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Evelyn Pack
Greenville Woman’s College

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CHIVALRY AND A COW

"Of course I won't marry you."
"But why?"
"Oh, because!"
"Pooh!"
"Well then, because you are not in the least like a—hero."
"Huh. I've played football, and that run—"
"Yes, but you are not a romantic hero. You've never braved—er—peril for my sake; never—er—snatched me out of the jaws of death, you know. And that sort of thing somehow appeals to girls, and—oh, see that cow."

The girl leaped to her feet, excited and alarmed. The young man, too, got up, but slowly, and he continued his wistful gaze in the girl's face.

He was secretly cursing the impossibilities of adventure in these humdrum times. Ah, yes, in the days of chivalry he would have slain dragons for the reward of her adorable smile.

He was thrilled to her mood of romantic longings—so potent is the influence of love—though his was ordinarily quite sane. He paid not the slightest attention, however, to her clamor concerning the cow. Women in the country are always discovering cows.
A shriek from the girl commanded his tardy attention. "She's coming!" was the wail; "she's coming; we will be murdered!" "Where?" he inquired, patiently.

"There!" The girl pointed; then shrieked again.

The two had left the hotel in the Champlain Valley, at which they were spending the summer, for a long ramble in the fields.

They were now in the meadow, through which a creek flowed, and here they had paused to rest awhile in the shade of a hay-stack. The cow of the story stood a hundred yards to the south of them, pawing the turf and shaking her long horns viciously.

"By jove, she does look cross," the young man conceded.

"Cross!" his companion repeated, indignantly, "why, she's—she's ferocious!"

The lover cast a rapid glance over the landscape. The creek ran north and south; it was not wide, but it was deep. A bridge of planks was laid across it, but this was at the point where the cow stood. Two hundred yards north of them was a barbed wire fence, running east and west; beyond the creek the fence continued, but was of rails. There was no other fence in sight, nor any tree, save some saplings in the next field. They must escape then by the fence on this side of the creek. As he would have spoken, another scream from the girl interrupted him.

"She's coming!"

He looked again toward the cow and gasped. The brute was charging toward them; head down, tail aloft. She was less than fifty yards away. Alone he might have made the fence in time; with the girl half fainting in his arms such flight was impossible. A sick hopelessness swept over him. How could he save her? In a flash of despair he remembered his longing for adventure, his desire of opportunity to slay dragons for her smile. Now he could not so much as kill a cow to save her life.
But inspiration followed.

"The stack!" he cried.

He drew the girl forward. The sheer side of the stack was perhaps five feet high. Beyond was a steep slant of ten feet to the pointed top. From this top on their side, the binding rod ran down the slope almost to its edge. "Wait a second, I'll pull you up," he exclaimed.

The firmness in his voice strengthened the girl so that she made no remonstrance when he separated himself from her. He stepped back, made a short run, leaped and caught the pole, well upon the slope.

In a trice he had pulled himself up. Then he twined his legs about the pole, dug his feet into the hay, and leaned forward.

"Give me your hands," he directed.

The girl raised her arms toward him. He reached her easily and took her hands in a strong grasp.

"Jump!" he commanded.

From the corner of his eye he saw the cow careening toward them hardly a rod away.

As the girl leaped he gave all his power to a quick pull. Luckily she was rather slender and that and her leap gave him ease in the task. In a moment she was on the slope beside him.

But the shock of his effort loosened the hay beneath him. He felt himself sliding with the yielding mass.

"Shin up the pole, Edith," he shouted.

Before he had time to see whether or not she obeyed him, the falling hay carried him over the edge of the slope and struck full on the head of the charging cow.

The sight of an indignant tail waving vividly before his face and the sound of an angry bellow beneath him apprised Bob of the nature of the situation. With the inspiration of despair, he seized the flaunting tail and wrung it desperately.

The bellow died to a moo of anguish. The hay on which
Bob rested swayed like the waves of an angry sea, then swept forward a little way.

A sharp horn protruded through the hay and jabbed him in the leg.

He took warning and jumped blindly as far as he could. He struck upright on the ground, just beside the cow, which now relieved of his weight, paused and stood shaking her head to dislodge the hay.

"Oh, Bob dear, come back!" a high, tremulous voice called from the upper air.

Taking advantage of the beast's temporary blindness he darted toward the stack, and leaped. The slope was steeper now, since a part of the hay had slipped off, but he caught the pole and drew himself upward.

As he raised his head in making the ascent he saw the girl sitting safe on the conical top—a goddess on a monument.

"How could you go away and leave me?" she questioned reproachfully.

"I fell off," he explained hastily.

He forgot the cow and remembered only his undignified language to the woman he adored. As he paused beside her he spoke fervently, panting:

"Forgive me, Edith, for telling you to 'shin' up the pole."

"Don't be silly," was the answer.

Bob followed her gaze, and for a moment he quailed. The cow had freed herself of the hay and had returned full of new fury.

At this particular moment she was standing on her hind legs, her fore legs on the beginning of the slope, glaring up at them and showing a full determination to ascend forthwith.

"Can she—er—shin up the pole?" Edith gasped.

"I don't think so," Bob replied, doubtfully.

As a matter of fact, he had a creepy suspicion that the creature was capable of any infamy.

"I'm glad I wrung her tail," he added, vindictively.

6.
"Oh, did you do that?" the girl exclaimed, rapturously, "How brave of you! Oh, what is she going to do now?"

For the cow sank back slowly until her four legs were on the ground again. She bellowed once threateningly, then pulled a mouthful of hay from the stack and began to chew.

"Why, she might eat right up to us," Edith cried, horror struck.

"She's too mad to eat, I guess," Bob answered. And indeed the cow stopped chewing and stood regarding them with a baleful eye, while the hay still draped her mouth fantastically.

"She looks like Ophelia, with that straw around her face," Edith suggested.

"It's hay; but so she does," Bob agreed.

"And she's certainly just as mad as Ophelia, if not as beautiful. Be careful you don't fall," he added.

For safety's sake he put an arm around Edith's waist, nor did she object as he held her close to him.

"To think," she murmured, her face very near his, "that I've always liked that Toreador's song from 'Carmen' so much. I hate cows!"

"Never mind, dearest; somebody'll come and whistle the brute off presently. We are safe here."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure. Only we must be careful not to fall off." He tightened his clasp on her waist.

"And," Edith continued rebelliously, "it was only yesterday that I said it was cruel to dehorn them. Why, it's cruel not to cut their horns off. It's an outrage. Look at us!"

"Yes," Bob assented, forlornly, "we might just as well be treed by a lion as by a maniac like that—er—Ophelia down there."

"I suppose you couldn't dehorn her now?" Edith suggested, timidly.
“Well, no, I hardly think I could,” replied her lover, regretfully.

There came a short silence. The cow stood quiet save for her twitching tail, but she continued to stare at them relentlessly.

“Why, she hasn’t but one eye,” Edith exclaimed suddenly.

“By jove, that’s so—sort of female Cyclops. But she has two horns all right, worse luck! She’d be bad enough if she were a unicorn.

“Oh!” came a startled cry from Edith.

“What is it?” Bob demanded in alarm.

“I thought the hay slipped,” the girl explained.

“I don’t think it did,” her lover declared, reassuringly, as he drew her still closer; but its tottering. What fell out undermined it. We can’t be too careful. I hope she doesn’t butt into it again.”

As if for answer the cow gave a soft bellow. There was a subtle hint of triumph in it that alarmed the watching pair.

“I wonder what she does it for?” Edith questioned desolately.

“Because she’s a fool cow,” Bob answered, vindictively. “It wouldn’t do her the slightest good to eat us, but there she stands and cries for us, and won’t eat a mouthful of this nice hay.”

“Of course it would be dreadful to have her bite me” Edith said, judicially, “but, really, it’s her horns I’m afraid of.”

“You are quite right. For that matter cows, if I remember, are weak on teeth. Cows and hens, you know, don’t bite much.”

“Do you suppose anybody will ever come to take us off?” the girl asked presently.

“I don’t think we ought to wait for help. It might be hours—or days—before anybody came. Here we are—er—marooned. I think I’ll have to rescue you, Edith.”

8.
“Oh, you dear,” the girl exclaimed, joy in her voice. “How?”

“I don’t know yet. I must think.”

Bob stared hard at the cow, while Edith regarded him expectantly. But at last, as the minutes of silence passed, she became impatient.

“Well,” she questioned.

“I haven’t hit on exactly the right idea yet,” her lover confessed regretfully. “Let me think some more.”

Again silence reigned. But an expression of disfavor grew on Edith’s face.

“Can’t you—er think?” she demanded suddenly and sharply.

“Bob started. At his movement the top of the stack shook alarmingly.

“Do sit still,” Edith pleaded. “Pray don’t think, if you have to jump about like that. You’ll hurl us right into the jaws of dea—I mean, of the cow. You haven’t a revolver, have you?”

“No.”

“Nor a lasso? Nor a bolero—no, I mean a bolo?”

“No.”

“Couldn’t you jab her in the sound eye with this pole?”

“I’m afraid not. It wouldn’t do to meddle with the pole. The whole stack would go over.”

Again silence reigned. Even the cow seemed plunged in profound reflection.

“Aha!” It was an exclamation of triumph from Bob.

“Well!” Edith exclaimed eagerly. “You have thought?”

“Yes,” was the proud reply. “I have. Listen. Your speaking of jabbing her in the eye gave me an inspiration. I’ll drop my coat down over Ophelia’s left horn, and so cover her sound eye.”

“Yes, yes.”

“And I’ll slip off the stack and sprint for the fence.

“I’d never dare,” Edith interposed, hastily.

“Oh, you don’t come.” 9.
The girl gasped in dismay. "What, why, Bob—you heartless monster—to—to desert—"

"But you don't understand, dearest. The cow will toss off the coat, and then she'd see me and chase after me. When she gets far enough away, you slide down off the stack, and run across the bridge and up the other side of the creek, and get over the rail fence. See?"

The girl clapped her hands. "It's just splendid! It's strategy—er—tactics. Why, Napoleon couldn't have done better.

Her delight was so sincere that her lover trembled with glad pride as he pulled off his coat.

"Now," he explained, "don't you stir till the cow is halfway to the fence."

"Yes; but—oh, do be careful. Couldn't you tie the coat over her head?"

"I haven't any string," Bob replied, with an air of finality. "Besides, she might not stand still long enough."

