

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

VOL. IV.

MILLIGAN, TENNESSEE, MAY, 1900.

NO. 5.

The Sowing Time.

Now is the seed-time: God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown;
The harvest-time is hid with him.
Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.
And he who blesses most is blest;
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

Ecumenical Conference.

The great Ecumenical Conference which has been in session ten days in New York, has adjourned to hold its next session ten years hence. There has been but one tendency in the discussion—the extension of missionary work at the sacrifice of creeds—the building up of the universal religion of Jesus Christ.

Estimates made in 1892 show that the number of Christians in the world was 477,080,158, while the combined believers in Hindooism, Confucianism, Mohammedism, Buddhism, Polytheism, Judaism and other isms numbered 952,662,041.

These figures speak eloquently of the overwhelming odds against which the hosts of Christianity are battling in the world-fight of today. Their progress may seem slow, but nevertheless they are marching on to ultimate victory, spreading the seeds of civilization wherever they go.—Journal and Tribune.

Streaks of Dawn.

The recent Ecumenical Conference has called forth much that it is profitable for Christians to ponder. It may be said "These are on-words: Divisions and denominational strife will go on just the same." But we believe otherwise. Every earnest expression in favor of Christian union puts somebody to thinking that way and intensifies the feeling already prevalent that somehow the oneness of God's people must come. Dr. Behrens, of Brooklyn, stirred the audience with the following eloquent words:

"Make a bonfire of theological paraphernalia, pile on the ecclesiastical millinery and machinery and cap the whole pile with the higher criticism of the past two years and let it burn; don't call out the fire department; let the shibboleth go up in smoke. Take every creed down to the present day, put in a mental hopper, and set the machine going. You will find it will grind out lots of hay stubble and chaff—bushels of it, and tons of stones that fly out and hit you. But at the bottom you will find the gold of the simple gospel of Jesus Christ; and that's the only thing in any creed worth keeping and fighting for."

He who never made a mistake, never made any thing.—Hazlett.

COMMENCEMENT AND REUNION

* * PROGRAM * *

1900 June 1 to 9 Inclusive. 1900

1. Friday, June 1, 7:30 P. M.—Literary Club Representatives.
2. Saturday, June 2, 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.—Undergraduate Declaimers and Orators.
3. Saturday, June 2, 7:30 P. M.—Elocutionary Entertainment.
4. Lordsday, June 3, 11 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, J. A. Lord, Editor Christian Standard, Cincinnati, O.
5. Lordsday, 2:30 P. M.—Lord's Supper.
6. Lordsday, 7:30 P. M.—Young Men's Prayer Meeting.
7. Monday, 10:30 A. M.—Address.
8. Monday, 2:30 P. M.—Address.
9. Monday, 7:30 P. M.—Address.
10. Tuesday, June 5, 10:30 A. M.—Junior Class Program.
11. Tuesday, 2:30 P. M.—
12. Tuesday, 7:30 P. M.—Lecture.
13. Wednesday, June 6, 10:30 A. M.—Section 1 Senior Class
14. Wednesday, 2:30 P. M.—Section 2 Senior Class.
15. Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.—Lecture.
16. Thursday, June 7, 10:30 A. M.—Alumni Program.
17. Thursday, 2:00 P. M.—Alumni Dinner.
18. Thursday, 7:30 P. M.—Lecture.
19. Friday, June 8, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.—Excursion to Doe river gorge and Cranberry 30 miles away, where sight-seeing, dinner and speeches fill the day.
20. Friday, 7:30 P. M.—Lecture.
21. Saturday, June 9.—Buffalo Institute Day, W. G. Barker presiding.
22. Saturday, 7:30 P. M.—Lecture.



This closes the reunion. It will make pleasant and helpful memories for life, strengthen love and good fellowship. Arrangements will be made for the accommodation of all, in reasonable comfort. The cost of living will be only 15 cents per meal, or 8 tickets for \$1.00. This provides for all visitors who prefer to pay this expense. All former students of the school are especially invited to this commencement and reunion. The younger members and the old teachers of the school would love to see and talk with you face to face. All other friends of the college and friends of Christian education will be heartily welcomed by students and teachers.

