

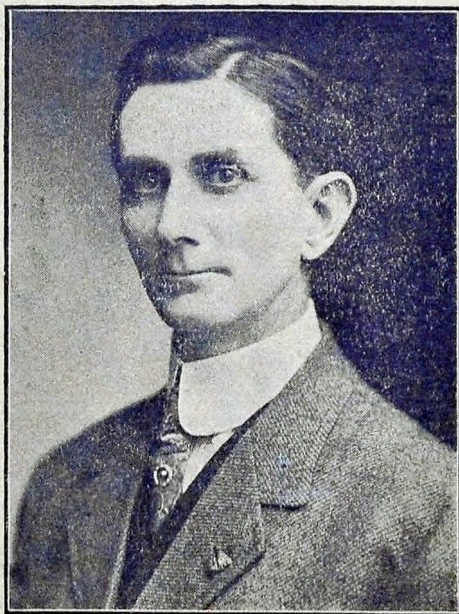
The Central Digest

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1911

No. 7

Central's Hall of Fame



Hon. Ed Bass

Published by the Students of Central High School

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
HAMILTON COUNTY

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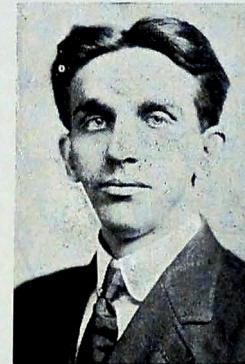
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SENATOR E. D. BASS.

Our worthy senator and distinguished citizen, whose portrait adorns Central's Hall of Fame, was born in Chattanooga in 1873. He was educated in Hamilton County schools and the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio.

After graduation he first began business as a retail merchant in Chattanooga, but soon retired on account of ill health. He then entered the real estate business, which he followed successfully for several years.

In 1906 Mr. Bass was urged by his friends to enter the race for Representative of the Fifth District in the County Court, and so great was his popularity in his district that he was elected by almost a unanimous vote over four competitors.

The senator has also served on many important committees, and is at present a member of the Tunnel Commission that has charge of building a tunnel through Mission Ridge at a cost of \$150,000. He is chairman of the Highway Commission that has the expenditure of more than \$500,000 on our public roads, and is also secretary of the Hamilton County Poor Commission that has the distribution of \$17,000 per year for charity.

Mr. Bass was elected to represent Hamilton County in the State Senate of Tennessee in the hardest fought legislative campaign ever known in this county, having defeated two opponents by a majority of 1,650.

All educational measures in the County Court have found in him a champion, and he now favors a bill giving one-third of the State's revenue to schools.

The senator, though still a young man, has accumulated a comfortable fortune, and is further blessed with a wife and two children, whose love and affection light the way leading to still greater achievements for a man who never intentionally made an enemy or deserted a friend.

Few men have, in greater degree, those qualities possessed by the genial senator, which attract and bind in closest friendship those with whom they come in contact. He meets, he greets you, he keeps faith with you, and you will do well to keep faith with him.

There was in the city of Worcester
 A corpulent Shanghai rooster,
 He swallowed a tack,
 And it sho' was a fact,
 He couldn't crow loud as he rooster.

VISIT OF THE EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The recent visit of the Educational Committee of the State Legislature was a rare opportunity for Central to impress the character and spirit of her work upon men who hold in their power the success of Tennessee's public schools.

The statement was made by a member of the committee that East Tennessee has a greater number of county high schools than Middle and West Tennessee combined.

We of Hamilton county boast that we lead East Tennessee, and also the entire state, in the number of high schools, as well as the equipment and quality of work. This claim was amply verified by the very complimentary speeches of several members of the Educational Committee upon the occasion of their recent visit. If any doubt lingered in the minds of the skeptical as to the advisability of Hamilton county's large expenditure for high schools that doubt is now surely dispelled; for our system has been ranked first in the state by this splendid committee which inspects the schools of the entire state, as well as by High School Inspector Harned and several others.

Immediately upon the arrival of the committee, Miss Fair and the young ladies of her department served lunch. Accompanying the committee, were Supt. J. B. Brown, High School Inspector Harned, Senator Bass, Representative Terrell, Messrs. Bates, Varnell, Bloom, Hargraves, Boileau and others. That the lunch was enjoyed is evidenced by the fact that the visitors remained in the dining room fully one hour, as well as by the nice things said to the young ladies and the satisfied expression each wore as he entered the Senior Hall.

Incidentally one of the young ladies in Miss Park-department was the recipient of a near-proposal as the of the committee. No name will be mentioned, of course, but the young lady who made the bicyclist, having been designated by Miss Fair, was engaged by one of the bachelor members of the committee in a very earnest conversation following the lunch, and each were no thereafter to be in an exceptionally happy mood, or a

The exercises in the Senior Hall were in Lent. Principal Darrah, who asked Supt. Brown's siding officer. The superintendent chaired by the senator, Representative Terrell and other speeches. The visitors from outside especially complimentary in their remarking to Hamilton county's splendid schools, the school officials and Central High in particular. Preceding the program Paul Elmore led the student body in yells, nine

'rah's being given for each of the following: Bass, Terrell, Harned, Educational Committee.

Following the exercises the visitors continued their tour of the county, traveling in automobiles and taking with them Principal Darrah.

The following legislators composed the Educational Committee: John S. Cooper, chairman; W. F. Albright, secretary; E. D. Bass, Walter White, L. J. Parks, J. B. Mitchell, Jno. McGilbony, P. E. Miller, E. H. White and G. L. Morris.

The effect of this visit can not but be beneficial to the school interests of Hamilton county and the state. These intelligent, conscientious men, coming as they do from every section of the state, and studying school conditions at close range will be more competent to legislate for the schools than otherwise would be possible.

A TRIP TO JUAREZ.

Like any normal American boy, I always had an ambition to visit foreign lands. I never for once thought that such a thing could be possible before I finished school, much less before I was twelve years old, but the improbable came to pass, and I spent an hour in a foreign country, three months before I reached that age.

It came about in an odd way, it seemed nearly miraculous to me, it was so sudden, when I found myself and party in El Paso, Texas, with my train destined for a two hours' delay, and saw a car pass the big brick depot labeled "Old Mexico." I hardly know what passed during the next ten minutes, but I know I persuaded two of my party to accompany me to the unknown wilds. I remember I gathered my camera and outfit together and then found myself sitting on the aforesaid car, amongst a motly crowd of humanity. There were flashy Mexicans, grocers, ranchmen and tourists. Nearly everyone smoked, even to a three-year-old, who sat next to me in the narrow seat, who possessed a cigar nearly as long as I.

It seem to be of home manufacture.

Place of interest was the custom house. Very few are taken of Americans, so without difficulty we crossed the long bridge across the Rio Grande. For the mile-wide gulch were hundreds of tiny nuts, we learned, the poorer in the summer, we cool and to have access that land on first. They return to their water to avoid the flood which sweeps straw abodes from the sands of his panorama of a tiny stream and from our view and we are in Juarez, old Mexico.

All kinds of goods to describe the long row of curio shops, containing everything from lace to a piece of the original cross on which our Savior was crucified. A perfect sea of street venders in gay colors and wide brimmed

hats surrounded our party as we left the cars, but we rid ourselves of them by entering a refreshment stand, where the pretty waitresses spoke both English and their native tongue. Some of these dark eyed damsels would be considered exceptionally pretty even in contrast with the blond beauty of the far famed American girl. We found that these were the beauties of the city, and they were very popular if the crowd of young Mexican boys could be considered as evidence.

When we were cooled of our ride we made our way to the ancient cathedral which was established in the early part of the sixteenth century. It was a quaint old building with its golden altar and costly ornaments. We noticed a lack of benches, however, and found that Mexicans never sit during mass.

