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Greenville Woman's College

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JESSIE BRYANT   EMMA WRIGHT
Editors.

UNFINISHED BEAUTY

A sculptor once lab'ring with pains o'er his task,
To the touch of his skill the crude marble gave way,
A face he brought forth of such beauty, we'd ask
If fair Venus as queen might longer hold sway.

His work he continued with greater success;
The statue when finished great kings sure would buy;
But wonder of wonders! Such marvel none guess!
The stone which he worked on gave one great, deep, sigh!

More wonderful still it began thus to speak;
"O, sculptor, most cruel, such pain I can't stand;
Leave me, I pray thee, no beauty I seek,
A crude block of marble, I'd be to the end."

So the stone, which, if willing, could lovely have been,
He left—for it wished it—a crude block of stone,
"What pity," thou sayst, "that the stone should com-
plain,
And he left it unfinished, unsightly alone?"

And yet, O vain man, what is it THOU sayst?
Our Father, the sculptor, would fashion you too,
He'd have you thus lovely and thus to be blest,
But thou, like the stone, all the work dost undo.

You say when he'd have you obey and be meek,
"O, sculptor, most cruel, such pain I can't stand,
Leave me I pray thee, no beauty I seek,
A crude block of marble I'd be, than so grand."

THE OBSERVANCE OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas! What a world of meaning is conveyed by
the mere utterance of those two little syllables! The
very name possesses a magic charm for us all such as
perhaps does no other word in the English language.
It brings to our hearts, first of all, visions of home, of
loved ones—dear mothers and fathers, happy little
brothers and sisters, gay friends and—should we leave
them out?—fond sweethearts. Even this is only a part
of the vision; there loom up before us banks of holly
and mistletoe, beautiful Christmas-trees, brilliant with
rattles, and laden with packages of love, and surely
there is not an honest American boy or girl who will not
confess that turkey and plum-pudding are also promi-
nent features in the vision.

If ever one feels that his cup is literally running over
with joy, without doubt it is at Christmas. It is then
that he realizes as at no other time that "it is more
blessed to give than to receive." It is then that even
the pessimist finds it hard to be loyal to his sad creed.
Surely it is fitting that each year should make its exit
with such a season of pleasure and joy, and must not the
heart of our great Father be glad when he sees the happy hearts of so many of His children.

And yet that same great heart is shadowed by a tinge of sadness despite its fullness of joy. But surely we are mistaken! Can it be that this of all hearts is out of harmony with the prevailing joy? Perhaps if we looked at things in their true significance we would not be so ready to ask this question. How could this great Father have other than a feeling of sadness as he sees so many of His children remembering each other and yet forgetting Him—actually forgetting whose birthday they are celebrating.

Do you suppose that these children have ever stopped to consider what would be the condition of things if they had no Christ whose birthday to celebrate? Surely if they have ever given this thought serious reflection, they will never again forget their Christ on His birthday. The story is told of a minister sitting in his study on Christmas eve. Under his window in the street, a band is playing the good old Christmas hymn, "O, come All Ye Faithful," while on the table before him lies his open Bible. In the fourth Gospel he has read down to that line which says, "If I had not come—" and then falling asleep, he dreams of a world into which no Christ had ever come, and he remembers that this Christless world is a world without Christmas. On Christmas eve he steps from his home out into the street but there is no Xmas merriment in the air, no good-will greetings from the tired looking people who pass on about their work. He goes into the homes of the people, but finds that the little folks have hung up their stockings in happy anticipation of the glad tomorrow. Nor does he find bundles and baskets of provisions left by kind visitors. As he passes on he sees that the sites, formerly occupied by the churches of the city, are now but barren spots, and that all the orphanages, asylums and hospitals have disappeared. He looks into
the faces of the men and women who pass, and discovers on every one the look of care. The countenance is furrowed with sorrow and every one seems to be carrying a burden on his back. One man bending under a load cries out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He is about to tell him about the cross when suddenly he remembers that there is no cross that it is a world into which no Christ has come. Sick at heart, he returns home to find that great changes have taken place since he left. Nearly all the books have been emptied from his library shelves—all the books about Christ are gone. "Surely the poets are left to me," he says, and taking down one after another of his favorite poets, he is grieved to find great blank spaces. He looks toward the wall for the picture that he loved and that hung just over his desk, but it was not there. It was a picture of a gentle-faced man marked with sorrow, whose feet were bruised, whose garments were thorn-torn, and who carried a tired lamb in his arms. Many a time when weary and heart-sick he had gotten fresh inspiration and strength for his work by gazing in sweet contemplation before this picture of his Master, His portrait of the Good Shepherd. Tears in his eyes, he sinks into his chair. Presently there is a rap at the door and he goes to find a little lass who says through her sobs, "Please come to our house quick, for papa is very ill." Hand in hand, with the little one he hastens to the bedside of the sick man. The sick man looks up into his face and says, "O, I am dying, can you help me?" The minister says, "I think I can," and he puts his hand in his pocket for the New Testament, when he finds that he has no New Testament, for it is a world into which Christ has not come, and, so he stands there and watches the man die a Christless death. And soon there is a Christless funeral, when there were heard no songs of hope and no comforting words about the resurrection. As the
clods fall on the coffin lid—he wakes and finds out to his great joy that this Christless world is all a dream. A little farther up the street the band is playing the Xmas hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful, Joyfully Tri-
umphant." It is only a dream; after all the gracious Christ lives.

What an awful world this would be if there were no Christ! Surely no one can deny that it is right to be happy and gay in the joyful Christmas season. Yet in the midst of our mirth let us not forget Him who makes this life worth living, while showering gifts upon our loved ones let us not leave out Him whose own birthday we are celebrating.

J. B.

__LOVE'S TRIUMPH."

George Harralson had claimed Corinne Stuart as his sweetheart since they, as tots, made mud pies together. When Corinne had started to school, she was timid, as all children are, when for the first time they go among so many strangers, but George had replied, "Don't you cry, I'll take care of you." He kept his word faithfully and if the other boys teased her or pulled her curls, George was right there to fight them, and though he sometimes got home with a black eye he bravely said, "It doesn't hurt, 'cause I did it for Corinne, and when I am grown up, I'll fight any boy that comes near her, for she's mine."

