The Isaqueena - 1912, October

Violet Askins
Greenville Woman's College

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Isaqueena

October, 1912
ISAQUEENA

Published Monthly

BY THE

Students of the Greenville Female College

AT

Greenville, South Carolina.

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ELLA DUPONT.
DOROTHY MAHON. 
EDITORS.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

How pleasant, in the shady wood, where winds
A shallow brook, to rest and muse,
E'en study, there in all around one finds
A harmony, from which a peace ensues.

When Physics problems hard upon me stare
A small brown friend calls softly, "stick to it."
Then swiftly flies to give his song so rare
To anyone he thinks in need of it.

When other lessons seem for me too much,
The jay-birds come in groups to give advice,
Which, shocking though it seems indeed for such,
Is just to "jail 'em!" Teachers? What device!

A sweeter friend lights near, sometimes, to sing
A song of help, and his "see through it" loud
Doth lend so much that soon I fling
All books aside to hear the best of all the crowd.

A tiny gray and quiet friend, with white
Necktie, and topknot on just so, comes near,
To sound a lonely name, distinctly quite,
Though I alone may hear this name enchanting, dear.
GERRY AND THE MORALS OF OMAR.

Gerry, from her perch in the window of her room on the third floor, looked down upon the deserted tennis courts of the back campus. She sadly tapped her Ethics textbook with the end of a strangely sharpened red pencil.

"It's just the limit."

She turned a misanthropic eye upon her studious little room-mate, a little girl of drab personality who went by the name of Fido, because her name was Edith Kerr.

"Here we are dragging out our existences over punk old lessons when we might be some where having a good time. I don't see why something can't happen."

The bell rang and in despair she hurled a note-book at little Fido and went gloomily down to "gym."

Next morning Miss Smith, Ethics teacher, found her class very hard to manage. Gerry squirmed and wiggled violently, and Elsie, Alice, Janet, and May Stubbs being rather tired of things in general, followed her example. Miss Smith enlarged upon moral law as an essential to personality.

"We find it," she said, "even in those who apparently disregard all principles. There was never an individual who did not set up for himself some moral law. Have any of you read Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam? None? Well, it is just as well that you haven't. It is hardly suitable for you now, and might be misleading. When you are older, though you may read it without being unduly influenced." The lesson passed on, but Gerry had become quiet and strangely attentive, even forgetting the crackers which she had been surreptitiously nibbling.

That evening, during study hour, clad in a brilliant red kimono, Gerry made her way determinedly to the room of Miss Eldon, teacher of English Literature, and knocked at the door. It was an unexpected room. She had never been in there before but she had pictured it in her mind as
a place lined with tomes and Anglo-Saxon philology, and probably decorated with a literary map of England in the twelfth century. She had not reckoned on soft lights and sofa pillows, and near the window hung a beautiful copy of one of Murillo's Madonnas! She became suddenly conscious that her hair was falling down, and that she had forgotten to borrow little Fido's bed-room slippers, which were better looking than her own.

"Won't you sit down?"

Gerry slid into a chair and fished around after her usual assurance.

"Miss Eldon, Miss Smith referred in Ethics this morning to a translation of Omar Fitzgerald, and I thought I would like to study the moral attitude. If you have it, would you mind lending it to me a few days?"

"I will certainly be pleased to let you have it."

With a well-controlled expression, Miss Eldon plucked old Omar from a shelf and handed him to the red kimono.

"Thanks, ever so much."

She turned in a flash and was gone, but Miss Eldon sat down with her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, and looked after her with a growing smile.

In the next few days it would have been evident to the most casual observer that a disturbing element had entered the usually placid life of Carleton College. In the first place, there was the old gap in the fence at the back of the campus, which led to a small grocery store. The faculty had always been aware that the pupils occasionally slipped through this gap, and cautiously returned with sundry delicacies in paper bags. This had been looked upon as natural depravity. But now the practise became suddenly flagrantly open, and yellow paper bags were flaunted under the very noses of those in authority. One morning Miss Geraldine Murry was actually seen crossing the campus with a boy. True he was a lad of tender years, and Gerry was evidently finding it hard to encourage him, but such
open disregard of rules was unspeakable. The last stroke fell Saturday afternoon. Evidently a feast was in preparation. Numberless girls walked off to the corner store, and the whole school seemed to be awaiting a vague, impending doom. A faculty meeting was called. The most honored traditions of the school stood on the verge of ruin. "We shall take extreme measures," they said.

The noise that night after light bell was awe-inspiring. For fully an hour it continued, then died slowly down. Long after the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, there was a shy, scared tapping on Miss Eldon's door. She was reading: "Come in," she called.

Little Fido opened the door and stood blinking in the light.

"Oh, Miss Eldon, I'm so scared. Gerry's awful sick, and everybody's sleep. Can't you give her something?"

Gerry was found curled up in bed with the firm conviction that she was dying. However, she was soon relieved and waxed conversational.

"You see we've had a feast to-night."

With a comprehensive gesture she indicated the scattered remains, and the confusion of the room.

"Yes?"

"Well, I'm sorry about it now. You remember that book you lent me about Omar Khayam? We made a club about it. At first we were only going to drink grape juice for refreshments 'Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,' you remember. But Stubby, that's May, you know, said that it mentioned bread—'Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,—and as our allowances had just come in we thought we might as well get cake and olives, too. Later we bought a fried chicken, because it said, 'Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend.'" She reflectively pulled bits of "fuzz" from the blanket.

"I guess we've made a good deal of trouble lately. Will
you look on the table under the cake box? The book is there where we were learning the verses. I want to return it to-night, and thank you so much."

Next day the infirmary was full of repentant philosophers, and Carleton's discipline ran smoothly again without the aid of extreme measures.

_Lucia N. Watson._

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**RECONSTRUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.**

In February, 1865, Sherman marched through South Carolina and pitilessly burned the towns of Barnwell, Orangeburg, Columbia and Bennettsville. In the heart of Charleston he left long blocks of ruins, both public and private buildings, and all over the State railroads were torn up. In 1860 South Carolina had a voting population of only 4,000. During the war she furnished over 65,000 soldiers to the army of the Confederacy from boys of sixteen to old men. In April the Confederate armies surrendered at Appomattox. They had fought well and had been defeated. The magnanimous way in which Grant had accepted the surrender made them less bitter against the North and they returned to their homes ready to begin over again.

"In South Carolina especially the desolation of war was everywhere. Debts had accumulated, wealth had vanished and the outlook for the future was more gloomy than even a Dante could have fully depicted." Slavery, the system of labor two centuries old, was overthrown. Men to whom toil was a stranger went to work at various enterprises; the women learned to do their own work, and became governesses or teachers. Education was neglected, for the majority of the young South Carolinians went to work to build up again the ruined plantations. Many large plantations were abandoned for want of laborers, for the Negroes had become stuffed with politics, and thought that
freedom implied exemption from labor. Some of the smaller towns like Beaufort seemed to have decayed permanently, there were no inhabitants save officers here and there in uniform. Yet this loss of material resources the South Carolinians could have borne, for they had dared war—and this was the result.

