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The Isaqueena - 1911, November

Sophia Brunson
Greenville Woman's College

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Tsaqueena

November, 1911

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Contents

Literary Department:

<i>P</i> X November Days	3
X The Freshman Caucus	4
Sea Longing,	6
The Answer of the Pines	7
An Appreciation of Michaelangelo	8
The Complaint of a Furman Graduate	11
Patience Pennington	12
A Glimpse into the History of our Modern Drama	15
<i>P</i> Dorcas	17
The Daughter of a Peddler	18
<i>Editorial Department</i>	25
<i>Exchange Department</i>	27
<i>Local Department</i>	31
<i>Y. W. C. A. Department</i>	34
<i>Judson Literary Society</i>	36
<i>Fine Arts Department</i>	38



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Literary Department

EUNICE GENTRY,

BERNICE BROWN.

EDITORS.

NOVEMBER DAYS

November has come again, Hooray!

Old King Winter is almost here.

Verdures of Spring, and blue skies clear

Ere we knew it, slipped away—

Merged into a summer day.

But time rolled on, and summer past,

Even its pleasures could not last—

Romped by to harvest songs gay.

Despair and tears are fleeting as they,

And all the sorrows the years may hold,

Yield to a heart that is strong and bold.

So rejoice with November, Hooray!

Sophia Brunson.

THE FRESHMAN CAUCUS.

"Class Statistics will please be handed in to Senior May Brown by Thursday." This was the announcement read in chapel. It is the custom in our College, that each year the classes obtain statistics, the girls voting who is the prettiest, smartest and so on, in each class. These statistics are published in our "Annual."

The Freshman class seemed to be more concerned than any other, and especially the four freshmen on the front row. There we sat. Leila was very stout and jolly, Annie was medium and rather grave, Louise was small and inclined to cast her vote with the majority, while I was very, very tall, and not nearly as stout as I am now. It has been so long ago (we are Seniors) that I can afford to reveal some of the secrets of that memorable Freshman year.

As soon as chapel was over, the four of us started with one accord to the swing. All our business was transacted there. "Well, we must have a class meeting right away and fix 'em," was the opening remark, "but we must fix the whole thing out right now—Louise, go to Miss Brown and find out just exactly what we must do."

Louise soon returned with a list of the desired statistics. We read it over carefully. It was the most important thing that had come to us to decide. One thing was certain; each Freshman must "get it for something." A few things were easily disposed of. Leila was the only Freshman who studied voice. She should be voted the "best vocalist"—so it was decreed by the conference in the swing. "And Jane is so tall it'll be a shame if she ain't voted the most graceful. Tall folks should always be graceful, you know." I was sure of one honor.

Annie spoke up, "Now Jane, you and Leila have got it for something, and before we go any further, Louise and I must have something too." Leila spoke. "Louise is little an' cute. Let's give her the 'cutest'." Louise's

name was immediately scrawled by "cutest," but she raised an objection. "Ah, give me something else. That's not near as nice as—," "You'd better be glad to get it. It's a big honor." So her name remained. Annie was voted (by us) the most dignified. Then one after another all the "honors" were meted out, except "the prettiest"—We each secretly believed ourselves to be the only one worthy of this, the greatest of honors. However, we each insisted in bestowing it upon some other one of the four. In the midst of our discussion we saw Beulah strolling across the campus. "You know," I gasped, "we clear forgot Beulah. We have given every single soul something but her. She *must* have something. 'Pretty' is all that's left." "And goodness knows she ain't pretty," finished Annie. "Give her something." "But what can it be. Everybody is just exactly suited," chimed in Louise. Then, with one accord, we each offered to give up one of our own honors. Poor Beulah, she could not be left out. "Well, she's right smart, and I've got it for graceful and witty and smartest, so I'll let her have "smartest," I volunteered. So Beulah was decreed the smartest member of the class.

But that dreadful *prettiest* was still in our way. If I proposed Sue, Leila immediately (believing *herself* the prettiest) would remark that Sue's nose was too long, and suggest Estelle. Louise, equally certain of her own fitness for the honor, would believe Estelle's teeth ruined her looks, and as she already had the "biggest flirt," she didn't need prettiest. So it went, until only a few minutes of conference time remained. Annie solved the question. "Girls, Jennie is honestly the prettiest one in our class, and she hasn't got it for a thing but "generous," so let her have it." "Yes, she is pretty,, but—," before Louise could finish, Leila and I decided Jennie deserved it.

Then at class meeting we carried things our own way. I would nominate one name and after every little Freshman had cast her vote as I said, Leila would propose the next thing we had decided, and every soul would vote accordingly. As usual, our caucus carried things its own way. The unsuspecting class never dreamed that things were prearranged.

We heard a Junior wondering why the Freshman class ran so smoothly. Poor deluded Junior, she did not know of the four innocent looking Freshman who sat on the front row in chapel.

S. B. B.

SEA LONGING.

You taught me how to love you,
When I was but a little child.
Until the night sent forth the dew,
I played upon your sandy wild.

Since I am far away,
You may forget your olden friend,
But sunny thoughts of that sweet day,
With me shall never have an end.

I shall come back once more,
Swelling is my heart with longing!
Then I shall build upon your shore,
Oh sea, and never leave you more.

Ella Du Pont.

THE ANSWER OF THE PINES.

She always sat at the entrance of the cave on the banks of the river, gazing over the water and looking for someone to come. She had waited a long time.

Her home was on a lonely island, but she was never lonely, for she had loved the beautiful things of nature all her life. The birds and bees were her friends. She loved the wild flowers, and would walk through the green meadows, gazing with seeing eyes upon them, but never plucking them, for she loved them just as they grew. She wandered on the banks of the river which flowed by her home, and gathered pebbles to line the walls of the pretty cave which she had found and made into a little resting place, where she could sit and hear the murmur of the waters, cheering her lonely life. They seemed to her a companion who loved her. She learned the great lessons of godliness and goodness from the huge pine trees that rocked and murmured their great teachings in the wind. The place was indeed one of beauty, fit only for Merle's home.