He experienced a sudden pang that Edith displayed no symptom of alarm for his safety in the exploit.

The young man held the coat in his right hand and let himself half way down the slope, clinging to the pole with his left hand. At his approach the cow lowed gloatingly.

Bob quailed before the fierce joy in the single eye she turned on him. Cautiously he leaned forward until his right hand, with the coat, was just over the cow's left horn; then he dropped the garment.

The coat fell true to his aim and hung on the horn, completely covering all that side of the cow's head. The brute, enraged by this sudden blindness, cavorted, bellowing.

Instantly Bob slipped to the ground and set out at speed for the fence.

The angry beast shook her head a half-dozen times furiously; then the coat flew free. One bellow of triumph she gave; the next moment she caught sight of the fleeing enemy. Thereat she raised her tail, lowered her head, and plunged in pursuit.
Meantime Edith, from her perch on the stack, stared fascinated at the events below. As the cow at last freed herself from the coat and raced after Bob, she stood up and shouted frantically:

"Run, Bob! run!"

She had quite forgotten her own part—that the time had come for her flight across the creek. Her whole interest centered in the danger of her lover.

Happily, Providence intervened. In her excitement she lost her balance on the quaking hay, and fell off the stack.

Again, happily, she alighted on the hay which had slipped to the ground, and suffered no injury beyond a shock of surprise that caused her to sit blinking, dazedly for ten seconds. Then her wits returned.

On the instant she sprang up and ran toward the bridge. Once across, she hastened in the direction of the rail fence which she went over with a promptitude that caused her afterward to wonder blushingly just how she achieved the feat.

In safety she stopped and looked about.

Bob stood on the bank of the creek opposite her. The wire fence was between him and "Ophelia," who, outwitted, bellowed disgust.

"Come over here," Edith called.

"Why, yes, certainly," Bob replied. "I guess I'll have to swim."

"But you'll get wet and that's so horrid, you know!" Edith remonstrated.

"Wait, I have an idea." Bob pointed to a small birch which grew on the bank of the creek. "You see," he explained, "all I have to do is to climb up to the top of the tree and lean out toward the water. My weight makes the tree bend over the creek. Then, when it has bent far enough I just drop off on the other side where you are."

"How clever."

"Of course it may not work," Bob admitted as he began to climb the tree.
The birch was strong enough to keep its position until he had ascended some fifteen feet. Then he threw his weight toward the water.

The sapling swayed swiftly over the stream. Edith shouted triumph. There came a crack and a mighty splash. Bob was floundering in the middle of the creek.

The girl shrieked; the cow bellowed; the youth spluttered water-strangled curses. But a stroke or two brought him to the bank where Edith stood.

“Oh, you are not drowned?” She stammered wildly.

“Not at all,” Bob answered politely, as he climbed up beside her and stood dripping and crestfallen. You see it broke—otherwise—”

“Gracious; whatever’s the matter with the cow?” Edith interrupted.

There was a crash, and Bob, looking beyond the girl, saw to his horror that the cow had thrown off the top rail with her horns. A second rail followed as he gazed. A minute more and the beast would have the fence down, and they would be at her mercy.

Without a moment’s hesitation or a word of explanation, Bob picked up Edith in his arms and leaped into the creek.

As the two struck the water, Edith uttered a cry of fear, and threw her arms around Bob’s neck. But her action left him free to use one hand, and, the impetus of the leap helping, he made the farther bank by the time they rose from the plunge.

In a moment Bob had carried Edith up the bank and placed her on the turf.

She was choking from the water she had swallowed. But as her throat cleared and she was able to catch her breath again, anger swelled.

“What an—an outrage!” she panted. “Have you gone mad? What do you mean by such conduct, sir? I’ll never, never speak to you again.” She burst into tears.

Bob, in an ecstasy of chagrin, explained. Unfortunately his excuses were but ill received, for the cow had not yet
succeeded in demolishing the fence, and the girl’s indignation was not appeased when she turned her eyes on the animal, for Ophelia was regarding them with an astonished stare.

“I thought she was just going to jump over,” Bob concluded miserably.

Edith sniffed.

“My dress is ruined,” she remarked icily; “simply ruined!”

“Hi, there, durn ye! What ye up to, anyhow?” The two turned in surprise to regard the speaker. This was a man, evidently a farmer, who was advancing towards them on a trot, displaying abundant signs of anger.

“Yew jest stop pullin’ down my fences,” he shouted, as he came to a halt a few feet from them, “an’ tipping over my stacks, an’ worryin’ my cow, cuss ye.”

“Worryin’ your cow!” Bob repeated, the words in sheer wonder.

Then rage possessed him. He welcomed the advent of this object on which he could give vent to his surcharged feelings.

“Look here,” he explained, taking a step toward the farmer, “what do you mean by leaving a concealed weapon like that cow of yours exposed in this manner. Why, the brute nearly killed us—chased us up that stack, and tried to turn it over on us, and—”

“Hump! Yey can’t fool me, mister. She may ’a been kind o’ kittenish, but she’s gentle. I lef’ the gate open an’ she got inter the medder, an’ I seen ye a worryin’ of her, ding ye! Yew fork over $10 damages mighty lively, blast ye.”

“See here,” Bob remarked with dangerous quiet, “you mustn’t speak to me like that. You need to have your head battered; and if there weren’t a lady present, I’d do it for you, just now.”

“Talkin’ won’t help ye none,” the farmer declared, truc-
ulenty. "I can scrap some myself, if I do say so, as shouldn't."

He ran his eyes contemptuously over Bob's form, which was shorter and slender than his own, though its lines indicated both strength and agility.

"Why, I cud take ye up an' spank ye—hard, Yew hear me, sonny?"

Edith's voice, divinely sweet, caña softly in Bob's ear:
"Oh, Bob, don't mind me, please—thrash him, dearest."
"I will," the lover murmured enthusiastically.

Joy swelled in his bosom. She forgave him, then. Ah, he would prove his prowess for the reward of her smile. He knew his own skill in boxing too well to have any fear as to the outcome.

He advanced on the farmer with clenched fists.
"Begin that spanking", he said blithely. "Come on, pumpkins!"

The farmer lunged viciously. Bob ducked and delivered a clean blow on his adversary's jaw that caused the surprised man to go reeling backward. He was back again in a second, only to find his every attempt thwarted by the young man, who seemed able to place blows at pleasure.

Finally a shrewd touch over the heart brought the farmer to the ground. After a little he sat up, panting, and staring at Bob.

The discomfited farmer got slowly to his feet, and chuckled lugubriously.
"Say," he remarked. "I thought I could scrap, but I know when I'm licked. We'll call that there spanking off."
"Well, then" Bob retorted, smiling "call off Ophelia—I mean that maniac imbecile cow of yours."

"I tell you 'tint nothing but playfulness," the farmer protested stoutly. But I'll go over an' drive her beyond th' hill 's long's you feel skerry of her; then ye kin get to the road. Jest hist up this bottom wire so's I kin crawl under." Bob did as requested, and the farmer crawled beneath the barbed wire fence. Then he trotted along the creek to
the little bridge, crossed it, and came back on the cow's side of the stream.

The cow had turned to watch the operations of the farmer. Now, when he was but a few yards from her she lowered her head, shook it fiercely, and pawed at the turf after her manner.

The demonstration of playfulness was followed by a savage bellow, whereat the farmer halted abruptly.

"So, bossy," he said cajolingly.

At this fatuous appeal the cow charged.

The approach of the careering beast was too much for the farmer's courage. He hesitated for the fraction of a second only, then fled ingloriously.

A glance over his shoulders showed the cow gaining; at the sight he abandoned all reserve and plunged into the stream.

The pursuer, with diabolical cunning, paused not, but sped on to the bridge, crossed it, and, as the prey scrambled up the bank, was at his heels. The man, shrieking fear, darted toward the fence, behind which the lovers, aghast, watched the race for life.

The cow was fairly upon the farmer as he dived beneath the bottom wire.

At this crucial moment a barb caught his overalls and held him powerless to escape its relentless clutch. Bob sprang forward, caught him by the arms, and tugged. The cloth yielded with a long, rending swish.

At the same instant one of the cow's horns caught the fabric, and as Bob hauled the affrighted man to safety, two long rents marked the consummation of the tragedy.

The cow balked at the prick of the barbs, and stood bellowing. The farmer got up, and inspected his injured garment with rueful countenance.

"An' I only bought 'em last winter," were his first words; "think of all that money jest thrown away, by heck."

Bob passed a bill into his hand.

"Buy enough to last you for life," he explained.
But the farmer refused the money.

"Yew licked me, an’ yew’ve saved my life,” he said, with a quick chuckle. “That’s about enough fr’m yew.”

"Say,” he continued, "them pants was warranted not to tear. Dum lucky fer me that that was a lie.” He regarded the cow with a hostile eye. "Ye see, we et Bessie’s ca’f yistiddy. That’s made her kind o’ cross."

"Bessie!” Bob repeated. "What a name for such a monster!"

But Edith was suddenly reconciled to the creature that had caused her so many fears.

"Poor thing!” she murmured and there was a tear veiling the lustre of the blue eyes that turned again toward the angry animal.

She uttered a shocked "Oh!” as the farmer continued brutally, "And she’ll git it ding her!

The unconscious farmer regarded Bob with a jovial smile.

"You an’ yer sweetheart come right up here to my house an’ dry yer duds. Don’t say nothing to Lizzie—that’s my wife, ’bout knockin’ me out. Ye see she thinks I’m some sneezes in a fight, an’ a woman likes her husband to be able to hold his end up. What?"

"Yes, she does,” Edith made answer boldly, and blushed divinely under Bob’s happy eye.

And as they turned for one last glance towards the cause of their many perils, the lover murmured gently:

"Thank you, Ophelia.”

THE HABITABILITY OF OTHER WORLDS

Are other worlds than our inhabited?

This most momentous question, which has eluded the keenest research in the past, is still in this scientific age, enshrouded in mystery; nevertheless, it continues to be discussed.

Our moon we know to be devoid of life, for there is neither water nor air upon which all life, as we know it,
depends. The planets Neptune, Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter apparently are but incandescent gaseous globes, and that these huge bodies should be inhabited by beings like ourselves is as inconceivable to us as the existence of living organisms in a fiery furnace. The hundreds of asteroids revolving between Jupiter and Mars give us no data from which to draw any conclusion respecting their habitability.

