2-1-1906

The Isaqueena - 1906, February

Mary Louise Scarborough
Greenville Woman's College

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Isadueena

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.

ADVERTISING.—The magazine would appreciate all kinds of advertising. Rates given on demand. Due after first number.

Direct all communications to Lela Norris, Business Manager, G. F. C., Greenville, S. C.

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Literary Department

Ruth Etheredge, Editor

HOPE

When I may not end a task begun,
When others reap what I have done,
And others win what I should have won—
Then to me it seems

That all my life is dark and gray,
That gloomy night dispels the day;
And I sit beside the weary way
As one who dreams.

But looking up, as if my eye
Fain would pierce through that leaden sky,
A ray of hope I see. Lo, on high,
Faintly a star gleams.
JAPANESE CHARACTER

The Japanese character is well worth the studying. They lay a special stress on the doctrine of filialism in the training of their children. As an instance of this we may cite the book called "The Four and Twenty Paragons." The same consists of two dozen mythological heroes who are held up as models for the emulation of all worthy children. Of one of these paragons it is told that although his mother was a step-mother who treated him very cruelly at that, yet his sense of filial duty was so great that in winter when the streams were frozen he would lie naked on the ice, thereby melting a hole with the warmth of his body so that he might catch fish to satisfy the whims of her appetite. Another would lie unclothed upon the floor at night without a mosquito netting to entice the blood thirsty insects from their attempt to pierce the nets of their parents. A third, a girl this time, threw herself into a tiger's jaws to save her father; while still another paragon grown to manhood, buried his own child alive in order to have more food to support his aged mother. But the chief of all the paragons, perhaps, was he who when seventy years of age, wrapped himself in swaddling clothes and sprawled upon the floor in order to delude his very aged parents into the happy belief that they were still a young married couple, and he their infant son. In such fashion run the stories of these two dozen marvelous paragons, and such are the ideals instilled into the eager minds of the little Japanese children.

Neither is filial piety limited to one's parents by any means. The doctrine is extended to all who are in authority, the obligation becoming the more intense as the authority ascends, so that at the last, supreme allegiance is due to the emperor as the veritable "Son of Heaven." In primitive days when a prince died all of his attendants were buried alive around him where he lay.

Confucianism brought Japan her first formal revelation of moral law. Its command to honor the elders seemed a natural expansion of Shinto, bringing the spirit of ancestor worship down from the realm of ghosts, and making it incarnate in the living. It greatly strengthened the clan idea, because it taught that the clan leader was to be revered as
a father. The emperor was recognized as supreme father of all, and therefore entitled to supreme duty. One can thus gain a glimpse of the profound sources of Japanese loyalty. For untold generations all of the moral and religious ideals of the people have centered themselves in their emperor. They have known no other religion than patriotism; their God has been their Mikado.

Courteousness is a distinguishing trait which is often times most embarrassing to the foreigner. How perfectly they are trained to courtesy is shown by the experience of an Englishman. Once when he was out riding on his bicycle, he ran over a Japanese. Instead of the Japanese getting up ready to fight, as most Englishmen would do, he got up and begged the Englishman’s pardon for getting in the way.

A striking characteristic of the Japanese is their intense ambition, a desire to advance and rise, not to be below or behind anybody. This feeling pervades all classes and must be regarded as a potent factor in the nation’s astounding progress during the last thirty years.

They are lacking in genius, but have the habit of borrowing from others. Indeed, this has always been noted as one of the strongest characteristics of the Japanese, strikingly exemplified recently by the wholesale appropriation of Western civilization, in place of the worn out Oriental customs supplied by China for so many years. Deficient in original genius, Japan has wonderful powers of receptivity and adaptiveness. She has been a sort of eclectic among the nations, choosing the best that they had to bestow and giving it a distinctive twist that makes it essentially “Japanese.” This is true in art, letters, science, military equipments, and everything else that has made up the civilization of the country both present and past.

The Japanese woman is brighter than the average Japanese man, but by the use of brute force, the man compels her to give way before him.

It is strange the way the Japanese bear affliction. Call upon a Japanese friend in time of deep trouble and he will receive you laughing with red eyes or moist cheeks. At first you may think him hysterical. Press him for explanation and you will get a few broken common-
places,—“Human life has sorrow,” “They who meet must part,” “He that is born must die,” “It is foolish to count the years of a child that is gone, but a woman’s heart will indulge in follies,” and the like. Even in going to the grave the parents and nearest relatives will be laughing.

Mr. Hearn, an authority on Japanese character, tells us that the Japanese love of cleanliness—indicated by the universal practice of daily bathing and by the irreproachable condition of their houses—has been maintained and was probably initiated by their religion. Spotless cleanliness being required by the rites of ancestor worship, in the temple in the person of the officiant and in the home, this rule of purity was naturally extended by degrees to all conditions of existence.”

Although the gentleness of the race is noticeable yet a man whose gentleness of demeanor is positively captivating may commit an atrocious cruelty. The driver who is so gentle as to say “That” to his horse today instead of something worse, will beat the poor beast tomorrow till it drops in the road and dies. If the Japanese are gentle, they are also cruel; a paradox, but seemingly unquestionable.

A striking feature in their character is the negative attitude of the average Japanese mind towards the important question of time. One would think that the introduction of railways and telegraphs would have taught them that “Time is money,” but this lesson has to be learned by the masses. I am not speaking now of those thoroughly Westernized “Yankees of the East” that make up the Japanese navy, for example. The world has lately had witness that they have learned the full value of time. Take the untouchable multitudes. No foreigner that has lived in Japan can ever forget the terrible word “Tadaima.” It means “By and by” which is to say “Never.” That is the answer that invariably meets the nervous foreigner as he seeks to know when some labor in which he is deeply interested will be completed by the native workmen.

Apparently they have no nerves. They can work with untiring energy for weeks and weeks. On a ship once a man was taken suddenly with the small-pox. A call for volunteers to nurse the sick man was given. Every Japanese
on board was ready to nurse him without the least fear of catching it.

A lack of sympathy is expected to follow the absence of nerves, for the sensitive is the most sympathetic. If a man had some conspicuous defect, it may be made the subject of continual and jeering remarks, among the classes who pride themselves on their politeness.

The Japanese have no mutual confidence. They never trust one another. They never forgive what they happen to regard as an insult or injury.

Suicide is considered a virtue. An illustration of the spiritual diversity of mankind is that a bright and alert race, who have adopted our manners without adopting our morals, can cherish a "chivalry" which scorns womanhood, and a "courage" that commands the cowardice of self-destruction; but it is even so. When a teacher in Japan assigned a class of Japanese youths, towards the close of the war with China, an essay on "The Noblest Deed I ever Heard of," nine out of ten of them selected the suicide of the Chinese Admiral to illustrate the point in question. Ting when compelled to surrender had committed suicide out of a sense of duty to his master, the emperor of China, and forsooth this was the noblest deed of which they had ever heard!

Thus in the brief sketch we see that the Japanese as a nation, like individuals we know, have characteristics which are contradictory in a few respects. Their character shows that they are capable of making great advancement.

R. A. D. '06.

THE RESULT OF A MISUNDERSTANDING

It was late in the afternoon, and farmer Kennedy was sitting on his front porch reading his newspaper. The singing of the darkies and the rattling of the traces showed that the ploughmen had finished their work. The farmer's daughter with a pail in her hand was driving the cows up the lane. Everywhere preparations were being made for the coming night. Farmer Kennedy lifting his eyes from his paper saw a stranger approaching through the large grove; his appearance was very striking, tall, slender, and he walked as if he were very tired.

He approached and very politely introduced himself as
James—, and asked for night’s lodging. Farmer Kennedy with true Southern hospitality granted it, and seated him in a large rocker. He now got a good look at the stranger: he appeared to be about forty or fifty years of age, his hair was turning gray; his clothes were soiled and worn; his face showed intelligence, but the expression showed that many troubles had crossed his life. His conversation showed more than ordinary intelligence.

The bell now announced supper, after which they returned to the porch and were joined by Mrs. Kennedy. They were now very much interested in the guest, and Mrs. Kennedy expressed a desire to know something of his past life.

After hesitating a little he said: “I was born in Maryland and of good parentage; my father and mother came from England. There were only three children in our family, my two little sisters and myself. We lived in the best part of the state and enjoyed the advantages of churches and schools.

Father had a good home and a good library of books papers, and magazines of the day.

He was all a father could be to me and a more tender loving mother never lived than mine. His voice now trembled as he said—

“I was only seventeen, well educated for a boy of my age and the prospects for my future life were happy.

Notwithstanding the restraining influence of home, I desired adventures. One day I had a misunderstanding with my father and in my rage left home determined never to return. I did not realize what I had done, nor what sorrow I had brought in our happy home. I went West and just had enough money to carry me into the Western plains. It was all want to me at first, but I had soon found work to do on a ranch. This wild life increased my desire to travel and as soon as I accumulated a little money I set out for the Pacific Ocean. I then obtained work on a large vessel which was going to France.

Fifteen years had expired and I had never heard a word from home, for I had never let them know where I was. I was still a young man but my wild life had broken all attachments for home. On our way a storm overtook us and drove us by the way of Liverpool. Before we reached
ISAQUEDNA.

Liverpool I was taken dangerously ill. When we landed I was placed in a hospital where I lingered between life and death for many months. My wild roaming spirit left me and I determined to go home if I ever should recover.

After I recovered I had no money, so I secured a position on ship and as soon as I accumulated enough money I started for home. When I reached there what did I find? Mother, father, sisters to welcome me? No, they were all strangers. When I asked about my father they said that soon after I left home he moved South but where they knew not.

It was with a sad heart that I turned my foot steps Southward, but leaving the cherished spot in quit a different way from that in which I had left it before. It had been twenty years since I left on my wild journey and had to leave again without money, parents or friends. I wandered around and at last found myself working on a little farm in the Mississippi valley. I accumulated a little money there and bought me a little farm. I married and fortune again seemed to smile upon me, but it was not to last long. In about four years death entered our happy home and took away our only child, and it was not long after until death came again and took away my dear wife.

