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The Isaqueena - 1911, March

Kate Jones
Greenville Woman's College

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Isaqueena

Junior Number
March, 1911

From

Sophia.

ISAQUEENA

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Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Class of 1912, (poem)	Theresa Sanders
"Mine German Friend," (story)	Lucia Watson
Ballads, (essay)	Florrie Lee Lawton
Miss Discontent, (story)	Marie Mahon
The Ivy, (poem) 	Ada Griffith
Freshie's Debut, (story)	Pearl Brazington
Edgar Allen Poe, (essay)	Grace Ridgell
Future G. F. C., (poem)	Christine Mahon
Friedrich F'roebel, (essay)	Sophia Brunson
My Choice, (poem)"	Sophia Brunson
The Heart of Gold, (poem)	Elizabeth Robertson
Light Wing, (story)	Sophia Brunson

PAGE

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	31
LOCAL DEPARTMENT	34
JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY	37
FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT	41
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT	44
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	47

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SOPHIA BRUNSON,

SUE BYRD.

EDITORS

THE CLASS OF 1912.

THE class of nineteen twelve,
In dear old G. F. C.
Is one that we all love
Very devotedly.

To G. F. C. we came
In nineteen hundred eight,
Hoping to win our fame
Before it were too late.

We Freshman of that year
Did dread the word "exam;"
Filled with a deadly fear,
We all began to "cram."

In June when exams were o'er,
And we had passed all right,
We found ourselves Sophomores
With faces glad and bright.

We've finished the Sophomore Class
And now proud Juniors we;
Our troubles are almost past
Next year we'll Seniors be.

Dear class of nineteen twelve,
The pride of every heart,
We love you, oh! so well,
But soon will have to part.

Theresa Sanders.

“MINE GERMAN FRIEND.”

We were in the desert. The yellow sand with its patches of scrubby sage stretched from the train far away to the mountains which were faint in the distance. The setting sun was reddening the west when I left the stupid magazine story I had been trying to read and went out on the observation to enjoy the sunset. It was the most beautiful I had ever seen—not a gorgeous one with the whole sky aflame, but it seemed a perfect fairy land of softest colors. I was quoting poetry to the fading mountain tops and this was quite a triumph of art considering that a woman land agent on my right was trying to convince a snippy-nosed little man that his life's happiness depended upon buying land near Los Angeles.

Traveling on the same train was a little German army officer, a fierce little man. His hair was perfectly white and brushed back from his forehead, the tips of his mustache turned straight up in a most pugilistic manner.

We had been on the same train for three days and had become acquainted. While I was hanging over the platform rail he came excitedly out.

"Ach, Fraulein! we stop at a little station. Let us get out. We stay an hour."

As he spoke the train stopped. We got down to look about. Such a place—some huts, a few Indian men and women, and a dozen dogs! We had decided to get back into the train when we noticed a groupe of little children playing near one of the huts. They were shy little things, and as soon as we came up they scampered wildly into their little adobe house, and peeped at us from behind the door. Herr G— tried to coax them out with pennies.

Suddenly we heard the train whistle and we wheeled around to see it moving swiftly away. Herr G— ran to the track and waved frantically, but on the train went, faster and faster, until it disappeared into the twilight. There I stood, and beside me the little German jumped up and down like an angry little white-haired harlequin. Altogether he looked so funny that I sat down upon a pile of cross-ties and laughed until he begged me to stop. It was almost dark and the inhabitants of the place had lined themselves up on the opposite side of the track, watching us with great interest. Herr G— crossed and attacking the most imposing looking member, in his broken English asked if there were any place where we could rest and wait for the next train. The huge Indian answered him with a ferocious glare and a torrent of words in some bristling language which we could not understand. Herr G— was dumb-founded and turned to me with a childish droop to his mouth, which brought down his fierce little mustache in a most absurd manner.

"Was ist das?" "I do not understand."

We sat disconsolately upon the ties; lined up in front of us, solemnly stood the Indians, suddenly becoming very hostile. They were evidently determined not to let us pass. They gazed at us. Herr G— began a new

maneuver, he stepped from the pile, drew himself up to his full height, twisted the tips of his mustache fiercely upward, then pointed to the huts and in an angry, commanding voice, spoke the one word one, "Go."

To my astonishment the Indians turned obediently and trotted off to their homes.

Herr G— was immensely pleased with himself, and positively strutted as we made our way to the shed-like structure which posed as a station. Here we found an extremely fat youth asleep in his chair. Herr G— woke him and told him our story. When he came to the place where he had vanquished the natives, the youth languidly informed him that they were merely interested and had not intended to worry us, which quite annoyed Herr G—, but we soon forgot about it in asking him to telegraph to my family that we would come on the next train, which would pass through at midnight.

We felt very much relieved when the train came and Herr G— called a cheerful "Gute Nacht" to the drowsy youth.

Lucia Watson.

BALLADS.

As the love for the old ballads is being reviewed and we begin to feel the peculiar charm which they have and their power for carrying us back to the primitive period, we are anxious to learn more about them. We want to know something of the origin and development, the characteristics and the structure of the ballad.

The ballad has been handed down to us through generations, possibly being originally sung by the people, or, if they were too long for this, being told. We can imagine the people of a large community gathered at some festival when a messenger comes running in and tells with great emotion how some daughter at home has been killed or

how some brother had been defeated in battle. As he tells his story, snatches at a time, the people moan and repeat what he has said until the whole has the aspect of a rythmical song, the people giving it the refrain. As those who hear it afterwards repeat it they naturally use the phrases of the messenger and in this way the tale is remembered although there may be many alterations. Thus we find how a ballad might be entirely of the people and not by any particular author. Grudtvig and Ferdinand Wolf think that "the ballad must be the outcome and the expression of a whole community, and this community must belong to a time when, in a common atmosphere of ignorance, so far as book-lore is concerned, one habit of thought and one standard of action animate every member from prince to plough-boy." As soon as learning and civilization came among the folk the ballad was first driven to one side and then dropped altogether out of the literature.

It is impossible for us to see a ballad in the making, the time for that is past. Even if it were possible for one to uncover the origin of some English ballad it is doubtful if one could see the folk in verse behind it. We could possibly trace it to some romance, on legend of the church, or some distorted tale from the classics, but to more definite end. This is the view of Prof. Gummere and others, but Henry Van Dyke disagrees with them. He thinks that every ballad had its author who has simply been forgotten. He says, "Verses do not come to the writer without the aid of some minstrel to give them form and set them to music. A community never makes a poem. It is a man who makes it."

Ballads certainly belong to the past. With the advent of printing came the inferior broadside ballads. These consist of those printed for a penny on a single sheet of paper to satisfy the public demand; and of those actually made by some huckster who wished to be praised for having preserved to us bits of that which would be

otherwise lost. These broadsides would sometimes be collected in volumes known as garlands, and so were given a more enduring form.

Among the characteristics of the ballad is that it was made to be sung. Scott spent many years in collecting Scottish ballads and after publishing them in "Border Minstrelsy," he received many congratulations. But there was one dissenting voice. An old woman who had sung many of the songs to him for the first time said, "They were made for singing, and no' for reading; but ye ha've broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair." And it is true that they have not been generally sung any more as they were formerly, but interest in them is being revived, also. David Bispham, America's great baritone singer, places in a prominent place on his programme some old ballads, among which are "Edward," and "Thomas Rhymer;" and when we hear them sung we indeed catch the charm which they must have borne for the folk of long ago.