It was then no wonder that this island had attracted Elford. It was the kind of place he had always thought of as ideal to work in. He was an artist, and seeing this lovely spot from the river one day, he resolved to go and spend some time in painting the beautiful surroundings. How many pleasant days he was to spend there, he little dreamed then.

The place filled his whole artistic soul, and he roamed around many a day and painted the river, the meadows, and the great tall pines. At last one day, going towards the banks of the river, he came upon a sight far more picturesque than any he had yet seen. A young girl was sitting at the entrance of a cave, on a rock, grown over by seaweed; her light hair flowed loosely over her shoulders in a shower of gold; in her face one could read the great lessons she had been taught by the big pines

and her eyes reflected tenderness, love, and depth of thought. He felt he had reached the summit in his hunt for the beautiful. He loved the picture then, as he grew later to love the girl. He felt he must speak to her, and he did speak. She welcomed him with the naturalness of simple high breeding.

He grew very, very happy talking to her, and almost before he knew it, the day was over. They had talked about the things around them, the things they both loved. He asked that he might see her again and she granted it. One day, grown bolder, he asked to paint her as he had seen her first, and this was also granted. Many a day he worked on that picture and in it he put the inspiration of his surroundings and the inspiration of his love for her. The same love that made his work great for him made her expression wonderful. At last the picture was finished—it was his master-piece.

He left for a short time, he said, for he could not be happy anywhere but in that golden spot with her.

Day after day she would leave her home and go to the cave and sit at its entrance and watch. Longing grew in her eyes and saddened her expression; she wondered if he would ever come back, as she gazed over the river and out beyond where he had gone.

Then one day when she had grown weary of the watch at the cave she went to the pines, as she had always done, to learn all her great lessons. Their murmurings filled her heart with trust and their strong, bold uprightness told her that he was faithful. With this great promise she waited.

Ella Du Pont.

AN APPRECIATION OF MICHAELANGELO.

Michaelangelo Buonarroti was born at Caprese Florence, on March 6, 1475. of parents of ordinary standing.

Reared by the wife of a stone-mason he imbibed, as

he said himself, the love of sculpture with his nurse's milk.

Destined to be a scholar, he was placed in the school at Florence. His heart lay not in literature, but in drawing and painting. We do not wonder, then, that he was soon apprenticed to the Ghirlandajo, a family of Florentine masters of art. Studying here did not satisfy his fervent desire for art. In 1489 in company with Granacci, also a student of the Ghirlandajo, and a bosom friend of Michaelangelo, he left the studio of the Ghirlandajo, to study sculpture in the garden of the Medici at San Marco. His training here was an admirable combination of fresco painting and art. His remarkable talent attracted many admirers and friends. Lorenzo de Medici was so pleased with his work that he gave him a home at his court. During this period Michaelangelo produced many things in sculpture and painting, but only two specimens of his student days survive, both bas-reliefs. These are now in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence. The one is the seated "Madonna with the infant Jesus" and the other the "Battle of the Centaurs."

In 1492 when the death of Lorenzo occurred, the artist left the palace and visited Bologna and Venice. In 1495 he returned to the garden of the Medici and executed a number of important pieces of sculpture. The greatest work of this period was the production of "Pieta," which raised him to the rank of the greatest sculptor of the day. The "David" is the last work of Michaelangelo's early period.

Michaelangelo's second manner was characterized by his departure from his early days. This style is found in the cartoon for a fresco for one of the large halls of the Great Council in the Palazzo Vecchio—erected in rivalry with Leonardo da Vinci. The subject was the so-called "Battle of Pisa," a war scene, where four hundred Florentines were surprised by the enemy while bathing

in the Arno at Anghiari. This was considered his greatest painting, and completely revolutionized Florentine art.

Much against his will, he was induced by the Pope of Rome to decorate the vault of the Sistine Chapel. This was completed in 1521, and was said to be the greatest piece of work ever done by a painter's hand.

In December, 1516, Michaelangelo was compelled by Pope Leo X, a Medici, to plant a facade for San Lorenzo, the family church of the Medici. Three years of his life were wasted in the quarries of Carrara and Pietra Santo, procuring marble. By that time, the plan was given up. But in 1530, after the sack and capitulation of Rome, he resumed that work of the Medicæan Chapel, which marks the most important epoch of its kind in modern art.

The last years of the artists's life were devoted chiefly to architecture. In 1547 when he was appointed chief architect of Saint Peter's he accepted the work as a great religious task.

Although a possessor of much of this world's goods, he lived the life of a hermit. Yet he was of a very generous nature.

Michaelangelo has been characterized by Burkhardt as a "Man of Destiny" in the arts. Never in history have his best productions been excelled. For centuries the forms which he originated dominated architecture and sculpture, and, to a large extent, painting as well.

Irene Workman.

THE COMPLAINT OF A FURMAN GRADUATE.

(With apologies where apologies are due).

It was only a short four years ago.

That there came to G. F. C.

A fair young maiden, whom you may know

By the name of Susie Marie,

And this maiden she came, with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

'Though I was a youth and she was a maid,

When we came to Greenville, S. C.,

We loved with a love that was more than love,

I and my Susie Marie.

With a love that the teachers of G. F. C.

Coveted her and me.

And this is the reason that all those years,

While she was at G. F. C.,

They never would let me see at all,

My beautiful Susie Marie.

But all thro' this time the love so strong

Grew between her and me,

Altho' they kept her, as I've told you,

Shut up in that G. F. C.

The teachers not half so happy themselves,

Went envying her and me;

Yes, that was the reason, as they all know.

In that place called G. F. C.,

That they kept me away by night and by day

From my beautiful Susie Marie.

But our love it was stronger by far than the will

Of those teachers of G. F. C.,

Wise teachers of G. F. C.

