

5-1-1906

The Isaqueena - 1906, May

Mary Louise Scarborough
Greenville Woman's College

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ISAQUEENA



VOL. 1.

GREENVILLE, S. C., MAY, 1906

NO. 5

Published by the Students of the Greenville Female College



ISADUEENA

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

Contributions are solicited from both students and alumnae of the College. These should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year. Single copies 20 cents.

A PLEA FOR OUR ADVERTISERS.

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Lela Norris,
Business Manager.

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ISAGUENNA

Published Monthly by the Students of Greenville Female College

Vol. I Greenville, S. C., May, 1906 No. 5

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

'06.

Oh, we are the class of naughty six,
Though in fact we are naughty sixteen,
The class that has chosen the marguerite,
The class of the white and green.

And in being naughty we are not alone.
Our case is not at all rare,
For we are the sixth of the naughty ones,
And so we just don't care.

For if we're wicked, we also are good,
A paradox, though, but it's true,
And if you will take the trouble to ask
We'll tell you what we can do.

But don't ask the Juniors, they might'nt tell
 How they learned to their sorrow deep
 That in spite of examples all others have it
 The Seniors a secret can keep.

Of course it don't do for the Seniors to boast,
 But there's just this, that we'd like to say,
 If it hadn't been for our work at the first,
 We mighn't have "Issa" today.

For the mischief we've done, now we're ready to lave,
 We acknowledge we're all of us sad,
 But if there's been fun along with the wrong
 For the fun we're every one glad.

So here's to the class of the naughty six,
 The daisy, the white and the green,
 Here's to the health of every one,
 To each of the naughty sixteen.

C. T. H., '06.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

Circulated among the highways and hedges of the surrounding country was the rumor of the rich treasures of the Garden of Knowledge, and the incalculable benefits derived from worshipping at the feet of the God of Wisdom, whose shrine occupies the center of the brilliant Garden of Knowledge.

Keen and piercing eyes will find inscribed on the arch over this shrine these letters, "G. F. C."

This rumor inspired in the breast of a band of adventurers an eager longing to make a pilgrimage to this Garden of Knowledge for the purpose of worshipping, and thereby sharing the blessings of the benign God of Wisdom.

This band of adventurers, having assembled for this common purpose, knew not whither to direct their footsteps, and gratefully accepted the kindly interest manifested toward them by their Guides and to the best of their ability followed the instructions of their Guides, keeping always

fresh in their minds the purpose of this toilsome undertaking.

The long journey to this Garden of Knowledge is divided into four parts with recuperative intervals between.

The road at the beginning being broad, rough, and unfamiliar to this band of virgin adventurers, seventeen in number, they followed closely the instructions of their wise and gentle Guides during the first part of the journey, fearing lest they might stray too far away and be left by the roadside.

Having become somewhat familiar with the way and the manner in which it must be travelled, these adventurers found the second part of their journey less toilsome and spiced with many pleasures. They began to think themselves not so very dependent of their Guides as they had at first felt.

But Lo! when these pilgrims began the third quarter, what thorns, brambles, clods, rocks and stumbling-blocks of every description, bestrew their pathway! They soon found there were no near cuts or by-paths that would enable them to escape the fatigue of toiling through these obstacles, so with brave hearts and strong wills they pressed onward. At first you could hear an occasional wail from some weary despondent traveler, but they being encouraged and strengthened by the unswerving patient advice of the Guides, would take courage and press forward.

These virgins realized how helpless they were and continually solicited the aid of their Guides. Toward the last even the strongest became weary and despondent as the way proved ever more thorny and treacherous, until the whole band wailed with one accord, "When troubles come they come not single spies, but in battallions."

Finally they came to the end of this part of their journey and not one had fallen by the way-side. But all solemnly agree that Euclid and Euler will be held accountable for many of the woes that beset their pathway.

After their much needed recreation these adventurers, strengthened by their previous labor, with brave hearts and almost superhuman energy fared forth determined to accomplish their cherished purpose. The way was continually

becoming narrower and more precipitous, but all went well until one day, one from their eager, happy band was stricken with disease, which disabled her for the toils of the pilgrimage.

Saddened by this loss, but ever determined, they pressed onward. The path had now narrowed so that they must march one abreast. At last they came to the end of the path and a chasm only, separated them from the object of their undertaking. This chasm must be crossed by each with no aid save individual strength. One by one they leap over, until all of the sixteen stand safe on the other side. And, Lo! what joy filled the breast of each virgin as she realized that the goal was reached.

Worshipping before the shrine of the God of Wisdom, they were each presented with a roll of parchment to be their help and comfort as they pursue their several vocations in life.

We, the Senior class, are the adventurers described above, and with sad hearts we bid each other adieu, for part we must. But in the heart of each is cherished the hope that in the future our paths may cross, and we shall greet again our fellow-adventurers, in the Eternal City.

F. S., '06.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."

Chapter I.

As the old town bell struck the hour of midnight sixteen black robed figures stole noiselessly from the old G. F. C. Across the campus and into the street they went and for full five minutes they ran as if they thought all the avenging Furies were behind.

In the shadow of a large tree they stopped breathless, and listened.

"Oh, girls!" wailed Clara Hard, "I'm so scared, suppose we go back; if they catch us we will certainly be expelled."

O that we had looked twice before we leaped!"

