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Sophia Brunson
Greenville Woman's College

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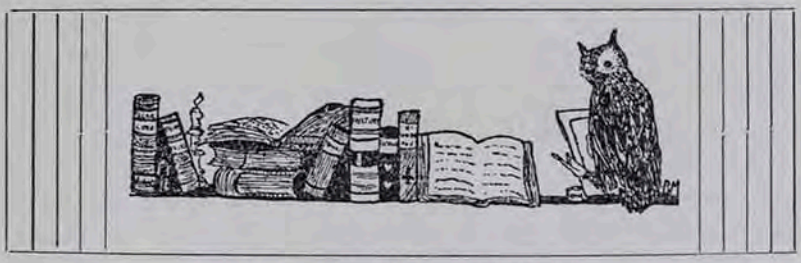

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EDITORS.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I breathe this prayer:
May God's presence defend thee,
May his mercy befriend thee,
May His blessings attend thee,
Throughout the year.

THE TWINS.

"Well I'll smile," remarked a very perplexed looking old gentleman to himself, as he passed one hand across his eyes, as though trying to drive away some illusive vision; "here she is again, and I know full well that I left her in the Pullman!"

The person about whom this remark was made glanced

across the aisle, at this moment, and as her eyes wandered to the open door they rested on the old gentleman, who stood looking at her in amazement. Allie Trayon could not understand why the stranger stared at her in this manner. Very soon, however, he went into the other car, and Allie soon forgot the occurrence.

"This is beyond me! If she is in the Pullman when I get back I will give up the job."

He hurried through the adjoining coach and was soon looking expectantly over the passenger's heads to see if a large blue hat with a bunch of roses in the center half hiding a pair of mischievous brown eyes was in sight. But he looked in vain she was not there. A relieved smile flitted across his face, and he thought the matter settled. He threw himself into his chair and was about to take up his paper, but he wanted to be absolutely sure that she was not there, so he again looked around. The owner of the big hat smiled into the face of the astonished man from across the aisle. The old gentleman jumped to his feet, and without a moments hesitation, walked down the aisle and stopped in front of the girl.

"I beg your pardon, but the train will soon reach my home and I just cannot leave until I have asked you a question which has bothered me for the past hour."

The brown eyes only smiled, and he continued.

"I know you have been here all the time, because you could not have possibly have passed me as I went through the other cars; but what does it mean? I know positively that I left you in the waiting room at Elton, and yet when I reached this car here you were. And then again I left you in here, and, when I reached the other car, there you were! To make sure that I was not mistaken, I have been back again, and the second time you were most assuredly there. I have tried to think of every possible way by which you could change cars without my seeing you, and there is absolutely none; and I am not going to leave this car until I understand how you do it."

He was a very old, kindly looking gentleman, with such a winning, courteous manner the girl felt no offense at this very unceremonious approach. She thou ght for a moment, and a plan came into her head. She was going to have some fun. She assumed a surprised look as she said:

"I do not understand, you say that I was in the waiting room when you left? That is surely a mistake. I came up from T—this morning. That place is sixteen miles on the other side of Elton, and as I did not get off at Elton, you see it is impossible for you to have seen me at the station there. Then again, you say I was in the other car when you went in there, but I have not left this car since I entered it."

The man looked doubtfully into the face of the girl, but truth was written there. He could not help but believe her. The train whistle sounded long and shrill, the porter called out the next stop, the strange old gentleman was aroused to action. He must go, but not before he had some clue to this mystery. He again spoke to the girl.

"I am bewildered by this very, very strange occurrence, especially since I am convinced that you are not aware of the presence of another person who is your exact self. Here is my card. You will hear from me again. I have already gotten your name and address from your suit-case tag."

The porter yelled out "all aboard," and the very much mystified old gentleman left the car.

"Well, what a joke! That is rich! and it's a joke that's likely to have a sequel," laughed the owner of the blue hat as she gazed at the back of the retreating gentleman.

"And so Allie Trayon is on this train. Well who would have thought it? Guess I had better go speak to my twin." The girl arose to go, but was delayed by the appear-

The girl arose to go, but was delayed by the appearance of the porter, who bowed politely as he handed her a large box.

"Here is a package a gentleman gave me as the train was pulling out of the last station. He said the note on top would explain." The girl looked puzzled for a moment, then said:"

"No, this is a mistake. It must be for someone else."

The porter was persistent.

"Yes ma'am; I am quite sure it is for you, for the gentleman described you, exactly."

"O,h yes! I understand. Thank you very much," she said as she took the box of "Whitman's" best.

The porter heard a ripple of laughter as he turned away, which made him feel sure that there was something back of it, that he little dreamed of. Hastily tearing open the not the girl read it, her eyes sparkling with fun, as she mentally commented, "Joke number two on the go! And so Allie has a beau, has she! Well, I guess Dad will have something to say to that!"

The outside of the box was too tempting for the girl's resistance. She immediately opened it and very soon the top tray had a vacant corner, and the second tray was suspended in the air for a sample of its contents, when she was aroused by a distressed voice at her side. She looked up into the worried eyes of the porter.

"Please Miss, I beg your humble pardon, Ma'am, but there is something wrong somewhere. I am sure the gent said the lady had on a blue hat with a bunch of roses in the center, like yours exactly, but then there is another one, in the second coach up, who has on exactly the same hat and suit. Since I come to thing of it, he said the lad ywas to have a white rose on her coat. I am sure I made a mistake. The girl smiled as she replaced the lid of the box, so that the porter could not tell that she had eaten any of it, and said:

"I hear the conductor calling for you, but if you come back in a minute, I will have the box wrapped just as it was; and then you may carry it to the lady, and she will never know about the mistake."

The relieved porter bowed gratefully before her, and hurried to the end of the car, to obey the summons of the conductor. As soon as his back was turned, she deliberately opened a half empty lunch box, poured the candy from the Whitman's box into it, then replaced the lid and remarked half audibly, "Miss Allie's beau is going to be very fond of candy himself, so he decided that he could not part with it."

The box was tied and taking up the nicely worded little note, she hastily added at the bottom in an imitation of the masculine hand:"

" I hope your heart will be as full of love for me, as this box is of candy."