The ballad is one of the earliest forms of the drama. In such ballads as "Edward" there is a good opportunity for dramatizing. For example, in the last stanza in which the mother asks Edward what he will do with his mother when he goes off to sea, and Edward turns upon her with curses,

"And what weel ye leive to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?

And what weel ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My dier son, now tell me O."

"The curse of hell frae me sall ye heir,
Mither, Mither,

Sic counceils ye gave to me O."

We are conscious of a most delightful magic in the ballad. There is something which holds us and makes us feel as though we do not want to leave off reading them. Genuine superstition is revealed in the ballads. We may see instances of this in "Sweet William's Ghost," "Thomas

Rhymer," "The Dalmore Lover," or "The Wife of Usher's Well."

We may not examine the structure of ballads as we would other forms of poetry. The traditional quality is not one essential for we find this in folk-song, funeral dirge, or other kinds of verse of popular origin. Likewise an examination of the diction, figures, or metre does not give us any distinguishing traits. But one supreme test is the evidence of the throng. It was born of the throng and it must bear evidences of it. One evidence of this is the refrain. Although it may be somewhat in some ballads, still it is there, or was certainly there originally, and has only been dropped on account of the decline of the choral element and rise of the single singer. The ballad has had a tendency to advance from the choral to the purely narrative. The more mature the stage of poetry the more facts we find and the less repetition. Take for instance "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." The working is almost exactly the same through the whole with the exception of only one word in each stanza; where as we find an epic introduction in the first two stanzas of "Babylon."

Florrie Lee Lawton.

"MISS DISCONTENT."

It was moving-day for the Bertran family. This family lived in a country village in North Carolina about forty miles from Raleigh. Now Polly Bertran, the eldest daughter of about eighteen, was discontented with her home, and it was owing to her influence that her father had consented to move to Raleigh. The household possessions having been sent by freight, the family were riding through the country on the way to their new home. Now, owing to the lameness of one of the horses, the journey was a prolonged and tedious one; and, as it was growing

very late, Mr. Bertran decided it necessary to take lodging for the night in a near-by inn. The next morning when the Bertrams were preparing to continue their journey, Polly begged that she might stay a few days longer at the inn; for she reminded her parents that as she was very delicate, she thought it wise that she be relieved of the tedious task of helping put to rights the new home. We shall see later that this really wasn't Polly's true object in remaining.

The next day as Polly was in the field gathering flowers there came by a nicely dressed middle-aged man. He stopped and began chatting with Polly; and he learned that she was thoroughly discontented with her destiny in life and wished some other home. After careful thought, this man, Mr. Dawson, offered her a place in his home at Raleigh, for he had no children. He assured her that his wife would be delighted to have a beautiful young lady like her in their home.

Now after Polly had been at the Dawsons some weeks she received a letter from her father (for he had learned where she was) begging her to come home and telling her that plans had been made to send her to Randolph Macon. But no, Polly's discontentment was increasing each day and she was now also discontented with her stay at the Dawsons.

Now Mr. Dawson was accustomed to going to Europe every year; and when Polly learned this she was eager to go with him. Mr. Dawson couldn't quite understand why Polly Bertran should desire going to Europe, for he knew she cared nothing for architecture and such as that. So he asked her why she wanted to go and the answer was,

"I want to see the king."

"What king," asked Mr. Dawson.

"Why! the king of Europe," replied Polly. Mr. Dawson thought perhaps Polly would learn a lesson by going, so he consented to take her. Of course their stay in

Europe was very boring to Polly; and at last after learning what a silly and uneducated girl she was, she decided to write her father the following letter:

Dear father:

I have been an ungrateful, rebellious, and silly daughter, I confess it. Now I have decided to be content with my destiny and allotted place in life. Will return home next week.

Your loving daughter,

Polly.

Marie Mahon.

THE IVY.

See, yonder Ivy climbing, climbing
Pressing on it's upward way,
Climbing, climbing, onward, upward,
Without a moment of delay.

Not a moment does it idle,
Till the summit has been reached,
Thus at all times proving faithful,
To the lesson it does teach.

May we ever be persistent,
Like the humble little vine,
And keep pressing ever onward
Never wasting any time.

Ada Griffith.

"FRESHIE'S DEBUT."

The brilliantly lighted halls and moving figures within served only to increase the terror in the poor Freshman's heart. As the college loomed up before him he was ready

to sink into his boots; he felt that he could never enter those halls. As he paused uncertain, his eyes wide with terror, he heard the tramp of dozens of feet; the dreaded "Do 'Em Up" set was approaching. He made a dart for the side of the college, but too late. They saw what he was about and catching him they hurried him on. He panted for breath, all the while begging for mercy, but their hearts were hardened by years of experience in the cruel business; they replied not.

"Freshie" discovering that all of his struggles were vain and that his cries were cast to the winds, finally submitted and as he felt himself carried up the steps to the college, his last hope died. The door opened and he breathed a last deep breath of fresh air, then the door closed with a bang.

Will it be absolutely merciless for us to follow him? Can we ever hope for forgiveness if we indulge in a few hour's sport as we go with him through the most hideous tortures that humans can endure? Must we stand as spectators to his agony and never lend a helping hand. Too late, he is now in the clutches of the faculty.

"Mr. President this is Mr.—"

A swift left hand shot out from the depths of a stiff pair of cuffs and gripped the hand of the President.

"Mrs. President," a voice rang in his ears; he turned blindly and gave a terrified lunge. The blood was by this time making such a reckless race through his brain that he knew not which way to turn until seeing only the pleasant face of a lady next in line he threw himself at her feet and wept for joy over the outstretched hand.

This much of the trying ordeal over he breathed a little more freely as he was handed down the line. Arriving at last at the end of the room he was confronted by a dignified Senior who astonished him by asking him with whom he would like to talk. Not comprehending, he, asked her what she had said, again and yet again, at last the meaning of her words struck him with full force.

He was expected to talk to some one! Such an idea had never entered his mind. Who could have told her that he wished such a thing? But since she was so kind as to offer her services he hated to make her feel bad. He at once exerted all of his mental capacities trying to remember the names of some one he could talk to, his brain utterly refused to work. He could think of no one except a dreaded Junior, and he knew full well that he could never trust himself to speak to a Junior. But there was no other way out of the difficulty. He swallowed the lump in his throat and told Miss Senior with a trembling voice that he would like to tell Mr. Lee Nayette that his great grand-father had fought in the same company with J. L. Nayette, the Junior's fifth cousin.

Senior Nelms taken aback at such request, stood still in astonishment and stared at poor "Freshie." Mistaking her silence, he thought that she did not understand and so again made his singular request.

Light dawned, her eyes were opened, his cuffs could no longer deceive her for she knew him as he was! Assuming a heavenly smile to hide twinkles of mischief in her blue eyes, she required his name and then led him through parlor after parlor, to give time to the perfecting of a plot that had arisen in her quick-witted brain. She lead him straight to a cozy corner surrounded by ferns and piled high with sofa pillows where Junior Nayette sat in a "seventh heaven" talking to the only girl there. In her most charming manner she introduced our Fresh—

The Junior was furious. He sprang to his feet, and hurriedly whispered a few words to his fair partner, at the same time darting looks full of meaning at humble "Freshie." Fair Edith, flushed and indignant, only glanced up long enough to catch a glimpse of the roguish smile on Senior Nelms face, and—a boy's flaming neck-tie.

