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The Isaqueena - 1907, January

Mary Ola Gregory
Greenville Woman's College

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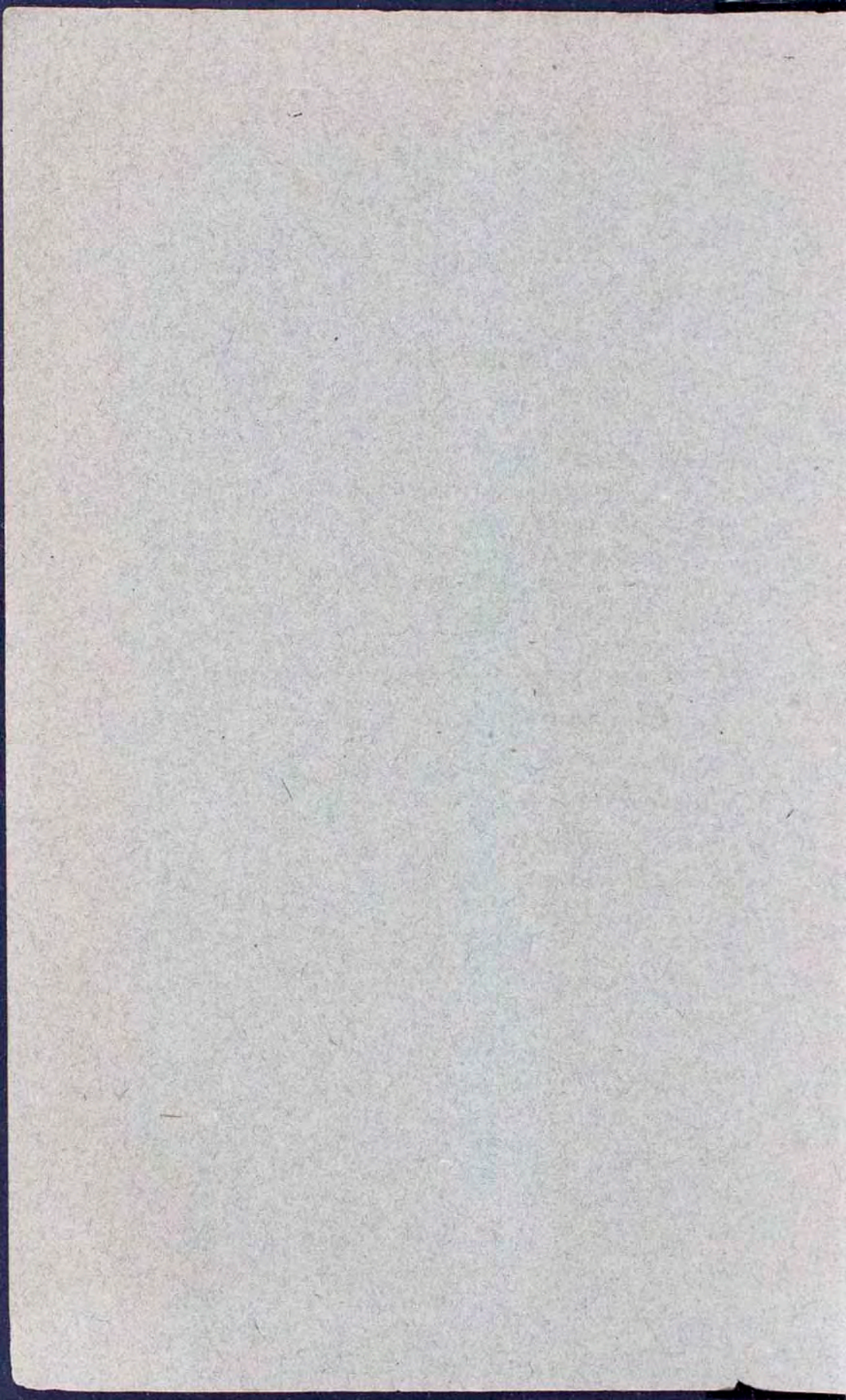
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Vol. 2, No. 4, Jan. 1907





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ISADUEENA

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

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

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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., Jan. 1907

No. 4

MANAGER'S NOTICE—All matters for publication must be handed to Editor-in-Chief, Ola Gregory, by first of month.

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Literary Department

VIRGINIA FELDER

CARRIE WIDEMAN,

Editors.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

(For ye have not passed this way heretofore. Josh. 3:4.)

Hitherto

Ye have not passed this way, this way is new:
Whatever joys or sorrows may befall,
We have not tried them; they are new to all.

Hitherto

The Lord was with us; when our friends were few,
He was our help and stay in every ill;
And in our pleasures He was with us still.

Hitherto!

Why not hereafter? Lord, whate'er we do
Be Thou our guide, for though the way be strange
Thy loving kindness never knows a change.

J. T. CLARKE.

ROBERT E. LEE.

Robert Edward Lee was descended from a race of statesmen and warriors. His father, Richard Lee, was an Englishman who came to Virginia when that colony was still loyal to Charles I. He came as secretary of the Virginia colony and member of the King's privy council.

Robert was born January 19, 1807, at Stratford, Virginia. At the age of 18 he entered the Military Academy at West Point. During the four years that he was there he never received a demerit. He graduated July 4, 1829, with the highest honors and became a second lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war he was confronted with the grim reality of war and he first distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz. He was assigned to the Central Army in the invasion of Mexico as chief engineer. He assumed his duties with the army in 1847. In recognition of his services General Scott appointed Lee a member of his personal staff.

On his return North Colonel Lee was given the place as Superintendent of West Point Academy and for the next three years devoted himself to his duties in the new work. He resigned from West Point April 1, 1856, to accept the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Second Cavalry Regiment. The same year his regiment was dispatched to Texas to put down Indian uprisings. He was in Texas in 1861, when the great crisis was approaching. Had Virginia remain-

ed with the Union Lee would have remained also, for next to his State his country was his dearest idol. He resigned from the federal service April 20, 1861. In April, 1861, Lee was made commander of all the forces in Virginia. He at once took up the work of organizing the state volunteer troops. The first engagement of the war was at Great Bethel, 1861. One of his first movements was to send troops to Western Virginia.

During the winter he fortified all exposed points along the coast. Affairs were in so critical a condition that President Davis determined to place General Lee at the head of the army of Northern Virginia, though he still retained his position as commanding general. The last effort to rally the waning confidence of the people was the elevation of Lee to the Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the Confederacy. Lee was practically the only man in the South in whom the people had not lost faith. He maintained to the last that he was still able to resist the enemy, but surrendered in interest of peace.

