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Achsah Belle Mack
Greenville Woman's College
ISADORENA

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Mary Geer.
Business Manager.

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AN APRIL FOOL.
The month of April gladness brings,
To merry girls and merry boys,
It turns our hearts to foolish things,
And grown up people share our noise.

An April fool enjoys the joke
Or else a fool is he or she,
So friends, you may in April poke
Your fun at all whom you may see.
ISAQUEENA.

Enjoy the pranks or else divest,
The world has need of joyful time,
But such as have no taste for jest
Are never worth a measly dime.

So now my friend, these jokes you find
Are all in fun for fun's own sake,
So do not lay yourself behind,
But like the rest in fun partake.

Go tell your beau some dreadful tale,
Deny the tenderness you feel,
But do not let your life grow stale,
Because your dignity is steel.

Go tell your girl a lie, if need,
To waken joy in bosoms grand,
Yet do not tell a lie indeed,
Unless you know she'll understand.

Awake the staid and steadfast folks,
Let merriment enjoy full sway;
We cannot curse the one who jokes,
So long as we enjoy the day.

F. R., '07.

BURNS.

That the unity of the life of Burns may not be diffused, it is necessary to tell at once the story of the bust of gold and that of the feet of clay.

In this life there was only one era, Youth, for the man was ever as the boy. To know the boy, and thus the man, we must know the father and know the home. William Burns was a gardener before his marriage; then with his own hands he built a cottage on an Ayrshire farm, brought home his Scotch
bride, and reared his children there. He was very poor, so he read men instead of books, and thought much as he dug in his garden. These thoughts were turned to account when his children needed instruction and there was no money to pay for it; and doubtless the little Burnses learned as much from their father as from Master Murdoch. Then, too, they were drilled in all the tenets of the strict old Scottish religion which was the heart and life of that humble house. So it was under the influence of this stern, yet loving, ambitious man, and of a narrowly pious home, that the Peasant Poet grew to boyhood.

From the first Burns appears before us headstrong, passionate, gay, fond of admiration, and greedy for notice. He lost no occasion in letting it be known that God had given him more than those around him. In childhood he was the leader of the Ayrshire boys and the “brag pupil” of his master; later peasant and preacher alike feared his caustic tongue. He knew, too, that he was very handsome, and, that others might be more impressed with the fact, “wore a peculiar kind of plaid, and hair tied in the fashion of a gentleman.”

Doubtless this was partly the reason he was the beau of many an Ayrshire belle, for peasant girl and Edinburgh lady alike received a share of his ever-ready affection. Burns was made for love, he believed in it, and longed for it; but his selfishness kept it from entering into and making his life. Only Highland Mary ever touched the true love spot of his heart and lodged there. Like the rest of his fellow swains, he flirted with the other country lasses, wrote them rhymes, and later drank and debauched. Like them, too, he figured many a fine Sunday on the stool of repentance and listened to the thunders which the Church hurled down upon him for his misdemeanors. So we can picture the strong young plowman of that wild heath country, poorest of the poor, and look-
ed upon with distrust; but for all that the most ardent wooer, the most famous letter-writer, and the only one in the country round who was master of both pen and plow.

But there came a change now into the life of Burns. His heretical fame spread from the penitent's seat to the higher circles of Ayrshire, and, when the Church split into factions, identified him with the opposition party. "Holy Wille's Prayer" and other religious satires made people open their eyes, and then their doors, to the young peasant. At first he stumbled about their parlors with some difficulty and embarrassment, but it was only a short time before he was one with the people with whom he mingled.

Ere long, however, financial misfortune and grosser dissipation darkened his happy day. His father died, there was no money to run the farm, and his morality received its lasting taint. Then the strong man suffered with blackest melancholy, and, when in these states of hypochondria, would fling himself before God in penitence for the past and fear for the future.

When at last he did not know which way to turn it was suggested that he publish his own little poems; so Burns gave to his fellows some of the throbs of a heart, now gay, now sad, now piteous, now indignant; and the people received these with a deep wonder at their purity, freshness, and originality. From the poem they turned to the poet—Burns, the plowman, henceforth the cynosure of literary Scotland.

That winter Edinburgh called for him, and he responded. For a few months he amused and astonished her with his calm, cool bearing and brilliant conversation which matched so oddly with his peasant dress. His black eyes would glow and his wit grow sharp as he courted fair ladies, or sat at rich men's banquets. "But Edinburgh Learned had more head than heart;" so when Burns had tasted the sweets of praise, he drank the dregs, and came away. That
winter worked his ruin, for he was angered that he was not as other men; so he brooded, despaired, and sank deeper into dissipation.

Then, for a short time, he hoped, and, as if in atonement for his past, married Jean Armour, obtained the Excise Commission, and settled down on a farm of his own. His independence made him happy and raised him in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen. He could now give natural voice to the songs which rose in the heart behind the plow, and to the witticisms conceived at his own fireside on a winter's evening.

But the farm failed, and with it Burn's hopes and reputation. After that he flirted with the French Revolution, and then threw himself full force into the revels of the tavern-house. Again, for a moment, the true Burns rose and gave to his beloved Scotland a few of her most beautiful tributes. Then the man who had trifled with life died a death which had its birth in gross dissipation.

This life was a contradiction: a dark, explosive temper, a deep-seated jealousy, and a tainted morality on the one hand; and a generosity, a beautiful love for all living things, and a kind of spirituality on the other. It lacked two things: decision and a personal faith in God. Had head-life, heart-life, and soul-life been turned together, the life which followed would have been one of his own sweet songs.