Sometime elapsed before she remembered that she was expected to talk to the boy who stood before her, she reluctantly gave up a part of the cozy settee. Thus en-

couraged, he seated himself, but not before he had torn from his companion's pretty dress a bit of its trimmings. Terrified clutches and vain apologies followed but he was effectually banished from the fair one's graces. Edith pulled her dress nearer to her and did not respond to any of his overtures towards forgiveness, not even after he had eloquently told his favorite story of the time when "Moll," the old family horse, after years and years of faithful labor, actually refused to pull a load of hay just because they had hitched her to a new wagon. This story failing to produce the required effect, he despaired and for a long time, silence awful and depressive settled over the pair. Finally a gleam of light stole across his face, he remembered the peppermint drops Sallie used to love so much. For once luck favored him, he had two whole ones and almost a half in his coat pocket. What did it matter if they were a little worn by age! He was quite sure too that their being tied up in the corner of his handkerchief would make a much better show.

Quick as a thought, he produced from his pocket a large bandanna handkerchief and, awkwardly untying the corner, he took out the mint and offered them to his partner. This was more than poor Edith could bear, she sprang from the settee and, without giving the poor Freshman so much as a "Good-Bye," she quickly disappeared from the room.

Half an hour or more passed before "Freshie" was again seen in the halls. Forlorn, unlucky dog that he felt himself to be, he would gladly have disappeared entirely, but he just did not know how to do it. Very soon a soft voice floated to him over his left shoulder, saying—

"I am at your service. To whom may I have the pleasure of presenting you?"

"No one!" was about to burst from his lips, but he checked the words and, looking helplessly into the girl's face, he said,

"Just any of them." Waving a long, lean arm toward

the throng of college maidens. "All of them looks the same to me—they's all pretty!"

He was soon seated beside a tall fallow young lady who welcomed him with the feeble approach of a smile. Couples began to leave the room and in a short time "Freshie" and his companion would have been left entirely to themselves had not a kind little lady appeared and asked them into the dining hall. They protested that they were not hungry, but all objections were over-ruled and very soon they found themselves seated at a table with Junior Nayette and Edith. The poor Freshman tried to appear as though he were comfortable, but all in vain. He felt that his collar had dwindled from a sixteen to a twelve and a half; his brow was moist and his finger were like ten thumbs. The salad course was soon over without accident, but his good Fairy turned her back for a moment and he was done for! A glass lay broken on one side of the table, a vase on the other, a huge bouquet of roses made a reckless dash for his partner's face, while Edith felt a cold spray of water as the glass passed over her head. The horrified Freshman jumped to his feet, dragging the table and dishes with him.

As the last dish found it's resting place on the polished floor, and the echo, long and dragging, died away; as two girls found breath to give utterance to many kinds of emotions, a hatless youth was seen rushing down College Street. "Freshie" had been to his first reception.

"B." 12.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

There is an element of mystery in the life of everyone; but in few is this element so predominant as in the life of Edgar Allan Poe. It is this that helps us to keep such a strong interest in the South's greatest genius, and the story of his life never loses its charm, it matters not

how often told. This poetical genius was the son of a couple who belonged to the Boston Theatre Company. Edgar Poe was born January 19, 1809. His father and mother both died at nearly the same time, leaving three small children, of whom Edgar was second. He was only three years old when Mr. and Mrs. Allan, a very wealthy couple of Richmond, Virginia, adopted him. It was for them that he was named Allan. His guardians took Edgar with them on a trip to England, and it was there that he first began his classical studies.

Five years later, when he was eleven years old, the family returned to Richmond and he again went to school and began to write verses. He led in the school athletics, being popular especially for his ability to swim a long distance. When seventeen he entered the University of Virginia, where he remained a little more than a year. On account of his gambling, drinking, and heavy debts, Mr. Allan took Edgar out of college and gave him a desk in his counting room at Richmond. But this was not to last long for Poe now expressed a desire to enter the army, which he did, May, 1827 at West Point. Here he grossly neglected his duties and was finally cashiered, on March 16, 1831. This same year he published a volume of his poems dedicated to the United States Corps of Cadets.

On his return to Richmond, Poe was very kindly received by Mr. Allan who, during Edgar's absence, had become a widower and had married the second time. It is related, however, that Poe's conduct toward this lady was such that Mr. Allan was compelled to eject him from his home. He was now left almost destitute, for he had nothing with which to begin making a living for himself. Thus thrown upon his own resources, Poe turned to literature as his profession. In 1833 he began to write for magazines and he won several prizes. It was through this writing that Mr. Kennedy became his friend and secured for him literary employment with

the Southern Literary Messenger at Richmond. Here Poe married his cousin, Virginia Clemms, a beautiful and saintly girl of only fifteen years. She died shortly after her marriage though, and it was through her death that Poe was led to write his best poems. He became the editor of a magazine in New York, and shortly afterwards he published a collection of his best stories entitled: "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque."

The masterpiece of Poe, so the world has decided, is the "Raven," which introduces the death of a young woman and the solitary mourner in the midnight of gloomy despair. With her had passed the fair dream of personal happiness. The raven was in olden times associated by the superstitious with ill-luck and death. But in the case of Poe the raven was characteristic of the spirit of despair. His soul from out the shadow of despair was never lifted. Few careers so dark and disastrous as that of Poe have place in all the sad records of genius.

"His was the voice of beauty and of woe,
Passion and symmetry and the dread unknown;
Pure as the mountains' perpetual snow,
Cold as the icy winds that round them moan,
Dark as the caves wherein the earth's thunders groan,
Wild as the tempest of the upper sky,
Sweet as the faint, far-off celestial tone of angel whispers
fluttering from on high,
And tender as love's tear
When youth and beauty die."

Poe has been recognized by the best critics as being the South's greatest genius. He did not live in vain if the lessons of his life are so learned that some other man with inherited disease and habits, with weak will, yet with genius, is saved by discipline and self-control. A half century has passed since the death of our poet and romancer, and no man has yet appeared who is worthy to stand beside him in his chosen field of literature.

Grace Ridgell.

THE FUTURE OF G. F. C.

In the heart of Greenville City
"City of Knowledge," some have said
Here a large and stately college,
A famous college, rears its head.

And the daughters of this Southland
Waiting and hoping, soon will be
Enrolled, and seeking knowledge
At this college, the G. F. C.

Not one need wait in sorrow,
The endowment so great will be
That only by asking admission
Will admit these to G. F. C.

Greenville, you can make this true,
You, indeed are the one to try,
For greatly do we need this college,
And G. F. C. must never die.

Christine Mahon.

FRIEDRICH FOEBEL.

Friedrich Foebel, the founder of the Kindergarten, was born in the village of Oberweisback, in Central Germany, on April 21, 1782. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, and a very learned, conscientious man. Friedrich's life as a boy was very unhappy. His mother died when he was only nine months old, and the little boy was left to the care of an over-worked house maid, so that he had to amuse himself as best he could.

Four years after his mother's death his father married again. For awhile the step-mother was very kind to the

little boy, who changed greatly when he was shown love and attention, but after the step mother's care was turned to her own son, Friedrich was once more neglected.

