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## The Isaqueena - 1909, June

Evelyn Pack  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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Commencement Number

GREENVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE  
JUNE. 1909

*There was no May Number  
in 1909.*

# Cash Department Store

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MILLINERY, SHOES, NOTIONS,  
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SUITS and CLOAKS of Styles and  
Quality. Leaders in MILLINERY,  
LINGERIE UNDERCLOTHS, SHIRT-  
WAISTS, SKIRTS, SWEATERS, DIN-  
NER AND EVENING GOWNS AND  
FURS. The Celebrated "SOROSIS  
SHOES" for Ladies—FIT, because  
they are properly made and shown  
in the lasts.



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Buchanan=Scott Company





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### THIS MAGAZINE

Is published by the students of the Greenville Female College. Its aim is to encourage independence of thought along all literary lines and to promote college spirit.

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Humphries-Childers Shoe Co., The J. Thos. Arnold Co., Gilreath-Durham Co., Buchanan-Scott Co., Blue Ridge Hotel, Hale's Jewelry Store, The Charles Studio, Morgan-Austin Co., L. A. James, Calument Tea & Coffee Co., Felton's Book Store, The Globe Optical Co., Wheeler & Son, Maxwell-David Co., John Williams, Everett Waddy, Baptist Courier, J. P. Carlisle, West End Lumber Co., Frank Ferguson, E. S. Poole, Hobbs-Henderson Co., Misses Rogers, R. L. R. Bentz, A. A. Pearson Co., Barr Dry Goods Store, Americus Shoe Co., C. D. Stradley, American Cafe, Greenville Steam Laundry, Pride & Patton, Furman University, Peace Printing Co.

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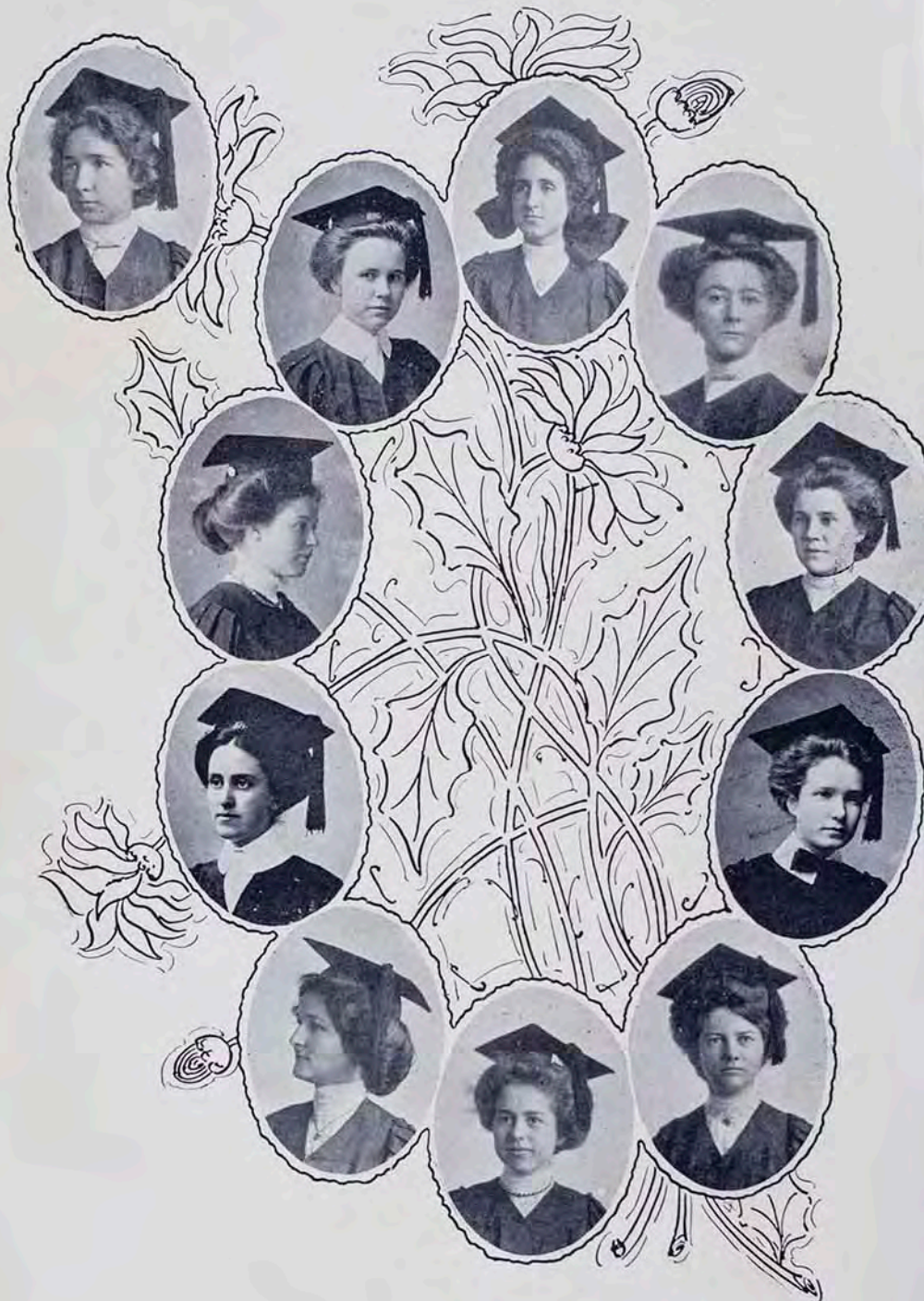
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**MOTTO:**

Virtute et labore.

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**COLORS:**

Green and White.

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**FLOWER:**

White Chrysanthemum.

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**YELL:**

Now is the time we head the line,  
Seniors, Seniors, 1909,  
Who's as great, who's as fine?  
Answers fate 1909.

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '09.

As every important event is usually recorded in history, for the sake of accuracy we hasten to place before mankind the most important events in the past four years of our life. About the spring of 1905 gloom settled over a section of our country and men shuddered for the future of their race. Ignorance, our great foe, threatened to seize us, but before we were actually captured, rumors of a remedy near at hand came to us. A modern Utopia had been founded many years ago and as this fair Republic sent forth her representatives many miniature Utopias sprang up here and there. Why should we not profit by the example of our neighbors and solve our vexatious problem even as they had? Accordingly, the fall of 1905 found a few members of our present group enrolled as citizens of this delightful community.

I shall not attempt to describe this building to you—I would fain do so but words would fail me—but I shall take you at once to the vast room which in our opinion is the center of interest, labor and pleasure. We have entered an immense quadrangular room containing a huge pyramid reaching to the very ceiling. This, as you have probably guessed, is the Pyramid of Knowledge which we mount slowly step by step. Drawing near you see how broad the steps, which from afar appear to be dangerously narrow, really are and how one seems to grow from the other. Looking up you see a small landing as it were which apparently leads to something beyond. This landing, or summit of our Pyramid, is Commencement and the great world lies beyond. No doubt you think that my imagination is carrying me too far but it is not. We do not actually mount our Pyramid but in fancy only for our struggles are presented to us thus in Utopia.

