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Josie McBride

Greenville Woman's College

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Isaqueena

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LIST OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

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JESSIE BRYANT       EMMA WRIGHT
Editors.

A THANKSGIVING.

For the star-sown vault of the infinite skies
With its twinkling light of hope-jets bright,
Swung by unseen hands of angel bands
In the deep, calm hush of the azure dome,
God of all might, we thank thee.

For the sons of men 'neath the star-lit skies,
With a buoyant song as they march along,
To the great world's need of a loving deed,
When the lone heart breaks far adrift from home,
Parent Divine, we thank thee.

For the love of God from his throne in the skies,
With a tender care for the world so fair,
Proved brightest and best, and at last greatest
A Holy Life Breathing peace to man's strife,
Love supreme, we thank thee.
THE NEW TEACHER.

It woud indeed a "giffie be"
To see ourselves as "ithers see"—
But what a blessing could they know,
What sometimes makes us act just so.

The New Teacher sat on the edge of the bed and kicked her feet against the hat box. She never could abide to have a hat box under the bed but when a room is only just big enough to turn around in, a hat box must be put wherever it can go. The window was across from the bed and she was looking straight out over the campus. But she didn't see the trees beginning to put on their autumn colors, nor the groups of girls scattered over the lawns. In fact there was a decided mist in the New Teacher's eyes that made everything rather blurred and her thoughts were far away.

The New Teacher was very young, younger in fact than many of the girls whom she was to teach, and she had never been far from home. She had had a happy time at home, she and her six brothers, and she had never wished to leave for long. There was but one other family on the island, and she was the only girl. Of course at times she had longed for a sister or for girl friends, but on the whole brothers were as good company as she wanted and she was "as good as a boy" with them. Some day when she had studied with their tutor as long as her father wished, he and the mother would spend a winter with her in Charleston that she might know something of society. But that time had always seemed too far away to trouble her much.

Then one year a storm ruined the cotton; and again the next. Then the third year after the cotton was picked and all seemed well, one windy night somebody dropped a match too near the ware house and by morning the cotton was all gone and the stables and five mules had also been burned. Under the strain and anxiety the father's health had given way, and for months they knew not what the next day would bring.

And so it came about that the New Teacher, as the oldest of the family, had helped shoulder the responsibility and had turned very suddenly from a tomboy girl to a dignified instructress. At least she
tried very hard to be dignified and really succeeded very well, only it appeared more like she was indifferent and cold. It had been very hard from the first day; for however much she tried to be pleasant and friendly, when one has never been with girls or even had a single girl friend, their ways seem strange; and the New Teacher had always been rather timid with strangers. And then whenever she'd nearly forget that she was really afraid of the girls, and be her own natural self, there was always that voice to remind her, "You must be dignified, you *must* be dignified."

She had been very glad to hear that some of the girls were to have a spread and invite the teachers and had hoped she would be asked, for she so longed to know the girls and to have some fun. But she had certainly not been prepared, when the girls came to ask her, to have a tight feeling in her throat and to hear herself really say in a queer voice, that she was sorry but she had some work which would keep her in her room all evening. She had so wished they would stay and talk to her but had her life depended upon it she could not have asked them. They had gone out looking rather disgusted and the New Teacher had retreated to her bed to kick the hat box and wonder what in the world could have made her do it.

As the days went by matters didn't improve in the least. However much she thought and planned of how she would be pleasant with the girls and join in their fun, when the time really came she could only feel strange and embarrassed.

She was very sure that in athletics she would feel at home and the first day the basket ball team began its practice she was the most eager watcher at the side lines. How she did long to be one of the girls, for she fairly ached for a good hard play. One of the guardsmen was sick and there was some discussion as to who would fill her place. "Perhaps the New Teacher can guard there, she says she can play." And the New Teacher's heart gave a joyful bound. "Oh, can you," asked the captain, "I'll be so glad if you will, for we surely need you." Could she? Well the New Teacher just guessed she could. She could forget to be dignified, and the girls really needed her.

It was a very shining faced teacher who took her position as guardsman, but it was a very wilted and disgraced feeling one, who,
at the end of the first half, after having six fouls called on her for roughness, decided that really her head ached too much for her to play any more. The New Teacher retired to her room to fight back the tears, and it wasn't until long after that she realized that there was a decided difference between the rules for boy's and girl's basket ball.

After that she was afraid to even say that she could play tennis and the girls didn't seem to care about boxing or racing or any of the dear rought plays on which the New Teacher had been brought up. And when one had been accustomed to tramping through the woods or sending a boat across the water with firm, strong storkes, it is very hard to take exercise by walking in a dignified way up one street and down another.

The other teachers tried to be good to her but none of them were quite so young and if the New Teacher was afraid of the girls, the faculty, singly and collectively, brought terror to her heart. They must know that she was young and inexperienced, but they should not think her childish, nor should they know how hard the work was for her. So the New Teacher was never confidential about her work, and she assumed such dignity when any of the faculty called that they were afraid to ask her to their gatherings, for fear that she would freeze them—welsh rarebit and all.

It might have been better had she gone to the same church with the girls and other teachers, but even there she was different. At any rate, she thought, she could work in the Y. W. C. A. And she did enjoy the meetings, although the freedom with which the girls could speak of things which she had always held too sacred for words seemed almost sacriligious to her. It was at the fourth meeting that the leader called on her for prayer for missions. Until a month before, the New Teacher had never heard an impromptu prayer in her life, and the idea of her having to pray in public paralyzed every faculty; all she could think of was the Prayer for the President of the United States. That day she came nearer crying than ever before and somehow the Association meetings had lost their joy to her.

Of course matters were better in the class room for then she knew where she stood and felt more at home, but even there it was often far from peaceful. She never could have imagined, she wrote the
next brother, that real animate beings could have so little sense, and there was no getting it in by any means. The New Teacher had never been gifted with patience nor had she ever been associated with any but exceptionally bright people; so the combination was not hopeful. However much she tried to have patience and make the girls understand, the dullest they would seem to get.

One girl especially tried her almost past endurance; "The Dunce" she called her when she wrote home to the next brother, and the dunce she almost always proved to be. "I really think she studies," the New Teacher wrote, "and it's not so much that she doesn't know her lessons, but that she never seems to be able to say what she knows. She acts as if she were frightened to death but I know it isn't that, for I've watched her with the other girls and she is the leader in everything although she is younger than most of them." The New Teacher did her best to help "the Dunce" but she would sit all through class without taking her eyes from the New Teacher's face and seemingly drink in every word, but just let her be sent to the board and her's was confusion worse confounded.