She eyed the paper critically, put it on the top of the box, and, as the porter had just returned, gave him the package. The ported in the joy of regaining the box intrusted to his care, failed to notice the change in weight. The passengers had not witnessed the scene, as the girl's chair was at the back of the car. Some read their papers, while others slept contentedly, all unconscious of the merriment of the little figure back of them. After the porter left, May Trayon settled back in her chair, to enjoy the mental picture of Allie, reading the note and opening the empty box. Oh, it was rich; she would not have taken anything for the delay which had caused her to wait over at her aunt's for another day, after Allie thought she had gone to Egberty to attend the masquerade party. It had happened to delay Allie also; and thus it happened that the two were on the train together, bound for the same place, yet each thinking that the other one had reached Egberty the day before. When May had settled satisfactorily in her mind the reason for Allie's presence on the train, she suppressed the desire to rush into the car and surprise her, by the thought that if she waited a little longer, some turn of fortune might send another adventure like that of the bewildered old gentleman and the box of candy. She did not have to wait long, for the train,

which had been standing at a station for almost fifteen minutes, now started off. May noticed a tall, good-looking young man get on the back of the Pullman and start through the car. He smiled and as he approached he surprised her by saying:

"Why hello! what are you doing in here? Got tired of your fellow travellers? I am lucky to have happened to come through the Pullman instead of going back to the first car."

May knew at once that this was one of Allie's friends, so she only nodded and waited for him to be seated.

"Well, what do you think of that subject, we were just talking about? Do you think, she was justified in doing as she did?"

To save time she repeated the question as though trying to think, but in reality to gain time.

"Do I think she was justified in doing as she did?"

A happy inspiration came to her. He must be speaking of a girl who had either jilted her lover or, at least, had refused to go with him to one of the Christmas parties, at the last minute. So she replied, without hesitation:

"Why of course she should not have treated him that way, she should not have let anything come between them if she really cared."

That sounded well. She waxed eloquent as she proceeded "you know think girls are such flippant things, sometimes. Now the idea of her refusing to go with him."

She was stopped by the look of dismay on her companion's face. She was evidently on the wrong track, as was seen by the man's next words.

"You must not have understood, I mean that question of history, about Queen Iscabella's selling her jewels against her husbands will to aid Columbus."

"Oh, I remember now. Certainly, that was the thing we were talking about," exclaimed the enlightened girl, "I must have been thinking of something else."

Her companion accepted the excuse and started another

subject. May did not find any immediate difficulty in talking and was enjoying the novelty of the situation, when she was again startled by her companions direct questioning.

"Do you suppose they are really in earnest about sending that telegram? You know it will be quite a joke, and yet what will the members of Egberty Hall think?"

"What would they think sure enough! And what might not the telegram be? May searched her brain trying to think of some possible answer that might hit upon the thing those people whoever they were would be likely to telegraph concerning Allie. She grasped at a few passing thoughts that might be interpreted in more ways than one.

"Why, I really don't believe they will send the telegram, yet. What if they do? the people, at Egberty Hall, will think it only a joke."

May looked into her companion's face to see what effect her speech had created. The man only looked as though he expected a different sort of answer. She had evidently not missed the mark again. As she scored this point of victory she looked up to see approach them a stranger who smiled as though he had recognized her. May groaned inwardly as the new-comer, extended his hand and said, "I am delighted to see you Miss Allie. This is indeed a lucky accident."

"Very unlucky accident for me!" mentally commented May, but she only replied:

"I am delighted to see you. I hardly expected you to get on here in Lyckhoe."

"Didn't expect me to get on here? Why this is where I live. You haven't forgotten surely!"

May saw her mistake and to add to her discomfiture she remembered that the man by her side had evidently never met her other friend, and an introduction was certainly expected. What could she do? The situation was becoming too complicated for her to enjoy it. To save

her life May could not think of any way to get around an introduction. Just at this moment a party of girls and boys entered the car.

"Here she is!" called out one of them, May was soon clasped in the arms of Annie Egberty.

"Where is Allie? We were so disappointed because you didn't come yesterday and we came up to Boyd this morning to go back with you. I am crazy to see Allie. Where is she?"

May gave up. She could keep up her part no longer. Here she was exposed to her two companions, they were already aware of the part she had been playing. She hardly dared look them in the face. However she could not get out of it, she must explain! Finally she nerved herself for the trying ordeal and looked up. Much to her amazement the two men were laughing as though they were unable to stop. Here was a joke she evidently did not understand. An exclamation from Annie Wade all eyes turn towards the door. Allie came laughing, into their midst. As she hugged May and kissed her she exclaimed!

"O, yes, Miss May! and so you thought I wouldn't see through the 'candy joke,' did you? I made that porter 'fess up, and, although I was just dying to see you, I could not let you have the joke on me, so I sent these honorable gentlemen, to keep you company. I do not need to ask you how you have been getting along. You show too plainly that the joke is almost too much for you!"

Between bursts of laughter, Allie explained the joke to the rest of the party. The train now drew up at their station and as the merry party left the cars, every passenger leaned forward to see the last of them.

P. L. Brasington.

"HE GIVETH SNOW LIKE WOOL."

As the winter sun was setting
In the west,
And the tired world was going
Home, to rest—
I stood looking o'er the landscape
Yesterday—
All the world was bare and ugly,
Rough and gray.

But this morning when the world
Again was light,
All that had been bare and brown
Was soft and white.
Over all the withered leaves
That lay so low,
Covering and hiding all,
Was lovely snow.

S. B. B.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo da Vinci was the most versatile, and many sided, and in many respects, the most extraordinary representative of Mediaeval Italy. He was the most distinguished genius of the age of geniuses—the Reinnaissance. As a man of science he towered above his contemporaries. He understood nature perfectly making discoveries which he left for us to perfect. He had complete mastery over anatomy, and originated the science of hydraulics. Well may Hamerton exclaim, "Oh, splendid Leonardes. The many sided. A narrower nature might have yielded more abundant fruit."

Leonardo da Vinci, the illegitimate son of Ser Piero da Vinci, a notary republic of Florence, and of Catrina, a peasant woman,, was born in 1452 at the little castle of Vinci. He was reared by his paternal grandparents. His

father afterwards married four times. Each wife was very fond of the unlawful son, Leonardo, who was legitimized and lived with Piero's eleven lawful children. The unusual attractiveness and brilliancy of the lad made him a general favorite. Piero da Vinci was very proud of his large group of boys and brought to Vinci a pedagogue to teach them. Leonardo towered above the other boys in intellect and his unsatiable desire for learning distinguished him as an earnest and ardent student, both in his textbooks and nature. Hours of his childhood were spent in exploring the hills, forests and mountains. Nature was his chief companion, and perhaps it was she that inspired him with his wonderful talent for music. Surely it was she that gave him first lessons in art, for he said to have been skilled in the use of the pencil very young. Often while pondering over geometrical problems, he would convert the angles into castles, surrounded by queer images. His talent was strikingly apparent and Ser Piero sent him to study under Andrea Verrocchio, a celebrated Florentine sculptor, painter, and goldsmith. From him Leonardo learned modeling as well as painting.