When the first members of our class came to Utopia, they found the government in the hands of a President assisted by a cabinet. This government has existed during the entire four years of our life here and we sincerely

hope that it may continue for many more years. To our honored President and his able Cabinet this loved Republic owes her prosperity and with a last parting look we cry, "Long live our President and our Cabinet." For whatever we are and whatever good we may accomplish will proclaim to all men their never-failing kindness and perseverance. We straightway presented our credentials and in a Petition of Rights demanded to be ranked as Freshmen. We received justice, and immediately set to work. That year we climbed four steps out of the sixteen of our Pyramid and with a deep sigh of relief we welcomed vacation.

But "tempus fugit" and soon we were once more together. Many friends joined our group this year and we found that the old saying "the more, the merrier" applies to work as well as play. In our cup of gladness there was only one drop of bitterness—we were not permitted to give receptions as were the Juniors and Seniors. We longed to possess this indulgence also and so we redoubled our efforts to overcome our studies. We soon met with success for most of us had now mounted the eighth step of our Pyramid. Once more we set forth for a brief rest feeling happy indeed to have succeeded so well.

September soon came and again we greeted each other with delight. Now our circle was, with one exception, complete but a little larger than it is now for some few of us have sought in vain a royal road to knowledge. We were now Juniors and since "Indulgences" would be extended to us we felt that the work must indeed be difficult. With our customary energy we took up our tasks and enjoyed fully the two "functions" of this year. Trouble, however, appeared in our midst with the beginning of April for on "all fools day" some of us were inclined to forget the claims of law and order. We realized our mistake all too soon for "she who defies the law is condemn-

ed by the law." However, our government proved itself equal to the occasion and soon Peace reigned once more in Utopia. We finished our work shortly after and departed to enjoy a brief rest before assuming the trials and cares of Seniors.

Utopia summoned us in September and we prepared for the final work upon our Pyramid. We soon organized our class for we believed that nothing could withstand our united attack. We chose Bess to lead us by a straight road to the summit and since we have always to be careful to provide against future trouble, we asked Mary to be ready to take Bess's place. Then we felt that we needed a secretary so we assigned this position to Lucy. Now, although it may seem strange, we continually found that we possessed a little money so we burdened Florence with the class purse. We felt that we needed a motto so after due consideration we chose "Virtute et Labore," which has indeed served us faithfully. Then we wanted some sign by which we might feel our relationship manifested and we decided that we must have class-rings. In easing our minds when bowed down with care, they have indeed proved a charm "more potent than the fabled one which oped whate'er it would."

We have enjoyed our usual "functions" which helped us to forget for the time being "the cares which infest the day." But do not misunderstand me for our last year's work on our Pyramid has not been without its pleasures—seasoned with sadness, perhaps, but none the less pleasures. As we approach the final step eager expectancy fills our hearts for we wonder what the World possesses for us.

The time draws near for our departure and with deep sorrow we wonder if there can be another Utopia such as ours! Some of us perchance may remain here, but the vast majority will depart. As we go forth, let us, as we enter upon our separate pathways, always strive for the purest and best in life; never wasting our talents, but



both as a class and individually, reflect honor upon our Utopia. Let us remember that

“Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Let us, then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”



## REGULAR CLASS ROLL.

## PRESIDENT,

Elizabeth Allen Easley, B. A., "Bess."

## VICE PRESIDENT,

Mary Anderson Gilreath, B. A., "Mary."

## SECRETARY,

Lucy Myrtis Shirley, B. L., "Lang."

## TREASURER,

Florence Cleveland Donald, B. L., "Trinket."

## HISTORIAN,

Janie Annie Reynolds, B. L., "Brother Crawford."

## PROPHETESS,

Cornelia Frances Strader, B. L., "Frank."

## MEMBERS,

Nell Eola Arrington, B. L., "Nellie."

Kate Bridges, B. L., "Kittie."

Lillian Gertrude Brownlee, B. L., "Babe."

Edith Lee Coleman, B. L., "Edith."

Agnes Claire Drummond, B. L., "Rin."

Corrie Hortense Ellis, B. L., "Present Tense."

Ellen Woodside Harrison, B. L., "Priss."

Nannie Holland, B. L., "Cricket."

Jean Victoria Latimer, B. L., L. I., "Patty."

Dora Latimer Milford, B. L., L. I., "Dodo."

Floride Norris, B. L., "Freed."

Lena Ruth Pettigrew, B. A., "Booster."

Mary Elizabeth Pittman, B. A., "Lizzie."

Ethel Ragsdale, B. L., "Sister."

Emma Kirksey Stansell, B. L., "Emma."

Sadie Trotter, B. L., L. I., "Chick."

Agnes Claire Drummond, B. L., L. I., "Rin."

Lala Sublette, B. L., "Lala."

Marguerite Humphreys, M. A.

## PROPHECY.

When the stupendous task of forecasting the destinies of this august body of Seniors, this galaxy of wit, beauty, and intelligence was assigned me, I realized too keenly that I was neither a prophet nor the daughter of a prophet. After many futile attempts to 'dip into the future far as human eye could see' in utter desperation I was casting about for some assistance in my dilemma. Suddenly my eye fell upon the name of Madame Eldon whose supernatural power was setting all Greenville agog, and with quickened speed I hied me to her seance chamber and implored her aid. After a prolonged communion with the mysterious inhabitant of space, she emerged from her trance and bade me declare unto you these immovable decrees of fate.

Behold in the dim and distant future I see in the crowded thoroughfare of the great metropolis an immense throng collecting. Men and women are jostling each other in their mad attempt to approach sufficiently near to catch the inspiring words as they fall in rapid succession from the lips of the distinguished orator. As I approach I hear round after round of deafening applause. Eagerly I ask "Who is this talented speaker who is attracting such universal attention?" Imagine my surprise when the reply comes, "Why she is the most noted woman suffragist in the United States, Miss Ruth Pettigrew of South Carolina.

There was one member of our class who was always such a belle that we expected her to grace the Governor's mansion or the white house, but she prefers to follow the voice of love into the wilds of Timbuktu, on the Niger River, in far-away Africa, where she ably assists her husband in his arduous attempts to teach the young ideas of the heathen Africanese how to dress. She appears more than content with her lot but as spring approaches she often feels pangs of homesickness when she thinks of the spring millinery openings, and wonders how becoming the new hats may be this year, whether "merry-

widow" or "bee hive" styles are used, while she must e'en remoddle her five year old head-gear with the help of the uchlyptus leues, which grow luxuriantly in the date-palm grove near her simple hut. And yet who can doubt that Mary Gilreath is happy?

The most frivolous girl of the class of '09, the one who could not be induced to endure the tedious routine of class rooms, who was noted for her ability to cut classes systematically; whose antipathy for Latin, Mathematics, or indeed any subject which required the slightest preparation was surpassed only by her unbounded admiration for fashion and society will in after years demonstrate the policy of her school-days. Not one of her friends will be surprised to hear that Janie Reynolds will elope with the obsequious litte dancing-master at a fashionable watering place.