"Say, Clara," answered Hallie Covington, "you better adopt my policy, which is to leap twice and then look back."

"My policy is always to think three times and say nothing," spoke up Linnie Sherwood.

"Well, see here," said little Ora Coleman, "you may think me sentimental, but I must get my diploma, for there's a fair-haired, blue eyed laddie coming to see me take it and it would break my heart to disappoint him."

"O pshaw, Ora," answered practical Lela, "broken hearts are out of fashion; you ought to have lived two or three hundred years ago."

"One thing sure," said Leonie Padgett, "I'm not afraid, for I have been here for three years, have broken every rule I ever heard of, and haven't been caught more than a dozen times."

"You are just lucky, then," said Louise Scarborough, "and I the most unlucky mortal you ever heard of. I've been here four years and every time I ever broke a rule I have been caught. One Sunday I pretended I had a headache so as to stay from church to study for Logic exam. and don't you think Mrs. Sloan sent me to the infirmary and made me stay two whole days, and then I flunked on Logic after all."

"What a pity you hadn't stayed at home then," remarked Ruth Etheredge, "you will be sure to bring bad luck."

"How silly of you to talk about being caught," encouraged Annie Owings, "haven't we all sworn by old Shakespeare that we haven't told a soul? How can they catch us?"

Further discussion was cut short by the approach of an omnibus as a deep bass voice shouted, "Who goes there?"

"Sweet Sixteen," the girls answered in chorus.

"Well, pile in then."

And pile in they did in such haste that even Ruth Drummond didn't have time to see the owner of the bass voice, although she nearly fell out of the bus trying, and if Maud Erskine and Toccoa Burris had not caught her by the heels her experiment might have resulted disastrously.

Hazle Baker would never have been recognized as the most graceful girl in college, and as for Grace Langston and Flora Scruggs, only a microscope could have shown that they were dignified.

They all breathed a sigh of relief as they were whirled

rapidly away from the sight of the College which seemed to cast reproachful glances at them in the moonlight.

Chapter II.

Soon the bus stopped before a large brick building, the upper story of which was aglow with light, while soft music floated on the summer air.

Alighting in a little more orderly manner than they had entered, the girls ascended the steps and knocked lightly on the door.

"Who goes there?"

"Sweet Sixteen," they answered.

Instantly the door was thrown open. A veritable fairy-land met their gaze, the banquet hall was draped in Senior colors, while palms, roses and carnations bloomed in profusion.

Around the hall were arranged sixteen dainty tables with covers laid for two.

But more attractive than flowers or gay music were the tall, handsome fellows waiting there to meet them, and to have a last *tete-a-tete* before the separation in June.

Ere long all thoughts of angry teachers were forgotten, all thought of the morrow and the possible disclosure of their secret.

They were living only in the now, and a very happy one it seemed to be. Perhaps they were happy because it was spring and "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Just as the last course was being served and Jack Lewis was giving the final toast, there came a thunderous knock at the door.

Oh horrors! Who could it be? An electric current ran from soul to soul and hearts stopped beating.

One minute of awful silence and again a knock, but accompanied this time by a voice terrifyingly familiar.

"In the name of the law I demand that this door be opened."

"Quick, girls! Get behind screens, palms, pianos, anything," whispered Clara. As the last girl crawled under a

table, the door was broken open and in marched Dr. James followed by the entire faculty with a burly policeman bringing up the rear.

In a voice tense with anger Dr. James said: "Young gentlemen, where are the young ladies of the Senior Class?"

"Really, Dr. James, er—er—they were not on my menu card."

"We will search the building, then, since you refuse to answer my question."

Unhappy girls! Would nobody save them from impending calamity?

It was but the work of a few minutes to discover their hiding places and soon sixteen culprits with blanched faces and trembling lips stood before their accusers.

One minute of death-like silence as Dr. James looked around the circle.

"Have the young ladies any defense to make?" he sternly asked.

"No," answered a young man slipping to the center of the room; "the young ladies have no defense to make, but I have one to make for them."

In language burning with eloquence he told the story of how the girls, so weary of examinations and rules, had planned a little fun before they should part forever. In a few weeks they must part, and might they not be allowed a few oases in the desert upon which to look back? He pleaded for their youth and innocence, for the four years of hard work which they had labored over so faithfully, pleaded earnestly and passionately that their young lives be not blighted just at the threshold.

And as Orpheus' lyre "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek," so the eloquence of the young orator melted the hearts of his hearers and made them realize that the "Quality of mercy is not strained."

One and all the happy girls were forgiven as they secretly prayed to the Father to deal kindly with their successors, for they realized that that night's work would not make the road easy for them to travel.

FLORENCE WILSON, '06.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

"No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest."

Standing on the threshold of life when our college career is just about over, we may look back on our years in school and see the battles we have won, the mistakes we have made, and truly there is some sadness in our joy when we think that our school life is over and we can no longer enjoy what we once did. The lessons learned, the tasks performed and the pleasant hours we have spent in school come crowding into the mind and we are sad to think that all of this is over. Have we accomplished all that we could? Have no golden opportunities been lost? If we had this life to go over could we improve it? These questions struggle for admittance and we are almost overwhelmed with the force of them.

