

1907



...THE
UNAKA NATIONAL
BANK
JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Capital paid in	- - -	\$100,000.00
Surplus	- - -	53,000.00

This Bank issues interest bearing certificates of deposit

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

SEE

Bishop & Smith
BEFORE PLACING YOUR
INSURANCE

They represent the leading
Fire, Life, Health and Accident Companies
Managers of Volunteer State Life Insurance Company
for East Tenn. and S. W. Va. of State Life
Insurance Co., of Indianapolis, Ind.
Room 3, Cox Bldg. Johnson City. Phone 153

WALL PAPER
FOR 1907

Our line this year is the most attractive
and comprehensive we have ever shown.

EVERY STYLE IS ABSOLUTELY NEW

Come in and see our samples and let us help you
make your selections. We also carry a complete line of
Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, etc.

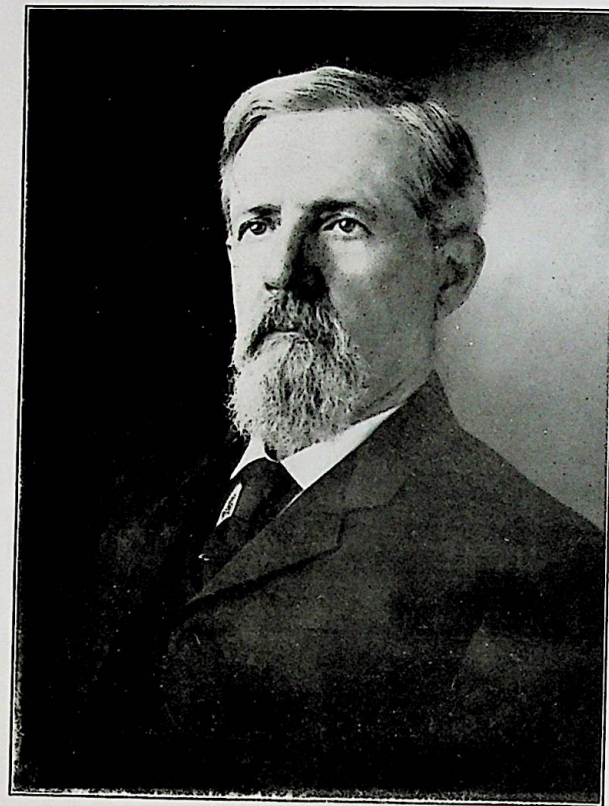
OUR ICE CREAM and Soda service is the best in town

PATTON DRUG STORE
Prescriptions. C. A. REPASS, Mgr.

(173038)

Mr. W. S. Anderson
Blountville, Tenn. 37617
Rhea A. Daif

IN AP-
PRECIATION
OF LONG YEARS DE-
VOTED TO ELEVATING
THE SCHOOLS, TO RE-
LIEVING SUFFERING, AND
TO BETTERING THE CONDI-
TION OF HUMANITY, GENER-
ALLY, THIS PAPER IS RESPECT-
FULLY DEDICATED TO DR. E. S.
MILLER, PRESIDENT OF THE
BOARD OF EDUCATION, JOHNSON CITY,
TENN.



DR. E. S. MILLER.

THE ECHO.

PUBLISHED BY THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Vol. III. JOHNSON CITY, TENN., MAY, 1907. No. I

S. CORDELIA TOMLINSON AND GEORGE L. WADE, EDITORS.

FINANCIAL MANAGERS:

LUCY CARR RHEA HUNTER ETHEL BARTON PANSY PAINTER

Editorials

The County High School is a comin'.

✍

Spring Fever under the assumed name of La Grippe is prevalent at Science Hill.

✍

Does any one remember when Science Hill building was erected? No one will admit that he does.

✍

At a recent wedding one of our popular teachers was fortunate enough to find the hidden ring in the bride's cake.

✍

While white dresses are being duly considered by the girls of the class, the boys are just as seriously considering long trousers and white vests.

✍

That there is no symbolic significance in the color (green) of the paper selected by the class of 1907 for their class room, we hope to be able fully to demonstrate to the public.

✍

Through the kindness of our friends of the Christian church the closing exercises of the school will be held in their magnificent building, of which all of Johnson City is justly proud.

Our janitor is very considerate about the safety of the school. When asked for more heat he invariably replies, that the building will catch on fire if he puts any more coal into the furnace.



Among the many things the students of the "Hill" have to be thankful for, was a holiday of FIFTEEN MINUTES on Good Friday, and one of THREE MINUTES April 11, the day Mr. Bryan reached town.



In size, in scholarship, in determination and ambition the Class of 1907 has realized some of its highest aims, and can truthfully boast that its only rival, the Class of 1902, has been outstripped in the race.



On April 11th, the pupils of the city schools were very eager to see the distinguished Mr. W. J. Bryan, who was here to deliver his lecture "The Prince of Peace." All the students who heard him thought his voice sounded familiar, and they will, no doubt, nominate him for president in 1908.



The Tennessee Division of the Grand Army of the Republic holds its re-union at the Soldier's Home on May 16. In preparing their program a committee was sent to the High School to see if it were possible to secure a chorus to sing a few selections. The committee stated that our musicale had pleased the old soldiers better than anything else that has been given at the "Home" as yet. It will be re-called that a chorus of thirty-two voices gave this entertainment at the "Home" in December last.

A question for scientists.—When was Science Hill building erected? Some archæologists say, that from the structure of the bricks it must have been built before the flood, when the art of brick making had not reached a very high stage of development.



Through the energy of Chester Allen of the ninth grade, assisted by some of the other boys, the stars and stripes now float above our building. Chester deserves much credit for his faithfulness and untiring efforts in conquering the obstacles in his way to securing the flag and flag-pole. We all are proud of him and predict for him great success in the future.