INTRODUCE YOURSELF.

When you come to the reunion do not wait for some one to introduce you. Come to any teacher and introduce yourself. Some of us remember your faces but cannot always connect the name and face. Come and be one of the school again.

Mushroom Gardens Under Paris. A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

The Paris of the pavement, gay, bright, and exhilarating, is fairly familiar to us, but underground Paris dark, solitary, and damp, extending for miles, is comparatively unknown. A part of this area is devoted to the catacombs—a valley of dry bones, a garden of the dead; a garden still more vast, provides for the wants, or, rather, the luxuries of the living—it is devoted to mushroom culture. These subterranean gardens extend for some twenty miles under the gay capital, and are from twenty feet to 160 feet beneath the surface.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing. When a hornet stings a fellow he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen. One day a hornet stung my pa [my pa is a preacher] on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.

Questions and Answers.

1. What will it cost me to go to Milligan College one school year?
For board tuition, and fees, it will cost you from \$10.00 to \$14.00 per month, depending upon where you board and what you study.
 2. What will board cost me?
From \$7.50 to \$10.00 per school month of four weeks.
 3. Can I rent a room and do my own work?
Yes you can rent rooms in the village from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per month
 4. How much will it cost me to live that way?
Whatever you make it cost. From \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week.
 5. How much will washing cost?
It can be well done at from 50 cents to 75 cents per month, or you can spend three times that much at the laundries.
 6. How much will books cost?
From \$6.00 to \$20.00 per school year, depending upon the studies taken and the changes of classes.
 7. Have you a Business College?
We have the latest and best, a thorough and practical Business College.
 8. What will this course cost?
It will cost \$40.00 including diploma and books. \$25.00 of this sum must be paid when the student receives his books to begin work.
 9. Have you a library at Milligan?
Yes, there is a handsome library hall with two to three thousand volumes in it, and the librarian is present to aid the students all the day.
 10. What kind of a looking place is Milligan?
When you get off at the little station in the woods, nearly three-fourths of a mile from the College, it is a bleak prospect. But come up Buffalo Creek and stand on the hill, look up the valley, on the mountains and the scene is beautiful—always to be remembered. The College building and the Girls' Home are both on this hill.
 11. How do you come to Milligan?
Come to Bristol from the east, to Morristown from the south or west, thence from each place to Johnson City, thence on the Narrow Gauge 3½ miles to Milligan. By notifying us you can be met at Johnson City.
 12. Do the young men have any sports?
They have excellent grounds for baseball and other games, but they do not play football. Match games with others than their own school are absolutely forbidden.
 13. What else?
They have mountains to climb, caves to explore, gorges to see, whirling, gliding water courses to follow; and all nature declares the place healthful and beautiful.
 14. How are new students received?
With the kindness of well-bred people from the first, by both teachers and older students.
 15. To whom shall I go when I arrive there?
Always go direct to the President of the school or to one of the Faculty. It is the business, duty and pleasure of the teachers to help students in selecting studies, homes and associates.
- "They are slaves who will not choose.
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."
- "Get but the truth once uttered and 'tis
A star new-born that drops into its
place,
And which, once circling in its placid
round,
Not of the tumult of the earth can
shake."

THE MILLIGAN ERA

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MAY, 1900.

A FINAL WORD.

DEAR BROTHER: As stated in a former letter, we completed the collection of notes in November, 1897, to pay all debts on Milligan College. The payments on these notes were due December 1, 1897, 1898 and 1899, respectively. The debt and interest to June 1, 1900, at which time the entire amount must be paid, is \$5,100. More than \$3,300 of this sum has been collected and loaned to the men who hold the claims against the property. Five hundred dollars or more of the notes will yet be paid. Then there will remain \$1,200, which from deaths, business failures and other causes, cannot be expected.

The trustees have fully established the policy that the institution shall not be involved for debt in the future. And we are now seeking to secure the above deficiency in cash or good notes. The debt must be paid or private parties will own the whole property.

This is the most successful school year in the history of the institution. Over 200 pupils have been enrolled, and most of them are in attendance. The Senior Class numbers twenty-one.

