

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

TRUTH IS LIGHT TO THE SOUL; LOVE IS ITS LAW.

VOL. 1.--No. 11.

MILLIGAN, TENN., AUGUST, 1896.

25C. PER YEAR.

TO A MOUSE IN A TRAP.

Poor, trembling wretch, what sad mishap,
Has brought you tight within my trap?
Had man's vile greed so clean bereft
Your bairnies that you'd stoop to theft?
Ah, who'd not lay his scruples by
That heard his babies hungered cry?

Still, though to mercy I incline,
Must I the ends of law resign?
The crust you sought full well you knew
Belonged to me and not to you.
But—peace! I'll grant your frenzied plea:
Move back the bars and set you free.

If man one God-like spark can claim,
Then surely mercy is its name.
So, though you meant to steal my bread,
I'll spend no anger on your head,
But, warmed by gentle mercy's flame,
I'll let you go as poor's you came.

As poor's you came, yet richer far
By freedom's gift than now you are.
Your life's to me of little worth;
To you, the grandest fact of earth.
So now, whilst I throw wide my door,
Begone, wee neighbor—sin no more.

FRANK PUTNAM.

A Stroke of Diplomacy.

[CONCLUDED.]

In a few minutes the building swarmed with bewildered, half-awake students. Muffled shouts arose, white, ghost-like forms appeared at the windows, scurrying feet stumbled along the halls. There was an hysterical laugh from a third-story window; and then a rebuking voice cried, huskily, from a lower room:—"For God's sake, shut up. This is no pleasure excursion."

And the bell kept tolling, in a weird, foreboding way, as old Campus college rocked on the flood.

Professor Aughtney knew, as soon as he woke up and felt the rocking motion, what had happened. He got up immediately, and began to dress in the dark, knowing that it would be suicidal to light a lamp, which might be dashed to the floor at any moment. Then he went out into the halls, and ran from room to room, cautioning the boys against the use of fire. The young fellows—some of them not out of their teens—seemed calmed by his calmness. "Let us all gather in the chapel," was the message he left, as he stumbled along the dark, unstable passages. The chapel was in the center of the building, and was easily reached from all the halls. About a hundred young men huddled in there; and then Professor Aughtney talked to them. He assured them that there was no immediate danger. A floating building seldom capsizes. It simply floats until it grounds somewhere; and after that there is no risk. The only real danger is from fire.

Gradually the students grew reassured, and sat, or reclined in the balze-covered pews, waiting for daylight. Presently a half transparent grayness stole into the room; then objects became dimly visible; then it grew light enough to look out of the windows. At first only a dim expanse of muddy water, roughened by

a smart breeze could be seen. Then the distant outlines of a wooded shore appeared, mistily, as through a fog. Slowly old Campus college tossed shoreward, propelled by the current and ever freshening breeze. As twilight deepened into dawn, and the sky reddened with approaching sunrise, a wondering, astonished, troubled shout rose from that classic craft, and mingled dolorously with the slow, irregular stroke of the bell in the tower:—

"Grafton Seminary! O fellows! we are drifting to Grafton Seminary!"

It was a momentous fact—a fact fraught with tremendous significance. On a hill-side, facing the river, stood a white-walled building, the educational home of two hundred girls, who were pursuing a course of study practically the same as that of their brothers and cousins at Campus. It was the propinquity of this seminary which had brought the question of co-education so forcibly home to the trustees of the college. It was known that the girls were in favor of amalgamation. The boys of Campus, on the other hand, were unanimously opposed to it. It seemed to them that grand old Campus would lose dignity by admitting "the women," as they called these innocent, charming girls.

Conceive the situation—Grafton

Campus, bobbing down on a spring freshet, to grate and grovel at the feet of fair Grafton! Such an astounding loss of dignity! Such an embarrassing, fawning, unmanly way to make a proposal of amalgamation! Ye gods! might there not be some way to avert, even to mitigate, the catastrophe? Before those pitiless damsels should awake, might not old Campus be tided by them, warped away, even sunk to the bottom of that accursed river?—anything to save it from the awful humiliation of sprawling helplessly over Grafton's threshold, as much as to say—"I am dying for you! I can't stay where I am put, I want you so!"