For they with their wisdom, and envy also,
Cannot keep now away from me
The one who has just graduated from there,—
My beautiful Susie Marie.
And so now all the time, I can have by my side,
My darling—my darling—my wife and my bride,
Who has finished at G. F. C.
With those teachers of G. F. C.

Dorothy Mahon.

PATIENCE PENNINGTON.

It was a goodly gathering that Bishop Stockham faced from his pulpit, on the morning of April, 19th, 1625; and the good man, spurred to greater effort by this encouraging sight, waxed more and more eloquent, and obtained the attention of his most indifferent hearers. The men of the congregation were all armed in preparation for an attack from their ever threatening foes, the Indians. However their fears were small, for it had been six months since the last outbreak, when the foe was entirely subdued.

The preacher paused to wipe the sweat of eloquence from his brow. During the interval Patience Pennington, a young girl, heard a noise from a clump of trees near the church. At the same moment her pony, which was hitched to one of the trees, neighed and stamped his foot angrily. She turned leisurely to see if anything were the matter with him. Her heart stood quite still. At a distance of perhaps fifty yards from the building she could see a party of savages slowly creeping on hands and knees toward her. She turned to give the alarm when her eyes caught a glimpse of many more dark forms stealing toward the church from the other side. Springing up the girl screamed "To arms, men! The savages are upon us!"

Her hearers, dazed to inactivity, for a moment, gave a look out of the open windows, sprang to their feet, and prepared for defense. The Indians watching, gave the war whoop and rushed upon the building. Doors and windows were lowered and fastened. The women and children broke into panic, and the utmost confusion would have reigned, had not the voice of the minister been heard above the din.

"My brothers, let us kneel and ask aid of the One to worship whom we are gathered at this hour."

If there had been anything else for them to do to insure immediate safety, probably they would not have responded so readily to their invitation. But they were entirely at the mercy of the savages without, and realizing their utter helplessness, dropped upon their knees, families grouped around the husband and father, mothers sobbing, and children wailing.

The Indians had been baffled in their attempt to reach the inside of the church through the open doors and windows and at first were noisy, but a call from the chief drew the whole party at once to him and they were now holding an earnest consultation.

Patience, as soon as the voice of the minister ceased,

The prayer ended, the men consulted among themselves. Well they knew it would have been worse than folly to and, they were encumbered by the women and children. attempt to repulse the Indians as the odds were too great, was upon her feet. Unnoticed, she climbed up into the high pulpit, and, seizing some protruding wood-work, made her way with ease through the open skylight and on to the roof. The best of good fortune was with her, for the savages were on the opposite side of the church, and could not see her at all. Sliding to the edge of the low Dutch roof she found but a drop of a few feet to the ground; then made a rush to her faithful little pony. She seized the bridle, and tore it from the limb, leaped in-

to the saddle and was away as fast as the terrified beast could fly. Just as she reached the edge of the pines, through which the road led to the village, an arrow whized past her, and struck a tree in front. Another followed and lodged in the foreleg of the pony. He stumbled, but kept on. Patty stole a glance over her shoulder and saw four or five savages in hot pursuit. But they were on foot, and she was gaining on them. If only the pony did not fail her, she thought she could get help in time. She leaned over and patted the dripping neck.

"On, on, my brave little Silvertip," she urged, "We can beat them, I know."

Past the trees they flew. They had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when Silvertip began to stagger. It was a scant half mile more to the camp of soldiers which Patty was trying to reach.

"Oh, what shall I do if Silvertip falls," thought the girl, and breathed a prayer. She cast another look behind. The savages were not there. The pony stumbled again badly. But, what was that noise? The beat of a drum? Oh, could it be? Yes, it was. She could hear the sound of marching feet now. The soldiers came in sight around a bend in the road. But a few yards more and she reached them. Silvertip staggered, groaned; Patience leaped, and as the noble animal fell to the ground, rushed into the foremost ranks. The news was quickly told, and the whole force rushed double quick to the church. The Indians had set fire to the building a few minutes after Patty's flight, but the flames had made little headway. The troops dispersed the savages in short order, and opened the doors of the church, to disclose a much-frightened but unhurt multitude.

W. L. Cunningham.

A GLIMPSE IN THE HISTORY OF OUR MODERN DRAMA.

The seeds of the drama were sown four hundred years before it came into the perfection of its growth in Shakespeare. It began with the Norman conquest when those lovers of splendor and spectacle infused their taste into the race. It first came out of a purely primitive instinct to do a thing, then tell of it, and finally represent it. Our first dramatists turned their legends and folklore into drama exactly as children act out in play, their bedtime stories.

The most impressive influence which our ancestors had was their religion. It was from this that they developed the ideas of Medieval drama. The church furnished material for the early miracle and morality plays. The term miracle was applied to a play representing a scene from the Bible. The first of which we have a record of is the *Ludus de Sancta Katharina* which was performed in the year 1110. The author is unknown; our version of it was prepared by a French teacher of Duncastle, England. We do not know what language it was given in, but we know that it was customary for our earliest actors to speak in French or Latin. The miracle plays steadily increased in number from this time. They were at first given in churches, to render the service more impressive. Then, as the actors improved, it overflowed to the church yard, and was finally taken in charge of by public guilds to serve a purely secular purpose. Then it was that the actors ceased to be priests with their hosen assistants, and were carefully selected and trained. By four o'clock on the morning to be given, all of the players were at their places in the movable theatre, which consisted of a two story platform, the first story being used as a dressing room, the next as the stage. The two were connected by a trapdoor. There were as many of these stages as there were plays in the cycle, and when

one moved on to another audience, the next pageant took its place. The humorous element was not entirely absent, although their character was religious. The Devil was always the butt of many jokes, and often left the stage to play pranks on the gazing audience.

The morality represents the next period through which the drama passed. It is a development of the miracle play, because it gives scope to the imagination. The characters were allegorical, and portrayed human qualities. These, of course, grew very dreary and the Devil from the Miracle play was introduced to enliven things in company with another character of the same sort known as Vice. The Vice was predecessor of our modern clown. The morality generally ended with the triumph of good over evil, the Devil jumping into hell with Vice on his back.

