3-1-1906

The Isaqueena - 1906, March

Mary Louise Scarborough
Greenville Woman's College

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena

Recommended Citation
Scarborough, Mary Louise, "The Isaqueena - 1906, March" (1906). Isaqueena. 3. http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena/3

This Magazines (Periodicals) is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Isaqueena by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines. For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.
ISADILENA

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.

A PLEA FOR OUR ADVERTISERS.

Girls, we are largely dependent on our advertisers for the success of our magazine, so let us show those who advertise with us how much we appreciate their kindness by giving them our trade.

Lela Norris,
Business Manager.

THOSE WHO ADVERTISE WITH US.

Contents.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT:
  Women of the South ................................................... 3
  For Love or Fame? .................................................... 5
  Elizabeth Patterson ................................................... 9
  Life (A Poem) .......................................................... 17
  Review of the Love Story of Abner Stone ....................... 17
  "Jack" ........................................................................ 21
  An Interpretation of Alexander's Feast ........................... 28
  "Hunting Ads." (Poem) ............................................... 31

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .................................................. 32
LOCAL DEPARTMENT ........................................................ 35
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT ................................................. 40
FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT .................................................. 42
ALUMNEA DEPARTMENT ................................................... 50
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ................................................... 53
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.

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

Literary Department

Ruth Etheredge, Editor

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

The South has ever been noted for its women, its good women, its brave women, and its beautiful women. Especially are the Southern women characterized by hospitality, gentleness and kindness to strangers, and those stronger traits, bravery, endurance and heroism have been strikingly brought out in times of danger and great need.

The courage of the wives and daughters of the pioneers was great and can be traced through each succeeding generation. Many are the tales of daring adventure told of the early Kentucky women. The wife and daughters of that sturdy old pioneer, Daniel Boone, were the first white women to stand on the banks of the Kentucky river. In a small
log fort, surrounded by hostile Indians they lived with the families of a few other settlers. The women of this fort were equal to any emergency; they helped the men fell the trees out of which their log cabins were built; they even helped to build these cabins; and they did not hesitate to fight the Indians when their homes were attacked. The story is told of one Kentucky woman, who, when the Indians attacked her home and so severely wounded her husband, that he was not able to fight, stood by the door with an axe and every time a savage thrust his horribly painted face through the door way struck him a blow on his head. Finding the door blocked they tried to enter the cabin by coming down the wide chimney but their quick witted foe snatched a feather bed, tore open the covering and poured the feathers on the fire. A dense smoke arose, and those of the Indians, who were able, scrambled out, but two were so overcome by the suffocating smoke that they tumbled down the chimney to the floor, where they were quickly dispatched by a blow from the axe.

During the stirring time of the American Revolution, the women of the South had ample opportunity for exercising their courage and patriotism. The incidents related of Mrs. Thomas Heyward and Miss Annie Elliott of Charleston, showed forcibly the patriotism of the Southern women. During the time that the city was in the hands of the British, Miss Elliott wore thirteen small plumes in her hat, and was called "The Beautiful Rebel" by the British officers, many of whom were more or less in love with her. After the battle of Guilford, the British, who held Charleston, ordered a general illumination to celebrate the victory. A passing officer noticed that a house was in darkness, running up the steps, and knocking loudly on the door, he demanded why no light was to be seen. "Could I be expected to join in the celebration of a victory claimed by the British, while my husband is a prisoner at St. Augustine?" the lady asked. The answer was a peremptory command to illuminate. "Not a single light shall be placed, with my consent, in any window of my house," she firmly replied. The British officer finding it of no avail to argue, finally left the house in complete darkness.

Another side of the character of Southern women was
shown by the kindness with which they nursed the sick. Mrs. Sarah Hopton and her daughters, themselves loyal, were moved to pity by the sufferings of the sick and wounded American soldiers, after the fall of Charleston. The city hospitals were crowded with the suffering soldiers, some were wounded, others were ill with a contagious fever that had spread through the hospitals. Nurses were scarce, owing to the fear of the fever, but Mrs. Hopton and her daughters were untiring. Night and day they watched by the bedside of the sick and dying soldiers.

Greater bravery and heroism were never shown, than that shown by our Southern women during the Civil War. Women, who all of their lives had been accustomed to every luxury and comfort, willingly and cheerfully gave up all for the sake of liberty and their beloved Confederacy. During those terrible years from ’61-’65, while the men and boys of the South were being sacrificed on the battle field, the women stayed at home and took their places. Bravely and loyally they bent their slender shoulders to the men’s tasks before them, never complaining, always brave, and trusting in the ultimate success of the loved cause.

Among all the noble women of the South, Martha Washington holds, perhaps, the highest place. As the wife of the ‘Father of our Country’ she deserves to have her place in the hearts of the American people. But aside from the love and respect due her for her husband’s sake, she, as a woman, has ever commanded the love of the people. Her uncomplaining endurance during time of war, her continued self-sacrifice, and the loveliness of her character, made her so loved in her own time and will serve to keep her memory fresh in the hearts of all those who love the good and the true.

E. A. E.

FOR LOVE OR FAME?

Beautiful Madelaine Cathcart was so engrossed in a book that she did not hear the house girl calling until she touched her lightly on the shoulder and handed her a note saying “Please, mam, the man waits for an answer.”

Madelaine recognized the large writing instantly and hesitated to open it, for she well guessed the contents.
"Shall I be forced to the dreadful task of telling him face to face," she murmured.

The note informed her that he had tried all day to phone her, but failing had written the note asking to call that night.

Frank Davis was a handsome and brilliant young lawyer, in the city of Charleston, who had for some time been paying a great deal of attention to Miss Cathcart. Madelaine's beauty, intelligence and goodness won for her a host of admirers.

No social function was complete without Miss Cathcart. No one ever asked help of her in vain if she could in any way give it. She was a general favorite of young and old.

Mr. Davis leaned back in his office chair with a feeling of victory and content, and yet impatient to know the result of his note.

Just at this time all Charleston was interested in a case then on trial.

James Jones, a prominent druggist in the city, was on trial for the murder of his partner, Tom Henderson. They had quarrelled over some money matters, and the quarrel ended in the death of Henderson. Frank had used all of his nerves and energy in defense of Jones. Today things looked as if the victory would be his on the morrow. He had long desired and worked to gain fame and praise for himself, in fact he was almost a slave to this one ambition.

With this great desire there had grown up in his heart another—this was that Madelaine Cathcart should share all his glory and honors.

We shall see which proved the stronger.

The dainty little note at last arrived assuring him of his reception at the Cathcart home.

"Surely she will listen to me and give me the answer I have so long wished to hear from her dear lips. With the victory of tomorrow and Madelaine as my promised wife, life will indeed be worth the living."

While Frank thus mused Madelaine was fighting a hard battle with her conscience. She believed she could have loved Frank before this trial and might have said 'yes' to his proposal. She firmly believed James Jones was guilty of cold blooded murder and how could she make up her mind
to marry a man who helped a murderer to escape the just penalty of his crime? Long, long her innocent and honest mind thought the matter over, then sinking on her knees she asked God to help her make the right decision.

Indeed Frank was so handsome and attractive that she was almost tempted to accept him. Would it be right! Would it be right to share the name and fame of such a man! Would she be happy and content to enjoy that which her conscience told her was wrong?

At the table that night all the family noticed that a change had come over her usually gay spirits. "Why, dearie," said her father, "I thought you would be all smiles to-night as you are to entertain the handsome and famous Frank Davis. The girls will all be looking at you with envious eyes, for I believe Frank really means business."

Mr. Cathcart would not have objected to giving his fair daughter to the young lawyer, for with him plenty of gold and the praise of the political world were the only requirements for a good match. Her brother, Clyde, was an intimate friend of Frank's, so naturally he tried to influence Madelaine all he could.

"Madie," said her father as he arose to leave the room "I want you to sing some for me before Frank comes. I am hungry for some good music."

"Certainly, father, with the greatest of pleasure," was her reply.

As father and son walked out of the room, Madelaine whispered to her mother, "I have something to speak to you about, please, Mother."

"Tell me all your troubles, darling," said her mother, closing the door.

"Mother, do you like Frank Davis?" Madelaine began.

"Why? My dear, are you thinking of making him my son-in-law?"

"That is just what I am thinking strongly of not doing said Madelaine. "Mother, you know Frank is trying to prove a man innocent whom anybody's conscience would say is guilty. I believe he will win success and fame, but I would be miserable to share it with him."

"You know your father wishes you to accept him, but you
do as your own conscience dictates," said her mother kissing her.

With a firm resolution Madelaine walked out of the dining room at Clyde's announcement of Frank's arrival. How beautiful she looked as she smilingly greeted him, and she thought she had never seen him look more handsome nor happy.

He noticed, however, that she did not seem to be in her usual happy humor, so he ventured to say, "Madelaine, I thought you would be rejoicing with me over my almost gained victory. Haven't you a word of congratulation for me?"

"No, Frank," was her quiet answer.

He was thunder struck. "Why, Madelaine, may I ask?"

"Frank, I have always been interested in you, and regarded you as one of my very best friends, but I can not rejoice with you over what you deem a great success. I firmly believe James Jones guilty of murder and think he ought to be convicted."

"Madelaine, do you mean this? How can I hear this when you have been the inspiration of my every effort to win this case? Is this the result of all my hopes and pains? I had come to ask you to share my success and fortune with me, but now——" He did not finish but sat speechless for awhile.

Madelaine broke the silence. "Frank, deep down in your heart do you believe that man innocent?"

"A lawyer doesn't deal with his conscience in a law suit, does he?" was his reply.

"No, I am sorry to say it seems that they do not, even the one whom I believed most honest of all, seems no exception to the rule."

"Madelaine, you know I love you, but don't you think you look at this matter in the wrong light? If I win this case tomorrow my success seems assured, and I think I can make you happy if you will be my wife."

"Frank, if you win your glory and praise in that way I can not share it."

"Madelaine, do you love me? I think if you really cared for me——" She interrupted him. "Yes, Frank, I love you in one sense, but not as a woman should love the man she
weds. I think this feeling would be lacking in this case, as there would not be a complete unity of hearts.' This remark was so gentle and sympathetic that Frank could not be angry. He knew it would be useless to press his suit further under the existing conditions. They said good bye not in anger but in sorrow.

As he walked home that night, he realized that he had to give up either his love or his fame. How could he give up this career which he was gloriously entering upon. Should all his work and worry be thrown away? No, he would not give it up, not even for the beautiful and loving Madelaine Cathcart.

On the next day all Charleston was praising Frank Davis to the highest and his fame had conquered his love. '06.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

One of the most interesting characters in the early days of our republic is Elizabeth Patterson. She may be compared to the Beatrice Esmond Thackeray has painted in his "Henry Esmond." It seems as though Beatrice Esmond had come to light, so much alike was their history.