In strict critical language, his pieces cannot be called poems; instead they are the pathos, humor, satire, and joyousness of Burns written in rhyme. They are mere outbursts of the emotion uppermost at that moment, and are expressed in a manner crude and sometimes unrefined. Then, too, they are usually content with the surface and do not show the heart of things as do the poems of intellect and care. Yet there is something about them, especially his songs, which makes the most learned critic stop, read them
over, and then think a bit. They are refreshing to us now, and what must they have been to the people who had read all their lives only the stiff, stilted poetry of intellect? They did not grow, but burst forth in little ripples and half-sung snatches just as they were conceived in the music of the poetic heart. In them Burns portrayed with indifference every phase of life around. Not nature, but life and the love of living was his theme, and by his deep sincerity of description, Scotch peasant, hut, and hamlet have been immortalized. His heart must have been very big for so many things to reach in, touch it, and call forth a song. The reason he is so beloved the world over is that he has found simple expression for every mood of man. When Ayrshire peasant was snubbed by Edinburgh gentry he gave vent to his righteous wrath; when the Church substituted form for feeling, stinging satires resulted; when the revels of the tavern-house were at their highest, he roared out songs of good-fellowship and hilarity; when afterwards he prostrated himself before God in a moment of humiliation, prayers of deep-felt penitence poured forth; when patriotism was deadened he rose and gave to his beloved country all he had to give—his songs; when beast, bird, or plant suffered, he suffered and gave expression to it; and when he loved, as he loved Highland Mary, his heart sang as no other heart has ever sung.

So it is not strange that one should have an affection for this man—one usually does for one's brother, and his deep sympathy and broad love have knit him to the people of the world in that close tie.

KEITH LAND.
THE REFORMATION.

The Protestant Reformation is the name applied to the great revolt in Europe during the sixteenth century against certain doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. Up to this time Western Christendom had been a religious unit, under the primacy of the Pope, and, therefore, the Reformation movement affected the general policy of Western Europe and wrought an entire change in its religious and political constitution.

The Reformation is dated from the year 1517 when Martin Luther challenged the Papal authority in his famous ninety-five theses, but its true meaning is to be found by referring to great currents of thought and action that through the Middle Ages had been modifying society. Since the establishment of the new Western Empire by Charles the Great in 800 there had been an almost continual contest between the emperors, the temporal heads of Christendom, and the popes, the spiritual heads, over the limits of their respective authorities. The theory of the spiritual and the temporal powers proved not to be a workable one and every conflict between pope and emperor over the limits of temporal and spiritual jurisdiction sowed the seeds of future discord.

The rise of the spirit of nationality and its resentment of Papal control in ecclesiastical affairs as shown in the contests between some of the French kings and the popes, and in the revolt against Roman influence of which Wiclif was the most notable exponent in England worked to the same end. Wiclif's religious teachings, with their bearing on the political questions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were carried from Oxford to Prague, where John Huss took them up and made Bohemia almost a Protestant country before Protestantism was known. Although John Huss was condemned and executed
at Constance in 1415, the work he had done in Bohemia had prepared the country for the Reformation seed. The principles of Luther were anticipated by Wiclif and Huss, but in their day the country was not ready for the great revolution. The migration of students from one university to another spread the doctrine of rationalistic teachers far beyond their class rooms, and in this way the writings of Wiclif were carried to Prague.

Germany, with more than a hundred states loosely held together in the Empire, and seeking blindly to realize German nationality and always pulling hard against the assertions of Papal authority and of the Emperor, was in the sixteenth century in a favorable condition for starting the new movement. Strenuous efforts were made by the Pope to complete Saint Peter's and to carry on war with the Turks. Martin Luther, then a professor in the University of Wittenberg and a parish priest, was aroused against the system which connected the distribution of indulgencies, as carried on by Tetzel. On October 31, 1517, Luther nailed to the church door at Wittenberg the ninety-five theses in which he challenged the abuses of the church. He seemed unconscious of the tremendous revolution he was setting on foot, but events moved rapidly.

He defended his position on historical grounds in public disputation and in writing, and his scheme rested on salvaton by faith rather than by formal works of the sacraments. On the tenth of December he publicly burned a copy of the Papal bull of excommunication which had been directed at him by Leo X, thus symbolically breaking with the whole system upon which the Roman ecclesiastical structure rested. In 1521, summoned by the new Emperor, Charles V, to the Diet at Worms, he refused to retract and was secreted for a time in the Castle of Wartburg under the protection of his friend, the Elector Frederick
of Saxony. He now reached the point where he must begin a constructive movement. He by the aid of his friend and co-worker, Melanchton, translated the Bible into German, and entered into communication with northern princes, many of whom gave him support. At the Diet of Speyer in 1529 a majority of the princes and representatives of the cities issued the "Protest" which gave to the adherents the name of Protestants. The Protestants were then in a minority and in order to defend one another the League of Schmalkald was formed. After Luther's death in 1546, the Emperor turned his attention to the Schmalkald League and in 1547, by the aid of Maurice of Saxony, defeated it.

But the return of Maurice to the Protestants turned the tables, and the Emperor concluded a Treaty at Passau in 1552, in which the Protestants were allowed free exercise of their religion until the meeting of a diet, and in return they agreed to lend assistance against the Turks. The promised diet met at Augsburg in 1555 and decided that each prince might choose between Lutheranism and Catholicism, the religion of the prince to be that of his people. Any prelate on becoming Protestant was to resign his benefice and subjects of ecclesiastical princes were to enjoy religious liberty. This peace gave recognition to the Lutherans.

M. E. A., '07.

AN EASTER STORY.

Lent was fast drawing to a close. Easter was only a few days off. The shops down town were filled with spring shoppers, and every one seemed joyful and happy, just as spring seemed glad to return.

On one of the quiet avenues something unusual was going on. Fresh curtains were at the windows, and servants were running here and there carrying tall pots of lilies and jars of ferns into the house.
Some might have thought that it was a spring-cleaning, but not so, for Elizabeth Morgan, the pretty young daughter of the house, was going to give a swell reception after Easter.