The Interludes were only a slight advancement of the ideas in the other two. They were dramatic scenes brought in when some fun was needed to enliven the audience, after the solemnity of a Miracle play.

All of these plays are of no literary value. Their work was the creation of dramatic interest, and the paving the way for the artistic drama.

The classical period is the final stage, through which our drama passed in order to become the finished product of today, although of course there have been many modifications of it since Nicholas Udall published his comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*. The earlier comedies filled with the playground humor of the Renaissance, were influenced later by the efforts of educated men to introduce the classical drama of Plautus and Seneca. Two types of playwrights arose from this condition of which Ben Jonson represents the classic spirit, Lyly and Marlowe the English. In the end, native taste prevailed. Our first plays seemed extremely crude, but the classic drama had its

influence later in softening the tones and beautifying the structure.

The regular drama may be said to have begun in 1574, when Burbage built his first theatre in London. There the opening play-wrights and actors came to contribute their efforts toward amusing the millions. So, contrary to the general belief, the drama is not a sudden creation, but a study in which every man had his part.

Louise Cunningham.

DORCAS.

"She is dead. Her life is over,
Her good works are at an end,
She was ever true and loving,
And indeed a faithful friend."

Thus they spoke, the friends of Dorcas,
As they looked on her calm face,
Thinking of her life of service,
Knowing none could fill her place.

Suddenly there came one, running,
"Haste to Lydda, For," he said,
"He who healed the sick of palsy
He can raise her from the dead."

All the people loved good Dorcas,
All were willing now to go—
Two swift runners ran to Lydda,
Went to Aenas' house, and lo—

There they found the Apostle Peter,
Who, when he had heard their plea,
Went with them; and ere the evening,
They reached Joppa, by the sea.

Then they led the good Apostle
To the upper chamber door,
Where within, was lying Dorcas,
And around her were the poor,

And the widows of the village,
Telling of kind deeds she'd done,
Showing little coats and garments
She had made. But one by one,

They departed, and then Peter
Prayed, and then to Dorcas said,
"Rise my sister." In an instant
Dorcas was raised from the dead.

Sophia Brunson.

THE DAUGHTER OF A PEDDLER.

(Continued from October Number).

PART II.

The snow fell thick and furious on the mining town of Camper. The doors of the Miner's cabin were closed tight to keep out the freezing winds and sheets of snow. Large fires blazed in the fire places, and men with their families were seated around them earnestly engaged in conversation; the subject which interested the whole camp was the murder of "Big Sandy." Their eyes filled with tears as they talked of "Big Sandy." For twenty years he had lived among them, doing good; his big heart always responded to the call of any who might be in distress. He helped to bear the troubles of every person in Camper, his life had been that of a guardian angel. Angry looks flashed from their eyes, driving away the tears when their minds turned to the murderer, James Boswell.

The light in George Gaintey's office burned late. Mes-

champs had left his home the next morning after receiving Gaintey's telegram, to come, and had arrived in Camper, only a few hours before. As soon as supper was over, Gaintey took him to his office and began telling him all about the murder. "I'll just tell you, Robert, how this matter stands. You are wondering why I sent for you to come out here to act on a case that is so utterly hopeless, because, of course we both know, that Boswell is bound to be convicted. Well at first I decided to let the Miners have their way, they were so determined to revenge "Big Sandy's" murder by hanging Boswell at once. Boswell was not hired by any one, and I knew that the law would have no power to keep them back. Now, as I was just saying, I was at first tempted to do nothing, and just let the Miners have their way, but the other night I witnessed a scene which changed my mind. Guess you did not know that Boswell is married? I forgot to mention the fact; well, he is. He has one of the most beautiful, refined, wives I have ever been thrown with, no exception. Not one of the swellest society beauties can hold-a-candle, excuse the old expression, beside her. The scene I mentioned a minute ago took place at his cabin out from the mine, on the same afternoon of the murder. About two dozen furious men started for his home. As soon as I found it out I followed, not dreaming, however, that I could have any influence over them. I hastened as much as possible, fearing to meet the men coming back; their deed already accomplished. I heard no sound of voices as I reached the path leading to the cabin, there appeared no signs of the men. What did it all mean, I asked myself. Imagine my astonishment, when on coming into full view of Boswell's home I saw the group of men quietly standing in front of the door with heads un-covered all passion gone from their faces and everything as still as death. I hardly believed my eyes. What caused this marvelous change? As I moved

nearer I saw the figure of Mrs. Boswell standing in the door, dressed in a long cloak, with a scarf flung loosely over her head. I only caught two sentences as I came up.

"And now will you take me for your hostage until the trial? If my husband does not come, as he has promised, I will answer with my life."

James Boswell had been spared. I knew that my time for action had come, so I stepped forward and told the men I thought it was only just and right for James Boswell to have a lawyer. This was said boldly enough, but I had no hope, no, not the slightest that they would listen for a moment to such a proposition; imagine my surprise when they agreed, and even seemed anxious for it. Forty lawyers could never have wrought such a change in those men, but one woman did. This is why you are here and "old man," do your best for the criminal. I know chances are very slim but for the sake of his wife see what you can do.

The story impressed Meschamps and he worked with his whole might trying to ferret out some justification for the murder, but there was none. The deed was done in a moment of passion, and Boswell himself did not try to excuse it. He was condemned to die.

When the trial was over every one left the house which served as a court room, except Meschamps and the prisoner; they were alone at the special request of the latter. Now as he sat chained, with bowed head before the young lawyer, all hope seemed to leave; utter dejection was written on every feature. He sat silent for a long time and it was only after a desperate effort that he at last raised his blood-shot eyes and looked into those of Robert, which were fixed pityingly upon him.

