2-1-1907

The Isaqueena - 1907, February

Achsah Belle Mack
Greenville Woman's College

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

Part of the Literature in English, North America Commons

Recommended Citation
http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena/9

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

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

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

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

外卖——

A PLEA FOR OUR ADVERTISERS.

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

Mary Geer.
Business Manager.

外卖——

LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT:
The Hyacinth (Poem) ............................ E. T.
Washington ..................................... E. A. '08.
Matthew Arnold .................................. Eunice Gideon
A Babe in the Wood ............................. F. R. B., '08.
Ode to Immortality .............................. L. S., '08.
"I. Harris," Shepherd, Prophet, Etc., Fortune
  Teller (Continued) ............................ '03.
Submission (Poem) .............................. E. L. Coleman.
  Life of Dr. Judson ............................

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT ...................... 32
LOCAL DEPARTMENT ............................ 36
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT ........................ 39
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ........................ 41
FINE ART DEPARTMENT ........................ 44
MANAGER'S NOTICE—All matters for publication must be handed to Editor-in-Chief, Achsah Mack, by first of month.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—One dollar per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 20 cents.

ADVERTISING—The magazine would appreciate all kinds of advertising. Rates given on application. Due after first number.

Direct all communications to Mary Geer, Business Manager, G. F. C., Greenville, S. C.

Entered at the Post Office at Greenville, S. C., as second-class matter.

Literary Department

MAMIE COX  EUNICE BRISTOW

Editors.

THE HYACINTH.

Sweet hyacinth so pure, so fair,
You have a queenly, stately air,
No flower sweeter perfume gives
Than you, which ever yet still lives.

How vain and proud you ought to be
When everybody stays to see
The beauty of the sweetest face
The beauty of your charming grace.
ISAQUEEENA.

And yet in just a few short days
Thy life at last will pass away,
But what a mission you’ve fulfilled!
No man could ever have such skill.

To rooms of sickness and disease
You come with all your soothing ease
So soft, so gentle one might say
As the balmy breezes that blow in May.

E. T.

WASHINGTON.

It was in 1751 when the frontier was so threatened by frequent attacks, that George Washington, our great and noble hero, in the cause of liberty, made his first appearance as a commander, to protect the feeble, struggling colony against the depredations of the French and Indians.

Then arose his first important military duty, his being sent as a commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to gain information concerning the French in the Ohio Valley, and to warn them against trespassing upon territory claimed by Virginia. There are but few men talented with such a display of judgment, coolness of mind, and intrepid manner as was shown by Washington. First, as he delivered that message to the British commander, and later while passing through the ill-fated campaign of that year as aide on General Braddock’s staff.

The personal bravery of our hero under fire was conspicuously shown in the disastrous battle of the Monogahela, in which he displayed the greatest gallantry, for it was recognized that Braddock’s defeat was largely due to the neglect of Washington’s wise counsel.

During most of his military career, he was said to
have suffered not only bodily pain and that of defeat, but often the agonies of humiliation, for the sake of his soldiers.

Having been elected to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, he now began to appear prominently in public affairs, and though seldom speaking, he took care to be thoroughly informed upon every question. He moved much in society; was also an enthusiastic hunter, and soon gained a position of great ability and personal influence. His habit of undertaking no duty until he comprehended its entire scope was also especially apparent. He thoroughly informed himself concerning all affairs which had been performed by the government and its agents, and helped to bring the leading men of the country to a determination to form a more perfect union.

And although our gallant hero has so many years ago left us for that better land, his good deeds like those of all other great men, will live forever after him.

E. A., '08.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Matthew Arnold, son of the celebrated head-master of Rugby school, Dr. Thomas Arnold, was born at Laleham, December 24, 1822. He grew up in a home-peace and amid natural beauties which made an indelible impression on his childish heart. His earlier education was received at Winchester, from which school he was removed to Rugby, where he completed his preparation for Oxford. At that university he won high honors and came in contact with men and minds which exerted a great influence on his life. This life was a mirror of his intellect's versatility; he was poet, essayist, critic, educator, theologian, philosopher; yet a remarkable singleness of purpose runs through it all, the purpose to reveal culture in its true
sense. In his death, which occurred April 15, 1888, the world sustained the loss of a great teacher and a noted man of letters.

Among his prose productions is "Sweetness and Light," an essay whose title is derived from Swift's "Battle of the Books," and which deals with social, religious, and political conditions of his time. In it, Arnold condemns the public as coarse and obtuse, the movements prevalent as mere machinery, and religion as unsatisfying to the soul and subordinate to culture; in it he declares that all good and all true things come from within, that culture is the harmonious development of all sides of one's nature, and that man's highest duty is to make this culture prevail.

In this essay his ideas are numerous and well-defined, but they are stated in such a positive manner that his egoism is really amusing. To him the common people are so many barbarians to be brought by repeated effort into a state of civilization. He calls them to be broad-minded, to cleanse themselves from the evils of their day, to search after beauty and truth, and to make themselves capable of seeing more than one side of a question—the last offense of which Arnold was supremely guilty.

But narrow and bigoted as Arnold may have been, his controversial writings will be saved by his distinction of style. His statements are clear, frequently forceful, and never obscure. Time and time again he repeats a happy phrase as "culture is the harmonious development of all sides of one's nature," or a sarcastic one, as the term "Philistines" applied to the common people. The whole essay is the outgrowth of an unusual intellect and bears the stamp of originality.

Not as an essayist, but as a poet, has Arnold's fame a firm foundation. The material of "Sohrab and Rustum," one of his best known poems, was derived from a Persian epic. A young man sets out from
Tartar, where he has lived all his life with his mother, in search of his war-like father, whom he has never known. Thinking his father would hear of him more quickly through military fame, he asks for the Tartan army to be sent against the Persians. When the two hosts meet he, an officer himself, goes to the commander and requests that the two armies be at peace for that day, but that a man come out from among the Persians to meet him in single combat. It is thus arranged, and Sohrab, his heart light with the thought of how quickly his prowess would reach the loved Rustum's ears, goes out to where his enemy stands. Unknowing, but with a strange presentiment that it should not be so, father and son close in deadly fight, and the son falls by the hand of the father. The whole poem is the story of what love will do for love's sake.

It is a poem of intense interest, made more so by the eastern setting, the happy use of similes the rapidity of the movement, the sympathy of nature and beast with the moods of the men, and, above all, by the triumph of the affections.

In style, "Sohrab and Rustum" is a narrative poem of the Homeric type. The diction is pure and simple and the metre is suited to the action. There is about it a stately music and a breadth of touch, and in the concluding passage there is real power. It is a remarkable specimen of blank verse and is one of the few poems which have on them the stamp of perfection.

For Arnold the literary man, as for every other such, there is censure and praise. In his prose writings his stock of ideas is small, his repetition of these tiresome, and his manner of expressing them hard and dry; but he applies these few ideas to the world's interests, he makes people see things in a clear, vigorous light, respect thoughts and want more, and he stood for the intelligence of his time.
His poetry is chill, austere, and laborious—in it there is little action, little interest in human nature, and little left to the imagination; but it is characterized by a clear simplicity and a classical gravity, by an absence of metrical lapses, and by the "soul-messages" uttered in stately phrase.

"In power to interpret the spirit of his age, in intellectual candor and in the prevailing sadness of all his poetry which deals with modern life and thought, he is the most representative man of the latter half of the 19th century."

EUNICE GIDEON.

A BABE IN THE WOOD.

It was the afternoon of New Year's eve; the sky was clear and the North wind blew furiously over the snow covered city.