Our next discovery was quite a contrast to the silent cathedral with its marble pavements. Indeed I almost felt profane as I passed by the bull fighting ring. Having no time to explore its interior, I bought a book, "The History of the Ring in Juarez." In this I later found that the city itself was a famous resort for gamblers who wish to evade the United States law. But passing on I crossed the plaza and entered one of the many souvenir stores, intending to purchase a permanent reminder of my Mexican sojourn. The articles were so high when I asked the price that I was surprised. I would never have been any wiser had I not noticed a piece of jewelry similar to one I had purchased in Fort Worth, Texas. I asked the price and found it to be double the amount I had paid. Then I discovered that the Mexican shop keepers change their prices to suit the customer. They think all Americans are rich and therein was the tale of our predicament. Disgusted at the way I was so nearly taken in, I passed on to another shop and another, but everywhere the prices were exorbitant, so after this fruitless search, disgusted and angry, I boarded the car to the States with an enlightened conception of the Mexican race.

T. M., '11.

Her class had reached the Latin numerals and the little girl had been told at school the meaning of the terms.

At home in the evening she was proudly repeating to her father what she had learned during the day. "Centum means a hundred," she recounted, "mille a thousand"—here she paused a moment in thought. "Papa," she began, "I know a girl whose name is Millie, Millie Peppers, mills means a thousand, and"—as the full significance of the combination reached her, she burst out with, "Oh, Papa, a thousand peppers! She must be hot stuff!"

Papa—"I never told lies when I was a boy, Willie."
Willie—"When did you begin, papa?"—Ex.

TRAVELING IN CHINA.

We in America have traveling associated with horses, trains and automobiles, but what would we think if the wheelbarrow were introduced?

The wheelbarrow used for traveling is much the same as the ones we use for wheeling rocks. It has two shelves about two and one-half feet wide and four feet long. The passengers are placed on these shelves and they ride over the stone roads, bumping along and without any springs underneath them. It is very uncomfortable traveling. There being no backs to them, one has to sit up straight without the help of any support. If there happens to be just one passenger he is placed on one shelf and a large stone is placed on the other.

Another way of traveling is by the sedan chair. There are two bamboo poles about twelve or fifteen feet long joined together at each end by a cross pole and bound by rattan, and the chair is swung in the middle. If the rider is easily made sea sick he had better walk. If the journey is long or the person is heavy, four to six coolies are required to carry the chair.

The coolies in the southern Fookin province will walk thirty miles with an empty chair one day and carry you back the next day, making a journey of sixty miles for fifty or seventy-five cents. Carrying the heavy load for one cent a mile. The journey of thirty miles, including rests, is made in ten hours.

It is very amusing at the end of the journey when the coolies want their pay. At first they will not take the money offered them. They must have more. It generally requires half or three-quarters of an hour to settle the matter. After getting the money each coolie will hunt a stone and throw his money on it to see if it is good. They will invariably hand two or three pieces back and say that this or that scratch makes the coin one or two "cash" less valuable. You may put the coin back into your pocket and pull it out again, and after testing it again he will put it into his pocket book and smilingly depart.

H. E. C.

THE RIFLE PIT.

It was the cold gray dawn of November 25th, 1865. The soldiers stationed in the trenches on Missionary Ridge anxiously watching caught the gleam of white and red as a flag was waved from Point Rock on Lookout Mountain.

A heavy sigh went up from the soldiers as they saw the red, white and blue. It told a sorrowful story. Lookout Mountain had been captured. The Confederate forces were stationed along Missionary Ridge under General P. R. Cleburne. They had been anxiously waiting all night for some news of the fight, and with Lookout Mountain in the hands of the Federals they knew not at what minute the Yankees would march against them.

At ten in the forenoon the alarm was given that the Federals under Thomas and Sheridan were rapidly advancing toward Missionary Ridge. The report seemed to bring new life into the soldiers and they all hastily made preparations for the ensuing battle. Nearer and nearer the Federals approached.

In one rifle pit stationed about three-fourths of a mile south of Tunnell Hill, the soldiers in their preparation for the coming battle scarcely noticed a little form in gray as it crept into the rifle pit from the fortifications above.

"Hay there, fellow, make yourself useful around here! Bring me a bucket of water," cried one soldier to the new-comer. "That's it, step lively around here boy! Bring me some powder to load this here cannon of mine," cried another. "The Federals will be here in a second and then it will be too late."

"My, but I don't know how we could get along without this little soldier," said a fatherly old soldier in gray; "he has been such a help to us!" And as he said this he wiped a tear from his eye. No doubt he was thinking of his own little boy somewhere in the fight.

"The Yankees are advancing upon us! The Yankees are upon us!" And the soldiers in rifle pit look out and see the Federal soldiers fast advancing upon them. In their eagerness to attack they advance upon the Confederates without orders from their commander.

The Federal forces sweep everything before them. After the battle, all is confusion. There is hardly a man who did not suffer from the dreadful fight. Dead and wounded lay about the field in confusion. Cannons are turned over, rifles scattered over the ground. Everywhere is wreck and ruin.

As the relief men come over the field picking up the dead and wounded men, they come to a little soldier in gray. His hands are clasped across his breast a great gash is in his forehead.

* * * * *

Many, many years have now passed since this sanguinary battle of Missionary Ridge. But today marking the very spot where the rifle pit once stands the best high school in the south—"Central."

M. B., '11.

Bonnets—A female head trouble, which is contracted the latter part of Lent and breaks out on Easter.

Umbrella—A good thing to put up in a shower, or a pawn shop; but like skating, never seen after Lent.

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Earth—A solid substance much desired by the sea sick.

Infant—A disturber of the peace.

Limburger—A native of Germany, strong enough to do housework, well recommended for cleaning out the dining room.

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LOST IN THE CAVE.

Because it is so high and so near Pike's Peak, and has such a good road to its entrance, the Cave of the Winds is one of the most popular wonders of the Colorado tourist. Being some five miles or more from Manitau, the Garden of the Gods, the soda springs, and other well known places of interest, it is visited daily by sightseers. Some of these visitors go in a hack up the canyon, where in one place the hubs scrape the perpendicular sides of the rock. Others choose a burro and the perilous burro path. The burro path is much shorter than the winding road, which forms innumerable V's and W's in the fifteen hundred foot rise from Colorado Springs. Had this not been so, I should never have had occasion to write this incident, as it is due entirely to the fact that another boy and myself on burros reached the cave some thirty minutes before the hack containing the remainder of our party.

Fred and myself very much disliked the prospect of so long a wait, so hitching our animals, we walked straight through the entrance of the cave. We never for once thought a guide or a price would be required, and, strange to relate, no one in the crowd of people at the entrance noticed our arrival. But the door of the cave was before us, so we walked in. The first thing we noticed was the wind coming from the cave. It nearly bore us off our feet until we reached the first chamber, where several corridors led off in different directions. It was delightfully cool after the burro drive, and we set off at a rapid pace through the right two passages. Overhead electric lights illuminated the way. We had entered a veritable fairyland. We had proceeded some ten minutes perhaps, admiring the peculiar formations and the criss-crossing of the corridors, when we came to a spring trickling over a passage into an underground outlet. Taking out our cups, we drank the water, and found it as cold as ice. It was so cold that it cooled our ardor for exploration a little, for my companion suggested that we return and perhaps the hack would have arrived. We started back somewhat more hastily than we came, but we must have entered one of the side corridors, for in ten minutes' walk we found ourselves in a strange part of the cave. However, hearing voices, we started down the hall from which they seemed to come, and suddenly found ourselves in another criss-cross of passages. Surprise was changed to consternation when, without any warning, every light in the cave went out. This terrified us. In fact, we were frightened so badly that, as if from one impulse, we started feeling our way as fast as possible in different directions. I tried to run, but before one could say "Jack Robinson," I stumbled and fell into what I thought was the Arctic Ocean. Cold was a mild name for what I felt, as, dripping and shivering, I picked myself up from this North Pole spring.

I had also lost my companion. Just as I emerged from the water I heard an unearthly scream. I rushed down the opposite passage, and stumbled over the prostrate form of my chum just as he uttered another unearthly scream. He, also, had fallen into the water.