Mrs. Morgan was down in the drawing-room overseeing the decorations, and wishing to consult Elizabeth about one of the plans, she went to the foot of the broad stair-way and called to her. Elizabeth was looking out of her window and thinking of Jack, when her mother's voice called her back from this dreamy reverie.

"All right, mother dear, I'll be down in a minute." She went down immediately. Standing by her mother, one sees a very striking resemblance. One tall, stately, yet with a pleasant smile for every one; the other young, dainty and pretty. Elizabeth, always thinking of her mother's comfort, sees how tired she looks. So putting her arms around her neck, she says, "Do sit down and rest, mother, you are completely worn out." "Yes, dear, I know it, but they haven't sent the satin ribbon up from Hutzler's and I did want it right away. Let me go down and see about it. I want to see Edith, and it won't be the least trouble to go to the store first." "Very well, dearie."

Elizabeth is soon on her way down town, looking charming in a new spring suit and little gauze hat. She meets one of her girl friends, who says to her, "Hello, Elizabeth, how are you; and have you heard the latest news?" "No, do tell me, Frances." "Why, Jack Stanley is back from the West," says her friend, laughing merrily, for every one knew how much Jack liked Elizabeth. "Indeed," said the blushing girl.

After going to the store for her mother, she stops by to see Edith Jackson, her dearest friend. Edith is delighted to see her, and the girls are soon enjoying themselves over a delicious cup of tea. All at once two very mysterious dimples come in Edith's face,
and she says to Elizabeth, "Well, I guess the little girl is happy now." "Why do you think so?" And Edith laughing all the more tells her about Jack. "Oh, I knew he had returned, Frances told me a few minutes ago;" but she can't hide the tell-tale blushes. "And dear, Edith continues, they say he has lost everything, his money, and all except his good name."

"How sorry I am," says Elizabeth sadly. "I really must be going, it is getting late." "No, do stay and have another cup of tea," begs Edith.

While they are talking the front door bangs, and Robert, Edith's brother, comes in the room whistling. "Why, you hear, Miss Elizabeth, am so glad to see you," says Bob.

"Bob," as everybody calls him, is a jolly fellow and one of Elizabeth's most ardent admirers.

"I really must go now, Edith, mother will be uneasy about me," says Elizabeth, rising.

"May I have the pleasure—" laughs Bob.

"Certainly," says Elizabeth, and then turning to Edith says, "Good-bye, dear, do come to see me real soon."

"What beautiful weather we are having; almost like the good old summer time, isn't it?" "Yes," answers Elizabeth dreamily, for she is thinking of Jack.

They walk along for several minutes without speaking. Robert seems to be thinking of something very important, and he finally says, "Elizabeth, I suppose you have heard that Mr. Stanley has returned home?" "Why, certainly I have," but she thinks how strange it is that everybody is mentioning Jack's name to her. "You don't seem to care much whether he is back or not," continues Bob, and he adds more quickly, "Oh, Elizabeth, if you only knew how much I cared for you, or how much I loved you—"

"Don't, please," broke in Elizabeth.

"But don't you care for me?"

"Yes, as Edith's brother."
"Then won't you marry me?"
"No, positively no."
"Oh!" was all Bob could say, and he looked as if he had lost his last friend in the world.
"Look here, Bob, I like you a whole lot, but just in a friendly way, and I always want you to be the same old Bob towards me, won't you?"

They are in front of Elizabeth's pretty home now, and Bob clasps her hand in his and says, "good bye."
"Won't you come in and let me thank you for bringing me safely home?"
"No, thanks, I will have to go on back," and as he looks at her she sees all the brightness and happiness gone out of his eyes.

Going Sadely up to her room, and on opening her door a sweet fragrance wafts toward her. On the table is a large bunch of Parma Violets, and beside them a note. Hastily opening this she reads with a fluttering heart:

"Dear Elizabeth: Am just home, and would be glad to call tonight, if agreeable.
Yours,
Jack."

Pressing the note to her lips she writes an answer telling him to come.

Elizabeth puts on a dainty white dress and after tea stays in the room with her father and mother until Jack comes.

Her father is reading the "Daily News," and coming across this he reads it out with a chuckle:
"Mr. Jack Stanley has returned home, after several months in the West."
"Ha, ha," laughs her father, "wonder what our little girl is going to do now;" and then turning to her he says, "Elizabeth, you refused him while he was rich, what will you do now?"
"Eh, oh nothing, but send him an invitation to your reception anyway."

"Yes, I will daddy dear," and while she is speaking the bell rings and Jack is announced.

Elizabeth shakes hands with him in such a hearty, welcoming way that hope dwells within his heart. They chat pleasantly for an hour or two, and he leaves.

At the door, Elizabeth calls to him to be sure and come to the reception.

* * * *

The guests have all gone, and Elizabeth's reception was a great success. She feels radiantly happy and going back into the drawing room, she sees a familiar figure standing in the long French window.


"Yes, dear, and can't you guess why?" He continues speaking, with his honest gray eyes looking into hers. "I came and asked for your hand when I was rich, and now will you refuse me again?"

"Oh no, Jack, not again."

Jack is so happy, and he soon tells her how the false report had gotten out that he had failed, but it was not him, but another Mr. Stanley. Slipping a lonely solitaire on her finger he says:

"My own beautiful Elizabeth of this Easter-tide,  
Now and forever you will be my bride."

M. T.
SCOTCH COVENANTERS.

Covenant is a term by which the Scotch people denoted associations or bands under an oath to support each other in times of danger or to maintain some principle. The most famous ones are the National Covenant of 1638 and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. They should be distinguished, but are very often called the Covenant.

The National Covenant was first received on Feb. 28, 1638, in Greyfriars church at Edinburgh. It was an agreement signed by all classes in Scotland to resist by force the introduction into Scotland by Charles I. of a modified form of the English Book of Common Prayer, and a new body of canons increasing the nominal power of the Scottish bishops.