Several works attributed to Leonardo da Vinci which are said to have been produced during this period namely: The Painted Shield ,which is widely known for its horrible depiction of serpents, lizzards, and monsters; The Head of Medusa, and The Annunciation. The Madonna della Caraffa is another painting attributed to this period. It differs widely from the horrible ones just mentioned in that it is an example of exquisite beauty. It was in the Borghese Palace as late as 1846, but has disappeared since. Just how much da Vinci accomplished under him is not known, but we know that besides painting he devoted much of his time and energy to modeling, and made a special study of anatomy.

About 1477, he left Verrocchio and established for himself a studio. He received little patronage, and was ignored by Lorenzo de Medici, the greatest noble and art

patron in the city. He was a great addition to society and was much sought by the ladies at court. This life did not please Leonardo so he wrote Lodovico Sforza, Regent of Milan, a very remarkable letter, telling him of his abilities, and asking for an introduction in Milan. So he was invited over by the Regent, who, being delighted with his pleasing manner, and his great talent for music, granted him an annual sum of five hundred ducats. That period of the artists life spent in Milan was the most productive. His works were important and varied. As a sort of general factotum for the ruler, he was principal engineer in many military enterprises, of which the most important is the construction of the Martinesa Canal. He found time, however, to continue his work in art, and his anatomatical studies. During the latter part of the fifteent centuey da Vinci produced his masterpiece "The Lord's Supper" as a wall decoration in the refector in the Monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan. Most of his other works of this period are lost.

On account of the war Leonardo left Milan and returned to Florence after a protracted absence. Michael Angelo and Raphael were just coming into prominence, but in spite of this da Vinci was recognized. Towards the end of the year 1503, Leonardo entered a contest with Angelo in producing a design for the decoration of the great hall of Palazzo Vecchio. Each prepared cartoons for the Long Walls, Leonardo's subject being "The Battle of Anghiari." These designs were never fully carried out. During this second Florentine period, he painted two portraits, "Geneva Benchi" which is lost, and "Mona Lisa," the pride of the Louvre, and perhaps the most famous and celebrated painting that the world possesses. Recently quite a sensation was created by its disappearance. It is rumored that it was stolen by an American, but this statement has not been verified. In 1506, Leonardo made another visit to Milan, but his stay was not extended, and in 1507, he was back in Florence. This was his crown-

ing time; the people greatly reverenced him, and he was generously befriended by Marshal Chaumont. He died at Castle Choux, May 2, 1514.

Irene Workman.

THE EFFORT.

"I could write me a rhyme
If I only had time,"
Said a girl in the composition class;
So she tried a few hours
On the grass and the flowers
The result?—It would not even pass.

"I have a great store
Of fictitious lore,"
Said this earnest seeker for fame;
"I will concoct a tale
To make listeners pale
And with it will gain a great name."

So all the long night,
By a dim candle light
With thoughtful and vigilant mien—ah,
She wrote 'til 'twas done
And the victory was won,
'Twill appear in the next Isaqueen—a.

L. C.

THE CARNIVAL BUNCH.

As seen by Constable Greene.

"Well, yes I will sit down fur a minute 'en warm my feet—pretty cold outdoors, and getting colder—A—huh—been to Columbia today 'en just come in on that last train. This fire feels good."

So the constable sat down and stuck his feet on the stove.

"I am glad fur one thing—that carnival crowd have cleared out, 'en maybe I can sleep tonight without no trouble.

"Why you haven't heard about 'em? They was sure a tough crowd, and they gave me no end of trouble. Seems like my feet's freezing—it's so cold on that damp ground. While I'm about it, I guess I'd better get warm good."

And he gave the fire a poke, hitched his chair up a little nearer, and said:

"Yes—they was sure a tough bunch, women and all, and in my judgment Jake Smith was a fool to even agree to board 'em. You know what they done?

"Why they et up every jar of pickles and preserves Susie Smith had in her pantry, and then walked off with six spoons, good silver-plated spoons too, and seven forks, Jake's gold watch, Susie's two rings, and her best feather-bed. That's what they done. Since you hadn't heard, I'll just tell you all about it, while my feet's a-warming.

"Last Sat'day night Jake sent for me to arrest 'em, so I started over with the warrant, and got there 'bout ten o'clock, I reckon. Well, when I got there, there was Jake a holding the front gate shut and the whole nine of the carnival bunch on the inside a yelling and cussing, and a saying they hadn't took none a' Jake's things, and that they was agoing to git out to take the 11:10 train—So I sailed up and put the whole fix of 'em under arrest, and Jake demanded their trunks to be searched.

"I told Jake then and there that if they was slick enough to git in the pantry and eat the fruit and do all the rest of the devilment that I had done found out, that they had done, they was too slick to be caught with the goods on 'em. One man and his wife (and she sure was the slickest woman I *ever seen*) had gone out of town on the midday train and I just naturally knew she had the things. But to ease Jake's mind, and make him shut his mouth, I made the monkey motions of searching the carnival gang's things, but though I found some pretty suspicious

looking things, such as bowls and pitchers, cake dishes and one hand painted white satin pin cushion, that I know they had stole from other folks, there wasn't nothing o' Jake's "I fined 'em four dollars apiece for Susie's canned things they had et, and let 'em go.

"Well, I knew the only chance to git Jake's things was to light right out after the first couple, Mr. and Mrs. Reno Santa Delco. Jake just wouldn't hear to them a having the things. He said Mrs. Reno Santa Delco, (she was the fortune teller) was the nicest lady he most ever seen, and that she was the one had put him on to watch the rest o' the bunch, and caused him to suspicion something was wrong—I had ten minutes to make the 11.10 train. I knew if the bunch got to Columbia they'd warn Mr. and Mrs. Delco, and they'd skip. So me and the whole carnival gang raced to the train. I didn't even have time to stop and tell Gracie (my wife you know).

So we caught the train and went on to Columbia, and there I found the Delcos and just naturally told 'em what was what. Mrs. Delco cried and told me all about what a good honest family she come from, and said she didn't know nothing about the things. I told her if she'd go on and own up and tell me where Jake's things was, I'd try to make it easy for her. Well, she finally told me where they was, and showed 'em to me. She had the watch and Susie's rings in a hollow tent pole, and the feather bed and spoons and forks in a old box used to carry Gypsy clothes in. I took the things and arrested Mr. and Mrs. Delco, and just had time to catch the four o'clock train for home, taking the prisoners with me."