After sitting on the cold ground a while, and becoming thoroughly chilled, we started up the passage more for the sake of keeping warm than for any other reason. I felt thoroughly in sympathy when Fred said: "I wish we had waited outside, don't you?" But it was too late now. Feeling our way was rather slow, but after what seemed to be fully an hour, we came to a place where eight halls intersected, and we decided to follow up the largest. It was useless, for within a hundred feet it terminated in a spring. Sadly we retracted our journey, and just as we arrived at the criss-cross, we heard voices and wildly rushed toward them—at least where we thought they were. Before we had gone ten paces we could hear them no more. Now back we rushed, determined to try another passage. Just as we entered the criss-cross, the lights were again turned on, and a party of tourists entered the passage.

Surprised to see two bedraggled youngsters in this place, the guides immediately led us to the door of the cave, where we found our party waiting anxiously for our arrival. While changing clothes, I learned that we were in the cave three-quarters of an hour, though it seemed days to Fred and myself.

NOT A SISTER.

Sweet Mabel was dainty and twenty;
Her mother was forty—and more.
To both came admirers in plenty—
The widow has shekels galore.

For the hand of the obdurate Mabel,
I often and earnestly plead.
When I'd gone all the gait I was able
Then, "You'd better ask Mamma," she said.

Her mother said, "Yes," did you guess it?
We're happy as can be—we three,
The relationship? Here let me stress it:
Now, Mabel's a daughter to me.

—M. B. '11.

IN THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

The little boy had watched with much interest the process of sawing a large timber.

"What's 'at?" he asked pointing to where the saw-dust had formed a little heap on the floor.

"That?" inquired the manual training student, carelessly, "Oh, that is saw-dust."

MR. MITCHELL'S ADDRESS ON SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

Mr. Chas. D. Mitchell, President of the Chattanooga Plow Company, one of the leading business men of Chattanooga and a strong friend of education, has been for years an Estudiante Honorario of the Sociedad de Estudiantes del Castellano of Central High. He and Mrs. Mitchell have recently made a journey including Spain, Gibraltar, Portugal and Northern Africa. An invitation was sent Mr. Mitchell on behalf of the Sociedad, by Sr. D. Santiago McAlister y Smith, the presidente, and Sr. D. Maxford Tauscher y Young, the secretario, warmly approved by Principal Darrah, himself an Estudiante Honorario, to address the Sociedad and the School. Mr. Mitchell accepted and Friday 14 April was set as the day and Mrs. Mitchell kindly consented to come also. Almost at the last moment it became impossible to carry out the program on that day in consequence of order closing the school for Friday to enable the teachers to attend the educational gathering at Knoxville, and Thursday 13 April was substituted, but unfortunately it developed at the very last after program had been printed and arrangements made, that social duties prevented Mrs. Mitchell's attendance on that day.

Mr. Mitchell reached the school about 11 a. m. and was shown at once to the Spanish Room, soon after which he was taken in charge at lunch by Miss Mabel A. Fair and some of her young ladies of the Domestic Science Department, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Russell and Principal Darrah being his companions at lunch.

After the second recess the students and faculty gathered in Senior Hall, the members of the Sociedad de Estudiantes del Castellano occupying the front seats and wearing ribbon badges of the red and yellow of Spain in suggestion of Mr. Mitchell's recent journey and in memory of Admiral Cervera, the first Estudiante Honorario of the Sociedad. The exercises being under the direction of the Sociedad, Presidente McAlister y Smith presided. At a signal and a command in Spanish from the presidente the Estudiantes rose and with him gave the Carlist War Song lines which John Hay took down from memory in Toledo, followed by a greeting in Spanish for Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, after which on the call of the presidente Srta. Da. Ina McTeer y Henderson and Srta. Da. Ester Miller y Carden came forward, were assisted to the platform by two of the young gentlemen, and pinned on Mr. Mitchell, one for himself and one for Mrs. Mitchell, two elegant red and yellow badges of the same ribbon as that worn by the Estudiantes. After they had retired from the platform the two gentlemen who had assisted them, Sr. D. Harold Crouch y Greisser and Sr. D. Ran Killinsworth y Deakins, at a word from the presidente mounted the

platform and presented Mr. Mitchell, "Con los cumplimientos de la Sociedad de Estudiantes del Castellano" for himself and Mrs. Mitchell, as souvenirs of the occasion, two fotografos of different views of the interior of the Spanish Room, one of which showed Srta. Da Susana Gould y Joseph, then presidenta, holding back the drapery of Spanish colors and mourning from the portrait of Admiral Cervera.

The presidente then called on a bystander who had known Mr. Mitchell many years and who introduced him in language calculated to give the audience some idea of the treat that was awaiting them.

Of Mr. Mitchell's address which followed it is entirely impracticable to give here any adequate account. Gibraltar, that great rock fortress which Great Britain wrested from Spain, was made to stand before the view of the pupils as it probably never will again unless they visit it in person. Portugal, the scene of the recent change from a monarchy to a republic, had been visited by Mr. Mitchell since the change, and his hearers received such clear and life-like view of the people as they had never had before. Old Spain was made to stand before their eyes as few if any of them had ever seen her. Granada, with its Alhambra palace, glorious old Sevilla, Toledo partly around whose rocky base winds the Tajo, which we call the Tagus, Madrid, with its wondrously beautiful white royal palace, great Barcelona with its thriving restless Catalans, Mr. Mitchell took his audience on a journey thru that old historic land to which they may well recur should they be privileged in time to come to tread her soil in person. Twice the speaker modestly paused and enquired whether he was taking too much time but Prof. Darrah would not think of his stopping, telling him on one occasion that we wanted every word of the paper.

The conclusion of the address brought loud applause, after which Presidente McAlister called on Prof. Darrah as the head of the School to voice the thanks. Pay-Elmore was called to the platform and led the assemblage in cheering, then Prof. Darrah dwelt appropriately on the admirable address to which the audience had listened, spoke of Mr. Mitchell's early service, when a young man, in the Union Army in the Civil War, his success in business, and commented on the correct life which found him at his age so erect, vigorous and forceful, drawing from it a lesson for the benefit of the young people of the audience.

Spontaneous applause greeted a suggestion from Mr. Mitchell that he would be willing at some future time to address the School on his travels in the Sahara Desert and elsewhere in Northern Africa. This is a treat the School now holds in store, and when it is realized it is to be hoped that Mr. Mitchell's visit will be rendered still more agreeable by Mrs. Mitchell coming with him.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Once upon a time there lived a little Taylor in a high Garrett who was Owen Moore than he could Peay. So he said to his neighbor, a Baker by trade, "My debts Greve me so much and business is so dull at present that I am going to take my Gunn, go on a Hunt and I believe I shall find this day's Killinsworth a whole week of tailoring."

"Very good, my friend," replied the Baker, "and I would go with you but I cannot leave my Wares. Good luck to you, but be sure you do not kill more than the Lawwill allow."

So saying, the little Taylor, dressed as a Hunter, swung his Gunn across his shoulder and with his faithful Cobb pipe between his teeth departed from the City for the nearest Greenwood.

All morning long he waited on the side of a Hill without any game coming his way. But he employed his time examining his Gunn to see that the Lockwood work for though he considerd himself a Trewhitt he did not care to run any risks.

Now it happened that the King of the country in which this little Taylor lived, had this day decided to go forth for a ride through De Forest. And so accompanied by his Chamberlain, his Page and his Harper and mounted on a beautiful milk white charger he sallied forth leaving orders with the Mayer of the palace to let no one on that day enter the forest. Now our little Taylor of course was quite ignorant of this, as he had not entered by the highway and as he heard the footsteps approaching his little Camp he became excited and began to Muse to himself, "Surely this can be nothing less than a Lyon. Now shall I show myself as valiant as Daniel."

