

The Central Digest

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1911

No. 6

Central's Hall of Fame



Sam A. Conner

Published by the Students of Central High School

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HAMILTON COUNTY

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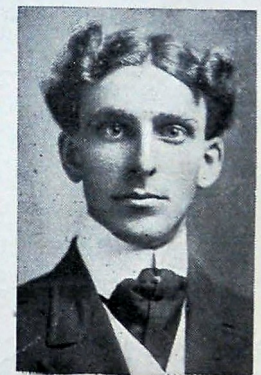
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The Central Digest

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MARCH, 1911

No. 6

SAMUEL A. CONNER.

Our worthy fellow-citizen and sheriff, whose portrait adorns the front of this issue of The Digest, is one of those Americans who has made good, starting in life without wealth and with no advantages except good ancestry, good character and determination, and reaching a position of honor and usefulness in the community.

His father, A. B. Conner, was a native of Marion county, and in the Union Army in the Civil War, and in the year after the close of the war helped on the work of reconciliation between the lately opposing forces by marrying, in Chattanooga, Miss Sue Harwell of North Georgia whose brothers had served in the Confederate Army. He was sheriff of Hamilton County when the subject of our sketch was born, 7, January, 1868, on a farm east of Missionary Ridge. The family seems to have an affinity for the shrievalty, for Samuel A. Conner wished to be sheriff because his father had held the position, and between the service of the father and son the office had been held by a cousin of the present sheriff. Sam Conner's boyhood was passed in farm life in this county until when he was 14 years of age his father went with his family to the West, where he died. Sam Conner's schooling after leaving Tennessee was had at Magazine, Arkansas, but on attaining adult age he returned to Hamilton County where in 1893 he married Miss Dora Shields. Mrs. Conner is still living and they have two sons. After his return from Arkansas Mr. Conner was for a time with the R. Whigham Plumbing Company, then with the Loomis & Hart Manufacturing Company, and was in the real estate business when in 1908 he entered public life on his election as sheriff, receiving a majority of 563 votes over a candidate who had never before been defeated. This was gratifying, but after serving two years so efficient was his administration of this important office and so great his personal popularity that in his second race he could hardly be considered a mere party candidate, so largely was he supported as a man by people of the other political party, and he received the astonishing and overwhelming majority of 3,860, getting more votes than were received by any other candidate on his ticket even where there was no opposition.

Such a result in a community like ours, where voters know what they are doing and where the acts of public officials are subjected to closest scrutiny, is certainly a tribute of which he and his children and his children's children may well be proud.

It is not surprising to learn that a man so esteemed in such a community as ours is an earnest friend of the cause of popular education. His influence and efforts can be depended on for the furtherance of the progress of our public schools, those great instruments of usefulness which are doing so much for the benefit of our great Republic in its present and its future. Our boys now approaching manhood may well keep their eyes on Sheriff Conner. They may, or may not, like him, be called to serve the public in office, but they may from him learn the lesson that right life, duty doing, energy and high character are elements that lead to the confidence of the community and to efficiency and usefulness in life.

HAPPINESS.

If we wish to fulfill our duty in this life we must be happy. So many of us do not realize that it is just as much our mission in life to be happy as it is to be useful. The happy person shames us out of our complainings; for he makes none. Yet, since it is the Divine law that we should all be made perfect through suffering, you are aware that he has had far more sorrow than you ever had, that his daily path—had you to tread it—would be as gloomy and full of pitfalls as to him it is safe and bright. He may have even less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all he has he enjoys to the full.

And it is so pleasant to see anyone enjoy life! For his sorrows he neither denies nor proudly smothers them—he simply bears them; therefore they come to him as sorrows were meant to come, naturally and wholesomely, and, passing over, leave him full of compassion for all who may have to endure the same. It is such a person who is wanted in the world; such people we should like to come in contact with every day in great numbers. Let us see if we cannot do something to increase their number, and make the world a better and a brighter place for our having lived in it. L. M.

Bates in a history exam.: The Pilgrim Fathers landed on the Massachusetts coast, took to their boats again, and cursed up and down the shore for several days.

Mr. Gunn (to student)—“You're not fit for decent company. Come up here with me.”

WHEN I MET THE ADMIRAL.

It was in May, 1902. The Spanish war was a memory of four years past.

I had sailed from New York in the Manuel Calvo of the Spanish line, one of only three passengers whose mother tongue was not the Spanish, and had disembarked at the old city of Cadiz, on the southern coast of Spain. This venerable city is said to have been the Tarshish of Scripture, and to have become under the Romans "the emporium of the world," and from its harbor the gallant Cervera sailed on his hopeless errand in 1898.

From Cadiz I had gone by rail to Madrid, seen young Alfonso on his sixteenth birthday going in procession to take the oath of office and assume the duties of king of Spain, had visited the ancient city of Toledo, where the Tajo, which we call the Tagus, partly circles the city as the Tennessee does Chattanooga, and was now back in Cadiz, the next part of my program being a call on Admiral Cervera.

The pupils of Central know much of this noble gentleman. Some of them have heard Prof. Darrah's graphic description of how he saved the lives of Hobson and his men, clinging to the life-raft and about to be swept by rifle-fire. And his picture has long hung in the Spanish room, and has already appeared in the Digest.

His home was at Puerto Real, less than an hour from Cadiz by rail, but I learned that he was at the time visiting at his birthplace, Medina Sidonia, an old city dating back to before the Christian era. I went to San Fernando, where is the Pantheon of Illustrious Sailors, which is to the Spanish navy what Westminster Abbey is to Great Britain, and where recently by the action of the Spanish government the remains of Admiral Cervera have found a resting place and a fitting memorial. From San Fernando I went a distance I estimated at about 25 miles, in a carriage with three horses, a "spike team," rope and jingling bells forming part of the harness.

Finally the white walls of the city came in sight; we climbed a high hill on which it was situated and went up till I left the carriage and engaged a boy as guide, reached the house and after ringing a bell on the outer wall was admitted, and the admiral soon entered.

I had never met him, and I had not written to notify him of my coming; he had never heard of me and did not know that I bore letters of introduction, but I had already become so familiar with the courtesy of Spaniards that I felt no doubt of being politely received. It had been only about four years since the admiral, after remonstrating with his government against the sending of the little Spanish fleet across the water to meet the greatly stronger American fleet, had said that

if ordered he would go, that he and his men had but one motto, the Fulfillment of Duty, in Spanish "El Cumplimiento del Deber," words which afterwards the Sociedad de Estudiantes del Castellano adopted as the motto of the society, electing Admiral Cervera the first Estudiante Honorario.

He entered speedily and I presented my letters of introduction, one from young Mr. Sickles, our Secretary of Legation at Madrid, son of General Daniel E. Sickles, whose recent visit is so well remembered at Central, the other from my friend, General Joseph Wheeler, who tho he had not met the admiral personally told him he took the liberty of giving the letter on account of his personal admiration and the high honor in which the admiral was held by all Americans.