Left to shift for himself he got into mischief of different kinds, and soon was known as a very bad boy. But whenever he could, he enjoyed nature. Flowers and plants of all kinds interested him, and he spent as much time as possible in the narrow parsonage garden.

In 1792, Herr Hoffman, a brother of Friedrich's mother who came to the Froebel home to visit, grew very much interested in the lonely child, who appealed to him strongly. Friedrich left his father's home and went to Stradt Ilm to live with his uncle. Here things were quite different. He was sent to school and enjoyed being with other boys. His uncle taught him a great deal about botany and other things that interested him.

But in 1797 he returned to his father, and became apprentice to a surveyor. For two years he stayed with this man, greatly enjoying the open air life. He learned a great deal about trees and plants, and also studied geometry; but in the end there was a misunderstanding, and he again returned to his father's house.

Friedrich was very anxious to attend college, but the family was large and the income small, so it was evident that only one son could be given a higher education. The older brother, Christian, who was at that time in college, very nobly offered to give up his own course. From 1799 to 1801 Friedrich Froebel was a student at Jena. He studied hard and made good use of his time, but later he got into some trouble and returned to Oberweisbach.

In 1802 the father died, and Friedrich was thrown entirely on his own resources. He tried several different occupations and schemes; teaching for awhile, then again attending college, and later, the University at Gottingen.

The spring of 1813 brought war for Germany, and Froebel enlisted as a private in the Leetzwow corps. It

was in the German army that he met Heinrich Langethal, Wilhelm Middendorf and Baner, who became his life-time friends and associates.

From time to time Froebel taught, and all of this time he was forming plans and correct methods of teaching. One of his plans was for taking his pupils on long walks and studying botany from nature.

In 1817 he founded a school in Keilhan. For years he and his brave followers struggled for the success of what they believed to be right principals of teaching. Finally the school succeeded. For a time they had over sixty pupils; but political troubles arose, and the number of students dwindled to four or five. Froebel, in the mean time, had married Henrietta Hoffmeister. In 1831 his wife's health failed. He then left Keilhan and established a school in Switzerland, where he hoped his wife's health would improve.

Not until 1837 did the idea of a Kindergarten come to Froebel, though he had always advocated the early training of children, and it was 1840 before he established his first Kindergarten at Blankenburg. In 1839 his wife died, and he was left with the tremendous task of converting the world to his theories alone.

In 1844 Froebel and his faithful friend Middendorf started on a tour through Germany, lecturing on the new system of training for children. The Baroness B. Von Marenholtz-Bulow became very much interested in Froebel and his work, and helped him secure a lease of Marienthal Castle, where he established a training school for girls who wished to become Kindergarten teachers.

Marienthal was an ideal spot for such a work, and for a time it seemed that this enterprise would succeed.

On July 9th, 1851, when Froebel was sixty-nine years old, he married Louise Levin, who for years had been his faithful follower, and a teacher in his school.

But trouble came again in August after his marriage,

when an edict was issued prohibiting all public Kindergartens throughout the country. This edict was not revoked until 1860.

After 1860 success again rested upon Froebel's labors; but he was old now, and each new effort was making him weaker. On June 21, 1852 he died. During his last sickness he constantly asked that flowers be brought to his room; and he seemed to appreciate the least service done him. He was buried at Schweiner, near Marienthal, the place he loved so much.

Friedrich Froebel was truly a great and noble man, and one whom everyone loved. All children were especially devoted to him. Children today, who enjoy the fruits of his long years of struggle, in the present Kindergarten system, should be taught to love and honor his name.

Sophia Brunson.



MY CHOICE.

I love the time of sunrise,
When the east is all aglow,
When the world is fresh and happy,
Forgetting all its woe.
I love to hear the music
Of the birds in the clear blue sky,
And I think of him who made us,
There on His throne on high.

I love the time of twilight,
When each bird is in its nest,
When the world is hastening homeward
From the toil of day—to rest.
I love the peaceful quiet,
And I know I need not fear,
For what ever ill may happen,
God has promised He'll be near.

Yes, I love the glorious sunrise,
And the twilight dim and gray,
But best of all the night-time,
When all the cares of day are banished and
forgotten,
And there's darkness o'er the land,
For I know that God will keep me
In the hollow of His hand.

Sophia Brunson.

THE HEART OF GOLD.

Down in the meadow the daisy grew,
Grew 'mongst flowers of many a hue.
No bright tints the daisy graced;
No wondrous shapes on her leaves were traced.

Yet joyfully the daisy lifted her head;
Gladly the pure white petals outspread.
Her heart of gold with a kindly glow
Seemed on the meadow peace to bestow.

To the Garden of Life the maiden came,
Came with companions renowned of name.
No great deeds her name surround
Nor marvelous beauty in her face is found.

Yet joyously she goes on her way,
Rejoicing as only the innocent may;
For her pure life is the only mold
That can e'er be made from her heart of gold.

Elizabeth Robertson.

LIGHT WING.

The forests in the lower part of our old Palmetto State are renowned for their beauty, and to me nothing is pleasanter than a drive or walk through them, though I will admit I always have a vague feeling of awe. There tall pines rise like sentinels, and giant oaks, with their festoons of moss, seem to stand as guards for all time over the secrets the forests contain.

Long before the white man crossed the sea, the Indian hunted his game and tracked his foe through these same forests. Under the same old trees the Revolutionary patriots swore to give their lives and honor to the cause of

Liberty. In after years the Confederate soldiers, at the call of the Stars and Bars, left their homes, to ride through these same forest roads and to enlist with the Boys in Gray.

In lower Orangeburg country, out in the ancient forest, is a beautiful spot called chapel cave. Years ago the British had an old chapel on the hill over the cave, thus giving the place its name. But our story goes back even before the time of the British chapel, to the day of the Indians.

Long ago, under this hill, was a secret passage, known only to a certain tribe of Indians. The entrance to the passage was through a cave down in a little valley about a quarter of a mile from the brow of the hill. The mouth of the cave was completely covered with undergrowth, and even a careful observer might fail to see it. The passage went through the heart of the hill, opening some distance away into another cave, which was also concealed.

Only a few white settlers had ventured into this wild region, and among the pioneers was a man by the name of Ellison, and his wife. Mrs. Ellison was a gentle little woman, kind to every one, and an excellent nurse. The Indian tribe had moved several years before, from the immediate vicinity of the cave, and had their camp some miles away. The wife of the chief had died just before the tribe moved, and was buried near the old camping ground. The chief had only one child, a beautiful girl whom he called Light Wing. Light Wing had been devoted to her mother, and from time to time she would slip away from the village to visit her mother's grave.

One autumn day she had been on such a visit, and had started for home when she accidentally stepped on a sharp stone, which cut through her moccasin and deep into her foot. She bound the gash as best she could, but it bled profusely, and walking caused her such pain that she was unable to continue her journey. Night was coming, and the Indian girl did not know what to do. She was

not afraid to stay in the forest alone, but she realized that this would be dangerous; still there seemed nothing better to do. If she could get to the old tribal cave she would there find protection from wild beasts, at least. In the midst of her troubles Ellison, the pioneer, came in sight. He was a kindly man, and helped the girl to his own home, where his wife dressed the wound and gave her food. Light Wing stayed in the pioneer's cabin all night; and in the morning she was carried on horseback to her father's lodge.