So time flew, and it didn't seem long before Corinne was on the platform receiving her diploma, while George who had gotten his the year before, and was a rising lawyer, was waiting to be the first to congratulate her. It was no wonder that he seemed anxious for the exercises to be over so he could be with her, for very lovely did she look in her robe and cap. He had always admired her black, curly hair, blue eyes, fair com-
plexion, and most of all, her charming dimples, but he thought she seemed prettier than ever as she stood there, flushed with excitement, receiving not only her diploma for literary work, but also a medal offered to the most proficient graduate in the music department. It was a fact understood, though not put into words, by her family and his, that some day Corinne and George would marry. They were looked upon by their friends as engaged, and no one was surprised when on the night of her graduation, she wore a diamond ring.

During the summer, George's younger sister, Maude, had her room-mate at College, Marie Clarke, to visit her. Before she came Maud asked George to give her a genuine good time. George promised and though he went to see Corinne regularly he tried to carry out his promise to his sister.

On the day Marie left, Maude was sick, and asked George to take her to the train. It happened that a bridal couple left on the same train, and of course a crowd of young people, among whom was Corinne, went to see them off. In the confusion and rice throwing some of the crowd threw rice on George and Marie. Marie naturally blushed, and George smiled and took off his hat, taking it as a joke, and thinking no more about it.

The next morning, he received a note in that beloved handwriting. He opened it eagerly, but his face fell when he read the contents. It was very brief:

Mr. George C. Harralson,

Dear sir:

As you evidently desire to be rid of your engagement, I return your ring. I wish you much happiness in future engagements.

Corinne Stuart.

Thinking it was a joke, he rang the 'phone and gave the number which he had given so many times before. Soon he heard her voice,
"Hello."
"Hello, Corinne! What do you mean by this note? Of course it's a joke."
"Mr. Harralson, I have returned your ring, and have no further communication to make to you."
"Wait, Corinne," George cried, but all he heard was Central asking, "Waiting? waiting?"
George then realized that it was no joke and that he would have to get his wits about him to find some way of making up with her. "I'll go abroad tomorrow," he said, "and maybe she will miss me so much, that when I come home, she will be glad to take my ring again."

With George, to decide was to do, and the next day found him on board the ship which was to sail for England in a few minutes.

When Corinne had left the 'phone she had gone to her room and had a good cry. "Oh, if he would only come here and make me take him back. I must not seem to yield too easily, but if he only would!" she wailed. "I will go abroad and when I get back he will be so glad he will come here and say, "Corinne, I am tired of your foolishness. Here is my ring! And he won't wait for me to consent, but will put it on my hand, and before I know it, I will be crying on his coat. Oh, how nice it will be to have him comfort me again!"

And so, as Fate would have it, the next day found Corrinne on the same ship that George has taken, but somehow they miss seeing each other.

The first two days out at sea Corinne kept her berth and thus was unconscious of George's presence, and he of her's. On the third day, Corinne was sitting off in a corner of the deck, wishing she could see George, and as she thought how silly she had been, the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Oh, how could I have been so foolish! If I could see George now, I would never let him go again," she exclaimed unconsciously aloud.

"Well, I am sure I will be glad enough to be kept for-
ever by you,” said George, who had been watching her for some time. At first Corinne was so glad to see him that she forgot to be angry, and exclaimed, “Oh, George! George!” But when she remembered her grievance, she drew herself up haughtily and said, “Please let me pass, Mr. Harralson.”

“Why, certainly, Miss Stuart,” George replied just as proudly.

Corinne had meant to sweep by him with cool indifference, but the ship gave a sudden lurch and she would have fallen, but for George, who caught her just in time. She, thinking only of her danger, caught him and held him firmly, forgetting to let him go when all was safe again.

“Well, dearest, you said if you ever saw me again, you would never let me go, and I am more than willing, but the people on the deck are looking at us, and though they are trying to keep from laughing, they are not succeeding very well.”

Corinne, with face crimson, ran hastily to her berth, and when she appeared at supper, George noticed that she wore the ring he had slipped on her finger, while talking to her.

He had not wasted any time since seeing her, but looked in the register, and found a minister. He consulted him at once, and after supper carried him to Corinne and introduced her to him.

“I am very glad to meet you, Miss Stuart,” the minister said, “and especially as Mr. Harralson has told me that you have decided never to let him go again, and I am the only man on the ship who can make it impossible for you to do so.”

“Now, Corinne, don’t refuse,” George said, “for think
how long it will be before we get home, and we can go straight on our honeymoon, now. You can get your trousseau at Paris."

Corinne finally consented, and that night the captain of the ship drank to the health of "Madam."

N. W. 'II.

I. In the evening by the moonlight
   Honey won't you hold my hand,
   And eat those Christmas candies
   Yes, eat just all we can.

II. In the evening by the moonlight
   We will take a promenade,
   And talk of Christmas presents,
   Bought, as well as made.

III. In the evening by the moonlight
   Dearie, won't you be my bride,
   Then I'll have a Christmas present
   Walking by my side.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Elsie Dunlap was home from college for the Christmas holidays. On the morning of Christmas Eve the entire household was preparing for a party which was to be given that evening in Elsie's honor. Elsie was dusting the spacious parlors and the halls. When she grew tired of her work she tossed her duster aside and sank wearily upon a large sofa in the corner of the front parlor. After a few minutes she said half aloud, "I do wish Dr. Graham hadn't given us that talk on the true Christmas Spirit—the spirit of giving—that last morning at chapel. Somehow it has upset me terribly. I can't see why folks always want to be giving, giving, giving, when
they get nothing in return. Of course, I love to give presents to my friends and that is perfectly natural. But this habit of giving something to all the poor in the community never did appeal to me. I never felt any great happiness as a result of it, I am sure. I don’t care to give anything away and I haven’t any opportunity for doing so if I did want to, so I’m going to forget Dr. Graham’s talk.” But she did not find it any easy matter to forget. Elsie’s selfishness had always been a sorrow to her parents and they were grieved to see that that spirit was not lessening.

At length the time for the party came and the palatial home was brilliantly lighted with large chandeliers which sent their gleams far down the avenue. As the crowd gathered the sound of revelry was heard which increased as the guests continued to arrive.

Surrounded by her many friends whom she had not seen for months, Elsie forgot all about the Christmas spirit of giving. She gave herself up to a complete enjoyment of the occasion.

