shine in the city papers. Doubtless in future examinations we will keep in mind Mr. Pence with his three typewritten questions followed by space for answers and plenty of room to sign our names.

We feel thankful to our teachers and superintendent for the good instruction they have given us during the past year. But shall we be satisfied with the book "Iarnin" we now possess? Hill says, "We have a right to be gratified, but no right to be satisfied. One of the strongest signs of an unhealthy state is perfect satisfaction with an existing state. Perfect satisfaction means easy satisfaction; easy satisfaction, a low ideal; a low ideal, cessation of growth; and cessation of growth, retrogradation and stagnation."

The Jersey City Board of Education is at its wit's end for a plan to keep the schools of that town supplied with women teachers. Cupid captured seventeen recently and took fifteen of the forty graduates of last Spring. A case of the former in which a member of the school board was to blame happened at Science Hill last year when the little god of love took captive one of our efficient teachers. But in regard to the graduates of '06, well—

When it came to choosing a class motto there were "wars and rumors of wars" among the

events of a more peaceful nature, and nothing could be agreed upon until our principal suggested the short and emphatic "Hammer it Out." This met the ready approval of all, because each member of the class felt that he had had to hammer along hard lines during the past three years. It is also suggestive of our principal's idea of doing things, as he will never take "I can't" for an answer.

A piano has been installed in the building, and by the music the pupils are enabled to march off the school grounds in great style. But the other day some one was heard to remark, "I never see those pupils march out of the building but that I think of the Bible words, (Quoting exactly) "Be not like dumb, driven cattle." "We take the liberty of thanking them for the compliment, for if we appear in that light it must be a great improvement over former years when in our haste to get away we ran like—preachers for fried chicken."

A new feature has been added to the High School this year in the introduction of manual training. While our cubes, cones, and other figures have no two sides equal when it comes to the putting-together process, yet we think this due to the law in Physics that heat expands, while cold contracts. However, it is a diversion from the old routine of studies, and will be when carried on in a larger scale, of great benefit to us, for, "A trained hand added to a trained mind is one of the best equipments of which a human being can possess."

History of the Class of 1905.



Roscoe Anderson Long, our illustrious president and, incidentally, our only boy. He has been with us only two of the three High School years, yet this has been sufficient to let us find that his greatest pleasure lies in finding some one (either in or out of class) who is willing to argue with him on some trivial subject; and if he doesn't fulfill the expectation of his class by becoming a brilliant lawyer—well, he will have missed his calling.

Leone Elisabeth Waggoner, our esteemed Secretary and Treasurer and the youngest member of the class, is our only society girl. She goes in for all the latest fads in dress and jewelry—is very much addicted to the dime novel habit, or at least we judge she is, as she is always giving us hot air from some book (she says) she has read.



Mary Nell Beasley, a young lady of sixteen summers who certainly does not show her lack of years, for she is our star. Her long suite is constructing Geometrical and "Physical" figures.

Alva Bonita Cloyd, commonly known as "Bonnie" is the class favorite. "They wondered much and much their wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew." Bonnie is so fond of her teachers and class that she gave them a party—which, perhaps, is one cause of her popularity.

Hazel Carrie Good, who has no particular accomplishment, but is merely good and sweet and beautiful. She is noted throughout the High School for her sunny, amiable temper, and is beloved equally by faculty and pupils. Her chief occupation lies in dealing out good humor in generous slices. Her especial forte is spelling (?).



Nora Rebecca Hartsell. This is a dear little maiden who is exceedingly reticent about herself and her doings. She has worked hard and we are indeed glad to have her finish with us. We find her a jolly good fellow and we are very susceptible to her charms. She is performing daily a heroic mission—the thankless job of keeping Sara Cordelia out of trouble.

Ora Kate Keys—who minds her own business and expects others to do the same. She has some very decided ideas of her own, she hands out to us in Physics. We are so fond of her originality that it is with pleasure we yield her the palm along this line. She has demonstrated her ability in everything she has undertaken and without meaning to at all, has made us all “love her to death.”

Margaret Ewalt Keglev—known as “Mag” and “Peggy” to her intimates. She is—on the side—our beauty too, and we are very proud of her. Owing to the brilliancy of her mind and her general “far-sightedness” we have made her our prophet. She is famed for her continuous stories, some of which we find highly amusing. She is connected with the Bristol Telephone Company.



Georgia Reeve Seaver has no nickname to disgrace her except “Georgie.” She has been with our class only one year, but we all are immensely fond of her. She is quite a musician and in a few years we are expecting her to astonish the world with a volume of sonnets set to music and dedicated to the class of 1906.