Elizabeth had a sad story, a romantic story that has become a part of history. Born in a quite commonplace and well behaved American family, the Patterson's of Baltimore, it was thought that she would be like the rest of the family, quite commonplace and well-behaved. However, it was different and this child developed into a most remarkable and troublesome personality. It has been said that in every large flock there is a black sheep. We might apply this term to her, but it does not seem suitable to apply such a term to so lovely a creature as Elizabeth Patterson. Small, dainty and perfectly formed, with a crown of waving hair, hazel eyes of wonderful tenderness, features of delicate Grecian outline, she looked not like a black sheep, but rather like an angel. And an angel she certainly appeared to her little court of Baltimore admirers. But her Baltimore admirers soon learned that such a figure of loveliness was not for them. She ignored their existence, bowed as she passed them, but turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties. "She charmed with her eyes and slew with her tongue," so the admiring world declared. She thought there was no one in America
great enough for her. She dreamed of a matrimonial glory greater than her land could offer. The title seeking American girl is not a creature of wholly modern invention. Thus in this haughty frame of mind, Miss Patterson reached her eighteenth birthday. Her friends were very anxious about her. It was often a puzzle as to where her pride would lead her.

It was at this point that far away in Martinique her name first reached the ears of a handsome young fellow, a Corsican, brother of that "Little Corporal" who was playing his mighty game of chance with the powers of Europe. This young man, conscious of the splendor of his illustrious brother reflected upon himself, was remarking rather gloomily, as if the weight of his name was heavy upon him, "Ah, I shall be forced to make a marriage of convenience." A Baltimore lady, hearing him, responded, "Oh, no, I know the most beautiful woman in the world whom you must marry. Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore." Thus Jerome Bonaparte first heard of Elizabeth Patterson.

Shortly after, in the autumn of 1803, Bonaparte in command of a French fleet sailed to America. He was received enthusiastically. Everywhere he went balls, banquets and royal entertainments were given in his honor. He made his way to Baltimore, and there he was entertained most royally. During his stay there one of his friends married a Baltimore girl and one day Jerome declared to his friend's wife that he would never marry an American girl. She replied, "Do not be too sure of that, Miss Patterson is so beautiful that to see her is to wed her."

He was, of course, curious to behold this famous American beauty. But there came a day when his laughter changed to seriousness. He had laughed over the idea and playfully called her his "bride." It was at the fall races when Jerome was shown this lovely creature and he declared that no European princess was more a princess than this untitled American girl. She was born to wear the crown and insignia of royalty. When he turned away her lovely face was still there. His fate was sealed.

A few days later at a ball they met for the first time. We may imagine the meeting, his impetuous, boyish ardor, and the graceful blending of pride and humility with which she received it. It was a supreme moment for Elizabeth
Patterson. As she danced with him and listened to his lovemaking she had visions of her foreign world. The glory of her dreams seemed about to fall on her. Once when they were dancing together his chin became entangled in her long hair and they considered this prophetic of their destiny. They had been joined together, now nothing could part them. They were mere boy and girl and to her mind never occurred the danger of an alliance with a Bonaparte.

Elizabeth's father, William Patterson, a shrewd, discerning man foresaw the danger and sent her to a school in Virginia. But with her disposition, despite the pleadings of her father and friends she made her escape to Baltimore to her lover. Elizabeth had an indomitable will and she did not stop at trifles. Her father tried to frighten her by telling her that Jerome would abandon her as soon as he sailed for France, but of no avail. She only said, "I would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than of any other man for life." After much begging her father gave his consent. They, however, were to wait until Jerome was nineteen. To this the lovers agreed, and on Christmas 1803, the wedding took place. Her attire was simple, her only ornament being a necklace of pearls. Throughout her life Elizabeth displayed splendid taste.

They spent their honey-moon at Mr. Patterson's country residence, the Homestead, just beyond Baltimore. After this, they returned to the world and took their part in it. They went to the Capital, and at that time they had to go by the old coach roads. As they entered the Capital, they met with an accident. The horses ran away and the driver was thrown from his seat. Jehome, jumping out to stop the horses, left Elizabeth in the carriage alone, but she was not the least afraid. At last the horses came to a snow-drift and she opened the door and leaped out. When Jerome reached her she was laughing and unhurt, only a little rosy from her tumble and clothed in a soft white mantel of snow. Thus peril always found her calm and self-reliant.

Elizabeth and Jerome wished to go to France, but Napoleon would not welcome them. All of the Bonaparte family was pleased with the marriage except Napoleon. He consented for Jerome to return provided he left his American wife behind and this Jerome refused to do. Elizabeth encouraged her husband by telling him that when his brother
saw her, he too would fall under the spell of her enchanting beauty. Jerome's courage revived and they embarked for France. They were shipwrecked on the coast of Maryland, but even this did not shake their purpose. In the following spring they set sail and reached Lisbon in safety. They were met by French guards to prevent Madame Bonaparte from landing. The young woman met the insult bravely, and with becoming dignity said, "Tell your master that Madame Bonaparte is ambitious and demands her right as a member of the imperial family."

There was nothing that could be done except for them to part and for Jerome to go and plead his cause with Napoleon. Jerome, after assuring her again and again of his love, left her. Elizabeth then went to Amsterdam, but there she was not allowed to land. Finally she sought refuge in England. Here she was received and Pitt sent a military escort to protect her from so much embarrassment by the crowd who had gathered through curiosity.

A few weeks after she had gone to Camperwell, near London. On the seventh of July, her son was born. She named the boy after his father, Jerome Bonaparte.

Jerome still sang his wife's praises on all occasions thinking that his brother would yield. All his life, Jerome had had everything his own way. He was something of a spoiled child and his mother's idol. She had always given to him what she withheld from others.

When Jerome arrived in Paris, Napoleon refused to see him, but in a letter to Jerome he declared that he would never waver in his determination. After a while Jerome's loyalty to his "dearly beloved wife" and his determination never to abandon her, began to melt before the frown and brilliant promises of his imperial brother and as soon as he was admitted his submission was complete. He was raised to the rank of a prince and through the influence of his brother and for the desire to please his brother he married Princess Kathrine of Wurtemburg. She was haughty, never smiled, and had bad taste. Jerome did not love her, but in it all it seemed as if everything was done because Napoleon had said "you must." The Princess saw her bitter lot. The other woman haunted her.

And what became of his abandoned wife? She had not
ISAQUEENA.

13
died of a broken heart, but had returned to what she called her Baltimore obscurity. She was honored and flattered, but never seemed satisfied because her whole heart seemed despondent about what might have been. She held her difficult position with a scornful courage that excites pity for the woman’s nature so scathed and outraged. Her letters bear the impress of a life run to waste; they are clever, mordant and amusing; but the bitter sense of wrong can not be concealed; dissatisfaction and even jealousy is revealed. She held contempt for Jerome and admired Napoleon with his strong, inflexible will. At last at Napoleon’s downfall Madame Bonaparte was allowed to enter the courts of Europe. She at once sailed for the Old World, leaving her son at St. Mary’s College in Maryland, and in a few months she was in Paris, a conspicuous figure amid the throng of men and women who crowded the French capital. Her father did not want her to go and condemned her for it, but she resented the condemnation, thinking it very unjust. Madame Bonaparte’s success in Europe was remarkable, greater than any ever before enjoyed by an American woman. In Paris she was a social queen numbering among her acquaintances such men as Susmundi, Humbolt, and Canova. The Duke of Wellington was her admirer. She was invited to appear at the French court but declined the honor as she did not wish to pose a victim of imperial tyranny. Of course, all this homage flattered and amused Madame, but it did not make her happy. She deplored her solitary existence. Even with all the pleasure she became restless and in writing to Lady Morgan, she said, “My desire to see my child is greater than my taste for Paris.” So back to America she went. Here she was miserable and did not wish to live in a country where there was “no court, no nobility, and no fit associates for her.” She spent her time embroidering and reading.

Madame Bonaparte’s life in Boston was not the least interesting and she was glad of an excuse to leave. She was determined that her boy should be instructed as “befitted his rank and talent.” This was her excuse, so in the summer of 1819, she and her heart’s idol went to Geneva. Jerome was put in school and his mother took her place in the social
life of that city. At a ball one evening she met Duke William of Wurtemburg, uncle of Jerome's second wife, and his first thought was spent in pity for his poor niece whom he said could never rule as the American woman. Some one in speaking of her said, "If the beautiful American is not the queen of Westphalia, she is at least the queen of hearts." In spite of her gay life it seems as if Madam was maintaining herself in a very modest way. Her small income permitted her to keep house on a very economical scale. She had only four rooms and kept only one servant. Jerome did not like this life, he preferred America and wished very much to return. As he said, "Every day shows me more plainly that I am made for America." Madame herself was not entirely satisfied as it was too expensive and such a life grows tiresome. In Geneva she was known as Madame Patterson and her son as Edward Patterson for fear that the Swiss government might banish them. Jerome was not allowed to pass through France because he resembled Napoleon very much and it was feared that it would arouse a rebellion among the people.

After spending some time in Geneva she received an invitation to visit Pauline Bonaparte in Rome. For a time Madame hesitated, but thinking that her boy ought to know something of his father's people she consented to go. In 1821 she went to Rome and was cordially received by all of her imperial relatives. Jerome was with them constantly, rode with them, dined with them and sat in the box at the theatre. Madame's husband was not there, but there was some talk of his returning. She solemnly declared that she would not see him. Elizabeth felt fully repaid for coming when she saw the impression that her son made. He was tall, had an aristocratic bearing and resembled the Bonapartes, of which resemblance his mother was proud. There was a plan made that Jerome should marry his cousin, Princess Charlotte, then in New Jersey. Jerome only wished it because it would take him to his native land. Soon he sailed for America to arrange for the marriage, but the scheme fell through and they were never married, although they became good friends.

After Jerome left, Madame spent a few weeks in Rome and then visited Florence. Here she saw her husband for the first
time since they parted. They met in the gallery of Pitti Palace, but Madame in her ever haughty way ignored him. Neither spoke and Jerome whispered to Katharine, "There was my American wife."

Jerome spent four years at Harvard. During all this time Madame was scheming for her boy's welfare. She thought that she was doing perfectly right in this, for she was honest, sincere, and frank. After graduating at Harvard in 1826, she wished Jerome to come abroad and visit his father's people again in hopes of gaining a legacy for Jerome. To this he consented. First he went to Switzerland to see his mother and from there to Italy to see his father. It was the first-meeting of father and son. Katharine and Jerome welcomed him cordially, Katharine telling him that she was the cause of his poor mother's grief. Jerome did not like this way of living. He saw his father in debt and that there was no chance for him to obtain a fortune, so in March he left his father and joined his mother in Florence. She was elated over her success ther as she had entered the court of Tuscany, at that time the most brilliant court in Europe, and she had received a most flattering entertainment from the Grand Duke and Duchess.

