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Nannie Cox
Greenville Woman's College

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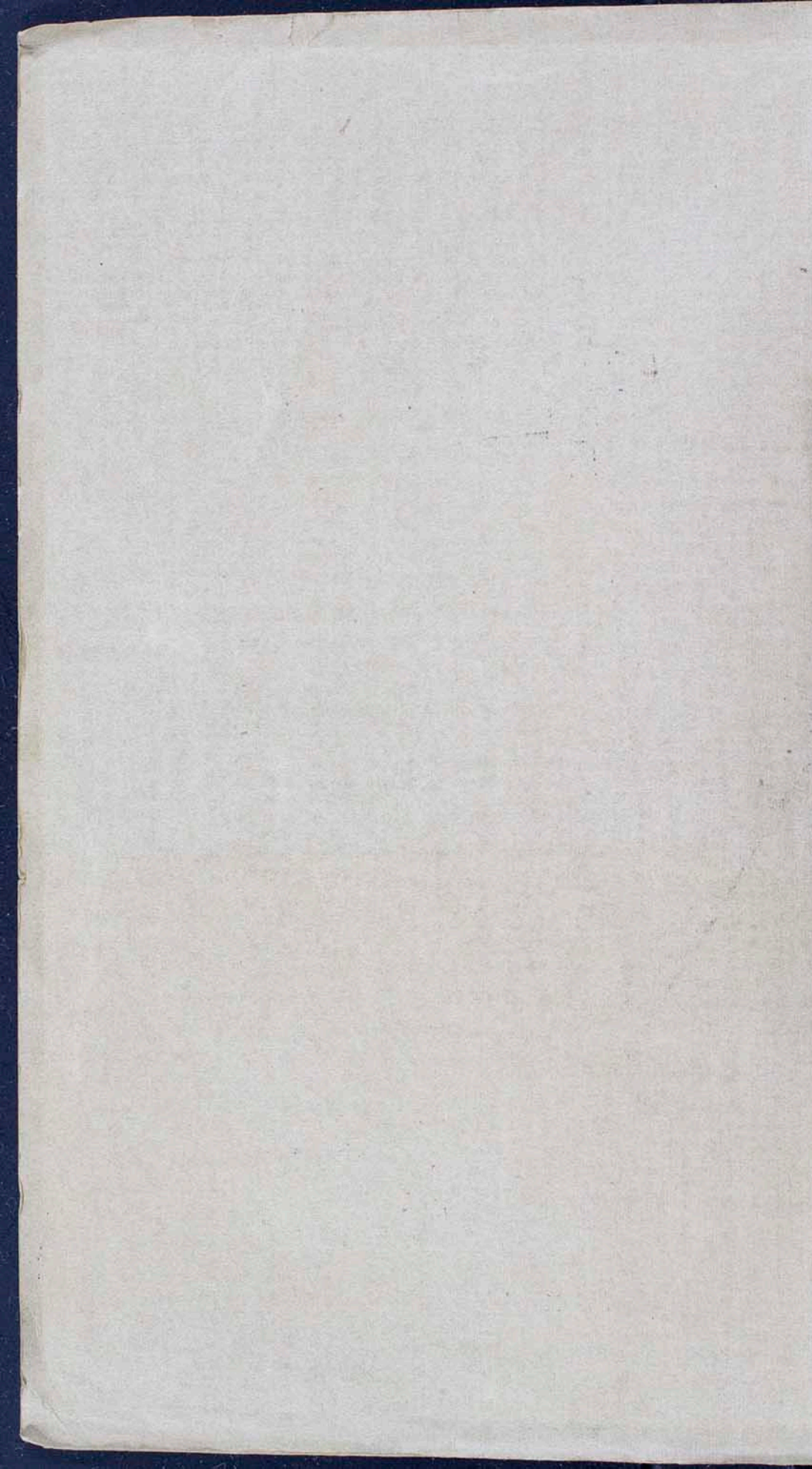
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ISAQUEENA



JANUARY, 1908.



Julia W. W. W.

ISAQUEENA

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

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

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SALLIE MCGEE,
Business Manager.

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among American sculptors

ISAQUEENA

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Literary Department

RUTH PETTIGREW

RENA HUNSINGER

Editors.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM BROWNING.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—Pippa Passes.

JANUARY.

January became the first month of the year by order of Numa Pompilius, the Roman Emperor, 713 B. C. It was retained by Gregory VIII when the method of reckoning time was changed from the Julian to the Gregorian Style.

Being the first month of the year it received its name from "Janus," an old Roman divinity. In their eyes he was the God of the beginnings of things; he presided over the open door of all undertakings. He had two faces, one looking backward and the other forward. Could any symbol be more appropriate for the beginning of a new year?

January having received its name from mythological beliefs carries with it such significant as the snowdrop, January's flower, bringing hope, friendship and consolation in time of trouble. Also its stone, the garnet, brings the possessor grace of person and much power to win love.

SUNSHINE AFTER CLOUDS.

"Who says my room doesn't look nice?" said Lula Welloring, as she put the finishing touches to her room.

Indeed it did look cool and refreshing on that hot September evening. There was a charm in its neatness which made it look a fit dwelling for a princess—how much more so for two bright college girls. For this was a dormitory room on the third floor at Fairmount College; and this day was the twenty-third of September; on tomorrow morning school would open. The girls had been coming in by car-loads all day, and very pleasant and happy were the greetings which had been passing among students, old and

new. Merry was the laughter that floated up and down the long halls. Old girls scurried here and there trying to make new, home-sick students feel at home. Friends talked of happy vacation just passed. In short it was general confusion everywhere one turned.

In room 57 was a girl who had worked without stopping for several hours, busily engaged in putting her room to order. And now Lula Welloring looked as cool and dainty as did her room. She was dressed in simple white, her dark hair fell in soft waves about the white brow, the brown eyes sparkled in their merriment like two great diamonds, and the mouth was wreathed in the pleasantest of smiles.

"Oh, I do want to see my room-mate," she exclaimed, as a friend entered. "I am getting almost to the limit of impatience. I wonder what she is like, and I hope she is sweet. Dr. Morris says she is coming on the ten o'clock train; it is time for it now.

"There are some girls coming up the campus now; I hear them talking," said the other girl.

"I must go to meet her," cried Lula, and really she was out of the room before she had finished speaking, her friend coming closely behind her.

Lula scurried down the stairs, but was delayed in greeting "old girls" coming wearily up the stairs with suit cases in their hands. When she reached the first floor all was quiet. Going directly to Dr. Morris' office, she saw standing there talking in low tones with the President, a slender girl dressed in the deepest black. As Lula entered, Dr. Morris looked up and said, "You are just in time, Miss Lula, let me introduce you to your new room-mate, Miss Alice Stanley."

The girl in black turned and Lula beheld one of the saddest, sweetest faces she had ever seen. She

thought that the blue eyes looked pleading as they met her own brown ones, and quickly she grasped her room-mate's hand, speaking tender words of welcome. Soon they were going up the stairs, Lula with one arm encircling Alice's waist, and carrying in the other hand her suitcase.

"Oh, how sweet and refreshing," said Alice wearily, when she entered her room. "Did you do all this?"

"Yes, dear," said Lula, "I did it all for you."

Tears filled the eyes of the other, but she remained quiet for a while. When she spoke it was to say:

"Pardon me, but would you mind telling me your name. I didn't understand Dr. Morris."

"My name is Lula Welloring," was the reply, and Lula, looking into the tired face saw it grow very pale for a moment, but thinking it to be caused only by fatigue, she soon forgot it.