Somehow the days and weeks dragged on until Thanksgiving time. The New Teacher did not succeed in making friends any better than she had at the first. Thanksgiving morning she went to church alone and through the beautiful Thanksgiving Service when the hearts of all around her seemed lifted in praise hers was truly in the depths. Of course she had a great deal for which to be thankful; the father was better, and the rest of the loved ones were well, and she was able to help. She must think of those things and stop thinking of just a year ago, when she and the father and mother and all the brothers had rowed across the creek and had driven the beautiful twenty miles to service. Those Thanksgiving services together were always times to be remembered, for it was not often they could take the long trip to church.

That afternoon she spent writing home while everyone else seemed bent on having a good time together. One thing to be thankful for at any rate, not one word of all the lonesome homesickness had gone back in her letters and the fight had often been a hard one to keep them cheerful. She thought night would never come and was glad when the bell rang for study hour and the merry making around her must cease.
She was going down the hall a little later, to see if any of the girls were doing else than study. How she did hate that inspecting, hated it more than anything else she had to do—even more than sending the Dunce to the board. It was the Dunce's door she was passing now and through the transom came sounds that were certainly not of studying. She knocked and went in but at first glance could see no one, but when her eyes became more accustomed to the dark she could distinguish the form of the Dunce, curled up in a disconsolate heap on the window-seat. And she was crying. The New Teacher never could bear to see people crying, it made her so uncomfortable.

"What's the matter?" she asked.
"I'm crying," came from the Dunce.
Any idiot would have known that, thought the New Teacher, but "Well, what for."
"Just so," said the Dunce.
"Well if that's the case," said the New Teacher, "I'm going; and you can just stop it, for you will disturb whoever is in the next room."

She turned to go, but the Dunce caught her skirt. "Please don't go." she sobbed.

"Why," asked the New Teacher.
"Because I want you."
"Why?"
"Because, because, oh, because I love you," wailed the Dunce.

The New Teacher stood still. Then something slipped away from her. The something that had held her in its spell all the fall, and slipping down on the window-seat she gathered the miserable Dunce in her arms. "You don't really mean it, do you?" she asked. After all a Dunce could sometime be a dear.

"Of course I do. I love you until it hurts, and I just know you haven't one bit of use for me," the Dunce or rather the Dear wound up, "I always make such an idiot of myself in your class, and I know you can't abide silly people."

"Well, what makes you do that way," asked the New Teacher.
"I don't know, except just because I'm so scared. The girls all look at me so—you know I've never been to school in my life before—
and then I wouldn't mind that so much—but you do scare me so dreadfully."

"Me?" gasped the New Teacher. It wasn't good grammar, but the idea of any one being afraid of her.

"Yes, you do, you are so awfully dignified, and I want to do right so much that I just can't say a word. And oh, I do love you so."

"The idea," said the New Teacher "you poor child and here all this time I've been scared silly and yet didn't see that it was the same trouble with you."

"Are you ever scared" asked the Dear.

"I should say so," said the New Teacher.

"And is that what makes you so, so sort of prissy? I don't think you are, but some of the girls do."

"I suppose so," said the New Teacher. "I want them to like me so very much but somehow I never know what to say."

"I can help you there," said the Dear. "I never have any trouble outside of class."

"And do you think I can ever make the girls love me?"

"Oh, yes I'm sure. They want to love you if they only knew that you would let them."

There was a long silence; then the Dear reached up and kissed the New Teacher. It was the first time she had been kissed since she left home.

"Oh, I'm so thankful" said the Dear.
And the New Teacher was thankful too.


CHEERFULNESS.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." We show more of ourselves in our faces than we realize. The countenance is a true index to the heart. Those who possess a merry heart and a cheerful disposition, carry pleasantness wherever they go and make society agreeable, and the little sphere in which they move a more delightful one in which to live. A face of discontent, of dolefulness, of hardness and spite is painful to look upon. Such a face is a heavy load for the owner to carry, and a discomfort to others wherever it is carried.
While a cheerful face is an animated picture, delightful picture, delightful to look upon.

We get our notions of people from their countenances. If the countenance is agreeable and accompanied by a cheerful disposition we like them; if it is disagreeable we dislike them. However homely or ill-proportioned a face may be, if it presents a cheerful countenance it is pleasant to look upon. This face is the radiance of a merry heart, and is like sunshine on an unsightly landscape—delightful just for itself.

It is one's duty to be cheerful. No one has a right to cast a gloom over the little circle in which she moves. Whoevery is discontented in society does violence to it, as well as to the duty she owes it.

If only ourselves were influenced by our doleful faces and complaining dispositions we might afford to cultivate them. But there is no one who does not influence another, not only in word or act, but also by her very presence. If discomforts and disappointments are about us, it is not the best taste or friendship to rehearse them to our friends and annoy them with the dissatisfaction which fills our minds. If fortune does not favor us as we think we deserve, it is not a loving or merciful act to torture our friends with our complaints, who in this busy, happy age have not time to listen to them. No one prefers a companion of a doleful and moody disposition when a cheerful one is to be had.

How welcome in our midst is the cheerful one, who though having troubles and disappointments, does not carry them stamped on her face, or relate them to others. Her presence is like the sunshine. Many people have made their voices harsh and sharp and their faces stern and unpleasant by nourishing unpleasant thoughts and cultivating dissatisfied dispositions. Frail as we are there is much good to be said of each of us. Common as are human sins and suffering, there are much virtue and happiness in the world which only the good and cheerful soul finds. Cheerfulness is not a thing put on, as a mask, but an inward fountain of life, in sympathy with things true and good and real. And a true way to attain cheerfulness is to be glad with our lot, to rejoice in our good fortune, to find more good in ourselves and every body else. Follow this way and a merry heart and a cheerful face is the happy result.
ISAQUEENA

MY MOTHER.

I may not win the heights I hope to see,
I may faint ere my course be run, or flee
From duty, but should I win or be undone,
I should be worthy of one,
My Mother.

O may thy spirit ever dwell with mine
And teach me of that school so wholly thine;
Let come what may, of love I'll ne'er be shorn,
For one has loved me ere that I was born,
My Mother.

HER REQUEST

The last Thursday in November dawned clear, the wind gently tossed the few remaining red and golden leaves about from yonder heaped pile by the fence to the corner; the air was crisp and cold, but in spite of the cold the sun was shining brightly, giving life and vigor to all around.

It was a typical day for the annual Thanksgiving race. This race had been held for four years in this neighborhood; all of the boys gathering to race their thoroughbreds, each taking a boyish interest in his horse. Anita was standing on the curb nervously whipping her pretty skirt with her crop. She looked very charming as she waited for Jack to come and take her with him to watch him run Gypsy around the track for the last time until the race at two that afternoon. Anita Freeman was considered the prettiest girl in the village, and most of the boys were jealous of Jack Raymond because she seemed to like him better than she did her other boy friends.