The admiral's face is well known at Central. His picture in the Spanish room was presented by him, and from it was taken the cut that has appeared in the Digest. The kindly face is a true index of the kindly heart. The face is not, however, of the Spanish type; it is more like a German. The newspaper picture I had seen gave the idea of a smaller man than I found him. He appeared to be about 5 feet 10, rather inclined to stoutness, and would weigh perhaps 165 pounds. He conversed freely, I could not tell what command he had of English as I was anxious to practice my Spanish. I recalled vividly his thoughtful courtesy in sending out a flag of truce boat to Admiral Sampson to let him know that Hobson's party were all alive and well, but when I spoke of how highly we Americans appreciated his treatment of Hobson and his men, he was clearly embarrassed; he would allow me to give him no credit, and evidently did not wish the subject discussed, but dismissed it with the brief remark that it was merely the proper thing among "militares." This was my first intimation of what I afterwards learned so thoroly, the extreme and genuine modesty of this remarkable and admirable man.

The admiral was at that time probably about sixty years of age, full-bearded, or nearly so, movements firm and vigorous, his kindly face full of strength, the whole man giving promise of more years of life than it later proved were in store for him. I should have preferred to see him in the uniform he had so honored, but he was in citizen's dress.

My visit to the admiral was the great feature of my visit to Spain. I had confidently hoped to see him again. This was not to be, but our correspondence continued till after the beginning of his last illness, and I learned to love and admire him as I have done but few other men. One of his letters written while the Morocco conference was in session at Algecoras opposite Gibraltar, contained matter so interesting and important that I sent President Roosevelt a copy of what he said.

It was in 1909, after the admiral had done much to endear himself to Central, that Principal Darrah sent

a request that he send a letter to be read at the school celebration of the 23d of February. The admiral was then, as it proved, in his last illness; nevertheless with his own hand he wrote a beautiful letter containing not only a high tribute to Washington, but good advice and good wishes to our nation. The good man grew worse, and on Saturday, April 3, there came through the waves of the Atlantic the sad news of his death. On the following Monday Principal Darrah ordered the school flag lowered to half mast and it floated thus during the day. The whole school by vote in the study halls sent messages of condolence to the family, the portrait in the Spanish room was draped in the Spanish colors covered with mourning, and the Sociedad de Estudiantes del Castellano, so highly honored by his membership, passed appropriate resolutions.

Our school has had many kind friends among our own people. This friend showed great kindness to young people he never expected to see, in the nation lately at war against his own. A godly, gallant, kindly, noble gentleman, may he rest in peace, or in the beautiful language of his beautiful hand, "que en paz descansa."

The S. B. S., consisting of seven senior girls, was organized January 15, 1911. The purpose of the society is to promote literary and dramatic spirit in the school. The officers were chosen as follows: Miss Vina Wade, president; Miss Grace Sheridan, vice-president; Miss Anelie Dickert, secretary and treasurer. The society is now pursuing a literary course, consisting of modern writers. They have completed a thorough study of their first author, Ben King. The next study will be of James Whitcomb Riley.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Have you ever thought of the opportunities that lie around the opportunities that each new day brings? It is not the great chance of success in life for which we should watch and wait; it is the opportunities that come each day, the opportunities to help others and to use our own abilities and to improve our talents. How often we hear one say, "Well, my ship will come to harbor some time." Never, unless besides watching and waiting we strive each day to do our very best and to meet the small opportunities, so that when the great opportunity of success comes it will not, on account of our heedlessness, pass us by for one more worthy—for one who has made the most of the opportunities that have come to him each day and consequently is well prepared for and well deserves the success that comes to him.

R. C., '11.

Mother—John, how is it that you stand so much lower in your studies in January than in December?

John—Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays.

WHY THE MAN IN THE MOON LIVES ALONE.

This has long been a disputed question to many people, especially to bachelors and those bordering on bachelorhood.

I had a wireless communication with the "man in the moon" while on a flight this winter. He settled this question for me and I'll give it to you hoping that it will end all future disputes. It is a true story, for I had it from his own lips.

At one time he was engaged to be married to a beautiful young woman. The plans were all made and on Sunday evening before the wedding he told her what he expected of her after they were married. It was this:

"You shall rise early every morning, prepare my breakfast, bring it to my room, then go about your work, making a living for us, leaving me to my rest and quiet. You shall be subject to my will at all times and keep in mind that I am your superior."

Her reply was: "I shall not become your wife, and more than that, I shall see that you live alone the rest of your life."

After she left him he was so angered with himself for being so hasty that he made a fire, and was going to throw himself upon it and end his life.

Just as he was ready to throw himself upon the brush heap an old witch glided from behind a tree, clutched him by the shoulder and threw him high into the sky, landing him in the middle of the moon.

"That is your punishment," she said, "for trying to impose such terms on the young lady you were to marry. You now have the power to call to you a helpmate but if she refuses to go to you, you shall live alone all the rest of your life."

The "man in the moon" still lives alone, so bachelors and young men, take warning for "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip."
V. W. '11.

It was more than awkward—it was unkind—when the schoolmaster, wishing to illustrate the meaning of the word "slowly," walked very deliberately across the room and on asking, "How did I walk?" received the prompt reply: "Please, sir, bow-legged, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch onward;
Hampered by hobble-skirts,
Hops the "400."

Maud—"Did you observe that Walton Archer gave me his first dance last night?"

Sybil—"Yes, he told me later on that he believed always in getting disagreeable things done as soon as possible."—Tit-Bits.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S STORY.

"Say, stranger," said the old mountaineer as he pointed to an old, long-barreled, muzzle-loading rifle hanging above the cabin door, "do you see that old rifle there? Well, if that old gun could talk, it could tell one of the powerfulest yarns you ever heard.

"Along in the twenties when I was a young buck of seventeen or eighteen years, I happened across a trader who was selling guns, and that there rifle just took my eye at first. I asked him what he would take for it—'\$150 in cash or barter,' he said. Well, gee! that came nigh well stumping me, and I had to sit down to fix one of my moccasins. But I had my eye set on that rifle and I meant to get it; I trapped and shot enough beaver and mink to get hides enough to pay for it—which was nigh well an ox-cart full. Well, when I got that gun I felt so happy and had the big head so, that I knocked down every young buck that I came across, and, of course, this caused a lot of scraps. Then here is where more trouble began to breed.

"There was one tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl—just the prettiest you ever laid your eyes on, who I had been sparkin' with. She looked kinder shy at me, however, because there was another young buck, better looking than me, and who didn't blush his hair red every time she smiled at him, who was also making eyes at her.