Mars, appropriate to its name, is the battle-ground of contending scientists. Prof. Lowell, one of the most eminent American astronomers living, is an enthusiastic advocate of the habitability of Mars, whereas Prof. Pickering, of Yale, as strenuously contends for the opposition.

Photography has come of late years as a most efficient hand-maid to the telescope in study in Mars. The canals, discovered by Schiaparelli, are now generally admitted as true phenomena of this most interesting planet. Or rather let us say that there are undoubtedly markings that look like canals. Prof. Pickering suggests that these markings may be rows of craters of extinct volcanoes. He cites as illustration that if a paper dotted over with ink spots be placed at a distance of thirty feet from the observer the appearance will be that of continuous lines. Prof. Lowell has advanced the theory that these so called canals are bordered by vegetation. Now the existence on Mars of vegetation, of water, and of atmosphere leads inevitably, he argues, to the conclusion that some forms of life, of breathing, moving creatures exist on this planet.

He goes further than this bold deduction, and argues for a degree of intelligence and civilization; a civilization perhaps lower than that on Earth, yet one of a high degree of intelligence and progress. He contends that the canals are great waterways of a possible commerce, and that their regularity of outline suggests that they are artificial, not natural waterways.

Venus is too densely veiled by clouds to authorize any satisfactory conclusion.

Mercury and Vulcan, if the latter really exists,
lie too near the sun for manlike, beings to find a home there. Most likely they are charred and blackened masses of matter, destitute of air or water.

According to the nebular theory of the creation of the planets in our solar system, each one when thrown off from the central body, the Sun, in obedience to the centrifugal and centripetal forces, would have a common shape and destiny, and we find such to be the case—all flattened at the poles, and this flattening in proportion to their respective bulks, and all revolving in nearly parallel plains, a common destiny awaiting each. Of course when cast from the Sun they were each in an incondescent state and self-luminous. Ages had to pass before they could sufficiently cool to admit of either vegetable or animal existence, and when this state was reached in the course of time there must be present in the planet a sufficiency of air, heat and water before either vegetable or animal existence could obtain; such at last as we have in this world. Therefore, we have reason to believe that vegetable and animal existence may be found in all the planets; yet they would have to be differently constituted from those on the Earth, in order to stand the inconceivable cold of Neptune or the fiery heats of Mercury. Nevertheless, in accordance with the doctrine of organic evolution, each planet generates the life on its surface adapted to its own peculiar conditions. Therefore, the fact that beings like ourselves cannot inhabit the other planets proves nothing against their habitability.

When the internal fires of a planet become extinct the life of such planet ends and it is then a dead planet, its life has ended and no longer can either animal or vegetable life subsist upon it. In such condition is our Moon. Therefore, it seems that every planet in the solar system is running its race, and will eventually reach the goal of non-existence of life, losing everything except its attractive power, which does not depend upon the animal or vegetable life on its surface. Therefore, it is a mere matter of time when all the planets, together with the Sun, will lose their internal
fires and become lifeless. The Sun having withdrawn its light, the whole solar system will be shrouded in utter darkness, for there will be no light save from the stars, which, as we know, in absence of the Sun, give us but feeble light as compared with the Sun. But this view need not disturb our equanimity in the least, for this condition may not take place in our system for thousands, nay, not for millions of years. All things must have their end, and so will all planetary systems in the whole universe—all things must come to an end. Thus will the saying prove itself true—that God will be all in all.

TO LUCIA

She—Fashioned slender from the gods
Of beauty and of love.
And from the All-Seeing power,
The God above,
He blessed her as earth's fairest flower.

She—with a grace of lovely mien,
Of pureness and of truth,
Creates within my lonely soul
A world aloof
Of harmonizing thrills of joy
With those of love untold.

SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott, the prince of prose romancers, should be reckoned among the great benefactors of mankind. Of the works of prose in the nineteenth century, which have contributed to human happiness, none hold a more conspicuous place than the Waverly Novels, as is proved by their millions of readers; and now coming into the hands of the fourth generation, they are still one of the principal effective contemporary literary possessions of the English race.

19.
Criticism, which sooner or later assails all works of great fame, has but trifling effect upon them; they are invulnerable in the hearts of the people. They contain so much humanity in its simple and humble forms; they disclose such romantic scenes, such stir of gallantry, such a noble behavior, in connection with events and personages otherwise memorable, that they appeal to all classes of readers. They coetinate Scotland as Don Quixote contains Spain, only on a broader and more diversified scale. Cervantes, indeed, in many ways, comes into one's mind in connection with Scott.

Scott's descent was like that of Cervantes. He was of noble blood, but born in modest station. Scott was as much attached to his ancestors as a New Englander, and was continually harking back in his anecdotes to "Auld Watt" and "Beardie," and through these worthies he could trace the affluents of his blood to the great Scotch houses. His father was a member of the bar, and in the minute divisions of that body he occupied a more respectable place, than a position corresponding to an English solicitor. Perhaps the literary strain, which does not appear in the paternal ancestry, came from the mother, who was well educated. Although Scott had several brothers and a sister, the literary genius was wholly allotted to him. Owing to a lameness which developed in his right leg in childhood, an impediment to him throughout life, the boy passed his early years on his grandfather's farm and it is here that Scott tells us he first "came to himself." His lameness did not, however, prevent him from becoming famous as a climber, nor from taking part in the fight with the town boys, for, as usual in such cases, there were fierce feuds between the scholars of the High School and the boys of the town. As, in his school life, he passed from master to master, he did his task well and won their interest and favor, but it was rather by his sympathetic understanding of literature than by his brilliancy of mind.

From the start Scott was deeply interested in the roman-
tic antiquities of his own people, and his own country; he was an untiring listener to the tales of "sixty years since," and such like, to the wild stories of the old days on the Border of the exploits of celebrated leaders, and all the wonderful growth of the Scotch memory. His ear was early trained to love the rhythm of the old romantic verse which is found in his legends and ballads. He possessed the zeal of an antiquary in seeing the places where events had happened, the old fields of battle, the feudal strongholds, or whatever history had left its mark upon.

His father tolerated these tastes, but, to his practical mind, a literary career for his son would hardly have occurred. Nothing is more remarkable in Scotts' life than its entire naturalness. He seldom made a choice, but just did the next thing; so now he was apprenticed in his fathers office, and at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar, and devoted himself faithfully to his duties as a lawyer. Meanwhile, he maintained his literary pursuits as a matter of course. His contemporaries at the bar recall him as entertaining the throng of young lawyers with the same sort of romantic stories that had formerly delighted his school companions. He seemed overflowing with the lore of his country. Whatever the topic of conversation, Scott was always ready with some oldtime story, some historic incident or some apposite legend from the richly stored treasure-house of his memory.

Together with law, and legend Scott about this time was devoting himself to the acquisition of the German language. His first translation was of the German ballad "Lenore." This poem was printed by a friend in order that it might be presented in proper form to Scotts' lady-love. This was Scotts' first serious attempt to revive the old ballad poetry, and therefore the real beginning of his literary career.

Thus, indirectly, we may trace the entry of Scott into the world of letters to his attachment for one of the gentle sex. Cupids arrows, however, did not penetrate the wall around this fair one's heart and the disappointment was one
from which Scott never recovered. Too sane and wholesome in his nature to become morbid, yet there was left in his soul a lifelong reluctance to dwell upon a theme that never ceased to be painful. Even his marriage which was a happy one, did not entirely efface from his heart the image of his first love nor cure the grief caused by her refusal of him.

He was always a man of many affairs, of which literature was only one, and it took its place as a normal part of his life. At the age of twenty-eight he was made Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and five years later obtained the additional post of clerk to the Court of Sessions. Although he did not at once come into the emoluments of the latter, the two places secured him for life an ample, independent, and honorable station. His duties as sheriff took him across the country continually. He was thus in constant contact with Scotch life and country, and he never lost or relaxed his first impulse to know and see with his eyes, so far as eyes could see it, all the local history. He was also in love with the genius of Scotland as it was stamped on the people of all sorts and conditions. Human nature, the rough, hard article, free from its alloy of the town, was treasure-trove to him. The country people were very fond of him; to them he was to the end of his days "the Sheriff."

Until Scott was thirty, he regarded his literary pursuits as little more than recreation, though one would suppose he could not have been ignorant of the intense interest which he took in them as compared with the sense of duty that was his only inspiration to legal study. If any deliver in the old literature was in the neighborhood, he was close in his company; if there was a kindred scholar across the border he was in correspondence with him, and with such men he began that growing circle of friendships by letter, re-enforced with occasional visits, which is one of the most agreeable and peculiar pleasures of the literary life, and in Scotts' case was so large and interesting a part of his biography. For a time he concentrated his
interest in the endeavor to collect and edit the ballads in which he finally issued as the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in giving particular attention to old metrical romances. He was so far, in the line of his true development—a literary antiquary.

He wrote, perhaps, with as little self-confidence as ever any distinguished poet felt in composing his work, and was as much surprised by its reception as the world was by its appearance. He won at once a popular crown which the hand of Byron was to wrest from him.

The merit of Scott's poetry has been much attacked by latter-day critics; but they gave evidence of the power he was one day to display, and were so striking as to give hint that he was to influence deeply the poetical fashions of his day.

After Byron "beat" him as he said, he felt that the next thing to do was to appeal to the public in a new line and solved the situation by turning to prose fiction.

His entrance on the field of prose bears a close resemblance to his debut in poetry. The novels gave Scott a field wherein to display all the wealth he had accumulated in years of study, research, and intercourse with his countrymen. Few of his gatherings could be formed into poems, but in the Waverleys all the rich store could be utilized for the adornment of his pages.

Veracity is the first great quality of the "Waverley Novels." The second is the emotional power. The third commanding trait is creative power. It is this that places Scott among the greatest imaginative prose writers of the world, and makes him the first of romancers, as Shakespeare is the first of dramatists.

The Waverley Novels made Scott one of the famous men of Europe; he held a place of distinction unshared at home. He was the idol of his own country, and was honored and beloved in every English speaking land. Through the success of his poems he won an immense fortune, which he spent in a magnificent way on his home, Abbotsford;
here again is the trait of Quixotism. Thus Scotts' dream of a baronial mansion almost came to pass. But at the moment of realization, the crash in his fortunes, which occurred through the failure of a publishing house, swept away everything and condemned him to spend the remainder of his days in a heroic effort to die an honest man. He met the situation that confronted him with a courage, an unwearied labor, a reckless expenditure of mental power and physical health, which illustrates his marvelous tenacity of nature. In fourteen years he wrote twenty-three novels, but the effort broke him down physically and mentally, and hastened his death. Carlyle, who saw him at this time, said of him: "His fine Scotch face with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it,—ploughed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it, we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

So far we have spoken of Scott chiefly as a writer. But as a man every new evidence brought to light makes clearer the sterling lovablenes and genial human kindness of his nature. His life not saintly, as we wish the lives of women to be, not without weakness, but a source of strength to others, with right humilities and the right prides and unshaken in its loyalties.

