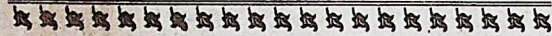


1908

THE ECHO



*PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF THE
JOHNSON CITY HIGH SCHOOL*

VOL. 4. MAY, 1908 NO. 1

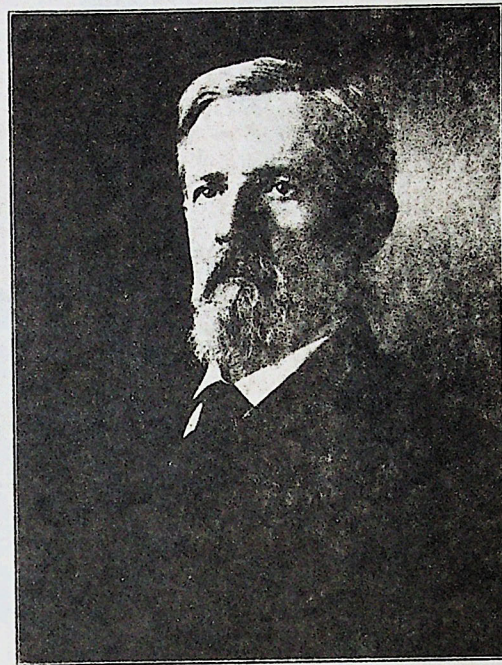
THE ECHO



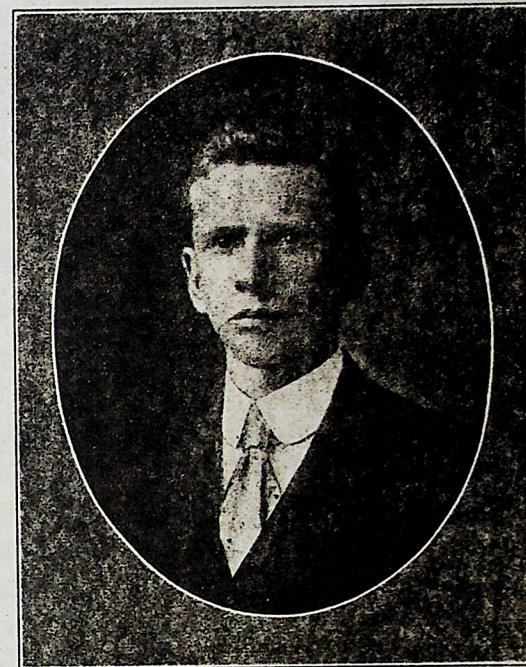
MAY, 1908

JOHNSON CITY HIGH SCHOOL
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

TO Dr. E. S. Miller, the President of the
Board of Education and Prof. J. E.
Crouch, our highly esteemed Super-
intendent, this volume is most
respectfully dedicated by
The Editors.



DR. E. S. MILLER, President of the Board of Education



J. E. CROUCH, Superintendent



MISS ELIZABETH CARR, *History*
MISS INA CARTON, *Music*

FACULTY
MISS LUCY HATCHER, *Mathematics*
G. K. WAMPLER, Principal, *English*

MISS MARGARET McDONOUGH, *Latin*
MISS INA YOAKLEY, *Science*

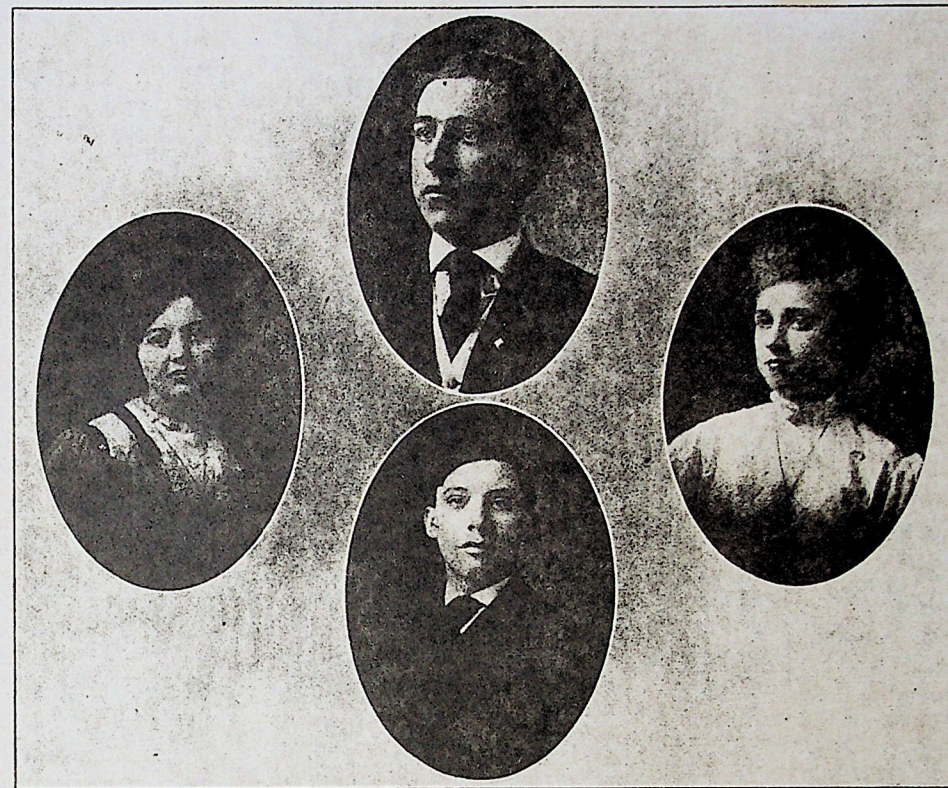
Class of Nineteen-Eight

Statistics

Motto—"To Aspire is To Be".
Flower—Pansy.
Colors—Navy Blue and White.
President—David Miller.
Vice-President—Ward Friberg.
Secretary—Miss Pearle Cloyd.
Treasurer—Miss Nellie Strain.
Valedictorian—Chester Allen.
Honorable Mention—Ralph Preas.
Historian—Miss Ina Bayless.
Yell Leader—Ward Friberg.
Class Day—May Fourteenth.
Baccalaureate Sermon—May Tenth.