It would be wrong to allow the college to lose its growth and public character for the sum required to release it.

If you have never contributed to Milligan college, please be one to help us before May 20 to free the school from this last debt. If you have made a promise or note, which is past due, please send it before May 20. If your note or promise is not yet due, will you not discount it and send cash now? We will most heartily thank you for your co-operation, and, if the college is not made free from all debt during this year, the money you send will every dollar be returned promptly.

This is plain and fair, and we kindly ask you to act with us now. The debt must be settled before June 1. Let us show willing hearts if only in small amounts and the blessings of God will follow. Please reply at once, and favorably, if in your power.

Your Brothers in Christ,
J. HOPWOOD, Pres. and Fin'l Agt.
C. C. TAYLOR, Ch'm n Board Trus.
H. R. GARRETT, Sec'y of Board.

"Settle It In Your Hearts."

These words were spoken to the apostles that they should trust God—trust the Holy Spirit—what to say. The sentence applies equally well to our daily lives. We are to

fulfill duty, from our hearts, unto the Lord. Simplicity, candor, and directness of life, according to the voice of that hidden man of the heart, is the one safe way for all classes. The sinner had better be frank and acknowledge his wickedness than to hypocritically pretend virtue. Yet man settles it in his heart that truth must be spoken and lived before freedom can be enjoyed. No human being can enjoy or even understand the peace and liberty of fellowship with truth and a good understanding with God, who does not give up his life and powers to that deepest oughtness in his soul. Man cannot grow toward the image of God who does not surrender to the pressure which He brings to bear on the soul. This, yielded to in home, business, church, and state, makes the true life.

The sun's total eclipse, which is to occur May 28, is the first that has visited the Atlantic states since 1896. The eclipse will be only partial with us and will come about 9 o'clock in the morning. Extensive preparations for observation are being made in many of the Southern states. Noted scientists from all parts of the world will be present to witness the spectacle.

Timely.

Two of the leading Philadelphia papers recently gave extended notice of a sermon by G. P. Rutledge, class of '95. Mr. Rutledge is an able preacher, and has charge of one of the leading West Philadelphia churches. It is gratifying to see the fearless manner in which he attacks the soulless practice of wearing dead birds as ornaments. This is a practice which we have opposed, both privately and publicly, from the first, and we feel thankful that the fewest number of Milligan girls have ever worn these so-called ornaments which are at once the emblem of decay and the badge of cruelty.

Mr. Rutledge's immediate inspiration on this subject was derived from the report that an order for 20,000 birds had been placed by a New York millinery firm with Delaware bird hunters. His remarks were in part as follows:

"How lonely would be the forests and the woodlands without our feathered friends? How rich is their plumage? How cheerful is their song? But when they become dead make-ups in fashion their are useless. As the war on the feathered tribe goes on the sunlight grows dull and the beauty of the flowers is lost in blushes of shame. The zephyrs play a dirge through the tree tops.

"Bird wings and feathers in a young woman's hat make her look like a moving morgue. What a stain is cast upon our civilization? I appeal to the women of this congregation to go away with the firm determination never again to encourage the trade in the birds by pandering to a low taste."

If we mix with the world for the pleasure it affords we shall be likely to be among the first to be reconciled to the freedom and laxity it allows. The world is not brought up to us, but we sink down to the world; the drop becomes of the consistence and color of the ocean into which it falls, the ocean itself remains unchanged.

DR. JAMES WALKER.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

HUME.

The following two items appeared on the same page of a recent issue of the Courier-Journal.

In view of the awful suffering of men, women and children in India, it seems strange indeed that tender women who love their own families, will not rather labor to raise their hundreds for the relief of those starving ones than for rearing a monument to the dead:

Bowling Green, Ky., April 23.—The women of the Bowling Green and Warren county Goebel Monument Fund Committee held a meeting this afternoon and reported a collection of \$150 for the fund. It is thought the collections in the hands of the others will increase the amount subscribed for this city and county to at least \$500.