She is growing impatient for Jack to come, and as she waits a slight frown gathers on her fair white brow. At last old Jim has brought her pretty brown mare around to her, its glossy coat fairly shining in the sun. Jack dashes up at the same time, all excited over the race.
"Why Nita, how lovely you are this morning. Have I kept you long?"

"No," she answered as she smiled back at him, "and 'tis a fine day for the race. Do the boys still think you and Gypsy will get the cup?"

"I am pretty sure of her," he said as he helped her to mount.

When they reached the track Anita seemed a little indifferent and not as interested as she used to be. Before Jack started his last round he came up to her and said, "Little girl, tell me all about it, what's the trouble?"

"Jack, I must tell you, I can't bear to see him get so disappointed."

"Who disappointed?" he stammered, hardly believing his ears.

"Why, Jim! He thinks Albuta is going to win and he has been talking about it all this week. He has just decided this morning to give the cup to Mather. Can you and I allow him to get disappointed?"

"What do you mean Nita?"

"Jack, it is just this; if you could allow him to win the race Oh! can't you see? 'Tis hard enough for me to say it, can't you do it?

"But Gypsy stands for the boys in our neighborhood, the garnet and black, while Albuta stands for your neighborhood, the orange and green, and the other horses stand for their community. Do you think I would be treating the boys fair? If 'twas for you dear, and the boys were not concerned I'd do it, but can't you understand my position?"

Anita wheeled as if she had been stung. With a childish fury in her eyes she said to Jack, who gazed at her fixedly:

"Mr. Raymond, we have been going together for some time, and you tried to make me believe you loved me; and I was foolish enough to believe it. It is best if you can't do this for me that our friendship should end. Your love was not very deep!"

She had turned and was gone before Jack Raymond could believe is ears. "Had this been Nita, his little girl, talking to him in this manner? What did it mean? Could he go back on the Garnet and Black? Did he love Anita? Of course he loved her, more than the world, and she knew it, and had known it for a long time!"
By two o'clock the grandstand was crowded with all the people of the town; old as well as young were watching eagerly for the first horseman to appear and for the races to begin.

Anita was there with Rex Dunn, that good looking cousin of Florence Clair's. A large blue veil encircled her head and two large dreamy eyes looked out upon the crowd, her pale face anxious but calm.

"Would Jack do this? Should she have put him to such a severe test? No, she was sure he had meant it when he said, "Can I go back on the 'Garnet and Black'?"

* * * * * * *

The first heat has been made, Jim Freeman with excitement and delight has kept Albuta ahead. Jack holding Gypsy back with all his might sees Anita's pale face as he passes, and he murmurs to himself:

"Can I do it? I will do it for Her; but what will my dear old chums say? They know that Gypsy can win!"

He did not even hear the cheers from the crowd yelling and whooping! He only heard the words, "Your love was not very deep!" It was deep and he would show her it was.

The second heat, and Albuta has won the first race. The best two out of three decides the race, and Jack is going to let Jim, her brother, win!

Albuta is going swiftly around the track; Gypsy is two horses back; Jack now hears the boys:

"Hurrah for the 'Garnet and Black'! Gypsy will win! Hurrah for Jack Raymond!"

"Can he go back on them?" He sees Anita as the first heat is finished and Albuta is ahead. Her lips seem to be trying to form some word which she wanted to say to him, her face was no longer pale, but a deep excited crimson.

The second heat and unconsciously he has let Gypsy out, she has passed Bob Grey's horse, past Jim Freeman's horse and at last when under the wire Gypsy is full six yards ahead!

"What had he done and what would she say?"

At last overwhelmed by the cries of his old chums, Jack has allow-
ed Gypsy to win the last race, which brought the cup to the "Garnet and Black." He wouldn't dare glance toward Anita.

He is standing in a secluded corner where no one can see him, with the cup in his hand which unnoticed and unfelt drops heavily to the ground. A light hand replaces it, and gentle fingers lift his drooping head while a soft and welcome voice whispers, "You did, do it, in a way, dearie, didn't you? The test was too hard, I shouldn't have asked it; it was cruel of me!" Anita said as a tear softly glided down her cheek.

"Oh! dearest, do you mean it? Do you mean that you will ever speak to me again? That you were testing my love for you? Anita how could you doubt it a moment, when I have shown it so plainly to you these many years?"

She didn't answer for a moment, and when she did she said to him in a subdued voice. "Jack, it was a girlish fancy of mine, I didn't seem to realize your love for me and Jim did want to win so badly; I thought that a good test, she sobbed, "but I was so foolish, how could I have ever done it?"

"But dearie, we both love each other better for this little experience and neither of us will ever forget it," he said as he gently pressed her hand.

A. R. T.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

When we think of the word Thanksgiving our minds go back to the Pilgrim Fathers who in the midst of death and distress did not forget to give thanks to God for all the blessings which they had received. However clear these memories are to us, we must not think that this was the origin of thanksgiving. For many, many years people have been lifting their voices in praise to the one from whom they believed their blessings came. Thus the Thanksgiving we celebrate today at the close of every harvest season owes something to the religious rites of ancient nations.

The oldest of these festivities is the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, which occurred once a year, after the labors in the field were finished. At this season all the people met at Jerusalem and feasted for seven
days. The eighth day was observed as a solemn rest day. Hosannas were sung and sacrifices offered up.

Greece celebrated a feast to Demeter, the goddess of cornfields and harvests. Their time of rejoicing was in the months of August and September. It was the greatest of the Greek festivals and each attired himself with garlands of flowers and brought a sacrifice from the product of the soil.

The Romans also set apart a day on which they could rest from their labors and drink deep of the pleasure of life. This feast day was called Cerealia from Ceres, the goddess of the fields. Ceres was represented as drawn in a chariot, her head crowned with ears of corn and holding in her hand a basket of poppies.

Then too, long years before the white man came to this fair land of ours, the Indians would gather in their villages for a day of feasting. This feast was held in November after the crops of corn were gathered. There with no thought of an intruder, with only the sky for a witness these dusky warriors danced and sang far into the night.

Coming still nearer home is the English Harvest-home. In September when the moon was full all gathered together for a day of frolic and rest from work. This festival differed from others. There was no pomp, or ceremony, but rather a light frivolous atmosphere enveloped every one.