Soon the two girls were talking pleasantly together, and were joined occasionally by other girls. Later, when they were alone again, and Lula had been telling something of her past life, she took Alice's hand gently in hers and said:

"Alice, dear, for whom are you in mourning? Would you mind telling me?"

Instantly a change came over the girl; she clutched the arm of her chair, while the same paleness which Lula had noticed before spread over her face. Lula was afraid she had hurt her feelings, but as soon as she could control herself, she said sadly, but sweetly.

"My dearest Lula, forgive me for this agitation, but may I make this request of you? Please never mention my past to me—the bare mention of it brings to me such a fit of agony that I nearly die. It is only by forgetting it, and looking to the future that I can

live. I wish I could give you my confidence, but I can't—at least not now."

"That is all right, darling," said Lula, gently stroking the brown hair. "I know we shall be just as happy as can be, for I love you already, and believe my love will grow with time."

"I must confess, too, Lula that I love you, and I feel that you are going to bring sunshine into my life."

Thus the friendship began and grew stronger and stronger each day that came and went. Alice Stanley's step became lighter each day, and her voice happier. Everybody noticed what association with the merry, warm-hearted Lula was doing for "the sweet, sad-faced girl."

One day, after they had known each other about two months—it was now the middle of November, Lula's brother, Ralph, arrived very unexpectedly at the college. He had been attending school at a college for boys a hundred miles away, where he hoped to take his degree in June. His visit was a great surprise to Lula, as she did not think it possible for him to come—not even if it was the day for the "Junior reception," and not even if she had given him an invitation to it. She was very happy, though, when just before supper she found him waiting in the parlor to see her. When the supper-bell rang they made their way, mid throngs of girls to the dining-room. While Ralph stood by Lula at the place assigned him, watching the girls come in, he saw walking toward him a slender girl clad in black. She raised her blue eyes and saw him. There was a moment of recognition—the two stood as dumbfounded. Then with eager face and outstretched hand Ralph Welloring stepped toward Alice Stanley, but stopped to see his hand grasping at empty air, and a black skirt just dis-

appearing out of the door. Alice had fled. Turning, he met his sister's astonished gaze.

"Why, what in the world, Ralph?" she exclaimed. "Was she frightened at you? I must go to find out what is the matter."

"Tell her I must see her before I leave," said Ralph; "that I am not going until I do."

"Do you know her?" questioned Lula.

"Yes," answered Ralph, "but I cannot explain now. Go and find out what is the trouble."

In her room Lula found Alice sobbing as if her heart would break.

"My darling," said Lula, seating herself by her, "tell me what troubles you."

It seemed hours to Lula before the answer came.

"The sight of Ralph Welloring has brought back the happiness which was once mine, and which I shall never have again."

Lula understood that it was the past which she had referred to before, and began to console her as best she could, ending by telling what her brother had said when she left the dining-room. Alice declared she could not see him, and even if she wished to do so it would be impossible, for she was not going to the reception, and Dr. Morris would never consent for them to see each other any other time.

That night the reception began, and Lula had not had another opportunity to talk privately with her brother concerning the incident which was uppermost in her mind. As soon as she entered the reception hall he came toward her and said in low tones:

"Lula, Dr. Morris has consented for me to see you and Miss Stanley in the parlor. Will you go upstairs and request her to come down? Tell her I have something very important to tell her, something which will mean much to her future happiness. I

dislike to rob you, sister, of your enjoyment to-night, but you will not regret when you understand."

Alice said when told that she did not believe Dr. Morris had given the permission, but, after much coaxing on the part of Lula, she decided at least to go down stairs and ask Dr. Morris if he had really given his consent to the meeting. Down-stairs in the hall they met the President.

"Dr. Morris," said Alice, "did you tell Mr. Wellor-ing he might see me?"

"Yes," he answered, "after hearing his reasons for wishing to see you, I am perfectly willing."

"I have never received a letter from you, Mr. Welloring rose and extended his hand to Alice, saying:

"Miss Stanley, an introduction is hardly necessary, I believe."

Alice murmured a reply and sat down, while her face was alternately white and red. There was a moment of awkward silence; then Ralph continued:

"Miss Stanley, I wish to beg your pardon for this seeming audacity in persisting in seeing you. You will soon understand. First, I want to ask you why you have never replied to a one of those five letters I have written you since the first of September."

"I have never received a letter from you, Mr. Welloring," said Alice, proudly. "I remember my aunt, Mrs. Stanley, said that she had burned some letters written to me by young men."

"Mrs. Robert Stanley? What has she to do with your letters?"

"I am living with her now," said Alice, trying in vain to control herself as she went on: "My mother—and—my—father—were killed—in a wreck—some time after you left our town."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ralph and Lula together. Neither could find words to express the deep sympathy they

felt for the girl, who now sat with her head buried in her hand. Then Lula tried to soothe her grief, but Ralph, after sitting in deep thought for a few moments felt that he understood thoroughly the girl's condition. When her father and mother were killed she had been obliged to live with her uncle, whose wife was of a very arrogant disposition. How well he could see Alice's misery under her aunt's haughty manner and fiery temper, coupled with the loss of parents, and another sorrow of which he knew it was sufficient to exhaust the strength of body and mind. But how glad he felt that he had it in his power to roll away one cloud from her life.

"Unless something happens I shall go wild from mere grief," cried Alice, suddenly. If I only had my brother, I could bear the loss of father and mother better; but he, if he is not dead, is probably wandering homeless in some unknown corner of the world."

"Miss Stanley," said Ralph, rising to his feet and standing before the two girls, "I am in your presence here to-night for the very purpose of telling you something about the brother whom you have lost."

Alice was looking at him now with an eagerness and longing in her face, which made him hasten to give the heart what it had so long been thirsting for.

"Your brother is in school with me; he entered this session. The details of his coming there are too long to try to tell you now. He was a very wild sort of fellow when he first came. It was all that we boys could do to keep him from becoming a complete wretch, but gradually he has grown in strength of character, so that now he is well started on the road to an upright life. I believe firmly that he will soon be as fine a man as you would want to see anywhere. Of course he is having his trials now in trying to overcome temptations to fall back into the same old rut, but

with the careful attention and encouragement which he is receiving, there is all the hope in the world of his safety."

He paused; it was difficult to talk when Alice was sitting there, still as a rock, looking with a fixed gaze at him. It was beautiful to see the joy which came into the face as he had proceeded to tell her of that one who had been lost to her for a year, and as she had thought—forever. When Ralph stopped, she gave a slight motion of the hand, and said, "Go on, please."

Then he began at the first, when he and two other boys had dragged Richard Stanley drunk from the street into an unoccupied log cabin near the college—there, because they were forbidden to take him to their rooms. He told how they had kept him there until he was sober, caring for him as they knew; how he had discovered who he was, and how from that moment he had felt such an interest in this weak and wandering boy that he brought all the powers of body, mind and heart together in order to bring him from the mire to the plain. He told how discouraging his task had been at times; how at other times he had been joyous at the encouraging outlook, and how now Dick Stanley was a student in the college with a bright future opening before him.

When he had finished telling the whole story, Alice said, with eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Welloring, how can I ever thank you enough for this great, great kindness you have done me? I shall not attempt it, but ever after this you can count on me as one of your truest friends. But has Dick ever spoken of me?"

"Yes, many times. He has often spoken in the most affectionate manner of you and his father and mother, but says he cannot return home until he be-

comes a man. I wish you could see him, but I think it best for him not even to hear from you for some time to come."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly," exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands together at the thought."