"One bright, moonlight night in June, I slicked up my hair well with a lot of goose-grease, and went a courting up to her cabin in Wild Cat Cove. When I got there I found a dance going on. Old Uncle 'Lish Perkins and Dan Everton was a fiddling 'Blind Coon Dog' and 'Muskra' to fair you well, and the boys were swinging their partners so fast, and they all were such a lefty bunch, that they had the old logs a shaking and were making a much racket as if a hundred wild cats and fifty hounds had been in there getting on intimate terms.

"Just as I stepped in the door they broke in the exulbrant strains of 'Going Up Cripple Creek,' and every couple tried to see if they could swing the fastest.

"And right there in a corner my best girl and that there other young man was a standing, and she never so much as laid her eye on me. Well, I just walked right over and said, 'Hey, Sal, this music is awful fine, let's take a swing.' Well, that there other young man just glared and he was so mad that he wouldn't say a word, and Sal, just to make him madder, said just as sweet as you please, 'Yes, John, that there fiddling almost makes my toes wiggle through my moccasins.' And we danced, and we danced and danced and all the time I was so exulbrant that I felt like I was a sitting on the rainbow, holding out a buck-wheat cake in each hand and the angels was a pouring maple syrup on them.

"Well, bye and bye, after taking such refreshments

as Hoocker's pure corn and other such pleasant drinks, the folks began to leave, and soon none of the company was left except me. The rest of her family, knowing why I was there, went off to bed and left Sal and me sitting there in front of the big wood fire, for the night was awful chilly.

"Well, I pretty soon asked her if she wouldn't hook up for life with me. She said that that other young buck had been popping the same question when I came in, and that she thought so much of both of us that she didn't know which one to take. But having heard, she said, of both of us being pretty fair shots, she would marry the one that did the best shooting the next afternoon.

"Well, the next evening everybody in twenty miles had heard about this agreement, and they all came to see us shoot, for we both had the names of being dead shots. The first thing we were to try our hand at was to snuff out the flame of a candle set a hundred yards away, without touching the candle. Well, both of us did that, and both of us did several other easy shots till it began to look as if the question couldn't be decided as to whom was the best.

"Then they took a shiny glass bead, fastened it with a six-foot thread to a kite and let the kite fly out till the bead was just a little shiny, swinging aspect, almost out of sight. Then they gave him three trials and he missed. Then they gave me a chance, and you needn't believe it unless you want to, for that don't change the facts any, but that rifle of mine was so good that I hit that bead fair and square, and the force of the bullet broke the bead loose from the string and killed a wild goose flying near it, and when we picked up the goose, we found that the bead had gone in at one eye, gone through its brain, and stayed in the other eye, making the first artificial eye I ever saw.

"We had a big wedding the same night, and have struck it off together fine for over fifty years. That was only the beginning of the wonderful things that rifle has done, but I hear Sal calling us to come to dinner, and I will have to finish some other time. Come on, stranger, and try pot-luck with us." C. B. '11.

Customer—"I dropped my watch in the river three days ago and it kept running."

Jeweler—"What! You don't mean to say your watch kept running three days in water!"

Customer—"No! I meant the river kept running."

"See here!" exclaimed the stranger as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle, "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road."

"Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him through the dark, "we're a-findin' them, ain't we?"—Tit-Bits.

THE FAULTS OF OUR FRIENDS.

Dr. B. Beene recently gave a lecture to the school children assembled in the chapel of the East Chattanooga institute. He touched upon several subjects, but one thing, especially, was of interest to me, which was that we should never harshly criticize other people, but if we must criticize some one, then let that one be the one, himself, who is finding the fault. The substance of his speech was as follows:

"The world is too much filled up with harsh criticism and slander. How much unhappiness and misery is caused by it! So let us not add our 'widow's mite.' There is no use in this constant fault-finding, and there is no real pleasure in it. It is a very bad habit which emanates from selfishness (which includes self-conceit), and thoughtlessness. It is a source of great annoyance to many of our friends, and really hurts the one who talks as much or more than the one who is talked about, for it helps to turn his friends against him, and narrows his nature—the one who thinks every one is faulty but himself. People finally begin to think of him 'a dog that will bring a bone will carry a bone.'

"But that is not the only side of the question. A person who makes a criticism of another person is necessarily placing himself in the position of judge. Now, who in the world is a righteous, just, all-seeing judge? There is only one true Judge, and He is not here in mortal form. He, only, has power of true judgment, and who would dare to assume His authority—to attempt to rise to His side? He said, 'Judge not, lest you be judged,' and what a good motto that would be if we would only heed it.

"Yes, we would be very much happier, indeed, if we were not continually at strife, resisting everything; one who allows himself to go with the motion of the boat fares much easier than the one who resists every movement. So, if we take our friend's faults for granted, and make the best of them, making excuses for everything possible, as we would for ourselves, we would experience a feeling of the real higher happiness. A person who does this shows that he has in his heart the kind of love that the Lord commanded in us, which is simply the same consideration and sympathy for others that we have for ourselves.

"When you think of the faults of some other person you dislike, do not condemn him simply because he is an enemy of yours. Remember that some one in the world loves and cherishes that person and sees with a bigger eye the good qualities, just as you love and cherish your mother and father, or brother and sister.

"Ah, yes, there is One supreme who loves all of us, and if we are worthy of love in His sight, surely we would be among ourselves.

"When arguments to the contrary are offered to you,

no matter how seemingly plausible, reject them, remembering that Satan always has some sugar-coated pills he wishes you to take so you may keep in the old rut. I say sugar-coated pills, which means he offers you something that looks nice, but is really corruption. No one, of course, is going to grasp at something that looks untempting.

"Keep silence on the faults of other people, and you will never regret it." C. Q. '11.

CENTRAL, WINS DEBATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Central's long list of victories over rival schools has been augmented by another decisive victory. Friday night, March 31, McCallie was defeated in a debating contest which decided the championship of the Prep School Debating League.

The subject of the debate, "Resolved, That Tennessee should adopt compulsory education for children between the ages of 6 and 15," was ably handled by both sides. Henry Haenseler and De Forest Spencer represented Central for the affirmative, while Charles Clarke and Easton Kerr represented McCallie for the negative.

The judges for the evening were Mr. B. S. Annis, of Lookout Mountain; Prof. Chas. Newcomb, of the U. of C., and Prof. David R. Lee, of the U. of C. Mr. Z. W. Wheland acted as presiding officer.

Music for the evening was furnished by Mr. Jack Nicklin of McCallie, and by our Boys' Glee Club and Girls' Glee Club, and a vocal solo by Miss Oey Shoff.

Henry Haenseler, for Central, opened the debate by defining the question and advancing arguments to show that a change was necessary in the present public school system of Tennessee, and that compulsory education would meet the requirements of this change better than anything else. Chas. Clarke, for McCallie, advanced as his arguments the moral wrong and the impossibility of enforcing such a law. De Forest Spencer, as second speaker for the affirmative, showed in a logical, comprehensive way, that compulsory education was practicable, while Easton Kerr endeavored to show that Tennessee was not ready for such a law from a standpoint of finance and of population.