Sara Cordelia Tomlinson. We are afraid to say very much about her as she is our editor and keeps us pale with terror at her terrible threats of what she will do if we write certain things. Will say, however, that she has no special fault unless it is that of being able to get up and give a half hour discourse in history when all others are dumb. And if this is a fault she has many—for is she not

always ready to talk at length on any subject and then say, “I am a pretty good guesser, am I not?” She is known chiefly for being allied with Nora.

HAZEL CARRIE GOOD,
LEONE ELISABETH WAGGONER
Historians.

The President's Address.

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We are standing on the threshold of our graduation which will usher us into the busy turmoil of life. May we ever have the spirit of Emerson when he said, "When duty whispers low, 'thou must,' the youth replied, 'I can.'"

The present period of history is one in which our country needs men of well trained minds, men of patriotism, men of the highest honor, men who will counteract the office hunters and bounty seekers. We need more men like Gov. Folk of Missouri who stood up against the bribers, who overthrew one of the most corrupt municipal governments to be found.

As each winter's frost leaves the locks of our fathers whiter, so each year will place us nearer that point in our lives when we must become the pillars of both State and Church. It is our duty to fit ourselves for these oncoming positions that we may be able to lift the nation to a still higher plane.

The youth of the South have a great future before them. There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; but omitted terminates in defeat." The tide is flowing into the southern port and it is with us to accept of this great opportunity.

We are not only producing more cotton than ever before, but building gigantic plants among the cotton fields and with the magic of modern machinery are transforming the raw material into finished fabrics; we are pulling down hills and dragging forth their treasures of coal and iron, of



1 EDITH BARTON 2 ROMA EISEMAN 3 BESSIE SLAUGHTER 4 LUCY CARR 5 KATHLEEN GAUNT.

marble, zinc, copper, and lead and converting them into the implements of peace; we are harnessing the streams and turning the myriad wheels of industry with electric power.

The representatives and governors of the south confronted with new and perilous problems, have the courage to grapple with them, the brain to control them, and the power to turn many of them into blessings. They have brought wealth out of poverty, and opportunity out of desolation. Hope stands on the horizon with a new crown in her hand beckoning this new civilization to a throne of power never dreamed of by the old. And yet, while the southern people rejoice in the resurrection of their country from the dead and in the bright prospects spread out before them, let them never permit the glory of the past to be dimmed by the splendor of the future.

Therefore, as we step into this arena of possibilities may we keep before us the true principles of life, having definite aim and will power to conquer remembering the words of Dante, "Be as a tower, that, firmly set, shakes not its top for any blast that blows. He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out, still of his aim is wide, in that the one sick lies and wastes to nought the others strength."

ROSCOE A. LONG.



FINANCIAL MANAGERS.

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2 ROMA EISEMAN.

3 BESSIE SLAUGHTER.

4 LUCY CARR.

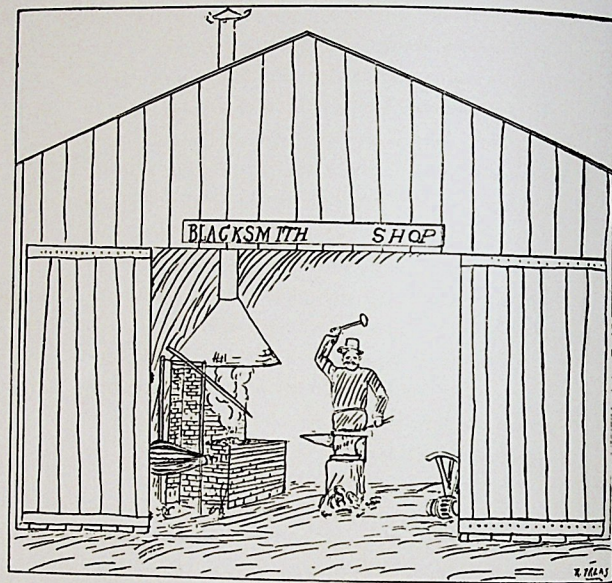
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ROSCOE A. LONG.



CLASS MOTTO:—HAMMER IT OUT."

Class Poem.

Farewell, dear old Science Hill,
 Parting hour is drawing nigh,
 And our hearts are almost breaking,
 For we soon must say goodbye.
 Three short years we here have lingered,
 With knowledge our young minds to store,
 Though our tasks have not been easy.
 This parting day we all deplore.
 When we're out in life's real battle,
 We'll remember thee so dear,
 As we're bravely pressing forward
 With each fleeting, fleeting year.
 We'll take up our tasks with courage,
 And press onward toward the goal;
 For 'twas here we learned to conquer,
 While our names were on thy roll.
 Then Science Hill to thee we'll give
 All the praise and honor too,
 For while within your walls we dwelt,
 You were a friend both tried and true;
 With you we leave our teachers dear,
 And our superintendent kind,
 May you ever guard them well,
 For in them true friends you'll find.
 Now as we part, dear Science Hill,
 We'll place upon thy brow serene,
 A token of respect and love,
 Our Class colors—lavender and green,
 And if we would success achieve,
 We must know what we're about,
 Ever remembering our motto true,
 "Hammer it out! Hammer it out!"

