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## The Isaqueena - 1906, January

Mary Louise Scarborough  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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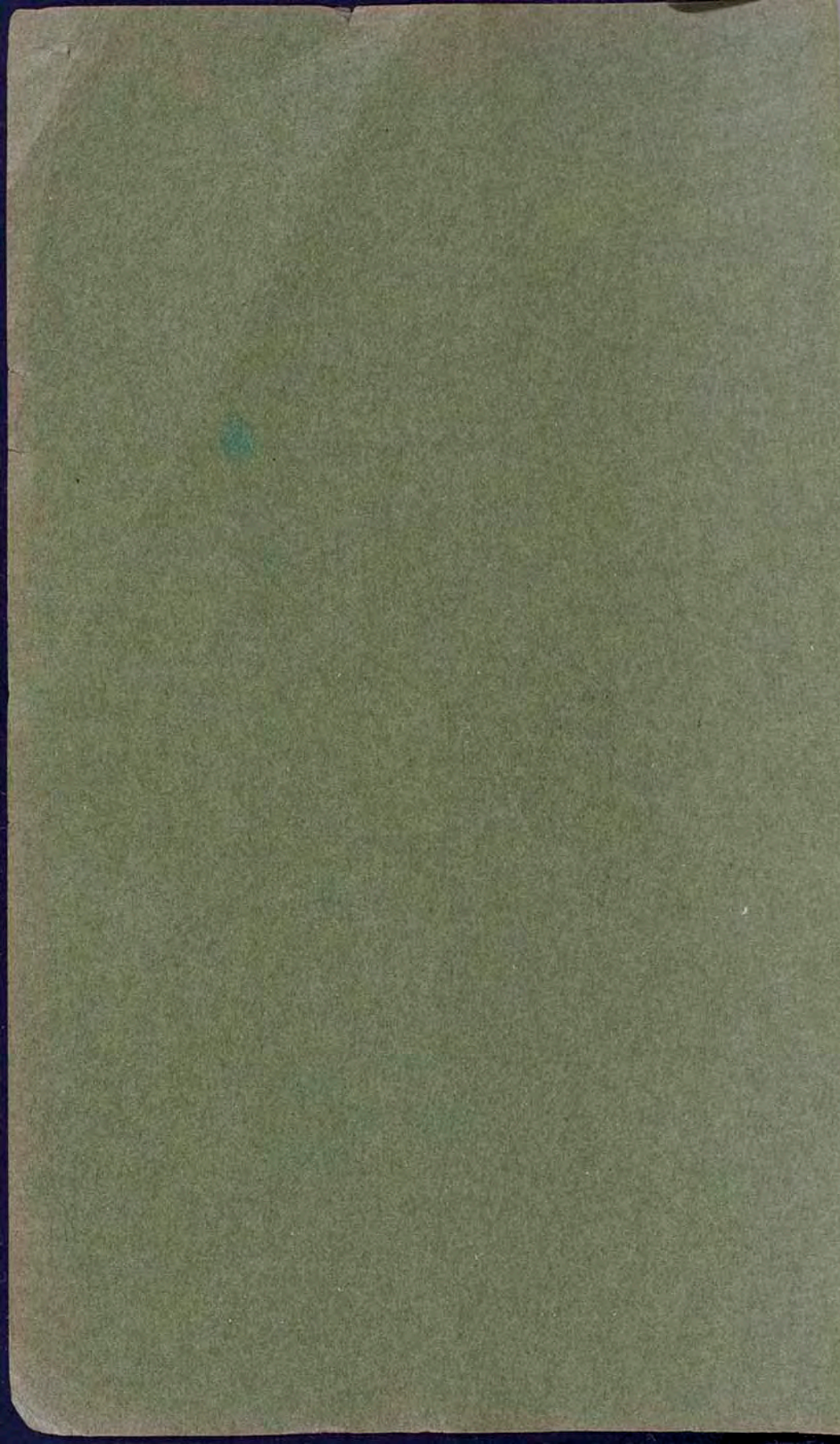
# ISAQUEENA



Vol. I. Greenville, S. C., January, 1906

No. 1

Published by the Students of the Greenville Female College



## ISAQUEENA

Is a literary magazine published by the students of the Greenville Female College. Its aim is to encourage independent thought in literary work and to promote College Spirit.

Contributions are solicited from both students and alumnae of the College. These should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. Single copies 20 cents.

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.—All matter for publication must be handed to Editor-in-Chief, Louise Scarborough, by first of month.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar per annum payable in advance. Single copies 20 cents.

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Application Has Been Made for Entrance at the Post Office at Greenville, S. C., as Second-Class Matter

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## Literary Department

**Ruth Etheredge, Editor**

### — TONE COLORS.

The artist sat him down and played,  
It was a march of the dead.  
And dark was the hue of the tones he played  
As if black with gloom and dread.

A song of an angel, then, he played,  
And the color of the tone was white;  
For the warmth of all the hues combine  
In the rays of pure white light.

In grassy depths of tones of green,  
A water -sprite dwelt, but fled  
When the form of an imp came shadowing by,  
And the tone color changed to red,

ISAQUEENA.

In a night serene, the elves were at play,  
The tones were blue and gold,  
When the fireflies flashed a yellow light  
Upon fairies and elves, as of old.

In edgerow shades of purple hue,  
The violets bloomed, but wept  
When clouds of gray, as in April, came,  
And the stars of tone-land slept.

And the artist played on. In changeful tones  
The colors came and went,  
Till the flickering fire-light died on the earth  
And the flames of his fancy were spent.

L. M. Hubbard.

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THE WORLD OUR TUTOR, OR THE POWER OF  
OBSERVATION.

Observation is the foundation of all knowledge—Observation is a duty we owe to ourselves, and a duty we owe to others, possibly to generations to come.

We may fail to see how our observations may benefit others. We may never be famous or rise to high positions in the world, yet our observations and the ideas derived from these observations may be of incalculable benefit to generations that follow us.

These ideas which we derive from close observations of persons and things may not go on record as coming from us. We may not even know ourselves that we placed in operation the forces that bring about this result.

In our daily conversations with others we know not when we may put in operation the latent power of some mind by a remark made by us, the result of our observation of some object. The power of this mind might be lying dormant and need just the idea given by us to arouse and put in operation this latent force. The result may be a valuable invention, or great discovery that will be of untold benefit to generations to follow.

Thus we see the duty we owe to others of close observation in our daily life.

We may never know the idea came from us, and the mind receiving the impression may never know the source from which it came, yet the result, which may be of lasting benefit, will hinge on the little idea which we derived from our observation.

We owe ourselves the duty of observation.

For what purpose do we study the books on different subjects, and records of events written by others, but to apply this knowledge in a way that will be helpful to us. If we never observe the persons and objects with which we come in contact, never see anything, in what way are we benefited?

There may be some latent power of our minds that only needs an idea which might be suggested by the simplest objects we may observe to set this force in operation.

This may be fittingly illustrated by citing Watt's observation of the tea kettle and steam. The result of this simple observation is very patent.

The success we make in life depends on our observation and the application we make of the observation of others. We must observe closely to get our lives and efforts in the right channel. Our mind and nature may be peculiarly adapted to a certain channel in life. This force may never reach the proper channel if we fail to observe some object that would furnish just the idea necessary to turn our thoughts to the right current. A supreme power has given us the intellect but it is left with us to discover the channel to which it is adapted.

Observation is the foundation of all knowledge. From the beginning of time of which we have any knowledge, the observations of different persons have been handed down to each succeeding generation. Each succeeding generation has added its part to the different records of observations to the present time. We are justly proud of our present high state of civilization and learning. It is all based on observation. If we will observe closely we will find that the same ideas and opinions that people hold today were advocated ages ago by different persons. The path of truth is a well trodden one.

Each generation has, with the help of the observations of the past, succeeded in forging a little farther ahead. If by our observation an idea is suggested we have only to search records of past observations to find that some other persons



have held the same idea, and left a record of their research for our aid. Five years ago Marconi said that messages could be sent by aerial vibrations and demonstrated this fact. It is on record that Nicola Tesla had the same idea fifteen years before. Lord Kelvin had the same idea years before Tesla. This shows the power of observation.