With these memories fresh in their minds, we do not wonder that our Pilgrim Fathers thought it necessary to set apart a day of rest. But death and disease had done so much to sadden them that on this day they turned to God for help and strength, rather than to worldly pleasures. They did not forget however, that they had received blessings, and that all blessings come from God. So their voices were raised in songs of praise, and for the moment there loomed up before them a future full of joy and gladness.

Thus we see our Thanksgiving of today has borrowed from the Thanksgivings which went before. We have adopted the Indian time of meeting. We have learned from the Jews a lesson of charity, from Demetes and Ceres, a lesson of thanks for the harvests. From the English Harvest home we have flavored our Thanksgiving with mirth and joy. And, lastly our forefathers have instilled in us a spirit of thankfulness and adoration. Abraham Lincoln, who
always had the welfare of his country at heart, realized the fitness of such a day, so he set apart the twenty-sixth of November 1863 as a time for thanksgiving. It was not until then that the day now universally kept was nationally acknowledged. So let us all when this time of the year draws near, lay aside the cares and troubles of life, and exclaim with the sweet singer of Israel: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

M. S. '10.

TO A RUBY.

I

Ruby, a rare gem thou art,
The ruling passions of my heart;
But another of thy name
Is winning a far greater fame,—
A little maiden, sweet and fair,
With dimpled cheek and golden hair;
Yet above all these, I prize
The magic beauty of her eyes.

II.

I gave to her a love most true,
But this gift I soon did rue;
For her's is to another given,
And with grief my heart is riven.
Now I wander sad and lone,
And the world is dreary grown;
Yet I pray her life may be
From every care and sorrow free.

III.

When for her my heart makes moan—
This is my secret little stone—
Upon thee I fondly gaze,
And in the light that through thee plays,
I see the wondrous light that lies
In her soft and dreamy eyes,
And the rosy tints within thy heart,
Seems ever of her cheeks a part.

IV.

There! my secret now has flown;
Keep it safely, little stone;
Ne'er let the living Ruby know
That thou hast seen my tears to flow,
Or known my spirit tempest-tossed
With sorrow for the Ruby lost.
Never can I wish her ill,
For in my heart I love her still.

C. V.

"THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM."

"To be an old maid school teacher must be your calling in life, Jeanette, you certainly do look like one. Pull your glasses a little farther down on your nose—and please see if my hair is screwed up tight enough in the back" As Sue Drake said this, she pinned a precise black bow at her neck, and stepped back to view the effect in the mirror.

"Well, think both of us will do beautifully—if we can just keep our faces straight, and look dignified. I know we can fool those poor little "rats"—if you don't giggle and spoil it all. I can play my part all right, if you don't make me laugh. Isn't it lucky you borrowed that black waist? It fits you ex—Goodness! who's that knocking I wonder? What if it's a new girl. You sit down, and we will pretend they have come into a teacher's room—Come!

The door opened and Blanche Bell walked into the room. As she saw the girls' costumes, a puzzled expression came over her face. "Jeanette—Sue—why what on earth are you girls up to? You look like old maid school teachers—" Jeanette rose and in an affected tone said "My dear, you should not insult our dignity. I am Miss
Edith Marlborough, new instructor of English, and this is my friend Miss Margaret Hart, instructor of Latin. We have prepared ourselves to call upon the new students of this worthy institution." Then changing her tone, she said with a laugh "Oh Blanche! we’re going to have more fun—going to fool a few rats—you know there are two new teachers this year—Miss Marlborough, the English teacher, and Miss Hart, the Latin teacher, and we’re going to pretend we are they—see? Where’s that catalogue Sue? We’d better go. You come back Blanche, and we’ll tell you all about our fun."

As the girls went out, Blanche said—"Well, what you girls can’t think of, isn’t worth doing; you’re always playing some joke."

The "teachers" walked down the hall, and finally stopped before one of the doors, "I’m pretty sure those two terribly green looking girls room here," said Sue as she knocked.

They stood there a minute before any sound came from within—then someone called "Come." The girls walked in, but were somewhat surprised to see two rather pretty new girls, in their kimonas. The room was nice and cozy—pictures and pennants, sofa pillows and magazines—in fact it was what a college girl would dub as "cute."

"These are not our girls," whispered Sue, "but they are new—so let’s try our game."

Jeanette spoke first: "We are the teachers on your hall, my dears, and have come to pay you a social visit. This is my friend, Miss Hart, instructor of Latin, and I am Miss Marlborough, who will teach you English, and what are your names?"

One of the occupants of the room extended her hand: "I’m glad to know you both," she said timidly, "Sit down—I am Mary Smith, and my room mate is Clara Brown."

The "teachers" sat down, and began to chat about the school, etc. Finally "Miss Hart" looked around the room and said, "You have your room prepared very nicely, but don’t you know, my dear girls, that it is strictly against the rules to drive tacks, pins, and nails in your walls? You will have to take them all down, I’m afraid. You know the Board of Trustees inspects the rooms during the first month of school, and they will be much pained to see you abusing the school property."
The new girls looked uneasy, "Oh, I didn't know," Mary said with a distressed expression. "We will take them every one out."

"And I also observe a young man's photograph" said "Miss Marlborough," "He is some near relative I presume—as you know young men's pictures are not allowed in sight. They not only distract the mind from study, but it is useless to have them about. I had better take this time, my dears," she continued, "to give you some good advice, and explain a few of the rules." Then the "teachers" talked on for some time expatiating on the folly of young girls, with reference to boys, clothes, etc.

Finally the teachers rose to go. "Now my dear girls," said Sue with a motherly tone, "I hope you will profit by our little visit, and by the way," she opened the catalogue which she held, at the list of rules "Each girl is required to commit to memory this list of rules and regulations. When the Board of Trustees inspects, each girl is to know these perfectly. If you have not secured a copy of the catalogue, I will take pleasure in presenting you with this one."

Mary Smith and Clara Brown promised to do as they had been told, thanking the teachers for the catalogue, and telling them how much they had enjoyed the visit.

Sue and Jeanette soberly shook hands with the girls, and very sedately walked out. They closed the door, ran down the halls, and into their own room. As they threw themselves on the bed, they laughed—laughed until they cried, telling their great joke over and over again to their friends who came in.

The next morning at chapel, Sue and Jeanette were sitting with a crowd of their friends, talking about their fun of the day before, and trying to find Mary and Clara. "Well," said Sue at last, "I can't find them, I 'spose they're in their room pulling down tacks, weeping over sweethearts' pictures, which they're afraid to show, and learning the rules by heart."

Just then the faculty began to assemble on the platform, and one of the girls said, "Oh, look at the new teachers, Miss Marlborough, and Miss Hart. Aren't they sweet? The English teacher is a darling." All eyes were centered on the stage. But a strange thing had happened to Sue and Jeanette. The smiles left their faces, and they looked mutely at each other with pale faces. "Oh! ! !" gasped
Sue. "I—!" Then Jeanette began to grow red. "Don't tell the girls, Sue," she whispered, "They will never know."