"Tell me of how your brother came to leave home, Alice," said Lula, who had been silent and attentive up to this time.

"He ran away, dear," said Alice. "His bad companions at home put crazy notions into his head about going away to work. Father wouldn't let him do it, so he went away of his own will and we had not heard a word from him until to-night. Oh, Lula, you have no idea what we have suffered. I wish father and mother might know about him, but maybe they do."

They talked on regardless of the passing hours. Alice no longer dreaded the past, for the sunshine was now coming out from the dark clouds which had been so long hovering over her. After a while, Dr. Morris came into the room and said that he must interfere with the pleasant talk; it was time for the girls to be upstairs. They said good-night, and when Ralph arose to leave and Alice was again expressing her appreciation of what he had done for her, he said:

"Miss Stanley, if I write to you, will you answer my letters? I should scarcely think of being so bold as to ask this of you, were it not that I may in this way to keep you in touch with your brother."

"Indeed, Mr. Welloring, it is very kind of you to be so considerate of me, and I shall do my best to answer you with interesting letters."

* * * *

Time passed on, waiting for no man, and school work went on with its regular schedule of labor and

pleasure. Christmas passed—only a quiet, peaceful Christmas for Alice, because Aunt Ethel wrote that it would be too much expense and trouble for her to come home. Really, Alice preferred not to go; it would be so different from any Christmas she had ever passed at home. Lula begged her to spend the holidays with her, but she refused, saying she thought it better to spend the time quietly at the college. There are times when one craves to be all alone—to be able to pursue one's own thoughts without fear of interruption, and so Alice desired to do now. She wished to think over all that had happened in the past and to make some plans for the future.

On and on passed the days, one by one, until at last final examinations were over and commencement was at hand. Beautiful looked the Fairmount campus, with its shady oaks rising far above the green-carpeted ground. Flowers were blooming and birds were singing everywhere. All things betokened the joyous vacation about to begin. Merry were the hearts of the girls as they thought of the pleasures awaiting them at the dear homes with the loved ones. Occasional sighs came at the thought of parting, perhaps forever, from school-mates and friends, but they soon disappeared in happy smiles and laughter. Alice Stanley's heart was happy with the rest, although there were disappointments striving to gain the mastery of it. She had hoped that Dick would be able to come to her by summer, and that they might spend their vacation together. But although every letter from Ralph Welloring brought the most encouraging reports of her brother, he had not hinted at their meeting, and she thought it best to let him use his own opinions, so said nothing.

Friday came, the last, the great day of the session. Alice and Lula sat under a big oak on the campus,

talking as only bosom friends can, unfolding the depths of their hearts to the view of the other. It was early enough in the morning for the heat not to be oppressive, though the summer's sun was shining brightly. Suddenly Lula raised her eyes and saw two young men approaching. She looked more closely and recognized her brother.

"Oh, there is Ralph!" she exclaimed, starting to rise, then stopping; "but who is that with him?"

Alice raised her eyes, looked at the boys, then with a happy cry, bounded across the campus, regardless of all appearance. It was Dick! What did it matter if girls do wonder at her running to meet two boys? But let us not look on, as did those college girls, at the meeting of brother and sister; let us not listen to the words of love and the happy plans for the summer and the coming years.

* * * * *

That night after the program, Ralph Welloring and Alice Stanley were left for a few moments alone.

"Miss Alice," said Ralph, looking earnestly into her face, "are you going to desert me now in your new happiness? I know you are happy with your brother, but can't you find time to think of me sometime? We have been friends for Dick's sake; may we not now be friends for our own sakes? I can not tell you just now how much your letters have meant to me, but it is sufficient to say that I feel the need of your friendship."

"I hope," Alice answered, simply, "that we shall always be the truest of friends."

L. R. P., '09.

JOAN OF ARC .

One of the essential elements of every successful life is ambition. In fact, no one without ambition has ever accomplished anything. Yet how often are we girls tempted to say, "Why should I try to rise to anything noble? Even though my ambitions may be ever so high, yet what will it amount to? It was not intended that woman should stand in the hall of fame, and after all there's no use in my trying." When we are tempted to speak thus we should look back over the history of the world and judge for ourselves whether or not our statements are true. Perhaps in all history the greatest heroism or true courage of any woman was that displayed by Joan of Arc.

As a girl Jeanne was simple and gentle. She was taught neither reading nor writing; but she learned all her mother knew of sacred things, and her charity, her piety were known to all. Born under the very walls of the church, lulled in her cradle by the chimes of the bells, and nourished by legends, she was herself a legend, a quickly passing and pure legend from birth to death. She was a living legend but her vital spirits, exalted and concentrated, did not become the less creative. Amidst these legends and popular dreams Jeanne was born. But along with these, the land presented a poetry of a far different character, savage, fierce, and, alas! but too real—the poetry of war. She had her share in these romantic adventures. She would see poor fugitives seek refuge in her village, would assist in sheltering them, give them her bed and sleep herself in the loft. Thus she knew what war was. Thoroughly did she understand the situation; and she asked herself whether God would always allow this; whether He would not put an end to such miseries, whether he would not send a liberator. She knew that woman

had more than once saved God's own people; why should she not do so now?

One summer's day, a fast day, Jeanne being at noontide in her father's garden, close to the church, saw a dazzling light on that side, and heard a voice say, "Jeanne, go to the succor of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him." She replied all trembling, "Messire, I am only a poor girl; I know not how to ride or lead men-at-arms;" but the figure repeated the command. She remained stupefied and in tears as if her whole destiny had been revealed to her; and truly her tears were not causeless. Bright and glorious as these visions were, a change had from that moment come over her life. She who had hitherto heard but one voice, that of her mother, now heard the powerful voice of angels—and what sought the heavenly voice? That she should quit that mother; quit her dear home; quit, for the world and for war, her little garden under the shadow of the church, where she heard no ruder sounds than those of its bells. Jeanne thought of all these things and she felt as if she couldn't obey the voice; yet how could she refuse to make this sacrifice for her country at such a critical period? The English had already gotten possession of most of the country north of the Loire; and they now determined to drive the French prince south of that river. To accomplish this they must take the strongly fortified town of Orleans, situated on the banks of the Loire. The fortunes of France seemed to depend on the fate of Orleans. If it fell they would go with it. Jeanne felt that there was only one thing left for her to do, Finally, but with great difficulty, she received admission to the presence of the King. It was evening; the light of fifty torches illumined the hall. She entered the splendid circle, fell down before the King

and said with words of emotion, "The King of Heaven sends you word by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims and shall be lieutenant of the King of heaven who is King of France. The Lord sends me as deliverer of France." Finally, having persuaded the King of her sincerity she hastens to the deliverance of Orleans. Clad in white and mounted on a white horse, she bore the sword and sacred banner at the head of the army. She led the troopers from victory to victory until she saw Prince Charles triumphantly crowned at Rheims. She was wounded in the attack on Paris, and it was there that her fortune changed. Her own people basely abandoned her. The unworthy King Charles made no attempt to protect the Maid of Orleans and she fell into the hands of the infuriated English, who believed she was in league with the devil.

In accordance with this belief Joan was tried for witchcraft and heresy at Rouen, and sentenced to the flames. She died as bravely as she had lived, saying in her last agonies that her celestial voices had not deceived her, and that through them she had saved France.

Surely none of us can read the story of this brave girl's life without being deeply impressed, and without feeling that, although we may be a mere woman, yet when the voice of duty calls we can at least obey.

J .B. '10.



THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

Somewhere,

I thought the sky was always clear,
No hand of cloud, afar, draws near
And brings the tempest, dark and drear;

But,

I found, as I wandered far and wide,
From mountain crown to ocean tide,
No place from shadow and storm to hide.

Someday,

I fondly dreamed, sweet rest there'll be,
And my soul from sin and grief be free,
At peace will lie the storm-tossed sea;

But,

I woke to burdens heavier grown,
To a day, and a year, with sorrows sown,
To a life from whence all joy had flown.

To-day,

I waste no time in idle dreams,
Regrets for cloudless skies or sparkling streams,
Thro the shadows deep the sunlight gleams;

For,

At the Master's touch the burden fell,
The perfect day in my heart doth dwell,
I roam no more, for now, "All's well."

—Letitia Kirkbride.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

Mrs. Lennox Murray had issued invitations for a six o'clock dinner. She was greatly perplexed concerning the music of the afternoon. There was not an orchestra that could be had at that time. She had already given up in despair and had ordered her carriage that she might take a drive and thus rid herself of the troublesome little duties which usually precede a dinner.

She soon became tired of the noisy thoroughfare and decided to drive through the park. They turned into a narrow, gloomy little street which led to the park. As she reclined in her fine carriage and gazed at the monotonous row of small tenement houses, and watched the little half-clad children playing in the street, she thought of her home, a mansion compared to these, and of the splendor in which she lived. Her heart melted with pity for these little waifs, whose mothers worked in the mills, and their fathers were always intoxicated, perhaps. Mrs. Murray was not by nature selfish, but she had so many other things to occupy her time that she gave very little of it to the poor. She thought of the good that she could accomplish with her wealth, of the many little hungry mouths that she could so easily satisfy.

While these thoughts were idly running through her mind; then came a sound as of far away music, a plaintive, piteous little air which at first tormented and then delighted. The consoling influence of the music took possession of her, and ordering the driver to go slowly, she eagerly scanned every house that she might discover from which direction it came.

Finally, as they came to a dilapidated little house, she saw near an open window an angelic little face, whose soul seemed concentrated on the violin which he was playing. She stopped the carriage and hastily went into the house. Finding the door ajar she quietly made her way into the small, but neat room, and as the boy was not aware of her presence she did not stir, but stood spell-bound until the last note of the melody had died away.

Then softly stealing up behind him and encircling him in her arms, she wept as if her heart would break. When she stopped weeping and met the earnest, bewildered gaze of the little fellow, she remembered

how strange the proceedings must seem to him. He was so small and delicate that Mrs. Murray's heart seemed drawn toward him, and in her gentlest voice she said. "Do you live here all alone, dear?"

"Yes, all alone, Miss, since"—his voice trembled—"since I lost them."

Mrs. Murray's lips quivered. "You must be very lonely," she said. "Won't you tell me all about it?"

"Yes," he said, "if it were not for my music I would be miserable. I have very little to tell. My father was a music teacher in a little town in Kentucky. His name was Lance Horton, and I have his name. My mother I cannot remember. We were very poor, and when my father died two years ago I was left without friends or relatives, and with no money except the little my father had saved from his earnings, enough, however, to bring me to your city. Then, after a long search, I found this place with Mrs. Gray, who offered to lodge me until I could earn a little money by playing on the street corners."

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Murray, "how sad and dreary life must be for you."

"Oh, no," said Lance, "for I have my violin to cheer me up. Sometimes when I am blue, and realize that I haven't a friend in all the world, I take my violin and wander into the country and sit for hours and hours and listen to the joyous songs of the birds, and the wierd music of the pines."

"Do you know, Lance, that you are a very great musician?" said Mrs. Murray.

"I don't know," he answered.

"You don't know!" she repeated, recalling the sweet strains which had so charmed her.

"No," he said, "I just play as I feel. You know what I mean. I can sometimes express with my violin thoughts that I cannot speak."

"I know only a little about music, but I know

enough to know that you are a genius, Lance," she said.

He looked at her with eyes full of tears, touched the strings of his violin lovingly, but said nothing.

"You do not know yet how I happened to find you, do you?"

"I had not thought of that," he said. "I have grown so accustomed to taking life as it comes that I don't believe anything would surprise me."

"I was taking my usual morning's drive," she continued, "and as I was anxious to avoid the noise and confusion in town, selected this road to the park. And as I rode, lost in thought, your music was wafted to me, and I stopped the carriage to ascertain its whereabouts."

"And your name?" he interrupted.

"Mrs. Lennox Murray," she answered, "better known to the children in my neighborhood as the 'Little Mother,' for I take an interest in them all. And now, Lance, that I know something of your history, this much at least, that you are all alone in this world, I am going to make you a proposition, and I hope that it will meet with your approval. I, too, am alone, and have always longed for a companion, not one who would only be company for me, but would also help me. Could you, would you come and be my little boy, my little musician?"

His soft blue eyes had been slowly filling with tears during her entreaty, and with a sob he said:

"My dear, dear Mrs. Murray, I do thank you with all my heart, but I would only be a burden to you. I could never impose on you like that."

"Why, my child," she said, "I have more than I could even spend on myself. And it would be my greatest pleasure to lavish it upon you, to give you all of the advantages necessary to make of you a master in the true sense of the word. You have both youth

and talent. Don't slight this opportunity, but come to me, and console me in my loneliness."

"Oh! Mrs. Murray, the thought blinds me with joy. To think of little Lance Horton, poor and insignificant, living in luxury, no, no, it cannot be true. I am afraid that I shall awake to find this but a pleasant dream."

"No, not a dream," said Mrs. Murray, "but a reality. If you will only agree I shall leave nothing undone to make you perfectly happy. Come! won't you, dear?"

Lance, placing his thin, wasted little hands in hers, only said:

"You are too good, too kind."

"Then you consent?" she said. What a pleasure it will be to have you with me always. And am I asking too much, when I ask that you come now? I have very good reasons for wishing this. Later we shall send for your little belongings."

Lance's face lighted with joy, as he said:

"You have made me so happy, so very happy. But mayn't I take my violin with me?"

"Your violin?" she said, "why, my dear child, of course you will bring your violin. It is a part of you. Now come, we won't linger longer, for we shall have many little quiet evenings all to ourselves to talk over the past, but most especially your future."

Then, after calling in the landlady, who was a kind old soul, explaining all, and promising not to forget her, they drove away.

The drive to her home was not very long, and was made in silence.

Finally the lovely home of Mrs. Murray came into view, and as they turned into the shaded driveway that led up to the house, Mrs. Murray said:

"Look, Lance," your home and mine."

Lance, looking in amazement and entwining his arms around her neck, simply said:

"Little Mother."

Mrs. Murray assisted Lance to alight and they ascended the broad stairway. Lance followed her through the spacious halls in rapt admiration.

During the dainty little meal which was awaiting them, Mrs. Murray told him of her plans for the afternoon, and with a smile, added: "But to make it a success I have engaged Lance Horton, the violinist, to play for us."

"I shall be only too glad of the opportunity, if you think I am capable," he said, "yet I hope that the success of the afternoon will not depend at all on me."

Everything was soon in readiness. Several of the guests had arrived, and were scattered about the parlors in little groups, discussing everything in general and nothing in particular.

Mrs. Murray, after introducing Lance to the crowd, led him to the piano, where she gave him a steady, encouraging look before she seated herself to accompany him.

He hesitated a moment only, then began playing, and the room was filled with a melody soft and sweet. The noise grew less and less and then died out altogether. His music seemed to steal into the souls of all present. But Lance, unconscious of the admiration he had awakened, was lost to everything but his beloved violin.