The basis of our modern improvements, our high state of enlightenment and knowledge, may be traced back to observations of the past almost indefinitely.

This power of observation we can and should cultivate for our own advancement and the welfare of those that will follow us.

F. S. '06.

When first a frightened Freshman  
I entered college halls,  
A Senior then I looked upon  
With wonder and with awe.

Her knowledge seemed to me supreme,  
Her wisdom such a store,  
Her age I thought was something great,  
Why, three times mine or more.

And also as a Sophomore,  
With great respect I'd stare  
At one who surely must, I thought,  
Dwell in a higher sphere.

And now at last a Senior,  
T'is very strange to say,  
I do not feel one half so wise  
As I did that first day.

I wonder if the Freshmen think  
That I am as wise and old,  
As I once thought the Seniors—then  
The truth they should be told.

C. T. H. '06.

## THE TWO HEARTS.

Maid stood at the window looking out on the white stretch before her. It was all beautiful and peaceful out there in the suburb; her heart had none of the quiet of the snowy scene. Her figure had a listless droop, and her eyes a pathetic expression, though she would have denied it hotly had she been told. The truth of it was that she had quarreled with Tom Crawford—poor plain Tom,—and all on account of the handsome Dr. Dácree. Tom had spoken such harsh commanding words to her in regard to her relations with the fascinating gentleman, that she had become infuriated and had flung the horsehair ring at him with fierce words of anger. She tried to make herself feel that she should be happy at being freed from such a tyrant. She tried in vain to summon up her independence—the boasted characteristic of the Denton family—but she was utterly and unmistakably miserable.

“Half-past four. I must hurry if I get my little chat with mumsie before I go to church. I hope Jones ordered the green—I’ll be in a pretty fix if he has’nt,” she said, stepping briskly about the dainty room that was all hers.

She paused before the mirror that was dad’s last birthday gift to her. A girl with a tall well-built figure, clad in a warm red coat suit, was reflected there. The face was not beautiful, but it was white and strong and good. The eyes were gray, not pretty in coloring perhaps, but lovely with the fire of an inward power. A red toque rested on the light brown hair. Maid turned away with a dissatisfied sigh. She longed to be beautiful.

Down the steps she flew to the invalid’s room. Dear old room, so bright and cozy! Dear little patient mother, so lovely and cheerful! In this room and with this mother Maid thought her best thoughts and the problems and tangles of her little world became easier to work out. She dropped a kiss on the brow now wrinkled with pain.

“Going out, dearie?” the mother asked. Why it is snowing still. Where is my little girl’s smile? We must have some sunshine. Father and I have ben speaking about it.” Then in a gentler, understanding tone—for somehow mothers have a way of divining secrets—she said, “Dear, for your sake and mine be careful. A little act may wreck a life.”

Maid was silent, but she knew. At last she said!

"How dark and dreary the sky is! It looks so sullen until it seems strange that anything so pure as the snowflakes could fall from it. I suppose, though, it is like a nun, wrapped in a gloomy garb, but beautiful acts of charity and pure white words of wisdom falling always from hands and lip. But it oppresses me, all white and cold—no life, no emotion."

"Look at the red bird on the snow. I like the thought his presence brings," said her mother. Let the life be pure, white, radiant as the snow, and the heart pulsing with the red blood of tenderness. See, fate has not been kind to him about food today, and he is a bit querulous; but his mate does not fly away and pout. She knows bird nature. A human should know human nature."

"Thank you, mother," said Maid, and she ran out into the open air.

How fine and bracing it was! She hated to spoil the snow with her footsteps. A sleigh came flying through the drifts. It was Flossie, May, and Will Melton. They waved merrily at her. She wanted to choke herself for the envious spirit that came over her at the sight of their happiness.

The view from the hilltop was beautiful. The towers and turrets of the city buildings were perfectly moulded in white. The whole place looked like a fairyland. It seemed improbable that underneath this garb there could be so much blackness, and poverty and vice. It seemed that in such a beautiful world that it would be so easy to be good, and it was oh, so hard! The city was like her, Maid thought, all fair without, but dark and passionate within.

She hurried her steps for fear she would be late. The brisk walk did her good. The light keen wind blew a fresh color into her pale cheeks and her hair into a frowsy disorder.

The church stood in a secluded corner—one of the few quiet nooks in the heart of the city. The Baptists were proud of it and justly. It was a noble, ivy-covered pile, and had witnessed the life and death of long lines of great men and women.

When Maid reached the door it was to find the room devoid of occupants. Busy hands had finished their work, and had gone, but the work remained. Galleries, arches and columns were twined with ivy and trailing vines; mistletoe decorated the chandeliers; beautiful plants were grouped effectively. In the center of the pulpit stood a huge holly

tree, and in the top of the tree an image of the Christ-child. Beautiful, peaceful, angelic in his waxen purity, his smile spread a halo of glory around. In the little hand he held a banner of white on which was written "Inasmuch." There was a solemn stillness. Breathless with adoration, Maid sank on her knees. She arose and went out, better and nobler.

The streets were filled with the holiday crowd, and it required all the ingenuity of a city-bred girl to thread them. The shops were ablaze, each with its windows gorgeous with Yule-tide decorations. A feeling of festivity pervaded the atmosphere; good-fellowship, hilarity, Christmas spirit, and joyousness filled the air. It was impossible for Maid not to join in. Her spirits arose. She stopped before the gay toy shop windows. They possessed for her the charms of years ago, and she drank in the wonders enjoyingly. The children of the tenement, ragged vagabonds, street Arabs, acquainted with the depths of vice, mingled with her, clustering hungrily, with open mouths and eyes, around the fairy paradise.

She heard a muffled sound as if a sob was being suppressed, and looked down. A small urchin, scantily clothed, was digging his rusty fists into his eyes, and shaking in a agony of grief. Unknowingly, she had pushed him back to a position from which he could not see.

"What's the matter, little boy? Are you cold?" she asked kindly.

"N—no!"

"What do you want, something to eat?"

"N-no; w-want to s-see w-wooly lamb," he wailed.

"Is Santy going to bring you a wooly lamb?"

"N-no. Santy do-n't c-come to-to our house. We's p-poor; m-ma's dead n-now; S-Santy don't love m-me now."

A vision of the Christ child flitted through her mind.

"Inasmuch," she whispered to herself.

"Come, little boy, let's go inside where we can see the wooly lamb better," she invited.

"Oh, no'm, they don't like us in there."

"Oh, you come on. Trust me to get through all right."

She slipped the grimy hat into her little gloved one. The lights, the music, the toys, the reality of it all intoxicated him.

Maid's appearance at once commanded attention, and the

shopman at her order placed the most beautiful toys for the boy's inspection. The child ran wild with delight.

"For me, ma'am, for me!" he repeated incredulously again and again as she would urge him to choose those he wished.

"Oh, ma'am, may I choose this pink heart for Sall?" he asked once.

"Certainly, dear," she replied, "but who is Sall?"

"She is my sweetheart," he explained without a blush.

Maid filled him with buns and candy until he could eat no more, and loaded his arms with the precious bundles.

Ah the joy of it all! Her soul thrilled, and a new cord in her nature vibrated as she gave pleasure to a little cast-off waif with the money she had intended to expend on formal gifts for fashionable friends.

"What is your name, dear?" she asked.

"Tom," he answered.

A sharp, quick pain cut through her heart. She put her hand to her head. The boy glanced up inquiringly. She stooped and kissed him.

"God bless you, sweetheart," she said.

"Oh ma'am, is you an angel?" he whispered, gazing adoringly into the white face. "Folks down here ain't good to the likes o' me!"

"No, my dear, far from it," and she whispered to him the story of the Christchild.

"I would like to know him more if he is like you," he said, simply.

"Come, it's getting late. We must go," she answered.

Clients were slow about coming in today. Those who had come in previously had failed to pay. Bad luck was evidently intent on having a prominent place in Tom Crawford's life. He had drunk to the dregs the "green" lawyer's bitter experience of insignificance and lack of power.