"Do not pity me. I have had my time and now must reap as I have sown. I have detained you here to tell you a secret, for I feel I can never rest in my grave unless it is known. First, however, I want to give you a

brief history of my life; here in this envelope you will find some things that I haven't time to tell now, as this other matter is more important. Read this package at your leisure." As he finished speaking he toyed with the large yellow envelope in his hands a minute, then handed it to Meschamps.

"You have done your best for me in this case, I'm much obliged. I suppose I deserve my fate, but I haven't had exactly fair show; mother dead, father a drunkard and the gambling table caused my finish. Debts made me forget honor. I stole money from my firm and had to leave the town by night. My wife, the best woman in the world, did not desert me; that was the only thing that kept me from ending my wretched life at once. I was humbled to the dust and to add to my despair, I found out very soon that Mary's pity alone kept her from leaving me to my fate; I had forfeited all of her respect by my shameful deeds. I could not expect her to love me, but somehow I just thought she would." At this point, the man's strong frame shook with emotion.

"But I must hurry on, it is of the murdered man I wish to speak. I feel that you are better prepared to judge my actions since hearing something of my checkered life. I am sorry I killed Sandy, wish that it had never happened, not because I wish to save myself, but on account of his family; now it is too late for idle regrets, but not too late to right a great wrong I did him before the crime occurred. One day Sandy gave me—"

There was sharp report just at this moment, a confused shuffle, and James Boswell lay dead, his coat covered in blood. What the wrong was he was trying so hard to set right, no one will ever know. His story died with him. The Miners, true to their promise, had given him a trial, but they were too impatient to wait for the hangman's rope.

Meschamps did not stay any longer at the camp as

his business there had come to a close. That evening he returned to his own city, greatly relieved to get away from scenes so tragic. For weeks he was too busy with other affairs to think of the Miner's tragedy. The unfinished story in the mining camp did not again occur to him, until one day the sealed letter, which he had hastily put in his pocket, fell out. Curiosity made him open it at once. As he opened it a small picture slipped out and dropped on the table, but he was already interested in the letter so did not see it. As he read his mind became confused and everything seemed to whirl around him. For a long time he sat wondering where he had heard a story like this one before. "A hasty marriage!—stolen money! broken-hearted father and mother! Gradually his mind became a little clearer; he eagerly re-read the letter. Yes! he had it. James Boswell, the murderer, was Sigme Rembert and his wife was the daughter of the Peddler. Meschamps crushed the letter joyfully in his hands as the truth burst in upon him. He had been touched more than he cared to confess when the Peddler had told his sad history some time ago at his home. How glorious it would be to go back to the camp, find the daughter and restore her to the arms of her father. In his enthusiasm over the discovery, Meschamps was about to leave the rest of the letter unfinished, when his eyes fell on a sheet he had not noticed before, and he read—

"She was so young when we married, I felt that out of justice to her I ought to let her finish her education. I had been deprived of one so I knew what it meant. Then there was another reason why I wished to send her off from me for a time. I felt that she was no longer happy with me; I had no longer the slightest charm for her, we were drifting apart day by day. A last hope suggested itself to my mind, namely to send her to a College some where away from me. For two years she went to school. No one knew she was married, as she had very little to

do with out-siders. The family she boarded with took it for granted that she was an orphan and asked no questions."

Meschamps stopped, he was afraid to read on. What did all of this mean? Could she?—But no! he knew it could not be so. The picture which had lain on the table un-observed all of this time was now turned over by a breeze from the open window, Meschamps picked it up and as he looked his heart almost ceased to beat. A flood of emotion swept over him as he recognized the face of Mary Coney, No! Mary Boswell. The girl he had loved so passionately for the past three years and for whom he had lived only that he might meet again, was now found, but for what purpose? She was the wife of another man! Wife of another! This thought made every particle of color leave his face; his hand trembled and the picture fell from his grasp; his head sank on his chest. All hope was gone. In his great pain he unconsciously cried aloud:

"Great God, what mockery! I have spent my time loving another man's wife. That is the barrier she could not break down."

"Yes, she was the wife of another, but death has broken the chain!" said a solemn voice from the door.

Meschamps jumped to his feet as one awakened from a horrible dream. The Peddler had come in noiselessly and now stood in the door-way; peace and happiness had illumined his sad face. As he spoke again he gave Meschamps both of his hands.

"Dear boy, I heard enough as I came into the room to show me that you knew all, I too, know everything. The search that has lasted for over five years has at last been rewarded. I found "Her" soon after the tragedy in the mining camp and now thank God! I can die happy. You can see that exposure during the past five years has wrecked my health, this cough will soon put me through, but I know all will be well for Mary in the future, so

I do not mind. You may think it strange when I say this, but Robert, I know everything, as I told you before. She told me about meeting you when she was in College, about how she was tempted to renounce her marriage vows after she found out what kind of man she had married, but in spite of all she remained faithful to her vows which are now broken forever. Time will heal the wounds of the past and then some day Robert, some day, you can make her begin a new and far different life. I leave it to you to make a new future for her.

There in the twilight the two sat and talked. Happiness brought to the room all the light that was necessary. The long lost daughter had at last been found. In finding a daughter the Peddler found a son.

P. L. Brasington, '12.





Editorial Department

SOPHIA, BRUNSON,

RAY MASTERS.

EDITORS.

The Athletic Association.

For several years past our interest in Athletics was at a low ebb, but last year our enthusiasm began to revive. This year, under the enthusiastic direction of Miss Whitmarsh, our new Physical Instructor, we have gone to work in good earnest, and the result is the formation of our Athletic Association. Our Association has a good president, and a large enrollment of enthusiastic members, and there is no reason why we should not meet with success.

Tennis, basketball, captain ball and other games, are played regularly on the Athletic fields. The good results of this physical exercise are already visible. Strong bodies make clear brains, clear brains, of course, are necessary for good class standing.

But stronger bodies and clearer brains are not the only good results. College spirit is greatly increased by a good, well organized Athletic Association.

