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The Isaqueena - 1911, January

Kate Jones
Greenville Woman's College

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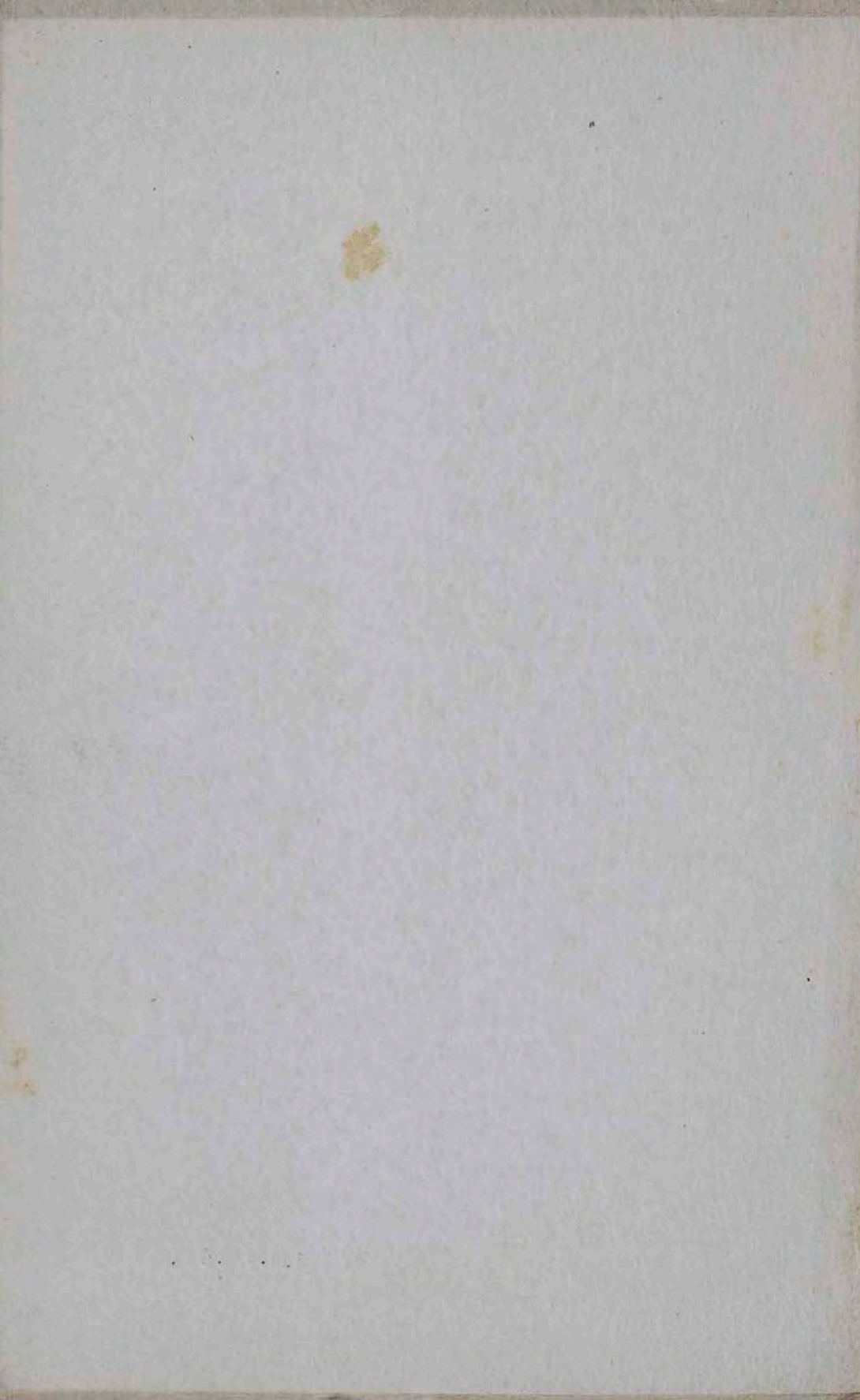
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Isaqueena

January, 1911





ISAQUEENA

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LET'S TRY.

I.

Let's not mind it! Let's smile it away!
 Bring not a withered rose of some yesterday;
 Flowers are so fresh by the way-side and wood,
 Sorrows are blessings but half understood;
 Let's not mind it, however it seems;
 Hope is so sweet and holds many dreams.

2.

Let's not wither! Let's branch out and rise
Out of the byways and nearer the skies;
Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and
deep,
Where some tired traveler may lie down and
sleep.
Let's not tarry! Let's do it right now!
There's so much to do if we only knew how.
Ollie Mitchell, '12.

THE STRANGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

On arriving at the little station called Wordville, among the mountains of eastern North Carolina, one chill October afternoon, I was met by the strangest looking little man I had ever seen. He was short and rather thin. His clothes fitted closely about his limbs, and the wind, blowing his "swallowed-tailed" coat out, caused the small bowed legs to be noticeable to every eye. A nose long and sharp protruded from the tanned face. The thin lips and leery, greenish eyes gave me a feeling that was far from agreeable. There was an expression of cunning in his eyes, and a something that I could not in the least explain. This queer man was Mr. Vossy, the master of the new Mail Park Boarding School, to which my parents had sent me, having been given to understand that I was to have the very best care possible for a new school to afford.

My destination being six miles from the station, I had a long tiresome drive in a cold drizzle with this queer piece of humanity at my side. We slowly made our journey in an old hack, drawn by a poor, fagged-out, gray horse. The road was rough and rocky; first up hill, then down, and a great part of the time through a dense wood. My companion remained silent during the ride, but glanced at me once in awhile from the corner of his eyes.

As we approached it, one look at the house and surroundings sent a shudder through me. It was an old time dwelling of dull slate color, surrounded by a dark grove, and the entrance was made through an avenue of gloomy cedars. The windows and doors were all closed, so that not a flicker of light showed to brighten the deep evening shadows.

My impression on entering was no more favorable. The whole house was dark, the woodwork being almost black.

I was shown to my room by a somber young girl, whom I took to be Mr. Vossy's daughter, owing to the likeness between them. The dim lamp which she carried threw all sorts of grotesque shadows in the corners and on the walls.

After leading me through empty halls and up a circular staircase to the third floor, she opened a door just at the head of this staircase, saying as she did so, "Right here, Miss!" and left me with a strange, almost wicked smile.

Upon walking into my room, to my utter amazement, I found myself in a very large room already occupied by nine other girls. They informed me that they had arrived in the morning. We discussed the strangeness of the place and people, and agreed that none of us had yet seen anything like a school.