In those halcyon days of preparation, a few months ago finished, he had conjured up visions in cigarette smoke of future prominence and power. He saw his neatly painted sign, "Thomas Crawford, Attorney at Law," hung up. In his imagination people by the score, seeing, would hurriedly mount the steps, full of momentous questions for his advice and decision. Kindly he would motion them to a chair, and

after a few moments of concentrated thought his great brain would unravel the web that troubled their thoughts and wrinkled their brows. With what heartfelt gratitude written on every line of the countenance would they look up into his face! Indeed, so warm and deep would be their thanks that they would stuff bills into his unwilling(?) hands. The God of fortune would be his. Bye and bye there would be a pretty home with a shady lawn out on the suburb. At the window the inspiration would stand every evening, watching for him. Ah, the world would be rose-colored! Life would be an eternal springtime!

How differently things had turned out! Tom's sign had not attracted any special notice—clients had not flocked to his store-house of wisdom. Indeed, he had even heard two gentlemen remark: "Well, what next! Bob Crawford's kid has set up a law office to starve in." That was one drop too much for Tom's cup. They had touched on his dignity.

He had had Maid to go to—Maid to whom he had confided every secret and every cherished hope since she wore pin-afors, and he knickerbockers. What a comfort she had been! When Despair assailed him, she would touch the horsehair ring on her finger, and smile into his eyes. Dear little horsehair ring! Long ago he had made it for her. When she consented to link her life with his, he told her that he was unable, as yet, to purchase a fitting emblem of their engagement. Then she whispered to him of the old horse hair ring. "I'd rather have it, Tom." So she had worn it, and was nearer and dearer to him.

But there is a serpent in every Eden. Theirs came in the person of Dr. Dacree—rich, fascinating, handsome; but known to Tom's pure, honest soul to be one of the vilest men in the country around. Maid fell under the spell of his influence. It cut Tom to the core. He rebuked her even harshly. Maid, flushed and excited, spoke fierce words of anger, and flung the old ring into his hands. It almost broke Tom's heart. He knew now that he did not understand a woman's nature. He realized his homeliness, his bluntness of manner. He realized now that he had become prosy in his struggle to make a home for Maid. Ah, he longed to be all that handsome and fascinating and noble for her!

Tom thought all this over as he sat in his office this snowy Christmas eve. He arose and went to the little mirror on

the mantel. He saw nothing there to admire—unruly, stiff hair, a pair of light blue eyes, a snub nose, and a few freckles. He turned away and groaned disgustedly.

"I don't blame her," he mentally ejaculated. Tom did not see the soul that looked out of the eyes or the character written across the forehead.

He looked around the room. It was as bleak and bare as his life. The fire was dying out in the grate just like the hope and love dying out in his heart. He went to the window for diversion, but the street below held no charm for him. Above the sky was as gray and gloomy as his thoughts.

One word kept dinning continually in his ears—"Maid, Maid, Maid." Tom felt at "outs" with the world. He wanted to fight some one, he didn't know whom. No one had done him any harm. Maid was all to blame for the havoc wrought in his life the last few days. His conscience fully justified him in the course he had pursued; yet he could not help the warm love surging up in his heart, and he found himself again and again making excuses for her.

"Well, nothing doing. Might as well shut up shop," he said, speaking to an imaginary person, as was his wont. He locked the door, and descended the steps into the street, whistling a mournful tune as he went. He waded aimlessly after the fashion of a straggler until a policeman tapped him on the back and gave him a warning glance. This awakened him sufficiently to hasten his pace.

A friend hailed him as he passed.

"Hi, there, Tom! Out for a holiday? How are you feeling, old man?"

"All right, but I haven't seen her since Monday." Tom answered abstractedly.

His friend stopped and stared stupidly in open mouthed astonishment as Tom walked moodily along.

"What in the thunder is the fool talking about? Has he lost his wits entirely?" The speaker gazed anxiously after Tom, but turned and went his way.

Tom walked on until he came to the great toy shop. It was like fairyland inside.

"Ain't them things purty?" piped a voice at his side.

He started and looked down. He discerned a tiny, wiry creature among a bundle of rags that at present bore no pretensions to the name of dress, though it may have been so de-

nominated several years back. But there was nothing to hide the brown, intelligent face, nor the keen, black eyes. The tiny hands, purple with cold, twisted in a nervous fashion, and the little girl—for so it was—hopped from foot to foot to keep the blood circulatig. Tom looked at her inquiringly.

"I say, ain't them things purty?" she repeated, gazing fearlessly up into his face.

"Very. Are you out doing your Christmas shopping?"

"No, I'm just lookin' around. There's is so much it's best ter see first, yer know."

Tom smiled.

"Come inside, then you can see better. The things are ever so much prettier in there."

"No, I better not. I did'nt bring my pocket book. I do'nt like to go in unless I'm ready to buy. There's such a crowd too—I might get hot and faint. A lady did once—I seed her. Then, pop 'ill get most of the things. We're goin' to have lots—pinders, en all."

Tom suppressed a smile at the sage wisdom in the child's pretense.

"I believe I want to look at some things," he said. "Come go with me."

Unhesitatingly the child slipped her hand into his, as they entered the shop. The sight took her breath away.

"This is jes like sumpin they had in the misshunry hall long time ago, only it's heaps nicer," she whispered. "Look at all them things! Old Mr. Santy must have a time makin' 'em. I been wonderin' why it is he loves rich folk's children en don't love poor folk's. I seen Mr. Lee's daughter up on the Avenoo, en she fusses en fights her nurse all the time. Then there's Polly Allen down in our tenement: she is sick, but she's that good she don't do a thing but laugh and sing. That Lee girl has frocks en rigs en candy, en all; Polly, she don't have nothin,. I can't se why, if Mr. Santy is such a good man, kin you? Seems like I wish Polly could see all this. You'll have a time gettin' me out of this place. Now I'm in, you jes buy en I'll look. I ain't ready yit."

"All right," said Tom, "but you come along and help me pick out. Here's a pretty thing," picking up a gay colored whistle. "Try your talent on that."

A shrill shriek that made the people jump and Tom laugh, resounded at his command.



"You're all right on that. How'd you like to have it?"

"Me?—oh, fine; but I didn't bring my pocket-book."

"Oh, that's all right. I met Santy a while ago and he told me to come in and look over his stock and give you and Polly Allen just what you want."

The child stared at him in amazement.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" she stammered.

"Come along——"

"Sall," she supplied.

"Come along, Sally," he said.

From counter to counter they went, he filling her hands with things dear to the childish heart. At last they came to the dolls. He chose two of the most beautiful.

"One for Sally, one for Polly, with Santy's best love," he said.

The child's heart throbbed and swelled. Her lips trembled.

"Oh, sir, do you—ken you mean it?" she asked. "Oh, Polly will die for joy. I know it's all a dream, and I'll wake up soon."

"No, it's real, little lady. Let's go back in this corner and eat some candy."

Soon the child had confided to Tom her story—the sorrows, of tenement life, her longings for the good things she saw.

"Pop's not goin' to bring lots," she said, "only pinders. I'm sorry I told yer. I aint got no money ner no purse neither but it's fun to make out, yer know."

Tom's eyes grew moist over the child's confession.

Several of his acquaintances passed them.

"Well, Crawford, you are into a new business. Started an orphan asylum, have you?" they jeered. But Tom only laughed and filled the little girl with good things.

"We'd better go," he said at last.

Several people came out of the shops which stood side by side. A cry of joy rang out. Tom of the tenement rushed to a little girl and threw his arms around her neck. It was Sall of the slums, the object of his adoration.

"Oh, Sall! Sall! here's the pink heart—you can have my heart now. I couldn't wait. Oh, the beautiful lady——"

"See what I have got. My man was the best," she declared.

Wrapped in an ecstasy of bliss, Tom of the tenement was in no mood for controversy. He only clasped his sweet-heart closer.