His works are a great feature in English literature; they lie massive in the geography of the soul's country, where she builds her earthly mansions. We always close the volume, whatever it may be with Tennyson's exclamation in our hearts.

"O great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known."

"Rob Roy."

24.
BECAUSE OF THE SEA

"Ain’t it nice, Bob, to have nothing to do?" remarked Nell, from her position on the log by the side of the stream, to the little boy in the water below, who was trying very persistently to catch tadpoles. There was no response to her question, but Bob left the tadpoles to themselves and climbed on the log beside her. Here they sat in silence with their bare feet in the water.

The stream flowed on and its waters were mixed with those of the pond just below. The birds sang their summer songs sweeter than ever before; and the flowers nodded to each other as the gentle west wind whispered some love message to each. All was so very still that the little tadpoles and fishes hardly dared to breathe and remained very near the bottom of the stream. Nelle broke the silence.

"Bob, what are you going to do when you get to be a man?"

Bob ceased wiggling his feet in the water, sat up very straight, and looked at Nelle for a minute.

"Why," he said thoughtfully, "I’m going to be a doctor like Uncle John, and have people coming after me way in the night and all times a day, and then I’ll have me a big buggy and a fast horse, and all the little boys will run out of the road when they hear me coming."

"O! I wouldn’t like that 'cause you might have to cut off somebody’s arm and see people suffer and maybe die!"

"That wouldn’t matter, I could stand it and not cry a bit."

Bob looked out over the pond to where the boats were held rather reluctantly by iron chains. They moved slowly up and down scraping each other’s sides as if they were tired of being so inactive.

"Nelle, don’t you want to see the ocean?" asked Bob.

"O! I have seen it lots of times. There the water goes as high as that tree and the sand is so white and pretty," said Nelle. "Uncle John told me all about it the other day and I think maybe I’d rather be one of those men who go out in the boats and save people when they get way out in
the ocean. I'd reach them when they were just about to drown and bring them back and then if I were a doctor, too, I could make them well again," continued Bob very proudly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nelle, "that would be fine. I have seen them go way out in the boats and bring back people who looked as if they were dead."

"Would you do it if you were I?"

"I had rather stay here, it's so nice and cool. But boys don't ever know just what they want." "Now, Nelle, don't let's fuss and come on, it's time for us to go." Nelle rose rather reluctantly. Bob took his fishing pole and Nelle's lunch basket and they went home hand in hand.

* * * * *

A slender figure clad in a rich red bathing suit stood on the beach ready for her morning plunge. The night before had been very hot and her sleep had been broken by many dreams. How nice and fresh the morning air felt to her hot face. She walked slowly down the beach thinking how glad she was to feel so free again. She felt too that she deserved a vacation and a good time for she had worked hard to make the first place in her class and had won. She remembered now how happy she had been the night she read the Valedictory. Even now she could shut her eyes and feel that she stood there again. She saw that same face in the audience and had that same feeling in her heart.

The sound of the waves made her remember that she was near the ocean. From the far away east the great sun shed his kindly rays on the earth. A few fleecy clouds were floating here and there. The waves rolled higher and higher and farther and farther up the beach. There was not a soul in sight—note even any one to be seen around the boat house. The ocean, the sky, the beach were all left to themselves, save for one intruder.

Nelle Moore scanned the horizon and then let her eyes rest on the ocean. How enviting it looked. She felt that she was happier now than she had been for some time.
From the white-capped wave there seemed to come a voice that cried, "Welcome, welcome." Nelle had always loved nature but the ocean never appealed before to her just as it did today. She felt that she was going to the arms of a friend and one who could sympathize with her.

As the first cool sprays touched her burning cheeks she knew she loved the ocean more than ever before. With but little delay she was lost in the great waves of the ocean. What if she could not have come to it when she was weary of the world? Only the mighty waves knew and they lifted her very tenderly and helped her as nothing else could to forget. She felt that life was worth living even with all the great prices it demanded.

She rode wave after wave and swam farther and farther out. As she was swimming she began to think how she had been blessed above other girls. How very happy she should be. Dame Fate had only once been against her and she had tried to believe it was all right and mother knew best.

Now she began to realize that she was growing tired and must go back. The waves were very high and breakers were roaring loudly. The shore was so far away but she felt sure that she could swim back. But soon she knew her strength was failing her and the undertow was so strong. She swam awhile and floated awhile but at last there came the cramped, numb feeling and she knew that she was gradually losing control of herself. One more struggle, one more stroke and she felt herself sinking.

The sun grew dimmer and was almost gone. Then it began to grow bright again and then dark and then bright. All her life seemed to pass in a panorama before her eyes; from her earliest recollections to the present she thought of her Mother and her fond hopes and then of her Father who loved her so dearly, then of class-day when she had read the valedictory and of that face in the audience which she could not forget. Then there was the sound of a voice and all was growing dark again.
“Bob,” murmured Nelle and the light went completely out.

* * * * *

The last rays of the afternoon sun stole through the rose lattice and rested on the pale face of Nelle who was propped upon a steamer chair sofa pillow. By her side sat an elderly lady with both of Nelle’s hands in her own.

“Mother,” said Nelle, “Little did I think two days ago that we would ever sit here again all alone and watch the sun go to sleep. The ocean is grand, and the sun is grand, and I love them both. But you are grander than everything and I love you best.”

“Darling,” said Mrs. Moore, as the tears sprang to her eyes, “God alone knows how thankful I am that I have you here. You are all I have and my every hope is in you.”

“You have asked me not to talk about it all for fear I would get excited but, Mother, won’t you just tell me who saved me? I heard a voice and it seemed to me that—that it was—Bob.”

“You are right, Nelle, it was Bob, yes, Bob Lawson,” and Mrs. Moore put her arms around Nelle and kissed her saying, “I have stood between you and Bob too long, but I shall not do so any more. He is coming tonight and if you still love each other I want you to be happy. I am going now, but will come back later.”

Left to herself she lay back in her chair and closed her tired eyes. When she opened them again the sun was gone and the twilight was slowly settling on the earth. The waves were gently lapping the beach and in the distance she could see the lighthouse with its ever “trimmed and burning” lights. The sweet odor of the roses was wafted to her by the sea breeze. Every thing seemed so fairy-like that she felt like Alice in Wonderland.

But suddenly she was brought to earth by the sound of footsteps. She felt her heart beat more quickly as she recognized that step. Was she really to see him whom she had loved so long in silence? Was her fondest dream at
last to come true? Then a tall, broadshouldered, manly figure stood before her. Words left her. Two hands closed over hers and Bob dropped on his knees at her feet.

"Nelle, darling, I have come, and patiently have I waited for the time when I could come. The time has seemed long but now, sweetheart, I am fully repaid, you love me don't you?

"Y—yes Bob," and Nelle's head dropped on his shoulder.

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CHIVALRY

Chivalry has been called the "flower of feudalism." It began to exist in the eleventh century and died out in the fifteenth. It was not a formal institution, and had no founder but came into existence throughout Western Europe to meet the desires of the time. It had neither officers nor a written constitution. One was not born a knight but even one born low could be raised to knighthood on account of having performed some valorous deed.

During the latter part of the twelfth century the ideal gentleman in England was a knight. And it may be interesting to note that the ideal knight was the king, Richard Coeur de Lion. In order for one to become a knight he first served for a long term in a friendly castle as a page and during this time he was to be the very essence of obedience and courtesy. He then became a squire and his duty was to serve his lord by carving his meat, filling his wine cup, carrying his helmet, and in a tournament to help his lord to remount if thrown from his horse and if wounded to drag him out of battle. After seven years as a squire he then became a knight. He had learned to ride well and to use his sword. Before becoming a knight he must first spend a day and night in a church fasting and praying. In the presence of his friends and others, he promised to be loyal to the king, to defend the church, and to protect every lady that might need his aid. Then a lady of high rank buckled on his spurs and put on him the sword that had been
blessed by the priest. Then some noble struck him lightly on the shoulder with a sword and said, "In the name of God, Saint Michael, and Saint George, I dub thee knight. Be brave, ready and loyal."

In early chivalry, in northern France, the duties of the knight were mostly concerned with the services of the church and against the infidel also the feudal obligations. Later, in the Arthurian legends and the songs of the troubadours, the knight is pictured as a polished gentleman and valorous to his lady. The knight must at all times be the champion of truth and right. As some one has expressed it "Chivalry was the Christianized profession of arms."

There was much good in knighthood. Men, who at that time were interested in fighting, were taught in this manner to be generous to their enemies and courteous to women; to have respect for age, and care for music and poetry. "Every good has its accompanying evil," so it was with chivalry. The knight did not respect people who were of lower rank than he, accordingly he treated his inferiors very cruelly at times.

He of the middle ages, on his caparisoned steed, has long disappeared.

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

O. G.
IN THE CHOIR

I sat in a quiet corner
   Of the grey church over the hill,
And I heard the singers' voices
   The echoing arches fill.

How often, O how often,
   I had wished that the song they sung
Might rise to the heavens, like incense,
   From the censer of my tongue!

And I thought how many thousands,
   Whose hearts were full of praise
Had walked through the world in silence
   For all their nights and days,

Whose breasts were heavy and restless
   With the burden of thought unsaid;
When the words that they would not utter
   Fell on the heart like lead.

Then I thought of the saints in Heaven,
   Who were dumb on earth so long,
That have burst the barriers of silence
   And overflow in song.

And I stood in awe of the rapture
   That unto those souls is given
Who know not the joy of singing
   Till they sang in the courts of Heaven.

It may be their touch will tremble
   On the strings of the harps of gold,
For it never was trained to cunning
   On keys of earthly mould.
But no voice in the chorus of Heaven
Will be sweeter than that which sings
In melody never awakened
For the praise of earthly things.

And forever and forever,
In the city of crown and palm,
It shall fill all the mansions of Heaven
With a new and wonderful psalm.

