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## The Isaqueena - 1911, December

Sophia Brunson  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# Isaqueena

December, 1911







# Isaqueena.

Published Monthly by the Students of Greenville Female College  
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## Literary Department

EUNICE GENTRY,

BERNICE BROWN.

EDITORS.

### THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

This message angels brought to shepherds long ago;  
 And as they sat and watched, the heavenly host  
 Did peace on them bestow.

“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

\* The words are floating softly in the Christmas air  
 And to the hearts of all, both high and low,  
 Speak blessed hope and cheer.



"Peace on earth,"—list to the words!  
And let the wondrous message fill each burdened heart,  
And let Him be enthroned within our lives  
Who bids all care depart.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."  
Oh may we have the Spirit of the Christ today;  
And may we with the angelic host proclaim  
Good will and peace always.

*Bernice M. Brown.*

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#### "THE LEAST OF THESE."

The town clock was striking eleven. It was Christmas eve, and the men who had offices in the Arnold building had gone home early, with the exception of John Matthews; he was still at his desk. Just as the clock began to strike, he rose. "Well, the work's done, and success is sure. The long struggle is over, and I can begin to live."

He was a young architect with talent and ambition, but the struggle had been long and hard. His "big chance" had come at last, however, and he had worked for weeks upon the plans of the new City Hall. The building committee had favored the plans which he had submitted, but had required some changes. The altered plans were to be placed before the committee, on the day after Christmas, and now on Christmas eve, he was putting the finishing touches on the revised plans. Smith, the chairman of the committee, and a personal friend of John's, had looked over the alterations and had given him assurance that they would be accepted. And now the plans were finished. As John looked them over, a feeling of triumph thrilled through him. He had worked and waited, and at last the time had come when he should reap his reward. A large sum would be paid for

the plans, and the success would bring many other opportunities. But dreams of even greater happiness than wealth and fame came to him.

Back in the little village of his boyhood, a girl was waiting for him. When he had come to the city to make his fortune, she had promised to be faithful. In the years that had passed since then, sadness had come to her life; her parents had died and poverty had come—so she had worked and waited too. Now their dreams and promises would all come true.

John Matthews put the precious papers safely away in his desk, and locked the drawer. Then, after locking his office, he started to his lodgings. The elevator boys of the Arnold building were taking a holiday, and John had to climb down four flights of stairs before he stepped out into the cold night. The hours of work had brought fatigue, but now that the goal was so near, he felt strong and happy. He wanted to walk—to whistle—to sing—to shout. He felt like a boy turned out of school.

The night was cold and clear, and John Matthews decided he would walk. He had had no time for exercise in weeks. He started briskly down the business streets, and soon turned out into the residential portion of town. In a few of the houses lights were still burning, but most of the homes were dark. As he passed one little house, smaller than the rest, he saw that the blinds were open, and a cheery light shone out. Instinctively he paused. Inside was a young couple filling two tiny stockings. Then, when the toys were safely stored away, the young husband drew the wife under a mistletoe wreath and kissed her. John's thoughts turned to Mary. Next Christmas eve they would be together in their own home. Then the lights in the little house flickered out, and John walked on in the darkness.

After he had gone another block, he heard a bell ring out discordantly in the stillness. It was the fire alarm. John Matthews listened. One—two—three. Ward three.

Then it was uptown, and he knew no homes would be destroyed. He started towards the business streets. Even before he had gone a block, a dull red glow shone faintly in the sky. People were pouring into the streets from every house, and running towards the fire. John joined the crowd, and before he knew it, was running too. By the time he reached Main Street the whole sky was a bright red. Everyone was asking everyone else where the fire was. John had come within a block of the fire, when he heard a man say, "Pity, isn't it? Arnold building is one of the best in town. Yes, the two upper stories are gone already." John listened for no more. The Arnold building was on fire. His papers were in danger. If they were lost his chance was gone. He could never replace his plans in one day, and they would not be accepted after December twenty-sixth. He ran wildly, the crowd dividing before him.

When he reached the next corner the burning building was directly before him. The sixth and seventh stories were in a mass of flame, and flames were leaping from the windows of the fifth. John Matthews sprang past the firemen, and through the open door. The elevator shafts were filled with smoke, and even the stairways were almost inaccessible, but the architect ran on. The papers in his desk on the fourth floor meant everything to him, and at the risk of his life he fought his way towards them. At last the third floor was reached, and the smoke almost overcome him, but his office was at the head of the next flight of stairs, and he was once more hopeful. The flames were so near now that it was bright around him. On the lower floors the smoke had been so thick and dark that he had to feel his way. (He was half blinded from the smoke and half dead from exhaustion, but he threw his coat over his head and dashed blindly on. Suddenly he stumbled and almost fell—just at that second he felt something move at his feet. He snatched the coat from his eyes, and there on the steps before him

he saw a child, half unconscious from the smoke and fright; but as John looked the little form moved, and a tiny white face appeared, and two large wistful eyes looked up into his. "Oh, I knew God would send you. Take me please—'cause I've lost my crutches and can't get out at all." John Matthews recognized crippled Bob, a little orphan who picked up a scant living upon the street. He had probably crept in the building to avoid the cold. If John left the child nobody would know or care. He was a deformed little mass of humanity who would be better off dead than alive. John's ambition, his fortune, his home—Mary, weighed in the balance against this cripple. It would be impossible to get the papers, then reach the street in time, with the added weight of the child. He must choose. The flames were coming nearer, and in a few minutes he would not be able to escape with his own life.

Out in the night he could hear the screams of men and women, and ever nearer and nearer came the roar of the flames. He leaped over the child and started for his office. The child would be better off. 'Twas really a mercy not to save him. But something forced John to turn his head and look at the child on the stairs. The little white face was raised to his, and Bob's arms were lifted pleadingly. Then as the man stood there, fighting the hardest battle of his life, there flashed through his mind a verse he had learned at his mother's knee: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these."

