

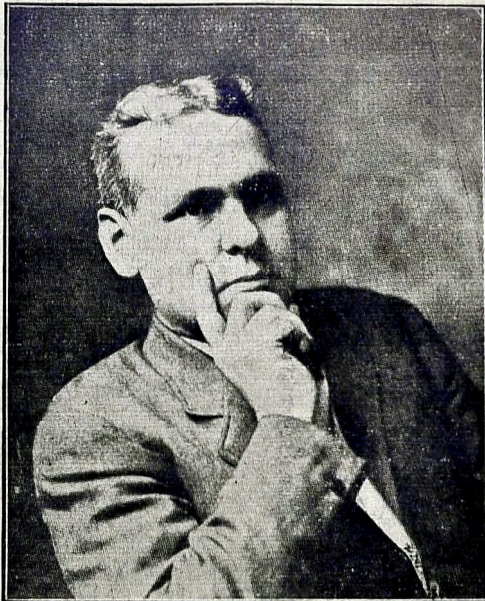
The Central Digest

Vol. I

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 6

Central's Hall of Fame.



PRESIDENT JOHN H. RACE, D. D.

Published by the Students of CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
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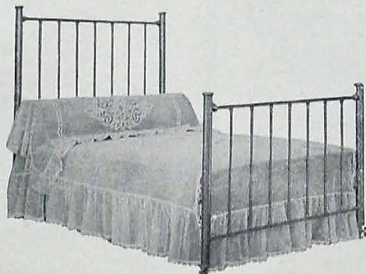
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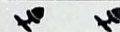


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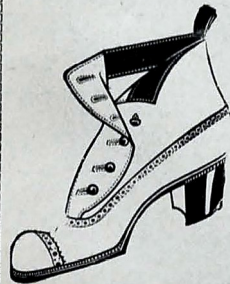


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The Central Digest

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1911

No. 6

PRESIDENT JOHN H. RACE, D. D.

Our representative this month has been chosen from the educational field; and who could be more fittingly selected than John H. Race, President of the University of Chattanooga? As an educator he stands high among those of his profession, and his accomplishments in connection with the institution of which he is chief executive, make him well known throughout the country. His activities, however, have not been limited to this line. As a citizen of Chattanooga, he has always been ready to do everything in his power for the public welfare. He is a prominent and enthusiastic member of the Chamber of Commerce, and is this year chairman of one of the most important committees, the committee on public park system.

Immediately after his graduation from Princeton University in 1890, Doctor Race was ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and took a position on the faculty of a well known preparatory school in Pennsylvania, Wyoming Seminary. After four year's work here, which laid the foundation for his later activities in the educational line, he became pastor of a prominent church in Binghamton, New York. He served in this position for four years, at the end of which time he was elected to the position which he now holds.

His administration at the University of Chattanooga has been a period of steadily increasing prosperity for that institution. To illustrate, several notable changes may be mentioned. The first of these was the establishment of the University, then known as Grant University, in Chattanooga in 1904. This was followed, in 1906, by the changing of the name. The same year, permanent endowment fund of over \$200,000 was secured. Previous to this, there had been practically no such fund, and the finances of the institution were in a rather precarious condition. The endowment, needless to say, was a great step in advance. The year 1910, in the history of the University, was notable for the transfer of the property to a local Board of Trustees. The wisdom of such a step is obvious, both for the interest of the institution and of the city. The most recent accomplishment of the present administration has been the recognition by the General Education Board by an offer of \$150,000 toward a fund of \$500,000, \$200,000 to be expended on buildings, and the remainder to be added to the endowment.

Two new buildings have also been erected due to Doctor Race's efforts. The same is true of the school at Athens, the preparatory department of the University. During his entire administration, it has been the aim of those at the helm to make their institution the complement of the public school system of this section of the state, an effort which the citizens of this county appreciate.

The optimism and genial personality of Doctor Race have won him many friends among the residents of this community, as his ability has gained for him admirers. The Digest takes pleasure in adding him to its "Hall of Fame."

THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

All the world was wondering, anticipating, fearing, for Washington the conqueror lay dangerously ill at his Virginia home at Mount Vernon.

He, who had given almost all of his life to America, he whom the world loved dearly, was dying and from such a simple illness. But his day was o'er, his work done, and he was well content to die.

In vain famous physicians bled him and worked with him for he was weak and worn out, his constitution unable to throw off the unmerciful clutches of croup, which held him.

For two short days he lingered and then the saddest day of all America, the day of his death, dawned. On that fateful day many a heart was sad, many a brave eye dimmed while in the death mansion all was hushed and silent.

Softly the clock ticked away the slowly passing time. The house wore an air of mourning and, gathered in Washington's bed-chamber, were the doctors and members of the family. Only an occasional sob broke the silence. Then on the twelfth day of December, 1799, George Washington's soul passed to its final reward.

All the world lamented, for all the world had grown to look upon Washington as the greatest man of the time. Kings and nations put on mourning for him and over all the world was heard the solemn peal of bells and the muffled beat of drums, while the flags were dropped to half-mast.

"So passed the strong heroic soul away."

J. B.

Doctor Garrett—"Rufus what is a double rest?"
R.—"Two nights at home."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

PATRIAE PATER.

Young people of Central, you certainly have no reason to be unfamiliar with the face and the fame of the great man whose birthday was celebrated at Central as elsewhere on 22 inst. In the Senior Hall is the beautiful equestrian portrait, which with the flags which adorn it, is the gift of Newell Sanders, and in the Junior Hall the engraving taken from a famous oil painting portrait, the gift, together with the flags, of John A. Patten, both these gentlemen distinguished citizens of our community, and friends of education. In the Spanish room is the fine picture of the National Capitol at the city of Washington, and the various smaller flags and pictures of Washington, of Martha Washington and of Washington crossing the Delaware, which last year were presented to various departments of Central by the Spanish Society (the Sociedad de Estudiantes del Castellano) have served to keep the thought of the Father of his Country fresh in our minds.

If you go to the city of Washington, one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful city in the world, you will see the towering Washington monument, one of the loftiest structures in the world. And when you go to New York, which will perhaps during your lifetime be the largest city in the world, go on Broadway to Trinity Church, then, across the street from the church, enter the little but famous street called Wall Street and only a short distance from Broadway, you will find on your left hand, in front of the United States sub-treasury building, a large statue of Washington with an inscription showing that on that spot he took the oath of office when he first became president of the United States. And if you look in the northwest corner of the map of the main portion of the land under our flag you will find the State of Washington, the only state to be given the name of an individual.

But if you could sink beneath the surface of the ocean every foot of soil over which our flag floats and destroy every American on the face of the globe, the name and fame of Washington would endure.

Men and women who know little or nothing of any other American, who can not speak our tongue and are largely ignorant of our history, know and revere the name of our great man.

Could you ask a citizen of each nation of the earth to name the two greatest men of history, one of them not to be of his country, perhaps three-fourths, or even four-fifths, of them would name one man of his own country, and for the other, name Washington.

Admiral Cervera, that great-hearted Spaniard who so endeared himself to our people by his chivalrous conduct to Hobson and his men who fell into his hands as prisoners, wrote to an American friend that

Washington was one of the greatest characters in the history of the whole world, and when in his last illness wrote with his own hand a beautiful letter which was read at the celebration of Washington's birthday in Central two years ago. Lord Byron, the great British poet, while his nation was still sore over the success of our Revolution, paid him a beautiful tribute in one of his poems, calling him

"The first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West."