That night we observed that our trunks had never been brought up, but being both tired and timid, we decided to leave them alone until morning, and prepared to go to bed.

On trying to lock the door we were somewhat alarmed when we found no key. After awhile we fancied we heard the faintest noise outside. Each dared the other to open the door, but finally all started together. It was locked! We looked at each other pale with fear. What could we do?

The window was high above the floor, but we placed

under it the little table, and on that chair. By the use of these, we succeeded in reaching and in opening the window. There was nothing outside by which we could let ourselves down. Then a thought came to me. There were five beds in the room; why not tear the sheets in broad strips and tie them together. This we did, and three of us were let down, one at a time, by the other six to see what could be done. It was impossible to hear any other sound than the down-pouring rain, which soaked us almost immediately. We tiptoed around to the different windows, until finally coming to one in the shutter of which was a tiny ray of light, we peeped through. We could barely see Mr. Vossy, the sober young girl, and a woman whom we supposed to be the school-master's wife. They were bending over something and making angry gestures.

We now went around to the back door, and finding it unlocked, stole softly in. Outside the door of the room into which we had just looked was a bottle labeled "Chloroform," and besides this there was a little sprayer. This we could just see by the light through the transom. The key to this door was on the outside. Evidently thinking themselves perfectly safe, the plotters had taken no precautions against discovery by outsiders. I noisily turned the key, as ours had been turned, and removed it. Then placing my ear to the key-hole I heard a woman say, "Well, don't you mind, John, you know this ain't all; they've got their pocket-books and jewelry, and when they are chloroformed, we'll get those, along with whatever else they've got, before we carry 'em to the river."

My blood froze in my veins. Seizing the bottle and sprayer, I began to spray chloroform through the key-hole. Those in the room were wholly oblivious of all except their own thoughts and deeds. It was not long before we were assured of the desired effect. I then opened the door, and finding our key, took up the dim

light to aid us. Then making our way with beating hearts to the anxious girls upstairs.

We decided to leave as quickly as possible, but being ignorant of the country, it was necessary to wait until daylight. Then, our victims still unconscious, we harnessed the old horse to a wagon by the first streak of daylight.

I had observed the road very closely the afternoon before, so we made our way over the six miles to Wordville without the difficulty which we had expected.

There we told our story. Men set out at once for Mail Park, but when they reached it the house was in flames, and no trace could ever be found of its occupants.

Ada Inabinett, '11.

“THERE ARE NO TRICKS IN PLAIN AND SIMPLE FAITH.”

Words are inadequate to express the real worth of plain and simple faith.

Plain and simple faith has no such things in it as the word “tricks” implies. It is not associated with the idea of deception. Do we ever think how much deceit there is in the world? Or have we seen so much of it that we have come to consider it as a person’s “second nature?” It is most certainly true that we do have much deception around us in our daily lives. Deceptions confront us in every conceivable way. In all trades we find it. Although it may be so well concealed that we cannot see it at first, it will gradually come to light. Notice how man by insincerity of heart or speech is constantly trying to lead his fellow being to ruin. One of man’s greatest instruments of deception is flattery. “Men find it more easy to flatter than to Praise.” If one man can win another by flattery, he will not hesitate a moment to use it.

It seems that it is natural for man to attempt to ap-

pear what he is not, but "The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so." Do you ever observe in your own life how you are forever trying to be what you are not? Man has become so accustomed to deceit that he will practice it unconsciously, and "we are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities which we possess, as by those which we aim at, or affect to have." O, the innumerable ways in which man tries to cover his insincerity! He covers it with smiles, easy words, good manners, and in many other ways. He likes to seem great before others, and, to attain this point, he is often willing to use some little deception.

There are very many ways in which people try to seem what they are not. Some of them attempt to make a show of riches when they have nothing with which to justify such a pretense. They try to appear very well informed when they know but little. Many try to appear as heroes when they are cowards. Take also, for instance, those people who pretend to be very good, who go around with long faces, and talking in a way which makes one think they are saints; in reality they are just the very opposite. They commit sins and try to hide them with their easy manners. Some people have Sunday manners, and "every day" manners; the former they wear when they are in company and wish to seem what they are not; the latter they wear at home where they do not care if they act like tyrants. These are only a few ways in which man most ingeniously attempts to seem what he is not.

Now, can you think of any class of people you dislike to meet with more than "two-faced" people? People who, when they are talking to you, say that you are right and the other person is wrong; but when they meet the other person and talk with him, you are wrong and he is right. They agree with your opinion just because they think it will please you. They never have views of their own.

Just think how, if man can cunningly deceive man, how much more cunningly Satan can deceive man. Think, how Satan brought about the fall of humanity. How was it when Adam and Eve were created and placed in the beautiful garden of Eden with everything around them that their hearts could desire; with nothing to do but to keep the garden and to stroll around on the beautiful walks and eat the delicious fruits from the trees of the garden; and God came and walked with them in the cool evenings when everything was still! and they were forbidden to eat the fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil; that, alas, Satan came disguised as a serpent, glided up to Eve and tempted her to eat the fruit, and she, not able to withstand the temptation, yielded. Thus his Satanic majesty brought about the fall of man.

What a difference there between deception and frankness and constancy! There is so much beauty in frankness and constancy. How different life would be if we would only always be frank and constant, not always doing something to arouse suspicion, and not always changing our minds. Do not we all admire a man who is always the same, open-minded, frank, honorable, and conscientious? A man who is never slipping around with some secret. One who is not afraid to tell the truth. A man who would not do anything hurtful to his own honor or hurtful to the reputation of anyone else. A man like this puts confidence in you, and you need not be afraid to put confidence in him. He is honorable and trust-worthy himself, and he judges everybody else by his own standard.

Where, then, shall we find an example of plain and simple faith? Let us go back to history and we shall find there a man who is an excellent example of plain and simple faith; a man who lived more than nineteen centuries ago, whose name is familiar to everybody. This man is the noble Brutus. He was not suspicious, neither

was he untruthful. When he did an act he would justify it by boldly speaking the truth. Another one of his characteristics was his unselfishness—he considered himself last in everything. He was not jealous, he was not even envious of his friend, the mighty Caesar, when he appeared as a great conqueror and was being praised by all Rome. Brutus only rejoiced with Caesar in his good fortune. Then, why did he kill Caesar? It was on account of his patriotism. This is his answer for doing so:

Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more."

Caesar was ambitious and when he was gaining so much power Brutus was afraid that he would be made king, and that everybody would be in bondage to him. It is very plain that Brutus stabbed Caesar with the hope of doing good to all. Even Mark Anthony is represented by Shakespeare as saying these words of Brutus,

"This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar,
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

Besides being honest, unselfish, and patriotic, Brutus had a great deal of sympathetic emotion which he tried to hide beneath a cloak of stoicism, but which could be seen in spite of his efforts.