When first we came to school our hopes were bright, and perhaps we thought that our path was strewn with roses, but when we had tried it for awhile we soon found out for truth that "There is no rose without its thorns." Now that these trials and temptations of school life have been met and conquered, do we not feel stronger and better able to meet still greater ones in the future?

Should we dwell so long on our past while there is such a glorious future before us? Why not profit by what we have failed to do, and press onward to higher and nobler things. The future is now bright, but we will find some difficulties to overcome and we will need all of our experience and strength to meet them successfully.

College graduates are often called upon to be leaders in their communities, but it is not enough to be a college graduate, for we need the characteristics that enable one to be

a good leader, and we should strive to become worthy of the trust such a position places upon us.

Some poet has said, that "We rise by the things that are under our feet," so we should be careful that we notice these things and profit by them and not try to do greater things until these little tasks have been accomplished.

Do not stand dreaming on this threshold instead of pressing onward into life's battle. What good can dreaming do when there is so much ahead that needs to be done by a willing hand? Go into this great struggle and prove your worth by your willingness to do whatever you can. Do not stand idly waiting for something to come to you, but go out and look for something useful to do. You will not have to go far, because there is some little kindness that is always waiting for some one. Make the world brighter and better because you have lived in it. Prove yourself of some use in the world. Take the knowledge you have gained in school and make it of some value, instead of putting it aside with the thought that it has already served its purpose.

"Be noble and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, though never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

L. T. S., '06.

FAREWELL.

'Tis a glorious morn in June,
Everything glistens with dew,
The birds are singing merry tunes,
Girls, why so sad are you?

Is not this the distant day
Which has often given cheer,
As shadows crossed our joyous way?
Rejoice that day is here!

In each happy face there beams
Rays of purest gladness,
Yet after all there is it seems
A little cloud of sadness.

Dear old college days are o'er,
Now it is we say farewell,
'Tis true behind the walls no more
Our voices will in study swell.

Every noble thought we'll take
Out amid the toil and strife,
Goodness, Truth, we all will stake,
And try to get the best of life.

O. B. C., '06.



CLARA TAYLOR
HARD, B. A.

"A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."

Kind hearted, noble,
truthful, frank, gener-
ous, lovable.

She is president of the
class of '06.

HAZLE MAY BAKER,
B. L.

"Grace in all her steps,
heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dig-
nity and love."

Attractive, modest,
quiet, dignified.





TOCCOA PAULINE
BURRIS, B. A.

"Then she would talk.
My stars how she would
talk."

Gentle, indifferent,
honest, quiet, sym-
pathetic.

ORA BARKSDALE
COLEMAN, B. A.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair."

Sentimental, lovable,
quiet, unassuming.





HALLIE PAULINE
COVINGTON, B. L.

"In maiden meditation,
fancy free."

Witty, sentimental,
gentle, quiet.

RUTH AILEEN
DRUMMOND, B. L.

"Or light or dark, or
short or tall,
She sets a spring to
snare them all;
All's one to her—above
her fan
She'd make sweet eyes
at Caliban."

Industrious, fickle, co-
rageous.

Secretary of the class
of '06.





MAUD CAMILLA
ERSKINE, B. L.

"Man delights not me."

Studious sedate,
quiet, reserved, senti-
mental.

RUTH ETHEREDGE.
B. L.

A countenance in which
did meet
Sweet records, promis-
es as sweet;
A creature not too
bright or good,
For human nature's
daily food,
For transient sorrows,
simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love,
kisses, tears and
smiles."

Dignified, proud, vir-
tuous, overbearing,
domineering.

Is attractive at will.
Uses tact and skill.





GRACE PEARL
LANGSTON, M. A.

"If she will, she will
you may depend on 't;
If she wont, she wont;
so there's an end on 't.

Determined, warm-
hearted, kind, wise.

LELA NORRIS, B. L.

"All fancy sick she is,
and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love."

Jolly, sensative, gay,
has dry wit.





ANNIE OWINGS, B. L.

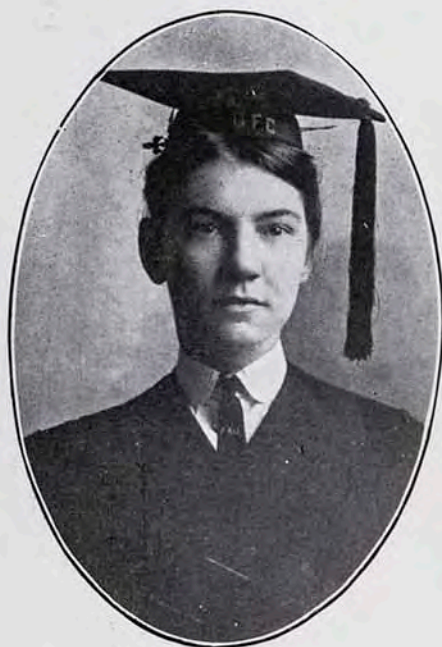
"Is she not passing
fair?"

Sweet, kind, tender-
hearted, unassuming.

LEONIE ELISE PAD-
GETT, B. L.

"A rosebud sweet, with
little wilful thorns."

Good natured, impet-
uous, quick.



MARY LOUISE SCARBOROUGH, B. L.

"Though last, not least
in love."

Sensible, independent,
frank, diligent, true as
steel.

Is vice-president of
class of '06.

FLORRILLA ELIZABETH SCRUGGS,
B. L.