But it was too late. Blanche had guessed the truth, and screamed it out there in chapel. "I know who Mary and Clara are—They are the new teachers!"

She was right. Sue has mistaken the room, and they had visited—not poor frightened "rats"—but the new teachers themselves, who had discovered the joke and humored it.

Poor Sue!—poor Jeanette! It was a joke, but not as they intended it.

Brunson.

THE READING HABIT

Nearly every one likes to read although there are few who would choose the same books. The books that one reads influence and help form character, so it is a good plan to carefully select profitable and beneficial books.

There is such a vast store of good literature from all nations that it is easy to find books that will strengthen one, both morally and mentally. For it is certain that a course of reading may be a great good or a great evil, according to its use.

If one forms the habit of reading light trashy books, that are of no real value to him, it will finally become similar to some drug habit of which it will be hard to break one's self.

All books may be divided into two classes, "sheep and goats," the latter to be placed inexorably on the left hand, to be carefully avoided and to be ignored by every one. Therefore it is best that parents shall decide what books are best for a child to read, but as the child grows older he will be better able to make wise selections.

Paul said: "When I became a man I put away childish things," just so must a mature person put away the fairy tales of his childhood for books of a deeper and more serious nature.

Each reader should determine what is best for himself. He should choose his books as he would his friends, because of their integrity and because of the pleasure their society gives him.: He should
search for books that are wholesome and that are helpful to him personally.

Emerson gives a good rule for reading, he says: "The best rules for reading is to follow your own inclinations as to what to read, to read what you think best, and not waste your time and memory on a crowd of mediocrities." Every book taken up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up one with a purpose. All unimportant information that we cram into our heads, is generally a bit of useful knowledge driven out and choked from our minds.

Anyone who would study to advantage could, without loss to himself, read some standard book that he enjoys many times over. To read a great many books tends to weaken rather than strengthen the memory. It is well to re-read books, for nearly everyone has a favorite author or authors to whom he turns with pleasure and profit. This habit of a second, third or even fourth perusal of a good book or chapter greatly aids the understanding and memory, although this habit must not be carried to excess. We should not try to read a few books constantly to the entire neglect of others. We should read carefully, thoughtfully, and re-read wisely. "One worthy book, made one's own by patient, thorough study, is worth a shelfful of books raced through at the top of one's speed." It isn't the number of books that you read but the way in which they are read that is beneficial.

A taste for reading helpful and useful books can be cultivated. Bishop Porter says that people will not be better than the books that they read. Only too often you see an account in the newspapers where some boy influenced by the "dime novels" have been imprisoned for serious offences. Such books ought not to be printed, they are the undoing of many boys who are allowed to read them.

The books that we read influence and instruct us in more ways than we think. We gain a broader knowledge of other countries, of their inhabitants, their customs and class distinctions. We learn their traditions, legends and superstitions. We get the benefits of their discoveries, scientific researches and inventions. We are made familiar with their history and their religious beliefs.

One could sit in his library and glean more knowledge from the
world at large than a person gains who travels a great deal but without first acquainting himself with books.

To be able to converse well is an art. Good reading is a wonderful aid in increasing one's vocabulary and furnishing topics for conversation.

If a person never strives to select books that will be profitable to him, he cannot expect to improve his intellectual faculties. The habit of reading, intelligently directed, may transform a person's life; but there is no virtue in reading unless one selects his own books and thinks as he reads.

There are books that are accepted by the world as standards, books that will never grow old. Without these no person's library is complete and unless one has read them his education is unfinished. These are the books for all time. Then there are the books of the hour which interest and please you for the time being. They must not be classed with the goats, for one can read and enjoy them and, in many cases find thoughts that are profitable. These books may be compared to a friend's letters, they are interesting for the moment and you are glad to have them, but they are not worth keeping.

This class of books often gives you true pictures of human nature and sometimes bring moral truths so forcibly to the mind as to leave lasting impressions. They are valuable for these and other reasons.

Careful study of good books gives culture, refinement, and a polish to one's education. One who surrounds himself with good literature will never lack pleasant and beneficial companionship. This thought is well expressed in the following quotation:

"No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise; and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."
THE DIFFERENCE

The November sun was shining brightly into her room, when Ida opened her eyes. It was seven o'clock and Thanksgiving morning. With a look of discontent, she got out of bed and began to dress herself. Thankful, indeed! What did she have to be thankful for? "I wish there was no such thing as Thanksgiving day. It makes me more miserable to see others thankful and happy when I have nothing to be thankful for. Why have I so little, when other girls have so much? There is Lottie realizing the ambition of her life studying music in New York. Susie is having the time of her life traveling through Europe with a gay party, while Fay has captured a wealthy banker with her beauty. Here I am, as ugly as a mud fence, working like a mule to make a living in a poky little town." There was real bitterness in her heart as she thought this and the tears would come in spite of all she could do.

A year ago, things were different. There had been a happy home with father and mother and little sister. Then the father had died, and the mother soon followed him, leaving the two girls with little fortune, to make their way in the world. The younger went to live with an aunt, and the older came to the city to make a living for herself and sister as a stenographer. She had to be economical and so boarded in a small boarding-house. Being of a rather timid disposition, she shrank from strangers, and had not made any real friends. The other boarders considered her queer and left her to herself. There was only one boarder in whom Ida felt interested. She was a Mrs. Elliot, an elderly lady who had come a few days before and sat across the table from her. There was something about her that made her different from the others—her neat dress, gentle voice and peaceful face contrasted greatly with the gay dresses; loud voices and unrefined looks of the other women.

Breakfast over, Ida went to her room to write letters and spend the day as best she could. In the midst of writing a letter there was a knock at the door, and opening it, she saw Mrs. Elliot.

"I came to ask you, Miss Gage, if you would help me a little in my room. I need someone very much and I think you can do it admirably," she said smiling.
Of course Ida was willing, anything to pass away the time.

On entering Mrs. Elliott's room, Ida was surprised to see the confusion it was in. Piled on chairs and scattered around the room were clothes of every description. On the table were several baskets full of edibles of every kind. It looked to Ida as if there were enough for a hotel or some other big establishment.

"You see, dear, every Thanksgiving, I make it a rule to make as many people as I can happy who are not blessed as I and in that way show my thankfulness to God. My friends know about it and like to help. In this way, I can fix up several baskets. This year, being away from home, I have been late in getting the things together, and am somewhat behind. That is why I want you to help me."