Of all Brutus' characteristics his conscientious, frank, and truthful nature stands above them all. He very conscientiously considered all enterprises before he entered upon them. His frankness and truthfulness are shown in the speech which he makes just after the death of Caesar. Yes, Brutus is truly an example of plain and simple faith.

Now; let us glance at social life and see if it is all plain and simple faith. No, here as in everything else we find frauds and frivolities. In social life, many little deeds are committed which you might think were trifling, but which have an alarming result.

The empty pretensions which we often meet with in social life causes us to lose faith in all mankind. And, O, the effect that false friendship often has upon society! In many cases it has led man to give up a world of joy for a world of sorrow—a life, a wealth, luxury, and happiness for a life of poverty, misery, and woe. Yea it has even led him to commit that awful crime for which he can never be pardoned.

Why should we indulge in false friendship? Why not have true and sincere friendship—friendship that is pure and elevating, that brings us happiness and cheers us in dark hours of despair? True, “friendship is constant in all things! it needs no enforced ceremony nor formality, but speaks for itself, being known and read of all men. Let us be true to our friends, considerate and fair to all, and wear the same face everywhere.”

Katie Scott.

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED.

“Well, dear girlie, I’m sorry I’ve got to leave you when things are looking so gloomy and lonesome. But I hope nothing will trouble you while I’m gone. I’ll come back home as soon as I can.

Goodbye! Thus spoke Mr. Woodson to his daughter, Sallie, as he drove down the lane leading into the main road. Sallie stood on the piazza and watched her father until a clump of trees by the roadside hid him from view. Then turning to go into the house she said half aloud, “Troubles never come singly. Here it is the most disagreeable day we’ve had this season and a message comes to Dad telling him that the only son of his best friend is

very sick and begging him to come right away. Poor Dad! Why is it," she added impatiently, "that an honest worker like Dad had to lose almost all he possessed in one unlucky bargain, and be compelled to move to such a backwoods place like this. We've been here three months and nothing but ill luck has ever come our way. I'm so sorry Dad had to leave. I feel as if something awful is going to happen, and if it does, Tom won't be much protection."

When she reached the diningroom she sank wearily into a chair, dropped her head on her arm, and in a few moments fell asleep. In the pleasant dream she had she forgot the approaching storm. It was becoming worse moment by moment.

Sallie had been asleep only a short while when her older sister, Lucy entered the room. Lucy was in many respects decidedly unlike her younger sister. Sallie had always been delicate, and ever since the death of their mother several years earlier, Lucy had felt it her duty to take care of Sallie. Because Sallie was such a nervous person Lucy had always been careful to hide from her those things which would excite or annoy her. Soon steps were heard upon the piazza. Presently the door was opened and Tom, the fifteen year old son of the family, came into the room. He was very much like Lucy in looks and in ways. By the time Tom had changed his wet clothes for some dry ones, Sallie had walked up and the three sat down to supper.

After supper had been finished and the dishes cleared away the little group gathered around the fire. Outside the storm increased. The wind howled and the rain poured. A feeling of depression seemed to settle over the young people. At length their conversation turned upon the subject of ghosts. Ordinarily, this subject would have been avoided on Sallie's account but on this occasion there seemed to be no way of getting around it. As soon

as their minds had been diverted for a short while by the discussion of some other topic the pouring rain and the howling winds would invariably turn them again to this which was distasteful under the circumstances.

"Speaking of ghosts," said Tom, "let me tell you a ghost story I heard not long ago, 'One dark, stormy night a man was riding to his home. The storm increased as he approached an old country church which had a graveyard at the back of it. He was not afraid of ghosts, so he didn't hesitate to stop on the little porch in front of the church. He was very much surprised to see the door of the church open, but at first he did not pay much attention to it. Then he thought he heard a slight noise in the church. He turned quickly in that direction, and saw a white form slowly advancing from the farther end of the church. He stood as if spellbound. Nearer and still nearer came the ghost. Now he could see the gleaming eyes fixed upon him and"—

"Oh, Tom! do stop," cried Sallie. Seeing that his sister was getting so excited by his recital, Tom stopped immediately. "I wish Dad were here," wailed Sallie. "I feel like something terrible is going to happen to us. Just listen at that awful storm. I wish it would quiet." Thinking it the best thing for them all, they decided to retire. But they did not leave the ghosts. They would most gladly have done so if it had been possible. Each one seemed to see huge white apparitions with gleaming eyes everywhere. How horrible it all was! Hark! Whence came that awful sound? What was it? "Tom, Tom," cried an excited voice in the girl's bedroom. "Oh, do 'Here I am, sister," said the brave Tom. "What do come, Tom." you want?"

"Oh, Tom, that noise! Listen! D'ye hear it? What is it?"

"Be still, dear," said the courageous Tom. "I'll take

care of you whatever happens." Taking his gun Tom walked into the next room and summoning up all the courage he could muster bravely unlocked and opened the door. Then there followed a wild burst of laughter: For what did he see? Their old friend, the meek family cow trying to shelter from the storm.

Annie Brown, '11.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE OPERA.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, when everywhere there was a literary and scientific awakening, there was at Florence a small group of men, known as the Camerata, whose ambition it was to restore the Greek drama in its entirety. That the Greeks had combined music and poetry and had musically declaimed the drama was known and proved by the size of the amphitheaters. The attempts of these men to rediscover the ancient Greek declamation resulted in the first real musical drama. "Dafne," with words by Renuccini and music by Cacceni and Peri. The score of Dafne has been lost, and a later work, "Eurydice," bears the distinction of being the oldest opera extant. In it the recitative was discovered, and it contained the great principle of the modern opera—that the music be subservient to the text. In these early opera, there was no dramatic feeling or development of musical thought, but a dreary waste of recitatives with choruses introduced freely.

The efforts of the Florence group were taken up by Monteverdi of Venice, who was at the head of the Venetian school. He placed the opera on the artistic foundation it now occupies. He used nothing that was not servicable to his immediate dramatic purpose and his opera "Orfeo" shows a great advance over the Florentine beginning. His greatest service to the opera lay in enlarging the sphere of the orchestra and in the initiation of a thorough instrumental style adapted to the character

of each instrument. His series of dramas made the opera the most popular form of composition in Italy; and through his efforts the first opera house was established, in Venice.