The aged Earl of Sutherland was the first to sign his name. Then the whole congregation followed. It was then laid on a flat stone in the church yard where men and women crowded to add their names. Some wept aloud, others wrote their names in their own blood; others added after their names "till death."

They signed until every corner of the parchment was filled and only room for their initials were left. Night alone stopped the continual coming and going. From the church yard it spread through the whole of Scotland. Gentlemen and nobles carried copies of it in their port manteaus and pockets, requiring and collecting subscriptions privately. Women sat in the church all day and all night, from Friday till Sunday, in order to receive the communion with it. None dared to refuse their names.

This covenant was based upon a previous one of 1580, whose object was to maintain the Scottish Presbyterian church against a Catholic conspiracy. It became the basis of Scotch resistance to the King
which culminated in the two Bishop's Wars and the termination of Charles's arbitrary rule.

The solemn league and covenant was drawn up July 20, 1643. It was an agreement between the English and Scottish Parliaments by which the Scotch came with an army to the assistance of the English Parliament in the war against Charles I. on condition that Presbyterianism should be introduced into England and Ireland. The Parliament accepted the condition somewhat unwillingly, but in view of the Royalists successes in 1643, Scotch aid seemed indispensable. The covenant was generally signed by the members of the House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines. It was imposed by an ordinance upon all persons over eighteen years of age, upon members of the universities and upon officers and soldiers of the New Model army, although it could not be strictly enforced. It was not the only bond of union between England and Scotland during the war, but was used as a test against the rising Independents, and, as such encountered lively opposition. The signers took oath to labor for the preservation of the reformed religion in the church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship and government, according to the Word of God and the example of the best reformed churches, and to endeavour "to bring the churches of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction of uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, direction for worship and catechising."

Both covenants were abolished at the Restoration and their adherents severely persecuted.

M. I. G., '07.
"THE REAL PURPOSE OF AN EDUCATION."

During the Middle Ages learning was, in a large measure, confined to the monasteries; while the masses of the people were bound by the fetters of ignorance.

But gradually there was an awakening; men began to realize the injustice of giving to the few the light, while the many were forced to grope their way in the darkness. They considered it the privilege, as well as the duty, of every one to apply his own reasoning power to the great problems of human thought.

Then it was that students and teachers began to assemble, the former to learn and the latter to impart their knowledge. And here was the rise of the great Universities, which were destined to produce marvelous results.

Here we catch a glimpse of the first ray of light that signified the passing away of the long night of darkness and error and the dawning of the day of light and truth. Now we live beneath the splendor of the mid-day sun. There are very few persons nowadays who may not, by making some sacrifice, obtain an education. In all civilized countries public schools, colleges and universities are established for the education of both men and women.

What has produced this great change? What advantage did learning bring to men that caused them to attach so much more value to an education than formerly?

What is the real purpose of an education? Montaigne said: "Education is not stuffing the memory with words and leaving the understanding and conscience void." It is pathetic in the extreme to realize how many women and men complete their college course, and go out in the world to battle with difficulties, which are common to every life and are
overcome, because they missed the true spirit of an education.

Hamilton said: "The purpose of an education is to arouse to self activity." It has truthfully been remarked that every one who is educated at all must be self-educated. Education cannot give us those things which we do not possess, but it develops those faculties with which we have been endowed by an Omnipotent God. It broadens the mind and gives the individual power to solve the great problems of life.

Education teaches men, not only to acquire knowledge, but to put it into practice; it gives an individual power to think independently of every one else; to be original. We have many examples of self-activity in the scientific world; one of the most notable of which is the discovery of electricity by Franklin. He snatched the lightning from the clouds and gave to the world a gift almost unparalleled by that of any other discoverer. In the literary world we also have many instances of originality, for example, the dramas of Shakespeare.

But perhaps nowhere are personal thought and activity more essential than in the religious world. Until the time of the Reformation the whole Christian world was blindly adhering to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and subservient to its slightest wish. Only certain portions of the Scripture were given the masses and they taught that it was not their duty to think for themselves, but the duty of the Church to think for them.

There have always been those who felt that each individual should think for himself, and interpret the teachings of Christ in the light of his own conscience; but they lacked courage to advocate these things. But this state of affairs was not destined to endure always; at length there arose a man who was neither lacking in originality nor energy. Martin Luther
was unwilling to accept what he did not honestly be-
lieve, and he boldly and successfully faced the Pope
and Catholics of all Europe, and declared that he
would no longer be untrue to his convictions. And
today the great Protestant Church owes its existence
very largely to one who had convictions of his own,
to one who dared to act even in the presence of death.

Dr. Harris says that education is the preparation
of the individual for reciprocal union with society.

"For none of us liveth to himself." Whether a
person be called upon to occupy an important posi-
tion in the government of the country, or to lead a
mighty army to victory, or whether fortune directs
his steps in a path of obscurity; in whatever place
man may be, he must come in contact with his fel-
low-man and to him he has a responsibility. Surely
those who have received an education may best meet
this responsibility. Ignorance is blinding, education
expands the mind and gives an individual power to
sympathize with every person from the waif upon the
street to the king upon his throne. In order to help
our fellowman we must be able to place ourselves
upon a level with him, to look at life from his point
of view. Education enables one to appreciate the
commendable qualities of his fellowman and to for-
give the evil—to take the wheat and cast away the
chaff.

But we must all agree with Herbart that the final
aim of education is character and that the worth of
a man consists not in what he knows, but in what he
wills.

It is important that one should have mental cul-
ture; it is also essential that the physical nature
should be developed; but these have reference to this
life only. To have the power to sway men by oratory
is indeed desirable; to be a great statesman is no
mean accomplishment; but the silver tongue of the
orator must at last be still, the statesman resign his place to another.

