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The Isaqueena - 1911, October

Sophia Brunson
Greenville Woman's College

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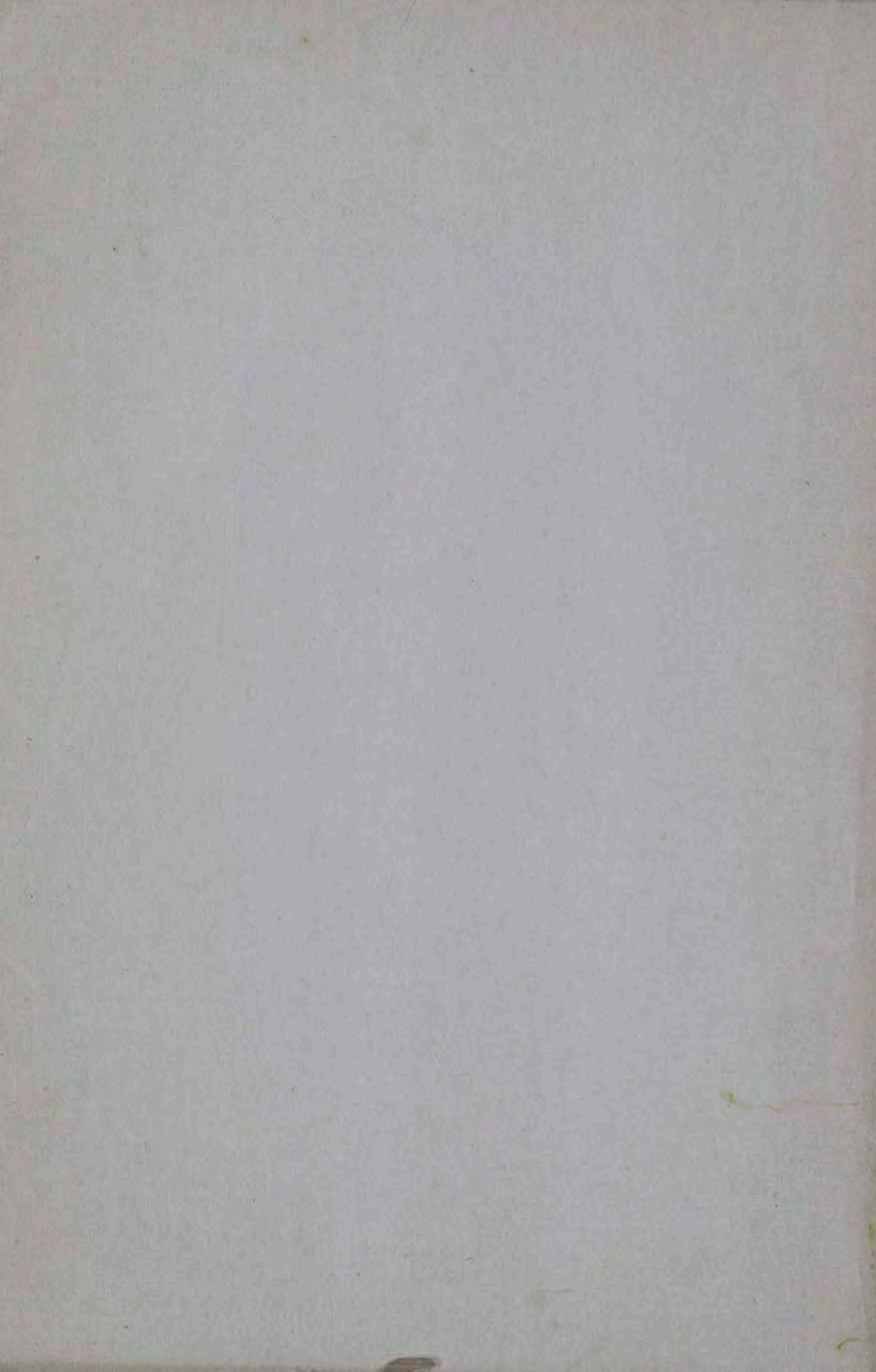
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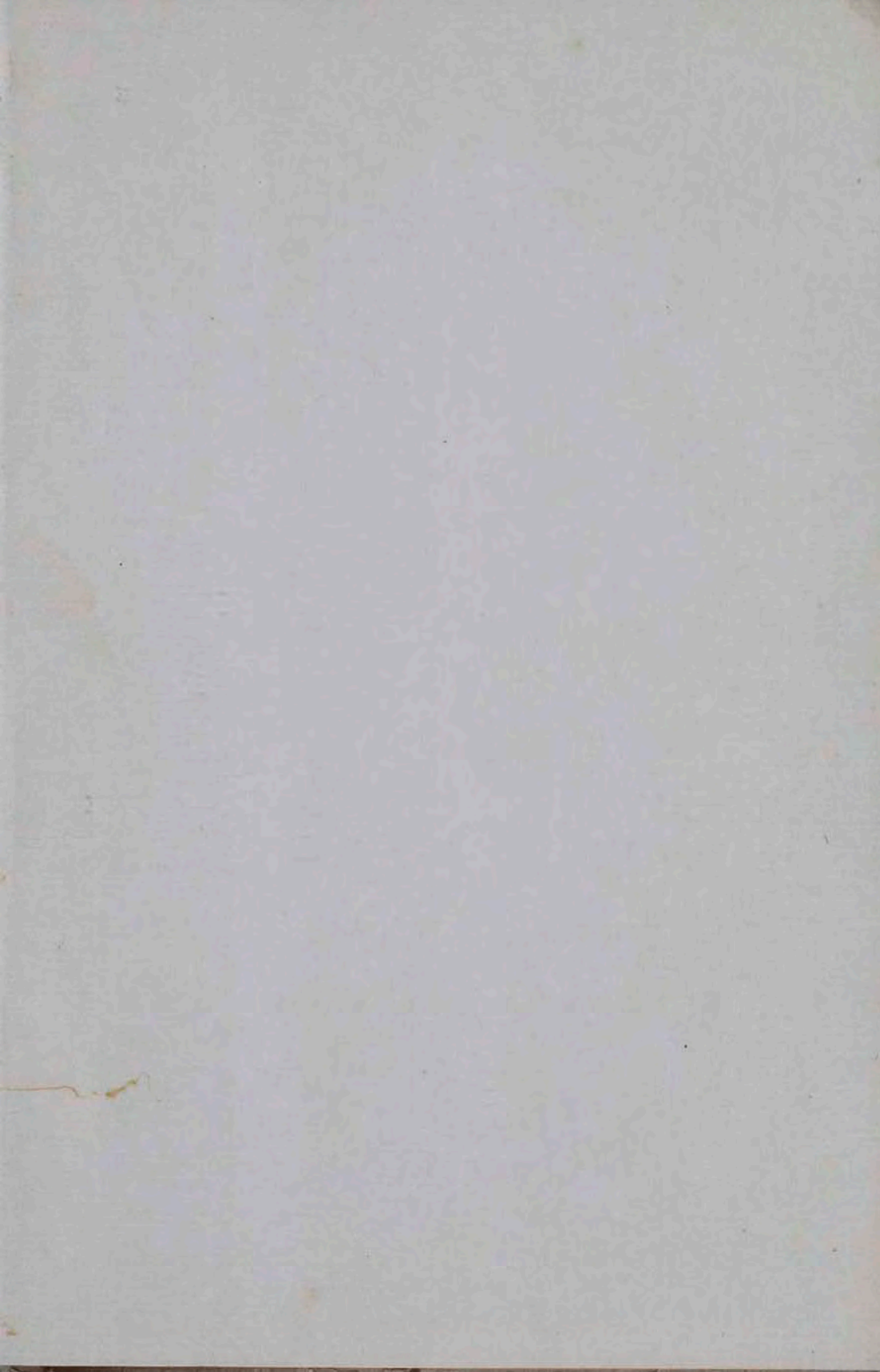
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Isaqueena