Then taking True aim he fired a mighty volley which resounded through De Forest like a cannon but—alas for the hopes of the little Taylor; instead of the Lyon or even a Buck, it was none less than the King his Gunn had felled. Here ends my little tale of the luckless Taylor. What became of him I Darrah not say but the moral is obvious.

Be content with your lot in life, oh reader, whether be Fisher or Baker or little Shoemaker, for some Fair day you might kill the King, you see.

BOYS—N. B.

Here's to the class in Domestic Science!
With them I'll gladly form alliance,
Who on my state did pity take,
Presenting me a choice fruit cake.
How I est will be the lucky man
Who wins one of this merry band,
If the way to his heart thro his stomach lies,
He'll always adore his lovely prize.

—A. B. R.

THE HISTORY LESSON.

Ned, why do you throw your book down in such great disgust? Do you loathe your history or does play tempt you with such alluring devices that you cannot resist?

Do you not find the deeds of the past interesting beyond comparison, and do not great visions pass before your eyes, of Egypt with her many wonders; the Great Sphinx that stands alone and majestic on the sands of Egypt, gazing out over the vast plains as if reading the secrets of the mysterious centuries; and the much famed Hall of Columns whose magnificence makes you feel as if you were but a pigmy; and Assyria so noted for its barbarous ways and heinous cruelty; Chaldea with its famous Hanging Garden; and Persia the mighty.

Then it is that you feel as if you had really drifted back from this modern world to pagan antiquity. Is it not great to read of the valorous Spartans and the time when they held the pass of Thermopylae, to see Athens in all her splendor rise so noble and supreme; then fall from her high pedestal into the hands of her enemies? So, on and on, you wend your way with your much beloved heroes; Philip of Macedon, the conqueror of Greece, his son Alexander the Great who in his jealous ambition even, after he had conquered the world, grieved because there were no more worlds to conquer. Do you not wish a thousand times over that you could really talk with Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides, the tragic trio could learn from Phidias and Polygnotus their wonderful secrets of arts. Softly as the flame of the dying day you see ancient Greece fade away and in as much glory as the dawning of glorious morn, you see Rome appearing to take her place. Then with buoyant spirits you follow the Romans as you once followed the Greeks.

Ah! Ned, no wonder you pick up your book and promise never to neglect it again, and begin to study with renewed resolution. J. B. '14.

"They call the big liners canoe grey-hounds. I wonder what they'll call the aeroplanes?"

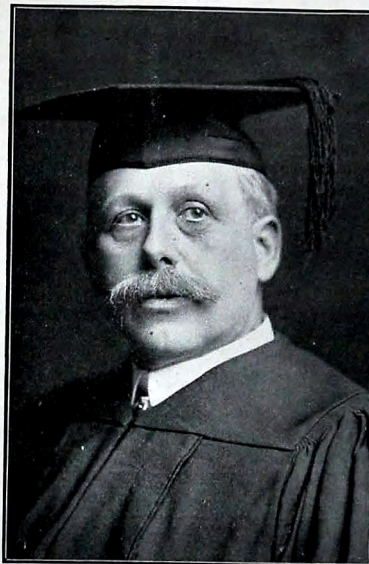
"Skie terriers, probably."—Ex.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she pulled her younger brother from under the sofa.—Ex.

The new cook who had come into the household, during the holidays, asked her mistress: "Where ban your son? I not seeing 'round no more."

"My son?" replied the mistress proudly. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's Day. You see, I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yes, I know yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yail seven times since T'ankgiving."—Ex.



PROF. DAVID A. BLOOM
Chattanooga Law School

LAW LECTURES.

The Commercial Department of the Central High School has been very fortunate this year in securing the services of Professor David H. Bloom, of the Chattanooga Law School, to give a series of lectures on deeds and transfers to the Commercial Department. It is seldom that we find a member of the school board whose time is so valuable, giving his attention to the individual classes of a school. But Prof. Bloom has come with regularity, and has given a specially designed course to the pupils on the above subject.

His first lecture dealt with the origin and history of deeds, thus giving a foundation for a correct interpretation of every word that appears in an instrument of transfer. He followed these first lectures with the necessary parts of a deed, those things which are not necessary, which may strengthen, and finally, that which may void an instrument. Few, if any, college professors, are as well able to meet the conditions of teaching in a high school as is Prof. Bloom. He has successfully taught to older pupils in the university, but in no lesser degree has he accomplished results with the younger pupils in the high school.

It has been a surprise to all to see how readily and how earnestly the Commercial pupils have taken to this intricate subject.

The value of such lectures to the Commercial students who will in large numbers seek places in offices of our city lawyers, can hardly be estimated. This effort is in line with the general tendency of the Department to leave no stone unturned that will make her graduates more valuable to the merchants and professional men who employ them.

To Prof. Bloom the Commercial Department and its teachers offer their most sincere thanks, with the promise that all will try to do honor to one more who has aided them.

BACK-TO-THE-FARM MOVEMENT.

There is much talk nowadays about going back to the farm. It seems as though the pendulum has swung back too far the other way—the farmer going to the city—and it certainly is time that somebody should realize that, with everybody working in town, the price of food-stuffs and many other necessities of life will be compelled to soar upward.

Heretofore, the country boy has dreamed of the time when he would be old enough to go to the city and get a job. His greatest pleasure was when, on some Saturday or on circus day, he visited the city, thus he has all kinds of pleasure and amusements associated with the city, causing it to seem a paradise compared to her surroundings. For perhaps his father was the kind of man that believes that a boy, from the time he is able to walk should be made to work in the fields during the try-months from daylight to nightfall, and walk for five miles to school and do many farm chores during the colder winter months; thus leaving the boy no time for recreation, and making the farm a dismal and monotonous place. The boy, if the least bit ambitious or desirous of pleasure, leaves this environment and goes to town to seek his fortune. Thus the country has been moving to the city, and nobody has been left in the country to support the city.

Now conditions are changing; better roads are being built in the rural districts, telephones, many means of rapid transportation and other conveniences are revolutionizing the state, and many country boys and city boys also are realizing that life in the country at present is the most pleasant, profitable, and independent possible.

CREED BATES '11

Lady—"Can't you find work?"

Tramp—"Yessum; but every one wants a referrence from my last employer."

Lady—"And can't you get one?"

Tramp—"No, num. Yer see he's been dead twenty-eight years."—Ex.

EDITORIAL

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GROWTH OF ATHLETICS AT CENTRAL.

The growth of athletics at Central has been remarkable. The first year in football, little was accomplished in victories won; but the way was well prepared for the triumphs that were to follow. In baseball, with the new ability and strong coaching, Central developed a team that commanded respect and won several notable victories.

The following year in football, Central defeated her bitterest rival, Chattanooga High, score: 6 to 0, a reversal in form over the score, 0 to 63, of the previous season, and although several other brilliant victories were won, the season would have been a success had this been the only triumph. The race for the pennant in the basketball league was of thrilling interest. On the last night of play, four teams were in the running, and, although our team was not the victor, still, considering the fact that Central's athletes had no previous experience in the sport, the showing made was considered more than creditable. In baseball the team lost no games to the local schools, and by defeating Baker-Hemel in the last inning of the deciding game, Central won the East Tennessee championship.

The year 1909-10 welcomed in strong teams in the three principle sports. In football Chattanooga High was defeated, 16 to 3; and during the season Central's athletes displayed so much skill that local teams declined to play them. Basketball and baseball were played with out-of-town teams, in basketball 14 out of 17 games were won from the strongest prep, and college teams of this section; while in baseball, although most of the games were played on the road, more than half were won.

1910-11 has developed winning athletics, and while

football was handicapped by circumstances over which there was no control, yet a splendid team was developed, and one that promises well for the future. The basketball season was a huge treat to Central enthusiasts, the games being supported by the student alumni and friends of the institution. In appreciation of such loyal support, the team won ten straight victories. In the deciding games Central defeated Chattanooga High decisively—13 to 10, and 37 to 21, thereby winning the East Tennessee championship, an appropriate finale to a season in every way a success.