John Matthews sprang down the stairs, and lifting the child in his arms, covered the little face with his coat. Then he ran. Blindly staggering with his burden, he hastened on through the hot smoke. Down one flight he went in safety, then he fell, but rose and still carrying the crippled child ran on.

Finally when it seemed to him his strength had failed, he felt a rush of cold air in his face, and strong arms

about him. He opened his eyes; he had reached the pavement in safety.

The battle was fought and won, and in the heart of John Matthews there was joy and peace. He had done his duty.

*Sophia Brunson.*

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### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

One cold, winter night long years ago,  
When the earth was covered with a mantle of snow,  
When all the world in slumber lay,  
And on the hillsides far away  
The shepherds guarded their flocks from harm.

When only the twinkling stars in the sky  
Kept a silent watch on the world, from on high,  
A star shone forth in a mist of light,  
Which guided three wise men on through the night,  
Three wise men who came far out of the East.

And the tired shepherds on the hillsides drear,  
As they looked, and wondered, and were filled with fear,  
Heard a soft rustling sound as of angels' wings,  
Heard the angels sing of a king of kings  
Who was born that day in Bethlehem.

And in a burst of melodious song,  
Which swelled from the throats of the heavenly throng,  
The shepherds caught the sweet refrain  
Which echoed on high again and again,  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Then the shepherds hastened to seek the king,  
Of whom the angels to them did sing;  
And over the hills they silently went,  
Until, when the day was almost spent,  
They found the Babe in Bethlehem.

*Carrie McManaway.*

## ON HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL.

Glassville is a little Scotch town in New Brunswick, the nearest railroad to which is that at Bristol, ten miles away.

One damp, misty morning I arrived at Glassville. I went early in the day in order to go down to Bristol in the vehicle which takes his Majesty's mail, and which is the only means of transporting passengers. Vehicle is used advisedly, every other term conveys too elegant an impression. It was a huge, rickety affair, with two long seats, which had been mended in various places. This morning the whole was covered by a large, yellow umbrella, which was fastened to the vehicle in the middle of the back of the front seat.

By the time we started, rain was falling heavily. High on either side of the road rose the trees, and through occasional breaks in the bushes one could catch glimpses of cool, grey depths, where the sun never shone, and where were the homes of bright-eyed squirrels and rabbits. The little aspen leaves, which had quivered in the sunlight, were hanging still now, weighed down by the rain drops; I thought of my little friend whose gay heart was made like an aspen leaf to dance forever in the bright sunshine,—but into her life too, some raindrops had fallen.

I smile to think how we must have looked, clinging to our raincoats in the crazy old vehicle, under the yellow umbrella and passing in the midst of all that wet freshness of color. Flowers and berries gleamed brightly by the road. The queer, little red flowers called Indian paintbrushes were all about us, and often we came upon patches of fire flowers which told plainly of a recent forest fire at that place. The wild raspberries were larger and redder than any large, red raspberries ever seen before, and I feel sure they must have tasted much sweeter than any I have ever eaten. However, I did not get one

of them, for, as the rain was falling still, I dared not stop His Majesty's Mail, and although I caught at those growing out into the road, I was not successful in getting them.

Presently the forest grew lighter, and we passed occasionally houses where our charioteer alighted to take in mail. We always spent about ten unnecessary minutes at each stopping place, in order to be sociable and to talk over reciprocity. The old chaps were deeply interested, and each expressed his opinion loudly. Most of them considered reciprocity as a test of their loyalty to England, of the strength of which loyalty there can certainly be no doubt.

Our driver told me that on fair days he carried many passengers. Today, however, he took up only one, besides ourselves, a little girl, who went five miles down the road to spend a day or two with her aunt. Her mother, holding a baby, came to the door to tell the little girl good-bye and to watch her drive off in the rain. The child was very shy until we came within sight of her aunt's home, then, probably from gladness of the warm welcome she was to receive, she became very talkative and enthusiastic. When we reached her destination she climbed down from under the shelter of the yellow umbrella, and ran into the arms of her aunt, who was waiting for her at the door.

*Lucia Watson.*

## THE STAR.

Out on the hills near Bethlehem,  
Shepherds were watching their sheep.  
All night they had talked of holy things—  
But a silence strange and deep  
Came to each, as the night wore on.  
As the mid-night hour drew nigh,  
Each shepherd was lost in silent thought,  
When there suddenly rose a cry—  
“Look Shepherds—The Star.”

Over the hills of Bethlehem,  
There came a wondrous light—  
A star was shining in the east,  
Marvelously bright.  
Each soul was filled with reverence,  
Each heart was filled with peace.  
The shepherds knew the time had come  
When the world should find release—  
'Twas the message of The Star.

Then from the star o'er Bethlehem,  
There came a glorious song—  
“Peace on earth, good will to men,”  
Sung by an angel throng—  
“A Saviour is born in Bethlehem,  
This good news we bring.”  
And the shepherds left their flocks on the hills  
To find the new-born King,  
Guided by The Star.

*Sophia Brunson.*



## THE TWINS.

Mrs. Manton, the dean, was unquestionably the power that turned the wheels of the S. F. M. Institute. Every one recognized this fact; none more than the faculty. Today as the meeting dragged on, many sighs escaped the poor tired teachers. The two hours already spent in discussing affairs which had not even been on the list for this meeting, had worn them out, and the real subject of the meeting, namely, the Trayon twins, had not so much as been mentioned yet. This was terrible! Why could not those twins have kept out of mischief for once in their lives?

This same question had already caused Miss Alden to be put into a state of greatest anxiety. She had seen the girls' name on the list long before the meeting was called, and she had been asking herself that question ever since. Allie and May Trayon were her neices, and, without a doubt, her greatest trials in this world. They always made a point of getting into trouble just before a meeting of the faculty. This time they did not wait for the regular monthly one, but had a special meeting called just on their account. These girls led the poor dean as well as Miss Alden, their aunt, a merry chase. They were never so happy as when they could, by some prank, cause her to send a dozen girls seeking them all over the College, or when she last was obliged to give up in despair, and wait for the time when it pleased the young ladies to appear in her office. Miss Alden was prepared to hear their names called; she knew exactly how Mrs. Manton would emphasize every syllable of "M-a-i-y" and "A-l-l-i-e," and then look right into her eyes as if to say, "Your nieces will be my death!"