October, 1911







Isaqueena.

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Literary Department

EUNICE GENTRY,

BERNICE BROWN.

EDITORS.

"LE REVILLE."

Soul, awake! the day is breaking;
 Life's Reveille sounds; arise!
 Quick to place; the ranks are forming;
 Haste, if thou would'st win the prize!

Foes press thick; there's no delaying;
Up! and arm thee for the fight;
Faith, thy shield be; Love, thy watchword;
On thy standard, "Truth and Right,"

To the front! and bear thee bravely;
Fear not, faint not in the fray;
Great reward awaits the victor—
Crown that fadeth not away.

God himself, the King of Glory,
On thee will the prize bestow;
And to joys supernal lead thee,
That from living fountains flow—

Throned and crowned, and filled with rapture
E'en the angels may not share;
Safe within the City Golden,
Gazing on its beauties rare;

Listening with a thrill ecstatic,
To its melody divine,
Joining in its "Alleluias,"
Dost thou think thou wilt repine

That 'mid din and smoke of battle
All thy earthly course was run?
Clearer vision then will show thee,
By the struggle Heaven was won.

M. C. J.

Miss Judson.

“VENGEANCE IS MINE.”

Our town, and, in fact, the country for miles around, had been in excitement for weeks. On the night of May the second, Edgar Bacot, one of our leading citizens, and an honorable Christian gentleman, had suddenly disappeared. Although his body had never been found, everybody believed him to be dead, in fact—murdered. Circumstantial evidence pointed to John Railsford as the murderer. Railsford was a poor man, but had always been regarded as honest and respectable. Half our citizens believed him to be innocent, the other half were as strongly convinced of his guilt.

My uncle, James Preston, a lawyer, was employed to defend Railsford. Evidence was strong, and it seemed that in spite of all efforts, Railsford would be convicted.

I was keeping house for my uncle, at the time, at Cherry Knoll, our old family home, about two miles from the village. In the evening he sometimes discussed the case with me. At times he was hopeful, again he almost despaired.

One evening he was more depressed than usual, and had about given up hope, but next morning, though he looked pale and worn, his face was triumphant. He told me that when the final trial came, John Railsford would be cleared, and the guilty man condemned. Something had occurred in the night that gave him hope, in fact he seemed confident that the mystery would be cleared up. I asked him several questions, but he only replied that all would be cleared at the proper time.

Two days later my uncle died suddenly of heart failure. I reached his side just as he was dying, and with his last breath he gasped—“Mary—the attic.”

Whatever information he possessed concerning the murder was never revealed, and John Railsford was condemned to be hanged on the third day of August.

I was convinced that the unfinished sentence on my

uncle's death bed was concerning the secret he had learned two nights before his death. I searched every part of the old attic. My maiden aunt had come to Cherry Knoll to stay with me, and together we searched, while the fatal third of August drew steadily nearer. All of our efforts were in vain. I found nothing relating to the murder, but in an old trunk in the attic I found a suit that had belonged to my uncle, which I remembered he had worn two days before his death. It was very much soiled and stained with mud. This was strange, but did not help at all in the solving of the mystery—only made it the deeper. I hoped some statement might be concealed in an old desk that was stored in the attic, but after many hours of careful examination, I gave up hope there too.

The night of August the second had come, and still nothing had been found. I retired quite early, completely worn out with my fruitless efforts, and troubled with the thought that on the next morning an innocent man was to be hanged.