" 'Tis good-will makes
intelligence."

Persevering, ambi-
tious, impulsive, good
student.





LINNIE THOMAS
SHERWOOD, B. A.

"What she wills to do
or say,
Seems wisest, virtuous-
est, discreetest, best."

Sincere, honest, dig-
nified, intelligent, sensi-
ble.



FLORENCE FLEET
WILSON, B. A.

"What shall I do to be
forever known,
And to make the age to
come my own?"

Smart, faithful, jolly,
deserving.

ISAUQUEENA

Published by the Students of Greenville Female College

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

Editorial Department

Louise Scarborough, Editor

The time is almost here when we shall all lay aside our work and take a vacation. We are all so happy that we can now count the days. Everything is pointing toward Commencement. Everybody is preparing for that very important occasion, the end of school. Some of us can scarcely wait for the time to come. On the other hand, you will find a few, the Seniors, perhaps, who, while they will be glad for a rest from this routine of school work, they can't think of the end without a touch of sadness. They have had some experiences here that they will never get elsewhere, and they have made friends that perhaps they will never see again. However, this time is inevitable in every school girl's life. We will each one in years to come forget the trials and tribulations that beset our college life and remember only those things that contributed to our happiness.

The time has now come for the present staff of Isaquena

to lay down its work. We have all been glad to do what was in our power to make our little magazine a credit to our institution, and we are sure that the succeeding staff will do their utmost for it. We want to thank all of those, both teachers and students, who have helped us to make Isaqueeena what it is. Without your help we could never have done anything. Then let us wish the next staff success in all of their undertakings. May they note our mistakes and profit thereby.

THE "NEW GIRL."

Have you ever been a "new girl" yourself? Well, then, you know what it means. It is all right for a girl who is naturally independent enough to fall right in with the "old girls" when she goes to school. She has just that much in her favor. But the girl who has never been away from home very much and does not possess that happy faculty of self-reliance is the girl whose first few weeks at college will be hard. Did you ever think how much you "old girls" could do toward helping a "new girl" out? You who know the building, help her to find her room and show her about. Do all you can to make her feel at home. She will never forget it. As long as she lives she will remember you and have a tender spot in her heart for you. There will be a number of girls to come to school next year who are leaving home for the first time for so long. You remember when you left and how hard it was. So, girls, look after the "new girls." See that they are given a hearty welcome into our Y. W. C. A. and into every phase of our college life.

If you only think about it there are numbers of little things you can do for them. Remember it is the little things that count.

THE TEACHER.

In order that the schools of our land be made more efficient for the education of the boys and girls, young men and young women, we have to have a qualified teaching force. In a legal document issued in Prussia in 1819 we may read:

"In order that a master may be enabled to fulfil the duties of his station, he ought to be religious, wise and alive to the high importance of his profession. He ought thoroughly to understand the duties of his station, to have acquired the art of teaching and managing youth, to be firm in his fidelity to the state, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, friendly and prudent in his relations with the parents of his children, and with his fellow-citizens in general; finally, he ought to inspire all around him with a lively interest in the progress of the school, and to render them favorably inclined to second his own wishes and endeavors."

Can any language be more fitting to describe the teacher that we need today in our schools? What ought to be some of the qualifications our teachers need? It seems that we may classify them as follows: Natural qualifications, academic qualifications, professional qualifications, experimental qualifications.

The natural qualifications originate in the individual. The academic qualifications are acquired by attendance upon schools. Professional qualifications are also acquired by special study of education, and experimental qualifications come last, and must be acquired by each individual for himself in the school room.

A high moral character is absolutely essential to the make-up of the teacher. Self-control is necessary if one is to govern the school. There must be also a devotion to the calling and a real enthusiasm for the work. Among the many other things a teacher must look to is the health. The work of school-keeping is severe, and is heavy upon the vitality of the teacher. At least so much good health must be in possession so as to enable the teacher to be cheerful in doing the daily work of the school. In order to be successful a teacher must keep up with the events of the times, and must not only keep up, but must continually go deeper and deeper into the fundamentals of learning.

This can all be acquired by study. First, the general educations of the high school and the colleges, then the higher training along special lines, and in the universities. To aid teachers in fitting themselves there are numerous societies,

publications, summer schools, libraries and institutes. Is it right then for a person to try and train the young without proper qualifications?



Local Department

Ola Gregory, Editor

One of the most delightful receptions ever given at the college was the one given by the Senior class to the Junior class on the evening of March 30. The parlor and Judson Library were tastefully decorated in olive green and gold, the Junior class colors, while ferns were gracefully arranged in all of the rooms. In the voice room dainty refreshments were served, which consisted of a salad course and frappe. A pretty little souvenir was given each guest after leaving the dining room. The souvenirs showed much taste, as did everything. They had on them a piece of fern, which is the Junior class flower. It was with reluctancy that the guests left, and the reception given by the class of '06 will always be remembered by the class of '07 as a grand success and as one of the most enjoyable ever attended.

The sixth number of the Lyceum Course was given in the College Auditorium by Jerome K. Jerome on April 4. He came to us as an English humorist and he certainly deserves the name. Every one present enjoyed the evening, and during the entire evening he held the attention of the audience by his wit and humor.

* Miss Gertrude Bradham visited Miss Sallie McGee at her home in Honea Path April 1.