Just here Constable Green put another enormous wad of tobacco into his mouth, inspected his steaming shoes for a minute, gave the fire another poke, and continued:

"Well, I got home by 4.30 o'clock, put the thieves in the lock-up and started home. I was so tired I could hardly walk, to say nothing o' being froze 'most to death, and hungry besides. I marched up to the house and called

to Gracie and tried to get in. But what do you reckon? Gracie wouldn't pretend to open the door. She hollered out that after I'd been sporting around with carnival people all night and had carried my girl as far as Columbia (goodness knows how she found out I had gone) I could just naturally stay out the rest of the night. I begged and begged, and stood there in the freezing cold and explained the whole thing to her, and she still wouldn't let me in. Then I let into kicking the door, and told her I'd kick it down if she didn't let me in. So she did at last.

"Next day the folks was tried and charged $20 apiece, and turned loose.

"Gracie wouldn't speak to me for two days, but she's alright now.

"Well, I guess my feet are about warm, and Gracie'll be falsely accusing me again if I don't go. So long."

S. B. B.

THE NEW YEAR.

We hail thee gladly, dear New Year,
And with reverence thee we fear,
Lest thy record books of white
We should blot in this year's fight.

But with us, New Year, gently deal,
And when 'tis over let us feel
The year of 1912 has been
The happiest of all, to men.

Irene Workman.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREATEST BOOK IN ENGLISH LLITERATURE.

The first appearance in English literature of anything concerning the Bible is in the fifth century. Caedmon, whose story we are all familiar with, wrote paraphrases

of the scriptures, from Genesis, Exodus, and a part of Daniel. These paraphrases were in the form of songs, and were stamped with Caedmon's own impressions and imagination. A little later we find in the works of Thomas de Hales the stories of the feast of Belshazzar and of Jonah, taken, with some variations, from those of the Bible. In the morality plays of the fifteenth century, the stories of the Bible are used. These stories, also, were added to by the writers of the plays. For instance, in "Noah's Flood," a comic scene is introduced. When Noah and his family are about to enter the ark, Noah's wife refuses to enter. After a very hot quarrel, Noah has to drive her in.

The first literal translation of the Bible into English is Wyclif's. We are all familiar with Wyclif's life in connection with the Lollard movement, and the reformation. To aid him in his work, Wyclif undertook to translate the Bible. With some help he finished it about 1380, a short while before his death. It is interesting to note that Wyclif's Bible is the first great piece of English prose, and that Wyclif has been called "Father of English prose."

In 1525 Tyndale translated the Pentatench and the New Testament, using the original Hebrew for the former, and the Greek testament of Erasmus for the latter, together with Luther's German testament and the Latin Vulgate. In 1535 Coverdale made a translation of the entire Bible. Two years later, John Rogers edited a Bible in which he used Tyndale's Pentatench and New Testament and Coverdale's translations of the remainder of the Old Testament. This is the first authorized version, having received the sanction of Henry VIII, who was then King of England. During the reign of Elizabeth an entirely new edition of the Bible was printed. This was called the Geneva Bible, because it was printed at Geneva. But as there was some disagreement, especially on the part of Elizabeth and her bishops, as to some points in this version, there was another revision. This was called the Bishops' Bible, from

the fact that most of those who translated it were bishops.

This version was used until the reign of James I, when another revision was made. James, himself, appointed fifty-four scholars for this task. These were divided into companies, each company having a special part of the Bible. They were to follow the Bishop's Bible as closely as possible, making no change in it, except when a majority of three-fourths of their company agreed that the change was necessary for truth and clearness. This version was completed about 1611, and is called the St. James, or the authorized version. This was, of course, the most thorough and scholarly version that had yet been made. It is also very beautiful .

The St. James version was practically the only one used for over two and a half centuries. But by 1880 there had been found many disagreements and contradictions in this version, due to mistranslations. Besides many words and phrases had either changed their meaning or become obselete by this time. Two companies of scholars were chosen in England and two in America to make a revised version of the Bible. They followed the St. James Bible as closely as possible, changing only the obselete expressions and clearing up doubtful points. They also changed the form of many parts, putting the poetical books into the modern poetical form. Although the Revised Version is the clearest and, in many ways, the best version of the Bible, the St. James version is the more beautiful and is still more widely used. Not only is it the most beautiful of the translations of the Bible, but one of the most beautiful pieces of English literature.

Dorothy Mahon.

HEART'S EASE.

In the cold hard paths of a student's life
There's one gleam of joy and light,
Like a ray of sunshine through banks of clouds,
It makes our darkness bright.
"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT."
All through college life there comes
This blessing to each one,
In winter's cold and windy days
It's like the golden sun.
It comes alike to "Fresh" and "Soph,"
To cheer their weary way,
It is the boon of Seniors too
We prize it more each day.
Without it, what would our life be?
It fills our hearts with cheer.
It's almost better than a check—
Our radiator dear

Sophia Brunson.

"JUST A SONG OF TWILIGHT."

It was a dreary autumn afternoon. Alice Graham was sitting before the window, looking out at the sombre landscape, but her thoughts were of a thousand things, not at all connected with the weather. She was thinking of her life, the rather strange romance connected with it, and, of course of the man concerned.

Her parents had been missionaries, and she was born in Japan. When her father and mother had sailed for the foreign field, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling had gone over on the same boat. They were also missionaries to Japan. A little son had come into the Stirling home, and a year later Alice Graham was born. The two families had become close friends, and the two children grew to be playmates

But when Alice was five years old her father's health

had failed and he had returned to America. For a short while Alice remembered Japan, her friends there, and her voyage home, but in a few years it all became a hazy memory.

As she sat looking out of her bedroom window at the slow rain this autumn afternoon she remembered distinctly the day of her eighteenth birthday. She had been thinking of her birth place, and looking over old photographs. Among the lot she had come to the picture of a small boy. The face seemed strangely familair, though she had not been able to place it. But when she had seen the name of a Japanese artist upon the back, she knew it was a picture of Jack Stirling, the little boy with whom she had played in Japan. Alice Graham was an impulsive girl, and so she had written Jack a letter telling him of finding his picture, and of the pleasant memories it had brought.

Jack had answered, and so a correspondence had started. For awhile they wrote irregularly, but by the end of the year they wrote often. His letters were so interesting; filled with strange experiences, romantic adventures, and descriptions of his life in Japan. Then one day she had received a letter telling of the most romantic thing of all—love. In his far away home her letters meant so much, they had not only opened up a new world to him, but a new life, for he had grown to love her. They had become engaged. He had sent her his mother's engagement ring. It was a diamond in a queer old fashioned setting. It had been the engagement ring of a John Stirling for three generations, and when his mother died, it had been entrusted to Jack, to keep until he found another owner.