Why is the name of Washington so revered? Why do we all so delight to use the words of Light Horse Harry Lee;

"First in war,
First in peace,

And first in the hearts of his countrymen?"

There is not space here to give you any adequate description of the great man's life or his character. But it may be said briefly that his name so lives in the hearts of men, at home and abroad, because he was not only a great man but a good man, a man who did great things for the welfare and glory of his Country and who kept the welfare of his Country foremost in his mind instead of seeking his own profit or glory.

When he was called to the head of the patriot armies and past thru New York on his way to take command of the troops investing Boston, there were only four barrels of gunpowder in New York City, and he about to fight the mighty British Empire. He fought the war thru under shocking discouragements, short of men, of money, of supplies, and always with the possibility of being taken and put to death as a traitor instead of being treated as a soldier. When peace came he might have sought to be made king of the land he had done so much to save, but he looked not to his own glory but the welfare of his Country, and after serving twice as president and declining a third election he retired to his farm and led the life of a private citizen, the once when there seemed danger of another foreign war, he agreed to command the army.

You, young people, heirs of the precious heritage of citizenship in this great Nation, should never forget how much you owe to the labors and life of the great and good man we are proud to call Father of his Country.

C. D. M.

A little boy had been asking his mother so many questions that she got worried and told him that curiosity once killed a cat.

That silenced him awhile but after a little while said, "Mother what was it that the cat wanted to know?"

HOW A RAILSPITTER SUCCEEDED.

In the days when pioneers were pushing their homes toward the Mississippi and when the western section beyond that great river was a vast wilderness, there was born in a Kentucky home a babe—a baby boy—destined to become one of America's most famous men. Among the very depths of poverty was this lad reared. His father owned practically nothing, not even the farm on which he was located.

The early school education of this young son was very limited because of the fewness of schools at that time, and all that he did know he learned at home under the careful direction of his mother. Meanwhile, he helped earn the family's scanty living on the farm and by chopping wood and splitting rails his muscles were greatly strengthened until he became almost a man in boyhood days.

He developed from his early youth a desire for knowledge. Every book in the neighborhood, that was at his disposal, he would read. His studies were constantly interrupted by the family's moving from place to place, this migration being brought about by that intense pioneer spirit in his father's breast.

In Indiana was passed his young manhood. Here he began to think of his future—laying out plans for his life's work. He worked hard all the hours of the day in trying to gain knowledge. He studied English grammar under one of his friends in the village, under whom he achieved marked success. Other subjects he studied such as the Bible and Shakespere. Besides the love of knowledge, he was a lover of jokes. We find him associating with the fun-makers of the town, over whom he came to be the leader. It was here that our hero learned those qualities which from that time to his death won friends for him.

At a later date when a national convention had been called to make a nomination for president, his friends did not forget him—they did not forget the many blessings he had brought to their door while he was in the state legislature. At the mentioning of his name, the entire audience burst forth into a praising uproar, which took many minutes to quiet. It is useless to mention the outcome of the nomination. Having ascended to the highest position that this country affords, he administered justice to everyone. In the great Civil War he tried to be a friend to the seceded states, he tried to pass such measures as would benefit the Southerners and after the war, still continued to be a friend of the South, even greater than before. He was planning to cause a happy reunion of our divided country, when his precious life was cut short at the hands of an assassin. How many of us would sacrifice our lives for our country? For did not this man sacrifice his life for his country in that he placed himself in such great dangers in trying to unite the separated. Who of us will reach the pitch of success

attained by this man, whose school days amounted to less than a year? Which one of us could see success beyond ciphering on a fire shovel? Was success due to some great deed of his? No,—he attained success, because he made many friends in early life who ever supported him. In him was politeness, kindness and regard for his fellow-beings. These qualities made the grand Old Abraham Lincoln, and if we put them in our hearts and combine them with our excellent school facilities we will perform our duty in "Rail-splitter" style, that duty we owe to dear Old America. J. N. '12

CENTRAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Central Literary Society has been equally divided into two parties, called the Purples and the Golds. Henry Haenseler and F. B. Bogart are the captains of these parties respectively. The four participants of the weekly debates are chosen by their respective captains, two being chosen from each party. One party chooses the subject and the other party chooses the side of the question, that they wish to uphold.

The first debate held was on the subject "Resolved that the Suburbs of Chattanooga should be annexed." The speakers for the Purple were Nesbit Hargraves and Tom Solomon, while those for the Gold who had the affirmative, were Ernest Taylor and Wm. Brown. The decision which the judges rendered was in favor of the affirmative speakers.

The next debate was held on the thirteenth day of January. The subject was "Resolved that Education should be compulsory." The Gold speakers, who were Drew Massee and Evander Raulston, again chose the affirmative side of the question. The speakers for the Purple party were Joe Nicholson and Thomas McMillan. The Gold side won.

The next debate was held on the third day of February. The subject was "Resolved that the United States should retain the Philippine Islands." The Purple party chose the affirmative side of the question, and for their debaters they chose Henry Haenseler and Harold Hill. For the Gold party Creed Bates and Ernest Holt were chosen. The debate was won by the Purple speakers.

The question now is, who shall represent Central in the Inter-Prep School debate? This will be contested with McCallie on the fourteenth of March,—the winners of the debate with City High,—it having been decided that Central should challenge the winner of that debate. Central is to submit the subject and allow McCallie the choice of sides.

The winner of this debate will hold the championship of the Inter-Prep School Debating Society of Chattanooga. Wm. D. Brown, '12.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

It was nine o'clock on one of those cool spring nights which makes one feel that he cannot close his eyes to the soft moonlight which floods the newly planted fields and fills one with the romantic thoughts of childhood.

The old darkie gently stroked his snowy beard and drowsily hummed a "fo' de walt" tune, all the time trying to think how that "tater" was going to taste when "hit was done." His reverie was interrupted by a patter of childish footsteps on the shanty's gravel approach and an instant later a boyish figure, in a nightgown, shut out the moon's radiance at the cabin door.

"Sh! Uncle Lige, dady and mother are in the rustic seat in the orchard. They put me to bed, but I couldn't sleep and so 'slipped off so you could tell me one story and then I'll go right to bed."

Not once heeding the old darkies remonstrances he produced a generous chunk of ginger bread as a bribe which the old darkie accepted still urging the boy to "gwan back to the mistus and I'll tell you a tale tomorrow." This compromise had no effect for the boy settled himself down on the rag carpet, rested his chin on his knees and demanded Uncle Lige to go ahead and just as soon as he finished and not before would the shanty be vacated.

"Honey, oh done run dry o tale yoh ask dis here ole nigger so much."

"Don't you remember Uncle Lige, you have never told me about the man in the moon." And with this the boy turned his face toward the fire with the manner of a ten year old.