She could not separate herself from the gaieties of this life and when her son returned in 1827, she let him go alone. For her own future satisfaction she had better have gone with him. Then perhaps she could have averted the bitter disappointment that was in store for her. This came two years later when her son married Miss Susan May Williams, daughter of a Baltimore merchant. Madame's heart was broken because she had endeavored to instil into her son from the hour of his birth that he was much too high in birth and connection ever to marry an American.

As Madame Bonaparte was in ill health she went to Geneva from Florence. She was now forty seven years old and still beautiful. Even Tom Moore said that he did not admire her and said that she was wholly without sentiment. "She ridiculed love," he said, "declaring that she herself had married for position and any one was a fool who married for love."

As she grew older, she grew more restless and discontented. She wrote, "I am dying of ennui. I doze away my exist-
ence. I am too old to coquet and without that stimulant I die. I am tired of life and tired of having lived. It is a bore to grow old."

Madame's later years held more disappointments for her. In 1835 her father on his death bed threatened to disinherit her for her stubbornness and left her only a paltry sum. She appealed for more but failed. Again in 1860 Prince Jerome dying made no mention of his son. She again appealed to court but lost her case. Upon the death of Napoleon III., when Madame was ninety years old, another blow came. She endeavored to secure the throne for her grandson but failed.

Madame Bonaparte's last days were spent in her native city. She lived in a quiet boarding house only enjoying the society of relatives. She was an eccentric old lady, bright-eyed and sharpened tongue. No longer beautiful, brilliant, bewitching young Beatrice Esmond she had become the withered, clever, lonely old Baroness Bernstein of "The Virginians."

To the end Madame cherished with something almost like sentiment all that remained of her former worldly glory. She delighted in opening an old trunk and showing dresses that she wore on grand occasions. She died in 1879. Thus ended a life so unsympathetic that no one could dare to pity the unfortunate Elizabeth Patterson. "There was about her the brilliancy of courts and palaces, the enchantment of a love story, and the suffering of a victim of despotic power."

O. G. '07.
LIFE

Before we have awakened we wander,
When we have awakened we climb,
Wandering along among flowers,
Wasting so much of our time.

Close to the mountain we wander,
Suddenly we look at its height,
Then our eyes are soon opened.
Let's climb while it is now light.

Slowly we climb up the mountain,
Stumbling along o'er its rocks,
Catching to trees to support us,
Nearer we are to the tops.

Turning around we survey all,
The flowers are left far behind,
For we at last end our climbing
And are resting now for a time.

This climbing is similar to our lives,
As we wander along in the world
Without any aim for the future,
But slanderous words to be hurled.

Let's climb up the mountain of life now,
'Tis not so easy to do,
Will conquer all the trials,
And win the journey too.

E. T.

A REVIEW OF "THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE."

"The Love Story of Abner Stone" was written when the old man was nearing his seventieth birthday.
'Twas a thing held sacred by him, but he wrote it feeling that the world would be better for having read it, as he was a better man for having lived it.
Abner Stone was an only child and lived comfortably on
the income of a modest inheritance. He was of a timid disposition and retiring nature. He had few acquaintances, and not even one close friend.

The greater part of his time was spent with his books.

He was a great lover of nature—the blue sky, the distant hills, the purple and hazy undulation which marked the horizon, all had a charm for him, and the moil and toil of city strife he could not bear. Now even the books that he had loved to read had become uninteresting. He longed for the freedom of country life. He had found that pastoral joys were dearer to his soul than printed pages and the mind—narrowing captivity of four walls—so he decided to move to the country for the summer. What he wanted was a quiet old farm-house located in the blue grass region of the State.

The nearest approach to a friend that he had had was Reuben Walker, a man with whom he had graduated twenty-five years before. A letter was soon written to this friend asking if he knew of a quiet country home in which he might spend the summer months, adding the post-script, "I prefer a home where there are no young ladies."

Soon an answer came saying that a suitable boarding place had been secured.

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy were an elderly couple who lived about eight miles above Springfield. They belonged to the aristocracy of the country, and had a beautiful home on a large farm.

Preparations were made at once for his departure and in two days he found himself in Springfield. He was heartily greeted by his friend, Reuben Walker. They talked brightly of college days, the bachelor's new home, business matters, etc., until Mr. Grundy was announced. He was a gentleman a trifle more than six feet tall, his face was kind and beautiful character looked out from his steele gray eyes. Such an air of gentility sat upon the gentleman that Mr. Stone congratulated himself that he was to be associated with him.

He bade Mr. Walker good bye and soon the horse's head was turned homeward. As they slowly drove up the avenue to a large house a sense of unexpected happiness and quiet stole over Abner Stone. Here in the midst of pastoral beauty, a kind Providence had sent him, and he knew that he would be happy.
It was a hospitable, friendly greeting which he received from the mistress of the house. She was a sweet, dignified looking woman, and there was culture and refinement in her appearance, and low, gentle voice.

Dinner was soon announced and Mr. Stone followed the host to the dining room where a bountiful table had been spread. When fairly settled to the business of eating the host began to talk. "I am afraid you will be lonesome out here, Stone," he said, "but when S'lome gets home, things will be different. She's a house full herself."

Poor Stone almost dropped the piece of ham that he was conveying to his mouth. "What did this talk of 'Salome' mean?" "Has Walker betrayed me?" he thought to himself. He soon learned, however, that "S'lome" was the adopted child of the old couple.

About nine o'clock that night Abner Stone took his pipe, tobacco pouch and went out in the porch. His mind was confronted by a question of decidedly more moment than any under which it had at any time before labored, and he had to think it out before he could sleep. An upstart of a boarding school girl, with her airy ways, her college slang, and earpiercing laughter, tearing around the house like a young cyclone! The poor man groaned in his spirit. One thing sure I cant run away, he thought, so decided to remain where he was, and live through it as best he could.

The days now passed like a procession of pleasant dreams and he realized more and more that he had fallen into good hands.

As the days for the arrival of the much loved Salome approached, everybody wore a happier smile. Early Saturday morning the household was astir. The morning passed by quickly, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Stone took seats on the broad front porch to watch for the carriage. All at once a little darkey near by yelled, "Dar dey come!" All eyes were turned to the highway. The negroes lined up on each side of the avenue. They were going to give her royal welcome.

Stone's nerves were in a condition similar to that of the small boy when he makes his first speech in school. They reached the steps now. Cheer after cheer went up from the darkeys. All was confusion. The horses stopped, and a
lithfe figure leaped unaided from the carriage, and Salome was at home. On being introduced to her, Mr. Stone truthfully said that he was glad to see her, for his feelings had undergone a wonderful revulsion, despite his indifference of that morning.

Then with genuine affection she greeted the negroes who stood by. How unlike the girl I expected to see, thought Stone. She was of medium build, her form was youthful. Her face was not beautiful, but her features were fine and delicate. Her soft brown hair was parted in the middle and drawn back from an exquisite forehead, but the dark brown eyes were the girls chief charm, and crowning it all was a sweet grace and womanliness which was good to see. And from that hour Abner Stone’s opinion of school girls changed.

After tea as she talked about the things which had happened at school, Stone found himself listening with increasing interest.

A few evenings later our hero went to his room but found himself unable to sleep. It fretted him not a little to know that a girl from boarding school had upset him so.

The next morning at the suggestion of Mr. Grundy he and this merry artless girl rode horseback over to the old St. Rose church (a place which Mr. Stone had expressed a desire to see) and to the St. Cathrine’s, a Catholic boarding school near by.

The bright morning sun blessed them with a benison of light. Quietly they rode along, and as her companion noted the happy, peaceful expression on her face he realized that her nature was attuned to his, and at once he knew that the sylvan sound and scenes which were the delight of his soul were as manna to hers as well.

After a short visit to the “Sisters” at the boarding school, they went to the old church. Here he seemed to get a clearer insight into this young girl’s beautiful character. The night was cool, and the ride home was delightful. Soon they were there, and after making plans for an outing for the next day they said good night.

With the dawning of the new day came the dawning of a new life for Abner Stone. But one idea possessed him—over-riding the tumult in his brain. He was madly longing
to see her whom he loved. It can not be he thought that I, a man of forty-five, could love that child of nineteen! So weeks went by, and they spent many hours together, riding and walking about the country.

August came and was half gone before he realized that in September she must return to Belwood College. Through weeks he had lived as in a kind of waking dream, and in the worship chamber of his heart he had built an altar, and on it was placed the first and only love of his life. Yes, she was going away, and there was but one thing for him to say, and he had resolved not to say it.

One evening he walked up and down the avenue thinking of the pure, unselfish Christian womanhood which crowned her with its consecrating light, and glancing up at her window from which a light shone, he whispered, "God bless you, Salome, good night."

The next afternoon, when the peace of a summer twilight was stealing stealthily over the land, they sat together. Something had fallen upon her usually gay spirits and checked the outpouring of her mind. The intense longing of his gaze caused her to turn toward him, but she instantly dropped her eyes, while her cheeks grew crimson.

Unable to restrain himself longer, he told her of the great love that filled his heart, and found that his love had not been in vain. It was the one perfect period in his quiet and uneventful existence, the one brief time when life was full and Abner Stone held to his lips the cup of all earthly happiness, and the changing years can not rob him of the recollection.

The next day she did not leave her room, nor did she for many days, for typhoid fever had fastened its hold upon her.

After an illness of a few weeks he was sent for the last time to see her. Like a broken, shattered lily she lay, but her lips smiled with her last breath and whispered, "Abner."

A. G. B.

“JACK”

As the train passed Belville, among the passengers for Lytton was a young man who was rather tall, broad-shouldered, and very handsome, striking looking even to a passer by. His hair was black, and his eyes a lovely brown.
His appearance was altogether that of a man who knew the world, one who, having wealth spent, and got a great deal of pleasure out of life, yet his face was not that of a dissipated man of the world, but was pure and noble. Although many eyes were lifted as he passed through the coach, yet he was as unconscious of the attention that he was attracting as if he were strolling through a lonely forest walk. He went into the smoker, purchased a paper, and read until his destination was reached.

At Lytton, Jack Menninger, for such was the young man’s name, took a carriage for the hotel which was on the main street of the town. As he was on his way to the hotel he looked intently toward one of the houses that he passed. It was a large, beautiful building of stone and was the home of General Compton, of one of the first families of Lytton and the leading business man of the place, in fact he owned nearly all of the business of the place. The lawn around the house was the most beautiful that one could imagine, the grass ever green, and dotted here and there over it were magnificent palms rejoicing in the fresh air and sunshine. At the side and rather to the back, there ran a little brook, the music of which could ever be heard on the veranda of the house, adding much to the delightfulness of the place. Along the brook the shrubbery grew as natural as in the wildest place, yet was well kept. Here and there were rustic seats under some of the large trees, such places as one loves to find on a summer evening. “I wonder if that’s the place,” mused Jack. “It’s a beauty; never in my wanderings have I seen prettier, often more magnificent, more superb, but never prettier and more charming. She is just the kind that would reign a queen in a home like that.”