Committees

Color—Preas, Coe, Lyle, Gaunt.
Flower—Bayless, Wallin, Faw.
Motto—Cloyd, Allen, Templin.
Pin—Gaunt, Strain, Gilmer.
Arrangements—Coe, Mettetal, Lyle.
Programme—Preas, Talley, Gilmer.
Yell—Friberg, Buck, Coe.



OFFICERS CLASS OF '08.
 W. PEARLE CLOYD, *Secretary* DAVID T. MILLER, *President* NELLIE STRAIN, *Treasurer*
 C. WARD FRIBERG, *Vice President*

The Graduates

NELLIE STRAIN

"Books were her passion and her delight."

RALPH AKARD PREAS

"Of studie took he most care and most hede;
Nought a word spake he more than was nede."

KATHERINE CAROLINE GILMER

"For she is fair to look upon and comely."

ALFRED CAIN GAUNT

"His eyes twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night."

MISS INA YOAKLEY

"Gentle of speech but absolute of rule."

RUTH LYLE

"There's nothing fair or beautiful, but takes
something from thee that makes it beautiful."

C. WARD FRIBERG

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

WILLIE PEARLE CLOYD

"You are an elegant scholar;
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the
turning of phrases."

N. B.—All names in conjunction with the group picture, (opposite page), begin at bottom row, reading from left to right.

HUBERT ERIC TEMPLIN

"Harmless and Innocent as a lamb."

INA MARY BAYLESS

"Noble in every thought, and in every deed."

JULIA DIMPLE METTETAL

"Her music is as the angels'."

CLEVELAND BEACH COE

"No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was."

EDITH EMMETTA TALLEY

"It would talk—Lord—how it would talk."

DAVID TAYLOR MILLER

"Swimming, skating, snowshoe races,
Excellent alike in all."

LORAH NETTIE WALLIN

"Beautiful in form and feature;
Lovely as the day."

CHESTER D. ALLEN

"He was not of an age but for all time."

JAMES MORRISON BUCK

"Alas, Alas, I see thou art in love."

GEORGE ISAAC FAW (Not in the group.)

"He is a ladies' man; his smiles are truly
winning."



CLASS OF NINETEEN-EIGHT

History of Class of 1908.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1905, will long be remembered as the day on which the Class of 1908 came into existence. There were nearly fifty of us; of all ages, sizes and dispositions.

This day was a momentous one in the life of each. As we entered the ancient hall, we saw grave seniors ascending the stairs and we, too, ascended in our imaginations. However, our upward flight was interrupted by Miss Reeves, the teacher of the Latin, and Miss Yoakley, of the English, eighth, who said, "This way, please", and we landed on the first floor. We soon met the remainder of the faculty, Mr. Pence and Miss Simpson, all of whom, with the addition of Miss Carr, were with us during the following year.

Our superintendent, Mr. Lowry, made us frequent, helpful visits, the result of which was a determination on the part of some to get down to business. How well we have kept pace with our good intentions, you will find by reading this history to the end.

In the fall of 1906, only twenty appeared on the scene—these alone had survived. Some had

decided that the life was too strenuous; others were not pleased with the decisions of the teachers; a few had moved away. We were not discouraged, remembering that the reward is always to the faithful. Two new members, having heard of the fame of the class, hastened to cast their lot with it; and by the middle of the year a knowledge of our work having reached the border city, our editor-in-chief was induced to come to us.

Our second year was one of hard work and good times—an unusual combination. Never did we hang around "Doubting Castle" but once; and that was when we met the "Oratio Obliqua". One of our happiest memories is of a social evening extended the class by its teacher, Miss Carr.

At the beginning of the the third and last year, there were only fifteen of the original number, not counting the ones who had joined during the second year. There was but one new member, (Nettie). At first, we were a disheartened lot, since Prof. Lowry, Mr. Pence, and Misses Simpson and Reeves, all of whom we loved, had gone from us.

But with Mr. Crouch to encourage, and Mr. Wampler and Misses Yoakley, Carr, Hatcher and McDonough to instruct, we soon fell to work and

are now approaching the end of the year, only three of our members having left us.

This is a brief history of our class, which is exceptional in that the boys surpass the girls, in numbers, scholarship, and good looks. As a fitting close, I will mention a few personal characteristics which may prove interesting.

Pearle—evidently does not rise with the lark, judging by the time she gets to school.

Nellie—a good girl, always too ready to help the one who hasn't made preparation.

Edith—our smallest girl, whose smile makes everyone cheerful.

Nettie—known for her love of a good time and her ever-ready answer, be it right or wrong.

Dimple—the faithful, comes through rain, sleet or snow, but is always present.

Ruth and Kate—two pretty girls, whose worst fault is their vanity, always worrying because their hair may not be in the most approved fashion.

Alfred (known as Jake)—our only member who has acquired that dignity, which makes a derby permissible.

Cleveland—never known to be still two minutes at a time and serious only on exams.

History of Class of 1908--Continued

Chester (Prof.)—known for his challenging every statement made by Mr. Burns or Mr. Carlyle—his argumentative manner—also his knowledge of science.

David (Huff)—our most worthy president. Though the duties and honors of his office weigh heavily upon him, they did not deprive him of time in which to invent a labor saving-machine. We will stake our all on his being able to escape work successfully.

Ward (Child)—the noisiest member of the class, having been chosen, because of his especial fitness, to lead the Yells; very popular with the teachers because he smiles at them.

Ralph (Took.)—quiet and peaceable. The only time he was known to upset the discipline of the room was on March 2d, when he came in wearing long trousers.

James (Jadie.)—never having done a hard day's work in his life, spends a large part of his time balancing his rule on the end of his nose and drawing pictures of the teachers; but somehow he usually knows his lessons.

Hubert (Eric the Red)—a favorite; more fluent on the athletic field than in the classroom.

Isaac—An industrious pupil, especially admired by the Post-graduate class.

Post-Graduate Class.

❧

Colors—Pink and green

Motto—"Finished, yet beginning."