When he had finished he was greeted with a storm of applause, and with a startled look he ran from the room.

Mrs. Murray, knowing that he preferred being alone in his happiness, did not disturb him.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in telling the little artist's story; how Mrs. Murray was so

fortunate as to find him, and that she intended adopting him.

The guests declared it to be most remarkable, and would not leave until they had promises of another such treat at an early date.

Not until then did Mrs. Murray seek her little charge. She found him in the library, all huddled up in a big arm-chair, weeping with joy. She went up to him, and caressed him with all of the tenderness of a mother. She drew a chair beside him and told him of his success, and of the brilliant future which lay before him; of the day when the name Lance Horton would be famous, and with Mrs. Murray still singing his praises, Lance fell asleep to dream of his great happiness and of the "Little Mother."

"Ever and ever the days go by,
We laugh and we weep them through;
Today we have for our work and dreams—
Tomorrow our dreams come true!"

DARKNESS.

As I press my face to the window pane,
And peer into the darkness of the night,
Which day has forgotten—carried the light,
And left us this great down-pour of rain.
Still I can hear the sad wind sighing low,
Moaning as if some poor departed soul
Had left earth in sorrow and grief untold,
And soared to unknown realms forevermore.
As stars shone yester eve on earth's dark brow,
Guiding the traveller home to rest,
Tonight are gulfed behind the mist's dark breast,
Impenetrable to the wanderer now.
At last in hope and fear I cry aloud,
"Oh, unknown fate, and may I dare to think
Of one more gleam of hope for me in shroud.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

The tragedy of King Lear was estimated by Shelly in his "Defense of Poetry," as the greatest single achievement in poetry of the Teutonic, or Northern genius. By its largeness of conception and variety of details, by its revelation of harmony existing between the forces of nature and the passions of man, it claims kinship with the great cathedrals of Gothic architecture.

Everything in the tragedy is in motion, and the motion is as a tempest, whirling and heaving, yet we are aware that a law presides over what apparently seems chaos, and each thing in the seeming chaos takes up its place with assurance and precision.

In King Lear more than any other of his plays, Shakespeare stands in presence of the mysteries of human life. He does not seek an explanation to these hard riddles in the destiny of man; he will present life as it really is. If life proposes inexplicable riddles, Shakespeare's art must propose them also.

But while Shakespeare will present life as it really is, and suggest no inadequate explanations of its difficult problems, he will gaze at life from an extra human point of view, and try to discern what aspect it presents to the Gods.

Hence the grand irony in the Tragedy of Lear. That which is great is also small. All that is tragically sublime is also grotesque. Man is walking in a vain shadow, committing extravagant mistakes, man in his weakness, his afflictions, his anguish, poverty, and his greatness and his majesty.

Goneriel and Regan represent the destructive force, the ravening egotism in humanity, which is constantly at war with all goodness—Kent a study of ideal loyalty, Cordelia mingled strength and tenderness, and all that is pure and beautiful.

We might understand Lear's demand upon his daughters for a profession of their love to have been a sudden freak of waywardness, but having made the demand it must not be refused. Lear's will must not be opposed. It is the center and force of his little universe. To be thrown out of this by passionate wilfulness, to be stripped first of affection, then of power, home and shelter, last of reason itself, and finally to learn the preciousness of true love, at the moment when it must be forever renounced, is the awful and purifying ordeal through which Lear is compelled to pass.

Shakespeare takes ingratitude, as Victor Hugo has said, and gives this monster two heads, Regan and Goneril. Terrible as these creatures are, they are, however, distinguishable. Goneril is the calm wielder of a pitiless force, the initiator of cruelty. Regan is smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of malice. The tyranny of the elder sister is a cold, persistent pressure. Regan is more unmeasured and less monstrous. Their pretended love for Lear is even more horrible and makes us shudder more than their hate. To the very last Goneril is true to her character. Regan is despatched out of life by her sister. Goneril thrusts her own life aside and boldly enters the great darkness of the grave.

This is the Tragedy of Lear as revealed in the main plot of the Drama. Of the secondary plot, the story of Gloucester and his sons, is parallel to the sufferings of Lear inflicted on him by his daughters.

The treachery of Edmund, and the torture to which Gloucester is subjected are out of course of familiar experience; but when compared with the inhumanity of the sisters and the anguish of Lear, they sink to mere insignificance. One story of horror only

serves to lead up to the other and helps us to conceive its magnitude.

A hard and skeptical intellect like Edmunds can easily enough reason away the consciousness of obligations, even the most sacred and binding. His mind is absolutely destitute of the dread of the Divine Nemesis. He finds the regulating force in his universe the Ego in the individual will. We can assign some causes to explain Edmund's bold egoism and inhumanity. He has been thrown abroad in the world, and is constrained by none of the bonds of nature or memory, of habit or association. What obligations should he feel to the man who had so degraded his life?

It is indeed the stars that govern our condition? Upon what theory shall we account for the sisterhood of Goneril and Cordelia? And why is it that Gloucester, whose sufferings are the retributions for past misdeeds, should be restored to calm, while Lear, a man more sinned against than sinning, should be robbed of the comfort of Cordelia's love, and should at last die? A picture of despair and misgivings, yearning for that love which he had found only to lose forever?

Shakespeare does not attempt to answer these questions. But there are other questions which this play suggests. Shall we yield ourselves to sins and lusts for pleasure? Shall we build our lives upon the principle of pitiless egoism?

We feel throughout the play that evil must be punished; that it is a curse which brings down destruction upon itself; that it is without any long career. But good will be rewarded for it, the career is long; and the end will be a glorious success.

BOOK NEWS.

"A Fountain Sealed," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, received most favorable press notice. The psychological side, analysis of character elements, as found in the book, will interest the more thoughtful class of readers.

The real heroine of the book is not the daughter, but the mother, who develops fineness of soul through the trials endured in her effort to win the affections of her cold-hearted daughter.

The book gives us truth from a study of present-day life, and in an artistic way teaches a lesson.

* * *

A clever book, "The Great Secret," by the English writer, E. Phillips Oppenheim, brings in the international relations of England and Germany. Of course the American girl has a part in the surprises and adventures that make the book exciting.

Admirers of his "A Maker of History" will hail with pleasure his newest book.

* * *

To students of literature the following books are especially to be recommended: "The Appreciation of Literature," and "Great Writers," both by George E. Woodberry; "The Romantic Revival," Charles E. Vaughan; "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist," George P. Baker, and "A Lexicon to the English Poetical Works of John Milton," and admirable work by Dr. Laura E. Lockwood, of Wellesley.

JOKES.

"Are you studying Esperanto, Mr. Idiot?" asked the linguist.

"I am not," said the idiot. "I can talk too much in English if I want to."

"It is a fine language," said the linguist. "Condensed, concise and easily acquired."

"No doubt," said the Idiot. "But I don't care for potted tongue."

* * *

SPEED.

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabbers!" said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots; also a field of cabbage and parstey, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth."



ISAQUEENA

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Editorial Department

NANNIE COX

EUNICE BRISTOW

Editors.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The new year brings us first of all a realization that time is passing swiftly by, although it has seemed to some of us to be creeping slowly and to be holding the end of our school-days farther and farther away.

It calls to our minds the fact that another year of our lives has been left behind forever; that the deeds that we have done and the words that we have spoken have become irrevocable parts of our past; that the impressions that we have received during the past year have become essential elements of our charactrs.