Oh! it was maddening! But it was fated. Nothing could be done to avert the disgrace. The boys tore their hair in vain. The doleful sound of the bell soon brought every fair head in Grafton Seminary from pillow to window; and thus it was that two hundred astonished, but delighted maidens beheld the grounding of dignified, unapproachable Campus on their own humble water front. There it bestowed itself solidly and contentedly; and from that moment the vexed question of coeducation was settled.

It was not until the trustees had recovered their building by the use of six lumber scows and a tug, and had announced the new attitude of the institution as regards sex, that Professor Aughtney allowed an opportunity to occur for seeing Miss Lucy Prime. At last they met, shook hands—and then, timidly, but helplessly, yielded to the impulse to look into each other's eyes. The next instant such a tempest of laughter shook them as ends in tears and faintness. As they were in the gasping agonies of recovery, Miss Prime said, demurely:—

"Professor Aughtney, I hear that you have become an advocate of co-education."

"Not exactly an advocate," replied the professor rather sheepishly, "a compulsory supporter."

NEWS NOTES.

A terrible railroad disaster at Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 30, resulted in the death of about fifty persons.

Dr. Jamieson, the Englishman who tried to capture the Transvaal republic, in Southern Africa, for the British, has, with several of his associates, been tried in the English courts and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

In the last thirteen months Spain has transported 120,000 of her fighting men to Cuba, 3,000 miles from home, and is to send 40,000 to 60,000 more this fall if the war does not end; and there seems to be little hope that it will.

The Illinois State prison officials have substituted gray uniform in place of the striped suits formerly worn by the convicts. Those with unsatisfactory records will still be required to wear enough of the stripe to mark them, while the insubordinates will wear a suit of red.

Glass sewer pipes are in use in some

of the French cities. They are found vastly superior to clay or iron as they are uninfluenced by moisture and are practically indestructible.

It is estimated that 4,000 people were drowned in a recent tidal wave in eastern China. Immense numbers of cattle also perished and rice fields were ruined. A famine is feared in the district.

Of the 206,820 families in Nebraska only 66,071 families occupy their own farms or houses clear of mortgage encumbrance.

The following from Munsey's Magazine relates to the new Zionite movement for the return of the Jews to Palestine: "This movement is backed by the influence of the Rothschilds and other great Jewish families and societies and as we see its stirrings in every country we can believe that it

requires a great popular leader to make it one of the important movements in history."

The annual attendance in Michigan University has increased in the last twenty-five years from 1,200 to 3,000 students.

Swiss watch makers have invented a watch whose hands run from right to left. These watches are for the markets of Turkey, Japan and other oriental countries where the natives read from right to left on the page.

On his recent visit to Berlin, it is said, Li Hung Chang, prime minister of China, received 7,000 letters which will never be opened.

DO NOT FRIGHTEN THEM.

The recent "devil scare" which occurred in the East Side schools of New York City was due to a pernicious practice sometimes found in homes as well as schools.

It seems that these teachers were accustomed to secure obedience from the children of the slums by telling them that the devil would come and get them if they did not mind. One morning it was reported that he had come in person and was then in the school building. The frightened children fled, screaming, in all directions, while the parents in many cases added to the confusion by their frantic efforts to rescue their children from the destroyer. It was all the police and the school officials could do to restore order. It is a shame to make use of such means in the government of children. The wicked ambitions and fiendish cruelties of men,—not children—have made the devil and hell possibilities and necessities in the plan of human perfection and redemption. But it was never meant that such terrors should be held up to craze the imagination of a sensitive, ignorant child. It will be a glad day for the race when teachers and parents take the government of children out of the hands of the devil, the Hobgoblins and the boogerman and other terrorizing assistants and govern the little ones themselves in love and according to the dictates of an enlightened judgment and a quickened conscience.

"The Ways of Life AND Death,"

AN ILLUSTRATED

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FROM A BUSINESS MAN'S STANDPOINT.