The young lady and the young gentleman watched them. A tumult beat in the heart of Maid of the Mansion and Tom of the Town. He could not give her the stiff bow he had planned for their first meeting. She could not for her life bestow the cold look upon him that she intended.

They walked irresolutely after the happy pair a little way up the street. At last he turned.

"Maid, will you have my heart? I can't wait," he said gently.

She was silent a moment. The street had suddenly become very quiet; the lights gleamed on the snow; the beautiful Christmas chimes pealed out on the calm air.

She put her hand in his.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men," she whispered, with the old smile.

He slipped the horsehair ring on her finger.

Eunice Gideon.

---

#### A DREAM.

O could I all this work forsake,  
Cast tiresome History far away,  
Just one delightful rest to take,  
Forget all care and work today.

A gentle rap at my door, I hear.  
"Come in," I cry in a voice low.  
Who can now be rapping there?  
Tis study hour, you surely know.

The knob is turned, the door's ajar,  
What vision meets my wondering eyes!  
"Who are you and what come you for?"  
I ask in wonder and surprise.

"The Queen of Rest," is her reply,  
"At your request here now I stand.  
If you desire, all care may fly,  
Come with me now to restful land."

We enter a grove of shining green,  
 Flowers clothe the ground, perfume the air,  
 A more lovely place I've never seen,  
 The people seem so happy there.

Now, little girl, these here abide,  
 For idleness they slave and slave,  
 With them now do you wish to hide,  
 While that dear class distinction crave?

"No, Queen, take me back I pray,  
 E'en now the girls their lessons recite.  
 I wilfully do waste this day  
 While they pursue the fight."

Some one touches me and calls,  
 "Wake up, you have studied none tonight."  
 O yes, I am back in college walls—  
 And that long journey ended right.  
O. B. C.

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#### REVIEW OF "SANDY."

Alice Hegan Rice led readers to expect great things of her by her first two books, "Mrs Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary," but in "Sandy" a disappointment is in store. Without being in any respect really harmful, it could never be a power for good. Through the whole book there is a slight vein of ridicule of religion, and the scenes are often overdrawn. It is a book that will give pleasure in an idle hour but will leave no lasting impression.

Sandy, the hero, is an English waif who for lack of anything better offering, attempts to steal his passage to New York. On the way he finds sympathy in the face of a young girl, to whom his heart goes out, and henceforth she is his shining star. He finds that her name is Ruth Nelson, and her home, Kentucky, and he determines to follow until he can see and be with her again.

In New York he forms a friendship with a peddler, a boy just older than himself, and together they roam about the country. After many misfortunes and hardships, he at last reaches his long sought for Kentucky. One day, half sick

and with throbbing brain, while haranguing the crowd gathered about him, he catches sight of the face he has come so many miles to see. The crowd and all before him sways and fades and he falls back unconscious. He is taken to the home of a fine judge who later adopts him as his only son. He is put to school and his life passes uneventfully until about his twentieth year.

All this time the heroine reappears and her brother, Carter Nelson, develops as a villain. Sandy tells Ruth of how years before, he had followed her to Kentucky, and of how, all his life since, he had worked for her alone. She finds that she also cares for him, but her aunt, and guardian, will allow her to make no promises, and soon after carries her and her brother, a consumptive, to New Mexico. On the night before their departure, Nelson, her brother, attempts to kill the judge, letting the evidence fall on Sandy, who, although he knows who is guilty and has sufficient evidence, will not tell for Ruth's sake, but takes imprisonment and disgrace in preference.

But hardly has the party reached New Mexico, when Nelson is taken ill and dies, acknowledging his guilt before his death. Ruth immediately returns to the village and reaching it the night before the trial, she goes at once to Sandy, for whom everything is soon made bright. The story closes as most love stories do, with—and they marry and live happily ever after.

C. T. H..

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## CARITA.

### Chapter I.

"By the gods!" exclaimed Dick as he paced his room at the hotel of Pablo, on the coast of Florida, thirty miles from Jacksonville. "By the gods, I will propose to her, and tonight, for tomorrow she leaves for Jacksonville."

Dick Elberton was a tall handsome fellow with dark hair and eyes, a proud, refined face and a charm of manner that was irresistible. He had met the beautiful Carita Sinclair only a few weeks back, but a few weeks can some times play havoc with one's heart. So it had been in Dick's case.

In all his travels he had never seen a more beautiful girl.

Her face was as fair as a lilly, her hair and eyes as dark as a raven; but "The eyes of her, The eyes of her," now laughing, now pouting, now scornful, now tender.

After a few more turns about the room Dick went over to the mirror, rearranged his tie, soothed his aristocratic brows into their usual calm expression and scrutinized himself a few minutes. His whole life seemed summed up in these words, "Does she love me?" Apparently she cared no more for him than she did for her many other suitors. She was the same laughing, winsome, charming Carita to them all.

"Only one way to find out," he ejaculated, and so saying he went down stairs and into the ball room where the dancers were about to begin the sixth waltz.

At the other end of the room stood the object of his search, surrounded by a group of admirers.

"Miss Sinclair has favored me with this dance, I believe," said Dick joining the group.

With a smile which sent him to the seventh heaven she turned and extended her hand. Soon he was oblivious of everything save one—that he was looking into her grand eyes and hearing the sweetest voice on earth.

When the waltz ended she was tired, wouldn't Mr. Elberton take her to the conservatory to rest? Dick breathed a prayer to kind Fate for her timely interference and led Carita to a seat at the far end of the conservatory where the sweetest flowers were blooming, where the moonlight kissed her fair face, where the music from the ball room came sweet and low.

"Miss Sinclair," began Dick, "tomorrow we part, but before we part I have something to say to you." Here he halted unable to go on, swept away by the intensity of his great love. Where was this fine speech, the beautiful and tender words he had meant to say? They were as far removed from him as the East is from the West. But he must say something, for Carita was looking at him, waiting for him to speak. "Er—er—I love you, Carita, I can not live without you and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me?"

The minutes seemed hours before her answer came softly, very softly. "Dick, I love you but there is something you must know before I promise to be your wife. Sit down and listen.

"It is said that my mother—" But what she would have

told him Dick was not destined to hear then for her partner had come to claim her for the dance and only once more during the evening did he get to speak with her and then just long enough to get her consent to see her the following Christmas at Jacksonville.

## Chapter II.

It was half past twelve o'clock on the twenty fourth of December. Two men were sitting around a table at the Duval Temple Club in Jacksonville, Fla. On the table were Havana cigars and champagne, and it was pretty evident that they were having a "high old time." One at least seemed to be an ardent worshiper of Bacchus. His eyes were red and there was the "never mind me" expression on his face and under the magic of the celebrated grape juice, his spirit was slowly slipping out of the land of the common place into a realm of bliss and happy indifference to the world experienced by those who are intimately acquainted with the fiery little god. This man was Harry Westerland, an old college chum of Dick Elberton's and to whom Dick was paying a Christmas visit. This visit exactly suited Dick because Carita's home was in Jacksonville.

"I say, Dick," began Harry, "I thought you said yesterday er—in other words I understood you to remark, which—er—is to say that there was an electric discharge—er—disintegration of molecules in the—er—er—northern extremity of your anatomy which—er—Hello Dick!"

Dick had thrown his feet over the table, tilted back his chair, placed a cigar in his mouth, folded his hands behind his neck, and seemed studying the picture of the Madonna on the wall, utterly oblivious of his companions presence.

"Dick, I say."

"Yes, Harry."

"Get that fool expression off your gourd and listen to the er—er—philosophy of your learned friend."

"Proceed, Philosopher, I listen."

"Well, I was saying that the breaking up, or rather—er—that is to say the disintegration of molecules in the region of your head-light caused an—Dick—it's impossible to tell—"

"To tell what, Harry?"

"Dick, you simply look sublime as you stare at the wall, let's see self abjuration, intense interest, diabolical purpose—"

all in one grand triumph of facial expression; and it's impossible to tell whether you remind me most of Lord Ruthven, Goethe's Mephisto—or—or—"

"Or what, Harry?"

"Or a brass monkey with the heart-ache."