While the party was going on at the Dunlap home two little waifs happened to pass along the street in front of the house. Attracted by the brilliant lights and the sound of gaiety the little waifs approached the side of the house where they might see what was going on. When they neared the house they crept along in the shadows until they reached one of the dining room windows. There they stationed themselves and peeped in through the openings between the window and the shades.

They had scarcely taken their position before Elsie and a young man walked out upon the piazza nearby. Elsie had no wrap around her so the young man insisted upon going back into the hall for it. When he had gone Elsie was startled by the sound of children’s voices. She walked to the end of the piazza in the direction of the sound. She overheard one of the boys say, “Jim, don’t
yer wish yer was a goin' to git the leavins frum thet big dinner?"

"Yep, Tom," was the reply. "But the rich folks gits it all and us po' folks can't have nuthin'."

Elsie was just ready to speak to the little boys when her escort returned. She did not speak to them but resolved to do so as soon as possible. And so it happened a few minutes later that Elsie slipped a bag of fruit out of a closet and made her way unseen around to the dining room window. The little boys were very much frightened when they saw Elsie approaching. They were preparing to run when she called out, "Don't run, little boys. I want to see you." So the boys waited. When Elsie reached them she handed the bag to Tom saying, "Here is something for you to eat." The astonished boys murmured thanks. Elsie was very much interested in Tom and Jim and asked them many questions about their family and where they lived. Then she hastened back into the house in order that she might not be missed by her friends.

At last the closing hour of the reception came and the guests took their departure. After the last guest had gone Elsie told her mother and father about Tom and Jim. She said they had aroused her interest and she was anxious to do something for their widowed mother. The parents were very glad to see this new spirit in their daughter, and were willing to do anything to encourage it. So it was decided that Elsie should take a basketful of Christmas dainties to the mother of Jim and Tom.

The next morning Elsie filled her basket and set out for the home of the little boys. She had little trouble in finding the shabby, tumbled-down house for which she was looking. While she was waiting for some one to answer her knock she observed the scantily furnished room and contrasted it with her own elegantly furnished one. Presently a woman came into the room from the back part of the house. Elsie introduced herself to Mrs.
Simpson, the mother of Jim and Tom, and began to tell her of the visit which the boys had made to the Dunlap home on the preceding night. Mrs. Simpson invited Elsie in but she refused, telling her that she had come to share some of her Christmas dinner with the Simpson family. Then Elsie gave Mrs. Simpson the basket whereupon the latter, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, almost overwhelmed Elsie with her profuse thanks.

As Elsie walked homeward she thought again of the short chapel talk which had at first disturbed her so much. But how differently she regarded it that time. She had experienced the true Christmas spirit of giving when she went to Mrs. Simpson’s that Christmas morning and how well paid she felt. And that day Elsie Dunlap realized that the words, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

A. B.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE

There is hardly anything so important to us as to have a good and accurate knowledge of language. We see one reason for this when we think how constantly every one of us uses language. Is it not really worth every effort on our part to learn to understand and to use this instrument?

Language is an instrument both of use and pleasure. By learning to use it skilfully ourselves we may be able to appreciate and to enjoy the skilful use of it by others. Language may also be thought of as the dress in which the mind shows itself to the outside world; and as neat and becoming clothing renders the body more graceful, so refined speech beautifies the mind. Other things being equal, the person who has the highest command of language will be able to select the most suitable words and to frame the happiest expressions.

In the effort to attain such a knowledge and use of
language, we should avail ourselves of every opportu-

ty of listening to good speakers, reading the best au-
thors and associating with people of culture. As it is
always interesting to learn to do a thing well, and we
think of our own language as a very fine one, therefore,
we should wish to learn how to skilfully use this tool by
which we express ourselves to the outside world even as a
musician is skilled in the use of his violin.

S. E.

A CHRISTMAS AT MOUNT VERNON.

On Christmas Eve of 1783, George Washington re-
turned to Mount Vernon from Annapolis where he had
resigned his military command and become once more a
Virginian planter. He and Mrs. Washington met at
Annapolis on December 21, and the formal resignation
took place the following day. On December 24, they
returned to Mount Vernon. When the coach rolled up
at the Mansion-house, there was a mob of negroes shout-
ing for joy, in the road and around the steps, while
standing in the doorway were several guests whom Mrs.
Washington had invited to spend Christmas with them.

On this Christmas Eve the negroes of Washington's
plantation fired musketry until about nine o'clock to man-
ifest their joy at their master's return. When this hour
arrived, the noise ceased, for they knew that at this hour
their master and mistress nearly always went to bed.
There was not a happier man in all the land than Wash-
ington on this Christmas Eve; for he loved Mount Ver-
non and the occupations of a Virginian better than all the
pomp and power the world could bestow.

The next morning he was up and dressed at four
o'clock, and occupied himself with his correspondence
until daylight. At seven o'clock he came to breakfast,
and while the rest of the family had the usual substantial
Virginia meal, he had only his habitual Indian cakes,
barley and tea. Hardly was breakfast over before the negroes began to arrive to wish the master and mistress a Merry Christmas, and to receive each one a few shillings as a Christmas present. They entertained a loyal affection for him, for he was a generous master, and they were proud to belong to the greatest man in Virginia.

The balmy weather of the day before had given place to sharp winds, and it threatened snow, but soon many neighbors and friends came to welcome the general home.

At three o'clock a merry family flocked into the dining-room for the Christmas dinner. As he stood beside his chair before dinner began, George Washington presented a noble figure. In the company of strangers or those whom he did not know intimately he spoke but little and with gravity but when he was with his family and intimate friends, as he was on this day, he was talkative and cheerful, and he made a few jokes, though he usually preferred to laugh at the jokes of others.