At first the opera was under the patronage of the titled and wealthy, as it required great wealth to produce one. As it was introduced to the people it had to be changed from its original character—it must be comprehensible and amusing to the masses. At first the subjects were mythological and classical, but there were soon discarded in favor of those involving intrigue and disguise. Thus the form gained warmth of feeling, and began to show a tendency toward melody and regularity of form. But it soon came about that the drama became subordinate to the music—a complete reversal of the conditions under which the opera had arisen, and one which finally resulted in the singer regarding the opera as a field for the display of their voices.

Florence and Venice in turn were the center of musical activity in Italy, but later this center was removed to Naples, where Alexandro Scarlatti founded the Neapolitan School. The Neapolitans continued to practice what the Venetians had begun in their opera—the use of form and melody. Scarlatti did much for the opera. He gave it a melodic charm and symmetrical form which hitherto had not been known. He added the important form known as accompanied recitative, which differed from the simple recitative in being accompanied by the entire orchestra. While not the inventor of the idea, he was the first to formulate it into a persistent type. He perfected also what is known as the Italian Overture, which consisted of three movements, the first and last, quick, the middle, slow.

The development of the opera was, by no means, confined to Italy. Other nations were materializing other forms. The most prominent were the French ballet, the German singspiel, and the English masque—all descended

in some way from the mediaeval mysteries and miracle-plays—and out of these forms were shaped the types of opera found in the eighteenth century.

The French Opera, derived from the ballet took shape in the hands of the poet Perrin and the composer Cambert; but the leading figure in its development was Lully. While the Italian opera was tending to develop music at the expense of the drama, he exalted the forcible delivery of words. He invented the French overture, which was later supplanted by the Italian, and advanced the capacity of the orchestra.

Operatic growth was hindered for a long time in Germany by reason of the Thirty Years' War. For the most part the story of early German opera is simply the Italian type transplanted. Hamburg was the chief center in Northern Europe for operatic music until 1740. George Frederic Handel is the most important name before Gluck; but though Handel infused vigor and wealth of melody into the opera, he did not get away from the conventionlized Italian opera, which held sway in Germany. His operas are now dead.

In England the form that led to the opera was the masque. The leading genius of English music was Henry Purcell. He fixed the form of the English opera as a play with songs, choruses, ensembles, etc., connected by spoken dialogue instead of recitatives. This flexible form prevented the English opera from development comparable with the remarkable growth of the other schools. The only characteristic creation of the English school was the Ballad Opera, which was a play made up of words set to the most popular ballad tunes of the day.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century the Opera Buffe was introduced. It was an outgrowth of the Intermezzo, which arose from the custom of introducing something between the acts of a play to entertain the audience. It was always gayer and lighter than the opera.

After a while it took a dramatic side and was performed independently of the opera—two plays going on at the same time. Finally it developed into the Opera Buffe which was performed separately. In it the melodies were fresher and the dramatic action truer to life, which made it appeal more to the people than the Opera Seria. To it we owe the concerted finals which is such a feature of the modern grand opera.

As has been said before, the Italian opera had come to be used by singers for a display of their voices. It had lost its simplicity and had become seriously disfigured by embellishment and overelaboration. A reform was needed, and this task fell to Christoph Gluck. Gluck's purpose was to restore the opera to the dramatic truth and power it should have. He treated it as an integral whole for the first time. He made it individual, with a character and atmosphere of its own. He developed the overture, making it do what he wished it to do—prepare the spectator for the character of the piece. He gives the chorus its proper place in the drama. He did away with recitative secco and restored the aria to its original simplicity. With the orchestra, he secured hitherto undreamed-of effects. He also added many instruments to the orchestra. His influence was far-reaching and permanent; it affected all schools. He made it impossible that the opera, should ever fall to the level from which he lifted it.

The next great influence in the opera after Gluck, was Mozart. His "Idomeno" was superior in concerted music and instrumentation to any opera yet written, and practically laid the foundation for modern orchestration. He made his character eternal types by means of his music. With Mozart, the opera reached its highest point in the eighteenth century.

Beethoven added nothing new to the opera, but his "Fidelio" deserves a place in the history of the opera.

He used German words and composed in German style, which none of his great predecessors had done. In his day it was not appreciated by the people, because it was too far above their capacity of appreciation.

About this time was founded the Romantic Opera, Carl Maria Von Weber being its founder. It was an attempt to get away from classical mythological subjects to the rich store of folk-love and poetry. In it the people came more into their own than ever before. Mythological character gave place to figures to legend and chivalry, elves, and spirits of earth or air. The most striking detail of the Romantic Opera was the development of a new phase of instrumentation—that of novel and original combinations of instruments to produce varying and expressive shades of tone color. Weber was the first to utilize the individual orchestral instruments to produce weird unearthly effects.

A forceful influence in the Italian Opera was Rossini, the greatest Italian genius since Scarlatti. His operas are, on the whole, a reversion to the conventionalized opera before Gluck, in that they are written to exhibit the skill of the singer; but his witty vivacious style made his operas the most popular of his time.

The French school of the nineteenth century was divided into the Opera Comique and the Grand Opera. The Opera Comique was adapted to the lighter episodes of a romantic or humorous nature. Francion Boieldieu laid the foundation of the Opera Comique, which is the most national of the French operatic forms. The French Grand Opera marks the beginning of the modern historical opera, and fixes classical and ancient history as the only appropriate material for the Grand Opera. Meyerbeer was the chief promoter of this type. He introduced such pomp, pageantry, and wealth of science and orchestral effect, as had never been conceived of before. Though he strove too much for the purely effective, and did not lay

foundation firm enough for the future, he is the master of dramatic effect, and did service by loosening the rigid bonds of traditional form.

In the middle of the nineteenth century a complete change took place in the opera in the hands of Richard Wagner. Like Gluck, he was a great reformer, before whom there was not a figure of such importance nor has there been one to rival him since his day. Fearlessly he embodied his new ideas and notions into his operas, even though they brought a storm of abuse upon his head. One of his most important theories is that the music should be secondary to the drama, and that it should reflect and intensify it. Believing that music should not break or interrupt the action, he did away with all arias, duets, concerted finales, and ensembles. He made use of a *melor-a* speech-song—which could be either melodic or harmonic. He made use of the leading-motive, which is a characteristic melody associated with a particular personage, accompanying him throughout the score. He abandoned fixed form and substituted what he called an unending melody, a continuous flow divided alike between voices and instruments. His use of the leading motive enabled him to give a running commentary on the action. He made of the music drama a form as truly artistic as the symphony or the sonata.