Lee was neither an enthusiast or a fanatic. He was a kind-hearted, dignified, Christian gentleman. His bravery was unquestioned. His high character and self-sacrifice in the interest of the cause which he believed to be just, gained the sincere admiration of even those who had formerly been his foes. "In person," says McCabe, "General Lee was strikingly handsome." He was tall in stature and possessed a most perfectly proportioned figure. He was courteous and kind to all. He possessed the most perfect command over his temper. An oath never passed his lips and he never used tobacco or liquors. Lee ranks second to no warrior in the world.

We all know that on the 19th of January we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General R. E. Lee. If forty years ago any one had predicted this, he would have been regarded as an

unpatriotic lunatic. All hatred and bitterness have fled and have been made impossible by sympathy and knowledge. Though General Lee had long been the idol of the South, he was also thoroughly respected in the North, as some of his contemporaries were not. In order to show the high respect and love which the people have for the memory of Lee, preparations are being made in all sections of the United States to celebrate the anniversary with appropriate exercises.

E. P. T., '08.

A PRIZE STORY.

It is with pleasure we give below a story which won a prize given by The J. Thomas Arnold Co., of this city, during the Christmas season. The author of this story is our little friend and school mate, Janie Earle, who is in the sixth grade of the Primary Department. She is a daughter of Dr. J. B. Earle, the college physician.

There was once a little five-year old boy whose name was Teddy. His father was dead and he lived with his mother who was very poor.

On Christmas Eve he was walking up and down the street, looking at the beautiful things in the windows. As he stood gazing into the most attractive window on North Main street a clerk asked him what was his name. "My name is Teddy," he said. "What are you doing on the street so late, my little man?" "I'm looking for Santa Claus," he said. "But," said the clerk, "why didn't you wear your coat and shoes?" "I'm not got any."

"Come here," said the clerk, and he took the little boy back into the store and put a cloak around him and shoes on his feet.

"Tank you, tank you," and the little boy started

home. As he went out the clerk said, "I will not rest till I give them a merry Christmas."

When he got home his mother said, "Where have you been and why did you stay out so late and—Goodness Sakes! Teddy, where did you get that cloak and them shoes?"

"A man down to Mr. Arnold's big, fine store put them on me."

That night before he went to bed Teddy knelt down to say his prayers and this is what he said: "Please, dear Lord, tell Santa Claus to come to see me tonight; bless mamma and me."

Long after Teddy had gone to sleep a rap was heard at the door and a man with two baskets came in.

"Here is a basket of good things to eat and a basket of things for Teddy."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Fred Pierson, of the J. Thomas Arnold Co's. store."

"God will surely bless you," she said, as he turned to go away.

Next morning when Teddy awoke he saw a stocking full of nice things and all around were other nice things.

"Mamma, Look! Look! what Santa Claus has brought me." And he jumped out of bed and looked all around at the pretty things. O, mamma, may I take Mary Jones some candy and a big, red apple? She hasn't got anything, I know."

When Mary saw the candy and the great big apple she clasped her hands and said, "How good that is of you to bring me these nice things. Did Santa Claus come to see you? He didn't come to see me. I des he didn't know where I libed. O, I am so happy! Ain't you, Teddy?"

"Yes, I am, Santa Claus s a good old man."

“LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT.”

The American of today takes no account of time or indirect motion in the gratification of his wishes. His patience cannot be measured, for he has none. Though he scorns to be called a copyist of any custom or to have any characteristic that is not wholly American, yet I think he could learn much from the English and German, especially the latter; the Germans are the world's models of patience.

During his boyhood he reads the life of Washington or some other eminent American and immediately he is fired with a wild desire to be like him. He ignores the fact that he must develop himself, and entertains the insane idea that he can become like his ideal in a very short time. He buys advanced works on his special theme, which his undeveloped mind cannot understand. He has not time and patience to master the elementary branches. His theory is that the greater includes the less. He sits up late at night trying in vain to comprehend his ponderous books, until he becomes discouraged and abandons all further attempts to be a great man. Now this wild enthusiasm proves that he had in him the elements of greatness, a greatness that would have justified his highest aspirations had not this American vice of impatience nipped in the bud.

As a youth he goes to college and thinks that the highest triumph of life will be to complete his education in his teens. Sometimes he is apt to accomplish this exceedingly lofty object, but he is pretty sure about this time to halt in his pursuit of knowledge. The amount of knowledge which he acquires is not burdensome, from the very fact of having gone to college too soon.

It is true that many great and useful men have completed their college education while very young,

but it was because they were by nature able to do this without impatient haste.

Not only is patience the most requisite factor in the development of a man, but is of great importance after manhood has been attained. We never hear of an impatient man dying of old age. Impatience is a friction in the wheels of life. Intemperance will not wear the machinery of life sooner than impatience.

Now the patient man has a calm and rational appreciation of each moment of his life. He, as a general rule, requires less sleep than one who is impatient, for the mental and physical powers require time for recuperation in proportion to the amount of waste. Nothing wastes the vital and mental powers of a man so much as his spasmodic fits of impatience. "Well, I am tired, but I haven't done anything," is the habitual expression of the impatient, while the patient accomplishes a great deal and are seldom tired. The reason is plain. The impatient man cannot stop to see where to take hold, and so takes hold several times and makes as many useless movements, all of which wear and exhaust him. The patient man takes hold in the right place the first time, and thus not only saves time, but physical and mental energy. And so while the patient man calmly and without friction accomplishes life's mission, the impatient man wears out his powers and dies of exhaustion before he gets ready to begin work.

When our American man learns to labor and to wait" then may he have his full three score and ten.

P. K., '08.

THE NEW YEAR.

Good morning, sir! 'Tis thus we meet
Upon the threshold of thy days.
We happy are thy days to greet,
If they but lead to better ways,
If they but lead to nobler things,
Or help a soul new grace adorn,
If they the joy of praising brings,
We greet them thrice this blessed morn.

So much the world now stands in need
Of those who dare to do the right,
Of those who sow the precious seed
Of truth from early morn till night,
That we now greet a new born day,
With prayer for some to enter in
And boldly climb the narrow way
Which leads to God and frees from sin.