What did they eat at this famous Christmas dinner? A small roast pig, a boiled leg of lamb, roasted fowls, beef, peas, lettuce, cucumbers, puddings, and tarts furnished the foundations for the more elaborate Christmas dinner. There was fish, for the general was extremely fond of it; and a turkey of course, that bird having as much a part of a Christmas dinner in those days as it has now and besides the ordinary dessert, there were pies and plum-pudding. At a certain stage in the dinner Washington drank to the health of every person at the table separately, and each person drank to the health of each other person. When Mrs. Washington and the other ladies left the dinner-table, they went to the drawing room, and drew up their chairs about the fire, and talked of household affairs. It was almost dark when dinner was over, and soon candles were brought. One of the young ladies sang, and the music attracted the young men still in the dining-room, who soon came troop-
ing in, all talking at once and all in good Christmas humor. There were games to play, and there was romping, as became the season. Even the General himself may have taken advantage of the privileges the mistletoe has always conveyed. The revels were kept up till long past his usual bed time, and when the lights were all out and the day was over, it closed upon the happiest Christmas Mount Vernon had ever known.

A CHAT WITH THE MOON.

Moon, moon, dear old moon,
Thou art beautiful to-night;
By your soft and dreamy light
I will to you a tribute write.

Moon, moon, good old moon,
'Neath thy soft and placid ray
Fond lovers e'er delight to stray,
Because thou tell'st not what they say.

Moon, moon, dear old moon,
Well I know that if I would,
I never, never, never could
Be, as you, one half so good.

Moon, moon, good old moon,
When I see lovers stray at night
Beneath thy clear inspiring light
I follow close, but out of sight.

Moon, moon, dear old moon,
Whenever I may chance to hear
The whispered words, "My sweet," "My dear,"
I am inclined to draw too near.
Moon, moon, good old moon,
I know that this is wrong in me;
Henceforth my model thou shalt be;
I'll strive, at least, to follow thee,
And tell not what I hear or see.

Moon, moon, dear old moon,
I must now bid thee good night;
Come again to-morrow night,
For I love the sweet moonlight.  C. V.

CHARLOTTE'S DELIVERANCE.

"A boon, Your Majesty, a boon! Yet even as I utter these words my fear is almost unto death as your frown reminds me that I, an humble peasant girl, have dared to come before you, the great Czar of Russia."

"You will have cause to fear still more, bold wench, if your request be not a worthy one."

"Let not Your Majesty be offended with his servant, whose case is one of life and death. Forgive her daring to trouble you with the affairs of her brother, for whom she is now risking her life."

"Your boldness does indeed merit death, but how could one destroy such a personification of beauty and innocence! What boon, child, would you ask? You shall have it."

"Sire, my brother, my brother! He is all I have, I must have him back. His death in that awful prison, Schluesselburg will be my death also. I could better give him up, were he guilty, but he is innocent, I swear it by all that I hold dear."

"My child, your loveliness has impressed me more than your words, but I understand that you demand your brother. It is not my custom to grant such favors with-
out complete investigation, but your beauty has forced me to a promise, and the Czar of Russia has never yet broken his word."

"Thanks, thanks, Sire, I will never be able to express my gratitude to you for what you have done for me, but there is a just God who..."

"Page, take this girl to Her Majesty. I would have her see the most beautiful girl in my kingdom."

Charlotte, our heroine, though so unwilling to make such a vain display of herself, yet readily obeyed her benefactor's desire.

The Czarina, even more struck with Charlotte's charms than the Czar, kept her several hours, and before letting her go, made her promise to come the next day to take her place in the palace as maid of honor to Her Majesty.

That night all was confusion in the royal household—the Czarina's necklace of diamonds, the heirloom of centuries, had disappeared! All the servants were called together in the great audience chamber, and one by one, though threatened with death, they declared their innocence. The last one to be questioned was Ivan, the page, who had that morning carried Charlotte to the Czarina. Though all the servants displayed almost frantic excitement, Ivan seemed the most terrified of all.

"I had thought," stammered he, "that I would not betray her, but I must since that is the only way to save my life. Today when I went to bring the young peasant girl from Her Majesty's apartments, I noticed her take something from the dresser. Thinking however that it was some gift from Her Majesty, I had decided to say nothing of it, but judge for yourself whether she be the guilty one."

The Czarina was immediately reminded that the necklace had been on the dresser that morning, and the words of the page had exactly the effect upon his hearers that he had wished. Charlotte was at once pronounced guil-
ty and officers were dispatched to bring her as quickly as possible to the palace. When she appeared before the Czar, she was deathly pale, but wonderfully calm. She was more beautiful if possible, than ever, but her beauty, this time only seemed to increase the anger of the proud monarch.

"Deceiver! Wretch! Thief! Scarcely can I abide your presence long enough to pronounce your death-sentence."

"O, great Czar, I have this only to say: I am innocent," calmly replied Charlotte.

"Stop her mouth, officers, thrust her in prison, and place her under double guard until the scaffold be prepared," yelled the enraged monarch.

The commands were quickly obeyed. The officers dragged poor Charlotte, still quiet and composed, to the dark, damp dungeons.

"Can it be that in this civilized age, even in the tenth year of the twentieth century, a poor girl is thrown into prison without a proof of guilt or a chance to plead her innocence?" groaned the unfortunate girl at last, alone giving way to the tears which she had so bravely kept back while in the presence of others. But hastily drying her tears, she continued, "Yet how could I complain, knowing that God is the protector of the innocent? Great Father, I am in Thy hands; do with me what Thou wilt."

The next day Charlotte heard the dungeon door opened and soon she was seized by the rough soldiers and carried to the scaffold.

Great crowds had gathered to witness the execution of the lovely criminal. She stood there on the scaffold, gloriously beautiful, the sun streaming on her golden hair and lighting up her pure, serene face with an almost angelic radiance.

At the consent of the Czar, Charlotte was given the privilege of speaking a few last words:

"I repeat what I said yesterday," said she, "I am innocent. I will also add that I accept my punishment
with joy, believing that God would have prevented it if it had not been for the best."

The executioner has ascended the scaffold with the black cap in his hand—but hark! What awful noise? Sounds as of a thousand rushing, mighty winds and waters rend the air. All eyes are turned upward. What sight meets their terrified gaze! A great column of fire seems to be approaching nearer and nearer!

"The Judgment Day," is the shout from all.

"Hear me! Hear me, I say!" cries a voice to the Czar, "Before the Great Judge appears, I must confess it! I stole the necklace! That girl is innocent!" Behold!—the page, Ivan.

It was not Judgment Day, however, and the people suddenly realized that it was the tail of Halley's Comet, passing over the city, and nothing more.

But alas for Ivan! He had realized it too late; the confession was already made and he was that day hanged on the scaffold prepared for Charlotte.