New life and vigor was brought into the Italian Opera by Guiseppe Verdi, one of the most popular of modern composers. He was one of the greatest dramatic composers. His "Aida" marks the beginning of a new school; one more in sympathy with the original conception of the opera as a drama.

Since Wagner, the only composer who has added anything new to the opera is Richard Strauss, the leading composer of today. He handles the full orchestra with utmost skill. In his work he makes use of tone-pictures and symphonic poems.

The opera of today is not without its characteristics. It fights against too lengthy works, and is becoming more realistic. Unnatural things are being discarded, and common everyday life is being pictured, which helps as well as entertains those who hear.

Nina Entzminger.

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

A hand was on my shoulder,
A whisper within my ear,
Entreating me to leave the regions
Which bring deep pain and fear!

Yet I lingered on in darkness,
Knowing not the grief 'twould bring,
Laughing away the danger,
Quenching the conscience stings.

Onward, yet ever onward,
Ever thicker around me grew
The alluring viles of darkness,
Till no conscience sting I knew!

Every tie that had bound me
To truth and to the right,
Had the realm of pleasure broken,
With its coaxing, deceiving light.

Slowly—oh, yes, but surely
It's wild glories seemed to fade;
I looked and groped around me,
For some hand to give me aid.

I longed, with anguished longing,
To feel the loving hand—
To hear the soft, sweet whisper,
To return to the happy band.

I called and then I listened,
 But no answer came to me;
 Only the mournful darkness,
 To mock my misery.

Once more I plead so softly,
 Promised allegiance true;
 If, but, within my breast so weary,
 Joy, once again I knew.

Then through the fearful blackness,
 So filled with awful hate,
 Came a hissing feudish whisper,
 "Too late, ah yes, too late."

You've passed the gates so pearly
 You can return no more;
 The waters of wierd blackness
 O'er you must ever oar.

You threw aside thos pleadings,
 From them you turned away,
 Heard not the voice of conscience
 Calling back without delay.

I've raised my hands for mercy,
 I've cursed my cruel! fate;
 But those words are ever mocking,
 "Too late, ah yes, too late!"

Zelle Loadholt, '10.

MAY AND MARGUERITE.

If you had entered the building blind-folded, and opened your eyes in this room you would have thought that you had awakened in the middle ages. Pictures, or rather cunning imitations of them, of all great artists hang upon the wall; arranged in such a way as to suggest culture, taste, and originality in the one who lived in the suite.

Statues, small and large, peep at you from various and curious nooks and corners; statues, the presence of which indicate that the owner has studied or read mythology at some period of her life. The faint rays of the setting sun piercing through the richly colored heavy curtains casts a peculiar light over the objects. Just at this moment the electric lights are switched on, after the first half second of bewilderment you see plainly ornaments you had not seen before: College pennants arranged harmoniously as to colors adorn the rose tinted walls. In a quick glance you see they are pennants from Universities, several from famous law schools. A cabinet, sheets of music and stringed instruments are scattered here and there. Obviously, you are in the room of a twentieth century college girl. A room in "The Fashionable School for Young Ladies. A school noted for its sororities and brilliantly artificial alumnae. A tall, slender, dark-haired girl, gracefully rouses herself from the couch upon which she has been reclining; with one movement of her dimpled olive-brown arm draws a guitar to her and as she plays, hums a plaintive air. Suddenly, she draws a foreign stamped letter from under the "Signa Nu" sofa pillow.

"Dear, dear 'Bubba' is on his way from London to Panama. He writes that times will not be hard with us any more, that I will not depend on that stingy old guardian of mine any longer. I will be so glad when he gets settled in Panama, then, he can send me all the money I want. He will be proud of his sister Marguerite when he hears her sing and play and knows the standing she has in college. I shall write him immediately that I have just been made the "High Priestess" of the "Phi Kappa Deltas"—

She does not hear steps coming over the heavily carpeted floor to her couch.

"Marguerite! my dear girl, where is that jeweled sorority pin you told me you had found? Give it up

dear, Dr. Flourrey has secured detectives to hunt for his daughter's pin. No one knows about your habit except myself and if we drop the pin near the "Chapter House" Cecilia will think she dropped it there after the last meeting herself."

"Lillian dear, Rob has that pin. I promised him one in exchange for this little beauty of a frat that I am wearing. I could never ask him to return it. I couldn't explain matters! Oh—I will write to my guardian and ask him to send the money to buy another. No he will not send it; I received a check from him just last week for a large amount. Lillian,—you write him! Tell him the whole truth about me. He will be sorry for me and send it. Tell him I may be broken from that habit some day."

Miss Lillian Rudolph, the dainty violin teacher and bosom friend of Marguerite wrote a second letter to Mr. Augustus Kiser, the wealthy guardian. She told him that this time it was an expensive sorority pin belonging to the president's daughter, an intimate friend of Marguerites; that the girl believed Marguerite possessed a pin of her own. And that in order to mislead the detectives she must keep the pin and buy another.

The letter was so well worded and planned that old Mr. Kiser fully believed his ward would now be a better girl, and he immediately sent a check for a much larger amount than either of them expected.

I.

On the afternoon that Lillian Rudolph had saved Marguerite's reputation a second time, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Southern girl sat in a stiff-backed chair digging over geometry problems. Her one room was very attractive; tiny blue forget-me-not paper covered the walls; tennis rackets, a basket ball, a large list of Tennyson, and a picture of Murellos Modonna, spoke plainer than words of the inner and outer life of this student. Occasionally

she fingers a letter addressed in a large masculine hand, finally, after several attempts to concentrate on "spheres" she throws the book down—

"Dad says I may come home this summer. Oh, but I'm glad—I wonder what home is like—haven't been there in so long I will feel as if I am company. Wonder—Ah, do come in Miss Lee. No, I am not studying—can't—I am reading this letter from my father over and over. I am going home this summer! yes, I want to—but, somehow I'm a little afraid. He tells me of a beautiful Spanish American Ward who is coming home this summer also. No, not my father's, but the ward of one of his wealthiest patients. Dad writes that she is all a father could wish his daughter to be; namely, talented, beautiful and graceful. He wants us to be friends. If she is all that, I do not think we can be. Her name is very pretty while mine is just simple May."

"Well, May, do not worry about that, I do not think that your father will be disappointed in you. Live just as you are, every day, and I feel sure you will have nothing to be ashamed of when you reach home this summer."

"Thank you, Miss Lee"—and with hung head and laughing eyes, she said, seemingly in jest—"It is not only in history that you teach me. I am your pupil in a very broad sense."