"But where and how do you find the people to help?" asked Ida puzzled.

"Oh that is easy enough," said Mrs. Elliot. "You can always find need and sorrow when you want to help. Now let's see how quickly we can get these things together." And the two went to work with a will.

Little by little, Ida was led to talk of her life—her sorrow, disappointments and unhappiness, for she felt that she had a sympathetic listener in Mrs. Elliot. And so she did. For that lady recognized in the trouble of Ida a similitude to that which she had experienced in her girlhood.

"I have been right where you are," she said "and I don't know what would have become of me, if it had not been for a few lines I read in a newspaper. They came just at the right time, and by them I was led to a path that has brought joy and happiness. The words were these: 'The highest and deepest happiness is in the faith that forgets self and loves and follows the will of God. It has no private business to transact, it is striving for the glory of God. Toward such enduring happiness we, too, can set our faces today—if we will.' I resolved that I would set my face toward it that day. Oh, there are struggles, there are discouragements, but with faith in God, you can conquer these. Happiness neither begins, nor ends with "I." There is an "I" in it, but tucked inconspicuously into the middle, and hardly accented at all."

By this time, the baskets were packed and ready to be taken out.
Mrs. Elliot had hired a hack and she and Ida began their trip to the part of town where the poorer classes lived. The words of Mrs. Elliot had put hope into Ida's heart, and she made the same resolution the elder woman had made years ago, and already there was beginning to creep into her heart, a peace which had never been there before.

Among the poor and destitute they went with their thank offering, for Ida had found many things she wanted to put in, and that made it an offering from both. First, they went to the little room, which old blind Tom and his daughter called home. A miserable little place it was and Ida was made to feel thankful for her cozy little room at the boarding-house. To widow Hudgens, they took an unusually large basket for she had a hard struggle to support herself and five children, the oldest of whom was a girl of fifteen, and lame, A look of shame came into Ida's face, when she thought how little she appreciated the use of her two limbs.

"And now we come to the saddest of all," said Mrs. Elliot, as they approached a small cottage. "Here lives an old couple with their son, who is an idiot, harmless as a baby, and has to be treated as such. The love they bestow upon that son, and yet the hopelessness of it is pitiful."

At the sight, Ida's eyes filled with tears and she truly thanked God that he had given her the light of intellect. "What does it matter," she said to herself, "if I have no beauty, no great talents, if I just have the sense I have, I should be thankful.

And so from one place to another they went, bringing joy as well as comfort, for Mrs. Elliot knew what to say to cheer the unfortunate. They had given their last basket and were on their way home, a tired but happy couple, when Ida said:

"What you say is true, Mrs. Elliot. Happiness neither begins nor ends with 'I.'"

"Why, of course, it is dearie," said Mrs. Elliot, with a squeeze of her hand, "I have tried it."

That night as Ida sat writing to Lottie, in New York, after having spent a delightful afternoon with Mrs. Elliot, she put in these sentences. "I have found the sweetest way to be happy and I never intend to be dissatisfied or unhappy again. Happiness neither begins nor ends with an 'I,' had you ever noticed that, Lottie dear? I'll tell you more about it when I see you Xmas."
THE CITY OF HEARTS CONTENT.

Where have you been today, dear heart,
That you are so tired and sad;
From the work of the day you may weary be,
But the heart should be always glad.

Ah, but I have worked so hard this day,
And the work has been full of pain;
I've searched for the City of Heart's Content,
And I've searched all day in vain.

I've been on the mountains of Toil and Care,
On the highways of Pleasures and Ease,
I've tried by the way of Self-sacrifice;
But I found it by none of these.

No wonder your day has been hard, dear heart,
And you're tired and sad tonight,
For though you have searched with a heart sincere,
Your way has been far from right.

You will find the City deep down in your soul,
In a joy by the Master lent,
And that, dear heart, is the only way,
To the city of Heart's Content.
Girls, do you know there is an essay medal offered by Essay Medal. Dr. James? This medal is to be given to the student, who publishes in Isaqueena during the session, the best essay.

This essay must be original and must display a correct knowledge of English, nor must the name of the author be signed.

Three judges are appointed to make the decision, and the medal is delivered the last night of commencement.

Last year several fine essays were entered, and hoping to have a larger number this year we call attention to this, early in the session.

If the new girls read the catalogue no doubt they noticed the list
of the medals offered, but do not we all need to be reminded of things like this?

Last year we had a prize of five dollars in gold, for the best original story to be published in our magazine. This was a great inducement to story writing and resulted in many good articles for the Isaqueena.

Although we have no prize for stories this year, let us write anyway for we most certainly will receive a reward for our labors.

This prize was offered by the class of 1906. May we not hope that the interest this class has so kindly shown in our magazine work will be an inspiration to others?

Last month we had something to say about Isaqueena, *Isaqueena*, in our editorials, and owing to the increasing interest shown in it, we will continue to let our friends know of its progress.

Our first number was indeed late in getting out, but considering the difficulties under which we had to work, we were only too glad to get it out before November.

Several members of the staff did not return this fall, and this to some extent, was a hindrance to us. It was impossible to elect others to take their place until several weeks had passed.

Being new at magazine work, we felt to the fullest degree, our inability to get out a college magazine which would compare favorably with similar publications in other colleges. We are inexperienced yet, but by persistent efforts, fair methods, and a loyalty which scorns defeat, we shall eventually win the victory.

The staff is very much encouraged by the support of the faculty, the students, and many friends. We will do our best to attain to the high ideals presented us by other college magazines.

We have had no little trouble in arranging our advertisements, but the business manager is doing her best, and in a short time the tangles will disappear and the problems will be solved.

On October the twenty-first we had "Isaqueena Day." At chapel Dr. James made a speech on the need of this phase of our college life. Other members of the faculty made short but pointed talks along the same line, some of the girls followed with an earnest ap-
ISAQUEENA

peal for their magazine. Much interest was awakened which is still showing itself in substantial ways.

The Isaqueena now has the largest number of subscribers in its history. We also have succeeded in obtaining a goodly number of advertisements, although our list is not yet completed.

At present, thanksgiving day is thought of more as a Thanksgiving holiday than as the day when we should be thankful Day. for all that God has done for us throughout the year.

Schools close, and sometimes several families gather in the country to eat the turkey dinner and famous pumpkin pies. After this the children gather around the cheerful fireside, and crack nuts, pop pop-corn, or perhaps tell fairy tales.

The first thanksgiving day was celebrated by the Puritans of Plymouth in the fall of 1621. How thankful they must have felt toward God for His protecting love and care during this, their first year in the New World. For many years it was entirely a New England celebration. Congress recommended it during the Revolutionary War, but for four years after its close no day was set. The custom gradually spread to the Western and Southern states, each fixing its own date, but since the Civil War the day has been appointed regularly by the President of the United States.