According to her faith, her God had been her Deliverer.

_N. W. and J. B._
The month of December is now approaching, bringing with it the long-awaited-for Christmas holidays. From the very first week or two of school we have been talking about, and even counting the days until the holidays begin. We think of Christmas as the time when our happiness will be complete, when once more we will be among home folks and old friends, and be free from restraints and admonitions.

The last few weeks of work just drag by and we often wonder if the time will really come for us to leave. Even the best students become excited and impatient, and instead of talking about lessons, the subject of conversation
is Christmas presents. From all sides you can hear, "Well, what are you going to give her? I just don't see how I am to make any presents with so many old lessons." Nevertheless all the spare time is spent in sewing and talking of the greatest celebration of the world—Christmas.

We all remember what this season meant to us when we were children. How our hearts would fill with joy at the mention of Santa Claus, his wonderful pack of toys and the reindeer which were to bring this visitor to fill our stockings if we were good. Of course these Yuletides of our childhood were the most pleasant and are best remembered. However, does not Christmas to the college student mean almost as much? We are never happier than when thinking and talking about it, and we are almost tempted to believe that anticipation affords us nearly, but not quite, as much pleasure as will the realization. In after years the Christmas season's of our college life will perhaps linger in our memories as do now those of the long ago.

The first quarter of the session of 1909-'10 has Hopes. just closed. This promises to be the best of all the sessions, the attendance is larger than ever before, for at this date the enrollment is three hundred and sixty-five.

The students are enthusiastic over their tasks, and college spirit is now at high tide. College spirit has been lacking in G. F. C. before, but now with its aid we hope to be able to accomplish things that have been long enough postponed.

The equipment has been improved from year to year, until it is far superior to that of former times, but it is not what we wish and intend that it shall be. For we are still hoping that the friends of the college will support the board of trustees in the earnest efforts they have been
making in the past few years to enlarge the college plant, with one or two much needed buildings. These buildings should contain additional dormitories, class-rooms, laboratories, literary society halls, Y. W. C. A. hall, and studios for the fine arts departments.

The need was spoken of when the present senior class entered college and a movement was on foot at that time to raise a fund, but so far nothing has materialized. It is to be hoped that at the coming convention there will be a renewal of interest in this enterprise, and a determination to carry it forward to completion.

We, who are seniors, had hoped to witness the completion of these massive buildings, while we were yet in the college, but we have been disappointed. We hope the same experience is not in store for the members of the present junior, sophomore and freshman classes. Even now we will try to be satisfied if the convention will determine at its approaching session to give G. F. C. a fair showing and make it what the Baptists of this state should wish it to be. In the crisis which now faces this noble old institution we bespeak for it the earnest cooperation of all its friends.

Shall we, this large band of college girls, collected not only from every part of this state, but from Massachusetts to Florida as well, appeal to the great hosts of Baptist in vain?

We were too busy the first of Tennis and Basket Ball. the session to organize our tennis and basketball teams, however we did not forget about them but were making plans all the time.

We realize that first of all we are in college to train our minds, but we can develop our mental faculties to a higher degree if we develop at the same time our physi-
cual strength. How much better fitted for study we are after an exciting game of tennis or basket ball!

We have five tennis clubs already organized and have had some interesting games this session.

Each class has a basket ball team, we play nearly every afternoon, and wish we had time to play more frequently. We are now playing against each other, and at every game we notice an increase of college spirit.

Nothing is so essential to college life as college spirit, and nothing will increase it as an individual interest in all phases of college life.

More interest and enthusiasm shown in our games, means better school work also. Therefore let each student do her best in both work and play, and we are sure we will accomplish more mentally and physically.

The Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina was given to us last spring, with the request that we have it published in the December number of Isaqueea.

Last year we sent two delegates to this Association, which met in Columbia. Our representatives not only enjoyed very much the intermingling of kindred minds, but brought back much valuable information for magazine work. This association is very helpful and necessary to us in our work and we shall attempt to send several delegates this year.

So in this number of our magazine we publish the constitution, and shall expect to see it in all the magazines which belong to the association.
CONSTITUTION OF THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1909.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina."

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The object of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this State, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at any annual meeting.

SEC. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the third Thursday and Friday in April of each year.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Charleston College, Greenville Female College, Erskine College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina, Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary. These officers shall be elected annually by the staffs of the magazines which they represent.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed at once by the President.
SEC. 3. The new officers shall hold their office for one calendar year.

SEC. 4. If any office of the Association becomes vacant the college represented by the vacant officer shall have power to elect his successor.

SEC. 5. The President of the Association shall be appointed from the college that entertains the Association; and no college shall have the President for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the requests of three of the colleges represented in the Association.

SECTION 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become active President. He shall act as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments of the Constitution and ByLaws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college of the Association as to the time and place of meeting one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all money due the Association, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

SEC. 6. The offices, except that of President, shall rotate alphabetically among the several colleges.

SEC 7. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college, one week before the time
designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the contest, calling special attention to such parts of the Constitution that govern said contest.

ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the President, as provided on the night preceding the annual convention.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power to select medals.

SEC. 3. The annual conventions shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall have the power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

SEC. 5. Each Editor-in-Chief of the several college magazines shall submit to the Vice-President of the Association, not later than the fifteenth (15) of February of each year, the name of one man for the Committee on Decision, who must be eligible under Article VII, Section 1, of this Constitution. The Vice-President shall then, in the presence of the magazine staff of his college, draw impartially from this number the names of six men, and submit them to each staff for its approval. If there be no objection to these names the first three in the order drawn shall constitute the Committee on Decision.

SEC. 6. Provided any one of the first three men shall not be able to serve, the Vice-President shall continue using the names in the order drawn.

ARTICLE VII.

SECTION 1. Three persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of this committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.

SEC. 2. This committee shall pass judgment upon
all essays, poems, and stories submitted, and shall consider the following points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric.

SEC. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision. Such objection shall be sent to the Vice-President three weeks before the annual convention.

SEC. 4. The Corresponding Secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one poem and one story from each college in the Association to each member of the Committee on Decision, who shall grade them and return to the Corresponding Secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the Committee on Decision.