"Thanks, Philosopher. What a relief for your poor troubled brain—but finish your molecular disintegration."

"Most willingly, friend of mine. You see that molecules discharge in your cerebrum which means the upper part of your brain."

"Precisely."

"Caused an electric current to flow along the nerves which lead to the heart—"

"Well."

"This current discharges itself along the surface of your muscles."

"Exactly so."

"You opened your mouth."

"Uh—huh."

"And you spake."

"And what was the spake I spoke, Harry?"

"The spake you spoke ran thusly, I remember the very words."

"And they were what?"

"They were, Harry, old pard—er—I can confide in thy friendship, I —er—am—er—in love."

"Well, Harry it's the truth."

"Ha, ha, ha! The Land of Gosham!"

"S'Death, S'Blood, Mahomet on the mountain! Hannibal under the Alps and I might add—"

"Oh, never mind, Harry. All that you add can not change the fact that I am in love."

"Met her at Pablo?"

"Yes."

"Knew her only four weeks."

"Made love to her?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Say, Dick, in the reign of my uncle's great grandmother's niece, her nurse told her when a child that on the day Caesar crossed the Rubicon a man named Elberton——"

"Did what, Harry?"

"I think he went crazy."

"Indeed, how interesting!"

"Yes, Dick, and I believe in the law of heredity."

"Which is to say that you think me crazy?"

"Not at all, not at all; I simply mean—Let's have a drink."

Harry filled his glass, struck a dramatic pose and in a mock heroic tragic voice began—

"Sweet friend of by-gone-days, honest companion of boy-hood, I drink to your future happiness. May your wife live long and may you always drink champagne and—"

Harry emptied his glass, dropped into a chair, relit his cigar with some difficulty, crossed his legs and began as if quoting scripture.

"And from thence I went into a land where it was a wilderness and I heard a voice crying, 'Lo master, I am in trouble up to my neck, I am nigh unto death. Give thou counsel unto thy servant.' And I answered and said, 'O fool, tell me thy troubles and I will give thee consolation.' Draw the analogy, Dick."

"I have told you that I am in love, sapient friend."

"So you said."

"I did."

"You didn't mention names."

"Ah!"

Dick drew from his pocket a card case, held it before his friend and smilingly said:

"Here is the picture of my Queen."

"Indeed."

"Yes, one I took at Pablo."

"Is that so?"

"She is the sweetest girl on earth."

"Fudge."

"She is a Princess of hearts, a Queen of women, a —"

"Yes, yes, she's sugar boiled down, a barrel of molasses candy, a tin angel, the essence of Divinity, concentrated bliss, nectar of the gods, kisses without the microbes, fragrance of heavenly roses. Yes, yes, that is what you think now, but you'll find her a cat-fight on wheels, calamity on the instalment plan—"

"Dry up, Harry, or you shall not see the picture."

"At her Majesty's shrine do I reverently bow and humbly beg her pardon. Let's see the picture,"

"Behold,"



Harry took the card case.

"What's her name?"

"Carita Sinclair."

Harry drew out the snap-shot, and then he laughed, he shouted, he waltzed, two-stepped, side-stepped, prominated, went through the jiu jitsu, boxed with the chairs, played football with his hat, butted the wall and ended the performance by standing on his head in the middle of the room and whistled, "Home, Sweet Home."

"Get up, fool, are you crazy?"

"O Carita, Carita, most noble Carita, darling of the gods and Queen of the Jews."

"I say, Harry, are you crazy?"

Dick was growing angry now and Harry staggered to a chair.

"No, Dick,—er—I am not crazy but you are."

Harry emptied another glass of champagne.

"You know, Dick, your—er—er—noble Queen is none other than the stenographer of Barr's, the famous lawyer of Jacksonville and Carita's mother was—er—er—French Creole."

Dick Elberton sprang to his feet, his face was white and his eyes flashing, but it was in vain that he fired a volley of cross questions at his friend for Harry's heavy breathing gave evidence of the fact that he had completed the journey to the blissful realm.

Three o'clock came and Dick Elberton still paced the floor, a look of agony on his handsome face.

He was an impulsive Southerner, proud of his race, proud of his name, he had loved and loved deeply, loved to the very depths of his soul, with his heart, his life, his all, and he had squandered it on a French Creole. Half past three came and he had reached a conclusion. He would say nothing, would get a telegram in the morning calling him to his home in Virginia and forget it all.

Siting down he penned the following note:

Dear Carita:—Since the morning that we parted at Pablo, I have carried your image in my heart and have lived only in the thought of seeing you at Christmas.

Carita, I have heard the story which must separate us forever. My pride is greater than my love, and so farewell.

Dick.

## CHAPTER. III.

Two men sat in box at the great theatre on Fifth Avenue, New York waiting for the curtain to rise. One of them, Tom Morton, had moved back out of the circle of light and sat watching the pale face of his companion.

"How long, Dick, since the episode of Pablo?"

"Seven years. What is the attraction tonight?"

Dick always changed the subject when Pablo was mentioned. Tom smiled as he answered: "Tonight the great Mademoiselle Sylvia, the star of Paris, makes her debut."

There is nothing eternal save eternal change. This was the maxim of one of the Greek Philosophers, and Dick almost agreed with him.

Dick had traveled over Europe seeking pleasure and oblivion, but they came not and now he had returned to New York to spend another dreary Christmas with his old friend, Tom.

Seven years had passed since he had left Carita, seven long years.

Four years ago he determined to return to Jacksonville, go to Carita and throw himself at her feet and beg for mercy, beg for life, for love.

But he was too late, the bird had flown and no trace left.

Father Time had left his impression on Dick's brow, his hair had streaks of gray, his heart had hardened and he sat a man of the world in his old box at the theatre.

Idly he turned over the programme and in spite of himself, became interested in a sketch of the great singer's life. The sketch ran thus: "A descendant of the Vikings who seized the little island of Minorca in the western Mediterranean about the tenth century. They founded there a dynasty of kings who ruled until the island was absorbed in Spain when the inhabitants were either driven out or kidnapped. Three of the princes were brought over to America and being sold as slaves, they and their descendants remained as slaves until the Civil war freed them along with the negroes.

Only one of them, however, lived to enjoy his freedom and this one was the father of Mademoiselle Sylvia, who had married a beautiful French actress.

After the death of her parents Mademoiselle Sylvia left the old home and took her earnings which she had saved when

a working girl and went to Boston and from there to Germany and to Italy, literally singing her way into the hearts of the people and today she is the most beautiful as well as the sweetest singer on the stage.

"Ah, the star of Paris and now to be the star of New York" he mused "and for how long?" He had seen the stars rise and set, today courted and carressed, tomorrow forgotten. A diamond flash and then gone out forever.

"Oh, well, such is life."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the rising of the curtain as the audience waited in breathless expectancy. There was a hush as a fairy like being floated out of dreamland and slowly came to the front of the stage. The audience too pleased to cheer, only sat and gazed.

Suddenly a nightingale broke the stillness, her voice now sweet and low, seemed like a gentle flood that bore them softly in a boat of flowers, by fairy bowers through sleeping moonlight into a haven of glories to the brink of Eternity and made them see the great throbbing purpose of an eternal God.

And now it was sad like angel teardrops, softly falling on the withered hearts of men, and now it was rich and full like sparks flashing from the warm skies of Italy.

When the song ceased there was silence and then an earthquake of applause as time and again they recalled her.

Madamioselle Sylvia was a decided success.

When the first song ended Dick had sprung to his feet, squeezed his friend's hand and left the theatre saying, "My God, Tom, it's Carita."

As Mademoiselle Sylvia was leaving her dressing room to take a cab, a boy handed her a card. It was Dick Elberton's and underneath was written, "For God's sake let me see you." Carita smiled and wrote, "At G— hotel in thirty minutes," handed it to the boy and was driven away.

Thirty minutes later Dick confronted her at the hotel.

"Good evening, Mr. Elberton, I am sure this is a delightful surprise."

Her voice was cold. Eternal change! Father Time had turned the laughing, charming girl of seven years ago into a statue of marble, beautiful but cold and lifeless.

