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## The Isaqueena - 1906, November

Mary Ola Gregory  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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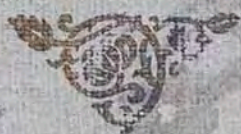
V. 2, No. 2, Nov. 1906



# ISAQUEENA

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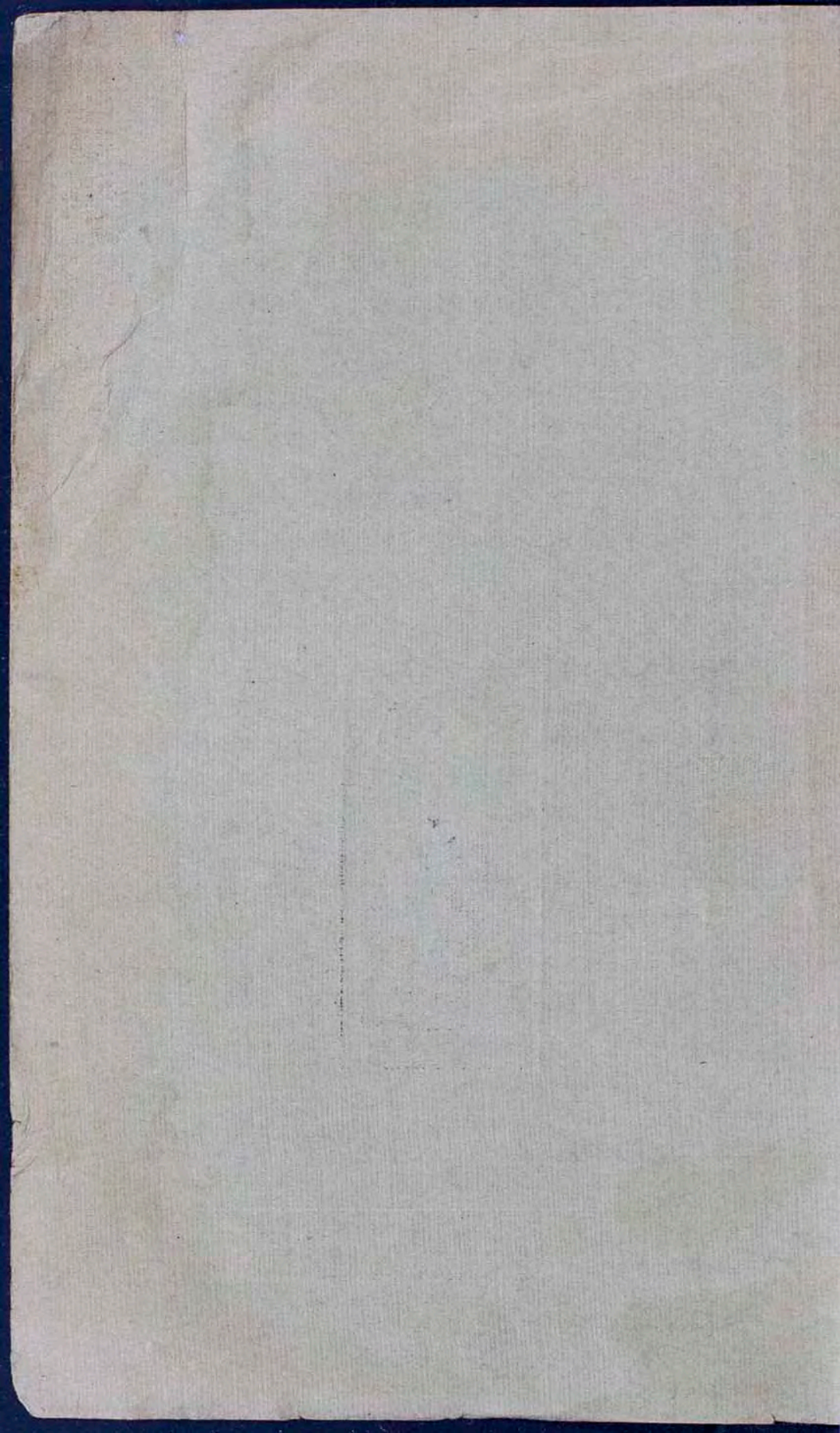
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NOVEMBER NUMBER, 1906



## ISADUENNA

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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Bernice Going.  
Business Manager.

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# Isaqueena

Published Monthly by the Students of Greenville Female College

Vol. 2

Greenville, S. C., Nov., 1906

No. 2

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## Literary Department

VIRGINIA FELDER

CARRIE WIDEMAN,

Editors.

### CHON.

Mine name is Chon-Chon Chunior

For mine Fader's named Chon too,

Und sometime mine own Moder's says

She don't know vat to do—

For ven she calls "Chon get up,"

I smuggles down so quicks!

Und Fader tinks she's calling heem

Und gets up cross as sticks.

Put ven she calls to Fader—

"Here's some pudding, Chon, come here,"

I always thinks she's calling me,

Und go quick to get there,  
 I vish you knew mine Fader,  
 He's the nicest man I know,  
 Lots petter den dis Vashington  
 Dey talk a sh'ule of so.  
 Mine Fader has a buther shop  
 Und some time I helf sell  
 Put he say I will pe President  
 If I learn der English vell.  
 Put I hear mine Moder calling,  
 Chon, you vant a peese cheese?  
 So I guess I'd petter hurry  
 Fore mine Fader tink its hees.

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### THE STORY OF SIR LAUNFAL.

It has been said by a critic that the vision of Sir Launfal was "the high water mark of American poetry." While all may not agree to this, yet few would dispute its claim of being the most popular of Lowell's longer poems.

As the poet waked under the trees of a grove in the rear of the grounds at Elmwood many of the beautiful lines of the poem were thought out. Lowell is said to have written the poem in forty-eight hours, during which time he neither ate nor slept.

The poem is divided into two parts and each part into two great divisions—a prelude and the story proper. The author's idea in giving a prelude is to prepare the mind of the reader for what follows. Nature is brought into sympathy with Sir Launfal. The great popularity of the poem is due in no small degree to the beautiful descriptions of nature in the preludes.

In the first Prelude everything is bright and hopeful. The author tells how for everything we get on this earth we give something in return, that it is only heaven that is given away and only God may

be had for the asking. Then the poet describes a day in June, his favorite month, when everything is perfection itself.

Sir Launfal was a young knight full of hope and energy. He was of a religious character as shown by his quest.

It was customary in those days for knights to make pilgrimages of some sort in search of some object of great interest. In many instances the journeys lasted a life-time.

The knights who went on these journeys always made a vow which of course they were bound to keep.

When everything was bright and fresh in the month of June Sir Launfal remembered the keeping of his vow which was to find the Holy Grail.

He began to make ready for his journey by having his "golden spurs" and "richest mail" brought to him, for on the morrow he was to start out on his journey. He said he would sleep on the rushes until he began to keep his vow, and, perhaps, he might have a vision before the sun rose over the world again.

"Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim

    "Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,

    Slumber fell like a cloud on him,

    And into his his soul the vision flew."

Everything was happy and bright on this summer morning. Only one thing looked like winter and that was the castle. Summer tried to reach it on every side, but never could penetrate those walls of stone, though all around it were the trees, their winged inhabitants, and the flowers.

    "'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,

    And never its gates might opened be,

    Save to lord or lady of high degree."

Before the castle was a drawbridge. It dropped with a clang and Sir Launfal rode out on his black charger. He wore his gilded mail and it looked as



if the castle had gathered all the shafts which the sun had cast over it in its long siege of three hundred summers and had thrown them out in one blazing mass. And so Sir Launfal started out young and strong to search in all climes for the Holy Grail.

As Sir Launfal passed through the gate he saw a leper crouched by it. As the young knight had been so happy this made him shrink. The leper begged for alms, so, in scorn, Sir Launfal threw him a golden coin. The leper would not pick it up, for in reality it was not gold he wanted, but sympathy and love. Those who give much but do not give in the right spirit give worse than nothing. Those who give but little and give that cheerfully give more than any one can take.