The dark, narrow streets were nearly deserted. In one there was but a child lying in a heap against an ice-covered lamp-post. He seemed asleep, but at last he heaved a despairing sigh and, covered with snow, arose. His thin, pale face crowned with massive yellow locks, gave him a sad expression. Bare-footed and ragged, he plodded through the street, creeping along close to the curbstone; several times he stopped and rapped at some doorway, but was always turned back into the deep snow.

At last he turned into a street of fashionable homes, one of which attracted the child at once. Shouts of childish laughter could be heard through the brilliantly lighted windows, little girls in snowy white dresses and pink and blue ribbons could be seen; evidently they were having a New Year's party. One little girl, looking through the window and seeing the child, who was now climbing up the steps, came and opened the door; but she was followed by a maid, spick and span, who pulled her in and slammed the
door. The child tearfully turned away, down into the street. He went on slowly, glancing back wistfully.

Soon he came to a street of more modest dwellings. Again he saw a bright window, and here, too, were children grouped around a glowing fire telling stories. The child trudged a few more steps through the deep snow to the doorway and rapped. He was greeted by a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl. He said nothing, but gazed with hungry, eager eyes at the jolly group. All became silent and the others crowded around the door, whispering among themselves and peering curiously over each others shoulders. The little girl, who seemed mistress of the household, drew the others aside and said to the child, "Oh! I know, you are hungry. You may come in and play awhile."

Then they told stories, stories of the Christ child that was born at Bethlehem. The boy listened with breathless interest and, for the first time, a truly happy expression glowed on his face. All this was enchanting; the child seemed to see a manger in an old stable, a young mother and the most beautiful of all, the tiny Baby, Christ, clothed in white, lying in the manger. "Father is coming!" suddenly exclaimed the little girl. The others jumped up and rushed to the door to let their father in. The child glanced around bewildered, and then, unseen by the others, timidly slipped out of the door.

Out of doors the wind was blowing and wailing dismally, like a sobbing child. Trudging along with weary pattering feet, the waif thought of the other child who was far away. Of course He would give this wandering, half-frozen waif a shelter on such a night, for the little girl had said so. This gave him still a shadow of hope. He fell on the slippery curbing and buried his face in his arms and sobbed.

It became dark and a storm came up; there were
no friendly lights now, not even a grimy old street lamp. The child sobbed until he fell asleep. A lamp lighter came along, on his way home from his nightly task and, seeing the tiny heap half buried in the snow, gathered it into his strong arms and carried it home with him.

"Dear little daughter," thought the lamp lighter. "I told her that God would give her a Christmas present if I couldn't; this is a New Year's present too."

"Land o' live!" exclaimed an old Irish woman, on New Year's morning. "Then new tenants do beat ivery thing I iver seen! I wint in there and I seen—well there wus Mr. O'Connor a still sittin' in a chair and that poor lame girl still up but asleep and a bundle in her lap, a child just a sleepin' too all wrapped in a blanket and the lamp still lighted. A pretty way to begin the new year!

"That makes three or four babies. Mrs. Brown came over and says she her children took in a child, but whin their father come, he disappeared; and there's Mary come home and cried and cried 'cus she shut the door on a child at Mrs. Seward's. Sure 'twill be a happy New Year to that poor boy."

And thus the child's hope flowered into love and happiness.

P. R. B.

ODE TO IMMORTALITY.

When first we are introduced to William Wordsworth we see him amid the exciting events of the French Revolution. He was then in the full vigor and flush of youth, and his hopes, with those of many other enthusiastic spirits of the time, were filled with exultation at the thought that the world was to be made new. They saw tyranny and oppression fleeing away and the brilliant stars of freedom and liberty flashing in their sky. One of their number wrote:
"Bliss was it in that Dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Their hopes, however, were doomed, for awhile, to disappointment. The time was not yet ripe for their full realization. But the new spirit had seized upon the minds of the thoughtful, and, although politically and socially they saw that what had been, must, for awhile at least, continue to be, they turned to their literature and sought to release it from the rigid rules that long had bound it, and to give to it a wider range and freer spirit.

In this movement Wordsworth was the leader. He saw much that was hollow and artificial, not only in the life, but in the literature of the time, and wished to give to the latter a broader, truer note. This he did, in connection with his friend Coleridge, by awakening a new interest in nature and in man. The didactic and satirical element that had for so long dominated English poetry gave place through their influence to the softer notes of love and sympathy.

Wordsworth's childhood was passed in the country of Cumberland, a lovely region of lake and mountain, far from the busy world. "He was gifted with a wonderful susceptibility to natural beauty, and the serenity and grandeur of his early surroundings entered deep into his life to become the very breath of his being. In his daily companionship with nature he seems to have felt at first a kind of primitive and unreasoning rapture, to be changed in later years for a profound and conscious love." With his wife and sister he lived a beautiful life, devoted to the high service of his art. He says in a criticism of the school of artificial poetry that preceded him that poetry was not to be made by rules, but that it was "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. As a poet he was great within that sphere which he has made his own. He has no humor, but little dramatic force or skill, yet he is the poet of nature, teaching us to enter
into that world, to find and there worship God. Matthew Arnold says of him: "Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which he feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it."

Such is the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." Going back to his early childhood he gives us his impression of nature. What an ideal! We come upon earth with the celestial light all around us. In our ears still ring the voices of a heavenly choir with the glory and freshness of a dream. Does this not solve our query as we ask, "Whence comes the smile on the face of a sleeping babe?"

But th light does not continue. True, the rainbow comes and goes, and all nature revels, yet we know a glory has passed away. Why? Because Time has darkened that celestial light. Now the poet tries to deceive himself and imagine that all is just the same as in his childhood—that he still sees God in all nature. His heart is filled, he feels it all and enjoys the picture of his imagination. Keyed up to this high pitch in the effort to deceive himself, his eyes fall upon a tree, a field, a pansy. Looking upon these objects he has to admit that all is in vain, he is no longer a child,—the celestial light has fled—whither?

With this problem before him the poet lays the poem aside for more than two years, when his solution is given.

He says: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:" Before birth our souls were in God's keeping; from him we come into this world, still surrounded by a mystic maze of heavenly light. Heaven is about us. As we become older the light is dimmed, but we know of its source. So also in youth we commune
with and love nature, but in manhood all is the same to us. The light has faded into common day.

Why is it so? Thus the poet explains it: kind mother earth sees the child worshiper. Is he not in love with her for her own sake? She knows nothing of his celestial visions, and so, in her own way wishes to give him pleasure. She surrounds him with pleasures of her own, until, step by step, he imitates the ways of the world, and becomes unconsciously a living part of it. He is weaned away from his beautiful visions.

The poet, it is true, has lost that which he had in childhood, but he has gained something of inestimable value. Although his early visions have departed, yet as in his later years he recalls them and turns again to nature with a soberer but deeper love, he reads the great truth of man's immortality. "Those shadowy recollections," he says,

"Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."

for through them

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

And he closes this magnificent poem with the following beautiful tribute to human sympathy and to nature:

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

L. S., '08.
"I. HARRIS," SHEPHERD, PROPHET, ETC., FORTUNE TELLER.

III.

Rawls and his sister were standing in the corner of the garden. They leaned against the fence and looked out across the hills. Below them the little creek wriggled among the hills, and the woods stretched far away on the other side. Alice spoke first.

"Tell me about New York, 'Daddy.' Do you like to live there?"

"I have been asked that question many times in the last two years. I have asked it myself. I believe I have modified my ideas every time I have torn a month from the calendar. While it is regarded as mainly a matter of opinion, I believe the differences of opinion are well founded, and I don't believe I can ever see New Yrok just as New Yorkers see it.