There is already much interest shown in our basketball games. Inter-class games are being planned, and later we expect to challenge teams from other Colleges. We

are certain the effects of our Athletic Association will soon reach to all parts of our Colleg life.

Every year at this season, thousands of *Lest we Forget.* pages are written upon the subject of Thanksgiving, and that is the reason why we shall write a few more now. Of course the story of the first Thanksgiving party is familiar to all of us. The story of the Pilgrim father's year of privation and hardship, with the following year of prosperity, and the spirit of love and gratitude that prompted their Thanksgiving feast, is one that we have heard even before we were allowed a piece of the turkey, and had to content ourselves with gnawing a drumstick bone.

We usually think of the big dinners and holiday that come with Thanksgiving, but the real, true meaning is lost. Is this the right spirit? It is set apart as a day in which to give thanks? Do we do it? Even the most unhappy have some cause for thankfulness. The most wretchedly poor have life, and after all is that not God's greatest gift to man? And we College boys and girls who are fortunate enough to enjoy comforts and advantages, even if examinations are not far away, cannot we all let this year find us with Thanksgiving, real true Thanksgiving in our hearts; and cannot we do something to make some one else, less fortunate than ourselves, be thankful too?



Exchange Department

VIOLET ASKINS, EDITOR.

The many magazines scattered over the desk are calling to us for work, so we sharpen the blue pencil and begin.

Among the many others we are delighted to find our old friend, the *Newberry Stylus*. This, the first issue, contains much good, well proportioned material. We find that the two essays entitled "New Nationalism" and "The Crisis Confronting Christian Civilization," are in many ways superior to those usually found in College Magazines. The subjects are deep, and it required much skill and thought to develop them, but the writers show themselves fully competent for their tasks and succeed in making their work interesting and instructive.

Of the poems, "October," is especially good. Nothing adds more to the interest and life of a magazine, than a sane, well-told story. In this respect the *Stylus* is most lacking. "After the Indians," a story of the capture of a girl by an Indian mob, and of her rescue by a cowboy hero, is told in a stiff manner and the plot is too old to be interesting in itself. "Two Adopted Children" is more interesting and better told. An editorial entitled "Haz-

ing," is very timely, and ought to be read and thought upon by every thoughtless boy in our institutions.

From Raleigh, North Carolina, comes a new exchange, "*The Red and White*." We are very glad to give it a place on our list, for if we may judge from the appearance of the October number, it will be one of the best and most interesting of our exchanges. The Literary Department is unusually strong. It contains three long stories, three essays and two poems. "Little Homes in the Mountains," the opening poem, is well written, and expresses clearly the writer's idea of mountain homes, which we consider a healthful one. The rhythm is smooth and well suited to the subject. "The Pilot," is well written, while it is in some ways a departure from the ordinary school boy's love tale, there are some of the usual remarks. For example when the girl refuses to marry the hero, he "abruptly arose and left" without the usual wild pleading, etc. His skies are still clear, and his life still worth living. However, in the course of time, she changes her mind and the usual end follows. The best thing about "The Coward," is the way the plot is developed. We are glad to note the title of the next article, "The Seventh International Congress of Esperanto," by Dr. Rudy, the North Carolina delegate to the Congress. It is a privilege to read this excellent account, written by one who was actually present at this meeting. No well informed person can afford to be ignorant of this, one of the greatest social movements of the age. Imagine our delight when we find that the next three articles, "Good Roads in North Carolina," "The Fire Girl," and "A Purpose," are written by members of the Sophomore class. Think of it, the first issue of a magazine with three articles by Sophomores! Hurrah for the Sophomore class of the A and M! Any magazine staff backed by such College spirit as this class exhibits, is bound to succeed.

The other departments are strong. The editors show themselves well fitted for their work.

The first issue of *The Carolinian* is disappointingly thin. We hope that next month it will be larger and better proportioned. It's greatest lack seems to be in heavy material. Although light poems and entertaining stories form a great part of a magazine, they should not be allowed to crowd out heavier work. "The Ambitious Freshman," holds the interest until the last. Somehow we like the "Freshman" and are glad that the reward of all his ambitious plotting, is only a slight hazing. "The Transition from School to College," the only essay, is perhaps the best article in the issue. The subject matter is treated so skillfully and thoroughly that it makes us hope to see more material from the same writer. "Girl," a sentimental poem, is overdrawn—more ideal than real. As for "L— H—," well, we will just refer that to L— H— herself. "A Melancholy Victory," contains a very good plot, but the treatment is so clumsy, that it detracts much from the story. "Reverie," is perhaps the best poem. To those who do not think exchange departments are interesting, we heartily recommend this department in *The Carolinian*.

We find the first issue of *The Davidson College Magazine* dedicated to the Professor of English of that College. This is an excellent way to show appreciation for those who labor so earnestly among us. "A Scholar in Politics—Woodrow Wilson," and "Underwood of Alabama," are two noteworthy article that well repay the time spent in reading them. "The Prodigal," is well written, and is interesting in spite of the fact that the plot has been worn threadbare by frequent use. The title

alone of "Raleigh the Elizabethan," is enough to attract the attention of any student of history or literature. There is something about this romantic personage that causes one to grasp eagerly any article about him from which information may be gained. "Treasure Hunters," takes for its plot the finding of treasures hidden by Edward Teach, the notorious pirate, who was once the terror of the Carolina Coast.

"P-h-t-h-i-s-i-c Spells Tizik," is a forceful plea for simplified spelling, although personally we may not be in favor of this change, we cannot help but see the logic of the writer's view-point.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges:
The Chronicle, Mercerian, Davidson College Magazine, Winthrop College Journal, Red and White, Richmond College Messenger, College of Charleston Magazine, Palmetto, The Erskinian, The Lenorian, Hollins Magazine, The Erothesian, The Record, Wofford College Journal, The Carolinian, Newberry Stylus.





SUE BYRD, EDITOR.

Merriment is everywhere abounding. Much "College Spirit" is shown in the interest the girls are taking in Athletics.