The Boards of Education in three towns in Indian Territory have decided that teachers must cut society five nights in the week, and the curfew rings at nine, P. M., for school teachers. This order has raised a storm, and justly. But how would such a decision suit Science Hill? Beg pardon, teachers, we mean such a decision with regard to the students.



Did you hear music in the air February 22? If so, it was that of the students of the High School congregated on the "Hill" to celebrate the birthday of George Washington by singing national songs and hoisting the Stars and Stripes. But our patriotism is not to be judged by the quality of our singing. The snow-laden winds from the north froze the musical sound waves ere they floated far, though they did little toward subduing the spirit of the young American.

Last year we decided, as did the other schools of town, to add a piano to our equipment, thinking to pay for it with the proceeds derived from literary entertainments to be given by the pupils. But about the time our piano was put in the owners of the opera house decided to convert it into offices. Therefore, having no place to give our entertainments, we have been very much hampered in raising finances. However, the old-time spelling match, under the auspices of the Tenth Grade, the concert at the Soldier's Home, and the box supper given by the young ladies of the High School have added a modest sum to the fund.

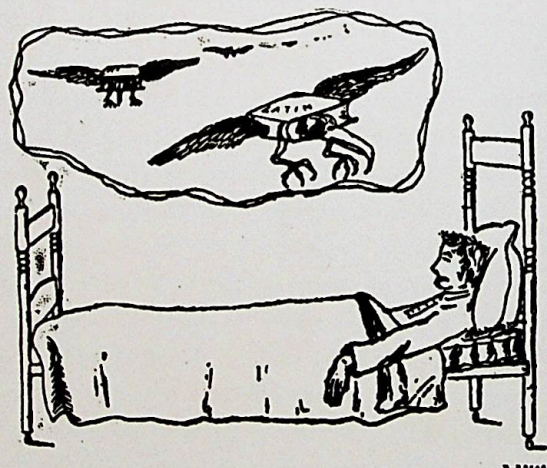
Among the many distinguished visitors to our Mecca during the school year just ending, we were especially pleased with Drs. Sullins and Painter, and Prof. Caulkins, each having given us an interesting talk. Dr. Sullins spoke words that have sustained us through many a weary day when lessons were hard and teachers seemed desperate. They were, "Your school days are not your happiest days, or at least, I have not found them to be so." Mr. Painter, who has been a missionary in China for the past thirty years, told us about the customs of the Chinese and how they regard the Americans as being worse than heathens, and the most ignorant people on the globe. Prof. Caulkins took as his text, "Little Things," and grew very eloquent in the course of his remarks, and to enforce his ideas told us some very interesting stories.

In considering the vital questions that concern a growing and prosperous town like Johnson City, too often the serious needs of a modern High School building is left out of the question, or at best carelessly dismissed for future consideration.

That this has been done by those within whose power lies the fate of countless numbers of the youth of this community need be no cause for discouragement. The advantages that will accrue to any city in possessing a citizenship of great mental development and high moral standards must appeal to all right thinking people. How better obtain such a result than by erecting on Science Hill a high school building modern in every particular, containing large, convenient class-rooms, laboratories, music room, a gymnasium, and an auditorium with a seating capacity of not less than 1,500; a building which would reflect credit on this entire community and be a constant source of gratification to both pupil and patron? Even the most calculating man of finance must realize the paying qualities of such a building, and the people of Johnson City should not rest until this dream of a beautiful, commodious high school building become a reality.

Washington County has taken a step in advance of its neighbors in that it has made provision for County High Schools. Attempts have been made to establish these schools in other counties, but most of them have failed. About a year ago, through the persistent efforts of Supt. Lowry, County Supt. Chase, and Prof. Claxton, the Hon. County Court passed an act establishing such schools, and for this purpose levied a tax of ten cents. The management of this fund was placed in the hands of the county Board of Education. This Board decided to establish one of these schools in Johnson City, in connection with the City High School. The law requires at least three teachers in each school, and as we already employed four,

we were in an advantageous position to add the County High School to our already prosperous City High School. By means of the fund thus furnished we were enabled to lengthen the course one year ; to add a special teacher of History, thus making more effective the departmental system of instruction inaugurated three years ago ; also, we were placed in a position to lay the foundation for chemical and physical laboratories, thus giving us better facilities for carrying on the scientific work of the school. We heartily commend the Hon. County Court in not only continuing this levy, but also increasing it to thirteen cents, which they did at their last meeting. We feel that this is a forward step of great importance, and predict for our county the best High Schools in the state if our Hon. County Court will continue to back up the work as it seems now very evident they propose to do.



NINTH GRADER'S RARE-BIT DREAM.



POST GRADUATE CLASS
 Mary Nellie Beasley
 Ora Kate Keys
 Sara Cordelia Tomlinson
 Alva Bonita Cloyd
 Una V. Templin
 Hazel Carrie Good

The Lavender and Green.

✱

AIR—Marching Through Georgia.

Come with hearts and voices now, and sing a
 song with me,
 Sing about the lavender, the lavender and
 green.
 Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud
 and free,
 While we are singing in gladness.

CHORUS.

Then hail, all hail the lavender and green,
 Our chosen badge, the lavender and green !
 And we'll flaunt our colors over mountain,
 plain and sea,
 While we are singing in gladness.

Lavender the fleecy clouds, whene'er the sun is
 low,
 And green the summer forest in the morning's
 softest glow;
 Sweet Flowers of tender memory within our
 hearts shall grow,
 When we recall our song of gladness.

M. N. B.



POST GRADUATE CLASS

Ora Kate Keys		Una V. Templin
Mary Nellie Beasley	Sara Cordelia Tomlinson	Alva Bonita Cloyd
		Hazel Carrie Good

The Lavender and Green.

✽

Air—Marching Through Georgia.