"Well, if ah don't disremember, hit was something like dis: A long time ago befo' my mammy waz bo'n, the man in the moon had a wife like every odder young feller. But his spouse wuz kinder high falutin an always wanted a spring hat, an' dresses an' sech like. Well, de ole feller stood de 'spence a long time, till, one day he hab a convesashun wid his uncle Mistur Sun, and de Sun say: 'I don't stan my wife hittin de high gate when Oh'm at home.' Den de Moon say 'an oh hain't gwine to no more,' and wid dat he start off home an' fin' his wife frizzen 'er har, an' hit make him so mad dat he say, 'What foh you always combin yoh har stead o'tendin to de pichaninnies.' Den she be riled to and say to him, 'Yoh kin tend yoh own pichaninnies.' He get mad-der ever an' go off an' sue 'or foh a divo'ce, and den come back and kick 'er out o' his pa'ht o' de sky, and 'es been laughin about hit ever since. And honey if yoh watch 'im close sometimes yoh can see him grin wide like a pumkin on Haloween and den yoh kin pend on hit dat somebody down here is gettin a divo'ce and de old moon is pining to tink how easy he got rid of his."

Here the old darkie looked at his listener. The curly head had sunk to the floor, and its locks were tossed over the childish forehead in a way to call forth admiration even from the old negro. "He shore is a purty chile, but he's done asleep and now Ah'll have to kerry him up to de misses." T. M.

LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY.

Abraham Lincoln, from his earliest boyhood, was true to the Golden Rule; he *did* unto others as he would have had others do to him, but it grieves us to think that the world did not treat him as he treated everybody of his time. Lincoln was honest to the last quarter of cent; it is said of him, that he walked twelve miles one night after a hard day's work, in order to correct a mistake of six cents, which amount, he discovered, was due a woman for some eggs she had sold him that day.

This same spirit of fairness to the other person stayed with Lincoln throughout his entire political life.

No example shows more clearly the magnanimity and generous spirit of the man than his idea of treating the South after they had surrendered. Instead of exulting in the success he seems to enter into the feelings of those who had lost. Two days after the Hampton Roads Conference, he called together his cabinet and submitted a bill to them for paying the Citizens of the South for the loss of their slaves. Of course, this bill was defeated by the less generous members of Congress but, nevertheless, it shows his magnanimous spirit and compassion for his less fortunate fellow citizens.

Lincoln's own words, contained in his second inaugural address, will show the greatness of the man's heart: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

MANY PLAY THE POSITION.

Mrs. Neighbors—"They tell me your boy is on the college football eleven."

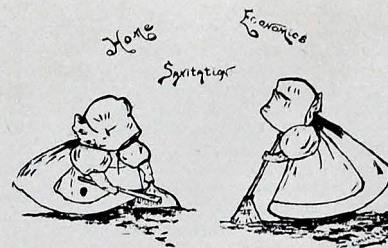
Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes indeed."

Mrs. Neighbors—"Do you know what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks." —Chicago News.

Prof. Rike—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Bill Beck—"Yes sir, there is hash."



"HOW OUR WATER IS PURIFIED."

The Junior cooking class, from a study of pure water and bacteria, became very much interested in the water supply of Chattanooga and at once set about to investigate for themselves.

So, on the afternoon of February 9, the class made a visit to the City Water Works, situated on the eastern bank of the Tennessee River north of the city. It is situated there, so that the water will be free from impurities of the sewerage pipes which empty into the river lower down. It is also pumped four feet below ordinary tide in order to avoid all impurities possible.

As the water is seen in the river, muddy and impure, we resent drinking river water, but when it goes through the process of clarifying it is just as pure as any water we can use.

This process begins at the pumping house near the river, in a large open cistern fifty feet deep, in which is a huge suction pump which pumps the water directly from the river.

The water goes from the pumping house through pipes to a house, several feet higher than the pumping station, where it is mixed with lime and alum. It then goes to a basin holding a million gallons and the water being in continual motion the lime and alum form a precipitate with the mud in the water, and it all settles to the bottom leaving the water partially clarified. This basin is cleaned out once a month and from two to six feet of mud are removed from the bed of it each time.

From this basin the water flows to the filter house which contains forty-six huge filters each of which has six feet of gravel, two feet of fine white sand and a perforated strainer. By the time the water gets through the filter it is clear and ready for use. It first flows to a reservoir holding one and one-third million gallons, and from there it flows back to the pumping house where it is propelled through pipes to all parts of the city.

Tests for alum in the water are made daily in the laboratory of the City Water Works and a very small quantity, if any, is found in the water. Thus by

this simple process of filtration, the people of Chattanooga are enabled to have water freed from all sediment and the bacteria that are necessarily in running water. V. W. '11.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Charles Kiser is visiting relatives in Piqua, Ohio. Rufus Kelly, '10, who is a student at the University of Oklahoma, has been seriously ill.

Miss Anna Beck is taking a special course in languages at Central.

Clay Davis is now traveling for the Chattanooga Sewer Pipe and Foundry Company.

By the request of Mr. Foster Hampton, in a letter to the Editor-in-chief of the Central Digest, we wish to correct the erroneous report of his marriage to Miss Virginia Rouse, which—to quote from the letter—is absolutely false.

The S. S. Club has held three meetings during the past month at the homes of Misses Ruth Dodds, '10, Hazel Marsh, '10, and Annilau Miller, '09. At Miss Miller's home the decorations, refreshments and games were all in honor of St. Valentine's Day. The Club will meet during this month with Miss Wilhelah Neal, '09 and Miss Ethel Stokes, '10.

Hawley Cushman will go to Anniston, Alabama, the nineteenth of this month to take a position, as civil engineer, with H. L. Pierce.

QUOTATION.

Professor D.—"At chew."

Max Tanscher—"Ha! Haw! Hah! Hu! He!" (diminuendo.)

Esther Wilson—"That's as far as I got."

Lee Ryerson—"I lost my book."

Creed Bates—"I'm not a piker."

Professor R.—"Get in the game, Rusty."

Professor A.—"Don't call me professor."

Miss Miller—"Only fifty cents a year."

HAD ALL THE SYMPTOMS.

When, Blaggins, senior, on the occasion of his annual party, was obliging his guests with "His love that makes the world go round," Master Williams Blaggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes with his sire's half-smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Blaggins was observed by one of the party to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty, and his eyes stood out like small hat pegs. "Good gracious, Willie, what is the matter," cried Mrs. Blaggins in alarm, "I believe you have been smoking." Willie shook his head. "Taint that," he declared untruthfully, "If it is true what father has been singing about, I reckon I am in love."

A TRAGEDY OF THE NORTHWEST."

Among the rugged mountains of the Canadian Northwest far from all human habitation dwelt Sandy McNee.

Left an orphan at the age of eighteen, Sandy had been drawn hither by a seemingly irresistible force. With his axe and two strong arms he felled the birch and maple from which he built his home.

Sandy's only companion in this vast wilderness was his Scotch Collie which he called Wully. Never were dog and man closer companions, each understood the other as perfectly as two brothers know each other.

Picture in your mind a Collie of average size, with a reddish-brown body, the two front feet white and a white stripe encircling his shaggy neck. Such was the companion of Sandy. Wully, however, was prized more for his intelligence than for his beauty.

Being such close companions it was but natural that the enemy of one was also a foe to the other. And so it was, that Sandy's most dangerous enemy was the only creature that Wully feared.

Since taking up his abode in this wild country, Sandy's life had been endangered not once. The young trapper had hunted and killed the huge timber wolf, the moose, and even the fierce grizzly, had fallen before his rifle. But there was one animal that Sandy could never get within range of,—a large mountain-lion, the common enemy of the Scotchman and his dog.