And thus we greet the new born year
With prayer and hope for greater zeal
To harvest souls, without a fear
For earthly stores or human weal;
For surely God will grant the rain
Till he be ready to garner in
The precious sheaves of golden grain
And burn the tares of damning sin.

"X." M., '07.

OBLIGATION.

In answer to a request for "matter" for a college magazine, the question of what kind of matter confronts me. Naturally one would say advice of one form or another. Duty in some sense, so why not say obligation? Then shall it be obligation to parents? Obligation to church? Obligation to society?

Obligation to college? All time worn and threadbare themes I hear from every side. So, then, as a slight modification we shall say obligation to one's own self, for does not that embrace every other obligation? Do we not find in that the keynote to all that makes truth, honor and happiness? The only thing that will soften the rough places or halo the clouds that come into each life sooner or later.

"To thine own self be true, and as sure as night follows day thou canst not then be false to any man."

Have we evr grasped really the wonderful compass, the far outstretching magnitude of an obligation to one's own self, its grand, glorious and uplifting power when we consider it aright? Show me a girl that is true to herself and I see one in whom all the virtues of a pure and honorable womanhood rests. An ornament to society, a blessing to all with whom she comes in contact and one on whose brow rests the coronet of a mother's and father's pride and blessing. To keep ourselves true and strong and brave we should keep a close watch over thought and action, and examine ourselves constantly and thoroughly, going deep down into the recesses of our inner selves and with pruning hook, as it were, uproot the little evil tendencies that are so wont to spring up.

The root of selfishness, pride, vanity and thoughtlessness too often allowed to grow until at last the dark branches overburdened with fruitfulness bear us down. God does not intend, however, that we should look only for our faults, but our virtues as well, which we should cultivate and nurture, causing them to expand and in their growth and brightness glorify our lives and those around us.

"Ne'er suffer sleep thine eyes to close before thy mind hath run
O'er every act and thought and word from dawn to set of sun."

Remember that each word and thought influences in some way every living creature with whom we come in touch. We all know there are men and wo-

men in whose presence we can not remain five minutes without realizing that some strong influence has been exercised over us. This is often true, though the person so encountered may not have spoken a word. It may have been only a casual meeting, a passing interview, yet we pass on impressed with the feeling that we have been in the presence of some mysterious power that has either strengthened the good that is in us or given a darker shade to the evil. What is this power that we all feel almost every day of our lives? For want of a better name we sometimes call it magnetism. The right name is character. So, then, in your choice of friends, as in your own chosen path, be jealous of your rights, for they must not be renounced even for love or friendship's sake. We should follow the advice of the one who said:

"Essential honor must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin, though sure that none should know.
Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood;
For none can be a friend that is not good."

N.

"I. HARRIS," SHEPHERD, PROPHET, ETC., FORTUNE TELLER.

Louise Cauthen decided to extend her visit. She had assented readily when shown a letter from Charley Rawls saying that he had decided to take his vacation at once, and would be home the next day. "It will be so much nicer to be together," Miss Rawls had argued, "than for 'Daddy' to spend half of his short vacation at home and the other half in another part of the State."

Alice Rawls and her guest were enjoying the sum-

mer afternoon in two hammocks under the shade trees.

"You must come to visit us when we have got used to our flat in New York." Louise extended the invitation with mock courtesy. "And perhaps 'Daddy' has some nice young men among his acquaintances. It would be so jolly," she continued, laughing, "for both of us to live in New York some day."

"No, Louise, I wouldn't live in such a city. And he would have to be a mighty good Yankee for me to love with all my heart."

"Weil, your brother will soon be a Yankee, Miss, by adoption."

"We all wish 'Daddy' would come home to stay. We didn't want him to leave, but he thought he could do better in a large city. I wonder how he really likes New York. He doesn't write that he is displeased, but I know how he feels—he always loved to be at home."

"Tell me, Louise, how you and 'Daddy' came to fall in love. He has told me, but, like a man, leaves out the nicest parts and just says 'you understand,' and I don't, at all."

"We didn't fall in love. We just found out that we had always loved."

"Don't be such a Presbyterian, Louise."

"He didn't know me at the University, but I heard him in the debates and at the Science Club. We moved to Larnes in his third year, and I didn't meet him until his senior year. It was at the contest of the Southern Oratorical Association which was held at Larnes. We simply went to the train and took him home with us. You see I had two brothers at the University, and we had lived on the campus, so we felt that all the students belonged to us."

"You mustn't tell him, but I fell in love with him because he had such pretty handkerchiefs. I knew he must be nice."

"Just think," laughed Alice, "what wouldn't have happened if I hadn't made those handkerchiefs."

"He told me," Louise continued, refusing to be teased, "what he was going to do after graduating, and I had faith in him then. I haven't forgotten something he said, that there wasn't anything worth having that wasn't worth waiting for. When he left, I knew that I loved him with all my heart and was willing to wait.

"I visited relatives on the campus during the Christmas holidays. 'Daddy' had accepted an instructorship in the University. You don't know how I felt to be back at the old place; to see eight hundred boys on dress parade and drilling. I am foolish about a uniform anyway. 'Daddy' was a major, and when he came to see me I could hardly keep my hands off his clothes.

"This is where I should have begun. He spent the Easter holidays, which were two little days, with us at Larnes. Those were two happy days. When he was leaving he said it seemed so much like he had been home; he kissed mamma good-bye for his mother's sake. It did seem natural.

"He had to wait at the depot, and we sat gazing at the wall of the waiting room. I broke the silence by asking what he saw. My question suggested something, for he said he wondered if we saw the same picture. Neither of us would tell what his fancy had painted on the bare wall, and we compromised by agreeing to describe the picture in a letter to be posted that same day. After I promised I repented, and he must have noticed it, for he began assuring me it was all right.

"Several trains began a terrible noise preparatory to starting, and he ran to the door. I followed after a few minutes and saw his train going around the curve. I returned home vexed because he did not have time to tell me good-bye; but wrote the letter

that I promised. I don't know how I felt. I was sorry I promised to write, and was happy when I had confessed the love in my heart. I posted the letter, and before night received a telegram.

"Do you remember 'Daddy's' Portia story? I had forgotten it and so couldn't understand the telegram. It read: 'Sorry couldn't say good-bye; can you play Portia? Yes, the picture will answer.' It wasn't signed and he had not telegraphed before. I carried it about with me, and at night tucked it under my pillow to dream over, but before I slept I remembered the story.

