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## The Isaqueena - 1912, November

Violet Askins  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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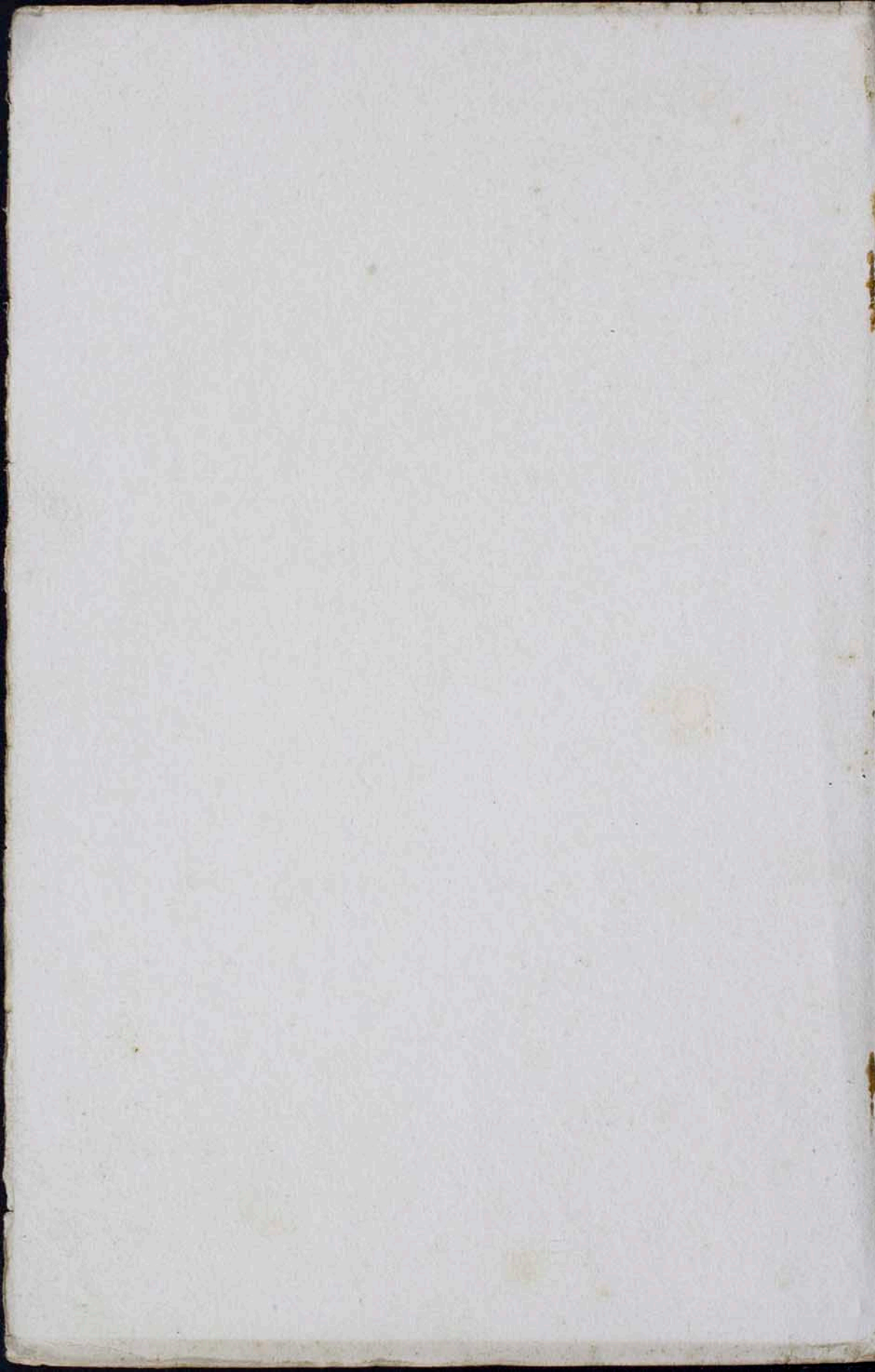
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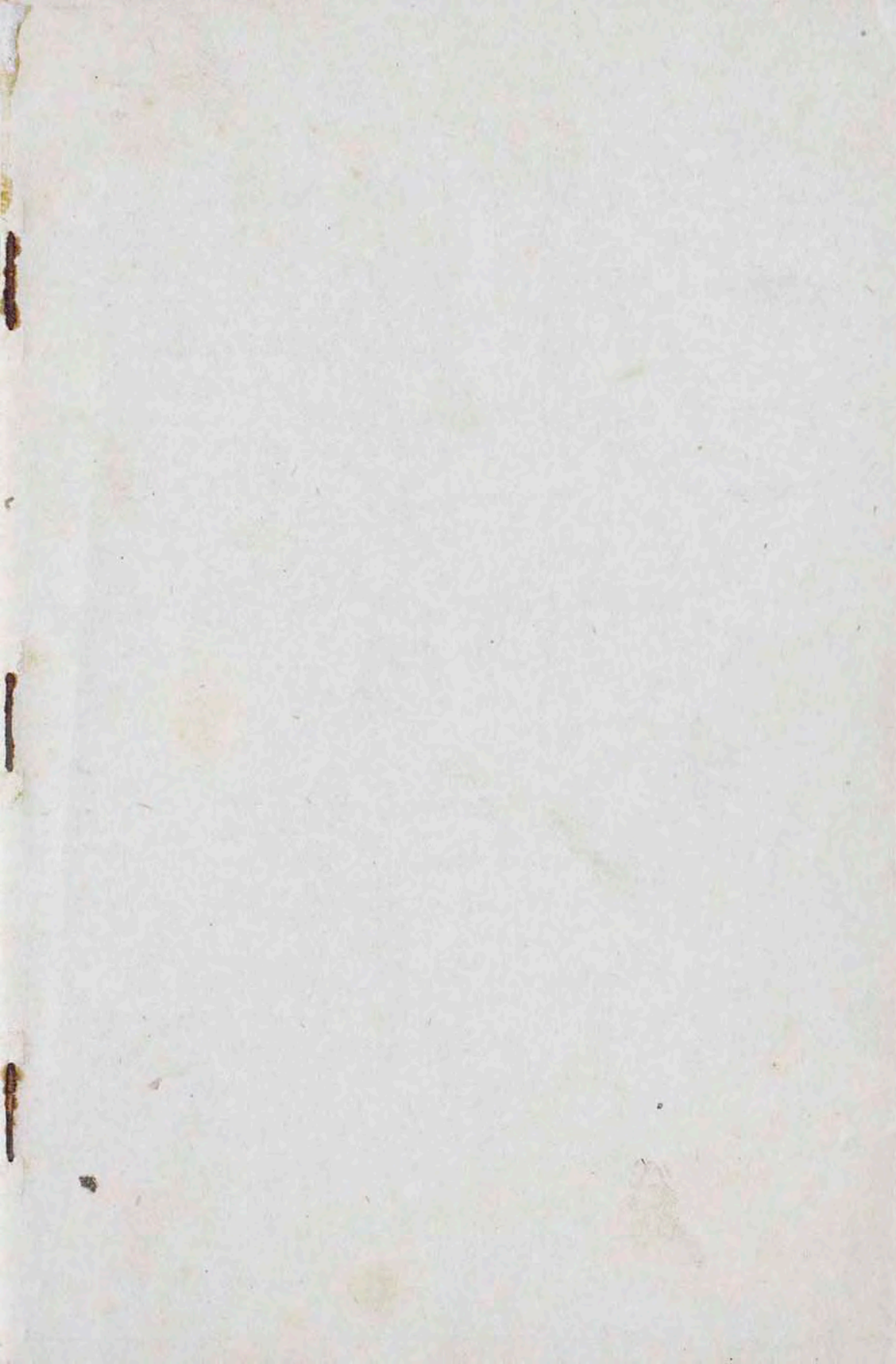
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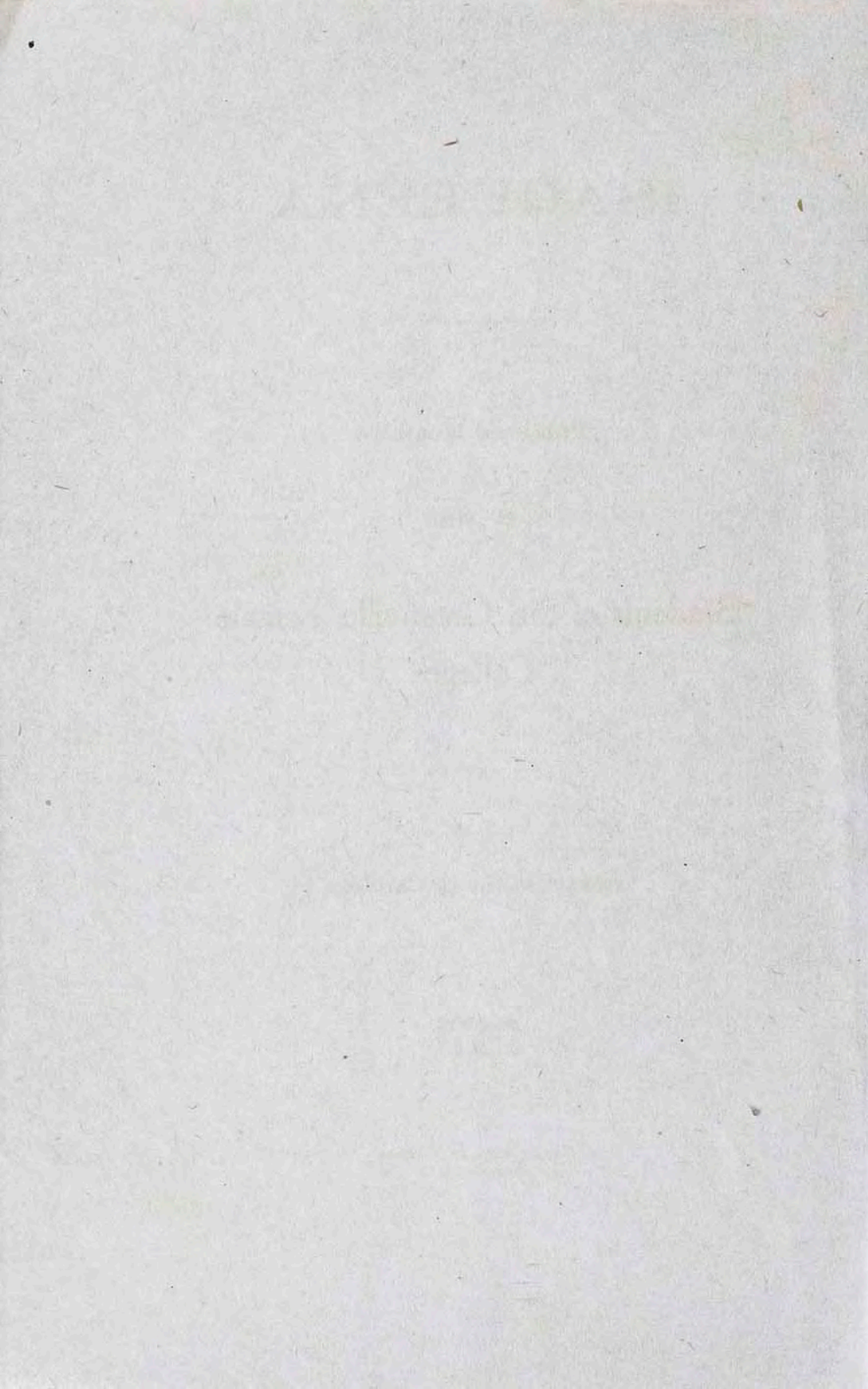
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*Isaqueena*