As we look back over the past year we are able to see the mistakes that we have made and the positive wrongs that we have committed much more clearly than we could at the time. We are able to recognize the experiences that have been harmful to us, and also those that have been helpful to us much more clearly than we could at the time of their occurrence.

Perhaps, also, we are able to see wherein our characters have been improved and raised to a higher standard.

But let us not allow our thoughts to be wholly retrospective. If we should we might become morbid. Therefore, let us set our faces resolutely toward the future and remember always that we are going to make the record of this year better than the preceding one.

THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT

Those of us who are interested in the temperance movement, and who desire to see an end put to the sale of intoxicating liquors, are inclined to feel exceedingly hopeful just at present.

There seems to be a great onward movement along this line in the last year or two. Especially in the South this sentiment is growing. Several States have recently passed local option and prohibition laws. Local option laws seem just to pave the way for general prohibition laws, when the people see their good effects in the "dry" counties.

Even in the Southwest, where conditions seem strongly to oppose all movements towards prohibition, the sentiment is gradually gaining ground. The presence of a large foreign element and of a large colored population makes the growth of prohibition in this section the more remarkable.

The introduction of a bill in Congress forbidding interstate traffic in liquors, seems to be bringing very near the time which appeared only a little while ago to be scores of years away, if not altogether un hoped for—the time when the sale of intoxicating drinks shall be forbidden all over our broad land.

This belongs on page 51. They got it mixed up some way.

Convention

REPORT ON STUDENTS' SESSIONS AT ROCK HILL

The Young Women's Christian Association of North and South Carolina held their fourth annual convention at Rock Hill, S. C., November 28th to December 1st, 1904.

The first students' session was held Friday morning, December 29th, in the First Presbyterian church, and was presided over by Miss Ida R. Garrison, students' secretary for North and South Carolina.

We had a delightful talk by Miss Lide, who is employed by Winthrop College to help in association work there. She spoke about how to get the girl to join the associations. She says: Secure the names of new girls from the President of the college as early as possible in the summer; then write every one a personal letter telling her about the association work, and asking her to join when she comes to the school. You will not get them all in this way. As soon as possible after school opens give a social and try to get them interested in that way. After this have some bright-faced, jolly girl, whose whole soul is in the work, to make a canvas of the school; perhaps there will still be some who will not join; give their names to some good friend of theirs and let her ask them to join. In a short time to make another canvass. If there are

others still, all that the girls can do is to pray for them, and in due season God will answer the prayers.

The work of the social committee was taken up next. Representatives from different colleges were asked to tell how this committee worked in their school. As soon as possible after school is opened every girl on the social committee should call on every other girl in school, especially the new ones; call on them, not go to borrow something or, if they are new girls, to see how they look. Have a girl to see that fresh flowers are kept in the infirmary, another to see that the association room is kept in good order; another to keep flowers in the association room, just anything to keep the girls interested, and to do that, you must give them something to do.

We next had a short missionary address by Miss Lela Gintner. She said our association would be as our prayers were. We must pray as if all depended on God, but work as if all depended on us.

Friday afternoon the work of the Intercollegiate Committee was taken up. In a few colleges where they are near mill villages, girls on this committee organize clubs in the village, which meet once a week, or as often as they like. They invite every one to come when the club meets and they do almost anything that the crowd will enjoy. Some play, some recite, and some sing. They also teach Sunday School classes in the villages. Another very helpful work for this committee is to carry on correspondence with foreign missionaries. Miss Castler, our State Secretary, urged that this committee keep the State Committee posted on the association work. Send college magazines to the National Board; also college catalogue.

We were given some suggestions as how to conduct our Bible classes. Have a girl in each class responsi-

ble for the other members of the class; that is, tell why they are not present.

By all means have a normal training class, in which girls are trained to become Bible class leaders.

The work of the Financial Committee was taken up Saturday afternoon.

Miss Garrison talked on the purpose and method of committee work. The first purpose is to interest the individual. To do this, as I have said before, you must give them something to do. Next is the development of the girls for better and larger work. The good chairman is not the one who can do the most work, but the one who can make others work. The third purpose is for the training of the girls for future chairmanship. Every chairman should have at least one girl on her committee whom she is training to take her place. Give her responsible things to do, see that she understands everything that is done, and help her in every way you can. Another purpose of committee work is for the spiritualizing of the individual. Pray for the girls on your committee and teach them how to pray.

Some of the methods of committee work: Make every girl responsible for something. Purchase leaflets from the National Board, and keep yourself informed about the work. And, by all means, have a policy and go by it.

A few methods for raising money:

First, always ask God if it is His will for you to raise money in that way.

Second, develop a love for the girls; be gentle in asking for money. Remember that all we have comes from Him. "God so loved, that He gave."

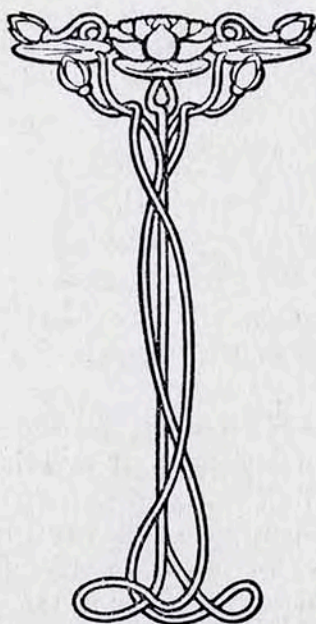
Third, give a two-cent postage stamp every Saturday night for systematic living.

Fourth, make sofa pillows, college, class and soci-

ety club banners, and sell them. Sell sandwiches, candy, ice cream, or most anything that they will buy.

Let us not forget to look to our Father for help and guidance, "For without Him we can do nothing."

L. H., '9.



Local Department

FLORIDE NORRIS, Editor.

On December 6th the students attended a public debate of the Philosophian Literary Society at Furman.

The Baptist State convention met in Orangeburg on December 6th. Dr. James attended. The convention authorized a joint Christian education campaign in the interests of G. F. C. and Furman University, and directed that Rev. O. L. Stringfield, financial agent of the college, and Rev. E. P. Easterling financial agent of Furman, should undertake to raise \$200,000, \$100,000 to be raised in 1908 and \$100,000 in 1909. The first year the college should have \$35,000 and Furman \$65,000; the next year the college to have \$65,000 and Furman \$35,000. It might be interesting for us to note that for the first time G. F. C. was put on an equal footing with Furman.

The recital by the music faculty on December 10th was attended by a large and appreciative audience. Both Professors Shaefer and Brown performed unusually well.

Decidedly the most enjoyable affair of the season was the Junior-Senior reception, given in our parlors December 13, 1907. This is an event always looked forward to by our girls, and they made an earnest effort to make this reception a success in every way. Despite the inclement weather the halls and parlors were thronged with young people. The fair maidens, daintily gowned, trying to give their friends such a good time that they would never forget old G. F. C. We trust that they succeeded. The color scheme of

green and white was carried out in chrysanthemums and evergreen. Chrysanthemums were used in profusion and lent grace to the room which no other flower could have done. One of the most attractive features was the "punch bowl." One corner of the room had been tastefully arranged for this, and two of our fairest maidens served.

In the dining-room a Japanese effect was carried out in lanterns, chrysanthemums and parasols. In the center of the room was a huge parasol, from which hung Japanese lanterns. As the guests were ushered in here a bevy of young girls served them to a delicious salad course. Delightful music was furnished throughout the evening.

Too soon the hours sped away and we had to bid our friends farewell. Each expressed himself as having spent a most enjoyable evening.