Returning to his cabin late one afternoon from a short chase after a hare, the trapper noted footprints in the snow about the cabin. Upon examining them he found that they were the tracks of Yellow-Killer, the mountain lion. Sandy whistled for Wully. The dog did not appear. Again he whistled, but there was no responding bark. Alarmed by the absence of Wully, the young hunter, fearing lest harm had come to his companion, began a search for the missing dog. He found the faithful Collie, now a shaggy mass of blood and hair, a few yards from the cabin. As Sandy stood gazing, with tears in his eyes at his dead companion, he discovered that the dog's murderer had eaten nothing but the heart of his victim.

The Scot did not need to be told what animal had done the deed. Evidence showed plainly enough that the Yellow-Killer was the assassin.

The next evening as the hunter was preparing his frugal meal of venison, he had occasion to step into a small room that he had built as a store room for his pelts. He had hardly passed through the entrance, when he heard the door of the cabin swing open and then a light stealthy tread.

Noiseglessly the trapper concealed himself from view of the beast which stretched himself before the fire in a careless attitude.

How long the puma lay there, the Scotchman could never tell. The suspense was almost unendurable. More than once the trapper was tempted to dart from his concealment, and secure his gun which stood in a corner by the chimney and shoot the beast as it lay apparently asleep.

Suddenly the animal rose, walked to the open door and stood looking out across the snow covered landscape, which lay cold and silent under the light of a full moon. As the lion stood in this position, Sandy, attempting to move from his cramped position, dislodged a loosely hung bundle of pelts, which fell to the floor with a loud thud.

Straight through the doorway the beast leaped.

Quick as a flash the frightened Scotchman sprang from his hiding place closed the door and barred it securely.

One afternoon about a month later, while out hunting, Sandy heard soft footfalls behind him. Turning suddenly, he saw Yellow-Killer following him as complacently as any dog might follow its master. Raising his gun to his shoulder he fired. With a loud yelp the beast bounded into the forest unhurt.

Early in the evening of the next day while the trapper was separating some green pelts, he heard a low whining just outside the cabin door. Seizing his gun and heedless of his danger he noiselessly unbarred the door, then stepped back to the opposite side of the room. Directly the door flew wide open and with a yelp of joy Yellow-Killer sprang into the room. On seeing Sandy he gave a low whine and advanced toward him wagging his tail vigorously. When no more than three feet separated man and beast the hunter fired.

The beast sprang towards the door but fell with a bullet in his heart.

A year later Sandy and an old trapper friend were telling stories of their adventures before a blazing fire in the Scotchman's cabin. Many strange stories were told by each man. But when Sandy began to tell of Wully, his death, and the mysterious behavior of Yellow-Killer, the old trapper listened attentively. After the conclusion of the narrative the old man sat gazing at the glowing embers with a far away look in his eyes. Then slowly to Sandy he said. "There is a saying among the Crees that whoever killeth an enemy and eateth his heart he shall inherit the traits of that enemy." Thus the mysterious behavior of Yellow-Killer was explained.

D. S.

"Mother, mother, mother, turn the hose on me," sang little Willie as his mother was dressing him this morning. "What do you mean," she asked. "You put my stockings on wrong side out," he replied.

TRIALS FOR ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The trials, in which the two representatives of Central were picked for the County Contest, were held in the assembly hall on the third floor during the last three periods on Friday the 17th. The program was very entertaining to the student body and the speaking was of a very high standard. There were ten speakers in all, including Georgia Mason, who was not a contestant but spoke "Naughty Zell" merely for the entertainment of those present. Her selection was very well rendered and delighted all.

Of the other nine speakers all but two were boys. Both of the girl contestants, Katharine Allin in "How Ruby Played" and Gussie Blanton in "The Gypsy Flower Girl" were exceptionally well received, but were not considered on account of the character of their selections.

The boys were very evenly matched and a choice from among them was a very difficult matter. All of their selections were of a forensic character, and each speaker seemed to be well adapted to his own declamation. The faculty, who judged the contest, rendered their vote without consultation, selecting Messrs MacMillan and Veazy; both of these are members of the I. K. S. Literary Club.

The entire program follows:

The New South, by Grady,	Del'orest Spencer
Naughty Zell,	Georgia Mason
The Zulu War, by Chatham,	Tom MacMillan
The American War, by Powell,	William B. Brown
The Gypsy Flower Girl,	Gussie Blanton
Man and Memories of the South,	Alfred Barnes
How Ruby Played,	Katharine Allin
Stand by the Flag, by Holt,	Ernest Taylor
Sam Davis, by Patterson,	Robert Paris
Daughters of America, by Williams,	Joe Veazy

CENTRAL'S ALPHABET.

A is for Annual,
That's going to be one
Of the best in the country,
(See Prof. Harrington)

B is for Basketball
In which, ("ain't it great?")
We have the best team
To be found in the state.

C is for Coach
Who's an expert on bugs,
He teaches us football
And calls us all "plugs."

D is for Darrah,
Digest and Debate:
The best things around here—
The things that have weight.

E is for Everyone
For fear some poor "cuss"
May feel that he's slighted
And get sore on us.

F is for Freshie
Who's afflicted with wiggles.
He's noisy and green
While She's silly and giggles.

F is also for Frankie
And all of her crowd,
Who know how to win
And of whom we are proud.

G is for Glee Club
And Garrett and Gunn.
The last two know music
But the others know none.

H is for Hill
For Hill and for—well,
Perhaps we had better
Stop for a spell.

(To be continued.)

ACTIVITIES OF J. K. S.

The J. K. S. Literary Club entertained at the residence of Dr. J. C. Massee, February fourteenth. Appropriate games including an archery contest and an original Valentine-Day game were played. The prizes of the archery contest were won by Joe Vesey and Dhru Massee. Refreshments suggestive of the day were served, hearts being in evidence. The following members of Central were invited:

Misses	Messrs.
Laura Baker	Joe Vesey
Margaret Sauls	Dhru Massee
Marion Graham	Joe Nicholson
Winifred Paris	Thomas MacMillan
Bessie White	Ross Scott
Ollie Mae Ellison	Alfred Barnes
Grace Patterson	F. B. Bogart
Miss Harriet Greve	
Mrs. L. M. Russell	

At a recent meeting the club elected the following officers: president, Joe Vesey; vice-president, Ernest Taylor; secretary, Ross Scott; treasurer, Dhru Massee.

"RIGHT AT LAST."

A German had in his employ a boy who was always about ten minutes late for business in the morning. After being called down on a number of occasions, the youngster turned over a new leaf, and eventually the German congratulated him, saying, "Linus, you are early of late; you used to be behind before and now you are first at last."

"Blessed is he that expects nothing, for verily he shall not be disappointed."

EDITORIAL

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THE ANNUAL.

Central is going to have an Annual. This has been the dream of every school in the city, Central included, for years. Now the project has been launched with us, and, provided everyone lends a hand and does what is in his or her power, we shall have an Annual which will be worthy of the school. A publication of the right sort will be a great thing for the school and would mean a great deal to every student. Such a task, however, is not a small one and the co-operation of everyone is solicited in order that the attempt shall be successful. Whenever any of us are asked to help, let us not beg off with the plea that someone else can do the work better, but let us feel that a moral obligation is resting upon us, to do our best. If we go into the matter with such a spirit, success will run to meet us.