Surely there is something more important, something which time and circumstances cannot affect, something which shall endure as long as time shall last. The principal aim of education is Christian character.

The true purpose of education is to erect a structure against which the storm of opposition may rage, but not prevail.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

—The Dreamer.

REDEEMING OUR TIME.

Time like a rapid rushing river, is ever rolling on bearing us and all of human kind into the boundless ocean of eternity. Days, weeks, months and years flee away and are no more. We spend our years as a tale that is told. Childhood, with its fancies, youth, with its air castles, manhood with its blunt realities, and old age with its disappointments, all fit by like a fitful dream and our earthly course is run. Is not this the history of our race? Where are the great of earth? Where are the noble? Where are the proud? Where are all who ever lived before us? They blend in common dust.

We are to inquire what is implied in redeeming time. First it is implied that we are no longer to spend our time amiss. Our time is given us to use, not to misuse, and yet from the way in which many
waste time it would seem that they suppose there is no end of it. It is a matter of common observation that multitudes of persons, some of them thinking persons, are accustomed to kill time, as the phrase goes, as if time did not kill itself fast enough. This has become so general that around the streets, in social life and at pleasure resorts, time is frittered away, as if our minds should not be improved, as if God's will ought not to be learned, and as if to every creature made by him some sphere has not been assigned. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses, as the Roman Emperor Nero did, with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles. When we remember that God values time so highly that he gives us but one moment at a time and takes that away before he gives another.

On the hands of some people time seems always to be heavy, while others can never have too much, because they know its value. On all who misuse their time I would urge with all the ardor of my soul the honest consiciedartion of this question: "How will you account to God for your misspent opportunities?" O, the golden moments, the precious hours, bright days, the countless weeks, months, years, that have gone forever, which might have been used to noble end. The ghosts of them would haunt us if we would stop to think. Even conscience tells us of times without number when we would not hear its voice. But nothing is more impossible than to recall the past time. Once gone, it is gone, forever gone. Neither can the universe cause it to return. Have we realized this. Let each of us ask ourselves now. What proportion of it has been given to the world. Now we should rescue from the employments of life all the time we can for good deeds is a duty, a high and holy duty. By wisdom and care we may all find some time for good deeds and loving acts. A little
here and a little there makes hours and hours make
days and days which could and should be turned to
the best and highest account. Time is too short,
too precious, to spend alone for the things of a day.
It is the harbinger of endless years. It is the chry-
salis of eternity. It foretells enduring felicities or
indescribable tortures. Since time is so fleeting, let
us know its value, and its use as well. Let us remem-
ber that the sands are running low and that the sun
of our earthly horizon will soon set. So let us be up
and doing and use our time for all the good that our
opportunities will admit.

NERO.
The Jamestown Tercentennial will open on April 26, 1907. It promises to be a noteworthy exposition. In some respects it is likely to be one of the greatest and most entertaining of the international commemorative events ever held, either here or abroad. Its greatness will consist in its substantial and permanent value to the nation; its attractiveness in the novelty and uniqueness of its leading features.

In most of the great expositions of the world the industrial feature has been supreme and pre-eminent.
Material progress has served as a center of display, while all the other departments have served in positions subordinate thereto. The Jamestown Exposition, upon the contrary, will first of all be historic and reminiscent in its scope, even down to the most minute detail; and in continuation of and enlargement upon this bent there will be in connection with the exposition possibly the greatest international marine, military and naval display ever known.

It can be seen how fitting all this is when it is remembered that the Jamestown Exposition will be held in Eastern Virginia, a section which contains more historic landmarks than any other portion of America, not even excepting the oldest portions of New England; and also that it is to be held upon a harbor which is known as "the home of the United States Navy," near the national capital and in close touch with all the great cities and centers in the East.

The exposition will contain a number of special features that will differentiate it from the greater number of expositions which have gone before. The gathering in of the navies of the world will in itself furnish to many a feature of great interest. Hampton Roads is one of the finest harbors of the world and there will be a great many yacht races in this harbor.

The United States Government has made a handsome appropriation for the reproduction of the famous "Merrimac" and "Monitor" sea-fight during the progress of the exposition. The fight will occur on the exact site of the original engagement in the Civil War.

A reproduction of the village of Jamestown as it is supposed to have appeared in the seventeenth century, with stockades, forts and Indian villages, will also prove a source of interest to many.

But whatever may be done toward making the exposition itself attractive with exhibits and dis-
plays, its historical setting and hallowed surroundings must be to all thoughtful Americans the one feature that will attract the most attention and create the greatest interest. It can possibly be said with truth that there is no other section of the New World so replete with historical associations as this portion of Virginia.

It was here that occurred the great event which the exposition is to commemorate,—the first permanent settlement of the English in America. On April 26, 1607, Captain John Smith, with some adventurous gentlemen and soldiers from London, disembarked from three small vessels,—the "Susan Constant," the "Good Speed" and the "Discovery"—upon some sand dunes at a cape which they called "Henry," after the Prince of Wales. The cape across the bay they called "Charles," after his brother. Savages attacked the men with bows and arrows and drove them back to their ships. They sailed on a few miles farther and stopped again in a quiet, sheltered harbor, which for its gentleness they called "Point Comfort." A few days later they sailed up the broad river to a peninsula forty miles from Cape Henry, and on May 13, 1607, disembarked and laid out a rude fort, which they called Fort James, and later James City and still later Jamestown.