A recital by the Expression Department on December 14th was, as usual, very much enjoyed by all present.

On December 19th the second annual performance of the Musical Art Society was given at the Opera House. The oratorio "Messiah," which was given last year at the same season, was repeated. It was quite a musical success.

The students left on December 20th for their respective homes to spend the holidays. They returned on January 2nd, and the college began its usual work on the 3rd.

Maro, the "Prince of Magic," and the Saxophone Quartette gave an entertainment here on January 7th. This was the third number of our Lyceum.

We are very sorry to report the illness of three of our girls who have not returned since Christmas.

These are Misses Mary Southard, Sophia Brunson and Norma Cato. Our sympathy goes out to these unfortunate friends and we wish them a speedy recovery.

Misses Della Baggot, Dolores Brown, Minnie Kay and Lizzie Beeks did not return after holidays. Most of these have stayed away on account of sickness at home.

We are indeed glad to have with us again one of our former students, Miss Nancy MacLaurin. She has come here to pursue the studies of voice and pipe organ.

Seven new students have enrolled since the opening on 3rd. These are Misses Pearl Outzs, Helen Von-Lehe, Othella Cook, Ina Cook, Bessie Spencer, Kate Goggans and Mary Jackson.

PICKED UP ON THE CAMPUS.

Miss Taylor: "What is a lyric?" Soph. G-r-s-n: "A lyric is a poem with six feet."

Senior W--d-a-w, on being asked who was the first King of England, replied, "Pharoah."

Rat W-l-h wants to know what they will do with you if you don't get a book out of the library.

Jr. L- J-h-s-n: "Say, Lala, where was the battle of Bull Run fought?" Sr. S-b--l-e: "At Manassas, of course."

Miss Clarke asked Rat L-a-'h--t if she was taking the B. A. degree. She replied. "No, ma'm, I am taking I. L."

Rat B. B-oo-e-r, while studying her Bible lesson, said to her room-mates: "This must be the revised condition."

Soph. M-C-x says she is going down to Dr. Jervey's to have her pictures taken.

Fine Arts Department

CALLIE JOHNSON, Editor.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

The third educational recital was given Tuesday evening, December 10. The following program was successfully carried out:

SCHUTT-VON FIELITZ.

Soloists.

George H. Schaefer Pianist

Walter D. Brown Baritone

SONG CYCLE—ELILAND.

Alexander von Fielitz.

Silent Woe,

Frauenworth,

Roses,

Secret Greetings.

On the Shore of the Lake,

Child Voices,

Moonlightnight,

Dreams,

Anathema,

Resignation.

CARNIVAL MIGNON Op. 48.

Edward Schutt.

Prelude,

Serenade d'Arlequin,

Tristesse de Colombine,

Polichinelle (Burlesque)

Pierrot Reveur,

Caprice Sganarelle.

THE VOICE.

"Oh, surely melody from heaven was sent
To cheer the soul when tried with human strife."

The object of vocal study is to make the voice tune to pitch, flexible, firm, strong, extended, and to correct its faults. It is beneficial, both as an accomplishment and physically in strengthening all parts of the body used to produce sound, but more especially the lungs and breathing apparatus.

Some one has said that "the soloist we have always with us, but the accompanist, of the right sort, very rarely." It is true that all the singers are born and not made. By this we need not suppose that no training is necessary, but that the making of a singer is present in every person and on that account singers are born singers. Every one can learn to sing if they are willing to try, for there are as plain fixed rules in the art of singing as in arithmetic.

In order to sing one should have a well-developed and healthy body and should take daily exercise in physical culture, or out of door exercise, and practice deep breathing at all times. Singing life is comparatively short. It is said that "born singers" last barely five years. Real training in singing is mental, rather than physical. We are told to look at the ancient Greeks, and to be like them. The life of the ancients was conducive to perfect development of the body and steady, symmetrical growth to maturity. He was more in the open air than the children of our day; he had better habits. But under all these conditions he needed development. In physical culture, elegance comes from expression of culture and refinement of heart and intellect. The first use of the mature and trained body is in gesture. We must have something to express. If an idea is held and we move

any member, even in a small degree, that idea is expressed.

It is not easy to understand all points in voice culture until they have been demonstrated upon one's self. It is easy to know what to do, but one needs "to do" until it becomes a part of his method. At first results may not be encouraging, but if our lives are running too smoothly we have occasion to begin to fear.

Where there is nothing to combat there is little strength gained. Where our lives are too pleasant we may be sure that we are not gaining what we might or what others laboring under great disadvantages are gaining.

"Tone is an ever-present substance in all things." The vocal bands in the human being have the greatest known power in setting the latent tone into such action that it can be heard. In singing, finish is needed as well as drill. The difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated voice is easily detected in tone quality. It should always be true, full and well modulated. "That kind of tone which expresses the kindly, loving nature is the basis of vocal culture."

"My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim,
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing.
Far into regions dim
Of rapture—as a boat with swift sails swinging
Its way down some many winding river."

OPPORTUNITIES.

Success means a favorable termination of anything attempted. Success comes after something has been attempted, and can only be attained through faithful efforts. The greater the struggle, the more marked the success. Success depends almost entirely upon

the way in which the opportunities constantly presenting themselves are seized and improved.

Time is, perhaps, the greatest opportunity. Our action and effort filling diligently each hour of the day will be sure to bring us nearer to the goal of our desires. We may sometimes ask ourselves, "Why is my practice no longer a pleasure?" "Why is my playing so cold and meaningless?" Often we would have to answer, that we have not made the best use of our time.

Reading is another great opportunity. The primary and ultimate purpose in music is to express, convey and excite feeling. By reading, our thoughts are made rich. We are made to feel some of the inspiration that comes from the master. Only as we have, can we give, and we are a part of all that we have met, but if we have not met in spirit those whose works we are studying, our interpretation will be faulty and meaningless. Then we should read the lives of the great artists and composers, and as we do this and realize something of the true spirit of the artist, we are able to understand and appreciate their works.

We make ourselves what we are. Talent and genius amount to nothing unless the possessor will develop the gift by diligent and persistent turning to advantage of opportunities. If we would be a teacher or a great admirer of all that is beautiful in music, we must not despise the day of small things. The way to success lies along the pathway of well-doing; any they who are the most persistent, who work for music's sake, who make the best of every opportunity as it presents itself, will be the ones who will achieve the greatest success.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.

The following program was rendered by the students of the Expression Department, Saturday evening, December 14.

pXP ^Ly oiAe.Rpcmfwp y cmfywp mfwyp mfwypm

PART I.

Sonata Auton Diabelli

Maggie Bullington

Sallie McGee

Sam's Letter (From "Our American's Cousins")

. Tom Taylor

Hoke Black

A White Lily Wright

Nell Hellams

The Bald-Headed Man

Ruth Smith

Mandalay Kipling

Pauline Kelley

Kathie's Story

Cecil Brawley.

Limitations of Youth Eugene Field

Hugh Black

Prelude Rachmaninoff

Scene I. Ingomar Maria Lovell

Parthenia Ella Wharton

Actea Rachel Cabe Simes

PART II.

Love of a Bonnet.

(One-act Comedy).

Mrs. Clipper Jennie Walsh

Kittie Clipper Kate Jones

Katy Doolan Ada Moratt

Aunt Hopkins Joe Garratt

Mrs. Fastone Mabel Giles

Dora Fastone Loui Austin

The Expression Department announces a series of recitals.

IN THE ART STUDIO.