President—Miss Edith Barton

❧

Winnie Wheeler

Ruby Baxter

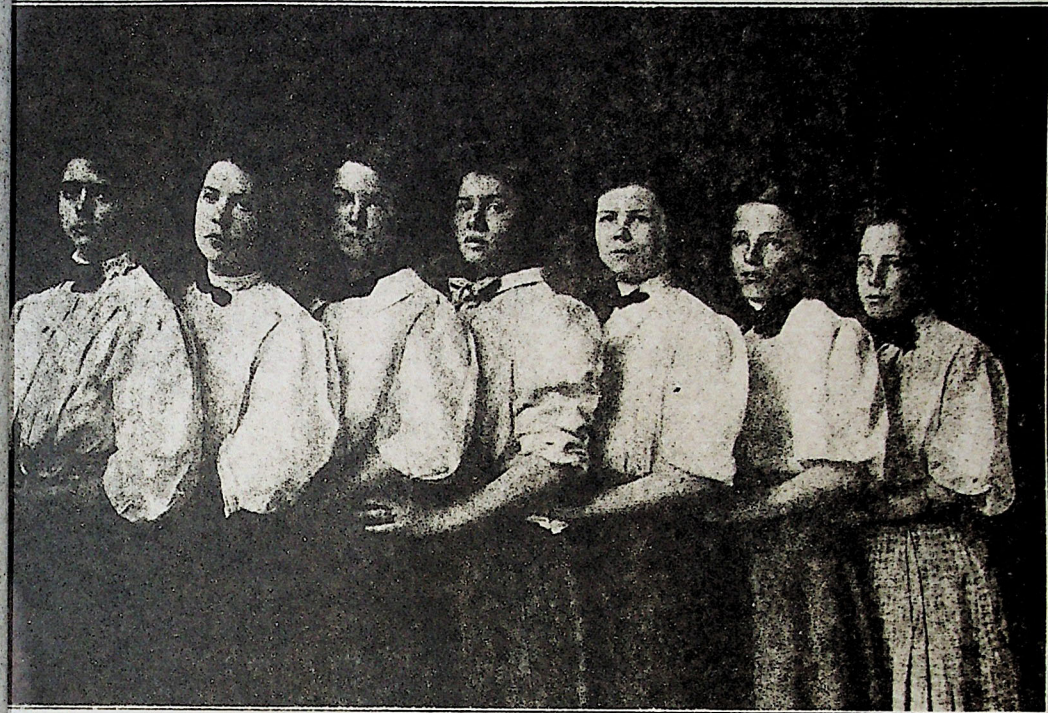
Lucile McCown

Bessie Slaughter

Lucile Sitton

Edith Barton

Ethel Barton



POST-GRADUATE CLASS

Junior Class



Colors—Orange and Brown

President—Florence Dickey

Secretary—Mary Nelson



Emily Miller

Amy Ward

John Hale

Ruby Hodges

Worley Harr

Edith Campbell

Nelle Crouch

Loren Long

Susie Remine

Katherine Wilson

(Not in the picture)

Gladys Berry

May Tomlinson

Inda Houtz

Miss Carr. (teacher)

Mary Nelson

Florence Dickey

Sarah Broyles

Lucile Martin

Will Barton

Lewis Smith

Clyde Brown



CLASS OF NINETEEN-NINE

"Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The Ninth Grade Class

T Is for teacher,
A monarch is she,
O'er each living creature
Who happens to be
A subject of her monarchy.

H Is for Houtz
By Inda she's known
Tho' as quiet as a mouse
Has a will of her own
(If you don't believe then, "let it alone.")

E Is for Edith
A *Campbell* indeed.
Where we are in desert
She's in the mead;
For the water of knowledge she will ne'er be
in need.

N Is for Nelle—
Who *Crouches* for time;
Tho' she's the class belle,
She thinks it no crime
Were she late or absent half of the time

I Is for "I am—
A fool" finishes the line, some say it flatly
But some are more kind
And just say "look o'er her" as if
I were a Blina—(?)

N Is for Nelson
Always *merry* and gay,
Except when the "mumps" came
And took her laughter away
I'll warrant then she had
Naught much to say.

T Is for Tomlinson
who *May* be a "Star"
Next year if she's studious
As she has been so far.
If not, I see prospects of on-coming war.

H Is for Harr who is Worley by name,
He may not be a "Star"
But he shines all the same
And some day perhaps he'll
Eclipse all in fame.

G Is for Gladys—
An orator by birth, whose elegant phrases
Oft causes us mirth;
And whose jolly presence is a
Blessing on earth

R Is for Remine,
For Ruby also,
Two pretty girlies,
Whom it would please you to know;
For their smiles are like sun-shine wherever
they go

The Ninth Grade Class—Continued

Is for Amy, to whom reward will be given
Here on earth
As well as in heaven;
For her examples are right
Ten times out of eleven.

D Is for Dickey, she's a bird, I'll admit,
Who is known for her beauty
And remarkable wit;
And, (as rumor will have it)
She's made many a hit.

E Is for "Ever,"
And "forever" it is
The Science Hill School
Is a sample of this
Tho' its walls remain solid
Many a "brick" has it missed.

C Is for Clyde—or rather Mr. Brown,
Whose face wears a smile
When it doesn't wear a frown.
(Some day he'll be policeman
If he doesn't make a clown).

L Is for Loren
Who is good all a *Long*.
For Lucile, it stands also, who never does wrong.
Put these names together,
Then sing you a song.

A Is for A boy, who was ne'er known to fail,
And I suppose you will know him
When I name him John Hale,
Who, tho' he has questions
To burn, has answers for sale.

S Is for Sarah, whose smile, ever bright,
Turns clouds to sunshine
And dark to daylight.
She is worthy of a prince, were a
King not in sight.

S Is for Smith, who through thick and thin
Masters his studies
With a confident grin,
But for criticism or praise
He cares not a pin.

There are two others, as good—
If not better
Than those to whom you are
Introduced by letter.

"Kat" is for Katherine, a chummie nickname,
Tho' instead of a wild Cat—
Our Kat is real tame.
But always when mischief is brewing
She's game.

"Bill" is for William
A nick-name too.
A handsome young laddie
With eyes of blue.
To see is to love him (and lots of 'em do).

(If with me you don't agree,
Then take your hat and "23").

"The Crater of Omnetepec".