In the second prelude all is chill and wintry. The wind carried a shiver everywhere. Then Lowell tells how the little brook builds a roof in winter to cover himself with, and the poet shows that no human being could ever make anything so wonderful and beautiful.

As Sir Launfal returned from his quest of the Holy Grail, he was an old bent man, worn out and frail. He returned to his castle, but, as he looked, he found that it had been taken by another heir. It was Christmas-time. Within the hall all was merry and bright. Everything was covered with ivy and holly, a Yule-log was on the hearth. As he started to enter, the seneschal drove him away from the porch—his own porch. His raiment was spare and thin. He was cold, so he sought to warm himself in the light and warmth of olden-times. In his thoughts he saw a caravan as it crawled over the hot sands of the desert. Then as it came nearer he could count the camels until it stopped at the little spring with the palms around it. Then he sees a leper. He recognizes in him the image of Christ. "The heart within him is ashes and dust," for he remembers how he threw hard gold to

a leper when he started out on his quest. Now he parts his single crust, breaks the ice on the stream, to give the leper to eat and drink. Now the leper no longer crouches at his side, but stands up straight and shining. He said, "Lo, it is I, be not afraid." He told Sir Launfal that he had searched in all climes for the Holy Grail, but had not found it. Behold, it was there—the cup which he had filled at the streamlet for the leper. The crust represented Christ's body, the water his blood. He had kept the Holy Supper with what he had shared with another in need.

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond." He realized that the Grail was found in his castle. So he had his armor hung up on the wall. He knew that any one who would seek and find the Holy Grail must have a stronger mail than that of steel.

After this the castle hall was always open to the poor. Summer's long siege at last was over.

Each life is searching for its Holy Grail. And if we would seek and find our Holy Grail, we must strive after the very highest and noblest things in life.

E. E. B., '10.

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### AFTER MANY YEARS.

The girl teacher needed a rest after the harassing experience of a first year in the schoolroom; so her bundle of nerves and her old maid aunt soon found themselves in the mountains of South Carolina, and deposited in a quiet little house in a quaint little town. It was not long, however, before the girl began to tire of the solitude and to turn the turquoise ring on her third finger left.

One day some excitement came to town in the shape of a handsome young man. This same young man came to the cottage exactly ten minutes after he arrived in Pickens, called the young school-marm "Rose," and seemed to know about the turquoise ring.

When he had gone, the girl hung up her gingham dresses and unpacked her white ones; in the evening, she cut roses for her hair and throat, and brought out her guitar. She was glad the moon shone that night, that the piazzas were a bower of bloom, and that she had learned the latest love song. Harry was glad he was with Rose.

After that night things were pleasant enough. In her phrase, Rose adored horseback riding, couldn't get enough of tennis, was never better satisfied than when walking, and, above all, liked a change. Harry liked whatever Rose did.

One day they were resting by the roadside after a long tramp when the girl turned suddenly upon the man.

"Say, for mercy's sake, let's get out of the old rut. We have the same food morning, noon, and night, for the world like morphine-eaters. Now, don't look at me like a dying calf. No, I am not tired of you, but it comes to me that you and I are selfish in thinking of ourselves alone and never planning for the happiness of others. You proposed to me and now I am going to propose to you. Don't you think it is our duty in this world to promote the welfare of others?"

The young man scratched his head as if in doubt.

"How about matching up aunt Sallie and your uncle Tom?"

The young man promptly lost his balance and went over behind the log on which he was sitting. He rose in a moment with six cuckold-burrs in his hair and a scared look.

"Lord save her the martyrdom," he managed to gasp out from a full experience.

"I really think that is not a very kind tribute to one who is your benefactor," said the girl, her temper considerably nettled by this reception of her proposition.

"Look here, little girl, I don't mean to run the old

gent down, but what on earth would a neat, prim, little woman like your aunt do with a man who actually loves fruit-trees, horses and dogs better than anything else on earth?"

"Reform him."

"Reform him! And about the time she got him in heaven, he'd have her in torment, poor soul," and Harry, choking with laughter, went over again to get more cuckle-burrs.

"Will you please be sensible if it is within your power?"

"Tiger-lily, it's too silly a thing to be sensible about," came from behind the log.

That nettled her all the more—the tone and the name. The bane of her existence was her brown freckles which no amount of coaxing or carbolic-acid would bring off. And Harry knew it.

"It is time for me to go; aunt Sallie is at home alone and there is no one near enough to protect her, said the girl in a tone of offended dignity. She walked away with her pug nose high in the air. Always pug in tendency that member had been made more so by a fall in the coal-bin when Rose was tender in years.

However the nose might be, her's was a stronger, if a more capricious, nature than the man's. He looked after her only a moment before he was on his feet, his handsome face flushed with remorse at his teasing. Rose wanted it and that was enough.

"Wait a minute, Rosemerry. I was only in a joking humor. I am yours heart and hand for any project. It will be a lark to see the old gent wake up to 'outside interests,' but how on earth do you propose to manage it?"

She was mollified in a moment, and brought the pug nose down to its usual level.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know; but it will be managed, don't you fret. The first thing is to have them meet—that's usually the beginning of such af-

fairs, isn't it? Bring your uncle around to tea tonight, but for mercy's sake tell me what he likes to eat. You know the way to win a man is to tickle his palate."

"He likes spirits."

"Well, you'll have to put him in spirits before you come."

They came, the young man in his immaculate black and the old one in his soiled buff sporting clothes; they were met by the young woman in white and the old one in prim spotless gray.

Uncle Tom got through the introduction beautifully, if he did say he was glad to meet "Duncan," and did stop in the midst of formalities to pat the head of a fine old hound.

Aunt Sallie was plainly fluttered, for in attempting to make advances she advanced too far and stepped on Major Boynton's pet corn, for which she received such a glare that she fled into the house under the pretense of fixing the tea-table. She had not recovered at supper for she nervously urged the old gentleman to have tea in his sugar. The meal was excellent, however, and the Major ate of it so heartily that the young people smiled significantly at each other as if to say that, at least thus far, there was smooth sailing.

After supper, however, was the time which had required discussion. Rose's theory was that there was romance in the old, no matter how deeply buried it was, and it needed only the proper influence to bring it into play; so, while Harry knew in his heart of hearts that a view of the neighboring pasture where a few thoroughbreds were still feeding would be the best soul-warmer Uncle Tom could have, they placed two easy chairs behind the rose-vines just where their occupants could catch occasional glimpses of the brook and the moon.

In this romantic nook the conspirators contrived to seat and to leave the old man and the old maid.

There was silence for a time; then it was broken by some timid remarks by Aunt Sallie with regard to the neighbor's sick child. She received no reply, and so began a detailed account of the success of her poultry-yard, during which Major Boynton screwed uncomfortably and even whistled a tune. At last he took such a pinch of snuff as to set Miss Duncan sneezing for full five minutes. Whether it was to stop her narrative or not, it was certainly effective in doing so, and gave the Major a chance to turn the tide of conversation. He did so with a vengeance and recounted, as loud and as fast as his vocal organs would permit, every race, hunt or tournament he had ever attended. After fifteen minutes, Aunt Sallie sighed gently; in half an hour, she sighed loudly; in three-quarters, she groaned. The Major hushed suddenly as if exhausted.

Not far away a certain guitar tinkled out "Lorena."

The music stopped after a time; a girl and a boy came up the walk and stood on the steps. There in the moonlight, with the breath of roses on them, the old man and the old maid sat; he old maid with her back toward her visitor, nodding gently; the old man with his feet on the bannisters, and his head thrown back, snoring like a steam engine.

The young maid and the young man looked at each other, and the former said despairingly:

"It won't do to have them too much together. It must be done some other way."

To Rose the piazza scene was one of pathos; she saw in it the loneliness of two isolated from the world's greatest happiness; she saw in it more than ever her duty of bringing them together. To Harry the piazza scene was one exceedingly comic; he saw in it the boredom of an old man and an old maid; he saw in it more than ever his duty of keeping them apart.