III

The church was being filled very slowly. In Marietta Texas the people congregate in a lazy sort of way on the hot summer Sundays. The handsome Physician knowing this schemed so that his was the last buggy to drive into the "hitching grove;" he and his daughter the last to reach their pew which was at the front near the choir. He was proud of his little daughter; proud of her from the crown of her head, covered with thick unmanageable curly hair, to the tip of her small but common sense shoe. He was glad that he had been strong enough to let her

stay away the last three years; strong enough to leave her in the hands of other people that they might look after her development. Yes, his had been a wise choice, the very college to train girls; the very faculty to assist in the development of his daughter's will power and character. May is a direct contrast to Mr. Kiser's beauty, he thought to himself. The Spanish American is magnificently beautiful but May has beauty in her own original way.

After the Doxology May glanced around to get her bearings; her father was respected and loved by all the congregation, she could see that by the expression of the people as they looked at him; 'twas a beautiful church; the pew she sat in was one of the nicest in the church and had a new cushion; and there in the choir facing her sat the Spanish American Beauty; and next to her an elderly lady with a violin across her lap. I wonder if the beauty knows about me? Yes, she is smiling now. I wish I could have brought Miss Lee home with me."

While these thoughts were passing through her mind the Spanish American Beauty was preparing to sing a solo.

The soft rich soprano voice never sounded sweeter than on that Sunday morning as it sang,

"One sweetly solemn tho't comes to me o'er and e'er;
I'm nearer my home today, today than I have been before."

May had to listen to the sermon, which indeed would not have been difficult to do had the solo followed instead of preceded it, by sheer will power. She would pull herself away time and again from the stream of harmonious tones, sound, and color which were enticing her, body and soul, to drift, drift, drift, and float into the mysterious beyond. The Spanish American had beauty of soul as well as beauty of lady, she thought. After the congregation was dismissed the Beauty came down

and was introduced.

Miss Rudolph left in a few days and Marguerite and May became very close friends. After two weeks of friendship, Marguerite wrote Miss Rudolph that the Southern Beauty was indeed in love with her." I am not jealous of her," she wrote, "for neither detracts from the beauty of the other. People that see us look at both in equal admiration. She does not like men in particular but in general, therefore, is a comrade to them all. Rob will sit an hour on my cool veranda sipping ices and listening to my guitar then spend an hour on the tennis court with her."

IV.

And she had written the truth, for May in her frank, open, way did love the Spanish girl. In her way, the girl, too loved May. They were both in their Senior year at college and in a curious way, fate had so planned it that May was to take the duties of President of the Literary Society upon her dainty but competent shoulders on the very night that Marguerite was to accept the highest office in her Sorority. Both were enthusiastic over the work of this their last year in college.

One afternoon two weeks before the girls were to return to school May and Rob stopped by Marguerite's on their way home from an enthusiastic game of tennis. She joined them on the porch. Immediately the girls turned the conversation into college work. It had been four years since Rob was a Senior, still, as he said, "he was not to ancient" to talk about things pertaining to it. They were chatting gaily when they were interrupted by the servant.

"Misses Mage'rite, Misses Kiser says fer yo' to come to hu room, she wants to see yo' about yo' trunk."

Rob and May wondered why she was so unusually pale as she left them.

In the room Mrs. Kiser, indignant and angry, was look-

ing first at her arm full of expensive laces, drawn work, and handkerchiefs, then at an open trunk.

"A pretty wife you will make for the most respectable lawyer in town! A pretty wife! A pretty wife! I never use these only on special occasions. Tonight I am preparing to surprise you with a reception, given in honor of you and May. Looking for my covers I failed to find them in the usual place. I suspected something—and—yes, I looked in your trunk, there in the bottom neatly covered with your kimonos they lay!—Do not cry any more—I know you can break that habit. Why, to hear you sing and talk folks would think you were an angel do—well, you can sing for Marietta people your last time tonight. Come to me directly after the reception."

During the last hour of the reception Rob and Mrs. Kiser were in the Library talking earnestly.

"No Rob, it isn't the only time, time and again she has taken things, 'tis the sin of the mother reasserting itself. I dislike to hurt you, you think you love her, but can you, can you afford to make her Mistress of your home? Do not talk to me now, go home to your room or your office, pray over it and think—be a man Rob. You are a man of sense use your sense."

Before twelve o'clock that night, Marguerite knew that Rob *knew* and that he still though he loved her. The last night she was at home he took her out on the lake. After his manly talk she resolved to turn over a new leaf, to think seriously of being good, and to accept him. Even if he should ever lose his respect and love for her he would always be kind. She knew that.

A month after the two girls had left for college Rob was called to Mrs. Kiser's home.

"Rob, Little Claire's necklace with diamonds and pearls is gone. It was here the night Marguerite left, for I put it inside the little clock on the mantle in her room about ten minutes after she left the house."

He remembered with pain, that Marguerite had asked

him to wait in the drug store for her, saying, that she wanted to look just one more time into her mother's picture.

Looking Mrs. Kiser squarely in the eye he said "I will recover Claire's necklace on the condition that you do not ask me how or where I get it. And there is something I want to tell you. I am ashamed to say it, but Marguerite's peculiar beauty fascinated me. One glance from her dark Spanish eye sent fire through my veins. I am in my right senses now. I have just returned from a visit to her. On my way home I called at the college in which May is staying to see her. She sends her love to you. Mrs. Kiser, the atmosphere of the two schools is entirely different. I am afraid that we are to blame for choosing the wrong school for Marguerite."

V.

The two most beautiful homes in Marietta, Texas, strange to say, are directly opposite each other on North Main Stret. The older is the home of the most highly respected and wealthiest lawyer of that town. If you ever visit there you will certainly fall in love with his dainty blue-eyed, fair-haired Southern wife. The other was builded five years after the first. When asked to whom it belonged the contractors would merely say, that the owner was a Frenchman. The curiosity of the people was satisfied when a Spanish American Beauty with her husband, the brother of a former Violon teacher, moved in. Everybody in Marietta attends the receptions of the tall proud beauty except her guardian and his wife. People say that old Mr. Kiser is disappointed in her marriage. If you visit there you too will attend the receptions but if you are wont to study peoples faces you will see something that is hidden from most of the people there—The Spanish American and her French husband are living in dread of something—a contrast to the life of our open hearted and open lived lawyer and his wife.

Kate Jones,



Editorial Department

KATE JONES

NELLIE WHITTEN

EDITOR.