"I was happy the next day. His letter came, and was very much like mine—we had seen the same picture. Do you know how a man, who can love and who deliberately waits that no one may suffer through a mistake, can pour out his heart at last? I fell in a sweet dream, and I shall never awake from it—no, never."

Her face was a sweet study. Just enough of a smile was on her lips to contradict the retrospective sadness of her dark eyes. She turned her face to the other girl and held out her hand. Her heart craved the love of his sister, and her appeal was not in vain. Alice took the proffered hand. "I am so glad it is you; I couldn't bear for him to love anyone who didn't love him as you do."

"I forgot the telegram. In his letter 'Daddy' said he realized the advantage he had taken in making me promise to write before he had declared his love, and he intended to tell me before he left; but he couldn't afford to miss his train and not meet his classes. He had thought to telegraph before I wrote, and worded it that way, because the operator knows both of us and is a woman."

She was going to say something else, but just then a long shadow crept up to the hammock. Both girls

involuntarily jumped up, and Alice cried, "Why, 'Shepherd,' you almost frightened me to death."

There stood an old negro with his hat in his hand, an assortment of umbrellas in different stages of repair under one arm, and three pairs of spectacles on his nose. Two pieces of bright tin, about the size of a silver dollar, were fastened on the spectacles so that they covered his temples, and gave him the appearance of having on a blind bridle. In the sun where he stood, something glistened in his hair. It was scraps of wire which he used in fixing umbrellas, and he had woven them in and out of the kinks. "Easiest way to tote it," he had explained on one occasion. Besides the wire, you could see nails and matches stuck here and there. His clothes were stuffed out in places where various articles were stowed. About his waist was tied a woodchopper's axe that weighed five pounds. A calf's skin belt was run through the eye of the axe, where the handle goes. His "breast-plate," made of old stove-pipe iron, gave him a "chesty" appearance.

When the two girls had recovered from the fright which he had given them, Stocton asked, "Miss Alice, when's Mr. 'Daddy' comin'? I want to go and fetch his grip."

"He is coming home tomorrow, 'Shepherd,' and I want you to conjure him so he won't leave again."

"I sho would if I knowed how. I, Harris been carryin' the light for this town these two year by myself, and it's near 'bout wore my heart out."

"What makes you like Mr. 'Daddy,' 'Shepherd,' does he help you carry the light?" Louise asked.

"You see, Miss Louise, he's good to me, just like my old Marse Harris. When I needs a little money, I don't have to ask right out for it, and when I works for him I ain't got no prices.

"I don't like that country where he is. The sun don't go that way. From eas' to wes' is the right

way. I'm goin' now to see if his room is fixed up, and clean his guns and tell his old dog that his marser is comin' tomorrow." Replacing his hat, and picking up some umbrellas that had dropped, he marched toward the house, erect as a soldier.

Louise looked after him. "Where did you get that funny old negro, Alice?"

"I'll begin like the newspapers do. Stocton Harris, better known as 'Shepherd,' is a negro of interesting character. He attracts attention, not only by his vagaries in dress and manner, but also because he has nothing to do with other negroes. The color of his face, and his erect but lithe figure suggest a trace of Indian blood

"Scarcely anything is known of his life prior to six years ago, when he appeared at the Rawls' home. It was a bitter cold winter night, and he begged permission to sleep in the cottonseed barn. Since that time he has been a familiar figure about the town, and especially at the Rawls' home. He thinks a great deal of Charley Rawls, and no matter where he is working, stops to work for 'Mr. Daddy Rawls.'

"Stocton has quite a variety of nick-names, most of them of his own choosing, but he prefers to be called the 'Shepherd of the town.' If he discusses a subject upon which he considers himself an authority, he will say 'I. Harris:' if indulging in a religious mood, a 'Prophet' will impress you. He considers it his special mission to look out for the future welfare of the town, and goes so far as to negotiate with the sun and the moon.

"You must not think him crazy or ignorant. He reads and writes, is unusually well informed for a negro of his class, and possesses a native intuition that points to his Indian blood. In fact, he is a very good scholar in the Old Testament, but interprets the figurative language of the Old Scriptures literally. This reading probably leads to his sun and moon

worship and explains many of his other eccentricities.

"He insists on wearing about his person enough regalia and apparatus to stock a junk shop. For instance, the axe which he wears on all occasions is scoured clean and bright; and the breastplate and spectacles are worn all the time. A piece of silver money in each shoe protects his from 'conjurers.' And there are other special 'electrics' worn at various seasons.

"Rawls' father is the only one who ever succeeded in finding out why he wore the axe. 'Shepherd' explained to him confidentially that he read in the Bible of the 'Acts of the Apostles,' and that he had as much right to wear one as they did.

"He refuses to talk about the three pairs of spectacles since they got him in trouble last Thanksgiving. It happened this way. Mrs. Rawls wanted him to kill the turkey, but he hesitated, saying that he didn't want to shed blood. He finally agreed to consider the matter and retired to the chimney corner. After reading in the Old Testament about preparing sacrifices, he returned to the kitchen and declared his willingness to proceed with the execution if the turkey was a fowl, but that he couldn't do it if the turkey was a beast. He was convinced, and preparations were made for the killing. The turkey was tied to the fence and his head drawn across the block. 'I. Harris,' looking through three pairs of spectacles in tandem, raised the axe with sacrificial emotion and chopped. He probably aimed right, but nearly chopped off his thumb.

"In some way he has got the idea that going north, or east before the sun reaches the 'top of the hill' provokes dire misfortune. In following this idea, he often walks many times farther than is necessary. He travels in a large circle when it is possible; and if you will notice, he never leaves by the same gate or door

which he enters. Rawls got him into a room with only one door just to try him, and when no one was looking, he climbed out of the window.

"Do you know, Louise, you could argue with him for the remainder of his life and you couldn't convince him that the sun doesn't move. Doesn't he see it 'gettin' up in the mornin'; and in the evening, doesn't he see it 'slippin' down behind the hill?" The earth turn clear over, never. And all the proof he wants is 'the watermillon stays on top the stump all night—if no niggers is around."

"When 'Daddy' gets home, I guess 'Shepherd' will be relieved from his signing and light bearing for a while," Louise laughed.

After supper the family were assembled in the parlor, and Alice was singing to her own accompaniment. Louise quietly left the room and presently re-appeared in the door. Over her dress a dark blue military blouse was buttoned. On the shoulders were the tarnished gold leaves of a major's insignia; the blue cap was set awry upon her hair. She stood at attention, cleared her throat, and gave an impressive salute.