MARY NELL BEASLEY, 1906.

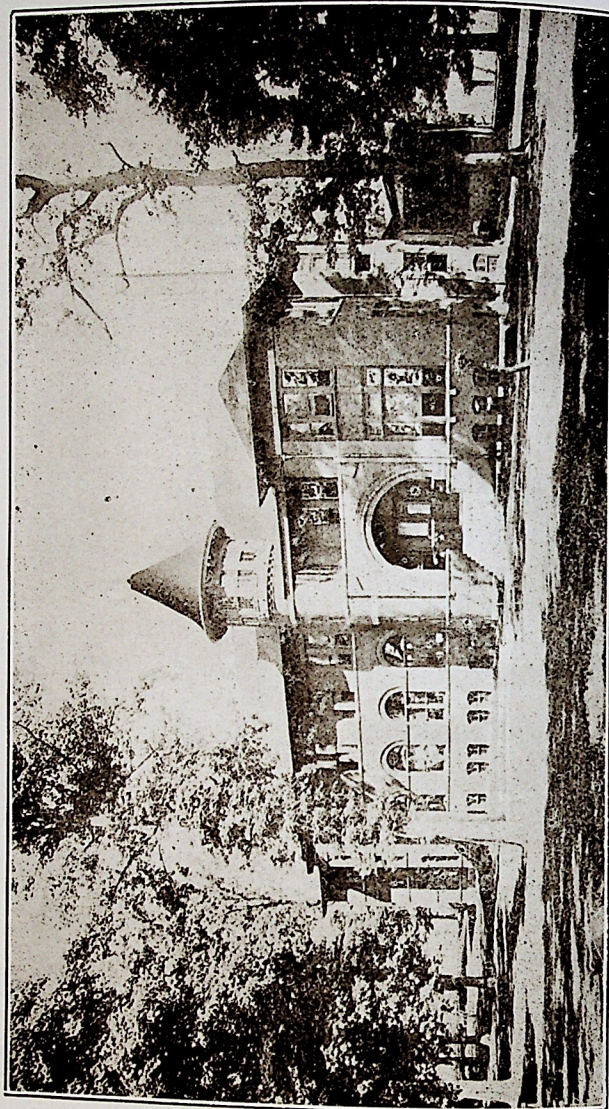
Our County High School.

Next to the introduction of the Public School system itself, there has been no event of greater importance to the Educational interests of Washington County, than that of Tuesday, April 1st, at Jonesboro, when the County Court voted a tax levy of ten cents on the hundred dollars for the purpose of creating and maintaining four County High Schools.

The quiet, earnest, persistent work of Supts. Chase, Lowry and Brown, aided by Messrs. C. B. Allen and Geo. T. Wofford from our own citizens, counted for much in the final result, but the irresistible appeal of Prof. P. P. Claxton was absolutely necessary to make sure of a majority vote on the measure. After levying the tax the Court elected six members of a County Board of Education, whose duty it shall be to locate the schools and exercise some measure of jurisdiction over them. By universal consent Jonesboro and Johnson City will each secure one of the schools and the other two are still to be located.

The additional funds which the Johnson City High School will realize from this levy, will enable our local Board of Education to employ two additional teachers and add another and higher grade to the regular High School Course.

To accommodate the increased number of High School pupils next year, it will be necessary to move the seventh grade rooms from Science Hill to the new second ward building and should the attendance equal our expectations a new High School building will soon be an imperative necessity.



HOW WOULD THIS LOOK ON SCIENCE HILL?