Wade Hampton, a staunch believer in the rights of secession, as soon as the war was over was heard in the convention at Columbia begging the people to accept the situation resulting from defeat, to educate the Negro and gradually to give them the suffrage. The South had to be reconstructed. We know that Lincoln was in favor of an easy and unrevengeful reconstruction of the whole South. His death put an end to this and the "Congressional" policy of reconstruction was forced upon the people.

A. G. McGrath was governor of South Carolina when the war closed. He was soon sent as a prisoner to Fort Pulaski in Savannah and there was no power in the State except the United States army. The *habeas corpus* was suspended; there was injustice and arbitrary use of power; "but all this recognised it may now be conceded that the presence of the troops conduced to the maintenance of peace." After the assassination of Lincoln, Johnson became President. He sent for Mr. Benjaman F. Perry of Greenville, to talk with him about the best measures to use to bring South Carolina again into the Union. Mr. Perry was an able man; he had opposed secession but had accepted it as a necessity and was always loyal to the Confederacy. He was urged by his friends to go to Washington and he was received there with great respect. He was appointed "provisional" governor. He accepted the appointment and immediately went to work to reconstruct the State. A convention of the people was called, 1865, and governor and representatives were elected. Mr. James L. Orr of Anderson, a graduate of University of Virginia, was elected governor. For ten years he was a member of
Congress and was elected Speaker of the House in 1857. When South Carolina seceded, he raised a regiment of riflemen and commanded them until he was elected a member of the Confederate Congress in 1862. After he went into office as governor of South Carolina, civil government was restored.

This was the "Presidential" policy of reconstruction. The people thought all would go well and that things would move on as they had before. In December, 1865, the South Carolina College was changed to a University and a penitentiary was established in Columbia. This policy was peaceful but it worked harm by fostering delusive hopes.

Unfortunately the legislature of South Carolina at the session of 1865 passed an act known as the "Black Code." It discriminated between the whites and blacks as citizens; it provided that they should be tried in separate courts and it denied the ballot to the blacks. A change soon came in the policy of reconstruction. Whether this code was used as a pretext or whether Congress would have acted as it did any way we do not know. At any rate the Congressional plan triumphed over the President's plan. The South Carolina Congressmen and senators were not allowed to take their seats. Judge J. P. Aldrich, of the Supreme Court, received a written order from a Federal officer that he should no longer sit as Judge. Judge Aldrich opened the court, read the order aloud, then laying aside his gown, directed the court to stand adjourned, "while justice is stifled." In 1867 South Carolina was called Military District No. 2. Every Negro was given the right to vote. The whites who had served the Confederacy could not vote. This meant that the majority of white men were excluded. A Negro military government was formed; regiments of Negro troops were stationed all over the State. This was cruel to put the former slave over his master. It was also reckless, for the conduct of the
black troops was brutal. They were impertinent and sometimes insulting. The tendency of the Negro when he was a slave was to steal. Now when there was no authority to punish him for stealing he took everything he could lay his hands on. To those who lived through this period it is like a horrible nightmare. The Reconstruction Act, passed by Congress in 1876, stated that, "in public conveyance on railroads, highways, streets or navigable waters no discrimination because of color or caste shall be made and the common right of all citizens therein shall be respected." Under the "Congressional" plan a convention was assembled in Charleston January 14, 1868, to frame a constitution and civil government. The registration of voters made in October, 1867, showed a total of 125,328 of whom 46,348 were whites, and 78,980 blacks. On the question of holding a constitutional convention the vote cast was 71,087, 130 whites voting for it and 2,801 whites against it. Of the delegates chosen to the convention thirty-four were whites and sixty-three were blacks, forty-one of whom could neither read nor write but "made their mark" instead of signing their names. The new Constitution was adopted at an election held in April, 1868, all the State officers being elected at the same time. At this election the total vote was 98,048; 70,780 for the constitution and 27,268 opposed. The State Democratic Central Committee forwarded a protest which declared: "The Constitution was the work of Northern adventurers, Southern renegades, and ignorant Negroes. Not one per cent of the white population of the State approves it and not two per cent of the Negroes who voted for its adoption understood what this act of voting implied." The new state officers took office July 9, 1868. In the first legislature, which assembled on the same day, the Senate consisted of thirty-three members, of whom nine were Negroes and but seven Democrats. The House of Representatives consisted of 124 members, of whom seventy-six were Negroes and only fourteen
Democrats. The whole legislature thus consisted of seventy-two white and eighty-five colored members. Robert K. Scott, of Ohio, was elected governor. From the time of the inauguration of Jas. L. Orr in 1865 to the inauguration of Scott in 1868 there was a dual government in the State, civil and military. Governor Orr had a trying time until he was relieved by the election of Scott.

In June, 1868, Congress readmitted South Carolina into the Union. The State was declared to be reconstructed and restored to the Union, but the effect of this mistaken policy was far reaching. Andrews says that this period "save in the one respect of the loss of human life was infinitely more disastrous to the social, industrial and political conditions of South Carolina than the four years lying between the seizure of Fort Sumter and the surrender at Appomattox." For ten years South Carolina was ruled by the "carpet-bag," the scalawag and the Negro. The "carpet baggers," so called because they carried all their luggage in hand bags made of carpet, were the scum of the North, attracted to the South because of the opportunity to plunder. The scalawags were Southerners, who before the war were of no social standing but were hot secessionists. After the war they cast their lot with the Republicans because of the advantage it gave them over those who had scorned them socially. The total valuation in South Carolina decreased in ten years from $489,319,128 to $164,409,941. During the period the State debt showed an actual increase of $10,500,000 only $4,389,400 of this amount having been authorized by the legal representatives of the State. The revenue went into the pocket of thieves. A Land Commission was established. Its said purpose was to buy up land and distribute among the freed slaves. The commissioners bought worthless land and sold it to the government at a fabulous price. An appropriation of $700,000 was granted for the purpose. Public and person-
al property was taken by the commissioners and no report was ever made by them. The State house was refurnished; $5.00 clocks were replaced by $600.00; $4.00 benches by $200.00 sofas; expensive chandeliers costing from $1,500 to $2,500 each were purchased. All members of the legislature had railroad passes and free use of Western Union telegraph. They lived at State expense. Forty bedrooms were furnished each session as "committee rooms" and when the legislators went home they took the furniture with them. Franklin Moses, Jr., governor, bet $1,000 on a race horse, lost, and the next day the house voted him $1,000 as a gift. In South Carolina in 1874 there were 200 Negro justices who could neither read nor write. Also there were ignorant school commissioners who received a thousand dollars a year. Taxes were levied heavily and the white men who had no voice in the government had to bear it, for the Negro had no property. The State had three governors under the Congressional plan. Robt. K. Scott, (1868-1872) a "carpet-bagger" from Ohio served two terms. Franklin J. Moses (1872-1874) was the second, a scalawag and a Southerner. His career as governor of South Carolina was disgraceful. Daniel H. Chamberlain, governor from 1874-1876, was a New Englander. There were many riots during his term of office. In Edgefield the Negro militia was fired on and forced to surrender. A collision of whites and blacks also at Aiken. The riot lasted for several days and resulted in the killing of a number of persons. The Negroes were taught by their designing leaders that they were the social equal of the whites. The favorite expression of the Negro man at this time was "de bottom rail's on de top now and we's guine to keep it dar." The Negro rapist, who is in later days found and lynched, is a product of the teachings of these days of Reconstruction. All the carpet-baggers, however, were not bad and these should be justified.
Some, no doubt, were honest and considered themselves missionaries of the Republican party.