*November, 1912*







# ISAQUEENA

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Published Monthly

BY THE

Students of the Greenville Female  
College

AT

Greenville, South Carolina.



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We dedicate  
this issue of the  
Isaqueena to our helper  
and friend  
Miss Clara Lawton Rhodes.  
We love her.



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# ISAQUEENA

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Vol. VII.

GREENVILLE, S. C., November, 1912.

No. 2.

## Literary Department

ELLA DUPONT,  
DOROTHY MAHON, } EDITORS.

### IMMORTALITY.

In a distant clime, far away,  
Where languorous breezes blow,  
There dwelt a queen, so tombs do say,  
Many hundred years ago.

Far more fair than the lotus bloom  
Or blossoms that open in May;  
She rode most rich thro' ancient Dhroum,  
Thro' alleys and highway.

Now there chanced to pass, full sad  
Bowed under a cruel load,  
A little slave in rags y'clad—  
Dark veins in his temples showed.

Could it be? . . . 'round him all grew dim,  
Men unnoted by him fled:  
The radiant queen looked at him—  
The queen looked at him—and smiled.

\* \* \* \*

In London town there passed me  
Yest'er'en in the street-lamp's glow,  
The self-same smile,—could it be  
The queen's, of so long ago?

## THE ORIGIN OF "UMPH-HUMPH."

"Mammy," pleaded little Emily, who was just recovering from an attack of fever, "please tell me a story."

"Does you want just a little short one, honey, and den you'll go to sleep like a good child?"

"Umph-humph" said Emily.

"Now you puts me in mind of a story what I just orter tell you; and den you won't never say umph-humph no more. My old marse used to tell us niggers 'bout dis when air one of us tried to act sorter sulky. Dis is how it went:

"A real good sort of man was walkin' home, some hundred years ago, thro' a dark wood, and, just as he got to de wust place, he heard somebody a-walking towards him fast, and a-walking heavy. Now ef dat man had a-been a nigger like John (John was mammy's husband) he'd a tuk to his heels so fast he'd a looked like he was flying. But dis man was good, so he jest stopped to see what was a-comin'. Well, de fust thing you know, he saw a great big old thing, with horns, and a pack humped up on its shoulders. What you think? It turned out to be de devil hissself a-comin' along. Dat good man jest stood where he was tell de devil came on. Den he saw de devil had a pack of people on his back, en some in each hand, en some under each arm, en one in his mouth."

"Oh, Mammy," cried Emily excited, "did he eat them?"

"No, honey, I reckon de people he'd got was most too tough even for him."