Calcutta, April 23.—The latest official reports from the famine districts say that the misery existing there is indescribable and unparalleled and that the present relief is quite inadequate. They add that the mortality among the cattle is also so severe that the authorities are trying to adapt farm implements so that human power can replace that of bullocks.

Thoughts For the Ideal School.

1. It must be thoroughly Christian. All for Christ as a center.
2. It must be wise in adjusting details of Science and Revelation.
3. Its teachers must have clean habits and consecrated lives.
4. Its blessings must be for the poor as well as for the rich students.
5. The discipline and influence must be against riotous practices and extravagant folly.
6. The library must be one of the best-worked parts in the whole scheme.
7. The school must be away from the great city, but near enough for the advantages and lessons from city life.
8. It should form a life and society peculiarly its own.
9. It must lead its students, if possible, to active religious work.
10. It must talk and teach Christ, the living word, and duty to God and man—no sect war.
11. It must abound in hope and enthusiasm, and withal be possessed of truest humility.

Essay Extracts.

The following are brief extracts from essays written by students in "Lockwood's Lessons," as a regular class exercise. Subjects are printed in italics:

And God said, "Let us make man in our own image," so by supernatural power *hands* were made. They differ in form, size, color and use, but altogether they are the lightest and most smoothly running machine ever made.

IDA PAYNE HUFFMAN.

Men are *heroes* when they do a great deed and get praise for it. But some do not get praise. An example is John Sevier. Although he was the "Father of Tennessee" he was bitterly persecuted by enemies, who tried to ruin him. But

the people liked him because he stood by them in all their trials.

WORLEY STEPP.

Books were first written on stones, as the lawbook of Moses. Then they were written on parts of plants. Later wax was used, then leather, especially the skins of goats and sheep. Silver, gold horn, silks, linen, and lastly paper. The art of printing books was first introduced by the Germans. The oldest books were written in verse.

BESSIE SAYERS.

A good *bell* when struck yields one clear note, and any person with an ear for music can say what it is. Bells have summoned soldiers to arms, citizens to the senate, christians to church. They sound the alarm in fire and tumult and many bloody chapters in history have been rung in and out by bells.

DELLA CLARK.

We should read *books* to get good thoughts, and therefore we can read none other than good books. Bad books are a curse to the world. There is so much trashy literature that we can never hope to get rid of it all, but we can keep from reading it.

Ancient *books* were sometimes made of lead beaten into thin sheets. Papyrus was also used to a large extent. Many books were decorated with precious stones. Only monks in the solitude of their cells were allowed to transcribe these books.

FLOY SMITH.

The general type of *grasses* is familiar in wheat, barley oats and in the smaller plants which make up our pastures. The grain of warm climates, as rice, maize millet, and sorghum are also examples; also the bamboo, of India and America, whose stems reach to the height of forest trees.

SALLIE MASTERS.

It is thought that *glass* manufacture originated in Egypt, though its first manufacturer and the time are unknown. The first that was made in England was in 1557. There are four distinct kinds of glass, flint or crystal, crown or German, broad or common window glass, and plate glass.

ANNA LOU BUTTERWORTH.

There is one large *iron* furnace at Carnegie, near Johnson City, owned by the Carnegie Furnace Company. This company has fifteen furnaces and their income last year was about \$22,000,000. Iron comes out of the furnace nearly white and is then moulded into pig.

W. T. ANGLIN.

The Egyptians are thought to have been first to practice *glass-making*. Their earliest known effort was at Thebes, and consisted of a small lion's head of opaque blue glass of very fine color, which changed to an olive green.

MARY SUTTON.

We may not all have equal opportunities of doing good at home but we have something to do to make that home happy, and if we are doing it to the best of our ability, we are meeting all that is required of us.

J. B. GIVENS.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

"The birds hymn forth a song of gratitude
To Him who sheltered them when
storms were deep
And fed them through the winter's
cheerless gloom."

Lessons.

Practice.

Speeches.

May-time.

Labor and laughter.

P. B. Hall, of Ebensburg, Pa., writes he will be with us at commencement.

Prof. Garrett's health has been better the past season than for some years.

The Elocution class, in charge of Miss Ossie Pendleton is large and industrious.