In the rebuttal, both Haenseler and Spencer did excellent work. Spencer's rebuttal, especially, was good. Neither Kerr nor Clarke were remarkably strong in their rebuttal.

While Miss Oey Shoff sang a solo, the judges, without consultation, handed in their decisions. At the end of the solo, Mr. Newcomb, after complimenting both sides and stating that the debate would have been creditable to university students, announced that by unanimous vote of the three judges, Central had won.

In athletics, in oratory, in debating, Central is invincible. "Central, Central, is our cry, VICTORY."

MY FIRST RIDE TO CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The day of my first visit to Central High School was most impressive to me. It is needless to say that I fell prey to the charm of the school, as all its other students have. But what made this day more than a red letter day in my memory was the ride on the street cars.

I was off bright and early in the morning, and after a ten minutes' brisk walk, arrived at the car line.

The car men seem to know when I am waiting, so they always wait too. But after I had waited long enough to eat the breakfast five times, which I missed in order to catch this car, the car came, thereof, perhaps, thinking that I had grown weary and had gone back home by this time, but I was still there, and I got on too.

In the course of time I arrived at the place known as Willow street, where I had to transfer. I knew it was not April fool's day, so I waited, at first impatiently, but finally with resignation. I went in the little store on the corner, and there I waited some more, hoping to get away before it burned down again.

Presently I was roused from my quiet meditations by a "Rickety-jam, rickety-jam—zoo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—bum, bum! Zoo—oo—oo—rickety-boom, rickety-zoo—oo—oo—oo—OO—OO—OO—jang—rudder-rudder-rudder-udder-der-der-der-ud jang! SWISH !!!" This was the Willow street car. I got aboard in the manner of one whose thoughts were far away, and would not return.

And before I knew, the car started off with a terrific jerk, and partly from habit, partly from weariness. I half way fell into a seat with a great deal of force. Horrors! wasn't that awful though! My stomach seemed pulverized, if that could be, not to mention the rest of my anatomy. Believe me, that seat was of bare wood—hard wood, too. Really, it was harder than most wood. It was harder than any diamond. My, but the other fellows cheered!

The car set up a great rocking motion like a dilapidated vessel on a rough sea, and the effect was much strengthened by the appearance of "Uncle Billy," the conductor, who strongly reminded me of the "Ancient Mariner."

With the terrible shock and the rocking motion of the car, I felt somewhat shaken up, and a feeling of strange sickness crept over me. Soon, not being able to withstand it any longer, I rushed to an open window, poked my head out, opened my mouth, and then I became delirious. I thought that I was a volcano, and from the crater, my mouth, a great eruption of ashes, cinders, smoke and lava was poured forth until it seemed that the street must be paved, or plastered with this fresh overflow. They said I was seasick, and yet there was no water about anywhere. Wasn't that strange?

Well, by the time I got to Central, being once more

on dry land, I felt a little relieved. When I had finished telling Prof. Darrah of my ride on the car, he very kindly took occasion to compliment me, saying: "You seem to have the same talent that Harriet Beecher Stowe had; she passed through the South, and seeing a few darkies, went back home and wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Just so, you rode on a street car this morning, and have given me this "highly colored" account of it. Yes, sir, your genius shows right in your face, and you will be one of the writers of your time."

That sounded so nice, and I was so glad, that I decided not to sue the company. I have since become hardened to the motion of the car, and perhaps would feel perfectly calm on the stormiest of waters now.

C. A. I.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a side gate? This conundrum has special reference to the side gates of our campus. The student submitting the best answer will have the honor of representing our needs before the powers that be, after which, if he is successful, he will be entitled to a stanza in our alphabet poem.

The boys, having in mind the spring field meet on Chamberlain Field, have attempted to solve the conundrum by using the side gates as jumping bars. But without a sufficiently long valting pole and with the concrete walks on either side of the horizontal bars it is a little jarring on the constitution, including the brains. This solution is, therefore, reected on the ground of too much concrete.

jijijetaoin shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu shrdluhrd

On the other side, the girls have studiously avoided said conundrum for the reason that they can not cross it, and are thus limited to one side of the question.

The grass and hedge fence are doing their best, but so are the cows. The bovine tribe seems to have a satisfactory solution of the question, so far as they (i. e., bovines) are concerned. Their answer may be read any day in the grateful expression of their mellow eyes and soft moos, as with protruding heads and open countenances they gaze innocently and sagely upon the bewildered students within.

Mr. Rike—"Cook, how long is the Alimentary canal?"

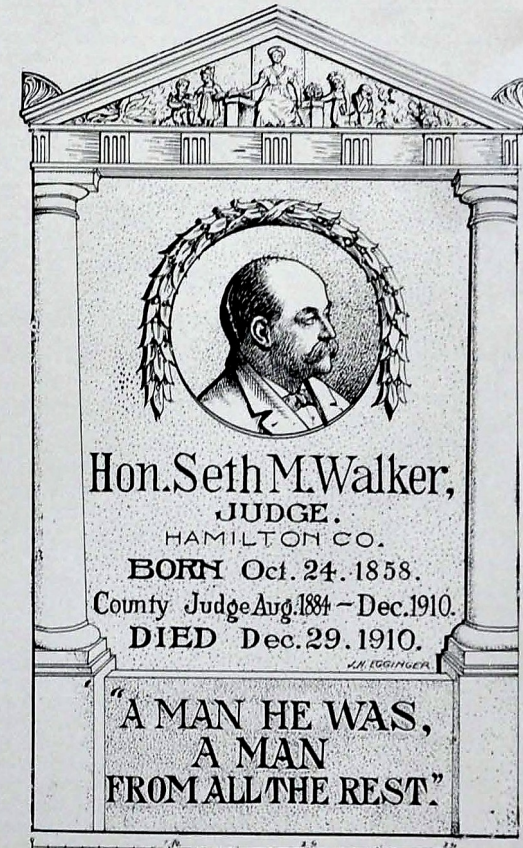
Cook—"Forty feet."

Mr. Rike—"How is it situated in the body?"

Cook—"Straight up and down."

Student—"Rusty, what sort of a speech did Greenwood make the other night at the banquet?"

Rusty—"Not very bad; he had only three minutes, you know."



The above represents the beautiful memorial tablet of the late County Judge Seth M. Walker which is to be placed on the wall in Central High School, the expense of the same to be met by the representation of Bulwer Lytton's drama of Richelieu about to be given at the Albert Theatre by students of Central High. Judge Walker was at Central, where he delivered an address at the dedication of the building, and he was a strong and useful friend of the school cause, for which as well as his general high record in the important position of County Judge which he had so long filled, and to which he had again been chosen so shortly before his lamented death, his memory is cherished in our community.

game. Under the strict training of Coach Rike, the men developed a system of passing and shooting that was marvelous. Although the tossing of baskets was not as phenomenal as that of previous years, it was fast and accurate. Elmore excelled in shooting baskets from the field and also from fouls. The team work as a whole was the classiest seen in Chattanooga this season.

