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The Isaqueena - 1919, November

Martha Peace
Greenville Woman's College

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The Isaqueena



November, 1919

Published each month by the students of the
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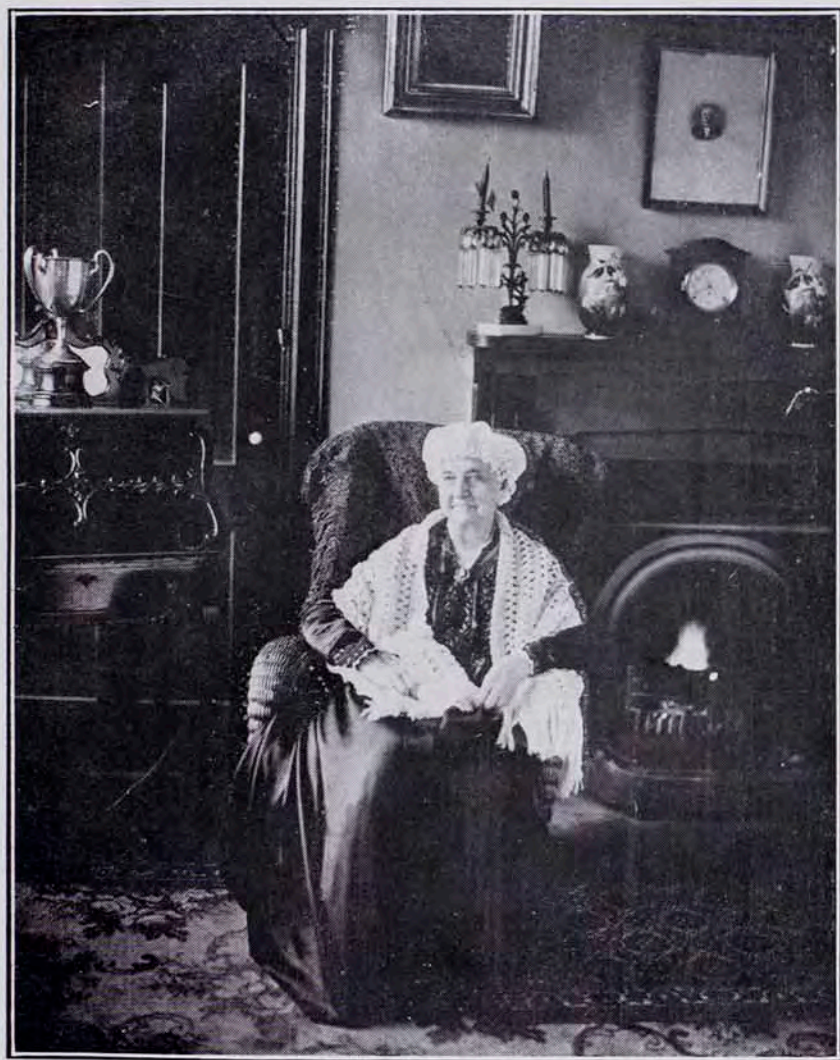
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DEDICATION

To the noble woman who has planned and executed the best that our college has today, whose unselfish devotion has furthered its highest good, to whom we owe our individuality as a school, and whose presence among us is still a benediction—to Miss Mary C. Judson this issue of the Isaqueena is lovingly dedicated by the student body of Greenville Womans College.



MISS MARY C. JUDSON AT 19



MISS MARY C. JUDSON AT 91

The Isaquena

VOL. XIV.

GREENVILLE, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1919

NO. 1

AGE ADVANCING

Light step I ne'er again shall know ;—
Thus have the passing years decreed.
And yet no foolish grief I'll show,
For *spirit* has far other need.

Your coming gave me no alarm,
I sat not down to mope and rust,
But sought what good, aloof from harm,
Old Earth still had for me in trust.

My heart still thrills at all true thought
Is stirred by the sweet voice of love ;
Is gladdened with the beauty wrought
By God's kind hand—below—above.

And now, when you, with trembling pace,
Bring nearly nine decades to me,
No bitterness is in my face.
But smiles and kind words welcome thee.

Why grieve for blessings that have fled?
For earthly joys forever gone?
When the unfailing Word hath said
That—It is better farther on.

—M. C. J.

GREETINGS.

I have been asked to extend, through their magazine, a few words of greeting to the new pupils of 1919 and 1920. I should have been glad to give this greeting personally, as I have done so often in days gone by, but circumstances would not permit.

The time has been when it was thought by some that *woman* had no need of education and therefore, for a long time, none was provided for her; but *she* thought differently, and provided it for herself.

In the early part of the present century while colleges for young men were to be found wherever needed; a woman's college had nowhere been heard of. Woman was awaking, however, to the consciousness that she was in possession of a mind as well as man, and that it was just as susceptible of being cultivated as was that of man.