And all through the years of my waiting,
While I must listening stand,
I am learning the notes of anthem
I shall sing in the Better Land.
—Jennie Thornley Clarke.

INNER HAPPINESS

Inner happiness takes love into its heart and becomes a sanctuary for it; therefore it admits all just and honorable feeling. This happiness results from the faithful accomplishment of the vocation which has been traced out for us by Nature; it does not require us to contradict the purpose of nature. True development in the things that God has called us to do cannot but bring happiness to the soul. True development is self-development, we will not be happy if we depend on other people or artificial help. Nothing can be done for us that we ought to do for ourselves. When it is attempted it is not done for us, it is done against us. In the art of life one should lean on God and himself, so as to bring in the larger, happier life.

This happiness is not totally free from suffering, as there are many legitimate sufferings and solicitudes of the heart, it may harmonize, it may harmonize with suffering and solicitude. Nothing which is lawful and true takes away from the state—or from the state of the soul, which is itself a sort of a concert formed by justice and truth. Most
of our troubles originate with ourselves, they are not originally the infliction of God. Out of much of our sufferings, whether sent by His immediate hand or brought on us by our own faults, much eventual good is drawn out by him, who, by turning our sufferings to our benefit repairs by grace the evils produced by sin. God helps us to suffer with firmness, we accept it with resignation. Some times indeed the peace is more exquisite on account of suffering, for suffering has secret but real relations with our destinations.

There is in this happiness, something healing which soothes secretly and insensibly the wounds of the heart, and even the sufferings of the body. In this happy state of mind we are moved without agitation and rest without ennui. The small disappointments in pleasure or little difficulties in our work do not put us out of temper. Disappointments of that nature will be made most useful, because we look upon them as preparatory to those greater ones which may be given to our lot in life. We must be ready and willing to give up some part of what we wish for, before we can enjoy that which is indulgent to us. With this inner happiness which only close communion with God can give, we can do easily what is prescribed to us without murmuring. Our sight is obscured by no cloud, nothing disturbs the depths of our tranquil hearts, for we walk in the way traced out for us by our Creator. We enjoy fully the kindness of the Creator, we live in His love, recognizing a blessing in the trials which are laid upon us, trusting everything to Him who doeth all things well. We find in all things, however, good or seemingly bad, a source of satisfaction, as far as they are absolutely necessary to our condition. For we recognize the fact that our places in life are assigned to us by the Supreme Ruler.

Inner happiness is to the faculties of man like the dewy morning to the plants of Mother Earth. It gives light to the mind, ideas are easily distinguished and classed. The intellect is clearer, self-government is made easier, the faculties of the soul are active, the whole being acquires quali-
ties of new force and purity. We penetrate easily into the depths of the soul, we know better what we wish, our will is more decided and frank. Our hearts bubble over with love for all mankind, how pleased we feel with ourselves and others! We never feel like breaking the "Golden Rule," it comes perfectly natural for us to "Do unto others as we would have them do unto us." It helps us to claim less, we forgive more for we have less need of others and are less vulnerable. Besides, the calmness within ourselves is spread over those around us, as it were, unconsciously. The presence, alone, of a genuinely happy person brings confidence and hope and soothes the storms of passion of one who is discontented, disquieted and easily agitated.

Inner happiness is the expression of moral order; as beauty in an edifice proves the regularity of its proportions. It is the embodiment of virtue itself and therefore when beam ing on the brow of the good, it becomes a sort of eloquent language, which penetrates to the depths of the heart. It is the charm of character, the loss of this charm cannot bring anything but a deep, lasting, acute remorse. The thoughts of morality are cordial to the soul. We owe to this blessed happiness, in an especial manner, the pleasure we take in the consideration of Nature. We find peace constantly reproduced in varied scenes of Nature, those pictures are living and real and if we are in harmony with our selves they seem to applaud us.

Inner happiness is not perfect if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others. Before we give way to any violent emotion of anger, this inner peace helps us to stop and consider the objects which excite it, and to reflect for a moment, whether the thing we so ardently desire, or so vehemently resent, be really of as much importance to us as that delightful tranquility of soul, which in pursuit of it, we renounce. If on a fair calculation we find we are not likely to get as much as we are sure to lose,
then, even putting all religious consideration out of the question, common sense and human policy will tell us, we have made a foolish and unprofitable exchange. This happiness is a part of one’s self; the object of our resentment may be only a matter of opinion; and certainly what makes a portion of our actual happiness, ought to be too dear to us to be sacrificed for a trifling, foreign, perhaps imaginary good. Then, too, it keeps us from perpetually mistaking the qualities and dispositions of our own hearts. If we feel that God is always near us, we are not likely to elevate our failings into virtues and qualify our vices into weakness. We will not hear innocence maligned without vindicating it; falsehood asserted without contradicting it; or religion profaned without resenting it. If we did our conscience would make us unhappy.

A true spirit will not have to look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home. By a sort of devine Alchyny it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising; it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances, “it will suck honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock.” Unlike the pleasures of sense and selfishness this pleasure grows by enjoyment. It is an animated living pleasure which awakens all the moral energies within us. Under its influence, the soul, feeling itself unshackled, raises itself rom the miseries which weigh it down free, confident and dignified, gazing with joy upon the prospect of great things and inspiring to undertake them.

It is not hard to distinguish the true from the artificial happiness. The former is universal and habitual; the latter local and temporary. The temper of the mind has a strong influence on the features: “Wisdom maketh the face to shine and surely no part of wisdom is more likely to produce this amiable effect, a placid serenity of soul. Most of the worldly things are transient, would not the truly wise, therefore wish to have some one possession which they
might call their own, in the severest exigencies? But this wish can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that inner happiness, which as the world had no hand in giving, it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and soften the moroseness of age; let it mitigate authority in those who rule, and promote deference among those who obey. Unite it with proper zeal for all that is right and just and true, character thus supported cannot but command real respect. Perfect happiness is one of the attributes with which we love to clothe those superior intelligences, those angelic natures which seem to us to form an intermediate link between the divinity and man, and which occupy the highest summits of moral nature.

H. ’08.

GHOSTS

Sue Manor is my room mate, and she and Kitty Carter are my best friends.

Sue and I were in K’tty’s room one night about six weeks before school closed, discussing our plans for the coming vacation.

“Of course both of you are coming to my house party in July,” Kitty was saying when we were interrupted by the welcome (?) sound of the room bell.

“Time for us to go, Bess,” said Sue. “Come along.”

“Come on, Kit, and sleep with us tonight,” I said as we were leaving.

“All right,” answered Kitty, “but I must take this book back to Nellie, first. Wait here till I come back. I won’t be gone a minute.”

Kitty’s minute lengthened into five, and then into ten. We had begun to wonder what had become of her when she came flying into the room, out of breath and laughing.

“O, girls!” she cried, “Miss Smith nearly caught me. She came into Nettie’s room and stayed and stayed till I
thought she never would go. I hid under the bed, so she didn't catch me, but it was a narrow escape."

"I hope Miss Mason will not catch us on the way to our room," said Sue, "Come on, girls."

Three kimono clad figures stole softly down the hall and into number 46.

Soon we were snugly in bed.

"Let's tell ghost stories," I proposed.

"All right," answered Kitty, "You be first, Bess."

"Well, let me see, I'll tell you about an experience I had last summer that's a little bit ghosty. Mildred, Maria, Sadie and I were among the guests at a house party given by Mr. and Mrs. Gentry, who lives in L———. All four of us girls slept in one room. Sadie was my bed-fellow and Mildred and Maria slept together. We were lying in bed telling ghost stories. Sadie had just finished a particularly awesome one when we were startled by the shrill cry of a screech owl. I tell you we dived under the cover! We had just emerged from it and our hair had about resumed its natural position when something big and black flew in through the open window, and flopped down on the floor, close by our bed. Down under the cover we went again. We stayed there for what seemed ages to us. At last I peeped from under the cover just in time to see it fly out of the window. I guess it must have been a bat which had been attracted by our light.

Well, we lay there for a long time, very quiet, but none of us could go to sleep, for the ghost stories combined with our "scare," had made us all rather nervous, and ready to get frightened at anything.

"Girls," Mildred said at last, "do you hear that little tapping noise?"

"We listened, and, sure enough, we heard a faint little rap, tap, tap. At first it was very faint, but as we listened, it grew steadily louder and seemed to come nearer. We suggested several explanations but none of them satisfied us.
"O, girls, I know it is a ghost!" sobbed Mildred. 'Do shut the windows!"

"But no one was brave enough to do so, so the windows stayed up.

"'See here,' I exclaimed at last, 'do you remember that ladder that was leaning against the porch that these windows open on? What if somebody were to climb up by it and come into the room!'

'I had not gotten the words out of my mouth before there was a loud crash on the porch outside—'

Crash! went something right under our bed.

"Mercy!" screamed Sue, "What's that?"

Just then someone rapped on our door and we heard the voice of Miss Mason, the teacher who roomed next to us, asking what was the matter.

By this time we had discovered that it was only a slat that had fallen out of our bed and frightened us so, so we told her, and she left, telling us that we had better go to sleep.

As soon as she had gone the girls began to clamor for the end of my story.

"Well," I continued, "you know we had just heard the crash outside, and we screamed at the top of our voices. In a few minutes Mrs. Gentry came into our room.

"'O, Mrs. Gentry,' we all cried at once, 'did you hear that noise?'

"'Yes,' she answered, 'and, hearing you scream, I knew that you were frightened so I came to let you know that it was only the dog, who had upset a chair on the porch.'

"Of course we were very much relieved. We told her, though, about the peculiar noise that we had heard.

"'Listen!' said Sadie. 'You can hear it now.'

"Mrs. Gentry listened for a moment. Then she laughed, 'You silly children!' she said, 'Don't you know that that is only Mildred's watch ticking?'

"Sure enough, that was what it was. Then we saw what geese we had been, and of course we weren't afraid any
longer. But Mr. Gentry heard all about it, and he hasn’t quit teasing us about our ghost yet.”

“Well,” said Sue sleepily, “I’m glad your ghost wasn’t a sure enough one. I think we’ve had enough of ghosts for tonight. Good night. I’m going to sleep.”

In a few minutes we were fast asleep, and woke up only at the sound of the rising bell the next morning.

A. R.

WHAT IS LENT?

The question is often asked, what is the meaning of the season of Lent and why do a large body of Christians all over the world observe it as a special period of Prayer and Fasting.