As I lay sleeping I began to dream. My Uncle James came to me, and without a word, motioned me to follow. He led me up the attic stairs, and straight to the old desk. He opened a drawer, and began to fumble along its inner edge. As his hand touched a spring, a small drawer swung slowly into view. My uncle carried a candle in an old fashioned silver candle stick. But I could not see the contents of the drawer, for just as I reached towards it, the candle flickered out, and I awoke. As soon as I slept again, I dreamed the same dream, and again the third time—the candle always going out just as the drawer was opened.

The next morning I rose at day break, and decided to search for the drawer revealed to me in my dream. Up the attic stairs I hurried, and straight to the desk. I remembered the drawer Uncle James had opened. It was the third drawer on the left hand side. I pulled it open and began to feel for the spring. I found nothing.

Again I ran my finger carefully along the edge, and
nothing happened; but just as I was about to give up hope,
my finger struck a tiny spring, and a small drawer
swung slowly open. Inside was a closely written manu-
script in Uncle James' hand writing. I read it eagerly.
~~Again I ran my finger carefully along the edge, and nothing~~
This is what I found:

"Cherry Knoll—

July 2, 1896.

"Last night I had given up all hope of clearing John Railsford, but in the night something which I can never explain, but which I accept as a divine intervention, happened to me. For fear I may never live to reveal this occurrence, I shall record it as accurately as I can. Last night I sat in my study listening to the storm outside, and thinking of the approaching trial. I must have dropped asleep. I remember sitting at my table with my head leaning on my arms, when I suddenly became conscious of some other presence in the room with me. The lights had burned out, and I opened my eyes on perfect darkness. I was not afraid—a Preston knows no fear—but I felt, I knew that some presence was with me. I tried to speak, but was unable to do so. Then (I know this will not be believed, but on my word as a gentleman, a Preston, and a Christian, I swear to its truth) I was forced by this presence to rise. I was—not led—but forced, to quit the office, to secure and to mount my horse. I was awake, and as sane as I am this minute, and I know that a hand—not of flesh and blood—took the reins from my nerveless fingers. My horse, Lady, was trembling, but she did not neigh. She walked slowly at first, but soon began to trot. We went through the quiet streets of the village, then took the lonesome untravelled road leading past old St. John's church. I tried to grasp the reins and to turn my horse towards home, but my hands were powerless to move.

The storm had ceased, and the moon shone dimly. I could barely discern my course, but Lady was accurately guided, not a bad place in the road but she was guided around it.

Every mile of that ride has been impressed upon me. A mile beyond St. John's we took the road to the left, leading past the old mill. At the mill, we left the road, turned to the right, and followed a winding path through the forest. The being was still with me. I knew some supernatural power was leading me. After two or three miles the path ended abruptly and I came to a clearing in the forest. There the same power forced me to dismount. I was compelled to tie Lady to a nearby tree. I was led to the centre of the clearing, where I suddenly discovered a mound. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon shone brilliantly. I tried to break away from the force that held me, but I was powerless. I was forced to dig down into the soft earth. I found a spade nearby. My task would have been difficult but for the recent rain.

After digging down several feet my spade hit something. I knelt, and with my hands felt the object, and at that instant the cold white face of Edgar Bacot came plainly in view.

The presence that was guiding me, directed my hand—a knife was pierced through the dead man's heart. I drew forth the dagger, and saw plainly engraved on its silver handle the name of its owner, the murderer. It was not the name of John Railsford.

I tried to put the dagger into my pocket, but was forced to place it back in the body. Then I replaced the earth. I had a vague sense of being lost, but my guide did not desert me. I stood for a minute quite dazed, but was soon led by the same spirit hands to untie and mount Lady. Back over the lonely path to the mill, then on to the church, and through the village I was led, and when I became fully conscious, Lady was standing at my own door. The presence had left me.

On the day before the trial, I intend to take six honest men and go back to the mound, draw forth the dagger, with the tell-tale name engraved upon it, and the innocent man will be cleared.

If anything should happen so that I am never able to go back to the grave, I wish my niece Mary, with six men, to follow the directions I have given, to go to the mound, and let the guilty man be exposed.

James Preston."

This was an explanation of the clothes I had found. It was the suit he had worn on the night of his strange experience. When I finished reading the account I knew that the time had come for action. On that very day John Railsford would be hanged.

I did not wait to tell my aunt. With the manuscript in my hand, I rode horseback to town. It was still early, but the village people were stirring. I went immediately to the mayor, told my queer story, and showed him my uncle's statement. I saw from his face that he did not believe it. My uncle, in his opinion, had lost his mind just before his death. But he went with me to the homes of five other men, and I told my story. Then the seven of us set out on horseback. We went just as my uncle had directed. When we reached the mill we found the forest path. It was so narrow that we were obliged to ride single file.

The men believed it to be a wild trip that would amount to nothing, and I was somewhat skeptical myself. But suddenly we came to a clearing, and in its centre was a mound. The men began to dig. They were becoming more credulous, and when the mayor gave an exclamation of surprise, I knew that they had found the body.

It was as my uncle had said: Through the heart was the silver handled knife, with its owner's name engraved upon it.

They all believed now, and with the knife in our pos-

session, we hurried back to town. It was almost time for the hanging, but the proceedings were stopped. The whole country around soon learned the ghostly story.

When the real murderer heard of my uncle's strange experience, and that the knife had been found, he owned his guilt, and John Railsford was saved.

Sophia Brunson.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

Someone asked Charles Kingsley what the power of his great and noble life was. His answer was this: "I had a friend."

There is nothing in the world so educating, so ennobling, so satisfying, so worth while, as to have a complete bond of understanding with a fellow being. We live for our friends; we covet their approval and, because there is a mutual understanding, we help each other to overcome our blunders by loving faith and trust. The object and ideal of friendship should never be mere enjoyment and pleasant companionship.