I am transported to the lawn of a beautiful mansion in a Southern city. Seated on the green sward is a familiar form, gathered about her are ten interesting children of various sizes and ages. Some are caressing her, some are holding her hands, some crowning her with garlands. I draw near and ask timidly, "Is this a select school?" "No indeed," indignantly replied the central figure, "this is my home." "And she is the dearest, sweetest step-mother in all the wide world," chorused the ten cherubs. And she was none other than Nannie Holland.

A neat little office is before me fitted up daintily and attractively, every where there are evidences of the tidy hand and magic touch of woman. You will readily recognize that member of this class whose constant boast was, "When I marry I am going to be a real helpmeet to my husband. I shall share all of his business career as well as his social pleasures." But as I approach I hear quite a heated discussion. The tall and serious looking husband insisted that they charged two and one-quarter cents apiece for laundering collars. She in keeping with her generous nature desires to lift the burden from mankind by charging only two and three-fifteenths cents. Why

who could believe that Sadie Trotter would thus wrangle with the sweetheart of her school days?

I was anxious to know what prize fate held in store for this next one of our members. She was in the habit of making conquests wherever she went and we expected her to capture a title or perhaps a coronet. Quickly tiring of the ardent attentions of her many admirers, and having always had a passion for archeology, which she displayed in her historical research work of the days of "Schwill's History," she withdrew to the pastures of the old world. There you might find her, a promising pupil of Herr Schwartz, the greatest living authority on mediaeval history. But her thirst for historical knowledge was not satisfied. She then went over to Egypt to investigate further the subject which she had chosen for her life's work. On her arrival a strangely familiar scene greeted her. Surely these were not natives engaging in this sport! She hastened nearer, her face beamed with delight, for there, even there she beheld the Furman Ball Team of '09, teaching the Egyptian youths the great game! Away with History—

The ruling passion be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still.

And Edith Coleman becomes a professional rooter.

This fair damsel was always so studious and had such an inquiring turn of mind that she was restless in the quiet of her home, she longed for more worlds to conquer. She was always interested in "hot air" which soon developed into an ardent admiration for the mysterious workings of aeroplanes. In the distance I beheld a mighty flood of people steadily pouring into a huge vacant lot adjoining a white city. All the while, as it came, it whirled and eddied round a single spot. At last no further room in the enclosure, the flood broke into the adjacent streets, and flung its dark spray to the windows and roofs beyond. In the midst of this widespread throng loomed and strained a huge air ship, the largest ever seen in the world. The crowd opened, and some of the

most distinguished men of the age appeared approaching the monster chariot of the heavens. Then I distinguished our old class mate, Floride Norris, preparing to make a record trip in the aerial creature of her own invention.

Alighting from a crowded Pullman car is a young couple who at once attract the attention of all bystanders. Her graceful, girlish figure is enhanced by a handsome go-away gown with hat and gloves to match. Her companion is short and stout and the admiration which flashes from his black eyes as he gazes up at her occasions the audible whisper, "Bride and groom." But a friend is saying "Where have you been?" "Why we have just returned from Jerusalem where we spent our honey-moon." is the eager response. Now Emma Stansell will discontinue her daily epistle to the Hebrews.

And now I am an interested spectator to the much talked of Horse Show. Spirited animals from many states are passing in rapid succession, being driven by their owners. In the distance approaching rapidly are two handsome black horses driven tandem. They are champing their bits and one wonders who would dare drive such spirited, restive animals. Surely my eyes deceive me: would a woman dare attempt such a task? I gaze again; no, I am not mistaken, there in that elegant trap, as attractive as ever, handsomely gowned, her Parisian hat covered with drooping plumes—the idol of her college days—sits Mrs. Nell Arrington Blank exhibiting, with her usual enthusiasm, the noble steeds from her husband's stock farm.

Eagerly I search the scroll for the future of my old pal, whose ability to pour forth such awful psychological terms made the little Freshies stare in open-eyed wonder. Through her do we expect the class of 1909 to reach the highest pinnacle of fame. Alas, alas, the bitterness of disappointment! Far removed from the struggle for worldly honors we must search for her in the rural districts. Easily do we recognize her from her puritanic style of dress, with never a curl or a pompadour to mar

her simple beauty. Her impartial distribution of last-go-trades has made her a universal favorite and Kate Bridges plays "Babbie" to her "Little Minister" in the mountains of North Carolina.

This is a busy world of our, and the newspapers of to-day play an important part in the business and social affairs of the nation. Ah, but here I see announced the most sensational paper of the day, edited by a man-hater. Who could have imagined such a cruel and heartless thing? Suddenly the editor appears, busily she is preparing her next issue for the press. Can it be that our own gentle and amiable Jean Latimer has taken such an independent stand against the stronger sex?"

Now then appears the one who will take the first place in the bright light of publicity. Ever as she tramps the streets she is recognized by her constant companion, the hatchet. No, not the George Washington variety but another of more recent fame. Her boisterous conduct, her dictatorial manners, her love of notoriety make her a suitable assistant for Carrie Nation. With a quiet smile Lala Sublette endures the persecutions of her tormentors.

Passing down Main street at the intersection of Main street and McBee Avenue my attention is arrested by Greenville's first skyscraper, on the top of which is a peculiarly attractive cupola. Thinking I might secure from this height a desirable view of Greater Greenville, I wearily ascend. When I reach my destination I find an occupant upon that dizzy height. As the door opens I see all around me electrical apparatus. In the center of the room stands a woman. I start as I recognize one of my old class-mates.

I say in surprise, "My dear, do tell me what great sorrow has driven you to thus isolate yourself from mankind?" With a laugh that rings out with merriment she tosses her head and says, "I am in closer touch with mankind than ever before. This is the only wireless telegraph station between Furman University and the G. F. C." And Marguerite Humphries has at last

found happiness as Cupid's telephone girl.

Lucy Shirley will make another of those famous international marriages. She will wed a German Count, and although he has seven brother who possess the same title, they do not "count" with her. He was won both by her beauty and by her charming personality.

I knew that I would not find Dora Milford at a great distance from Lucy as they were always such friends at college. So I was not surprised to learn that she will reside in St. Petersburg as the wife of the Russian ambassador. Needless to say that she does the class of '09 much credit in a foreign land.

Although most of you will undertake as your life's work to love cherish, and obey "till death us do part" some favored mortal; still I was glad to find that one of my friends will be unselfish enough to make the class of '09 famous. It was Ethel Ragsdale. We attributed her quiet dignity in school which attracted such universal attention, (For is not any girl who can refrain from talking in class a genuine heroine?) to a desperate love affair. But, girls, we were vastly mistaken, as time will prove. Her attention was riveted then not upon the Evolution of Man but upon the evolution of extinct life. She will become the greatest authority on this subject in her age, and her treatises will be studied with ever increasing ardor by the learned. Behold now Ethel lovingly examining the fossil of a dear little specimen fifteen feet high and sixty-six feet long, called the Brontosousus, the first possessor of this earth land.

Lizzie Pittman, one of our most promising members, intended to teach school, but forgot to apply for a position. Lizzie said that she had enough hard work to do at G. F. C., so traveled for awhile. Abroad she was greatly attracted by the magic works wrought by the "beauty doctors," particularly the Parisian artists, who enameled the face so successfully. After a short course under their instruction she set up an establishment where she repairs the ravages of time in the approved manner. By her



various experiments she has discovered a lotion that is indeed the longed-for "Fountain of youth." As all women desire to remain young, needless to say that Lizzie will have a prosperous business.