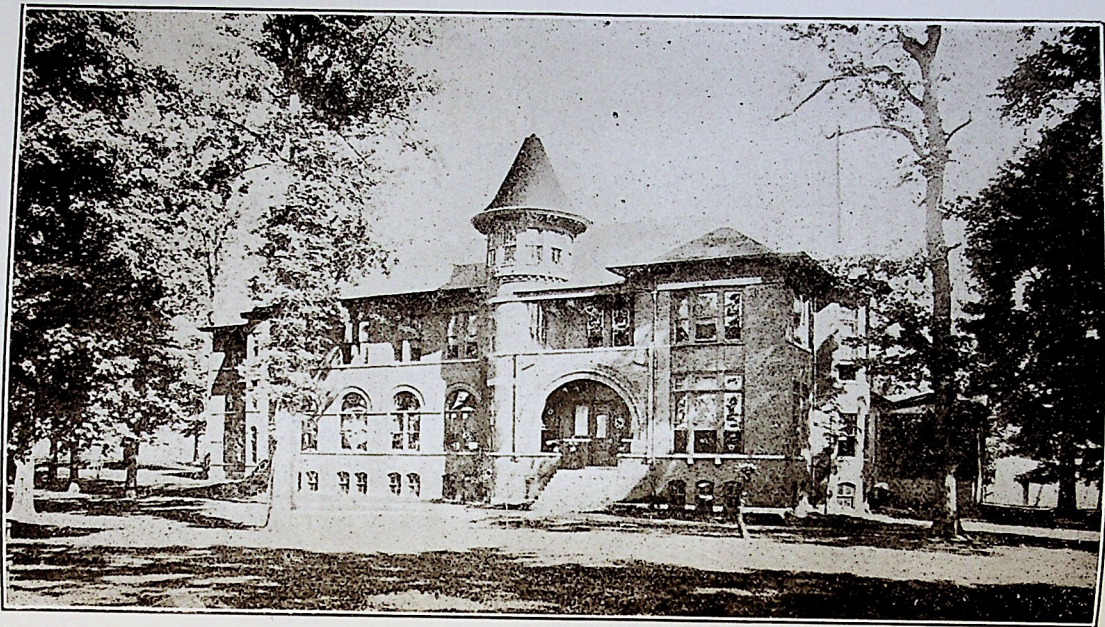
Later on, another grade could and should be added, making 12 grades, which would give us a school equal to if not superior to the neighboring country colleges. Aside from the saving which would accrue to the well to do parents thus to keep their children at home for higher education, we should bear in mind, also, that the poor boy and poor girl will by reason of the additional grades be able to secure such an advanced education as many of them hope for but few expect to realize, thereby not only increasing their earning capacity in the world of affairs, but adding immeasurably to their value as good citizens.

Some of the High School pupils from the country will go back to the farm when their education is complete, while others will want to try their fortunes in the city.

How much better will it be for those who can learn chemistry, mathematics and book-keeping in a town where they can witness an every day application of their lessons in these subjects and how much better their opportunity for securing positions from the people with whom they have worked and associated during their High School career. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that constant communication between town and country pupils will have a tendency to do away with much of the unreasonable feeling heretofore existing and by a more thorough understanding of each other help to create an era of respect and good fellowship.

These and other important results will follow the establishment of County High Schools and it should be a source of great pride to every friend of Education that we have a County Court progressive enough to place Washington County among the foremost of her sister counties in promoting the cause of the County High School.

J. E. BRADING.



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J. E. BRADING.

Macbeth.

IN Shakespeare's greatest tragedy the supernatural element forms an important part. The Weird Sisters from the time Macbeth and Banquo meet them upon the heath until they prophecy his fate are but evil in the form of temptation. They, in the guise of simple fortune-tellers, draw the net of destruction more closely about him by tempting him with false, but alluring prophecies.

Was it not enough to awaken hopes in any one who had one spark of ambition when greeted not only as "Thane of Cawdor," but as the future King of Scotland? Here was not only an ambitious, but a brave man, and deserves pity rather than scorn, because he would not murder Duncan until urged on by his scheming and wicked wife.

Next we see the witches in the cavern preparing the "charmed pot." This is an interesting scene and gives us some knowledge of the superstition of the times. Again, the ancient belief that a sudden pain in the body which could not be accounted for foreboded evil, is quaintly shown when just before Macbeth enters the cavern the Second Sister says: "By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes."

The witches seem to influence Macbeth at an important crisis of his life. He is not ashamed to consult them now, because he has become so hardened in crime that no virtuous thoughts remain with him, and all our sympathy for his weakness is gone. The first appa-

rition warned him of his enemy; the second and third, gave him encouraging thoughts; as a rule, "He is well paid that is well satisfied," but not so with Macbeth. He seeks to know all; and then the show of eight kings with Banquo's ghost "To grieve his heart; come like shadows, so depart."

As if to show the difference in the manner in which Macbeth and King Edward feel for their subjects, Shakespeare tells how the Confessor cured Scrofula, or the "King's Disease," as it was called, by hanging a golden stamp about their necks, praying for their cure as he did so. But Macbeth did not even trust his vassals. He kept his spies in the homes of the nobles. The love, the reverence, and obedience which belong to a king were not his, the hearts of those who were compelled to serve him being with their rightful king.