Miss Viola Easterly has returned from a few days' visit to her home in Greene county.

Mrs. Davis's large music class make the air alive with sweet melody these preparation days.

The Junior class were entertained by Professor and Mrs. McConnell on Monday evening April 23.

Cephas Shelburne, of Roanoke, Va., and his wife, also, we hope, will be with us at commencement.

Tommy Anglin has just returned from Bristol where he had a surgical operation performed on his ear.

C. W. Cornforth, class of '90, spent the winter in New York, and returned last week to Dyer, Tennessee.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Lucy Hardin Matthews, class of '82, is improving after a serious two week's illness.

The short-hand clas has been well taught by Miss Willie Godby. Most of them have passed their examinations.

Miss Nannie Peoples is visiting her brother in school, and is using part of the time studying the beautiful art of Elocution.

Mr. Vint Thomas, a former student, gladdens us occasionally by a brief visit. He takes top rank as a traveling salesman.

The Commercial class has done excellent work this year. They are finishing up and getting ready for their diplomas.

The farmers are busy putting in corn and straightening up their farms, and everybody is pleased with the fine prospects for fruit.

New fences are stretching themselves on every hand. W. G. Payne has several new lines and the bluff is being newly enclosed.

Wheat fields are most promising and the acreage is extensive enough to insure a good yield of buscuit and light roll next winter.

Miss Annie Bolton, class of '90, has taken short-hand this year, stood her examination, and now has a good position in Johnson City.

Many graduates and former students write that they expect to be with us at commencement. It will be a season of rich and rare communion.

The senior class were given a reception by President and Mrs. Hopwood on occasion of the latter's birthday, Wednesday evening April 18.

A recent visit from Mrs. William Shelburne, of East Radford, Virginia, afforded us the pleasure of renewing an old and valued friendship.

Henry and Jacob Wagner left last week to help carry on the extensive farming at their home. We hope to see them back to commencement.

Milligan is enjoying a visit from John Anglin, of Martinsville, Va., a former student. He finishes the course at Richmond Medical College next session.

Mrs. LaRue, "Grandma," has been feeble much of the winter, but is better since the weather settled. She walks about the house and occasionally into the yard.

Every student and teacher regretted the fact that Miss Elizabeth Hodge, of Danville, Va., had to go home. We hope to see her back in school some time.

Mrs. Andrew Hampton, of Newport, gave Milligan a welcome visit some weeks since. Her children, Rose, Ida and Johnie, were among our most worthy students. The latter should have been in the present senior class. We hope to see him enter the 1901 class next fall.

Mrs. Lula (Crockett-Wilson) Hendrix, class of '82, has been confined to her room for several weeks. We hope the pretty weather may make her again convalescent.

Elbert Spurgeon, our enterprising colored barber, is enlarging his shop and expects to run a small restaurant business in connection with his tonorial practice.

The Normal class is large and enthusiastic. Much good will come to the world through the work of the bright and devoted young teachers who will go out from this class.

The Normal class is large and enthusiastic. Much good will come to the world through the work of the bright and devoted young teachers who will go out from this class.

Jimmie Hale went to Pittsburg a few months since to work in the car shop. He got good wages, but decided that East Tennessee was better for him than Pennsylvania. He is at home now.

Prof. Wiley Johnson, class of '97, gave an interesting talk in the morning class on "Be what you would like to appear." The Rhetoric class also profitted by a talk to them on Reading.

Mrs. Jane Crockett, of Happy Valley, has been dangerously ill but is much improved. Her son, Robert and wife from Kansas, visited her, but have returned to their western home.

Business is lively in our little town. Several persons have bought real-estate lately, and new citizens are coming in. Three good stores are kept pretty busy supplying increased demands.

George E. Lyon, class of '91, and David S. Lyon, class of '92, are preaching in Iowa, and are doing their second year's hard work in the University at Des Moines, where they take their degree in June.

The morning class, a few days ago, had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent speech from the reverend Mr. Bachman, of Sweetwater. On the same occasion we enjoyed chapel reading by Professor Sherrell, of Jonesboro.

