

# THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

KNOXVILLE, DECEMBER 23, 1899.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper promptly will confer a favor on us by ringing us up over either phone and reporting same.

## Matters Social.

First, the Bazaar, and now the usual activities incident to Christmas, have caused almost a cessation of social gayeties. However, there are a number of charming affairs arranged to occur just before and just after New Year.

Mrs. Alex Allison will spend Christmas with her daughter, Pattie, in Cincinnati, where the latter is in school.

Mrs. Chambers and Miss Aiken, of Chattanooga, both so well known here, were in the city recently for a few days.

Mrs. M. E. Lloyd will soon leave for quite an extended trip—either to Florida or Texas. Her busy, cheerful presence will be missed greatly.

Mrs. Metcalf, of Memphis, will visit her parents early in January. It will indeed be a pleasure to welcome for even a brief visit, sweet Juliet White.

Miss Johnson, of Madisonville, has returned home, after a brief visit, and her sister, Mrs. Carrie Calloway, will join her in a few days for the holiday season.

The Misses Coffin, who are in Cincinnati, one as pupil and the other as instructor in the Misses Harbaugh school, will not return home, as the holidays are short.

It is with much pleasure that we welcome back to us, Mr. and Mrs. Ransome. Wherever they go, this charming couple leave the impress of their charming personality.

Relatives of Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke, are in receipt of rather discouraging news from her. She has not rallied, as it was hoped she would this long after her accident, and her condition remains almost unchanged.

A party of ladies and gentlemen have planned quite a hunting trip, to occur in a few days. We wonder if lucky shots in the November shooting gallery, have induced the fair sex to try their hands at the sport?

This week will see the return home of the merry-faced, happy-hearted boys and girls from their various schools and colleges. There is no feature of the Christmas season more enjoyable than the re-union of these young people with home people and with each other.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stamp will pass through the city this week, en route to Mobile, where they spend their winters every year. Mr. Stamp is well known in Knoxville, being a prominent marble man of Hawkins county, and Mrs. Stamp during her visit to friends, has endeared herself to all who have met her.

Letters from Miss Margaret Lewis, tell of a visit crowded full of interesting occasions in Baltimore, Md. She has had the pleasure of visiting, under the kindly direction of Mrs. Young, the offices of Baltimore's leading newspapers. Mrs. Young, it is interesting to know, is the mother of James Young, the actor, and is herself a newspaper woman of prominence.

Miss Ida Ross entertained on Saturday last with a very delightful informal afternoon at-home, about twelve of her friends, both married and unmarried, being present. A few winters ago this charming style of entertainment was very popular in Knoxville, and we trust it will be revived. It is too pleasant a manner of meeting one's friends in a real social way to fall into disuse. Again, what has become of the lovely, old-fashioned "spend the day" custom? Are we too busy, are we—perish the thought!—would we be unable to stand so much of each other?

### In Honor of Miss Graves.

Tuesday evening Capt. and Mrs. Nave, assisted by Miss Beach, presented their guest, Miss Mary Virginia Graves, of Birmingham, Ala., to the young society people, at a very delightful reception, held at their home.

The cheery, bright rooms, with their Christmas decorations of holly, thickly studded with the pretty red berries, formed a welcome contrast to the cold, bleak night without, while the soft, sweet strains of music enhanced the comfort and made a delightful accompaniment to the brisk conversation.

Assisting in receiving and entertaining were Mrs. Hillard, Mrs. Nave's mother, and Misses Lucy Curtis and Katherine Humes.

Miss Curtis was her usual bright self, in palest green chenille-dotted tulle over satin of the same-glimmering hue, while Miss Humes was all in white, with dainty, silver spangles adorning the bodice. It was vastly becoming to the stately blonde girl wearing it.

Miss Beach wore an exquisite little gown of rarest rose pink, with here

and there a bit of black velvet, while filmy black lace accentuated the fluffiness of the tiny ruffles about the skirt.

Next to her stood the guest of honor, Miss Graves. The two presented a noticeable contrast, with a pretty one. So decidedly unlike in every way, save the charming cordiality of manner, and winning sweetness of voice, which suggests the cousinship between these attractive girls.

But for her very fair skin, one might call Miss Graves a veritable type of the Southern girl, with her stately, graceful form, expressive dark eyes, and the wealth of dark hair with its russet gleams crowning her head.

She was most becomingly and appropriately gowned in a beautiful white satin, partially veiled by an over-dress of cob-web-like lace, in dainty bow-knot design, while a touch of brilliant color was added by the big turquoise velvet bows about the waist.