IN the year 1894 I was living with my parents in the Ohio valley. One warm afternoon in July, I was riding after some sheep, when I found an old man, overcome by heat, lying unconscious in some bushes. I managed to place him on my horse, and take him home, where we did all we could to revive him. He lay in a stupor for two days, but on the afternoon of the second day he called me to him:

With a feeble voice he spoke the following words: "Boy-where-am-I?-I-was-walking-down-the-road-when-WATER,-boy-I-am-dying. You-brought-me-here?-Will-tell-you-something,-cause-you-helped-me.-I-am-the-only-one-left-of-Walker's-band.-All-were-shot-at-Mangua-but-me,-got-away." Here his voice grew weaker and weaker, and at last he was still; I thought he was gone, but in a few minutes arousing himself, he continued: "Give-me-some-water-boy,-the-ole-volcano-Omnetepec,-cave-back-of-shack,-money,-go-get-it-boy,-you-can-have-it,-Good-bye-boy-God-bless-you." With these words the old "Filibuster" passed away, and we buried him in the old family lot the next day.

A few days later I got an encyclopedia, looked up Walker, and found one General Walker, a Tennessean, who led a filibuster expedition into Nicaragua in 1857. He and his men were captured, and executed at Mangua, the capitol, in 1858.

I let the matter drop from my mind, but years later father sent me, having just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, to Mexico to regain my strength.

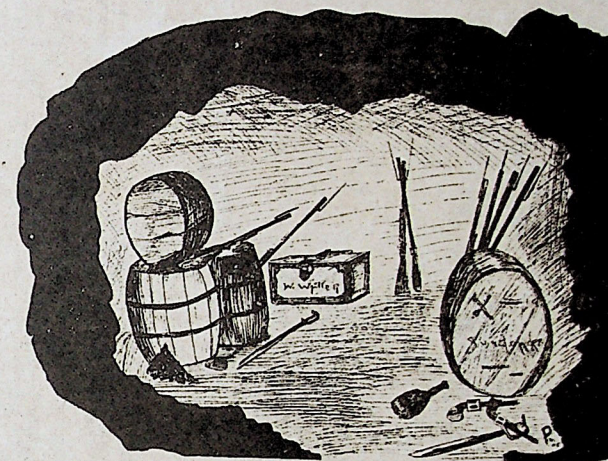
I had been there some time, exploring Aztec ruin, when I happened to think of the words of the old man. I told my friend J. De Alvarez, a boy of Spanish birth, whom I met in Mexico City, the story, and the result was that the next day each of us had procured miners clothes, a Winchester, and two Colt's pistols. We were on the Mexico Central; bound for Nicaragua. We arrived at our destination Saturday morning, and asked the clerk at the hotel where we stopped for the hunt mentioned, found he knew of the extinct volcano Omnetepec. In reply he replied, that he had never heard of the place, and referred us to the keeper of the National Museum. We went to the museum, and inquired of the keeper about the volcano; he went to

"The Crater of Omnetepec"—Continued

and took down an old map, and there about forty miles east of Mangua, found the cone of the extinct volcano Omnetepec, now known as C——. We procured four burros, some heavy sacks, and two lanterns. Early the following morning we set out, following the mountain road for thirty-six miles where it made a curve at the foot of the mountain. At this point, we left the old trail, and boldly cut the forest of our way through the thick under brush on the sides of the mountain, arriving at the summit at 5:30.

Standing on the edge of the crater, we saw spread out before us, a pretty lake, surrounded by a luxuriant growth of trees, and around the shores of the lake. We, walking seeking the hunt mentioned, found it over against the wall of the crater. It was built of rough

blocks of volcanic rock, nearly covered with creeping plants. The roof had fallen in and the door was gone; there was nothing inside but the decayed timbers of the roof. We went outside to find the mouth of the cave, but making the dis-



"The Crater of Omneteper"—Continued

covery that the house was built against the wall of the crater, concluded it to be entered from the hut. On entering the hut we found a large block of stone, which had no mortar around it. Prizing and working at this stone we, at length, succeeded in getting it removed.

First lighting the lanterns, we entered the opening, and found ourselves in a large cave, in the middle of which were several kegs of powder and shot, 12 Springfield rifles, 8 old muskets, 14 cutlasses, and 5 pistols. At first we did not pay much attention to these arms, for a large chest, which was fastened with a large rusted padlock, attracted our attention. This lock we burst, and on raising the lid, found the chest to be half full of buck-skin bags of gold; excitedly opening these and counting the money we found that we had 86,000 pesos, or about \$46,000 in our money, which gold Walker had captured when he robbed the mint at Mangus.

We then turned our burros loose, knowing that they would not wander far (there being an abundance of grass and water), had supper, and took turn about guarding the gold that night.

Early the next morning, we stored the gold in the bags, which we brought, and placed it on the burros.

Then making our way toward Mangua, we arrived at 4 p. m.; we carried the gold to the office of the American consul, who changed it into American currency for us.

Next morning we took the 5 o'clock train for Mexico City: I stopped for a few days with a friend, who lived there; then having regained health, we divided the money, and I took the K. & T. for St. Louis, and from there home.

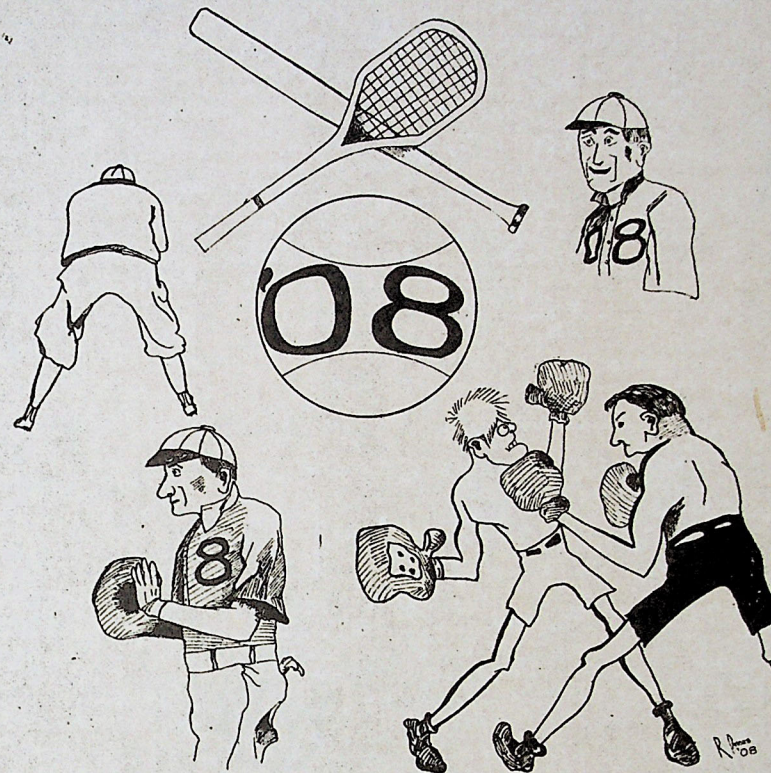
Words cannot express the surprise of my friends when I returned much improved physically and worth \$23,000.