Here for the next fifty years occurred the painful struggle for a foothold. Every rod of land in all that section has a history of tears and blood. Here occurred innumerable battles with the Indians; here Bacon's Rebellion occurred; it was here on this peninsula, one hundred years later, that the Revolution was planned; it was here that Patrick Henry spoke and George Washington wooed and Thomas Jefferson dreamed and wrote of liberty. It was here that many battles for freedom were fought, and it was here that Cornwallis laid down his arms. It was here that the War of 1812 was bitterly felt. It was here
that the first battle of the Civil War was fought, and later almost every acre was stained with blood. It was not far from here that Lee’s ragged army laid down its arms. It was here also that the first churches were built, the first schools organized, and the first government planned. Innumerable landmarks to-day bring to memory these great events of American history.

THE BENEFITS OF CRAMMING.

There is an old conundrum that we have forgotten, but we remember the answer, which is: “One is training for a run and the other is running for a train.” Considered critically, this is seen to be a distinction without a difference.

A confusion of thought similar to that betrayed by this classic conundrum prevails in regard to our examination system. Ask the student why he spends his spring days in such unusual assiduity, and he will answer that he is cramming for examination, and if you inquire what is the object of examinations he will explain that the instructor gives them for the purpose of finding out how much a student knows. This is a great mistake. An instructor, if he has not too many students in his classes, knows better than they can tell him how much they know of his subject. Really, examinations exist for the purpose of training students in intellectual sprinting.

Cramming may be defined as acquiring the ready use of a large amount of information in a short time. The only legitimate objection to it is that it may be employed as a substitute for daily diligence. Where this can be done, however, it is largely the fault of the form of the examination. It is wrongly used to measure mere quantity of information to test memory instead of ability. The daily mark or the frequent quizzes should show whether the student has been through the process which is regarded as neces-
sary for the accomplishment of his study. The examination at the end is to show how much the student has profited by it; to find out what a man knows at present, not what he has known sometime in the past. The world is interested in what a man can do; it cares nothing for what he has done.

The final review of a subject is for the purpose of grasping its salient points is of a very great educational value. The common statement that what is learned in this way is soon forgotten, contains about as much falsehood as truth. Let the reader consult his own experience. He will probably find among the knowledge imbedded most deeply in his memory some fragments snatched from a book just before entering the examination room. Then, if ever, the brain is aroused to the most efficient use of its apperceptive powers. One can often remember in after years the questions of an important examination and how he answered them. The knowledge gained in a course of study is concentrated and brought into the mind at once, making a strong and lasting impression. There is, then, educative value in the examination itself and in the preliminary process of study under forced draft, but the latter is the more important. To get the benefit of it the student must both know when the examination is coming and realize that much depends on it. Unexpected and unimportant examinations are of little benefit to the student because there is no opportunity for cramming.
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

JENNIE W. CARPENTER, Editor.

Miss Anna D. Casler, our inter-State secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, paid us a short visit on March the first. We were very much pleased to have with us one of God's earnest workers. Miss Casler met each committee and the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. and gave many good suggestions for improvement. She impressed upon the girls the urgent need of daily Bible study and individual work. She through her cheerfulness and enthusiasm has succeeded in arousing among the students a deeper interest in Association work.

On Sunday afternoon, March 3rd, Miss Casler led the Y. W. C. A. This was an exceedingly interesting meeting and every one was delighted with her subject. She talked about the position that young women can hold today and described the good work that is being accomplished through the different branches of the Y. W. C. A. After the meeting some one requested her to tell us about the New York Convention, which she did in a most interesting manner.

Miss Casler is a noble Christian, thoroughly devoted to her work and so well suited to her position. Her life, so full of love for Christ, surrendered to His service, is an inspiration for us.

May we all strive to live in the future so that when we stand before the judgment throne of God we may hear from His lips, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We are now engaged in raising money for the pur-
pose of sending delegates to the Southern Confer-
ence of Young Women's Christian Associations,
which is to be held in Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, near
Asheville, N. C., June 7-17, 1907. To this conference
are invited all members and friends of both city and
student associations, members of the boards of city
associations and advisory members of student asso-
ciations, faculty, members, and all other women who,
being interested in the efforts to meet the needs of
young women will, therefore, find this conference of
practical value and help. Representatives from the
foreign department of the National Board, in ad-
dition to church missionary society boards, will pre-
sent the different phases of missionary work. There
will be study classes in both foreign and home mis-
sions. Miss Guinier of Colombo, Ceylon, will be
present throughout the conference. There will be
at least two hours devoted to the special claims and
needs of state work. Questions concerning finance,
industrial problems and future policy will be discus-
sed. On one afternoon the representatives from each
State will unite with the members of the State com-
mittee for an informal meeting to strengthen the
spirit of fellowship and an intelligent personal inter-
est in the work of each association in the territory.
We are hoping that we may send many delegates
to this conference, for we realize the great good that
can be derived from such a religious movement.
LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

JEANNIE McLEOD, Editor.

Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given by the Expression Club March 23rd. There was a large and appreciative audience and a sufficient amount was realized to pay all expenses besides redeem the pledge of the club to the college building fund.

On the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth of May the Musical Art Society of Greenville, assisted by four famous soloists from New York City, four from Cincinnati, two Artists from the college and the Atlanta Festival Orchestra, will give a Music Festival in the Grand Opera House. This will offer an unusual musical entertainment to the colleges and the people of Greenville. There will be five concerts—three at night and two in the afternoon.

Holiday was given Monday, April first. Quite a number of girls spent the day on Paris Mountain; others spent Easter at home.

Rev. O. L. Stringfield addressed the girls at chapel and asked fifty girls to give each ten dollars for the new college building. About twenty responded, but during the day the students became enthusiastic and raised $875, including a pledge from the Expression Department. The faculty gave notes amounting to $875.

A number of the college girls attended the preliminary Oratorical Contest at Furman March 25th.
The following invitation was recently sent out from the College:

"The Faculty
of the
Greenville Female College.
At Home
Wednesday, March Thirteenth, Four to six o’clock."
Mrs. H. W. Barnes.

Invitations to the Senior reception for April 5th were received March 25th.