Lady Macbeth knows from the time she receives Macbeth's letter, that he aspires to be king; and yet she is afraid that he will not play false so that he may gain the coveted position. After the plans for the murder of Duncan have been completed, Macbeth, perhaps, would not have executed them if his wife had not called him a coward and commands him—"But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail." That she fears he will betray them by his countenance is shown by her words: "Your face, my thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters."

The night before the murder was in keeping with the cruel deed which was to be committed. The hooting of the owl, strange la-

mentings, dire noises, and screams of death were heard in the darkness.

The scene of the murder of King Duncan is the most horrible of the whole play. Here we have Banquo and Macbeth, one praying to be delivered from cursed thoughts, the other yielding to them; and in yielding, what a cruel crime Macbeth commits. When he murders Duncan he takes the life of his guest, his kinsman, and his king.

In order to get rid of the servant who is yet with him when the time for action comes, Macbeth sends him to ask Lady Macbeth to prepare a drink for her husband, and to strike upon the bell when it is ready. Then it is that the air drawn dagger appears in front of him and in his endeavors to clutch it, it leads him to Duncan's room. As he murders his king Lady Macbeth hears the owl shriek his stern good night; while Macbeth is yet in the king's chamber the servants murmured in their sleep, and one of them cried, "God bless us," but Macbeth, the one who stood in greatest need of God's blessing, could not say "Amen."

In executing their well laid plans for the murder of Duncan, we may detect one error into which they fell. That is, when Macbeth returns he brings the bloody daggers with him, and upon his refusing to take them back to the scene of his crime, his wife does so and smears the faces and hands of the sleeping grooms with blood.

Meanwhile, the direness of the deed smites upon Macbeth's conscience, and while gazing upon his gory hands he wails into the hideous

blackness of the night; "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood from my hand? No; this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red."

Macbeth hesitated to kill Duncan and even after the murder he could not deliberately tell a falsehood. When asked if the king were to leave that day, he replied, "He does: he did appoint so." But he now plans the death of Banquo and no longer pities his victim. He is rapidly moving toward his own destruction, and even his wife no longer influences him. His love for her withers before his merciless ambition until he hears of her death without a word of regret. His thoughts are upon himself when he says, "Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more; it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The study of "Macbeth" shows us the effect of sin upon a human life and the resulting remorse and suffering. It teaches us that a man who yields to temptation and commits crime may conceal it from the world, but he has planted in his breast seeds of retribution from which he can not escape.

For years Macbeth had suffered pangs of remorse which were worse than death. In his sufferings he could well say, "My way of life is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf." Lady Macbeth, too, gives many a hint of the remorse that is consuming her soul, until at last

it is plainly shown in the sleep-walking scene.
 She is queen at last, but how true are her
 words; "Nought's had, all's spent, where our
 desire is got without content; 'tis safer to be
 that which we destroy than by destruction
 dwell in doubtful joy."

CORDELIA TOMLINSON.

♠ ♠ ♠
 A Ninth Grade Rhyme.
 ♠

Walking this year in the path for me set,
 A line of young people I daily have met.

At the head, A for Austin tho' not overbold,
 Unrivalled for goodness with a heart of pure
 gold.

B for the Barton twin sisters I met,
 The larger is Edith, the "little un," "Et."

B is for Berry, our future Mozart,
 Unless all too early she loses her heart.

B for Baxter with tresses so bright,
 Who is so ambitious she studies all night.

C is for Carriger, so handsome and tall,
 Who called on in science never fails at all.

C is for Culler, so careful and neat,
 When she goes to the board there is no noise
 with *her feet*.

C is for Carr, a tall stately one,
 Who's ready in study, as ready in fun.

C is for Campbell, whose ambition just now,
 Is to be a "Spring Poet" with a wreath on her
 brow.

E is for Eiseman whose name
 As a breaker of hearts will be handed to fame.

F is for Fulton, who readily writes prose,

But her voice is so soft no distance it goes.

G is for Gaunt, who is very tall,

When she gets on her raincoat she outshines
 us all

H is for Hatcher, whose delight it would be,
 Were Algebra plunged into the depths of the sea.

H is for Hardin, "unexcelled for her beauty,"
 But noted as well for doing her duty.

H is for Hunter, who always in school
 Contends with the best to obey every rule.

H is for Hurlbut, who sitteth alone,
 His Caesar to conquer with many a groan.

M for the Millers, destined by Fate
 To run on a schedule too often marked "Late."

M is for Mettetal, whose dimples in school
 Too often do show, in spite of all rule.

M is for Martin, who, tho' they frowned,
 Too often to the maidens behind him turned round.

M is for Matson, whose forget-me-not eyes
 Seem ever just now beholding a prize.