Next I saw a large expanse of ground devoted to the use of athletic sports for the women of Greenville, S. C., and I judged by this that the civic association had at last been successful in their efforts. Hortense Ellis by reason of her nimble dodging in the history class of '09 had easily mastered the intricacies of golf, tennis, etc. Here she will daily lead the classes of eager women in their efforts to secure the fresh air. As the latter has been so highly recommended by the medical authorities the members have unanimously relegated their household duties to their husbands in order to gain this.

In our school-days, people had begun to speak of the "wireless age." Then we had the wireless telegraph and the learned men were beginning to transmit power by this method. Now even little Cupid has begun to make his conquests by the ether waves and has discarded as obsolete the bow and arrow. One of his first wireless victims is a member of our class, Florence Donald who was stricken before the apparatus was perfected and her thoughts were influenced by the electrical impulses to such an extent that she has now become a veritable "Lady of the Dynamo".

Our class will be famous, for the first woman to be called a "Captain of Industry", is a naughty-nine. She will be at the head of the great syndicate that controls all the matrimonial agencies of the country. An extract from one of her advertisements will tell you all that you need to know—"The Ellen Harrison Matrimonial Bureau. Benighted bachelors and antiquated spinsters may confide in us with the greatest assurance of sympathetic assistance. We are no respectors of persons, we handle all cases. If you are not satisfied we refund your money."

In the suburbs of Washington city I spy a peculiar little square brick building, one would think it a miniature

library. I inquire of a friend "What is that odd looking structure surrounded by such handsome residences?" "Why, you have never heard of the great scholar, who has shut herself up in those four walls?" "No, may I seek admission to those sacred precincts?" "I do not think you will gain admittance." Nevertheless I, nothing daunted, determined to make the attempt. Just as I approached the door way the inmate passed before the sidelight. I did not ring, but threw open the door and rushed in, catching her by the hand I said, "How glad I am to find you at last. It seemed as if you had slipped away forever." With a dreamy look she replied, "Has any one missed me? I have been too busy to think about the outside world." "Do tell me what you are doing? I am anxious to know." "I am writing a book upon a subject which requires the greatest research." "I presume you located here in order to have access to the Congressional Library," I added. "The Congressional Library! No indeed. What need have I for any other library than my own. These shelves are filled with 'Furman Echoes' and they contain all the wisdom of all the ages," exclaimed Bess Easley.

Stopping a few days in Richmond, Va., I am told the Medical College is having its graduating exercises. Having a special fondness for commencements, I decided to attend. Leisurely I enter the great hall, packed to its utmost capacity. Although I can not see the stage I can hear all that is said. Finally the president of the college arises and says, "This is the most brilliant class ever sent out by this institution, these young gentlemen will reflect credit not only upon their Alma Mater but upon their state as well, and yet the highest honors achieved by this remarkable class have been won by Dr. Lillian Brownlee, of South Carolina.

Now I am taking an automobile trip through the mountains. As our party reach a most sequestered spot and are perparing to enjoy our lunch and perhaps a refreshing nap, we are startled by the wildest yells. Immediately

we hurry to rescue those whose heart-rending shrieks disturbed our delightful repose. Through undergrowth and thicket we persevere following the ever increasing din. At last we see in the distance human forms. We draw nearer and imagine my surprise to find one of our own number, Claire Drummond holding her weekly round-up punishing the misdemeanors of her 65 pupils at one fell swoop. From the expression on their faces I could see that she was successful in her vocation.

My task is done! May each of you accept her fate and if you cannot rejoice in it, then with noble fortitude endure it.

Francis Strader.

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Being a crowd of college girls and possessing as much curiosity as possible for such a body, the future of one member of the class could not lie hidden. The kind workings of Fate by means that I dare not here disclose dropped into my hands this same crystal, hence we know the future of our gifted class prophet. Knowing her as I did I would have expected great master-pieces from that fertile and imaginative mind. But too soon after leaving college bonny "Prince Charlie" came over the sea and won by all the arts of "the young ????????" the hand of Francis Strader and I see her in the crystal gracing the halls of his palace in old France.

Edith Colemar

---

#### SPECIAL CLASS ROLL.

PRESIDENT,

Wynona Woodward, Voice.

VICE PRESIDENT,

Mollie Surles, Kindergarten Normal Training Course.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Vivian Owens, Kindergarten Normal Training Course.

## MEMBERS,

Britt Gunter, Kindergarten Normal Training Course.  
 Minnie Lee Griffin, Kindergarten Normal Training Course.  
 Martha Brown Moore, Kindergarten Normal Training  
 Course.  
 Athalie Pendleton Moseley, Art.  
 Edna Fay Sellers, Piano.  
 Rosella Talbert, Art.

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 PROPHECY.

**P**OETS are born, not made. How true  
 'Twill soon be painfully proven to you.  
 But as I've been chosen class poet,  
 When duty calls, I'll answer to it.

I sing of life and love and fun,  
 A future which has just begun.  
 Yet how can I in words portray  
 What may take place some future day?

Ye Gods and Muses, be my aids  
 To sound the praises of our maids.  
 Who in wit and wisdom far surpass  
 The members of any other class.

Wynona, our musical genius, she  
 Shall wed no less than a Paderewski;  
 And in harmony without jar or strife  
 Will dwell with him the rest of her life.

Athalie Moseley leaves these walls  
 Disdaining pain and pleasure,  
 Clasping her sheepskin in her arms—  
 Her dearest earthly treasure.

Britt as authoress, will write her name  
 In a prominent place in the temple of Fame.

What shall I say of fairest Fay?  
Tho' partial to the fellows,  
Let bow who may, she says him "Nay,  
I like the name of Sellers."

Our "vid," whose name we all hold dear,  
Of form and face so very fair,  
Will with sundry twists and pats  
Make many merry widow hats.

In my mind's eye, Minnie I see  
A wealthy merchant's wife.  
Riding in state, early and late,  
Oh! enviable life.  
Molly will wed a lawyer wise,  
Of a world wide reputation,  
For the questions she asks, when her spirits rise  
Show fondness for that vocation.

Brownie Moore, in courts of love,  
Will as in tennis her prowess prove.

While Rosella will choose no less a mate  
Than a judge on the bench, or other magnate.

And now I leave you to surmise  
How high in future we may rise;  
The while endeavoring to conceal  
The pride of self we can but feel.  
And what the end may prove,  
"Who knows?"  
The future only will disclose.

## CLASS WILL.

State of South Carolina,  
Greenville Female College.

In the name of Dr. James, Amen!

Whereas, we, the members of the Senior class of the college and state aforesaid, being of sound mind and body, feel that we are about to depart from this life, we, the aforesaid class, do hereby publish and declare this our last will and testament on this earth or any other earth that may have been mentioned in casual conversation heretofore.

We feel a deep sympathy for the faculty and students that we leave behind, and to alleviate the misery that they will experience, we deem it necessary to make this our last will and testament.