Miss Ora Coleman spent a few days at her home in Laurens recently.

Miss Carrie Spearman visited her home in Newberry April 6.

On the evening of April 6 the Graded School band gave a concert in the college auditorium. All present enjoyed the evening.

The brother of Miss Gertrude Sanders paid her a short visit April 8.

Miss Sarah Morgan's brother paid her a short visit April 8th.

The ball season is here and the girls all look forward to the games with great interest. A number of the girls attended the games of Furman vs. Erskine and Furman vs. Wofford. In both of these games Furman kept up its good reputation by defeating the visiting team in both games.

Miss Mayme McAlister's brother paid her a short visit during the past month.

Mrs. Laura Mehrtens gave a delightful concert in the college auditorium Friday evening, April 13. A large number attended and enjoyed the selections very much.

The Y. W. C. A. of the college gave a very enjoyable entertainment on Friday evening, April 13.

Miss Martha and Mozell's brother spent a short time with them recently.

Miss Bess Davenport's mother spent Sunday, April 8, with her.

Miss Lena Prin of Belton visited her cousin, Miss Marguerite Geer, at the college April 13.

Miss Mayme McAlister visited her home in Williamston April 13.

Miss Carrie Duckworth carried two of her friends, Miss Edith Kingham and Miss Verner Griffin, home with her to spend Easter.

Miss Lola Sublett's father paid her a short visit April 14.

Miss Kittie Cooley spent Easter at her home in Williamston.

Miss Fred Donnalld visited her home in Piedmont April 14. It is with regret that we note the resignation of our financial secretary, Mr. L. A. Cooper. We are sorry that he has

given up the work, but he has felt it his duty to return to the church at Johnston, which he was formerly pastor of. He gives up his work with us May 1.

Miss May Lipscomb spent some time at her home in Pacolet during the past month.

Misses Linnie and Annie Sherwood spent a few days with Misses Minnie and Mary Kay at their home in—

The Sunday school of the First Baptist church gave a reception to the members, April 20. A number of the G. F. C. girls attended and enjoyed the evening.

Miss Ella Wharton visited her home April 20.

The new Board of Trustees of the college held their first meeting at the college April 24th, to consider the matter of securing another financial secretary. We had the pleasure of having short speeches from them at our chapel exercises and of having them to dine with us while in Greenville.

Miss Flora Watson was called home April 26 on account of the illness of her brother. We have since learned of the death of her brother. Our hearts go out to her in this bereavement.

On the evening of May 11 Mrs. C. F. Hard entertained the Senior class in her beautiful home on Pendleton street. They all report a most enjoyable evening.

Miss Leda Poore attended the marriage of her cousin, Miss Mamie Poore, a former graduate of the college, to Mr. Reuben Gambrill, at her home in Belton, April 25.

Misses Martha and Mozell Alderman and Ruth Etheredge attended the Music Festival at Spartanburg.

We are glad to have Miss Judson with us again. She has been spending some time in Florida, and comes back much improved by her trip.

Misses Bess Davenport, Eunice Gideon, Louise Scarborough and Lala Sublett went to the contest at Greenwood April 27.

A number of the girls attended the Field Day exercises at Furman Saturday morning, April 28.

Miss Sadie Gregory's brother paid her a short visit April 28th

At a meeting of the student body the following staff for Issaqueena was elected to serve the first half of the scholastic year 1906-'07:

Editor-in-Chief	Ola Gregory.
Literary Editor	Virginia Felder.
Assistant Literary Editor	Carrie Wideman.
Local Editor	Marguerite Geer.
Y. W. C. A. Department Editor	To be supplied
Fine Arts Department Editor	Ruth Pettigrew.
Alumnae Department Editor	Mrs. J. P. Carlisle.
Exchange Editor	Helen Mauldin
Business Manager	Bernice Going.
Assistant Business Manager	Evelyn Pack.

Miss Sarah Morgan has returned from her home where she spent some time on account of her health.

Miss Bessie Blackwell, a former graduate of G. F. C., is now visiting in Greenville. She paid her friends at the college a visit and we are always glad to see the old girls.

HAPPENINGS

Sen. O. B. C. to Business Manager L. N. What treaty ended the Spanish-American war?

Business L. N. The idea of a Senior not knowing that. Why, the treaty of Utrecht.

Ask Jun. Ma—y G. who wrote Romeo and Juliet.

Sen. Lu—e Mc—e is very fond of spending her summers at "Clyde." Wonder why.

Jun. S. G. says she thinks those grass at the First Baptist church is beautiful.

Professor Jennings is certainly well informed about his Bible. In Geology class he told the girls to read the ac-

count of the creation in the Book of Revelations and they would find it agreed exactly with the Geological account.

Ask Sen. L. S. who sings "I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise."



Y. W. C. A. Department

Annie L. Miller, Editor

A PLACE FOR COLLEGE WOMEN.

"After college—What?" is a common theme for numerous articles, but more important than that, it is a vital question which faces every college student, and one which often perplexes the Senior as the time comes for her to leave the place where she has spent several happy years.

It is almost too good to be true that there is a field of service for every willing servant. Many an honest heart, throbbing with a longing to live a life that counts and depreciating self, asks, "Can God use me?" Where shall I live the life that tells? Needy places are everywhere open to the capable and consecrated young women who earnestly seek answers to such questions.