SEC. 5. A medal, not exceeding ten dollars in value, shall be given for the best essay, best poem and best story appearing in any magazine of the Association for the year. Only one poem, essay and story shall be submitted. The Secretary will read before the Association the prize essay, poem or story.

ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION 1. No essay, story or poem shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contests are not eligible. Every essay, story and poem shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, and they must be members of the student body at the time they are written.

SEC. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the Corresponding Secretary one month before the annual convention.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays, stories and poems shall be selected by the several staffs of the magazines in the Association, and
no staff shall submit more than one essay, story and poem.

ARTICLE X.

Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of $10.00, which shall be paid on or before every annual convention.

ARTICLE XI.

SECTION 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the delegates of the several colleges, of whom only one-half shall have been members of the magazine staff of the preceding year, and officers of the Association.

SEC. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the same.

ARTICLE XII.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit without a satisfactory reason to the Executive Committee, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the Secretary; the roll to contain the names of Presidents and winners of the medal.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall
publish, in their December issue, the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVI.

By a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present at any annual convention the Constitution may be amended.

Copies of this Constitution may be obtained by addressing Alan Johnstone, Jr., Newberry; A. D. Oliphant, Carolina; R. B. Hicks, Wofford; Committee on Publication.

We are glad, indeed, to see the *Junior Class*. Junior Class take so much interest in Isaqueena. It should feel a peculiar pride in the success of our magazine, especially, as the majority of its staff next winter will be elected from the Junior Class of this year. This number is much to their credit, and we feel sure that entire Junior class has the prosperity of Isaqueena at heart. We hope that this will make the other classes have a desire to get out a number of it, or, at least, make contributions. Get to work, girls, and give us something original. We never know what we can do until we try. Keep your eyes open for new material during the holidays, and let us make our journal one of the best of its kind.
LEILA MAI MCKENZIE
Editor.

On November 22nd, we enjoyed, very much a lecture on "The Women of Shakespeare" by Mr. Frederick Ward. This is the fifth number of our Lyceum Course.

The Senior class entertained beautifully for the Junior class on November the 15th. This reception was given in the College parlors, where the Senior class colors, black and gold, were tastefully carried out. During the evening delicious punch was served, also a salad course, in the dining room, where the Junior class colors, gold and green, were used elaborately. The evening was immensely enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

Hon Champ Clark delivered a lecture Nov. 30th in the Chicora College Auditorium.

On Thanksgiving night, the Y. W. C. A. of the college held a Thanksgiving service and invited the Y. M. C. A. of Furman University. An address was made by Rev. J. F. Vines. After these exercises a reception was given in the parlors below. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.

Miss Hall entertained the Thursday Afternoon Club
in the Parlors on November, the 8th. Several of our teachers contributed to the afternoon entertainment, and all of them were present.

We are delighted to report two of our girls, Misses Elizabeth Wicker and Annie Maude Wilbur, who have been ill at the Greenville Infirmary, as being a great deal better. Both of them intend to be back with us soon. We sincerely hope to have them.

Miss George Ackerman and Miss Stelle Bomar attended the W. M. U. Convention in Greenwood.

Miss Eliza Hyde, sister of our Dean, Mrs. Sloan, spent several days here recently. We had the pleasure of hearing her talk on the great work she is connected with, State Missions.

Quite a number of girls spent the Thanksgiving Holidays at their homes.

Miss Carrie Spearman, ('08) visited her sister recently. We are always glad to have the old girls back with us.

Miss Maggie Collins, sister of Miss Collins, one of our teachers, has entered college for the remainder of the year.

We are very sorry that Miss Etta Scarboroug has resigned the office of Business Manager of Isaqueeena. The assistant, however, Miss Ethel Black, has taken her place, and we consider ourselves fortunate in securing her.

Soph S-p-ia B-u-s-n remarked the other day that no noe could get a joke at her expense for everything she said was "Perfectly Correct."

Rat P-l-i- W-i-h-t told a dentist last week that he must extract her tooth before he pulled it.
CARO TRULUCK
Editor.

The aim of the Y. W. C. A. is to develop young women physically, socially, intellectually, and spiritually.
In colleges we are more concerned with the social and spiritual for the school takes care of the physical and intellectual.

For encouraging the social life the Social Committee gives Birthday Parties including all students and faculty in turn. The first party given this year was Saturday afternoon, November the thirteenth. All those whose birthdays are in September, October, and November were invited. Games were played and there was a contest for which a prize was awarded. During the course of the afternoon ice cream was served.

Feeling the necessity of emphasizing the Rochester Convention we devoted another meeting to it, which was led by Miss Thomas and Miss Lawton.

Miss Lawton gave chiefly the article given in the Association Monthly, summing up for us again the situations in heathen countries, which make this time so important for the convention that our delegates may discuss intelligently the crises and see their personal responsibility to-
ward them and be able on their return to rouse all members of our school to face the problem.

Miss Thomas made the matter a personal one to us by calling our attention to the situation in our own country. Materialism, love of gold, Sabbath desecration, and irreverence are becoming so prevalent that strenuous efforts must be made lest we like Greece and Rome lose our opportunity for fulfilling our responsibility as a nation. Our awakening to our duty to other nations is the surest way of saving our own from degeneration. Can we as a school afford to lose our opportunity of doing our share in this world-wide work? As a school we only do what the individual members make possible. She closed with other personal appeals and the prayer that we might honor Christ by what we do in this matter.

Another subscription for the delegation was taken. Now with the help from the Philathea class of the First Baptist Church and an appropriation from the Y. W. C. A. treasury we hope to send our quota of delegates.

Thanksgiving evening we had a service to which the Y. M. C. A. of Furman University was invited. We were fortunate in having Mr. Vines of Anderson address us. Mr. Vines talked to us about equipping ourselves for service and therefore for life. We must have the right companion and is not God's word the right companion? We cannot live the best life without having in that life the word of God. The prayer life is often neglected yet the secret prayer should become a hallowed thing and a usual thing to each of us. We appreciate the visit and talk from Mr. Vines. His bearing and delivery always appeals to young people.

Also we have had a visit from Mrs. Hoyt, of Columbia. Each of us should know the facts she gave about Home Missions therefore we give her address in full.
ADDRESS BY MRS. HOYT.

It is a real pleasure for me to look into the faces of so many bright and promising girls. Although so many are strangers to me, I know of you, and feel a deep interest in your work.