The New Year The old year with its trials, sorrows, obstacles, and disappointments has passed; the year, through which we thought we could not live, is indeed behind us, only to be remembered in order that it may help us in our present and future experiences. The new year with its freshness, its hopes, its inspirations, and its glorious opportunities has been ushered in; it is ours, in which, with the help of Him who watches over all, to make the best year of our lives; a year of usefulness, of service, of cheerfulness, and happiness. Oh! classmates may we realize, in this the beginning of the new year, how much it means whether we, our small selves, are in harmony with the universe, whether we fit ourselves into The Plan and do our best in the daily routine of Life. Give your best, the best that is in you to whatever task falls to you, whether it be to be President of your society or simply to read a paper for that society. "And in giving your best the best will come back to you." In this new year, whatever befalls you remember your fellow-traveller in life.

"Still go onward and, in going listen—climb your own mountain, but ever be ready to lend a hand by the way

to those who are struggling, perhaps, more falteringly up the steep slope."

The year of "eleven" is full of hopeful prospects especially to the Seniors who wear '11 upon their rings. These Seniors have long wished for an Annual. Ever since they were Freshmen have they talked of the time when they would be Seniors and of the Annual they would have. Now they are Seniors and after many wise conferences the Business Manager and Editor-in-Chief decided that they could have one. The managers should be congratulated on the success and rapidity of their work. We are glad to say that the student body and faculty have literally "held up the hands," of the Annual. At one time the prospect grew very dark and grey—what Senior will forget that day in chapel when our beloved President and Music Director caused the silver lining of the dark cloud to appear!

The name of our Annual was chosen in a unique way.: It was announced in chapel one day by the Editor-in-Chief that any subscriber, teacher or student, could suggest the name he or she liked. The name to be handed in to the managers with the name of the person suggesting it.

Several very suitable and attractive names were suggested. After much consideration "Entre Nous" was unanimously accepted.

We were told at the last moment that our President had handed in the accepted name.

The New Staff. As you take upon yourselves the sacred duties of "Isaqueena" we wish to extend a hearty handshake of sympathy, love, and congratulations. To you, Editor-in-Chief, who will receive your initiation in February do we say that the Editor's Office though difficult and hard to fill, is worth

all the labor and anxiety which you are called upon to put into it. May your path be crossed only by such obstacles as you have the strength and power to surmount. At the close of the session may the rank and value of "Isaqueena" be doubled by your efforts.





BESS GLENN,
EDITOR.

January the second, nineteen hundred and eleven, found the College Home again filled with bright and joyous faces. Those of us, who were fortunate enough to spend the holidays in the college will never forget the happy time we had. Work began again the third, and every one with the exception, of about three was in place, ready for work.

We are very glad to welcome into our midst Misses Nelle Ingram, Kathleen Trapp and Eunice Miles,

Two of our town students Misses Mary Bates and Lois Greene have entered the college home, we are happy to have them this near to us.

Miss Ruth Easterling has returned to the college. We sincerely sympathize with her in the loss of her father.

Miss Gladys McGee gave her graduating recital in Piano, Monday evening, December the twelfth, nineteen hundred and eleven.

The Cambrian National Glee Singers entertained us at Chicora College on January the sixth, nineteen and eleven.

Rev. B. W. Spilman, a very interesting man, who is connected with Sunday school work, gave us two very attractive lectures on that subject in the college auditorium, December the third.

December the twelfth, the Seniors held a bazaar in the College Parlor and Voice Hall, for the benefit of the Annual.

The Primary and Kindergarten departments gave their annual Christmas entertainment, December the fifteenth.

Miss Judson (in Physics): "Ada, what metal is the best conductor of heat?"

Sr. I-a-n-t: "Gas."

Miss Rhodes (in Freshman English): "To what part of speech do and and but belong?"

Fresh. Mulligan: "Conjectures."

Fres. Cullum (at the dinner table): "Where did this milk come from?"

Soph. Cullum: "Why from the diary of course."

After looking over the musical program at a concert Fresh. Cl-o W-rd: "Who composed the intermission?"

Soph. M-r-sh-all: "The oratorical contest will be"—

Soph. Way: "Is that the contest for the prettiest girl at G. F. C.?"

Sen. A- - - e Br-wn: "I wish I had a match to light this candle."

Rat Allen: "Stick it to the electric light."

One of the Rats received a flash light picture of Furman Fitting School—

Rat Mulligan on seeing R. S. V. P. on it said, "Oh! hasn't your friend lots of initials."

Jun. Barton (before the holidays): "Oh! I just must send my last year's roommate a Christmas present."

Fresh. M-ll- - - n, her roommate, "My, will I have to

send you a present every Christmas?"

—

Rat Knight wants to know where the engine is that runs the street car.

—

Elizabeth Smith: "Of what society are you a member."

Bena Loadholt: "Y. W. C. A."

—

After one of the Lyceum numbers at Chicora a darky began turning off the Gas lights. Jr. Wingo, "Say, is gasoline scarce here?"



Judson Literary Society

Alpha Department

NINA ENTZMINGER

EDITOR.

The meeting of the society which was the last before the holidays was one of the best we have had. A Christmas program arranged as a Christmas program and thoroughly enjoyed by the girls.

On Jan. 7th, the society held its first meeting of the new year. As the girls had little time to prepare a program, the officers decided to have an impromptu program. The rules were suspended, and the girls entered heartily into the fun of the selections. A feature of the program was a debate: "Resolved that a girl should be in love while in college." The affirmative speakers were Violet Askins and Grace Clyburn; the negative speakers, Lilly Smith and Lucile Cox. The judges, Mary Bell Fuller, Florence Drummond, and Nina Entzminger, decided in favor of the affirmative side. Evidently many of the girls have not waited for the decision of the debate—at least, judging from some of the questions in our "S. C." box! Miss Hiden gave a strong and valuable talk on questions of a social nature.

We were glad to add three new names to our roll at this meeting.

We hope that among each Alpha's new year's resolution is one to do more for her society."



Beta Department
SOPHIA BRUNSON
EDITOR.

"BETA."

Girls, you've all heard that in G. F. C.
There is a Beta Society;
And on every Saturday evening we meet
Wondering if any members we'll greet.

Now this Society is for all,
The lean, the lank, the short the tall,
Each member is expected her duty to do.
And she must join with this in view.

The girls so much enthusiasm show
It would be folly for one not to go;
The programs are well rendered; interesting too,
And all our members have something to do.

Now in the future you're going to see
That the Beta will be "The" Society,
Here's hoping that every girl will be wise,
And join the "Beta" ere she closes her eyes.

Ora Gatlin.





LUCILE WALLACE.
EDITOR.

Owing to the fact that we were unable to have our monthly business meeting of November, we had two in December. The report of each committee was read and they show that the Y. W. C. A. is making progress, not only in members but that the girls are taking more interest in their respective departments. However the morning-watch has not had the attendance, we would like for it to have. Let each of us bestir ourselves and see if we can't get ready in time to go.