M is for McCown, beloved of us all,
 For a temper unruffled whatever befall.

M is for Murray, for awhile now away,
 But whose presence, like perfume, seems with us
 to stay.

P is for Painter, who looks like a queen,
 And on "Spelling Match Days," does oft stand
 Supreme.

P is for Pence as gay as a lark;
 She sings and chatters from sunrise (?) to dark.

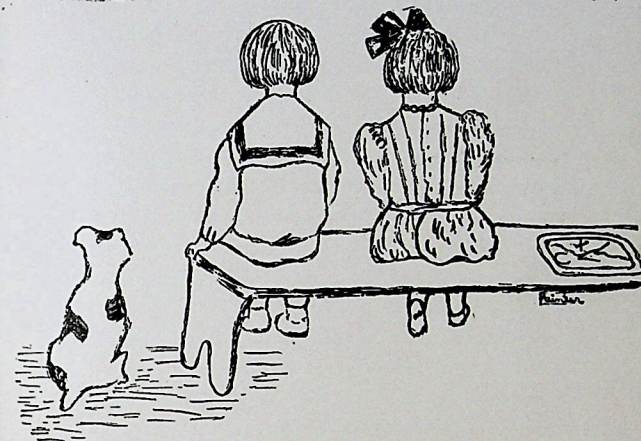
S is for Sitton, so modest and sweet,
 Who says next year she is not to be beat

S is for Seaver, whose sweet sunny smile,
 The hearts of the maidens will often beguile.

S is for Slaughter, to crush whom is vain,

For as surely as truth she'll soon rise again.
 W is for Wheeler, our little song bird,
 Her voice any morning with joy will be heard.
 W is for Ward, whose work for the prize,
 Would be better advanced if he made fewer eyes.
 W is for Wilbourne, who thinks it a sin,
 For talking to Mabel to have to stay in,
 W is for Williams whose fine tenor voice
 For concert and chorus is often our choice.
 W for "Wadies," who papers do carry,
 But seldom are late, for they do not long tarry.
 The last in the line our "Young" one we
 meet,
 Too little always to sit up in his seat.
 And now, lads and lassies, I'll bid you farewell,
 Since of these people no more I must tell.

By "THE SPRING POET."



Martha Wilder:—"Wot does dey mean by 'fads' in de public schools, Columbus?"

Columbus Powell:—"Aw, readin', writin', 'rithmetic, gography, his-
 t'ry, grammar, an' all dem kin' o' things,"—Appropriated.

"That There Ghost."

A number of years ago—perhaps in the summer of 1850—the quiet and orderly people of "Possum Hollow" were startled and bewildered by strange and unexplainable noises in a large frame building in the suburbs of that place occupied as a "Blind Tiger," and gambling den. It was a place at which sots, card-players, and robbers met regularly to carry on their vicious sports.

One dark and stormy night in mid-summer, after all the honest people had retired to rest, these specimens of humanity engaged in their usual sports until all were seen sweltering and snoring on the floor of the "ball room." Not only the inmates of the den, but the sleepers of the adjacent houses as well, were aroused from their slumbers by strange and startling sounds. While from one room came deep and suppressed tones of apparent agony. From another came sounds of rattling chains and such groans as might be uttered by a stangling giant; and occasionally a sharp shriek pierced the air to lend horror to the unearthly sounds. The occupants grabbing their belongings went through windows and doors without taking time to investigate the mysterious noise.

Night after night, not alone, but in company of others, have strong-nerved men been seen to turn pale and tremble while the noise kept on within.

At last the disturbance became so loud that the citizens determined to unravel the mystery. This was done by sending to the place two young and daring men who did not believe in "hants," as they termed them. Shortly after nine o'clock

they repaired to a room in the house, and with a revolver, a pack of cards, and a bottle of "apple jack" to keep their nerve from melting away. About the "witching hour" when ghosts delight most to wander, they were aroused from their uneasy slumbers by noises to which, as they described them, bedlam in its wildest ravings might have given vent. They sprang from their couches trembling, and without exchanging a word, went through a window as if shot from a thirteen-inch war gun. Like others they claimed to have talked with the ghosts and to have driven them from the building. But next morning two gentlemen who entered the bed room were persuaded that the "driving" was the other way, as two pairs of boots and two hats had been left, which were about the size of those worn by the men who scared away the ghosts.

The adventure and failure becoming public, no more "haunting in couples" was tried, but the invisible ghosts were left to revel unmolested.