"Now dis good man just stopped the devil—nobody else would a-dared to do it—and says to him, 'Mr,' says he, 'Youse got a big load, aint you,' and the old

devil says, 'Umph-humph'—cause if he had a-said anything else, de man in his mouth would a-dropped out. So every time he was asked anything he'd just say, 'umph-humph,' cause folks what said dat was de devil in disguise."

"Now, honey," ended Mammy, "you jest go to sleep and don't think of nothing, cept never to say dem two bad words no more."

*Marjory Perry.*

---

#### AT DAYBREAK.

The clouds are tinted faintly by the sun;  
The birds are softly waking, one by one;  
And sweetly, through the freshness of the early morn-  
ing air,  
Comes the fragrance of the dewy fields to me.

The birds begin to twitter as they wake;  
And soft, small flutterings begin to make,  
And as the sky grows brighter, and the birds burst  
into song,  
The sunbeams shower golden o'er the hills!

*Isabelle Beacham.*

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#### THE GROWING-UP OF JANET.

Janet and Davy had always looked forward to the time when Davy would don long trousers as a time when he would suddenly blossom forth into the full dignity of being grown-up. Publicly he had assumed a graceful and careless indifference toward the question, but in private he boasted much before Janet's worshipful eyes; and, when Mrs. Carleton told him that his next suit would have the desired length, it seemed that his old blue serge knickers would never wear out.



Yet, now that he was clothed in grown-up-ness in the palpable form of brown serge with small white stripes, he found that the glory had faded gently and noiselessly. Soon he even ceased to be conscious of the flapping about his ankles. But with Janet it was different. By that vague sixth sense she knew that Davy's attitude toward her had changed. Unconsciously he connected her with short-trousered days. He was reaching out for something different. Not that Janet was able to state to herself exactly what was wrong; she knew only that something was wrong. She was troubled, and for some reason she became intensely religious. Piety excluded all other interests. She spent hours on her knees, and decided to become a missionary—preferably to the leper colonies. Having never been very careful of her personal appearance she now took a totally unnecessary stand against such frivolity. Even her battered hair-bows were discarded. Mrs. Eliot looked upon the havoc with as much consternation as her placid nature would permit, long acquaintance with her little daughter having worn off any fine sensitiveness to sudden shocks. She decided that what Janet needed was more companionship with young people of her own age. If there was one thing on earth that Janet both feared and despised it was this threat of companionship with young people of her own age which hung over her, Damocles' sword fashion, from year to year. It always called to her mind rows of inspired little girls with pink cheeks, and correct, faultlessly dressed little boys, with nice manners. She much preferred Davy and the wild woods. At this time, however, she saw the sword tremble in earnest. Her mother sent for a local dress maker, and said she was going to have some clothes made for Janet to wear to Mary Rives' house party. Janet docilely permitted

herself to be measured and fitted. She patiently stood, reading Fox's Book of Martyrs, which she had found in a dusty corner of the bookcase, while the dress maker, kneeling, with her mouth full of pins, tried to make a skirt "set well."

Mary Rives lived in a neighboring town. A party of girls and boys went over together. The train was rather crowded. Janet sat next to a window and looked out upon the whirling landscape with meditative eyes. She was deep in reverie, in spite of the confusion around her, when she heard some whispering voices behind her.

"Who is she?"

"Janet Eliot."

"Awful ugly, isn't she?"

"Oh, I don't know."

The second voice was conciliatory, and stung even worse than the first. Before, people had called her ugly and she had laughed. Prettiness had been to her mind the trade mark of effeminacy, and had been scorned as such. Why did it hurt so now? She sat in silent misery, that pitiful black despair of childhood, which has no remembrance of past experience to build hope upon. She flushed crimson—what a disappointment she must be to her mother, and how Davy must be ashamed of her. And they were so kind they had never let her know. How could she repay them? She thought of wild scenes of heroic rescues in which she might save some one else, and die with blessings on her lips. One by one these were discarded, and finally a real inspiration came, an idea that made her catch her breath with excitement, and her eyes sparkled. She would do it!

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a big dance that night, that all the party

attended. The girls put on their prettiest dresses, in great excitement, and the boys borrowed each other's neckties and gloves, trying to find something strikingly smart.

Janet was very late coming down, so the others went on and left Davy to bring her. He wandered restlessly about the room. What was keeping her? He was a loyal soul, and would never have admitted it to himself but he was unconsciously wishing that Janet would be more interested in the things that girls wear. There was a rustle at the door. He turned, then gasped in astonishment, then tried to recover himself. "Why, Jan - - Janet, what have you done to yourself?"

"Nothing."

With a superbly unconscious air Janet advanced into the room. Janet, with her hair done high in a tumble of chestnut curls—Janet in a wonderful dress that fitted perfectly, and that fell to her ankles. Janet curled and powdered. No wonder Davy stared. "I'm sorry I'm so late. Come on, we'd better go, hadn't we?" she said.

Davy remained in a semi-stunned condition all the way to the party. If Janet had taken wings and flown away he would not have been surprised. It was his first lesson in that never-ending study of the unexpectedness of woman.

The dance was a success for Janet, from the beginning to the very end. She was standing on the stairs, tired and radiant, telling Davy good-night.

"Janet," he said, "you look—Oh, hang it all—you look jolly well tonight!"

She lay awake until late that night, gloriously awake. Then with the perverseness of woman she began longing for the short-trousered days.

## INFLUENCE.

A sovereign who can rule for good or ill,  
A monarch absolute is influence.  
Regardless oft it lowers; still  
More often lifts up souls from depths.

This monarch who so rules us now  
Is yet in power of each one too.  
May we not fail to shed that glow  
Which came from someone's influence on us!

*Marjory Perry.*

## • THE PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON.

During the French Revolution, the nobles and aristocratic military leaders had either left France or remaining there had lost favor along with the class to which they belonged. From among the ranks there rose a man whose exceptional and brilliant personality was to dominate the history of Europe as that of no other before him had ever done. Napoleon Bonaparte, in a sense the last and greatest of those remarkable adventurers who stormed Europe during the eighteenth century, was the most wonderful Corsican the world has ever seen. He was born August 15, 1769, in the island of Corsica, which at that time belonged to France. At nine years of age he was shy, proud, willful, unkempt and untrained. His features were small and pale. His mother had little time for training her children, and as a result, Napoleon was without instruction and his passionate nature was unrestrained. When only ten years old he was taken to France and placed in a preparatory school for a few months. After learning a little of the French language, he entered a military academy.

He showed intense interest in mathematics and in history. Here he spent six long, weary years, ridiculed and mocked by the boys. His bitter tongue and excitable nature was shown by his attitude toward his companions. He was naturally proud and ambitious and could not bring himself to face the others as his equals. More than once he won recognition from the boys by his skill and bravery in defending his rights. He was generous as well as valorous and preferred to suffer himself rather than denounce his comrades who had done wrong. Those who found him remorseful and surly did not realize that beneath the reserved, sullen exterior of the little Corsican boy there was a proud and passionate heart aching for love and recognition. At the age of sixteen he left the military school, an undersized, pale, sickly looking boy.