Alice had worn the ring, and loved the giver, and thought of a wedding with bride's maids and a veil, and a home in the beautiful land of chrysanthemums, as something in the distant future, but of marrying a missionary and leaving her home she had not thought at all.

But Jack had come to America and Alice had been disappointed. She found she did not love him. With Jack it had been different. When he knew the girl he loved her more than he had before. She had put off giving a definite answer from time to time, dreading to tell him the truth. Today he was coming to tell her good-bye. She must answer him now. It was almost twilight, and Alice still sat at the window. Gradually she became conscious of music in the sitting room beneath her, some one was playing "Love's Old Sweet Song." She went softly to the sitting room door, and there in the semi-darkness sat Jack, at the piano. She waited until the end of the plaintive little melody before she entered. He had come for his answer; how could she tell him? In her confusion she stammered:

"I didn't know you played—Jack."

"I don't, very much," he explained, "only a little by air; but father is so fond of music, and since mother's death I play a few old songs for him"—

Then, before the girl could answer, he had gone swiftly to her, and without allowing her to speak, he had said, "Alice, I wont give either of us the pain of making you explain. I have seen from the first how you have felt. I have waited, hoping you might learn to care, but I see—and I couldn't ask you to come with me—so far away—so I am going back, and will leave here on the six o'clock train. I have come to tell you good-bye." And so he went out into the twilight. In a few minutes Alice heard the train at the station, then she heard it blowing for the crossing at the other end of town, then the sound grew fainter, and she knew he had gone back to his distant home—alone.

When Jack Stirling left the house, Alice Graham was firmly convinced that he had gone out of her life for ever. She was also certain that she did not love him in the least. Then she went to the piano, but the only thing she could think of to play was "Love's Old Sweet Song."

As she played it, Jack's face kept rising before her. She started a piece of ragtime music, but her fingers refused to move, and before she realized it she was playing "Just a Song at Twilight" again. The words kept coming to her mind—

"Even today we hear love's song of yore
"Still in our hearts it dwells for evermore"—

She walked to the fire place and sat down in a low chair. The fire had burned low, and as she sat there her eyes suddenly caught the flash of the diamond on the finger. Jack's ring—she had forgotten to give it to him—The words of the song kept coming to her mind:

"Though the day be weary—
Sad the day and long—
Still to us at twilight comes
Love's old sweet song"—

The song certainly was haunting her—and Jake's face rose just as persistently before her as the song.

And suddenly it came over her, she loved Jack, and he was gone. What should she do?—she loved him—wanted him—and she had let him go. Could she reach him now? Then a plan flashed through her mind, a very daring gate. Alice was a good chaffeur, and without asking for the plan but one that would succeed if put immediately into operation.

The local train Jack had taken went to a junction fifteen miles away. There he had to change trains and wait half an hour for No. 45, the limited express. The junction was only eleven miles over dirt road, and with an automobile she could reach it before No. 45 came in. The fates were kind, for a few minutes after Jack had left the house, Alice's uncle had come in and left his car at the gate.

Alice was a good chaffeur, and without asking for the use of the car, in fact without stopping to put on her cloak, she left the house, cranked the car and jumped to the seat.

It was dark now, and the drizzle had turned into a slow rain, but the acetylene lamps were burning, and she started for the junction. How she raced! It seemed to her she would never reach her destination. Every stump and mud-puddle must have been directly in her path, for she ran over them.

After what seemed a century to her the lights of the little depot at the junction came in view, and to her horror Alice saw Number 45 on the track. The bell was ringing—and just before she reached the depot the engine of her car stopped. Alice did not try to find the cause, she jumped from her seat and ran through the mud towards the train. The passengers were getting on; among them she saw Jack. She reached him just as he reached the steps. "Jack—oh, Jack!" she called breathlessly. The other passengers hurried past them to the train, the bell continued to ring.

"Jack, I—I—came to bring your—your m—mother's ring," gasped Alice. He stared at her blankly. The conductor yelled "All aboard" for the third time, and the train moved off into the night, minus one passenger.

Jack continued to look at the woe-be-gone little figure before him.

"But I don't understand, dear," he said.

"Your mother's ring—I can't keep it, don't you see?—You're going away and I—oh—I—Ijust brought it to you. Don't you understand?"

The station master had gone, and they stood there in the rain alone—together. Presently Jack came into possessionof the ring—and the little girl who wore it, for suddenly he understood.

Sophia Brunson.

OLE UNCLE NED'S OPINION.

What's all you coons rejoicin' bout?
It's mancipation day?
When all us Niggers was set free,
Dat's whut you're gwine ter say.

But list to me, all you young coons,
Fer I is ole an' wise,
An' I lived in de slavery times,
An' ain't gwine to tell no lies.

Fer all us niggers learnt to be
Faithful an' good an' true;
An' marster give us all we need
An, kep us all well too.

But now we niggers hasn't got
Masters to keep us right,
An' we can't manage by ourselves
And's in a awful plight.

God's blessed us coons ob slab'ry times,
Who'd folks ter keep us straight;
But you po' coons, I'se sorry fer,
Case you wus born so late.

So quit your foolishness right now
An' git to work, you hear?
Don't call it 'Mancipation Day,
But call it plain "New Year."

Dorothy Mahon.

CHIVALRY.

Chivalry has been aptly defined as the "Flower of Feudalism." The age of chivalry may be said to have extended from the age of the crusades until the end of the Wars of the Roses, a period of about four hundred years. Chivalry was not a formal institution, neither did it claim any illustrations founder; but, like feudalism, it appeared spontaneously in Western Europe to meet the needs and desires of the period.

Up to the eleventh century, the most honorable profession of all nobles was that of a soldier. Every gentleman, born a soldier, scorned any other occupation. He was taught no other science save that of war; even his exercises and pastimes were feats of martial prowess. The science of war, as taught then, consisted of a few traditionary customs, which time had confirmed and rendered respectable. Nor did the judicial character, which persons of noble birth were alone entitled to assume, demand any degree of knowledge beyond that which such untutored soldiers possessed. But when more attention was paid to the manner of carrying on war; when the laws became a science, the knowledge of which required a regular course of study, together with long attention to the practice of the courts; martial and illiterate nobles had neither time nor inclination to undertake a task so laborious. They gradually relinquished their places in courts of justice to those who were more willing and capable of filling such offices of high honor and trust. Thus to the laity was opened a new road to wealth and eminence. While these improvements, so important with respect to the state of society and the administration of justice, gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous had begun to animate the nobles. They were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which arose naturally from the state of society at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the manners of the European nations. The

development of chivalry was closely connected with that of feudalism; indeed, it was the military side of that development.