A few months after this event it leaked out that two or three prominent citizens who lived close by, for the purpose of breaking up this den of vice which had been in their otherwise quiet little village for many months, had fixed up a contrivance between the weather-boarding and the ceiling, which was operated with strings and wires from the garret, and with "dumb bells." Chains and a wooden ball at the end of a rope made the mysterious and howling noises which were believed by intelligent people to be supernatural. The whole thing was planned and managed so completely that it broke up the worst den of gamblers that has ever "haunted" the little village of "Possum Hollow."

REVISED BY HENRY CARRIGER.

Music.

(FROM MERCHANT OF VENICE.)

THERE are very few people, however hardened they may be, who are not fond of music and who are not moved and softened by the "concord of sweet sounds."

In all nature there is harmony; at night when the heavens are covered with stars, there is not one, not even the smallest of these orbs, which does not sing in its rapid motion to the small cherubim. Just such music as this is in the souls of men, but while our ears are deaf to what is finest and sweetest, and while our souls are in these walls of clay, we are too gross to hear and heed the music.

If there be a man who has no appreciation for music, who is not made better by listening to it—if there be such a man, he is fit for nothing but treachery and cunning. His thoughts are as black as night and his love as dark as the darkest portion of the region which lies between earth and hades. Let no such man be trusted. EMMA HATCHER.

The Point of View of a Seventh Grader.

WHEN you come clumping thro' the hall,
And see an overcoat and hat
A hangin' up there on that nail,
And overshoes placed just like that,
You'd best slow down a little bit,
And set your feet down easy—
Superintendent's round somewhere,
And he'll most likely seize you,
If you go walkin' like a mule,
And by your noise disturb the school.

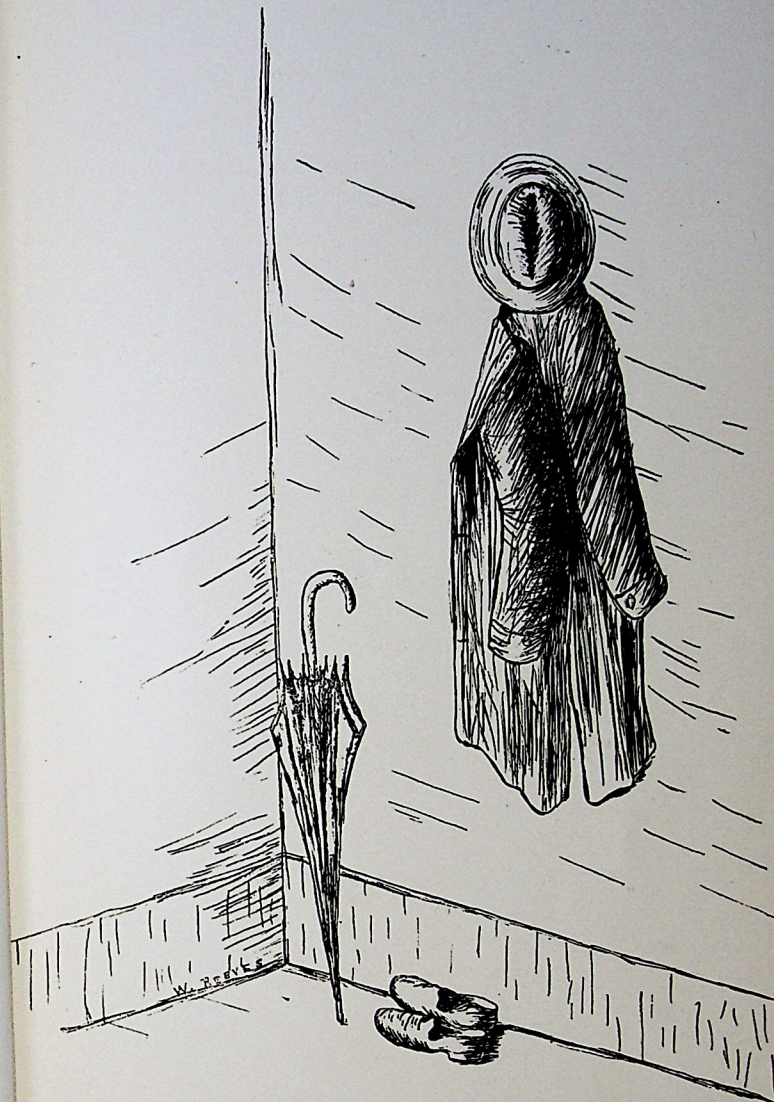
Those lessons that you don't know much,
(Although, you HAD thought they would do,
Because you glanced at them last night)
You'd better give a good review,
And be right clear on everything
So you can answer sprightly—
Superintendent might come in
And he might ask you dryly,
If it is your usual rule
To give replies like that in school.