The doings of the South Carolina Republicans was disapproved in the North by the best men of their own party. The antipathy towards the South was changing to sympathy, but why it was allowed to go on as long as it did is a mystery. A proud people, like the South Carolinians, who had been accustomed to govern themselves and their slaves, could hardly see their local government transferred into the hands of their former slaves without violent resistance. Secret societies were organized all over the State. The most dreaded of these was the Klu-Klux-Klan. It originated in 1866. Its original purpose was to terrorize the superstitious blacks. The members avowed secrecy, went masked and armed and wore long white robes. The Negroes regarded them as ghostly riders. Mild measures would not suffice, however; therefore the whites felt forced into acts of violence. Murder was committed by the members. The Klu Klux succeeded in terrorizing the Negroes but it overstepped the mark. The jails all over the State were soon full of men suspected of being members of the Klan. Many persons were tried in the United States Court at Columbia, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary at Albany.

The only remedy, it seemed, for such a state of affairs was for the whites to gain control of the votes. The "Red Shirt" campaign of 1876 was for this purpose. The Democratic State Convention met in Columbia and nominated Wade Hampton for governor. The Republican State Convention met on September 12th and nominated Chamberlain for governor. The election was held on the 7th of November. Hampton's men wore red shirts as a kind of uniform. On the 5th of December the Republican house and senate declared Chamberlain governor, and on the 7th he was sworn into office. On the 12th the Democratic House declared Hampton to be governor, having received
the majority of the votes. At first Chamberlain refused to give up to Hampton but after Hayes became President he withdrew all the troops from South Carolina and Chamberlain resigned. Thus the policy and purpose of Reconstruction was defeated. Hampton in his inaugural address said that to the Negroes we should “be not vindictive but magnanimous and the true interest of both races can best be secured by cultivating peace and promoting prosperity among all classes of fellow citizens.”

C. M.

JEANNE DECIDES.

I

Man and beast took their way slowly along the dusty road.

“Yes, Buceph,” mused the man aloud, “no doubt sugar is very good for school-girls and horses.” He laughed a tuneless little laugh, and drew a lump of sugar from the depths of a worn sleeping bag, for the jaded animal.

John Bradley’s face was that of the idealist, there being little of his cherished iron apparent in his make-up; for his business was the manufacture of steel. During these last three months of wandering, a little hopeless expression had encroached around the mouth upon the territory of the merriest of laughing wrinkles, that were ever—but his friends will tell you about them.

“Live in the open air; forget business; and you have a fighting chance,” he quoted for the hundredth time. “What did that old duck of an M. D. know about my anatomy? What has three months of the ‘outdoor’ ‘forget-business’ idea done for me? * * * * Pifffle! Might just as well have dusted off to ‘Inlia’s coral strand’ as father wanted me too, and taught the Hindoos to make steel. * * * * Small wonder R. L. S. enjoyed squan-
dering perfectly good nights in a sleeping bag; he wasn't interested in iron."

The last word was a gasp. His hand twisted as it groped for the saddle pommel. A fit of coughing shook his body so that he must needs halt until the paroxysm be over.

Bradley took off his sombrero in order to better catch the first glimpse of old Quebec, over the trees of the fir-wood he was soon to enter. A faint color tinged his cheeks, and seemed to augment their spareness.

"Well, it's time we were getting to a town; though why we are going there, I cannot tell for the life of me."

The man gave his beast a tap of bonhomnie upon his frowsy neck. He loved horses having owned more than one Kentucky thoroughbred. Bucephalus he had bought on an impulse of a farmer's lad who was beating the animal unmercifully, and he had facetiously christened him "Bucephalus."

"But we will stay at a boarding-house. Those Lane-Howards will never see us." And he pictured Mrs. Lane's motherly expression of concern not unmixed with pity, for his welfare. Pity for him. He groaned. Was not he a man, and as tall as her six-foot husband? Had not he played baseball at college but three years before?

A farmer in a blue smock rumbled by in a cart, very tiny, with two great wheels. Bradley noted him not; nor the elegant equipage, that followed, bearing a well known foreign diplomat. They were nearing Quebec.

"Stop sniffing, Bucephalus, you would be a pessimist, too, when you had 'fighting-chanced' it from Arizona to Egypt, to gain the rosy recompense of a thick coat of tan, and a thin purse * * * * *. What's the use, what's the use," he repeated bitterly to himself.

"Fighting chance! * * * * * Is the 'chance' worth fighting for anyway?" He passed a hand across his damp forehead, and a faint, wry smile spread over his face.
“That’s the scheme!” and a hand came down on Bucephalus’s neck with such might that the gentle animal would fain raise his head with a jerk.

“Look, Buceph,” at that big, dry leaf beyond that road that crosses this. If the next breeze that blows sends that leaf across the road, we pursue the elusive ‘chance,’ if it remains lodged, we don’t.”

The shrubbery moved nearby, as he watched. A little blue-frocked, hatless figure, with basket on arm, stepped down into the road ahead of him. He forgot to watch the leaf, and only saw the girl in the blue dress, with the amber-gold hair that seemed an aureole under the late afternoon sun. He gazed, so absorbed, he did not hear a shrill motor horn from the road which crossed his own and noted vaguely that the girl was beckoning to him and seemed disturbed.

One brief moment and he felt himself hurled into a whirling maelstrom. The wheels of the great motor car chafed and ground the dirt at his ears, the whole machine heaving with the sudden stop. Every nerve in his body felt touched with fire; and yet how cold and damp it was, too! If that unknown crowd would only go away, he would certainly go to—but where was he? And why should his whole body ache and throb so?

Through the high stone walls, by an ancient iron gate, and into the gray weather-beaten convent of the order of Grey Nuns, (known as the Grey Nunnery), they bore him.

II

It was early morning. No sound was heard in the low, bare room save the irregular, labored breathing of the sick man; or now and then the clanking of a heavy cross, suspended from the sister’s waist against the stone floor as she sat. Sister Amelie had hardly taken her eyes from her patient the night long. Hers were kind eyes. They
seemed to reflect some of the pain of the sufferer to whom she ministered.