GLEE CLUB.

During the past few weeks, Doctor Garrett, with Professor Gunn as faculty supervisor, has been training about twenty boys, in order to establish a Glee Club. The Club, it is hoped, will be ready to make its initial appearance within a couple of months, although a great deal of time must needs be spent on the fundamentals. The material which Doctor Garrett has to work on is exceptionally good, and a Glee Club of unusual merit should result. So far they have not seen fit to give any exhibition of their ability, but the student body is looking forward with interest to the time when

Central shall have a Glee Club of the very first order. May such be the case in the near future.

A TRUE SOUTHERN STORY.

In the South before the war scarcely a home was to be found without a "black mammy."

Aunt Mandy was a typical black mammy. She was very black and very large. She was the housekeeper and her small cabin occupied the place of honor nearest the great house, therefore, she considered herself slightly above the other negroes on the plantation. She was very proud of her young master whom she often declared she had "done fetched up," so even after the old master had died and the war had closed and all the slaves had been proclaimed free, Aunt Mandy stayed on in her accustomed place, because she said she could not live without her white folks.

Her son went North and settled down and afterwards wrote for his mother to come and live with him. For a long time, she would not even think of going away from her old home but at last on being assured by her master that she could come back whenever she wanted to, she set out on her long journey North.

For two years she stayed with her son but at the end of that time she returned home, a mere wreck of her former self. While in the North the dreaded White Plague had fastened its grip upon her and it was easy to see that she had not long to live.

It was autumn when she came home and all through the winter her former mistress cared for her. Her little cabin was still standing, for true to his promise that she should come home whenever she wanted to, her master had left it unmolesed when the rest of the cabins had been torn down. Here she spent her long last winter, cared for as tenderly as though she were one of the family and it was here, in the spring when the flowers were blooming around the door, that she died. They laid her to rest beneath the magnolias and one more of the South's good old war time negroes had passed away. L.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

One day about a week ago an elderly, pious-looking old gentleman met a little girl upon the street. It was very cold, and she had no shoes, and the elderly gentleman was so moved he took the little girl into a fruit store and bought her a pair.

ATHLETICS



CENTRAL DEFEATS THE TROOPERS.

Great was the defeat of the Eleventh Cavalry basketball team, when after a hard struggle with the Central team, on Friday evening February 3, they carried away the little end of a score 32 to 7.

The game began with a rush and for the first five minutes of play neither team scored. The first point of the game was made when Specht, the large muscular center of the Cavalry team, threw a foul goal. This score served to arouse the Central boys, for straightway they began shooting baskets with unerring accuracy.

Fouls were repeatedly called on the soldier boys, especially Desendorf, who had a tendency to show his sprinting ability while in possession of the ball. This tendency of the Cavalry boys to run with the ball was excusable, because they had closed their football season only a few days before this game.

Greenwood, the crack center of the Central team, did not play in this game on account of illness. McGaughy, his substitute played an exceedingly good game.

Line-up and Score:

Central (32)		Cavalry (7)
Greenwood	center	Specht
Elmore	forward	Desendorf
Cornelius	forward	O'Brien
Allin	guard	Petre
Killingsworth	guard	Greenburg
Summary:		

Referee—Kennedy; Umpire—Stauffer.

Pitched fouls—Elmore 5; McGaughy 2; Specht 2; O'Brien. Field goals—McGaughy 2; Elmore 5; Cornelius 2; Allin, Specht, O'Brien.

TEAM CONTINUES TO WIN.

On the evening of Friday, February 10th, the basketball team had little trouble in defeating a scrub team sent down by the University of Tennessee. The latter were in poor condition and could not stand, for any length of time, the fast pace set by their opponents. They had not played together very much either, so they had practically no team work, although at times brilliant flashes of passing were exhibited. Central's shooting was good for the most part, while that of their opponents was very weak. During the whole first half, they were unable to locate the basket except from the foul line, and only twice in the second period did they score from the floor.

On account of being so one-sided, the contest was uninteresting and was of very little value as a practice game. A good crowd witnessed the game.

VICTORY OVER KNOXVILLE HIGH.

The Central team played the game of the season against the strong aggregation from Knoxville on February, 3rd. From start to finish the game was contested by both sides with all the speed and accuracy that they could master. During the first thirty-five minutes of the game the score see-sawed from one side to the other with almost clock-like regularity. This, of course, created a bedlam of excitement and enthusiasm and the gymnasium rang during the whole game, especially, perhaps, in the last five minutes when Central, by a magnificent burst of speed, ran the score from a 21-21 tie to a 33-21 victory.

During the first part of the game, the speed of the visitors seemed to bewilder the home team and the consequence was that they got a poor start. Time after time, the ball was taken by short lightning-like passes from one end of the floor to the other, by the Knoxville boys, and had it not been for the excellent work of the Central guards, Allin and Killingsworth, in this half, the visitors would have gained a lead which it would have been very difficult to overcome. Strenuous guarding in many cases prevented what seemed to be sure scores.

Although the ball was in the hands of the opponents most of the time, Central, by taking advantage of the opportunities offered, was able to keep the score pretty even and the half ended 13-12 in favor of the home team. During the first fifteen minutes of the second period, the playing kept up at whirlwind

speed, and the score of the two teams were never more than three points apart. At this point, however, the Knoxvillians weakened, and three baskets by Greenwood and two by Elmore gave another victory to Central.

Summary:

Central		Knoxville
Elmore	Forward	Leake
Cornelius	Forward	Reeder
Greenwood	Center	Klein
Albin	Guard	Conley
Killingsworth	Guard	Fender

VICTORIES AMONG THE GIRLS.

While the boys are scalping every opposing team, the Central Girls' Team have, in their own progressive way, been steadily adding to the fame of their Alma Mater. The girls, while not advocates of the "Equal Rights" theory, have quietly stepped beside the stalwart boys and "Kept Pace" with them. We are proud of our girls and if possible for us to become "more proud," we are confident we shall be justified in feeling so, when the season closes.

Every Friday night the girls play between the halves of the boys' game. On the 10th of February, the Reds and Whites played. The latter did not play up to their usual standard and the Reds won by a score of 5 to 0. The Whites must do some hustling now, for after one victory, the Reds will be the "Invincibles" for sure.

Champions' Game.

The Champion 1910 Team was anxious to test their skill against the 1911 Team. However, the Champions were unable to get a single practice together, which weakened their ability considerably. They were not daunted by this, but bravely battled with the 1911's Feb. 10. The game was a splendid one and while the 1911's won by a score of 7 to 4 there is no doubt that had the Champions been able to practice, the score would have told a different tale.

Line up.		1911 Team
Champions		McKenney
Sauls	forward	Henderson
Becking	forward	Graham
Nolan	center	Brown
Hall	center	McDonald
Barnes	guard	Cushman
Converse	guard	
Referee, Coach Pilsie		

GIRLS WIN AGAIN OVER U. of C.

The girls added another victory as well as the boys, by again defeating the team representing the

University. While not so hard fought as the other game of the evening, it did not lack for interest or excitement. The girls have developed a team that is worthy of a much better opponent than can practically be obtained to play them. Therefore, the element of closeness was lacking in the contest.