"A young school teacher told me that she took her class of little girls for a holiday outing in Jersey. They spent the day in what is as much like the country as they could find. She thought her scholars were enjoying the sunshine and freedom. She said they came to her earlier than she had expected to leave and begged to go home. They said the rocks hurt their feet, and the bugs stung them, and the flowers were too hard to pull, and weren't as pretty as paper ones anyway. And, as if to emphasize their plea, one little girl held up her discolored fingers where the flowers had 'all greened them up.' The teacher said that as they left the ferry boat, a little nose was puckered up; and after a deep breath the owner of that nose remarked exultantly, 'M-m-m, don't New York smell good?' You see, sister, it is a matter of birthplace and rais-

Alice smiled indulgently, and he continued: "When I went to New York, I was as pleased as the small boy at the circus. The many phases of life, all new
to me, kept me excited for several months. But it is not much to the discredit of the Metropolis that I value less as each day passes, the very things that make the city great."

"If you feel that way, how can you live there contented? You said that if you succeeded you would make it your home."

"Come, come, Alice; were you contented in school? As I put up with the school to learn, I am enduring the city. You know very well that New York is the best school in the world for a young engineer. I can see how a man born and reared in New York can make it his home and be happy. I don't say it with the thought that I have had a better fortune in life, but such a man can't understand the countryman's love of he open. Why, in New York you can't tell if the moon is shining, and the dug-up streets make you forget how clean dirt smells."

"Why have you left all this," her eyes rested upon the scene before them, "for your engineering that will keep you always in the city?"

He didn't answer at once, but looked far away among the fields where he had hunted. Presently he said more to himself than to the other, "I ain't left it—yet." With an effort he overcame his feelings and turned to his sister:

"I'll tell you, sister, I don't know what it is unless it is ambition. I have everything here that a sane man could wish for, and yet I have left it for this work that my whole soul is wrapped up in. My conscience and heart have battled against it, and they both have lost. I have deliberately chosen to lie down in the ashes when I could bask in God's sunshine. But there is something about my work that calls me as surely as the preacher is called of heaven."

"That is all very good, but aren't you a bit selfish?
What does Louise think of your engineering idealism?"

His face showed that the subject had already caused him concern and suffering.

"I can bear giving up the old home life for my work's sake, but it is not so easy to tell her that there is no room in my life for her love. When she knows that the ideals, that are as much hers as mine, have crowded her out, she will bow her head—that is all, and I can't tell her."

"Is there no other solution, 'Daddy?' Alice asked, her arm on his shoulder, and her face eager with solicitous love.

"I cannot see any. The South's engineering field is not developed along my line, while the best of all engineering is found in New York."

Alice returned to the house. Left alone, he continued to lean against the fence and survey the familiar scenes. This object and that recalled past years of childhood. He remembered the first time he attempted to cross the creek and came near drowning. No pioneer leading the way for civilization experienced more satisfaction than he had when, finally crossing the creek, he made those woods his home.

Then, too soon, he left all this for college. A smile came to his face as he recalled the college days and the girl he learned to love while there. He recalled the description he gave of her in a letter to his sister:

"I am glad you will have the opportunity to know her," he had written. "For, while a daughter of what is called the 'New South,' she is the re-incarnation of all that was best and sweetest in the olden type of Southern womanhood. She knows that the Cavalier days are passed; that those who made the days are gone, or are hastily making their adieux; that a new order of life is succeeding the old regime of sentiment, and her woman's heart protests. She is old-fashioned
at heart, and everyone adores her for it. She inspires a man to love her with a devotion that seems foolish in these days. There is some spell in her ingenuous personality—and it isn't because I love her, for everyone is influenced the same way,—and you experience a distinct wish that you had lived in the days of Knighthood, to bow over her hand and press it gallantly to your lips, and to render homage that would have pleased a queen."

He was thoughtful. "Yes, she is still like that," he said to himself.

His reminiscent mood changed to one of seriousness as he thought of the unpleasant duty he had to perform. He had made up his mind to have a plain talk with his sweetheart and tell her how he felt about his future. That their engagement would be broken, he did not doubt.

He walked slowly back to the house. As he passed through the yard his old dog struggled to his feet and tottered towards him. The old setter had spent his best years afield with him; and memory of the hunt lent false strength to him. He was eager to get out the gate, but Rawls hugged the trembling frame up in his arms.

"You are too old, Dan, and we won't hunt together any more. I have changed your life and mine and hers."

He found her alone on the piazza, and drawing a footstool over, sat at her feet. He took both her hands in his. "Louise," he began, and his voice was unsteady. "I want to tell you all that is in my heart tonight. You know, little sweetheart, that I love you better than I love any one else, and you know how devotedly I have loved you these years; and tonight you are more than ever the most sympathetic friend and sweetest of women."

She pressed his hands and he hesitated. She almost
whispered to his bowed head: "'Daddy,' you know how I love you, and you know what it means to me to have you all to myself again, even for a little while."

"I know," he broke in, "but don't talk that way; wait till I finish." He felt that he was losing courage. He knew that if he listened to her he would forget everything except that he loved her.

"I will hush," she said, and pressed her face against his hair, "only remember how long you have been away."

He made another attempt to tell her that the future was hopeless, and that she was throwing away the best part of her life waiting for him, but his good resolution was forgotten under her caresses. His head was bowed in resignation. She was taken back a little by the happiness in his voice when he spoke again.

"My heart has been sorely touched these few days at home. The homefolks and you and old 'Shepherd' and even my dear old dog have made me dissatisfied with my plans for the future. I am homesick for you all. I have decided to come home to live. The folks need me; and I want you—you."

He drew her face down between his hands and kissed her passionately. She remembered that she had dreamed many times of this very hour; then she remembered, also, that these dreams could not come true. As the full consciousness of this impossibility came to her, she drew away from his kisses. She spoke in hoarse whispers.

"What have you done; what does it mean; what have I let you do?"

He realized in that moment that he had lost; that she would not falter where he had failed. She did not wait for an answer—she would have received none.
"I forgot, 'Daddy,' I forgot. It was so sweet. But I am awake now; I understand. You were willing to give up to make me happy, but I will not let you. Didn't you know that I would remember all that was said when we were learning to love? Haven't you said, long ago, that there could be no real happiness for you without the full realization of your ideals? And those ideals, where are they?"

He was silent, his eyes expressing a mute appeal to her face.

"Tell me, 'Daddy,' when did you change your mind?"

He could not be less than honest with her. I have not changed my mind, sweetheart. I came out here to give you choice between ideals and happiness; and because I knew what it would be, I made the choice for both of us."

"I forgive you, 'Daddy,' because it was for me. I'll wait as long as you want me to, and then live in New York—if we have to."

"It is not right; and I will not hold that promise. My future is too indefinite."

"Must I?" she faltered, "choose between immediate happiness with your surrender and an uncertain future with your success?"

He waited as the convicted awaited sentence.

"You must go back to work." Her head was bowed upon her breast, and her hands were tightly clasped. The sentence had included the court.

IV.

The day was sultry. It was punishment to stay indoors, and to escape, Louise sought the shaded hammock. Stocton had been busy all day preparing for the lawn party; and he could be seen now among the trees, arranging lanterns and tables and rustic chairs about the lawn. He went about his work cheerfully. With him it was a labor of love. Mr. 'Daddy'
was home, and it was for him. He was singing a simple hymn of the plantation negroes, "Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low." Louise, from the hammock, could see him and hear his song. She thought, as she listened to the rich untutored notes and the easy-measured time, "The music of Verdi or Rossini may be finer, but it hasn't more music or religion."

His singing touched a sympathetic chord in her heart, and carried her back, in imagination, to the days of her parents and grandparents. She saw the South as tradition and folk-lore pictured it, and her fancy placed this negro and his melody.