It is an ancient practice and had its origin in the early days of Christianity. The Primitive Church set aside a period of forty days for special prayer and fasting to prepare themselves for the great and joyous Festival of our Saviour’s Resurrection at Easter; and it is therefore called the Paschal Fast. It has been observed in all ages and parts of the Christian church with great solemnity. Following the example of our Blessed Lord, who for our sakes “fasted forty days and forty nights,” in the dedication of the New Covenant as Moses (Exod. XXIV-18) and Elias ence, in order to follow Christ, as it were, into the wilder-consecrated the same number of days to fasting and abstinence, in order to follow Christ, as it were, into the wilder-ness, to mortify and subdue the flesh, to purify their hearts and prepare themselves for the Easter communion. It is a solemn and sacred time to practice self-discipline, to acquire the mastery over self, to put down our besetting sins and to subdue the flesh to the spirit. An opportunity for the building up and deepening our spiritual life, in other words to learn that, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.”
Irenaeans who lived but ninety years from the death of St. John and conversed familiarly with St. Polycorp, as Polycorps had with St. John, has happened to let us know, though incidentally, that the season was observed in his time, so it was in that of his predecessors. At first, so it is stated by some ancient authors, the period of fasting was for forty hours, beginning about 12 o’clock on Friday (the time of our Saviour’s falling under the power of death) and continuing till Sunday morning, the time of his rising again from the dead. But afterwards it was enlarged to a longer time, drawn out into more days and then weeks till it was at last fixed to forty days, the same length of time that our blessed Saviour himself observed when he was pleased to fast. The season receives its name from the time of the year wherein it is observed. Lent in the old Saxon language signifying Spring, being now used to signify this Spring fast, which always begins so that it may end at Easter; to remind us of our Saviour’s sufferings, which ended at His Resurrection.

During this whole season the primitive Christians used to give the most public testimonies of sorrow and repentance and to show the greatest signs of humiliation that can be imagined; no marriages were allowed at the time, nor anything that might give the exact occasion to enirth or cheerfulness. Realizing the blessing and great benefit which is derived from a proper and sincere observance of this solemn season of Lent and in accordance with the custom of the early Church, are found the Greek, Roman and English churches and some few of the Christian denominations observing Lent, as a season for retiring from the world and worldly amusements, that their members might spend their time in more frequent services and communions, in practicing abstinence and praying more earnestly and sincerely for a revival of God’s spirit in their hearts. Laying up in store, as it were, spiritual strength, that they might resist the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. Fasting if sincerely and conscientious-
ly engaged in, is beneficial and helpful to the Christian life and acceptable to God; so are we assured by Christ Himself: "When ye fast, etc., appear not unto men to fast, but to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

It is of two sorts: the one outward, pertaining to the body—the other inward in the heart and mind—The outward fast is an abstinence from meat, drink and all natural food, for the determined time of fasting, yea, from all delicacies, pleasures, and delectations worldly. The inward fast, consists in that godly sorrow which leads us to bewail and detest our sins and from committing them. Observing then this season consistently, praying more earnest for God's grace and the forgiveness of our sins, meditating more seriously on our Lord's life, we are enabled to enter more fully into Christ's sufferings on Good Friday and to rejoice more triumphantly when we commemorate His Resurrection.

M. H.

APRIL PRANKS

Elizabeth, commonly known as Bet, was the prettiest girl in college, also the leader in all the mischief. There was something about her that made everybody fall in love with her and become so completely fascinated that she could make them do anything.

One day late in March four girls received an invitation to a feast to be held in Bet's room at quarter past nine. As soon as the bell rang all four darted down the hall and found Bet awaiting them.

"Mary has gone for some water," said Bet, "She'll be back in a minute and then we six will be ready for one more meeting all alone. I'll lock the door, and mind, now, if any one knocks you are all to be perfectly quiet."

Just then Mary came hurrying in. "Quick", said she, "you know we only have half an hour. Bet, you get out the chocolate and milk while I light the stove and we'll
soon have some hot chocolate. Polly, you’ll find the cake and sandwiches behind the screen.”

“Now,” said Bet, when each girl had helped herself to a cup of steaming chocolate, “have you girls realized that April the first is only ten days off and we haven’t planned the least little bit of fun yet?”

“What idea is forming in your futile brain now?” said Polly.

“Just the brightest idea you ever heard of. You know Mrs. Prexy usually has all the faculty dine with her sometime in January. She didn’t do it this year, and I happened to hear one teacher express his disappointment. They think the invitation must come sometime before June, though. Why can’t we send them invitations to dine with Mrs. Prexy on the night of April first? Not one of them will ever suspect us, and we can slip around there and see how surprised everybody will be.”

The girls were rather doubtful at first as to the advisability of doing this, but Bet soon brought them around to her point of view. “Oh, girls,” she said, “don’t you know that Mrs. Prexy enjoys jokes and even if we are caught, we’ll get through without any trouble.”

A few days afterward every teacher received an informal little note asking her to dine with the president’s wife on the night of April first.

Bet happened to hear Miss Simpson and Miss Davis discussing the invitations. Miss Davis was a lively little creature, fond of any kind of social life. She knew they would have a nice time, as Mrs. M——— was a good entertainer, while Miss Simpson, who was not a general favorite, wondered if Mrs. M——— thought they were children, and if not why she should celebrate All Fools Day. “Just like the old thing,” thought Bet, “when she gets there she’ll think it’s All Fool’s Day sure enough; and what’s more we’ll put a mouse in her room that day or my name isn’t Elizabeth Ware.”

At six o’clock on the night of April first six girls could
be seen stealing across the campus toward the president's home. They went around the side of the house and stopped in the shadow of a friendly oak tree near the parlor window. Mary peeped in.

"Oh, girls, what do you suppose! Mrs. Prexy is all dressed up!"

Whatever the girls may have thought they were forced to keep still just then, for two teachers were coming up the walk.

There in dismay of the girls Mrs. M——— greeted the two teachers as if she expected them, and the others as well when they came.

Six bewildered girls hurried back to College Hall. The most bewildered of all was Bet, for five girls were tormenting her unmercifully.

The next day Mary hurried up stairs, burst into the room like a whirlwind, and told Bet that Prexy had a notice on the bulletin board requesting Miss Elizabeth Ware to come to the office.

A thoroughly frightened Elizabeth Ware went down to the office. "Dr. M———, did you send for me?"

"Why, no Miss Ware, but you came at just the right time. Mrs. M——— wishes you to come to tea with her tonight and bring four or your friends.

But Miss Ware had fled precipitately. She saw through the whole trick. "Mary Clark, you awful creature; And I didn't think to look on the board as I went by. Why didn't you kill me instead of scaring me to death? I have some news for you, though Mrs. Prexy wants me to take tea with her tonight and bring five of my friends. Do you suppose she suspects anything? Guess I'd better go and tell the other girls.

That night six girls with fluttering hearts presented themselves at the president's home.

At the tea table, Bet, who had been chosen spokesman, told the whole story. "And to think," she said, "that you are giving us this nice time after the mean thing we did
last night. I believe you knew we did it, and thought the best way to punish us would be to make us feel thoroughly ashamed. You couldn’t have done it more easily either.”

It was Mrs. M———’s turn to be surprised. It seemed that she really had asked the teachers to dinner that night, and that teachers, upon receiving two invitations, had supposed that Mrs. M——— had made some mistake. They had told her about the extra invitations, and she had immediately concluded that some of the girls had sent them. “But I had no idea what girls had done it,” she added.

“Girls,” said Bet, as they returned to their rooms, “I hereby most solemnly declare that I will never again attempt to play a trick on Mrs. Prexy.”

Lydia Richardson.

“THE PICKERNINNIES”

I

Three little pickerninnies settin’ in the sun,
Watch out darkey or your face you’ll burn,
Then with a switch your mall go whack,
’Cause you let your face burn black.

II

“Come here Jack,” old Jake, the pa, says,
“Don’t you hear?” I’ll pull your ears,
“Go to that field and fetch some corn
To grind and make bread for tomorrow morn.

III

“Come here Susie, don’t you see
What I have for you to do for me?
Get busy now, and take this broom
And sweep the hall and porch and room.”

IV

“Come here Eliza Jane,” I say,
With lazy girls that’s just the way,
Can’t make them do one thing but sit
And a pair or two of gloves they’ll knit.
V
I tell you I will make them mind,
If Nancy does say 'taint no sign
Of laziness, to see the girls
Sit down and knit or twist their curls,
VI
But Nancy says they're the smartest folks
She ever saw, if she does have to coax
To get some work done, but my, me
There Jake and Nancy disagree.

J. C

JOHN WICLIF

John Wiclif was a noted English reformer, often called the “Morning Star of the Reformation.”

He was born probably near Richmond, in York. The known facts of his life are few and meagre. It seems that he belonged to a well-to-do family of the lower nobility and was sent to the University of Oxford. In 1360 he became Master of Balliol College, he was made rector of the neighboring parish of Fillingham, of Luddarshall and of Lutterworth. In 1365, he served as the King’s chaplain and from this time he is in close relation with the government. He was made a member of the royal commission to confer with legates of the Pope of Brugis in 1375. He attracted much attention, and in 1376 was summoned before Bishop Courtenay to give an account of his teaching. A series of papal bulls were produced against him, authorizing the authorities to proceed against him, but he was supported by so strong a faction that nothing could be done. He was brought up a second time, but was allowed to withdraw with only a slight admonition.

After this he remained at Oxford writing and teaching, and trying to make his work more exact and clear and winning many friends.

His doctrine was carried to Prague, and became the basis of a revolt under John Huss.
The activities of Wyclif may be classified as political theological, and evangelical, but these are all closely connected by a common principle of thought. The one creative idea which governed all his actions and which may be regarded as Wyclif's contribution to the Reformation, is the right of the individual to form his opinion on the basis of Scripture and reason, and then to carry out these opinions in association with other individuals as suited them and him. He describes himself as a realist, and worked according to methods of the medieval period of thought, though his works are tinged by the nominalistic writing of William of Ockham and Marsiglio of Padua. The nature of this new thought was the comparative unimportance of traditions in church and state, and the corresponding right of the member of the body to govern themselves as they wished. Such ideas fell in naturally with the newly developed nationalistic feeling in all counties, especially in England. If it was true that Englishmen owed their first duty to England, then there must be some way to show that such national loyalty was consistent with fidelity to the Christian faith.