Bradley slowly opened his eyes. "Where is she?" he whispered, and promptly betought him back in the firwood for there was the girl in the blue dress. She did not look frightened, as she had before. He was going to take her in his arms, when "Bucephalus" neighed, and two men in motor goggles came and took her away.

The door opened and Jeanne entered. She wore the same blue dress she had worn the day before. John Bradley started. She was coming! She was floating through the wall; coming closer, closer, closer to him every second. He held out his arms so eagerly that sharp pains ran through his leg like a current of electricity.

"Le pauvre!" said Sister Amelie rising to look down at him with pursed lips, then looked quickly far out the little window that she might not see the blush suffusing Jeanne's face. Jeanne possessed no masculine acquaintances hither-to, save those of the old, kind, semi-blind doctor and the grocer's boy. She had been left a baby in Sister Amelie's care, being doubly orphaned within a year.

"Mai, Monsieur, has a bad cough. A bit of that in the glass, should he need it, comprenez?" And Sister Amelie went to her rest.

"Here's your sugar, Buceph' * * * * wonder what her name is!"

And Jeanne sat by the bedside and heard her praises sung that day between John's attacks of coughing.

One day, several weeks later, after such a paroxysm was over, she saw a red blot on his pillow as he slept. She recalled a beautiful girl whom the sisters had taken away because she had consumption. Strange no one else seemed to think of it! She thought she heard foot-steps on the flags in the corridor. Softly she slipped the pillow from under his head.
Bradley saw it and understood her act and his heart sang for pure joy. She changed its cover hastily; but he pretended to awake as she placed the pillow once more under his head.

John Bradley had never in his life wished to do anything so much as to make a clean breast of his love; but there was that great bag of leaden shot pulling down on the painful limb from the bed’s foot. So he contented himself, smiling ruefully, with showing her the kodak prints which he carried in the all-containing sleeping bag. He had snapped everything from prairie dogs to Turkish ladies and he related the interesting stories connected with them.

III

One afternoon Jeanne sat in her little room. She was tearing off the leaf for the month of September from a calendar on her writing table. It was the second she had torn off since that memorable afternoon in July—the afternoon of Bradley’s accident. The door opened and Sister Amelie stood upon the threshold between her room and that of her ward. Jeanne stared and crushed the paper in her hand, blushing guiltily. But Sister Amelie saw none of this, as she said:

"Jeanne, if you are not too busy with that little lady in the west wing, I wish you might take that young man from Pennsylvania out for his airing? I cannot because the mother says I must lead the singing at vespers tonight."

Thus it came about that Sister Amelie left the two in the old court without, saying:

"I left you A Kempis and The Pilgrim's Progress under the maple tree by the hedge; some magazines, too, that the little Italian girl left, when she got well. You may wish to read."

The late afternoon sun cast filigree shadows on the grass about them. A stream of golden light fell upon Jeanne's bent head as she industriously turned the leaves
of a magazine. John Bradley had never been much given
to poetry; but he found himself saying over:

“If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of dull gold.”

Not since college days had the words under his breath
entered his mind.

“Domine, Deus, Deus, Rex coes-le-tis,
Deus Pater o-mini-po-tens,”

The chanting voices of the nuns came from the old
chapel. She turned leaves of the magazine slowly. Brad-
ley suddenly stood at her side, with no heed of the sharp
resulting pain.

“Jeanne, Jeanne, I—I love you!”
She looked at him with an expression in which he might
have discerned her secret, had he been a woman; then she
ran quickly up the stone steps and to her own room.

Both spent a sleepless night. Bradley, in pain of body
and mind, cursing himself for a cad; Jeanne sitting by her
window looking straight out into the moonlight of the old
court. Her eyes were dry, for people brought up in a con-
vent weep seldom. Her prayer book lay closed on the
table. Why had she acted as she did in the afternoon? He
probably thought she cared nothing for him. She
shivered and drew a shawl about her shoulders. Had not
she herself experienced, night after night, the wrenching
weight of the cruel bag of shot? She would tell him in the
morning.

IV

Jeanne was up and dressed before the sisters had their
breakfast. She hastened to Bradley’s room. To her hor-
ror she heard a merry whistling of rag-time issuing from
the room. Could he have gone mad? Assuredly it was not Sister Amelie. She knocked.

"Entrez," sung out a breezy voice from within. Its owner was just buttoning a wayward soft collar.

“Oh! you—have—found—your things,” she managed to say tweaking one cuff of the blue dress in evident embarrassment, trying to keep in the commonplace.

“Some sort of intuition, I suppose,” he replied jauntily.

“Feeling better?” she asked edging toward the door.

“Great!” he answered warmly. Then he made her sit down and he told her about his quest after health and failure, so far.

“Truth is, I didn’t care much either way until that afternoon when I saw that little blue figure by the hedge. That decided me. Jeanne, dear, it’s going to be a big fight * * * and we’re going to win out!” he said triumphantly, as he buttoned his Norfolk jacket. Then he kissed her suddenly; the door banged and he was gone.

E. D. Watson.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A RAT.

It was just after the arrival of a large crowd of students at the Inman High School. While hearty greetings and vigorous hugs and kisses were being exchanged by the old students I spied, crouched in a corner of the hall, a tall, slender girl, whose dress was not made according to the latest style or in any apparent style at all. In one hand she held a parasol, in the other a basket. Her face wore an expression of loneliness and helplessness, and it was very evident that she was a “rat,” as we call a fresh recruit in college slang. As I was among the girls selected by the faculty to help the new girls, I went up to her, introducing myself, extended my hand as I said, “Ellie Morton is my name.” Very limply she returned the hand shake, and only looked the more bewildered at my introduction. I saw she
was not inclined to talk, but I continued in a cordial manner.

"Let me show you to your room, mayn't I?"

"I don't know where it is," she replied.

"That's all right, I will find it; just come with me," I said.

"I'm not going to budge 'til Mr. Smith comes to tell me where to go," she replied in a positive voice.

I felt rebuffed, but resolved to do my part, recognising that her rudeness came rather from strangeness than from a want of heart.

"But, my dear, listen. He has appointed me to help the new girls find their rooms and I want to help you first," I insisted.

"Well, I guess I'm not the only rat in this crowd. See to some of those others," was her reply, as she turned away. I tried to soothe her.

"Why, of course you aren't the only rat, but I am trying to get you to your room, where you can be comfortable."

"Well, I guess I'll wait to see Mr. Smith."

I saw that further effort to persuade her would be in vain and I left her, feeling rather cast down.

The following day while a group of us girls were standing near the door of the President's office talking to Dr. Smith, I saw the little acquaintance of the night before, slowly advancing. She was examining a piece of paper in her hand. In a few minutes she walked up to the President, Dr. Smith, handed him the paper, and asked:

"Do I have to matriculate for this?"

Dr. Smith glanced at the paper asking, "Where did you get this, my little lady?"

"Some girl gave it to me and as I didn't understand it, so I came to you," she replied.