Among Central's most important victories were Asheville, Knoxville and Dickinson High. The game with Asheville High abounded in fast and furious playing throughout. The Asheville team was excellent in its speed and pass work, but their basket tossing was inferior to that of the Central players. In the game the Central team displayed its thorough training and team work. The boys did not slacken their speed, but kept up the same steady pace throughout the game. The final score stood Central 23, Asheville 16.

Central's first game with Dickinson High was thrilling from start to finish, not only on account of the close score, but on account of the rivalry which has existed between the schools for many years. In this game Central forwards were excited and could not locate the baskets with accuracy. The good work of Allin and Killingsworth as guards for Central held their opponents to only one field basket, the rest of ten points were due entirely to foul goals pitched by Hulse. The main feature of the game was the duel between the two centers, Brockhaus and Greenwood. They played each other to a standstill, neither being able to score.

In the second game with Dickinson the Central team showed its great class from the beginning to the end. They displayed thorough knowledge of the rules, and although they were constantly fouled, they did not lose their heads, as did the Dickinson players. This game was played at the central Y. M. C. A. court, where the Dickinson team has practiced the entire season.

The repeated fouling of the Dickinson players marred the beauty of the game to a great extent. The long tossing of baskets by Cornelius for Central was the main feature of the game. Elmore also did great work at pitching fouls, making a total of 19 out of 27. The final score stood Central 37, Dickinson 21.

Other victories won during the season were those over Tyner, Athens, Knoxville High, U. of T. scrubs and U. of C. first team.

B. G. Greenwood, '12, captained the team and played center. This was his second season at basketball. He outplayed his opponent in nearly every game; his nearest rivals were Klem of the Knoxville High team and Brockhaus of the Dickinson team. Greenwood was picked as the all city center last season and will no doubt make it again this season. His greatest strength to the team lay in his jumping, thus enabling the forwards to work their signals easily.

P. Elmore, '11, played left forward the entire season. He was a good dribbler and probably the surest shot on

the team. He pitched the foul goals for the team and was a main factor in the winning of the Dickinson game, making a total of 19 out of a possible 27.

Cornelius, '14, played regularly at right forward. Although he was a freshman, and had never played before, he rapidly developed into a fast and steady forward. From his rapid improvement this season he promises to be one of the crack forwards of next year's team.

W. Allin, '11, played right guard in every game that Central played this season. He played the same position on last season's team, and his work this year showed some improvement over that of last season. He was fast on his feet, played close all the time. Although he guarded many fast forwards during the season they seldom made baskets off him.

Killingsworth, '14, another freshman, played left guard all season and made good at all times. Although inexperienced at the beginning of the season he rapidly developed into one of the fastest and best all round guards seen in Chattanooga for some time. He was good in his passing and his great strength enabled him to outplay his opponents in nearly every game.

A. Kelly, '11, J. D. Lockwood '11, McLaughy '12, Schoolfield '11, although not regular players, they were substituted on many occasions, and did excellent work. McLaughy participated in one regular game and did good work against Specht, the huge center of the Eleventh Cavalry team.

SCHEDULE.

Jan. 6th—Central, 33; Tyner, 10.
Jan. 13th—Central, 45; Athens, 18.
Jan. 20th—Central, 27; U. of C., 15.
Jan. 27th—Central, 30; Y. M. C. A. Reds, 23.
Feb. 3rd—Central, 32; Cavalry, 7.
Feb. 10th—Central, 47; U. of T. Scrubs, 10.
Feb. 17th—Central, 33; Knoxville, 21.
Feb. 24th—Central, 23; Asheville, 16.
March 3rd—Central, 13; Dickinson, 10.
March 10th—Central, 37; Dickinson, 21.
Total number of points: Central, 320; opponents, 151.

J. K. S. SELECTS MOTTO.

At a recent meeting of the J. K. S. Literary Society a club motto and flower were adopted. The motto is, "Per Aspira ad Astra," and the flower the carnation. Club colors have not yet been chosen, but a committee for their selection has been appointed.

It has also been decided to hold semi-monthly meetings at the homes of the members. The purpose of the meetings, besides the enjoyment of a social hour, is to make the club life more complete and to bind the members into a more compact organization.



NONSENSE

Freshman (bringing in some jokes)—I've got some peaches here.

Haenseler (after perusing them)—I guess we'll can them.

He proposed to her in an automobile.
She accepted in a hospital.

Teacher—Why didn't the ancients use slates and pencils?

Willie (scratching his head)—Because the Lord told them to multiply on the face of the earth.

Lucile waked at night and called to her mother: "Mamma, I'm thirsty; will you get me a drink?"

"No, Lucile, you're not thirsty; go to sleep."

"But, Mamma, I am so thirsty; won't you please get me a drink?"

"Lucile, if you don't hush, I'll get up and spank you."

"Well, Mamma, when you get up to spank me, will you bring me a drink?"—Ex.

Director—"And you think you can teach our school?"

Teacher—"Oh, yes! I'm not a much arithmeticer but I'm a good grammarist."—Ex.

"When you told your father that my love was like a rushing river, what did he say?"

"He said, 'Dam it!'"

Overhead in the Hall: "Isn't Mr. Gunn a dear?"

"Yes! But he's married."

Now what do you think of this? There is a girl in one of the math classes who is so modest that she will not do improper fractions.

Pedal tegments, artistically lubricated, and illuminated for the infinitesimal compensation of five cents per operation. (Shine 5c.)

Mr. Rike reading grades:
H. Livingston, zero.
H. L.—I know I nevah!

Prof. Davis—Will, what is steam?
Will—It's water gone crazy with the heat.

Two oysters were in a big pot full of milk getting ready for stew. Said one oyster to the other:

"Where are we?"

"In the domestic science department," was the reply.

Whereupon the little oyster said:

"What on earth do they want with both of us?"

Always put off tonight what you are going to put on in the morning.

Geo.—Did you hurt yourself the other night when you stumbled over the piano?

Bill—No, I fell on the soft pedal.—Ex.

"When I called last night you were rather cold."

"Was?"

"I think so. What are the prospects for tonight?"

"Fair and warmer."

"What is the death rate in New York?"

"One death to every person."

EARLY DAYS OF CHATTANOOGA.

Chattanooga, the "Gateway of the South," is beautifully situated in a picturesque valley surrounded by the majestic Lookout Mountain on the west, the historic Missionary Ridge on the east, the lordly Tennessee river on the north and Raccoon Mountain on the south.

The meaning of the name "Chattanooga" has been much discussed. Some say that its meaning is "Crow's Foot," while Dr. L. Y. Park, who was a young man when the Cherokees were removed, said that it was distinctly of Cherokee origin, coming from the two words, "chatta" a fish and "nooga," meaning to bring; for many fish were brought up the river during high tide. Others say it means "Bend of River."