Mrs. Manton placed her long finger half way down the page on which were written black dots, cross marks, and abbreviations. These indicated the different offenses. After scanning these for at least two minutes, she said in

her longest, most, "something-is-awfully-wrong" tone of voice.

"Maiy and Allie Trayon will now receive our undivided attention!" This remark was accompanied by a shake of the head, and by the expected look towards Miss Alden.

"Maiy and Allie Trayon," she continued in her harshest tones, "have simply been trying to see, during the past week, how many unheard of things they could do. They have acted disgracefully, and I refuse flatly to put up with their behaviour any longer. I have been kept in a state of tumult by their misconduct, and so today I bring their cases before you.

First, May has failed to appear at breakfast three mornings in the past week!

Miss Alden and Miss Santon looked at each other in great surprise. May sat at Miss Alden's table, Allie at Miss Santon's and neither one had been absent from a meal. They did not understand. Mrs. Manton soon explained.

"As you know, we have had, in the last month, breakfast hours divided; half the girls have been coming in at seven thirty o'clock, the other half at eight, on account of the large number. May is supposed to come at the first breakfast hour, her sister at the second; for three mornings May has deliberately ignored the rules to appear at meals, and every morning she would sleep through breakfast and let Allie appear first at her own table, and then go to the second table where she is due."

The ludicrousness of such a thing struck all of the faculty very forcefully; with difficulty they suppressed their laughter. The picture of Allie marching into the dining room to the first table for breakfast, then just as dutifully marching in again to the second table to eat a second breakfast, appealed to their sense of humor.

"Next," continued Mrs. Manton, "Allie went to the opera last Friday night, after playing tennis all afternoon, and did not study. Saturday what did she do, but

quietly exchange seats with May when she was called on to recite and May answered for her.

At this piece of information all of the teachers looked at each other in greatest astonishment, they had never suspected such a thing! Vague ideas and calculations as to how many times before this one girl had recited for the other, passed through their minds. The "twin question" was without a doubt a tangled one.

"Thirdly, May had an engagement with the dentist Monday last to have him treat a tooth that had bothered her for the past two Saturday nights and Sunday morning until after church time. I was determined to have her go without further delay. She wanted to go visiting Monday afternoon and I refused her. One of the teachers said she would chaperone her, and I thought it was all settled, but what do you suppose she did?" this question was addressed to the faculty but received no answer. They had no idea what she did. |

"I told her that she could not go visiting. Well, what do you suppose she did?"

This question was addressed to the faculty but received no answer. They had no idea what she did.

"She marched off to Mrs. Henry's and Allie went with me to the dentists. I did not suspect any thing until Dr. Jones had examined separately every tooth, and found no cause whatever for trouble; then the truth flashed across my mind. Just think of my being so deceived. Me! I was so embarrassed I did not know what to say or do."

Mrs. Manton now paused to gain breath, then added.

"I hope you are keeping everyone of these misdemeanors very vividly in mind because they shall certainly receive due deliberation and punishment." Miss Alden gave a half resigned look towards the paper. While she waited for the next crime to be disclosed. The thin lips of the dean moved again as she marked a check by the one dot and eyed the next one.

"Fifthly, my sister, Mrs. Toms, took quite a fancy to Allie, and invited her out to tea, Tuesday evening. Of course I was glad to have her go, and readily gave my consent. May was going to have a special friend of her father's visit her. This young man, however, had never seen Allie, and she was not expected to meet him. Tuesday afternoon Allie had a dreadful headache, so she said, and decided that she could not go out to tea; so what did she do but induce May to go to tea, in her place while she received May's caller."

"How in the world could she talk to a man she had never seen before unless she explained? Did she tell him the joke, or did she act the part of May?" These questions and many similar ones rushed through the teachers' minds. They were not answered however; Mrs. Manton had her finger on the next dot. The faculty leaned forward to hear the next interesting disclosure. They were being highly entertained. This was like having a very fascinating story.

"Worse than all these,"—not a sound could be heard, something dreadful must be on the verge of disclosure,— "worse than these, is their last night's escapade. I hardly know how to tell you of the dreadful thing they did. It is awful! As she reached the point of telling the dreadful thing she bent her head slightly forward, and in a hushed tone barely whispered, "Allie did not read last night at the Students' Recital."

This information caused the expression teacher to sit bolt upright. A cold fear clutched at her heart.

"This is surely a mistake," she thought; "Allie did recite. May has never taken a lesson in her life, and she certainly could not have taken Allie's place."

"Yes, I say, Allie did not read last night. At the last minute she decided that she was not going, and so May took her place. Just think of a girl who has never had a lesson in her life, getting up to represent the expression department of this honorable Institution! Just think, I

say! If that isn't disgraceful I"—She could speak no more, her emotions were too great. Just at this moment the door opened and President Monroe entered. He could not help but notice that something was wrong, as he looked at the ruffled countenance of the dean and at the uneasy, restless expression of the teachers.

"What is the matter here? You seem to be in some deep trouble!"

Then the dean started to give a detailed account of the matter that was causing so much disturbance. President Monroe listened gravely at first, but very soon his eyes began to twinkle, and, finally, when the dentist escapade was reached, he could stand it no longer. He sat down in the chair by the door and laughed again and again. As soon as he could get his face straight he apologized to the offended dean, and said, "Yes, the twins have just been to my office and confessed."

Then he appeared lost in thought for a moment, as though deciding some grave question.

"You are wondering why I have taken this matter so lightly in the face of Mrs. Manton's great disturbance. I will explain. The girls came to me and confessed, not that they had committed all of these offenses, but that they have manufactured a hoax. For the fun of the thing, they wrote down a list of their supposed week's adventures and put them on the dean's table. I regret that these naughty children have not shown a proper respect for their elders, but I am glad to say that they are guilty of no graver fault."