A delightful Halloween party was given in the gymnasium Tuesday night, Oct. 30, by the Young Woman's Christian Association. Refreshments were served consisting of parched peanuts, ginger-bread, apples, and grape-juice. The usual games of bobbing for apples, racing for potatoes, and driving the zebra were played. The fun was added to by the different costumes of the girls, some as Indian chiefs and others as ghosts. Some of the girls acted to the reading of "The Battle of Blenheim," by Miss Whitmarsh. The pantomime was very amusing.

Monday night, Oct. 29, a Student's Recital was given in the College auditorium.

Mrs. A. L. Crutchfield, of Spartanburg, President of the Woman's Missionary Union, kindly came over and addressed the Y. W. C. A. a few weeks ago.

Miss Clarissa Crane, Territorial Secretary of the Y. W. A., was with us recently. She met the different committees and also addressed the Association as a whole. Her talks were very helpful.

Among those who have spent the week-end at home are Misses Kate Blakely, Simpsonville; Hortense and Lucile Marchant, Greer; Loree Smith, Coronaca; Anna Sanders, Union; Irene Workman, Kinards; Nannie Burns, Laurens.

Miss Virgil Sellers accompanied Miss Anna Sanders to her home in Union.

Miss Lillian Blackwell visited at Clemson College recently.

PICKED UP ON THE CAMPUS.

Rat M-r-y K-ng in getting up current events, asked someone to tell her about that comic that shot off a long wavy tail of fire after dark.

Sallie T. Cade asked M-z-elle T-l-ck if she had read Romeo and Juliet. "No," was the reply, "I have read Romeo, but not Juliet."

Miss Coffee in the Caesar class: "Miss S—, translate: Haec in Galliam important." B-ch-e S-y-ore: "Hike into Gaul, it is important."

At a recent serenade by the Furman boys, Jr. V-l-et A-k-ns said it would have been very much better if they had brought violins and fiddles.

When it was announced that the quotations for the Alpha Society were to be miscellaneous Rat A-m-a E-st-r-ling asked what book of that author's would be best to find them in.

The other day Sr. Louise Cunningham came from the oculist with belladonna in her eyes. Alice Johnson said, "What's the matter, Louise, got belladonna in your eyes?" Jr. E-l-a D-p-nt spoke up—"No, she hasn't got the belladonna, she's far-sighted."

When Ruby Bennett heard that K-th-n E-v-n-s was on to sing at a meeting of the Alpha Society, she begged the program committee to supply her place. After pleading in vain, she told them the reason for her request. Every time that K-th-l-n opened her mouth to sing, she reminded poor Ruby of the little pet donkey which her father had given her when she was no higher than a duck's knee, and which is now dead. The committee was merciful.

Sr. A-l-ce J-n-on was sitting in church with chewing gum in her mouth, and one foot in the aisle. Mrs. Sloan came to her and said, "Alice, take the gum out your mouth and put your foot in."

Jr. E-t-el Gr-m-es exclaimed when Miss Hiden gave the story of Nicodemus for our next Bible lesson, "Oh, I didn't know Nicodemus was one of the books of the Bible."

Jr. E-l-a D-p-on- was asked in her first piano lesson under Mr. Schaeffer what she knew. She was frightened, but brightened as she said, "I can play the acrobatic (chromatic) scale."

Rat E-z-b-th Pr-i-t walked in the class room with her Greek and Roman History unprepared. She told Miss Walker she could not study it because she almost cried her eyes out when she read about those poor little Spartan children.



PEARL BRASINGTON, EDITOR.

The Y. W. C. A. meetings for the past month have been unusually interesting, owing to the fact that we have had with us two very important workers in this special field. Mrs. Crutchfield, the superintendent of the Y. W. A. of South Carolina, gave us a delightful talk on the need of mission study and the call to service. Miss Clarissa Crane, who is the travelling secretary of the Y. W. C. A. for this territory, stayed two days in the College. During this time she addressed the Association, telling of the great world's work of the Young Woman's Christian Association. Many of the girls were able to become personally acquainted with her through committee meetings and each one feels that she has gained great help from knowing her. Miss Crane left with us many excellent ideas as to how we might make our work in the College more effective.

The Halloween party, given by the Association on October thirtieth, was a success. The masked figure witches, ghosts and other mystic beings made an exciting appearance moving in and out among jack-o-lanterns. The fortune-teller's tent presented such an alluring picture even the goblins and ghosts were not able to resist the inclination to enter. Many marvellous things were revealed to the credulous visitors to that tent; futures bright and attractive were unfolded; husbands and happy homes were declared visible in the palms of many of the "mystic forms."

Some of our girls attended the public meeting of the Student Volunteer Union, of the city, held on November the twelfth, in the Chicora College auditorium. Members of the union made addresses. Miss Mary Sue Sproles of this College read an interesting paper on China. Mr. Hester of Furman University spoke very earnestly on "The Needs of Brazil." The program was varied with vocal and violin solos. Mr. Baker of Furman closed the meeting with an address "Why You Should Join a Volunteer Band."



Judson Literary Society

Alpha Department

ANNIE BROWN, EDITOR.

The Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society held an impromptu meeting, Oct. 14, 1911. The most interesting feature on the program was the pathetic song, "Home, Sweet Home," as sung by the Alpha "rats."

The Society called off its regular meeting for Oct. 28, as many of the girls were anxious to attend the special services in progress at the Central Baptist church.

The following was the program for Nov. 4, 1911:

Vocal Solo.....	Miss Kathleen Evans
Essay on Milton.....	Miss Annie Brown
Reading	Miss Finklea
Instrumental Solo.....	Miss Simmons
Reading from Milton.....	Miss Grace Watkins
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Leta Todd
Current Events	Miss Glasgow
College Items.....	Miss Marshall

Beta Department

LOULIE CULLUM, EDITOR

The Beta division of the Judson Literary Society has had interesting and very helpful meetings this month. We have been studying the lives of the Southern authors, Timrod, Lanier, and Poe. Sketches of their lives were read, and selections from their writings were given.