How often we feel discouraged in our work and sigh because everything we do seems to accomplish nothing. We don't see when Latin or French is going to be of any use to us, and we feel sure that no ordinary girl ever learned that Literature lesson perfectly.

What air castles we build while studying, so we say, of what we would do, if we could have only one winter out of the school room. Our seemingly fruitless attempts, at least, accomplish more, in showing us the road to knowledge, than any of our so-called good times. Although everybody assures us that college days are the happiest, our dull brains seem incapable of looking at it in that light and we await with longing the day of our graduation. But let us not spend our whole time working for our diploma. Let us help others by always wearing a bright smile on our faces, by saying a few kind words to the homesick girl, by helping her hang her pictures, or by taking her for a walk, thus keeping the Golden Rule, and we will find that our most difficult tasks will become real pleasures.
LEILA MAI MCKENZIE  
Editor.

We had quite a treat this month, an evening spent with "Betsy Hamilton." All of us who attended, and there was quite a large number, remember it very pleasantly.

The second number of our Lyceum course was well attended recently. It was a quartet known as "Hinshaw Grand Opera Company."

We hope the numbers to come will be enjoyed as much as the past ones.

Our President has been sick for several days, but we are glad to see him out again.

Misses Minnie and Janie Hyde spent almost a week at home the past month.

Some of our girls' mothers have visited them this month. We are always glad to have them.

Miss Leita Woodward, one of our former students, has paid us several short visits this week. Miss Woodward's father is conducting a meeting at Pendleton Street Baptist Church.

Miss Rosa Redd was called home as her mother is very sick. We extend to her our sympathy and hope to have her back soon.
Misses Laura Erwin and Mary Lipscomb spent several days in Anderson with Miss Bessie Glenn this month.

Misses Belle Cooner and Leila Mai McKenzie attended the State Fair, and from their reports had quite a pleasant time.

A rat going into A-r-l-s B-l-ger's room saw a Wofford pennant on the wall and asked for the address that she might order her one.

A-ie J-h-son said she saw a woman thirteen pounds high not long ago.

M-na B-a-ch-d said to the girl next her at the table, "Please pass the syrup, I am so thirsty."

Will some one kindly tell M-th-de Y-n-gb-d that Othello is one of Shakespeare's characters.

Some of the girls are beginning to use the receiver of the telephone as a mouthpiece and the mouthpiece as a receiver.

Will some one tell R-s- R-dd that ice-cream cannot be bought at a barber shop.

One of our rats said after the serenade by the Furman boys, "I just knew those boys were going to initiate us tonight."

One of the new girls cannot decide whether to buy a G. F. C. or a Furman pin. Which would you suggest?
CARO TRULUCK
Editor.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." May Christ teach us to surrender fully our lives to him that he may strengthen us in our attempts to do his work. We have many things to work for and many blessings for which to be thankful.

The Bible Reading Circle has been organized and it meets every evening after supper for about fifteen minutes. We are now studying Christ's miracles and feel that we get much from the study.

The interest in the devotional meetings is very good. The committees meet regularly and seem to be working earnestly.

At our last weekly meeting in October, Mr. T. O. Lawton, Jr., gave a splendid address emphasizing especially the need of Mission Study in our schools. He first said that we are told, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." When we think of the millions who are dying without Christ we must think also that we are to blame because we have not told them about Jesus through whom they could be saved. We should pray for and give to missions if it is only for the sake of those whom we know and love who are laboring on the mission field. Jesus said, "Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." How are we to do this if we do not realize the need? We should
study the fields and then we will be prepared to pray, to give, and to work intelligently. Let us get to work systematically and have classes with leaders and find out the conditions existing at this time.

After Mr. Lawton’s address a canvass was made for Mission Study classes. Four courses of study had been arranged, as follows: Uganda’s White Man of Work, lead by Miss Ada Inabnett; South America, It’s Missionary Problem, lead by Miss Stella Bomar; The Call of the Waters, lead by Miss Sadie Goodwin; The Moslem World, lead by Miss Florrie Lee Lawton.

There were thirty to join these classes and we are looking forward to a year of good work.

The first week in November Miss Taft, Secretary of the Student’s Volunteer Movement, spent parts of two days with us, which we greatly appreciated.

At our Y. W. C. A. meeting Miss Taft talked to us about the urgency of the coming Rochester Convention. She said that there have been crises in the world’s history and at such times we do not act as we do in ordinary times. The present crisis is an unprecedented one and we cannot do things as we would otherwise.

All the countries of the far and near East are at a turning point and we are responsible for deciding whether they shall turn to or from Christ. Many of them are now open to our religion and will accept it if we will give it to them while they are asking for it. China has called to us but part of that important country says that she will call no longer unless we send help to her now. Some of our men who have studied and understand the conditions say that ten or, at the most, fifteen years is our limit. If we do not carry the Word to those in darkness within that time their doors will be closed to us and what we do after that we do greatly handicapped. It will then take time and money to approach them again. Shall we not do our part in this? But how are we to do unless we know? The Rochester Convention is called at this time that we may know. Missionaries will be brought from the fields to this convention and we must send our delegates to get the facts directly.

After Miss Taft finished, slips were passed and each girl asked to pledge what she would be willing to save from her spending mon-
ey up to Christmas to help send delegates to Rochester. The pledges amounted to $28.00.

In her meeting with the Sunday Night Band and those especially interested in missions, Miss Taft said that the need at home is stupendous but how much greater is it in other lands. By going to the foreign field a person should not think that she can shirk duty at home but should start some one to work in her place. She can find some one who cannot go to the foreign field, but can work at home and will supply for her. There is only one out of every thousand college students who goes as a foreign missionary, and surely from the nine hundred ninety-nine remaining at home the one going can find one, two, three, or several whom she can set definitely to do the work in the home-land. From the twenty million Christians of the ninety million people in the United States, only college men and women are eligible for this mission work. From the college students many cannot go on account of health, many on account of family obligations, and many just will not consider going. When narrowed down to that the circle is small. Have the few now left any right whatever unless called directly by God to hesitate about going?

We cannot but think more seriously about our life work after being with Miss Taft. She is honest with her Master and earnestly interested in the work to which He has called her.
Exchange Department
SADIE GOODWIN
Editor.

Considering the fact that this is the first month of our school year, and that our brains have not yet gotten into active work, such as the original productions require, the magazines are, as a whole, very good indeed. The majority of them present neat, attractive covers and we are not disappointed as we inspect the material of the interior.