As the true situation burst upon the teachers, great was their relief, all joined in the laughter, with the exception of the indignant dean. They were glad of an excuse to give way to the amusement they had been obliged to suppress for so long a time. They even felt that in time, they could forgive the twins for adding another hour to faculty meeting.

*P. L. Brazington.*

## A SKETCH (?)

The resilient moon grandly rose from behind the opposing mountain peaks. I wonder if that mosquito with its iridescent wings and translucent ruby eyes, which sits meditating upon the withered aspen leaf, catches the glow from the dying embers, as the train rumbles noisily over the river; and if the pensive maiden who in the glorious light of morning meekly sitting on the cloistered hearth, sadly embroidering diaphanous peacocks upon the inflammable altar cloth, is conscious of the overwhelming sorrow in the poor blind artist's heart.

It is too much—the man being tried for murder, at last acknowledges his guilt.

The above is respectfully submitted as an attempt in this rather untried form.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE CABIN DOOR.

All you coons out here a-prancin'!  
Ain't you niggers gwine to quit your **dancin'?**  
Now do observe dat man o' mine—  
No young coon leaves him behind.

Dat individual, over dare.  
Am playin' dat banjo like he don't care.  
You pickaninnys keep from fo de fire!  
Dem big pine chunks make it burn up higher.

I never is seen such joy befo'  
Displayed outside dis cabin do'.  
But who can stop dis makin' cheer,  
When Christmas comes but once a year?

*Ella Du Pont.*

## CINDY CAPITULATES.

"Good evenin', Cindy Maria."

"Good evenin' Jim. What you be'n doin' wid yerself?"

"Wall, sorter hard to tell. Be'n tryin' to make a little chink; I believe dats de mos' 'portant thing I bin doin'."

"Um! I sho is glad o' dat, to tell you de truf dese is pretty scaise times wid me."

"What good my money goin' to do you? I show ain't got none to give 'way."

"Jim Johnson you'se a goos' if yer think I'm fishin' fer yer money. I'm a hard workin' woman, and don't axe no man fer my chink. Sides my paw gits five dollars clear ever' week, and his rations and I'm sho', me an' him kin live on dat. Anyhow, I done tole yer dat I love Tom and not you. I don't love you, and don't ever 'spect ter. Now, don't you come hyuh, throwin' yer 'sultin' talk atter me 'bout me needin' yer money."

"Don't mean no harm, Cindy Maria, but you know yerself it did sound kinder dat away."

"Wall I never meant it, and you'd better not look like you thought I did."

"Course I know you didn't, Cindy Maria, fer, as you say, you don't love me and I reckon it's a blessin' you don't, fer I tell you, Jennie Harp is a purty, hard workin' gal, and I mos' b'lieves I love her. Any how, I'm takin' it fer granted I does, fer we's done laid off ter marry jist as soon as de craps is laid by. Now how is she ter yer likin'?"

"Wall to 'gin wid, she ain't no smart gal as de niggers on dis plantation thinks she is. She jist sets 'round and lets her po' mammy do all de wuhk. Now call dat er smart gal, will you?"

"Wall, she's always spry 'nouf when I'm 'round. I ain't got no 'plaint ter make 'bout her. She can sho fry meat to er crisp and I'm mighty fond of it dat er 'way."

"She may can fry meat, but I kin tell you, folks can't live on meat by its self."

"I gua'ntee she kin make bread fit fer de boss. Den I likes de way she does up collars and cuffs."

"Jim Johnson, I thought you had seed my purty, snow-white dresses long 'nouf to know dingy clothes when you seed 'em. Old Aunt Em's clothes looks better dan Jennie's, and po' Aunt Em is mighty nigh blind. I'll 'clare, mens don't know how to 'preciate nothin'. Hyuh I ben scrubbin' an' ironin' fer dese three yurs, tryin' ter keep my duds lookin' white fer you, Jim Johnson, and den you come and sults me like dat."

"Now course, Cindy Maria, I knows yer clothes is always white, but I sho do think Jinnie's looks nice. Dey'll do fer me."

"Sho! But dat probes how ignunt you is."

"Ah! Certainly mens ain't no judge like you womens. I guess you heerd whett de boss sed 'bout her, didn't you?"

"Naw, don't guess I heerd."

"Wall, he said she was de bes' hoe hand among de womens on dis place. Dat sho is speakin' well fer dar's some purty swift ones hyuh."

"Now who ever told dat is er yarner, fer I hoes side by side wid Jennie Harp and I knows whut' she does. I beats her nearly ever' day. 'Sides she's lazy."

"I guess de boss oughter know."

"Humph! If dats' de 'pinion of him fer his pet nigger, he's mistaken. And, Jim, she's de biggest tale teller on dis side of Columbia."

"She don't bring me no tales."

"Now you ain't er tryin' ter see her faults. I heerd Miss May Lizzie sey dat love was blind, and it sho is, fer you can't see nothin'. Anyhow, Jim, is I ever tole you fer sartin dat I didn't love you?"

"Yes, you sed so dis hyuh ve'r evenin' and you bin tellin' me dat all 'long. Course, I thought you was tru'ful — Jennie is."



"Jennie nothin' now! I'm talkin' fer Cindy Maria. Say, whut dat you got in yer pocket?"

"O, dis hyuh? Hit's a piece of yallow ribbin' I bought fer Jinnie."

"Don't see why you didn't git it fer me. I likes yallow."

"I loued Tom Harris would git you all de ribbin' you need."

"I don't need none of Tom's ribbin'. I likes your'n."

"Mighty sorry, but I guess bein's I done bought dis fer Jennie, I'll give it ter her. I reckon I'll be travellin' on dat 'way now, fer she might gi' me out. Wall, I'll be goin'."

"Whut you goin' fer? Jim I was a jokin' 'bout whut I said 'bout Tom and not lovin' you. Course you know I loves you; I always is, and always will."

This was sufficient for Jim. He had obtained what he sought—the belle of Darkey town.