Very successful musical programs have been carried out, too.

The President has called our attention to the rules in the Constitution about fines. We are enforcing these rules more strictly this year than heretofore and we hope that this will create more society spirit among us.



Fine Art
Department



ALICE JOHNSON, EDITOR.

The first quarterly pupil's recital was given in the auditorium on Monday evening, October the thirtieth. Those who were present declared it to be one of the best pupils' recitals ever given at the College. The following program was enjoyed by the large number present:

1. Spirit Song Mendelssohn
Grace Coleman
2. The Last Dance..... Harriet Ware
Ruby Bennett
3. March of the Dwarfs..... Grieg
Annie Bryant
4. Our Guide in Genoa..... Mark Twain
Louise Cunningham
5. Arlequine Chaminade
Crystal Altom
6. Adoration Borowski
Le Roy Hartley
7. Romance, Op. 28 No. 2..... Schumann
Vivian Watkins
8. I Hear You Calling Me..... Marshall
J. Mac Rabb
9. Polichinelle Rachmanioff
Mary Stansell
10. Violin Quartette..... Johann Stamitz
(1717-1759)
Evah Blythe Le Roy Hartley
Ray Poag Gale Swift

11. Wedding Day.....	Grieg
Pearl Brasington	
Nos. 1-3-5-7-9-11 Piano	
2-8 Voice	
6-10 Violin	
4 Expression	

Mr. Schaefer was absent from his studio for a few days on account of his young son's illness. He is welcomed back; and we are glad to know that little George is quite well again.

Four of the members of our musical faculty gave a very delightful concert at Belton, South Carolina, on Friday evening, October 27. The occasion was the dedication of the handsome new church which the Baptist congregation has recently built. The following program was given in the church:

Miss Leta Nelson, Soprano

Mr. Gale Swift, Violin

Mr. George H. Schaefer, Piano

Mr. Charles E. Poston, Organist

Prelude and Fugue: G. Major.....Bach

Communion

Elevation

Guilmant

Mr. Poston

SummerChaminade

Miss Nelson

MazurkaWieniawski

PoemKubelik-Fibich

PolonaiseAllen

Mr. Swift

Scotch Poem

Witches Dance

Barcarolle

Polinaise

.....	MacDowell
Souvenir	Drda
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	
.....	Gadman
Ballade in A flat.....	Chopin
Rhapsodie No. 12.....	Liszt
Mr. Schaefer	
March from "Scipio".....	Handel
Pastoral	Lefebure-Wely
Pilgrims Chorus from Tannhauser.....	Wagner-Dubois
Mr. Poston	

CONSTITUTION OF THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Article I.

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

Article II.

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

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

Sec. 3. For the general improvement of college journalism in South Carolina, there shall be a Press Contest, in which one medal shall be given for the best story, one for the best poem and one for the best essay. Each of these medals shall not exceed \$10.00 in value. The Secretary shall read before the Association the prize essay, poem and story.

Article III.

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

Article IV.

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

Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed by the President upon the recommendation of the magazine staff of each college.

Sec. 3. The new officers shall hold their offices for one calendar year.

Sec. 4. If any office of the Association or the position of Executive Committeeman becomes vacant, the college represented by the vacant officer shall have power to elect his successor.

Sec. 5. The President of the Association shall be elected each year by the College that entertains the Association for that year, and no college shall have the Presidency for two successive years.

Article V.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to notify the Editor-in-Chief as to the time of publication of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association as provided under Article XIV; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the request of three of the Colleges represented in the Association.

Sec. 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become Active President. He shall act as chairman of the Executive Committee.

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

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him. It shall be his further duty to notify each college one week before the time designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the Contest, calling special attention to such parts of the Constitution that govern said Contest.

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

Sec. 6. The Officers of the Association, except that of President, shall rotate alphabetically, in blocks of five,

and no college shall have one of the rotary officers two years successively.

Article VI.

Section 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the President as provided in Article IV, Sec. 2, and shall assemble on the night preceding the annual convention.

Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power, through the chairman, to select medals.

Sec. 3. The Executive Committee shall have the power to decide all points under dispute during the convention.

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

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

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

Article VII.

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

Sec. 2. This Committee shall pass judgment upon all essays, poems and stories submitted, and shall consider

the following points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric; giving one final grade on each paper.

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

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

Article VIII.

Section 1. Each essay, story, and poem shall have been published, complete, in a single issue of the magazine. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contests are not eligible. Every article shall be written by the contestants themselves while members of the student body, and shall be published during the college year to which each contest applies.

Sec. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story, and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the Corresponding Secretary one month before the annual convention. Material entered after this time will be debarred from competing.

Article IX.

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

Article XI.

Section 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, two delegates of the several col-

leges, of whom only one shall have been a member of the magazine staff of the preceding year or an officer of the Association.

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

Article XII.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit without a satisfactory reason to the Executive Committee shall be fined. Any college failing to comply with these requirements shall be expelled. The time limit for the payment of the annual dues shall expire with the meeting of the convention.

Article XIII.

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

Article XIV.

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

Article XV.

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

Article XVI.

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

Copies of the Cinstitution may be obtained from the

President of the College Press Association, Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Recommendations.

Inasmuch as the annual dues of the Association are expected to pay its expenses exactly, their amount is not fixed, but the expenses are equally apportioned each year among the colleges holding membership. It is therefore urged that the President approximate all expenses and notify each magazine staff of its dues as early in the collegiate year as possible.

The Association submits the following recommendations to the editors of the college magazines of the Association:

1. That each college adopt a competitive system of electing the magazine staff, changing any minor detail of the system to suit the conditions at each college.
2. That a Circulation Manager, who is to be the third man in the business department, be elected.
3. That the college elect their magazine staff before the convention; also that the new Editor-in-Chief be sent as a delegate to the convention.





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