An Indian never forgets a kindness.

Two years went by, and the lovely daughter of the chief was engaged to a young warrior of her father's tribe. She might have married a great chief, but she loved Strong Heart, and they were to be married when the moon was full again.

A settlement had been formed around the Ellison clearing, and some dozen families were living there. Trouble had arisen between some of the white settlers and the Indians. The former friendly intercourse had ceased, and there was talk among the Indians of ridding their forests of the white usurpers.

One night Light Wing overheard a conversation in her father's lodge. The white settlement near the old cave was to be destroyed. In the two years that had passed by, Light Wing had visited the old camping ground from time to time, and had often seen her kind friends, the Ellisons, who showed their love for her in many ways. The Indian girl had never forgotten the little woman's kindness to her on the night that she was hurt in the forest, and she never lost an opportunity to show her appreciation.

When Light Wing heard the dreadful plans of murder, she immediately thought of the Ellisons, and resolved to save them. But what could she do? She realized that it would be useless to intercede with her father. He was a stern, determined man, and his mind was set. She re-

solved to appeal to her lover, who had great influence among the older men of the lodge. The attack would not be made until the moon went down, between midnight and day-break; and it was now only a little after dark. Strong Heart was with the braves in the war council, but she managed to call him out.

At once she began to plead for the life of the white settlers. Strong Heart told her plainly that her pleadings were useless, nothing could be done. The matter had been decided, and the decision could not be changed. Three villages had formed a union; the warriors were to meet at midnight in a certain place not far from the white settlement, and at two o'clock the attack would be made.

Light Wing, finding it impossible to stop the attack, begged her lover's help in warning her friends, but he refused. He could not forget tribe honor. He was a warrior, and must be true to his people.

The girl turned away, and went silently into her wigwam. But she had resolved to save the white friends at any cost—even the life of her lover, or her own life, if necessary, must be sacrificed. She put on her strongest moccasins, waited a few minutes until she thought that Strong Heart must be safely in the council lodge, then ran swiftly toward chapel cave. If she ran steadily, she could reach the settlement in time, not only to warn her friends of danger, but for them to arm themselves, and, possibly to secure assistance. The nearest way was straight through the forest to the little valley, and on through the underground passage. She had been through it a few weeks before, and knew it was open.

But Strong Heart was as determined as his sweetheart that the settlement should not be warned. He guessed Light Wing's plan, and was almost certain that she would go through the old cave passage. He left the Indian village a few minutes before the girl did and ran as swiftly as possible, reaching the cave before her. He

went through to the opening beyond the hill, and there awaited her arrival. If she came through the cave he could stop her; if she went the longest way round, she would have to pass the opening where he stood concealed so that from either way he would prevent her reaching the white settlement.

His reasoning was right. Before he had been waiting a quarter of an hour, Light Wing, unconscious of her lover's presence, entered the mouth of the cave. She slackened her pace, and advanced slowly and noiselessly through the cave. Strong Heart was tired—and absorbed in his thoughts, so he failed to hear the girl's light step. Just before she reached the farther opening of the cave, she seemed to feel, by some sixth sense, the presence of some one near her. She stopped, and by straining her eyes, saw a man's form in the opening ahead of her. Just at that moment, Strong Heart parted the vines covering the mouth of the cave to look and hear if Light Wing were on the trail outside, and the moon light fell upon his face. She understood the whole situation at once. She was trapped. There was no way to reach the settlement unless Strong Heart could be passed. It was miles around to the other side of the settlement, and the attack would be made before she could cover them.

What should she do? She loved Strong Heart far more than her own life; but should she sacrifice a whole village of white friends for the life of one man? She had a bow and arrows with her—some her lover had given her. Should she shoot from where she stood, pass over his dead body and on to warn her friends; or should she let the settlement be destroyed? Then she remembered Mrs. Ellison and the kindness she had once shown her. It was her duty to save her friend, and she *must* do her duty. For one instant she was undecided. She felt that she could not use the bow and arrow which Strong Heart had made with his own hands, to destroy him, and—she loved him dearly. But her duty was plain before her.

She drew her bow and placed her arrow. The handsome form was plainly outlined for a second in the opening before her. She drew the arrow back, then let it fly forth to do its deadly work. She heard a slight moan, and the sound of a body falling heavily, but she ran on, never stopping to look at the cold dead face of her lover, turned up to the moonlight.

She reached the settlement and ran from house to house giving the alarm. She roused the whole village; told them of their danger, then before they could even thank her, she started swiftly back to the cave.

Strong Heart was lying just as he had fallen—one hand on his war knife. The girl kneeled beside him, kissed his dead lips, prayed to the Great Spirit that he forgive her, and that she and Strong Heart might be forever together in the Happy Hunting Ground. Then she took from the cold hand the hunting knife, and stabbed it through to her own brave heart. She had done her duty, she had saved a friend and repaid a deed of kindness, now she did not care to live. To repay her debt of gratitude she had destroyed all she held dear in life, and now that all was over she must die.

The white settlement was saved, and the brave Indian girl, who sacrificed her lover, her happiness, her life, is forever happy in the great Indian beyond—the Happy Hunting Ground.

Sophia Brunson.





Editorial Department

KATE JONES,

NELLIE WHITTEN.

Editors.

This class, seventy-nine strong, is an *Ye Junior Class*. apt illustration of a certain quotation from Johnson's *Rassales*: "A Man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected." Among the difficulties with which they have had to cope, is that of having to elect a leader just at the most important time of the year—during the intermediate examinations. Preparations were already begun for the Junior reception, and changes were being made on the athletic field, yet they were without a leader! who would lead them? The question before the Junior class was not where will we find a leader, but whom out of the number of capable Juniors shall we choose, as our head? The Juniors have splendid, intelligent workers in every department of the college, workers who have proved their efficiency daily in the class room and on the athletic field. But there is one who is particularly successful in the art of making "other people do." She was the captain of the Junior Basketball Team when we worked in class teams and when Miss Johnson called a game, her team was there to a man. We feel sure that Miss Alice Johnson can carry on the work of the President who was unable to

return after the holidays. We feel certain that through her management the Junior reception will be just as successful as any social function of the year.

Two basketball teams have been organized, the names of which are, "The Golds" and "The Blues." The Juniors who were so faithful on the former class team are proving just as faithful on the new teams. The lineup is as follows:

Golds.	Blues.
Kate Jones	lft. g.....Nona Way
Alice Johnson (Capt.).....	center...Mana Anderson (Capt.)
Lucile Wallace.....	goal.....Sue Byrd
Beulah Smith	g. g.....Sophia Brunson
Guy Nelle Phillips.....	rt. forw.....Harriet VonLehe
Mary Stansell	lft. forw.....Merle Elmore
Maud Rives.....	rt. g.....Cora Lee Lynn
Ethel Grimes.....	sub.....Pallie Wright

We hope that the Juniors will endeavor to give G. F. C. a most needed Athletic Association. We believe they will have one next year.