ALFRED CAIN GAULT

About School

John—"Susie, won't you please help me? The editor says I have to make a joke for the Echo."

Lecturer—(from stage)—"Some people, who seem to be the laziest, are really the most industrious." Clyde Brown nods approvingly.



Athletics at Science Hill

IN the school year of 1907-'08, the students at Science Hill decided to form an Athletic Association. But alas, though our wills were good, our means were deficient. We neither have a gymnasium, nor a private athletic field, nor money to get even the barest necessities. Of course, without these, we could not have either a basket ball team or a tennis club. We did not get together soon enough in the autumn to have a football team, though there is some good material in the High School. Track, and similar teams were out of the question, as there is no similar team of boys anywhere near. This cut us out of everything but baseball.

This may seem a small pretext for appointing an interclass committee, but this committee also settled all questions between classes, such as selecting colors for the whole High School, (Maroon and White), which had been neglected by all classes till this year. The committee consisted of: Slaughter, Barton, '07; Friberg, Lyle, '08; Hale, Dickey, '09; Campbell, Hannah, '10.

The following players got together: Friberg, Miller, Buck, Templin, Coc, Barton, Wilson, (not in picture), Campbell, Hannah, Lyle and Gilmer. Dave Miller was elected captain and Ward Friberg, manager.

By dint of arduous labor the teams of Science Hill and Martha Wilder levelled a diamond on the

Hoss grounds, at the corner of Boone and Unaka avenue. Practice was begun as soon as the weather should last.

On Thursday, March 26, we opened with a game with the young men of Johnson City. We were defeated after a hard-fought battle, by the score of 10 to 7. The featured players were Fred King at the bat, Henn in center field, and Dave Moser with the phone, for Johnson City, and Milt Roe for us.

On the following Tuesday we played Martha Wilder on the Hoss grounds with disastrous results. It was our "off day," owing to Jas. Buck's management, which discouraged us, and we did not have half of our usual "snap" and were beaten 11 to 8, which was 8 to 3 in favor, in the sixth inning. There were errors on both sides.

We hope that next year we will be successful in several ways. We hope to have money at our disposal, to pay for renting baseball uniforms and equipment, and to cover the other expenditures of an Athletic Association. There is no reason why Johnson City should have as successful an organization as any other town, and a good deal more than some, for we are increasing in size and wealth, and the business of the town are awakening to the importance of a High School; and is not the training of the body as important as the training of the mind?



BASEBALL TEAM FOR 1907-'08

A Sombrero's Adventures.

THE Pacific express sung across the parched plain of Kansas one hot day in July. On the shady side of a day coach, Corneille Watson lounged with his head half out of the car window. After awhile he told his friend that he was going into the smoker. As he arose his friend said:

"Be careful and don't lose your big hat", meaning me.

"I will look out for that," returned Watson. "Though I would not mind the cost of the hat in money, but it contains a lot of interesting little souvenirs—that's what makes me love it so."

As Watson arose, I, his, sombrero, longed to tease him. As he stepped upon the car platform, I relaxed myself slightly. A gust of wind instantly brushed me off and I sailed by the car windows. I fell upon the prairie and enjoyed a good sun broil. How long I lay there I don't know. An insect lit upon me and entered through a bullet hole in my side. The darkness and the coolness seemed to suit it and in a few hours there were many more.

I was afraid lest these insects would injure. In my very dome was a photograph of Watson and love messages from women adorned my band and on it I based my hopes of rescue and tortation to him.

One morning I heard voices. Present people appeared; they were on wild horses. A man was elderly and the woman was young and beautiful. Suddenly the young lady stopped.

"What is it, Ruth?" asked the man. She pointed at me.

"Do, uncle, get it for me," she said.

The old man yielded. He prized me from my muddy bed by inserting the toe of his boot under my rim, and then he started back, as a swarm of bees greeted him. After scraping the mud from me he handed me to Ruth Elphinstone. That evening I was given a bath, and in the morning she put me on. She cruelly thrust long a pin through my heart, and then she jabbed another in my side. Instead of being slung under a bed with Watson's boots, I was laid on a table or hung on a rack with a lot of bonnets. After a few days Ruth

A Sombrero's Adventures—Continued

sash about my crown and covered up my bullet hole. She said the sight of it made her shudder.

One day I felt her turn my sweat band down and heard her read his name and address. From that moment I longed for the marriage of Ruth and Watson. I determined to drop off on every possible occasion and turn bottom side up, that she would see his picture and be reminded of him. As she became interested in him and admired his picture, she was less willing to communicate with him. One evening on the resolution to banish all the thoughts of Watson forever from her mind, Ruth tore me from her head and flung me into a corner of the room. In another moment she caught me up, kissed me many times and begged my forgiveness which I neither granted nor denied. Then she put me her head, sat down to a writing desk and wrote a letter to Watson about me.

On the last day of her stay at the ranch, for she was going to her home at New York, she received

a letter from Watson. He was to sail for South America in a few days and would call for me when he returned.

One of Ruth's suitors was a Spaniard. After Ruth showed him Watson's picture, he hated me. One day the Spaniard came for a final answer to his proposal of marriage. He tore me from the rack and threw me on the floor. He raised his foot and I awaited the blow. But a tall man approached and jerked me up. It was my beloved owner.

After the Spaniard had left, Ruth turned to Watson, as he arose to go, and said: "Will you take the hat with you?"

"I'm going up town some distance," he said, "and it would be in my way. If you don't mind, I'd like to call again for it." Then he added quickly, "of course, if you don't want to see me, the servant can give it to me."

He looked at Ruth eagerly and she held out her hand.