These may come from acquaintance but the object and ideal of friendship should be mutual firmness. We must never set our ideals too low by thinking that friendship is a gift only to be enjoyed. It is an opportunity first. Here is one of its broadening effects. It teaches us to give rather than to receive; not to think whether our friend is what a friend ought to be but to watch lest we ourselves should fail of the compact and fall below the standard. To the making of friendships there go honor, trust, openness of mind, earnestness, and much more; but chief among them patience. If we want to maintain such a beautiful relationship we must, and this is very important—be generous and tolerant in our views and criticisms always; for "as we mete it shall be meted out to us."

True friendship is not a common thing to be picked up at will. We must treat it with the care and thought which it deserves. It is a gift and, like every gift, brings its responsibility. It's culture is a duty. The secret of its culture is the secret of its value. It might be summed up in six words, "A friend loveth at all times."

Most of us start out with fixed ideas about what a friend should be, and then comes some experience that entirely upsets our theories. But we must not sit among the ruins and grieve at our misfortune, but face the fact and look about for reasons. One of the most frequent causes of broken friendship is the unjust habit of expecting more of our friend than she can give. We call this loyalty, but it is more like stubbornness and dullness. The part of common sense is to admit her faults and loyalty is to love her unswervingly in spite of them.

It is to be hoped that most of us may be permitted to enjoy one of the friendships which as time goes on will prove themselves to be all that we dream they might be, but such friendship must be few. For one friend that we have now who will prove true as time goes on, there will be twenty who drop away. But this should not discourage us. These lost friendships have a great value. They have gone into the making of us, and are present still in those characteristics which they encouraged in us. The experience of being disappointed and betrayed has taught us not to fail others. So even those who disappointed us are in spite of themselves, our friends still, serving us unconsciously, "with a gentle" indirect serving that softens life from an unexpected quarter, like the evening afterglow from an eastern sky."

L. Cunningham, Jr.

a friend of mine -
you have heard me
speak of The "B. J. C." -
the club to which I belong!
she is a member -

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.

There was a little Freshman
From the University,
Who attended a reception
Given at the G. F. C.

Now this poor little Freshman—
As bashful as could be—
Was at his first reception,
As everyone could see.

Down the hall went Freshie,
His eyes most popping out.
'Twas not the sort of frolic
He'd had such dreams about.

Hadn't thought of this spectacle—
Maids sitting in a row
Waiting very patiently
To talk to their best beau.

By some fair maid sat Freshie
In silence 'most all night,
Just gazing at the ceiling,
His thought all taking flight.

At last the thing was over,
Poor Freshie, said good-bye,
He said that he'd enjoyed it,—
Oh! How those Freshmen lie!

That night poor Freshie dreamed how
That he had had the luck
To sit upon a chair of
Fresh paint, and gotten "stuck!"

Dorothy Mahon.

AN OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

We had a lot of stirring experiences during that return trip from the Jetties, when a storm raged so fiercely that we thought surely we would never dock our boat.

The day had been a very enjoyable one at first; and we had sat in our big fishing boat and caught the biggest sheep-head of which the harbor boasted. But in the afternoon it had grown cloudy, and then the clouds gathered still faster until they hid the sun entirely. A streak or two of lightning appeared, followed by low mutterings of distant thunder. Then we hoisted our sails and made for shore. We had not gone far before the storm broke in all its fury. The sails lashed against the masts, and with even our combined strength it was hard to keep them in trim. When, after hours of fighting the storm, we at last docked our sailboat, it was with a heart full of thankfulness for preservation. We took refuge in an old, unused ware-house, and there waited for the storm to abate. Even this old ware-house with all its stories of mid-night prowling ghosts was welcome to us. But the uncanny noises made by the wind whistling through the cracks kept us awake.

We were smoking in silence, thinking of what a blessing our warm fire-sides would be after the half night spent in the old, musty warehouse on the dock, when all at once we saw a figure running along the dock, like mad, and between the flashes of lightning we saw him standing on the edge of the dock hurling something into the water and tearing his shaggy hair out with his hands crying:

"Here, help for you men of the sea! Eat bread, not flesh! Cover your head to keep the fire out of your brain."

"Uncle Joe," said I "Who is that? What in the thunder is he saying?"

"Why, he is old Stonewall, the half-crazed fisherman.

His story is a sad one. I well remember the day he started out as a sturdy young sailor on a long trip to Brazil. You would hardly recognize in the lean, bent, old man with that mysterious, steely look in his grey eyes, and his frenzied actions which show the terrors he has passed through, the hardy young seaman of that time.

“Well, hardly.”

“His ship left here in the hottest part of the summer of 1853, and the fine big merchant vessel never cast anchor here again. She was wrecked down in the tropical seas, and all but three of her crew were drowned.”

I listened intently as he continued, and I forgot the storm raging outside and the ghostly noises of the old ware-house as it rocked and creaked under the grip of the gale.

“These three” he continued, “caught hold of a broken part of the old ship and held on for dear life. They floated around for several days, and they learned that there were terrors in those tropical seas far greater than storms. There was the heat from the mighty sun almost burning them alive, and the water about them was sickly warm, almost hot. Sea animals crawled about them and crept over them. Their eyes were blood-shot. Thirst and hunger made their jaws drop and their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths. Food and drink had to be got at any cost. The heat had affected their brains, so that they were little more than beasts,—and so the most powerful two, Stonewall and Hendrick, killed Joe Stephens, drank his blood and ate his flesh. Well, when hunger had been satisfied, remorse came and then madness slowly grew upon them. About this time they were sighted by a passing ship and picked up. Stonewall’s companion died on his way back here.”