Central		University
Crouch	Forward	Greene
Kennedy		
Bryant	Forward	Embrey
Henderson		
Graham	Center	Leavitt
Brown	Center	Alexander
Cushman	Guard	Harrison
McDonald	Guard	

Goals from floor: Crouch, Bryant 2. Goals from foul: Crouch 2, Bryant, Henderson, Greene 2.

Referee, Miss Rice.

TRACK WORK PROGRESSING RAPIDLY AT CENTRAL.

The Central boys are taking great interest in the track work. Each evening a string of from twenty to thirty boys in running togs may be seen leaving the Central gym for a five or six mile hike across the ridges.

The track work at present consists only in running and putting the shot. The boys of Central seem to realize that it is a good thing for them to take this exercise and they respond readily to the advice of the Coach regarding their training.

This is the first year that Central has taken part in track work and from the rapid development of the material it seems that it is going to be a banner year in athletics for Central. The Central team will enter a track team in the inter-scholastic field meet to be held in Chattanooga some time in the early spring.

IN OUR PROGRESSIVE AGE.

A pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross-streets. An automobile was coming from the front, to the left a Motortruck, to the right a Taxicab, all speeding towards him, and from the rear a Motorcycle was fast approaching. Glancing upward he spied a runaway Airship bearing down upon him. There was but one alternative. Stooping quickly, he raised a manhole cover, and let himself down just in time to be run over by a Subway train.

Marguerite to Ran—"Ran there is something awful cute about you."
Ran—"What is it?"
Marguerite—"Me."



NONSENSE

A small boy, who was noted as a rhymester, was called before Professor Gunn for disturbing the Study Hall with one of his rhymes. Professor Gunn said, "I do not want to discourage you by sending you to the faculty, but if you will make a rhyme, I will let you off." The boy smiled and said:

"Here I stand before Professor Gunn,
He's going to strike and I'm going to run."

Miss Crutchfield—"Miss Caperton, give the principal parts of dono."

Miss Caperton—"I don't know."

Boys!
"There, I knew you would turn this around, you wouldn't be a girl if you didn't."

It is a benefit to the Freshmen Hall, to have the lower hall students come up as Miss Greve gets the floor clean for once.

Harold Milliken (looking at paper)—Notice:
"Found in bed with brains smashed out!"
Paul Davis—"Who?"
Harold—"A bed bug."

Prof. Darrah—"Where is that stone crusher I have been hearing the last fifteen minutes?"
Prof. Harrington (looking out of the window)—It's Ralph Miller's Auto.

Willie Jones (aged six)—"Mama, are you an Indian?"

Mrs Jones—"Why no, son, what makes you think so?"

Willie—"Because I saw a scalp on your dresser."

Mr. Anderson—"Paul, have you proved this problem?"

Paul—"Well, no sir, but I have rendered it highly probable."

He—"How do you like your bobble skirt?"

She—"Well, I can't kick."

Professor Setliffe's favorite maxim is: "A hair in the head is worth three in the brush."

Paul—"Lottie, if I had a bite and you had a bite, what would you do with yours?"

Lottie—"Why, I'd eat it."

Paul—"I wouldn't, I'd scratch it."

It had been Clara Harbin's first day at Central, and that night her father asked her, "Well daughter, how do you like Central?"

"Oh! so much, papa," she replied.

"That is nice, and now tell me what you learned to-day."

"Why," she said, "I learned the names of all the boys in the Freshman Hall."

Prof.—"I care not for ninety, eighty-seven, or nine,

I would pass in my Latin,
Only get o'er the line.

In the book of thy passes,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me Setliffe my teacher,
Is my name written there?"

Wanted: A box of ointment to heal the hearts, wounded by the flirtations of B. Greenwood, Bill Beck and Jesse Shaver.

THE GHOST OF CICERO.

"Hello Douglas, how's Kick-e-ro," asked Ralph as he entered the library where Douglas sat looking very dejected indeed. His Kick-e-ro lay quietly reposing on the table.

"Oh, don't mention him. I'm disgusted with Kick-e-ro. I can't translate this passage, that we have for tomorrow's lesson, although I have tried and tried. If I had Kick-e-ro here tonight, I certainly would kick him, for making me get a zero every day."

"Don't be so hard on the poor fellow. You don't do him justice. He was a grand orator. You don't study him hard enough."

"Well that may be, but I'm not going to study him any more tonight. I'm going to my room. Aren't you going now?"

"No, I've got to translate my Vergil for tomorrow, I'll come after awhile, good night."

"Good night," answered Douglas, and went out into the clear frosty air. The night was very dark, with only a few stars giving their glimmering light.

Douglas had six or eight blocks to walk to reach his boarding house. The ground was frozen hard, and crackled as he walked. The wind whistled loudly, and rustled the branches and leaves of the trees which grew along his path.

Douglas felt very depressed and lonely. He was a timid, homesick boy. He had a very imaginative mind, and was always seeing things. Now, as he walked slowly along, he could think of nothing but Cicero.

All at once he thought he heard steps behind him. Turning quickly he looked, but saw nothing.

"It's only my own footsteps on the frozen ground," thought he. So he walked on for some distance, and again he heard the same noise.

Douglas now looked over his shoulder, and saw that there was some one coming hard after him. But whom could it be? He looked again, and discovered that it was a ghostly looking man, and no other than his detestable "Kick-e-ro."

There could be no mistake about it. There he stood in a loosely, flowing, tunic, with a scroll in his hand, looking as though he were just from the rostrum.

Douglas' first impulse was to run. He thought of what he had said about kicking him, and now "Kick-e-ro" had come to give him the chance. But Douglas was too frightened to kick. Finally he decided to run, and such running as he did. Cicero ran also. Douglas was at his wits end to know what to do. He screamed for help, but 'twas all in vain. The moon rose slowly behind the hill

and enabled him to see his pursuer better. However this frightened him all the more.

At last he arrived, breathless at his boarding house. "Now," he thought "if only I can get up to my room, I'll be safe." But "Kick-e-ro" was not to be undone. As Douglas entered the boarding house, Cicero did the same.

Douglas now ran up the steps as fast as he could go. Giving one hasty glance back he saw to his great dismay, that his pursuer was fast approaching.

This frightened him so that just as he was nearing the top step, he missed the step and fell; and great was his fall, for he landed straight in the arms of the ghost of Cicero.

Douglas trembled; his heart began to fail him. He wanted to scream, but his tongue would not move. Cicero carried his victim into the room, and sat him down in the middle of the table. "Horror," thought Douglas, "what's coming next?"

Then Cicero took the book, telling of his famous orations, and turning to the difficult passage, translated it in deeply modulated tones. He did it so beautifully, that Douglas sat bewildered, and his eyes grew larger, and larger. Then with a polite bow, Kick-e-ro slowly vanished out of sight.

Well, Douglas was struck with awe. He remembered the translation word, for word, and was so happy that at last he had it.

About the time he had retired, Ralph entered. He looked very surprised, as he said, "Why, I thought you were asleep long ago." "No indeed I have had a visit from Kick-e-ro, and what do you think he did?" "Ah, cut it out you've been dreaming." "No, I haven't. Why, "Kick-e-ro" followed me from the library, and translated that hard passage, that I couldn't get." "Just listen to me give it." And, Douglas, with a grand flourish, gave the translation, trying to imitate Cicero's pronunciation. Ralph could hardly conceal his laughter. Douglas couldn't sleep, he was so excited.