"When you call, ask for me," she said.

INDA E. HOUTZ.

King Lear.

SHAKESPEARE'S plays are great because they show the connection between deeds and character—the wonderful way in which one event hinges upon another or flows out of it; the return of deeds to the doer, and the influence of one person upon another.

In *King Lear*—that seemingly hopeless tragedy—the chapters are taken from the books of life, and deal with the deepest passions and impulses, the highest affections and most appalling hates; presenting the entire comedy and tragedy of human experience.

King Lear, of Britain, decided that as he was growing old, he would lay aside the cares of the crown and divide his estates among his three daughters, reserving only the rights to maintain one hundred knights for his individual use, and to spend the time in his daughters' homes.

The division was to be made according to their profession of love for their father. Goneril and Regan, the two elder sisters, proclaimed their love in extravagant language, saying that he was dearer to them than space or liberty, riches or wealth;

while Cordelia, the youngest daughter, who loved most devotedly, said that she loved him as a daughter should. In anger and disappointment, Lear divided his kingdom between Goneril and Regan, thus disinheriting Cordelia. He ordered her banishment from the kingdom. It was then that the Duke of Kent, an old and faithful subject, realizing the injustice of the king's action, tempted to plead Cordelia's cause, and, in the king's anger, was banished from the kingdom also.

At this time the King of France, one of Cordelia's suitors, who cared not for her father's anger, who loved her for herself alone, married the girl and took her to share his throne.

In the meantime Lear, still grieving over Cordelia's conduct, retires with Goneril and Regan, the Duke of Albany, to their home.

When he had been there but a short time, servants, under the instructions of Goneril, began to quarrel and find fault with the king's actions, and even to slight him in person.

Now the Duke of Kent, who had returned to the kingdom in disguise, and had secretly gathered the king's knights, tripped one of the servants

refused to do Lear's bidding. Goneril, pretending to be angry on account of this, demanded that her father dismiss half of his knights or else leave her house. Lear, hurt and disappointed, by this lack of affection, and realizing the folly in casting aside his power, had his horses saddled and departed immediately to Regan's home, determined to test her love for him. Goneril dispatched a message in all haste to Regan telling her how she must treat their father; and Regan to avoid receiving him hurriedly went to the Duke of Gloucester's.

Then Goneril followed her father and she and Regan, meeting him in Gloucester's castle, demanded that he dismiss all his knights and allow himself to be waited upon by their servants. Lear, urged by his grief and anger, followed by Kent and a faithful few, rode out over the heath in the face of a coming storm. His pitiful condition is here fitly described in the following lines. "Contending with the fretful elements, Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea or swell the curved waters above the main, That things might change or cease; tears his white hair.

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, Catch in their fury and make nothing of; Strives

in his little world of man to out scorn. The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."

Now Cordelia, who was informed of her father's movements, hearing of his misfortune and ill treatment, readily gains consent of her husband, the king, to take French armies to the British shores and avenging her father's insults regain for him his kingdom.

The Duke of Gloucester had two sons; Edgar, the heir to his estates, and Edmund, an illegitimate son. Edmund who coveted his father's land and thoroughly hated his brother, sent false letters and sought to convince his father that Edgar was conspiring against him, and so well did he succeed, that Edgar was forced to assume the garb and actions of one hopelessly insane and flee to the heath for his life.

In accordance with Cordelia's determination the French armies were speedily landed on the British shores. The Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, Goneril and Regan's husbands, taken completely by surprise, believed the Duke of Gloucester to have been instrumental in bringing the army

King Lear—Continued

there; seizing the unfortunate Duke they put out his eyes and turned him out on the desert to die. In his wanderings he was met by Edgar, his son, who led him from place to place and administered to his wants. The dukes quickly marshalling their forces on the field near Dove, met and defeated the French army. Lear and Cordelia who were taken prisoners would have been pardoned by the Duke of Albany, had not Edmund issued an order that Cordelia should be hanged at once.

Lear learning the fate of his beloved daughter, hastened to her only in time to cut down her dead body. Goneril, Regan and her husband all met death, caused by jealousy. Edmund died at the hands of Goneril and Regan who loved him. Lear meets the crowning sadness of his life in the death of Cordelia.

"Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little," is the cry of a heart broken with grief. As Lear fell lifeless over Cordelia's body, Kent spoke most truly when he said, "Vex not his ghost; O let him pass, he hates him much, Who would upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out longer." Finis.

DIX.

About School.

In 11th Grade—Besse and Edith are afraid to use their text-books much for fear they can't get a good price for them next year.

Ruby doesn't seem to do anything but make resolutions and hold them for three minutes, by the end of which time she has a new one thought out.

Wonder why Besse always wants a study period instead of a recitation?

Lost, strayed or stolen—a little gray pony comes to the name of Ted. A liberal reward is offered by the Eleventh Grade. In case he is not found, won't some kind member of the Tenth Grade tell us where we can get another one, as they all seem to know.

Wonder why Ruby always wants the first topic or the first problem?

Miss Sitton—"Hang this crazy old school house."

Mr. Wampler—"Miss Lucy, I think your adjectives are far inferior to your subject." (?)



RALPH A. PREAS.
Art Editor

ECHO STAFF FOR 1907-'08
CLEVELAND B. COE, Editor and Business Manager
ALFRED C. GAUNT, Assistant Editor

BESSE SLAUGHTER,
Humorous Editor

West Side Grammar School.

THE building of the new West Side Grammar School has, of late, been eagerly, and rather enviously, watched by the High School pupils. It is a splendid building anyway, but seems especially so, compared to Science Hill.