"Carita."

"Mr. Elberton."

"Are you glad that I am here?"

"I am always glad to meet old friends."

"Carita, can you ever forget?"

"I assure you I have forgotten all."

"Not all, Carita."

"Yes, all, Mr. Elberton."

"Carita, can you love me yet?"

"I tell you, I have forgotten. Let it drop, will you? What did you think of my debut in New York?"

"Carita!"

"I have received so many congratulations."

"Carita!"

"Dick's eyes flashed, he strode to where she stood and seizing one delicate hand crushed it in his own. "Carita, you shall answer me. Do you love me? Will you marry me?"

"I will not, and now, sir, will you release my hand, or shall I ring?"

Dick stepped back.

"Do you remember how you left me," she continued, "how you believed Harry Westerland's infamous lie? No, Mr. Elberton, he who left me when I was friendless must not pay suit when I am Queen. Yes, Mr. Elberton, it is true that the story you heard must separate us forever. For four years after you left me I suffered, but for the last three years I have forgotten past sorrows in triumphs such as you witnessed tonight.

"My pride is greater than my love, and so farewell."

"Is this final, Carita?"

"This is final."

Dick Elberton drew himself up to his full height and without once looking back strode from the room and into the darkness.

(To be continued)

F. F. W. '06.

# ISAQUEENA

Published by the Students of Greenville Female College

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Louise Scarborough '06.....	Editor in Chief.
Ruth Etheredge '06.....	Literary Department.
Ola Gregory '07.....	Local Department.
Annie Miller '07.....	Y. W. C. A. Department.
Maggie Bullington. '07.....	Fine Arts Department.
Mrs. E. W. Carpenter .....	Alumnae Department.
Gertrude Baker, '07.....	Exchange Department.
Lela Norris, '06.....	Business Manager.
Bernice Going, '07.....	} Asst. Business Mgrs.
Evelyn Pack, '08.....	
Marguerite McGee, '09.....	

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## Editorial Department

**Louise Scarborough, Editor**

As is known to all, this is our first appearance in print. But why should we not have a journal as well as others? It is indeed an undertaking, but it will be a successful one if the whole student body will co-operate to make it such. We hope that, before the critics deal with us too severely, they will stop and remember that we are just beginning and have not yet had the experience that is essential to the making of a good journal.

We feel that this journal is the outcome of the growing college spirit that has been manifested in many ways this year. Now is the time, girls, for you to show your college spirit more than ever. It will be impossible for your editors to do anything alone. We want each and every one of you to feel personally responsible for the success of this journal, and it is to you that we are going to look for help.

In after years when we are separated and are no longer "one of the girls," it will be a source of great pleasure to live our

old college days over again, by reading this little magazine. It will keep fresh in our memories not only our friends, but also many of our thoughts and actions. When our journal has reached the height, that we all hope and expect to see it reach, we shall be proud of it and glad that we helped it all we could.

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### ISAQUEENA, THE NAME OF OUR JOURNAL.

Isaqueena, the brave Choctaw maid, stood by the clear waters of the little stream, near her master's tent with this awful thought surging in her aching brain, "Allen Francis, Kuruga plans tonight thy death."

Allen Francis was a young white man who lived with his father in the vicinity of what is now Ninety-Six, S. C., then called Cambridge. He often accompanied his father on trading expeditions in the Cherokee Country, and it was during these visits that he became acquainted with Isaqueena. She was a slave to the old chief, Kuruga. Allen Francis became very much charmed with this lovely, lithe, and graceful maiden, and intended some day to make her his wife.

A few years after the establishment of this trading post by the Allens, Kuruga planned to massacre the traders, but such was not to be their fate, Isaqueena was to be their deliverer.

She stole gently to where the ponies were grazing. All of them scampered away save one which seemed to know her mission and be in sympathy with her. She improvised a rein out of her girdle and made her way to him softly, less some eagle eye might spy her and divine her intention to warn her lover of his danger.

Bent on one purpose, she mounted her pony and was away. The faithful little beast with a seemingly untiring speed bore his rider on through the unexplored forest to the camp of the white men. Here she told her story and Kuruga's designs were thwarted.

Isaqueena did not return to the Indian village, but instead she preferred to share Allen Francis' humble cottage with him. Here they lived in peace and happiness for a short time.

One evening as they sat by the glowing fire, all bright and cheerful inside, there came a cry from without that shook them with terror. It was the war-whoop of Kuruga's warri-

ors. They soon surrounded the house and, although Francis strove to keep them out he was soon overpowered. They took him, with his wife and child, back to Keeowee. All three were sentenced to death, but by request of one of the warriors, were permitted to live at Keeowee for about two years. Finally they escaped and went back to the old trading post at Cambridge, where they lived and died.

"Six Miles Creek," "Twelve Miles River," and "Ninety-Six," were named by Isaqueena; these streams and places being so many miles from the place where she began her famous and heroic ride.

Our magazine bears the name of one who is indeed famous in tradition for her perseverance and heroism in bearing such important news to her friends. Now, let us make it just such a bearer to our friends of the happiness in and about our College.



# Local Department

**Ola Gregory, Editor**

The Greenville Female College opened September 23, with the largest enrollment ever known in the history of the college.

At a student body meeting it was decided that we should have a college magazine. The girls were very enthusiastic over the matter and showed their true college spirit. A committee consisting of the presidents of the classes and Miss Hoyt was appointed to select the nominees for the staff. The following staff was elected: Editor in Chief, Louise Scarborough, '06; Literary Editor, Ruth Etheridge, '06; Local Editor, Ola Gregory, '07; Y. W. C. A. Editor, Annie Miller, '07; Alumnae Editor, Mrs. E. W. Carpenter; Fine Arts Editor, Maggie Bullington, '07; Exchange Editor, Gertrude Baker; Business Manager, Lela Norris, '06; Associate Manager, '07, Bernice Going; Associate Manager, '08, Evelyn Pack; Associate Manager, '09, Marguerite McGee.

Next we had to select a name for our magazine. A committee consisting of Miss Carter and a representative from each class, gave us a number of names to select from. Finally we decided that our magazine should be named "Isaqueena."

Five new teachers were added to the faculty this year: Miss Carter, teacher of Expression; Miss Taylor, English teacher; Miss Davenport, teacher of French and German; Miss Keys, Primary teacher; Miss Calhoun, teacher of Sub-freshman classes.

A new interest has been taken in athletics this session. Under the instruction of Miss Carter two basket ball teams have been organized with Misses Ruth Etheridge and Louise Scarborough as captains. A very exciting match game was played between the two teams November 25, Prof. Steele acting as umpire. A trophy cup given to the winning team by the Gilreath-Durham Co., was won by the team with Miss Ether-



edge as captain, the score being 12 to 5. The cup was presented by Rev. L. A. Cooper.

The Judson Society has been divided temporarily into two divisions; the "A" Divisions and the "B" Division. The officers elected to serve in the "A Divisions" for this term are,

Toccoa Burris.....	President.
Lela Norris.....	Vice President.
Ella Wharton.....	Secretary.
Mary Geer.....	Treasurer.

The officers of the "B Division" are:

Ora Coleman.....	President.
Leonie Padgett.....	Vice President.
Virginia Felder.....	Secretary.
Martha Alderman.....	Treasurer.

The prospect of G. F. C's. enlargement is bright indeed. With such a man as Rev. L. A. Cooper at the helm she can easily be steered through the troubled waters of financial difficulties. Some one in speaking of him said he always accomplishes every thing he undertakes. That is the kind of financial secretary we need. Mr. Cooper has already won the confidence and love of faculty and students alike. We cordially welcome him and his family among us.

The officers of the different classes are:

#### SENIOR.

Clara Hard.....	President.
Louise Scarborough.....	Vice President.
Ruth Drummond.....	Secretary and Treasurer.

#### JUNIOR.

Bernice Going.....	President.
Gertrude Baker.....	Vice President.
Sadie Gregory.....	Secretary and Treasurer.