For many years I was in close touch with your college, and coming to G. F. C. was a part of my life. While my own three girls were students here, I often escorted them to Judson Society or other entertainments of the college. As I look back only a few years, I see only one building here where all the exercises of the College were held.

Occasionally there was held in the Chapel an open meeting of the Lula Whilden missionary society. It was but a small number compared to this. The exercises consisted of a quarterly report, of contributions, a few recitations by some of the girls, and an address by the pastor, or some layman who could be persuaded to make a little talk on missions. "Woman's Mission to Woman" was the motto, I believe of the society. Woman's Mission to Woman in foreign lands made it all seem so far away. The name of Miss Lula Whilden, who was educated in the college was the inspiration, and this brought the work a little closer to the girls. At that time we had no special literature, but a very occasional article in some religious journal or a letter from Miss Whilden gave impetus to the work. But we did the best we could according to the light we had, and God soon opened the way for larger things.

Mrs. Entzminger who was for a short time a teacher in the College gave her life to Brazil, later Miss Bostick connected for many years with the College gave her life to China; so the College then had three missionaries in foreign lands.

It seems strange, does it not, dear girls, that our women, we home-makers, in our first efforts in missions,
began in far off China; Is it not strange that we did not understand the command of our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem?" But God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. And so through our efforts to reach the heathen we were brought back home, and made to see the need of more earnest work in our own country.

How well I remember when the call to our women in S. C. came from the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, organized before the war, asking them to raise a fund to be used for woman's mission to women in foreign lands. A central committee was appointed to collect and forward this fund to the Foreign Mission Board, exclusively for foreign missions. When the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention was organized the women were asked to enlarge their efforts and include in their contributions Home Missions which means work on the Frontier of our Southern country including Cuba. The question was seriously debated whether or not our women could enlarge but we ventured and succeeded. After this the objects of interest were brought still nearer home and we realized that a great work was waiting for us in our own State. It was indeed surprising to find the amount of destitution, principally in the lower districts, where for miles and miles there were no churches, and no knowledge of the Savior. Our mountain regions were in the same state of ignorance and destitution.

I have been asked to talk to you on State Missions and you are thinking that I have gone a round about way to get to it. But it is sometimes well to know the beginning of things. The first offering given to the State Board through our Central Committee, was in 1886, and amounted to $45.50. Since then many channels have opened, through which our State W. M. U. delights to work. Cotton mills have become so numerous, and of-
fer such an inviting field that many of our most consecrated young women are devoting their energies there. Mountain school work is another interesting field, in which some of our consecrated girls are teaching. City Mission work is another, and a most important work. Nearly twenty-five years ago our dear Miss Eliza Hyde began a voluntary and personal work among the destitute and ignorant population, in her native city, Charleston. About eighteen years ago, our Cor. Sec. of State Missions recognizing the need of this kind of work in our cities, secured the services of Miss Hyde, and since then she has worked under the Board. After this, the Board solicited the services of one of our consecrated christian women here in Greenville to do the work among the cotton mill people in Camperdown hill. Mrs. Hassie Marshall was really the first to undertake work among mill people. South Carolina really claims the honor of being the first State to appoint a woman in State Mission. Our Cor. Secretary, Dr. Bailey tells me that he has recently had letters from other states asking for information on this subject. We now have fourteen lady missionaries working in mill districts in South Carolina.

The State Board has organized this year 11 churches. It has built and dedicated 8 houses or worship. Up to Oct. 1st 3193 new converts are reported. Our ever alert Corresponding Secretary is always finding something more for us to do. After 43 years of steady work by our State Board much has been accomplished. Is it not worth while, then dear girls, to have a part in this real home work. Is it not true that

"Where the vanguard fights today
The rearguard camps tomorrow?"

Comparatively few of you girls can go into foreign fields. But each one of you can work in the town or city or country where you live. Not a day passes but that some opportunity is opened. I am glad to find that so many of our Bands and Young Women’s Auxiliaries are
 doing the things at hand, the things that count. A most touching and beautiful feature of our recent Convention in Greenwood was the offering of so many of our young women saying "I give my life to Jesus to go where he wants me to go." The call to the work at home is just as great and important as that to far off lands. To have a consecrated life, amid the temptations of civilization is just as difficult as it is in foreign lands.

May each one of you be led to do the Master's work. Never before was it such a glorious thing to be a woman and to be a young woman. Oh! there could be nothing more pleasing to the Heavenly Father than to see young women entering his service. Pure innocent lovely girls deliberately choosing to seek first the Kingdom of God, and to follow after the things that remain. God needs you. He says so in his word, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Mission work among the women began as early as 1800. In 1888 our Woman's Missionary Union auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention was organized in Richmond, Virginia. Our own State Woman's Missionary Union was organized in 1903.

This year our State Woman's Missionary Union has been apportioned $6,000 for State Missions. Will you not help us to raise this fund? "So we built the wall; and the wall was joined together unto half the height thereof. For the people had a mind to work." Perhaps you are doing small things, do larger things and you will be on your knees calling on God.
Exchange Department

SADIE GOODWIN
Editor.

Already the spirit of Christmas has begun to creep into our hearts and minds and we become buoyant and energetic as this glad season approaches. It makes us work just a little bit harder as we realize that we soon shall leave our work for a season of rest and pleasure. Let us hope that a goodly share of the energy, increased by our anticipation of the home-going, may be transferred to our magazine work.

Our magazines so far have been fairly good, but they do not yet attain the standard that we hope to see them reach. The colleges from which we receive exchanges are, most of them, institutions of such standard as would lead us to expect better publications from them than they actually issue. What is the difficulty? This editor believes that we have as yet failed to instill into the minds of our student bodies the right conception of the college magazine. As a rule, they seem to think that the magazine belongs altogether to the editors, upon whom depends the success or failure of it, and do not seem to realize that the publication is their own and that each one may and should contribute to its support. 'Tis true that the editors should do their full share, and yet, if they are to attend to all other duties, they can hardly do more than encourage the production of good material and superintend its collection, and the printing of the magazine.