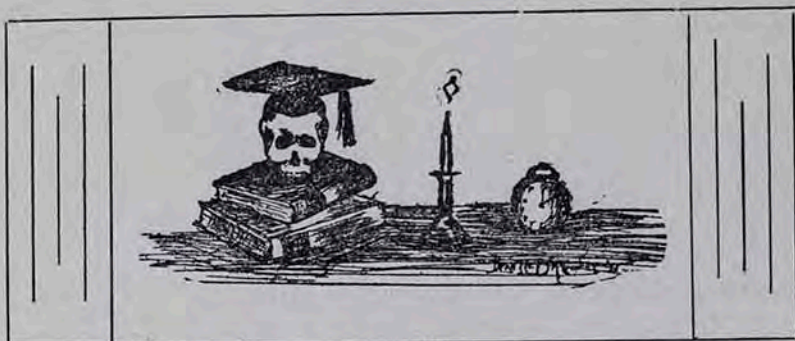
*Irene Workman.*

## THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR.

Long ago, while the shepherds of Bethlehem  
Were watching their flocks by night,  
There suddenly came from the clouds of heaven  
A wondrous and glorious light,  
And an angel said, "Fear not, for lo!  
I bring tidings of peace and of love;  
For in the manger of the stable, where  
The beautiful star is above,  
In swadling clothes there lies a child,  
Who is the Saviour of men,  
Who has come this happy day to redeem  
This wicked world from its sin."  
And the shepherds, leaving their flocks in the fields,  
Followed the star so bright,  
Till they came to the place where the Saviour lay,  
And they worshipped him that night.

Long ago, while the wise men of the East  
Were watching the stars of heaven,  
They saw among them a beautiful star  
That had quickly and suddenly risen;  
And then they knew that the Saviour of men  
Was born in this world that night.  
And, knowing well that the beautiful star  
Would always guide them aright,  
They followed it until they came  
To the town of Bethlehem, where  
The star stopped over a humble stall,  
And they entered and found in there  
A babe, the Saviour, who had long been  
By ancient seers foretold,  
And they fell down and worshipped him  
And gave him gifts of gold.

*D. Mahon.*



## Editorial Department

SOPHIA, BRUNSON,

RAY MASTERS.

EDITORS.

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### *The Gold and Blue*

As a result of the Athletic Association, two basketball teams have been organized, the "Gold" and the "Blue." All the girls in school have "taken sides," and various yells and songs have been adopted. There is great enthusiasm, and college spirit in increasing mightily.

Throughout the year match games will be played between the Golds and Blues, and great will be the struggle to obtain and hold the silver cup. At the close of the year the name of the team which has held it the greatest length of time will be engraved upon it, thus winning the year's championship.

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### *Self-Government.*

The question of self-government has been much agitated here in our college this fall and winter. There are, of course, two sides to every question; and much has been said by both girls and faculty pro and con.

Almost every girl in school has her opinion on this subject, and there is much discussion. One of the Literary Societies had the question debated .

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A committee, consisting of two members of the faculty and one representative from each class, has been appointed to draw up a provisional constitution for Self-Government, and when this is presented before the student body a vote will be taken for its acceptance.

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*Christmas.* What does this word, that we hear on the lips of everyone, mean? It is becoming more and more a season of good will and of benevolence. At this time we find the strong and the fortunate helping to brighten the lives of those less fortunate. Yet does it not mean something different to each individual? Ask the college student what it means to him, and his face brightens in an instant. To him it means a holiday to which he has been looking forward ever since entering college in September. This holiday to the student, as to many others, means a happy family reunion and a good time in general. There is much real good in the holiday which we are liable to forget. It is a time in which we can relax and rest; by which rest we shall be better fitted for our work during the coming year. Thoughts of Christmas holidays do not bring to us that sadness which comes when we think of the summer vacation. This vacation separates us from some of our friends, whom we never see again. It is not so of Christmas, for, after a short time, the holidays are passed and we greet our friends with the same light hearts with which we left them. But the light heart soon grows serious, as all around we hear the cry, "Oh! those exams," and we are brought to realize that once more hard work is at hand.



## Exchange Department

VIOLET ASKINS, EDITOR.

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Not conforming to the general custom, the Editorial Department of "the Co-Ed" is put before the Literary Department. This last department is short, but well written and to the point. The logic of "Expect Great Things of Yourself" is clear and forceful. It leaves the impression firmly stamped upon the mind that you must expect great things of yourself before you can attain to them. The most striking article in this issue is entitled "*Un Hountee Livre.*" The writer shows that he recognizes to a remarkable degree the value of a good book. Often when we go into our college libraries, and see around us the best books of all ages, we do not realize that we are heirs to the greatest fortune possible. "The Doctor's Story" begins well, but before the climax is reached, the writer seems to tire of the task and to be in a hurry to finish it. "The Constructive Imagination" is a good subject, to which the writer fails to do justice. The original title of "A Trick for a Dinner," attracts the attention at the first glance. The plot is interesting because of its newness. The paragraphs are so short that they give the page a scrappy appearance. A well written article, "The South of 1911," is interesting, especially to

Southerners. We are glad to note that almost all of the exchanges contain articles of like nature. The exchange and Athletic Departments are good; but "Y. W. C. A.—Y. M. C. A." notes are very short and fail to show up this phase of the college work well. The locals are full and interesting. Perhaps this is due to the fact that this department is in the hands of four editors.

*The College of Charleston Magazine* is very thin and comes to us with about half of the pages uncut. Although this seems to be the vogue at present, it is nevertheless, a nuisance to the reader, and should be avoided when possible. "The Spoils of Strategy" and "Amateur Burglars" contain well developed plots. "Choosing a Vacation," the only essay, is well worth reading, for it contains much food for thought. The great need of this magazine is good poetry. "Sonnets on Egypt," the only attempt in this line, is good in thought and rythm.