“And Stonewall is the old man I see out there now, eh, Uncle Joe?”

“Yes, Stonewall was brought back here and tried in the

Supreme Court for man slaughter, but he was a mad man and so he was acquitted.

"After a few months his mind grew clearer, but during a terrible storm like this we have had tonight, his mind becomes frenzied again. His madness takes a peculiar turn, and instead of wishing to kill the men of the sea, as he did that one down in the tropics, he wishes to save them by throwing bread into the sea for food and covers to protect their heads from the burning sun."

I had scarcely moved during the recital of this strange story, and my limbs ached, for they were cramped from my sitting so long in damp clothes.

Suddenly, we heard a most terrifying cry, and turning, we saw a figure leap into the dark waters which angrily engulfed him. We called to him, but it was too late. He had answered the call of the spirits of the Sea.

Ella Du Pont.

*One of my good friends &
and a "B.D.C."*

MOLLIES SOLILOQUY.

Commencement, the happiest season of the whole year, was at hand, and as the proud Seniors marched up the church aisle to hear the baccalaureate sermon, the choir sang "Take My Life and Let It Be." The words of the song sank deep into the heart of each Senior. It seemed to them a new song, yet how often they had heard it before. Yes, it seemed new because they had a new attitude towards life. The great responsibility of filling some corner, perhaps a small one, would soon be thrust upon each one. As the great preacher rose and announced his subject, "Why is life worth living," Mollie Stuart's mind turned back to the year's experiences at College.

She remembered a beautiful May morning when she was with a number of jolly Seniors tripping along the campus; how she had missed Susan, the dear girl who was loved by them all; how she had found her in her room

sobbing, despairing, ready to give up life entirely. Could Mollie ever forget those weeks of struggle with Susan, and could she forget her final triumph?

But Mollie remembered, most distinctly, the effect this struggle had upon herself. She thought of those days when she used to be so interested in Woman Suffrage, and how she had longed to serve her country and her God by entering into politics. But through her experience with Susan, her attitude had been changed, and she had learned to help in another way than that which she had anticipated. She remembered the night when she had lain awake thinking upon this subject, and of how something seemed to say, "Why should woman leave her post of duty and try to lead in some other cause in which she is already leading by abiding where duty calls?" Then finally Mollie remembered her falling asleep, and seeing before her an open book and these words: "Oh, you Queens among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours shall the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of man can lay his head?"

Marie Mahon.

THE DAUGHTER OF A PEDDLER.

PART I.

Dear Mr. Meschamps—

As I have told you many times before, it is useless for you to try to hold any communication whatever with me. For reasons, which you cannot know, I shall have to hereafter remain a stranger to you. Seven years ago I made a vow which will last a life time. This explanation is all I can give.

MARY C.

As Robert Meschamps read this letter over and over again his face fell and the light that had passed over it a moment before died away. Johnson had to call twice before he could make himself heard.

"Why old fellow, what on earth is the matter? You look as though you have lost your last friend."

As Johnson spoke he stepped into the large car and threw himself carelessly on the seat with the man he had just addressed.

"Here, read this, and I will explain as we take a turn in the park."

As the beautiful "Buick" glided swiftly over the streets of the city Robert told his friend of his trouble. During his last winter in College he had fallen very much in love with Mary Coney, a pupil of Prof. Waldrop, the great German violinist. She never encouraged him, although he knew she cared for him. When he spoke of any other tie than that of friendship she would always stop him, saying that there was a great barrier in her life which she could not explain to him.

Four years had passed and Meschamps, now a prosperous lawyer, had not forgotten her, nor cared less for her. He had tried over and over to find her, but she had left the town soon after school closed. Several weeks before receiving her letter he decided to make a last attempt. He wrote to the house where she had boarded, and asked that if they knew anything concerning her they should let him know. They must have sent the message on to her because this letter had come in answer. His hopes were dashed to the ground,—he did not know what to do because everything seemed useless.

Johnson saw that his friend was feeling pretty blue, something entirely new for the young lawyer. His sympathy was aroused and he wished for words to express how sorry he felt, but he could offer no comfort. For a long time they drove on in silence, then Meschamps headed the car for Main Street.

"Oh, yes, I was about to forget, Albert, to mention a very important matter. I am called away to Camper Mine, to help with a murder case, and will be gone for some time. I wish you would keep an eye on things for me during my absence, and see that every thing works smoothly."

Albert readily consented, and as they approached his office, he hurriedly shook Robert's hand, and told him to cheer up as things would surely take a bright turn soon. The two then parted, and Robert drove slowly through the crowded streets, going rapidly in speed as he passed out of the business section, and on out to the country road leading to his mother's country home. The drive was a short one. He soon drew up before the dear, old-fashioned, gabled home, which he loved more than any place on earth; and he was at once soothed by the caresses of his baby sister Margaret.

As he lifted her into his arms, she asked him to guess who was there. He guessed, but she shook her head. Finally she hugged him a little closer and whispered in his ear: "We's got a pedleys and he is dest as nice."

"A what?" asked the astonished brother.

"A Pedley."

"And pray, what is that?"

"Oh, he's dest a poor man what takes things around to sell, ceptin' Mama says he isn't like the most tramps what does around."

A big laugh followed this statement as Robert understood what a peddler meant.

True to Margaret's statement, he did find a peddler there and a most remarkable one indeed. This man had made his appearance in a very heavy rain two nights before, and he had touched Mrs. Meschamp's kind heart so much that he had been istalled as a member of the family ever since. Robert laughed at his sisters as they began giving him a wonderful history, sounding very much

like a novel, while he sat before the big open fireplace, the centre of an admiring group.

At this moment a light rap at the door aroused the merry family. Margaret jumped from her brother's lap, and ran to open the door.