I. Whereas, Honorable George Schaefer has inspired us with implicit confidence in his dealings with his fellows, we do now appoint and name him executor to this, our last will and testament; and we do hereby give to him the pen with which this will was written and we also pray that he will use it in the business transactions which he may conduct for Dr. James and Prof. Morse.

II. To Dr. James, our beloved president, who has in times of trouble spread his sheltering wing over us, thereby protecting us from many unseen blows of evil spirits, we do now give and bequeath all the many favors he has shown us; and we also leave him the services of our esteemed executor, hereinafter mentioned.

III. I, Wynona Woodward, do will and bequeath to Capitola King, my Friday nights for entertaining in the parlor of the DeCamp annex.

IV. I, Lizzie Pittman, do will and bequeath to Lillian Easterlin of all my college escapades.

V. Edith Coleman, while packing her books was very much surprised to find most of them novels, and despite the fact that in a recent debate she proved novel reading to be injurious to the mind, feels no hesitancy in

willing them to Lucile Wallace, who has convinced her audience that to her mind at least, novel reading is not injurious.

VI. I, Floride Norris, do will and bequeath to Capitola King, my year of tedious and difficult work.

VII. I, Fay Sellers, do will and bequeath to Eunice Bristow, my place in the harmony class.

VIII. I, Kate Bridges, do will to Fannie Rose, my little brown cap, and hope that she will get as much pleasure out of wearing it, as I did.

IX. I, Rosella Talbert do bequeath my office as class artist to Wilhelmina McGee.

X. I, Vivian Owens, do will and bequeath to Leita Woodward, half of my share of curiosity.

XI. I, Athalie Moseley, do bequeath to Annie Bell Reynolds my prospects in art.

XII. Emma Stansell, after a careful examination of her treasures, came across a copy of "Mrs. Browning's Love Sonnets," which she wills to Flossie Murdough.

XIII. I, Bess Easley, to the future president of the Senior class, do will and bequeath all well attended class meetings.

XIV. I, Lucy Shirley, do will and bequeath to Leda Poore, all creeping and crawling animals found in our room, including the musical rats which play "Home, Sweet Home" during the midnight hours.

XV. I, Florence Donald do bequeath to Miss Bristow the card-board—No Admittance—on the infirmary door with the understanding that the girls next year may have the happy experience of being alone to dream and build air-castles;—the only foundation of which is a bottle of ammonia.

XVI. I, Hortense Ellis, do will to Miss Clarke, my clock, as a striking remembrance of April 1.

XVII. I, Ellen Harrison, do will and bequeath to Josie McBride, the delightful task of securing reading matter for Isaqueena.

XVIII. I, Clare Drummond, do will to Aline Roebuck

my trip to the basement every Saturday in search of an interview with my washer-woman.

XXIX. I, Ethel Ragsdale do will and bequeath to Miss Ackerman my trunk ropes, which will in later years bring to her memory the pleasant day spent in her room April the first.

XX. I, Nell Arrington do will and bequeath to Miss Clarke my season base-ball ticket with full permission to always remain until the game is over.

XXI. I, Mary Gilreath, do will and bequeath to Juliet Earle the pleasure of entertaining the Seniors two years hence.

XXII. I, Ruth Pettigrew, do will and bequeath to Etta Scarborough my dignity.

XXIII. I, Minnie Griffin, do will to Mildred Bush, my tact and gentleness in handling children in the kindergarten.

XXIV. I, Brownie Moore do bequeath to Maud Meyers, the smile that won't come off.

XXV. I, Marguerite Humphreys, do will and bequeath to Nina Entzminger, my love for society.

XXVI. I, Nannie Holland, do will to Corinne Goodlette, my earnestness and zeal, with the hope that it may sober her a little, before assuming the responsibilities of a Junior.

XXVII. I, Mollie Surles, do will and bequeath to Mamie Stansell my Bible note-books.

And now realizing that the time grows shorter and shorter, we, as a class go out from the Greenville Female College, having nothing but the kindest feelings for everyone and best wishes for the success of our dear old Alma Mater.

#### Senior Class.

We hereby certify that the last will and testament of the Senior class of Greenville Female College was drawn up and signed in our presence, the fourteenth day of May, nineteen hundred nine.

George H. Ackerman,  
Lottie Derieux.



## IN THE INFIRMARY.

"Hush! Girls, get quiet! I hear Miss Bristow tipping up the steps. Oh! I hate to see her come in for I know she is bringing me some of those horrid little tablets that Dr. Earle fixes up. Yes, Ellen, I guess you ought to know what they look like when she has dosed you on them so often—Miss Bristow, has the mail come, and did we get any!"

"No, it hasn't come yet, but I heard the mail-man's whistle down in front of the annex when I came up, so I guess it will be here when I go down."

"Well, please bring us all a letter or two, and I know we will feel lots better."

"Now, Lucy, just take this one dose and I will promise not to give you any more while you are up here, that is if,—Oh, well if—"

"Nell, aren't you glad she slighted us while she was dealing out those doses?"

"Come in! Why hello Florence, where have you been all day? Have been flunking, how fine (?) You haven't been to see me today, but of course I gave you the benefit of the doubt, and decided that you had been hard at work all day long and just hadn't had a spare minute. There, I see you trying to keep your face straight. It betrays you? You didn't want to come, eh? But, I did want to see you, and that was why I told Edith to tell you. Yes, I knew you'd be in a hurry as you always are. Good-bye, come again, when you haven't so long to stay.—Well, she made a lucky escape from Miss Bristow, for I hear her talking to some one now out in the hall, and Florence said she was 'slipping'. 'Twould have been 'Here's a demerit for you' if she had been caught."

"Oh, yes ma'm, come in, who got any mail in this crowd? all of us I know, for you couldn't be selfish enough to slight one. Well, I only got a card, a card, but that is considerably better than nothing, especially since it it is from—. Now, guess who— Nell, you and

Lucy seem to know my correspondence very well?"

"Charlie?"

"No."

"Billy?"

"No. How absurd!"

"Jack?"

"Oh, how did you happen to guess so well, Lucy? I'm sure you must have recognized that handsome 'fist.' Yes, he is in Col.— having a grand time and pretends that he wishes I were there. Don't you think it is ridiculous how boys try to stuff you with all sorts of nonsense which they know you have better common sense than to believe? I'm not as easily fooled as some people seem to think.

"Here comes Fannie with our supper! Thank goodness she brought us some nice toast and cocoa. Emma, didn't you tell me you didn't like cocoa? All right, "my name is Jimmie."

"Oh! girls, I've a dandy idea! Let's bribe Fannie to 'swipe' us some sugar, butter, and milk from the kitchen, and I'll get some cocoa from Edith, and we will sure have a great time making fudge. Yes, I know you would be delightful but let me tell you this. we've sure got to be quiet about it. Miss Bristow will 'smell a rat' if we give her half a chance. Now, Fannie, we will treat you fine if you'll just swipe these things for us and not let any of them catch on to it. We can use the oil stove that is kept in here to cook it on and— Oh! yes! please get us a little vanilla too if you can. Fudge is so much better with it. Hurry back up here now, and don't forget to bring it in a pan we can boil it in."

"Say, Nell, can't you run down to your room and get a candle so we won't be in the dark after the lights are turned off?"