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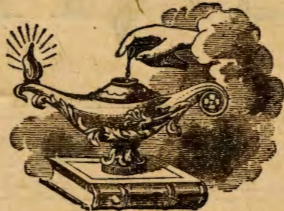
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THE MILLIGAN ERA.

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CANNOT RUB THEM OUT.

My mother said the other day on sitting down to write, "I do not want this pencil. It has no rubber. I sometimes do things wrong when I write." The inference was clear. Always be prepared to rub out wrong marks.

The application came home to me. I too 'sometimes do things wrong,' but all the rubbers ever invented will not rub them off from life's fair page. They stand out bolder than if done in black and white. They grow larger as they are thought upon in cool, repentant hours. Sometimes the deed itself seemed not very wrong—only thoughtless perhaps, but its influence was evil and it set in motion other evil influences and the waves widened and spread till they covered my heaven of light and there was nothing left but utter darkness. One little eraser to rub out that mistake at the beginning—what a blessing it would have been.

It is better, though, as it is. Our chastenings must be deep to be remembered. The wrongs that we do and the thoughtless mistakes that we make would be

SUGGESTIONS THAT MAY BE USEFUL.

If there is ever a time when it would be pleasant to wear little restraint or no restraint at all that time is when the mercury is sporting around among the nineties. But nature gives no holidays. She claps on us the harness of law as soon as we come into the world and she buckles it fast. It is never once thrown off without a penalty. The penalty varies with the season and place. Just now it seems to be sunstroke.

The large cities are suffering most, the hospitals being sometimes crowded with cases, many of which terminate fatally.

This distressing condition can be almost certainly avoided and physicians are busy telling us how. It may not be necessary or possible to follow all their instructions, but a few points are well settled.

These sufferers seem to comprise chiefly three classes of physical law-breakers; first, those who are addicted to strong drink; second, immoderate eaters; third, those who use heat producing instead of cooling foods.

A few rules gathered from the great mass of testimony brought forward, are as follows:

Abstain altogether from alcoholic beverages (a good rule for all weather). Eat slowly and sparingly.

Drink pure water and that generally without ice.

Pour ice tea into the sink.

Give care and worry to the cat.

Do not exercise violently.

Keep the body quiet and in the shade as much as possible, and the mind in a state of cheery sweetness.

Put off every piece of hard work until the heat moderates or work at it only in the cooler parts of the day.

These rules strictly observed will insure safety from sunstroke which though

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many times multiplied if the punishment were slight. Our conduct is weighted with eternal destinies. It must needs be that Divine wisdom shall direct and correct it. Merely human efforts have failed and will fail of the end. The sting of regret, the tear of repentance and the remorse that grows like a canker are the Divine and only effective means of subduing the pride and wilfulness of our selfish natures.

Poetry in South America.

South America has glorious singers and songs, but the greater are to come. The countries of the South temperate zone are pulsing with literary activity and expectation, and Aconcagua is a new Parnassus, and is likely to be the last in the West.

Poets came in brotherhoods at the dawn of the new era, as prophetic heralds, and as inspired and inspiring leaders. The poets of the dawn have already appeared in the ten republics of the Andes, and have sung the songs of liberty and love, of the wide pampas, the majestic rivers and groves, and the orchid haunted plateaus. There was the most poetic race of Indian civilizations. The land of poetry was there, and is there. The end of the long march of the Aryan people toward the West must come in Argentine, Chili, and Peru. The Italian emigration to this new Italy is one of art. The mixed race of Argentines, Chilians, Peruvians, Italians, English, French, and German is making a new nation, and beautiful Buenos Ayres and Santiago show what that nation will be. The development of the United States has been the wonder of the nineteenth century. The surprise and glory of the twentieth century is likely to be the achievement of the republics of the Sun and of the Southern Cross, of which the poets are already singing and are more gloriously to sing in the supreme century before us.—From "The South American Poets," by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, in Review of Reviews for July.

not always fatal, leaves the patient, in many cases, with health permanently broken.