In her mind was no thought of wrong, or politics, or laws of progress; she knew only that those days were associated with her present unhappiness. She thought that if they had lived then she would have been contented. She knew that the change in conditions since then had placed happiness beyond her reach. She had come close to this happiness the evening before, but had not been permitted to accept it. And now her heart cried out in bitterness.

"I can't let you go away, 'Daddy,' 'Daddy,' You have taught me that anything less than an ideal is failure, but we didn't count all the costs. You were willing to give up all your cherished ambitions to make me happy. You loved me more than them." She smiled through her tears. "I will not be so selfish and forget your interests. It is worth the waiting to partake with you at last. I can drink of the same bitter cup with you; my hands shall press it to your lips, and my love and sympathy shall encourage you."

Then she thought of the years they had waited, and how long they must still wait, and the possibility of drifting apart.

"If you ask me again, sweetheart, I'll—I'll surrender."

Stocton had worked up near enough for her to see
him easily; and her thoughts returned to the lawn party. She and Alice had thought several days, trying to invent some novel feature of entertainment. As she observed him the idea occurred to her to use him.

"I want you to do something foolish for me tonight, 'Shepherd.' Will you? We will fix you up, and it will be fine. It's right in your line, too," she laughed. She thought a short while. "Yes, I will do it. I can't let him go away." To Stocton she said, "Come to the back piazza right after supper."

Alice was making a futile effort to get the attention of her guests.

"What is it, Miss Rawls?" asked a young man near the piazza, who was tying a hammock.

"Call everybody to the piazza, please," she replied.

One wing of the piazza had not been lighted, though the lanterns were there. These were lighted while the couples straggled up the steps. They were not prepared for the sight that greeted them. Rawls laughed as he recognized his camping outfit set up in the corner. The flap of the circular tent was buttoned back, and above the opening was a placard:

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

By peeping into the tent, they could see Stocton sitting by a small rustic table. He sat stiffly, and was almost unrecognizable. His dark face was expressionless, save for the tooth which protruded slightly. His head was swathed in cloth of several bright colors, and arichly colored portiere hung folded from his shoulder. The three pairs of spectacles were on his nose and the axe was worn in a conspicuous place. The portiere couldn't hide all of the breastplate. Tied to each wrist, like the huge pendant of a bracelet, was a brass padlock similar to
those on a railroad switch. They were polished till they glistened.

The table was covered with various articles from his private collection of "hoodoos." There was a pack of cards, but he didn't know one card from another. A large Persian rug covered the floor of the tent, and a footstool in front of the Fortune-Teller completed the furnishing.

The seance was opened with much laughter. Louise conducted them to the tent, one at a time, while Alice was busy preventing a stampede. Considerable amusement was caused by the exchange of "fortunes." Rawls was the only one who did not laugh when he came out, and, because he wouldn't divulge what the oracle had told him, every one thought it his duty to tease him.

After the guests had departed, Rawls told the girls that Stocton would be gone several days in the country.

"Do you suppose it is one of the country inspections you spoke about?" Louise asked.

"Yes, this is the time he generally goes," Alice commented.

"What do you say, girls," Rawls asked with animation, to our following him tomorrow? I am curious to know what he does, and you will enjoy the walk."

"Of course we'll go," they answered, eagerly.

V.

At high noon Stocton set out on the old Monticello road. He was dressed in his best clothes, and wore his usual paraphernalia. Rawls and the two girls followed him at some distance, but there was no danger of his looking back—he had read of Lot's wife. They followed him out of town, past the Old Institute that had flourished in Colonial days, past the Old Stone church with its war-scarred door, past tumbled
down mansions and new but different residences. The fields were white with cotton, and you could hear the songs of the busy pickers. Occasionally they passed a ginnery whose noise drowned the songs of the negroes. Cotton bales were piled around, and the piccaninnies clambered over them in play.

Once, when they passed the ruins of an abandoned country-seat, Louise asked why none of these places were rebuilt.

"It wouldn't be the same without the negroes as they lived then," Rawls replied, "and the owners of those places would as soon think of renewing a gravestone as to think of rebuilding. Father Ryan expressed the sentiment:—

Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong;
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb—
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn!"

Stocton had continued to walk straight ahead of them with an easy stride. He gave no attention to anyone save to salute those who spoke to him, and these turned the second or third time to look at the strangely attired negro.

The sun was an hour high when Stocton turned from the road and entered the old Pendleton place. Rawls took a short cut through the woods that brought them out near the family burying ground. They rested in the shade and looked about them.
The mansion had not been rebuilt after it was burned during the war. The grounds were indistinguishable from the undergrowth of scrub-oak. The small cemetery was enclosed by a stone wall which had fallen down in places, but an unkept hedge of boxwood extended around the wall and filled the gaps.

Rawls approached the hedge and looked over into the grounds. There were neglected graves with broken stones among rank weeds. Near the fence corner stood the most imposing headstone. Rawls supposed that this was Col. Harris Pendleton's grave. Stocton stood beside it.

The observers were awed. They felt instinctively that they would recall this scene many times. Here-tofore Stocton Harris had been seen only in comedy parts, and now he suddenly presented to his audience a setting for something more serious, possibly tragedy. The background was fitting—the war-wrecked ruins of a princely estate, the disintegrating graves that held generations of chivalrous manhood and womanhood. The closing day was typical of September in the upper Piedmont. The sun was setting in a glorious, golden effulgence; the long shadows were growing filmy. The negro stood in the centre of the picture, among the graves, seeming to survey decades of life with all around him the consummation.

He had removed the spectacles and other makeup, and stood before them, or rather before the dead, an ordinary man in his right mind. They watched him with breathless anticipation. He knelt by the grave and seemed in prayer. He was silent only a few minutes, and then began an emotional muttering, half prayer, loud enough for the three eavesdroppers to hear.

"Marse Harris, I come back again to tell you I didn't take the money. They made me tell where it
was, and they took it. If I had been a man, I would er died 'fore tellin'; but you know, Old Marser, I was only a boy.” He was sobbing and his bowed frame shook. “I ran away 'cause you thought I holp take it. If I'd er knowed it was goin' to kill you, I'd er stayed with you.” He was rocking backward and forward, clasping and unclasping his trembling hands. “I—I feel jus' like I'd killed you myself,” he sobbed, and fell exhausted upon the grave.

Rawls quietly parted the hedge, and walking over to where he had fallen, helped him up.

“Shepherd, you’ll forgive me for watching you, but I couldn’t stand off and see you suffer.”

Still sobbing, he allowed Rawls to guide him to a seat. Louise and Alice had followed and now stood watching the old negro, with their hearts full of sympathy. When Rawls had quieted him, it did not take much solicitation to get his story.

“Marse ‘Dady,’ I used to live here, and he was my Old Marser,” he indicated the grave he had just left. “Marse Harris Pedleto was president of the bank; and, when the white scallawag Jinkins, stirred the niggers up, he took the money and papers from the bank. And I holp him bury 'em right here in this cemetery. Then when the soldiers come through the bad niggers broke loose. When they got into the bank and the money wa'n’t there, they come out here for Marse Harris.” He sobbed, and Rawls had to help him to prevent his falling.

“He was hid in the bottoms so they burnt the house. Old Missus had been gone two days, thank Gawd. They tied we all niggers, what had stayed home, up by the thumbs. I was jus’ a boy and they swung onto my feet. One fellow hit me in the face and broke out these teeths. I wouldn’t tell a word till they pulled my thumb loose, and then I had to tell.” He held up his misshapen thumb. “They
hated me anyhow, 'cause they said my grandma was a Cherokee squaw.” He was bowed, still overcome with grief.

“'Shepherd,' what made you wear all that stuff, and go through all those monkey-motions?"