A civil voice spoke as Margaret cried, "He's my Tamp."

With one accord, Robert, his mother and the two girls arose as a dignified, grey haired old gentleman came into the room. He motioned them to their chairs and would have withdrawn, seeing that a stranger was present, but every one cried out their objections. Robert was introduced and soon all were again seated. This time "the tramp" occupied the centre. "Tell the story," came promptly from Margaret, "I wants Bobby to hear it."

"Yes, do," the girls joined in and the mother smiled her wish.

Robert, too, felt a curiosity to hear what story this person would tell.

After some objections, which were speedily done away with, the Peddler cleared his throat and began the story of his life.

He first gave a brief account of a childhood spent in a wealthy home, then a successful career at one of the highest universities. When yet a very young man, he was married to the "dearest girl on earth." For years they lived in perfect happiness. To make the home complete, a little child was born. On her they lavished all of their affection.

Years passed rapidly for the inmates of the happy home, and before the mother and father could realize it their baby had grown to be a graceful girl, pretty and accomplished.

The loving parents had watched over their daughter with tenderest care, and as she approached her seventeenth birthday, plans for a summer abroad were discussed and preparations hurried on.

Lavinia knew nothing of these plans as it was yet a

few days before she would be home for vacation. Quite a number of her friends were expected to stop over and be entertained at "Castello" in their way home from Madame Marchais' fashionable boarding school.

Every one noted the change that had taken place during Lavinia's stay at school. Her charming girlish figure caused the general comment "What a lovely girl."

Sigme Rembert, the bookkeeper in Mr. Stoney's large furniture department, became very much interested in Lavinia, in fact he showed too much interest to suit Mr. Stoney. Rembert was a bright, young man and a good bookkeeper, but several things made Mr. Stoney prefer that he should not become a frequent visitor at his home. A short time ago he had heard rumors concerning large sum of money Rembert had spent on horse races and it was even hinted that he frequently risked large sums.

After Rembert met Lavinia he found himself unable to stay away from her. She in turn was so pleased with his gay, spicy conversation that she was soon not contented unless he was by her side.

When the message reached Mr. and Mrs. Stoney that Lavinia had run away they were quite stunned. They did not believe at first that their daughter, their own little girl, had been so ungrateful, so forgetful of their love. A note on her dresser, begging forgiveness, crushed what faint hope remained to the father and mother.

In a few days the large house was closed. Mr. Stoney could not bear to hear the sympathy that his friends offered or to see again the child who had been such a bitter disappointment.

For months they lived in a secluded village away from the outside world. They made no new friends and took no interest in anything. Mr. Stoney lost all interest in the business which he had spent the better part of his life to build up and signed the letters, which hinted at trouble in the business. Finally Mr. Kaust, thinking that his letters had not reached Mr. Stoney, sent him a telegram

asking that he come at once.

Mr. Stoney arrived at his home town late that same afternoon and went straight to the office. He found there great excitement. Several men who proved to be expert bookkeepers were closeted in the office, carefully examining the books. A suspicion of the true state of things did not at once enter Mr. Stoney's head. He called at once for Mr. Kaust and was not kept waiting long. Mr. Kaust came slowly toward him, and with a husky voice broke the news.

"You dont' mean to tell me that Sigme Rembert"—

But he got no further. He could not say it. The man his daughter had married was a thief! "Heaven preserve"—

As he grasped the counter for support, his face turned a deadly hue.

Time might have healed the wound the marriage had caused, but this wound would last forever.

If Mr. Stoney had had the slightest hope, all vanished as the men came forward and silently grasped his hands.

He gathered from their conversation that Rembert had left the town sometime before. He eagerly listened for a chance word of his child, but he heard nothing.

The stock or furniture department was turned over to authorities to be sold for what it would bring, the amount being barely enough to pay the debts. Mr. Stoney sold their beautiful home and went back to the village.

Mrs. Stoney never recovered from the blow. For a year she walked around as one in a dream not caring what went on around her.

Very soon the villagers watched the bent form of the husband, sitting under the trees in the cemetery and looking with unseeing eyes at the grave of the departed wife.

Seven years later his friends could not recognize the wealthy Mr. Stoney in the grey haired old man who peddled from door to door.

Numerous good positions had been offered him, but he

did not care to accept them as he had decided to spend the rest of his life in search of his daughter.

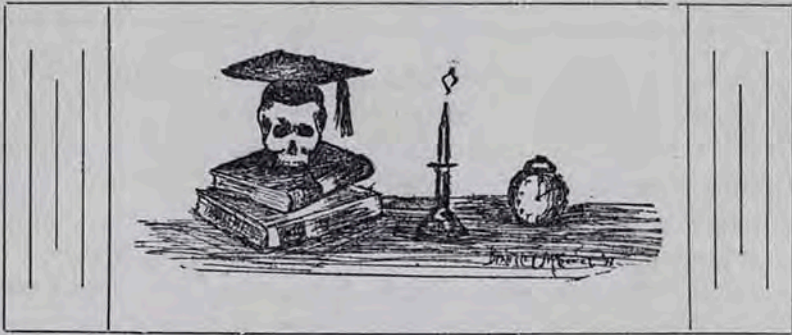
The door bell rang. The groups around the fire started as they were brought back to the present. They had lived through a life time full of joys and sorrows in a brief hour. Every face expressed the deepest sadness just as if they too had seen the grave of a loved one, and felt the pangs of a bitter disappointment.

A sad smile rested in the tramp's face as he turned from the fire and looked at the tear-stained eyes of his attentive audience who had listened to the story of a peddler.

(To be continued in the November issue.)

*Pearl Brasington
from Marlinton.*





Editorial Department

SOPHIA, BRUNSON,

RAY MASTERS.