The first college for girls in the United States, and, so far as I know, in the world, was secured through the influence of a woman—Mary Lyon. She, with others of her sex, labored for a long time to secure a college for girls. Most of them gave up through discouragement. Miss Lyon, alone, persevered, and in 1837 Mount Holyoke was opened; the first genuine college for girls. Though small at first, it is now large and flourishing and colleges for girls may now be found all over our country.

Yes, woman has at last triumphed in her efforts to obtain an education; and the girl who does not embrace the opportunities now within her reach, will soon find that the world has little use for her. It has learned woman's worth, and is now reaching out its hands on every side for the help that woman can give. Not for her of the painted cheek, the bare neck, the bare arms, the gay, fanciful attire, but for the *true* woman—the woman of trained mind and heart; the woman possessing those pure, exalted elements of *character* the exercise of which tends to the uplifting, not the lowering of humanity.

The world is not to-day what it was four years ago. The *true* woman's worth has been recognized and appreciated as never before. The world will not be, four years hence, when you have finished your college course, what it is to-day. The world is growing, and is needing more and more—not the painted cheek, the undeveloped mind and character, but the strong, helpful woman. See to it then, that you do not trifle away your time while it is yours to improve. See to it that you so use your opportunity for cultivating the talents that God has given you, that when you go out into the world, the world will be glad to welcome you.

M. C. JUDSON.

Appropriate to Miss Judson is this thought from Ruskin.

"There is no old age where there is that peace which is founded in memory of happy and useful years with hope of better things to be won."

I have been fortunate in knowing Miss Judson, both as teacher and in the home.

As teacher I looked upon her with admiration, and at the same time, with awe. In the home, she was gentle and kind, and my awe was turned into real affection.

To have been closely associated with Dr. Judson and Miss Judson has been a benediction on our lives.

Around the fireside Miss Judson has told us about her ambition in educational work, and the difficulties she met. She was persuaded to put some of these facts into writing. After much more persuasion, she has consented for me to use her own words in the story that follows.

RENA R. GEER.

A BRIEF BACKWARD GLANCE

The thought of growing old has commonly been a very unpleasant one for woman; but to those of us who can look back through eight or nine decades, and compare the condition of woman to-day with that of less than a century ago, it cannot fail to be a source of great rejoicing that we have lived to see the change—a change that involves betterment in many respects; but the one I wish most to emphasize is her larger opportunities for education.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, no provision had been made for woman's education, except that of the public school, with its curriculum of the three R's; nor was anything better provided for her at the time I appeared on the scene, June 27th, 1828.

My early home was in a country village, in Connecticut. The only school that I, for many years, knew anything of, was the common country school with its "Readin, Ritin, and Rithmetic," its lady teacher for summer and its gentleman teacher for winter. I, of course, went to school there when I was old enough. How old that was I do not know. My "A. B. C." and simple spelling and reading, I probably learned at home. The only books that I can now recall as having had any interest in, were two Readers—the "English Reader," and the "Sequel to the English Reader." I remember being attracted by the selections of prose and poetry they contained, and wondering why such "pretty pieces" should be put in common school books.

Of course, I studied all that was taught in the public schools at that time. Simple arithmetic was, I think, their highest study, and I saw nothing for me but to stop school.

Just about this time, some one, a gentleman, I think, told me of a book he had studied somewhere, and said he thought I would like it; it was "Comstock's Natural Philosophy." These big words appealed to me; and, as he offered to lend me his book, saying that he was through with it, I accepted

his offer. I asked one of the older girls to join me in the study, and she consented; but soon became tired of it, and gave it up. I, too, on finding that my teacher (a man) knew little, if any, more about the subject than I did myself—just hearing lessons, but unable to explain them, I soon followed her example. Later, another friend offered to lend me a book on astronomy, together with a large map of the heavens. I gladly accepted the offer, and studied it for a year, perhaps longer, learning many interesting facts of the science, but not much of the real principles involved.

But a brighter day was dawning for me. At about this time a graduate of Yale College came to our town, proposing to open a "select school" for older pupils. The idea pleased, not only the young people, but their parents also, who had come to wish for something better for their children than just the three R's; and soon a large school of girls and boys, with ages varying from sixteen to twenty, was opened. With the consent of my parents, I entered the school, its youngest pupil—I was about fourteen.

There I found enough to keep me busy. The only studies new to me were, I think, rhetoric and Latin. With these were higher grammar, higher arithmetic, and, if I remember correctly, astronomy and natural philosophy were pursued more thoroughly. Mental and moral philosophy (science, now), came in somewhere, but, I think, later.

After about two or three years in this school, my father moved to New Haven, Conn. Here I found a much wider scope for my ambition. Not that there were any more advanced schools for girls, but there were wider opportunities for gaining knowledge. I entered a French school; a few English branches were also taught there. But I gained much from good private teachers, of whom there were many. Among my various studies, was an extensive course in drawing and painting. The best part of this I received from the professor of art in Yale College. His instruction was varied, embracing a fine course in perspective, which involved a great deal of work from nature.