"You talk, and look, as though you had been having visions," said Ralph. "Well, call it a vision if you like but hereafter I am going to think more of Cicero," answered Douglas.

"I am glad you have changed your mind," and Ralph turned over with a knowing smile, and I fancy that he knew more about that ghost of Cicero, than he wished to tell.

G. C. C.

Mr. Harrington—"Hall, do you know of anything sillier than a gigling girl?"

Hall—"No sir, I don't."

Mr Harrington—"I do, a gigling boy."

"A VISIT TO A PEACH ORCHARD IN GEORGIA."

Among the mountains of Georgia is located one of the largest peach orchards in the South.

It was suggested that we take a trip to this orchard during the peach season. So the fifteenth of July was set as the day for our departure to the mountain.

We were all impatient for the day of our journey to come, for we were anxious to see the great orchard of which we had heard so much.

The night of the fourteenth of July came, and we all retired very early in order to be able to roll out of bed the next morning before daylight. By six o'clock of the following day, we were at the depot all ready and anxious for the train to start, which was to carry us part of the way on our trip. Finally the conductor yelled "all aboard," and there sure was some scrambling and hustling to get on that Georgia bound train.

The trip down on the train was enjoyed by looking at the landscape as we whirled along. We would whizz through a great field of corn or a large cotton plantation, and then stop for a few minutes at a small station, and on we would go, passing over a large roaring creek or river, into a woodland where many hogs and cattle were lying in the shade of the great pine trees.

Thus our time was spent, until about eleven o'clock when we left the train at Lysterly, a small town down in the pine thickets and sage fields of Georgia. We were so near our destination, that we could hardly wait until we could get there; so on reaching the nearest livery stable, which happened to be the only one in town, we asked to be taken up the mountain. The liveryman told us that the rigs were all out for the day. On hearing this, we decided to foot it up the mountain, which was only about five miles to the top from Lysterly. We set out in the hot July sun for Dirt Cellar, which was the name of the mountain. We jogged along on the hot country road, stopping now and then to get a cold drink at some farmer's well, or to rest in the shade of some large tree. When we reached the foot of the mountain, all tired, thirsty and hungry, we sat down in the shade of a big oak tree to rest before we began the rough climb. We sat there for perhaps half an hour resting and enjoying the cool breeze. After we had drank enough of water from a small spring near by, we started for the mountain top. We hurried as fast as we could for we were all wanting to see the orchard. After much hard climbing we reached

the top, and following a trail for perhaps a quarter of a mile, around a bend and there, to our surprise and delight, was the great orchard with its many thousands of trees, all loaded with fine large peaches. This orchard is located on the western slope of the mountain, and contains about five or six hundred acres.

The little village called Broom Town, situated in this mountainous country, has the appearance of a mining town. Located in the center of this little settlement is the large cannery, the smoke boiling from its huge smoke stack. A short distance away is the pack shed and the little mountain inn. Thickly dotted around these buildings and through the orchard are many huts in which the people live who work there during the summer months. The houses are all painted white and show up very plain among the dark green trees of summer.

We rested here for a short time and then started for the cannery, snatching now and then a big peach from a tree as we passed. On reaching the little store or inn, we immediately called for something to eat, and we were all given a dish of cold soup and a glass of water. This had to satisfy us until night, for that was all they had. After our cold lunch, we were given a tent in which to sleep, so we busied ourselves the remainder of the afternoon in setting up our tent.

My first night in the mountain I will never forget. We could not get a cot nor even a plank to sleep on, but were obliged to spend the night on the ground. I slept very little if any that night, so when day broke I felt worse than I did when I lay down on my bed of rocks and dirt.

Breakfast was said to be ready, so after looking over what they had to eat I decided I would rather have a box of sardines and a loaf of bread, than potatoes and corn syrup in the same bowl, with a slice of bread on top.

We were all given work, some picking peaches, others employed in the cannery and pack shed, preparing the peaches for the different markets to which they were to be shipped.

About two weeks were spent in this manner, before we could decide to return home. It was a hot day about the last of July or first of August when we set out on our return trip. Nothing of interest occurred on our way back, so on the night of August the first, about eight or nine o'clock seven boys reached town, some feeling better for their visit to the peach orchard of Georgia, while others were saying they had no desire to take a trip like that, or to such a place again, so ended our visit to the peach orchard.

A HIGHLANDER'S STORY.

In my tour through Scotland last summer I came across a man by name of Duncan, who on one side was a perfectly strong man, the other a helpless mass. I asked him the cause of his lameness and he told me the following story:

Twenty years ago Duncan was assisting his brother in caring for their large flocks of sheep and goats. One evening a sheep was found missing. He at once sent his shepherds in all directions and finally set out himself to look for the missing sheep.

He was led to ascend a small and narrow path, which led to a high precipice. The path became more dangerous as he advanced, and only two feet wide in some places. It was so rugged and terrible that only a mountaineer could go over it in safety. A high rock rose on one side and on the other a deep abyss.

Duncan did not mind this but went cheerfully on his way. He had ascended more than half way, when he came face to face with a great deer. If he had had a gun, nothing would have been more agreeable than the meeting, but as he was unarmed it was anything but welcome. Neither one could retreat, for the deer could not turn around, and if Duncan turned to go back the deer would immediately attack him. They stood looking at each other for some time, and then the deer began to lower his horns and prepare to charge. Duncan saw that he was in great danger and as a last resort laid down in the path remaining so for two or three hours. At length the deer decided to approach Duncan, and on coming close to him stooped down to examine him. The deer was getting ready to walk over him, and leave him safe, when Duncan's love of sport overcame his fears, and forgetting his dangerous position seized the deer's horns. At once the deer gave a great spring and went over the precipice carrying Duncan with him. They were found the next morning by the shepherds and by some lucky chance the deer had fallen underneath thus saving the life of Duncan. Although one side was a crushed helpless mass and left him a cripple for the rest of his life, he was glad to have life even at the cost of suffering.

B. W. '11.

Mrs. Carter—"Paul, how is unity secured in a paragraph?"

Elmore—"Unity is gained in a paragraph by allowing one sentence to follow the one immediately preceding it."

Louise (admiring Ben's fraternity pin)—"Ben, what does F. C. B. stand for?"

Ben—"Fools can't belong."

Louise—"That's strange Ben, how did you ever get in?"

CHATTANOOGA FIVE YEARS HENCE.

Everybody knows that this is the beginning of a great Electric age and Chattanooga has received a very forceful stroke, our beautiful "Central" as one of its batteries.

Now let me call your attention to a few changes in the future when our beautiful Tennessee River will be spanned by two large bridges, which will connect us with the North Side, to which our old town will look proudly.

Central will still be here and crowded to its utmost. But where will we be? Pushed on, of course, by the coming generations. There will be Mr. Anderson as principal of one of the leading institutions of Hill City. Another familiar sight will be Miss Greve doing her Saturday shopping in our fine Market House, which will occupy two blocks,—from Market to Chestnut. Miss Beck and Professor Rike will be coaching basket ball at Central, making strenuous efforts to pick the girls' first team.

Our much beloved Professor Davis will be head of the Tuberculosis Sanitarium. Professor Harrington will still be manager of the basketball league, but will not be wearing a derby as they will be out of style, Professor Kirkman having invented a new hat that will not be so easily mashed.