“Mr. 'Daddy,' I never carried on that foolishness with you. Marse Harris was so old, when he found the money was gone it killed him. And I had run away—I couldn't face him—he thought I done it. There was a long time that I hated my whole race, and I can't forgive 'em yet. I wanted to live to myself, and I had to keep 'em scared of me. I never come back to the plantation till six years ago, when the last of the old folks was dead.”

They walked back to town, Stocton following a little behind the others. They were silent most of the way, but, as they neared home, Louise asked Stocton some questions about his old home. He forgot his grief in telling them of the good times when “we alls folks was the finest in the country.”

Louise and Alice ran ahead into the house when they reached the gate. Stocton called to Rawls that he wanted to speak to him.

“Of course, Mr. 'Daddy,' I know in reason you won't tell about this, and I want to tell you about las' night. You've been good to me. I don't know nothin' 'bout fortune-tellin'. Miss Louise put me up to it, and I heard her in the hammock sayin' how she couldn’t let you go away ag’in. She had the things what I said wrote on pieces of paper between the cards; yourn was marked.”

Rawls was thoughtful as he entered the piazza. He asked himself, “I keep my hair trimmed, and the hay isn't sticking from my mouth. I wonder if people can tell that I am an ass?” He took a seat and smoked hard at his cigar. He blew large rings of smoke and looked out into the cloudless night. His
vacation would end next day. Suddenly he sat up. Several brilliant stars shot across the heavens and others followed as he looked. He didn’t know how long the phenomena would last.

"Come quick," he called into the house, "see the stars shoot, lots of 'em."

Alice was the first out, then Louise came running to find the cause of the excitement. She and Rawls stood face to face, and her eyes fell. Sh looked down at herself. She had on the uniform coat and cap. The stars refused to shoot any more, and Alice returned to her room disappointed.

Rawls looked at the girl before him. He saw her dark eyes and wet cheeks, and took her in his arms and kissed her tear-bedimmed eyes.

"It’s all right, sweetheart," he said, "my selfishness and ambition came near costing me the most precious price, but we’ll be happy now. I give it all up willingly, for that which means everything to us. We will be content to preserve and teach to another generation ideals of another sort—those of an old-fashioned home."

"I couldn’t help it, ‘Daddy,’ I wanted you so bad. You told me how Mr. Mansfield made his young prince go back to Old Heidelberg, just for another night. I wanted to go back to the scenes of our happiness just for one night—you looked like this the first time you kissed me."

Rawls returned to New York the next day accompanied by his wife.

"Have ‘Shepherd’ kill the fatted calf Christmas," he said to his mother, "she will be tired of New York by then, and the prodigals will return."

There was a waving of handkerchiefs as the train passed the house. On the sunny side of the track he stood, the sun glistening on his spectacles. As the train shot by, he waved him arms in the air, faced
the east, the north, the west, and the south, smote his breastplate with his fists, and went back to his hoeing. The negroes passing on the street had stopped to watch him, their mouths open, and large eyed.

**SUBMISSION.**

The waves came rippling up the shore
They came up to my very feet.
Oh! for content I long the more
Content both deep and sweet.

The shore I left, the mountains sought,
No place still could I find.
I strove to think my sorrow naught
And leave the world behind.

But in vain were all my longings;
My heart was far too gone
To be recalled from its wanderings
To ever cease to mourn.

So along life's weary pathway
I'll tread with ne'er a word,
Till comes my rest on that last day
Borne by the white-wing'd bird.

E. L. COLEMAN.
LIFE OF DR. JUDSON.

Charles Hallette Judson, L. L. D., was born in Munroe, Connecticut, April 20, 1820. His parents were both of pure English stock. His father, Charles Judson, was a man of sterling qualities, noted for a high sense of honor, a strict adherence to principle, and a rare good judgment. His mother was Miss Abi Sherman of Connecticut, a relative of the distinguished Roger Sherman.

Dr. Judson's earliest education was obtained at the public school in his own town. From this he was transferred to a high school. He became interested in meetings in one of the Baptist churches of New Haven. He professed faith and joined the Baptists. He then entered Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute, located at Hamilton, New York, known today as the Colgate University and the Colgate Seminary.

He went from Hamilton to Virginia where he taught several years and then entered the University of Virginia, where he remained two years.

In 1847 Dr. Judson married Miss Emily Bosher, of Richmond, Va. Together they walked life's journey, childless, till May, 1903, when she entered her heavenly rest. Soon after their marriage he began a boys' school in London, Va. After two years here he went to Warrenton, Va., where he remained teaching one year. While at Warrenton he heard of a vacancy in an institution of learning in Ansonville, N. C., and without friends, special influence, or even acquaintance in the college or community, he journeyed thither and made application in person for the position. In 1851, while seeking pupils for this school, he heard of the proposed opening of Furman University, and that a faculty would soon be elected. He applied for the chair of mathematics and was elected.
That was a great day for Furman, for Greenville, and for South Carolina. He filled the chair of mathematics till a few years ago, and at the time of his death was still considered the head of the department.

During the Civil War Dr. Judson was president of Greenville Female College, and for several years after the war.

He made Greenville his home in 1851, and the upbuilding of Furman University his life work, and nothing could change his purposes. He had the opportunity, time and time again, of going elsewhere. Twice he was offered the presidency of the Judson Institute, Marion, Ala., and twice that of Richmond Female College, Richmond, Va., and twice he was offered a professorship in Richmond College. After he came to Greenville he was never a place-hunter, his ambition being to make Furman University an institution worthy of the people of the State. For over 55 years he faithfully performed his duties as a teacher, and it is gratifying that the Carnegie foundation for teaching recognized his faithful and distinguished services as a teacher, and voted him an annuity of one thousand dollars. This honor was conferred upon him a few weeks before his death.

As a scholar and a teacher Dr. Judson was preeminent, ranking among the finest mathematicians in the United States. He was well known in the realm of letters and science. His papers have been copied into the leading scientific journals of the day. One of these, "An investigation of the Arithmetical Relations Between Zero and Infinity," was noticed in a most favorable way in the Analyst for 1881. He assisted in compiling Wentworth's Geometry, 1879, and published and assisted in revising many other text books on geometry and algebra.

There are teachers who strive first and foremost
in their work as educators to cultivate the intellect, to give a scientific or philosophical turn to the minds they deal with. They do much to unfold the rational powers, to expand thought, and enlarge the mental grasp. This is a worthy aim, but by itself alone is partial and short of the highest. The true educator adopts no arbitrary anatomy of the human person, but deals with the entire personality. No student ever sat under Dr. Judson to learn mathematics and went away, either with or without a diploma in this school, in just the same ethical mood that he came. He was taught mathematics, he imbibed moral ideas. His idea of life and manhood, of duty and obligation, underwent a change as inevitable as that brought by the science of mathematics in the domain of the pure intellect.
A CHANGE.

Friends, just a few words to let you know that the “Iqaqueena” has changed hands, as you can readily see, and we have an entirely new staff. We want to beg that the critics will not criticise us too severely in this our first number, as we are all inexperienced editors, but we see no reason why we cannot do as well as others have done, for were they not inexperienced also when they began this work? We believe that we, too, can do it, or anyway want to say that we are going to do our best.
PROGRESS. We feel highly honored when we hear others say that our magazine has been a success, but is this all we want? No, we want it to improve and be better than it has ever been before, but how are we going to make it better if others refuse to help us?

Now is the time, girls, for you to show your college spirit more than ever. It will be impossible for us to do anything alone. We want each and every one of you to feel personally responsible for the success of our magazine, and it is to you that we are going to look for help.