Dr. James has offered a medal to the student who shall between February first and May first offer for publication in Isaqueena the best essay of her own composition.

Misses Mary Southard, Sadie Gregory and Marguerite Geer spent Easter with Miss Mary Geer, at her home in Belton.

Among others to spend Easter at home were Misses Leda Poore, Mary Cox, Nannie Cox, Bessie and Lucy Shirley, May King, Lois Brown, Bernice Goring, Beatrice Wilburn, Mamie Alexander and Hen-nie Jarecky.

On account of her health, Miss Leora Owens was compelled to leave school.

Miss Besse Davenport was called home for a few days. She will return this week.

Mrs. K. B. Supper, of the class of ’74, is visiting Mrs. Sloan at the college.

Soph. C. F.—looking up a word in the dictionary, on finding it asked Miss Taylor, "does the word mean that?"

Soph. L—a P—o—e has decided to have a cam-paign (champagne) dress this summer.
Sen. S—a—e G—r—y informed her friends that she reads a chapter from "Samuel" every night.

Your presence is requested
at
The marriage ceremony
of
Miss Nancy Spooks (Leona Owens)
to
Mr. Simon Doolittle (Edith Adams)
March 30, ’07.
Reception Eight O’clock.
Dame of Honor . . . Mrs. Jeremial Nathaniel Jones
Mrs. Wilbur.
Maid of Honor . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Rebecca Humpback
Millwee Talbert.
Best Man . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Johnnie Jumpback
Annie Matthews.
Waiters: Sarah Butthead (Jean Latimer), Peter
Holdfast (Leila Roe), Maria Sophia (Wynona Wood-
ward), Dick Loosegrippe (Lyle Vaughn).
Ushers: Jimmy Turnipseed (Leita Woodward),
Doofunny Stackhouse (Vivian Owens), Rev. Rufus
Rastus Johnson Brown (Grace Bull).
Soloist—Pender Gogenheimer (Flossie Ricken-
baker).
Ring Bearer—Katydid (Annie Maude Wilbur).
Pianist—Sally Sockfoot (Achsah Mack).

One of the most delightful occasions of this session
was a "Mock-Marriage," gotten up and artistically
carried out by a few of our bright girls.
The College parlors were tastily decorated with
palms and ferns; the color scheme being green and
white. This shows thought in our girls, as well as
an untiring love for pleasure. First was ushered in
the soloist and pianist. The guest being honored
with a beautiful solo, "O promise Me," the doors
were then thrown open, the wedding march begun and the bridal party entered.

Just as the bride and groom stopped under the large bell, the wedding march ceased and the preacher began thus—

"We are gathered together in the shade of the window seat, where the green vines twine, and the white carnation shine, before this array of beauty, to join together this man and this woman in the intermediate bonds of "Whitlock." Into this marvelous estate these two loving creatures present will now come to be joined. If any man can justly show cause why they may not be so united, let him speak now or else hereafter hold his peace.

Who giveth this delicate sunflower away?

Simon Doolittle, do you take this representation of the G. F. C. for sunshine or for rain, to put aside all other sweethearts and pledge yourself to her on this dark and stormy night, while the sun am shining bright, to love her in December as you do in May, forgetting not her for others, nor leaving her alone to go fishing, to dishonor, distrust her and solemnly vow never to let her "Skiddoo?" If so, say something.

Nancy Spooks, do you promise to cherish yours long sought for husband, the one idol of your heart, to see always that his socks are darned, pants pressed, buttons on his clothes,—and lounging robe and house slippers always kept handy?

Do you also promise to no longer stroll beside the babbling "Brooks," in an English apple orchard, and never play "ping-pong" with his hair—see that his night cap is in a cozy corner shady, and at twelve o'clock let him find his "corn-bread," "taters" and "peas" ready,—and never automobile from him? If so, say anything.

Put this ring upon her finger as a sign of her mastery over you.
(Kneel).
May you always live at your ease and do as you please.
The bridal party marched out and following were the guests who were ushered into the dining hall where a dainty supper was served, after which they again entered the parlor and were entertained by the guest until the hour of departure.
Those who enjoyed the hospitality of the above young ladies were: Misses Mary and Marguerite Geer, Sadie, Ola, and Estelle Gregory, Allie Mack, Bernice Going, Sallie McGee, Bernard McWhirter, Mary Southard, Maggie Bullington, Virginia Felder, Carrie Wideman, Eilene Taylor, Eunice Gideon, Pauline Kelley, Floride Norris, Lessie Roundtree, Fred Donnald and M. E. Quattlebaum.
Fred Donnald and M. E. Quattlebaum and Jennie Carpenter.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

EUNICE GIDEON, Editor.

The greatest defect of our college magazines lies in the poor quality of the stories; and the secret of this defect lies in the fact that their authors produce before they have learned to reproduce. Production involves both the acquisition and the construction of material; reproduction, construction alone. The former requires a trained mind; the latter is the training of this mind in strength, purity, and exactness of style. The artist places the real in a realistic setting, and knows he has written a bit of life as it is; the amateur paints the impossible in the colors of his imagination, and thinks the result is an artistic creation. Not long ago we read the criticism of exchange editors on two stories. One story was of the type young lovers fancy, a loose entanglement of wonder and romance; the other, a reproduction of life in a small country village, told in a simple, straightforward manner. The first was commended; the second condemned. We beg to differ. The first author did not know what he was talking about; the second did.

If we were able to make a strong plea, we would make it for realism, and urge that the things which happen around us be reproduced in a plain, direct manner, despite the exchange editors who do not know that simplicity is characteristic of true greatness. We have long wanted to suggest to our own magazine that sketches of negro life or mill life as we see them day by day be substituted for the maudlin sentiment so often seen on her pages. Then too we believe Isaqueena would be glad to repeat the tradi-
tions of her Indian fathers and thus make herself our "truly own."