EDITORS.

*Begin to Turn.
The Wheels*

The beginning of the year is always the most trying time for both the old and the new girls. Before work starts in earnest we have unemployed time and our minds naturally turn to home, and to our troubles, real or imaginary, as the case maybe.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and this gives an opportunity to the old girls to show the real sisterly spirit, in cheering up the new girls. Like mercy this spirit "blesses him that gives and him that takes."

By this time our new girls have become thoroughly acquainted with the rules and regulations of the College, and both faculty and students have assumed the duties of the coming session.

We have all heard, with some doubt on our part, that our College days are the happiest of our lives. However true this may be, it is certain that one of the greatest joys of College life is the reunion of old friends at the beginning of each year. But almost as great a pleasure as this, is welcoming the new girls among us, and forming perhaps, life-long friendships.

Adjoining the main building of our *The New Building*. College plant, has been erected what is known as the "New Building." This, combined with the refurnishing and renovating of the old buildings, makes us a new G. F. C.—one that we will be prouder than ever to call our Alma Mater.

This building presents a most imposing front; and with its hard wood floors, mission furniture throughout, spacious halls and splendid water and light facilities, it adds greatly to the comfort and beauty of the College. With the enlarged accommodation, we have now about two hundred boarders, and seevral hundred day students.

In former years we loved our old College buildings, but now with this splendid addition which our beloved board of Trustees has given us, we feel that we are better prepared to be faithful students, and in future years more loyal alumnae.





Exchange Department

VIOLET ASKINS, EDITOR.

Of course it is too early for the exchanges to have reached our desk yet, but we are ready for work again and hope to welcome our friends of last year soon. We should be glad to receive new exchanges as well.





SUE BYRD, EDITOR.

Than the crowd of girls who wandered up and down the College halls on the night of Sept. 19th, old girls welcoming new ones and greeting old ones, a jollier set has never been seen. Although everything seemed very new, there was the air of old home sickness as usual.

Our Collge buildings have been thoroughly modernized and we fully appreciate this.

The "old girls" were delighted to see the many familiar faces among the faculty, as well as to greet its new members.

Misses Benita Frink and Hermoine Wysong have returned home.

Miss Ada Griffith who was unable to return in September arrived Oct. 16th.

Among those who have spent the week-end at home are Misses Kate Blakely, Esther and Leta Todd, Simpsonville; Hortense and Lucile Marchant, Greer; Janie Hughes, Greer; Virgil Sellers, Easley; Nannie Burns, Laurens; Ann Orr Brock, Honea Path; Janie McClure, Anderson.

We have had the pleasure of having with us Dr. S. W. Quick of New port, Rhode Island, and Dr. J. L. Rosser of Selma, Ala., in chapel exercises.

The girls enjoyed to the fullest extent the annual reception given at the First Baptist Church, Friday night, Sept. 22.

A few of the girls had the pleasure of seeing Thomas Jefferson in the role which his father made famous, Rip Van Winkle.

The recital given by Mrs. Burnley in the College auditorium Sept. 25th, was a success. Mrs. Burnley is a delightful reader, and the fact that she is a graduate of G. F. C. made our girls enjoy it even more.

An Athletic Association has been organized with the large enrollment of about one hundred members. The officers of this Association are: Miss Alice Johnson, President; Miss Sophia Brunson, Vice President; Miss Sue Byrd, Secretary; Miss Florrie Lee Lawton, Treasurer.

PICKED UP ON THE CAMPUS.

One of our new girls asked another who had left her trunk key at home why she did not have it sent to her in a telegram.

Brunson
"Sr. S. Br-o-s-n: I must go up street this P. M. for some condensed ink.

Jr. R-th W-l-b-rn was asked by Sr. R-th Ke-n-dy why she decided not to be a preacher when she left the Seminary to come here.

Jr. Wilburn asked Ruth Kennedy for a syllabus for a few minutes. L-il-a Gr-g-o-y said, "Why, Ruth, didn't you know we have a pair of scissors in our room.

P-rn-ll A-n-y when asked if she would take Physical Culture this year replied that she had taken Physics once.

P. D-n went to the drug store and asking for grape juice specified that she wanted it diluted.

Jr. Gr-m-es said that one of the girls finger's was all festooned (festered.)

A new girl went to the drug store and asked for some meditated (carbonated) water.

At the supper given by the Beta Society at the Ottaray Hotel, Nona Way exclaimed when the soup was served, Oh, what funny two handled cups the tea is served in!



PEARL BRASINGTON, EDITOR.

This year has opened with glorious prospects for our College. There has never, in the history of "G. F. C." been such a large enrollment of students.

The Y. W. C. A. extended a hearty welcome to the new girls. The Social Committee gave them a reception on the evening of September, twenty-first in the College parlors. An informal program of music and readings made the evening pass pleasantly. The old members of the Association tried to make the new girls feel that they were to have a part in the religious work of the College.

The meetings of the Association have been held so far in the auditorium. Delegates who attended the Asheville Conference from this College in June, gave interesting reports. We are always glad to hear from these Conferences and we are already making plans to send a great many delegates next June.

Dr. Bailey gave very interesting talk at the last meeting. We hope to have from time to time, men like Dr. Bailey with us; their talks mean so much to the girls.

The "Morning Watch" is a very important part of the Y. W. C. A. work, and deserves to be spoken of here. The girls feel that this is one of the best phases of the work of the Association. Ten minutes spent together every morning in reading the Scripture and in prayer means so much to us in our daily work.

Mission classes are being organized. Mrs. Sloan is going to take one of the classes again this winter, much to the delight of those who have studied under her before.