Nowhere is his dominating personality so well brought out as in his relations with his soldiers. In the first place, his Corsican origin was a great advantage, for there was a wide-spread report that the Corsicans were persons of rare qualities among whom a prodigy might easily be found. By treating the soldiers as personal friends he inspired feelings of devotion to himself, and his influence over them never lessened. They familiarly called him *petit corporal*, a nickname gained from his appearance. He measured five feet, five and three fourths inches. He was very thin and had a sickly, pale, olive complexion. His head was crowned with an irregular thatch of chestnut hair which he allowed to grow so long that it almost touched his shoulders. His one vanity was his hands, small, graceful and well cared for. So frail, so unwarlike, and so far removed from the soldier type was he that he well deserved his nickname. But never did a body

so small contain a nature so enterprising, so ambitious and so capable of realizing those ambitions. The farther his power extended the more his faculties and ambitions expanded. His grasping nature is shown in his dealings with the Italians. He issued a proclamation for the purpose of inspiring Italy with ideas of liberty, but this did not prevent him from wringing 20,000,000 francs from the natives or from destroying Brescia. The soldiers had all possible confidence in him as is shown at Marengo. During the closing scenes of that famous battle, the troops were disheartened and fatigued by the heat of the day, but the sight of "the little man on the white horse" who was ever in front, completely restored their confidence and inspired their courage. If he spoke a word of praise they embroidered it on their banners. The Thirty-second regiment had on their flag, "I was at ease, the Thirty-second was there." Yet even a greater spur than his approval was his displeasure. Not only the soldiers but also the generals bowed beneath the superiority of *La petit corporal*. They were dazzled by his stratagems and manoeuvres, inspired by his imagination. They believed that with him all things were possible. In time of danger, his greatness of soul and his firmness did not leave him. He had four great maxims which he always put into practice: Divide for finding provisions, unity of time is necessary for success and time is everything. No where was the effect of concentrated and vigorous action against superior, but disunited forces more clearly shown than at Mantua. By nature profoundly able, far-seeing and determined, he was endowed with a subtlety in intrigue more than Italian. He was noted for the skill with which he di-

vided his foes and attacked them while severed and disheartened. But the great art, in which he excelled all the captains of ancient and modern times, consisted in his fertility of conception, his eagle glance which divined the weak point of his enemies' position, and the astonishing rapidity with which he brought into play one of his four great maxims, "At the critical time and place to bring an overwhelming force to bear on the power."

The career of Napoleon in Germany shatters our high ideal of his motives. From Helena he assured the world that he had been led on always by the most noble and justifiable ambitions; in Germany he did not attempt to hide the fact that he was actuated by the most selfish impulses. Here he was allied with princes, not peasants; thus his position depended upon personal prestige. After the battle of Tibsit the elements of greatness in his character deteriorated. The law-giver, the organizer, the statesman disappeared and only the conqueror was left. His pride and conscious skill in the terrible game of war distorted his imagination and dragged him on to ruin. So easy had been his success that it was not till the continental system threatened Europe that he found any opposition to his rule, and realized how superficial had been his successes. He had not dreamed that Europe might one day want to shake itself free from his dominion. To a man of Napoleon's imagination nothing was impossible. No thought of failure ever crossed his mind. It was necessary that the chief of the army should be a man of surpassing intellectual force, a man who could not only defeat his enemies in the field, but who could reduce order out of chaos. The man who could best meet those require-

ments was Napoleon. His military genius bewildered his enemies, and thrilled his comrades. His behaviour after his most brilliant successes denoted that he had done nothing as yet. He often complained that he lived in an age when there was so little to be accomplished.

His great work as an organizer portrays well his extraordinary breadth of view and his mastery of detail. France required order and organization and Europe needed reconstruction. But he established order at home before dealing with external foes. This power of evolving order out of chaos and choosing efficient means for carrying out the reorganization was accompanied by an arrogant ambition. He was determined to make himself supreme and used the general desire for reforms as a step toward imperialism. But Napoleonic absolutism was different from Bourbonism. It was based on democracy, not privilege, "its key-note was equality—equality of burdens and equality of rights." All Frenchmen could hope for employment, and all internal discords were healed. The new constitution hurriedly drawn up afforded Napoleon a good opportunity for showing his insight and practical sense and for the creation of despotism. He often compared himself to a Roman emperor and his government to that of Diocletian. His central administrative system showed his characteristic trait of method. Determination and astuteness are brought out in his efforts to carry out his striking revolution in the Republican policy. He showed great political tact in developing the resources of democratic France and in diverting them into military paths. It was Napoleon that France too owed her great influence and the unlimited possibilities which lay before her. Without him the French revolution would never have had its immense significance to Europe. Private judgment and individual liberty did



not enter into his conception of government, principles of power and determination were firm beliefs with him. He would often refuse to listen to suggestions, because he had more knowledge of the facts than those who offered advice. He was quick in perceiving a good opportunity and in making use of it. This is illustrated by the following example: Russia joined forces with England, Austria, Turkey, Sweden and Denmark in the second coalition; but she became alienated from England on account of the conduct of Austria and recalled her chief army from Italy. Napoleon, comprehending the situation with his usual adroitness, released a number of Russian prisoners and sent them back to Russia with a courteous message to Paul I. The half-witted ruler was so charmed that he at once became an admirer of the First Consul. Napoleon fully realized the strength of Catholicism and the great advantage of a union between the church and the state. He possessed the essential qualities necessary to a great leader; he was powerful, imaginative, infinitely patient and of great powers of perception. His spirit was daring in conception and patient in attending to myriads of details. Much of his success was due to the habit of seeing after things himself. No matter how small the task or of how little value it was not beneath his notice. He even told his diplomats what they should say and how they should act. He dared do anything, for he had no conventional nation to detain him, no master to dictate to him. He regarded personal authority the only effective means of rule. "This revivification of the idea of authority," says Guizot, "is his greatest and most arduous development." Napoleon himself said that he was the rider of a spirited horse who in order to keep a straight course was compelled to control his steed with bit and

curb. He was always confident of the success of his policy; he never acknowledged an error and never receded a step. The effect of blending the Gothic institutions with the spirit of the nineteenth century is observed both in intellectual, material and political spheres. The Italian blood of his father is seen in his appreciation of the arts and his far reaching power of intrigue and organization. Bonaparte owed little or nothing to favor, he forced his way to the front by sheer power and ability. He himself said, "Nothing has been simpler than my elevation. It was owing to the peculiarity of the times. I have always marched with the opinion of great masses and events." When he met with his first reverse a thrill ran through Europe at this unexpected change of fortune, but again he was saved by his surprising energy. For ten years Napoleon had wielded absolute power and those ten years had changed him from a strenuous, hard worker, who studied the situation with care, to a self-willed despot who expected everything to go his way. He imagined himself a being apart from mankind, endowed with supernatural powers. His self confidence together with his obstinacy and his failure to realize the strength of desire for revenge which animated the Russians and Prussians, as well as the increasing discontent in France at the continuance of expensive wars, led him irresistibly to his fall. Yet he was noble to the last. When he abdicated the **second time in favor** of his son he left the parting injunction, "Let all unite for public safety in order to remain an independent nation."