Education gives a standing in society that is both high and lasting. Much is said of the inequalities of fortune; of the worthy poor being scorned while the unworthy rich are caressed. This is often the case, particularly when the poor have nothing to recommend them except their poverty. But if they possess cultured brain and affections there is found no cause for complaint on account of neglect. The best doors of the land are open to one possessed of knowledge and refinement and no questions are asked as to money. All persons are willing and anxious to be entertained, and the number of capable entertainers is so small a minority that they are eagerly sought whatever their worldly possessions.

Education gives that feeling of self-respect and self-reliance which puts one on good terms with himself. It fits up the mind's departments, hangs beautiful pictures on the walls, puts a picked company of guests into the presence-chamber of the soul, and makes welcome the hour when one can retire alone into the sanctuary of his own thoughts.

Education gives the strength and skill which enables the mind to decide intelligently and quickly as to which of several courses ought to be pursued. Every day is crowded with opportunities to make or unmake human happiness by these decisions. The undeveloped mind cannot see these opportunities, and for lack of the power to see them lives are wasted and the world's stock of misery and failure increased.

THE MILLIGAN ERA, 25c. a year.

Personal and Otherwise:

—Fair weather.
—Mowers clicking.
—Apples by the wagon-load.
—Peaches and grapes plentiful.
—Every man is planting his turnip patch.

—Prof. McConnell is making a three weeks' tour in Franklin county and other sections of Virginia.

—Mrs. Nannie Williams has returned from a visit to Kentucky.

—Mr. I. A. Briggs has just returned from an extended tour in Virginia.

—Mrs. Mellie Williams is spending several weeks with friends in Virginia.

—Mrs. Lizzie Hendrix has returned from a visit to friends in North Carolina.

—Miss Emma Burleson is presiding with dignity over the public school at Sink Field.

—Profs. Thomas and McCartney have gone to their Virginia home for a few weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Vanhook's new residence is going up. It will be quite an addition to the appearance of West End.

—We were pleased to see the cheery face of Mr. J. B. Lyon, of Bristol, a few days since. His visit was too brief.

—Real estate is enjoying a healthy boom. Three important sales in the village in the last month, and others in prospect.

—Rooms are being selected and taken in the Home. If you wish any particular room write and have it reserved for you.

—The heat of late has been more oppressive than usual for our altitude, the mercury registering as high as 98° in the shade.

—Miss Alice Mosely will teach the public school at Big Spring, about four miles from Milligan. She will do her work thoroughly.

—Mr. A. J. Bunts, who has been attending the summer school, left for his home in Virginia a few days since. He will return at the opening of the session.

—Miss Mollie Hale has gone to her home in Washington county for a month's vacation. She will return at the opening and bring a sister and brother with her.

—Miss Sarah Hanen is visiting her niece, Mrs. Garrett. Those who formed her acquaintance during a previous visit are pleased to see this estimable lady in our midst again.

—Mr. Frank Keene reports a fine opening of his school at Beech Grove. This is his second or third term at the same place, which fact speaks well for both neighborhood and teacher.

—The new session opens on Wednesday, September 2. Let every student try to start as early as Monday or Tuesday, so as to have room selected and arranged and get an even start in class-work.

—The campus is being mowed and the trees are stretching up their tall heads and laughing about it. The pretty holly bush is so pleased that she just sits on the grass giggling and gossiping to the wind all day.

—DIED—On Friday, July 31, of diphtheria, two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hyder living a few miles east of Milligan. Clytie was eight years of age and Pearl four. The bereaved parents have the deepest sympathy of many friends. May they be comforted by the promises of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

—Milligan friends recently enjoyed the genial presence for a day or two of Mr. Charles Cornforth, class of '90, who is on the editorial staff of the Pilot, Nashville, Tenn. He was accompanied by his little niece, Miss Rose Eleanor Tate.

—The residence known as the club house is to be fitted up at once and will be occupied by Mrs. Carriger and family, of Elizabethton. She will put four children in school besides other students who will come with her.

—Mr. G. P. Maupia has exchanged his home here for Mr. Boyd's farm, located on Boone's creek, and has moved his family there. Mr. Boyd becomes now a permanent resident of Milligan and will probably occupy the Lyon property for the year.