Again all alone I was left in the wild world to roam. Parents and happiness no where to be found. Just then the farmer’s daughter unas aware of James’ feelings played “Home, Sweet Home.” No doubt his thoughts went back to his childhood, for tears rolled down his cheeks. “I now went back to sea hoping to find some happiness there. I was on a vessel that was sailing to the Gulf of Mexico. A few days afterward we had a wreck and all were lost except one man and myself. When we landed on the shore I introduced myself to a man there and he said, “That name sounds familiar, for I have a neighbor at home by the name.” I then became very much interested and made further inquiry. He said that the family moved there about thirty years ago, and consisted of father, mother, and two daughters. The father he said died about ten years ago, but the mother and daughters were living there yet. “I have heard the mother speak of her only son, who left home when quite young and has never returned,” said he.
“Now I had found my mother and sisters when I had given up all hope of finding them. I inquired more closely as to where she lived and turned my steps toward her.

“Just twenty miles on this road is where she lives and before the sun sinks tomorrow in the western horizon I shall be in my mother’s arms.”

G. S.

THE MOCKING BIRD

From the old tree, the maddening glee
Of mock-birds song comes down to me:
He fills the ear with music clear;
For sunshine’s bright, and spring is here.

Softly he trills of silver rills
Wending their way o’er verdant hills;
Sweetly quivers songs of rivers—
How the raindrops were their givers.

Gently the floats of wonderous notes
Of songsters melody he quotes:
The earth is seen in garb of green—
Waters are bathed in silver sheen.

There comes again a low refrain,
But mingled with a note of pain,
That on the earth, despite its mirth
Grief and sadness are given birth.

The skies are clear, the flowers near,
The sun shines bright, and spring is here;
But where the rest he loves the best?—
For empty is the last year’s nest.

E. G.
THE DOWNFALL OF MACBETH

The old adage, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," comes forcibly to our minds when we think of Macbeth before his downfall.

How ruinous to him that he allowed wicked, worldly ambition to creep in and besmirch his hitherto clean, upright character! He begins to look at things through wicked immoral eyes.

In a moral sense, the world but gives us a reflection of ourselves. "To the pure all things are pure."

Macbeth could see nothing now in a pure, clean light. Everything seemed to lead on to evil, but it was only because his mind was bent on evil.

The witches whom he interviewed created in him no evil thoughts, but simply served to draw out what was already in his mind. Their weird salutation was sweet to his soul, and served to set on fire, as it were, his wicked imagings and desires.

At first his faith in the promise of the witches was not strong. His mind wavered between the hope of his desires being fulfilled, and the fear of the failure and punishment.

He is frightened and unnerved by visions and apparitions which appear to him. A dagger which moves through the air, seems to lead him on to Duncan.

What a power for good or evil is a wife! Lady Macbeth, to whom he had confided his wicked plans and desires, might have influenced him for good, had not her own passionate ambition been wholly in sympathy with him. Finding him wavering, she taunts him with cowardice. His better self is thrown into the background. With strength born of wicked determination, and encouraged by his wife, he commits the horrible deed. As "one drink leads to another," so does one wicked deed lead to another.

After murdering Duncan, Macbeth's conscience seemed seared, and he hesitates no more to use the bloody dagger to retain his position.

All his noble qualities gone, even his love for his wife is a thing of the past.

What was once a fine specimen of noble manhood, is now a mere being; so sunken in vice and crime, that he is more demon than man.

'07.
FORMOSA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Formosa is a large and important island in the western Pacific, which formed part of the empire of China until 1895 when it was ceded to Japan by the treaty concluded at Shimonoseki. It lies off the east coast of China, and its shape is that of a long oval running to a point known as South Cape. The length of the island is about two hundred and thirty five miles, and its greatest breadth is ninety miles. The area is three thousand five hundred and eighty square miles. It is about the size of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Formosa is mentioned in Chinese records as early as the seventh century, and in the twelfth century Japanese adventurers landed and made conquests. In the fifteenth century the Japanese considered the eastern half as part of their empire. The Portuguese who visited the island in 1590 were struck with its lonely appearance, and named it Formosa, the Beautiful.

The forest clad mountains, which traverse the island from north to south have peaks from 7000 to 15000 feet high, the lord of all being Mount Morrison, or as the Japanese call it, Nitaka Yoma. Here are also vast camphor forests of great age, for Formosa is the camphor preserve of the world. It is also called the home of the morning glory and the skyblue bamboo.

The eastern side of the island is elevated and slopes abruptly on the sea coast. For this reason there are very few harbors or rivers on this side. The western side has a gentle slope and is in every way a great contrast to the bold rocky face of the east. On this side are rivers, fertile plains, fields, cities, and dense country population. Because of the immense amount of soil brought down by the streams from the mountains and highlands, the land is steadily projecting itself into the sea. The southern tip of the island is very narrow. The northern end is spread out widely with rivers, and has numerous coast towns and a dense country population.

During the winter the climate is delightful except in the north, where the excessive rainfall makes it unpleasantly cold. On the whole it is very trying, especially to strangers. There are three elements in the population. Japanese,
the majority of whom are teachers, officials, traders and fishermen; the Chinese settlers; and the aboriginal tribes and clans. The last named consists mostly of savages living in the mountains. They are copper colored, very cunning, and until pacified by their masters, were given up to head hunting which was a custom of ancient Japan. A man could not get a wife until he had cut off a certain number of heads, usually Chinese. Shipwrecked men often furnished him spoil and thousands of human skulls, laid in rows on boards adorned many villages in old days. It was the cruel treatment of Shipwrecked Americans by these savages that first brought the attention of the United to this island.

When Formosa was ceded to Japan by China after the war of 1894—1895, far reaching plans for development and improvement of every kind were inaugurated, and have been grandly carried on in the face of great difficulties. The first thing to be done was to inaugurate the reign of cleanliness which was quite a large task. Then at Taihaku, which is the new capital and an object lesson of Japanese modern civilization, ten hospitals were built. One of these hospitals has fifteen specialists on its staff of doctors, and forty trained nurses.

The Japanese have done a great deal for the Island Beautiful. They have given good laws and are causing schools to be established all over the island. They are striving to educate the Chinese to develop the resources of the country, and to bring civilization and firm rule every where.

The interior of the island has been little explored, and almost nothing is known of its geology. Gold is found in the streams and worked, and bituminous coal abounds in over two thirds of the island. The best known mines are near Kelung, and are worked under foreign superintendence. Sulphur is also found in great abundance, especially in the north, and iron and silver are reported to be found. Petroleum and natural gas are found but they are still obtained in small quantities.

The chief industry of the island so far is agriculture, and it is carried on chiefly by the Chinese. The natural conditions are favorable for the development of this industry. The most important products are tea, sugar, rice, wheat, corn, and barley. The manufacturing industries are few,
and are confined chiefly to the production of sugar, camphor and mineral oil.

Formosa has been opened to foreign commerce since the Treaty of Tien-tsin, which provided for the opening of the four ports of Tainan, Takou, Anping and Tamsin. There are at present thirteen ports in the island. The principal exports in 1901 were tea, sugar, rice, camphor, and hemp, and the imports are chiefly fruit products, opium, textiles, metals and tobacco.

The island is under the administration of a military governor-General, who is responsible to the cabinet at Tokio. He is assisted by a council and a civil governor who resides at Taiper. The finances are still in an unsatisfactory condition owing to the unsettled state of the island which necessitates the maintenance of a large military force.

Formosa is also interesting in its missionary history because it is the seat of the operations of the first systematic missionary effort of any Protestant country conducted on a large scale. This was attempted by the Dutch, who during a generation or more preached, taught and built school settlements, all of which were destroyed by the Chinese pirates. The island was little visited by Europeans during the eighteenth century, but from about 1840 large numbers of Chinese emigrated to the island. Dr. Maxwell began the establishment of a mission in the South in 1860. In 1872 Canadian Presbyterians began work in the North. After the island was ceded to Japan, the Japanese have shown that they are not unaware of the advantages and need of religion by their attitude toward all present endeavor to evangelize the country, and by offering of free passes on the railroads.

The construction of means of transportation and communication has been pushed rapidly. Railroads have made great advance. In 1871 it took eight days to cover the one hundred and sixty miles from Tainan to Chiang-hoa and back. Now you can leave Tainan at six o'clock in the morning, have four hours in Chiang-hoa, and be back in Tainan the same evening.

T. P. B. '06.
ISAQUEENA.

GET THE BEST OUT OF LIFE

In treating this subject the first thing to be taken into consideration is the value of forming good habits in youth. If a shrub is bent and twisted out of its natural shape and allowed to grow that way, it will be impossible to straighten it when it is a full size tree. Just so it is with our lives. If, when a girl is young, tender, and sensitive, she forms bad habits and continues in them, it will be very, very difficult or even impossible to correct them in maturity of her life. It will have become so natural for her to do the wrong things that she will do them unconsciously. Even though she may wish ever so much to break herself of them, her efforts will avail little. She may resolve to watch herself and not do certain things, but, at the end of a day in looking over it, she will find that she has done them without realizing it.

Now the question may be asked, “Why need we be so careful to get the best out of life, may we not drag along one way or another and get on just as well?” No; for there are many things which make getting the best out of life necessary, and none, to drag along through life.

Suppose we think of the effect upon yourself. First people who are wide-awake and eager to learn do not have weak, half-fed minds and gloomy spirits. For they are always storing up into their minds that knowledge which they know will be of service to them in years to come. They are ever taking glances into the future and preparing for any struggles and hardships that may be waiting for them. Therefore they have no need for low spirits or for saying, “I do not know what is going to become of me: I have so much to contend with all the time.”

In the second place, a person’s health depends largely on his or her manner of life. Those who do not care for their lives are thoughtless are thoughtless of their health, and consequently expose themselves to many diseases. On the other hand, those who are thoughtful and trying to get the best out of life take good care of their health and keep it in good condition.