Great as a warrior and as an organizer Napoleon was even greater as a man. He had that rare personal quality which made men love him. In every thing Napoleon was an intensely natural man; his viv-

id imagination, his strong will, his loving heart were all alike untrained. In their almost brutal strength and sweetness they appealed to the worldly man. Danger he loved and played with. None could be so cruel, none so gentle. No man ever planned more for his fellow men, yet none ever broke so many hearts. Economical and easily irritated when he saw money wasted, he was generous in gifts, salaries, and pensions. When circumstance required it, he could equal in magnificence the most royal sovereign of the East. He was sombre, thoughtful and always busy. In emergency he was quick-witted, a virtue which often saved him from disaster. His charm of manner was more freely shown in his private life. In public the military man came into play. His sentences rang sharp, his eyes were fixed and keen and a smile played around his lips. Domestic sorrows never interfered with his activity and vigor. The general impression he gave in public was one of ill-defined fear. No man ever made practical realities of so many dreams. He struggled for a place, not that he might have ease, but an opportunity for action. Neither did he seek honors for himself alone, but that he might share them with others. He was generous and forbearing and always showed a tender remembrance of all who had been associated with him in his early years. His powerful personality, and his invincible strength of mind and body inspired awe in all men. He was the greatest genius of his time and perhaps of all times; yet he lacked the crown of greatness—"that high wisdom born of reflection and introspection which knows its own powers and limitations and never abuses them; that fine sense of proportion which holds the rights of others in the same solemn reverence it demands for its own."

*Sarah Callahan.*

## JANE AND THE SUIT-CASE.

Jane snatched up her suit-case, marched down the aisle, and jumped off the train. Then, on the platform, she looked hurriedly around to see if anyone were waiting for her. There were only a few people at the station, and one by one they disappeared, driving off into the dismal drizzle of the gloomy afternoon, and leaving Jane alone. She began to be a little anxious, but soon she saw a baggage-man step out on the platform, so she boldly went over to where he stood.

"Can you tell me," she asked rather timidly, "if the Hudson's car has been here to meet this train?"

"Havn't seen it," he said shortly.

Jane looked around. It was rapidly growing darker, although it was not very late, and she had to reach the Hudson's house before night, because this was her first big house-party, and the first dance was to be for her, the youngest member of the party. She just *had* to hurry, and yet she did not see any possible way of getting away from that dingy little country station.

"Well," she finally decided, "I suppose there's nothing to do but walk. I wish I could leave my suit-case, but my party-clothes are in it." At the thought of the party, she set off briskly down the road.

The road was muddy, and the fine rain very dismal, and presently the suit-case began to feel very heavy indeed. Jane trudged a while longer, but soon she sat down on her suit-case to rest. It grew darker, and she tried to hasten her steps, but she found that she had to rest oftener, so she gave up hurrying, and settled down to a slow walk. The suit-case seemed to become heavier and heavier every minute, and it made her arm ache more and more every time she picked it up after her short rests.

“Ah, dear,” she sighed, “I believe I’ll take my dress out, and leave this old thing here ’till morning.” But the rain had by this time increased, and she was afraid she would ruin the lovely little dress so carefully made for her first big dance. So there was nothing to do but to go on.

On she started, damp and very much depressed, for she couldn’t even open her umbrella, as it now took both of her hands to carry the suit-case. It seemed by this time to weigh at least a ton.

“I don’t believe I’m ever going to get there,” she thought, and then she stopped suddenly.

“Suppose—I’m lost!”

But quickly around a curve swept two big automobile headlights, and Jane recognized the Hudson’s big car. It was being driven at a reckless rate by John Hudson, and Jane’s small cry of greeting was lost in its roar. So Jane sat down by the road to wait for him to return from the station. It was not long until she heard him come tearing back, and this time she placed herself in the middle of the road. John jumped out, and when he saw who it was, joyfully helped her into the car, throwing her suit-case in also.

“Thought sure I’d missed you,” he exclaimed. Soon they reached the Hudson’s big country home, and Jane was soon warm and happy among the jolly boys and girls.

Then the girls went up stairs to dress, and Jane rescued her suit-case from John. Going into her room, she opened it, and then sat weakly down on the floor and laughed, cried and acted generally as though she were crazy. For in the suit-case were some drummer’s nice clean shirts and collars, and not her own dainty frills and laces at all! And her own clothes were probably sailing gayly along as the property of

the bald-headed travelling-man who had been her protector on the journey.

Jane cried, and all the other girls sympathized, but she was too small to wear any of their clothes. When she thought how she had dragged that suit-case all the way from the station, she began to laugh, and when the girls suggested that she would have lots of fun if she wore a long dress and her first train, everything seemed all right. But Jane didn't dance much that night, because she ached all over from her walk, and trains are rather hard to manage when you're not used to them.

*Isabell Beacham, '14.*

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#### FOR THE SAKE OF THE PAPOOSE.

Many people passing by the little Indian reservation just outside the village of Muskogee, Oklahoma, had often noticed a beautiful, young white woman among the Indians. She was dressed as they were and seemed to be well contented with her lot in life. This young woman was called Lois Weyman. No one outside of one of two Indians knew how she had come to live at the reservation. She did not know herself, but as she had lived there since she was two years old, she did not think of her state being an unfortunate one. Lois, on growing up, had become the wife of one of the bravest young warriors in her tribe. This Indian was called White Cloud. She and White Cloud were soon blessed with a little son, whom they called White Panther.

One day when White Panther was four years old he and his mother and father, went to one side of the camp to enjoy the beautiful summer afternoon. Little White Panther had scaled a near by tree while his

mother and father were seated on the grass conversing. While talking White Cloud had one hand thrown behind him as a prop. Suddenly he uttered a cry of pain and quickly jumping up, killed the snake which had caused his pain before Lois could realize what had happened. The snake, which proved to be a large "rattler," had bitten White Cloud just above the wrist. When Lois saw what had happened she at once began to try to suck the poisoned blood from his veins. But his arm was swelling fast and also becoming very painful, so they hurried to the reservation. Some of the Indians sucked his arm again, but it was to no avail for the bite had been deadly. In a very few hours White Cloud lay in his wigwam dying. Lois and her little son were with him to the last, and it was with as much grief as any wife ever gave up her husband that she gave up White Cloud.

Three months later Lois was out walking in the neighboring forest, when she came to a little stream. She was just wondering how she would get across when a white hunter appeared, and seeing her need asked her to allow him to wade across with her. Lois consented and he carried her to the other side. She thanked him for the kindness and then he inquired what her name was. On Lois telling him her name he gave her his card, saying that if she ever needed him to come to Muskogee and with the aid of the card she could find him. He then went his way and Lois went hers.

For days after this meeting Lois seemed at times to be absorbed in deep thought. While in one of these moods one day another warrior approached her with words of love. Had she not met the strange white hunter, perhaps these words would not have been in vain, but it is useless to say that she rejected him now.

Her little son was practically her only comfort while at the reservation and he was the only bond which held her to the tribe.

Some days after this proposal, Lois was again strolling in the same direction as when she met the hunter. She was standing beside a tree when she saw her hunter friend carrying an antelope over his shoulder. He recognized her and came to her at once begging her to accept the antelope as a gift. She could not accept it for she knew that it would cause trouble at the camp. The handsome young hunter then proceeded to tell her the old story of love at first sight and ended in proposing to her. Lois confessed that she loved him, but she could not accept him on account of White Panther. She loved her little son as dearly as ever a mother loved her child, and she knew to marry a white person meant separation from him, for the Indians would never consent to give him up. She did not tell the hunter of her marriage to White Cloud, but told him that although she loved him she could not accept him then, but might later. They then separated and it was with very sad steps that they went homeward.