College life should be a well-rounded life. In almost every modern college there is opportunity for growth along all lines. There is opportunity for growth along spiritual lines in our Young Women's Christian Associa-
tions, our Young Men's Christian Associations, and other like organizations; there is opportunity for social growth in the every-day life of college and in the various social functions of the recurring years; then there is room for physical development on the athletic field; and last, but not least, there is room for growth along intellectual lines, and this includes all the others with the addition of the work of the class room and of the college magazine. To get from a college course all that it should mean to us, we must have help from all of these sources. They are at our command, then why not appropriate them.

Then our magazine is really a part of our college life and if we do not get the training that may be obtained from this work we lose just so much, and our education is just so far incomplete. Let us "get all that is comin' to us," and in so doing make college journals all that they should be.

One of the first of the exchanges to reach our table is "The Mercerian," an attractive and well proportioned magazine. We would commend especially the sketch of Oliver Wendel Holmes and his works. This is a well written article and very interesting. This number contains two interesting biographical sketches beside the one mentioned above. 'Tis fitting that we do thus study the lives and characters of our great men. The verse of the Mercerian is good so far as it extends but it is sadly lacking, in quantity. The writer would like to meet the hero of "The Test; An Incident." The story is interesting and one of literary merit. "The Volunteer Missionary" is rather superficial. One would hardly expect a real mission volunteer to act in such a senseless way as the author here describes. The departments of this number are fair.

Another magazine which contains good material is "Our Brother," the Furman Echo? Of course we would be but true to nature if we were partial to our brother but we will try to be fair. "To a Wildrose by the Wayside"
is well constructed as to form and verse. The plot of "The Undertow" is well developed; but the story "The Haunted House" is the same old "hant" story we have been reading. "Io! these many years." "The Mountain People of Western North Carolina: Their Social and Industrial Evolution" shows considerable research and care. The essay is both entertaining and instructive. We question the place of "The Nation's Destruction of Child Life" in a college publication although it contains some startling facts. The departments of the Echo are good, especially the Editorial and Exchange.

The entire numbers of both The Record and The Wofford College Journal are filled with tributes, in essay, and verse form, in memory of Dr. James H. Carlisle. They contain many excellent tributes worthily bestowed and it is fitting thus to honor this great man. All the articles are well written.

The first quarterly pupils recital was given Friday evening, November 26th. It was indeed quite a success, the quality of the work being creditable to both pupils and teachers.

The first number on the program was Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C. Sharp minor, by Miss Gladys McGee and was thoroughly enjoyed by every one.

Miss Ruth Smith sang Happy Days by Streleki. Miss Smith has a soprano voice of good range and pure tone.

Miss Edna Brown fully appreciated the spirit of the composer in her very difficult piece of Chopin's Impromptu Opus 66.

Miss Ray Poag played an arrangement of Godard's Becceus from Jocelyn. Her violin work shows careful, earnest study and a love for the instrument through which she expresses feeling so beautifully.

When I'm Big I'll be a Soldier, sung by Miss Mildred Bush was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Miss Bush has a wonderfully sweet voice.

Chopin's Etude, op. 10 No. 5, a very difficult piece, played in black keys only, was beautifully rendered by Miss Mabel Wilson. This was Miss Wilson's first appearance before a Greenville audience. She is indeed
quite an addition to the music department of G. F. C.
Mr. Wm. Harrison sung Only Once More, by Moir. Mr. Harrison has already won for himself a reputation as a vocalist.

Miss Eunice Bristow's rendition of Liszt's Liberrstrauam No 3 and Macdowell's Scotch Poem showed both technical skill and interpretative ability.

Del Riego's Harmony, a vocal solo, by Miss Leila Mai McKenzie was well given. The organ accompaniment played by Miss Wilson added much to the solo.

Miss Entzminger displayed great talent in the selections which she played. She interpreted the spirit of the masters in both Greig's To Spring and Vogrick's Caprice.

After the music program the audience was entertained by a sketch in one act, called "Gone Abroad." The characters were well taken by Miss Ruth Smith, as a society lady, Miss Nell Hellams and Miss Marett as her nieces, Hope and Faith, and Miss Jo Garrette as her bosom friend, Mrs. I. P. Kim.

Miss Smith entered into the character very well indeed. Mrs. Nearly-Gown herself was plainly in Miss Smith's interpretation.

Miss Hellams pleased her audience with the perfect naturalness with which she interpreted the character of Hope. She showed her jolly and witty nature, and the real delight in teasing, which belonged to that character.

Miss Marett furnished the audience with much amusement by playing the part of Faith so successfully. Much praise is due her for her freedom on the stage.

Miss Garrette, as Mrs. I. P. Kinn, added much to the interest of the play. Her inquisitiveness and chagrin were well portrayed.

The play was an entire success as was shown by the hearty applause from the audience.
Judson Literary Society

On Saturday night November 20th, the program at our regular society meeting was quite a surprise to all of us. The president appointed Misses Sophia Brunson and Cora Long as captains to choose sides for a "Spelling Bee." It was very interesting, and thoroughly enjoyed by all, being different from the regular program. The last part of the match was very exciting when only one remained on Miss Brunson's side, and about eight on Miss Long's, all of which "went down" on the word, mackerel; the game ending in a tie.

All of the members of the society have shown quite an interest in the work, and we hope that the excitement and anticipation of the Christmas holidays will not interfere with the next two or three meetings.

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Alpha Department

The following young ladies have been elected to fill the vacant offices in our society:
Vice president ... Blanche Brooker
Censor ... Anna Kay
Junior Critic ... Myrtle Landford
Senior Critic ... Lucile Wallace

We have had several interesting programs of late. One of them in which an Impromptu program was carried out was very amusing.

The interest in the work is still growing, with which we are very much pleased. A great many additions have been made to the society this season. We have now sixty-eight members on roll.
ISAQUEENA

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ............... Josie McBride
ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF .... Sue Carpenter
LITERARY EDITOR ................ Jessie Bryant
ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR .. Emma Wright
EXCHANGE EDITOR ............... Sadie Goodwin
LOCAL EDITOR ..................... Leila Mae McKenzie
FINE ARTS EDITOR ................ Jo Garrette
BUSINESS MANAGER ............. Etta Scarborough
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER ... Ethel Black
EDITOR ALPHA LIT. SOCIETY .... Zelle Loadholt
EDITOR BETA LIT. SOCIETY ..... Alice Johnson

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

President ......................... Mrs. Beattie Rowland
Vice President ..................... Miss Hattie Pope
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