But Rose wanted it.

The desired effect could not be brought about by the moonlight and the mournful air of "Lorena," it had to be in some every-day manner. Here Rose's ingenuity failed her, for, excepting their age, Major Boynton and Miss Duncan had nothing in common.

On that memorable evening, when the boy bade the girl "goodnight," he whispered to her:

"We'd better let things go for a day or two till the thoughts of this wears off. It's not a very inspiring prospect, though, come to think of it, Uncle Tom loves a nap next to his snuff and fruit farm."

The fruit farm, which was a few miles out from Pickens, was indeed the pride of the old man's soul; everything connected with it occupied the few soft spots in his sleepy old heart; he spent his hours on a bony race-horse with a hound at its heels, riding over the broad acres.

The manager was, in the Major's estimation, the wisest man that ever lived—wise with that wisdom which says little, looks much, and does more. The small, careworn man with the pathetic expression which belied the brusque manner, had over the Major an unaccountable influence; he was his confidential adviser.

It was to this man, one fine day, that Harry appealed in an off-hand manner.

"Say, Mr. Jackson, have you noticed the old gent lately? He seems to be a trifle low spirited."

"'Tain't his own spirits what's low—it's the spirits what makes his spirits rise."

"Oh, not that. It seems to me that he it not as active physically as he was some time back."

"Clum a tree while ago."

"Yes, but he's getting up in years and needs tender care. Say, Mr. Jackson, how about Uncle Tom's getting married?"

The startled man let his mouth hang open for a

moment. Then he said slowly, "He'd be a fool and she'd be a fool."

"Well, I don't know about that. It might be a case of mutual assistance. Miss Sallie Duncan is up in years and has lost her last cent; so it might not be so unpleasant a proposition as you imagine."

As Harry spoke the older man turned and eyed him keenly for a moment, and then walked away.

"I say, Jackson," the young man called, "it's no joke; speak up to the old man."

Whether Jackson spoke up or not, soon the fruit wagon began to go daily to the little white cottage, and there a little gray man handed out to a prim little woman the choicest freshest fruits—always with somebody's compliments. The prim little woman canned and canned until her pantry was full, but the fruit continued to come.

It was the display of admirable generosity on the Major's part, and to Harry, who knew things, it was a sure sign that "something was doing." He and Rose watched narrowly to see.

As the days went by the Major seemed to grow young again. The buff sporting clothes underwent a cleaning and a silver snuff box found its way into the pocket of the spotted vest; he sat more erect in his saddle as he rode, and even whistled the old-time coon songs; he was found reading soiled yellow letters of ancient, evidently refreshing his memory with the honeyed phrases of yore to be used at this later day; he was a regular attendant now at the village church; and, when the boy and the girl were out of the way, went often down the road which led to the little white cottage.

In the little white cottage a change was coming to pass. The place which was to quiet Rose's nerves had, at first, an upsetting effect on the little old woman. Her romantic niece had refused to disclose their destination, and had brought her aunt, all un-



knowing, to the home of her youth. It was a painful coming after thirty-five years, and brought almost too forcibly to the older woman's mind the sorrow of which Rose did not know. Every old landmark had its painful significance for her; the cottage was a place of sorrow; the village church stood hard by the graveyard where one mound could have told the story of her life's concealed bitterness. Her father, narrow, hardhearted, money-loving, dealt the blow. His greed would not see her marry a loving but penniless man. Now she was penniless and all but loveless. So one who knew would not have wondered that she did all in her power for young lovers, and that the quiet woman became yet more silent.

After a time, however, whether it was the fruit or the fresh mountain air, Miss Duncan's cheeks began to take on a pink tinge and her voice a cherrier ring. She loved to sit by her little rose window upstairs and from an old trunk bring out relics of by-gone days. Some times when she came down her eyes were suspiciously red, but her lips always wore a happier smile. In the twilight she rocked gently and crooned softly to herself the old-time airs of "Lerona" and "Annie Laurie."

One morning when she met the fruit wagon at the door, she wore a rose in her hair, a bow at her throat, and a blush on her cheek—perhaps that the man might tell the Major how pretty she was. As he turned out the gate, she called to him timidly, walked hesitatingly toward him, gave him the rose from her hair and with a few hurried words turned away.

The man looked at her, bowed his head silently, and drove off.

The day after it seemed to Harry and Rose as if things were about to come to pass, for Uncle Tom had done no less than take Aunt Sallie driving. They had seen them come up the road toward the white cottage from the direction of Miss Susan Turner's,

and had seen on Aun Sallie's face an expression of sweet excitement; on Uncle Tom's, as usual, one of placid contentment.

The lovers sat on the piazza discussing the situation when Uncle Tom came out of the door. The young couple became visibly excited, and the girl called out, "Well, Major, how goes the world with you today?"

The old man came up to where they sat and said:

"Well enough, I s'pose, though I have wasted some time and considerable money. It turned out "Susan and no snuff," or "snuff and no Susan," and I took "snuff and no Susan." Miss Turner's a fine woman, and I appreciate all Jackson's kind intentions, but she's kind o' cranky about some o' my little habits and I knew it wouldn't do. I am glad enough to give Jackson a share in the farm and am glad his little affair has turned out so well." And he jerked his thumb back toward the kitchen. "I ain't nothing o' a poet nor I ain't sentimental, but it was nothing short o' touching to see him fold his Sallie to his heart after these many years.

End.

EUNICE GIDEON.

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### COURTESY.

By courtesy we do not necessarily mean polished manners and good breeding in the aristocratic or upper classes, but courtesy exercised habitually from a sense of kindness in all classes. Neither do we mean assumed politeness on stated occasions, as in public assemblies, but natural inbred courtesy that will bear use at any and all times. In this country and in this age courtesy and good manners are forgotten or thrown aside in the rush and scramble for wealth, and now if ever is when we need it most. Who does not enjoy meeting with an old gray haired man or woman who exercises the old time courtesies? Who

is not pleased with a young man or woman who never fails to show courtesy to any one—rich or poor? You can read one's character by his manners better than in any other way.

Once an old woman dressed in rags stumbled on the street and fell. A crowd of boys was standing near and began laughing and jeering at her. One young man walked out from the crowd, assisted her to her feet and asked if she were hurt. He showed the courtesy that all should have shown.

We often see rude manners in the lower classes, but surely in the upper classes and among the wealthy we should find a cultured manner.

The other day two women with an aristocratic air entered a crowded car. A rough looking man gave up a seat to them into which they dropped without so much as a "thank you." From which of these should the example of courtesy be taken?

The other day in an assembly of girls an old man was speaking. Some of his gestures seemed to excite great laughter among the girls. Another good example of courtesy!

We show our good breeding too in our table manners. Parents in this rushing age are too busy with making money to waste any time in teaching their children such an insignificant thing as table manners. And when we are old enough ourselves to know better we do not take time to cultivate them.

All of us enjoy reading a novel describing the courteous manners of the old knights. If we can so much enjoy reading of these courtesies why not enjoy the practicing of them also?

Girls, let us practice courtesy in our every day schol life and I'm sure it will tell on the manners of the coming generation.

"Stillness of manners and steadiness of features are signal marks of good breeding."

L. A. B., o8.

## THE COLLEGE GIRL'S THANKSGIVING.

O Jove, this day we thankful are to thee  
 For every boy that comes within our sight,  
 We hunger for the day that makes us free  
 When we may chat the boys,—such pure delight.

We thankful are for John and Paul and Jim,  
 Our cousin every laddie now must be;  
 So Susan's Sammy, Thalia's brother Tim,  
 Although no kith our cousins are, you see.

We thank thee too for mother's laden box,  
 The chicken, turkey, ham-sandwich and egg;  
 Such things, as these, our latent appetite unlocks,—  
 For these, we girls, no longer have to beg.

We thankful are for noble teachers true,  
 Who feed the intellect on all we crave,  
 Who dare to stand for right for me and you,  
 Who makes us each and all ourselves behave.