In the third place, prosperity in business depends much on this matter of getting the best out of life. Those who do not care for their own life and health can not be expected to care for their business. They move along in the world
not caring for anything, therefore their business can not suc-
cceed.

Yet, we must not think only of ourselves but of others al-
so. We can not imagine how much our lives have to do
with the lives of others. When we go around gloomy and
sad, we make others sad; when we shirk our duty, we tempt
others into shirking theirs; when we form bad habits, we
lead others into them; but, when we are merry and happy,
we shed our sunshine upon others; when we do the right
things, others are influenced to do them; and, when we are
careful about our habits, we cause others to notice their
mistakes and try to correct them. So, in either case, we
can not help influencing those around us. How great, then,
is the value of getting the most out of life!

Perhaps some are not quite sure how to get the best out
of life. We have only to look at the beauties of Nature
and we see one way. Artistic cloud effects, beautiful moun-
tain scenery, brilliant colors of autumn are all passed unno-
ticed by some thoughtless persons. They shut themselves
up in libraries and are always to be found buried in a pile
of books. They regard visits from friends an intrusion, and
give a sigh of relief when they are gone.

Nevertheless, we should not wholly exclude the enjoy-
ment of literature from our lives. It is of unmeasurable
benefit to us if carried to a moderate degree.

Moreover, we must not forget the religious side in think-
ing of getting the best out of life. Some people do not suc-
cceed in getting the best out of life because they regard
their religious life and worship merely as a duty. But if
we are Christ's and love him, we should derive much hap-
piness and comfort from communion with him.

In the last place if we are getting the best out of life,
calamity and sorrow will not seem half so formidable. We
learn to be bright, cheerful and hopeful even in the greatest
afflictions.

Think of Whittier, who, though surrounded by many dif-
ficulties and trials succeeded so well in life. He could see
the sun still shining behind the clouds, and struggled on-
ward until success came. He is an excellent example of
one who got the best out of life, even through difficulties.

"'Whatever the weather may be'— says he—
'Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear—
That's awakin' the sunshine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, and the bud in the tree,
Whatever the weather may be, says he—
Whatever the weather may be.

Riley.

RUTH PETTIGREW.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

She stood by her window at twilight,
And thought of the days past and gone,
Her face was turned toward heaven,
And her eyes were fast filling with tears
As she thought of the one who had loved her,
Who had promised to wed her some day,
He had broken that loving promise
And had wandered so far away.

She folded her hands then in silence,
And prayed to her God above
To look down in tender mercy
On the one she had always loved.
Then turning away from the window,
She slowly descended the stair,
And went to the lonely grave yard
For her mother was buried there.

As she reached the grave of her mother,
A figure so dark and tall,
Was slowly approaching toward her,
And she heard him gently call,
"O can you e'er forgive me
If you can ever forget
O take me back to you darling,
Your love I will never reject."
THE EVILS OF SLANG

Can we find no other and better way to express our meaning than by using slang? Is it really useful? In its accepted definition slang is low, unauthorized language and we have not the right to pollute our language by using these unauthorized words—words which have as Johnson says entered at the bottom, and which quietly, slowly worked their way up, until they threaten to destroy this beautifully built structure—our language.

Ruth Ashmore speaks of slang as "The little rift within the lute, that by and by will make all the music of a refined conversation not mute, but drowned in the hubbub of loud sounds and common words." The woman who uses this mode of speech naturally elevates her voice in order to give every body a chance to "catch the wrinkle," as she would say.

A loud high, pitched voice is something that all women should guard against. Slang encourages carelessness and laziness in speech. Our best writers never use it save in delineating characters whose dialect is slang.

Victor Hugo speaks of it as "Nothing else than the homely, uneasy, crafty, treacherous, venomous, cruel, equivocal, vile, profound, fatal tongue of whetchedness." Should we so lower ourselves as to use the language which is peculiarly the property of the criminal? Then, there is about slang a constant changing, a lack of stability, that does not tend toward perfecting the growth of the language. As soon as the world understands a slang expression it dies, and fickle humanity seeks some phrase that is new. Take for example, "Well, I should smile." What did that add to the beauty, refinement, or utility of the language? Its only value was that it gave a bashful youth a set phrase by which to express his lack of sense when a pretty girl made a bright remark; and for this reason, it was for a time indispensable. It was much used on every hand; became common; then no longer stylish; and alas! our bashful youth was forced to seek in the empty space his brain should occupy another equally brilliant expression. The first step in the quick descent to bad manners is taken in using slang and it makes one appear silly and undignified. George Ripley's motto, "He who does not write as well as he can on every occas-
tion will soon form the habit of not writing well at all,” applies as well to our speech as to our writing:—therefore, let us avoid yielding to the temptation of using even a few of the most expressive and seemingly harmless slang phrases—lest we become habitually careless in our selection of words. What little use a few slang words may be, is more than overbalanced by the mighty weight of evil that they bring upon us.

V. '07.

WHICH BROKE THE FAITH?

About twenty miles from Atlanta in the beautiful farming section of Georgia, lived Lois Allen and Laurence Hall. They had been sweethearts and neighbors since the time when they had made mudpies together. Each had many friends among the happy, hearty, boys and girls of the neighboring farms. Although Lois had always seemed to prefer Laurence’s company to that of any other admirer, she could not determine which one she really loved. Nevertheless, she hit upon a plan, one day “in the good old summer time” whereby she might prove which one of her lovers was most true. On the “Glorious Fourth” of July she attended a picnic held on the banks of a small river near her home.

The river, itself, was most picturesque. It was about one hundred feet wide, and for two or three miles it flowed between hills which rose, almost perpendicularly, to the height of several hundred feet. There were beautiful little shoals all along the river, and the hills were studded with huge granite boulders, while along the river banks, and up the sides of the hills were ferns and heart leaves. At the foot of one of the hills, the prettiest spot of all, was the ruins of an old cotton mill, just on the edge of the water. Parts of the walls were standing, some four stories high, but not a piece of timber was left. Inside grew vines, bushes, and large trees. There, before it, was the wide stream splashing over the old dam and the opposite bank, as a back ground, rising a hundred feet above covered with stately Georgia pines.

When the picnic party arrived at the river, that bright July day, it was suggested that they should walk down to
the old mill. It happened that Laurence and Lois lagged a little behind the others, and Laurence's conversation turned upon what was to him the most important subject in the world. "Lois," he said, "you know how much I love you, I have told you many times. Can not you return my love? Can’t you learn to love me?" But, though a simple country lass, Lois was not so easily won. "Laurence," she said, "how can I know that you mean what you say?" "Lois," I do mean it and I’ll prove it to you, I’ll make you love me." Her only reply was a silvery laugh, and then they heard the others calling them. "We have found a boat, come on, let's go for a row!" A minute later, Lois and Laurence were climbing into the boat, with several others. They had rowed for some time along the river bank, and were quite near the old mill, when Lois, reaching up for some overhanging willow branches, fell, with a shriek of terror, into the water. In a flash Laurence had his coat off, and had plunged in, after her. Here, just above the dam, the water was very deep and there was a strong under current. Lois could not swim at all, and Laurence was not an adept in the art, but he struck out boldly after her. "It will never do for her to go over the dam," he thought, and after she had sunk twice, with a desperate effort, he seized her by the arm. Lois, in the frantic manner of drowning persons, clung to him so tightly that he thought he must surely be choked. It seemed to Laurence that, in spite of his best efforts, instead of nearing the shore, they were being swept, surely and swiftly towards the dam of the ruined mill. Weaker and weaker he became. He ceased to swim. "I can at least die with Lois," he said, and all became dark.

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When Laurence opened his eyes, he was lying on the bank with his head on Lois' lap, and her sweet face filled with anxious concern, bent over him. "Oh! Laurence," she gasped, "you saved my life, but oh, how nearly you lost your own." "But Lois with a look of uncertainty dawning on his face, "I thought—Tom—" "Yes," she interrupted, "Tom did overtake us with the boat and bring us to the shore, but you were the one who jumped in after me, without a thought of yourself, Laurence," here her voice faltered, "that act was all the proof I needed. I didn't think the
water was deep and I—I just jumped in to see what you would do, to test your love. But Oh, how I paid for my foolishness when I thought we were both drowning."
"Lois," he cried, and sprang to his feet,—but just then one of the ladies came bustling up. "You children must run home," she said, "and get some dry clothes. Jack is waiting with the carriage.

For all the rest of that summer Lois seemed to care for no one but Laurence, who, needless to say, was in the seventh heaven of delight, spending every spare moment with his sweetheart.

He came over one evening in early September with a long face. "Lois," he said, "the moon is beautiful tonight, come, let's go to walk, I have something to tell you." Lois threw a shawl around her, and together they walked down the road "in the shadow of the pines." "Father says," he began, "that I may go to Milbridge College this fall. You know I have wanted to go for several years, but have not been able to. But now, I don't see how I can leave you." "Oh you must not lose such a grand opportunity as that. I'll write to you, but," shaking a finger at him—"don't you dare look at those girls in Milbridge." "All right," he said, "if you won't let any body look at you."

Laurence's preparations were quickly made, and September twentieth found him at Milbridge College, ready for a term of hard work. In spite of the urgings of his roommate and companions, Laurence went out very little; never to the receptions given to the students by the College for Women. "Why man," his friends remonstrated, "you are missing some fine chances, there are some mighty pretty girls over there whom you could meet." "I've met the one girl," was Laurence's invariable answer.

Thus things went on for about a year, until, when Laurence went home one Christmas, he heard a great deal of a Mr. Archer, who was superintendent of the large mill built on the site of the old mill, which has been described. Lois, however, was as cordial as ever and Laurence saw a great deal of her. When Laurence returned to college, he and Lois still corresponded, but he began to go out into society a great deal. Being very handsome, he attracted
some attention, and soon had several good friends among the college girls.