Our next meeting was the week before the holidays, and we gave the evening to a Christmas programme. Misses Kate Jones and Eunice Gentry each gave us delightful readings on Christmas. Miss Stella Bomar presided over the meeting.

The first meeting we had in the new year was taken up with talks on the new year. Our president, Miss Long, and Misses Wright and Lawton, each gave us excellent talks.

Our next meeting was a missionary meeting with Miss Lawton as Leader. Misses Brunson, Entzminger, and Williams assisted Miss Lawton with readings. Miss Williams, being original, was especially interesting.

"THE POWERFUL GOD."

"God is my strength and power, and he maketh my way perfect." II. Sam. 22:33.

Have we the power to determine the ability to understand and the knowledge to know what is really meant by a powerful God! We speak of an individual having power, when we mean only what he is capable of doing. He has power to do one thing and not another. Are we to measure God's power in this way? He not only has the power of several individuals, but he has power over them all. While man's power is limited, can we say God's is too? Certainly not, for we find in the Bible, the Holy Word of God, that in the beginning God created heaven and earth. Is this not a mystery? Who else, save one that is powerful could construct such a mass of matter from nothing, and who stationed it in space and fixed an orbit for it to revolve around the sun? He not only made the little earth and all the things on it, but look up into the sky and see the innumerable other bodies which were made by Him. Look into nature; who made the trees to grow, the flowers to bloom, the rain to fall, the sun to shine, and, in fact, everything in nature. Apparently man performed such duties that they are sometimes thought of as powerful, but if one would only think for a moment, he would readily see that there is necessarily someone or something that gave that person the power to do that thing. Why should we not say that it is the most powerful God behind all things?

There was once a child who was shut out from the world, and no one but his parents were allowed to converse with him. Somehow they never did tell him about God until he was quite old. Then, much to his father's surprise, when he was told of God he said he knew of Him already. How did he happen to know it. No one had told him. It was simply this: God has power to make himself felt. Even if the individual does not recognize the feeling, he knows that there must be something higher than human being. Really to find out the power of God, we should go to an individual who has had the above ex-

perience. To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it, to know its pleasure we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures are imaginary.

Suppose a planet were to escape its orbit, and were plunging blindly through space. A power capable of bringing it back would be required; yet God's power could do it and would act with sufficient gentleness to avoid ruin and chaos of the whole system.

"Power like a desolating pestilence
Pollutes whate'er it touches, and obedience
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth
Makes slaves of men, and of human frame,
A mechanized automation."

God proves his power through his son Jesus Christ, by his miracles,—the turning water into wine, the calming of the sea, the healing of the sick, and the raising of the dead. Everything that Christ did, he did through the power of God. We have been told of occasions given use when Christ prayed to his father, God, and if God had not been powerful, for what was Christ praying! for what purpose, and to what avail?

Did not God, through Christ prove and exercise his power over S. H. Hadly, the homeless, friendsess dying drunkard, when he took away from him the appetite for strong drink and made him henceforth a child of God?

Dr. Fairburn says that Christ has exhibited unparalleled power, in two ways: "First, to change men, to make bad men good; secondly, an unparalleled power to make the men reformed into factors of good—agents of redemption; an unparalleled power to associate the men he has redeemed into societies with larger ideas than the States of earth, societies with an ideal and mission of their own or rather, one that is altogether his."

One of our poets has said that "Patience and Gentleness is Power." In the Scriptures we find, "Now the God of

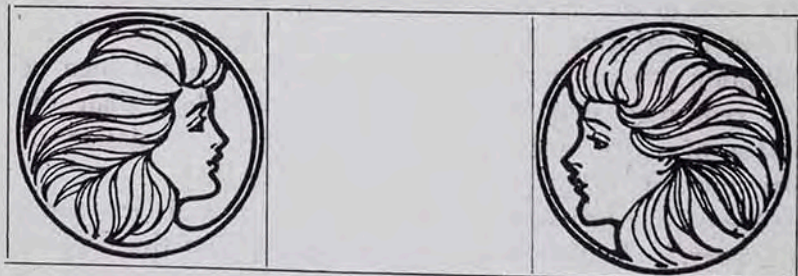
patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus."

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest into your souls."

If God were not powerful, would the Christian religion have succeeded? Would it have been spread abroad? Every body who wishes to find peace and comfort, goes to God in prayer for it, for He said "Come unto me all that labor and are heavy laden and ye shall find rest."

"He hath no power that hath not power to use it."

Did God have power?





Exchange Department

HELEN WOODSIDE.

Editor.

The editor of the various magazines which reach our table seem to have done their utmost to make their December numbers suggestive of the season. Quite a number of the magazines have covers decorated with holly or other Christmas symbols. Many contain poems, stories and editorials relating to Christmas.

The Carolinian has not only a decorated cover, but has decorations within. The magazine has taken a step forward by introducing illustrations of its stories. It adds quite a good deal to the magazine. We hope to find the next issue just as attractive.

The *Junior* number of *The Erskinian* comes to us with the usual amount of good reading. The poetry is especially good. Few of us can boast of so many poets.

The *Winthrop College Journal* contains a number of stories all of which are excellent. The "Soul-Touch" is well constructed. We see in it the power of music. This one of our exchanges is always interesting in every department. We are glad to welcome it each month.

Although we do not find the usual amount of reading matter in the *Wofford College Journal* it contains a goodly number of advertisements which speaks well for the business manager.

We always find something original in *The Davidson College Magazine*. "Mosquitoes" and "The Hobbled Maid" show originality in both subject and treatment.

We welcome to our table, *The Criterion*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Mercerian*, *Lenoirian*, *The Palmetto*, *The College Folio*, *The Limestone Star*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Hollins Magazine*, *The Stetson Weekly Collegiate*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Collegian*, *The Erothesian*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Concept*, *The Acorn*, *The Chronicle*, *The Roanoke Collegian*, *The Record*, *The Chisel*, *he Carolinian*, *The Erskinian*, *The Park School Gazette*.

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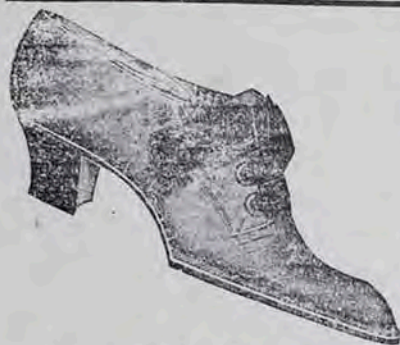
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