"Well, if you can't find one in your room, I'm sure Emma has one of mine in her room, so get that."

"Good enough, here comes Fannie with everything we want. We will certainly have a jolly good time tonight after Miss Bristow leaves us. She doesn't think we are

	Senior, Regular	Senior, Special	Junior	Sophomore	Freshman
Prettiest	Mary Gilreath	Rosella Talbert	Helen Von Lee	Juliett Earle	Hester Richie
Neatest	Dora Milford	Fay Sellers	Eunice Bristow	Oralee Mathis	Ada Fallis
Smartest	Janie Reynolds	Brownie Moore	Helen Brown	Nina Entzminger	Marie Mahon
Most Curoosity	Emma Stansell	Vivian Owens	Josie McBride, Leila Lawrence	Leila Mae McKenzie	Lucia Watson
Most Conceited	Frances Strader	Minnie Griffin	Etta Scarborough	Cappie King	
Best Musician	Lala Sublet	Fay Sellers	Curtis Harper	Nina Entzminger	Wilhelmina McGee
Biggest Talker	France Strader	Vivian Owens	Lella Lawrence	Vivian Watkins	Janie Gower
Least in Love	Ellen Harrison	Gritt Gunter	Anna Kay	Rena H	Marie Mahon
Most in Love	Sadie Trotter	Wynona Woodward	Julia Prince	Flossie Murdaugh	Lucile Bentz
Biggest Laughter	Edith Coleman		Josie McBride	Leila Mae McKenzie	Janie Gower
Sweetest	Lala Sublett	Mollie Surles	Blanche Brooker	Mary Lipscomb, Bessie Glenn	Wilhelmina McGee
Best	Ruth Pettigrew	Rosella Talbert	Sadie Goodwin	Lillian Easterling	Marie Mahon
Most Studious	Janie Reynolds	Brownie Moore	Helen Brown	Mary Bates, Nina Entzminger	Emma James
Most Generous	Nell Arrington	Minnie Griffin	Julia Prince, Lucy Goggans	Bessie Glenn	
Wittiest	Frances Strader	Vivian Owens	Jo Garrette, Julia Prince	Vivian Watkins	Lucia Watson
Most Obliging	Floride Norris, Bess Easley	Wynona Woodward	Lucy Goggans, Zelle Loadholt	Bessie Glenn	
Most Popular	Mary Gilreath	Wynona Woodward	Susie McGee	Bessie Glenn	Mary Richardson, Willa McGee
Cutest	Edith Coleman	Wynona Woodward	Kate Jones	Vivian Watkins	Ada Fallis, Mary Richardson
Most Ambitions	Janie Reynolds	Rosella Talbert	Ruth Smith		Marie Mahon
Most Artistic	Emma Stansell	Rosella Talbert	Lucile Wallace	Marie Cash	Wilhelmina McGee
Biggest Flirt	Nell Arrington	Minnie Griffin	Zelle Loadholt	Flossie Murdaugh	
Most Graceful	Mary Gilreath	Fay Sellers	Susie McGee	Flossie Murdaugh	Hazel Gilreath
Handsomest	Lucy Shirley	Vivian Owens	Jo Garrette	Belle Cooner, Leila McKenzie	Lucile Bentz
Most Independent	Emma Stansell	Britt Gunter	Florence Drummond	Elizabeth Hard	
Best Vocalist	Lala Sublet	Wynona Woodward	Ruth Smith	Leila Mae McKenzie	
Most Original	Kate Bridges	Fay Sellers	Jo Garrette		Lucia Watson
Best Disposition	Mary Gilreath, Kate Bridges		Sadie Goodwin		
Most Stylish	Dora Milford	Wynona Woodward	Susie McGee		Lucile Bentz
Most Sincere	Florence Donnal	Mollie Surles	Nora Moore	Nina Entzminger, Bessie Glen	Christine Mahon

very sick so I know she wont sleep up here with us. Let's go to sleep now and wake up about eleven o'clock to make our candy. You all agree to that, eh! Well, I will try to wake up and I'll call you—."

"Gee whiz, girls get up and light the stove, it is nearly twelve o'clock. I have the stuff mixed for the candy, so you can put it on right away. Lucy, take this spoon and stir while I keep both eyes and ears turned toward the hall to catch the first sound of an intruder's step. It's boiling already. Oh, that's great, it will soon be done. But hush a minute! I believe I hear some one coming up the steps and I'm sure it is Miss Bristow coming after some medicine for a sick girl. Sure enough it is! Girls run for your beds and cover up "heads and ears." She will not succeed in getting me out— — —. Is she gone? We surely had a lucky escape! Girls, don't believe she ever suspected us, but gee! she must have an awful cold not to smell that stuff cooking. I will get up and finish cooking now and we'll sit up the rest of this beautiful moonlight night and eat—. But imagine our surprise when I went over and found out that Miss Bristow had swiped the whole thing—stove, candy, spoons, and all."

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#### MOLIERE.

Moliere, the chief of comic dramatists is the greatest of all Frenchmen in the realm of imaginative literature. His name, indeed, is among the very greatest in the literature of the world. His greatness lies in the fact that, like Shakespeare and Cervantes, he was more than the typical poet of a particular era, even though that era was the classic era of French literature; that he was more than the representative genius of a great nation, even though that nation was France, in that he was one of the three great masters of modern literature whose fame belongs to all times and to all countries, whose satire and whose humor is eternal, because it illumines the passions and the weaknesses of all humanity, and whose influence is greater than that of other writers because of their vast

and sympathetic knowledge of the thoughts and characters of real men and real women. Not to know the plays of Shakespeare, not to know "Don Quixote," not to know the comedies of Moliere, is not to be acquainted with the great masterpieces of modern literature.

Almost as little is known of Moliere's early years and of the circumstances under which his genius developed as is known of the early years of Shakespeare. The enthusiasm of generations of scholars has brought out but few biographical facts and has failed to clear up many mysteries, but, as in the case of Shakespeare, Moliere's best monument is to be found in his works. He was the son of a prosperous tradesman who held the office of "tapissier valet de chambre" to the king. His mother was a woman of both character and culture but she died in Moliere's early childhood. As the son of a flourishing burgher, he received an excellent education, entering, at the age of fourteen, the College de Clermont, one of the leading educational institutions of Paris, conducted by the Jesuits and attended by the youths of the best families of France. He seems to have stayed there five years, acquiring the humanities and getting well schooled in philosophy. Some say he studied law and was admitted to the bar; others that he studied theology; but his natural bent, early encouraged by seeing plays and ballets was strongly towards the stage. The drama, under the quickening patronage of Louis XIII's lordly minister, Cardinal Richelieu, was a great public interest of those times in Paris.