"Where on earth did you get those things, Louise," was asked in chorus. And when they laughed at her military appearance, the color suffused her face.

"Stocton fished them out of the closet in 'Daddy's' room, and was looking at them. I wish you could have seen him. I believe tears were in his eyes." She marched in front of the mantel and saluted the portrait of a young man. "Mr. Major, I am tired walking post. May I go to sleep?"

II.

The welcome that Charley Rawls received was generous. It was intended to remind him in a gentle, unobtrusive way that home is the dearest place on earth. Breakfast had been delayed two hours so that all might gather at the first meal. The girls had been reading the meagre New York news in the

State papers and kept him busy answering questions.

"I don't believe one word of the nice things you are telling, 'Daddy.' You are just saying them because you live there now," Alice commented, laughingly.

"Well, sister, I have been telling you the nice things. I'll tell you the worst thing I know of New Yorkers. They move about too much. You have to correct your social directory pretty thoroughly every year. But it is worse in the suburban towns than in the City. I have a friend on Long Island who says he moves so often that when a van stops near his house the chickens fall over and put up their feet to be tied."

During the laughter, the company arose, and Rawls drew the girls toward the yard. "Come, girls, I want to see the 'Last of the Mohicans' if he is not on the warpath."

"You'll find him in the chimney-corner," Mrs. Rawls called after them.

In the chimney-corner he was, and bare headed, with the sun shining full upon his bronzed face. He arose and bowed. His manner was of the old school of negroes, and inimitable. At their request he sat down and resumed his work. Occasionally he would look up at Rawls and laugh, a clear contagious laugh.

"It sho is good to see you ag'in, Mr. 'Daddy.' I been workin' mighty hard to keep this town right while you was gone. My signin' didn't seem to do no good sometimes."

"Show the ladies the new tooth you are making." Stocton held up a square piece of bone, in which he was industriously filing two V shaped grooves. The jawbone of a cow or horse, you couldn't tell which, from which he had extracted the tooth, lay at his feet.

"I made a nice one the other day, but must have lost or swallowed it," he commented without looking

up. He had two upper front teeth missing, and it took much of his spare time fitting a "teeth" into this opening. His idea of fastening the tooth was very simple. A groove engaged a good tooth on each side, and when the improvised tooth was wedged up firmly, the job was done.

Rawls laughed as he watched him. "I'll have to tell about the one you fastened in with hot lead, 'Shepherd.' While I was home he made a tooth like this one, except that it fitted loosely. His idea was to fit he loose tooth in place, and pour melted lead into the interstices, and when the lead cooled, the tooth would be set.

I remember well how he looked. He hired a tinsmith to pour the lead. 'Shepherd' knelt by the workbench, and after adjusting a wet cloth inside his mouth, signaled the tinsmith to pour. The man thought Stocton would lose his nerve when the time came, but he was very calm. Seeing that nothing else would do, he brought a spoonful close under 'Shepherd's' nose. One good whiff of the hot gas was sufficient. The experiment ended right there, and 'Shepherd' said he would invent some other way to fasten it.

"The tinsmith suggested that he fasten it with plaster of Paris, and showed him how the caps were fastened on lamps. He tried that by himself, in the barn, and I believe he was spitting whitewash for a week."

The old negro laughed heartily as he remembered these experiences in dentistry.

When the tooth was finished he began tinkering on a broken umbrella. "Just needs a little tuning," he explained. While he was busy he had not noticed the sun "creeping up to the top of the hill. The town clock struck the noon hour, and he hastily gathered up his umbrellas. "I musy go now and make my circuit, but I'll be back 'fore night," he said to Rawls.

"What is he going to do now?" Louise asked, speaking for the first time. She had watched Stoc-ton with a look of mingled curiosity and respect. Rawls answered her question. "Why, he is going to the center of town and then walk westward until his shadow gets well behind him. He says he is helping the sun over the top of the hill. He will walk around the entire town, 'making the circuit,' and come back tired out. Curious character, isn't he? Did you notice the axe? Once a month he goes to the country and stays several days. I guess he is looking after the county. There is one thing about him that puzzles me. He never carries on his foolishness with me when we are alone."

Rawls watched the old negro making long strides down the railroad track. "He can't keep up that pace. The old negro is getting a little feeble; his hair doesn't get gray, but I believe he is old enough to tell of plantation days. In a few more years these old negroes will be gone. Freedom may be best for them and for the South, but when we bury one of these aristocratic servants, I can't help regretting the evolution that eliminates his type from the race."

(To be continued.)

ISAQUEENA

Published by the students of Greenville Female College.

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
Sallie McGee, '08	Y. W. C. A. Editor
Mrs. Beattie Rowland.. . . .	Alumnae Editor
Helen Mauldin, '07.. . . .	Exchange Editor
Bernice Going, '07.. . . .	Business Manager
Evelyn Pack, '08.. . . .	Asst. Business Manager
Ruth Pettigrew, '08.. . . .	Fine Arts Editor.

Editorial Department

OLA GREGORY, Editor.

As our magazine is in its first year there are probably some of our friends who are not familiar with the name. We therefore give the history of the Indian maiden for whom our journal is named. This is given as it was in the first issue of Isaqueena.

ISAQUEENA. Isaqueena, the brave Choctaw maid, stood by the clear waters of the little stream, near her master's tent with this awful thought surging in her aching brain, "Allen Francis, Kuruga plans tonight thy death."

Allen Francis was a young white man who lived with his father in the vicinity of what is now Ninety-Six, S. C., then called Cambrdge. He often accompan-

ied his father on trading expeditions in the Cherokee Country, and it was during these visits that he became acquainted with Isaqueena. She was a slave to the old chief, Kuruga. Allen Francis became very much charmed with this lovely, lithe and graceful maiden, and intended some day to make her his wife.

A few years after the establishment of this trading post by the Allens, Kuruga planned to massacre the traders, but such was not to be their fate, Isaqueena was to be their deliverer.

She stole gently to where the ponies were grazing. All of them scampered away save one which seemed to know her mission and be in sympathy with her. She improvised a rein out of her girdle and made her way to him softly, lest some eagle eye might spy her and divine her intention to warn her lover of his danger.

Bent on one purpose, she mounted her pony and was away. The faithful little beast with a seemingly untiring speed bore his rider on through the unexplored forest to the camp of the white men. Here she told her story and Kuruga's designs were thwarted.