#### SOPHOMORE.

Eunice Gideon.....	President.
Marguerite McLeod.....	Vice President.
Mozelle Alderman.....	Secretary and Treasurer.

## FRESHMAN.

Floride Norris.....	President.
Leda Poore.....	Vice President.
Kate Bridges.....	Secretary and Treasurer.

The college girls were given holiday on Wednesday Oct. 31, that they might spend the day at the Piedmont Fair Grounds. A number of the girls attended and all reported a very enjoyable time.

One of the most enjoyable of all of the entertainments which we have had the pleasure of attending at the G. F. C. was the reception which the Juniors tendered the Seniors. The parlors and Judson Library were very tastefully decorated with ferns and palms. In the voice room a delicious salad course was served. The dainty souveirs were modeled after the class pins, being made of green and gold, and containing the class motto. All present seemed to spend a very pleasant evening.

Dr. James and Mr. Cooper attended the State Convention which met Dec. 7, in Columbia. Dr. James gave his report on the college, and it is to be hoped that a great deal was done toward G. F. C's. enlargement.

The Dramatic Club of the college gave a recital Dec. 8. Four plays were given and we enjoyed them exceedingly. They certainly did credit to the girls who took part in them, and to our expression teacher, Miss Carter. In spite of the inclemency of the weather there was a large audience.

We are very sorry that on account of the growth of the Lyceum we have been able to have only one of the numbers in our auditorium. The first number which was Miss Duthie's recital, was very delightful. Her voice was particularly fitted to the Scottish melodies in that she gave the spirit of the melodies perfectly.

The next number was the concert given by the Schubert String Quartet. It was most delightful and the interest continued throughout the evening.

Dr. George E. Vincent of the University of Chicago lectured in the college auditorium on the "Mind of the Mob."

He is a very eloquent speaker, and every one was charmed with his lecture.

The teachers in Music and Expression gave their recital November 6,. It certainly was a great success. All of the teachers did splendidly and the program was much enjoyed by all.

Miss Elizabeth Wharton '05, spent a few days at the college with her sister, Miss Ella Wharton.

Miss Bessie Fant '05, spent a short time with friends at the college.

Miss Carrie Spearman spent Thanksgiving with Miss Gertrude Baker at her home in Batesville.

Miss Lucile de Calmes, '05, is now teaching in Abbeville county.

Miss Nancy McLaurin, a former student of the college, is attending the Woman's College in Richmond.

Miss Belle Whitlock paid a short visit to friends at the college.

Miss Lucy Johnson visited Miss Bessie Fant at her home in Spartanburg.

Miss Lottie Ridgell, '03, was married to Mr. Furman Norris on December 27,.

Miss Flemma Watson, a former student of the G. F. C., was married December 6, to Mr. Paul Jones Quattlebaum.

Miss Alpha McGee, '98, was married to Mr. George E. Jordan November 15,. A number of the G. F. C. girls attended the wedding reception.

Miss Laura Allen, '99, was married December 20, to Dr. G. W. Paschal of Wake Forest.

Jun. P. T.—I-k at a reception while talking to a Furman boy had the painful experience of getting "stuck." Being near a window the young man asked, "Arn't the stars numerous tonight?" She replied, "Yes, and ain't there a heap of 'em up there too."

Fresh M. L. after coming from society meeting one evening asked, "How much are the girls refined for talking in Judson?"

Miss Hoyt—Who began the Renaissance in Italy?

Senior G. L.—Pluto,

Special B. M. at the Philosophian public meeting of Furman University upon seeing the presiding officer, exclaimed, "Yonder is the "presiding elder."

Soph L. M. has invented a new law in Psychology, the law of degradation(redintegration).

Jun. S. G. says she wishes that the girls could have gone to the "Adelphian Rally."(athletic)

Miss W. was called on in Judson for an instrumental solo. Junior J. C. turned in surprise to a friend and said, "Oh, I didn't know she sang."

Jun. M—el M. when asked by one of the girls, "Who is in the parlor?" very intelligently answered, "Really, I don't know, but I think it's some one come to see the teachers of the faculty."

Miss Judson—When was Christianity introduced into England?

Jun. N. McL.—449 Before Christ.

Some one went into the office one day and asked for Dr. James. Fresh R—h B. exclaimed, "He has gone to meet someone who is coming to take tea for supper."

Soph Z. W. says we must always breathe from our diaphragm (diaphragm)



# Y. W. C. A. Department

**Annie L. Miller, Editor**

The Y. W. C. A. gave the new girls a reception at the opening of school. All of the girls seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. On Sunday afternoon, September 23, we had a meeting in order to make the Y. W. C. A. work more definite in the minds of the new students. Miss Ackerman made an excellent talk on this subject. After her talk names were taken of those who wished to become members. There was quite an encouraging number who desired membership.

Miss Kinney, Student Secretary of the Carolinas, visited us early in the fall. Her visit has been very beneficial to us.

Bible Study is a new feature in the Association this year, and much interest is being manifested by many of the girls. There are four classes; one studying character sketches in Genesis and the other three the life of Christ. Bible study is a very important part of a student's life, and we feel encouraged to see so many girls interested in it.

During the week of prayer Misses Voorhees and Long of Monaghan visited us. They made very interesting and profitable talks. We hope to co-operate with the work at Monaghan more in the future than we have done in the past.

On Thanksgiving evening an entertainment, "The Weighing Way" was given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. Everybody seemed to enjoy it very much. The Association sent two delegates, Misses Lizzie Smoot and Annie Miller to the Y. W. C. A. Convention of North and South Carolina, which was held in Charleston from November 30, to December 3. The report of the Carolinas shows that every phase of the work in these two states is steadily moving onward. The convention was a pleasant one in every respect. The next convention will be held in Greensboro, N. C.

Rev. L. A. Cooper addressed the Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon September 10, at the public missionary meeting. His address was very instructive. Mr. Bostick was present and gave us a short but earnest talk.

Our regular Wednesday afternoon prayermeetings are well attended, and every department of our association seems to be steadily progressing. We hope to have more personal work done very soon, for it means so much to do personal work for our Master.



# Fine Arts Department

**Maggie Bullington, Editor**

The pupils in the Expression Department are enthusiastic over their work, and, while the class is not large, it is certainly a most interesting one. The "genius of hard work" possessed by a few, deserves special mention.

The Dramatic Class on Friday evening, December 8, gave the following program:

## PART I.

A Narrow Escape.

Comedietta in One Act by R. Henry.

Characters.

Matilda Steel, B. A., A. M., L. I., B. L... Gertrude Badham.  
Amy Lorrimer, a girl in love..... Ella Wharton.

Scene.

A Study in Amy Lorrimer's House.

Music.

A Symphony in Black.

A Comedy in Two Acts by Burbanks.

Characters.

Aunt Martha, disguised as Dinah..... Sarah Morgan.  
Polly Bliss, her niece..... Fred Donnalld.  
Pauline Bliss, another niece..... Bessie Hawley.  
Angelina Mason, her friend..... Lois Cody.  
Mrs. Julia Bliss, Pauline's new step-mother, who goes a step farther and impersonates the new cook... Martha Alderman.

Scene—A Room in Aunt Maraha's House.

Music.

Music.

## PART II.

1. Petticoats Perfidy ..... Young.

(Acted at Court Theatre, London, 1884.)

2. A Comedy in One Act.

Characters.

Mrs. Montrevor.....Annie Sherwood.  
 Mrs. Norwood Jones.....Eunice Gideon.  
 Juliet, lady's maid, later disguised as Princess Barodinski.  
 .....Rose Waddell.

Scene.

Drawing Room in Mrs. Montrevor's Flat.

Music.

AN OPEN SECRET.

A Farce in Two Acts.

(Social Life at G. F. C.)

Characters.

Madge Apthorp, a G. F. C. girl ..... Pauline Blackwell.  
 Jean, her confidant.....Ella Wharton.  
 Mrs. Anthrop, her mother.....Annie Parks.  
 Grace Apthorp, her sister, age ten.....Edith Kinghorn.  
 Edith ..... Magerite Geer.  
 Elior .....Edna David.  
 Carrie .....Miriam Mooney.  
 May .....Mozelle Alderman.  
 Kate .....Mabel Meador.  
 Agatha Mead, a girl not in the secret.....Lois Brown.