Many people still cling to the names, "Eagle's Nest," "Hawk's Nest" and "Crow's Nest." However, the best authorities state that the name Chatt-to-to-noo-gee, of Cherokee origin, is the original name of our city, the literal meaning being "rock coming to a point," "a cliff or bluff," or "overhanging rocks."

In a very early period a trader, known as John Ross, planted a trading post on the Tennessee river, which was named for him, being known as Ross' Landing.

The first store was built at the foot of Market street, of pine logs, having for its only counter an old canoe. As the population increased, the Crutchfield House, which stood where the Read House now stands, was built, being the only public house.

An old flour mill stood where the James Shaw clothing store now stands; and after a few years the first brick house was built on Market street by a man named Cornish. Finally a theater was built, known as Kaylor's Hall, and situated in the rear of an alley; the building after years of constant use became so dilapidated that it was torn away, and thus was evolved the present arcade between Market and Broad.

The Vicinity around the Centenary Church was then a thick woods and was used for picnics, when the villagers desired an outing in the country. Another church stood where the Loveman department store is now located.

In 1867 a great flood swept over the town, and boats were rowed across Market street; this flood destroyed the military bridge, the piers of which may still be seen at the wharf. Meanwhile, another disaster occurred; the Crutchfield House was devoured by flames.

The favorable situation of the city caused many railroads to be built. The Nashville the first to be completed in 1850. By the close of the war two others, the Knoxville and Atlantic, were built.

The famous battle above the clouds, as well as the battle of Missionary Ridge and others, were fought here, as any reader of history knows.

After the civil war the county seat was moved from Harrison to this city. The head of public affairs was a

marshal, the first one being a man by the name of Lyerly. The jail was a small wooden structure located on Fourth street.

The little town grew rapidly, and now consists of over three hundred manufacturing plants, having instead of the rudely constructed Crutchfield House our beautiful Patten and many other up-to-date hostleries. Other buildings, such as the James building and the new Hamilton National Bank now tower in our streets. The new Terminal Station, completed in 1910, is a credit to any city.

The type of government has been changed to a commission form; and it is hoped that in the future the population will increase from 44,604, stated in the census for 1910, to a much greater number; and the attendance of Central High be raised from its 500 souls, until it has enrolled the greatest number of students of any high school in the south.

J. R., '13.

The girls in the Senior Class have organized a society that is to be perpetuated from year to year by senior girls. Its purpose is to create a greater fondness for literary and dramatic study.

The officers of this society are Rowena Sauls, president; Vina Wade, vice-president; Katharine Cowles, secretary and treasurer, and an executive committee composed of Georgia Mason and Ruth Church. Miss Mary E. Beck was selected dramatic sponsor and Mrs. N. C. Carter, literary sponsor.

The meetings are held once a week in a room assigned to this society by the principal of the school. Here, after the conclusion of their study, the members enjoy a short programme. Later refreshments are served and the meeting adjourned until the following week.

This society has been known as Senior Girls' Society and it was not until last meeting that the permanent name was selected. Each member was requested to bring in a sketch of some illustrious woman, for whom they wished the society named.

These papers were read, and the one considered the best was a sketch of our Mrs. Carter, and by acclamation the club was named for our dear English teacher.

It is our hope that the Nannie Carmack Carter Club will be in existence as long as Central remains an educational institution.

Mr. Davis—What kind of acid is H₂ S?
B. Greenwood—Unmentionable.

Mr. Anderson—"Miss Clara, can you possibly be quiet for about five minutes? Do you talk in your sleep?"

Clara Thompson—"I don't know whether I do or not. I don't stay awake to find out."

WHY THE MOON LIVES TO HIMSELF.

Did you ever wonder why the man in the moon is a bachelor? Then listen while I tell you a story of him, for you have grown up with a mistaken idea, as all the world has until now. The man in the moon is no bachelor at all; he is a grass-widower, and a merry one, too.

And how did he come to be a merry grass-widower? Well, it all came about like this: Mr. Moon was married at the beginning of the world, and with his dear wife spent a short honeymoon.

But he loves the lover, as all the world does, and wished to stay out at nights to watch and shine while Cupid was at play; for love, you know, would wither and droop with no moon to peep over the bench on the lawn, or around the curve in the quiet country lane.

Then his wife got jealous, and made serious objections to her husband's staying out until so late in the night. She pulled out his hair until he was bald—she made him dry the dishes, and then go to bed. So he had to steal away while she was asleep, and therefore he often came out very late.

But one night he forgot to start back in time, and when he did come home, his wife met him—not at the door, but at the gate. She shook him, she boxed him, and broke up three brooms on him, and then finished the job up with her rolling pin. That night Mr. Moon had a bloody face. Lovers were frightened, and would not come out.

Soon our friend fell sick, and it was more than a week before he again showed his smiling face. He knew now that Mrs. Moon had learned of his tricks, so he seemed not to care whether he ever went home, and often waited until late in the day to start back.

Then Mrs. Moon began to watch him every night, though she pretended to be asleep, snoring loudly. Whenever he crept out of bed and left the house, she followed closely behind, until, when he began to wink knowingly at the lovers below, she, in a jealous rage, pounced upon him, using freely the rolling pin she carried with her.

He, however, was always lucky enough to escape, and lead her a merry chase across the sky, always looking down on the lovers, though, for he did not think it was necessary to look ahead; the sky had always been a smooth, clear path to him. This caused him to get into an exciting scrape once, for he ran into the stars, knocking a great many from their orbits so that they fell to the earth and were lost.

In consequence this jolly friend of earthly lovers and his wee little wife were taken into custody by the royal court of the heavens, with twelve selected planets for jurors, and the sun as judge. The latter who, when he had called the jury to order, said to Mr. Moon: "Well, prisoner, what are you here charged with?"

"I should be charged," said he, "with having an un-

reasonably jealous wife who doesn't know her duty, but thinks it is to mince my head every night with a rolling-pin. She chased me into the region of the stars, causing me to knock many of them from their orbits, so that now they are lost."

"But you should not be loafing out at nights," said the judge. "No one ever sees me out except in the daytime."

"Just so, your honor," said the prisoner. "I always wished to give you absolute preference. How could I be so presumptuous or so disrespectful as to show myself after the night has passed, as if in defiance of such dazzling countenance as yours? If your honor will grant me the privilege of viewing it in this way. I feel that I am absolutely in the right—There is the fault!—that torture of mine—I'll file a petition right now for divorce."

The sun was flattered by the moon's clever answer. "I was only trying you," said he; "I knew 'twas her fault, and right here I'll grant you the free-est divorce."

Mrs. Moon interceded with her rolling pin. She brought it down hard on the head of the judge, which made him so angry it is said that flames, to this day, shoot from his eyes. In retaliation he at once had the divorce papers made out, and then Mr. Moon was a merry grass widower.