Come with hearts and voices now, and sing a
song with me,

Sing about the lavender, the lavender and
green.

Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud
and free,

While we are singing in gladness.

CHORUS.

Then hail, all hail the lavender and green,
Our chosen badge, the lavender and green !

And we'll flaunt our color: over mountain,
plain and sea,

While we are singing in gladness.

Lavender the fleecy clouds, whenever the sun is
low,

And green the summer forest in the morning's
softest glow;

Sweet Flowers of tender memory within our
hearts shall grow,

When we recall our song of gladness.

M. N. B.

Eleventh Grade Prophecy.

While we were sitting upon the Mount of prophecy which towers high above Fairy Island whose shores are washed by the Crystal sea a spirit of divination came over us. We looked down upon the peaceful sea on whose bosom the waves were slumbering and as the sun was sinking far in the west. We were amazed to see the future history of the members of the Eleventh grade of 1907, reflected from the pearly waters. At once we began to write the following as revealed by the Crystal sea.

In 1916 Miss Sarah Cordellia Tomlinson will assume the editorship of the "Southern Messenger", the greatest magazine of the South. Miss Tomlinson is well fitted for this position owing to her experience as editor of the Echo at Science Hill Knowledge Mills.

Miss Hazel Carrie Good, in 1912, will be elected teacher of Latin at the Washington-Tusculum College, located in Johnson City which now has 500,000 inhabitants. About this time greatly to the delight of students, Miss Good will introduce a new method of spelling, which will greatly simplify the difficulty arising from the present method and because of this her name will be placed upon the list of the famous men and women of all ages.

Miss Mary Nell Beasley will be renowned as a writer. The South will be proud to claim her, as she will carry out the idea of Lanier, introducing into poetry certain principles of musical composition and her poetry will have a lyrical beauty and grace which will be the delight of lovers of poetry.

Miss Alva Bonita Cloyd, immediately after completing the Eleventh Grade will begin studying to prepare herself for a trained nurse. In 1911 she will fill the position of head nurse in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Two years later, one of New York's greatest merchants, being wounded in a railroad accident, will be brought to this hospital and nursed back to health by Miss Cloyd. Shortly afterwards the position of head nurse will be left vacant.

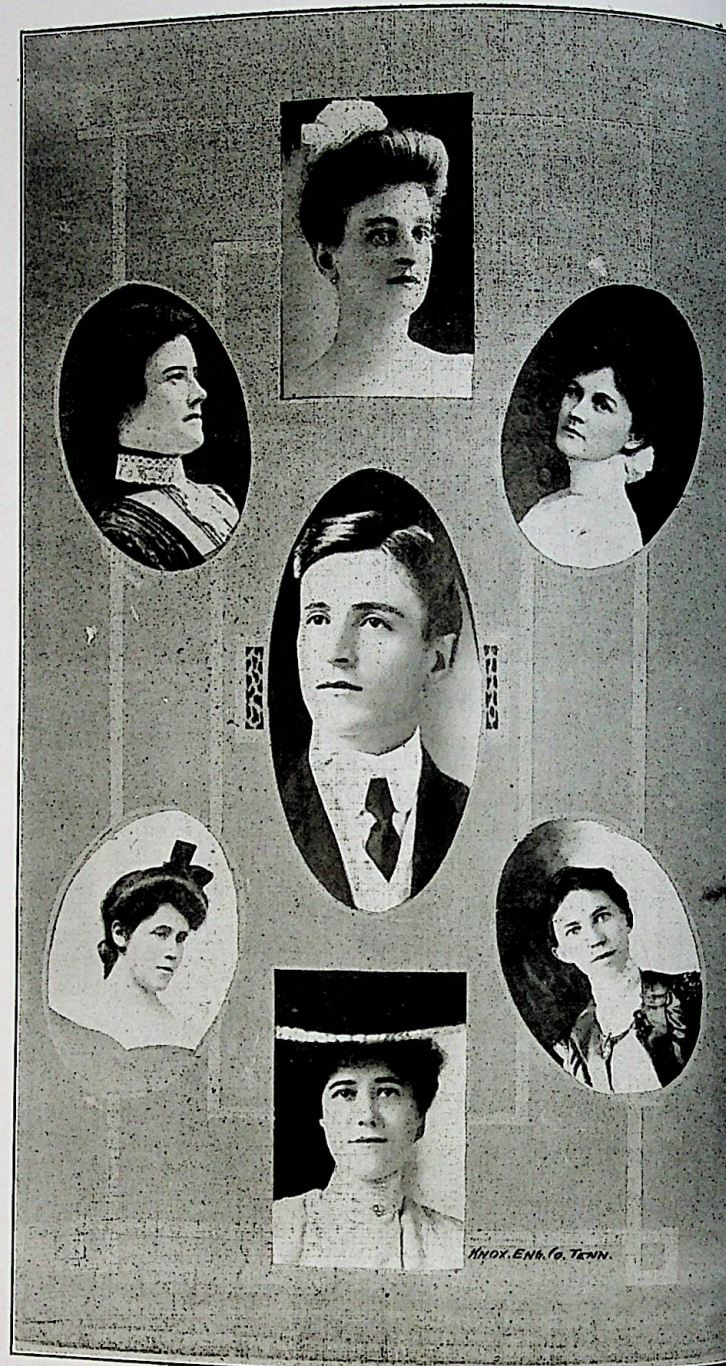
Miss Ora Kate Keys, in a few years after leaving school, will go, as a missionary, to Eskimo Island, recently discovered near the North pole. By her sweet disposition, she will win many of the Eskimos for Christ, but in 1918 she will return to her former home in Johnson City and relate her experiences to a large gathering of old friends. Her intention will be to return to her work after spending a year at home, but Cupid will interfere.