In after years when we are separated and are no longer “one of the G. F. C. girls,” it will be a source of great pleasure to read this little magazine, for it will keep fresh in our memories our friends and also many of our thoughts and actions and when we hear the name “Isaqueena” it will make our hearts thrill to know, that we were once connected with it ourselves.

The term society as in prevalent use today of society lady or society gentleman, is a term of reproach, which all active and true minds should repudiate. Why should selfish dissipation or selfish pleasures receive the name of social event or social acts, any more when engaged in by people of wealth than when the same principle guiding behavior is engaged in by one of poverty? Our creator intended human beings for society. Man alone was without an associate (ad-society). He, therefore, created Eve as a help-mate. Thus he laid in the Garden of Eden the foundation for all true and genuine society and any act dissevered from the idea of helpfulness ceases to be a social act, but whatsoever develops the
body, strengthens the mind, or purifies the soul should be zealously grasped and utilized for bettering society.

We earnestly desire the day to speedily come when the term society-lady or society-gentleman will be as it should, a term of respect and honor, and not one of reproach.

"Sweat-Shops." The account of the conditions existing among some of the poorer classes of our large cities is simply appalling. If one who has had all the opportunities necessary for a well-rounded and practical education, should wander, unconsciously, into a district of the sweat-shop dwellers there would immediately arise in his mind the question as to whether or not he were in fair America. There would be many things to deepen his perplexity as he more closely noticed the people in their tattered garments all bent down with continuous toil.

When all the dreadful facts concerning this system of working people to death for a few cents are presented in such a graphic manner as Mr. Markham presents them in The "Cosmopolitan," the situation seems almost hopeless.

We agree, however, with the author of the article in saying that the American people must make the word "Sweat-Shop" obsolete—that is, do away with all the dreadful scenes called up in our minds by the mention of that word.

Of course we all know that contagious diseases exist in these "Sweat-Shops" and now, what should we do to alleviate the misery of the poor class and to prevent these dreadful diseases? Is it right that our fellowmen be sacrificed in this manner? No! The manufacturers should be forced to pay better
wages so that the people can live better and the children will not have to work.

These manufactures are continually growing richer upon the blood of the poor and we, as a civilized people, should do something to prevent it. We ought to rid ourselves of this, one of the greatest evils of the country and in order to do it, the people must co-operate in refusing to buy "Sweat-Shop" garments and demand those made by well paid workers in sanitary surroundings. If America is still that justice-loving country, may she see the needs of today lest tomorrow be too late.

DEATH OF DR. JUDSON.

Dr. Judson, professor emeritus of Furman University, died at 4.45 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the residence of Prof. Geer, on the University campus. He had been critically ill since Monday, when he was stricken down with paralysis at 8.30 o'clock in the morning.

The funeral services took place on Tuesday at noon in the First Baptist church in this city, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Z. T. Cody, D. D.

From the first attack Monday morning, the attending physicians entertained little or no hope for Dr. Judson's recovery. The venerable Christian that he was, bore his suffering with all the splendid fortitude of moral courage that seemed divine.

Dr. Judson is survived by only one near relative, his sister, Miss Mary C. Judson. She, like Dr. Judson, has consecrated her life to the cause of education, and is at present a beloved member of the faculty of our college, a position she has held for many, many years.
LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

JEANNIE McLEOD, Editor.

Quite an enjoyable play, "The Romance of Lesbos Strand," was given by the Expression Club Jan. 18. Rev. L. M. Roper closed a series of services Wednesday, in which the girls showed great interest.

Examinations were held during the last week in January.

An expression recital will be given Friday evening, February 8th.

Signor Angelo Patriculo will give a recital February 11th.

On Saturday, January 19th, the one hundredth anniversary of Robert E. Lee's birthday was celebrated under the management of the U. D. C.

LOCALS.

Misses Millwee Talbert, Rebecca Sauls and Mary Garrett were recently called home on account of sickness.

Miss Mary Southard has just returned from two weeks' rest at home.

Miss Georgie Norris had to leave school on account of her father's death. We extend to her our deepest sympathy.

The trustees held a meeting January 23 in the college parlor.

Among those to visit the college during the conference on evangelism were, Rev. J. A. Brunson, R. A. Sublett, G. H. Judd, P. F. Crawford, Campbell, G.

“When ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

Jr. M—g—r—e. G. remarked that the periods were very unregular (irregular).

Sen. J. M—n, on receiving a telegram, remarked afterwards that she wasn’t a bit uneasy as soon as she saw the hand-writing.

Sen. H. M. “Miss Jacob’s, how many quarters are there in a year?”

Special. B. D—v—p—t. “Cain was the first to sin.”
Sen. O. G—y. “No, Adam was the first.”

Soph. S. Mc G—. She is going to be a “prima donna.”

Fresh. W. Mc G—. “What is a bella donna?”

Sen. S. G—y, on hearing that there would be no more holidays until June, said, “We will have Thanksgiving.

Ask H. J—r—y and L. O—e—s how they like the “Gem Cafe.”

“Sentiment of a music pupil” (Apologies to Wordsworth).

“For I have learned to look on music
Not as in the hour of thoughtless youth
But hearing oftentimes
The most stern voice
Of Mr. S—f—r.
Nor harsh nor grating
Though of ample power
To unnerve and confuse.”
A Furman "Rat" on seeing an automobile, remarked, "Gee! the horse must have gotten up great speed before he got away from the buggy.

Soph. M. S—tt, on studying for Bible "exam.," discovered that Mary was the wife of the Lord.

Jun. H. J—y, while pounding peanuts for a "midnight feast," informed her room-mates that she was "killing dead rats."
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

JENNIE W. CARPENTER Editor.

The great evangelistic meeting conducted by Dr. Len. G. Broughton of Atlanta, in the First Baptist church here, was largely attended by our girls. During this meeting, Dr. L. M. Roper, pastor of the First Baptist church in Spartanburg, held services in the college at the chapel hour, and in the afternoon. Dr. Roper is certainly a consecrated man of God and at his first meeting the girls were deeply impressed with his devotion to his work and his earnest desire to reach the heart of every one. His talks on "The Need of Prayer," "The Dedication of Our Lives to Christ," "The Happiness of the Christian Life," and "The Possibilities of the Christian Life," were purely Gospel and yet practical. His talks were not as seed sown by the wayside, for out of a number of thirteen non-professing Christians all except three acknowledged Christ as their personal Saviour. Then, too, the Christian girls were strengthened and drawn closer to God, rededicating their lives to His service. Five of the girls who were converted have united themselves with the First Baptist church in this city, and we are hoping that the others will follow their example. Our hearts have been made to rejoice again and again in these blessings which have come in answer to our prayers.

We were glad to have with us recently in our Y. W. C. A., Rev. G. H. Judd of Walhalla, S. C. He is originally from London and has traveled through almost all parts of the "Old World." He was converted under the teachings of the great Charles H. Spurgeon, and has ever since given himself to per-
sonal work for the Master. The chief thought that he left with us was to keep the imagination chamber of our hearts pure and holy and hung with beautiful pictures of "Our Saviour."

At the spring term election of the Y. W. C. A. the following young ladies were chosen: President, Bertha Eubanks; Vice-President, Callie Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, Sallie McGee; Recording Secretary, Zillie Workman; Treasurer, Nannie Cox.

We thank "Our Heavenly Father" for what He has done through the association during the past year as we place the work of the coming year in His hands.

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
    Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
    Can peace afford.
I need Thee ev'ry hour;
    Stay Thou near by,
Temptations! lose their pow'r
    When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee ev'ry hour;
    In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
    Or life is vain.
I need Thee ev'ry hour.
    Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
    In me fulfill.
I need Thee ev'ry hour;
    Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
    Thou blessed Son.
I need Thee, Oh! I need Thee;
    Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
    I come to Thee.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

EUNICE GIDEON, Editor.