All went very well with our grass widower for a week or two, but Mrs. Moon began brooding over her utter defeat. She went to the house of her former husband every night for more than a month, and with her rolling pin in hand, dared him to come out.

"Oh," said he, "I guess I dare not. I'll tsey in tonight, and you can guard by the door; you insure a feeling of far greater safety to me than burglar alarms."

But what about the lovers down below on the earth—would they miss him? Oh, no, indeed. He pulled back the curtain and peeped out the window, so they could see, at least, a part of his face.

When Mrs. Moon got tired she went away, and after a few weeks' rest, she came back again to stay a while—then away for a rest, then back again, and so it is said they have lived in this way ever since.

But let us take a lesson from the jolly Mr. Moon; despite all his troubles, he keeps on a smiling face.

C. A. I. '11.

Editor—"But, my dear sir, we can not publish such stuff as this. It is merely an escape of gas."

Poet—"Ah, I see. Something is wrong with the metre."—Ex.

Fry—I was out to see your brother at the Insane Asylum yesterday.

Wayne—What did he have to say?

Fry—He said he was crazy to see you.

DON'T THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE HAVE AN EASY TIME?

"Oh," don't you girls have a dandy time? Just do what you please, when you please, how you please," exclaimed a little Freshman to one of those fortunates known as an office girl.

"Yes, we do have a splendid time. We get to run all the errands we want to—and those we don't want to, also. It's 'Girls, have you fixed my register?' from Prof. Darrah. "Is the book store well stocked?" "Have you phoned in my report to Mr. Brown?"—and about a thousand other things.

"Girls, why don't you enter the Preliminary Oratorical contest? It's a shame that no girls have gone into this. And you must practice the play. You office girls have so much time that, long before this, you should have known your lines," is the cry of Miss Beck.

"Oh, girls! you are due me two lesson plans and an observation note book, as you were teaching when the last note books were submitted. I'll take them at the close of the day, please."

Failing to hand in a lesson plan is nothing short of criminal. Something has to be sacrificed for the profession; so geometry must be offered up on this day. At the close of the geometry period, after I've stopped my work about ten times to answer phone calls, I have about half a lesson plan, when, to my terror-stricken gaze, appears Mr. Rogers. "Miss Georgia, I must insist on your attendance in class if you expect to make your grade."

"Come what may, I'll not miss my geometry again," is my inward comment.

Just as I have succeeded in translating about ten of the fifty lines of Virgil which have to be translated—"Miss Georgia,"—from the inner recess of the office—"take this paper to every teacher in the building, have them sign it and return it to me."

What is the inevitable result when a girl goes to class with ten lines of Virgil, when she should have fifty? "I am surprised—surprised is a mild term—I am shocked that a Senior should come to class with ten lines of Virgil."

Then it's run errands, post bulletins, balance accounts. On top of all this it's "Why don't you girls write something for the 'Digest'?" You could write as good an article as any we accept if you just had get-up-and-get enough to do it."

O, yes, these office girls have an easy time!

G. M. '11.

"So, Miss Susie, is your elder sister?" asked the young man of ten-year-old Willie, "and who comes after her?"

"Nobody hasn't come yet, but pa says the first one that comes can have her."

Harry (translating Caesar)—"He had gently sloping sides."

Prof. Setliffe—"What is the antecedent of he?"

Harry—"Caesar."

Heard in Virgil: "There came from the wood a strange form of a man with a long beard as a covering for his back."

Another translation of the same sentence.

"There came out of the forest a strange form of man with long feet and a beard wrapped around his spine." (Evidently the original Bogie man.)

Small Boy (in drug store)—"Please, sir, I want a bottle of liniment and a bottle of glue."

Clerk—"What's the matter, sonny?"

Boy—"Ma hit pa with the sugar bowl."

"Do you read much?"

"Yes, I am very fond of reading."

"Have you read any of Shakespeare?"

"Oh, I have read all of his works—that is, unless he has written something lately."

Heard at a dance the other night:

"You would be a good dancer only for two things."

"They are?" smilingly.

"Your feet."

Little Miss Burke, on seeing Fritz chase his own tail asked:

"Father, what kind of a dog is that?"

Capt. B.—"A watch dog, dear."

L. M. B.—"Oh, I suppose he's winding himself up, then."—Ex.

HIS WIFE.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?"

"I se de manager of a laundry."

"What's the name of the laundry?"

"Eliza Ann."—Ex.

SO₂ AND NO₂

Went walking one fine day.

SO₂ loved NO₂,

And stole her heart away.

NO₂ then to H₂O

For sympathy did flee,

And H₂O then angrily

Repaired to SO₂.

Alas! this charming lady,

We shall see never more,

For water fell in love with her,

Leaving H₂ SO₄.



EXCHANGES



"The High School News" of St. Louis, Mo., is in many respects a fine paper. All departments seem to be well edited and nothing adds to the departments so much as the headings, which are indeed very suggestive.

"The Memphis Tigh School Bulletin," of Memphis, Tenn., contains many excellent poems, and, in fact, all the articles are fine, but it would be much more attractive if the departments were better arranged and had more suggestive headings.

"The Argus," Gardner, Mass., is a fine paper, but we think that the literary department would be greatly improved if the stories were fewer in number and made longer and more interesting.

With each succeeding issue of "The Maroon and White," Chattanooga, Tenn., a marked improvement is noticed; the departments grow larger and the paper more attractive. But what is still more noticeable is that the material grows not only in quantity, but also in quality.

"The Wallace World," of Nashville, Tenn., is very neat and attractive and several of the departments are well edited, but the literary department is indeed weak; it might be improved by making the stories more interesting and true to life.

"The Journal," Pittsburg, Pa., comes up to its usual high standard. All the stories are fine, but perhaps "The Haunted Orchard" is the most amusing; the plot is well developed.

"The Record," of Springfield, Mass., is well edited in all departments, but especially is this so of the literary department. The stories are all that could be expected and show that some one is willing to work.

"The O. M. I. Sentinel," College Hill, Ohio, and "Orange and Blue," Sweetwater, Tenn., are both good examples of papers which have for their purpose the publication of school news. Both are well edited.

LOCALS.

Miss Avis Shelton, '11, is slowly recovering from a severe burn, which she received several weeks ago, and will soon be able to' rejoin her classes, from which she has been much missed.

Several Centralites have fallen victim to that dreadful disease, the measles. Among these were Jessie Shaver, '11; Rhea Williams, '14; Mary Crouch, '13.

Miss Anna Davis, '19, was the hostess of a heart dice party at her home in St. Elmo.

Miss Ethel Raulston, '10, entertained a number of her friends last Thursday evening at her home on Dodds avenue.