The secretaryship of the Young Women's Christian Association is a comparatively new profession calling for women with the best educational equipment; women who possess business and executive ability; and women of consecrated personality whose one gift may be to make others happy.

Our beloved association work grows so rapidly that calls for strong women come from every quarter of the globe. But perhaps the most needy section just now is our own dear Southland where the work is in its infancy even in the larger cities. No where in this section is the call louder or more imperative than that which comes from the cotton mill. Work among cotton mill operatives has been begun under God's leading and under Him will continue to grow. Let the earnest young woman who longs to be of special service to her Master ask, Can He use me in a mill village? Recent statistics show that in this state there are more than 163 cotton mills with about 70,000, or one in every ten of the white people of this State at work in cotton mills.

The needs of these people are well known, and it is most gratifying to have college women studying and meeting these needs. The women who are thus applying themselves may have ample opportunity for multiplying the influence of their lives by giving their best to these fields.

Centuries ago by the Sea of Galilee Peter was asked the thrilling question, "Lovest thou me?" Today in yearning tones is heard, Dear college young woman, lovest thou me? To those who reply as did Peter comes the command, "Feed my sheep." Where shall I live the life that counts? College women of Greenville, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

MISS LILLIAN LONG,
Y. W. C. A. Secretary, Monaghan Mills, S. C.



Fine Arts Department

Maggie Bullington, Editor

Vocal Music



RUTH ETHEREDGE

"God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind."

As I was passing through our capital city and was going by the Governor's mansion I saw a happy group on the lawn, a woman surrounded by some children. Stopping a moment I recognized and was greeted by my old class-mate, Ruth. Some years after she left college she married, and her husband had made a successful run for governor. While we were thus standing the governor came up. Ruth introduced him. "Governor," said I, I am delighted to know that your four years' wooing while at Clemson was not in vain. surely it was not "love's labor lost."



FLORENCE FLEET WILSON.

"She worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than she."

My thoughts wander back to the dear old days at G. F. C. and to Florence, one of the voice graduates. She has been consumed by the love of fame, and has passed away as smoke. She gained pre-eminence among the singers of America, however, before this great catastrophe befell her.

Art



ALICE GERTRUDE LITTLE.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn."

Again the future reveals to us our Little Gertrude, the strenuous China painter of the old college days, now in a cottage of her own in a choice spot of "The Union." We at once see the fallacy of that old saying and beg to revise it thusly, "There was not a slip twixt the (Little) cup and the (Big) Lip."



LUTIE ETHEL McGEE.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

I see my old class-mate Lutie with sketching pad and pencil strolling toward Honea Path, whither she has been attracted by the wafted sound of a megaphone—but here she pauses before a great big, long Rut— (ledge). Reluctantly she leaves such an attractive subject, but losing her ambition we find her at the end of life's road at a Poor (e) house, yet with a contented heart.



SARAH PRISCILLA MORGAN.

"Born to comfort and command."

While traveling abroad in the spring of 1912, I was strolling down the "Champs Elysees," when, amidst the babble of French voices, I was delighted to hear a familiar American greeting, "Why, hello, what are you doing here?" I turned to greet my old friend, Sarah. During the course of the conversation I learned of her success at the Julian Studios, where she had been made an assistant, as her genius had been at last appreciated.



LENA CARRIE WALL.

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with."

Here I find myself face to face with another of our class. Lena, of the bright brown teasing eyes, the ardent friend of G. F. C. in the old college days, perhaps then the more ardent because of its beginning on that "McBee" grant of land. But as we talk I find her artistic ideals have been sadly shattered. First in the more practical work of "surveying" she tried her hand, but at last she has become happily engaged in the yet more practical occupation of chief assistant to her "Baker" in preparing the "staff of life."

Expression.

ANNIE GERTRUDE BRADHAM.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Many years after we all left old G. F. C. I met Gertrude and she told me what her life had been. "After I left G. F. C.," she said, "I went North, studied a year, but I decided I did not like my work as I had hoped. I hesitated then whether I should enter Court (ney) life or become the wife of a Baron. I did the latter, being home now for a short visit. The Baron will be with me soon."

Piano.



HILDERGARD BRACHVOGEL.

"She is as good as she is fair."

I was traveling in Germany in 1910, and as I was walking down one of the fashionable streets of a great city I saw a very handsome carriage pass. I did not notice it especially until I heard some one call my name, turning I saw Hilda. She took me to her magnificent home, where she lived surrounded by every comfort, the happiest of wives. She had entered society and reigned the queen of her circle until her marriage.

Kindergarten Normal.



LILLIAN INEZ ARCHER.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Passing one day through a large Western city I noticed a crowd of people eagerly listening to some one making a speech. Joining the crowd I listened also, but to my astonishment found that it was a woman who was sweeping the people off their feet by her oratory. Something in her voice seemed familiar, and turning to a by-stander I asked who she was. "Why, that is Inez Archer, the future governor of Nebraska. She will be sure to win, for her appearance on the stump is fine, her platform popular, and her eloquence absolutely marvellous."



EDITH JOANNA KINGHORN.

"A child by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

One day long after we left old G. F. C. I was walking down the streets of one of the northern cities and was surprised to hear my name called. Turning I saw "Jimmy." She was happy as a lark, she said, teaching kindergarten in the city. She was something like the old woman who lived in the shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do.