The members of this military order were called Knights. These Knights play the chief role in all mediaeval romances. They were pledged to the protection of the church, and to the defense of the weak and oppressed. The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war and anarchy, during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults and injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helples from captivity; to protect, or to avenge, women, orphans, and those who could not bear arms in their own defense—these were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valor, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honor were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these was added religion—the dominant institution of the middle ages. Religion, by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal into every passion and institution of that time, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess.

Men were trained to knighthood by a long discipline. The sons of the nobility, except those who were to enter the holy order of the church, were set apart to be trained. This education began at the early age of seven, when the youth was placed in charge of some lord of a castle, who turned his castle into a training school for knights. For the first seven years, until he became fourteen years old, the youth bore the name of page, or varlet; at the age of fourteen he acquired the title of squire. During this time the youth was trained, not only in manly and martial duties, by the lord and his knights, but he was also trained in the duties of religion, and in all knightly etiquette by the lady of the castle. The duties of the squire were not confined to the castle; he accompanied his lord to the battlefield, carrying his baggage and arms, if necessary. At the age of twenty-one the squire became a knight, being intro-

duced to the order of knighthood by a peculiar and impressive ceremony. "This," says Tacitus, "was the sign that the youth had reached manhood; this was his first honor."

Christianity was the first requisite of the ideal Knight; all Knights ever kept its teachings before them as the standard by which to live. A beautiful example of the ideal Knight is given in one of the stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Sir Launcelot is dead, and is addressed by one of his sorrowing companions thus: "Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield, and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man, (that is, among sinful men) that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword, and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in breast."

This singular institution, in which valor, gallantry and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners.

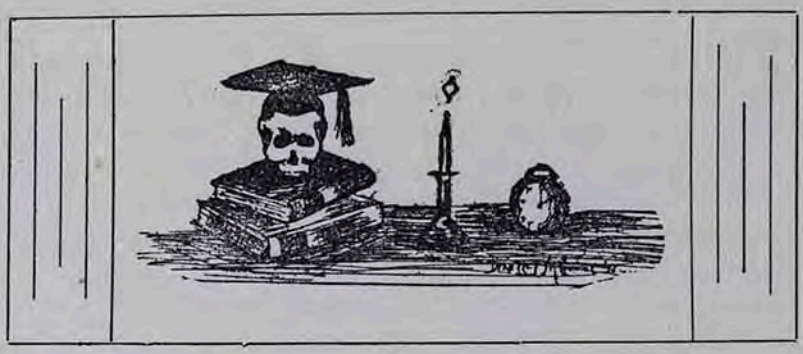
War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity, no less than courage, came to be deemed the ornament of Knighthood; more gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of Knightly virtues; violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them; a scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honor, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to these points.

Although the spirit of chivalry still exists, and the effects of this institution are marked and lasting, the institution

itself died. The fifteenth century was the evening of chivalry. The change in the mode of warefare, which helped to do away with the feudal baron and his mail clad retainers, likewise tended to destroy knight-errantry. As civilization advanced, new feelings and sentiments began to claim the attention and to work upon the imagination of men. Governments became more regular, and the increased order and security of society rendered less needful the service of the gallant knight.

The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted that they continued to operate after the vigor and reputation of the institution itself began to decline. Perhaps the humanity which accompanied all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honor, three chief characteristics of modern manners, may be ascribed in a great measure to chivalry. Chivalry contributed to lift that sentiment of respect for the gentler sex which characterized all the Northern nations, into that tender veneration of women which forms the distinguishing characteristic of the present age and makes it differ from all preceding phases of civilization.

Again, chivalry did much to create that ideal of character, distinguished by the virtues of courtesy, gentleness, humanity, loyalty and fidelity, which we rightly think surpass any ever formed under the influences of antiquity. Just as Christianity gave to the world an ideal manhood, which it was to strive to realize, so did chivalry hold up an ideal to which men were to conform their lives. Men have never perfectly realized either of these ideals, but the influence which they have had in shaping and in giving character to the lives of men cannot be overestimated. Through the enthusiasm and effort awakened for their realization they have produced a new type of manhood, one which we indicate by the phrase, "A knightly and Christian character." *Carrie McManaway.*



Editorial Department

SOPHIA, BRUNSON, RAY MASTERS.

EDITORS.

A Suggested Resolution.

It is 1912. This means a great deal more than an array of new calendars on the walls. When Seniors look at their class pennant, it seems to mean a good deal more now, for the year we see on the calendar is the same that we see on the pennant on our wall.

This year let us keep our resolutions, and endeavor in every way to live up to our highest ideal! There are many good resolutions to make, but the greatest, the best, the one that will mean the most to ourselves, and to other people, will be the great resolution to make ourselves useful throughout the year. Just think what a change there would be if everybody, not only in schools, but everywhere in the whole world, would make and keep this, the greatest of all New Year resolutions.

And let us, the Seniors, make our resolution of usefulness more specific. Let us be useful, of course, in every way, but particularly as Seniors, and alumnae (which we will be before the close of 1912) be useful to our Alma Mater. We must work for it, and by our labors make its field of usefulness greater.

The Need of a Liberal Education.

In every school, girls' schools especially, is a growing tendency to specialize—neglecting a firm foundation of the elementary studies, to study some special branch, such as music or art. The specializing itself is a good thing, but before special attention is given to the fine arts, is not a thorough, practical knowledge of the liberal arts necessary?

A girl who plays beautifully upon a piano, yet has no knowledge of history or literature would be rather uninteresting. And a girl who is able to paint "perfectly beautiful pictures," and is yet unable to do a simple arithmetic example is indeed to be pitied.

The colleges of the South are requiring more work in the collegiate departments now, before a diploma in any department of fine arts is given, and this is as it should be.

The difficulty is not confined to women's schools alone, as so many young men study law or medicine before they have a liberal education.

Talking During the Opera.

At the very excellent Lyceum number given in our auditorium recently, the talking during some of the numbers was apalling. It shows the lack of appreciation of good music in a very forcible way.

While the audience was flatteringly attentive during the action, the Intermezzo, the most famous part of Cavalleria Rusticana, was practically drowned by the voices of those who seem to have the impression that music is primarily intended to accompany conversation.

Exchange Department

VIOLET ASKINS, EDITOR.