Kindness is one of the most beautiful and *Kindness.* even effective characteristics of mankind; the most savage creature will succumb to its benign influences. He who has helped a suffering animal; plucked a thorn from its wounded foot, or brought it in to the warm fire on a cold wintry day, will never forget the change which transformed its whole being as it tried with its large soft eyes and wagging tail to thank him. If a kindly greeting, spoken in soft, loving words will bring the response we have seen it bring from dumb animals how great must be the effect of the same treatment upon the life of one of God's own children. Little acts of kindness are appreciated so much by those who oft times may seem to need them least—this is especially

applicable to the stern, successful business men of this age. Those who get close to the hearts of people may witness the nourishing effect that kindness has upon mankind. To know that some one cares enough to be kind to him is a fact that will brighten the life of the lonely sick man in his one room hut and encourage the traveler who is seeking the "Mountain peaks of Life."

The people who are kind are divided into two classes; those who are loved and appreciated; and those who go through life with the ill will of most of their fellow beings. The first class are those who speak loving words to people in distress, carry food and clothing to the sick and needy, and are never too sick or too tired to help others. This class is understood and honored. The second class is composed of the people who show us our faults and try by sarcasm and criticism to "plant our feet on higher ground." This latter class is one of the most useful and one of the most misunderstood factors in the civilization of man.





MARGUERITE MARSHALL, *Editor.*

Mrs. Isabel Beecher read selections from the "Lion and the Mouse" February 17th. She displayed unusual ability, charming the audience with her attractive personality. This was, indeed, one of our best Lyceum numbers.

Dr. and Mrs. James most pleasantly entertained the faculty this month. Many friends and patrons of the college enjoyed their hospitality on this occasion. The members of the Senior class assisted in serving the refreshments.

David Bispham, the famous American baritone, rendered a most splendid and highly appreciated English program on February 23rd.

Monday evening, February 27th, Dr. and Mrs. James and the faculty entertained the student body. Quite a few out of town boys were present with a large number of Furman students, and young men of the City. The introductory committee was kept busy and there were apparently few really "stuck." "O, if general receptions were not so few and far between!"

Miss Vinnie Stone spent the week end with relatives in Piedmont.

Miss Eunice Miles was at home in Spartanburg, for several days during the month.

Miss Emma Wright spent several days at her home in Honea Path.

The vacancy of the presidency of the Sophomore class, caused by Miss Loulie Cullum's going home, has been filled by Miss Sue Byrd.

The class basketball teams have dissolved and the players have now organized into two teams, namely, Blue and Gold.

Misses Hortense Marchant and Janie Hughes have returned after a few days stay in Greer.

Miss Harriet Easterby, a former student of the college, is visiting her sister, Miss Ruth Easterby.

Misses Leda Poore and Leta Todd spent several days at their respective homes: Belton and Simpsonville, two weeks ago.

Miss Truman Miles was a visitor at the college last week.

Wanted:—To know when the Furman boys will have their spring bonnets trimmed.

Junior Kennedy, reading current events, "I saw where Mt. Vesuvius may be a volcano."

When Junior R - by B - n - ett was asked why she had failed to give a girl's excuse replied, "O, I have such an absent-minded memory."

Junior E - h - l C - u - l - y-related in class that Bryon (Bryan) would not again run for the Presidency.

Junior G - a - ce R - dg - ll, while making candy at Iren Bomar's espied an electric bell under the table and thinking it a lost part of the chafing-dish grabbed it and exclaimed: "Here it is!"

The question "Who is Vice President, now?" was asked in History class; Junior Watson unhesitatingly answered, "Adams."

Fl - r - ie L - - L - wton (in English class): "Ben Johnson lived at the time of Longfellow."

Junior K - n - e - y, playing tennis, called, "Deuce love!"

Miss Robbins to Junior Willis, in physical culture class: "If you were riding astride in what position would your feet be?"

Jun. Willis: "Side ways."

If Junior Jones desires, to make anything emphatic she exclaims: "So help me Mike."

Junior Coleman wants to know how to play a love game (of tennis).



Judson Literary Society

Alpha Department

DRUCIE SMITH
EDITOR.

The evening of February 25th, found us again in our society hall for another hour of enjoyment and enlightenment. This meeting was very amusing as the programme was not a serious one; the rules were suspended for it was almost impossible not to laugh when some of the original quotations were given. The vocal and instrumental solos were most of them "rag-time," something we have never had before except at impromptu meetings. Most of the girls were encored, and all of the members were very enthusiastic over the programme of the evening. The questions in our "S. C." box were extremely interesting at this meeting. We often wonder what we would do without our honorary members. They take very much interest in the society and are indeed helpful to give us good advice when necessary or to assist in uplifting the society in a number of ways. We thought last year that our society did not have very much room for improvements but now we see that there was some for we have improved very much in the last six months.

It certainly is wonderful how much a college girl can get out of her society. She generally gets more out of it than she puts into it.

In our beloved society
We have the "mostest" fun,
And after we have told you all,
We have but just begun.

We have speeches *extempore!*
Essays and "daily news,"
Solos and debates galore,
Which show our minds we use.

And you would be surprised to see
The interest we take
In every task we're asked to do;
We never one forsake!

We must describe our "S. C." box
Leading all the rest.
"Self Culture" know you that it means
And this name is the best;

For when we want to know a thing,
All that we have to do
Is drop a question in the box,
And th' answer's sure and true.

Regarding table etiquette—
To all doubts that arise
'Bout how we should conduct ourselves
Miss Hiden prompt replies.

We credit her with the idea
Of introducing this
Into the programme for the night,
And it is not amiss.

For in our daily walk we find
What errors we have made,
And we are happy that we've learned
We must those paths evade.

We're sure if you could visit us
For just one single night,
That you would be but gratified
What lies in our might.

"Polly" '12.

Beta Department
THERESA SANDERS
EDITOR.

This month the Beta Society has held its regular meetings which were quite pleasant as well as instructive.

The new officers for this term took their chairs, and the President appointed the following officers:

Miss Sue Kirby, Senior Critic; Miss Eunice Gentry, Junior Critic; Miss Alice Johnson, Censor. Our officers are enthusiastic and have entered upon their duties with the determination to make the Society better than it has ever been. With the hearty co-operation of all members their plans can be carried out. So, girls, be loyal to the society.

We have been studying some of the poets, and are now having some interesting debates. The debates are always the most delighted numbers on our programs.

Our new program committee, composed of Misses Florrie Lee Lawton, Frances Harper, and Helen Wingo, is doing good work, and there is already a marked improvement in the society.

We were very glad to receive some new members this month for we are always glad to welcome new girls. It is encouraging to know that nearly all of the girls in school belong to one of the societies.

The society spirit is fine as one can see when we make the hall ring with our song:



"BETA SONG."

Down in G. F. C.
There chanced to be a society,
It's spelled B-E-T-A, and we lead the way.
'Neath her bright ray,
All her members love her dearly.
For her let us sing,
She's a gem that's found but rarely.
Beta, let it ring.

Chorus.

First her "B" means best,
She gives no others time for rest.
Then her "E" stands for—you've guessed,
Of course it's earnestness.
"T," what can it be?
True she will be, to eternity.
"A" our aim is evermore to be
Loyal to our society.



Fine Art
Department



GLADYS McGEE, Editor.

The quarterly pupil's recital took place in the college auditorium Monday evening, February the sixth, at eight thirty o'clock, and an appreciative audience attended.

It proved to be a perfect success, showing the good work that has been done during the past months.

All of the pupils were at their best, and reflected great credit on the untiring efforts of their instructors.