A. M., '07.

---

## THANKSGIVING JOY.

On a cold Wednesday evening in November, about the time when "No. 40," as every one called it, was due at Roydon, two girls were seen turning the corner which led to the union station. On noticing closer one could see by their uniforms that they were students of the Roydon Female College.

These girls were on their way home, or at least, one of them was. Marion Thorson, the tall, queenly looking girl, was taking her friend, Dot Maynard, to spend Thanksgiving with her at her home at Carson, a town twenty-five miles from Roydon. They were to leave on "No. 40," which was due at Roydon promptly at seven o'clock.

"Oh, Dot," said Marion, opening her watch, "it's

only five minutes till seven. I can hardly wait, for I know mother has something delightful for tea, not to think of the dinner tomorrow. Won't it be fine to do just as we please for a few days, at least not have to do everything by bells! Come, I'm going to ask that man standing in the door yonder if the train is on time; I do hope it is.

The girls approached the man and asked about the train. His answer caused the happy look on their faces to change, for he told them there had been a wreck some miles above Roydon, and perhaps the train would be several hours late.

"Isn't it too bad, Dot, dear?" said Marion. "And you know, I had asked mother to have my cousins Mary and James Lawrence over home to see us tonight. Any way, let's go on and try to pass the time as pleasantly as possible; but I do hate to wait."

The waiting room was crowded. People of all classes with anxious, impatient faces, were seen watching for the delayed train.

All at once the noise in the crowd was lulled and gradually ceased. All eyes were turned towards the door, for there was seen entering there a little girl of about nine summers leading a man apparently blind.

"Look, Marion," said Dot, whose heart was so sympathetic, "isn't that too pitiful? Poor little dear, doesn't she look cold with that thin dress on this cold day? I do wonder if the man is blind."

The child was cold, for she was dressed in a thin calico dress of the cheapest quality. The sleeves were too short and very much worn at the elbows. There was a tiny bow of dirty pink ribbon at her neck, and on her head was a bonnet whose appearance suggested that it might have been made for a sister several years younger than the one on whose tangled, ill-kept hair it now rested. The child's eyes were red and swollen either from crying or disease. The man was tall and lean, with a coarse, stubby, beard on his

face; his large rough hands showed that he had worked hard; his clothes were coarse and very much too small—in short, his appearance was, as one would say, rather wiry.

The child, clutching the father tightly by the hand, drew him into a nearby corner, for there were no empty seats.

“Marion,” whispered Dot, “let’s offer them our seats.”

They did so and the child gladly accepted the offer and thanked the girls as well as she could, in a shy, awkward manner.

“Is your father blind, dear?” Dot softly asked the child.

He cannot see much—not enough to walk without some one leading him,” she said shyly. “One of his eyes is blind, and the other is most. We have been to the doctor to have them treated.”

There was a whispered conversation between her and her father. Then the child looked up at the girls rather inquiringly and said, “Papa will tell you how he became blind, if you care to hear.”

“Oh, do please,” said both girls in almost the same breath.

Well, it is a long story to tell,” said the father sighing slightly. It will be a year in March since Providence turned against us; no, I should not say that, for we have not starved yet. I have a wife and five children—this one,” pointing to the little girl, “is the oldest. I left them at home away up in the mountains. We have a few acres of land which we call ours, and on which we make our living. It was in the early part of March, I believe, I did not have very much to do, so I thought I’d break up some new ground, as we call it, to plant some early corn. Martha, my wife, had taken the children and had gone to spend the day with a neighbor. I had geared up “old Bill” and had plowed two rows when the plow caught in a root. I

bent down to unfasten it, when something struck me in the eye. At first it felt like a handful of pepper had been thrown into it. I looked around as well as my burning eye would permit me, to see what had struck me. I found a very tall weed—as tall as any ordinary man—growing near the row which I saw at once was what had hit my eye. In my hurry to unfasten the plow, I did not see it. I left “old Bill” just where he was and got home some way, I don’t remember how, my eye was hurting so. I just sat down and waited for Martha, what else could I do?

I won’t try to tell it all, it would take too long. Any way, my eye—the weed only hit one, you know—kept getting worse. I tried all the remedies my neighbors knew, but they did not help any. My farm needed work and my corn ought to be planted, but there was no one to do it but me. By the end of four weeks, I was entirely blind in my right eye and my left eye was getting blind. Oh, it was a hard time for us then! We had used most all the little sum of money we had saved, but there was some left. My wife begged me to take that and come here to Roydon to see if the doctors could do something for my eyes. It was hard to leave them in such a condition, but Martha was so hopeful about gettin’ my sight back, I just couldn’t help comin’. I brought little Jane with me to lead me about and to take some care off of her mother. The doctors say I shall have to have an operation before they can do me any good. But I can’t afford that, so I’m goin’ back home and maybe God will provide a livin’ for us. The doctors say that if I wait a month longer I can never hope to see again.

As he finished speaking, he sighed deeply while the child clutched him arm tighter. Every one in the room had been listening to the story.

“Oh, Marion,” whispered Dot, “can’t we do some-

thing? Think of all those children with nothing to eat! I tell you what I'll do if you will. You know the trip our parents promised us to Washington Christmas? Let's do without it and give the money to him so he can have the operation performed."

Marion gladly agreed to this plan, and they carried it out at once.

\* \* \* \*

Two years have passed, Marion is sitting before the fire in her cozy little room at home writing to Dot. It is Thanksgiving again.

"Oh, Dot," writes Marion, "yesterday while I was waiting for the train at Roydon, you can't imagine who I saw. You remember tht blind man and his little girl we saw there two years ago? Well, they were the very ones, and, what a change! The child really had on a nice warm cloak. Her father told me that he had an operation performed and it cured his eyes. When in the city he was offered a job which he accepted, and ever since then had been doing well. He had not moved his family to the city yet, but kept the little girl with him anyway. They were on their way home to spend Thanksgiving, and they told me it was to be the happiest Thanksgiving day of their lives. And, Dot, he attributed it all to us! Can you believe it? All the praise goes to you, for you thought of the plan of helping him, I never would. And to think all this came from our giving up our trip to Washington, or we thought we did at the time, but our parents let us go anyway. Dot, I really think this is my happiest Thanksgiving too; is it not yours?"

..

S. C. B., '09.



## THANKSGIVING.

This day, O Lord, we thankful art to thee  
 For every gift bestowed on us in love,  
 Our country grand, a nation brave and free,  
 Receives its grandeur all from thee above.

We thankful are for wealth which thou hast given  
 Unto our people, wealth for one and all,  
 It seems to us that heaven's gates are riven  
 To pour out blessings both to great and small.

We thanks would give for health which now is ours  
 This bouyant joy which lets us never drone  
 And with this health thou givest the greatest powers  
 For learning e'en from thy celestial throne.

We thank thee most for Christian graces shed  
 Broadcast upon this favored land of ours,  
 For all the hungry souls which thou hast fed  
 Nourished them too with great reviving showers.

'07

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 "THE SISTINE MADONNA."

The majority of us are familiar with the picture of the Sistine Madonna, by Raphael, but few know the story of the picture. It was originally painted as an altar piece for the monks of Piecenza.

The foreground with the ledge of the altar at the bottom and the looped back curtain at the top is material, the rest of the picture is spiritual. Of the heavenly host attendant on the Holy Mother the two cherubs have arrived first and are leaning on the altar rail. They are watching with rapt attention the ascent of the Mother and the Babe. At the left of the cherubs, and a little in the background, kneels the martyred Santa Barbara, praying for her people, her

head slightly bowed as if dazzled by the radiance of the heavenly vision.

At the right of the Madonna stands San Sisto, who for one year was Bishop of Rome, seemingly calling her attention to his flock, begging for blessing on the lost and erring of his fold.

Then beautiful in the extreme is the central figure of the picture. The Madonna, an angelic host behind her as far as eye can see, one foot advanced as if to bless the earth with her presence, and the Holy Child in her arms looks down with grave, sweet eyes on the awe inspired people.

