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The Isaqueena - 1906, April

Mary Louise Scarborough
Greenville Woman's College

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ISAQUEENA



Vol. 1.

Greenville, S. C., April, 1906

No. 4

Published by the Students of the Greenville Female College



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ISADORENA

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.

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ISAQUEENA

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Vol. I Greenville, S. C., April, 1906 No. 4

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

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Literary Department

Ruth Etheredge, Editor

A GLIMPSE OF COLONIAL HOME LIFE.

What a sense of the great burden and the tremendous responsibility they had taken upon themselves must have possessed our pioneer forefathers when they began the new life in the new world! Behind them ever stretched the dark Atlantic, shutting out even a glimpse of the old homes they had left; before them lay a vast wilderness full of untold possibilities and unknown dangers. They had taken the step, and with many of them there was no turning back; so with characteristic courage and hardiness they set about converting the very obstacles into stepping stones. For a long time it was slow, tedious, almost heart-breaking work. The vast forests were there; granite and stone abounded; clay and

limestone were plenteous; but the facilities needed for rendering these things useful were as yet undreamed of by the colonists.

In these days of emergency many expedients were resorted to by the settlers. In New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey they went back to the custom of primitive days, and began their new life in hillside caves whose walls were made of sod, and whose roofs were covered with brush. In some parts of the South among the tribes of the Indians the native wigwams were made of plaited grasses or braided rushes, and in our own Carolina tents covered with layers of Palmetto leaves formed the dwelling place of the future planter.

But soon the pioneer resorted to the one friend upon which he could always rely—his broad-axe. With it he smote down the enemy in hand to hand encounters, and with it he hewed the trees and split the logs which were soon to shelter him and his from the dangers of the wilderness.

Can we not imagine now happy Mary was when John told her that soon the cabin would be under way, and how much joy each ring of the axe brought to her heart? With how much interest and concern did she watch John and the neighbors dig the trench, lay the logs one upon another and chink them with mud, and construct the bark roof? For a long time they debated the question as to whether they could afford a floor, and John finally came to the conclusion that by dint of hard labor they might indulge in the luxury. It was some time too before the size of the door and window and the material of their fastening could be decided upon. Mary was a wee bit disappointed that it was impossible for the cabin to be constructed around a stump such as served her sister Martha so beautifully for a table; but she concealed it well, and laughed with glee when John called to her that it was time to go home.

Inside, as out, the house was plain and bare: A platform supported by posts served as a bed; two rude stools stood by an equally rude table; a few cooking utensils sat on a shelf; a clumsy gun lay above the door. Outside, a few neighboring houses were visible, while nearby the stock-house, where they took refuge in times of danger, stood. It seems a dreary aspect to you and me, but it was a Paradise to Mary and John.

However, the next galaxy of Mary's and John's were not so well satisfied with the plain old cabins, and were more ambitious concerning architecture.

Now, each settlement followed the style to which its inhabitants had been accustomed in Europe. We have had drawn for us such admirable pictures of Dutch architecture of the early days in New York that we can almost see the steep gabled thatched roofed houses with the weathercocks, tiny windows and narrow doors. Especially vivid remains the picture of the long galleries where gossip flowed as freely as ale, and of the attic and the cellar where apples, potatoes, meats, pickles, preserves, cheese—indeed all those good things which were so successfully produced by the Dutch farmer and his frow, were stored in abundance.

In the South the homes of the English settlers were now made of dressed timber, and boasted of clay-covered partitions and a real stone chimney.

As the planters grew more prosperous through the cotton and tobacco traffic their dwellings naturally assumed a different appearance. We love to think and speak of these beautiful colonial homes of which Mount Vernon stands as a worthy type today—square, two-story buildings, with wide piazzas and large white columns, placed in beautiful groves; to the back the shining quarters and the numerous outhouses—kitchen, stables, coach-houses, cotton-houses, etc. Always there was my lay's "posey-garden," full of the odor of the pink, the lily, the lilac, and the marigold, and besieged in flowering time by the buzzing honey-bees. Our grandmothers sigh now and their eyes grow sadly reminiscent when the scent of the mignonette comes to them, for it speaks the language of other days, and brings back the stories of by-gone loves their mothers used to tell out in the blossoming gardens. In our own Carolina the shining magnolias are sacred to us, for the pure faces of their flowers have witnessed alike many a long conflict of love and hate, peace and war. Come what may, never for true beauty and home-likeness will the old houses be improved upon.

As one went North through Virginia into Pennsylvania and New Jersey the numerous outhouses disappeared, and the buildings were constructed of clay and mortar instead of wood. Everything was extremely plain, but scrupulously clean and prim—as characteristic of the people of that section

as the careless elegance was of the people of the South. In almost all the cities brick and mortar were now used, and by 1700 each house in Philadelphia had the "stoop" which today forms such an important factor in the social life of the "Quaker City."

In New England all the dwellings for about half a century were flimsily built cottages, but owing to the danger of fire which resulted from their being so frail in structure, they were displaced by the more substantial two-story houses which were built with the second story projecting over the first, in order, it is said, to afford a convenient place for shooting at the Indians, a very necessary precaution in those bloody days.

A later form of New England architecture was the huge, barn-like "clean-to." This house was two stories or two stories and a half in front, and had a peaked roof that sloped nearly to the ground in the back over an ell covering the kitchen. This sloping roof gave the one element of unconscious picturesqueness which redeemed the proaic ugliness of the barn-walled houses.

After a time wealth increased in the North, Puritan austerity softened despite itself, and society began to assume a courtly aspect. The King's governor and the King's soldiers with their ladies came over and set the pace for the people of the new land, and soon with characteristic progressiveness these people kept the step. Stately, dignified houses were built—simple yet elegant. Their few ornamentations--the panelled steps, graceful balustrades, massive arches, and carven knockers--are so exquisite in design and workmanship that they serve as models today.

The most picturesque as well as the most comfortable room in the early houses was the kitchen. Its walls were bare, its rafters dingy, its windows small and dim; but the floor and dresser were as white as soap and water could make them and the pewter always glistened with the housewife's scrubbing. In the South detached kitchens were used, and scores of these with their great brick ovens, huge fire-places and hanging cranes have come down to us. The most characteristic feature was the great wide-mouthed fire-places. Benches were placed on either side of these and here, warm and secure when the wind howled without, the children sat and watched sparks fly up the chimney to meet the stars.

Indeed it was about the only comfortable room in the house during the bitter cold which was some times almost unendurable. Soon the Germans of Pennsylvania introduced the stove, and this after a time, was generally used in the North; but the fire-place in a modified form, the emblem of comfort and cheer, remains in our Southland as a remnant of the old days.

One characteristic of their house-furnishing is lacking to-day--that is the mania for things to stand on legs which was without a doubt a boon to dust hating housewives. This peculiarity extended from cooking utensils to the furniture. Chests of drawers, Chippendale sideboards, and dressing cases stood a foot high, while the bed-steads, chiefest of them all, had to be climbed into by means of ladders.

Some years before the time of the high post bed, glass was brought in. Before this the town people had indulged in the luxury of oiled paper for admitting light, but the country men clung to the wooden shutter, which was such a good protection against the attacks of his mortal enemy.

In the days of the wooden shutter, John and Mary wrote their few letters to the kinsfolk beyond the seas by the light of a pine wood knot, and afterwards sat and talked as it gradually burned away in the corner of the fire-place. A good light it gave, but soon by the decrease of forest growth it was supplanted by candles. These at first were very expensive, but becoming more reasonable in price, they were generally used. The making of bayberries and whale's oil into candles formed an autumn duty of every housewife, and a hard one it was, too, for the huge pots and kettles---the chief domestic utensils of the day---used in manufacturing were extremely heavy and tiresome. These candles, which were exceedingly precious, were guarded with the greatest care and used in the most economical manner.

Pewter lamps appeared early on the lists of sale, but somehow the people loved the light of the candle and it was a long time before the lamps were generally used. One would not wonder at their choice if he had seen the greasy wick and sickly flame or smelled the vile odor of the new lamp.