Scene—A room in G. F. C. Dormitory.

The whole evening was enjoyable, and each girl did well. Miss Ella Wharton did especially well and we are expecting artistic work from her later on.

Miss Gertrude Bradham's work showed intelligent interpretation and good voice control.

Miss Waddell was pleasing as "Juliet, the maid," and she has a bright future if she perseveres in her Expression work, promising to be far above the ordinary.

The Dramatic Class becomes ambitious and will next study, cast, and costume, Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." Let us hope that it will not be a much ado about nothing.

MUSIC.

John Ruskin in his advice to young girls says:

"Consider all your accomplishments as means of assistance to others." "In music especially, you will soon find what



personal benefit there is in being serviceable."....."Get your voice disciplined and clear," (True would have been the better word, as voices are sometimes terribly clear when they are not true) "and think only of accuracy, never of effect or expression."

This sound advice to the young student of voice culture could be given with equal propriety and greater emphasis to the young student of piano. Get your hand disciplined and under the control of your will-power, and then if you have anything to express, it will have a chance of being expressed through the technical means at your command. Then if you have any soul worth expressing, it will show itself in your playing; but most likely as Ruskin says, "there are very few feelings in you at present needing any particular expression." The one thing you have to do is to make an accurate instrument of yourself, so that as your mind and soul develop (and the making of the instrument should assist this development) they may find a means ready at hand to serve them as a necessary material medium of spiritual expression.

Technique is the means, expression is the end. Who would attempt to reach an end without a means? Who would harness the cart before the horse? Yet, alas, young students, and even their guardians, sometimes imagine things like that can be done in the art of music.

L. M. Hubbard.



# Exchange Department

**Gertrude Baker, Editor**

"Brevity is the soul of wit." As this is the first issue of the "Isaqueena", the Exchange Department will necessarily be brief, and as we have but few exchanges the wit may come later. We will attempt to criticise the magazines which our fellow colleges have so thoughtfully sent us. If we in criticising make a few unkind remarks, as well as some flattering ones, please take it as it is meant, kindly.

The Furman Echo first entered our doors, so we will say what we have to say about it first. It is well divided between solid reading and fiction. The first article, "Spain and her Decadence," is exceptionably good, but it sounds rather encyclopedic. The "Story of Jack Rodgers' Wager" is rather rapid in movement, in fact too rapid for morality. On the whole short sentences are not objectionable, but in this case there are too many of them. The "Story of the Lover's Leap" is very well written indeed, and we would all profit by reading and remembering it. The "Anglo-Japanese Alliance" is very instructive. The next article we come to, "The Love of Money," is especially commendable. The author first tells us of the many ways in which our nation has proved itself one of the great nations, then he shows us the many ways in which our nation has failed to come up to the standard of the golden age. The "Test of Education," in the editorial department is very good; the thirteen questions, (unlucky number) which Prof. Miller thinks every college man ought to be asked before receiving his diploma, we especially admire.

We all rejoice with the students in their anticipation of a new library. All of us are glad to see the Y. M. C. A. so progressive.

Of the three poems in this issue, "The Sailor" is the most creditable, showing that B. '09, has some talent.

We are sorry to say that in our opinion the Furman Echo hasn't as yet reached its usual standard.

The Converse Concept begins with an article continued from the October number, which we consider a very admirable production; we only wish we could have had the pleasure of reading the first of it. However, we will look forward to the next number with pleasure. "The Mocking Bird," "A Porch Affair," and "A Day that Cometh," are all interesting. The "Review of Sandy" is exceedingly well done. The negative side of the debate; Resolved, That the true welfare of both races, demands an educational and correctional system for the negro different from that of the whites," is written in such a convincing manner, that unless one had firmly preconceived ideas, I think he would be obliged to agree with the writer. The editorial department deserves credit.

The Palmetto we consider one of the best magazines we have received in exchange. All of the stories are exceedingly well written for a college magazine. The "Freshman" deserves special mention, being one of the best, if not the best, we have seen in any of the magazines this year. The poems are very good. "The Fairies" especially attracted our attention.

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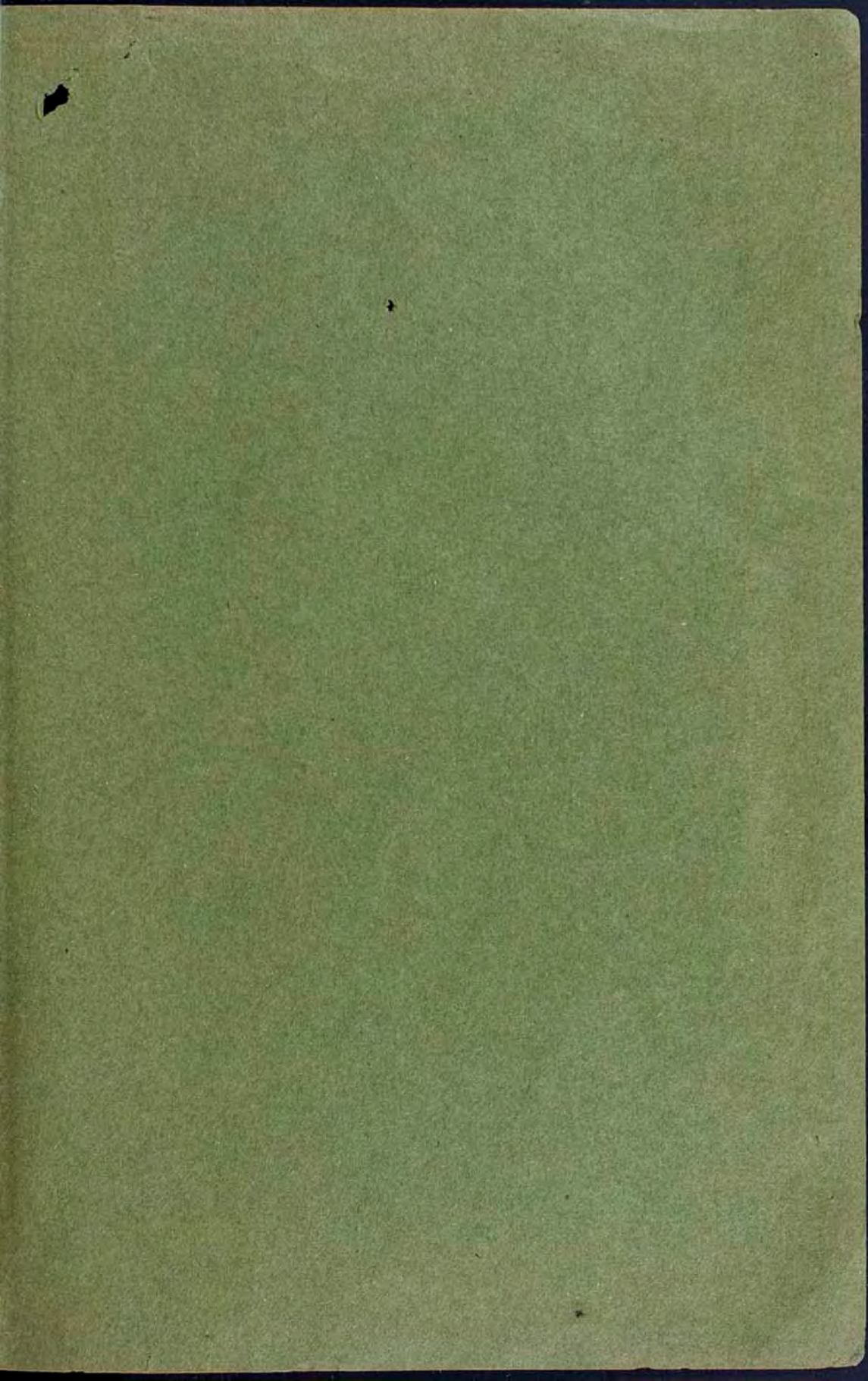
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