At the hotel Jack got his dinner, brushed himself, and went to the office, and to the clerk he said:

“Will you kindly give me directions to Gen. Compton’s home?”

“Just down the street you came up,” he said, “the stone house with the large lawn.”

“Thanks,” returned Jack.

As he walked down the street his thoughts were with a young girl whom he had met during his wanderings. Since the day that he met her while she was in school he had
thought often, and tenderly of her, for, "Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?" He had not seen her since that month that he spent in the city where she was attending a finishing school, and where he had met her. She liked him, and indirectly had heard quite a good deal of him since that time, so she was not very much surprised when she had a note from him saying that he was to pass through Lytton and would stop for a few days if she would consent. So Jack Menninger was hurrying up the walk to the home of Mary Compton, on this balmy summer afternoon. He rang and was shown into the handsomely furnished drawing room, after which the butler hastened with his card to Mary.

He hardly had time to notice that the room was large and airy, that the color in which the room was furnished was a beautiful shade of green, that the windows and the door upon the veranda facing the brook were open, that the breeze flowing in brought into the cool and delightful room the perfume of fresh flowers, when he heard behind him the rustle of a dress. He sprang up and was cordially greeted by the girl. She was of unusual grace and beauty. She was fair and rather slender, her hair was the color of the raven, falling in graceful waves back from a high and beautifully shaped forehead. Her eyes were black and even softer than the brown ones of the man whom she greeted. The gown that she wore was so simple as to look almost plain, yet on her it looked as if she had been draped by the Goddess of Beauty. It was the purest white and her only ornament was a white rose clasped at her waist. Venus must have been jealous when she looked upon this young girl, so great was her beauty and attractiveness.

"Why, Mr, Menninger," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you."

"And I to see you, Miss Compton," said Jack.

"Yes, how long it has been since we last met, just think, I was in school then; since that time I have been here at home trying to cheer my lonely father's life."

"And I have been wandering, leading, it seems to me, a worthless life."

So they talked on, bringing to mind pleasant memories of their past acquaintance, until some time after tea. Gen. Compton had been introduced during the evening, and had
talked a while with them. When Jack left, Gen. Compton turned to his daughter and said,

"A fine young man, that fellow."

"Yes, I like him," returned Mary, who kissing her father went to her room.

So passed the days pleasantly until one evening when Jack came to say that he would have to leave on the early train next morning. A shadow crossed Mary's face, but she only said, "Come let's sit on the lawn, the evening is delightful, and it is not half so pleasant in doors."

Jack readily consented and he led her to one of the rustic seats near the brook. They stayed later than usual that evening, but when they came back, a handsome solitaire flashed upon her finger, and they both looked radiantly happy.

As he bade her good bye he said, "Mary, I will write immediately, and you will write me often, won't you?"

"Yes, Jack, I will, and shall look eagerly for your letters; good bye."

Next morning Jack left, his heart sad with thoughts of leaving his lady love, and she, though it was very early, watched him from the window as he passed on his way to the depot. As she passed out of sight she turned and whispered, "Jack."

As Jack sped away that morning he left one enemy in Lytton in the person of Henry Spenser, who was an unsuccessful suitor of Mary Compton and jealous of any who gained her favor.

Only a short time passed before Spenser began the villainous plan of destroying Mary's faith in Jack, with the hope of winning her esteem for himself.

One evening as Mary was writing to Jack, Henry Spenser's card was brought up. She went down and during the evening he began to speak of Jack.

"You know that man is not the man he is taken to be," said he.

"Mr. Spenser, we will not speak of that, if you please," answered Mary.

"But we must! I must save you if I can from the great disaster of a union with that man."
“Mr. Spenser, I much prefer that we drop that subject,” she said, haughtily.

“But I will not, and you must listen. You know he is wealthy? Well, do you know how he obtained his wealth? I do, and I will tell you. He got it by gambling and doubtful investments. Marry him now if you will, he is a wicked man, what I have told you, I know.”

“Mr. Spenser, I will have to ask you to leave me, for I will not hear such things about Mr. Menninger. Good-bye.”

So Mary left him, but lingering in her mind were the words of Spenser. Little she knew how false they were, and how unjust to her noble lover. In the letter she posted the next morning she asked him to come to see her if he could.

In the meantime Jack had gotten a sudden summons to Europe, and her letter reached him too late for him to comply with her request. He wrote her to this effect and told her that he would see her as soon as he returned.

He was gone for a short while, and when he returned to Belville he found a note from Mary, breaking their engagement. He was stunned, he was shocked, he was grieved, and in his frenzy as he walked the platform of the depot, an impatient drummer was pacing the platform of the depot, her note into shreds and tossed it away, little dreaming of the evil that would come of it.

He hastened back to his boarding place, went to his room, closed the door and locked it.

Not very long after Jack left the depot, an impatient drummer was pacing the platform, and seeing the fragments of the letter picked them up, and to amuse himself began fitting them together. He smiled when he saw what it was and thought to himself of the fun he might have if he wrote to the young lady whose name was signed to the letter. So he wrote the following:

“My dear Miss Compton:—You were very wise indeed to break your engagement with Mr. Menninger. He is a man entirely unworthy of you, in fact your life would be miserable should you marry this man. Accept the advice of an unknown friend.

Yours,

Temple Wallace,

523 Harris St, L———
“Jolly,” he said as he posted the letter, “wonder what that will bring forth.”
A few days later he got the following reply:

Mr. Wallace,

Dear Sir:— Yesterday I received your astonishing letter. How you came to know of my broken engagement I cannot imagine. What do you know of this man? Upon what authority do you speak? As you are a gentleman, tell me what you know.

Mary Compton.

When Wallace got this letter he was astounded, he knew positively nothing of Mr. Menninger, in fact had never heard of him, but after taking the matter so far, he would go farther. Therefore he wrote,

My dear Miss Compton:— See no more of this man. I am anxious to see you, possibly sometime I may come to Lytton. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Temple Wallace.

When Mary received this she was justly indignant and wrote him this very curt reply.

Mr. Wallace:— I hope that you may never cross my path. I hate you and would never willingly see you.

Mary Compton.

On the mail that she sent this note she got a letter from Jack saying that he would go to Lytton that afternoon. Mary was joyful for she loved Jack and longed to prove him true and noble as she had formerly thought him to be.

That evening once again Jack entered the drawing room of the home of the girl he loved so well and sat waiting for her approach. She was lovelier, if possible, than ever that evening, at least Jack thought so. As they greeted each other Jack said, “Come, Mary, let’s sit by the brook, will you?”

“Yes, Jack, just as you wish,” she answered. When they were seated where they had been so happy on his former visit Jack said,
“Mary, why have you broken our engagement? Why have you been so hard on me?”
“O Jack, is it true,” she said handing him the first note Wallace had written her. He read it, and a dark frown crossed his face. When he finished he said,
“Is that all?”
“No, but how did Mr. Wallace know of our engagement?” she asked.
“Upon my word I don’t know, I never heard of this man Wallace, and I have told no one of our broken engagement. Do you know Mr. Wallace?”
“No, Jack, I never heard of him.”
“Well, dear, I know no man is worthy of you, but I am not the bad lot that he makes me out. What other reason prompted you to do this?”
O Jack, some one that said he knew told me that you had won all your wealth by gambling and fraudulent means, he also told papa and proved enough, papa said, to make him dare not trust me to your care.”
“Mary, all my honest titles and means of obtaining wealth, I will show your father, now dear, trust me, will you?”
“Yes,” she said, “I felt you were true, but I could not do otherwise than I did under the circumstances.”
“No, but it is all right now,” answered Jack. When she bade him good bye the diamond again flashed upon her finger.
Some days later as Mary passed out the drive for one of the long horse back rides she was accustomed to take, she noticed a man standing on the corner, but paid little attention to him, and as she came back he was standing near the same place. There were often stragglers around though, so unsuspected Wallace watched her pass.
“By George,” he exclaimed, “she is a beauty and I don’t blame that man for loving her.” He watched her until she passed out of sight, and paced the walk until she returned. He was entranced. He knew that he loved the girl before him, even though he had never met her. He longed for a word with her, just for a word. As she started into the driveway leading up to the house, the horse stumbled and fell, she being thrown forward. He
sprang toward her and assisted her to her feet. The thanked
him and led her horse to the house.
"Ah, she has spoken!" he cried, "The world for another
look like that!" He had entirely forgotten the engagement
he had with one of the merchants to show him his goods,
and when he looked at his watch it was time for him to be
at the place, so he hastened away. While he was showing
his goods to the merchant he overheard this conversation
in the store. "By the way, Mary Compton's engagement
to Mr. Menninger has been announced. I suppose they will
be married soon." "Yes," answered another, "and he is
a splendid young fellow."
Wallace heard no more, for just then the speakers moved
out of hearing distance. Alas! he thought, I was a fool.

"AN INTERPRETATION OF ALEXANDER'S FEAST"

According to a long established custom the people of Lon-
don always celebrated St. Cecilia's day, and in 1697 when the
musicians of that city were preparing for this celebration
they asked John Dryden to write a poem in honor of the
occasion. He chose for the subject of this poem, "Alexan-
der's Feast," or "The Power of Music."
The setting of this poem is in one of Persia's capitals
where a great feast is given in honor of the many victo-
ries of Alexander. Dryden writes of this magnificent display
at a victor's banquet in order to show the power of music
and fitly to honor the invention of St. Cecilia.
Alexander is at the royal feast sitting on an imperial
throne, the lovely Thais is sitting by his side, and the peers
and nobles are seated around him with their brows bound
with roses and myrtle. Seated on a small platform at the
right is Timotheus, an Athenian chorister, who gives the
music for the feast and in his song flatters Alexander very
much, for, while in Egypt, he had visited the shrine of Ju-
piter Ammon in the desert trying to get authoritative ev-
idence of his descent from the gods. This praise pleases the
crowd also and their shouts rise to the vaulted roofs.
The feast would not have been so voluptuous without the
presence of Bacchus, the god of wine; and now the musician
sings his praise ever fair and young. This music soothes
Alexander and he growing vain, gives another account of his victories in a most exaggerated manner. Now the musician wishes to infuse in the breast of Alexander pity for Darius and selects a mournful muse. He describes the poor unfortunate lying upon the bare earth, deserted by the friends who enjoyed his former bounty. This pathetic story so deeply affects Alexander that he begins to cry softly. By this change love is kindled in his heart, then the musician tells him that honor is but an empty bubble, that the world he has won is worth enjoying and that he should take the good the gods have given him. In this tender mood he looks at Thais who is sitting by his side and who has caused him so much care; he sighs as he thinks how the fate of war might have separated them; until at last, overcome by love and wine he sinks upon her breast and slumbers.