A week after the hunter's proposal, Lois decided to ask the chief to give her her child and let her marry a white man. She knew it was almost absurd to ask such a thing, but she thought there was a little hope of her request being granted. The old Indian chief naturally became very angry and told her that she could go to her white people, but the child could not. Lois did not know what to do, but after much thought decided to go to Muskogee, find the hunter, and tell him that she would accept him. It was very difficult to part from her child, but after promising him she would return soon, he let her depart to the village. On



reaching the village she soon came to a door with the name, Dr. D. T. Meyer, on it. As this was the name on the card she knocked and hurriedly went in. She found the doctor seated in his cozy little office and soon told him her mission. He wished her to marry him at once so they went to the justice of the peace and were soon united.

The doctor, as we have said, was ignorant of Lois having been married before and having a child. She seemed to be perfectly happy with her new surroundings, but he did not know how her heart was aching to be with her child. In Dr. Meyer's presence she was always cheerful, but as soon as he was away she could not restrain her tears, for she knew White Panther was also weeping for her. However, she did not realize how much her child was longing for her. Had she known this she would not have hesitated in going to him.

Since Lois's leaving the reservation little White Panther had grieved for his mother so much that he had made himself sick. He now had a burning fever and was in a very critical condition. In fact, he was so sick that his grandfather decided to send to Muskegee for Dr. Meyer. The Indian woman, who was sent to Dr. Meyer's home, entered and saying that the doctor was wanted at the reservation for a child. Lois recognized her Indian friend and spoke to her, but Dr. Meyer did not notice any change in her countenance as the woman told him of the sick child. As soon as the doctor was outside the door, Lois detained the woman and learned of her child's illness. The woman said that he begged for his mother all the time. As soon as the Indian and her husband had departed she gave full sway to her grief. Finally she decided to see her child at all

hazards. She went running to the camp and arrived in a few minutes after her husband. She at once went to the old tent and found her husband and several Indians around her child. She could scarcely recognize White Panther; he had grown so pale and haggard. As soon as the child saw her, he raised up and said in a weak, sweet voice, "Mamma, don't leave me." Dr. Meyer not knowing that this was his wife's child thought him to be out of his mind and told Lois to leave. Some of the Indians quickly gave him an explanation. He did not know what to do, nor did Lois, for they both realized that it meant separation one way or the other. But the mother love triumphed and Lois clasped her child to her bosom.

Dr. Meyer was so lonely and disappointed that two weeks later he decided to leave the little western town and go somewhere else—he knew not where. On reaching his comfortable apartments one afternoon after coming in from a "call," he sat down and wrote a note to his men friends in Muskogee telling them he had gone and that he left all his possessions to them. This completed, he began his journey.

He was nearly to the Indian reservation when a masked highwayman sprang from behind a bush and yelled, "Hands up!" Dr. Meyer did not at once respond, but tried to defend himself. The highwayman might have been overcome had he not given the doctor a blow across his head, stunning him so that he fell to the ground in a faint. The bandit then searched the doctor's pockets and finding the required valuables left him lying on the ground. In half an hour or so the wounded man regained his consciousness, and, although very weak from the great loss of blood, he tried to make his way on farther. He had not gone very far when his strength failed him and he sat

down on an old log. While sitting here Lois's child happened to come by and, seeing that he was hurt, ran for help. Soon an Indian returned with White Panther and after bandaging his wound carried him back to his home in Muskogee. Little White Panther, recognizing the doctor as the man who had helped him, followed him back to the village. When they were in the doctor's home and the wounded man was seated and the little fellow was trying to express his sympathy for the doctor by saying kind things and rubbing his head, when the door opened and Lois came rushing into the room. She had seen Dr. Meyer pass the camp and, knowing from his appearance that he was wounded, had hastened to him. On looking around she found herself confronted by her Indian father-in-law, for he happened to be the one who brought the doctor home. However, she ran up to her husband and embraced him with one arm while she embraced her little son with the other. The old Indian was so much moved by this scene that he could not bear to think of the three being separated again. As he was the chief of his tribe he had the power to do as he chose with any member of it, so he called Lois aside and told her that he gave his consent for her to keep White Panther. He then bade his little grandson farewell and bowing his head walked slowly from the room, leaving the three very happy.

*Nannie Burns.*

“POTATOES ARE THE MOST NOURISHING  
AND FATTENING, OF ALL VEGETABLES.”

—*U. S. Government Bureau report.*

A jobless man was starving,  
Daily growing thin and poor,  
When chanced to him a happy thought.  
He dashed him to a store:  
With last few sous, potatoes bought  
Though friends believed him daft,  
He poses now in picture-shows  
As William Howard Taft.

*Ethel Watson*

*(After Tennyson)*

Half a block, half a block  
Half a block onward  
And into a groc'ry store  
Dashed our poor hero  
“Now for the goods, you Mut.”  
“Charge 'em?” the clerk said. But  
Think on the rise they made  
Glory of “M. P.” trade  
“Man and Potato.”

*(After Kipling)*

'E went into the store-'ouse, potatoes there to get,  
'Is friends they up and sez “You don't, you don't want  
nothin' wet?”  
An' then they laughed an' 'ollered, but they jolly soon  
began:—  
“’Tho once a free-hunchy beggar, now's a corking  
picture man.”

*(After Wordsworth)*

Sweet tuber! be like that day to lift

Thy jobless friend from such poor shift.  
He praised thee ever.  
And thou who mad'st 'im what he be  
We fain would ask this boon of thee,—  
Thy mysterious weaning.

*Ethel Watson.*

## Editorials

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, VIOLET ASKINS

ASSISTANT EDITOR, STELLA BOMAR

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What do our first days, our first weeks in college mean to us? What will our first year mean? Are we making these days which are so silently slipping by, count for something worth while in our lives? Are we bright and happy over each task that we perform, and by our cheerfulness, helping others to be glad? Let us be cheerful; for "Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift." Then, be a friend. Make friends with every girl if possible, and be a friend to her at all times. If we do this and try to make each day bright for her, we will not find time to be 'blue,' discouraged, or to think disagreeable things about our fellow students. Our minds only have room for so many thoughts at a time and if we keep them filled with kind, helpful thoughts the unkind, evil thoughts cannot come in. If we keep doing kind, thoughtful deeds we will not find time for any others. Again, be happy. The only true way to be happy is to make some one else so, and "No one has any more right to go about unhappy than he has to go about illbred." He owes it to himself, to his friends, to society, and to the community in general, to live up to his best spiritual possibilities, not only now and then, once or twice a

year or once in a season, but every day and every hour.

We are impressed with the interest of the many friends of our College and with their sincere appreciation and concern in the present growth and development of the *Greater G. F. C.* An example of this is our new Science Hall, which was made possible by the magnificent sum of \$2,000, donated by the heirs of the late Hon. T. Q. Donaldson, of Greenville, South Carolina. Being on the first floor of the new north dormitory, it is convenient to every part of the College building. It is splendidly arranged with large rooms for Botany, Chemistry and Physics; each room, well lighted, is furnished with the necessary apparatus for laboratory work, and with gas and electricity. Then the indispensable little store rooms for each of the larger rooms, and the large lecture room with elevated seats and necessary furnishings which make it as delightful for the lectures as are the other rooms for laboratory work.