In the dining-room, the colors white and pink, were most charmingly carried out in the flowers, sweet carnations and narcissus lending their fragrance and beauty to the table, whereon were candies, mints, etc., in the same colors, as in the ices and cakes also.

Capt. and Mrs. Nave are an ideal host and hostess, and never have they demonstrated their ability and tact as entertainers more delightfully, than on this occasion.

### Calendar Bazar Profits.

At a meeting of the Woman's Building Board and the Hospital Board, Thursday, Dec. 21st, all bills were audited, and it was found that \$1,187.97 had been cleared by the bazar. This amount is to be divided equally between the two boards.

The meeting closed with speeches of congratulation by both boards, and a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered all who assisted in any way in the enterprise.

The following is a statement of the amounts cleared by the various booths and attractions:

Refreshments, \$150.28; cake walk, \$71.05; musical concert, \$17.10; Ossoli meeting, \$10.75; Christmas tree, \$116.40; January, \$61.50; February, \$63.77; March, \$53.00; April, \$66.36; May, \$152.00; June, \$45.67; July, \$94.45; August, \$80.50; September, \$85.50; October, \$27.19; November, \$110.72; December, \$77.43.

### Tim's Christmas.

"God be with you till we meet again," sang the voices under the crisp Christmas heavens. Then the clear notes, triumphant in their very sadness, trailed off into silence somewhere back of the Tennessee hills. The earth lay all around wide free and pure under its lightly dropped mantle of snow. A street car buzzed past out there by the cemetery gate, striking a temporary discord in the sunset stillness. The sun rested, a great blazing splendor at the edge of the horizon, and against its glowing back-ground the marble shafts stood silhouetted, into greater purity. Just overhead the new moon tossed her sickle out palely on the cold December sky.

The open grave, the white mound waiting, the weeping group standing about its edge, and the echo of the sweetly solemn "God be with you till we meet again," told the story. Against the western glory, there stole the figure of an old darkey, bent and tottering, his white locks bare, his tattered hat held deprecatingly in his weak, old hands. On his feet were tied mere remnants of shoes; his trousers flapped, torn in strips as he walked. A gay, red shirt, open at the neck for lack of fastening, caught the eye, while a long, shabby Prince Albert coat, much too big, swung from the stooped shoulders.

The old face was black as ebony, and seemed as with the heavy pressure of the passing years. "It is crazy Tim," was whispered about. He stepped humbly to the edge of the open grave, with its still occupant, and stood an instant looking down. Then he knelt, and placing the ragged hat beside him, laid out some limp, green leaves—the leaves of the Caladium Esculentum. With these he began to wrap some cloths which he picked from under the snow. And now the watchers understood. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," slowly spoke the man of God. And bending, the old servant softly dropped three carefully prepared bits on the waiting casket.

The sun is gone with its warmth and shine to some other shore. The marble shafts look ghostly in the shadowy light. The new moon floats far and faint in a grey, blue sea. The night wind sighs, moaning through the city of the dead. A flower-covered mound rises ghostlike. Tim creeps, shivering through the dark. "Ole Miss ain' use to bein' by herself," he muttered. And then he carefully began lifting aside the fragrant wreaths and crosses and anchors, and even the loose blooms, placed tenderly by loving hands. "Dey musn' be brused up," he said. "Hit's Christmas, Lawd. Ole Miss always kept Christmas." He opened a bundle he had brought, took from it a spray of holly and stuck it in the frozen earth, just at the head of the grave. "Ole Miss loved de holly," he chuckled like a pleased child. Then rising, he carefully spread the thread-bare blanket, which had composed his bundle, over

the new-made mound. Kneeling at the foot, old Tim said softly:

"Now Lawd I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray de Lawd my soul to keep.  
If I should die befo' I wake,  
I pray de Lawd my soul to take."

The Lord heard and answered, and the moon set, and the sun rose, on old Tim's Christmas gift.

ANNE BOOTH MCKINNEY.

### In Memoriam.

Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth;  
The silent snow possessed the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas eve.  
The Yule log sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost.

Died 6:45 a. m., Sunday, December 17th, at the home of Mr. Samuel McKinney, Knoxville, Tenn., Miss Ella Coffin, daughter of the late James A. and Margaret Coffin, of Monroe county.

On Monday afternoon a simple, impressive funeral service, conducted by Revs. J. L. Bachman and James Park, both life-long friends, was held at the residence of Mr. McKinney, and on Tuesday morning, friends and loved ones left on the early train for Atlanta, Ga., where in the deep, low bed the Great Mother keeps for all earth's tired ones, all that remained to us of Ella Coffin was gently and lovingly laid "down to sleep." "How strange it seems with so much gone of life and love to still live on."