It is always a pleasure to read and to criticise *The Furman Echo*, for the material is so well chosen that many pleasant things may be said about it. In the November number, "The Soliloquy of a Pike" deserves especial notice, for in few of our college magazines can be found a short story that is its equal. It is delightfully complete in itself. The writer does not burden us with minor details, and we are ever conscious what is the pike that is telling the story. It was by a happy thought that the writer ended with the question, "Why?" "The Conquered Breeches" is a parody on "The Conquered Banner," but it has the great fault of all parodies—that of destroying the beauty of the thought of the original poem. In many of our exchanges we find stories entitled "The Coward," and this magazine has one also. It is interesting to note the different backgrounds from which "the coward" looms forth to prove that he has been misnamed. In this instance he proves his bravery by preventing mob violence. We note that two of the poems, and one of the stories, are translated from the German. This is probably

due to the stimulus of a prize offered by a member of the faculty for the best translation published during the term 1911-1912. The exchange editor makes his department interesting, but we would offer as a suggestion that he put the name of the exchange he is criticizing in italics, instead of using quotation marks. The Alumni Department shows that its editor is interested and able.

The first of our December exchanges to take its place upon "The Desk" was the *Hollius Magazine*. We wish to commend the editors for their prompt work, and for the general make up of this magazine. The poems, "The Desert Shrine," and "Eventide" are exceptionally fine. "All for Hanover" is a well told story of how a girl gave up her personal aspirations for the good of the college. Although the plot of "Keepin, Company" is very slight, the amusing way in which it is told is very refreshing. Instead of commenting on questions of the day, duty, college spirit, etc., the editorial department is given up to the discussion of the problems and needs of the college itself. "Student government at Hollens," "A Step Backward," and "Talking in Chapel," are to the point, and could well be thought upon by college girls everywhere. The writer of "Felippa," the longest story in the magazine, shows real talent for story writing.

We gladly acknowledge our usual exchanges.



SUE BYRD, EDITOR.

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The Aida Quartet, the first Lyceum number this season, was given in the College auditorium, November 14.

One of the most delightful social events of this year, in the College, was the reception given by the president, Dr. Ramsay and his wife, to the young ladies on Thanksgiving night. The members of the faculty formed the receiving line. The reception was given in the president's private parlors. Dainty refreshments were served, consisting of punch, pimento sandwiches, salted almonds and olives. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all of the girls.

An informal reception was given by the Y. W. C. A. to the Furman students from nine until ten o'clock, November 30.

"The Morning of the Year," Cadmon's beautiful song cycle, was delightfully rendered by Miss Leta Nelson, soprano; Miss Myrtle Lanford, contralto; Mr. J. Mac Rabb, tenor; Mr. MacNeil Poteat, baritone. An appreciative audience heard them.

We have had the unexpected pleasure of ~~leaving~~ leaving with us Miss Buhlmaier, missionary to the emigrants at Baltimore, Md.

The girls were delighted to greet Dr. T. B. Ray of Richmond, Va., at one of the chapel exercises.

We are very sorry that Misses Mattie Glasgow, Urma Black, and Clara Wingo have had to return home on account of sickness.

Our Thanksgiving visitors included Misses Annie Mar-



shall, Greenwood; Lucy Gasque, Marion; Bessie Greene, Simpsonville; Marguerite Sellers, Easley; Leila Roe, Travelers Rest; Mattie Gentry and Beatrice Brown, Spartanburg.

Among those who have spent the week-end at home are: Misses Alma Ducworth, Anderson; Kate Blakely, Esther and Leta Todd, Simpsonville.

We were glad to see one of our old girls, Miss Leila Mai McKenzie, on the campus.

Misses Maude Rives and Ruby Bennett visited in Edgefield recently.

Miss Myrtle Lanford has returned from Simpsonville where she spent a few days.

Miss Pal Dean spent the past week at her home in Anderson.

Misses Janie Hughes and Lucile and Hortense Marchant spent Thanksgiving at their home in Greer. They were accompanied by Miss Harriet von Lehe.

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#### PICKED UP AROUND THE CAMPUS.

Jr. I-n W-rk-m-n, speaking of the second ascension of the aviator, Jimmy Ward, exclaimed, "Why he went by the moon, through the moon, and got the smoke on his coat."

Sr. E-s-e B-r-t-n evidently has astronomy and analytics intermingled. Mr. Durham had drawn a figure on the board and told the girls to imagine it a circle. Elsie exclaimed, "Oh! it looks like an eclipse." (ellepse)

Freshman Mary Timmerman asked Rat A-m-a E-st-l-ng what class Mr. H— at Furman was in. A-m-a replied, "Rat class."

Sr. Ruth Easterling asked Sr. L-t-a T-dd "Where are you from?"

L-t-a replied, "Providence."

Ruth, "R. I?"

L-t-a, "No, R. U?"

Jr. L-l-e C-l-l-um coming from Furman last Wednesday night and seeing a balloon exclaimed, "Isn't the moon beautiful?" evidently her thoughts were still moon(y).

On Thanksgiving day Mr. Durham went for an automobile ride. The machine broke down and the party missed their dinner. Mr. Durham was found sitting on the road-side trying to solve the problem of getting home by mathematics.

Rat J-n-e M-l-r-e informed one of the girls that she had to have her tonsillitis taken out.

Freshman P-d-g-t told Freshman K-n-g that she could ride up on the radiator.

Soph. L-l-a-n B-c-k-l was put on a committee to discuss the Honor System. That night she asked what a volunteer was. S-d-e K- H-n-t-r informed her that they were girls appointed to report any disorder. Next morning she decided that she would not be on the committee any longer, because she might have to become a volunteer.



PEARL BRASINGTON, EDITOR.

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At one of the Y. W. C. A. meetings during the past month Miss Wright, a returned missionary from India, delighted the girls with an account of her travels through the many interesting parts of England, India, and other countries. Miss Wright has visited the College many times before, and has never failed to bring a delightful message to us. We appreciate her visits so much.