Miss Una Templin, after studying in Europe for some time will begin her career as an actress. She will travel through Europe and Asia and afterwards through America, covering herself with glory by her wonderful acting and her name will long be remembered as one of the greatest actresses the world has ever yet known.

The sun has disappeared; the waters are darkened; nothing more is reflected from the bosom of the sea, for the spirit of divination has passed.

O. K. & U. V. T.





MISS SIMPSON, Mathematics
MISS BARTON, MUSIC

HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY
MISS MILLER, Seventh Grade
PRINCIPAL JNO. H. PENCE, English
MISS REEVES, Latin

MISS CARR, History
MISS YOAKLEY, Science

History of Class, 1907

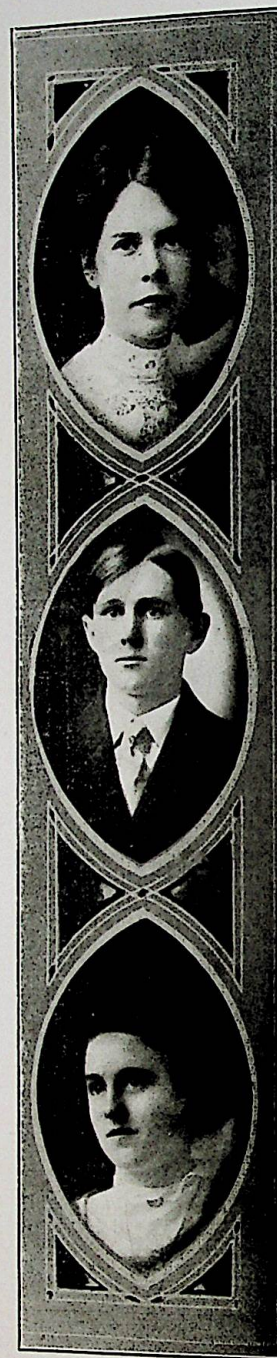


Edith Gertrude Barton is our illustrious president, and has shown her ability in every thing she has undertaken, never failing to do her duty.

"She was a scholar, and a ripe good one:
Exceeding wise and fair spoken."

Ethel Margaret Barton is a very graceful young lady. She is the smallest, although not the youngest, girl in the class, and is generally called "Et," or "Little un." Ethel is noted for being our best elocutionist.

"Thy converse drew us with delight."



Ruby Leonora Baxter is the blushing maiden of our class. Her tresses are light, and she is so ambitious that she studies nearly all night.

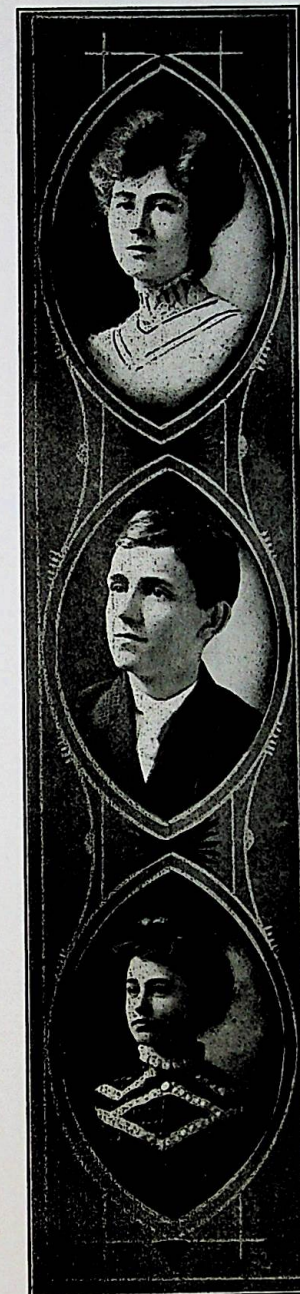
"Shine out, little head,
Sunning over with curls."

Henry Carriger is noted for a reserve as to his own affairs, and for not meddling with the affairs of others. Yet, in spite of this rather unusual trait, or perhaps on account of it, Henry is a favorite with all. He is in his element when acting the comic part in a play.

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Mary Agnes Berry, nicknamed "Mozart" on account of her musical ambitions, is the only Episcopalian in the class, and she certainly sticks to her colors.

"Nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself."



Lucy Carr is a tall stately girl, always ready in both study and fun. She is very popular with every one, both in and out of the school-room.

"A Daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Philo Orando Ward has always been distinguished for an investigating turn of mind, and for susceptibility to the charms of the feminine portion of his classmates.

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed."

Dora Kirkpatrick Campbell is our illustrious poet and has won the laurel wreath in her vocation.

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost roar and roaring
ever singest."



Eva Elizabeth Fulton, who goes her own way and expects others to do the same. She is generally seen and not heard.

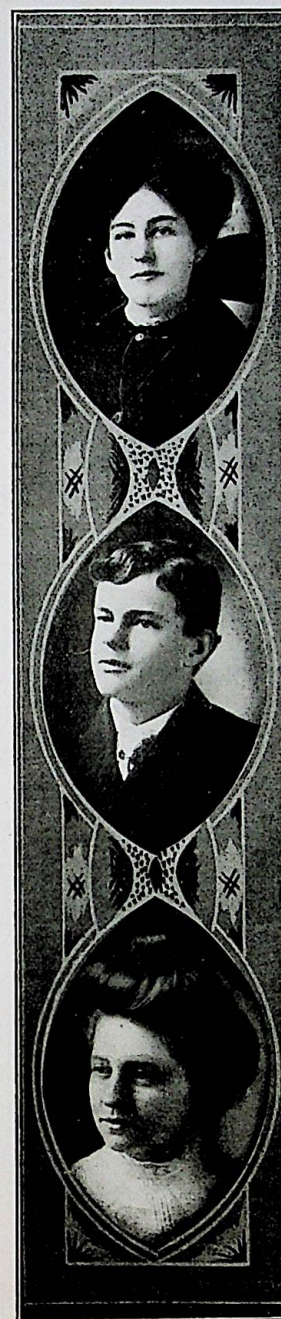
"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Argil Bryson Williams has the distinction of being the one boy of the class who has been a "star" during his graduating year. His best work has been done in constructing geometrical and physical figures.