The committee of arrangement for the Alumni Banquet, June 7 are: Mrs. W. B. Kegley, Wytheville, Virginia; Mrs. A. I. Miller, Pulaski, Virginia; Mrs. J. A. Tate, Dyer, Tennessee, and Mrs. W. H. Haun, Birmingham, Alabama.

James Payne died on Saturday the 14th of April, at his home two miles east of the college after a long and painful illness, which he bore with christian fortitude. His family have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen and former student, A. J. Murray, who has been for some time in feeble health, has not materially improved, but is bearing his affliction with true Christian fortitude. Our hearts' symyathies are with him and his wife and little daughter.

In an excellent letter, some time since, from W. S. Givens, class of '95, he told us of his continued ill health. After graduation he taught and preached until he entered Kentucky University, where he overworked himself. He returned home a year ago to recuperate. He will not be strong enough to attend Reunion. May the Father abundantly bless and restore him to health.

The Alumni Reunion will be an interesting assemblage. Some will be here who have wrought through the heat and burden of a score of years, others whose labors have been briefer, and these will mingle with the young graduates who are just ready to enter the life-struggle. There will be many rich experiences to hear and to relate, some sad, some joyous, some mingled; but each experience will, we trust, show heroic endeavor and solid progress toward the beautiful, the true, and the divine in human character.

It is bonnie balmy spring! The "young-hued" leaflets and the spreading, snowy dogwood give the forest a weird, witching aspect. The tenderlings of fruit are dropping their ornaments. Last week the pistils and stamens of the apple blossoms were prettily helping to make the orchard radiant. Now they have stripped off their flowery dress, have taken a new name, and, as "little apples," are beginning the serious business of making something in the world. Many of them will drop lifeless, others will linger, half formed, and decay: others again will grow to be fair and tempting, but the worm gnawing at the heart will render them unfit for use; but many will grow to be sound, ripe and luscious, fit for immortals! How like to human life!

Safe and snug in the sleeping-car
Are father and mother and dreaming child.
The night outside shows never a star,
For the storm is thick and the wind is wild;
The frenzied rain in its all-night race
Holds many a soul in its fragile walls,
While up in his cab with a smoke-stained face,
Is the man of the greasy overalls.

Through the firebox door the heat glows white,
The steam is hissing at all the cocks;
The pistons dance and the drivewheels smite
The trembling rails till the whole earth rocks.
But never a searching eye could trace—
Though the night is black, the speed appalls—
A line of fear in the smoke-stained face
Of the man in the greasy overalls.

No halting, wavering coward he,
As he lashes his engine around the curve
But a peace-encompassed Grant or Lee,
With a heart of oak and an iron nerve.
And so I ask that you make a place
In the Temple of Heroes sacred halls
Where I may hang the smoke-stained face
Of the man in the greasy overalls.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

The above poem was not written, we presume, in honor of W. H. Haun, class of '90, who has lately been made engineer, but friends who knew his clear, honest face, and strong, frank character through his school days, will not doubt his worthiness of such an honor. Mr. Haun has been in the railroad employ for several years and was recently given the responsible position of engineer on the Louisville and Nashville road. His home is in Paris, Ky. His wife, Mrs. Mamie LaRue Haun, is kept busy caring for three little ones, but hopes to be privileged to come with "Billie" to the reunion.

A Happy Day.

Burdened students and tired teachers are off for a jaunt today, May 3. The prettiest excursion of the year is to be made down to the River Beautiful! "We are all very, very busy; might we not forego the trip this once?" was seriously asked. "Oh, no! Take anything from us but that," the young people replied. So the decision is made. Bells for morning class call the school together. After songs, reading and prayer some brief speeches are called for. The speakers prefer to profit by the holiday occasion, so they do not respond. A message is delivered from President Hopwood, who is too ill to be present. "Enjoy the scenery," he said. "Do not give all your attention to those with you. They can be looked at many days hence—perhaps years—a life-time; but the grandeur of this view of cliff and stream, distant mountains and hemlock forests you may never see again. Go and be happy!"