Timotheus then strikes a louder strain and awakes Alexander from his sweet reverie on the breast of the lovely Thais. This martial song of louder tone pictures to the king the Furies, with the snakes hissing in their hair and their gleaming eyes; and the ghostly band of Grecian ghosts whose bodies were left unburied on the plain, tossing the torches in their hands and pointing to the Persian abodes. The effect of this is so great that

The princes applaud with a furious joy,
   And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
   to destroy,
Thais led the way to light his prey
   And like another Helen fired another Troy.

Long ago while the organ was mute Timotheus could kindle sweet desires and swell the soul to rage, but at length, when divine Cecilia, the inventress of the organ, came she enlarged the lyre and added length to the solemn sounds. Shall old Timotheus yield the prize or divide the crown?

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
   She drew an angel down."

The rhythm of this beautiful poem is noble, majestic, and well regulated. The movement in the beginning is bright; as,
None but the brave
None but the brave
Deserve the fair.

Then it grows more intense; as,

A present deity! they shout around,
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

Farther on the agreement of sound and sense results in
a merry measure; as,

Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure
Sweet the pleasure after pain.

In contrast to this the repetition of “ Fallen, fallen, fallen,
fallen, fallen from his high estate,” gives sadness in describ-
ing the sympathy of Alexander for Darius. Then the bold,
revengeful rhythm of the last is made striking in contrast
with the soothing melody of the preceding stanza.

The words and allusions suggest much to us. The Gre-
cian ghosts suggest a battle field, horrible with the bodies
of the unburied soldiers. The Furies, Bacchus, Helen, and
Troy suggest the riches of mythology and ancient history.
Richness and beauty of sound effect is gained by artistic
use of smooth liquids, full and round vowels. This quality
is also increased by means of repetition, and alliteration:
the first is shown by the use of the last four lines in each
stanza as chorus; the second is found in many lines through-
out the poem.

S. P. K. '07.
HUNTING "ADS."

There are many who have a dreary fate,
In this world so wretched and bad;
But the girl who has to work early and late,
Is the girl who hunts for an "ad."

At first she is cheerful, jolly and gay,
And meets everything with a smile.
But all things change and so each day
Disheartens her all the while.

When first she walks into a store,
She is met by smile and a bow,
But, alas! When she states her errand
She's told, "Call again, we're busy just now."

So for days and weeks she tramps the streets,
And knows not where to turn.
For everywhere a frown she meets
That she feels she didn't earn.

But still she has some friends, you know,
Who gladly lend their aid;
So that in triumph, well deserved,
The magazine is made.

F. E. P.
Editorial Department

Louise Scarborough, Editor

VALUE OF A COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

This is a subject, which is treated of in nearly every college magazine some time during the year. It is one which, however, ought to be impressed on the minds of the students for various reasons. The college magazine belongs to each and every student and necessarily each one should realize of what value it is to her and to the college as a whole.

If each student would consider the magazine her own personal property, and endeavor to make it a true representative of the work done in the college, it would be so. Let us remember that our magazine is the students' mouth-piece through which the outside world will get the greater part of its information concerning what we do and how we think. And, too, let us remember they judge us largely by the kind of magazine we send out. It opens a way for students to show what writing capacity they have and stimulates them
to write. By affording opportunity for practice along this line the student is enabled to develop and fix a personal style which in time all writers acquire. Then there is another great value of this magazine, it fosters a college spirit such as, perhaps, no other phase of our work is able to do. What would a college be where there is no spirit manifested? We would all hate to see the spirit die out in our college. The greater the manifestation of spirit the more the girls are brought together and thus they are linked together by ties that are often permanent and perhaps will last through life.

Now let us enter a plea on behalf of the staff. Girls, we need your help, we need your contributions for the magazine! Help your literary editor, she can not do anything without your help, and it is not only your privilege, but your duty to support her.

SKETCH OF GREENVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.

What is now the Greenville Female College had its beginning in a log cabin situated somewhere near the site of the present building. In the year 1820, Mr. Vardry McBee gave thirty acres of land for the purpose of erecting school buildings in which the boys and girls of this city would have an opportunity of going to school. On this land there were two buildings erected, one of brick the other of logs. The boys had the pleasure of the brick building while the girls satisfied themselves with the log house. In 1854, the Baptist State Convention decided to establish a State denominational college for girls. The trustees of the Greenville Academies agreed to turn their property over to the Convention for this purpose. The convention put this property into the hands of the trustees of Furman University. Accordingly a small building, sixty by sixty feet, was erected on this ground. This was the real beginning of the present plant. A part of the original thirty acres of land was sold in order to pay for this new building.

From time to time there have been additions made to the college. In 1901, through the earnest work of Dr. C. S. Gardner, a wing was added to the right of the main building. In this is a large auditorium, something that the college had hitherto never possessed.
At this time the college is able to accommodate about eighty-five students and the faculty. This we realize is insufficient when we see how many girls are turned off each year. There are numbers and numbers who make application for rooms and on account of the size of our building they are obliged to be refused.

This pressing need for more room has been emphasized in the Convention and it has taken a great step toward improvement. Rev. L. A. Cooper has been elected financial agent for G. F. C. Mr. Cooper is now in the field and the time is not far distant when our fond hopes, for a new dormitory, will be realized.
Local Department

Ola Gregory, Editor

Under the auspices of the Alumnae Association of Greenville Female College a very enjoyable entertainment was given in the college auditorium January 30th by Douglas Leftwitch. Mr. Leftwitch imitates the old time darkey and does it well. The program was varied and consisted of songs, readings and banjo selections. A large number attended and enjoyed an evening with the old time darkey.

Dr. Willis, of New York, gave a lecture in the auditorium, January 31st, to the students of the college, on Physiognomy.

Miss Leda Poore visited her home in Belton, February 2nd.

On account of the ill health of her mother Miss Pearl Truluck had to leave school and return to her home, February 3d.

Miss Lucile de Calmes, a graduate of the college who is now teaching in Abbeville County, visited friends at the college February 5th.

The regular election of the officers for the Judson Literary Society was held February 12th.

The officers of the “A” division are:

President ........................................... Linnie Sherwood.
Vice-President .................................... Lela Norris.
Secretary .......................................... Omega Madden.
Treasurer ......................................... Marguerite Geer.

The officers of the “B” division are:

President ........................................... Ora Coleman.
Vice-President .................................... Leonie Padget.
Secretary .......................................... Carrie Wideman.
Treasurer ......................................... Frances Harper.
Through some mistake the Senior Special Class was omitted in the last issue of the Isaqueena. It is made up of all the Seniors in all the special departments of the college. The officers are as follows:

President .......................... Sarah Morgan.
Vice-President ...................... Lutie McGee.
Secretary and Treasurer .............. Gertrude Little.

A number of girls attended the public meeting of the Adelphian Society of Furman University. The program was very interesting and well carried out.

Another of the Lyceum numbers was given at the Opera House February 8th by Hon. David DeArmond, Congressman from Missouri.

Miss Mayme McAlister visited her home in Williamston February 9th.

Miss Willie Ellzey went to her home in Denmark, S. C. February 13th to the marriage of her sister, Miss Miss Montine Ellzey, a graduate of the college, to Mr. D. E. Neeley.

Miss Marguerite Geer visited her parents at Easley February 9th.

Miss Annie Parks, one of our girls, was married, February 13th to Dr. E. O. Posey of Woodruff.

Miss Bernard McWhirter's brother, a student of Clemson College, paid her a visit February 17th.

Mrs. Hathaway, of Saluda, has been spending some time with her cousin, Miss Ruth Etheredge, at the college.

Miss Louise Scarborough's brother paid her a short visit on his return from New York, where he has been attending school.

Miss Laurah Langston, a graduate of the college, visited her sister, Miss Grace Langston.
Misses Carter and Martha and Mozelle Alderman spent Sunday, February 18th, with Miss Fred Donnald at her home in Piedmont.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was given in the college auditorium Friday evening, February 23rd, by the members of the Dramatic Club. It is decidedly the best thing we have had in the way of dramatic work. It showed very careful study and preparation. The costumes were tastefully made in the style suited to the time in which the play was written. The proceeds, which went to the new gymnasium, amounted to over eighty dollars.

Miss Sallie McGee attended the marriage of her brother at her home in Honea Path, February 20th.

On Monday evening, February 21st, a delightful recital was given by the pupils in vocal and instrumental music. A large number attended and all enjoyed the program which was well rendered.

A number of the girls' mothers have visited them recently. Among them were Mrs. J. M. Geer, of Easley; Mrs. F. C. Poore, of Belton; Mrs. D. W. Alderman, of Alcolu; Mrs. H. S. Lipscomb, of Pacolet, and Mrs. J. L. Wideman, of Troy.

Miss Grace Langston visited her sister, Miss Laurah Langston, at Greers, where she is teaching school.

Miss Lois Brown's brother, a student of Clemson College, paid her a short visit, February 24th.

Miss Beulah Edge, of Union, visited Miss Beatrice Wildburn for a few days.

We are very sorry that Miss Rosa Ridgell has had to leave school on account of her health. We hope, however, that she may soon be able to return and take up her work again.
Our little friend, Miss Louise Sloan, met with a very painful accident, February 28th. She was very seriously burned by a lamp being overturned by a dog. Her case is still very serious, but she is reported much better.

Miss Lucie Johnson was called home February 28th on account of the illness of her little sister. We heard the following day of her sister's death. Our hearts go out to her in her bereavement.

Miss Minnie Scott was called home February 24th on account of the illness of her grandmother.

The "Kilties Band" gave a matinee in the college auditorium, February 28th.

The B. Y. P. U. of the first Baptist Church gave a reception at the church, Friday evening, March 2nd. A number of the girls attended and all reported a pleasant time.

Misses Lena Lipscomb and Carrie Jones, both graduates of the college, visited friends at the college, March 3rd.

Fresh L. E. says if she is called on in the Society to play that she is certainly going to "recline" the invitation.

Some one asked Senior R. D. where she could find something about Jupiter. She intelligently replied, "Why you can find all you want in the Geometry."

Fresh L. P. remembers when they brought the perpetual (petrified) man through her home.

Junior M. M. on being asked by what mountain Moses was buried answered "the Appalachen."

Junior J. C. to Business Manager L. N.—Are you the financial Secretary of the Isaqueena?

Ask Senior O. B. C. why she thinks love is an hallucination.
Junior A—e S. told Miss B. that she did not know who the pall bearer was at the Adelphan meeting, meaning Standard Bearer.