Miss Fair will not be superintending the cooking department for she and Miss Crutehfield will have kitchens of their own. Georgia Mason will still be tripping through the hall with her airy steps on errands for Mr. Darrah. Dr. and Mrs. Garrett will have a "Glee Club." Professor Rogers by that time will lose all pleasant smiles and patient manners in trying to teach mathematics to some of the "I can't" students. Major McGuffey will still be leading his pupils on to victory. Professor Set-life will be walking the restaurant floor calling, "time." Mrs. Carter will be at her old post rushing the girls out of the cloak room before they have time to primp.

Mrs. Russell has given up her position at Central and is writing the society notes for the Chattanooga Times, which Mr. Gunn has bought out.

The outward appearance of Central will not be changed, with the exception of the shrubbery, which took so long to grow that they planted pole beans instead.

R. S. B. '13.

OLD MAMMY'S PRAYER.

Some prays for de rain and some for de sun;
And some for both together,
But I's gwine pray for de sun in my heart,
And never mind de wedder.



EXCHANGES



other. The literary department is exceptionally fine, while the school news is presented in both an interesting and attractive manner.

The "Latin School Register," of Boston, Mass., while in many respects a fine paper, might make itself more attractive by the addition of a few cuts.

We also acknowledge with thanks, the following: "The Exponent," Athens, Tenn.; "The Maroon and White," Chattanooga, Tenn.; "The Vanderbilt Observer," Nashville, Tenn.; "The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y.; "The Echo," from the University of Chattanooga; "O. M. I. Sentinel," College Hill, Ohio; "The Students," Providence, R. I.; "The Orange and Purple," Knoxville, Tenn.; "The Erasmian," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Distaff," Boston, Mass.

The "High School News," St. Louis, is a live, wide-awake paper. The literary department contains some very interesting articles.

"The Butler Review," Huntsville, Ala.; your paper is attractive, especially the stories; although we think some good cuts would improve its appearance.

CLEAN ATHLETICS.

The very peculiar tactics
That Prepdom's taste offend,
And make real sports despise us
Three schools must defend.

—Freshie.

Just is your plaint, my dear Freshie,
Though a Sophomore's wisdom you lack,
For the local brand of Athletics
Will assuredly set us all back.

—Sophomore.

Dear Soph, your words sound prophetic:
Like Plato thou reasonest well:
The truth is the Yellows have fallen,
Fallen from Heaven to—way down yonder.

—Junior.

Oh, dear young Junior Pedantic,
Altogether your lines are not bad;
But the fact is that eligibility
Hath driven the Trio mad.

—Senior.

The "Recorder," Springfield, Mass., has an unusually fine literary department; your continued story "A Journey Before the Mast," is very interesting. We also agree with the sentiment expressed by the exchange editor, for why not make the exchange department as interesting as any other?

We are greatly interested in "The Purple and Gold," of Clarksville, Tennessee, on account of the fact that one of our former teachers, Prof. A. T. Roark, is now principal of the Clarksville High School. The paper itself is very attractive, and contains many well written articles.

The "Centenary College Courier," of Cleveland, Tennessee, has made a good beginning and we hope that it may have a long and prosperous career.

"The Lowell," of San Francisco, is one of our most polished exchanges; especially do we agree with the sentiment expressed by the article about Robert E. Lee. But in answer to your criticisms, we would say that we wish to "digest" not only outside matters but high school news as well.

Of all our exchanges perhaps the "News," of Eugene, Oregon, is more fully developed than any



H A S H



A FARMER IN NEW YORK.

A rich farmer was visiting in New York City, when he thought he would go to a show, the name of the play being "Forty thieves." Walking up to the ticket agent he handed him a five dollar bill and called for a ticket thinking the agent would only take out a quarter but he handed him a ticket and three dollars. The farmer picking up the three dollars started off. The ticket agent cried out, "you have forgotten your ticket." The farmer murmured back, "keep the darned thing. I don't want to see the other thirty-nine."

"Say Will, what's the matter with my hand—it's all red and funny looking?"

Will A. (gravely)—"O, you have ancestors—it's a terrible disease; I knew a girl once that had ancestors, and she died!"

On Chamberlain Avenue, in the 900 block is this sign:

Wanted—Dirt and cinders to fill A. T. Smith.

Q.—"What is the military definition of a kiss?"

A.—"A report at the headquarters."

Q.—"A Naval definition?"

A.—"A pleasure smack."

Paul Green—"Clvde Schlisinger, what is the matter with your car?"

Clvde—"Why the trolley wire jumped off of the lubricating crank shaft, which caused the fly wheel to drop down in the muffler and let the spark plug get tangled in the driving shaft, causing an explosion in the differential, which knocked the connection rod through the exhaust valve."

Miss S.—"Since trees have no keys to their trunks, how do they get out their spring clothes?"

Miss M.—"Leave them out."

Now this young lady, the best in the class, Could bake fish and cook doughnuts and boil coffee to a dash,

But when Vina did inquire,
"Can you cook for your admirer?"

She said, "Yes, when Miss Fair's along to help mash."

PROFESSOR RIKE IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Class—"What is an island?"

Bright pupil very quickly—"An island is a place that you can't leave without a boat."

Professor Garrett was polishing the furniture one day, and he was working away, when he said, "Pearly this table won't shine."

Mrs. Garrett went and found that he was using the brown shoe polish.

The other day in Professor Gunn's English class, he was telling that his father told him, that a fool and his money are soon parted; he forgot he had just lost \$25.

Carl Hixson in Geometry—"If a line is divided into extreme and mean ratio it is divided harmoniously."

Teacher—"Johnny, you must comb your hair before you come to school."

Johnny—"I ain't got no comb."

Teacher—"Borrow your father's."

Johnny—"Pa ain't got no comb either."

Teacher—"Doesn't he comb his hair?"

Johnny—"He ain't got no hair."

A physician gave his patient a box of pills with the following directions:

Take one pill five times a day.

At a recent faculty meeting a speaker was delivering a message to the teachers, when he said, "Long live the teachers."

"What on," was a solemn reply which came from a small boy was there for bad conduct.

IN THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

II. (eating soup)—"Ed, I have found the wonder of the 20th Century."

E.—"What is that?"

II.—"Scorched water." (soup)

"What is a neighbor?"

"It is the people that live next door, into whos' back yards you can throw all the old tin cans and dirt, and then borrow coffee and sugar from them."

Ex.

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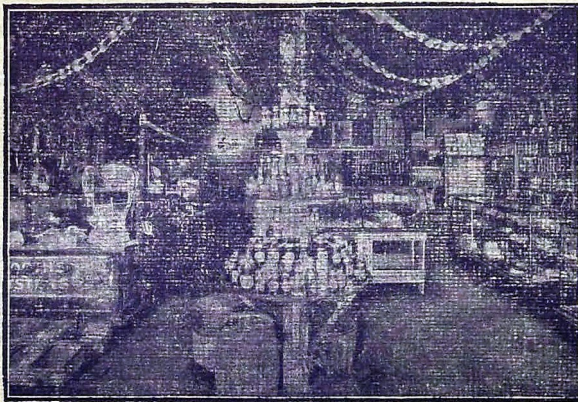
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