The difficulty the colonists found in producing light was surpassed by the difficulties of producing fire. Each house had its flint and its tinder-box which were used in starting the blaze. If by carelessness, or if in times of absence, the

covered fire went out, some one, usually the small boy, bearing a pan, was forthwith dispatched to a neighbor's house to borrow some coals. This was a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, which soon the inventive brain of the colonists set about to remedy. Sticks dipped in sulphur was a great improvement over the old method, and prevailed in some form until matches were introduced, which was not until about fifty years ago.

In those early days the colonists were about as much perplexed concerning food as concerning fire. As the food brought from England to America was so limited on account of the imperfect means of transportation, the colonists were thrown upon their own resources, and forced to eat the products of the country, palatable or otherwise. We can imagine the people cautiously tasting the gay-colored berries and curious plants which grew so abundantly, fearful lest the Indian's declaration of their excellence prove untrue. Their principal diet was fish and game, for these they knew of themselves to be wholesome.

As for our common pumpkins, the colonists were very wary on the subject—that article evidently did not tickle their English palates. Soon, however, pumpkins, boiled with peas, beans, squash and corn—an Indian concoction—grew to be a favorite dish with them.

The sweet potato, especially in Carolina, was cooked in various ways—roasted in the ashes, boiled, fried and made into batter-cakes, which an Englishman said tasted as though they were composed of sweet almonds.

For many years the colonists had no tea, chocolate or coffee, as these were not in use in England when America was settled, but had to content themselves with beer and cider, or brandy and whiskey, according to their wealth. But about 1690 tea was introduced and was first sold in Boston by two licensed dealers. Many queer mistakes were made in regard to its proper use. A great number of the colonists put the tea into water, boiled it for a time, threw the liquid away, and ate the leaves, which the inhabitants of Salem, not finding very palatable, seasoned with butter and salt.

Soon the Americans, especially the women, grew very fond of the beverage, which was considered highly genteel. We have many a pretty picture now of fair dames and damsels with their huge white pompadours, large flowered dress-

es and high-heeled slippers sitting over their dainty tea-cups, discussing, we can imagine, the momentous questions of politics or frocks. But when the time came these women with true patriotism gladly gave up the drink which was costing their country so much, and comforted themselves with substitutes made from sage or sassafras until their rights were restored again.

One of the main reasons of America's success in her struggle for these rights was the independence of the people in their own homes of any outside help to give them every necessity of life. In the early days every farmer and his son raised woodland flax and, after a time cotton; his wife and daughters spun them into thread and yarn, knit these into stockings or mittens or wove them into linen and cloth which was then made into clothing. All of us have seen the spinning wheel, which has performed such a noble work in its time. If one of these could speak today it would tell a tale of the patient industry and untiring work of our grandmothers never to be forgot.

The dress of the Puritan settlers was extremely plain and severe, and was, as we have said above, wholly a home production. In their eyes the extravagant dress of the English at the time of the colonization of America was one of the chiefest evils of the day, and to carry out their crusade against personal pride the women adopted the plain dress of quiet color and the men the leathern breeches. One of the greatest sacrifices made by the Puritan was that of their flowing locks—the one thing above all others cherished by the people of that time. Their closely cropped heads made them special objects of derision and gained for them the title of "Round-heads." But as wealth increased the people refused to listen to even the minister's fiery discourses against the evil, and assumed a more and more elegant dress.

A little girl's apparel was as formal and extravagant as her mother's. How would the romping child of today feel if she were hampered with stiff silks, vast loop petticoats, and long stays, and forced to go stiling about in high-heeled slippers. The little brown maid would highly resent it if she were compelled to wear a velvet mask and long-armed gloves in order to preserve a fair bloom, even if it did win men's hearts. The similarity between the wardrobe of the

dame and the damsel will be shown by the following articles which George Washington ordered from England for Nellie Curtis, the latter being four years old at the time:

"Pack thread stays, stiff coats of silk, masks, bonnets, ruffles, necklaces, fans, silks and calmanco pumps, eight pairs of kid mits, and four pairs of gloves."

The dress of the men, as well as that of the women, was modelled after the English in fashion. The gentlemen wore coats, short knee-breeches and small clothes of the most precise pattern and of unusual richness and also affected the elaborate wig.

Among all this elegance, however, there was no wastefulness. Gauzes, silks and wools were dyed and re-dyed, and the same costume served many a fashionable dame for a number of consecutive seasons. Even in Charleston and Baltimore, the centers of fashion, the ladies were most economical in their dress.

Social pleasures did not wholly monopolize the minds of the colonial people; education had its share in their thoughts. The sons of the poor received their scant schooling in the backwoods schoolhouse; the sons of the wealthy received theirs at the hands of a tutor, and afterwards were usually sent to England. Very little attention was paid to the instruction of the poorer class of girls, but what was required for the "education" of those of the richer may be seen by the following advertisement of Mrs. Sarah Wilson, mistress of a boarding school in Philadelphia:

"Young ladies may be educated in a genteel manner, and pains taken to teach them in regards to their behaviour on reasonable terms. They may be taught all sorts of fine embroidery, needle work, viz., working on catgut or flowering muslin, satin stitch, quince stitch, tent stitch, cross stitch, open work, tambour, embroidering curtains or chairs, writing and ciphering. Likewise wax in all its several branches, never as yet particularly taught here; also how to take profiles in wax, to make wax flowers and fruits and pin-baskets."

Every little girl who was carefully brought up sewed a sampler. These were worked in various beautiful and difficult stitches in colored silks on loosely woven canvass.

Patchwork was another favorite employment: every child

had its pieces and learned to sew them together as it learned to talk.

This extensive needlework, however trifling it may seem to us now, was a virtue in those days when machines were unknown and each tiny stitch represented the labor of the hands.

Needle work did not occupy the thoughts of the pioneer women to so great an extent. They were vitally interested in the improvements their husbands were endeavoring to make.

When they first came over they found the Indians threading the shining streams in their light canoes, which were very valuable in their way, but totally unsuited for the use of the colonists. Consequently they set about making something they could use, and the result was that they soon were called a sloop. Owing to the narrowness of the paths which ran through the woods, carriages were impractical, and ladies and gentlemen alike rode horseback. Inland transportation was carried on by means of pack-horses until the covered wagons were introduced. With the building of roads came the building of coaches. The mere mention of the stage coach brings a breath of the old times, when, with its six or eight prancing horses, it operated between the principal cities of North and South.

This building of roads brought about the building of inns, both of which show the mutual interest which marks civilization and separates us from the lonely selfish life of the savage. At first games and dancing were prohibited in the inns, but soon, through the change of things, merriment and some times unseemly carousals became characteristics of the place. There were very few inns in the South, and finally, as the keepers complained, they had to be closed from sheer lack of patronage. The reason of this was the unbounded hospitality which is a part of the nature of every Southerner. To the stranger—no matter what his creed and circumstances, and these were never questioned—the doors of the poor and the wealthy alike were thrown wide open.

This hospitality was a part of their religion to which they were so devoted. The Puritans in their spiritual life were characterized by intense austerity and bigotry. The people of both sections were ardent church members—indeed there

were the most rigorous laws to enforce church-going and Sabbath keeping in social, political and spiritual life and the minister was a potentate. As time went on, however, religion lost a great deal of its severity and became permeated with a greater degree of the sweetness of charity.

For a long time the temperate habits which were the natural result of the stringent measures adopted kept the streets free from vice; but by and by the young men of the wealthier class, submerged in dissipation, made the alleys and passes a place of danger. Watchmen chosen from among the honest men of the town guarded the streets at night. Stories of the valuable services they rendered have come down to us and we can almost hear their "Twelve o'clock, and all's well."

Nineteen hundred and six, and all's well! We have taken a tiny glimpse into the home life of colonial times, and however meagre the information gained may be, we may perhaps better appreciate our country and its institutions of today.

EUNICE GIDEON.

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY.

When the sun slips away through the gathering mists,

And gone is the last golden ray;

When the shadows are deeping over the sky---

'Tis the blind man's holiday.

The flowers are closing their eyes for the night,

The last bird has finished his lay;

'Tis only the whispering of leaves can be heard,

In the blind man's holiday.