Isaqueena did not return to the Indian village, but instead she preferred to share Allen Francis' humble cottage with him. Here they lived in peace and happiness for a short time.

One evening as they sat by the glowing fire, all bright and cheerful inside, there came a cry from without that shook them with terror. It was the war-whoop of Kuruga's warriors. They soon surrounded the house and, although Francis strove to keep them out, he was soon overpowered. They took him, with his wife and child, back to Keeowee. All three were sentenced to death, but by request of one of the warriors, they were permitted to live at Keeowee for about two years. Finally they escaped and went back to the old trading post at Cambridge,

"Ninety-Six" were named by Isaqueena, these where they lived and died.

"Six Miles Creek," "Twelve Miles River," and streams and places being so many miles from the place where she began her famous and heroic ride.

Our magazine bears the name of one who is indeed famous in tradition for her perseverance and heroism in bearing such important news to her friends. Now, let us make it just such a bearer to our friends of the happiness in and about our College.

SCHOOL SITUATION IN CALIFORNIA.

On October 15th the Board of Education in the State of California passed an ordinance excluding the Japanese children from the public schools. This was due largely to the influence of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League which league seeks to procure Federal legislation for the exclusion of Japanese and Korean laborers. It is said to have 78,000 members. Nearly all of them are members of labor unions and three-fourths of them reside in San Francisco. Citizens had complained about the attendance of adult Japanese in the primary schools. The question to a great extent has turned on this one point. It seems very hard to exclude these children on account of the number of adults that attend the schools. As to every great question there are two sides which are taken and discussed thoroughly. Mr. Roosevelt says: "It is a sure mark of a low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against or in any way humiliate a stranger who has come here lawfully and is conducting himself properly." He also says that to exclude them from the common schools is a "wicked absurdity." While he takes this view of the question there are those who hold the opposite view, which to some and especially to the Californian, may appear more reasonable. According to

the Californian's point of view the Oriental and Occidental civilization will never mix. These people of California after an experience of over half a century with Orientals feel that they understand this Asiatic immigration question just a little better than many of their well meaning countrymen who live about three thousand miles away and who have beautiful theories concerning this and these theories have never been practiced. Now isn't this just as reasonable a view to take as the view of those opposing the measure. These people of California have been thrown with the Japanese in various ways and understand their habits and morals better than those who have never come in contact with them.

While much has been said in favor of the Japanese children attending the same school as the white children, as to their cleanliness, good behavior and brightness, yet the Californian feels a race prejudice toward the Japanese. There have been many propositions as to the way to adjust this question. The most plausible seems to be that an age limit be set and that a night school be provided for all over this limit.

**IMMIGRATION IN
SOUTH CAROLINA.**

The attempt on the part of South Carolina to bring here immigrants who are of a better class than the average, is an experiment of the greatest importance, and one which is being watched by the whole country. For years the labor problem in the South has been growing more and more serious. Now the bringing in to our Southland of honest, hard working foreigners is offered as a possible solution.

The marvelous development and progress of the South since the Civil War have made the demand for more labor and more efficient labor greater every year. While the need has been growing great-

er labor has been growing more scarce. The negro, in whom the South has been chiefly dependent as a workman, has grown more thoroughly inefficient as his employers have become more and more dependent on his services.

But it is not alone as a laborer that the immigrant is needed, but as a citizen. The Columbia State says:

"Immigrants are needed not only as laborers, but as small farmers, gardeners and truck-growers. There is room enough in South Carolina for the establishment of many thousands of profitable small farms, orchards and gardens. This section offers opportunities that would be eagerly seized, we believe, by thousands upon thousands of men of small means, both in Europe and in other parts of this country, if they only understood true conditions here."

If this experiment proves successful a great stride will have been made in the settling of one of the South's most vexing problems. If these foreigners can be made honest, industrious citizens, South Carolina will have done the whole South a great service.

**THE PRESIDENT'S
MEDAL FOR
BEST ESSAY.**

We are pleased to announce the donation of another medal to the students of the college, the donor being our honored president, Dr. E. C. James. It is to be given for the best essay. For a number of years there have been four medals donated by friends of the institution. These are the Lula Cagle Medal for Vocal Music, the Endel Medal for Expression, the McGee Scholarship Medal and the Alderman Music Medal. Just as these medals are an incentive to better work in the different departments, so we want the new medal to be of equal importance in stimulating literary production of the kind provided for in the

terms prescribed by the donor of the medal. The terms are as follows:

"To the student of the College who shall between February first and May first of this session offer for publication in Isaqueena the best essay of her own composition. The essay must contain from one thousand to fifteen hundred words. The contest is to be decided by a committee of three ladies to be elected by the Faculty. The qualities in the essays that are to be considered are: 1. subject matter, 2. construction, and 3. style."



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

MARGUERITE GEER, Editor.

School opened the third of January, after a very pleasant holiday.

We are glad to have with us two new girls—Lessie Rountree of Williston and M. E. Quattlebaum of Columbia.

On the evening of December 10th a reception was given in the College parlors by the members of the Junior Class to the Seniors.

We are sorry to note the death of the father of two of our girls, Nellie and Ida Pruitt. We extend to them our deepest sympathy.

Miss Hall spent the holidays at her home in Oxford, N. C.

One of our girls, Bessie Laurence, was painfully injured by a recent fall.

Miss Ida Keys, the teacher of the Primary Department, is ill with appendicitis.

Miss Sims visited Miss Kistler of Columbia College during Christmas week.

Miss Jean Latimer has gone to Atlanta.

Janie Earle, a member of the Primary Department, won the second prize, fifteen dollars in gold, offered by the Piedmont Story Contest.

"The Romance of Lesbos Strand" will be presented on January 18th by the Expression Club under the direction of Miss Sims.

Quite a number of the girls attended "Julius Caesar" at the opera house January 9th.

Miss Jacobs spent the Christmas holidays in Boston.

Miss Trumon Miles has been called home on account of the illness of her sister.

Miss Pinky Kennedy was married December 30th to Mr. J. F. Frickle of Augusta, Ga.

December 12th the following girls went to Spartanburg to hear Mme. Shumann Heink: Ola, Sadie and Estelle Gregory, Bessie Davenport, Lala Sublett, Leona Owens, Pauline Kelley, Lizzie Smoot, Carrie Spearman, Bernice Going, Allie Mack, Carrie Wideman, and Margaret Killough.