"They wondered much and much
their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all
he knew."

Margaret Lucile Culler, called "Maggie," and "Mag" by her schoolmates, is known as the model pupil of our school.

"So you walk softly, and look sweetly
and say nothing."



Kathleen Gaunt is a very pretty and graceful girl of seventeen summers. She is considered a good chum by both boys and girls.

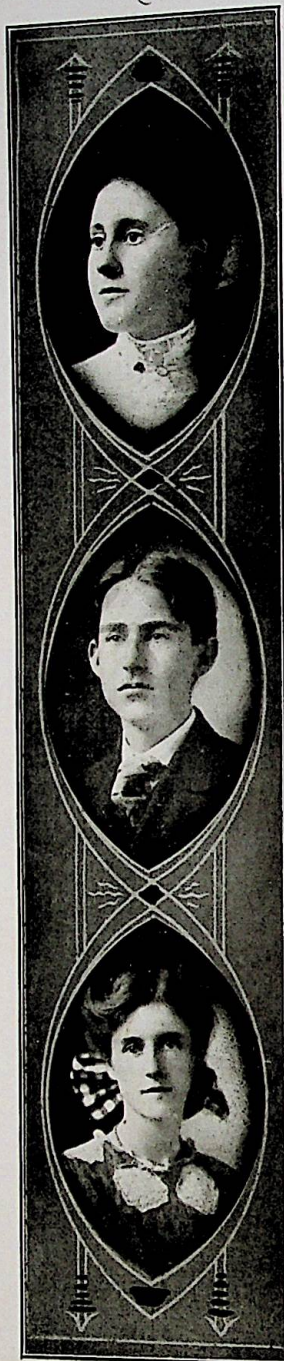
"To see her, was to admire her,
To know her was to love her."

Allen James Hurlbut is the only boy in the class who had bravery enough to attempt Virgil. He is also noted for his musical talents.

"Such a soft, floating witchery of
sound,
As twilight elfins make, when they at
eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy
Land."

Lillian Rhea Hunter is considered our best musician. Her splendid voice and talent for piano playing as well as her sweet disposition, makes her very popular.

"There is no voice whose tones in-
spire,
Such thrills of rapture through my
breast."



Mary Julia Hardin is a very diligent pupil, who thinks that, "By hard study and care, It is not unfair, To outstrip all the rest, if you can." The "Bank" has a great attraction for Mary.

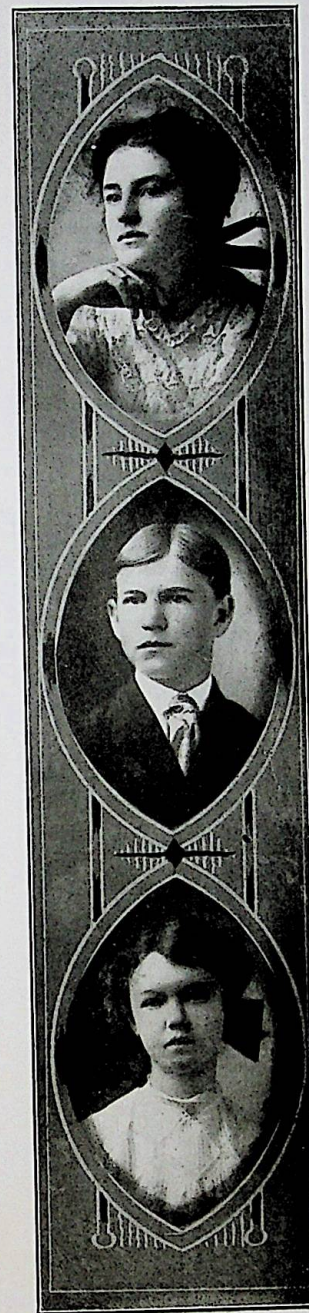
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

Leslie Lee Wilbourn. The photographer to have made this member of our class seem like life, should have caught his ever-ready smile. For love of fun and mischief have often cut down his grade on Science Hill, and Paradoxical as it may seem, made his climbing more uncertain.

"Mark when he smiles with amiable
cheare,
And tells me where to can ye lyken
it."

Frances Noyes Matson is a winsome, blue-eyed maiden. She is a fine student, last year winning the medal for the best scholarship.

"Queen Rose, of the rosebud garden
of girls."



Bonnie Mae Murray is one of our most ambitious pupils who expects some day to study in Berlin.

"Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright
And made a sunshine in the shady
place."

JAMES HENRY YOUNG, is the orator of the class, chosen not for his inches in beauty, but for his good sense and faithfulness to a trust. While he has the reputation as a good student, has never let too much studiousness interfere with occasional lapses into mischief.

"Give me liberty, or give me death."

Lucile McCown is one of the favorites of the class who is noted for her sunny good temper, and also, for her love of fun.

"Modest as the violet,
As the rosebud sweet
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet."



Mary Wendell Wheeler, had she no other qualities to endear her to her class-mates would have sung her way into their hearts long ago, as they never tire of her sweet songs. "Tot's" forte is Latin, her bugaboo, Physics.

"Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

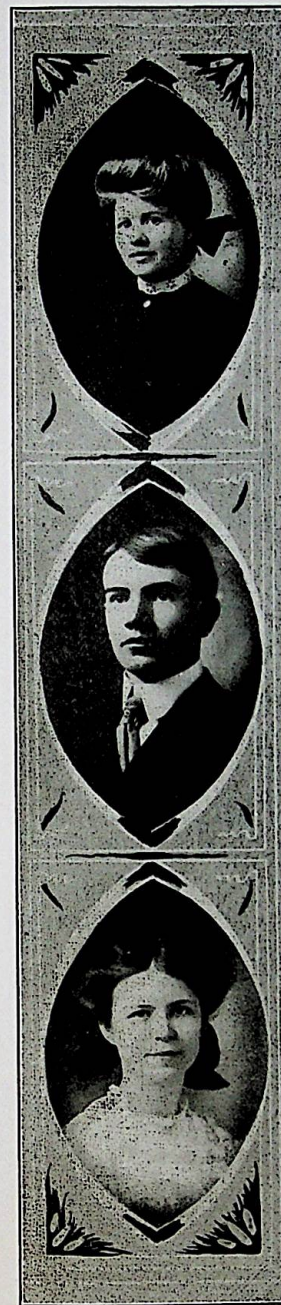
Pansy Frances Painter, a lovely brunette, is one of the beauties of our class, and has won great fame as an artist.

"Fair is she to behold, this maiden of seventeen summers.

Black are her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleam beneath the brown shade of her tresses."

Glennie Irene Pence is a bright young lady whose golden tresses and dark blue eyes proclaim her another of the beauties of the class. She also, has a great deal of musical talent.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."



Besse Lee Slaughter, a very witty and brilliant young lady who is remarkable for her irrepressible-ness and fondness for pickles.

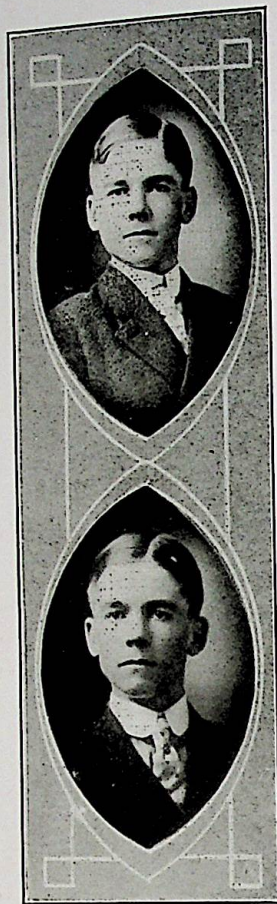
"A merrier girl,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I have not talked withal."

Guy Orlando Seaver has never cared for distinction as a scholar, but has rather won his place in our affections by his never-failing good humor.

"A smile that was child-like and bland."

Lucy Dabney Sitton, though as modest as the violet, has always been one of the best students of her class. Her sweet disposition and kind heart have endeared her to all her classmates.

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."



WADE BROTHERS—“United we stand, divided we fall,”—would be appropriate for the motto of these two young gentlemen, who being born twins believe that it was meant for them to always hang together. Their close resemblance has caused many amusing cases of mistaken identity in the school room on the part of the teachers and class-mates. They are the business men of the class, already having a bank account in common.

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”

Class Song.

✻

Class of 1907, of the High School, Johnson City, Tenn.
Motto: “Finished, Yet Beginning.”

Where Buffalo's lofty mountains,
Pierce through the southern blue.
Proudly stands our High School building,
Nobly, grand, and true.

CHORUS:

Pink, Green, float forever,
Ensign of our Hill;
Hail to thee our High School building,
Hail to Science Hill.

As thy hill top crowned with cedars,
Evergreen appears,
So thy mem'ry fresh shall linger,
Through life's smiles and tears.



COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY FACULTY

Patrick and Theresa Murphy.

✱

All alone before the bright fire in the library of his Montana home sat this old man, Patrick Murphy. Old? No—the second look shows us a youthful countenance and form, but the hair is tinged with silvery grey. A newspaper had dropped unnoticed from his hands into his lap and the man was as one fallen into a deep sleep. But he was not sleeping—he was only dreaming—dreaming of the golden past, when he had had a little sister with whom to play, and whom he had often in a playful manner termed “cotton-head.” His parents? No, he could not remember them, as they had died when he was very young.

When he was ten years old he had been taken from his home by a merciless band of desperadoes who had hoped for a ransom. He and his little sister, aged six, had been left an immense fortune by their parents. An old uncle had been made administrator. He had no love for the children—in fact for anything but money, and when the boy was stolen he steadfastly refused to offer one cent for his recovery, hoping in this way to get more money for himself. In vain did the faithful little sister, Theresa, plead for her dear brother.

When the lawless wretches heard this, they left the boy half dead twenty-five miles from his present home. An old farmer, through pity, had taken him in, and when he was strong enough, he worked and slaved for this man to pay for his bread.

The young man had saved and planned until he had acquired almost enough to return to



COLUMBUS POWELL FACULTY

Miss Rogan

Miss Wade

Mr. Templin

Miss Hatcher

Miss Baxter

Miss Cunningham

Mr. Crouch, Principal

Miss Burrow

Patrick and Theresa Murphy.

✠

All alone before the bright fire in the library of his Montana home sat this old man, Patrick Murphy. Old? No—the second look shows us a youthful countenance and form, but the hair is tinged with silvery grey. A newspaper had dropped unnoticed from his hands into his lap and the man was as one fallen into a deep sleep. But he was not sleeping—he was only dreaming—dreaming of the golden past, when he had had a little sister with whom to play, and whom he had often in a playful manner termed “cotton-head.” His parents? No, he could not remember them, as they had died when he was very young.

When he was ten years old he had been taken from his home by a merciless band of desperadoes who had hoped for a ransom. He and his little sister, aged six, had been left an immense fortune by their parents. An old uncle had been made administrator. He had no love for the children—in fact for anything but money, and when the boy was stolen he steadfastly refused to offer one cent for his recovery, hoping in this way to get more money for himself. In vain did the faithful little sister, Theresa, plead for her dear brother.