Judson Literary Society

Alpha Department

ANNIE BROWN, EDITOR.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 23, 1911, the Alpha and Beta division of the Judson Literary Society held a joint meeting in the College auditorium. We were delighted to have with us on that occasion, Miss Mary C. Judson, who has always shown much interest in the societies. After a short program rendered by some of the society members, Miss Judson gave us an inspiring talk. She spoke first of the beauties and wonders of the life which has been intrusted to each of us, and urged all of those present to make the most of their opportunities. Then she told us the aim of the literary societies and many of the ways in which they can be helpful to students.

When these exercises were concluded, the members of the Beta division retired to their hall, and each society began its work for the school year. We were glad to learn that almost fifty "Old Alphas" had returned for the session, and we were proud to enroll with us at that time thirty new girls.

After the society had adjourned, the old members serenaded Dr. Ramsey, Miss Judson, and the "New Alphas." The College halls resounded with the Alpha song and the Alpha yell:

Rah, rah, ree!

Who are we?

Alphas! Alphas!

Can't you see?

Who're all right?

We're all right!
Alphas! Alphas!
Out of sight!

Thursday afternoon, Sept. 28th, the old members of the Alpha society treated the new member's to a car ride around the city. When we reached Main Street, the company separated into small groups and went to the drug stores for cream. Every one enjoyed the affair very much.

New members are constantly coming into our society. The girls seem to be interested in the work, and the future of the Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society is, indeed, bright.

Beta Department

LOULIE CULLUM, EDITOR.

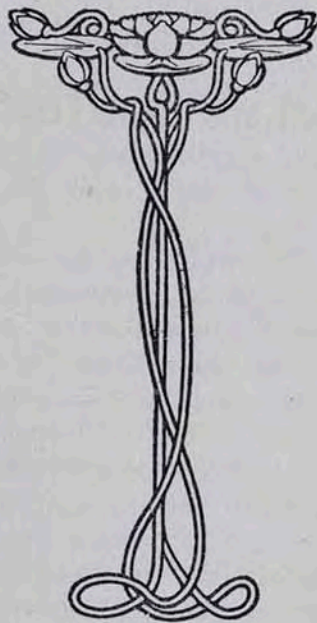
The Beta Division of the Judson Literary Society held its first regular meeting September the twenty-third, 1911. We were glad to see many of our old membrs back, and to see that they had been at work. Through their efforts many new names were added to our roll.

Miss Judson was with us at our first meeting and she inspired us all with her interesting talk on the necessity of Society Spirit.

Two weeks later, the old members entertained the new ones at a banquet given at the Ottaray Hotel. It is needless to say that every girl there decided before the evening was half over that she had done the right thing in joining the Beta Society. Several members of the Faculty were called on for after-dinner speeches. Each one of them gave us a little encouragemnt in our work. Miss Warner Hare in behalf of the new girls thanked the old

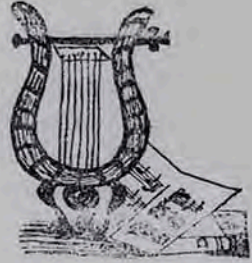
members for the delightful evening. Dr. Ramsay surprised us with the delightful news that we were soon to have a new Society Hall, beautiful and well equipped, where we could do better and more efficient work.

From present indications, the year 1911-1912 will be the banner year of the Beta Society.





Fine Art
Department



ALICE JOHNSON, EDITOR.

*Alice is one of my best friends, and
a "B.G.C."*

The fine Arts Department has been materially strengthened this session by the addition of four new teachers.

The growth of this department during the past year has exceeded by far the increase in a like period heretofore.

Prof. C. E. Poston, the Director of the Fine Arts Department, has brought to the College—from Chicago, Mr. Gale Swift, a pupil of Wilhelm Viliim. Mr. Swift is a brilliant violinist and a polished gentleman and we are glad to note that the violin department has more pupils than at any time before.

A week after the opening of the session it was found that more music pupils were enrolled than the teachers could care for and a happy selection was made in bringing to the College Miss Leta Nelson, as assistant voice and piano teacher. Miss Nelson is a graduate of the Ohio University Conservatory and is a valued addition to the faculty; she has already endeared herself to all by her beautiful voice and charming personality.

After a summer at Chautauqua, N. Y., spent in study and recreation, Miss Nina Entzminger, one of our graduates of last year, is again with us as an assistant piano teacher. Miss Entzminger is as much loved as a teacher as she was a student.

Miss Elizabeth P. Whitmarsh of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a graduate of the Curry School of Expression, and who has been for the past three years teacher of Expression and Physical Culture at the Meminger High School

at Charleston, S. C., is our new Expression instructor and Physical Culture director. Her enthusiasm has spread among the girls and she has been the organizer of the G. F. C. Athletic Association.

On the evening of October the third the first faculty recital was given by the new members of the faculty of the Fine Arts Department at which the following delightful program was rendered:

Caprice Espagnol.....	Moszkowski, op. 37
Miss Nina Entzminger	
Two Scenes from "Dombey and Son".....	Dickens
(a) School Days of Paul Dombey.	
(b) Death of Paul Dombey.	
Miss Whitmarsh	
Mazurka	Wieniawski
Poem	Kubelik-Fibich
Polonaise	Allen
Mr. Swift	
Chanson Provencale.....	Dell E. Acqua
Miss Nelson	
A Critical Situation	Twain
Miss Whitmarsh	
Souvenir	Drdla
To a Wild Rose.....	MacDowell
Perpetuo Mobile	Bohm
Mr. Swift	
'Twas April.....	Nevin
From the Land of the Sky Blue Water	
(Omaha Tribal Melody)	
The Moon Drops Low	
(Omaha Tribal Melody)	
Miss Nelson	
Rigoletto—Paraphrase	Verdi-Liszt
Miss Entzminger	

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