The winter rolled swiftly by, and soon Milbridge was clothed in her springtime beauty. When the commencement exercises were over, Laurence went home, and, as soon as he could tear himself away from his adoring parents and aunts, he drove over to Lois' home. Los seemed glad to see him, but he noticed a curious constraint in her manner. "Laurence," she said, when he took her hand upon leaving, "things are not as they were between us. You have been cold, and indifferent, and irregular in writing to me, and I well I— —I have promised," here a deep blush suffused the lovely face, "to become the wife of Mr. Archer." "Lois," he said, coldly, "let me congratulate you—" and strode down the path and out of the gate without a backward glance.

M. '07.

CAEDMON'S VISION.

Looking toward the German ocean,
On a wild and windswept upland,
Stood the grave old monastery,
Governed by the abbess Hild.
Caedmon, servant of the abbess,
Aged grown within her service,
Long had wished to be a poet,
But the gift was not to him.

One night at the banquet table
Jesting, laughing all together,
'Twas decided each one present
Sing some song of his own make,
Sadly Caedmon rose and left them,
He could make no song, nor sing one,
Left the hall, and in the darkness
Sought the cliff above the sea.

Dark the waves below and furious
And the wild wind on the ocean
Brought the spirit of the North Land
Down into his very soul.

Long he stood there longing, gazing
On the calm and peaceful heavens,
On the fierce and fitful ocean
Ere he turned and sadly sighing
Went his way to seek his rest.
In the middle of the night watch
In his calm and dreamless slumber
One came to him saying softly
"Caedmon, sing to me some song."
"Sing, I can not," answered Caedmon,
"For this cause I left the feasting,
As my life I am longing for it
But for thee I can not sing."
"Yet thou shalt sing," was the answer.
And the old man saw with trembling
That the one who thus addressed him
Was his own, the Savior Christ.
As he gazed, amazed and wondering
On the bright and glorious vision,
Bowed his head and humbly answered,
"Lord, for thee, what shall I sing?"
"Sing to me the first beginning
Of the things that I've created."
Caedmon sang and singing worshipped
As he ne'er had done before.
Long he sang; at last the vision
Slowly fading, drifted from him;
Then he waked and still remembered
All he'd sung unto his Lord.
On the morrow wondering, joyful,
Went he to the honored abbess,
Told her all the night had brought him
Told her of his gift of song.
Then the abbess praised the Father;
Called the learned men all around her
And they listened unto Caedmon
As he sang his verses true.
And his name comes down the ages
As the greatest early poet,
One to whom the Lord has given
To be honored among men.

C. T. H. '06.
MID THE STRAINS OF SWEET MUSIC.

Myrtle Blake sat at the window of her room apparently looking out at the great oak trees on the campus clad in their beautiful brown dresses, but really she was seeing none of this, for she was indeed very much lost in thought at the present time. Her face wore a troubled expression, something so unusual for Myrtle that her room-mate, Fanny Thompson, who had just come in fresh and rosy from a delightful walk, was forced to ask, "Why so pensive, why so sad, Myrtle dear?" Although her reverie was so abruptly broken by Fannie, and though they were the best of chums, she did not reply and Fannie thought it quite the best thing not to question her again, but to go out and leave her friend to herself a while longer. For had she not told Myrtle all her troubles ever since they first began to room together a year ago when they were only Sophomores and she was just as sure Myrtle had come to her with all of her troubles. She had to a great extent, but there was one little secret which she had never disclosed to anybody. She was almost afraid to think about it herself, for fear some would find it out.

She had always been a most lovely girl, so thoughtful and kind, all the other girls thought so, and she could never think a wrong thing, much less do or say anything evil.

But here of late Myrtle seemed to be experiencing something which was very new to her; she didn't know herself just how long she had been having these strange feelings. But it seemed to her, as she had just been thinking, that since she had met Laurence Roberts from Benton College which was in the same town, something new had come into her life. They had come up on the same train together in September and a mutual friend of hers and his had introduced Laurence to her. He evidently was much "struck on" her from the first and they were together the rest of the way to Malvern, the college town.

As he told one of his friends when he left her, he thought she was one of the sweetest and most sensible girls he had ever met and he longed to know her better. She told Fanny that she had met a most perfect gentleman on the train, who was so handsome and polite to her. But as she had never been in love she couldn't imagine what it was that
ISAQUEENA.

made her wish for the first reception which was always given the boys and girls when they came back to school. But during the first several days of tiresome matriculation and fixing of schedules, Myrtle thought real often of the reception and wondered if Mr. Roberts would be there. At last Friday night had come and she was ready to go. She was not there but a few minutes, before Laurence, who had been there several minutes (it seemed ages to him, because he was waiting to see if she had come) was brought by one of the introductory committee to her. How pleasantly they passed the evening! The only thing that marred Laurence's pleasure at all was the frequent interruptions of the introductory committee, bringing to Myrtle some of her good friends. But you may be sure Laurence was not easily put down and very often during the evening he asked some one to take him to Miss Blake. When he bade her good night as she was leaving, he meaningly said, Miss Blake, I have never enjoyed an evening more." She blushed profusely and said very softly, "Thank you, I too have enjoyed it."

Now there had been many receptions, recitals and lectures that fall, and at these Laurence would always find Myrtle and should there be any suspension of rules he would prove himself most attentive to her, and a flush of pleasure could always be detected on her beautiful face when she was talking to him. They were, many had noticed, becoming interested in each other and even innocent Myrtle had about come to the conclusion that she had a very warm feeling in her heart for Laurence, which she supposed must be love. He had never come out and told her of his great love for her, but she spoke it so truly through his eyes, and his very actions were expressive of his love.

One afternoon just about a week before the time when we found Myrtle so absorbed in her trouble thoughts, she and Fanny, happy as two college girls can be, agreed to take a nice long walk in the park, about five squares from the college. They were having the best kind of a time gathering autumn leaves and flowers when suddenly Myrtle's eyes were attracted, as it were by a magnet, to a distant corner of the park, where seated on a rustic bench were a gentleman and a young lady. They had their backs to the girls but Myrtle could not help but recognize the fine broad shoul-
ders and handsomely shaped head of Laurence. Fanny had walked off a few steps to gather a few sprays of golden rod, so had not noticed the expression on Myrtle's face as Laurence bent over and kissed the lady on the forehead, then took her hand in his. This was enough for Myrtle, at once Demon Jealousy sprang into her heart and she surprised Fanny very much by saying sharply and rather suddenly, "Say, Fanny, I'm tired, let's go back to the college." Fanny had not recognized Mr. Roberts and Myrtle had not called her attention to him being there, so Myrtle's strange conduct was very puzzling to her. She plied her with questions, thinking perhaps the walk had been too much for her and she was feeling sick, but Myrtle only told her she was tired of the park and wanted to go back to the college to do some extra work. Fanny, who never suspicioning Myrtle, soon forgot the little incident of the park, and as Myrtle seemed when she was around to be the same dear old girl during the next few days, she thought she was happy. But this was only on the surface. Myrtle was really troubled the afternoon when we found her. She had never thought of Laurence being anything but true to her until that fateful evening, now the picture of him caressing the girl in the park was constantly in her mind and she was beginning to lose faith in all men, because she was quite sure Laurence was one of the best of the sex. She accused him to herself of being a flirt. Tonight there was going to be a reception in the college parlors and she had already sent Laurence an invitation before that evening of the walk, but she was not right sure whether she would go or not and was thus debating the question. She suddenly brightened up, and started to hum "Would You Care," then said, "yes, I'll go, but I will not speak to Mr. Roberts. He thinks he can fool me, that I am the only, only girl he loves, but what would he say if he knew what a touching scene I saw in the park. I shall try to make myself interested in Tom and Frank tonight and see how he takes it all." This is the trend of her thoughts the rest of the afternoon and as soon as tea was served she began to dress for the reception; donned her most becoming dress and put her beautiful auburn hair up in the most becoming style. As she took a last look in the mirror of her dresses, one catching the pleased expression in her
eyes would have been likely to say, "Myrtle Blake is a little vain." As a matter of fact she was not vain, but she was simply pleased that she was ready to go down.

She was not down there many minutes before she saw Laurence coming towards her all smiles. But did she return his smile? No, not in the least; she even turned aside to speak to one of her girl friends who was near.

"Surely Myrtle did not see me," he thought, "anyway I can't believe she did, for it isn't like her to act that way. He soon made an opportunity to be taken to her, and again he was all smiles as he spoke, but there was nothing of warmth in her manner toward him, she rather seemed icy cold and he fairly shivered in her presence. Not knowing hardly what he was saying, he asked her, "Myrtle—Miss Blake—please explain this change in you. What can be wrong? If I have done anything in the world to hurt your feelings, and I know of nothing, I most humbly beg your pardon. I would do anything to retain your favor.” Myrtle coolly began, "Mr. Roberts, I have been very much hurt by something I saw.” Just then some one brought Tom to her and she said no more. Laurence almost staggered off, having not the courage or rather not the will to talk to any one else, so he excused himself a moment and got in a position where he could see Tom and Myrtle, but they could not see him, and from here he saw how very charming Myrtle was to Tom, how interested she seemed in all he said. He now came to the conclusion that she had proved false and had thus———him for Tom. He stayed there a few minutes, resolved that he would not bother her again, took a second thought and decided he would at least have an explanation. Again he was taken to her and she treated him as a perfect stranger, but he asked her very politely to come over in the far end of the room where they would not be bothered so soon by any one so they could talk it over. She complied very gracefully, and as she walked a little ahead of him to the lounge he loved her more than ever and knew he could not give her up. When they sat down, he said, "And what did you say you saw that caused all this? I am positive that there is some misunderstanding about it all.” Then Myrtle told him of that particular afternoon at the park, when he was lavishing his affections
on this girl with him and how she had seen him and had gotten away before he could see her, "for," as she sarcastically remarked, "I was afraid I was intruding." A gleam of joy spread over his face and he laughingly said, "Well, is that all? Before he could say any more, Myrtle said, "Seems to me that is enough, what makes you laugh at me so?" Myrtle, did not I tell you that my sister, who has been studying music in Boston was coming by here on her way home, and was going to spend several days here? She came last Wednesday and I had been taking her over the town showing her the different places of interest, and becoming tired of riding we got out at the park and had a long, sweet conversation. We have always been very devoted to each other and as there seemed to be no one in the park when we came here, we thought it would be all right to be affectionate as of old." Myrtle's face had now taken on a happy look and as she looked up in his face, "Laurence, I thought you false, will you forgive me?" "Will I forgive, did you ask? Yes, gladly, if you will promise me now that you will never distrust me again, for, Myrtle, darling, I love you more dearly than all else, and I came over tonight to ask you a question to which if the answer is favorable shall make me the happiest man on earth. It is this: "Will you be my sweetheart now and soon my wife?" In the adjoining room some one was singing sweet strains of "O Promise Me," and Myrtle looked away thoughtfully a moment, then said, "I promise."  