Such is the picture that so many people have paid homage to.

Not long ago a German Fraulein, Clara Repberger, made an embroidery copy of the picture. It is the full size of the original canvas and the coloring is even reproduced by the Fraulein's gifted needle. The copy has been exhibited in Dresden, St. Petersburg, London, and Paris.

E. F. F.

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### “SHE CAN'T BE DEPENDED ON.”

“Miss Middleton, do you know Mary Jackson?”

“Yes, Miss Walker, I have known her for a year.”

“Will you please tell me what kind of student she is?”

“All of last year Miss Jackson was not a good student. She always seemed to want to shun her classroom work. She worked well for a while, but it never lasted.”

“Well, your description of her work agrees with my impression of her.”

“Yes, but the saddest part of it is that her parents cannot control her conduct, so what we try to do is not upheld at home. To sum her up in a few words, she is a girl that can't be depended on.”

A girl enters school with determination to accomplish much during her school days. Her plan is to take a regular course, which embraces no fewer than six studies, with music and art. At first she thinks that she can get along well in all departments, but very soon her music teacher tells her she must put more time on her music. Her class-room work begins to require very diligent study. The only way that she can think of doing all these tasks is to study her mathematics, English, and French well for a few days and let her other lessons have only a few minutes study before going to class, for she thinks she can make up Latin, history, and astronomy on Friday afternoon and Saturday. Although this plan does not prove very satisfactory to her, she decides to keep it up for a few weeks.

Her teachers begin to notice that she has not kept up daily work in her classes. Her recitations are good some days, but poor others. Her daily average becomes very low after a few weeks. Realizing that her standing in her classes is not desirable, she decides to drop Latin, as it takes so much of her time. She writes to her father very soon, asking him to give her permission to drop Latin. He answers promptly stating that he approves of her dropping Latin. After presenting her father's letter to the president of the institution she gets his consent. Now she thinks that prosperity will be hers during the succeeding days, as she has more time.

Presently there is an entertainment in the college. Deciding that she must not work too hard, and that she must develop her social nature as well as intellectual, she goes. The entertainment proves very pleasant to her. In a short while there is another entertainment, and, although she must leave her work for the next day unfinished, she feels that she is obliged to go. Many an evening she spends in this

way, thus letting pleasure slip between her and her work.

At last examination period is very close at hand. She feels as if she must pass on all of her work, so she decides to acquire as much knowledge of the different subjects as she can in the short time which is left her. She barely passes on her examinations, as some sections of her work have been so poorly prepared.

From the first time she put off some of her studying for some later day she became careless. Throughout the session she forms this habit of putting off. At the close of the session all of her teachers felt that she could not be depended on for thorough work.

In a cozy room there is seated in front of the fire a merry family. One of the number is a young lady, who appears pleasant and good to those about her. However, there is seen existing in her a degree of forgetfulness.

Her mother leaves the home and the children in her care while she goes off for a short time. The young lady finds great pleasure in her fancy work, and does not think of the children. Very soon she hears a little one scream. She rushes out of the room in the direction from which the cries come. When she reaches the scene she finds her little sister's dress has caught fire. Then she remembers that her mother has said: "Don't forget the children while I'm gone."

On Thanksgiving day the young lady's mother wants to have some friends to dine with them. In preparing for the dining the mother gives the young lady the task of sending out the invitations. She completes the task, as she thinks. On Thanksgiving morning the mother was talking to her daughter about the guests. Friend after friend is mentioned, and at last the mother makes a remark about a very dear friend of hers. The daughter, with downcast look, tells her mother that she has forgotten to send

an invitation to that friend. It was too late to remedy this forgetfulness. A true friend of the mother was offended.

The habit of forgetfulness grew on her day by day. Her parents, brothers and sisters thought of what trouble would forever follow her. What a pity it was for such a noble character to lack dependence!

Here is a young man who is anxious to have employment. He is full of determination, but is careless with money matters.

He succeeds in securing a place in a bank as book-keeper. He performs his duties well, and is succeeding, it seems.

One day one of his intimate friends walks into the bank to see him. He has some money which belongs to the bank, in his hand. After the conversation is over, and he is back at his desk he remembers that he laid the money, which he had in his hand when he left his desk, on a window sill, while talking. He leaves his desk and searches all around for the lost money, but does not succeed in finding it. He has to replace it with his own earnings, which are comparatively small.

This carelessness meant much to him, for he had saved very little of his salary and it took all he had to replace the amount. He not only lost in his financial matters, but he could not be relied upon thereafter.

A young man who has been the leader of his class in telegraphy in college, but who lacks steadiness, wishes to secure an operator's position. By his pleasing manner and natural brightness he secures his position.

Not many weeks pass before one hears of a terrible railroad wreck caused by this young man's incorrect wiring to another place a change in the train schedule.

By his lack of careful study of his own work he

caused many to face eternity in the twinkling of an eye.

When there is some poverty-stricken family which falls a prey to disease there are few men and women who are willing to help these suffering ones. How few there are who are sincere in their desire to better humanity!

If one goes into the great cities of our country they find there large numbers of young people who go there after securing positions, to find board. If these young people are noticed as the months pass they are found wandering away from the instructions of father and mother. They are taking part in those worldly things which tend to lower their ideals and to make them neglectful of right principles.

In the church are found large numbers who are members merely for the good that it may do them in the business or social world. These leave the duties of the church to the faithful few, who care for the church as a means of being uplifted spiritually.

Out in the business world who are chosen by men of great enterprises as employees? Only those who are honest, and who can be depended on. "I have read of a prominent judge who, wishing to have a rough fence built sent for a carpenter and said: 'Mend this fence to keep out the cattle. As it is out of sight of the house, these unplanned boards will do, and I will only pay you a dollar and a half.' Coming to look at the work the judge found the boards planned and the work finished with excellent neatness. Thinking, of course, that greater pay would be demanded, he said: 'I told you this fence was to be covered with vines, and I do not care how it looks.'" 'But I did,' said the carpenter. 'How much do you charge?' asked the judge. 'A dollar and a half,' said the man. 'Why did you spend all that labor on the job if not for the money?' 'For the job, sir.' 'Nobody would have seen the poor work on it,' said the judge. 'But

I should have known it was there, sir, and taking his one dollar and a half he went away. Ten years later this carpenter obtained a large contract from the judge when a great crowd of competitors failed. 'I know, said the judge, we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract and it made him a rich man.' Soon or late, in things sacred or in things secular, the one who is faithful over a few things is made ruler over many things.

A. L. M., '07.



# Isaqueena

Published by the students of the Greenville Female College.

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Ola Gregory, '07.. . . . .	Editor in Chief.
Elizabeth Easley, '09.. . . . .	Assistant.
Marguerite Geer, '08.. . . . .	Local Department
Virginia Felder, '07.. . . . .	Literary Editor
Carrie Wideman, '07.. . . . .	Assistant Literary Editor
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Bernice Going, '07.. . . . .	Business Manager
Evelyn Pack, '08.. . . . .	Asst. Business Manager
Ruth Pettigrew, '08.. . . . .	Fine Arts Editor.

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## Editorial Department

OLA GREGORY, Editor.