M. G. asked some one to please let her have her copy of “Much Ado About Nothing” so that she could see who the “characteristics” were.

Dr. James—“What are the three Mission Boards?”
Junior F. D.—“One of them is the State Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.”

Fresh F. N. says that she had a friend who had her face blondined. (enameled)

———asked one of the girls what “congregation” Mrs. James gave them in Latin.

Senior G. B. asked Miss D. if she knew the thirteen commandments. Senior L. N. hearing her remarked, “Oh, you have added one since I learned them.

One of the girls asked Junior M—tha A.—man if she had on a silk dress. She answered, “No, it is not silk, it is some kind of mesmerized goods.
Y. W. C. A. Department

Annie L. Miller, Editor

The new officers have taken up the Association work with much earnestness; and, although there is a great deal of work to be done, they feel as if they can do it successfully with the hearty co-operation of the entire Association.

There are several ways in which the girls seem to be very much interested in the welfare of the Association. Several weeks ago we lacked enthusiasm, and while there is room for more interest, we are delighted to see the great increase since our Rally in January. There have been several additions to the roll in quite a short time. We hope that it may not be long before all of the girls in school may see what it means in one’s spiritual life to identify one’s self by joining such a worthy organization as the Y. W. C. A.

Another encouraging sign is the interest the leaders of the regular Wednesday afternoon prayer-meetings are taking in preparing their talks. We have had several very important subjects discussed lately. One of which was: “My Words are What Part of my Life?” If we should consider this very carefully, we would surely see not only what an important part our words play in our own lives but also in the lives of our fellow-students; for we can injure one’s life very much by idle words.

There has been one business meeting since the new officers have been elected. The reports of the new committees were very good, considering the short time they had been at work. We feel as if every phase of our work has started steadily onward. As an association, which is alive, let’s push forward our Father’s work until we reach the Blessed Goal, and trust to hear from His lips: “Well done thou good and faithful servants.”

Dr. J. A. Brown, of Central Baptist Church, addressed our Association on Sunday afternoon, February 11th, at the public missionary meeting. He talked to us about Ester’s noble character. How much good it would do many of us
isAQUEENA.

if we should only take a few minutes to think of our charac-
ters in regard to nobleness!

We have been expecting to take up more personal work
in our Association, and we are very sorry we have not got-
ten a good start yet. In the near future we shall lay
more stress upon this important feature, and we hope that
there may be many who will see the importance of it.

O, let me tell it once again,
   The story of His love;
Who came to seek and save the lost,
   And guide them safe above.

He bore our frail humanity,
   Our Brother he became,
That He, upon the blood-stained cross,
   Might bear our sin and shame.

“Come unto me,” His tender call;
   The Spirit doth entreat,
The Bride, the Church, re-echoes, come;
   Let each the call repeat.

For whosoever will, may come,—
   Exhaustless the supply—
And from Life’s everlasting fount,
   May drink and never die.
The voice is a complex instrument of the capabilities whereof it is difficult to fully realize. Many regard the act of singing, (in itself) as a very easy thing to do, so simple is the final result of proper development and use of the vocal mechanism.

But aside from the possession of normally healthy and well formed vocal organism, there are other requisites for the making of an agreeable singer. One of these, to which the attention of the earnest student is especially directed, is the habit of thinking how the desired tone will sound before taking it. Just in proportion to the degree of thought of this tone (mentally) to our mental concept of the tone, so much more nearly will that tone or phrase approach to the degree of perfection in every regard which it should have. In other words, the student should think not merely what the pitch of this or that tone is to be, but to give to it his idea of perfection in quality, timbre, and resonance. To the beginner in the realm of this most beautiful of all Heaven-bestowed gifts—the Art of Song—the surest steps are made by having model tone presented, nor will this giving of a model tone to an intelligent mind be the means of making the student merely an imitator, since it must be assumed that most if not all human beings have within themselves that which will, if properly developed, give them power to express what is in the soul so that the listener may feel also with the singer.

Let the student of voice culture then be first of all earnest in thought, and let the reading of good prose and poetry be a habit of daily life. Then shall we find a better, finer taste existing musically in generations that succeed us, among those who desire to sing. Only by such means exercised on the part of the student of today, will students of
tomorrow achieve the result so much to be desired—in growing to be thoroughly musical amateurs in this delightful art.

M. H. B.

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

Method

Method is a tremendous word. It is also a calm and restful word. By means of the thing of which this word is the accepted symbol of English speaking people, all great achievements, divine or human, have been attained, since the creation of the world or the universe. Therefore, the word, or the thing for which it stands, is so tremendous, because it is so far reaching and vast.

Method is a calm and restful word in all that it implies, because it is the antithesis of chaos and disorder. Method is a suitable, logical and natural arrangement or application of a means to an end.

It is the design of method as applied to human activities to avoid wastefulness of effort in reaching a result.

Perceive! the idea is not to avoid an effort, but to avoid wasting an effort, and also to avoid wasting time. It is also "a mode of applying logical principles to the discovery, confirmation, or elucidation of truth." This last definition from the "Standard Dictionary," is but a method of expressing the same essential idea in a more spiritual form. Method is manner, whether of concrete actions, or of thought, and means essentially, the same thing in either case. Now, "ye gods and little fishes," dictionary makers and laymen!

If the word "method" does not mean all this, and nothing more nor less, let us cease our efforts to understand the meaning of human language, and the signification of its symbols, and revert to the jargon of monkeys in the cocoa-nut grove. Especially, "ye dictionary makers!" Why is it necessary to go out of your way to give the word "method" a special meaning as applied to music, and thereby imply that a universal law changes its nature when applied to a particular subject.

Why is a book of musical exercises any more a method than a book written with a view to teaching arithmetic or any other subject, real or imaginary.
Does not your sanction of the musicians' attempted monopoly of the word "method," while right enough as far as it goes, tend to mislead musicians and laymen alike in an important matter of terminology. The musician is engaged in a praiseworthy and noble pursuit, but that pursuit is not primarily, the exposition and preservation of the clearness of the English language and your pursuit is that alone. There can be no objection to the naming of a book of music instruction a "method," because such it is, in common with other methods of instruction in other subjects, but the objection to the dictionary emphasis of this particular application of the term is that it is misleading and tending to confirm the popular notion that natural laws are different and even cease to be effective in the real of the tone-art, with the result that we find the laity and to too great extent the "profession" taking leave of all common sense as soon as the subject of music is broached, as the following not uncommon instances will show:

A certain child was directed to lift his hand. He shoved it down repeatedly at each repetition of the direction, as far under the piano key-board as possible. When asked if he knew what to "lift up" meant, he replied, "O yes, but not in music."

Many students well advanced in arithmetic and other branches of mathematics know that two halves, or four quarters of an apple are equal to one whole apple, but are slow to comprehend that the same fractions of a stated amount of time are equal to one whole unit of time.

Many a parent knows he cannot succeed in business, or housekeeping without order and method, but cannot perceive the good of it in music, and conceives of method in music as merely a personal whim of some teacher, who, to be sure, must be humored in his whim in order to be "got along with." And so it goes from the cradle to old age. People know what "to lift up the hand" means, "but not in music." And you, Mr. Dictionary-man, are partly to blame.

But this is not the worst. You have allowed the enthusiastic and linguistically, irresponsible musician to influence you so far as to say that method may mean technic! At this point method in the classification of terms must cease, and chaos begin. Let us postpone the discussion of this word
technic till another time. Technic is not method, except in a figurative sense like "time is money." In reality, the one thing is a result of a fortunate and intelligent application of the other thing. Why not chase down these excellent, but much abused words to their ancient and respectable Greek origin? And, meanwhile, recollect that "lift up a hand" does not mean anything different in music from what it does in handling a hammer. Then, much of this nonsensical talk about methods will cease, and a sane and instructive discussion of the subjects can begin.

L. M. Hubbard.

The following program, given February 26th, 1906, was one of the most finished concerts that was ever given by the school. The piano numbers were, "The Sleigh-Ride," by Miss Louise Earle; "The Cuckoo's Song," by Miss Jennie Carpenter; "Moment Musical," by Miss Nina David; "Tyrolien," by Miss Nina Entzminger; "Le Feu Follet," by Miss Annie Miller; "Une Fate a Trianon," by Miss Willie Ellzey; "Refrain des Baigneuses," by Miss Ella Dorr; "Spring Song," by Miss Gertrude Baker; "The Maid-en's Wish," by Miss Gabriella Busbee; "Polonaise op-40, No. 1," by Miss Nettie Rochester; "Grande Valse Romantique," by Miss Lucie Johnson; "Le Papillon," by Miss Maggie Bullington. The vocal numbers were, "O, Fair, O Sweet and Holy," by Miss Callie Johnson; "Song of April," by Miss Annie Sherwood; "Jennesse," by Miss Ruth Etheredge; "Spring Time," by Miss Flossie Rickenbacker; "When the Heart is Young," by Miss Allie Mack; "Rose Maiden," by Chorus Closs.

ART DEPARTMENT.

You can develop a child's faculties by drawing better than by books; and no other study will so quicken his perceptions.

In the Art Department Miss Anna Watkins is doing some very good work in water color. Her work shows careful study and much refinement of feeling. She and Miss Frances Bottom have lately finished attractive studies, from nature, of lemons and violets. Miss Henel Findley and Anna
Marett have made rapid improvement in art. Although they have studied only six months their work compares favorably with many who have studied for a much longer period.

The Normal Class has designed some Honor Rolls for February. The result has been very gratifying. February being a patriotic month, of course, there were flags galore, cherries, hatchets, and fallen cherry trees. Three of the teachers were appointed judges and after careful consideration the best six were selected and marked according to their respective merit. The names of Miss Frances Bottom and Miss Janie Lou Latimer headed the list. The design by Miss Lula Brown showed most originality but was not quite so well balanced a composition as some of the others.

The original work for March is as follows:
Problem 1.—Decorated Honor Roll for March.
Problem 2.—Design, in color, for wall paper.
Also four problems in perspective to be solved. This work is to be done out of the class. S. W. H.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.

The Expression Department this year has been unusually interesting. The pupils are enthusiastic over their work, and show an intelligent grasp of it. A Dramatic Class was organized the first of the year, and has done some creditable work. In this connection we might mention the Physical Culture class, of which there are about seventy members. Most excellent work is being done in this department, and on account of the great increase in number since last year, it has been necessary to build a new Gymnasium, larger than the one formerly used.

This has been completed and used for some time. To this the addition of a dressing room has just been made.