The Ninth Annual meeting of the Y. W. M. U. was held in Anderson, 14-16 of November. Miss Pauline Watson as a delegate from the Y. W. C. A., also Mrs. Ramsay and Miss Rhodes, attended the convention. Mrs. Ramsay made us feel as though we too had attended the meeting when she finished giving an account of the speakers, social functions, and other phases of the convention. We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Crutchfield, is not going to have the Secretaries place of the Y. W. A's of the State, as was decided upon at the convention, but we feel that we are very fortunate in having Mrs. I. W. Wingo to take her place.

Mrs. Watson, Vice President of the northern division of the Y. W. A. territory of the state, addressed the Association on November twenty-ninth. She gave a very helpful talk on the finances of the Y. W. A., she explained, so that every girl might understand fully, the disbursement of the money sent for this special kind of woman's work.

Sunday afternoon, December third, Dr. Ray of Rich-

mond, spoke to the Y. M. C. A. of Furman and the Y. W. C. A. of G. F. C. His main subject was in the form of a plea for mission study classes for Colleges. He impressed very strongly on the minds of his hearers the fact that true missionary spirit comes from the knowledge of the true meaning and need of missions.

Mr. Thayer of Laurens, gave an instructive lecture on the necessity of a Firm Foundation, on Sunday night to the members of the Chicora and Greenville Female College Y. W. C. A's. and to the Furman Y. M. C. A.

# Judson Literary Society

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## Alpha Department

ANNIE BROWN, EDITOR.

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The following clipping appeared in the Greenville Daily News November 23, '11:

### QUAINT COMEDY AT G. F. C.

"Cranford Dames" Well Acted by Young Ladies and  
Directed by Miss Whitmarsh.

"Cranford Dames," adapted from Gaskell's novel "Cranford," was charmingly presented by members of the Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society at the G. F. C. auditorium last evening. The scene of this playlet is Cranford, an out-of-the-way English town where dwell widows and spinsters and where men are seldom tolerated.

The following fourteen young ladies acted well their respective parts and were quite clever in the interpretation of these quaint characters and wore gracefully the old fashioned costumes of the period. The playlet abounds in humorous situations and these amateur actors acquitted themselves creditably.

Miss Matilda Jenkyns, the rector's daughter  
..... Miss Annie Brown  
Miss Jamieson, sister-in-law to an Earl.....  
..... Miss Bena Loadholt  
Mrs. Forester, widow of a Major..... Miss Ethel Grimes  
Miss Poe, a friend of Miss Jenkyns'..... Miss Irene Finklen  
Miss Mary Smith, the young cousin of Miss  
Jenkyns ..... Miss Ella Du Pont  
Miss Betty Barker, a retired milliner.....  
..... Miss Louise Cunningham

Martha, Miss Jenkyns' maid.....Miss Sue Byrd  
 Peggy, Miss Borker's maid.....Miss Loree Smith  
 SIX BRIDES.

Miss Kate Blakely  
 Miss Leta Todd  
 Miss Violet Askins  
 Miss Ruth Easterling  
 Miss Annie Laurie Welborn  
 Miss Pal Dean

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## Beta Department

LOULIE CULLUM, EDITOR

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The Beta Division of the Judson Literary Society has held its regular meetings each Saturday night during the past month. The programs have been very interesting, especially the one given November the eighth, at which time a debate was held. The query was: Resolved, that Student Government is the Best Government for G. F. C. Those on the affirmative side were Jessie Fowk and Moselle Skinner. Those on the negative side were Marion Blalock and Felicia Hicks. The papers showed careful preparation. There were a good many points and they were well developed. Miss Rhodes, Miss Atkinson, and Miss Coffee were the judges and they decided in favor of the affirmative side.

At the last meeting an interesting Thanksgiving program was given which helped us to better appreciate the Thanksgiving spirit.

We are looking forward to the time when the Inter-Society Debate will take place. The query has not yet been decided upon and the time is still uncertain, but, let us be looking around us and decide what girls can best act as our representatives. We lost last year, but that only makes us more determined to work and win for we know we can do it.



Five Art  
Department



ALICE JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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The first attraction of the Lyceum course, The Aida Quartet, was rendered in our auditorium on the evening of November the fourteenth. This was a very good number and the excellent music was enjoyed by all of those who were present.

One of the best musical programs ever given in the G. F. C. Auditorium, whether by professional or amateur talent, was the song cycle, "The Morning of the Year," by the distinguished American composer Charles W. Cadman.

The talent used was exclusively the product of G. F. C.: Miss Leta M. Nelson, soprano, Miss Myrtle C. Lanford, contralto; J. Mac Rabb, tenor, and E. McNeil Poteat, Jr., baritone; Prof. Geo. H. Schaefer at the piano.

Miss Nelson has a soprano voice of great beauty and wide range and her rendition of the aria, "Welcome! sweet wind," was given with a dash and exquisite lightness that will long be remembered as the finest coloratura work given in our school.

Although suffering from a severe cold, Miss Lanford interpreted her solos with great dignity and charm, especially was this so in the plaintive song, "The moon behind the cottonwood is white and weird and cold."

A real tenor nowadays is a rare prize, but Mr. Rabb is certainly a "real tenor," with a voice of unusual sweet-

ness, and it seems almost without limit to its range. The ease with which he sustained the high b flat in one of the numbers was remarkable.

Mr. Poteat, although a new student in the musical department, is the possessor of a rich baritone voice and we hope he will be frequently heard on our programs. The limpid sweetness of his voice was best displayed in the aria, "The booklet came from the mountain."

The ensemble of the quartette was most excellent and the voices blended perfectly.

Prof. Schaefer is always an ideal accompanist and ever better than his best in this work, which abounds in effects for the piano that seem almost orchestral.

Mention should be made of the labor of Prof. Poston in arranging and directing the work, which made possible an evening of great pleasure.

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## STOICISM.

Aristotle and Plato gave to the classical world a theory of the universe, but this was not sufficient. What the minds of the people were wanting was a practical system by which to live, rather than an attempt to solve the secret of existence. For this reason their minds were prepared to receive the philosophy of Zeno of Cithium, the founder of the school of Stoicism.