Miss Clara Winn was married to Mr. Rex Lanford of Travelers Rest.

"Rat." Wilkins—Is puffed rice made out of dough?"

Sen. S. Gregory to special B. D.: "Who pastelled (passe Partout) those pictures?"

"Rat" Baggott to "Rat" Boyd—"Are you going to the Jamestown Exposition?"

"Rat" Boyd—"No, where is it? At the opera house?"

oph. Donnald speaks frequently of her intermediate family.

Jun. E. Gregory remarked that she had known the banannatudes (beatitudes) since early childhood.

One of the "Rats" was heard to say, "Oh! I don't mind staying at the annex since we has cream of tarta sidewalks."

Miss Judson to Sen. Going in astronomy: "When

meteors fall to the earth do they increase its bulk, and if so upon what theory?"

Sen. Going: They increase the bulk of the earth on the theory of "Every Little Bit Helps."

Sen. Donnald on hearing that a certain man was drunk remarked, "Why, I thought he had been to Poughkeepsie (Keely)."

"Rat" Cox says she can sing Alto, Tenor and "Sophomore."

Jun. McGee was heard to say that a friend of hers "memorized her Literature off by heart."

Furman Boy: Miss ---, is the Messiah the most difficult of the Horatorios (Oratorios)?



Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

SALLIE MCGEE, Editor

O, how bright and how encouraging are the prospects of the new year! We feel that our last year's work has not been in vain, but then we want to accomplish more and have more earnest workers this year than we have ever before. It is our earnest desire that every department of the Young Women's Christian Association will become more and more zealous in its work and put forth every effort to do its very best.

We are rejoiced that at every meeting new names are added to the roll. It is hoped that the girls will become more deeply interested in this work and help us in carrying out our intentions. We would be glad to see more of them join the Bible and Mission classes. It is very necessary that we should know more about the Word of God and missions and nothing would be more beneficial than to spend a part of each week in studying these subjects.

The time is about at hand when we shall elect new officers. The election will take place January thirtieth. The nominating committee has been appointed and they will make their report a week before election day. This committee is composed of Misses Mary Geer, Jennie Carpenter and Louise Talbert.

We had our monthly missionary meeting Sunday, January thirteenth. We were very anxious to have Miss Carrie Bostick with us, but on account of a previous engagement, she could not be with us.

We are looking forward to the protracted services in the First Baptist church. These services are to

be conducted by Dr. Broughton of Atlanta. As an association we feel that we are in need of some spiritual uplift and we hope to be greatly benefited by these services.

Now, to carry out our intentions as we desire to, we must co-operate and work as we have never worked before in the end we shall all be justly rewarded for all that we have done.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

HELEN D. MAULDIN, Editor.

The November number of the "State Normal Magazine," coming in late is found to be a memorial to Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, President of the State Normal and Industrial College of North Carolina, who died suddenly September 17, 1906. We extend our sympathy to the students and faculty in their great loss.

We first take up for criticism, "The Wake Forest Student"---our best exchange---for December. This Christmas number, both in appearance and contents, may rank with some of the best magazines now published. "His Christmas Story" contains some real "human interest." The Exchange editor in one of our exchanges was pleading, recently, for more poems and better ones. She (?) said that though poets were generally conceded to be "born and not made," she would like to see the colleges try to make some. In the writer of "Sleep" Wake Forest College seems to have a good poet---whether born or made so, we don't know.

"The College of Charleston Magazine" is good---what little there is of it.

We are glad to welcome the "Alabama Brenau Journal." We notice that it is a new publication, and wish the students of the college much success in their undertaking---rather let us say continued success, for this number is excellent.

Of course the artistic cover of "The Hollins Quarterly" quickly attracted our attention. The drawing is excellent in design and proportion, and the color scheme is striking. The article "The Disguised Her-

oines" is well written and holds the attention to the end. We are pleased with all the articles, but would like to see the Exchange Department a little fuller.

We read "The Canterbury Pilgrims" in "The Criterion" with interest---it gives, in a clear, concise manner a description of the "vari-colored, many-sided cavalcade" moving "slowly on from the sign of the Tabard." "The Simplified Spelling" is a timely article on one of the questions of the day. The stories in "The Criterion" are not as good as the "solid articles."

We wish to call attention to that department of the "Mercerian," "Among the Books," containing splendid reviews of the popular novels of the day; also would we call attention to the article "The Making of a short story." This presents the necessary components of a story and the method of developing them.

We are glad to find in the "Wofford College Journal" a group picture of the editors of the Journal, and wish every one of our exchanges would print a picture of its editors.

We have received the following exchanges: "Wofford College Journal," "The Furman Echo," "The Clemson College Chronicle," "The Palmetto," "The Liberty College Student," "The Carolinian," "The Criterion," "The Erskinian," "The College of Charleston Magazine," "State Normal Magazine," "Alabama Brenau Journal," "The Hollins Quarterly," "The Mercerian," "The Wake Forest Student."

Why cannot the wind see? Because the wind is a zephyr; zephyr is yarn; a yarn is a tale; a tail is an attachment; an attachment is love---and love is blind.

Selected.

What is the future tense of "to flirt?" To divorce.
Ex.

MIXED THE TYPE.

A printer's devil was going through his first experience of making up forms. The paper was late, and the boy got the galleys mixed. The first part of the obituary notice of a penurious citizen had been dumped in the forms and the next handful of type came off a galley describing a recent fire. It read like this: "The pall-bearers lowered the body to the grave. As it was being consigned to the flames, there were few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eye-sore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance."

THIS LANGUAGE OF OURS.

Baby-powder---Powder to put on babies after bathing them.

Insect-powder---Not a parallel case.

Fish-food---Food for fishes to eat.

Seafood---Different.

Horse-shoes---Shoes for horses to wear.

Kid-gloves---Rule doesn't hold.

Babby-buggy---Buggy for a baby to ride in.

Top-buggy---Not a buggy for top to ride in.

Boot-tree---Tree to shape boots on.

Apple-tree---Not a tree to shape apples on.

Milk-cart---A cart to haul milk in.

Push-cart---Not a cart to haul the push in.

Kitten---A small cat.

Mitten---Not a small mat---Chicago News.

FINE ARTS.

RUTH PETTIGREW, Editor.

WORK IN THE ART STUDIO.

The Art pupils are doing splendid work. They are all taking much interest in their work and are making rapid progress.