When the lawless wretches heard this, they left the boy half dead twenty-five miles from his present home. An old farmer, through pity, had taken him in, and when he was strong enough, he worked and slaved for this man to pay for his bread.

The young man had saved and planned until he had acquired almost enough to return to

his "little Theresa." But one evening he read of a run-away accident in which the little sister had been killed, leaving nothing but the old homestead of the entire fortune, as the remainder had been squandered by the uncle of the girl. "Oh! well," he thought, "let him live in peace at the old homestead"—he did not want to be under his protection, so he would stay where he was. He invested the little earnings in a portion of land, on which minerals were found, and which began to bring him in immense quantities of gold, with which he made other investments. Fortune had smiled, until now he was rich enough to retire from business.

What had brought all the past so fresh to his mind, as he sat thus alone by his bright library fire on this November night? Why! the notice of the sale of his old homestead—probably for mortgages! Yes, he would go back to his home, from which he was taken eighteen years ago and would save the dear old place from disgrace. But alas! his plans were only partially finished.

Let us now see what was going on at his old home

A Golden-haired woman of about twenty-four years, dressed in a shabby black dress, was signing a letter, and the name she signed was—Theresa Murphy. Yes, it was Patrick's sister. The error of the newspaper, on his side, and the story of his death, told her by the false uncle, on her side, had caused the trouble.

When she had handed the letter to the Attorney and he had gone from the room, she began softly to weep. This day, on which the only home and all she had were to be sold,

had come at last! She looked at her mother's bed by which she was standing—the bed on which both her mother and her father had died. How could she part with it? Drooping on her knees by its side she began to pray—praying as she had never done before—not even noticing the tears, which were flowing down her cheeks.

Suddenly, in the midst, as if in answer to her prayer, she was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was a stranger, who had a sad story to relate to her and who eventually proved to be an attorney. The story he told was this:

On the way from his Montana home to the depot the automobile had wrecked and the brother had been so mortally wounded that he had died thirty minutes afterward, being conscious to the end. He told this attorney, whom he had brought with him, that he was to accompany his remains to the old homestead and, as the next morning was the specified time for the sale, he should first save the old place and then lay his body in its final resting place, by the side of his mother, in the old family cemetery.

This was, indeed, sad for the sister who had found her long lost brother, only to lose him forever from her sight, until they, too, should meet again. Still—had he not lived long enough to know that the one thing most cherished in his heart would be saved, through him, from the disgrace of a mortgage?

MARGARET CULLER.



J. R. LOWRY, Superintendent of City Schools

"The Fate of Gold."

✱

"Come immediately—your Aunt Patience dead—leaves old home to you."

Margaret Nelson dropped the telegram. She felt as weak as if she were recovering from an illness. Not only was her aunt's death a great shock to her, but by those last few words in the telegram all her hopes, her bright dreams for the future seemed blighted forever.

Patience Nelson had observed in her favorite niece so great a desire for higher education that she had promised, when Margaret's father died, to send her to college; or if she should die before Margaret finished her High School course, a rich legacy was to be left to her, with which she could carry out her plans.

And now, why the kind old lady had willed her that old worn-out farm, Margaret could not understand. Of course her aunt had always lived there and had become attached to the place. But did she think it would yield enough to send anyone to college for four years?

After the funeral services were over, and Patience Nelson was laid to rest in the family cemetery on the twelve-acre farm, Margaret roamed over the colonial house, the only redeeming feature of the place, wondering what her future would be.

At first the strain and grief over a death in the family made her very disconsolate. but in a few days she became more cheerful. Her aunt, she thought, loved the old place so much that she imagined it would bring a great deal of money, so she would not blame her. She would see what price she might obtain

for it; perhaps the fine old-fashioned house would induce some one to buy the worthless clay soil.

Early next morning she and her mother began cleaning the house and packing up Miss Nelson's belongings before they should return to the city. They began with the attic, and as Margaret was a very imaginative young person, she soon became interested in the old forgotten keepsakes laid away in the dust and cob-webs.

Here were some of her aunt's love letters, yellow with age; and there, a few daguerrotypes; and in a little nook near the chimney were more letters tied with blue ribbon. Taking these out, Margaret discovered a narrow strip of parchment so yellow that she almost overlooked it as it lay on the pine shelf. She started to throw it into the waste-basket, but happening to look at it more closely, she saw in very queer hand-writing the words: "We BurieD—pote—goold—1716—cellaR pasSage."

The other was illegible, but Margaret was sure she had found something worthy of an examination. So that night she worked long and hard on the cipher and with difficulty made out these words: "We BurieD—pote—goold—1716—Slab in cellarR—3 fit rite of door—button—starrway—pasSage—lose tHe bricks at end—Jan 2—1716."

The next morning, bright and early Margaret, carrying a lantern, trowel, and pick, went down into the damp, mouldy cellar. Making the required measurements, she finally found the button, and the slab slowly swung open revealing a flight of stairs, which de-

scended into what Margaret thought was unfathomable darkness. She saw a paper on the first step, and, picking this up read:

MY DEAR NIECE:

I have known about the treasure for thirteen years, having accidentally discovered the parchment. Instead of giving you easy access to your portion of my wealth, I decided to test you. If you have succeeded in making out the cipher, I need never fear but that you will persevere in your college work.

PATIENCE NELSON.

Picking up her lantern and tools, Margaret proceeded to climb down the old stairs and to make her way down the passage. It seemed of an interminable length, but finally she saw the wall rising out of the darkness before her. Sure enough the last bricks were loose, and, hastily throwing these aside, Margaret began digging. But, although she worked nearly an hour, she saw no signs of a pot, and was almost at the point of giving up, when her trowel struck something which gave forth a metallic sound.