We are glad that all growth is not accompanied by "growing pains," for it were, our list of exchanges would have suffered much during the past month, as magazine after magazine from different colleges have appeared for the first time on the desk. Instead of this, if we may judge from facial expression, it seems to be experiencing thrills of delight as inch after inch is added to its statue.

One of the latest of the arrivals is *The University of North Carolina Magazine.* The clearness and pointed philosophy of "The Coming Democracy" makes it an article of unusual significance. Pope said "Procrastination is the thief of time," but the writer of the short poem with the title "Procrastination" shows that it is the thief of something far more valuable. Although we have never had the pleasure of reading any of the poems of Henry Jerome Stockard, we find the article on his life and works interesting and are glad to see this evidence that the home poet is not without honor in North Carolina. "In the Park" is clever and the rythm smooth. A good example of the true short story can be found in "The hidden Light." It conforms in every way to the requirements

of the short story as put forth by the writer of "The Modern Short Story," an able article found in the same issue. "The hidden light" is the soul of the poor deformed Peter. At first we feel only the pathos of the life placed in the twisted body, but before the end we almost envy him the glory and grandeur of his soul. He undoubtedly had that "beauty of the inward soul," for which Socrates prayed even though the "outward and inward man" were not at one

The quality and quantity of matter speaks louder than words in praise of the editors of the literary department.

Under the head of "Things Talked About," "Another View," is interesting in that it states that those who believe in hazing have a right to their own opinion, but are nevertheless honor-bound to report an overt act. The place of the missing "funny story" is well filled by ten bright, original sketches.

The *Park School Gazette* proves that only those who undertake great things ever accomplish them. It is a big undertaking for the Senior class of a high school to publish a monthly magazine. This class is doing it, however, and with credit too. The literary department consists of four stories, the best of which is "The Reason Why;" and a poem entitled "A Poetic effort," which seems to be the right name for it, as it strikes the reader as being merely an attempt to make words rhyme.

Why not try a few essays in the next issue? We are sure it would be an improvement.

In *The State Normal Magazine,* we find placed, by the name of the writer of an article, the name of the literary society of which he is a member. We like this, for it seems to us that this would encourage a friendly rivalry between the societies and greatly lighten the work of the literary editor. It was much to our surprise and, we must confess, dismay that we viewed the title of the first ar-

ticle, "Some Distinguished Negroes of North Carolina." But why not? If by their effort men of this race have attained to greatness, why should we try to deny them the just fruits of their toil? "Inland Waterways of North Carolina" is clearly and logically written. "Vision" and "My Little Scotch Lady" are original and touching.

The editors of the December number of *The Messenger* evidently were laboring under a cloud of sadness or had bad cases of the "blues" while getting up their matter. "Christmas Eve," "After All," and "The Trail of the Dragon," the main stories, give the whole production a pessimistic atmosphere. Even the writer of the editorials seems to have been affected by the same spirit, for in his article on baseball defeats he refuses to, as he says, "give hot air about being victorious in defeat," but utters solemn and awful warnings. The number of advertisements shows that this, by no means unimportant part of the magazine, is well looked after.

SUE BYRD, EDITOR.

"Come on and let us snowball!" This has been the cry that has echoed the moment school hours were over. Who can help being in high glee on such days as these? Immediately after dinner on Saturday there was a snow-fight between the Alpha and Beta societies.

On Friday night January 11, a delightful Lyceum Number, LeBrunne Opera Company, was here. They gave one act in costume from Faust and one from Cavalleria Rusticana. The auditorium was crowded—emphasizing the need of a new one.

On Monday night, January 7th, Professors Schaefer and Poston gave a recital. The music was enjoyed by all present.

The Alpha and Beta societies gave a pseudo faculty meeting at a joint session on Saturday night, January 5th. Many important questions concerning school life and management were brought up and discussed. One of the most important decisions reached was that examinations would be held from the thirtieth to the thirty-fifth of February.

A great many of the girls had the pleasure of hearing William Jennings Bryan at the opera house on Saturday, November 12th.

We have had some very instructive talks at chapel by the following: Dr. O. O. Fletcher of Furman University, the Reverend Mr. Alexander Mitchell, rector of Christ church, and Mr. A. J. Terry from Louisiana, who is on his way to the foreign field.

There is great excitement prevailing in the college, due to the fact that examinations have been posted. They will begin on January 22nd.

Among those who have spent the week-end at home are: Misses Mary Lois Eskew, Pendleton; Ola Mae Woolbright, Seneca; Annie Laura Welborn, Williamston; Annie Campbell, Piedmont.

We are sorry to report that Misses Ruth Pruitt and Leila Gregory have been called home.

Some of the faculty and students attended a tea given by Miss Marion Asbury in honor of her guest, Miss Frances Harper, a former student.

Miss Leila Roe of Traveler's Rest, an alumna of the college, visited her sister here recently.

Among those who remained at the college during the holidays were: Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Endora and the boys; Miss Coffee, Miss Entzminger, Mrs. Sessoms, Misses Elizabeth Robertson, Ila Dickson, and Leslie Sessoms.

PICKED UP ON THE CAMPUS.

Soph. S—mm—y K—l—y seeing the mountains covered with snow, exclaimed, "Oh, they are expiring!"

Jr. A—n—e C—nt—on was asked by her room-mate if it was still snowing. She answered that it had subsisted.

Miss Watson in European History asked Sr. M—n—on Bl—k—k what was the meaning of bibliography. M—n—on replied, "Something pertaining to the Bible."

Soph. L—l—n B—k—ell was at the cafe a few days ago. Hearing Miss Wham order eight half fries, she said, "Oh no! I want mine whole fried."

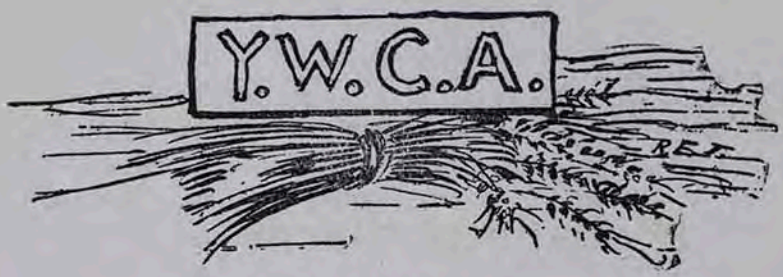
Jr. K—h—een E—ns, when she saw one of the girls with a slipper bag, said, "Oh! why are you taking that vanity bag tonight?"

Ruth Kennedy and Ruth Easterling were walking on the

campus. A new girl asked them their names. Ruth Easterling gave hers, and Ruth Kennedy replied "Ditto."