LULA PENNY.

"A penniless lass in a lang pedigree."

But here turns up Lula, our bad Penny, still single, as a kindergarten teacher, but happy in her work, as she has not yet found the coin of her choice, since she demands what is lacking to those of the masculine persuasion, one of pure gold. Therefore, lucky he who gets her, for he will always own a Penny.



LENA JEFFRESS WADDELL.

"We understood her by her sight."

In the suburbs of one of our Southern cities stands a gigantic grey-stone building. Upon inquiring I found that this beautiful place was a kindergarten training school, famous all over the United States. Upon entering the first person I met was my old class-mate, Lena. I soon learned that she held the highest position of honor and dignity that the institution gave. Proud indeed was I to be called her class-mate.

Alumnæ Department

Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Editor

When asked to contribute something to the Alumnae Department of our bright new journal, of which all the daughters of our Alma Mater should be proud, my thoughts rapidly turned from the busy, active, yet joyous and peaceful life which now almost entirely possesses me, to those days of 1890-1892, when I was a happy school girl at the beloved and time-honored G. F. C.. So absorbed I became in those delicious memories that I decided to give a meager recalling of these days.

All girls feel, especially later in life, that surely no teachers and school friends were altogether as dear and true as it was their good fortune to enjoy. Words but feebly express the joyousness, the richness of fullness gathered from so many of those beautiful lives which surrounded me, the influence of which I so keenly feel today.

There is such a tendency towards materialism these days that we forget the richness with which we are surrounded—the wealth of happiness and wisdom gathered from the lives around us. As the years go by we realize that the sweetest, most priceless gain for each one is the kindly word, the sympathizing attention, the watchfulness against wounding others sensitiveness.

These small courtesies and considerations habitually practiced give a greater charm to the face and manner than any great display of talents and accomplishments.

The time for our annual Alumnae meeting draws nigh, and I know the heart of each loyal daughter beats with joy in the happy expectancy of gathering together within the walls of our Alma Mater. I trust that many of us may enjoy that privilege and I long to meet face to face many, especially the girls of 1890-1892.

L. G. G.

Exchange Department

Gertrude Baker, Editor

Among the new exchanges received this month we are glad to welcome the Wesleyan, The Limestone Star, and The Winthrop College Journal.

In many of the exchanges that come to The Issaqueena there have been many and favorable criticisms on these three and it is with pleasure that we turn their leaves. Without an exception all the articles in the Wesleyan are excellently written. Miss Alice's Birthday carries us back to our days in the first grade; the scene under the "big sycamore tree" is so vividly portrayed that one can almost see the children excited, consulting each other. It is so well written it is a pleasure to read it, and then again it is such a relief from the common love story. The Exchange Department is very explicit in its criticisms and we are sure the authors of the different articles will find the criticisms very helpful. The locals are especially attractive.

The Star contains several catchy little stories, but they are all too short and most of them end too abruptly.

"Seemingly Indifferent" has an excellent beginning, but the beginning is all there is to it. A plot is entirely lacking and the ending is very weak. "Where Woman is Supreme," is well written. The subject is one which is interesting to all college girls, and the way in which the writer has treated it makes it especially interesting to Seniors. The poetry would be more interesting if there were more of it.

The Winthrop College Journal is enveloped in a very attractive cover, with contents to match. It is so unusual to find a story written in the negro dialect in a college magazine that we read, "L'il Mars Billy" with interest.

We began the reading of it with interest and the interest did not abate to the end of the story. "Jeems" is a typical

negro character of that period and tells his story with just about the amount of exactness to be expected from a character of that kind.

We are glad to find that the Erskinian contains some fiction in this number. "The Story of a French Shipper" isn't quite true to life. A young lady would hardly walk a hundred yards on a bed of rocks, with one slipper on and one off, without being conscious of the fact.

History of the Ante-Bellum Classes seems to take up the greater part of the magazine.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Palmetto, Wofford College Journal, The Co-Ed, The Furman Echo, The College of Charleston Magazine, and The Clemson Chronicle.

SHE.

"I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not
You were making the waist places glad."

Exchange.