Setting to work with a renewed zeal, Margaret soon unearthed a large urn, which contained a great number of gold coins and many precious stones.

Margaret ran in search of her mother and they soon discovered that the money found would not only send Margaret to school, but would be sufficient for their support for many years to come.

FRA MATSON.



MARTHA WILDER FACULTY

Miss Fain Miss Painter Miss Lyle
 Mr. Anderson, Principal
 Miss Eiseman Miss Brown Miss Campbell

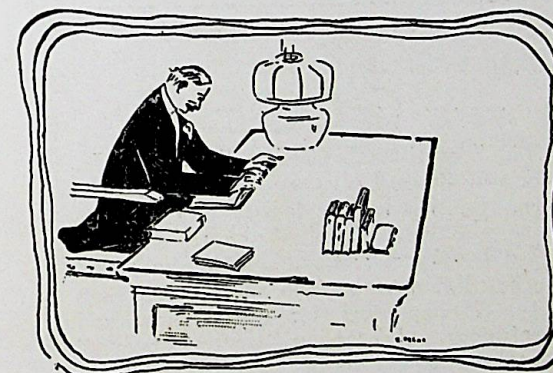
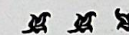
Mercy.



(From the Merchant of Venice.)

Mercy in its very nature is not constrained; but, like the impartial rain which falls upon the earth, is free for all to give and to take. Its blessing is two-fold: It ennobles him who bestows; it gives strength and courage to him who receives. Also, it finds its greatest power in the hearts of the most powerful; to the king mercy is more becoming than his crown. The scepter of the monarch is the symbol of temporal authority, and by this attribute of majesty he inspires awe in his subjects and makes them dread and fear his power. But mercy is beyond this tyrannical sway. The material crown, the king wears upon his head; but mercy is enthroned in his very heart. The crown and the scepter are temporal and of men; mercy is eternal and is an attribute of God.

BERT D. MARTIN.



THE SUPERINTENDENT PLOTTING.

...LET THE...

Watauga Electric Company

Furnish you with Electric Lights, thereby doing away with the drudgery where you use kerosene lamps. Electric Lights are

CHEAPER, SAFER, BETTER than any light known

FRANK TAYLOR.....

The acknowledged headquarters for bargains in

FINE DRESS GOODS, SILKS, TRIMMINGS

Ladies' and Gents' **FINE SHOES**

a specialty. Trade with us and we will save you money
PHONE 147 JOHNSON CITY, TENN. 214 MAIN ST.

REAL ESTATE

AND

General INSURANCE

W. B. HARRISON

NEW BURROW BUILDING, PHONE 273

THE GLOBE

"The Store that sells cheaper." Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings. Specials for the ladies: McCall patterns, the best; Royal Worcester Corsets; Ultra Brockport and Autograph Shoes, and the best line of waists and skirts in Johnson City. Headquarters for men's shoes and furnishings. Ask for our "Korrek Shaper." De VAULT & HANNAH, Opposite Postoffice

M. A. ESTES

Makes Fine Clothing

All Work is Guaranteed

110 Market St

CT
UA
SI
TL
OO
MR

Cleaning Pressing Scouring Altering
Johnson City, Tennessee

PUT YOUR MONEY IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF THE

City National Bank

WE PAY INTEREST on DEPOSITS

Cargille's Art Gallery

HIGH CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY

Enlargements in Pastels, Crayon and Water Colors. We keep a large assortment of Moulding for all kinds of framing, we also have a full line of
KODAKS

Kodak Supplies

The Best Place in Johnson City to buy

FURNITURE

Tennessee Furniture & Supply Store
ON MAIN STREET.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

City Drug Company

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

.....The

Bee Hive

For Candy

D. M. GUINN

Attorney-at-Law

Johnson City, Tenn.

Summers-Parrott
HARDWARE CO.

Have in addition to the largest stock of general Hardware and Building Materials carried in the city, the very best line of Stoves and Ranges ever brought to this market. "Southern" Cook Stoves and "Majestic" Ranges. Buggies and Wagons, Paints and Oils, Sash and Doors.

AGENCY ESTABLISHED 1886

WOFFORD BROS.
INSURANCE

Unaka National Bank Building
Johnson City, Tenn.

Ask Us For Rates. 'Phone 77

We Want Your Business.

J.E.CROUCH



Books, Magazines,
Stationery, School
Supplies of all kinds



Phonographs and Records

Johnson City Traction Co.

Tickets in book form at
4c each. Rates to school
children and school teach-
ers at 2 1-2 cents each.

Patronize Home Industry

173038

THE place to trade is where you can get the best goods for the least money. We are exclusive agents for the Oliver Chilled Plows and Repairs, Studebaker Wagons, Carriages and Buggies, Hoosier Wheat Drills, Corn Drills, either in disc or hoe. We buy O. K. Stoves and Ranges by the car and can save you money on either. We sell Peninsular Ready mixed paint, best on the market. Also all kinds of Hard Oil finish for inside or interior finish. We are headquarters for builders' hardware, fertilizer and all kinds of field seeds.

BARTON-MOUNTCASTLE
HARDWARE COMPANY

Everything for Men and Boys

Gump Bros.

....Prices Right

BRADING & MARSHALL

Wholesale and Retail

LUMBER

and Building Material

IN THE BIG SHED

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

This Magazine was printed by

J.W. CASS

Wedding Invitations and Visiting

Cards Printed and engraved. All

kinds of Commercial Printing done

to order

THAD A. COX

Attorney-at-Law

Office: Brown Building—Rooms 5
and 6. 'Phone 14

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

D. A. VINES

S. W. PRICE

VINES & PRICE

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

SCIENCE HILL HIGH SCHOOL



T 173038