Miss Mary Le Master has done a number of pictures in pastel and oil, and is now doing some work in pyrography.
picture of apples.

Miss Anna Marett is working from casts at present.

Miss Clara Hard is studying designing, and is getting on nicely.

Miss Hattie Collins has done some beautiful work in pastel.

Miss Lela Roe has begun a beautiful scene in oil.

Miss Carrie Spearman has begun a fruit picture.

Miss Pauline Orsborne has just finished a lovely rose study.

Quite a number of girls will begin studies from life in a few days, and they expect to find this work very interesting and instructive.

The girls in the large normal drawing class are working in water colors, and are learning rapidly.

"THE MESSIAH."

Handel's "Messiah" was given Thursday evening, December 20, 1906, before a large audience, and was greatly enjoyed by all. It was the grandest and most brilliant musical event ever attempted and successfully produced in Greenville. When those magnificent choruses filled the auditorium, the hearts of

Greenville people must have thrilled with appreciation and pride. The wonderful harmony of those massive choruses, for which the oratorio is so famous, with the sublime grandeur of scriptural passages, rendered by nearly two hundred voices, is beyond description.

Director Barnes has accomplished a great work. To take an entirely raw chorus and train it to the efficiency of that performance and then to break in a strange orchestra with only one rehearsal, making a complete success of the entire combination, holding refractory elements in check and bringing out the most beautiful and harmonious results from a most heterogeneous mass of units, is a stamp of ability found only in the best of directors.

The able assistance rendered by Mr. John H. Williams at the organ was in evidence in all the delicate, as well as full work, when reed effects were desired.

Mr. Schaefer, at the piano, also comes in for his full share of commendation as accompanist during the concert and the mainstay to sustain chorus during rehearsals.

The orchestra for this occasion was secured in Greenville, Charlotte and Atlanta.

The soloists were warmly and pleasantly received.

Mr. Joseph Schenke has a pure, strong tenor voice, with upper tones of good, smooth quality, and he handled it artistically.

Mr. Walter D. Brown, the baritone, was in good voice. He made a fine impression and sang with an earnestness and expression which carried the audience along in sympathy with him.

Miss Laura Gilbert, the contralto, in singing the solo, "He was despised," showed her ability to render in great beauty and tenderness this sweet and delicate part.

Miss Grace Lee Brown, soprano, captivated her hearers with her clear well-placed voice.

Mr. Joseph Hagstrom, the basso profundo, has a voice of great power, but modulates it in thoroughly professional style.

The Musical Art Society of Greenville has begun work again.

The present plan is for a series of concerts, five in number, to be given the latter part of the month of May—three evening concerts and two intermediate matinees. The series will take the character of a musical festival.

The material selected for the choral feature may be of some special interest to the more serious students of the art locally and will be as follows:

Oratorio, "Samson"	Haendel
"God's Time is the Best"	Bach
"The Festival of Peace"	Von Weber
"Festival Te Deum"	Barnes
"Gallia"	Gounod

Of solo and orchestral work plans are not fully made. Anticipating a Von Weber evening, there will be given in addition to the "Festival of Peace," one of each of the tenor and bass arias from the opera *Der Freischutz* and the orchestral overture, "Jubilee" and *Der Freishutz*."

The more substantial muscians, professional and otherwise, of this city will be delighted with this opportunity for study of these great choral works. The amateur singer will have equal privilege, since no favoritism will be shown.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

MRS. BEATTIE ROWLAND, Editor

The new building, combining class-rooms and dormitory, and providing space so much needed and desired for every department of college work, seems not so much "a dream of the future" as it was a few months since. The progressive President with his able trustees intends during this new year to begin a work in this direction, most earnest and untiring, and we have such confidence in their efforts as to expect great things as a result.

In the complicated walk of life there comes to each of us unlooked for events, unforeseen and unavoidable incidents, which bring with them gloom and anxiety.

What better remedy and offset for depression than pleasant memories, to which one's mind naturally reverts? And as thoughts of the happy past come crowding in our minds, they bring such cheer and comfort that we again "take up the burden of life" with fresh courage and renewed hope for the future.

The Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association met at the home of the President on Friday afternoon, January 4th.

There was a full attendance and as usual the greatest interest manifested. The business in hand was discussed freely and at length, and the question involved settled agreeably to all present.

Afterward a friendly chat and a "Social Cup" was enjoyed.

An "object lesson" in the shape of a five dollar bill was presented and much appreciated. This con-

tribution, designated for furnishing "the parlor," came when the need of a chandelier for this room was under discussion, and was immediately voted as a nucleus toward purchasing the same.

Any member of the committee is loyal in her love for our college and glad to work for its upbuilding and prosperity, but surely aside from this the primary reason of our meetings it is good for the "old G. F. C. girls" to meet in happy concourse and renewing the ties of friendship, live again in conversation and memory "the days that are no more."



Greenville Female College

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English Literature, Physics, Astronomy, Botany.

MRS. E. C. JAMES,
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Latin.

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History and Political Economy.

MISS GEORGIE E. ACKERMAN, Eng. Grad. G. F. C.
Mathematics.

MRS. EMMA JOHNSON BROWNLEE, B. E. of G. F. C. and B. S. of
Furman University.
Acting teacher of Mathematics.

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

MISS VIRGINIA TAYLOR, Grad. Penn. Nor. College.
English and Literature.

MISS LOTTIE H. DERIEUX, B. L. Woman's College, Richmond,
Mod. Lang. Richmond College and Univ. Nashville.
French and German.

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

MISS PATTIE LEAH BOWES, Full Grad. Chowan Inst. Univ. of
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Intermediate Department.

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Preceptress Intermediate Class.

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Piano.

MR. WALTER D. BROWN,

Graduate College of Music of Cincinnati, Pupil of W. S. Sterling, Edmund A. Jahn, and Signor Lino Mattioli.

Voice.

MISS LUCIA CHILES, Mus. M. G. F. C.

Piano.

MISS MAGGIE BULLINGTON,

Assistant in Piano.

MISS ELIZABETH MAY MAULDIN, Pupil of New York Specialists.
Violin.

MISS SUE HALL,

Principal of Art Department.

MISS KITTIE T. PERRIN,

Prin. Kin. Nor. Dept.

MISS IDA KEYS,

Prin. Primary Dept.

MRS. KATE H. SLOAN,

Matron Main Building.

MRS. ANNIE M. WILBUR,

Matron Decamp Dormitory.

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