These recitals are always well carried out, and are looked to, by the music lovers of Greenville.

The following program was rendered:

- Melody A. Opus 10 No. 2.....Rachmaninoff
Urma Black.
- Souvenir de Wieniawski.....Haesch
Leroy P. Hartley.
- Humoreske Op. 6 No. 2.....Grieg
Elvira Green.
- Boat Song.....
- The Last Dance
-Harriet Ware
Myrtle Lanford.
- The Little White Hin.....Margaret Cameron
Nell Hellams.
- To a Wild Rose.....
.....MacDowell
- To a Water Lily.....
Mamie Jones.

Lieta Novella (Good News).....	Tirindelli
Ray Poag.	
Erotic Op. 43 No. 5.....	Grieg
Minnie Green.	
Returning Spring.....	Vidal
Damon	Strange
Leila Mai McKenzie.	
Turning on the Hose.....	Calhoun
Annie Maud Wilbur.	
Rhapsody No. 6.....	Liszt
Nina Entzminger.	

BISPHAM'S RECITAL.

During the past month, we were highly favored with an artist recital by the celebrated baritone singer, David Bispham, given in the college auditorium.

A large number of students and members of the faculty as well as the people of the city, attended and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Bispham gave an entire English program. He is one of the few great singers who are trying to get artists to sing so that every word can be distinctly understood by the audience.

This was Bispham's first visit to Greenville, but we hope that some time in the future, we will be favored with another visit from him.

We were delighted with the tone-color and real music produced by Bispham.

The songs that we have heard others sing, took on a new quality when sung by him.

We should be justly proud that we are able to bring such a great artist to our college.

DAVID BISPHAM

assisted by

MR. HARRY M. GILBERT, PIANO

PROGRAM

Old Songs

"O, Ruddier Than the Cherry (Acis and Galatea)".....G. F. Handel

"Believe Me, If all Those Endearing Young Charms".....Tom Moore's Irish Melodies

"Down Among the Dead Men" (T. Dyer), Taebite Song

Ballads

Tom, The Rhymer (Scotch Ballad).....

Edward (Percy's Reliques).....Carl Loewe

The Wedding Song (Goethe).....

Modern Songs and Operatic Experts.

1. The Old Boatman (Howard Weeden).....Mrs. Freer

2. Banjo Song (Howard Weeden).....Sidney Homer

3. Invocation to Youth (Paoletta).....Pietro Floridaia

4. Song of the Flint (The Cave Man)....Wm. J. McCoy

Recitation to Music

King Robert of Sicily (Longfellow).....Rosette G. Cole

Much interest is centered in the coming of the Chicago Glee Club Quartet which will take place in the Chicora college auditorium Tuesday evening, March 14th.

This is the last number of the Lyceum course.

Gladys McGee.





LUCILE COX, Editor.

Our Y. W. C. A. is having great success in its work. The girls are deeply interested in the meetings and are doing good work. The meetings are always well attended.

On February 8th, Miss Rhodes one of our honorary members, gave us a very helpful talk. Speaking of the "Small Everyday Experiences." This is what we should always keep in mind. It is the small things that make the large ones. If we keep our every day life pure, our lives will shine as lights, and we will be helpful to all our friends in many ways.

Miss Rhodes gave some of the great advantages of being in the Y. W. C. A., and the benefits we derive therefrom, considering the physical, spiritual and mental phases of life.

The meeting of February fifteenth, was conducted by Miss Kate Harris, her subject being "Consistent Living." She gave some of the Christian marks by which we are known. Some being:

The necessity of Faith, The Importance of Love—the love that makes us desire to help others and be of some service, Help to brighten the dark lives of our fellow-mortals.

Again we cannot be too careful in selecting our associates, and should lead a clean life, have pure thoughts, do kind deeds, speak kind words and live a life of devotion to Christ.

We are more or less apt to have ideals, and what could be a greater, better or more noble ideal than Christ the Son of God? We should have Him as our guide and strive to be like Him.

Then the fruitful life, we should do all we can for the advancement of Christ's kingdom and be a worker for him.

"By their fruits, ye shall know them."

After this the following programme was rendered:

Instrumental solo by Miss Marchant.

Reading by Miss Byrd.

Vocal solo by Miss Way.

Reading by Miss Burns.

Our next weekly meeting was conducted by the Volunteer Band.

Three of the girls, Misses Jessie Bryant, Elizabeth Robertson, Stella Bomar, having attended the Students Volunteer Conference of South Carolina, which was held at Rock Hill, Feb. 17th, 1911, gave us very interesting and inspiring reports of the work being carried on in the foreign fields. Am quite sure we, who had the pleasure of hearing the reports of these ladies, felt almost as though we had attended the conference ourselves.

On the Sunday afternoon of February the nineteenth, the Missionary Committee held a public meeting of the Y. W. C. A. here in the auditorium, there being a large attendance of the girls and some friends of the college present. We were also glad to welcome quite a number of the Chicora girls into our meeting.

Mr. Cannada, a returned missionary, from Brazil, spoke to us, feeling of the many dangers in the foreign field, also giving the gist of the work being done.

On last Sunday evening, February 26th, the Y. M. C. A. of Furman University and the Y. W. C. A. of G. F. C. held a joint meeting at First Baptist Church, this Sunday being the day of prayer for colleges throughout the continent of North America.

Dr. Cody, pastor, opened the services, then turned them over to the Associations. Mr. Craig, President of Y. M. C. A. of Furman, proceeded with the services.

Miss Long, President of G. F. C. Association, read a most interesting paper on Prayer. After which Professor H. T. Cox of Furman delivered a most excellent and beneficial address. His subject being: "Why we observe the Day of Prayer."

The new officers had charge of our last meeting. The girls seem very earnest and devotional in their work. Let us all remember them in our prayers that they may prove a blessing to the Association and may be the means of advancement to the work.

Mrs. James also gave an inspiring talk on, "Be True." Saying we should be true to God, our fellow students and ourselves.

We are very glad to have Mrs. James with us in our work and hope it will be so she can be with us at every meeting.





Exchange Department

VIOLET ASKINS

Editor.

Among our February exchanges came the ever welcome Erskinian. It is a first-rate magazine, and as a rule a worthy representative of its college, to which the February issue was not an exception. Perhaps the best thing it contains is an article entitled, "Charcter an Asset" which is far above the ordinary college essay in the thoughts and in the forceful way in which they are expressed. We can't understand why this was not placed in the Literary Department, which surely needs more than one essay, instead of in the Y. W. C. A. department. With the exception of "The Indian's Lament" the poem's are of the lighter kind and do not deserve especial notice.

We wish to congratulate the staff of the Davidson College Magazine on its fine anniversary number issued last month. It is as a whole the best and most well balanced magazine we have the pleasure of receiving and reflects credit upon the student body as well as upon the staff members. The first nine pages are given to greetings from the Alumni, which are interesting, from many points

of view, but chiefly from the fact that they reveal very clearly the feeling which their writers hold for their dear Alma Mater.