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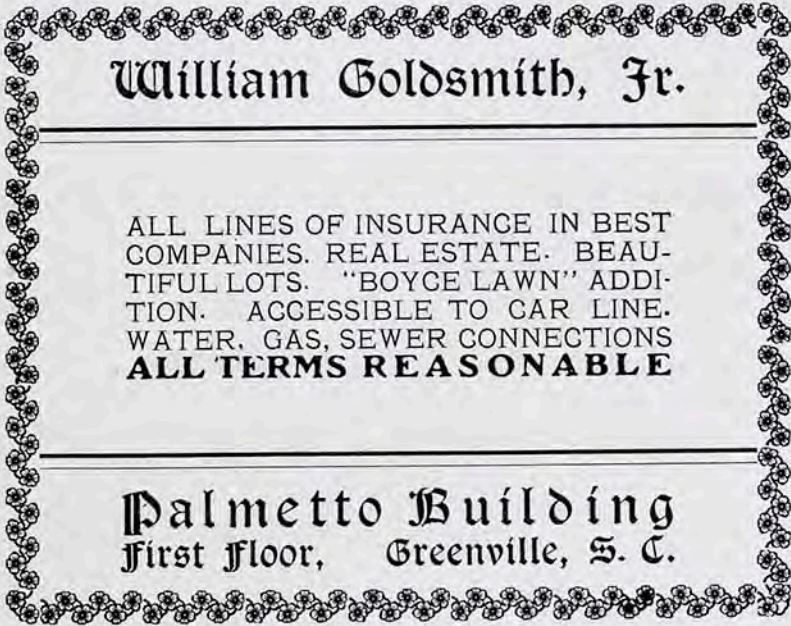
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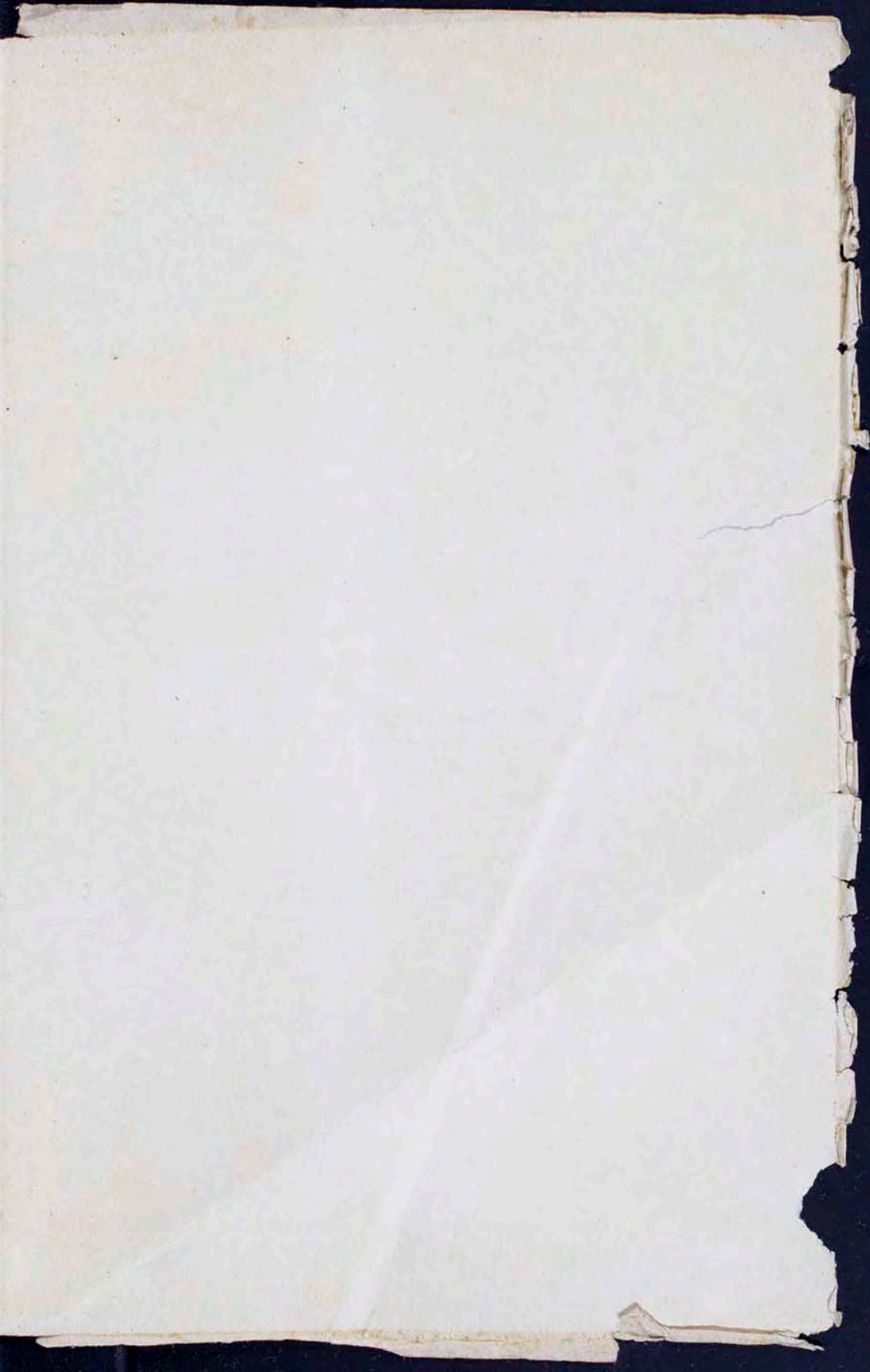
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Having at heart the welfare of the "Issaqueena", and wishing to help it fulfil its mission of increasing college spirit and giving the girls practical training in magazine work, the Class of 1906 will give five dollars in gold for the best original story published during the present year, from October 1908 through June 1909.

The story must contain as many as one(1,000)thousand words and not more than three(3,000)thousand, and no love story will be taken into consideration; it may be one of real life or, purely imaginative but a wholesome tone necessary. Dont wait for the Editors to ask you to write; it is your privilege to hand in as many manuscripts as you desire. If the Editors do not consider a story worthy of publication it must be passed upon by Miss Judson, Miss Taylor, and the President of the Senior class before it can be put aside.

The prize shall be awarded according to the decision of a committee of three chosen by the Class of 1906, and shall be delivered before the student body in Chapel exercises after the appearance of the May issue.

Signed,

Class Lay to Hand.

President.

Ruth Drummond

Secretary.