On the evening of February 23rd, under the direction of Miss Lucile Carter, the Dramatic Class staged Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." On this occasion Miss Carter gave evidence of the high standard of work done in her department. The play as a whole was quite a success, and was given in a manner which would have done credit to more experienced actors than school girls.
One of the striking features of the evening was the music. The cast of characters was as follows:

Dramatis Personae.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon ............... Bessie Hawley.
Don John, his brother ........................ Lois Brown.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence .......... Ella Wharton.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, .......... May Putnam.
Leonato, Governor of Messina, ............ Gertrude Bradham.
Antonio, brother to Leonato ................ Fred Donnald.
Borachio, followers of Don John .......... Annie Sherwood.
Conrade ...................................... Edna David
Dogberry, officers of police in Messina ... Eunice Gideon.
Verges ....................................... Sara Morgan.
Seacoal, Watchmen .......................... Edith Kinghorn.
Oatcake ..................................... Minnie Scott.
Page .......................................... Annie Maud Wilber.
Friar Francis ................................. Martha Alderman.
Hero, daughter to Leonato, ............... Marguerite Geer.
Belthazar, servant to Don Pedro ........... Alline Mack
Beatrice, niece to Leonato ................. Rose Waddell.
Ursula, waiting gentlewomen to Hero ..... Mozelle Alderman.
Margaret ...................................... Mabel Meador.

Miss Bessie Hawley in the character of Don Pedro, was fittingly dressed in a black velvet robe, trimmed in white ermine; she wore a black wig, and mustache to match.

Her lines were given with ease and freedom, and her expression showed a clear understanding of her character.

Miss May Putnam, as Benedick, was held quite in contrast to Don Pedro; the robe was white plush and gold, with a wig of golden hair, and light mustache. This part was most excellently taken, showing Benedick the careless man of the world, railing at all affairs of love. The change from this disposition to that of the lover was well brought out by Miss Putnam. The humorous point about his having the toothache was well given. In the gestures were masculine strength and breadth. The voice was clear and distinctly heard, and the logical grasp of the whole situation was well followed.

Claudio—Miss Ella Wharton took with credit this part. She wore a garnet plush suit trimmed with gold, hat to
match, and a dark brown wig, and mustache. She seemed to interpret, and give the character of Claudio intelligently and sympathetically, and brought out well the contrast between Claudio and Benedick.

The pathos in a little scene, inserted by Miss Carter, she made very effective.

Miss Marguerite Geer, intaking the part of Hero, the bride was attired in a dress of white liberty satin and chiffon.

In the wedding procession she wore a veil of tulle which fell gracefully over her long train, and on her arm she carried a large bouquet of fern and white carnations.

The beauty and simplicity of Hero’s character were given excellently by her voice and manner, showing well the contrast between Hero, and her more brilliant cousin, Beatrice.

Rose Waddell, as Beatrice, wore a suit of blue silk beautifully trimmed in tulle of the same shade.

Miss Waddell was especially good in her wit and repartee. Her gestures were graceful and appropriate. The womanliness of Beatrice’s character is shown in the scene where she gives herself to Benedick.

Miss Martha Alderman made an excellent Friar. She wore a long black gown with a heavy cord about the waist, and a gold cross suspended from her neck. Her wig was of nearly white hair, and the old Friar was almost bald. His manner was dignified, and his lines given clearly. Very impressively was the recital of the refusal at the chapel given.

The best character work was done by Miss Gertrude Bradham as Leonato, not once did we realize that she was not other than the courtly old gentleman she impersonated.

Miss Bradham’s voice was splendid, her lines rhythmic and clear grasp of the character and the way she sustained it was fine. All could see and feel her grasp of the subtle technicalities of dramatic art.

She, in character of Leonato, wore a long royal purple velvet robe, trimmed with white ermine, a gray wig and mustache and was slightly bald.

The watchman scene given by Miss Sara Morgan, as Verges, Miss Kinghorn as Seacoal, and Miss Eunice Gideon as Dogberry, was one of the best.

Miss Gideon in taking the part of Dogberry wore a rough drab gown, and carried a long stick and a lantern.
Her voice was excellently suited to this character; her pantomime was amusing and strikingly appropriate.

Her dramatic ability was shown by her thorough participation in the entire scene, and by her relationship to the other characters.
One morning nearly ten years ago, I chanced to watch the dawn of an especially beautiful day. First, the eastern sky was o'erspread with the most delicately blended tints of pink and gold. Then came deep, rosy hues, with here and there a floating cloud in relief. A smoky mist appeared like a veil over the beauties of the east, enhancing their loveliness. The mountain showed a dark green in the background of the landscape. Nearer yet are wooded hills of pines and oaks, giving varying hues in green. Still nearer are shadows and lights in the valley. And over all like a halo of glory, I saw (in imagination if not in fact) the gorgeous colors of the rainbow. As the sun arose upon the scene of beauty, I turned away comforted after a season of trial. God would keep his promise and lead me.

A bright day of promise and of hope has dawned for the Greenville Female College. We who know and love our Alma Mater best have had a long, weary watch. Time and time again we have longed for better things for the college, but our hopes were deferred, we almost despaired. But behold now God has sent us a messenger. We hail his coming with delight. May he indeed be our prophet, and may his visions speedily become realities. Let us women of the Alumnae Association throughout the State in every county and township, rise as one woman to help our Financial Agent. Dear sisters, my message is to you. May God's spirit bear it to you and give you a prayer for our girls' education as you read these simple words.

Let us receive Mr. Cooper joyfully everywhere. Sisters of the Alumnae Association, let us help in this special effort for G. F. C. The crisis the dear old Mother is now facing is the greatest in her history. When her existence was threatened a few loyal friends saved her life—to sustain it she must have many liberal supporters. Shall we not unite
now at the propitious moment and make our College a pride and joy to the denomination, blessing and glory to the Master?

K. M. C.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Miss Anne Manly, one of the Invincible Trio of 1890, writes from Chicago University that she has been assisting her brother, Dr. Manly, who has a chair of English in that Institution. Miss Annie does faithful work in copying and preparing Dr. Manly's manuscripts for the printer. She has meanwhile taken several courses in the University. Annie Manly is a rare gem, her presence would be a benediction anywhere. May God speed all her undertakings.

The task which Carrie Bostick, of the Invincible Trio, has undertaken for the Master is well known to us. Ever a heroine in conquering the knotty problems which confronted her while under the "Mother's" wing, it was there that she learned the lessons which prepared her for the difficult places she meets in the school at Canton, China.

Anna Wells, the third of that Trio, and like the others distinguished for faithfulness and gentleness, was taken from earthly toil and honors, to heavenly rest and reward soon after graduation in the summer of 1890.

We have just received the sad news of Miss Bessie Mobley's death. She completed her college course in the class of 1895, and has since been engaged in teaching. On account of failing health she resigned her school. Miss Bessie passed away on February 14th, 1906, at Wilksburg, S. C., where she was visiting friends. The relatives and friends of our departed alumna have our heart-felt sympathy.

Miss Bessie Gary, a former student of the College, and Mr. G. G. Wells, Jr., were married at Cedartown, Ga., January 25th, 1906. Mrs. Wells is proving herself a noble daughter of the G. F. C. in caring for two orphan nephews of tender age. Mr. Wells is the son of the late Capt. G. G. Wells who was for many years an able trustee and friend of the college. We are pleased to remember him as a faithful Sunday School Superintendent of the First Baptist Church. May the honor which G. G. Jr. has recently taken
be but one of the many which he shall win following in the footsteps of his father.

Mrs. J. R. McCown, nee Lena Bostick, class 1883, now the busy wife of a Presbyterian elder, Florence, S. C., in reply to a request of the editor for something to publish, writes:-

"I would love to contribute something right away as you suggest, but would rather see the new magazine first and get some idea of how great an effort it would require to write for your department. You see, although I will always feel a warm interest in the dear old College, as evidenced by the pleasure an occasional bulletin gives me, I haven't kept in touch with life there; so can only imagine the great changes and improvements that have gone on. If you will kindly have a sample copy of "Isaqueena" sent to me, so that I may see how to subscribe, it may be that I can later on write something for your department. This work will I believe, be a real pleasure to you, and I do wish for you and believe that you will have all success."

It is indeed encouraging to receive such kindly expressions for the College and for the Alumnae Column in "Isaqueena." We shall have something from Mrs. McCown's facile pen ere long.

Mrs. H. W. Allen, nee Mamie Mendenhall, class of 1881, was one of the honored staff of the "College Mirror." Mrs. Allen is in every respect entitled to a place among the loveliest of the "Mother's" polished daughters. Mrs. Allen will respond to our request for a word to publish in the April number. We may expect something good.

Let us all read the article of Dr. A. C. Wilgins, "Missions and Christian Education for Women," in the Baptist Courier of March 1st.
Exchange Department

Gertrude Baker, Editor

The Exchange Department of the February number of The Echo seems to touch the right subject in saying that the Exchange editors need something to break the monotony of their criticisms.

The Isaqueena will gladly take up their lead and this month discuss the Exchange Departments of different magazines. The first heading taken up in The Echo, "The Love Story," is treated rather thoroughly. It must be remembered that the college magazines are mostly read by students, and students never tire of "The Love Story."

Then again it is not only amateur writers who make use of this subject. If you will notice, in one of the love stories of this number of The Echo, the author pictures the lovers as "resting beneath the branches of a spreading maple tree," and that seems to prove that the apple tree has already begun to see its fall.

As to unsigned articles, the fact of their being unsigned should not necessarily suggest that the author is ashamed of the work. Of course the author has some reason for not signing it, but every unsigned article has a different reason for bearing no signature.

The Exchange Department of The Chronicle is rather long, showing that they receive numerous exchanges. A great number of magazines are unknown to The Isaqueena, but the criticism on The Kalends brings up a subject which, judging from the criticisms of the different magazines, is one we will all find interesting, namely, what is true criticism. Criticism in our estimation should bring out the strong points as well as the weak ones,—it should both praise and blame.

Faultfinding is very beneficial to a great many writers, while to others it is very discouraging. The very fact that fault has been found seems to check the ambition
of the writers, while in praising the work you encourage them to make another attempt. No, we are not children, but can all bear criticism, still a word of praise is very helpful.

The first Co-Ed made its appearance on our tables this month, where it found a very warm welcome. Judging from a remark made by the Wofford Journal, The Co-Ed, like the Isaqueena, is a comparatively new magazine. We find them sailing in a boat with us on an untried sea. In our opinion the Exchange Department would be more beneficial if it were a little fuller.

The Palmetto is very pleasing, clever and attractive. The editor reads carefully every department of the magazines which she selects to criticise.

The criticism on the William and Mary magazine is well thought out and is a criticism that the authors of the different articles will surely find helpful.

The Exchange Department of The Wofford College Journal is treated very much in the same way as that of The Palmetto. One objection is that there isn't enough said about any one magazine. Let us not forget the object of the Exchange Department; if there is anything to be said, say enough to make the criticisms helpful.