The mother is singing her baby to sleep,

The children come in from their play,

Their happy good-byes ring out through the dusk,

In the blind man's holiday

The lamps are not to be lighted as yet,

Let the work be folded away,

The task of the day, if not finished, can wait,

For the blind man's holiday.

'Tis a time of communing with those we love,

A time to pause in the fray,

The worry can wait---'tis a time to rest,

In the blind man's holiday.

THE REAL QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the annals of Women of Royalty the name of Elizabeth, second queen regnant of England, is the most distinguished. Her very birth was romantic; many changes came to her in childhood. Early she showed the same lofty spirit which darkened her life during her sister's reign. This made her of almost poetic interest as a royal heroine before her title to the royal succession was ratified by the voice of a generous people.

The attachments formed by Elizabeth in childhood and early youth were of the kind that last through life. She was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added personal beauty and very graceful manners. While fitting herself in her childhood for the throne, which as yet she saw afar off, she endeavored to conceal her object by being content with her quiet private life.

Like Augustus Caesar, Elizabeth understood the importance of acquiring the good will of that class whose friendship or enmity goes far to decide the fortunes of princes. She praised the good qualities in her people and was always faithful to her ministers. She had wit at command and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her, "that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment."

Elizabeth was remarkable for great demureness, so that Edward used to speak of her as his "sweet sister Temperance." The one quality which never failed her was personal courage, and her demeanor could be stately and royal when she chose.

It is said in the character of Elizabeth strength and weakness were singularly mixed. Her strength was a spirit that knew little fear. It was her courage which stimulated the nation at a time when the valorous leadership of a man could not have done more. She early resolved to share her throne with no man, yet she gave polite replies to questions concerning her marriage, but made it plain that the matter was one to be settled by herself. She had a perfect command of her passions, while Mary had none, and that was the winning quality by which she triumphed in the duel between the two.

The brilliant success of her government during a long reign, surrounded her maiden diadem with a blaze of glory, which has rendered her the most popular of our monarchs and blinded succeeding generations to her faults. She liked to have people admire her and say she could do certain things better than other people. She was very fond of music and learning in general.

The logical reasoning of Bacon, the eloquence of Sidney, the poetic talents of Spencer, and the genius of Shakespeare were combined to represent her as the impersonation of all earthly perfection. The warrant for her execution was at one time prepared, but her popularity saved her. "To know her was to love her."

Throckmorton said this of her concerning her visit to her step-mother.:

"Elizabeth there sojourned for a time,
 Gave fruitful hope of blossom blown in prime,
 For as this lady was a princess born,
 So she in princely virtues did excell;
 Humble she was and no degree would scorn,
 To talk with poorest souls she liked well;
 The sweetest violets being nearest to the ground,
 The greatest states in lowliness abound,
 She was disposed to mirth in company,
 Yet still regarding civil modesty."

In brief Michele says:

"Elizabeth was a lady of great elegance both of body and mind, though her face may be called pleasing rather than beautiful. Her wit and understanding are admirable, as she has proved by her conduct in the midst of suspicion and danger, when she concealed her religion and comforted herself like a good Catholic. This dissimulation on the part of Elizabeth appears like a practical illustration of the text, 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'"

B. M. S., '07.

ALWAYS TRUE.

Jack Carlton and Annie Mays were returning home from a party; the night was warm and beautiful, for it was in early June.

Jack and Annie had been playmates when only small children, and they were also great chums when they went to the same country school, and now that Annie had grown into a beautiful, tall girl, Jack called her his sweetheart, even tho' she insisted that she was only his chum.

Jack had never told her how deeply he loved her, but now as he was going to leave so soon he felt that he must tell her

They had now reached the mountain road, which she thought was so pretty. "Why not tell her now, for hadn't she once playfully said that if any one ever proposed to her that she hoped it would be while she was driving along this road."

"Annie, you have often heard me speak of my aunt and uncle in California. Well, today I had a letter from my aunt asking me to come and live with her and manage the lumber mill. My uncle died a few months ago, and I cannot refuse to go, especially since I have no father and mother to part with. I am to leave tomorrow afternoon. Perhaps I may not get to see you again after tonight, except to say good-bye."

"Annie, you must certainly know that I love you dearly, and shall always love you, but tell me, sweetheart, that you care a little for me, won't you?"

She was so surprised because he was going away that for awhile she did not speak.

"Jack, are you really going away! I can't bear to think of it, for—I do care."

"Sweetheart, I expect to come back for you as soon as I can. You will be true to me while I am away, won't you dear?"

"Yes, Jack, I shall always be true to you."

Jack left the next day for his aunt's home. He was very much pleased with everything, and his aunt soon grew to love him and decided she would leave him her property.

Time passed rapidly, it had been only a year since he had left, but he was real anxious to see Annie again, so he wrote

asking her to go back to California with him when he returned, to which proposition she consented.

He made his plans to leave for Elkton the next day; he went to the mill to give a few more directions, when the engine suddenly exploded and he was badly bruised and his leg was broken.

He was carried to his aunt's home and there received the best medical attention, but for some months his recovery was uncertain.

Annie was almost heart-broken when she heard of the accident that had befallen Jack. She wrote him many letters filled with sympathy and love.

After two years Jack was able to be out again, though it was a great effort for him to try to walk.

It made him very sad to see his disfigured face and crippled limbs, for he knew that he must now release Annie from her promise, as her bright, young life must not be burdened by his saddened one.

He wrote the letter releasing her, but he did not tell her of the great struggle that it cost him.

Annie received the letter, and while she saw his kindness and nobleness, yet she had no idea of taking back her promise, for his great misfortune had caused him to become dearer to her.

The letter that Annie sent to Jack never reached him, though for many weeks he expected to hear from her.

Annie expected an early reply to her letter, but months passed by and she had no word from Jack.

Then she began to doubt him, perhaps he only wrote the letter because he wished to stop the correspondence, if not for this reason, why didn't he write?

Seven years had passed since Jack Carlton had left his Elkton home, and now that he was back again he hardly recognized the place it was so changed. He, too, was changed in appearance, but he was the same at heart, for he loved Annie still.

It was not long before he inquired of Annie. He was told that she had been the sunshine of the village; every one loved her, both young and old, and that she had had many lovers, but she had not seemed to care for any of them.

One afternoon he decided to go along the old mountain

road and see the old spring at the foot of the hill. He reached the spring and sat down to dream of Annie.

He seemed to hear her say once again, "I shall always be true to you." Then he called her name.

"Jack, Jack Carlton, is it really you?"

He turned and looked into Annie's face. He was too surprised to speak, then he remembered that he must not let her know how much he cared.

"Why, Annie, what are you doing here?"

"I have been to see a sick friend and thought I would come back by the spring path, as it's so much nearer. Jack, why were you calling Annie?"

He forgot then that he had resolved not to tell her, and told her again of his love.

Explanations then followed about the letters, and soon all was made right again.

"Annie, are you sure that you still care for such a disfigured cripple as I am?"

"Jack, I know your heart is pure and beautiful, and that's what counts. I have, as I said I would, always been true to you."

F. N. H.

A SYMPOSIUM OF GREAT WOMEN.

In the nineteenth century what great advances women have made in education, in adopting many of the professions, and in the business world as well. How largely woman is interested in religious and philanthropic movements. In this article I will give sketches of women who have been prominent in various intellectual lines.

Among the distinguished women poets the highest place has been given to Sappho, born 612 B. C., at Eressos in the island of Lesbos. Her early education consisted of the teachings of Homer and Hesiod, and she sang the songs of her countrymen, Terpander and Perion. Later she went to Sicily, where she made the acquaintance of the great western poets, Stischons and Ibycus.

We know very little of the later life of Sappho except that she lived to a ripe old age and when she died left a name which the Greeks placed next to that of Homer. The Seseians erected a monument to her and stamped her image upon their coins. On his death-bed the wise Solon paid a

great tribute to her genius by asking the gods to allow him to live long enough to commit one of her poems to memory.

She is called by Plato, "the beautiful;" and she is often referred to as the "Turtle Muse." An epigram on the great lyric poet says: "Sappho was not the ninth among men; she is catalogued as the tenth among muses."