—Notwithstanding the heat, President Hopwood continues to address fine audiences on the subject of the prohibition of the whiskey traffic and other duties of the Christian citizen. He is speaking once or twice every day and is rousing the public conscience wherever he goes.

—Notwithstanding the hard rains that morning, children's day was observed at Beech Grove on Sunday, August 2. Many offerings were made by the little ones to forward the missionary work of the church. The literary exercises and the song service did credit to the workers who prepared the programme.

—A large number of Milligan students have attended Normals and have been examined this summer. Every one heard from has made an exceptionally good record on examination. For the sake of their classes here we regret that so many of them have taken positions as teachers and cannot enter school until September. For the sake, however, of Christ and girls over the country who will thus receive the best of instruction, we rejoice.

—One who is taking in the out-look writes: "If all the students come who are now thinking of it, Milligan will have to enlarge." But they never quite all come. Somebody will stay at home and leave room for you, my friend, so come right along. This way please! A warm welcome awaits you from the young queen of colleges. Her walls may be crowded now but there is material preparing and workmen learning their trade more perfectly so that by and by there will go up another building by the side of this one, and then another so that many hundreds of youths and maidens of our Southland shall have room to come and drink of the clear Pierian spring.

—We are glad to know that Milligan had so able a representative at the late gathering of Endeavorers at Washington as B. A. Abbott, of Baltimore. A critic who heard his speech pronounced it the best among the many made. We give a portion of the speech referring to the college which he stood to represent. After hearing the enthusiastic speeches of other college men who praised their schools and gave their college yells, Mr. Abbott said:—"It is not my purpose to boast. Milligan teaches her sons humility. The reason that we have not more of them here is that they are too busy. She has never had a college yell but I suppose she could learn one if she thought it necessary". This is well said. College yells and college colors and all the paraphernalia that goes to promote clannishness is so much useless material. Every college could spare these and be the better for it.

THE MILLIGAN ERA, 25c. a year.

HOW ONE YESTERDAY WAS SPENT.

A Mosaic of Common Places.

Vacation days have always been about the busiest days of the year to Milligan worker. The variety of the work however keeps it from being tedious. Yesterday morning I had hardly taken my seat at the desk when the interruptions began to flow in. "Do you want to buy a bucket of berries, mam, at five cents a gallon," came from a boy who had carried a heavy load two miles and had slipped into my room by the one unguarded door. The berries are bought out of pity not unmixed with the consideration that a fresh berry roll with butter sauce will be an acceptable offering to a hungry school girl when the mercury is eighty degrees below blood heat.

We turn again to our tablet and just get the scattered faculties collected when some one at the door is asking for the president. Being told that he is not at home, "Then may I see some member of the faculty?" There is no help for it now. We meekly submit to an interview and while the interviewer is coming in we hastily lay aside the look of annoyance and with what grace we can command, listen while the agent says: "I've called to show you a new map which gives the latest and most authentic information concerning boundary lines based on the report of the International Commission appointed to decide between England and Venezuela. This stream of eloquence has to be interrupted. "We are supplied with maps, but I hope you can sell one to the next school you visit. Good morning." As the caller leaves we go to see how the work of painting and papering progresses. Convinced that this job is being well done we hasten back to our unfinished work; when some one calls out, "Do you want the yard mowed today or would you rather wait till later?" "Today by all means." This answer lays the way for a dozen little cautions and instructions such as "Don't cut the roses please"; "Leave that pretty cornstalk that some girl accidentally planted when she swept a grain of pop corn from the upper porch last winter"; "Do not scar the little locust"; "Please pull up that little peach tree growing by the cistern."

The desk is reached at last and the subject taken up where it was left off. Thought begins to work. The leaves turn quite encouragingly. We may be in time yet for the printer who is calling loudly for copy. Just a minute though must be spent running to the college for catalogues which were called for in the last mail. The large envelopes are out and catalogues must be wrapped; but it only takes ten seconds to make quick paste, so this little job is soon disposed of. (See on another page recipe for quick paste).