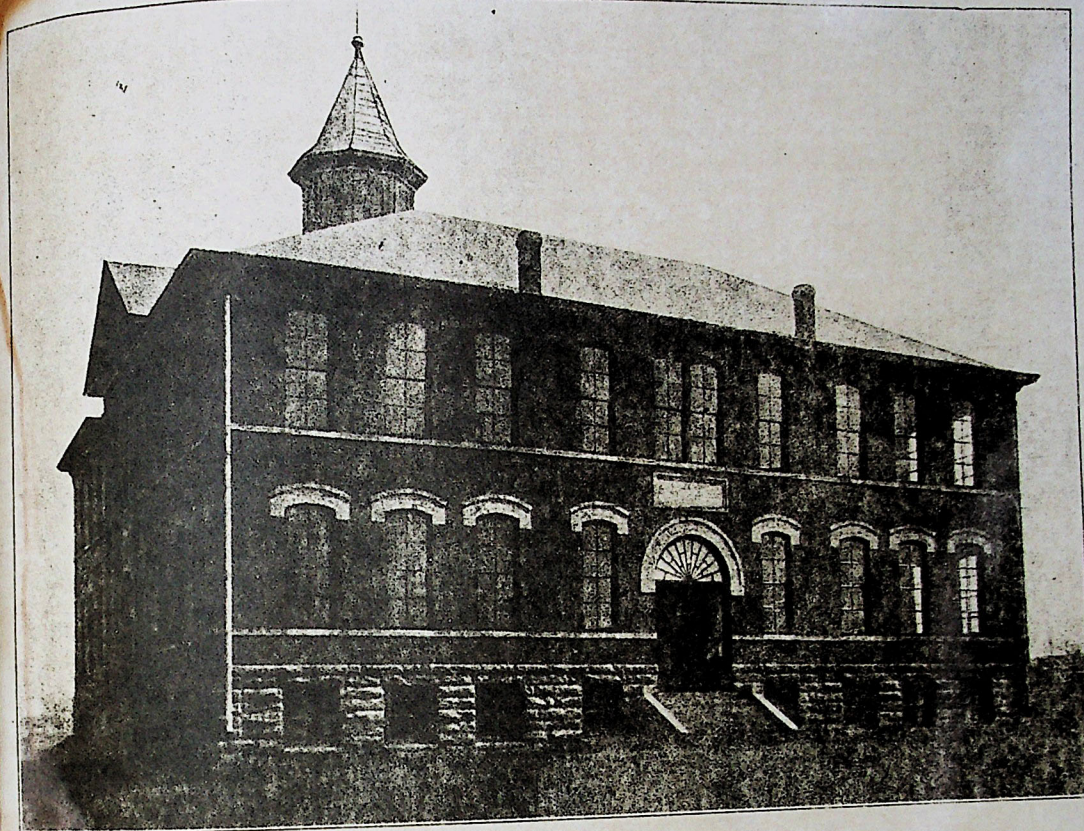
In the basement, there are two play-rooms; one for boys and the other for girls; with a finely fitted lavatory opening out of each. The play-rooms are spacious and well lighted. They are heated by steam and have cement floors. They form splendid places to gather in, on a rainy day. Between the two, there is a capacious steam heater with large bins for fuel. There are two wide staircases, leading out of the basement, both having landings, half-way up, with large double doors, opening outward, for exits.

The first floor has three large class-rooms, one smaller room, and a very large hall. The class-rooms are very commodious, each having one cloak-

room, seven windows, three steam radiators, a ventilator opening, closed by a register, and two closets, one in the room itself and the other in the cloak-room. The small room could be used for almost anything, from a principal's office, or a library, to a small class-room, holding about fifteen pupils. There are three exits from the first floor, two described above, and the main entrance in front. The hall is so large that all the pupils in the building could assemble in it.

The second floor is almost the same as the first, except that there are two more small rooms in place of the main entrance. There are two wide staircases with wide landings.

The entire building is built of red brick, foundations are of native limestone and is trimmed with buff faced brick. All exits are very wide with double doors opening outward so that a repetition of the Collinwood disaster here is next to impossible. A rigid fire drill will be kept up in order to accustom the children to getting out quickly. The building will be opened for occupancy next September.



WEST SIDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Editorial

LONG trousers are the sole idea now occupying the minds of the boys at Science Hill.

"MACBETH" comes as an immense relief after Carlyle, at least the Tenth Graders think so.

WM. SILVER has kindly offered to give a gold medal to the one having the highest scholarship and best deportment in the Tenth Grade.

THE building of the new Methodist Church has given those, who sit near the window, and don't want to study, something to look at, for some time.

WE were glad when the flag was again brought into use over Science Hill, even though the flag-tenders were wont to get out on the roof and "cut the pigeon wing."

WHILE the High School pupils have mostly been too busy with Latin and Mathematics, yet they have been keeping one eye on the new West Side Grammar School as a possible High School.

THERE is nothing that will make your room more beautiful or distinguished than a J. C. H. S. '08 penant, now on sale at the Bee Hive. At least we think so. There are others, however, of different classes, who think differently.

WE had hoped to publish translations of songs Nos. 59 and 115, but it was harder to do than we thought. Winnie Wheeler, '07; Ralph Preas and David Miller, '08, and Will Barton, '09, all got them translated, but were unable to put them to rhyme.

THE Class of '09 has been showing some wonderful Class Spirit this year. They have elected a President, Secretary and a Critic, and selected some colors. They also bade us defiance, by way of a challenge to a spelling match. We accepted it promptly and beat them, on our own ground, by 2 to 0. They then gave dark hints as to what they would do if we dared to come into their room, whereupon we challenged them and beat them 5 to 0. After recuperating for several months they again spelled against us and were again defeated.

Editorial—Continued

MR. CROUCH held a fire-drill on March 15, to see how fast we could get out in case of fire. We got out in one minute and ten seconds. That was fairly quick, but we assure him that that is *nothing* to what we would do in case of actual fire. He has had the two exits made to open outward.

"WHENCE comes that sweet music? Methinks angels must be near," remarks the passer-by at the foot of Science Hill on Tuesday afternoon, and stops to hear the flutter of the wings. As he does he realizes that it is only the High School Glee Club practicing "Babes in Toyland." This organization, which is a permanent one, under the able management of Miss Barton, is doing fine work, and it is to be hoped that it will be even better next year.

IN venturing this little volume into the lime-light, we plead, not it's literary merit, but that it is the annual which we hope to make an everlasting memorial of the class of Nineteen-Eight, and to make it a "thing of beauty and a joy forever"

to the members of this class, and of interest to its friends. We have tried to make it a little different in outline from former annuals, holding that things grow monotonous by repetition. We would also like to thank every person who has helped to make it a success, including the business men of the town, who have made it possible for us to publish it.