Dr. Smith smiled a little as he read aloud,
"Go to
Misses Rame and Tesrers,
for
manicures and shampoos.
Room 820, Main."

then gently explained the unfamiliar terms—"some one is trying to play a joke on you," said Dr. Smith.

"Well, then, if that's knocked in the head, I'm ready to matriculate for my meals. I tried to get down here before breakfast to matriculate, so I could get some, but I was too late," she said, as she advanced into the office, followed by Dr. Smith.

Several days after our arrival while classes were being arranged, I chanced to be walking in the hall when I saw my little "rat" coming at a terrific rate. When she met me she stopped and hastily exclaimed,

"Do tell me where the class of veterinary surgeny meets."

Not caring to further the joke that was being played upon her I replied, "I don't believe I would take that this year; wait until next."

"No, I'm going to get it off, please show me at once."

"But that subject is not taught here, so you can't take it," I urged.

"Why, I know they do! A girl told me, my education would be incomplete without it, and I want to be educated."

Remembering some of the discomfiting experiences of my own first days at college, I took the poor little innocent under my wing, and, under my teaching, she is blossoming day by day into a sophisticated Freshman, whom not the hardiest Sophomore dare approach.

_Irene Workman._
DANTE.

Of all the cities of the Old World famous for their beauty, their picturesqueness, and their great artists there is not one that is more famous, or more deserving to be famous, than Florence—the city of flowers. Of all the great and famous men of Florence—Savonarola, Grotto, Gra, Angelico, Michael Angelo, Machiavelle Ghiberti, and many others—of all these the greatest master, and the one who has exerted the most influence on the world, is Dante.

Dante Alighuri was born at Florence in the spring of 1265. It is often claimed that his family was a noble one, descended from one of the old patrician families of Rome. We know little of his childhood. His mother died when he was quite a child. His father soon married again, and Dante was very unhappy with his step-mother. Boccaccio tells us that Dante never joined in the childish sports and frolics with his young friends, but gave himself entirely up to study. This statement of Boccacio's, however, is discredited by some scholars. And, indeed, there is nothing in Dante's writing to indicate that it is true. Truly he did give the most of his time to study; else he could not have become, as some one has styled it, "a walking encyclopedia of learning." He studied a great deal without the aid of a teacher. But we know that at one time he was the pupil of the great scholar of the age, Brunetto Latini. But Dante could not possibly have written the things he did, great studies of human life, if he had not mixed with people from his youth. Dante himself tells us that it was at a social gathering at the house of a neighbor that he met Beatrice.

The story of Dante's love for this beautiful girl, Beatrice, is the subject of that great youthful poem of his, the Vita Nuova. This poem may be called a love poem to Beatrice. It is the story of the new life that came to him through love. He first saw her at
one of these social gatherings, which he often attended. He was nine years old, and she was eight. The first sight of her thrilled his whole soul, and from that time forth love ruled his being. To him “she appeared to be born not of man, but of God.” He does not tell of seeing her any more until nine years later. Very probably he had seen her many times but it suits his imagination to jump from this first time of supreme joy to the second, the first time she spoke to him. Her words fell like music on his ears. He was utterly intoxicated with love. He straightway began to write verses celebrating her beauty, and telling the story of his love, relating each incident as it happened. From the poem we get some hints that Beatrice married another. But Dante still wrote of her, still loved her. Once when he was very ill he began to think of death. It occupied his whole mind. Suddenly, one day, it dawned on him that maybe it was Beatrice that was going to be taken away from him. He tried to dismiss the thought from his mind, but it kept coming back, so forcefully had it seized him. Alas, his dreams were realized. In the summer of 1290 Beatrice died. After this the whole style and language of the poem is changed. It soon closes. But the closing of the Vita Nuova is by no means the closing of Dante’s love-story. He still wrote sonnets to her, and there is hardly anything that Dante wrote in which Beatrice is not mentioned. At last, in the Divine Comedy, it is she who opens to him the gates of Paradise. Dante tells us that shortly after her death he tried to forget her, and was consoled by the looks of a gentil donna. Some think that this must have been Gemma Donati, the woman Dante married. But a more probable explanation is that it was the Philosophy which Dante speaks of in The Banquet, Il Convito, as having engaged him so profoundly at one time. But he could not keep his mind off of Beatrice long, and rebuked himself for even having tried to forget her.

We must not think, however, that Dante thought only
of love. He was very much interested in the affairs of the time. In 1302 he succeeded in being elected one of the six rulers, priori, of Florence. This involved great responsibility, as at that time Florence was deep in political struggles. The Guelf and Ghibelline parties were continually at arms. Originally, the Guelfs were those who thought that the Pope should have both spiritual and temporal power. The Ghibellines thought that the Pope should have only spiritual power, and that all the temporal power should be in the hands of the Emperor. But in Florence it resulted in many petty struggles of minor importance. During one of these feuds, a short while after Dante became prior although nominally a Geulf, he favored the Ghibelline party in this particular case. The Guelfs got the upper hand, and Dante, with many others was exiled, in 1302. The great proud poet, thus humiliated, was sent forth from his home, the Florence that he loved so well. He wandered about from place to place, visiting famous cities and making many friends. But he was always longing to get back. He wrote to his fellow-citizens, begging them to let him return. He began his letter thus: “O populi mi, quid peti tibi?”—“O my people, what have I done unto thee?” But they heard him not. In 1316, however, it was announced that all exiles might return but on humiliating conditions. They must pay a certain sum of money, they must wear paper mitres on their heads, and march to the church and offer sacrifice for their crime. Dante refused to accept their offer. He chose rather to spend his days in exile than to return in humility to his beloved city.

In his exile Dante completed his great work, *Divine Comedy*, which he had begun two years before his exile. This poem has exerted great influence in many ways. One way is its effect on the Italian language. The Italians usually wrote in Latin. Their own language was considered vulgar. But Dante chose to write this greatest work of his in the vernacular, and thus he raised the Italian
language from the low place it held to a higher place among the tongues of nations. The divine comedy is great not only in its ethical teaching and in its scheme, but also in its musical qualities. It is written in the *torza rind*. It rhymes thus: aba, beb, cdc, etc., each three lines making a separate stanza. The sonorousness of the Italian words, too, adds greatly to the music, which is lost in the translation. The *Divine Comedy* is Dante's conception of the hereafter. He represents himself first as going through Inferno. There he sees people suffering for their sins. The greater the sin, the greater the punishment, he thought. He meets Virgil who becomes his guide, and is led through Purgatorio. Here he sees souls struggling between Heaven and Hell. Those that do not climb naturally fall back into Hell. When he gets to Paradise, Virgil leaves him, and Beatrice becomes his guide. He describes his unbounded joy at seeing her after so many years of separation. Through Paradise he is conducted by her until at last he reaches the top of the mountain and enters the Beatific Vision, the perfect union of the human soul with the divine.