Where were we? Yes, here on page "5." Now bar the door and bend to your task! Let nothing stand in the way for the time is almost up. * * * "We must have some new rubbers before we can our berries; and the coffee is out!" whispers my "confidential secretary." I wonder how she got in without being heard? I write on scarcely noticing this interruption, for when any act has been performed a thousand times it becomes very easy, so the tongue says automatically, "Go to the store and get some." Still we resolve with all the strength that can be spared from the page that hereafter the pocket-book shall be put into the hands of this able official and our pages shall no more be punctuated by can rubbers and Lev-ering coffee.

At last we are through and go to seek fresh air and carry a pear to an invalid friend. A few cheery words are spoken and just then a little brown wren with voice twice as large as its body sang gayly from the eaves and then like the wandering minstrel that he is hopped down to the porch to collect his pay in the shape of crumbs placed there purposely to meet such bills.

The next caller is just the man we wish to see. He is engaged at once to put in our turnips, which according to tradition should be planted the "twenty-fifth of July, wet or dry," but, "If you can't get through the tenth of August will do."

This arrangement is just completed when a man comes to pay a debt by setting in order the meat-house, work-room and cellar. The strong muscles seize hold of the heavy task as if it were play. How much we owe to the brawny arm of labor! I have a most profound respect for the toilers who do our heavy jobs and never see them at their tasks without a positive feeling of admiration. Their earnest faces, though bearing in some cases, the scars of a vicious life, have yet a glint of the Divine, when gazing intently on their work, wholly absorbed with the desire to accomplish faithfully the task in hand.

But visitors are announced and after giving brief instructions here and there and seeing to it that every piece of work is in moving order we enter upon an hour's social intercourse thankful that an opportunity has been given for recreation and refreshing the spirit for a better effort tomorrow.

"THE WAYS OF LIFE AND DEATH"

[See advertisement.]

We have just received this splendid chart and given it the place of honor in our home. It catches the eye and rivets the attention of every one who sees it. The key is a bright little pamphlet of forty pages giving explanations and comments on the chart.

If parents would get this chart and carefully study it with their children it would have a blessed effect on the future citizenship of the country.

HAVE YOU RECEIVED MORE THAN ONE ERA?

Our lists of names contain some duplicates owing to different persons sending us lists from the same place. On this account some persons may have received two copies of this paper. If so will you kindly hand a copy to some friend who thinks of attending school or whose family contains students? We shall be grateful for this courtesy, and all who are thus led to an acquaintance with Milligan College will thank you too, we are sure.

QUICK PASTE.

RECIPE.—Run to the nearest hot stove, snatching a piece of strong paper as you go. Lay paper on stove—not on hottest part—put on it a pinch of flour large as a butter bean, pour on a teaspoonful of water and stir briskly with broom straw or fine splinter. In ten seconds you can have enough good paste to fasten postage stamps that have lost their mucilage and several papers or pamphlets you may wish to mail.

—We are always glad to see Mr. Chas. G. Price, class of '89, who is now making a vacation visit to his Milligan home. He is connected with the Knoxville Business College and is climbing to the top.

THE MILLIGAN ERA, 25c. a year.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Information Desired by Many.

Q. On what railroad is Milligan College?

The East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, running from Johnson City, Tennessee, to Cranberry, North Carolina.

Q. At what station do we stop?

Milligan station.

Q. Is there any depot?

There is not. You simply step from the cars to the platform and take the road for the college.

Q. How far is it?

Almost three quarters of a mile.

Q. Is the college in plain view of the station?

It is not. When you have gone about half the distance a curve in the road gives you a handsome view of the buildings and grounds.

Q. Are the students met at the station?

During several days before and after the opening teachers and other members of the school meet every train.

Q. Are students provided with conveyance, or do they usually walk?

They usually walk. It is a cool, pretty road along the creek bank. Wagons are there to convey baggage. Trunks are brought for ten cents.

Q. Does a school month mean a calendar month or just four weeks?

Always four weeks.

Q. Can students be met at Johnson City with private conveyance and what will it cost?

If they will notify us they will be met and brought to the college in hacks, a distance of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, for twenty-five cents each.

Q. Is Milligan a large town?

It is a small, clean school village, containing about 200 inhabitants. It has three dry goods stores, two flouring mills, one planing mill, blacksmith, barber, and shoe shop; but no whiskey shop in or near it.