The F. E. B.'S met March 20th. The meetings hereafter will be held once a month at the home of the different members. Those present were: Misses Susie Gould, '11; Esther Wilson, '11; Georgia Mason, '11; Clara Clark, '11; Rowena Sauls, '11; Ruth Church, '11; Catherine Cowles, '11; Agnes Clark, '11.

Miss Ollie Mae Ellison, '12, has stopped school on account of the ill health of her mother. It is hoped by all her friends that she will be able to re-enter very soon.

Miss Mildred Bryan, who attended Central last term, was married to Mr. Walter Edgmon a few weeks ago.

Miss Bessie Smith, who attended Central last term, is now studying music.

ALUMNI.

Miss Lois Carter, '09, is attending business college.

Miss Mary Hall, '10, has completed her course at the Mountain City Business College, and is now holding a position with the Avenue Bank and Trust Company.

Miss Nell Murray has an excellent position as a stenographer in the law office of Mr. Rankin.

Miss Eula McKenzie, '19, will return home to spend the holidays after the close of her school at Red Bank, Tennessee.

Among the visitors at Central last week were several former students. These were: Miss Hazel Marsh, '10; Miss Edith McFarland, Miss Mary Bess Krichbaum, Mr. Will Krichbaum.

The S. S. Club has met during the past month at the homes of Miss Ethel Stokes, '10, and Miss Irene Barnes, '10. At Miss Barnes, the Irish Green, in honor of the day, prevailed in the decorations and refreshments. The meetings for the following month will be held with Miss Mae Beeking, '10, and Miss Amelie Dickert, '10.

B. Greenwood, our crack center, was confined to his home for several days on account of sickness.

During the last few days they have been taking pictures of the societies, classes, teams, etc., of Central. Everybody has been forming clubs and wearing the smile that won't come off.

The members of the senior hall, on a recent afternoon, were given a rare treat with that delicious and exhilarating perfume, H₂S, from the laboratory.

Last Thursday night, March 17, a dinner was given at the Y. M. C. A. to the members of our basket ball team and their best girls.

Fletcher Brandon has been sick for several days with the measles.

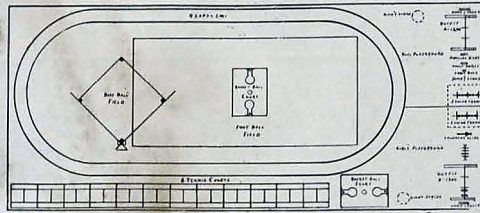


Diagram of Central's Proposed Athletic Field

WHAT I SAW IN A DREAM.

One afternoon I went on an errand to my grandmother's. In passing from her home to mine, I must go through a dense forest with only a narrow path, and very near this was an old log cabin, which I always imagined was haunted.

Before I could possibly reach home dark was upon me. Of course I could see all sorts of hobgoblins in passing through this forest, but when I neared the little hut, which had for so long been uninhabited, I was thoroughly frightened for there on the step sat a little shriveled up old woman. She arose and walking toward me spoke in a low cracked voice, but in one of so much gentleness, I could not help heeding her. When I glanced at her face I thought she must be one of the older fairies. She laid her hand on my arm and began to talk to me. She asked me what I would rather have than anything else. Child-like, I said, "Oh, I should like to be rich." "Then I shall give you all the money that you want," said the fairy. "Underneath this old house is a cellar and I will let you down into it. It is separated into two chambers, the first is filled with silver and the second with gold. In the first room is a large, fierce dog, but just wave this stick before him and he will not bother you. In the second room is a mighty giant, but if you peep through the keyhole, you can see when he lies down to sleep and then go in, for he is not easy to awake. Then hanging on a nail over the giant's head is a ring. The possessor of this ring can have anything she wishes, by striking it with a little pebble. If you can get this ring it will be yours, for I am disowned by the other fairies and live all alone here, for I shall soon die." She tied the rope around my waist and down, down I went. When my feet touched the floor and I saw the huge dog, I was frightened but remembered the stick. Then the dog was as quiet and gentle as a lamb. I filled my bonnet and apron with silver, then took a peep through the keyhole. There sat the ugly old giant upon a stool, his big head

nodding from one side to the other. I knew he must be sleepy and would soon lie down, so I patiently waited. Soon I saw him fall over asleep and I cautiously opened the door and walked in. My, such heaps of gold I never saw in all my life. I threw away all my silver, and filled my apron and bonnet with gold. Then I began to look around for the ring. I did not see it on the nail, but I kept looking and soon discovered it on the giant's finger. I was afraid to touch the giant, for it might awake him, but I wanted the ring so much that I ventured to try. I had nearly succeeded in pulling it off when he turned over and grunted. I happened to remember my stick, and thought perhaps it would influence the giant as it did the dog, and to my delight it was successful. I pulled the ring off and went back to the door of the cellar heavy laden with gold and called to the fairy. She lowered the rope to me and pulled me up. I heartily thanked her for the money and the ring and ran very fast to tell my mother what had happened. I was just wishing that it was not so dark, when I stumbled and fell, and off rolled my ring, all my gold was spilled, and I opened my eyes and found my sister shaking me very hard, and telling me to get up in a hurry.

W. R. '11.

The Freshman's translation of "The Result of a Kiss:"

- Boyibus kissibus,
- Sweet girlomus;
- Girlibus likibus,
- Wanti somorum.
- Papibus hearibus
- Kissibus stonnum;
- Kickibus Boyibus
- Out of the doorum.
- Darkibus nightibus,
- Not a lightomus;
- Climibus gatibus—
- Breechibus torum.

—Exchange.

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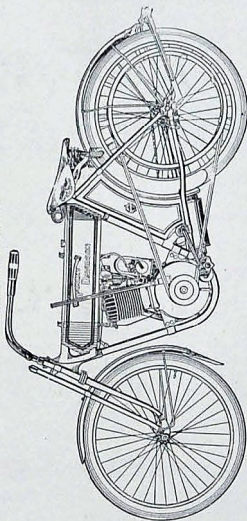


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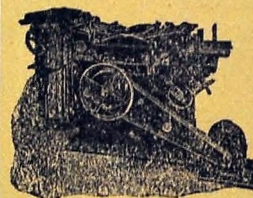
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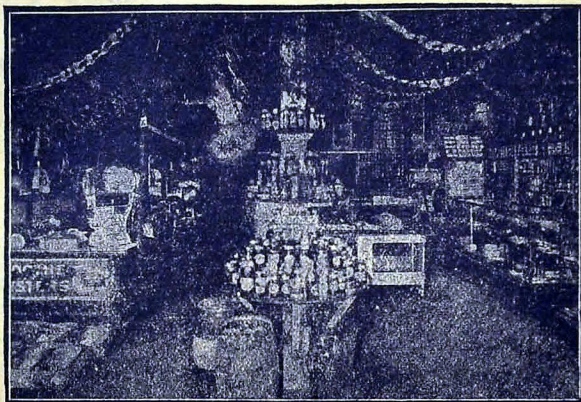
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