During Dante's exile he had gone to Verona, and entered the service of Eane Grande, or Eane the Great. These two became the closest of friends. As Dante would finish his cantos to *The Divine Comedy*, he would send them to Eane for approval before he would publish them. But as most good friends do, they quarreled. They never made up. Dante died at Ravenna in the fall of 1321. This was a great blow to Eane, for he had fully intended righting the wrong he had done Dante. But the worst of all, the end of *The Divine Comedy* had never been published. No one even knew whether or not Dante had ever finished it. His sons tried to finish it, but failed. One night, so it is related, one of the sons had a vision. His father appeared to him and led him to a certain old closet and showed him where he had hidden the last thirteen
cantos. When the boy awoke he found them in the place he saw in the dream. It is very touching to think of Dante, a man over fifty years old, still holding so dear the love of a friend, even though that friend had injured him. He would not publish these last cantos because they had not been first seen and approved by Eane as all the preceding cantos had been. These cantos were published by his friends. They, with the rest of the poem, make up one of the three greatest epics, if not the greatest, in the literature of the world.

Editorial Department

VIOLET ASKINS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
STELLA BOMAR, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

After three short months of doing just what pleased us most, we find ourselves back in the *Easy Chair* wielding the blue pencil. We do not have to spend much time, however, biting the point of the pencil, for there are so many, many things we would like to say, that we must say only these that seem most timely and leave the others until another time. First of all, we must say the things that lie nearest our heart. Oh, how we miss our senior friends of last year! We did not realize just how much their love and companionship meant to us, until now that they are gone from our midst forever. Now we are able to read with a better understanding Lamb's *Familiar Faces*. But their places in the dormitories, dining-room, and chapel are not vacant, the face of the new girl confronts us at every turn. These new girls are not to be looked upon as intruders; they are our fellow students, our fellow travelers on the road to knowledge. They are now facing conditions that are new to them among the girls that are strangers. They need our help more than they ever will again. The time has come when we who are upper classmen must stop absorbing friendship and radiate it. Let us try to be to the new girls what our friends of last year were to us.

We welcome to our large college family the new student. You are now a member of our student body—this is your college. Do your work with a vim and help to make this the best year in the history of the G. F. C. as well as the best year of your life.
The time is past when only the men and boys of this State are interested in her political situations. During the past three weeks since we have been back at our work, we have heard every day many remarks and, frequently long and intellectual discussions of the past gubernatorial race. Our girls are interested in politics and and it is only right that they should be so.

The re-election of Governor Blease has shaken South Carolina as nothing has since the Reconstruction Period. The victory of Mr. Blease is, as he states, "the most remarkable victory of modern times," and we may add that the victor is "super-remarkable," he is wonderful. Perhaps never before has one man, however well supported by his hired agents, been able to defeat so completely, the forces that make for political purity and civic righteousness in a state. As patriotic South Carolinians are we not proud to have as our governor this man to represent "the typical South Carolinian;" this man who has "brains and backbone" enough to stretch any law to suit his own convenience; this man who refuses to be cramped by such a narrow document as the State Constitution; this man who desires to give the State the mediaeval conception of government? Expressing the sentiment of this student body, we wish to add to the storm of applause that has greeted his name from York to Beaufort, Oconee to Georgetown, a loud, if ironical, "Hurrah for Blease!!

Our best wishes and heartiest congratulations to our new collegiate sister, Anderson College. She is fully equipped to do an excellent work, and from her auspicious beginning, we predict a splendid success in this noble work.
"AS OTHERS SEE US."

The \textit{Isaqueena}, one of our most valued exchanges, is up to its usual high standard of excellency. We wish that Dr. Minsterberg or Arthur Rewe would give us the psychological solution of the mysterious facts which are presented in such realistic manner in the story "Vengeance is mine."—\textit{Chicora Almacen}, December, 1911.

The \textit{Isaqueena} is an exceptionally good magazine. "When Dreams Come True" shows us a typical freshman at his first reception. "Le Reveille" is also good. We impatiently await the next edition to see the outcome of "The Daughter of the Peddler." The interest shown in the Literary Department deserves special notice.—\textit{Park School Gazette}, December, 1911.

What there is of the \textit{Isaqueena} is of an excellent quality, and we sigh when we find there are only twenty pages of these good poems, essays, and stories. The poem "Le Reveille," is well written and is beautifully didactic. We seldom see a better poem than this in our college journals. However, we must severely criticise the staff for the extreme thinness of the issue.—\textit{Clemson Chronicle}, December, 1911.

Through the kindness of a young lady Senior we had the opportunity of examining the \textit{Isaqueena}, published monthly by the Greenville Female College, of Greenville, S. C. The publication is very good both in general appearance and in subject matter; the verse is above the average, the stories are well told, especially "Just a Song of Twilight," and essays are interesting as well as instructive.
Surely it is an indication of decided advancement when a school magazine can with expediency deviate from the ironclad (?) rule that the literary department should contain nothing but stories. Properly written essays without a doubt give a certain dignity and significant seriousness quite essential. We hope that the Isaqueena will come often.—Fogg High School

The Isaqueena is rather amateurish, but shows great variety and originality. The plot of the story, "Vengeance is mine," is weak, for even in those parts where the supernatural element is eliminated, the action of the characters will not stand the test of being judged by the laws of human conduct. In "The Daughter of a Pedler" the characters are well-defined. There is an air of delicacy and sweetness about the story which is very pleasant.—The Lemorian, December, 1911.

The Isaqueena. This delightful little magazine from Greenville (S. C.) Female College is one of our new exchanges, and one of the best, too. It is a well balanced magazine, carrying as it does two essays, three stories, four poems, and a serial in addition to several departments. "The Freshman Caucus" tells how some hrewd politics was carried on by a few of the members of a Freshman Class. This is especially interesting to the masculine novice in the game wherein fortunes are made and lost. "Sea Longing" is one of the best poems we have noticed for this month. "The answer of the Pines," while containing many beautiful sentences, and meritorious thoughts, is not quite long enough to be in keeping with the great thought it intends to portray. "An Appreciation of Michael Angelo" is an excellent biography. "Patience Pennington" is a departure from the ordinary love story, and for that reason it is interesting. "A Glimpse in the History of our Modern Drama" is a short essay. "Dorcas" is a fairly well written poem, the meter being good. "The Daughter of a
Pedler" is a serial story. It is not too long for one issue, and we think it would have been more interesting had this course been taken.—The Red and White.

The Isaqueena for January is one of the exchanges in which Blue Pencil was sadly disappointed this month. We have watched with interest the growing improvement in this little magazine, but this number is sadly inferior in quality. In "The Twins," the first story in the magazine, the ideas are rather good, but the plot development is vague and the thoughts badly expressed. "Just a Song at Twilight" is not badly written, but shows lack of originality; however, it would hardly be just to expect originality from so overworked an individual as this author, who has contributed no less than four productions to this issue of The Isaqueena. The essay on "Leonarda de Vinci"—if so short a sketch may be dignified by the title of essay—is instructive, but crudely expressed. It seems to be merely a complication of facts taken from some dictionary or encyclopedia. The essay on "Chivalry," though not strikingly original in treatment, is perhaps the most creditable piece of work in the magazine. It is well written, interesting, and developed well historically. There is an abundance of "rhyme," none of which can be called real poetry. Some of the really good thoughts in the "poems" are unfortunately marred by the irregular meter. The Editorial Department is pitifully weak, and Blue Pencil would remind The Isaqueena of the very great importance of a strong Editorial Department to the success of a college magazine. There is an overabundance of short, amateurish sketches, and not enough good earnest work in this magazine, and we hope that with its long list of editors, the standard soon will be raised far above that shown in this January number.—Hollins Magazine.