L. N. '06.

CARITA

CHAP IV.

As the last echo of his footsteps died away the bitter smile that had played around Carita's lips vanished, the golden head bowed as if to an inevitable fate, the dark eyes that had flashed defiance and anger were filled with a dreamy far-away expression. What had wrought the change? As suddenly as a clap of thunder in the noon day sky her thoughts went back to the days of her youth with its joys and sorrows. Now she was a child again listening to the stories her beautiful mother was telling her. Now she was standing by an open grave where they were lowering that mother; and again
she felt the anguish of that dark hour. But soon there came a brighter picture of life's sweetest dream—love's young dream. She was seated among the flowers with Dick at her side, pledging his eternal love. Eternal love indeed! A bitter laugh broke the stillness. What did she care? She had gained that for which she had waited—revenge—and she was satisfied. In vain did she try to comfort herself with this thought but again and again the past arose to torture her, and the future stretched before a long vista of weary, lonely years. The world would not always worship her as now. Soon she would be forgotten.

Suddenly Mademoiselle Sylvia realized that she had been mistaken, that the old love for Dick Elberton had not died, it had only been suppressed by passionate anger and a longing for revenge. She also realized that she had thrown away the happiness for which now she would sacrifice all—even her pride. But too late came the realization, Dick Elberton had gone out of her life forever. She turned from the place, where for hours she had stood, and gazed out wearily on the sleeping world. After all, what was life? "A few warm breaths of summer; a few chill blasts of winter; and then—ah, then." True she had gained glory and honor and fame, but "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." What had she gained for the hereafter? What had she done for humanity? What to make the world better and brighter for having lived in it? Gradually a new thought filled her, a new resolve, far nobler than any she had ever experienced rose in triumph before her and a smile flitted across the pale beautiful face.

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The east was beginning to grow bright, when the voice of her little maid aroused her from her reverie.—

"Excuse me, Mam'selle, but I have been waiting hours for you to ring— Holy Mother! Mam'selle is ill!"

"No, I am not ill, only tired, very tired, and I forgot that you were waiting."

"Forgot your little Marie?"

"Ay, and I wish I could forget all, could forget the old life, the old home in the land of the flowers, above all, could forget the one fair night in June. Years have passed since then, but tonight I have lived it all over again. All the sweet
pleasure of my happy girlhood has risen up to mock me in my anguish. Oh! Marie I wish I had never been born. What have I done to suffer this torture?” “But forgive me, I have no right to burden you with my troubles. Wipe your tears now, I am myself again.”

“Mam’sele is ill. Please let me ring for—”

“No, no, I tell you I am quite well, only tired.”

“Then you will let me take off the laces and jewels, and you will rest and dream sweet dreams.”

“Yes, take them off and put them away forever. I shall not need them again.”

“Not need them again?”

“Never again.”

“Oh, I know. Mam’sele is going to get some new ones?”

“No, Marie, I shall not need any.”

“Mam’sele?”

“Yes, Marie.”

“You mean that you will not need them when you sing for the fine ladies and gentlemen?”

“But suppose they are not fine ladies and gentlemen?”

“But Mam’sele never sings for anybody else.”

“True. Too true. I have been wasting my God given talent on the people who today worship and tomorrow forget.”

“Everybody worships Mam’sele’s glorious voice.”

“And Mam’sele has worshipped it too, but henceforth her life will be spent doing higher and nobler things than courting the gay, heartless world’s favors before the footlights.”

“I know, I know now. She is going to marry the old Duke and live on the beautiful palace on the Rhine.”

“No, there are no palaces on the Rhine for me.”

“The handsome young Earl then?”

“Oh, no, Marie.”

“Sir Henry?”

“No.”

“Lord Rivers, then?”

“No, I am going to marry neither Duke, Earl, Sir, Lord, nor Count. I am going to marry no one at all.”

“Are you going back to your old home then?”
"Yes, when I die I want them to lay me among the flowers."

"But Mami'selle is not going to die."

"I am afraid not. There is no such good fortune for me."

"Holy Mother! Is she mad?"

"Listen, Marie, and you shall know all. For since the day when I found you in Paris you have ever been a kind and tender friend, ever loving and sympathetic."

"Merci."

"You see me now a woman of the world, rich, courted, and famous. Yet withal, a broken hearted one. A few hours ago I sent away forever all the happiness that life can ever hold. I can not disclose to you all the sacred history of that Long Ago. But once I loved, and loved to the very depths of my being. After a while my handsome lover left me without a word, without a good-bye, only a cruel note saying that he had heard that which must separate us forever. And what had he heard? He had heard, Marie, that I was not his equal socially—that I was a low-born girl,—I the daughter of the bravest, boldest race that ever trod this earth, and with the blood of the proudest race under the sun flowing in my veins. He even dared to believe that my beautiful mother was a——. I shall not even think the loathsome accusation. Marie, I could not forgive him for that. He could strike me and I would worship him still; but he must not, he dare not desecrate HER sacred name. Once I tried to tell him the absurd story that Harry Westerland had heard and circulated; but some one interrupted us and I never told him. Until I knew why he left me there was nothing in my life but eternal love for him, and bitter grief for his faithlessness. But a different day came for me when I learned why he left. A hate as great as my love has ever since consumed me. I swore then to have my revenge if it took my life time. I believed then that if he had loved me, he would not have believed the story; and if he had believed it he would have cared nothing for it, but would have looked on the true woman as she was, and would have listened only to the voice of love. When it was too late, he realized this and went back to my old home only to find me gone, no one knew or seemed to care where. Marie, I saw then how my revenge could come to me, and I have worked and
patiently waited for the opportunity to fulfill my vow of vengeance.

I have thought that when our paths should cross as they did tonight I would strike him as crushing a blow as he once struck me. How I have dreamed of the moment when I should be Queen, and he should come and fall at my feet and beg for the old love. What a triumph to remind him of other days, to assure him that I had forgotten all and that my life was in another sphere, and that never again would I care to look on his face.

Nothing but anger filled me when he came to me tonight, when he called me by the old sweet name. What right had he to call me by the name my mother had given me? My heart was as cold as the frozen snow lying yonder, when he took my hand and begged me to remember. But I would not remember. I had to have my revenge, and so I sent him away without one smile. And he? Cold as the snow drift and as heartless as the rest of the world, left me without a farewell, without an expression of regret. O Marie!

"A triumph, half complete,
Is as bitter as defeat."

My hopes of vengeance vanished as his footsteps died away. Victory is but a name, Marie. There are no victories. Now, that he is gone, I know that I love him still.

"And, O Marie! I know now that he has suffered too. I read it in his eyes. I saw it in the locks that cruel time is changing so impatiently. Oh, I know that he is suffering now. He wouldn't tell. He was too proud to tell, but a woman knows, Marie. What will he do now, Marie? What can he do? Poor, poor boy! To think that he is suffering! Why was I so cruel? Cruel to him and cruel to myself? But O Marie, how beautifully he stood it! I can see his noble face yet. And to think that he is lost forever. Lost for——"

The flushed face lost its color, the eyes drooped, the slender form swayed, and was caught in the arms of Marie.

"There now, my poor darling is better."

"Hold me in your arms, Marie, and let me tell you something."

"Pray don't, Mam'selle, you must have rest."
"Never mind about that, there will be plenty of time to rest."

"Please, Mam’selle——"

"No, no, I am better now, and you must listen to me just a moment. Would you like to go back to your dear old France again, and to the young Gascon you have told me of?"

"O Mam’selle, that would be too dear, but you see Monsieur is not rich and I have no money either, Mam’selle."

"Suppose you had the money?"

"It will be many a long day before that time comes, I must wait, Mam’selle."

"It will come tomorrow, if you wish it."

"O Mam’selle, you are dreaming. There are no fairies in New York."

"No, but there is a woman who loves you, and would see you happy. One who wishes to share her wealth with you, and send you back to the faithful Gascon."

"Who, Mam’selle, who?"

"It is I."

"You, Mam’selle?"

"Yes, I, Marie."

"But what will you do? I can not leave you, Mam’selle. I will stay and let him wait."

"Unselfish little girl, but you must, because I wish it."

"Wish me to leave you?"

"Wish you to be happy."

"But Mam’selle has not told me what she will do."

"You wish to know, Marie?"

"Yes. Mam’selle will need me when she sings."

"Hence forth none but the penitentaries, jails, alms-houses, asylums, orphan-homes, will hear Mam’selle Sylvia’s voice."

"Alms-houses, jails, asylums. You will sing for those people?"

"Yes."

"And you are going to send me back to France?"

"Yes." What do you think of it?"

For answer the little Maid held the fair form closer to her bosom, and on the white brow pressed a kiss.
CHAP V.

It was a bright morning in April as Carita hurried along toward the great asylum of M——. Nearly two years had passed since she had resolved to do something in the world which would be really worth while, to uplift humanity and cheer them on in life's struggles.