To point out faults in other college magazines when the same defects appear so glaringly in her, is, to Isaqueena, a case of the mote and the beam. However, it is her New Year's resolution to try to cast the beam out of her own eye that she may see more clearly to pick the mote out of the eyes of her brothers and sisters. But, as she is only one year old, she cannot be expected to speak with the fluency and correctness of those of maturer years; nevertheless there is one thing which she can do and which she will endeavor to do: "to give honor to whom honor is due, and tribute to whom tribute is due."

We welcome the January Wake Forest Student, and find it a splendid memorial of our Lee.

The Converse Concept for December is "well up" in quantity, and also in the quality of her heavy material; on the other hand, the poems are stilted and commonplace, while the one real story, "Did You Ever Get Left?" is very faulty rhetorically. For instance: "Left standing in the snow beside the track, despair sank heavily into her heart." The Exchange Department bears the mark of keenly critical minds.

We sincerely hope Mercerians do not appear as does the "Mercerian"—decidedly "green" and unattractive. However, the interior makes up for the exterior. Though the literary department is not full, the articles it contains are worthy of praise, especially "Moore, the Song Writer," an essay marked by its conciseness, careful choice of words, the logical sequence of ideas, and rhythm of expression.

"A Business Man's Courtship," is good as a char-
acter sketch, but if intended for a story, it fails sadly in plot, sequence of ideas, sentence structure, and above all, in conciseness. However, the absence of the “love-sick” element and the presence of a pleasing humor are commendable. By the way, how are “muttered imprecations hurled?”

We congratulate all the editors on their work, and give especial praise to the department “Among the Books,” which is found in no few college magazines. The Christmas spirit lingers with the Exchange Editor—he cannot criticise this month. The “On the Campus” editor is a “hustler.”

The Carolinian brings us a poem which has in it the rare quality of rythm and which is indeed the best we have read this month—“The Isle of Heart’s Desire.” The debater on “Resolved, That South Carolina Should Have a Compulsory Education Law” is to be congratulated on saying what he has to say and then stopping. Let Cervantes and the rest of his tribe retreat before the rise of greater satirical lights—the authors of “Arabella’s Revenge.”

We lose the pleasure in the trouble when we read the Exchange Department—an Unabridged Dictionary is such clumsy thing to have around; but we will pass by this “wordiness” as a disease through which youth has to go as they have to go through mumps and measles. However, the inter-weaving of an immense intelligence with criticisms on college magazines is a bit depressing to the lesser mind. The Carolinian whispers that it stands sixth in rank among Southern college magazines. May we whisper in return:

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.”

We acknowledge the receipt of the Erskinian, the Stetson Weekly, the Wofford College Journal, the Limestone Star, the Criterion and the State Normal Magazine.
ISAQUEENA.

CLIPPINGS.
The seamstress leads a life of simple duty,
   And from her honest toil comes honest cheer;
While others thread the paths of wealth and beauty,
   Life seams just sew-sew in her hemmy-sphere.

Like summer girls, in garments new
   We see the trees appear
And each lays up within its trunk
   A new ring for every year.

"Oh must you go, my darling?"
   Said Clementine to Joe.
Well not exactly that, but I
   Must now begin to go.

While those who gamble with the cards
   May win by trick unfair,
The chess and checker players try
   To do things on the square.

Indeed and I was true to Flo;
   I loved her and I was her beau,
But all her vows she soon forgot,
   And now you see I am her beau-knot.
FINE ART DEPARTMENT.

ELLA WHARTON Editor.

The "Romance of Lesbos Strand" was presented by the Expression Club, to a large and appreciative audience on the evening of January eighteenth.

The Greek setting so different from modern times was successfully carried out by the girls.

Eunice Gideon, with great skill and delicacy portrayed the difficult role of Sappho, the poetess, who finding her love for the youth Phaon unrequited, drowns herself.

Erina, the devoted pupil of Sappho, and who dies at the death of the poetess, was well taken by Bessie Hawley.

Daphne, whom Phaon loved, was attractively and successfully portrayed by Ella Wharton.

The character of Phaon was well suited to Besse Davenport, who proved an ardent wooer.

The Greek costumes of the characters and attendants were an attractive feature of the play.

The Director of the play was our Expression teacher, Miss Rachel Cabe Sims.

She has done excellent work in her department and her ability in this line has been shown in the recitals, in which she has taken part, as well as in the work of her pupils.

OLA GREGORY.

Seinor Angelo Patricolo, the famous pianist, gave a recital in the auditorium of G. F. C. on Monday evening, February 11th, to a large and appreciative audience of students and others. The following program was played:
Beethoven—Sonata op. 27, No. 2.
Chopin—Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2; Mazurka, op. 33, No. 4; Valse, op. 64, No. 2; Polonaise, op. 5-3.
Patricolo—Barcarolle; Romance; Valse.
Gottschalk—Last Hope; Manchega; Pasquimade;
Banjo Fantase; Grotesque.
Leschetizsky—Lyst.
Donizetti—Patricolo.
Andante Finale de la Lucia.

IN THE ART STUDIO.

During the past month the work in the art room has been perhaps more interesting than usual, if variety lends interest. The charcoal students and some in other departments have been attempting sketches from life. The question of a model is often a hard one and many mornings have found the girls “out hunting” for any one from the primary to the Senior class who would be able and willing to pose. The artists have aspired to fancy costumes with the result that a number of really creditable sketches of Puritans, college seniors, Western girls and child-studies are to be found in the portfolios.

A number of casts were ordered just before Christmas and great was the rejoicing when they arrived. There are a number of full-length figures in the order, besides busts, and block features for beginners. We have needed more casts and it is hoped that with the new equipment there will arise a greater desire among the girls for this line of work.

Each year at the Art Exhibit in June, there has been a great deal of unnecessary work about collecting and hanging the pictures. In order to avoid this, Miss Hall has divided the art work into departments—drawings, pastel, water-color, life, and oil. At the head of each of these is one student, who is to collect
the work in her department and, and with Miss Hall's approval, to choose the best for the exhibit. In June, with her appointed assistants, she will overlook the exhibiting of the work, and it is hoped in this way to have less trouble and to avoid confusion.
Greenville Female College

FACULTY.

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

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

MRS. E. C. JAMES,
Graduate Richmond Female Institute.
Latin.

MISS JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE,
A. M., University Nashville,
History and Political Economy.

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.

English and Literature.

MISS LOTTIE H. DERIEUX, M. A., Woman’s College, Richmond.
French and German.

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

MISS MABEL HUMPHREYS, B. A., M. A., G. F. C.
Intermediate Department.

GEORGIE E. NORRIS, College for Women, Columbia.
Preceptress Intermediate Class.

MISS RACHEL SIMS, Grad. Curry School of Expression.
Expression and Physical Culture.
FACULTY (Continued)

MR. W. H. BARNES,

MR. GEORGE H. SCHAEFER,
Graduate Conservatory of Music of Cincinnati; Virgil Clavier School of New York; Pupil of Theodore Bohlmann of Berlin, Germany. Piano.

MR. WALTER D. BROWN,

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,

MISS IDA KEYS,
Prin. Primary Dept.

MRS. KATE H. SLOAN,
Matron Main Building.

MRS. ANNIE M. WILBUR,
Matron Decamp Dormitory.