"And I think, when days are sweetest  
And the world is wholly fair,  
Shed some time steal upon me  
Through the dimness of the air,  
With the cross upon her bosom,  
And the amaranth in her hair."

As the perfumed silence about the flower-enwreathed stillness, that held the form and hushed the gladness of her free spirit, was broken by the first notes of the simple hymn "My Jesus as Thou Wilt," listening, I saw a little village church in green and white, its windows looking out on green meadows and far blue hills. 'Twas communion day. The pastor in his place. The elders all, plain, simple earnest brown-handed men, in theirs. The feast with snow-white napkins spread; the audience assembled and on the hush there fell a note of prelude and then rich, resonant, tender and sweet as heaven the voice of her who sang:

"'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone.  
'Tis midnight! in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour weeps alone."

More than twenty years have passed and through all these she has met life bravely; doing there as every where what she could, and this was much, for truth and right and mercy and peace. To-day this little village sits in the shadow of a great sorrow because the joy of her presence is removed from it. And now with all who loved and honored her—so bright, so brave, so true, and steadfast always, so full of joy, so free from melancholy, here on her grave, this fair December day I ask to place this simple wreath of holly.

A. C. B.

### A Great Game.

Mr. Wayback delivered himself on the subject of athletics. Mr. Wayback, be it understood is fair, fat and over forty, and not to say an athlete. Mr. Wayback is moreover behind the times, these times, and delights in nothing so much as condemning whatsoever he is debarred from taking part in. And hence he was delivering himself.

"I had never before seen this game you call foot ball. Umph! much better call it back ball, or chest ball, or any other ball than foot ball. Foot had very little to do with it. It was mostly under somebody's back, or stomach, or hugged up with a death grip to somebody's panting heart." He actually grew melo-dramatic. "As I said, I'd never seen it before. In my day there was something better to do than engage in any such shindy. But Mrs. Wayback would go. She believes in keeping up with the times even 'if the times' mean broken heads or arms or legs, or crushed fingers, or a dislocated nose or black eye. She's death on the 'times, and being up to date."

"Well, she had 'em. Dick was in it with a vengeance. You know Dick's not a giant, and he's got legs like the drum sticks of a boarding house chicken. I could snap 'em in two 'twixt finger and thumb. They gave us seats with the parents—to see the butchering well done you see—and in a little while they all came out as bold as brass looking like scare-crows that ought to have been up on somebody's fence. All except Dick. Dick wasn't bold. He kinder sneaked out like he was ashamed of himself. And well he might be. He looked for all the world like one of those potatoes they stick matches into and sell for Brownies at the Christmas Bazar. There was something of the 'possum about Dick then, for he had plenty of false stomach, if the under pinning was slim and shaky. Mrs. Wayback settled herself with a complacent shake that I knew meant pride in the absolute certainty of the result, with her Hercules in the field. Then the scrimmage began. "What are they starting at?" she asked. "The ball mam!" answered her next neighbor politely. "The ball," she said scornfully, "why a ball's a ball. I wish they'd begin, I've an engagement later." She had with a ven-

geance. I knew no more than she did, but I did have sense enough to keep my mouth shut in the beginning. "They're off," exclaimed our neighbor. "You're mistaken, sir," I ventured, "they're on 'tink." Pell mell, tear, rush, crush, clutch, fall, grab, squeeze, pommel, wool, pound, choke."

"Such a heterogeneous collection of heads and legs as were turned up to the afternoon sky I'd never seen before. It looked for all the world like a patchwork cushion stuck full of darning needles. Finally up and off again. Dick had the ball, and his spindle shanks were flying like mad. Then a great shock-headed giant gave a fierce grab, down went ball, Dick, giant, half-back, quarter-back, center-rush (though it would seem the rush was not confined to any one center) and the dust flew. "Get off, stop it, I'll have you arrested," shrieked Mrs. Wayback brandishing her parasol and rushing to the scene of action. I knew there was no need for me to enter the engagement, my squaw was on the war path. "Well, what next?" asked the interested reporter. Mr. Wayback smiled sardonically. "A bleeding form borne from the field, a broken parasol, a bonnet hitherto so decorous and correct, hanging dissipatedly on the left ear, while the wearer was led off in wild hysterics, complacency all gone with the downfall of her Hercules. "And so," said Mr. Wayback, "I say d—ahem! ah! d—own with this free fight, called foot ball."

On account of the annual meeting of the Southern Educational Association at Memphis, Dec. 27-29, '99—the Southern railway will sell tickets to Memphis and return at a rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00 membership fee.

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