At first the theatrical world was wild with curiosity and distress at her withdrawal from the limelight, but all efforts were in vain to bring her back. For nearly two years she had worked in the city of New York. Every day she had made some heart gladder, some life brighter. Into the slums, prisons, and asylums she went carrying her sweet songs and her sympathetic heart. Again and again her soul rejoiced at the sight of smiles coming to the hardened and saddened faces. Men and women who had never known a tear, criminals hardened by a life of crime, broke down under the spell of her voice. The children thought her an angel sent from heaven. But she rejoiced most when watching the effects of her music on the inmates of the asylum. "That music hath charms" could no longer be doubted. For more than once she had seen the light of reason return to their eyes as they listened in breathless silence. Here indeed was worship and adoration, such as she had never known. On her first visit to the asylum of M——, she became interested in an old man there. His hair was almost white, and his face was covered with beard. At first sight of her he threw up his arms crying, "the marble statue has come back to life" and fainted.

"Who is that old man?" she asked the warden.
"He is a Mr. Warren."
"How long has he been here?"
"Something over a year, I believe, he was brought here by the police and raves almost continually about his little girl whom he lost and found again turned into a marble statue."

The next time that she went there she saw him again, but this time he called her "little girl" and begged her to sing for him. At last after singing several and failing to satisfy him, she began a little ballad she had known when a little girl. As she sang she saw the glad light come into his eyes, and she knew that once he had known and loved the
little song. When she finished he clapped his hands saying, "I am satisfied. The marble statue has come back to life."

What can the old man mean by calling me the marble statue? she thought, as she hurried along that April morning. It had been only a few days since her last visit, but when she had reached the building, the old man was anxiously waiting for her.

"And so, little girl, you have come back at last?"
"Yes, Mr. Warren, I have come back as I promised."
"But the song, did it come with you?"
"Yes, the song came with me."
"Well, go with me out there and sing just for me. Will you?" he asked pleadingly, pointing to the large shady park surrounding the building.

With no thought of danger she smilingly consented, and soon they were seated under an old oak.

"Now sing."

His tone almost paralyzed her. It was not one of entreaty as formerly, but it was one of command. Her first thought was to run, but overcoming her fear she sang the little song.

Gradually she saw a new light come into his eyes.
Was it possible she thought that reason was returning? She did not wonder long, for as she rose to go a strong arm pushed her back and a stern voice commanded,

"Sing, sing forever."

What was she to do? She glanced toward the building but not a living being was in sight. All around was as quiet as the tomb, save the merry song of the birds in the trees. Standing over her was the man, old and bent, no longer, but firm and erect, while from his eyes flashed half frenzied, half intelligent glances. She dared not disobey, so again and again she sang. The minutes seemed hours and still no one came to her rescue. Would they never miss him? and send some one to look for him. She knew it was hardly probable, as he had never been violent before, and he had often walked in the park alone.

"Now, Mr. Warren, we had better go back to the house, hadn't we? Come on; that is a good boy."

She said this coaxingly.

"No, nor shall you. Sing, I tell you."
This time he caught her by her shoulders with such force that she screamed with pain.

"Hush, they will hear you. Now, will you sing?"

Again the sweet voice sang, after she had gained sufficient courage, and for hours it seemed she sat there singing and so she kept singing and praying for some one to come to aid her. As a last effort she sang an old song which she had known long time ago. This was one Dick had often heard at Pablo. Soon she was lost in a dream of long ago. She forgot that the man was lying at her feet. Forgot everything except Dick as her soul breathed in the sweet notes Warren was lying in the grass with his face buried in his hands and it was impossible to tell what he would do next. When she had ceased, her eyes turned heavenward, she had failed to notice that Warren had arisen.

Standing with a deeply puzzled expression, he was watching her intently, as if he were trying to solve some deep mystery. As the summer breeze bore the last note away he stepped forward with his hand pressed to his head, and said in a strangely familiar voice:

"Carita, is this a final answer?"

For one brief second she sat as if stunned and then the whole truth dawned upon her. Springing towards him she gathered him in her arms, crying:

"At last! at last!"

"What has happened? Why are you here? Where am I? Did not you send me away?"

"Dick, my darling, you have been sick for a long time and I am here to nurse you back to health. You are in Carita's arms, and she will never, never, send you away."

She gazed searchingly into his eyes, terror almost overwhelming her, lest his reason should leave as suddenly as it had come. But one look assured her that the cloud had passed away forever.

"Then you are not a marble statue, but my own, own Carita."

For answer she held him closer and her lips met his in a fond caress, while the birds overhead carolled their lays of joy.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In a handsome suburban home Carita is anxiously watch-
ing the little clock on the mantle as it slowly ticks away the minutes for the time to arrive for the home-coming of Dick. She has just returned from her visit of love at the great asylum of G——, for in her own happiness she has not forgotten Him who restored her the lost paradise.

As the clock strikes six, she hears a well known step at the door and rushing forward she is caught in the arms of Dick Elberton.

Truly:

"Proud of life and resurrection,
With the shadows fading fast,
Love, rejoicing in the present,
Scorns the memory of the past."

F. F. W. '06.

The End.
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Just how the present celebration of St. Valentine's day originated it is not known. It is impossible to trace any connection between the life and career of St. Valentine and the way in which his day is now observed. In former times in some of the European countries it was customary on this day to place the names of the young ladies in a box from which they were drawn by the young men as chance directed. At one time married as well as unmarried people could be chosen. The young gentlemen were supposed to go a great deal with and to pay marked attention to the young lady whom they happened to draw. She was considered his "Valentine" for a year. This custom was kept up for many years and especially by those at court. The observance of St. Valentine's day degenerated into the usage of young people sending each other by mail a print of some sentimental kind, such as cupids, transfixed hearts, and the like. This
is a very harmless kind of pleasure, if such one might deem it, and there is no reason why one should not engage in it if he likes. But sad to say it does not stop here. There is a far less pardonable form of Valentine which has come into very general use. These are the ludicrous caricatures which are often indeed vulgar enough. Perhaps those who send such valentines find pleasure in it, but I think very likely they engage in it for lack of something better to occupy their time.

DEVELOPMENT OF EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

In an address before the students of our college a few days ago the Hon. B. M. Shuman gave us a very interesting and instructive discussion of the development of education for women. He says that up to the latter part of the eighteenth century education for women was practically unknown. Indeed, it was well into the nineteenth century before people realized to any extent that women were capable of taking an education. Even then the education of boys was the only kind really necessary and the education of girls was only a side issue. Boys were taught in the schools from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the evening and after their dismissal, two hours were devoted to the girls. They were taught only a few elementary branches, as reading, writing some arithmetic, the Bible and some embroidery. Later on when so many girls flocked to the schools they deemed it necessary to have a teacher especially for them, but the salary for this teacher was exceedingly small. Gradually since women have shown themselves to be intellectually equal to the men, it awakened men to the fact that they ought to be given educational advantages that they themselves were enjoying. In the United States, the North seemed to realize the need of good institutions for the training of young women earlier than the South. The South, however, no longer holds to that barbaric notion that women are incapable of taking an education. They are realizing more fully, year by year, the great need of good colleges for women. Taking this view of the situation the people are endeavoring to improve the colleges every year,
The College Press Association of South Carolina

Through the influence of the Clemson College Chronicle staff, an organization of the editorial staffs of the various college magazines in the State was formed Jan. 29, 1906. A committee from this staff issued circulars to each magazine staff, asking that a delegate be chosen from its number, and be sent to some central point to confer with the delegates from the other magazines.

They met in Columbia and formed a College Press Association. This organization has for its main purpose the determination to bring the literary matter in our college magazines, up to a higher standard and in fact to place it on a level with all other popular magazines.

By these meetings once a year the students from the different colleges are brought in closer touch with one another and so become to know the men and women who edit the different magazines. This has a tendency to arouse more personal interest in each other and in the welfare of the different magazines. On the whole we think this a splendid movement and one which will be a power for good in our work.

This association elected for its officers for the ensuing term, Mr. S. P. Harper of Clemson College, President; Miss Helen Scott of the Presbyterian College, first Vice-President; Mr. L. D. Wells of Furman, second Vice-President; Mr. J. C. Anderson of Wofford College, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Mary Burton of Winthrop College, Corresponding Secretary.

A committee consisting of Miss Scott, Chairman; Mr. D. B. Anderson and Miss Ford was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

The next meeting of the association will be held in Columbia at the Presbyterian College. The committee on the constitution will provide speakers for the occasion. This meeting will be indeed very interesting and instructive to those who are fortunate enough to be able to attend.
Local Department

Ola Gregory, Editor

The Christmas Holidays came and passed and it was with reluctance that the girls returned. Every girl spent Christmas at her home or with friends and after a very pleasant vacation returned more able to take up her regular work and better prepared for the numerous examinations that awaited her.

Several of the girls did not return after Christmas. Among these were Misses Pauline Blackwell, Annie Parks, Addie Scott and Otis Odell. At the same time several new girls have been added to our roll. Among these are Misses Sallie McGee, Bess Davenport and Verner Griffin.

On account of an attack of appendicitis Miss Cara Shirley was unable to return after the Holidays. We are glad that she is much improved and hope to have her with us again.

Miss Jessie Wardlaw was also unable to return because of the ill health of her father.

One of the most delightful of the Lyceum numbers was the Katharine Ridgeway Concert Company. It was given in our auditorium and a very large number attended. Miss Ridgeway is charming and every one was pleased with her selections. They were varied and in no part of the program did the interest cease. The other part of the program was equally interesting.

Misses Lela and Floride Norris attended a reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Furman Norris at Cateechee, Jan. 5th.

Miss Mabel Meador's grandfather paid her a short visit Jan. 7th.
Miss Ruth Brewer, a former student of the college, paid us a short visit Jan. 15th.

Miss Gertrude Little delightfully entertained the members of the B. Y. P. U. of the first Baptist Church. A number of the G. F. C. girls attended and spent a very pleasant evening.

We are sorry to note the death of the grandmother of one of the students, Miss Helen Mauldin.

Mr. John Williams gave the girls a delightful concert on his Victor talking machine in the auditorium. He also played several selections on the piano. We all enjoyed the entertainment very much.