Q. Are text books, stationery, etc. kept in the village?

Yes.

Q. Are text books included in regular college expenses?

They are never so included. They must be paid for separately unless by special previous engagement they are provided for.

Q. Is Milligan really a "beautiful and healthful location?"

A rational question, since all school situations are so called. Those who have visited the place are absolutely of one mind as to the peculiar beauty of the views from college hill and of the hill itself. The campus includes about thirteen acres with a large creek—Buffalo—curving through it around the base of the hill. It is thickly set with young trees, chiefly maple, measuring from a few inches to a foot and a half in diameter, all planted by students and teachers. These trees are the most perfect in form and most vigorous in growth we have ever seen.

The healthfulness of the place is proven by the fact that measles, mumps, whooping-cough and grip have gone through the entire school at different times and not one case has ever proved fatal or even very serious. A resident physician of long practice said, "I have always noticed that the unusual purity and sweetness of the air here makes my medicine more effective and helps the patient to recover."

Q. Will students who are behind in their studies be laughed at by the others?

Milligan students are not inclined to make fun, nor would such practice be

tolerated by the teachers for a moment. There is a spirit of helpfulness existing among school mates here which prompts the more advanced students to do what they can to help those who are behind and never wound their feelings. In short, the conduct of each toward the other is much like that of one large family whose members are all interested in the welfare of every other member.

Q. Am I too old to go to school?

Not if you are under forty, and we would take students still older if they wished to come. We have had them of all ages up to forty.

If you are an 'industrious student and ready to begin higher algebra it is probable you could finish the full course in four years.

Q. If I can go only one year is it worth while to come?

Come if for only one year, or a half a year. It will be of immense advantage to you. A hungry man does not refuse a slice because he cannot have a whole loaf. Numbers of our students who were compelled to stop short of the full course have caught such an inspiration during the time spent here that they have gone out and entered upon a most successful and helpful work for themselves and for the world.

Q. Just how is Milligan College reached by students from abroad?

All Eastern students can come to Bristol, Tenn., thence to Johnson City.

All Western students can come to Knoxville, Tenn., thence to Johnson City.

Southern students can come via Asheville, N. C., and Morristown, Tenn., to Johnson City.

Milligan Station is three miles from Johnson City by the Narrow-Gauge Railroad.

ON THE FLY.

Short Telling of a Long Story.

HILLSVILLE, VA., July 27.—While traveling through the country I meet former students of whom many would be delighted to hear. I left Milligan June 16, and went into Johnson county, where I saw Baxter and Roy Wilson, John Johnson and others who were once familiar figures about our school. Crossing into Washington county, Virginia, I met Mack Mock, who gave an interesting account of himself. Says he has read about 1000 pages this summer and has been eating cherries the remainder of the time. His home is famous for cherries and the trees have been their best this season. I was fortunate enough to attend Mack's Bible class, which represents his Sunday work and which is doing well. Nat Wright is now selling goods eight miles from Damascus. He is doing a lively business but ought to be in school, where he always did the best of work.

The next students I met were Misses Roberta Craig and Daisy Brooks, of Glade Spring. I found them the same interesting young ladies that they were while at Milligan.


I spent a few days at Mr. V. H. Thomas', Jim Thomas' home at the present. Mr Thomas has a beautiful farm of sixteen hundred acres, with many fine cattle and horses.

I spent the 4th at a Baptist Sunday school picnic. More than fifty children took part in the exercises.

Passing through Smyth and Grayson counties I formed many pleasant acquaintances and several of these I hope to meet at Milligan this fall. I had an enjoyable visit with Misses Bowers and Feltz, also saw Miss Alice and the family.

Prof. L. C. Felts, is reading law and practicing farming. I saw him hauling hay from the meadow with a yoke of oxen in a gallop.

The closing exercises of Wood Lawn High school were interesting. I met Mr. E. E. Worrell, an old student of Milligan, and many others whom we should be glad to enroll among our number at the beginning of the session. I hope to write another letter concerning my trip, but must go to work now instead of talking. I. A. BRIGGS.

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