Wyclif's first public service to the Government was in furnishing a demonstration like this:

The Pope living in France in 1365, renewed a claim long neglected on England for the tribute promised by King John more than 150 years before, as a part of his bargain with Rome. Money given to the Papacy by England seemed to be money given to an enemy, France and the Government sought a valid excuse. Wyclif furnished this in his Determinatio quaedam de Dominio. In it he showed that the nation had the some rights of self-preservation as an individual, that the Papacy being a spiritual power, could not lawfully exercise power over a dependent country; and, finally, King John had no right to make any such bargain without the consent of the people.

Wyclif was placed in the position of a condemned heretic, but no power in England was strong enough to enforce the
bulls against a man who had made himself champion of national rights as against all foreign aggression. The principles governing political questions are laid down by him in two great works; De Dominio Divinio, and Civili Dominio, in which he tried to show the limits of human lordship, and especially of the lordships of the church over temporal things. He appeals throughout to Scripture as the highest expression of the divine law, and in opposition to the man-made statutes of the Roman church. From this supreme authority of Scripture, Wiclif went on naturally to the importance of teaching it to every Christian, and giving it to the world in common form or tongue.

Wiclif was the first to translate the Bible in any systematic way. This English translation of the Bible was the chief agency in spreading the ideas that form that practical side of Wiclif's activity. He sent men about mostly the ones who had heard him at Oxford to teach his doctrines. He did not believe in the sacramental observances, especially of the Eucharist. He could not accept the doctrine that in the consecration of the elements the accidents were separated from the substance they represented, and therefore had to deny the doctrine of transubstantiation. He tried his best to come to certain views upon the matter but could not.

N. G., '08
Editorial Department

EVELYN PACK. JESSIE BRYANT.

Editors.

THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION

On March 27th and 28th the College Press Association held its annual meeting in Spartanburg. It was a most enjoyable occasion, both Converse and Wofford doing all in their power to make it so for their visitors.

Now that it is all over, we are wondering just what good has been done. In what way our magazine will be benefited. The much suffering constitution was again revised. The amendments made were necessary ones, but we hope the constitution may be left in peace at our next meeting.

At one of the meetings papers were read which offered
good, practical suggestions toward solving some of the difficulties of college journalism.

The most real benefit was probably the establishing of a wider interest between our various college magazines. In knowing and becoming friends with those who compose the staffs of our neighbors, a closer relationship follows, and by the exchange of ideas, much good may be accomplished.

HE CONQUERS WHO CONQUERS HIMSELF

"Jupiter suspended our faults in a bag on our backs; so that we might see the faults of others but could not see our own." Our whole thought are for our own selfish lives and in almost every act of ours may be seen something of that selfishness that is the stumbling block in every path to success. How essential it is for us to realize the necessity of overcoming our own selfish desires and pleasures! Before we have done this nothing however small can be accomplished. When we forget self the road to that high and noble life is paved with asphalt; all duties become pleasures and every task is a delight. "If self is made subservient to the studied plans of the mind he will find a gulf stream ready and waiting to bear him on toward the goal of his ambition."

Habits practiced in youth become fetters which bind us until we reach the grave. We may be able to partly break them, but we can never entirely cast them off. Then it is necessary for us to conquer ourselves in youth if we would reach that higher life to which every earnest student aspires. In the building of character self plays the most important part. Each time a selfish desire is overcome we strengthen our will, for the next temptation, for each victory helps us some other to win. "Character is the result of reiterated choice between good and evil;" and if self is the most prominent feature of our lives we shall not be able to decide which is the good and which is the bad.

The men who have succeeded in this life are those who
have wholly or in part conquered their selfish desires. The ambitious self of Aaron Burr dragged him from an immense almost equal to that of Thomas Jefferson down to the position of a suspected traitor. Had it not been for the wonderful self-control and mastery of Demosthenes, where would be the greatest and noblest philosopher that has ever existed? Truly

"Heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

THE AFTER EFFECTS OF THE COLLINWOOD DISASTER

An old adage says "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The Collinwood disaster has been much discussed, and is doubtless familiar to all. Nearly 200 children died amidst most heart-rendering circumstances. Although this is a smaller death roll than that of the Slocum or Iroquois theatre disaster, it is more appalling. The children had been taught the fire drill and had learned to empty the building in a minute and a half. They did their part, and yet this availed nothing, because some office holders had tried to save a little money on their school building.

Since this disaster many people eyes are being opened and they are trying to remedy matters. Our school buildings are being examined. In our own city the children are acquiring the greatest perfection of the fire drill. There is no excuse for the Americans; they can well afford to put up budilings where their children will be safe, or at least where they may be given a chance for their lives.
Exchange Department

Harriet Bentz, Editor.

In looking over the March magazines we noticed a marked improvement over the February issues. One of the best exchanges for this month is the Wake Forest Student. It is well balanced and is not lacking in good material. Would that we could say the same of more of our college magazines! It contains four well-written poems and several good stories. And we must not forget the essays, all of which are interesting. "The Safeguard of the Republic," is well thought out and shows us how necessary education is for the welfare of our country. "The Builders of the South" is very interesting for as the author says, "we are inclined to be forgetful of how our prosperity came." The real builders of the South are not "those who in war and peace exercised such wisdom, courage and foresight that they are rightly placed in the galaxy of heroes," but "those whose names, many of them, are not known outside their own immediate neighborhood; those who have patiently, quietly wrought out the South of today.

The exchange department is especially good. We agree with the editor that "college students should not devote so many essays to the lives of great men like Tennyson, Milton, etc., who have long since passed to rest and whose lives to the smallest details have been recorded by so many writers. Let them select as their subjects men who are now living and give us something new."

The Clemson Chronicle as a whole is good, though it might have been better if it had had more poems in it. The essays are excellent and are well worked out. The au-
Author of "Is Oratory a Lost Art" succeeded in convincing us that it was not. The essays entitled "Education" and "Co-operation of Labor and Capital" show careful preparation on the part of their authors. The stories are well written and better than the average. "Bob Harvey's Last Run" holds the reader's interest to the end.

The Carolinian is one of our best exchanges and the March number is up to its usual standard. The poems are all good perhaps the best is "Ideals" the last stanza is well worth remembering:

"Virtue, as art, to all is free,
'Tis wounded when immersed; if fettered
Half 'tis of what it ought to be;
Once stain-befouled can ne'er be bettered."

The "Elixir of Life" is an imaginative story and is better than the kind usually found in our magazines. Judging from its title we thought that "The Fugitive" would be an interesting story, but we soon found that we were mistaken. From the very beginning the hero showed his cowardliness by fleeing after the murder. Rather than face the world and be tried for the crime he had committed he drowned himself. Can such a hero be interesting?

Two of the essays "The University and its Campus as seen by a Visitor" and "The Portraits in the Hall of the Euphradian Society" we shall not criticize as they were not written by the students. As for the other essay "Confederacy's Place in Future History" it is sufficient to say that it won the prize offered annually by Wade Hampton Chapter, Daughters of Confederacy.

The chief fault of the Erskinian is that it is not well balanced consisting of but one story and no poems. However, the essays are all fine and the magazine would be one of our best if there were more stories and poems, and these were up to the level of the other departments.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Carolinian, The Erskinian, Mercerian,

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**CLIPPINGS.**

*Then Johnny Got it Too.*

“Now children,” said the teacher, “I want to hear about Jonah. Who can tell me what he did and what happened to him?”

“I know,” cried Willie Smart; “he ran away from his job and got whaled.”—Boston Transcript.

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**Just Himself.**

“I must confess,” said Kedly, “that I was pretty cranky yesterday. Did the girls say anything about it?”

“No,” replied Kandor.

“Strange they didn’t notice my behavior.”

“I guess they didn’t see anything unusual about it.”—Ex.

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**The Only Way.**

He—“There’s the great Russian composer.”
She—“What’s his name?”
He—“S-l-i-v-i-t-z-n-i-s-k-t-z-y.”
She—“How do you pronounce it?”
He—“With a syphon I guess.”—The By-stander.

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**Millie and Lillie.**

“I feel in my bones;” declared Millei
“I never shall marry, a last!”
“But not in your wish bone!” said Lillie,
And now they don’t speak when they pass—Lippincott.”
The Musical Art Society of Greenville takes great pleasure in announcing to its patrons and the general public its second Annual Music Festival on April 22, 23, 24, 1908.

Instead of the usual series of five concerts it has been deemed more consistent with our present purpose, to omit the two matinees and raise appreciably the character of the three evening performances. In pursuance of this plan, the Festival Management has secured the services of some of the greatest artists of the country.

To the intelligent student and art connoisseur the names alone of assisting artists, without comment, will be a sufficient guarantee of the greatest musical feast the local public have ever experienced.

Last year brought many and diverse experiences which are to us now a profitable asset. A reasonable and commendable effort to bring into our own community influences contributing to the highest culture has met with the heartiest approval, splendid co-operation, and boundless enthusiasm, which augur success in this second venture.

Let us remind our pessimistic friends that a Music Festival, or series of concerts is not a copyrighted institution to any particular community; moreover, who could be persuaded to dispense with the piano, paintings and other art decorations of his own home, and the education of his children with the foolish notion that his neighbors' enterprise will suffice?

Admitting the aim of a larger purpose in the scope of our festival series which we are not now in position to realize
fully, the fact remains that we are better equipped by these intermediate steps to appreciate more intelligently that which we hear abroad, and this fact is submitted as good and sufficient reason for this local effort.

The chorus consists of 175 of the best voices in the city. Diligent study has been given to the choral works intended for performance at the Festival. The more elaborate ensemble originally designed led to the selection of an ultra modern choral work of the French School, namely, Massenet’s “Eve,” a lyric music drama in three parts; practically an opera in concert form. Therefore, absence of orchestral assistance conditions the success of a public performance to the ability of the vocal parts to stand alone. Few choral bodies are given such an exacting task, yet full assurance is given that this splendid choral body of singers will eminently fulfill the liveliest expectations. Gounod’s “Gallia,” excerpts from Verdi’s “Il Trovatore,” and some detached choruses make up the remainder of the choral participation at the Festival.

Drawing is a mode of art expression. The success of two hundred and forty trades lies in art. Michael Angelo said, “Man must carry his measuring tool in his eye, not in his hand.” The sculptor or painter who uses a measure or trusts to an inch rule in making a picture has missed his vocation; his work will soon expose his ignorance.