Our financial secretary, Mr. L. A. Cooper, has just returned from his first trip in the southern part of the State and has brought us a very encouraging report. We are elated over his success and our prospects are very promising.

The girls of the Twenty Club gave a "tacky party" in the Gymnasium on Friday evening, Jan. 19, in honor of Miss Sallie McGee. The following girls took part:

Sallie McGee and Sadie Gregory, Martha Alderman and Lucy Johnson, Mozelle Alderman and Bernice Going, Gertrude Bradham and Lala Sublett, Ruth Etheredge and Louise Scarborough, Marguerite Geer and Estelle Gregory, Bernard McWhirter and Allie Mack, Mabel Meador and Leda Poore, Fred Donald and Edith Kinghorn, Mary Geer and Ola Gregory.

After an interesting program a banquet was given in the dining hall of the college.

The pupils of vocal and instrumental music gave a delightful recital in the auditorium. The program was very much enjoyed by all present.

The brother of Miss Sallie McGee paid her a short visit.

Dr. James gave the girls a "peanut party" in the gym-
nasion. An interesting program was arranged, which consisted of coon songs, games, etc. After this we had the peanut feast, which was the most enjoyable part of the evening.

We were honored with a visit to our chapel exercises by Dr. E. O. Taylor of Boston. He gave us a very interesting talk.

On the day of prayer for colleges we had a very helpful speech by the Rev. Mr. Duncan of the Buncombe Street Methodist Church.

Mrs. Furman Norris, nee Miss Lottie Lee Ridgell, a graduate of the college, visited her sister, Miss Rosa Ridgell, Jan. 6th.

Miss Eilene Taylor’s brother, a student of Clemson College, paid her a visit Jan. 19th.

Cupid has not been inactive within the past year among our old girls. We have heard of a number of marriages and among these are Misses Ellen Allen, Coralie Holley, Eleanor Wardlaw, Agnes Lipscombe, Eliza Hammond and Mac Gooding.

Fresh L. P. on being asked by one of the girls what “biennial” meant, very intelligently replied “two by two,” while Jun. M. G. laughed at L. P’s. ignorance and said, “No, it doesn’t mean “two by two”, it means “twice every year.”

E. G. was told that we were to have quotations from Hamlet in society meeting and having asked Jun. M. M. for a quotation she was given “To be or not to be, that is the question.” E. G. said, “Oh, that isn’t from Hamlet, it is from Shakespeare.

Senior R. E. asked if the Dramatic Club was going to dramatize Much Ado About Nothing.”

Jun. L. S. says that she is descended directly from the French and that her ancestors were Cuban Refugees.
Fresh M. S. asked Dr. James to let her go down town to have the "Christian" of her watch put on.

B. D. says that she is crazy about hearing Mr. Williams "execute" on the organ.

Jun. N. McL. wishes to know where she can find the book of Hebzekiah in the Bible. She has looked everywhere for it.

Jun. S. G. being asked who the wisest man was answered "Samuel."

M. G—r told her room-mate that she was not going to take "Athletic Geometry."

Jun. V. F. to girls: Where is "Brooke Farm?"
Jun. C. W.: I didn't know he had any.

L. S. remarked that a certain bride bought her trousseau in Paris. Jun. L. J. promptly replied, "I am sure she did not, for I heard them say she bought it in Europe."

Senior L. S. when discussing the slavery question said, "Why certainly the abolitionists wanted to keep the slaves"

Soph M. A. insists that the fly belongs to the bird-kingdom.
Exchange Department

Gertrude Baker, Editor

As this issue of the Isaqueea comes out a little early, we of course have received but few exchanges, but among those we have received, we are glad to see the Erskinian; the January number being the first one we have received.

The solid matter is especially commendable, but we miss the fiction, it reminds us of Jack, all work and no play. We think the general arrangement of the articles better than most of the magazines we have received; the numerous pieces of poetry, which are especially jolly, seem to just fit in at the right places, fiction being the only thing lacking.

"The Problem of the New South, or a Pleta for the Country Boy," we think is by far the best written and the deepest studied article of the magazine, and we would that it could be heard by each and every one of us, and be stamped upon our minds. It is indeed a problem, and one which must be solved some time within the coming years.

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CLIPPINGS

"You gave me the key to your heart, my love,
Then why do you make me knock?
"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night I changed the lock."

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No word was spoken when they met,
By either—sad or gay;
And yet one hardly smitten was,
'Twas mentioned the next day,
They met by chance this autumn eve,
With neither glance nor bow;
They often came together so—
A freight train and a cow.
"Said the maid I’ll stop calling you Mr.,
I will not be your wife but your sr.”
"Said the man I feel proud,
For a brother is allowed,
To do that, and he caught her and kr.”

Though they had never met b-4,
What cause had she 2 care,
She loved him roderly because,
He was a 1,000,000 aire.

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of spring.
She said, "I can’t be all of those,
So you must Li-lac everything.”

We acknowledge receipt of Clemson College Chronicle.
Y. W. C. A. Department

Annie L. Miller, Editor

At the beginning of the month, though everybody was very busy beginning their new year's work, the girls took up their respective places and began the Association work where it had been left off for the holidays.

Misses Smoot, Sanders and Kelly visited Monaghan on Sunday afternoon, January 21st. They enjoyed their visit very much.

Mr Harper who represents the student volunteer movement, visited us on January 23rd. He gave us an account of the Convention which will meet in Nashville this year from the 28th of February until the fourth of March. These conventions meet once every four years. This one will be the first that has ever met in the South. We hope that it may be possible for us to be represented at this convention.

There have been several additions to our Association roll in the last few weeks. How delighted we are to see more of the girls becoming interested in Association work!

Our Wednesday afternoon prayer meetings have been very interesting lately. Just before Christmas Miss Taylor conducted one of these meetings. We are very glad indeed to have the hearty support of the Faculty in our Association.

It was not long ago that the Cabinet discovered that there was a lack of interest in our Association, which seemed to be steadily increasing. The Wednesday afternoon meetings had been earnestly conducted on the part of the leaders, but the attendance was very poor for the size of the Association. Finding that this enthusiasm was needed by the Association as a whole, the Cabinet finally decided to have a rally. On Saturday evening, January 21st, Rev. L. A. Cooper, the financial Secretary of the college, met with us at the Rally. He talked to us from the tenth verse of the fourth
chapter of II. Timothy: "For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." His talk was certainly a message to each one present. He showed us how and where our enthusiasm was lacking, and we trust that we may never let our hearts grow cold again. Let us do our duty towards our Master and his cause, and all will be well.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 31st, the election of new officers took place. The following were elected: President, Miss Annie Miller; Vice-President, Miss Pauline Kelly; Secretary, Miss Pinkie Kennedy; Treasurer, Miss Mary Geer. Miss Etheridge, the president of the Association the preceding term, made a delightful talk. Girls, let's keep our enthusiasm alive, and make this year a great one in the history of the Y. W. C. A.
“O music! Thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same.”
Thomas Moore.

Nothing is more true in the present century than the universal need of more good music; of pure melody, rightly interpreted. In our voice department it is the aim of both instructor and pupil to accomplish only the most excellent results. Beauty of quality in tone production, rather than quantity, is ever the goal to be striven for, and proper interpretation of the theme, in song and poem.

Our voice department has grown materially so far this term, the students having done excellent work and progressed satisfactorily.

The chorus class, numbering twenty five pupils, rendered L. Denza’s “Maidens of Seville” in good style at the first recital given by the pupils in December, and some solos were also rendered admirably. Our chorus class hopes soon to present to their friends Heesche’s cantata “Young Lovel’s Bride,” besides several other effective part songs, at the second student recital which will soon be held. Much good work has been done in our voice department during the weeks past, and we confidently believe that it will continue and be more earnest than ever until the close of the school year shows splendid result in reward for earnest effort.

PIANO DEPARTMENT

CLARA McNEILL IN BERLIN

The Continental Herald of December 30th, 1905, published in Berlin, Germany, has noticed the playing of Miss Clara McNeil of Greenville, in the following favorable manner:

Piano solos were given by Miss McNeil, a young pianist who is here studying. She is brimful of life and vim and
her Lechetizky "Gigue" suited her temperament perfectly.

It was here in the Greenville Female College Conservatory of Music, under the tuition of our director, Mr. Hubbard, that Miss McNeil was trained in the style of playing which has since been so much admired in New York and Berlin. Miss McNeil's training has always been praised in the highest terms, but it was not until she lived among music students in these great world centers, and has had opportunities of comparing her work with that of other students from all over the world, that she and her friends began to realize the very rare advantage she has enjoyed in her own home city.

In a letter to Mrs. Hubbard, Miss McNeil writes:—"In my globe-trottings I have learned that a really fine voice teacher is the rarest and most unusual person one can possibly meet, and when such a teacher has been found, one has met with the choicest of blessings. I feel so thankful to you and Mr. Hubbard for your excellent teaching, and feel that I was greatly blessed in having gotten with the right teachers in the beginning.

I see so many pupils who come to Germany so ill prepared for artists' instruction. They pay their $6.00 or $10.00 per lesson, and as these artists simply will not take the trouble with rudimentary technic, they still grope in the dark."

Thus do foolish people every day complain that ten or twenty dollars per quarter of a year are too much to pay for genuine instruction, which would be of value and then run off to New York or to Europe to pay as much for only one or two lessons which in their unprepared and their untrained condition, can be of no possible advantage to them.

On December 19th, the following program was rendered by the students of the vocal and instrumental departments.

   Chorus Class.