The simple language in which she expressed her love of nature reminds us of Burns and Goethe. She feels the beauty not only of the night, but also of every hour of the day. Of the morning she wrote, "Early upon the Golden Slipped Dawn," and of the evening, "O Hesperus! thou bringest all the glimmering dawn dispersed."

She loves all that is festive, songs, dances and purple robes are dear to her. To her lyre she says:

"Come thou my lyre divine,
Let speech be thine."

The loving soul at home and in a beautiful body calls forth her supreme admiration and love. Her joy in such souls expresses itself in this:

"Love again, unerring night,
Bitter sweet doth shake and smite,
Like a serpent folded tight."

The character of Sappho's work may be thus summed:

"Take Homer's unstudied directness, Dante's intensity without his mysticism, Kent's sensibility without his sensuousness, Burn's masculine strength, and Lady Wairne's exquisite pathos that goes straight to the heart and stays there and you have Sappho." What a darkened world it must have been that allowed such poetry as hers to be lost. And yet it is not lost. Enough remains to show us the extent of our loss; and of it we may say in the words of the ancient epigram:

"Sappho's white speaking pages of dear song,
Yet linger with us and will linger long."

Mary Ann Evans was born in a plain white washed stone structure built two hundred years ago. Here after her mother died, she had to work very hard, scrubbed floors, kept house, and was herself a mother to her brothers and sisters.

Although under her toils she found time to read and question. For this reason we can account for the sadness in her writings.

When she was blossoming into womanhood her father moved to Coventry, and here she found herself thrown with cultured people. The eight years at Coventry transformed the awkward country girl into a woman of intellect and purpose. She knew something of all sciences, all philosophies, and she had become a proficient scholar in German and French.

Miss Evans made short visits to London with her Coventry friends. After one of these visits she came back tired and weary and wrote this most womanly wish: "My only ardent desire is to find some feminine task to discharge, some possibility of devoting myself to some one and making that one purely and calmly happy."

But soon her father died and her means were scanty. She did translating and tried the magazines with articles that generally came back with "respectfully declined." Then an offer came as sub-editor of the Westminster Review. It was hard work and plenty of it but that was what she desired. She accepted and went to London. Here she had the opportunity of meeting many brilliant people.

It was not love at first sight with her; for George Henry Lewis made an unfavorable impression on her. After having met Miss Evans he saw the calm depths of her mind, and he asked her to correct proofs for him. As she did so he discovered there was merit in her.

They married and disappeared, having gone to Germany. They spent six months in Weimas and other literary centers, then returned to England. They went to housekeeping at Richmond. At this time the future novelist seemed only to assist her husband. They were very happy as they wrote, studied and copied together. He urged her to write a story. She hesitated, but at last attempted one. When she finished the first chapter they read it and cried over it. He corrected the remaining chapters as they were finished and encouraged her.

At the back of the second story of their little house there was a peculiar bay window overlooking the tiny garden. This was her workshop. There was a table in the center of

the room and three low bookcases with pretty ornaments above. In the bay window was the most conspicuous object of all, a fine marble bust of Goethe.

On her tombstone we find: "Of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence."

Here rests the body of
"GEORGE ELIOT"
(Mary Ann Cross)
Born 22 November, 1819,
Died 22 December, 1880.

Rosa Bonner, the greatest woman artist the world has ever produced, was born at Bodeaux, France, March 21, 1822, and died at Fontainebleau May, 26, 1899.

Landsur showed ability at three years of age and Rosa at four. Both made a specialty of animals, so some of their work shows a marked similarity.

Rosa's parents were very poor. Her mother died while Rosa was quite young and her father did not know what to do with the unusual child. She would not study. She was sent home in disgrace from school. Her father then apprenticed her to a seamstress, with no better results. Finally he kept her at home to help him mix his colors and wash his brushes. One day she surprised him by painting a bunch of cherries. This marked the turning point. He at last found something she was fit for and guided her genius.

At that time it was not considered the proper thing for a woman to be an artist, but desiring to see the restrictions of woman's career broken down and his daughter famous he permitted her to study art.

She was naturally inclined to the painting of animals. It is said that her brothers used to carry a sheep up to her room for a model. Later when she gained wealth through fame she kept a menagerie about her chateau in Fontainebleau, in order to have near at hand the models of which she was so fond.

Her life is an illustration of the adage, "No excellence without great labor." She was never idle, although she was a person of great genius. She had many honors bestowed upon her and received many medals. In 1865 Maximilian and Carlotta sent her the Cross of San Carlos; and the same

year Empress Eugenie conferred upon her the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which had never before been given to any woman on account of genius.

Some of her best known pictures are, "Oxen Ploughing," "The Old Monarch," "Thoroughbred," "A Noble Charger," and "Coming from the Fair," but her most famous painting is the "Horse Fair."

The next is the greatest of the Temperance women, Frances E. Willard, born at Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839. She received in awe and love the early impressions of the ideas of religion and scholarship at Oberlin, Ohio. She strongly repelled occupations not to her taste, but she was eager to grapple with principles, philosophies and philanthropies.

She was graduated at the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois. Taking her student life as a whole we find her brave and modest, merry and wise, winsome, generous and good, gracious in her dignity, dainty in attire, remarkable in scholarship, and valedictorian of her class. She tells us that her school days were a blessed time, full of happiness.

Who thought that in 1874 that Miss Willard was to be Dean of the Northwestern Female College, then professor of aesthetics in the same institution, and finally the leader of the temperance movement in America?

She soon went to the East to study the temperance movement and to confer with its leaders in New York City, Boston and Portland. She went down into the slums of New York and saw its needs of the mission temperance work.

While she was visiting in Cambridge Massachusetts, she received two letters on the same day. One offered her the position as Lady Principal of Dr. Van Norman's school for young women, while the other from Miss Louise Rounds asked her to take the presidency of the World's Christian Temperance Union. Dr. Van Norman's offer was declined and that of Miss Rounds accepted. This was the real election of Frances E. Willard's life. This was her choice of a career.

Almost immediately upon her election to the National Presidency she began that wonderful tour which was not to

end until she had spoken in every city and town of ten thousand inhabitants in the United States.

To Miss Willard the train was only a workshop. As it moved on her busy fingers were constantly flying over her writing tablet. Some of her best utterances were given to the world at this time.

As a presiding officer she was without a peer. It was an education in itself to see her quiet the hosts at one of the great conventions. She was not an uncrowned, but a crowned queen of those days, when her loyal, devoted subjects delighted to bow to her mandate and to do her glad homage.

Miss Willard held great meetings while in England and requests came from all parts that she should visit them. When the physicians were consulted about her health they declared that absolute rest was necessary for the restoration of her strength. Slowly there was wrought in her a marvelous change by the quiet and the beauty of Lady Somerset's own home. She soon after departed for America, where she received glad welcome. In the home of her loved niece she breathed her last February 20th.

Queen Victoria, the greatest of all queens, was born May 24, 1819, at Kensington Place. Her father died when she was eight years old. She was carefully trained by her mother, taught regular habits and strict economy. She sang, rode, danced, and excelled with the bow and arrow. She was also taught to be self-reliant, brave and systematical.

At fifteen she was allowed the society of the young Prince Albert, her cousin. The young people found each other agreeable, much to the satisfaction of their mothers.

She was crowned January 20, 1837, at five a. m. She was proclaimed queen and appeared on the throne in the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament. A year later the ceremony of her coronation took place.

Her marriage with Prince Albert was very rare in the annals of marriages in the royal family, because they are usually made to marry to carry out some business matters.

She was strict in her mode of living. Her attitude toward the moral question was of the very highest and she desired peace above all things. The nation loved, adored, and respected her. One of the lords said he would rather try to

influence a dozen kings than Queen Victoria, because she was so careful in her way of governing.

The death of Prince Albert came at Christmas time and she felt her first sorrow at Osborne. She was never like herself again. She did not take an active part in public affairs as before. Some even suggested that she be asked to abdicate in favor of her son, but this was not favorably received by her loyal subjects.