The lovers of athletics at Central have much of which to be proud, and are looking forward to even more success. Through the enthusiastic encouragement of Prof. Darrah and faculty, the loyal support and interest of the student body, and expert tutelage of our beloved coach, this excellent record has been made possible, and a bright future assured. B. G. '11.

SAMUEL DOAK.

In the early pioneer days of Tennessee, there was little culture or refinement among our ancestors, but several scholarly men came to our state. Among the earliest to come, was Samuel Doak. This unselfish man determined to give his time to the betterment of the struggling pioneers in Tennessee, so he left his Virginia home carrying a sack of books on horseback.

He rode over the mountains, enduring many hardships, and at last came to a village somewhere near the spot where the town of Greeneville now stands. Here he began the first school established in our state.

He used for a school house an old log church with a huge fireplace, punchon floor and slab seats.

The teacher's methods were almost as crude as the school house. The students droned their lessons aloud from the old blue-back speller, for this and arithmetic were the most important studies of this time. The schoolmaster was lord of all he surveyed, and was not sparing in the use of the rod to drive lazy pupils into the path of knowledge. In such schools as this our forefathers were educated, and from the fame they have made for our state, we can see this crude method of education was effective.

Dr. Doak soon aroused a wide interest in education by his diligence, and schools sprang up in every village. He lived to an advanced age, loved and honored by all who knew him. A few miles from Greeneville, in an old vine-covered churchyard, lies the remains of this pioneer educator. This is a name that should be honored by every Tennessean. R. F. '11.

ATHLETICS

THE RESULT OF CENTRAL'S CLASS TRACK MEET.

On Friday afternoon of the 7th, school was dismissed at 1:10 period and the student body journeyed out to Olympia Park to witness the class track meet.

Two teams were chosen, one from the Seniors and Freshmen, and the other from the Juniors and Sophomores. The team composed of the Juniors and Sophomores won by a small score of 47 points to the other team's 44 points.

The meet had been talked of for several weeks among the students, and consequently a good deal of enthusiasm was created. Everybody was anxious to see the material that Central had to pick their regular track team from.

On account of the absence of many Seniors from the meet, the score was smaller than it would otherwise have been.

Elmore probably did the prettiest running of the afternoon. He participated in four races and won every one of them.

Massee, a Junior, did some speedy work and did very much towards bringing victory to the Juniors and Sophomores.

The score and lineup:

880 Yards—Greenwood, Junior, 1st; Boydston, Junior, 3rd; Bacon, Junior, 2nd; Earhart, Freshman, 4th; Crouch, Senior, 5th. Total Juniors and Sophomores, 8 points; total Freshmen and Seniors, 0.

Fifty yard dash—Kelly, 2nd; Elmore, 1st; Perry, 3rd. Totals Seniors and Freshmen, 7; Sophomores and Juniors, 11.

100 Yard Dash—Perry, Junior, 2nd; Kelly, Senior, 3rd; Rennieck, Junior, 5th; Johnson, Junior, 4th; Elmore, Senior, 1st. Totals, Juniors and Sophomores, 2; Seniors and Freshmen, 6.

410 Yards—Perry, Junior, 3rd; Scott, Senior, 1st; Caldwell, Sophomore, 2nd. Totals, Seniors and Freshmen, 5; Juniors and Sophomores, 3.

220 Yard Dash—Elmore, Senior, 1st; Massee, Junior, 2nd; Earhart, Freshman, 3rd. Totals, Juniors and Sophomores, 2; Freshmen and Seniors, 6.

High Hurdles—Massee, Junior, 2nd; Elmore, Senior, 1st.

Low Hurdles—Massee, Junior, 1st; Acheson, Junior, 2nd.

Two-Mile Race—Sparks, Junior, 1st; Greenwood, Junior, 2nd; Payne, Junior 3rd; Boydston, Junior, 4th. One Mile Relay—Chaddick, Freshman; Scott, Sen-

ior; Farris, Senior; Elmore, Senior; Caldwell, Sophomore; Perry, Junior; Rennieck, Junior; Bacon, Sophomore. Totals, Juniors and Sophomores, 5; Seniors and Freshmen, 0.

Pole Vault—Mason, 2nd; Acheson, 4th; Thweatt, 3rd; Hoff, 1st. Height, 8 ft. 10 in. Total points of Sophomores and Juniors, 3; Seniors and Freshmen, 6.

Shot Put—Cornelius, Freshmen, 1st; Schoolfield, Senior; 2nd; Greenwood, Junior, 3rd. Totals, Seniors and Freshmen, 8; Juniors and Sophomores, 1.

Hammer Throw—McGaughy, Junior, 1st; Greenwood, Junior, 3rd; Rennieck, Junior, 2nd. Totals, Juniors, 9; Seniors, 0.

The Discus Throw—Schoolfield, Senior, 1st; given 5 points.

The final score stood: Juniors and Sophomores, 47; Freshmen and Seniors, 44.

BASEBALL PRACTICE IN EARNEST AT CENTRAL.

The baseball practice at Central High is now being carried on in earnest. The squad besides practicing on the diamond has been practicing steadily on the track and if steady practice means anything, Central is timed to have one of the fastest and best prep baseball teams in the state.

The squad has been at work for a good while on the track, and when baseball practice began the players were in excellent condition for steady and untiring baseball training.

From the crack team of last year, only three regulars and one sub were in the squad that reported to Coach Rike this season. These were Greenwood, Rennieck, Kelly and Collins. The other candidates were McGaughy, D. Spencer, Higgins, Killingsworth, Cornelius, Elmore, Thweatt, Cushman, Johnson, Lockwood and Burnette.

It has been predicted by many that Coach Rike will have two good pitchers in Cornelius and Killingsworth.

The other positions are equally as strong and from indications Central is going to have a team equal to that of last year's, if it does not excel it.

Judge—"What's the charge against this man?"
Officer—"Stealing nine bottles of beer, your honor."
Judge—"Discharged, I can't make a case out of nine bottles."—Ex.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENCIL.

As a long red pencil I was very happy and contented in my little home, a box which I shared with eleven other red pencils. We were all such friends and had such jolly times, but of course we were so quiet about it that we never disturbed the pencils in the other boxes. But one day something very sad happened to us. A man came in and took one of our number, leaving only eleven of us. We were all sorry, and could not have so much fun as usual that day. We had not recovered from the shock at the loss of one of our number, when a little boy walked in and bought another. We felt really indignant that we were treated in such a manner, but decided to make the best of it. Day by day, our number became smaller, and one day I found myself all alone in the big box. It would be impossible to tell how lonely I felt, and now I, too, longed to be out in the big world.

I wondered if I should have to stay forever in that old box, but the time came when I would have been glad to have been in that box again.

One day a pleasant looking gentleman stepped into the store and said he would like to have a pencil. I was handed to him and he put me into his pocket and carried me away. When he took me out of his pocket, I was in a beautiful large room, O, so much larger and cleaner than the pasteboard box. Here he used me in making some figures, and then laid me upon the table and walked out of the room. I think he must have forgotten me.

In a little while a very beautiful girl walked in, picked me up, and exclaimed, "O, this is just the kind of pencil I have been looking for." Then she sat down and began to write and I think she must have written thirty pages—I was too tired to remember. She kissed me and laid me gently upon the table again. I could tell some very interesting and sweet things that were in that letter but of course it is best that a pencil is not allowed to tell everything it happens to know.