MRS. CORA PATE,
Housekeeper Main Building.
Directory
of
Greenville Female College

President .......................................................... E. C. James, Litt. D.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

President .......................................................... Mrs. Beattie Rowland
Vice President .................................................... Mrs. E. F. Bates
Secretary .......................................................... Miss Montez Williams
Treasurer .......................................................... Mrs. C. R. Jordan
Historian .......................................................... Miss Corrie Mathis
Chairman Ex. Committee ........................................ Mrs. A. J. Jones

Y. W. C. A.

President .......................................................... Bertha Eubanks
Vice President .................................................... Callie Johnson
Recording Secretary ............................................. Zillie Workman
Corresponding Secretary ........................................ Sallie McGee
Treasurer .......................................................... Mamie Cox

JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

President, Division A ............................................ Bernice Going
Vice President ..................................................... Mamie Alexander
Secretary .......................................................... Eunice Gideon
Treasurer .......................................................... Ella Wharton
President, Division B ............................................. Jennie Carpenter
Vice President ..................................................... Virginia Felder
Secretary .......................................................... Martha Dorn
Treasurer .......................................................... Lucy Johnson
Reynols & Earle

FOR


SODA WATER AND ICE CREAM.

III MAIN STREET.

FURMAN UNIVERSITY

GREENVILLE, S. C.

EDWIN M. POTEAT, D. D., L.L.D., President.

A STANDARD COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

Courses are offered leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) and Master of Arts (M. A.)

Library, Reading Room, Laboratories.

Instruction Thorough. Expenses reduced to a minimum.

For Catalogue or further information, address

PROFESSOR W. F. WATSON,

Secretary of the Faculty.

PHOTOGRAPHS

MADE IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

Groups for Colleges a Specialty.

Special Prices to Students at

J. C. FITZGERALD'S

Greenville, South Carolina.
ALL COLLEGE GIRLS

Have learned that Columbus discovered America, and we want them to learn the way to the AMERICUS SHOE CO. for their Shoes. We can sure please you and want your business. See the new styles of the popular E. P. Reed Shoes for Ladies.

All Kinds of Rubbers and Fancy Home Slippers

AMERICUS SHOE CO.

Phone 167. 103 N. Main Street.

A WIFE AND A HOME

Is the aspiring dream of every mentally and morally balanced man. You can get a wife from among the students after their graduation of the C. F. C., and I can sell you a city or country home. I would advise you to investigate the prospects and offerings of both agencies.

If you have Real Estate for sale see me at once.

W. F. C. OWEN

"THE REAL ESTATE MAN."


Young Ladies!

When you want the full value of your money on Shoes, such as the Brockport, Ultra and Queen Quality, go to

The Mathis Shoe Store,

104 N. Main Street.
QUALITY  STYLE
POPULAR  PRICES

Three things you'll find at this store. We have been here for twenty-four years now and we hope to be merited with your patronage again this year. College Banners, Pennants, Pillow Tops, Flags, etc., 10c to $1.00. Ribbons, Hosiery, Muslin Underwear, Notions, Novelties, etc., claim our special attention.

C. D. STRADLEY, Under the Big Spool.

ELEGANT FOOTWEAR

The art of clothing the feet with grace and comfort is our work of love. Our energies are devoted wholly to this art.

The key styles are as varied as they are beautiful. Graceful conceptions in Patent Leather, Gun Metal and Kid, prices from $2 to $4.

It's wonderful what a lot of new ideas our Shoemakers work up for us in a season. It is with much pleasure that we invite you to call that we may show you.

Humphreys-Childers Shoe Co.

Origin-ators of Individuality in Footwear
Home of Shoe Style. Quality and Worth.

GREENVILLE, S. C.
E. S. POOLE  
FURNITURE  
And Household Supplies  
215 SOUTH MAIN ST.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Frank Ferguson  
DENTIST  
123 1-2 S. Main St;  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

STUDENTS

Are you one of the thousands who are crowding their eyes to the very limit? Hours of hard desk work, study until the wee small hours, constant application to close, tedious work, resulting in weakened eyes, irritating pain and miserable headaches? Glasses will help you. It's easy to work when you feel good and glasses will surely relieve you. The prescribing of lenses is a work requiring a thorough knowledge of the eye, and its peculiar defects—a knowledge in which I am thoroughly versed, having had five years' of experience. Let me advise what is best for your eyes. Examination Free.

MISS MABEL LITTLEFIELD, Eyesight Specialist.

Successor to Dr. F. H. Newton.

Office Hours 10 to 5. 219 N. Main St. Ten per cent off to students
HEADQUARTERS FOR

College Girls

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

J. THOS. ARNOLD COMPANY.
Greenville, S. C.

GO TO

BARR'S DRY GOOD STORE
1416 S. MAIN STREET,
For Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Gloves, Pyrography Woods, Zephers, Novelties in Fine China...
Greenville's nearest approach to a Department Store.
SUIT CASES AND TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.

The Baptist Courier
GREENVILLE, S. C.

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

M. L. Donaldson
REAL ESTATE
and
INSURANCE.
W. H. Houston & Bro.

122 Main Street
GREENVILLE, S. C.

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

"The Best of Everything in Furniture at the most reasonable Price" is our motto.

L. A. James,
Greenville's Leading Furniture Dealer.

Hudson and Jordan
Sellers of All Kinds of GROCERIES
OUR MOTTO:
THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE.
Full Weight, Full Count, Full Measure.

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

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

BEST PRINTING
AT
REASONABLE PRICES.
Work Done Promptly.

GREENVILLE NEWS JOB DEPT.

To have your LAUNDRY receive the Best Attention, send to

HOKE'S STEAM LAUNDRY
A. D. HOKE, Proprietor

PHONE 119
DON'T FORGET......

The Marble Front Store

Where the Miller Co. sells the

PUREST
and BEST

ICE CREAM,

Also the Nicest and Best CAKES, made by an
expert baker.

Wheeler & Son,
Photographers

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

Dr. B. F. Epps

Dentist

OVER
Symmes-Williams Furniture Co.
Liberal Terms to Students.
Lawton Lumber Co.
Wholesale Lumber and Shingles.
Greenville, S. C.

Food Purity
is absolutely assured the
housekeeper who uses

Heinz 57 Varieties
of Pure Food Products.
Made of the Choicest ma-
terials, in scrupulously clean
kitchens, they represent the
highest attainable excellence
in food preparation and bear
the approval of Pure Food
authorities everywhere.
Anything that's HEINZ is
safe to buy.

H. J. Heinz Co.
New York : Pittsburgh : Chicago

Dr. Thos. S. Crimes
DENTIST.

National Bank Build-
ing,
Corner Main Street and
McBee Ave.
PHONE 444
Greenville, S. C.

Send Him a Post Card
We are headquarters for
comic, sentimental, and Greenville Souvenirs, 1c. two for 5c
and 5c. Latest novelties in Ribbons, Belts Collars.
"THE OUTLET,"
Maxwell-Feagle David Company.
North Main Street. Greenville, S. C.


Weldon & Sterling
Dentists.
Office Cor. Main St. & McBee Ave
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Dr. J. P. Carlisle,
DENTIST.
Cor Main and Washington Sts.
Over Lewis and Hartzog's
Drug Store.
Greenville, S. C.
Goods That Are the Best

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

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

---

WE ARE SPECIALISTS

In the shoe business, and you know this is a day of specialists. We study it year in and year out. How to buy the best the proper styles and the proper leathers.
All of this means much to you if you are to have satisfaction in your shoes. Shoes that fit you, that look well at the beginning and keep it up.

Courteous Salesmen to Wait on You

PRIDE AND PATTON,
Greenville, S. C.
106 South Main Street
SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is given to our Jewelry Department. All the year round we carry a complete and carefully selected stock of dependable Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Ware and Art Pottery. The grade of Diamonds we sell is also the very height of perfection and sold on a very close margin. Watches and all kinds of Jewelry neatly and correctly repaired.

GILREATH-DURHAM COMPANY.