"She outlived nineteen ministers." In admiring Victoria we must pass by the fact that she was no friend of democratic rule, but remember that she has successfully played the part that was set for poor Marie Antionette at the capital of mankind, whose wealth has made its largest purse. When temptation to waste and dissipation has whispered its softest, there for the greater part of one hundred years, only the moral man and woman have received approbation. People are less savage and more just because Victoria has lived and ruled.

M. G., '07.

THE MASQUERADER.

Katherine Cecil Thurston in the Masquerader handles an impossible plot; that is, it could not be true to life; it is so well written, however, that one soon forgets that it is impossible and enjoys the story.

The scene is laid in London and it was during one of those famous London fogs that a young man named John Chilcote came hurrying down the street when he suddenly collided with another man, John Loder. They stopped and talked about the topics of the day, as they could not see which way to move. While standing there Chilcote struck a match to light a cigarette and saw to his astonishment a man so strangely like himself that it was some time before they both realized the truth of it. On close examination you would see that they were exactly alike only that Loder had a scar on the fourth finger, which had been given him in getting a dog out of a wreck for a lady. Loder was of noble birth and had wealth, but through some misfortune he had lost both wealth and family. He was well educated and had been ambitious. Chilcote was the opposite; he was married, was

wealthy, and belonged to the House of Lords. He was a very popular man, but, alas, his nerves were all gone, so was forced to take morphia.

The night after, Chilcote thought it all out and made a plan. The next day he went to Loder and laid the following proposition before him: he would give him a certain amount a week to exchange places with him, providing Loder would exchange back any time Chilcote wanted him to do so. After much insistence on Chilcote's part Loder consented. Loder understood from Chilcote that he would not see much of Chilcote's wife, as they lived their own lives as they pleased and saw as little of each other as possible.

Loder's ambition was his one weak point; he had always wanted to make a name for himself in Parliament, so now he had a chance, and he made fine use of the opportunity. He rose continually, despite the fact that there were long intervals when Chilcote came back and did nothing.

There was one woman, Lady Astrupp, who knew the two men apart, and it was by accident that she found them out. She was the lady for whom Loder had rescued the dog, and as she nursed his hand for him she knew the scar. Unfortunately for both men, Loder one day had to remove the rings he wore to cover the scar, and the lady saw the scar that she knew Chilcote did not have. At first she thought of exposing him, but Loder showed her that people would believe their eyes before they would a woman's statement about a small scar. She saw she was powerless. She did not say what she would do, but it was evident that she would do nothing.

Three weeks later Loder made a great speech at the House and on the way back, for the first time, he realized that he loved Eve, Chilcote's wife, and then and there he determined to go to Chilcote and tell him that he would not practice the deception any longer. Accordingly, he went to Chilcote and told him the plain facts. Chilcote returned home. The next day he was back again. He said: "This morning I was all unstrung, so I determined to telegraph for you. I at once went to the desk and wrote quite a long telegram, for I had to explain why I wanted you back. When I was through I tried to ring the bell, but it would not ring, and, while I was out, Lady Astrupp was shown into the room. She read the telegram, which explained

everything. Eve also came into the room, but she does not count." Loder heard him through, then he got up and went back to unravel the tangle Chilcote had made.

Lady Astrupp soon afterwards invited Loder to a play entitled "Other Men's Shoes," showing to him that she understood the situation of his living a double life, even if she could not prove it. The play was something of the life he was living. It showed to him his life in its true light. As he loved Eve he knew he must leave, so he went back to her with that intention.

The last scene between Loder and Eve, that in which, before and after Chilcote's death in Loder's rooms, they learn each other and readjust their lives, is strongly and delicately handled.

Miss Thurston developed her characters in this story carefully and well.

Chilcote goes down and down, and after exchanging with Loder, he returns to the life of Chilcote at longer and longer intervals, finally dying of morphia in Loder's rooms. Can't you picture the man's struggle with the vice that had been his slave while it gradually became master?

Loder's one weakness, if it was a weakness, was ambition, and it was owing to this passion that Chilcote gained the exchange of identities. Loder had yearned for an opportunity to show the powers he knew he possessed, and, suddenly to have this chance to be in the House of Lords sprung upon him, was beyond his power of refusal.

The difficulties of his political life he managed as he thought he could; but when it came to the domestic life, to which he had given little thought, the real test of character began. Eve possessed every quality that appealed to him, and he had every quality, only stronger, than she had believed her husband possessed before he began the use of the drug. This forced a series of situations that tested and developed the characters of both. He learend to know a true love, which was something stronger than his overmastering ambition. For this love he overcomes every temptation, and would have at last sacrificed himself for her.

Eve was a woman who could inspire a man, if he could be inspired; she was beautiful, ambitious, capable, unselfish, of strong emotions. Chilcote had disappointed this woman

and made her cold and hopeless. The sudden development of all she had hoped for of Chilcote won her love to Loder while she still thought him her husband.

When each knew the other knew the true situation, they both were strong enough to do the right thing, although it seemingly meant the ruin of their happiness. Chilcote's sudden death left Loder with spent energies, and it was then that Eve rose to the emergency and with her clearer insight brought order out of chaos and made their future happiness possible.

H. M. B.

A DREAM OF A COTTAGE.

It was now bleak September in the South, and many of the colleges were opening. As the train stopped at various stations, many students boarded it. Some seemed gay, some sad, for many were leaving the ties of home for the first time, and were going off to act for themselves in the world.

On one car of this train could be seen a very frail looking young man, who showed signs of pulmonary weakness. He was very neatly dressed and had a fine face which, although thin, was characterized by brightness and intellect. He was on his way to ———— to attend college, and his name was George Steen.

Stations, houses and trees flew past. After a time the train came to a very neat little waiting room, around which were crowds of people, to bid the students farewell. In the crowd was a certain girl, who, with a middle-aged man, boarded the train and took the seat in front of the one that George occupied. In the conversation that took place between this girl and the man, George found out that she, too, was on her way to ———— to attend college. He took more interest in her.

Everything was going along smoothly, when there was a sudden jerk, a shrill whistle, and the train and its occupants had rolled down an embankment. It was not long before assistance came, and, as George was near the door, he was one of the first to be relieved. With others' help he was soon able to remove this girl to a cot near by. She was suffering from a very severely sprained ankle.

When she was beginning to feel better, she requested a

drink of water, which George ran off to get. After he returned he fainted and fell with his head in her lap. She fanned him, and in a few minutes he opened his eyes, surprised, but not embarrassed to see where he was.

At last another train came to take the people to their destination, which was not far away. By this time George found out the girl's name was Octavia Smith, and that this elder man was her father.

When they arrived at the depot in —— Mr. Smith invited George to call on his daughter, and of course he accepted the invitation.

The next day was the opening day of George's college. As George went to chapel exercises, he saw all new faces, and longed for a time to come when he could see one that he knew. He went to all classes, but his thoughts were far from books. At last the old bell in the tower rang out clearly, which meant that school was finished for the first day.

George went home and ate his dinner, then went up street where he met a crowd of boys. They strolled past the college, but Octavia was not there, because she stayed at a private boarding house.

At last the time came for him to call on her, so he dressed, and making a fine appearance, he went off happy. His blue eyes seemed to hold his secret as he hurried along the way. When he arrived at Octavia's boarding house he was met by Mr. Smith. In a short while Octavia came in on her crutches, looking so pretty and attractive.

They talked on common subjects, and when the time came for George to leave, Mr. Smith invited him to call again.

Octavia and her father sat up late discussing George. He had made a good impression on them. Mr. Smith thought him a true boy, and knew by his manner that he had been well trained.

That night when George went home his heart was light. He dreamed of living happily with Octavia in a lovely little vine-covered cottage, with vast plantations around, and a large amount of money in the bank. He is a progressive farmer, and Octavia a lively little house-keeper. When he awoke he felt sad to think such as this could never come to pass. He longs to marry Octavia, but when he thinks of

his widowed mother far up North, he tries to banish such thoughts.