This system, founded by Zeno, was further perfected by Cleanthes of Assais, and also by his follower, Chrysippus of Soli. Zeno admired the general principles of the Cynics, but could not reconcile himself to their peculiarities. He studied in the schools of Stilpo, Xenocrates, Diodorus, Chronus, and Polemo, collecting materials from these quarters for his new system of speculative philosophy. He chose the place for his school at Poecile, or the



“Painted Porch,” a public portico, so-called from the picture. Polygnotus painted of it. Hence the followers of Zeno were called Stoics, “Men of the Porch.”

The stoic school is a branch of the Cynics so far as respected morals; it differs from Cynicism more in words than in reality. The aim of Stoicism was to popularize doctrine, and to provide the individual, in time of general confusion and dissolution, with a fixed moral basis of practical life. This philosophy, with its followers, is the science of the principles on which moral life ought to be founded. They strove only to attain the knowledge of things human and divine in order to regulate life thereby. They divided philosophy in three parts—logic, physics, and ethics. “Logic supplies the method for attaining to true knowledge; physics teaches the nature and order of the universe; and ethics draws thence the inferences for practical life.” In physics the foundation of the doctrine is the dogmas that all true being is corporeal. Within the corporeal they recognized only matter and force—purely the material, and the Diety permeating it.

The stoics believe that concord of human action, with the law of nature, of human will with the divine will, is virtue—the chief good and highest aim of life. Hence all good actions were equal in merit, and likewise the bad actions. All that lies between virtue and vice was neither good nor bad. They held also that virtue was possessed only by the wise man, who was a veritable god, lord of his own life, and having the right to end it by his own free choice. All their gods, except the one immortal, were super-human men, but not immortal.

Yet they did think there was one immortal God, from whom the universe itself had emanated, the material first being represented as fire-like ether, condensed, then to a coarser state and rising from this to matter—the world. Taking stoicism in this particular it may be justly termed pantheistic—but, when considering their belief concerning the two classes of Gods, it may be termed monotheistic

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and polytheistic. Because of this the stoics were sometimes accused by the ancients of either being atheists, or, if believing in the Gods at all, of degrading them by attributing to them only inferior endowments, since wisdom and virtue could be attained by man himself. Whatever truth there is in these accusations, we must acknowledge that this school, whose philosophy was moral heroism bordering on asceticism, was the grandest school of philosophy up to the school of Jesus Christ.

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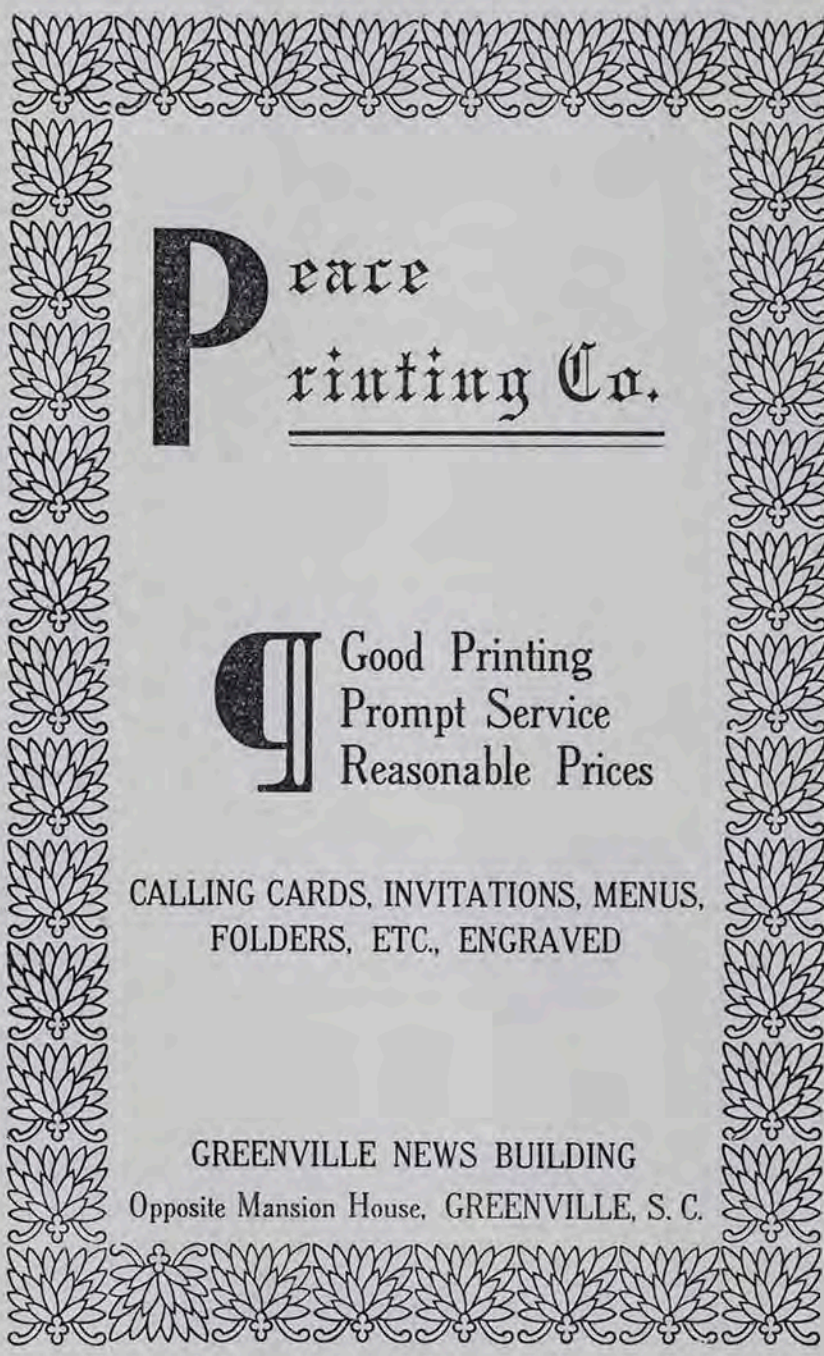
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