"We start thirty minutes after morning class and return by five in the afternoon." This definite announcement puts energy and promptness into the count. Everything is ready, baskets packed with substantial food—rare food it will be called, when eaten three hours later, with pedestrian hunger for a sauce. The start is along the banks of Buffalo, a lovely little stream that has come down to college with all the student that have ever been there. It is trudging along by us today, with its soft, cool feet and low prattle, as if it too had a basket of blue bells and shiny pebbles carrying to the river picnic, and was glad to be in this gay young company.

Not all the boys and girls are here. Somestayed at home and put in the time in library work, or preparing for hard examinations. One brave girl says, "I'll make this day tell on Mathematical History, and on my speech." Another squad composed of boy-explorers decide to visit the caves two miles in the opposite direction. Gathering a hasty lunch they are off, resolved to see all there is to be seen by lantern in the Rock House and Saltpetre cave.

Glorious school-life! Full with ambition, glowing with hope! What would we not give if every day could bring to the young men and women things only that are blessed and helpful, worthy to be carried through life as a sacred memory.

[The following came without name, but we think I. G. W. Buck is the writer.—Ed.]

OXFORD, NEB.

It has been said "that no one ever gets so far from home but that the mind wanders back."

The same might be said of the school-house. One not only remembers with sorrow the wrongs they did there but also the trials they met and overcame. The lessons received at college are much like those they receive at home. They stay with him through life and help shape him for eternity. When one begins to study about the many kind students and professors, they can't help wishing they were back at Milligan to partake of its joys again. But however, there is a little conso-

lation in the fact that the legislature of this state has dealt gently and freely with the children. It first gave them a compulsory school law, and second it gave them all the books they needed. Under the circumstances it is very easy for a child to get a school education.

One coming here from the East is much surprised on finding so few illiterate persons. Those who are illiterate are mostly foreigners who came to this country too late to receive its educational advantages. But they make good citizens after they have staid with us the proper length of time.

Students' Best Thoughts.

The class in "Outlines of Rhetoric" were asked to write down in five minutes their best thought. Following is what they wrote:

Sweetness of temper should be cultivated more, then the world would be better governed and hearts that now are sad would be made happy.

MARY BELLE WILLIAMS.

We should always think of others' welfare, and do everything in our power to promote their happiness and then I am sure we will receive happiness ourselves.

MAE KELLER.

We should be careful of our conduct and of our speech and should never say or do anything that we would be ashamed for our own mother or any other lady to hear or see; and when alone we should always remember to keep our thoughts chaste and pure.

ALBERT C. HOPWOOD.

True happiness can be gained only by doing our duty.

S. C. LACY.

Begin well, continue well, and surely all will end well.

JESSE GIVENS.

We should always be kind to others and try to make them happy and also make them our friends; then we will be made more happy, and we will always receive a reward for this.

BELLE SHELBURN.

A recipe for happiness: Beware of false friends.

BASCOMB DINGUS.

Jesus will help us in the time of trouble if we but ask Him.

N. B. SAYER.

As the evening twilight of the nineteenth century closes around us we should reflect on the past, and, seeing what has been accomplished, be stimulated to higher thought and nobleness for the future.

R. L. PEOPLES.

Study the soul of genius. No matter how great a talent a person has, if he does not study to see further in his line, he will not succeed. Long and diligent study is the mark of genius. If we expect to make a success we must not be sparing of time and labor.

ALICE B. MOSLEY.

Self-sacrifice is beautiful because of the spirit that prompts it. None but the truly consecrated Christian can have this spirit. It is very prominent in the missionary who is willing to sacrifice everything for the cause of Christ. In making sacrifices for others we become very happy, knowing that such will please them.

ROSA HAWTHORN.

My best thought is that, It is better to die in my boyhood grace, Without a blot on my fair young fame Than to live the life of a drunkard, And die the death of a drunkard's shame.

—WILL JONES.

Do not criticise others, but speak of their good qualities. If you have nothing good to say about them leave the bad unsaid. By doing this we will learn to think well of everyone.

C. O. WOODWARD.

Oberving high things and allowing trivial ones to pass unheeded.

MAE HODGES.