### SUPPORT OF OUR COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

As the editor has had the privilege of reading the various periodicals which come to us from the colleges she has had an opportunity of seeing the attempts of the students in the institutions represented to prove their ability in literary lines and to show also the undivided interest in their institution. A college magazine shows in a large measure the character of the institution, yet, we may not say that in every case the best productions of the school are put forth in our journals. This, however, should be the case and we hope for the time when our magazine by its standard can fully represent us and that the literary



standard can be fully able to stand by that of any college magazine. Now, there is only one way in which this can be obtained and that is by the aid of the student body. However competent and ambitious your staff may be it can never by any means obtain the articles for a high grade journal without the aid of the students. It is very important that the editors should strive for the improvement of the journal, but they can gain nothing alone. There seems to be an idea in almost every school that the college magazine is supported by the staff and that it is wholly responsible for it. Now, as long as this idea prevails a college journal can never attain the desired standard. The editors work faithfully and give a great deal of their time to this work. They, too, have lessons to prepare and then their magazine work to do. While they are willing and often neglect other duties for this ought they not to have help? Give them your aid and see the result. Some one may ask, "How can I aid in this work?" First and most important, you can contribute something in the literary line. If the article is only a short one, yet the spirit of willingness is shown. Do not let the literary editors have to persuade you to write. Prepare a paper and offer it to them. If your article is rejected do not be discouraged, but try the harder next time and with a fixed determination to succeed; both you and your magazine will be greatly improved. Then when you are criticised do not think the criticism unjust, but try to profit by it so that you can overcome all of your deficiencies. Again, girls, you can subscribe for your college journal. If you do not write for your paper help it by subscribing. The "Isaqueena" is a very young magazine and therefore it is the more important that the girls give their support in every way. Girls, will you give us your help? If so, then we are sure of success and the "Isaqueena" shall have a standard surpassed by no other college magazine.

**THE  
CUBAN QUESTION.**

In order to understand anything of the political situation in Cuba, one must first understand the Cuban himself. Extremely emotional, ignorant, superstitious, indolent and childishly fond of display and power, it is small wonder that he has come to grief in his attempts at self-government. His only idea of how to obtain anything he wants is to take it: might makes right in Cuba. The principal part of government from the Cuban's standpoint seems to be a vast deal of display. The Cuban has no idea of patriotism, as we understand the word.

The two great parties in Cuba are the Liberals and the Moderates. The Liberals seemed to think that the Moderates had been in power long enough, hence the recent revolution and interference by the United States. In the last elections the Moderates used the most fraudulent means of retaining the offices, while the Liberals did all in their power to keep them from succeeding.

It was the unfair means by which the Moderates managed to hold the offices that gave the Liberals the opportunity to rebel. There is no doubt that the Liberals used as unscrupulous means to obtain their ends as did the Moderates—The difference was that the Moderates were successful. The Liberals even went so far as to consider the advisability of assassinating President Palma. The scheme was only abandoned because the effects were feared by the Liberals. However, they took up arms against the government. A bloody revolution would probably have followed but for the intervention of the United States. President Palma appealed through the American consul to President Roosevelt, who after some days' deliberation complied with the request by sending Secretary Taft down to take charge of affairs. Afterward war ships and troops were sent to Havana.

The state of affairs now appears to be that neither party cares much what becomes of the country, so long as the other party is kept out of office. Secretary of War Taft and Robert Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State, the United States Commissioners, who were sent to Cuba to take charge of affairs, did all in their power to quell disturbances. Secretary Taft has promised that a new election will be held as soon as possible. Both parties have promised to abide by the result of the election, provided it is perfectly fair. It is extremely doubtful that either party will think any election fair by which the other is put into office.

Whether or not Cuba will eventually be annexed to the United States is the question now to be decided. Richard Harding Davis, who has known Cuba and Cubans intimately for twenty years, seems to think that the annexation of Cuba is inevitable, that the Cuban having once proved himself incapable of self-government will do so again.

For four hundred years Cuba was governed entirely by Spain. Suddenly, in 1899, the reins of government were placed in the hands of the ignorant, superstitious and totally incompetent people. What Cuba needs is not absolute freedom to govern herself as she pleases. She needs to be taken care of—wisely and kindly until she learns how to govern herself.

## Local Department

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MARGUERITE GEER, Editor.

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At a meeting of the special Senior Class the following officers were elected: Fred Donnal, President; Allie Mack, Vice President; Ella Wharton, Secretary and Treasurer.

Tuesday afternoon, October 22nd, a recital was given in the auditorium by Beryl Rubenstein, the seven-year-old musician.

Holiday was given October 19th that the girls might go to the Fair. A large number went and reported on their return a very pleasant day.

The Senior Class met October 18th and completed the organization, electing Miss Jennie McLeod Historian; Gertrude Baker, Poet; Virginia Felder, Prophet.

On the evening of October 23rd a second recital was given by the faculty. These recitals are always enjoyed by a full house. The more we hear Miss Sims and Messrs. Schaefer and Brown the more we appreciate their talents.

The Federation of Woman's Clubs of the city gave a reception in the college parlors October 25th.

On the evening of October 31st the B. Y. P. U. gave a very enjoyable party in the college parlors. The rooms were decorated in true Halloween style, and all the superstitions connected with the night were admirably carried out. Among others, eight Chicora girls, a large number of Furman boys and G. F. C. girls were present.

Quite an enjoyable "Tacky Party" was given by Dr. James November 3rd, in dedication of the new gymnasium. At eight o'clock the Grand March took place and then followed an amusing program. At the completion of this, refreshments were served and after some games the party was broken up.

### LOCALS.

Miss Carrie Kay, a '04 girl, visited her sisters, Misses Anna and Mary Kay, the 27th.

Miss Carrie Spearman was called home because of the sickness of her grandmother. We are glad to report that she is now better and Miss Spearman has returned.

Misses Mary Geer and Cox visited their homes in Belton the 19th.

Miss Callie Johnson has been called home on account of the illness of her father.

Miss Flora Scruggs was married to Mr. Joseph Jameson August, '06, and is now living in Campobello.

On October 23rd Miss Lottie Wingo was married to Mr. Hughes.

Mrs. Thomas C. Martin, mother of Miss Onie Martin, B. A., '03, died at her home near the city October 22nd.

At the home of the bride's parents, on the 23rd of October, Miss Vashti Keys was married to Mr. William Otis Cullum, of Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Nell West and Mr. Henry Mills were married October 24th.

## "HERE AND THERE."

Jr. L. S. "Say, Polly, what county is Charleston in?"

Jr. P—l—e K—y. "Lower part of Spartanburg."

Fresh E—a Sc—h at the Fair. "Oh! don't you wish Dr. James would extend our rules?"

Mr. Schaefer. "What is a flat?"

Special W. W—d. "Three rooms and a bath."

Rat F—n—e Sun—t. "What is that? an Isaquee-na?"

Jr. M. K. "No, an Echo."

Rat F—n—e S—t. "Do you subscribe to that?"

Special B. D—v—p—t wants to know if indelible matches can be struck on sandpaper.

Soph. B. Mc at supper. "Please pass the S-u-g-e-r!"

Sen. A—l—e M—k, the afternoon of the B. Y. P. U. reception. "I can't study for thinking of "Going."

Sen. F. D—n—ld says she went home the 32nd of October.

What about sitting in the parlor,  
 At about eight o'clock at night,  
 Talking just *vs* sweetly  
 O, what a cute little sight!  
 A group of—well you know who—  
 Was waiting too outside,  
 To hear the scramble in the room  
 For the time to soon expire,  
 At last it did expire—and then  
 The funny sounds they heard;  
 For all the clocks were ringing there  
 And all exclaiming words,  
 Not only two, but three did ring,  
 Enough to shake the ground,  
 But not the love of either pair  
 Was shaken by this sound.

## Y. W. C. A.

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SALLIE McGEE, Editor.

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The work of our Association seems to progress steadily. We have enrolled many new members who already are helpful and active members in the work. We hope the others will join and help us in this great and noble work.

Our Bible classes have not been organized yet. We have not been able to get all the departments into working order, but we hope to get these arranged soon. We realize the importance of Bible studies and we hope all the members will take an active part in them. We hope to have four classes: Character Studies in the Old Testament, The Life of Christ, The Life of Paul, and Doctrinal Teachings.

The Mission Study classes have been arranged and are taught by Miss Jacobs and Miss Mary Geer. These studies were adopted last year and we find them very beneficial and interesting. A Missionary Rally is held once a month.

The annual Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association of North Carolina and South Carolina will be held in Greensboro, North Carolina, from November twenty-second until the twenty-sixth. We have chosen Miss Sims (from the faculty) and Misses Bertha Enbanks and Pauline Kelly as our representatives. We are sure that these young ladies will bring us excellent reports of this Convention and that they will inspire us and fill us with the desire to do more this year than we have ever been known to do.