Days flew past, and Friday night has arrived at last. He proceeded to Octavia's boarding house, and was met by her. She was off her crutches, but still limped a little. Her black, wavy hair and her soft white dress made her a charming picture. Her soft brown eyes penetrated his heart. After a long conversation, Mr. Smith came in and spoke to George, staying only a few minutes. By this time George could no longer hold his tongue, so he said, "Octavia, I care for you, and more, I love you. Is my love in vain?" She felt her face growing crimson, and looking downward, she replied, "Your love is not in vain. I love you, too." For a while neither spoke, and the silence was broken by the old clock on the stairs striking ten. He knew that it must be time to go, so he bade her farewell, and left.

The next day each thought of the other during school hours. It seemed to both that they were taking a new life—it was the first time that either had been away from home to stay, first time they had ever been in a wreck, and last, but not least, first time they had ever really loved.

* * * *

It was now nearing Christmas, and George knew what a lonsome time it meant for him, as he was not going home to spend the holidays.

On the Friday night before they left, there was a recital at the college, and after it was over the girls and boys had the last chance to meet each other before leaving for home. George asked for Octavia, and when they got together they went off to the farthest corner to bid each other farewell for a short while. George's heart was opened. "Octavia," he said, "when you go home are you going to forget the one that loves you best of all?" By this time Octavia felt that he really did love her, so she replied, "No, never! how could I forsake the one that I love best of all!" Just about that time came the bell which meant for all to leave. They bade each other good bye, and as George turned to leave Octavia, he said, "Remember me when we are far apart." She replied, "Yes, I will." These words rang in his ears for the next ten days.

In the course of ten days the students returned. What a

joy it brought to George's heart! He had thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night.

* * * *

They had now loved each other for now nearly three years. It is now May, and both are to receive the M. A. degree in June. Octavia is wearing a large diamond ring, and what does this mean? One could easily guess, although it had never been mentioned by either of them.

* * * *

Commencement week is here at last. Octavia's mother has just arrived and George has gone to the station to meet his mother. To-night is to be commencement at George's college. When George got up to make his speech, he saw his mother, who was so proud of her boy. When the president got up to deliver the medals and prizes, everything was quiet and everybody in suspense to know who had won the first honor. When he called out "George Steen," a sensation passed through the crowd and a great applause arose. It was such a surprise to every one, and especially to Octavia. She felt like screaming, but she controlled herself very well indeed.

The next night came the commencement at Octavia's college. The exercises were very appropriate, and, when they read out the name for medal in music and scholarship, she was presented with both. She glanced at George and felt such a queer sensation steal over her.

* * * *

In two months' time what a tumult and bustle there was at the Smith's home. There was to be a wedding in two days. Mrs. Steen had just arrived. Invitations had been issued, and it promised to be a grand affair.

The two days passed and Octavia and George were made one. Mr. Smith had a lovely little cottage all ready and waiting in the midst of a large plantation. He had put some money in the bank for them to start off their bank account with. Most of the cottage was ready furnished, and with the presents they had received, they were soon able to go to housekeeping. Mrs. Steen lived with them in their dear and happy little home.

All of George's dream of life had come true.

And they lived happy ever after.

M. F. G., '08.

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

St. Grail, or Holy Grail, was the name given by Romancers to the dish, or bowl, from which Jesus Christ was said to have eaten on the evening of the last supper with his disciples.

In the French romance of St. Grail, it is said that Joseph of Aramathea, having obtained permission from Pilot to take down the body of Jesus from the cross, proceeded first to the room in which the supper was held and found there this vessel. As he took down the Lord's body he received into this dish many drops of blood which issued from the still open wounds of his feet, hands and side.

The legend says that it was afterwards carried by Joseph to Britain, and that it remained in possession of his descendants for many years. The keepers of this object of adoration were required to be pure in thought, word and deed; but one of the custodians having sinned, the Holy Grail disappeared from Britain.

From that time it became a favorite enterprise of the Knights to go in search of it.

Lowell has made this ancient legend the subject of an exquisite poem, the "Vision of Sir Launfal." The story runs thus: Sir Launfal had registered a vow to "go over land and sea in search of the Holy Grail." On the evening before his departure he had a vision. He leaves the grand castle whose gates opened only to lord or lady of high degree. Forth rode the knight, young and strong and dressed in richest mail. Beside the gate crouched a leper with extended hand, begging alms. His dainty nature turned in scorn from the miserable object, and, tossing him a piece of gold, he resumed his journey.

Many years past, Sir Launfal returned an old, bent man, to find another in his castle. As he sits without, shelterless, musing, again he sees the grewsome thing cowering beside him. Suddenly Sir Launfal recognizes in the leper "an image of Him who died on the tree." Parting in twain his single crust, and bringing water from the stream, he gave the leper to eat and drink.

As Sir Launfal mused a light shone round the place. The leper crouched no longer by his side, but stood before him glorified..

"Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate."

Sir Launfal awoke and ordered his armor, which he found useless now, to be hung in the hall. He had found the Grail in his castle.

"The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall,
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

F. B. H.



ISAQUEENA

Published by the Students of Greenville Female College

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Editorial Department

Louise Scarborough, Editor

We are just beginning our last term of the scholastic year 1905-'06. There are only two more months in which we have to round up our year's work. When we look back on what we have done, are we satisfied; have we accomplished all we had hoped and planned for our year's work? If we have, then all is right; but if we haven't—then what? There are still two months, and perhaps those of us who are lacking may have opportunity to redeem ourselves. I do not mean by this to put off doing our work until the last two months, but simply to put in our time now and it will be greatly to our advantage in the long run. It is astonishing how many students there are who do not seem to realize that they ought to apply themselves each day and not wait until the reckoning time comes. Sad to say when this time comes many will sacrifice their honor in order to assume a lofty position before their teachers and fellow-students. I have nothing to say about the girl who tries honestly to

please her teachers, this on the other hand is an admirable trait in her character. Is it possible that the girl who cheats realizes what she is doing? Does she ever think how she is robbing herself and practicing deceit, all for a good mark? The good work gotten in this way is not worth an iota to any one. In a few years to come the record book, containing the good mark, may be destroyed, but never as long as that girl lives will the mar on her character be cancelled.

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

ATHLETICS FOR WOMEN.

Athletics today is attracting more attention than ever before and its importance is almost universally recognized. Years ago women spent the most of their time in fancy work and any other kind of employment that did not require very much physical exertion on their part. The exercises that girls take now were then practically unknown. The prim and sedate creature of that day, in all probability, would stand amazed if she were carried into one of our modernly equipped gymnasiums during the lesson period. Perhaps greed for the “almighty dollar” had as much to do with the advance of physical culture as any other one thing. People began to awaken to the fact that there are so many benefits to be derived from a good physical training. It is not only a power for work, but it keeps a person in a healthy state.

Women first began work of this sort in the gymnasium. It is not only carried on there now to a great extent, but it has extended to all kinds of field exercises. What college is there that does not have some kind of out door exercises for the girls? Perhaps the most popular game for women in modern times is basket-ball. In this fascinating game a large number of the muscles of the body are exercised without taxing any special one. It also enables a girl to attain the powers of endurance. But the physical being is not the only side that is aided by athletics. A strong, well-developed body is a great aid to the mind. The college girl who takes a leading part in athletics is usually the one who stands well in her classes. There is of course one great danger that may be connected with such exercise. That is taking any one

thing to excess. **This** should be avoided, for one can render much harm to herself. It is said that the girl who adapts herself to sports is always self-possessed and at her ease. Granting this to be true, my dear friends, ought we not all to take an active part in athletics?



Local Department

Ola Gregory, Editor

A very delightful reception was given by the Sophomore Class of Furman University March 9th. A number of the G. F. C. girls attended and enjoyed the evening very much.

Miss Cleo Lipscomb visited her home in Cowpens March 9th.

Miss May King spent some time at her home recently.

Miss Sallie McGee's father and mother paid her a short visit March 9.

We are sorry to note the death of the mother of Miss Pearl Truluck, who was called home some time ago on account of the illness of her mother..

The many friends of Miss Lucile Martin, a graduate of the college, will be grieved to hear of her father's death..

Miss Eunice Abrams spent some time at her home in Newberry during the past month.

Misses Floride and Lela Norris' brother paid them a short visit March 10.

Miss Lucy Shirley spent a few days at her home recently. Her sister, Miss Cora Shirley, whose illness was noted in the Isaqueena, is able to be at home from the hospital. We are glad to know that she is better and hope to have her with us again soon.