Soon after the girl had finished her letter, her father came in again and put me into his pocket. When he took me out this time, he laid me on a desk of a large, clean room that he called his office. In a few minutes a young man came up to the desk, jerked me up and began to write, and although I was writing the best I could, he took a sharp knife and began to cut me. Of course I felt deeply insulted, but that was only one of the many times that day that he acted in such a way. He kept me writing bills all day, giving me very little time to rest, and when I did rest, it was over that impudent creature's ear. When he threw me on the desk again, I slipped under some papers and he looked and looked for me, but I kept very still and he never did find me. I was resting very peacefully, when a dirty little errand boy came in, and no sooner had his keen black eyes assured him that no one was looking, than I was in his

dirty little hands. The trouble I had had with the clerk could not compare with the experience I had with that little boy. He not only cut me but he put me in his mouth, beat my head on walls and made ugly pictures with me, and finally lost me, and I was so glad. However, I was lost only for a short time. A dear little girl came skipping along, and her bright eyes saw me, and her clean little hands picked me up, and, although I am now getting old, I feel so grateful to her that each day I assist her in writing her lessons the very best I can.

M. N. '11.

MY IDEAL.

Did you ever know a man in real life who was your ideal? I suppose such a thing would be impossible, but I have met and known a man who is as nearly my ideal as one could be. He is not young, for his dark hair is mixed with much gray. I shall not describe his personal appearance for I am sure you are least concerned about that. But when you have had an opportunity to look into the secret chambers of his mind and soul, you are amazed and fascinated by his broadness of mind, his depth of feeling and his spirit of kindness towards everyone. The poor and the rich he treats with the same consideration. For so-called society he does not care a snap of his finger. He is drawn towards people with high ideals, people who are intellectual and good.

He is a great lover of art, music and poetry, but excels in music. He is fast nearing the goal of life, but he has no fear of the dark beyond. He does not feel an emptiness ahead of him from which he shrinks. He feels that there is something to cling to, and something for which to live his best every day.

O. V. S. '11.

Miss C.—Harold Patterson, what else besides the Deserted Village did Oliver Goldsmith write?

H. P.—Gray's Elegy.

Paul—What are you walking about on your tiptoes for? You look as if you are afraid you'll wake somebody up.

Chas.—Well, not exactly, somebody. It's my feet; they are sound asleep, and oh how I dread the awakening.

He held her soft little hand in his,
Smoothing her hair so brown;
The boat struck a rock and they both fell in,
Just as the sun went down.

Mrs. Carter—What is meant by poetic license?

Robt.—Why, I suppose it is a license to let you write poetry.



Near Wit



BASE BALL DOPE.

The game opened with Molasses at the stick, and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base, Fiddle on second base, backed by Corn in the field, who made it hot for the umpire, Apple, who was rotten. Axe came to the bat and chopped. Cigar let Brick walk, and Saw Dust filled the bases. Song made a hit, and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went straight up. Then Cherry tried it, but was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by a pitched ball, then you ought to have heard Old Ice Scream. Clothes took his place, but was soon worn out. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Bread loafed on third, and jumped Organ, who played false and put Light out. In the fifth inning, Wind began to blow about what he could do. Hammer began to knock, and Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning pitching the game, struck out the last six men. In the ninth inning, Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Cats was shocked. Then Song made another hit. Trombone made a slide, and Meat was put on the plate. There was lots of betting on the game, but Soap cleaned up. The score was 1 to 0. Door said if he had pitched, he would have shut them all out.—Ex.

A MORE IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT.

Two Scotsmen met and exchanged the small talk of the hour. As they were parting to go supperward, Sandy said to Jock: "Jock, man, I'll play ye a round of o' gowf on the links the morn."

"The morn?" said Jock doubtfully.

"Aye! the morn," said Sandy.

"Weel," said Jock, "I'll play ye. But I had intended getting marriet the morn."—Ex.

WAS OVERJOYED.

The man who had ventured on the ice and gone through was rescued and found to be a motorboat enthusiast.

"Hurray," he shouted, as he could get his breath. "The ice is thin and we may be able to use our boats in a few weeks."—Ex.

Miss Greve—"Did you copy from her paper?"

Freshie—"No, ma'am."

Miss G.—"Why did you look on her paper?"

Freshie—"To see if her's was right."

Freshie—"I wonder if Professor meant anything by giving me a ticket to his lecture on 'Fools.'"

Senior—"Why?"

Freshie—"I read on the ticket, 'Admit One.'"

"Shaver and Copenhaver, the original Mutt and Jeff."

Mrs. Carter—"Edgar, tell me what this line means: 'Lycidas is dead ere he reached his prime.'"

Edgar—"It means that Lycidas died before he was ripe."

Don't wait until the iron's hot,

But make it hot by muscle.

Don't wait for wealth your father's got,

Shell off your duds and hustle.

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round the corner, struck each other.

"Oh," said Smith, "how you made my head ring!"

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.—Ex.

Women do not make fools of men—they merely assist nature.

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Ex.

Teacher—"Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous."

Johnny—"Limberger."—Ex.

Beggar—"Please help me to recover my child."

Lady—"Is your child lost?"

Beggar—"No, mum, but his clothes are worn out."—Ex.

A GHOST STORY.

Near a little village not so very far away, there lived an old lady and her son, Jack.

Jack was his mother's only support. He tended the little farm on which they lived, and each year gathered a goodly harvest.

This little farm lay in sight of an old country graveyard. Most of the head-stones had fallen down and gone to decay, but a few of them were still standing. These, Jack could see daily as he worked in his field.

Now he was no coward—on the contrary he was very brave for a boy of nineteen, but he had one weakness, he was afraid of ghosts. It had been the horror of his life to live where he had to look at those lonesome, ghostly-looking tombstones. Even in daytime they made him shudder, and under no consideration could he be induced to pass the place after night. He had never been any nearer to it than the road which led past it, and more than that, it was not his intention to be.

One day his mother told him that she had to go to the village on some business, and it would be necessary for her to remain over night.

Jack felt a lump beginning to rise in his throat. The first thing that flashed through his mind was the graveyard. How could he do it? Alone in the house all night, and his nearest neighbors those grinning, white tombstones!

However, he determined not to show his cowardice, and finally summoned the courage to say, "All right, mother, I will drive you over early in the morning, and turn for you next day."

The next evening found Jack safely locked and bolted the cosy little cottage of three rooms, eating his supper in silence. When he had finished, he tried all doors and windows to be sure they were secure, then he

was weary from the day's labor, and soon dropped to sleep in spite of his fear.

He slept on peacefully until about midnight, when he awoke with a start to find that his door was standing wide open and the wind coming in, in great howling gusts. There on the foot of his bed, stood the old black cat with every hair standing straight out, and growling for all he was worth. And, lo! Beside his bed stood a tall, slender figure all in white. Its eyes were sunken deeply into its head and its long bony fingers reached out and caught hold of the cover and pulled it off.

Jack was horror-stricken. His feelings were too deep for utterance. He simply fell back on the bed exhausted. "Follow me," said the stern, gruesome voice of the visitor.

Somehow—he never knew just how, nor why—but somehow he got up and followed it. It was against his

will, and he did not intend to do it, but there seemed to be something rushing him on. He could not stop. He had no control over himself whatever. He was perfectly conscious of what was happening, but he hadn't the power to stop it.

On and on, faster and faster, over bushes and stumps, fences and ponds alike, until at last they reached the place of all places to be feared—the graveyard.

Jack's hair stood on end—it became stiff as so many needles—when he entered the gate behind his leader, and stood in the midst of about a dozen white-robed nameless things with great hollow eyes. His leader signalled with his hand to the others, who in turn signalled to the graves, which immediately began to quiver; and, lo and behold!—they opened and skeletons of all sizes—big, little and medium—stepped out. They all held each other's hands and marched around him with a doleful tread, moaning and wailing. The dozen ghosts sat each upon a grave and looked on.

Poor Jack had about resigned himself to meet his fate, whatever it might be. He sat on a stump where he had been placed, as if spell-bound. He was too dumbfounded to utter a murmur.

When this performance was over, they bound him tight with ropes and laid him on the ground. Never a word was spoken, but he knew from the signs which they made, that they were not yet through with him. Then, looking around, he saw two skeletons coming with a large black coffin. They prepared to put him in it, while some others dug his grave.