2. Resignation .......................... Ehmant.
   Miss Crystal Altom.

   Miss Annie Sherwood

4. The Sweets o' the Year ........................ Willeby.
   Miss Juanita Martin.
5. The Rose in the Garden ............... W. Neidlinger. 
   Miss Annie Sherwood.
   Miss Carrie Wideman.
7. Fur Elise .................................. Beethoven.
   Miss Lillian Hellams.
8. En Avril ..................................... G. Willaby.
   Miss Pauline Blackwell.
   Miss Lala Sublett.
10. Deuxieme Mazurk ....................... B. Godard.
    Fraulein Hilda Brachvogel.
11. At the Spinning Wheel ............... Schultze.
    Miss Montez Williams
    Miss Marguerite McLeod.
    Miss Florence Wilson.
    Miss Maggie Bullington.
15. Adesta Fideles (Portuguese Hymn) .... Chorus Class.

ART DEPARTMENT.

The instructor in art, Miss Sue Hall, is at work on an oil portrait of a "loved member" of the faculty. It will be presented at commencement, but the particulars will be kept until then, as a pleasant surprise.

Miss Hall is an unusually fine portrait painter—some of her portraits of public men adorn the library of Raleigh, N. C., and other states. One has reached the far lone star state.

Many institutions are also proud to possess her portraits. Furman University is to be congratulated on securing one painted by her of the venerable Dr. Judson.

S. P. M.

The pupils in the art department are working with great earnestness. The normal class has made marked improvement and when they secure positions in our public schools
they will teach drawing intelligently and will not be, "the blind leading the blind," as is often the case.

Miss Sarah Morgan has lately completed a fine portrait in oils of her mother, and is now engaged in painting a handsome piece of China. This young lady possesses rare talent.

Miss Lena Wall will soon begin work on an oil portrait of her mother.

The work of this young artist was much admired at our exhibition last June.

Miss Lutie McGee has completed a fine ocean scene in oil. On the shore are three figures in picturesque peasant costume.

Alumnae Department

Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Editor

Perhaps it may not be amiss to repeat at this time in this place the names of the officers and committees through whom the Alumnae Association works. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. J. B. Earle; Vice-President, Mrs. M. O. Patterson, (deceased); Sec. Miss Montez Williams; Treas., Mrs. Beattie Rowlond; Historian, Miss Charlotte Manly. The two standing committees are the Obituary Committee and the Executive Committee. The names of these last appointed on the Obituary Committee are Mrs. Walter Holcombe, Mrs. W. F. Cox, and Mrs. A. G. Furman.

The Executive Committee: Mrs. D. W. Ebaugh, Mrs. A. G. Furman, Mrs. J. F. Richardson, Mrs. L. W. Whitten, Mrs. H. B. Tindal, Mrs. E. F. Bates, Mrs. Walter Holcombe, Mrs. J. H. Morgan, Mrs. J. P. Carlisle, Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Mrs. C. R. Jordan, Mrs. B. E. Geer, Miss Hattie Pope, Miss Vashti Keys, and Miss Montez Williams.

Owing to an unavoidable delay in the appointment of an alumnae editor, we can do little more in this issue than call attention to the space thus allotted us; and before emphasizing the importance of this opportunity, we wish to say some things for the Alumnae Association as a body of work-
ers. Taking a glance backward we find that the association was organized in 1886. Growth in powers was some what tardy and desultory until 1902 when the association then came into a consciousness of her possibilities and put on new strength by a more thorough organization. By action taken at the annual meeting in 1902, three classes of members were provided for, viz., Active, Associate and Honorary. The Active list is composed of all who hold a diploma from the college. The Associate members are those who attended the college but did not graduate. The Honorary members are elected by the Association at the annual meeting. Members of the Associate class living at a distance from headquarters may not realize how cordially the officers and the workers invite their support and co-operation. If this word meets the eye of any who have not been enjoying the privileges and duties of membership, please send in your name, (with the 50 cents fee if you will) and if possible attend the next annual meeting in June 1906.

To return to mention of work done by the Alumnae Association. About $5000.00 have been raised in the past ten years. It was by heroic effort that the Association assumed and paid the debt on chairs for the new auditorium. "The Carrie Scaife Brown Parlor and the Entrance Hall have been elegantly furnished. Substantial help was given Miss Judson toward furnishing the Judson Library." Work has been done and money spent in improving the college grounds. One member of the Association assumed the care of the hedge about the grounds for two years. Another presented the college with a number of pot plants. Numberless other noble acts not chronicled here have done good and helped the Mother in times of need, the aggregate results not to be estimated. There is something for each of us to do.

"It is earnestly desired that all alumnae co-operate with the local committee in all undertakings for the G. F. C., our common cause.

Another department in which our alumnae have labored with credit to themselves and to the Alma Mater is in the work of the Literary and Philanthropic clubs. All of the clubs in this city include G. F. C. girls and in the most of them the membership is largely made up of our graduates. The granting of a scholarship to the State Federation
of Clubs has brought us to the attention of a highly capable and intellectual body of women, and has given us a prestige in the State hitherto unknown. Our graduates are recognized in the conventions of the Federation as women of force and character.

If the record of the past is praiseworthy what may we not accomplish for our Alma Mater in the future! Consider the possibilities of a thoroughly awakened alumnae! Have we fully considered how much the strength of our Institution depends upon the loyalty of its alumnae? Is not the time ripe for a general awakening? Our college stands for Christian education, and this in fact, not in name alone, because we have a President of a spiritual mind with the earnestness, the wisdom, and the foresight that Christ gives those who seek to do His will; because our financial agent loves missions and therefore Christian education. These two men whom we have placed at the head of our forces are laboring to secure the means whereby our girls may receive the most thorough, the most practical education, in a word the very best equipment for life and its varied duties. Let us rally to the standard! our college forces, President, Agent, teachers and the large majority of the students are treading forward in the triumphal march toward the victory of Christ’s kingdom. With the eye of faith undimmed, we look onward to that day of triumph when with glad acclaim and shouts of joy, we believe we shall hear the Master’s “Well done.” We are laboring in His vineyard. Let’s come together as one, testing the strength of unity, feeling that we are one in this work for the education of Baptist girls of South Carolina, our hopes and aims the same. Pray do not let any appeal go unheeded. No matter where you are, dear sister, take some part in the work of the Alumnae Association. You can help more than you think. Surely by prayer, by contribution, by writing. Send us a word of cheer, of counsel, of greeting. Write to us; it will do us good and renew your youth. Contributions to our department will be gladly received by all. Send directly to the editor, Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, 615 Washington Street, Greenville, S. C.

Now lend your souls to the spirit of the spring poem by Miss Judson published in “La Reville” in February 1897.
LA REVEILLE.

Soul awake! the day is breaking;
   Life's Reveille sounds; arise!
Quick, to place; the ranks are forming;
Haste, if thou wouldst win the prize!

Foes press thick, there's no delay.
   Up and arm thee for the fight;
Faith, thy shield be, Love, thy watchword;
   On thy standard "Truth and Right."

To the front and bear thee bravely;
   Fear not, faint not in the fray;
Great reward awaits the victor—
   Crown that fadeth not away.

God himself, the King of Glory,
   On thee will the prize bestow;
And to joys supernal lead thee,
   That from living fountains flow

Throned and crowned, and filled with rapture,
   E'en the angels may not share;
Safe within the City Golden,
   Gazing on its beauties rare;

Listening with a thrill ecstatic,
   To its melody divine,
Joining in its "Alleluias"
   Dost thou think thou wilt repine.

That 'mid din and smoke of battle
   All thy earthly course was run?
Clearer vision then will show thee,
   By the struggle Heaven was won!
ISAQUEENA.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Miss Laura Allen (B. A. '99) was married to Dr. George W. Paschal Thursday evening, December 21, 1905, at Dillon, S. C. Mrs. Paschal is a daughter of Rev. J. I. Allen who led the movement to endow Furman University.

Miss Sadie Watson (B. A. and Piano '99) and Rev. Chas. E. Burts were married Wednesday June 28, 1905 at Anderson S. C.

Married at Simpsonville, S. C., December 21, 1905, Miss Carrie Irene Gresham (B. A. '05) and Prof. Decatur L. Bramlett.

Miss Eliza C. Hammond, (B. L. and Piano '04) and Mr. Joe David McGee were married at the bride's home, 506 W. McBee Ave., Greenville, S. C., October 5th, 1905.

Miss Clara Lee Smith (B. L. '05) and Mr. Tillman Lee Smith were married at Batesville, S. C., September 20th, '05.

Miss Ada Jenkins (Grad. Kindergarten Normal Course) and Mr. John T. Simons were married Jan. 18, 1906. Their home is in Charleston, S. C.

On Wednesday evening, June 14, 1905, at Miami, Fla., Miss Kathryne Elizabeth Hahn (Med. Grad. Piano 1900) and Mr. Eugene Benjamen Romph were united in marriage.

Miss Nannie Rowland (B. E. 1901) and Mr. J. D. Hughey were married at the home of the bride, River Street, Greenville, S. C., December 27. Mrs. Hughey is a daughter of our beloved Mrs. Beattie Rowland, a devoted alumna and a zealous mission worker. Happiness to the daughter!

Miss May Bell Sunderland, a former student of the college, and Mr. Chester Hatch were married at North Attleboro, Mass., September 20th, 1905. The young couple occupy a neat little home on McBee Terrace, this city.

Mr. D. L. Leftwich, a noted Southern entertainer, gave a successful "Evening with the Old Time Darkey" in the college Auditorium, Jan. 30, 1906. Mr. Leftwich came under the auspices of the Alumnae Association. The proceeds of the event were $35.00, easily and pleasantly made.
A little daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Furman on the morning of January 26, 1906. May the wee lady live to rival her mother’s record for zeal in the college work!

Mrs. Kerr B. Tupper, nee Lucilla Sloan (1870-’74), visited Greenville and the college the past summer. Dr. Tupper is pastor of Madison Ave. Baptist church, New York City.

Jessie Thomas, (B. A. and Piano 1900) is teaching at Easley.

Isa Thomas (Grad Art 1900) is taking a graduate course at Cooper Institute, N. Y. City.

Mrs. Oscar M. Watson, nee Kate Sloan (B. E. ’97), spent the summer with her mother, Mrs. Kate H. Sloan, at the college.

Miss Annie Sloan (1894) is spending the winter in Charleston.
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