Miss Frances Harper visited her home March 9.

Miss Ruth Brown's father paid her a visit March 12.

Miss Marguerite Geer visited her parents at Easley March 16th.

A number of the girls had the pleasure of attending the Oratorical Contest at Furman March 16. The program was

well carried out and the orations showed splendid preparation by the young men.

Miss Nora McLean's brother paid her a visit March 17.

Miss Alice Talbert, a former student of the college, who is now teaching music in Belton, spent March 17 with her sister, Miss Louise Talbert, at the college.

Miss Fred Donald spent March 17 at her home in Piedmont.

The brother of Miss Anna and Pearl Maritt paid them a short visit recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Furman Norris, of Catechee, visited Misses Lela and Floride Norris March 20th.

Miss Olivia Heller's mother spent several days with her during the past month.

Miss Mayme McAlister's brother paid her a visit March 21st.

The sixth number of the Lyceum was given in the college auditorium March 22 by Mr. Penniman, Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. His subject, "The Old Testament as Literature," was very interesting, and Mr. Penniman treated it in a very interesting manner.

A delightful recital was given in the auditorium Friday evening, March 23, by the pupils in vocal music and expression. The recital was most enjoyable and the girls did well.

Miss Nellie Grandy visited her home March 20.

Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of the Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky, gave us a delightful address at our chapel exercises March 23. ;

We consider ourselves particularly fortunate in having had with us Mr. McConkey, a great Bible teacher. His talks were put in a very clear and forcible way and every one hearing them considered them very helpful.

Dr. Faunce of Brown University was present at our chapel exercises March 22. His address was enjoyed very much by all of the girls.

Miss Bernard McWhirter spent several days at her home in Jonesville March 23.

Miss Bessie Shirley visited her home March 23.

Miss Toccoa Burriss spent several days at her home recently.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Some one asked the librarian for a book in which she could find "Maud Muller." Miss G. immediately gave her a volume of Tennyson's poems.

Prof. Jennings holding up an elliptic leaf: What is the shape of this leaf, Miss L?

Soph. J. L.: I am not sure, but I think it is an epileptic leaf.

Jun. B. G. said that she certainly enjoyed the monotone that Miss G. recited.

Jun. F. D. says that when she goes to house-keeping she is going to serve toast on whale. v

Fresh. M. S. asked Miss G. if she had ever read "Aunt Wigg in the Cabbage Patch." She is anxious to read it. Some one kindly let her have it.

Special Bernard McWhirter has changed her name recently. A few days ago a letter came addressed to, "Miss Bernice and Bernard Going, G. F. C."

Jun. F. D. is very anxious for the Junior class paper to come, as she says she can't use '07 paper next year, as she will be a senior.

Jun. M. M. says that she is very anxious to attend the semicontinental of a certain college of the state.

Y. W. C. A. Department

Annie L. Miller, Editor

The delegates from our school to the International Student Volunteer Convention, which was held at Nashville from February 28 until March 4, were: Misses Lucy R. Hoyt (from the faculty), Mary Geer and Annie Miller (from the Y. W. C. A.)

The convention was by far the largest which has ever been held. There were about 5,000 students there, and over 700 colleges were represented. The convention was very systematic in every respect. Some of the foreign missionaries who were at home on a furlough were present. It was a great opportunity to be thrown with those deep, consecrated laborers, and to see what perfect peace they have with God because they are doing what he wants them to do.

One of the most striking features of the convention was the motto: "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." Often, in a careless way, we think of the many heathens who are in the world to-day, but when we call to mind the motto of the convention we are led to think more seriously of this important subject. There comes to us, after this meditation, a very personal and definite question: "What is my part in this great enterprise?" To us it should be a privilege to help the cause of Christ; but often it is looked upon as a burden.

Throughout the whole convention there was a deep spirit of prayer, showing that there was a prevailing spirit of reverence. It was a gathering of young people, all striving to find out what God's purpose for them is in life.

The Sectional Conferences, which were held in the afternoons at the different churches of the city, were very interesting and instructive. One which was most striking to Y. W. C. A. people was the one in which were gathered together some of the home and foreign Y. W. C. A. workers. One can hardly realize that the Y. W. C. A. has done so much work on the foreign field in such a short period of time.

Before the Y. W. C. A. was started in the foreign countries there was a pressing need for some kind of an organization to bring the young girls of the colleges and also those who were not in school, closer together where they might be enrolled in Bible study classes, etc. After considerable struggle with some of the missionaries, the Y. W. C. A. was established, which has proved the organization which seems to satisfy all the needs of these women. There is a pressing need for Y. W. C. A. secretaries in the foreign phase of the Y. W. C. A. work. Those who are considering very seriously taking up home Y. W. C. A. work should think of the foreign need, and then let God settle where their place is.

The conference on Latin America was very interesting, for it showed us how great the need of laborers is—even at our door, as it were, there is need. Roman Catholicism is very corrupt there. The story of two ladders is told there, which is something like this: "There are two ladders; a white ladder and a red one. At the top of the white one stands Mary, and at the top of the red ladder stands Jesus. Mary is very kind to those who come to her, and when there is one who is inclined to fall when coming up the ladder, she reaches out her hands to them and helps them up the ladder. When any come to Christ he rejects them, and if they are inclined to fall he will not help them. Those who come to him by his mother he will receive." They teach there that Christ says: "He that cometh unto me by my mother I will in no wise cast out, but he that cometh in any other way is a thief and a robber." Who will send the gospel to these people? If North America does not, who will? It is the duty of those who knew Christ as a living Savior, and not as a dead one, to go and tell, or to send the true gospel to these who are calling for it. This is only one example of the call. Think of the Eastern countries that are lost in darkness, and also the islands of the sea.

On Sunday afternoon, March 4, the conference for the women delegates was very interesting. One of the points emphasized in the meeting was the importance of surrendering to God our entire life, and not a part of it.

The last meeting in the Ryman auditorium was on Sunday evening, March 4. It was a very touching meeting, and one in which one could get very close to God. The volun-

teers who are going out to the foreign field before January 1, 1907, were requested to give in one sentence the reason why they are going. Their reasons were all noble, indeed.

“God wants me to be like Christ; what does he want me to do?” These were the words of Dr. Willingham in the Southern Baptist conference, and may they be the words of every Christian who feels as if he is saved for service.



Fine Arts Department

Maggie Bullington, Editor

PERSPECTIVE IN ART.

A knowledge of perspective is most important. As a science it teaches us to construct properly, as an art; to apply these principles and draw pictures correctly. We must draw a picture properly and then develop feeling. It is a science built on mathematical principles and can be proven.

You cannot draw a still life consisting of a vase of flowers on a table, without a knowledge of perspective. It is the skeleton on which you built the picture.

Among the undergraduates in art, who possess talent and do good work are Misses Louise Scarborough, Frances Botum, Helen Finley, Frances Harper, Anna Marett and Anna Watkins. Indeed, there are so many who do good work and are hard and faithful students, that it seems hardly fair to single out these.

The following program was rendered March 23, 1906, by pupils from the Expression and Vocal departments: Readings: "Mrs. Ruggles Dinner Party," by Miss Marguerite Geer; "Golden Wedding," by Miss Gertrude Bradham; "Sweet Girl Graduate," by Miss Rose Waddell; "The Other Wise Man," by Miss May Putnam; "The Obstructive Hat," by Miss Ella Wharton. Vocal solos: "Spring Song," by Miss Ruth Etheridge; *Soupir* (Valse Lente), by Miss Juanita Martin; "Bolero Maids of Cadiz," by Miss Flossie Rickenbacker; "Where E'er Thou Art," by Miss Allie Mack; also "Li Tsin," by chorus class.

On Friday evening at a B. Y. P. U. reception at the First Baptist church, the following readings were given by two of our girls: "The Ragedy Man," by Miss Wharton, and "The Summer Girl," by Miss Marguerite Geer. These were very much enjoyed.

THE PIANO FORTE.

How many girls practicing their two hours daily, and shall we whisper it, wishing there were no piano, know anything of the origin of that long-suffering, familiar household instrument?