One of the first to reach our exchange table is the Chicora Almacen. The make-up of this magazine is above the ordinary and this is only the second year of the Almacen's existence. The general tone of the magazine indicates interest and work. The opening poem "To Our Alma Mater" has the ring of a genuine college spirit. But the story "Elizabeth and I" is not so good. The construction is rather loose and the subject matter commonplace. The essay "Antonio vs. Shylock: A Plea for Shylock" is a fine contribution showing care and study. The composition is good and the aim is well worked out. "The Harmless Burglars" is well written and the thought is indeed true to human nature. "Wanderlust" is a good poem. The thought is beautiful. "Hallowe'en" is an interesting sketch. "Brew" is rather a surprise party but the plot is good. The departments of the magazine are up to the standard set by the foregoing material.

The October number of the Criterion comes to us full and interesting, containing six poems, four essays, and five short stories. "Flowers of the Fall" is appropriate and original. "A Summer Camp" is a well-composed article and is well worth the reading. "The Decree of Fate" is a very good story but such stories are too common, especially in college periodicals. Let us have fewer stories of this type and more of the kind with a good solid foundation and aim. I think that the author of "South Carolina" need make no apology whatever for her choice of subject. The essay is a meritori-
ous production and is worthy of contemplation and study, "The Accomplice" is an entertaining story. "Sonnet" is well worthy of mention. "The Reflections of a Mirror" is pithy, terse, and to the point. The essay on "Tennyson as an Artist" is one of literary merit and was read with a deal of interest. The remaining material of this magazine contributes its share to the rounding-out of a good number. The departments are also well edited.

We are glad indeed to welcome the Record in its young career. We wish for it great success throughout the coming session and may its editors be able to say again in June that "The Record has passed the most successful year in its history." Now, of course we must not expect too much of the Record, and we think that it does "powerful well" for a fitting school magazine, but we would like to make just one or two suggestions. The literary department has only four contributions and the greater number of these are decidedly on the love-story order. Now we do not object at all to a good wholesome love-story, but we do not think that such contributions should predominate in our college journals. Let us by trying to write on deeper subjects, cultivate a taste for deeper reading-matter, and develop our talent for deeper thoughts. The departments of the Record reach the average standard of our college publications.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges for this month and to welcome others to our exchange table: Criterion, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Record, Chicora Almacen, Furman Echo, The Erskinian, The Carolinian, The College Folio, University of Virginia Magazine, Stetson Weekly Collegiate, Hollins Quarterly, The Palmetto, Wofford College Journal, The Lenoirian, Winthrop College Journal, and The Concept.
Fine Arts Department

JO GARRETTE
Editor.

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Til waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts touch them lightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

On Monday evening, October 26th, the second faculty recital was given. It was indeed a rare treat to lovers of music and expression. The selections were well chosen, and afforded an excellent opportunity for the display of real talent.

The rendition of the opening number, Beethoven's sonata in F minor, Op. 57, gave at once an assurance that the program was to be far above the average. Professor Morse interpreted the spirit of the great masters, with that rare appreciation that marks him one of the best musicians in the South. Chaminade's Autumn, and the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, Liszt, were the numbers most enjoyed and appreciated by the audience. Professor Morse has already established a reputation as an organist, and added much to his standing as a musician by his performance on the piano.

"Passion and love as associated with nature's gift, a low sweet voice, ruled supreme over all the audience when Miss Robbins appeared." As a reader Miss Robbins has remarkable talent, and her work shows the most careful training and study. The Renunciation scene from Sappho and Phao was especially difficult, and in it she showed the superior quality of her training.

"The House of Love," by Joe Anderson Norris, was beautifully given. She holds one spell-bound from beginning to end, equally in the pathetic, the grand, and the comic. She was compelled by vociferous applause to respond to several encores.

Miss Robbins by her charming manner and her artistic reading won
for herself many friends who will long remember this evening of real enjoyment.

The burst of enthusiastic applause which greeted Miss Stamm told in terms plainer than words of her popularity. Her rendition of the difficult numbers was keenly appreciated by the audience. Her numbers were well chosen, and executed with charming touch and technique. The Ninth Concert by De Beriot was played from memory. It would be difficult in this short space to give any mention of Miss Stamm's numbers in detail. Her audience after hearing her once simply would not give her up, and she was compelled to respond to several encores. Her sweet childish face and pleasing manner soon won her much popularity with the Greenville audience.

Her accompaniments were beautifully played by Mr. Schafer.

With four such talented teachers is there any reason why the music and expression department should not be thriving?
Judson Literary Society

Alpha Department

On the evening of October the thirteenth, "there was a sound of revelry by night" in the parlors of the G. F. C. The occasion was a Hallowe'en party so graciously given us by our sister society.

Promptly at eight o'clock the Betas were seen silently gliding up and down the halls, having been transformed into the forms of ghosts, phantoms, and other mystical creatures. Finally, they slowly conducted us through the dark halls and down the stairways to the scene of the festivities.

The ancient customs of our ancestors on Hallowe'en night were again brought to light and all felt, as they partook of these, a spell of superstition hovering over them.

After finding out our affinities, diving for apples, relating fearful wonderful occurrences of the "Spiritland," and various other things, refreshment were served to us. All too soon came the hour for leaving the scene where we had spent the time so pleasantly.

It is needless to add that we greatly appreciate the hospitality of the Beta Society in entertaining us so delightfully, and the occasion will always bring to mind many pleasant memories.

Our society gave to our new members a car-ride over the different lines of the city on Thursday afternoon, October the twenty-first. Those who heard our joyous songs and enthusiastic yells could but know that we were having a most pleasant afternoon.

We extend to the new members of our society a most hearty welcome. We are so glad to have you share with us the joys of being a member of the Alpha Society. Let us be loyal, one and all, and work unceasingly to raise the society to the height we intend it to reach.

We are much pleased and encouraged by the many manifestations of interest in the society and the progress it has lately made. We hope to see this continued, and may each and every member do well the part given her to do so that she may not feel herself to be utterly unworthy of the privilege of being a member of the Alpha Division of the Judson Literary Society.
Beta Department.

On Saturday night, October the 29th, the Betas entertained the Alphas. Each Beta was dressed as a ghost, and promptly at seven fifteen knocked at an Alpha's door and led her through a dark passage very dimly lighted, until they reached the Hall where pumpkins with "red eyes" gazed at them.

During the evening many appropriate games were played. The witch was ready to tell the futures of all those who were interested. The evening was enjoyed by every one.

There has been a large number of new girls taken recently into the Beta Society. We are always glad to welcome these members; the society now has about eighty members in all.
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