Jr. W—n—n W—y was reading in *Current Events* of the raising of the battleship Maine. She saw the heading, and then turning to her room mate said, "I declare, Sophia, you can't pick up a paper unless you see an account of some awful explosion or something. I see here where the Maine, a big battleship, has been blown up."

Jr. E—l—a D—P—nt, reading where a description of Caruso was given, "Oh! what kind of wild animal is a Caruso?"



PEARL BRASINGTON, EDITOR.

Now that the holidays are over and there is nothing to interrupt our work, we feel that we will be able to accomplish a great deal more work in the Association. The meetings just before Christmas were very interesting, especially the last one at which Miss Rhodes gave a delightful talk. The subject of her address was mainly about the coming holidays and what the girls should get from them. This subject was, of course very interesting to the girls, and many of Miss Rhodes' excellent suggestions were ever present with us during the holidays.

The Mission Study classes are doing good work. The girls enjoy the time spent in the study of the great work of missions and the various countries in which mission fields are established.

Our "Morning Watch" is not as well attended as we desire, and it is hoped that from this on to the close of school more of the girls will come to it.

The meeting of the Association last Wednesday was devoted to the important question of Student Government. Many papers were read and talks given by members of the Association.

In this, the first issue of the Isaqueena for 1912, we, the Association of the Greenville Female College, wish to extend our heartiest good wishes to the Associations of the colleges of our exchanges for a prosperous New Year.

Judson Literary Society

Alpha Department

ANNIE BROWN, EDITOR.

Owing to the fact that just before the Christmas holidays the girls were doing extra work in their classes, in order to have a longer vacation, it was thought wise to omit the regular meeting of the society.

On Saturday night, January 6th, the two societies combined and had a mock faculty meeting, to which all officers, teachers, and students of the college were invited.

The imitation faculty was not confined to the professors in the college, but also included all persons connected with the administration.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Dr. Ramsay ..... Miss Sophia Brunson
Mr. Durham ..... Miss Marie Key
Miss Judson ..... Miss Warner Hare
Miss Rhodes ..... Miss Violet Askins
Miss Hiden ..... Miss Hattie Walker
Miss Derieux ..... Miss Lillian Blackwell
Miss Watson ..... Miss Cunningham
Miss Atkinson ..... Miss Marshall
Miss Walker ..... Miss Lawton
Miss Norris ..... Miss Sue Byrd
Mrs. Sessoms ..... Miss Ethel Grimes
Miss Whitmarsh ..... Miss Ella Du Pont
Miss Hall ..... Miss Rosa Lipscomb
Mr. Poston ..... Miss Alice Johnston
Mr. Schaefer ..... Miss Winona Way
Mr. Swift ..... Miss Leila Gregory
Miss Nelson ..... Miss Loulie Cullum
Miss Entzminger ..... Miss Hortense Marchant

Miss Perrin ..... Miss Finklea
Miss Perry ..... Miss Marion Blalock
Mrs. Sloan ..... Miss Annie Brown
Miss Bristow ..... Miss Ethel Black
Mrs. Wilbur ..... Miss Elsie Barton
Miss Rossignol ..... Miss Felicia Hicks

A number of questions were brought up for discussion, and settled to the satisfaction of the mock faculty. Other questions which overtaxed its ability were referred to another meeting. The imitation faculty, to the delight of the student body, placed the time for the intermediate examinations from the 30th to the 35th of February. It was decided that the amount of required reading should be lessened. It was also decided by the members of the music faculty that the practice periods should be shortened. Permission was given for various rather unusual liberties.

Those who attended the "Faculty Meeting pronounced it a very clever farce.

Beta Department

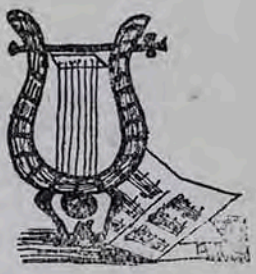
LOULIE CULLUM, EDITOR

The following program was arranged for Saturday night, January 13, 1912.

Instrumental Solo ..... Lydia Green
My Trip to Europe ..... Miss Walker
College Items ..... Alice Johnson
Vocal Solo ..... Miss Nelson
Short Story ..... Sallie T. Code
Reading ..... Sophia Brunson
Violin Solo ..... Virgil Sellers

The holidays have broken into the work of the Society somewhat, but new committees have been appointed and we hope to soon have our work running smoothly again.

Fine Art Department



ALICE JOHNSON, EDITOR.

The first attraction since the holidays was the recital given Monday evening, January the eighth, by Professor Poston, the director of music, and Professor Schaefer. Professor Poston's rich baritone never sounded sweeter, especially was the charm of his voice displayed in the Song Cycle, "In San Nazaro." Professor Schaefer played with the ease and grace of the artist. His talent was best shown in the rendition of the "Liszt Rhapsodie No. 12." The following program was rendered:

Scotch Poem ..... MacDowell

Far on Scotland's craggy shore
An old gray castle stands,
Braving the fierce North Sea;
And from a rugged casement
There peers a lovely face,
A woman's, white with woe.
She sweeps the harp strings sadly,
And sings a mournful strain;
The wind plays through her tresses,
And carries the song amain.
(after Heine)

Barcarolle ..... MacDowell
Witches Dance ..... MacDowell
Polonaise ..... MacDowell

Mr. Schaefer

The Horn ..... A. Fleigier
Flow Rio Verde ..... Sebastian Schlesinger
I Am thy Harp ..... R. Huntington Woodman

Mr. Poston

Ballade in A Flat Op. 47 .....Chopin

Mr. Schaefer

Song Cycle—"In San Nazaro"....R. Huntington Woodman

Mr. Poston

Rhapsodie No. 12 ..... Liszt

Mr. Schaefer

The third attraction of the Greenville Lyceum Association was given in our auditorium on the evening of January the thirteenth, by the Le Brun Opera Company, who presented scenes from several grand operas in costume with scenic effects. Their efforts were enjoyed by an unusually large audience which included almost the entire student body.

Childers-Cely Shoe Company

WE invite all the ladies to call and examine our Fall line of Shoes. They are better and more snappy than ever. We extend a cordial invitation to the young ladies of all the colleges to make this their headquarters for all their shoes.

Childers-Cely Shoe Co.

THE COLLEGE GIRLS' FRIEND

THE Red Cross Shoe for ladies will save you money and your feet too. We carry them in Patent Leather and Kid, Button and Lace.

Price_____ **$3.50 and $4.00**

Our Ladies Ready-to-Wear Department you will always find complete. If its to be had we have it and you will find our prices just a little lower than other merchant's prices.

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