THE president of the class of '08 does not approve of having to give the Salutatory on Class Day; but, since he could not have the honors of the office, without the work, he has decided to make the best of a bad business. When it comes to choosing colors for the class, there was open war among the members for a while. At first the class selected Maroon and Gold and wore them for some weeks. However, we soon tired of them as it is entirely too loud, and we were unable to get the right shade of either color without sending away for it. We then decided on the old reliable blue and white, colors we need not be ashamed of, and which were easily procurable in ribbon, sweater, hatband, necktie or socks.



LAST DAY OF SCHOOL



GOOD ADVICE



THINGS YOU WANT

and must have, if you would be correctly attired. And they can only be found at THE GLOBE.
"The store that sells Cheaper."

Royal Worcester Corsets,
Star and Queen dressskirts
S. H. and M. guaranteed
silk petticoats; Brockport,
Irving Drew and Ultra
shoes for women.

McCall Patterns,
Centemeri Kid Gloves,
Walk-over Shoes
for men.

DeVAULT & HANNAH

Phone 238 Opposite Postoffice

Johnson City, Tenn.

F. R. WEEMS

o — DEALER IN — o

Groceries and Fresh Meats

Public Square and Market St. Phone 294

Johnson City, Tenn.

Watauga Electric Company

Heat, Power, Light, Fans, Electric Stoves,
Irons and Curling Irons

Best Coal at the Least Price

PARDUE'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunch Room for Ladies and Gents

Best Coffee in the city. Ice Cream. All kinds of Soft Drinks. Furnished Rooms. Clean Linen. Everything clean. Meet your friends.

You're Always Welcome

Corner Buffalo St. and Public Square Phone 214.
Near Southern Express Office.

This Magazine was printed by
J. W. Cass Printing Co.

Wedding Invitations and Visiting Cards
Printed and Engraved. All kinds of Com-
mercial Printing done to order. ❧ ❧

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

J. E. CROUCH
Books, Magazines, School Supplies

FULL LINE EATON HURLBUT STATIONERY

Blair's Keystone Tablets

PHONOGRAPHS

❧ Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens ❧

RECORDS

J. B. Cox

COX & COX
Attorneys at Law
Armbrust-Smith Building
Rooms 6 and 7

A good way to start in the world is to
SAVE YOUR MONEY

and put it in the Savings
Department of the

City + National + Bank

They will pay you 4 per cent.

Jackson Grocery Co.

PURE FOODS

Prompt Delivery. Fair Prices
O —SPECIAL AGENTS FOR—O

German-American High Grade Coffee
and Knoxville Bread and Rolls Fresh Every Day

Phone No. 46 Johnson City, Tenn. 113 Public Square

Summers-Parrott Hardware Co.

THE PLACE TO BUY

Screen Doors

and Windows

Ice Cream Freezers

Lawn Mowers

Refrigerators

and all kinds of

Spring Hardware

Frank Taylor

The acknowledged head-
quarters for bargains in

**Fine Dress Goods, Silks and
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.

Walter P. R. Pember
ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER
Johnson City. Bristol.

Come to S. E. GUINN

For your Tobacco and Cigars, Fine Candies, Fruits of all kinds, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks, Milk Shakes and Hot Drinks in season. Lunches, Hot Coffee, Hot Winnies, Hot Tamales.

We Do You Right

Public Square Johnson City, Tennessee

OUR SPRING LINES

are now complete. Men's and Boys' Nobby Suits in Brown and Greys. A large assortment of Men's and Boys' Oxfords, Pattons, Tans and Vices. Hats and Gents' Furnishings in large quantities. We want your trade

Next to P. O. THE HUB J. A. Parsons, Prop.

Victor Talking Machines

FOR SALE BY

WM. SILVER & Co.

Watchmakers, Opticians, Jewelers

Main Street, Johnson City, Tennessee

Gumps

Clothing and Furnishings

Johnson City, - Tennessee

Cargille's Art Gallery

High Class Photography

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES

Frames made to Order

She

Looks for Style
Looks for Service
Looks for Economy.

Every woman wants this trinity of features in her dress, skirt, waist and shoes, or whatever article of dress she may be looking for. She'll find 'em at

WHISMAN BROTHERS

MAIN STREET

The
Unaka National
Bank

Johnson City, Tenn.

Capital paid in	- - -	\$100,000.00
Surplus	- - -	65,000.00

This Bank issues interest bearing certificates of deposit

We want YOUR Business

Domestic and Steam
COAL

We can supply your Coal wants. Let us have your orders. Quality and satisfaction guaranteed. Try our Blue Gem for cook stoves. Ring either phone 398 or 292.

HAVI-SUPI COAL COMPANY

COX & SELLS
Attorneys

JOHNSON CITY

Burrow Building

TENNESSEE

173039

Barton Mountcastle Hardware Company

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HAMMOCKS, LAWN SWINGS, ODORLESS REFRIGERATORS

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers, Ice Boxes, Perfection Oil Stoves, Lawn Mowers,
Lawn and Garden Tools, Fishing Tackle and Base Ball Supplies

Main Street

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

Brading and Marshall

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

LUMBER

and Builders' Supplies

IN THE BIG SHED

Corner Buffalo, Cherry, Ash Sts.

AGENCY ESTABLISHED 1886

Geo. T. Wofford
H. M. Burleson

Unsurpassed Facilities
for Handling Large Lines

WOFFORD BROS. INSURANCE

KING BUILDING
TELEPHONE 77

JOHNSON CITY

TENNESSEE

JOHNSON CITY,

TENNESSEE

J. B. WORLEY

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

Fresh Meats

PHONE 127

VINES

S. W. PRICE

VINES & PRICE

Attorneys and Counsellors At Law

173039

The Hart and Houston Store

EVERYTHING FOR
COMMENCEMENT

We Will Appreciate Your Trade

Johnson City Traction Company



SCHOOL CHILDREN

Can Buy 40 CAR
TICKETS For \$1.00

THE BEE HIVE

A Store for the Whole Family

FINE MILLINERY a Specialty

WARD & FRIBERG
PROPRIETORS

S. E. N. MOORE

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

OFFICE: Rooms 4 and 5

JOHNSON CITY,

Unaka National Bank Building

TENNESSEE

I want to be

YOUR TAILOR

Call and examine my line of
Piece Goods and get prices. We
do cleaning, pressing, repairing

210 Main St.

W. B. CROUCH