Onward and upward, O my soul!  
Let thy endeavor be—  
Though dark the cloud mist 'bove thee roll,  
Light shall be given to thee;  
Though stomiest waves and billows rock  
Thy human bark at will,  
Thou shalt have strength to bear the shock—  
Be Hope thy anchor still.

Alas! thou shrinkest with lonely fear,  
Thou tremblest with the cold,  
Thy inner life shows pale and drear,  
And languidly unfold  
Thy feeble wings that fain would find  
The source of mental day;  
Still unrevealed the path—and blind  
Doth the immortal stray!

Freed from those bonds of mortal flesh  
Thou shalt go forth, my soul,  
Rejoicing in a nobler birth  
With powers beyond control.  
Then onward! 'tis not always night,  
Though clouds dim now thy way;  
Oh! soul of mine! there will be light  
To show the perfect day!"



# Fine Arts

RUTH PETTIGREW, Editor.

Great pleasure was derived from the recital given by the Music and Expression teachers of the college on Tuesday evening, October 23. The program was as follows:

## PART I.

- Prelude (C sharp minor) . . . . . Rachmaninoff  
Geo. H. Schaefer.
- Guinevere . . . . . Tennyson  
Rachel Cabe Sims.
- Hungarian Air, op. 134 . . . . . Keler Bela  
Elizabeth Mauldin.
- Gloria (sacred hymn) . . . . . Buzzi Peccia  
Walter D. Brown.

## PART II.

- (a) A Kentucky Cinderella . . . . F. Hopkinson Smith  
(b) Selected . . . . . Rachel Cabe Sims.
- (a) Thou are like unto a lovely Flower . . . . Mattioli  
(b) Thursday (by request) . . . . . Molloy  
(c) The Wish . . . . . Shelley  
Walter D. Brown.
- (a) Impromptu (C sharp minor) . . . . . Chopin  
(b) Liebestraume (Love's Dream) . . . . . Liszt  
(c) Tremelo . . . . . Gottschalk  
Geo. H. Schaefer.

## ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

(A Celtic Legend.)

BY H. W. B. BARNES.

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Of the many legends concerning the origin of music none are to me so beautifully idealistic and full of emotional art sentiment as the following tale of the origin of music as I heard it at my mother's knee years ago. It fascinated me as did all things emanating from her then to me limitless fount of wisdom.

Still undisturbed is this strangely beautiful tale. Its sequence, may to my Isaqueena readers appear without material charm; maybe its source so closely interwoven into the tendrils of my boyish fancy has deceived an otherwise maturer judgment. You alone must pass upon its merits:

The seasons of Spring, Summer, and Winter were established by the Great Wizard of the Tusrhas, named Daughda. The person of Uaithne emanated from the rythm of the seasons; he so full of the sweet pain of Spring, the joyous laughter of Summer and the deep slumber of Winter. Finding that alone he could not impart to men a distinctively emotional feeling of the seasons, in winter beat out for himself a great string of fine iron and set it in the frame, and the slumber of Winter passed into it. Another frame of bronze was made for springtime; and the sweet pain of Spring passed into it. Yet another frame of silver and the joyousness of Summer passed into it.

The deep slumber which with winter comes to all fell upon Uaithne, and from his heart was born three sons. The first, Goltraighe, born full of the sweet pain of Spring; next came Gentraigne with the bright laughter of Summer; but Suantraighe the third, was scarce brought forth from the deep sleep of Winter which was upon his parent. After that Uaithne was no more.

When the three sons of Uaithne touched his heart it spoke forth strangely, as it does to this day—says the legend. At the hands of Golthraighe it would speak only of the sweet pain of Spring and cause weeping; at the hands of Gentraighe, only the laughter of Summer; at the hands of Suantraighe the deep slumber of Winter must needs come upon men.

All the people were gathered to hear the music of the sons of Uaithne, and they played so that as long as the Seasons established by Daughda recur, and men exist, they will know the feeling of the Spring, the Summer, and the Winter.



## Exchange Department

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HELEN MAULDIN, Editor.

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The Exchange Editor may scratch with a pen

The Exchange Editor may scratch with a pen

Till the ends of her fingers are sore,

When some one's sure to remark with a jest,

"Rats! how stale! I've heard that before."

—Ex.

Of course the first thing one notices about a magazine is its cover. That of "The Furman Echo" is very effective on account of its simplicity. The table of contents in the Echo is well arranged, all the articles in the literary department being grouped under the title, "Literary Department." "A Foreword," giving some idea of the market for good literary efforts will no doubt stimulate the students to greater endeavors in that line. Among the stories "A College Episode" is good, but we beg to differ with the author in one respect. He would find "very" few girls who, being so dreadfully frightened by the mere sight of two strange men, would chase them through the woods at night. The poem, "Life is Sweet," is very good.

"The Carolinian" is decidedly attractive in appearance, bearing on its cover the University seal, and the good impression which the cover gives is borne out by the contents of the magazine. In regard to the table of contents, we like the arrangement. Would it not be better if all the magazines would arrange theirs this way, putting the page number, and not the author's name opposite the name of the ar-

ticle? As for the stories, "The Prophecy" is decidedly above the average. It shows real talent. The author of "Mrs. William Goat Entertains" is to be congratulated upon his originality. More stories on this order would "liven up" college magazines. The article, "Some Aspects of Present Day Literature" is well written and the poems are good.

The literary department of "The Limestone Star" is well balanced, containing a poem, an article on literature, a story, an article on business, then another story. The poem, "The Border Light," is the best one we have seen in our exchanges. The author of "A Variation from Legal Routine" succeeded very well in writing the negro dialect. The Editorial Department contains some helpful thoughts.

The design of fall leaves on "The Erskinian" for October is very appropriate. "The Erskinian" should have, we think, a table of contents. The solid articles are good, especially "Excelsior," and "The Halcyon Hour," but this magazine needs some bright, snappy stories. The only story in the October number, "My First and Only Love," is not up to the average. Would any man propose to a girl as this man did, and would any girl answer as "Bessie" did? The Alumni Department is excellent.

Our last exchange is "The Winthrop College Journal." As usual, it wears a pretty "dress." We like the idea of putting an account of the commencement exercises of one year in the next number of the magazine—that is, the first number of the Fall. The account of the dedication of the Carnegie Library is well written. We think, however, that the Journal should contain some stories or other original articles by the students of the college. The Alumnae Department is well filled.

### HIMSELF A PICTURE.

A Harvard Freshman was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead”—then forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, “and—I—I am beginning to feel sick myself.”—Boston Harvard.

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If he gets the least bit of a show.  
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This jingle he's already read,  
I know he'es got at it somehow,  
If he had to stand on his head.

—Ex

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### IN DEFENSE OF THE SEX.

Men wouldn't go to sleep in church, either, if they had to hold their heads up in order to keep their hats on straight.—Cleveland Leader.

# Alumnæ Association

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MRS. BEATTIE ROWLAND, Editor.

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We wish to call special attention to the Reading Room, as an important factor toward the enjoyment as well as the information of our girls at G. F. C.

It would add to the comfort and convenience of the room, as well as to the appearance and durability of the papers and magazines if a paper rack were presented. The President, Dr. E. C. James, always zealous in any cause for the good of his household, will tell you how one may be procured. We feel assured that there are those who will gladly respond to this call, if the matter is placed before them. It will afford many a new pleasure every month, if some friend will subscribe now for a periodical to be sent to the Reading Room.

If there are others who have finished with their magazines and would like to pass them on, the young ladies will appreciate the donation.

On Tuesday evening, October 8, Miss Vashti Keys, daughter of Mr. and Ms. W. W. Keys, of Greenville, was married to Mr. Otis Cullum of Charlotte, N. C.

The groom is the son of the late Andrew Cullum of Ridge Spring, who was a prominent citizen of this place. The bride is the daughter of the editor of The

Baptist Courier, a man known and loved all over the State. She is also a graduate of class 1905 from the G. F. C. She has many friends in the city by whom she will be greatly missed.

Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party drove to the station, where they boarded the train for Charlotte, their future home.

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### CAMPING ON THE "BIG BALSAM" MOUNTAINS.

For a number of years, we—that is my son, my daughter, and I—have enjoyed our summer "outing" among the Carolina mountains. We begin arranging for the trip weeks beforehand, and systematically jot down a list of all necessaries for our comfort and convenience. An easy-riding, roomy hack, drawn by a pair of stout horses carries us, and a hired man drives a wagon containing our heavy luggage and provision.

Having camped at Caesar's Head, Buck Forest and other points in their vicinity, we decided to go higher this time, and secured comfortable rooms in the lodge, situated at the foot of the Big Balsam mountains in North Carolina. Here, shut in by lofty heights and lulled to sleep at night by the waters of the French Broad river, as they rushed over their stony bed, we realized rest and freedom from perplexing duties and irksome care.

Since childhood we had listened to stories concerning the Big Balsam. Had heard of its dangerous inhabitants, the black bear and crotatus, of the narrow precipitous trail leading to its summit, and of the trials of some who had lost their way up there. However, in spite of fears, we decided to make the ascent on the morrow, and made preparations accordingly. Our horses were too large and unaccustomed to narrow ways to be used, so "the boy" en-



gaged a wiry, sure-footed mountain pony, on which our blankets, cooking vessels and provisions were strapped, the hired man carrying a heavy burden also, yet leaving much that seemed to us necessities.

At 8 o'clock we were all equipped for our journey and made a brave beginning. For half mile our way led along the banks of the river, through corn fields and apple orchards, beside occasional pools of water, where water snakes were sunning themselves, to the gratification of "the boy," who immediately caused their hasty exit in the water by a shot from his ever-ready gun. Past these we reach the mica camp, just over the border, on the Vanderbilt land, and learn another "lesson in life" of the avarice of the rich man. Down in the depths of this mica mine these mountaineers, who rarely have what most of us consider the necessities of life, toil, day in and out, for a pittance, because Mr. Vanderbilt only pays them for the mica they obtain, and not for their labor. "Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity!" The trail grows more narrow, and in places we walk in water almost to our shoe-tops. There!—we see two spotted fawns, but no shooting is allowed on these premises.

The guide informs us as we come to an unusually narrow pass that the year before a valuable horse descending the mountain packed with his master's effects lost his footing and fell into the gorge below, and we involuntarily shudder as we glance down into the chasm. The third mile seems long, and as we enter on the fourth, we cross on a foot log the historic French Broad in its infancy, merely a noisy, brawling mountain stream, for it rises just above here. They seem so harmless, these streams, but a few months since this one rising rapidly after a summer shower came near drowning the horse of our guide as he returned from "Camp Tip Top." At the beginning of the fifth mile, we rest beside a spring of ice cold water, imbedded in a bank of exquisite ferns. Then comes

the longest, steepest mountain climbing I have ever known. The Jones Gap road and the Table Rock ascents, seem level in comparison. The heat is intense and breathlessly we exclaim, "How much further?" "Wall, jess bout er mile," answers the guide. We have long ago found out that mountain miles are three times the length of those in the plains. We proceeded to walk and pant the three succeeding miles and reach "the glades," cool beautiful trees, with a forest of huckleberry bushes in their midst and how we enjoyed the luscious pink fruit! Here we meet for the first time the great handsome horned cattle, who are nowise abashed at our appearance, and have to be driven from the trail. Here too we see peeping out of the bushes a family of mountain people. The man clad in the customary brown jeans, the woman in dark blue calico and the three babies in bright red. They seem very shy. "Who are they?" we ask our guide. "O, they are McCalls, and they live down in the cove in the mountain and if you'uns go thur they'll run and hide like skeered rabbits," he tells us. They live on fruit, berries and milk, and seem perfectly content.

Continuing for a mile among immense boulders rearing their stately crests above the tree tops, we first behold our camp. Before proceeding further, however, we stop—stilled and awed by the grandeur lying all around us. Through rifts in the foliage we catch glimpses of a vast array of mountains, converging till they meet in distinct lines one in front of the other, so ideally blue that it looks less like earth than heaven. Was there ever sight more beautiful? How small, how utterly insignificant we seem in view of all this "beauty of the Lord?" Ah! "I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come my aid!"

Our guide points to this or that height in Tennes-

see, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. Are we not repaid for our strenuous toil?

Our cabin, owned by a wealthy tourist whose permission to use, we obtained before leaving the lodge, is built of rough unhewn logs, and chinked with white clay, with a chimney of rock and sticks. We find the boy and hired man have thoroughly swept the sod floor and have the cots and rush-bottomed chairs out airing. Our luncheon of boiled ham, pickles, light biscuit, salmon, jelly and cake is enjoyed to the fullest extent.

After a brief rest we begin preparing balsam twigs for our couch, and it is not nearly such pleasant work as we thought. The resin in it is brown and sticky. Deciding to spend another day, our man returns to the lodge with the guide and the boy does double duty. He is over twenty-one, strong and very stout, and the woods resound with the steady stroke of his axe as he fells tree after tree for our camp fire. In the afternoon we walk and admire the views, beautiful beyond description. We note dusky shadows rising higher and higher up the mountain side from the gloom of the valley below. The sky is a lustrous contrast to the depths. The sun still lingers large and red above the western summits, the clouds about it, gorgeous in borrowed color. Now and then at intervals we hear the tinkle of the cow bells, or the lowing of the herd. How still it seems! The balsam fire dispensing alike warmth and light reveals our rush bottomed chairs drawn to the hearth and our couch of fragrant balsam boughs with its bright cover and downy pillows and we accept this mute invitation to enter. How delicious is the aroma of the coffee frizzled beef and potatoes, hot in their brown jackets!

Our rest is somewhat broken by the "noise of many cattle," who unaccustomed to human associates tramp, tramp about our camp and ring constantly their bells. Finally one more venturesome than the

others comes to gratify his curiosity to our very door and rings his bell, instead of knocking. The boy gets a saucepan of hot water and souses him, and angry and disgusted he bellows in impotent rage, tearing up the earth as he leaves. The squeak of a flying squirrel and its egress from under my pillow is not reassuring, but rest comes after toil.

Soft, vapory clouds are hovering above our door as we emerge next morning, but in a short while the sun shines brightly, lighting up the tender azure of the far-away ranges, and bringing to view the exquisite tones of the gray and purple shadows that hover about the darkened covers and deep gorges beneath. The breeze brings upon its breath the fragrant woodland odor of balsam and pungent herbs and gives one a most voracious feeling. How fine the coffee and beef taste, supplemented by hot buckwheat cakes and real Maple syrup.

We read and talk by our cabin door until noon. Afterward we walk and admire scene and tree and wild flowers. Above but directly back of us is the extreme top of the mountain. The mountaineers call it "The Tennessee Ball." Clinging to the sheer wall of the rock are the "four little sisters," slender balsam trees and we feel almost a kinship for them in their isolation. A terrific storm envelopes our "Camp Tip Top" at night fall. The wind surges mildly among the groaning forest and wrenches the limbs from the trees. The lightning seems almost to blaze in our eyes, and the thunder reverberates from cliff to cliff. It is bitter cold. Out in the storm the boy rushes to bring in more wood, and piles high the logs to bring cheer and warmth. After we retire we are selfish enough not only to accept all the blankets, but the boy's sweater and rain coat, and he spends the night in a chair, renewing the fire from time to time.

As our guide has warned us about the river rising and as morning dawns dark and threatening, we

think it best to journey home. Accordingly, we pack what we can conveniently rarry, knowing that the boy will send for everything else, and begin our descent. Our way is not marked by incident, except when we lingered once and the boy walked a head, a great horned animal confronted us, and looked angrily into our faces. After this we kept up.

We reached the lodge for dinner and this and a long afternoon nap greatly refreshed us.

MRS. BEATTIE ROWLAND.



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