The College of Charleston Magazine cannot boast of many pages nor of over-excellence in its editorial departments, but it can of its well-balanced literary department and of its patriotism for the City by the Sea. Of the three poems, only "The Charmer" deserves mention. We ask that the author sign his name to his next contribution, for that little poem clings to our mind as few others do.

We are inclined to agree with the Editor-in-Chief of the Wofford Journal when he says the contributions are under average this month. However, the magazine as a whole is well-arranged, and the literary department well balanced. Violetta has some of the usual fault, but also a sort of wildness which appeals to us. The commonplace moralizing in the first paragraph of "The Red Terror and the Red Cart" is wholly unrelated to the story of a bad boy and greatly detracts from its interest. The romantic author of "Her Ideal" has Alice weep and fall into Tom's arms at a public reception. "Hawthorne and The Scarlet Letter" is one of the best written essays we have read in a long time. "The Progress of the Past" is an example of how much a few words can tell.

The Wake Forest Student very nearly approaches our popular monthlies in the quantity and quality of its material. The eight poems are varied in subject and style, and two of these have the distinct touch of Longfellow and Hemans. Of the seven interesting stories, "Commencement Day" is the worst, and "Jos. Clark" the best, because of the simplicity of its tragic realism. The essay on Emmett shows too much reference to the encyclopedia, and not enough individuality of style. "Apperception" is simple, con-
cise, and coherent, and is one of the best psychological essays we have read in a long time. The Student has splendid editors.

There is always a clean, attractive look about the Carolinian which makes us read it with interest. In its delicacy and rhythm, "The Siren" calls up "The Isle of Heart's Desire," of a few numbers back. "The Man Under the Bed" is a fresh, lively narrative, told in the first person so often affected by our young writers. The editorial departments are about on the average this month.

---

Sunset and supper bell,
And one clear call for me:
"Is there any chicken in the box?—
Just let me go and see!"

Twilight and study hour
And after that a moan;
For oh, the feeling at that time o' night
With nothing but a bone.

The April days are come,
The flowers are on the lea;
The bull is in the pasture and—
The man is in the tree.

---

Life is loving! There's no question
It's the lover's coo that thrills;
But the trouble is with cooling
Always there is linked the bills!

---

Our arms your defence;
Your arms our recompense,
Fall in! —Ex.
Fall from the quarter deck.
Fall from above;
Fall down and break your neck,
But never fall in love. —Ex.

"WONDERFUL ATTRACTION OF LOVE."

When he first came to see her
He showed a timid heart,
And when the lights were low
They sat this far apart.
But as their love grew warmer
And they learned the joy of a kiss,
They knocked out all the space,
And sat up close like this.
FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT.

ELLA WHARTON, Editor.

COLLEGE GIRLS WON APPLAUSE.

Young Ladies Presented Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to a Large Audience at the G. F. C. Auditorium Last Evening.

(Copied from Greenville News.)

The dainty comedy "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as presented by the Expression Club of the Greenville Female College last evening in the college auditorium was a decided artistic success as well as an enjoyable occasion for a large audience of interested friends.

This amusing play, written by Wm. Shakespeare, contains much that is of interest to young lovers of today as the Bard of Avon wrote for all time. He succeeded in portraying the feelings and aspirations of the young of his time so accurately that today these characters remain true to life. The text used was the full Hudson edition with certain unessential portions omitted.

Miss Rachael Cabe Sims, head of the department of expression, staged the play and directed the rehearsals of the large cast of young ladies who manifested the capability of their leader, and more than that pleasing individuality in their several parts.

The scene of this play is in and near Athens. The five acts deal chiefly with the varying loves of two youths for two fair maidens and the gay pranks of "Puck," a fairy, who with Bottom and his merry crew of mechanics cause much merriment and some
as a diversion from the strenuous quarrels of the lovers.

Hermia, daughter of Egeus, loves Lysander, but her father wishes her to marry Demetrius. Helena is in love with Demetrius, but, as is often the case in the twentieth century, lovers they quarrel, are jealous and all the rest. So "Puck," to straighten out matters, obeys the command of Omeron, King of the Fairies, that he apply a wonderful "love juice" to the eyes of Demetrius. But alas! a mistake was made. The little fairy poured the juice into the eyes of the sleeping Lysander who, when he awakes, falls in love with Helena. Again quarrels take place; finally the wily Puck is successful in applying the juice to the eyes of both swains at the right moment and the quartette of enamored Athenians are happily united.

Miss Bessie Davenport as Demetrius was all that could be desired of her trying role. She has a commanding stage presence, and speaks her lines with vigor and with meaning looks. She acted the lover in his varying moods of delight, disappointment and anger as though in real life.

The companion of Lysander was capably played by Miss Bessie Hawley, whose acting was excellent and who shared the honors with her fellow swain, Demetrius.

Miss Ella Wharton, as Hermia (the young woman who had a hard time of it between her father's wishes and the distates of her own heart),—this part was skilfully done by Miss Wharton, who promises much in this field of expression.

Miss Eunice Gideon was an ideal Helena, and, by her winning manner, grace and naturalness won the approval of all. Miss Gideon is a gifted amateur actress and promises still greater achievements in college dramatics.

Miss Fay Owens made a dainty Puck, and her
followers in the fairy world of elves were "cute as could be" and received hearty applause.

The mechanics created much amusement by their play given before the Duke of Athens and the lovers. Miss Putnam, as "Bottom," a bellows mender, proved quite acceptable in this decidedly difficult role.

The other characters were satisfactorily portrayed and all acquitted themselves well.

The stage was covered with leaves and with ice twining around the trees, the plants, etc., producing a pleasing woodland scene.

The Expression club and their director, Miss Sims, are to be congratulated on the excellent work of the large caste that so successfully presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream" last evening.
Greenville Female College

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