Misses Pauline Osborne, Leila Roe and Maud Hammond are doing good work in china. They have just finished some beautiful pieces with fruit designs.

Misses Marie Mahon and Hattie Bentz are doing work in water colors.

Misses Annie Sherwood, Hattie Collins, Emma Stansell and Helen Findley are working in oil.

Miss Margaret Beattie is doing good work in charcoal.

Several of the girls are working in pastel.

The girls of the Normal Class show excellent results in their work.

GEORGE GREY BARNARD.

The nineteenth century opened up a new era in the art of sculpture. George Grubb Bernard was one of the leaders in this new period. He is now about forty-four years of age, worn and tired by hard work, and his later disappointments. He began his work more than twenty-five years ago. He was received at the Champ de Mars Salon, 1894, with overwhelming recognition. Here were exhibited eight of his pieces—the new work of a new sculptor.

Beyond all artists the sculptor needs faculty. He needs the instinct of an engineer, the common sense of a manufacturer, as well as the inspiration of the poet and musician.

Bernard was not a mastery of his art by heritage, time or surroundings, but as one that would explore an unknown sea. To carry out his boyish desires he

went West. Here he began his career by molding the birds and beasts of the field. Soon he was apprenticed to a goldsmith and learned to engrave and letter, which was good training for a sculptor.

Beyond most artists this man with striking face arouses confidence. He has a gift of speech that draws the sympathy of all who meet him. He has been able partly by self-sacrifice, and partly because he drew to himself support, to work through long years and to be modeling and planning more than could be carried out in ten years.

Though his works are few, still he has done enough to secure his place. At Buffalo in 1899, he exhibited his "Pan," now in Central Park. "Two Natures" he showed at St. Louis, and it is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Once in the past ten years, in 1903, he exhibited his "Maiden." In 1897 he was represented at Philadelphia and amazed his beholders with seven numbers—the exhibit of 1894—his "Two Friends," in a reduced copy; the "Swedish Stone-plater," never completed; a portrait bust; two heads, and a figure, "Boy."

His great figures sweeping, moving, impressive, have an effect like verse. They started the visible expression of emotion. In the "Two Natures" the contract and action fill the subject with meaning. One can look at the gigantic "Pan," thirteen feet long, with an ear bent to listen to the unheard melodies, you can see how true is this fair fancy, how near to river, spreading rain and scattering, splashing and the "—great God Pan, down in the reeds by the river, spreading rain and scattering, splashing, and paddling with hoofs of a goat,

And breathing the golden lilies afloat with the dragon fly on the river."

It was the heart of this great man whose heart

was to be "hewed" before his work was over. Five years ago Barnard fell under the shadow of a political corruption which overspread Pennsylvania. When Barnard was offered work on the new capitol he was ill advised. He signed a contract for \$100,000. He entered upon a design which he could not pay. Debts and legal affairs came over him.

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Power, expression, interpretation and inspiration are more important than rules, and they are present in these works in overwhelming power.



Exchange Department

ELIZABETH EASLEY. Editor.

All of our exchanges seemed to be anxious to make their last appearance in the old year especially good and many of them succeeded splendidly.

The Converse Concept seized the opportunity to get out a very fine issue in the December number. It was a genuine pleasure from cover to cover, being full of the sort of reading we enjoy in our college journals. The poetry, as usual, is good, especially "The Choosing." "To the Cat on the Fly Leaf of the Hymnal," and "In the Good Old Summer Time" are exceedingly clever.

In "The Tragedy of a Word" the pathetic figure of the little school teacher, who has the realization brought to her with cruel abruptness that in her years of self-forgetting service she has grown old, is drawn with feeling and pathos.

"The Christmas Present," "Smoke from the Devil's Chafing Dish," and "The Revolution of the Ideas of a Bachelor" are all bright and readable bits of fiction. "Incidents from Real Life" is also deserving of especial mention.

In the College of Charleston Magazine, "The Recent Decap of the American Song as a product of Literature" is by far the most superior thing. Although the author's point of view is perhaps a little exaggerated, the article is an exceedingly convincing one.

"Brother Pomp's Christmas Party" is not worthy of the place of honor given it, being one of the two

stories in the number. The editorial and exchange departments are well written.

The Mercerian is always one of the best magazines on our exchange table, and of course it was welcomed this month, with its good reading matter and beautiful illustrations. "A Poetic Fishman" is very clever, indeed. It made us laugh more than anything we have read recently in a college journal.

The editorial and exchange departments are up to their usual high standard.

The December number of the Furman Echo is, we believe, the best number of The Echo we have seen. This number is an especially full one, and most of the material is entirely worthy of a place in the magazine. Of the poetry, "Duty," "All for Furman," and "A Philosopher" are the best; of these three "Duty," perhaps deserves to rank highest. Of the prose, "Extracts from a Tourist's Diary" is perhaps the best composition. These extracts are fine—interesting, well told, full of life and vigor—they are well worth the time spent in reading them. "A Mess of Pottage," "How Christmas Came to Round Corners," and "His Christmas Celebration" all have good plots. "The Way of Providence" is poor, showing no originality.

The departments, besides the literary department, are well worded out. In the Y. M. C. A. Department there is a splendid explanation of the Student Volunteer Movement. This is the sort of article that every student should read. It gives a short and comprehensive view of this great movement.

"The Georgian" is up to the usual standard. The last is a fine number. We hardly know what to single out to praise, so will content ourselves with passing a general comment on the whole.

We are glad to acknowledge receipt of The Furman Echo, Georgian, Erskinian, State Normal Magazine,

Mercerian, College of Charleston Magazine, Newberry Stylus, Clemson College Chronicle, Converse Concept, Alabama Brenau Journal, University of Virginia, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Chisel, Tiger, and Stetson Weekly Collegiate.



Y. W. C. A. Department

ZILLIE WORKMAN, Editor.

The Y. W. C. A. has started in the year of 1908 with greater hopes and brighter prospects than ever before in its history. We were greatly blessed in many ways during the past year and now it is our purpose to undertake and accomplish greater things.

Our first weekly praper meeting, held on January 7, was conducted by Miss Sims. She made a report of the State convention, which was held at Rock Hill in November. In her report she gave us a synopsis of the Gospel according to St. John. She set forth in a forcible manner the divinity of Jesus, and made an appeal to us that we would study the Bible daily as a direct message to us.

The regular business meeting of the association was held January 14. The reports of each of the committees were made and each seems to be doing fine work. Each of the committees have planned to conduct one of the weekly praper meetings. We are delighted with this, for in this way every member of the association may take part in the devotional exercises.

While we place the spiritual side of our association first, we do not forget the social side, for we believe these two are closely connected. The social committee of the Y. W. C. A. invited all the girls whose birthdays came in December and January to a birthday party Friday evening, January 10. We were entertained in a most charming way by a telegram contest, a prize being offered to the one who wrote the most witty telegram, each word beginning with the

initial of their given name. After being served with delicious cream and cakes, the merry party returned to their rooms with many pleasant remembrances of the birthday party.

But in this period of our hope and progress we must not forget our duty, for still there is much work to be done. While we believe the influence of our association is greater than ever before, we realize how much greater it might be. We can never be satisfied until every girl in our midst unites herself with the Y. W. C. A. and offers a hand to help in the Master's work.



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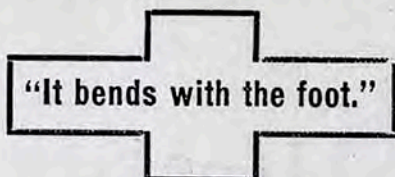
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