Little more than a hundred years ago, a piano was a rare instrument, only one or two makers producing instruments worthy of the name. Our piano has a long line of ancestors, going far back into the sixteenth century, when monks and nuns and some ladies of rank owned clavichords and virginals. A clavicord derived its name from the Latin *clavi* (a key) and *chorda* (a string). It contained therefore the essential elements of our piano. After the clavicord we have the virginal, of which Spenser makes mention.

"My love doth sit . . . playing alone, careless on her heavenly virginals."

Shakespeare also speaks of this instrument.

We are told that Queen Elizabeth was very proud of her playing on the virginal, and wished to know if she did not excel in this art her fair rival, Mary Queen of Scots.

The virginal and spinet belong to the same period and from them was evolved the harpsichord, which looked something like a grand piano; but it had two rows of keys, an upper and a lower. The principal difference in the mechanism of the piano-forte and harpsichord is that the strings are struck with a hammer. In the beginning of the eighteenth century three men originated this idea—an Italian, Cristofari, a Frenchman, Marins, and a German, Schroter. Investigators seem to have agreed, finally, that the honor belongs to Cristofari. The best instruments were first made in Germany, later in France and England. The harpsichord permitted no sound variation; but the piano-forte, as its name signifies, was a combination of soft and loud.

It is a long step back from one of our modern grand pianos to the harpsichord, and a still greater to the clavichord, which in its turn owed its origin to the monochord, an instrument of one string, played upon probably in the dim mists of antiquity, when our Aryan ancestors were engaged in their nomadic wanderings over what is now Europe, and which they played upon by their tent fires at evening.

The clavicord was simply an oblong box with strings run-

ning right and left. The right hand manipulated the keys while the left hand damped the short portion of the strings to the left of the tangents.

The harpsichord had thin metallic strings, set in vibration by means of stiff quills set horizontally in perpendicular jacks, fastened to the ends of the keys. Thus they operated like the ancient plectrum in playing the psaltery and zither. The harpsichord took the leading place in the early orchestras.

Piano-fortes are in several different shapes, the concert grand, the square, now almost obsolete, the upright and the upright grand. The upright is the most popular on account of the amount of space it occupies.

In writing of the piano it seems only fitting that one should mention the names of some of the great men who have made it famous, and who have thought it the best medium for appealing to the emotions.

Mendelssohn's "Luder ohm Woster" and Schuman's Fantasies and Forest Scenes are true pictures which place before the musician exquisite effects of light and shade.

Chopin's reputation depends solely on his piano music. Through his gayest waltzes one always finds the note of sadness, the melancholy of the Pole, who has never realized his dream of freedom.

Liszt is the piano king. To him the instrument owes its highest development. He is the originator of that form of piano music known as the Symphonic Poem. Liszt imagined a story and expressed in music the emotions this story produced in him. His best work of this kind is "Les Preludes," written to express emotions awakened by a passage from Lamaitine, which says that life is but a prelude to Eternity. Among still later masters of the piano who have thought that it, more fitly than anything else, could express the mysteries of the soul, are Hoffman, de Pachman, and the great Paderewski.

—Mrs. Z. A. Hayne.

Alumnæ Department

Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Editor

ISAUQUEENA'S MESSAGE.

The announcement of this visitor is received with enthusiasm. She comes in neat, attractive dress, dignified bearing, and only her name betrays her nationality. For many reasons she is most interesting, especially when we discover her mission and remember that to every "old girl" of the G. F. C. she bears a message of great importance.

First, she warns each of us with her monthly statement of our indebtedness to the College. "What owest thou?" is a burning question to every alumnae. It is true, her calculations are not exact, that is overlooked in a girl, but she leaves the impression very distinct on our minds that a receipt "in full" is never given. We are always in debt. We can never estimate nor make an inventory of all that we have gotten from our Alma Mater. She gave the first impetus to ambition, nourished the embryo talent, and whatever claims we make to education, literature or science, we owe to her. She may not see her daughters achieve to wondrous heights on daring wings; they may be unrecognized in Halls of Fame; but they have been home-makers, and have been ambitious to reign as queens only in their own sphere.

Isaqueena not only warns us to be true, loyal daughters on account of our obligations to our Alma Mater; but points us to the rainbow of hope and promise. She pictures to us a bright, prosperous future for our dearly beloved College. We must keep pace with the rushing speed of the twentieth century. We can do better today than was accomplished yesterday; to be satisfied with what has been done is to put one's self on the retired list. We rejoice to hear of every forward movement, of every progressive step taken for the enlargement of our College.

Our ambition is to make the Greenville Female College everything it ought to be; to perfect each department, and to thoroughly co-operate with the President and Faculty in

their strenuous efforts to develop the best there is in our daughters, "polishing them after the similitude of a palace." Let us concentrate in a common impulse to accomplish this end, and make our College the foremost one in all the Southland! Palma non sine pulvere. M. M. A.



Exchange Department

Gertrude Baker, Editor

In the Exchange Department of the March issue of the Chronicle there was something said about late magazines being a nuisance. We heartily agree with them in this statement, and beg to say that although our March number was late it was the fault of the printers and not of the editors.

The Chronicle is one of the best magazines that any college of our state sends out. The heavy articles of this number are especially good. The negative side of the debate, on the question as to whether South Carolina should adopt a compulsory education law, is so well handled that it seems convincing. At the same time our convictions are with the affirmative.

The story entitled, "The Twentieth Century Power Producer" reminds us of Stockton the minute we read it. It would be very good indeed if it were more plain. The statements are made and the poor reader is left to fill out the best he can.

The Editorial Department is excellently handled. The subjects treated are ones in which we are all interested.

A little Echo enveloped in a very gay cover reached our doors this month. Counting all the articles there were two. It is true these two were excellent, but two articles hardly make a magazine. The Echo has a very competent staff, and we shall all look forward to better representative next month.

The March issue of the Erskinian is rich in heavy articles, which, without an exception, are articles that any magazine would be proud of, but where is the fiction? We have the shadow, where is the light? "Thyself Thy Monument," is a very deeply studied article, and by far the most well written.

The editors of the Co-Ed as usual have their magazine out bright and early. This is a very commendable feature. Would that we could all be so prompt.

The March and April numbers show marked improvement upon the former numbers. The Exchange Department shows more thought and is handled in a more systematic manner.

The author of, "Sentiment Versus Justice," in the March number, and Agnes of Glasgow, shows special talent in this line of work. This young man evidently has a literary career before him.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Messenger and The Academy Girl.

CLIPPINGS.

"You may please decline kiss," said a teacher one day,
 To a miss of sixteen who was pretty and sweet.
 "Why, I hardly know how, but I'll try any way."
 She replied with a smile bewitchingly sweet,
 "It's a noun that's quite common and when it's deserved
 It may be quite proper, I'm happy to say.
 It's plural in form in a singular way.
 It's case is objective you can plainly see,
 Because it's an object so ardntly sought.
 It agrees in most cases with you and me.
 But according to no rule by school masters taught.
 I've made a mistake very likly somewhere,
 If I have I assure you it's no fault of mine,
 For I think to ask me was hardly fair,
 When you know that a kiss is so hard to decline.

The sofa held the twain,
 Miranda and her love sick swain.
 Heandshe.
 But hark! a step upon the stair,
 And papa finds them sitting there---
 He and She.

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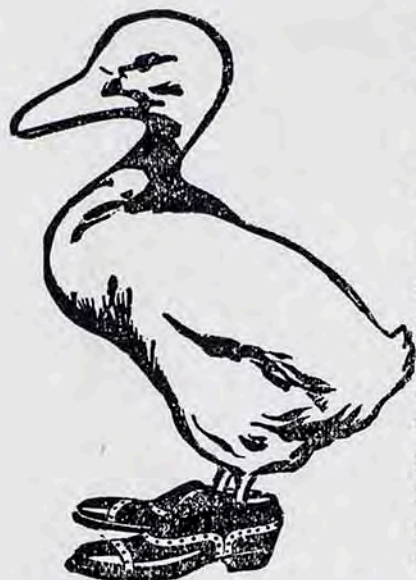
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