While The Isaqueena is rather late in its appearance, yet it is by no means not welcomed. On examination we find that all of the departments are represented, but the
Alumnae. Surely the girls who continue the work that has been laid down by those who have gone out from their Alma Mater feel enough interest in their college sisters to want to keep in contact with them. We find the literary departments composed of two poems and five stories, but sadly lacking in essays. The only piece that deserves the name essay is "The Value of Friendship in a Girl’s Life," and do we not think that subject too big to be treated with any degree of exhaustiveness in two pages? The poem "Le Reveille," appeals to us and rings like true poetry. "Vengeance is Mine" is very unnatural. We knew from the beginning that John Railford would be saved, but we read it with interest to know what the evidences in favor of him would be. "Mollie’s Soliloquy" is very inappropriate appearing in the first number. The love story, "The Daughter of a Peddler," is treated somewhat differently from the way this type is usually treated. We are glad to see the Isaqueeena instituting a novelty in the college magazine stories.—The Bothesian, November, 1911.

Among the stories of the Isaqueeena we find several interesting ones. We generally look forward to the arrival of this magazine, which has a very neat appearance, and we are not disappointed when we look and read within. "The Twins" is a story very similar to the one of the same title in last issue. We cannot get tired of it, as it is full of humor and keeps the reader interested all the while. "Just a Song of Twilight" is a typical love story. It ends in such an unexpected way, yet so agreeably. "The Carnival Bunch" and others worthy of mention are all original work. There are several pieces of poetry. One we would pay especial attention to, "Heart’s Ease." The feeling of this great radiator on a cold morning is hard to express in words. The locals are real good.—The Co-Ed.

The Isaqueeena is very attractively bound, but does not measure up to its standard as a college publication. There
is a lack of heavy material. "The Value of Friendship in a Girl's Life" is extremely good but entirely too short to deserve the name of an essay. "La Reveille" we consider excellent. It shows poetic genius which is depicted by the author's insight into human life. "Mollie's Soliloquy" deserves comment even if only for the beautiful thought of Ruskin with which it closes. The other stories are not above the ordinary. "The Daughter of a Peddler" however, promises to be quite a good story when completed.—The Erskinian, December, 1911.

The Isaqueena is one of the best and most entertaining magazines that has come to our table. One finds real pleasure in reading a magazine of its kind. The two editorials are good, though most of our magazines contain discussions of the same subject. The conclusion of "The Daughter of a Peddler," from the October number, is a proof of the ability of the author as a good story writer. She has written an interesting and complete story. We should like to see more continued stories in our magazines. There is plenty of material in our colleges for the development of good story writers. The poem, "November Days," is, at first glance arranged somewhat in the manner of a sonnet, but upon reading it we find something else. The feet and lines are just irregular enough to make it attractive. "Dorcas" is a neat production, though it cannot be styled good poetry, lacking, as it does, the qualifications of true poetry. The rhythm is very irregular, making it difficult to be read in a poetic style. "An Appreciation of Michael Angelo" is a good sketch of a great man's life. We should like to see more interest taken in these great men, whose lives unfortunately have not illuminated the pages of history as they should. It would be a good idea to have a brief sketch of some great man of the past ages in each issue of our magazines, so that, even if we have read of him before, we can have the life of some benefactor
of the human race constantly before us. "The Complaint of a Furman Graduate" is an amusing piece of poetry arranged in a very good style. The other departments are up to their usual standard. The cuts are an attractive feature of this magazine.—The Newberry Stylus.

The January Isaqueena is very neat and attractive in appearance, but the reading matter does not come up to our expectation. We note especially its lack of real poetry. It contains several attempts, all of which lack originality and vigor. "Ole Uncle Ned's Opinion" is worthy of mention on account of its successful metrical structure, but "He Giveth Snow Like Wool" is decidedly the best verse in the magazine. The staff also shows a weakness in the plots of its stories. "The Twins" has a very weak plot, though we are glad we can say in favor of the writer that the interesting way in which the story is told partly makes up for this deficiency. "Just a Song of Twilight" is well written but the plot is absurd. It would require a much more elaborate scheme than would be permissible in a college magazine to vindicate the reasonableness of two persons falling in love who were living in different countries, and who had not seen each other since they were children four and five years old. These writers both show marked ability in telling a story, but we would suggest that they be more careful in planning their plots. Fortunately the magazine is redeemed by its splendid essays. The writers of "Leonardo Da Vinci" and "A Brief History of the Greatest Books in English Literature" are to be highly commended both for their efforts in compiling these facts and for relating them so interestingly. The leading article of the magazine, though, is an essay on "Chivalry." This piece is written in a manner which makes it good reading, and at the same time it more nearly fulfills the requirements of a good essay than any article we usually find in a college magazine.

—Davidson College Magazine.
Local Department

WINONA WAY, EDITOR.

The G. F. C. opened on Wednesday, September 18th. It was easily seen that we have enough encouragement in every way to make the session of '12-'13 the most successful in the history of the College. To begin with, the buildings and grounds have almost doubled in a miraculous way. The faculty has grown correspondingly, and the student body as well, so that we now see our vision of a greater G. F. C. realized almost before we know it. We are going to show the loyal Alumnae Association and Board of Trustees as well as our other modest friends who have served us so well, that we appreciate their efforts enough to do our part the best we know how.

Among those who welcomed us on the opening morning were Dr. Ramsay, our beloved president; Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Quick, of the First Baptist church; Rev. S. T. Matthews, of the Central Baptist church, and Mr. Shuman, President of the Board of Trustees. Each of these gentlemen expressed their joy that the College family are again in their midst and reminded us that they and their people would always be glad to have us visit their churches or make our church home with them.

The new members on our efficient faculty are Misses Ford and Sanders, of the Art Department; Miss Holmes, head of Science Department, and Miss Bryant, who assists in the Departments of French and History.

On Sunday evening, September 29th, we were delighted with a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Bryan, returned missionaries from China. Dr. Bryan, who is president of the theological seminary in China, gave us many interesting ideas of the life out there. Mrs. Bryan addressed the girls on Saturday afternoon and gave us a vivid picture of
the turmoil which existed during the recent revolution.