Just as by learning to write, we must by practice and labor learn to shape the letters separately, and then by repetition fix the habit until they can be made easily; so in learning to draw we must get control of our hands and fingers until they can swing and sweep with a touch, the lines expressing graces and beauty. We must also see that the lines are balanced and proportioned right. This you can teach easily if you take the child at the right time and properly teach it.

The use of blackboards in an art studio is very necessary. To impress upon the minds of children the different objects
they have drawn in their books, send them to the blackboard and have them draw the objects from memory. The art students of today make a great mistake in copying so many pictures. While they get a great deal out of copying, they would get more out of working from nature. They would see the beauty and grace of nature and enjoy their work more.

Morality is embodied in nature. If we are to get true morality into schools, it will be by teaching pupils to know how all nature vibrates with truth. So will the children when trained by observation and love, realize the mystery of nature. Only by work can we teach the planes of higher culture. "Men must always work and toil, but through it all runs the golden thread of the joy and beauty planted in things as deep, and high, and broad as space, a sense of atonement with nature, of being in the plan, in the scheme."

The pupils of the Expression Department are doing excellent work. They are preparing for several excellent entertainments during the rest of the session.

Prof. N. F. Watson lectured in the College Auditorium March 19th. His lecture was very instructive and interesting. We shall always be glad to have Prof. Watson with us.

The Dramatic Club gave a very delightful entertainment in the College auditorium, Friday, March 27.

The following program was rendered:

"Gentleman, the King" .................. Robert Barr
Pauline Kelly

"The Boat Race"...................... Oliver W. Holmes
Jo Garrett

"Thanksgiving Day".................... Carter
Carroll James

"The Swan Song"...................... Brooks
Beulah Ruth Smith

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"Bud's Fairy Tale".............Riley
Cecil Brawley
"Mr. Graver's First Hunt".........Richard H. Davis
Hoke Black
"Diddie Dumps, and Tot"...........Pyrnelle
Neill Hellams
"Diddie, Dumps, and Chris"........Pyrnelle
Kate Jones
"Tommy,"..............Kipling
Hugh Black
Scene—A Pair of Lunatics...........Lewis
He.............Jennie Walsh
She..............Mabel Giles
Local Department

FLORENCE DRUMMOND, Editor.

At the beginning of this term the Judson Literary Society elected the following officers:

A Division
President ........................................ Ottolee Gunter
Vice-President ................................... Nannie Cox
Secretary ......................................... Mabel Gile
Treasurer .......................................... Hortense Ellis

B Division
President .......................................... Hattie Collins
Vice-President .................................... Jessie Wardlaw
Secretary .......................................... Ellen Harrison
Treasurer .......................................... Caro Truluck

The following staff for 1908-09 has been elected:
Ruth Pettigrew .................................. Editor-in-Chief
Nina Entzminger ............................... Assistant-Editor-in-Chief
Janie Reynolds .................................. Literary Editor
Jo Garrett ........................................ Assistant Literary Editor
LydiaRic hardson .............................. Local Editor
vella Loedholt .................................. Y. W. C. A. Editor
Frances Strader ................................ Exchange Editor
Louie Austin ..................................... Fine Arts Editor
Edith Coleman .................................. Business Manager
Elizabeth Hard .................................. Assistant Business Manager

At the College March 3, the last Lyceum number, “Indian Life,” was given by Dr. Chas. A. Eastman.

Miss Clara Garrett was very pleasantly surprised March 6th by a visit from her father.
Miss Martha Dorn spent March 7th and 8th with her sister, at Spartanburg.

Miss Mathilda Youngblood, of Greenwood, spent Sunday, March 8th, with her parents.

Miss Truman Miles, of Enoree, spent Saturday and Sunday, 7th and 8th, at home.

On account of the illness of her sister, Miss Clara Jordan was compelled to return home March 8th. We are very glad that she was able to return in a few days.

We were very pleasantly entertained by the Furman Glee Club, Monday evening, March 9th.

Mr. Garrett, of Norris, visited his sister Jo, March 10th.

Prof. S. R. Mellichamp, of Orangeburg, visited the College, March 12th, and addressed the students. We gained much good from his visit.

Miss Kate Jones spent March 14th and 15th with her parents in Belton.


Mr. F. I. Jones, of Starr, visited his friend, Miss Corrie Dean, March 16th.

Misses Nell Arrington and Pearl Outz, of Greenwood, spent March 21st and 22nd at home.

Miss Aileen Roebuck spent Sunday, the 22nd, with her parents at Woodruff.

We were very glad to have Dr. Jno. A. Brunson, of Elloree, with us March 26th. We are always delighted to hear his good sensible talks.

Miss Lorena Taylor had to leave school on account of sickness. We all sincerely hope for her a speedy recovery.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Kate Jones, who has just lost her grandfather. We also sympathize with with Miss Louise Earle in the death of her brother.

Misses Carrie Wideman and Bernice Going, of Belton,
spent a few days with us last month. We are always glad to have our old girls visit us.

Miss Fanny Harper, of Honea Path, has returned home after a short visit to her sister Curtis.

Miss Mabel Giles has returned after a short visit to her parents in Greenwood.

Miss Myrtle Lanford has been on a visit to her sister at Simpsonville.

Misses Lottie Baker and Ellorree Anderson of Woodruff, spent a few days with friends at the College last month.

Miss Nellie Grandy was compelled to leave school on account of sickness, but we are very glad to see that she has returned.

Jr. Ellis: "Who are the quotations from in Judson tonight?"

Sr. Osborne: "They are Miscellaneous."

Jr. Ellis: "Why, he is a Southern poet, isn't he?"

Rat Welborn, upon being asked if the C. & W. C. train came to the Southern depot, replied, "Why, I do not know anything about the C. & W. C., but the Charleston and Western Carolina sure does."

B. Hayes: "Do you like onions?"

E. Buyck: "No, I never did care very much for fruit."

Soph. Hendrix, upon hearing a parrot talk: "O, doesn't that canary sing just simply lovely."

Miss Clark: "What do you mean by lightning?"

Sr. Keys: "You mean thunder, don't you?"

Soph. Welborn: "Have you had the mump?"

Rat Garrett: "Yes, I have had every disease. Last summer I had the rolley-over (roseola)."

Soph. Welborn expressed a great desire to memorize her lessons by heart.

Sadie Goodwin wants to know if the girls at the College could heat water on the refrigerators.

Soph. L—n—o—d: "When was the Flood, Henry?"

Freshman R—y—o—ds: "About 29 A. D."

Everybody is having a swell time—mumps.
Y. W. C. A. Department

PENEUMA BARTON, Editor.

Our new officers have taken their places and are faithfully performing their duties. They feel the weight of their work resting upon them and it is a great responsibility. But we can help them by our hearty co-operation. Support them by our prayers and willingness to do anything that comes to our hands. In a work like this where we are all so needy and dependent, where our interests are so intertwined we can not afford to live without this co-operation.

The new chairmen of the different committees are eager in their work. It is encouraging to see them putting the spiritual side of life first in everything, to see the purity of womanhood gleam forth from their hearts.

Programs for the weekly prayer meetings have been arranged for the rest of the year. On Wednesday before Easter we are to have a special service which is to be led by Miss Osborn, the Y. W. C. A. secretary at Monaghan mill.

At our public missionary meetings which occur once a month we always have some one who is filled to overflowing with the mission spirit to address us. One who is preaching and trying to carry out the command of our Master, "Go ye and teach all nations." Dr. E. M. Poteat has kindly consented to address us at our next meeting which is to be on the second Sunday in April. On this occasion we are to have a joint meeting of the different student associations in the city. Furman and Chicora will unite with us in sharing the privilege of listening to one who will give us a message to be carried as onward we go.

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The most gracious blessing that has come to us recently has been a consecrated hand of girls who are saying,

"I'll do what you want me to do dear Lord,
I'll go where you want me to go."

This is our volunteer hand. We have not yet organized, but expect to do so as soon as Miss White the students volunteer secretary visits us.

There seems to be nothing like availing ones self of an opportunity of doing good. We are glad our girls are realizing this and are going out seeking work to do for their Master. Some of us go out to Monaghan each Sunday afternoon to help carry on some work out there. A great blessing is coming to us from it and we trust all the blessings are not coming our way.

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DOING GOOD

There are some trees that impoverish the ground upon which they grow, while others enrich the very soil upon which they feed. So there are natures, as unlike in effects as these. Some are so cold and selfish, that they chill and impoverish every one with whom they come in contact. Other's cast a ray of sunshine on souls who enrich by their very presence. Their smiles are full of blessings. Poverty is not as pitiable and barren as a selfish heart, while wealth has nothing so great as that which God gives the suffering soul. Be like those trees whose kindly boughs bless and comfort those around them.

None are too small, too poor to be of service think of this, and act. Life is no trifle. Every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little well spring of happiness in the doer's own breast. If you would be of service go not to the places of merriment and pleasure, but rather to the poor and helpless. Go to the fallen and raise him up. Go to the sinner and whisper in his ear words of eternal life.

Every one of us may in some way or other assist or instruct some of his fellow creatures. There is nobody who
cannot do some good and we are responsible for the good we may do and yet do not.

If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another, setting a good example all the time. Oh! it is comforting to make some work of God's creation a little more fruitful, better, more worthy of a God to make some human heart a little wiser, happier, more blessed. The aim of religion is not alone to prepare us for another world, but to make this world better, wiser and happier. It is to be good, and do the most good we can now and here, and to help others to be and do the same. We like to think that the forever will be a place not only of white robes and golden harps and praise singing, but will also be a place for living, loving and doing. According to Hayne one of our southern poets,

Heaven is not the bliss of languorous hours
A glory of calm, measured range,
But life which feeds our noblest powers
On wonders of eternal change.

A heaven wherein all discords cease
Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil,
The care of whose majestic peace
Is God-like power of tireless toil.

Here is pleasure in contemplating good, there is greater pleasure in receiving good, but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good. Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw twelve silver statues "What are there?" said the Emperor, "The twelve Apostles" was the reply. "Well," said he, "take them down, melt them, and coin them into money and let them go about doing good as their Master did." Be always sure of doing good. This will make your life comfortable and your death happy. Zealously strive to do good
for the sake of good. Be not simply good, be good for something.

“How sweet ’twill be at evening
If you and I can say
“Good Shepherd, we’ve been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at night-fall
Bearing them safely home.”
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