On a recent Sunday morning, our President announced from the dining hall that he had just received a check for the splendid sum of \$500.00 from a loyal friend, Mr. George Draper, of Hopedale, Mass. Such gifts are graciously received by the College and will be used where they are most needed and where they will be of the greatest advantage to the work of the institution

# Exchanges

EDITOR, THERESA SANDERS

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*The Wofford  
College Journal.*

The material in this magazine is far more attractive than the cover. While the material is the more important, we do not think it irrelevant to suggest that the staff choose a cover for the Journal that shall be indicative of its contents. We like the arrangement of the Literary Department in which the element of contrast is striking. The first poem, "The Song of Nature," shows that the author has caught something of the great truth of nature. "The Lawyer for the Defense" is the best story in this issue. The plot and paragraphing are good. Few college authors seem to realize that a paragraph is a unit and can have but one topic. "To a Cloud" and "Aurora" are charming poems with their vivid picturing. We want to express our hearty concurrence with the ideas set forth in "The Democrats as Progressives." We like this title. The article though short indicates thought and careful preparation. It is a good idea, in our opinion, for college magazines to offer articles on present day affairs, and we are glad to see an increasing number of them doing this. Articles of such nature make the college magazine interesting to readers everywhere. The poem, "Mother," strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of all who read it. "But He Also Dreamt" is interesting, touching slightly as it does on the problem of compulsory education in South Carolina. But the author could spend a few hours



profitably in the study of clearness and sentence structure. The departments are good, especially the Editorial Department.

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*The Erothesian.* The arrangement of material in this magazine is slightly different from the usual order in that the Editorial Department is the first. We like a weightier department and one treating topics of more general interest. The sketch, "Gen. Willian Booth," is too sterotyped; lack of originality is its chief fault. We do not mean to imply plagiarism but simply to say that it is too much like all other sketches. "Trees in Home Making" is a timely article on a subject which is attracting much attention at present and deservedly so. The story, "My New York Cousin," is rather long drawn out, which weakens the effect. The article on "Tea Culture" is well written. The departments are not so full as they might be.

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*The University of North Carolina Magazine.* The University of North Carolina Magazine presents an attractive cover, but we are somewhat disappointed to discover on closer examination that there is a scarcity of material. We are surprised to find no Athletic or Y. M. C. A. Departments. We get a glimpse of a fine athletic spirit, though, in the first poem, "To our Team." This is full of movement and enthusiasm. "Evolution," an interesting essay, opens with a striking quotation which gives the key-note to the paper. "Evolution is the education of the race; education is the evolution of the individual." The poem, "Waitin'," in dialect, is good for it is not exaggerated as is usually

the case in the attempts of amateurs to use this difficult form. "In Gibraltar's Shadows," is an exceedingly interesting personal experience and holds one's attention to the end. The style is rapid and direct—an art to be desired. "One of the Sixteen Hundred," is unusual and leaves one with a feeling of unrest. The editorials are short and to the point. The sketches are original and unusually good.

One is disappointed upon opening the Wade Hampton Society number of the Journal to find that it contains only one essay, three stories and one poem. Two of the stories are up to the usual standard. We offer as a suggestion that they publish a few more essays and poems in their next issue, thereby adding much to the literary value of this department. The other departments are so short that one receives the impression that the associate editors are not deeply interested in their work.

*The Winthrop  
College Journal.*

# Locals.

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EDITOR, WINONA WAY.

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Dr. Geo. W. Quick, pastor of the First Baptist church, with his usual keen insight, foreseeing the embarrassing situation that would ensue if the Furman "Rats" and the G. F. C. "Rats" were not on speaking terms, planned a very clever way of overcoming this difficulty, by inviting both to his church. This reception was in every way a success, thanks to the accommodating introductory committee who relieved many a distressing situation by keeping the line moving.

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The first Lyceum number, "She Stoops To Conquer," presented by the Ben Greet players was given at the Chicora auditorium October 25th. Almost all of the girls attended, and we have never seen them enjoy an evening so much.

One of the greatest pleasures that has come to us this year is that we have had the privilege of having with us again Mr. and Mrs. Lake. Mrs. Lake is better known to us as Miss Carrie Bostick. She gave us two splendid talks on the mission work in China. Especially interesting to us was her description of the life and work of the Chinese girls in one of the schools with which she is connected. She speaks of this school as "The Little G. F. C." Mr. and Mrs. Lake came to America a few months ago and will remain here until June, when they will return to China where they will again take up their mission work.

A large number of the G. F. C. girls attended the Hallow'een party given by Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher at the Sans Souci club house.

Miss Florence Shaw recently visited her aunt, Mrs. Earl, of Anderson.

The father of Miss Juanita Brasington spent the day on the campus with her a few days ago.

The Beta Society entertained in honor of its new members and the Alpha Society at a banquet recently.

Among those who have spent the week end at home are: Miss Annie Campbell, Piedmont; Miss Mildred Thompson, Greer; Miss Mary Welborn, Williamston; Miss Alvie Williams, Greenville.

Mrs. Todd recently spent a short while with her daughter, Miss "Rat" Todd.

The sister of Miss Hannah Morrell spent the week-end with her recently.

Miss Loree Smith left for her home Monday, on account of sickness. Her speedy recovery and return to College is wished for by all of us.

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V-l-et- A-k-s.: "Oh, say, did you know we have a girl in college from Illinois?"

Ruth W-l-te: "Why, Violet, I know you are mistaken—she told me herself she was from Chicago."

Lost: The point of a joke—if found please return to Vio-t A-k-s.

M-r-e M-r-h-l: "Oh! I do hope Mr. Wilson will be elected. I detest Mr. Blease."

Paulette G-i-g: "Who is Wilson any way."

B-ch-e H-a-r informed Mrs. Sloan the other day that she hoped the uniforms would come before Fri-

day night—for she had nothing appropriate to wear to the Senior-Junior reception.

D-r-h-y- M-h-n-: “Miss Atkinson, can you tell me if Shakespeare’s work are in the library?”

Miss Atkinson: “Why, yes, D-r-h-y, they are in there. What do you want to read?”

D-r-h-y: “I only wanted to read, ‘She Stoops to Conquer’ before I go to the lyceum tonight.”

Irene W-k-m-n: “Say, Ruth, where can I get a copy of Epsom’s Fables?”

R. Strom: “It isn’t Epsom’s Fables we have to read. It’s Esau’s.”

Will some one please inform L-c-a W-t-n that toasts given at a banquet are not the kind to be buttered.

Alas? What did R-s-a L-p-b say the other night at the Beta banquet when the flash light picture was taken -\*- !!!

One of our waiters informed one of the teachers that she could have any kind of fruit for supper, as the matron was serving “indifferent” fruits tonight.

# Our Serious Side

W. C. T. U.

EDITOR, IRIS PERRY.