"The Magazine in College Life" is an essay that would be hard to surpass. It tells in a clear, direct way what the college magazine is or ought to be, to the student body, for truly the greater percent of the outsiders judge a college by the monthly it issues. You can easily see that the writer once had the experience of being a staff member and knows "whereof he speaks" by the way he concludes the article. We wish every girl in our college would read and think deeply upon this article, especially the plea that is made for more interest and more active support on the part of the student body. "Work and Its Reward" is a serious subject and one that requires much skill in handling, but its author shows himself equal to the occasion and does his title full justice. In fact he impresses us so with the necessity of work that we wish to stop and engage in serious thought about our work, but our eye is caught by the title of the bright little poem on the opposite page "Laugh a Bit, we read it, follow instructions and turn on.

"Calvin's Awakening," "A Picture and the Outcast" show talent and ability and well deserve their places in the magazine.

The fact that blood will show verifies itself in the writer of "Is The Mecklenburg Declaration a Myth?" for before we are half through we know that the writer is a North Carolinian, but despite this fact, he shows that he has a wonderful ability to express his thoughts, and his ability as a lawyer is shown in the good defense he puts up for that which is absurd. (?)

The Y. W. C. A. Athletic and Literary Society Departments are interesting and bring out clearly these phases of the college's life, but the Exchange Department is too brief and shows lack of interest or care on the editor's part.

The Brenau Journal comes to us filled with interest and life from lid to lid. As a general thing all the departments are good, especially the Literary. The best of the heavier articles is "The Life-Career Motive" which is forceful and shows the result of much thought and care but the illustrations are not brought in in the way that would have been best and most impressive. We are glad to see such articles as "Royal Musicians" and "Modern Opera Singers" for they are instructive and bring out points and facts that every college girl should know.

"By the Firelight" is the same old story of love, drifting apart and reconciliation, with which every college girl is so familiar, but the treatment is good, even if the plot is not what could be expected.

The weak point of the Journal seems to be in the lack of the right kind of verse. A few light poems make a magazine bright and lively, but when they are all light they detract from the thought in general.

The Literary Department of "The Newberry Stylus" does not come up to its usual standard. It contains three short poems, three stories and two essays. Of the poems "Remembrance" is decidedly the best, the thought is not clearly brought out but the rythm is unusually good.

"Forgive us our Trespasses" is the best of the stories. The plot is unusual and well developed but the style is inclined to be uneven and stiff.

The essays are good, especially "The Present Act."

The other departments are much better than the Literary. The editorial entitled College Journalism is perhaps the "star" of the February issue.

Among our usual exchanges of the month, we have had the pleasure of receiving "The South Carolina State Magazine," which we acknowledge with thanks.

Violet Askins.

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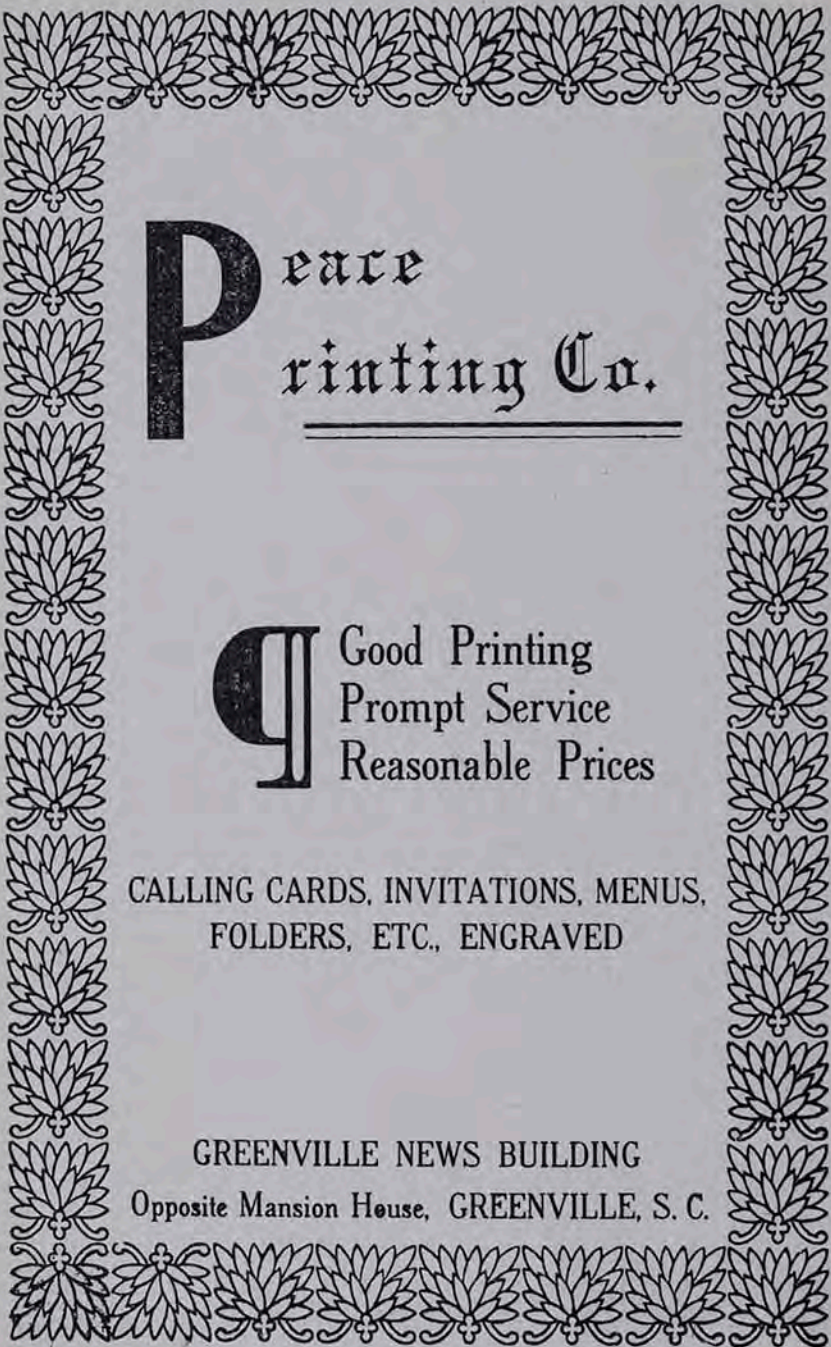
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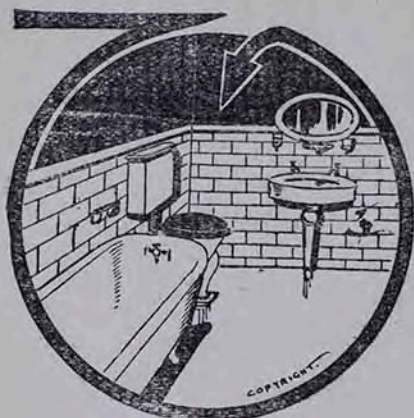
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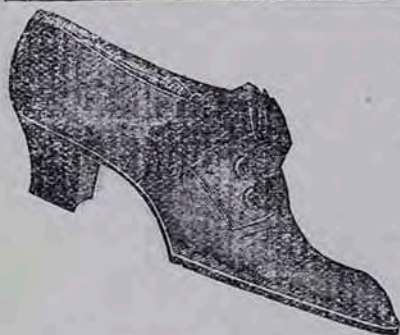
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<u>168</u>	440	336
126	<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>1428</u>	880	672
880		1428
<u>2988</u>		<u>2108</u>

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$$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ 3 \\ \hline 32 \\ 46 \\ \hline 512 \end{array}$$

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Shutting

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