The teacher looks as if she wished
She'd wore a clean shirtwaist that day;
She straightens up her desk and books,
And then next thing to us she'll say,
While she keeps one eye on the door,
"Please all sit more erectly;
Superintendent's in the house,
And he'll be here directly;
And if you do not all like nice,
You'll hear about it in a trice."

The janitor jumps like he's shot,
 When he has seen that hat up there.
 He grabs his old dust pan and broom,
 And cleans some mud down off the stairs;
 He even sweeps behind the doors,
 And makes an awful flurry—
 Superintendent's round somewhere,
 That's one time George will hurry,
 As if he worked like that all day,
 And really earned one-half his pay.

Our superintendent is just fine;
 But he won't take no foolin';
 He thinks we've come up on this hill
 To get some sense and schoolin',
 To clean our shoes and lift our hats
 And learn to speak correctly;—
 And if he happens round today,
 (He's sure to come directly)
 I hope he will take kindly note
 Of this here poem that I've wrote.

"Lou."



DANGER SIGNAL.

A Seventh Grade Class Poem.

Our class is up on Science Hill,
 And we know our lessons fit to kill.
 If you go in room number five
 You'll find us all alive.
 To work examples we all strive.
 We all make mistakes,
 And that's what it takes
 To make a class.
 Our worst lessons are History, Grammar, and
 Arithmetic;
 To talk about these it makes us sick,
 Because some one is always trying to kick
 For fear he won't pass.
 We have in our Grammar class
 Some of the awfulest questions ever asked;
 First, we have the parts of speech,
 And then about the clause she tries to teach.
 And in History she tries to tell
 Of all the old men she remembers well,—
 About Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or
 death."—
 We can't tell any more, for we're out of breath.
 Except about Washington's untold lie—
 Don't tell us about that again for fear we'll
 die.
 In Arithmetic we never stop,
 But go right on from middle to top.
 In music we sing a little Alto,
 And sing a little Bass,
 Sing a little Soprano,
 And make an awful face.
 In Manual Training

We're always complaining
 About cutting our papers,
 And we cut lots of capers
 In our writing.
 We're always fighting
 To see who can write the best.
 But in our drawing
 Our teacher we're annoying
 To give us a rest.
 So ends our class in rhyme.
 Please don't read this the second time.

EMILY T. MILLER.

Ralf Preas has been taking lessons on
 HER HAWING from Maud and is getting along
 so well that he was able to give us a demon-
 stration on April 23, '06.

On April 20, Miss Simpson said she was
 not afraid of rats, but when one came in her
 direction she changed her mind.

Mr. Lowry evidently meant no harm by
 telling the pupils to go into their rooms and
 read aloud to themselves.

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Singing Through the Storm

Never mind;
Don't we find
In the bleakest weather,
Courage still
If we will
Only hold together?

Friends and foes,
'Mid the sorrows
Nestle nearer, nearer.

Love that froze
Melts, and knows
Storms make dear ones dearer.

Let us sing—
Song will bring
Hope in bleakest weather;
Wing to wing
While we sing,
Nestling close together.

MARY RUSSELL.

My first is a shadow of twelve hours.
My second is neither out nor around.
My third is a wind that possess great
power.

My whole goes warbling at night a soft,
sweet sound. (Night-in-gale.)

EMILY MILLER.

On April 26, Mary Russel stayed at home
on account of over work on her master piece,
Singing Through the Storm.



THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Singing Through the Storm

♫

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In the bleakest weather,
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EMILY MILLER.

♫

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Singing Through the Storm.



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Program



INVOCATION..... *Rev. G. W. Arnold*

ORCHESTRA

CHORUS—The Haymakers, Franz Abt.....

..... *High School*

RECITATION—Violin Fantasy.....

..... *Mary Nell Beasley*

PIANO SOLO—Eolienne Harp, Sidney Smith..

..... *Georgia Reeve Seaver*

ORATION—Southern Opportunities.....

..... *Roscoe A. Long*

SERENADE—Schubert.....

..... *Double Sextette*

RECITATION—"Bobbie Shaftoe"

..... *Leone Elisabeth Waggoner*

PIANO DUETE—Tanhauser Grand March....

... *Wagner, arranged by Ferd Beyer*.....

.. *Ora Kate Keys, and Hazel Carrie Good*..

CLASS WILL—..... *Sara Cordelia Tomlinson*

ORCHESTRA

ADDRESS— *Prof. P. P. Claxton*

MUSIC—Santa Lucia..... *High School*

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..... *Ninth Grades, S. C. Williams, Esq.*

Presentation of Diplomas, *Dr. E. S. Miller,*

..... *President of Board*.....

HYMN TO THE NIGHT—..... *Double Sextette*

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