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On October 27, the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the Greenville Female College held its first meeting of the session. Before the devotional exercises, the president, Miss Lydia Green, brought up some business matters before the Union. As the vice president and the secretary did not return to the College, Miss Sue Byrd and Miss Elizabeth Jeter were elected. The editor for the W. C. T. U. department of the Isaqueena was elected also. It was decided by the members to meet once every quarter. The Y. W. C. A. cabinet has arranged to give one meeting every three months to the Y. W. C. T. U.

Our girls have shown little interest in the organization this year, although a number of girls have joined. The old members have almost forgotten that they should be faithful to the organization and should keep the pledge through life. So let us each keep true to the sign of the white ribbon, and work for the good of our Union.

## Y. W. C. A.

EDITOR, ALPHA DURHAM

---

Every organization in order to progress smoothly must have some uniform way of working. A very beneficial plan has been mapped out for us by Mrs. Chapman—starting with the first women of the Old Testament and leading up to the great ones of the New. In the last meeting we studied the pioneer women, Sarah, Rebecca and Ruth.

One meeting in each month is devoted entirely to the Y. W. A. at which the program provided by *The Mission Field* is used. The last meeting was given to the study of *The New City*.

The five mission study classes organized at the beginning of the year are meeting regularly. On Sunday afternoon, November 3, Mr. and Mrs. Lake from Canton, China, addressed these classes. We students of G. F. C. have always claimed Mrs. Lake as our own missionary, for she was not only an alumna of the College but also a teacher.

The work done in the Y. W. C. A. should be given more careful study and more time. It is not a thing to be considered trifling and unimportant. The Association was organized with a definite purpose and should bear fruit right here in College. But if the means towards that end are neglected, the end can never be attained. So let us all in the future take serious interest in the little part we are called on to play, making the most of the small opportunities. Soon the field for service will enlarge and our united efforts will yield results for which we are striving.

# Judson Literary Society Notes

## ALPHA DIVISION.

EDITOR, IRENE WORKMAN.

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The Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society has been holding its regular weekly meetings in the College auditorium. Two very interesting debates have principally constituted the program for two evenings and interest in society work was marked by the manner in which the young ladies entered into the open discussion of the queries. Debates are beneficial and instructive as well as interesting, and we hope our program committee will arrange many interesting debates for us this term.

On October 26 we were entertained at a sumptuous banquet by the Beta Literary Society. The dining hall was very attractively decorated in salvia and ferns. After having been served a delightful five course supper and enjoying all the while delightful music rendered by Comstock's Orchestra, several members of the faculty and others made toasts. The evening was a brilliant success and we Alphas went away saying, "Gee! ain't those Betas some polite."

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## BETA DIVISION.

EDITOR, NANNIE BURNS.

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Lately we have had several excellent programs, all of which were well rendered. We are glad to say that all of the girls seem to be taking an interest in the Society, and we have had very few failures to perform duty. The following musical program, rendered



on Saturday evening, October the nineteenth, was especially interesting:

Piano duet . . . . .	{	Miss Anna Sanders
		.Miss Eileen Montgomery
Life of Mozart . . . . .		Miss Fannie Mae Hunt
Piano Solo . . . . .		Miss Mary Timmerman
Piano Solo . . . . .		Miss Adeline McComb
Orchestra Selection . . . . .		

Miss Marguerite Nelson  
 Miss Virgil Sellars  
 Miss Merle Swift  
 Miss Rosela Parker  
 Miss Loulie Cullum

College Items . . . . .Miss Paulette Going

On the following Saturday evening there was no regular program, on account of a banquet given by our Society to the new members. The faculty, the Alphas, and those students who are members of neither society were also invited. The banquet was given in our beautiful new dining room. Every one seemed to enjoy it to the fullest extent, especially did we enjoy the toasts, which were given by several members of the faculty and some of the girls.

The following Saturday we had a short, but very good program. The brevity of the program was due to there being so many social affairs in that week; there was, therefore, not time to prepare a longer program.

# Fine Arts

EDITOR, KATHLEEN EVANS.

## PART. I

- I. Piano Solo—Polonaise .....MacDowell  
Miss Nelson.
- II. Personal Impressions of Cornwall, the  
Legendary Arthur Country .....Miss Rhodes
- III. Reading from Lancelot and Elaine  
..... Miss Whitmarsh

## PART II.

- I. Late, Late, So Late .....Tennyson  
(Music by George Schaefer.)  
Miss Nelson.
- II. The Spiritual Meaning of the Idylls,  
..... Miss Rhodes
- III. Reading from Guinevere .....Miss Whitmarsh

This unique program given on Monday evening, October 21st, 1912, in the College auditorium by Miss Clara Lawton Rhodes, the head of the English Department, and Miss Elizabeth Prentiss Whitmarsh, Expression teacher, was one of the most enjoyable and cultural recitals that has ever been given here.

The relation of Miss Rhodes' personal experiences and impressions of the King Arthur Country gave atmosphere to Miss Whitmarsh's selections.

Miss Whitmarsh's personal interpretation and artistic arrangement of the Idylls was splendid.

In the Chicora College auditorium on Friday evening, October 23rd, 1912, The Ben Greet Players pre-

sented very charmingly Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. This was the first Lyceum number of the season; and was thoroughly enjoyed by every one.

On Monday evening, November 4, 1912, a very difficult Pianoforte recital was given by our Professor of Music, Mr. George H. Schaefer. It is indeed a treat to hear him, and his recitals are always looked forward to with much pleasure. Mr. Poston, our director of music, assisted Mr. Schaefer with Grieg's *I Love Thee*. This song, sung so well, added very much to the evening's entertainment. The following is the program:

- Schumann—Carnaval .....Op. 9  
 Preambule, Pierrot, Arlequin, Valse Noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Papillons, Lettres Dasantes, Charina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Colombine, Valse Allemande Paganini, Aven, Promenade Pause, Marche des Davidsbundler centreles Philistins.
- Grieg .....I Love Thee  
 Mr. Poston
- MacDowell—Sonata Tragica .....Op. 45  
 Largo Maestoso, Allegro Molto Allegro, Vivace Largo coa Maestro Allegro eroico.
- Wagner-Liszt .....Isolde's Love Death  
 Liszt .....Rhapsodie No. 12

# Athletics

EDITOR, MARY STANSELL.

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The Athletic Association is one of the most important features of G. F. C. Under the direction of Miss Elizabeth P. Whitmarsh, Physical Director, it has been most successfully organized with Sue Byrd, president; Ella DuPont, vice president; Marquerite Marshall, secretary; Ruth Wilburn, treasurer.

The athletic grounds, directly back of the College auditorium, have been greatly improved and equipped and great interest is taken in tennis, basket and volley ball. The Association is divided into five circles, each having a captain who sees that the different games are played correctly.

G. F. C. has been quite deficient for a number of years in athletics but if the girls keep alive their enthusiasm and co-operate with the officers, the success of the Association will be complete.

## AN APPEAL FOR OUR ADVERTISERS.

The list of merchants and business concerns given below represents those who make the publication of Isaqueena, our magazine of which we are so proud, possible. Without their patronage our magazine could not be published, and it is the request of the business manager and board of editors that they be patronized in preference to those who do not advertise with us. Show them that you believe in reciprocity and that the Isaqueena is a good advertising medium.

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