This was too much! With a sudden jerk he tore loose from them and made a dash toward home. Whether or not they followed, he never knew; for he did not turn to look. That was the last he ever saw of them, but next morning when Jack looked in the mirror, to his astonishment, his hair was white as the robe worn by his nightly visitor. And it is said that people traveling that road next day noted that the graves all looked disturbed, and the whole place looked as if it had been scorched.

If you should ever pass that way, ask some one to show you the place. A. V. R.

"Oh, what has come between us?" cried the lover in dismay. "What else could you expect," she said, "when you sit so far away?"—Ex.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the passenger who was fired of looking at the station at which the train was supposed to stop.

"Of course it is," was the conductor's reply.

"I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it's fast to?"—Ex.

Visitor—"And how did Lucifer come to fall?"

Freshie—"He slipped on a thunder peal, sir."—Ex.

UNCLE ZACK'S RELIGION.

Down among the rich bottoms of the East Chickamauga Creek, surrounded by cane brakes and briar patches, forsaken and now dilapidated, is an old one-room cabin. Until 1907 it was inhabited by one of the South's famous "befoh de wah" darkies. While he lived, Uncle Zack sowed and reaped the ten-acre clearing around his cabin. O. what pumpkins and sweet potatoes were raised there.

I shall never forget the first time I saw the dingy interior of this abode. It was just before Thanksgiving and the harvest fairly filled its space to bursting. The smoky rafters were hung with bags of nuts, bunches of sage and bonset, with other herbs. At one side of the fire place was a stack of bags of waterground meal. On the other, shelves supported papers on which reposed some of the finest dried apples and peaches I ever tasted. When Uncle Zack opened the door of a small storeroom in the rear, turnips, onions, potatoes, pumpkins and beets fairly poured out. Smoked hams hung overhead. Later the old negro proudly showed me more ham in the pen and his corn crib. This same crib, which was so full that I could pull corn through the crack, enlightened me afterwards as to Uncle Zack's religion.

I had been spending a week with Luther Dumain, a friend who lived a mile from Uncle Zack's. In the course of time we paid a visit to him and found him in great perplexity carrying his corn from the crib to his cabin. After a great amount of questioning, we found that some one had been pulling corn from the crib's mighty cracks. The old darkey suspected some "rascally good fer Satan poh white trash" living down the creek. Luther thought he was about right and bribed Uncle Zack with tobacco in order to gain the whole story after biting off a piece Uncle Zack told us he had sat up watching the night before, and while he watched the crib door the marauders made a haul from the rear.

The feeble old negor could not transfer his crop alone, so Luther proposed to help him. After an hour's work all of us sat down by the log fire for a brief rest; while sitting here, my eyes wandering among the articles on the rafters, from hornets' nests to spinning wheels, noticed an old steel mink trap. Instantly a plan sprang to my mind and an instant later I was outlining it to Luther and Uncle Zack.

* * * * *

Five o'clock, next morning, found Luther and me wading through dew and briars to the cabin in the bottoms. We shaped our way so as to approach the crib from the rear. Yet a long way off, we could hear loud voices and on we rushed. I never shall forget the sight which met our eyes when we came within sight of our destination. There stood Uncle Zack at the rear of the crib, his white hair glistening in the misty air. Close up to the crib, waving one arm and his legs, and cursing

wildly, stood a white man. His left hand was in between the cracks. Uncle Zack was taunting him.

"Come on, Ram, less go to the fiah, yoh'll shorely ketch cold in de mawring air, doan yoh keer about gittin' warm?"

Luther and I stood still. We were yet fifty yards away and unseen, though we could plainly see Uncle Zack and Ram Padgett, the very man suspected. Uncle Zack produced a Bible a moment later and pretended to read, though he was only repeating passages by heart.

"Ram, ain't yoh hab no better trainin', 'n to come a robbin' a poh ol' niggah? D' yoh know what Ah'm agwine to do wid yoh? Ah's agwine to teach yoh something. Now, when Ah reads, yoh say it after me, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Say it after me. Yoh ain't? Well, Ah hab a sayso in dat. Ah'll gib yoh five to say it in. One! Two! Three! Four!—Say it quick, Ram."

Ram was silent. He stopped cursing and shut his lips for once. Uncle Zack spat on his hands and picked up a bucket of something which was near him, and in an instant an avalanche of dishwater, potato peelings, and bread crumbs came down on the offender's head. We now thought it high time to interfere, and when the captive saw us, he made a desperate attempt to escape. In vain, for the trap, which we boys had set in the crib the day before, was wedged between the logs, and held his hand fast. While Ram was trying to escape, Uncle Zack began hitting him in the ribs. As he later told us, "Ah, to't he's about to git loose, and so I'se agwine to git my revenge."

We loosened the culprit from the steel trap, tied his hands behind him, and afterwards turned him over to the proper officials. Uncle Zack's religious instructions doubtless had the desired effect, for after he had served his sentence in prison and had been liberated, Ram never known to try to steal anyone's corn.

Uncle Zack is now dead, but even now in North Georgia, when any one uses force to emphasize any part of Bible truth, it is called "Uncle Zack's religion."

T. M.

JOHN.

John had been in an abstracted mood all week, and this mood seemed to increase as the week drew to a close. As he shucked the corn for Judge and Bill on Saturday evening, and threw down the fodder to the hungry mules, he failed to give them the customary caress.

Going to the house, John ate his supper with great deliberation, remarking that "if you are about ready for meetin', I guess you folks had better not wait on me, and I'll come along d'reckly."

But John's father and mother and numerous brothers and sisters had no sooner left the house than John became very industrious. Going to the back porch, he

anointed his shoes very generously with harness oil, vigorously scrubbed his face and hands with cold water, went to the front room and donned his "Sunday clothes."

But now he was in a quandary. Which of his two ties should he wear? After some deliberation he decided in favor of the red tie. The next five minutes were spent in a painstaking effort to make a nice "tie." Pouring some of his mother's "handkerchief perfume" on his hair, he spent another five minutes in an attempt to make his hair lie.

John now made a final inspection of himself in the cracked bureau mirror, blew out the light, closed the door, and set out for the "meetin' house." When he arrived meeting had started, and John did what every country boy has done—looked in to see who was there.

The meeting house was illuminated by a dilapidated hanging lamp that hung directly over the pulpit, and by a few battered wall lamps that seemed to have become discouraged in their battle against darkness. On the right hand side of the house were the women, the older "sisters" towards the front, the younger nearer the rear. On the other side of the house were the men. A man's religious feeling could be fairly well gauged by the seat he took. On the last seat were a few of the hardened sinners—youths and middle aged men whose greatest ambition was to be called "tough." A few seats in front of this rougher element sat John's companions who had never "got religion." Then came the younger people who had "come through," while the front rows were filled by the deacons and older brethren.

Immediately back of the pulpit, facing the people, was a choir; and there, in the "soprano row" John saw the one he had been meditating about throughout the week. The one who caused him to put oil on his shoes and perfume his hair.

John now walked into the meeting house with a self-conscious tread, knowing that everybody would turn around to see who it was entering. Nor did he take his usual seat. With an attempt to appear unconcerned, he took a seat just behind his usual companions, a signal to the people that he was drifting from religious to worldly matters.

Brother Hardin preached, and the people listened in simple, unquestioning faith to his exhortation. But John's mind was far from the sermon. His eyes would continually revert to the figure sitting so demurely in the "soprano row." When the sermon was ended, and brother after brother got up and told of his "experience," John thought only of Her, and when the choir sang with whole hearted, unrestrained energy, he heard only Her voice.

At last the meeting was over, the final "—now and forever, amen," said, and the crowd began to break up. On all sides the preacher received invitations to "stay with us over night, Brother Hardin," it being consid-

ered a great honor to have the preacher stay for the night. The youths crowded around the door, and as the girls came walking out, always in single file, the breath-catching, agonizing whisper could be heard, "May I see you home tonight?" Then would come the momentous Yes or No, with the other boys all listening intently. If the answer was in the affirmative, the pair would go marching out of the house, but if the answer was negative, the youth would fall back and have to endure the jeers and gibes of his companions.