When a friend says unkind words to us we should never answer them until we feel free enough from anger to speak kindly.

BEATRICE GRAYSON.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.—Seneca.

Tennyson's Last Poem.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.
For tho' from out this bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

The Saloon's Menace.

The saloon is a standing menace wherever it exists, threatening the home, the church, and all the best interests of society. There is not a good cause in the country that is not antagonized and injured by it, and there is not an evil that is not strengthened by it. Were some disease to break out suddenly and do one hundredth part of the injury that the saloon is doing, every board of health in the land would be up in arms against it. Were any influence to arise doing one hundredth the financial injury that it is causing, the national government would put forth its promptest efforts to curb it. Some time the age of blindness will have passed by, and the saloon will be crushed by an indignant people.—The Herald and Presbyterian.

A White Dove in Church.

A lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a town which she visited. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterwards that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of the lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday-school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove; but every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.—Dumb Animals.

Learning is a good thing when what is learned consists of the wisdom of the past, and when what is learned is assimilated and made useful to solve the problems that press for solution in our own age. An undigested accumulation of scraps of learning is not of practical use. It never helps the scholar to think nor enables him to act, nor to guide the actions of others.—Dr. W. T. Harris.

God's due from me is truth to myself, to be spiritually supreme in my environment, to hold "dominion over all the beasts of" appetite and passion and all the fowls of imagination, idleness and lust; to have life more and more abundantly until I get to be all man.—John G. Woolley.

Something Wrong Somewhere.

Dealer—"Don't your shoes fit, madam?"
Madam—"Oh, yes, they fit me, perfectly; but they hurt awfully when I try to walk."—Chicago Record.

So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must"
The soul replies, "I can."

Life's Rests.

There is no music in "rests" but there is the making of music in them. In our whole life melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests" and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and be not dismayed at the "rests."

JOHN RUSKIN.

President Eliot, of Harvard, told the following story at an alumni dinner some time ago: "I cannot acknowledge that as the years go by I am growing old. I have evidence to the contrary. When I was proctor at Cambridge, a few years after my graduation, I learned that the students spoke of me habitually as 'Old Eliot.' A few nights ago, on the other hand, I met a group of students in the street, and when I passed them I heard one say to the others: 'I wonder where Charlie has been so late?'—Providence Journal.

"Hello! Hello! Is this you Johnny?"
"Yes."
"This is mamma." I'm using the telephone at papa's office. Everything all right at home?"
"Yes'm. Anything you wanted me to do?"
"No, Johnny. I only wanted to find out, from the sound of your voice, whether you were eating any of those jam tarts I told you not to touch while I was down town. I see you are. I'll settle with you, my son, when I come home. Good-by!"—Chicago Tribune.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter. Benjamin West.

Not only strike when the iron is hot but make it hot by striking. Cromwell.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.—Garfield.

Reverent obedience of the child to parents is the preparation for reverent obedience of the man to God. Mother's Treasury.

He who seldom thinks of heaven is not very likely to get there. The way to hit the mark is to keep the eye fixed upon it. Bishop Horne.

Drive thy business; let not that drive thee. Sloth makes all things difficult; industry, all easy.—Franklin.

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Mamma—"Well, why didn't you let him go?"
Bridget—"They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."—Exchange.

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Green coffee.....	10 to 13c	Yard wide domestic.....	5 1/2c
Granulated sugar.....	6 1/2c	Calico.....	4 to 6c
3-pound can tomatoes.....	8 1/2c	Salt, 150 pound bag.....	\$1.00
Oatflake, per package.....	7c	Best vinegar, per gallon.....	20c
California Pears, 3-lb can....	15c	Coal oil.....	15 & 20c
Two pounds soda.....	5c	Clark's spool thread.....	4c
Bacon.....	10c	Soap, 2 bars.....	5c
Watauga flour, per qr sack....	55c	Wire nails, per pound.....	5c
Ivory.....	60c	Axle grease.....	4c
Best bluing, per box.....	3c	\$2.00 capes for.....	\$1.50
Best grade cotton bats.....	4c	\$2.00 boots for.....	\$1.60

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