Of the four classes in the College only the Senior and Junior classes have as yet elected officers for the year: Senior—President, Sue Byrd; Vice President, Marguerite Marshall; Secretary, Ruth Wilburn; Treasurer, Winona Way. Junior—President, Janie Earle; Vice President, Ann Orr Brock; Secretary, Pauline Walker; Treasurer, Lillian Blackwell.

Miss Marguerite Marshall spent the week end in Piedmont with her brother.

Among others who spent the week end at home are: Misses Maude Martin, Inez Nelson, Ruth Cox and Lula Woods, of Fountain Inn, and Misses Lucile Marchant and Mildred Thompson, of Greer.

Miss Etta Byrd, a former G. F. C. student, spent a few days in the College with her sister, Miss Sue Byrd.

Miss Annie Campbell has returned to the College after a short stay in Piedmont.

Miss Annie Laure Welborn recently spent a short while on the campus with her sister, Miss Mary Welborn.

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Jr. Bl-che-H-r: “Say, Margaret, what is an epitaph?”
Sr. M—C-Il-s: “Why, Blanche, it means a certain length or duration of time.”

Sr. Lo-sc—C- have informed a freshman that the choir of the First church sang a solo every Sunday morning.

Soph. G-r-d—S-i-th, seeing a girl with a boudoir cap on, exclaimed, “Oh, Mary, isn’t that a pretty bourgeois cap.”

Sr. V-o-et A-k-ns—“Well, I see by today’s paper that a great war is going on in Europe.”
Sr. S-c. By-I—“Oh, no, you are mistaken—why that war is in Turkey.”
Y. W. C. A. Department

ALPHA DURHAM, Editor.

With the beginning of the new session the Y. W. C. A. began its work with a new zest. A concentrated effort was put forth to enlist all the new girls in this very important phase of college life, and the result is that the Association is not only exerting a potent influence for good but also contributing a high inspiration to college life.

The religious atmosphere among the girls depends in a large measure on the Y. W. C. A. Speakers, teachers instruct, ennoble, and inspire, but real growth comes from within, from a participation on the part of the individual. The Y. W. C. A. affords just this opportunity. While its range and activities are co-equal with the problems and multiform aspects of college life, there is just one branch of this work upon which I should like to lay stress at the present time. Our girls come from Christian homes, where they have been reared under Christian influence. At college, on account of the changed surroundings, they are taught to depend more on themselves, to be more self-reliant. Realizing each girl’s need of guidance, the Y. W. C. A. endeavors to impress upon its members how fatal it is to lose sight of the spiritual phase of life. Christianity means nothing if it is not directly applicable to all the problems and temptations that confront us. It should be our object at college to develop not only intellect but also heart power. A girl should feel that day is incomplete in which she has not been drawn into closer fellowship with God. To be really successful we must follow His footsteps and inculcate the great principles of love and service.

There is some virtue, perhaps, in a few moments communion with the Father at the close of the day; there is perhaps virtue in death bed repentance; but there is
vastly more to be said of the girl who has stood through the heat and toil of the day for the highest and noblest in life.

Toward this end, we have been greatly helped by inspiring talks from three of our best friends: Mrs. Ramsay, whose talks are so full of the spiritual inspiration; Mrs. Chapman, who is always ready to give encouragement to the girls, and Miss Rhodes, who never fails to leave many helpful thoughts with us.
On Saturday night, September 21st, the Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society held its first meeting in the College Auditorium. After an address of welcome by the president, Miss Marguerite Marshall, the meeting was devoted entirely to business. New members were enrolled; committees appointed by the president and the following officers elected: Misses Blanche Hair, Secretary; Violet Askins, Senior Critic; Kathaleen Evans, Junior Critic; Ella DuPont, Censor; Beulah Smith, Chaplain. Later in the evening the old members serenaded the new girls with the Alpha song, yells and cheers for Miss Judson, Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay.

It gives us great pleasure to add to our ranks so many new girls, who, we are sure, are not only an addition in quantity but quality.

We have a splendid president who has shown her genuine worth and capacity as a leader by the manner in which she presides at our meetings; and if the girls will co-operate with her by fulfilling the duties placed upon them, the success of the Society will be greater than ever before.
The Beta Literary Society has had two very successful meetings since the College opened. At both meetings we received a large number of new members, whom we take delight in welcoming. It is our aim to make this the most successful year that the Society has known; and we beg the co-operation of all the members, new and old. Below we publish the Beta song, which will probably interest the new members. It is to be sung to the tune of "Jungletown."

BETA SONG.

Down at G. F. C.
There chanced to be
A society,
She's named B. E. T. A.
And she leads the way
With her bright ray.
All her members love her dearly,
She's a gem that's found but rarely.
Beta! Let it ring!
For her let us sing!
First her B means Best,
She gives no others time for rest.
Then her E stands for—you've guessed!
Of course, it's earnestness.
T—what can it be?
For true she'll be to eternity.
A—our Aim is ever more to be
Loyal to our Society.
On Thursday evening of October the third, nineteen hundred and twelve, our first Faculty recital of this session was given in the auditorium by Misses Leta Mae Nelson, Nina Slack Entzminger, and Mr. Gale Swift. Miss Nelson sang with much ease throughout the program. She rendered especially well her second number, "Will O' the Wisp" by Spross. Miss Entzminger was greeted with much applause and all of her numbers were much enjoyed by her appreciative audience. Mr. Swift played with much feeling. It is indeed a treat to hear him. His technic in his first number "Fantaisie Ballet" was wonderful. He received encore after encore. The following is the program:

Aria: Herodiade ................................................ Massenet
       Miss Nelson

Fantaisie Ballet. Op. 100 ................................. Ch. de Beriot
       Mr. Swift

Staccato-Caprice ........................................... Max Vogrich
Scherzo. Op. 54, No. 5 .................................... Grieg
       Miss Entzminger

Will o' the Wisp ............................................. Spross

Haymaking .................................................. Needham

A Birthday .................................................. Woodman
       Miss Nelson

Berceuse .................................................... Emil Liebling

Meditation from "Thais" ................................. Massenet

Mazurka de Concert ...................................... Ovid Musin
       Mr. Swift
Nocturne. Op. 15, No. 2 ........................................ Chopin
Polonaise. Op. 53 ................................................... Chopin
Miss Entzminger

Our second Faculty recital was given by our Musical Director, Mr. Charles E. Poston, assisted by our expression teacher, Miss Whitmarsh. Mr. Poston’s program was different from any ever given here before and was very much enjoyed and appreciated. Miss Whitmarsh added very much to the evening’s entertainment. The following is the program:

CLASSIC SONGS

Adelaide ......................................................... Beethoven
When the roses bloom ............................ Louise Reichardt
Dedication ....................................................... Robert Franz
Sombre Woods .................................................. Jean Lully
An encounter with an interviewer ............. Mark Twain
Miss Whitmarsh

MODERN BALLADS

I am thy Harp ............................... R. Huntington Woodman
A Barque at Midnight ................................. Frank Lambert
Mattinata ....................................................... F. Paolo Tosti
A Spirit Flower ............................................. Campbell-Tipton
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