With his heart beating fast, and his breath coming in gulps, John took his stand at the door. As She came down the aisle and approached the door, John's lips moved, but no sound came forth. He grew hot all over, and felt the perspiration starting out on his forehead. She was now almost even with him, and he endured the most exquisite agony. With dry tongue he attempted to moisten his trembling lips; his throat seemed to be filled with dust. With a final despairing effort he blurted out in a voice that was heard all over the house, "M-m-may I see you home tonight?" After a space that seemed centuries, he heard a modest "Yes, sir."

John hardly knew how he got out of the house. And his recollection of the walk to Her home was hazy. The weather and the condition of crops, the happenings of the last box supper, furnished ample fund for conversation. The week's toil was forgotten; the cares of life were no longer thought of, the thought that the "boys" might "rock" him on his way home, all this was disregarded. All he was conscious of, and the thought was sufficiently sweet to make him oblivious of everything else, was that he was "seeing her home." He knew the recollection of this walk would remain with him for all time, and that in after later years he would remember that great, momentous day when for the first time he "saw her home."

During the months that followed this, a bystander could have observed the same scene enacted time and again. The act of "seein' her home" lost none of its delight to John. Indeed, it grew to be so natural and so much a matter of course that John wondered that it ever could have required an effort on his part.

One day another little scene was enacted at the old church. Brother Hardin was chief spokesman. She and John made a few replies, ending with "till death do us part." Since then John "sees her home" to a little cottage all their own.

During the next process of sawing the log the inquisitive one watched it still more intently.

After a little time a look of mingled contempt and resentment overspread his face.

"At aint saw-dust," he exploded, pointing to the stream of wood particles falling from the action of the saw, "'At's wood-dust, dust don't come out of the saw."



Exchanges



"The Jabberwock," Boston, Mass., is an exceedingly neat and attractive paper. The literary department is good; the stories are bright and interesting.

"The World," St. Paul, Minn. We think your paper could be made better by using some good stories instead of so many cartoons.

"The Crescent," New Haven, Conn., is a very good paper. All the departments are well edited; especially the literary department. We think, however, that it is better not to have continued stories in a school paper.

"High School Echo," Nashville, Tenn. Congratulations upon battle won. Loyalty, appreciation and spirit mark this issue of your paper in more respects than one. We suggest giving as prominent place in your paper to athletics as is deserving in merit.

"The Mountaineer," Sewanee Military Academy, is a characteristic, brisk and winning paper. "Shots at a Serious Question" is very suggestive.

The "Vanderbilt Observer," in general make up and typographical appearance, is attractive; in variety of literary effort, pleasing.

"Vox Studentis," Union City, Tenn. Boys, your edition is creditable. You have school spirit all right (even if rather boyishly expressed). We await the girls' edition with interest.

The "Wanona" of Portage, Wis., shows a commendable effort in original short stories. "Patrick O'Rourke and the Frogs" is cleverly written.

The "Register," Boston Latin School, has well defined departments, and clear cut style marks all contributions.

The "Salendar," Buffalo, N. Y., although good in particular style of literary effort, lacks a good live story. Advertisements are good in both number and design.

Freshman, who has not quite mastered the English language, to fond father—"Aha! Your son, he resemble you, a chip off the old blockhead, hey?"—Ex.

General Phil. Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," said he, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman, glaring at the animal, remarked:

"Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on, I'll git off."—Ex.

"Pat, define strategy of war."

"Strategy of war is when you don't let the enemy know you are out of ammunition, but keep on firing."—Ex.

LIFE.

It takes a little courage,
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame;
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting,
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition,
And a "don't know when to quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter,
If a fight you once begin;
Be a man and face the battle—
That's the only way to win.

—L. K.

A BEGINNER'S EXPERIENCE.

A young lady, who is now a public stenographer in a large southern city, making about \$65.00 a week, had a very interesting experience on entering upon her first position. She saw that a firm was advertising for a stenographer, so she went in answer to ask for the position. She was not one of these blonde-hair-much-puffed kind and with a half hobble skirt and a hat with two willow plumes that originally cost \$20.00 marked down to \$29.50. She just went in quietly and asked for the job and got it. The man dictated about 20 letters and then left. She then went to her desk and tried to read her notes. She soon found that she could not read them. With fear and trembling, she struggled with the wiggley lines, but it was all a failure. She began to cry, and it was all over with letters for that day. She looked for her employer to return at any time, but lunch time came and still no employer. All the afternoon she looked for him, and when he did not show up, she began crying anew, partly because he did not come, and partly because she did not know what else to do. That night at 6 o'clock she locked up the office and went home, fully resolved never to return. She laid the whole case before her mother, who advised her to go back the next morning and, at least, show her employer the courtesy of explaining that she could not stay.

So the next morning, when he came in, he saw a very downcast little girl sitting there with hat and wraps on, waiting. The man heard her story and just smiled and said, "Now, don't go; just hang up your hat and coat and go to work." She took heart and wrote the letters again with better success this time. She developed into such a reliable stenographer that she stayed with this man for many years, though she never forgot the trials of her first day in the office.

E. C., '12.

"Who was the first one to come from the Ark when it landed?"

"Noah!"

"You're wrong. Don't the Book tell us that Noah came forth? So there must have been three ahead of him."—Ex.

"Wat was that card Oi dealt ye, Moike?"

"A shpade!"

"Oi knew it! Oi saw ye spit on yer hand before ye picked it up."—Ex.

Teacher—"You must not laugh so loud."

Pupil—"I didn't mean to. I was smiling when all of a sudden it busted."—Ex.

LOCALS.

Frank Griscom, '09, is spending the summer in Denver, Colo., for his health and pleasure.

We are glad to welcome back the members of our school who have been out of school during the past month on account of illness.

All true Centralites are striving most earnestly to sell an Annual.

The Senior pedagogues are openly rejoicing that there are to be only two weeks of summer normal instead of four.

Miss Ollie Mae Ellison has re-entered school after several weeks' absence.

Miss Grace Patterson will entertain a number of her friends at her home on Oliver street.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bare are now residing in Cleveland, Tenn.

Edgar Bare has closed his business in Alabama and has returned to his home in East Chattanooga.

Miss Ruth Leland has been visiting friends in Ridge Dale, Tenn.

Maiden—"O, see! Here is a green snake."

Chaperone—"Keep away from it, dear; it may be as dangerous as a ripe one."—Ex.

Prof. Davis (in subject of Electricity)—"If you should stroke a cat upon the back on a cold morning, what would you see?"

Paul Elmore—"Fleas."

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?"

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."—Ex.

Professor (in Zoology)—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—Ex.

Mrs. Hoyle—"Your husband's business keeps him out of town all the week, I understand?"

Mrs. Doyle—"Yes, he is at home only one day; I call him my Sunday supplement."—Ex.

Pat—"If wan of us gets there late, and the other isn't there, how will he know if the other wan has been and gone, or if he didn't come yet?"

Mike—"We'll aaisy fix that. If Oi get there furrust, Oi'll make a chalk-mark on the sidewalk; and if you get there furrust, you'll rub it out."—Ex.

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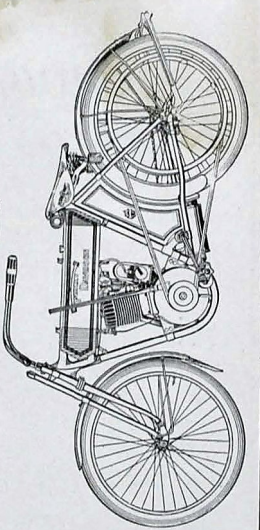
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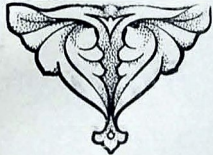
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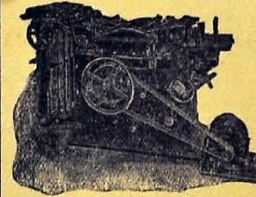
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