At the age of twenty-four, in spite of his father's opposition, he abandoned his studies for the stage. It was at this time that he assumed the name of Moliere which he was to make immortal. His real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin. The actor's profession was in the seventeenth century not considered respectable; the days of large salaries and wide publicity had not yet dawned; actors were deemed vagabonds without civil rights or any claims upon the services of the church; and Moliere fared no better than the rest of the theatrical company he had

joined. These actors were a wandering race, much resembling the circus performers of the present time, and giving performances in booths set up at festival times at the street corners of towns and cities, or in impromptu theatres arranged for them in the palaces of great nobles, who hired them for the amusement of their guests. With such a company, Moliere seems to have wandered throughout France, acquiring doubtless on his travels the knowledge of men and manners which he was later to exhibit in his comedies. He became the playwright of his company, for in those days the dramatist's art had not much advanced and each company had its poet to write the plays which it presented. A more admirable training in stage-craft cannot be imagined, and one reason why the plays of Moliere still hold the stage is to be found in the fact that he, like Shakespeare, was himself an actor and knew all the devices of stage management.

Louis XIV had many faults, but lack of discernment was not one of them. He recognized the genius of Moliere and bestowed upon him many favors. His success and the king's favor made him many enemies, but even his detractors recognized that he had created a new field in French literature, in which he himself was supreme. His private life seems to have been a mixture of triumphs and mortifications; though the king might honor him as a man of genius yet the courtiers despised him as a vagabond actor; his health suffered from the continuous strain of writing and acting; his marriage to a young girl of eighteen did not bring him happiness; and his keen satire made him many personal enemies.

Moliere was unusually well prepared for the comic drama. He had begun with a solid training in philosophy, and he had gained a thorough knowledge of the theatre and a wide acquaintance with mankind. Through his father he had an insight into the middle class; through his father's workmen he had been able to get an understanding of the artisan; and through his father's royal appointment he had had opportunities of observing the

courtiers. In the course of his wanderings he had been brought in contact with the peasants and also with the inhabitants of the provincial towns.

Like Shakespeare, Moliere was an excellent man of business; and he always kept his company supplied with popular plays. So although he had begun imitating the lively farces of the Italians in "L'Etourdi" and had then risen to the comedy of character in "L'Ecole des Femmes" and finally had attained to the sublime height of "Le Misanthrope," he went back unhesitatingly to his earlier manner again and again; and no more thought it unworthy of himself to write frank farces like "Le Medecin Malgre lui" after "Tartuffe" than Shakespeare did to compose the "Merry Wives of Windsor" after the "Merchant of Venice."

Moliere's comedy is by no means mere farce. Farces he wrote, undoubtedly; and some element of farce, perhaps, entered to qualify nearly every comedy that flowed from his pen. But it is not for his farce that he is reckoned among the few greatest producers of literature. It is not because he provokes laughter, but because, amid laughter provoked, he reveals to us, as if with flashes of lightning, the secrets of the innermost depths of human nature. Not human manners merely, those of a time, or a race, but human attributes, those of all times, and of all races, are the things with which in his higher comedies, he deals. Some transient whim of fashion may supply to him the form that he uses, but it is human nature itself that supplies the substance of his dramatic creations. Comedy, Dante, also, called his great poem. And, indeed, a Dantesque quality, not of method, but of power, is felt in Moliere. It might not have seemed natural to say of him, as was said of Dante, "There goes the man that has been in hell." But he was melancholy enough in temper and in mien to have well inspired an exclamation such as, "There goes the man that has seen the human heart."

Moliere was a Frenchman of the seventeenth century, and more particularly a Frenchman of that particular

epoch of the seventeenth century which is rightly called the age of Louis XIV. It has often been remarked that the French are a nation of actors, and that their aptitude for theatrical display marks them out among the modern nations of Europe. The French have likewise a language eminently fitted for use upon the stage, since its words have definite meanings, synonyms are rare, and it lends itself easily to the clear expression of thoughts and emotions. Rhetorical skill in the use of such a weapon as the French language is easier to acquire than in the use of more complex and less lucid tongues, and Moliere, in his power of handling his mother tongue and in the theatrical aptitude which marks his nation, is an acknowledged master. In his works can be found in the highest degree the most striking characteristics of the French nation and the French language. But he was more than a typical Frenchman, he was a typical Frenchman of the seventeenth century, the most picturesque of all the centuries of French history. France rose to the height of her greatness as the leading nation in Europe. A large proportion of her greatest men of affairs, from great kings, like Henry IV and Louis XIV, and great statesmen like Richelieu and Colbert, to great soldiers like Turenne and Conde, and great sailors, like Duquesne and Jean Bart, flourished in this century; the great dramatists Corneille and Racine, the great preachers, Bossuet and Fenelon, the great critic Boileau, and the greatest of all French thinkers Pascal, added to its glory. And in this brilliant century Moliere stands forth as a typical figure. His career is as full of surprises as the century itself. The varied experiences through which France passed to her undisputed leadership of European politics and European thought left their traces upon him. It was a century of contrasts, a century in which an eye for the picturesque could best be cultivated. It was the most important century for the French language, the century in which the Academie Francaise was founded and the language became fixed and classified, on passing from the quaintness of the mid-



dle ages and the exaggeration of the Renaissance.

Last of all, Moliere was at the height of his powers essentially a writer of the age of Louis XIV. He wrote all his best works at the time when the "sun king" shone forth in all his glory. The great dramatist did not live to see the dark days of the war of the Spanish Succession, the gloomy court room over which Mme. de Maintenon presided, or the expulsion of the noblest of the sons of France, the Huguenots, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He knew the king only in his glory when the court of Versailles was the most brilliant in Europe.

Shakespeare and Cervantes in many ways come into one's mind in connection with Moliere. He is the representative of France as they are the representatives of England and Spain. Like them, his greatness rests upon his knowledge and interpretation of human life. Like them he was, essentially the humorist, seeing with unerring quickness the absurd side of human life and the ridiculousness of human endeavor. But, as with them, the very intensity of his appreciation of the humorous made him also fully conscious of the pathetic side of human life. Though he rouses the laugh straight from the heart as do Shakespeare and Cervantes, he is none the less able to draw out the tears that always accompany the heartiest laughter. Just as Don Quixote is at the same time the most pathetic of the great creations of literary genius, so, too, is Alceste, a pathetic even more than a humorous character.

It is the special gift of the highest of all human genius to see and to portray human nature as it really is, not all earthly, but, not all divine. Moliere was able to unite humor and truth, fun and an exact observation of life, satire and sincerity sustained by pity. Moliere is a moralist; he has an ethical code of his own; the total effect of his plays is wholesome. Like Shakespeare, he can pierce almost to the centre of things. The moral is never tagged to the end or paraded or vaunted; but he is a shallow

student who cannot discover the ethical richness of the soil in which Moliere's plays were grown.

Certain authors there are that we outgrow as we wax in years and in wisdom. There are books that we once liked, and that now remain behind us as milestones marking the road traveled. Though we came up to them with pleasure, yet without regret we leave them in the distance. We have not tarried with them long, and unless we turn back we never pass them again. Moliere is not one of these: he is for all ages. In youth we may enjoy him unthinkingly, amused by his comic invention, his drollery, his frank fun. As we grow older his charm over us grows also; and we see the finer qualities of his work, his insight into human motives, and his marvelous skill in exhibiting these on the stage. And in old age we may refresh ourselves once again with his unfailing and unfading humor, and with the true wisdom which underlies it. At one time the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" may please us, and at another "Le Misanthrope"; but at all times one who takes interest in the comedy of human endeavor may find in Moliere what he needs.