The clippings are bright and catchy, but have done good service, for all the magazines including The Isaqueena have used them.

The Erskinian gives a new idea in its Exchange Department; instead of the usual clippings there are some general jokes. It is good to get out of ruts.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of The Wake Forest Student.
ISAQUEENA.

Conjugation of the word buss, to kiss.
Buss—to kiss.
Rebus—To kiss again.
Pluribus—to kiss many times.
Syllabus—to kiss a homely girl.
Blunderbus—to kiss the wrong person.
Omnibus—to kiss everybody.
Erebus—to kiss in the dark.
Diubus—to kiss a long time.—Ex.
Directory
of the
Greenville Female College

President ........................................ E. C. James, Litt. D.
Financial Secretary ............................. Rev. L. A. Cooper.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

President ....................................... Mrs. J. B. Earle.
Vice President .................................. miss Edith Hard.
Secretary ....................................... Mrs. Beattie Rowland.
Treasurer ....................................... Miss Lottie Manly.
Historian ....................................... Y. W. C. A.

President ....................................... Annie Miller.
Vice President .................................. Pauline Kelly.
Secretary ....................................... Pinkie Kennedy.
Treasurer ....................................... Mary Geer.

JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

President, Division A. ........................ Linnie Sherwood.
Vice President ................................. Lela Norris.
Secretary ....................................... Omega Madden.
Treasurer ....................................... Marguerite Geer.
President, Division B. ........................ Ora Coleman.
Vice President ................................ Leonie Padgett.
Secretary ....................................... Carie Wideman.
Treasurer ....................................... Francis Harper.
Greenville Female College

Faculty.

E. C. JAMES, Litt. D., President.

MISS M. C. JUDSON, Lady Principal,
English Literature, Physics, Astronomy, Botany.

MRS. E. C. JAMES, Associate Principal.
(Graduate Richmond Female Institute.)
Latin.

MISS LUCY R. HOYT, (Grad. G. F. C.)
History and Political Economy.

Mathematics.

MISS ETTA L. JACOBS, (B. A., Smith College)
Bible, Pedagogy, and Philosophy.

MISS VIRGINIA TAYLOR, (Grad. Penn. Nor. Col.)
English and Literature.

MISS HELEN DAVENPORT, (B. A., W. Col. Balto.)
Modern Languages.

J. S. JENNINGS, M. Ped.
Natural Science.

MISS FRANCES CALHOUN, Preceptress.
English.

MISS LUCILE CARTER, (Grad. Hollins Institute
and Curry School of Expression.)
Expression and Physical Culture.

LOUIS M. HUBBARD
Piano, Theory, and Harmony.

MRS. MAUD H. PARSONS
Voice Culture.

MISS MAGGIE BULLINGTON
Assistant in Piano.

MISS MONTEZ WILLIAMS
Assistant in Piano.

MRS. T. B. HAYNE
History of Music.

MISS SUE HALL, Principal of Art Department.


MISS IDA KEYS, Prin. Primary Dept.

MRS. KATE H. SLOAN, Matron.

MRS. ANNIE M. WILBUR, Housekeeper.
Reynolds & Earle
 FOR
 Drugs and Medicines
 Tooth Powders
 Talcum Powder, Nail Powder
 Face Powder
 Tooth Brushes, Toilet Cream
 Combs and Brushes
 Vaseline and Cold Cream
 Lowney’s Fine Candies
 Soda Water and Ice Cream
 111 Main Street

FURMAN UNIVERSITY
 Greenville, S. C.

Edwin M. Poteat, D.D., LL.D., President

A STANDARD COLLEGE OF
 LIBERAL ARTS

Courses are offered leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) and Master of Arts (M. A.).
Library, Reading Room, Laboratories.
Instruction Thorough. Expenses reduced to a minimum.

For Catalogue or further information, address
Professor W. F. Watson,
Secretary of the Faculty.
W. H. Houston & Brother

122 Main Street
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Books Magazines Newspapers
Blank Books Stationary
Fancy Goods
Pictures Picture Frames, Etc.
Eastman Kodaks and Supplies
Canary Birds

This Mattress
Is made of the purest Cotton Felts and is fully guaranteed.

For Sale by
L. A. James
Greenville's Wide-Awake Furniture Dealer.

HUDSON & JORDAN

Sellers of All Kinds of
GROCERIES

GO TO

J. F. BRUNS AND SEE HIS SELECT JEWELRY

To have your LAUNDRY receive the Best Attention, send to

HOKE'S STEAM LAUNDRY
A. D. HOKE, Proprietor
PHONE 119
Goods That Are the Best

Are the only kind that we handle because they are bound to please the palate and give entire satisfaction to the consumer. Nature has lent us life at interest like money, and has no fixed day for its payment, for life is short; but the memory of a well-fed life is eternal.

J. A. Bull Company
Rich, Smooth and Mellow,
J. A. B. No. 1 Coffee, 25c. per Pound

Pride & Patton
Reliable Shoes at Moderate Prices

A SHOE
To look well must fit well. Neither too large nor too small, and then it must be the kind of shoe suited to your foot—in other words it must be scientifically fitted. This we know how to do. If you are not a customer we will be pleased to have you become one. Our Stock is Large and Complete. Everything that is Stylish and Good.

A Pair of Slippers add pleasure to the evenings and comfort to the mornings
Headquarters for College Girls.

THIS store, because of its large stocks, unmatchable variety, is the place where the college girls usually find what they want. Then, too, we carry a complete line of small wares and fancy goods that are indispensable to a school girl’s wardrobe. Come to Arnold’s for any want in Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes and Millinery.

J. Thos. Arnold Co.,
Greenville, S. C.

Go to Barr’s Dry Goods Store
114-116 S. Main Street
For Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Gloves, Pyrography Woods, Zephrs, Novelties in Fine China. Greenville’s nearest approach to a Department Store.

...Suit Cases and Trunks a Specialty ...

The Baptist Courier
Greenville, S. C.

The recognized medium of communication for the hundred thousand Baptists in South Carolina.
Subscription price, $2.00 per year. To Furman and G. F. C. students, 50c. for the school session.
Office 120 Washington Street

Established 1892

Stephen Lane Folger
180 Broadway, New York

Watches Clocks Jewelry
Club and College Pins and Rings, Gold and Silver Medals
Ducky Darlings

Our footwear is especially adapted for college girls. We make a special study of the swell styles worn at Vassar and Wellesby. Shoes with distinctive style, with correct proportions and with that perfection of workmanship that makes them comfortable for the most delicate feet.

Humphreys-Childers Shoe Co.

Wheeler & Son,
Photographers

111 W. McBee Ave., Greenville, S. C.

EVERYTHING...

To make a student's room comfortable, cozy and pretty can be found at

E S POOLE'S
FURNITURE STORE

Handsome Rockers, Pictures, Etc.
OUR MOTTO:
THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE.
Full Weight, Full Count, Full Measure.

..WE SOLICIT..
The custom of those wishing the "Best" at legitimate prices

Roland Thomson & Co.
319 Buncombe St.
GREENVILLE, - - S. C.

GOOD PRINTING

AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

Work Done Promptly.

GREENVILLE NEWS
JOB DEPT.

Published by - G. Schirmer, - New York.

35 Union Square.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE SONG BOOK.
165 Pages

The best collection of College Songs for women's voices

...Price Net $1.00...
Frank Ferguson     A. B. Wardlaw

..Dentists..

123 1-2 S. Main Street, Greenville, S. C.

...NEXT TIME...

You are down town drop in at THE OUTLET for Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, Corsets, Belts, Hosery and Gloves. We sell Ladies' "Black Cat Hose." Any one who reads magazine advertisements knows what they are.

MAXWELL-FEAGLE-DAVID CO.

For Bulbs and Hot House Plants go to Sloan's Drug Store.

BOOKS

PICTURE FRAMES, FINE NOTE PAPER, STATIONERY.

FELTON'S Book Store

PHOTOGRAPHS

MADE IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES

Groupes for colleges a Specialty.

Special Prices to Students at

J. C. FITZGERALD'S

Greenville, South Carolina

EVERETT WADDY CO.,

Richmond, Va.

Established More Than One Quarter of Century.

ENGRAVERS AND

STATIONERS.

Commencement Invitations, Calling Cards and College Annuals.

The Largest Engraving Establishment in the South.
Dr. J. P. Carlisle
DENTIST
Main & Washington   Over Lewis & Hartzog's Streets  Greenville, S. C.  Drug Store

Brewer Printing Company

Brewer's Printing is Always Good.

William Goldsmith, Jr.

ALL LINES OF INSURANCE IN BEST COMPANIES. REAL ESTATE BEAUTIFUL lots "BOYCE LAWN" ADDITION. ACCESSIBLE TO CAR LINE. WATER. GAS, SEWER CONNECTIONS ALL TERMS REASONABLE

Palmetto Building
First Floor, Greenville, S. C.
Easter Flowers.

Easter Lilies, very fine, 25 cents; bloom Tulips, very fine, best to be had, 50 cents doz. Lily of the Valley, 50 and 75 cents doz. Carnations, 18 inches to 3 feet stem, $1.00 dozen.

My Ferns, Palms, Pines, Cycads, etc., are the finest and in best condition care and culture can make. Over 20 varieties ferns, many especially suited for fern dishes, 15 cents to $5.00 each.

Palm all have glossy green leaves, healthy, 13 varieties, 25 cents to $7.00.

Aruncaria Excelsa, 80 cents, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00. Cycas Revoluta, the famous Sago Palm, $1.50 to $4.00.

Begonia, Rex, Ruba, Aiba Picta, etc., Fuchsia—mix in seed and bloom, 20 to 40 cents. Geraniums, 15 to 30 en's, fine bedders, 20 cents. Bedding plants—Coleus, Salvia, Petunia, Verbena, Columbine, Pansy, Dahlia, Canna, Calliiums, etc.

It is a treat to visit my greenhouse. Be sure to come.

Phone 169 on Augusta St.

J. Newton Holland.

Augusta St.

Phone 169

Schwart, Kirwin & Fauss

"IF WE MADE IT FOR GOLD, IT'S GOLD"

JEWELERS
For the Leading Colleges, Schools and Academies.

CLASS, COLLEGE,
And FRATERNAL
PINS
AND
BADGES.

42 BARCLAY STREET

Dr.
T. Geo. Crime
Surgeon Dentist.

Office in National Bank Building,
Corner Main Street and McBee Ave
Greenville, S. C.
At Silreath-Durham Co's.

You will find the Correct Thing in

..Jewelry..

For your personal adornment and convenience. From our stock you can make selections that will please you, both as to beauty and price. We make a specialty of Class Rings, Class Pins and Society Pins.

Silreath-Durham Co.

208-210 S. Main St., Greenville, S. C.