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#### THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

(Read before the Judson Literary Society, May 22, 1909, at its good-bye meeting.)

"Greenville, C. & G. Depot," and the big black porter slammed the door. I pulled myself together, dusted off the cinders, straightened my hat and got my things together. The little gray-whiskered conductor called for the small card he had given me in place of my ticket. "Don't forget your umbrella," and old Captain Billy Smith moved on.

At the station there were girls everywhere but not a familiar face. I felt lost, on every side friends were greeting each other with the kiss of welcome. An outsider and a stranger I stood looking on. Presently my eyes fell on Dr. James and my heart gave one bound. I

had seen him before and knew then I would find some one to welcome me. Do we ever forget the warm hand grasp he gives us and the kind words he speaks at this time? No, never! Then there was a committee of Y. W. C. A. girls who did all in human power to make a new girl feel at home her first night in college.

A car soon brought us to the college. I looked from the window at these four brick walls—so cold and prison like. But then with a second glance saw more, the campus was dotted here and there with merry groups of girls strolling arm in arm.

When I was in my room with the door closed, I thought over all that had happened. "Would I like it or not?" I asked myself many times. All my life I had looked forward to this day. I had wanted to come to G. F. C. and had planned thousands of times just how it would all be.

The first days in college are too well remembered by every girl before me for the details to be taken up. There is the trouble you had matriculating, the teacher who was so very kind and the senior who helped too. The First church reception has left an indelible impression on many a mind. There rises before my life now a life-size picture of me sitting back in a corner "stuck hard"—my companion wore a green ribbon.

Then the next morning at chapel—oh, that Saturday and Sunday—, Dr. James meant kindness by every word he spoke, but they brought tears to almost every eye, especially to those of the new girls. He pictured father and mother and home. Slowly I can feel the lump rising in my throat, the first pangs of home-sickness wrung my heart. I hated everything around me, books, teachers, Dr. James, all that looked like G. F. C., or Greenville. But Sunday afternoon's mail brought two letters, one from mother and the other—well, "just a cousin of mine." The first is read through tears but the latter dries the tears away. There are no words to tell a crowd of school girls what the first letter from "him" means, therefore I hope

you have every one experienced it. I immediately begin to make plans for Christmas and next summer.

Our "rat" year in college has its joys and its sorrows. Christmas came sooner than we had even thought in September it could. The earliest train that pulled out carried me on it. The excitement and anticipation of all this had not permitted me to sleep for the past week, I could eat no breakfast that morning but what did it matter. I was going home. Two weeks of fun and pleasure followed, immediately ensuing which there came a retrospective mood two weeks or more in duration, filled with tears, and sighs and remembering of past joys. Slowly but surely the first year of college life draws to a close and we all go home for a jolly three months.

September finds me again on the campus. But, oh, how different my feelings! On all sides there are friends to be spoken to. Then I am a sophomore—wise and learned on account of last year's experiences. All new girls must be visited that night, the "greenest rat" in school picked out and fun had at her expense, the past summer's happenings talked over and plans marked for this year. The remnant of the old crowd assembles kimonaed and pig-tailed, the box of candy, a parting present is produced along with the latest novel—then the chatter begins. This year is spent in less work and more play but nevertheless we leave college in June as full fledged Juniors.

In earnest the next year is spent. I now begin to realize that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in a sophomore's philosophy. The two class receptions are the only social affairs I now have time to attend. There is no Senior who does not recall now, last year pleasantly. Those nine months meant so much in more than one way.

The Senior, or last year of college life opens and September calls me back to duty. Tonight I am fast approaching the end of the road, which once seemed so long and stretched before us as a widening and ever widening way. As I glance backward I see behind rough places and

smooth stretches, here a difficult problem was mastered and there a temptation was turned aside. There are pleasant and unpleasant memories that will linger with us always. In a few years we will sit—alone—perhaps by the hearth of dying embers and in them picture by-gone years—the most pleasant being the ones spent in college. I think the Almighty was infinitely kind and good in bestowing upon us the power to remember more of the pleasant, which will cling in the cells of the mind far longer than those things which tend to make life—day by day—seem such an unhappy experience.

Now life must be viewed whether we wish or not, in a more serious light. I had gazed when first entering college at the girl, clad in cap and gown, as the little boy often does at the man in the lion cage with Barnum & Bailey—with wide open eyes; thinking of the many worlds of knowledge she has conquered; the many years she had worked and the “long days of labor and nights devoid of ease”. I had thought when I could in truth possess such an attire, chaperone girls shopping and say when asked “What class are you?”—“Seniors”, as in my imagination I spoke the word. I could feel my pulse quicken and hear my heart beat more loudly. But alas as all anticipation it was but a bubble that the wind of reality soon dissolved into vapor. Experience is the best teacher and time proves all things, so, girls, try it then, I beg of you in closing.

E. L. C.

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#### LOST, FOUND, WANTED.

Lost.—One of our most talented musicians in the vocal department.

Special Seniors.

Found.—A new book in the library.

Lost.—On Hampton Avenue a heart. If finder will notify the voice department of G. F. C. before June the tenth, he will receive his reward.

Lost, strayed, or stolen.—A rat. Finder please return to room No. 23, and no questions will be asked.

Found.—On Furman campus a large merry widow hat under which smiled serenely a small auburn-haired G. F. C. girl wearing an "'09" class ring, with the initials V. O.—J. C.

Wanted.—By a piano graduate of G. F. C. a class of young men. Liberal terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. F. S. Box 423.

Wanted.—To teach a class in foolery. Athalie Moseley.

Wanted.—Another heart to conquer. Britt Gunter.

Wanted.—Some more harmony classes to attend. F. S.

# ISAQUEENA

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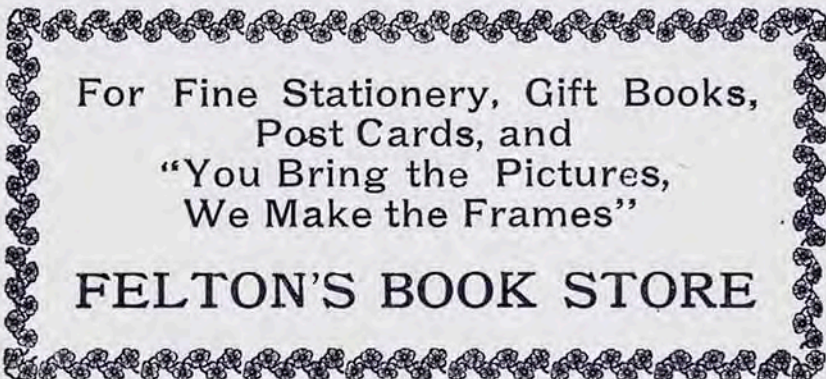
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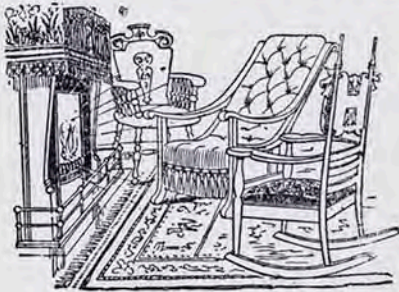
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