I had heard of Yale College, and to know that I was breathing its atmosphere, was, in itself, an inspiration. I came also to know something of what college life meant.

Through the friends that I made, both among the professors and students, I was greatly helped. Seeing my anxiety to learn, they became interested in helping me. Through them I had access to the Yale library. Books for reading and for study they brought me, and I felt that I was almost in college myself. Translations from other languages were also brought me. These perhaps, I should never have come in contact with elsewhere, as they are seldom to be found in smaller libraries.

I had opportunity, also, of attending the public meetings of the students literary societies, and seldom failed of being present at their commencements, as I felt that something could be learned from everything. Sometimes, also, I was invited to attend private lectures of the students.

Just here let me say, that this did not comprise all my education. There were higher mathematics, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. (I think I did not go beyond the latter), also other "osophies," as well as several "ologies" that I formed acquaintance with, but I cannot say, at this distance of time, exactly when or where. I think my higher mathematics, especially geometry, and trigonometry, I obtained, later, from my brother.

The ten years that I lived in New Haven were worth more to me, I believe, in an educative way, than just four years would have been in a girl's college of to-day.

In the spring of 1857, my brother, Dr. C. H. Judson, who had been for a number of years professor in a college (Furman University) in Greenville, S. C., wrote for father, mother, and me to visit him for awhile. We accepted this invitation, but my education was not interrupted. I studied Greek with my brother and continued my Latin through the summer. During this time I received from the president of a school in Anderson, (remembered, perhaps, by some, as Johnson University), the offer of a position therein. The offer included

the duties of lady principal, the teaching of higher English, and of drawing and painting. I refused the offer, having never held the position of lady principal, and not being familiar with its duties. It was offered and refused the second time. The third, it was accepted on the advice of my brother. Two years later the Civil War began, the school was closed, and I think, never again opened.

In 1860, Dr. S. W. Bookhart, who had a school for girls at Blythewood, S. C., asked me to fill a position in his school. I accepted it, and remained there until nearly the end of the war. I then returned to Greenville.

The school at this place, known for many years as Greenville Female College was not, if I remember correctly, closed during the war. I taught classes therein, continuing my studies in the meantime; but in consequence of the disordered condition of the state for some time, and seeing no chance of obtaining a satisfactory position for myself, I returned North in 1868, and remained there six years; teaching, with the exception of one year, in co-educational schools; four in Pennsylvania, one in New York. One of my vacations, while in Pennsylvania, was spent in studying expression, or elocution as it was then called, in Philadelphia. Later, I continued the study for some time, with Mrs. Anna Randall Deihl, in New York, a very fine teacher, and author of two or three books on the subject.

The co-educational school in New York, in which I taught one year, was not far, I think, from Albany. My stay there was short, for I dared not trust myself another year in a climate so severe. Not infrequently the thermometer was 15 degrees below zero.

There was a school in New Jersey, also co-educational, that I had heard much of, and thought of applying there for a position, but as I knew none of the officials connected therewith, nor any prominent resident of the town where it was located, I did not apply, not caring much whether I taught at all for the next year.

I spent the summer visiting friends in Connecticut; and

while there, I received a letter from my brother in Greenville, saying, that as a consequence of the war, Furman University (where he had been teaching) had been forced to almost close its doors, and he had been offered the presidency of the Greenville Female College. He proceeded to say, that if I would come back and join him in the work, he would accept the offer, but not otherwise. This was in 1874. South Carolina was still in a very disturbed, unsettled condition. Although the war had ended nearly ten years before, it offered no attraction as a residenc. The State was still under negro rule, the legislature was composed of negroes, the Lieutenant Governor was a negro, and the Governor, a "carpet-bagger."

The struggle in my mind was a hard one. I felt, that in going back to the South under such circumstances, I should be leaving everything—for nothing. But something, kept saying to me—"Go!" I felt that my brother would be much disappointed if I refused to return, and I wrote him an affirmative instead of a negative answer.

In two or three days after I mailed my answer, I received a letter from the president of the school in New Jersey, offering me the coveted position in his. Of course I refused it, but he wrote me a second time, asking if I would not reconsider my refusal. As I wrote that I could not think of doing so, he called at my boarding place in Brooklyn; hoping, I suppose, that if he could see me personally he might persuade me to accept his offer. But I was still in Connecticut and did not see him.

I returned to Greenville in September, 1874, to find everything as I left it six years before. The government was unchanged. At the college, no change was visible. There was the same neglected campus, surrounded by a broken, gateless picket fence, the same four brick walls of the college building. Inside, there had once been the nucleus of a library, and a fair collection of scientific apparatus; but the books had most of them been carried off, the apparatus broken or stolen, and that which was sound had been given or sold to

Furman University. Common wooden benches were the only furniture of the school rooms.

Not a very attractive picture, but with it we went to work. The opening was small, perhaps thirty or forty pupils. I have no distinct recollection of the number. There were but four graduates that year.

It had been customary for graduates to prepare an essay to be read at commencement—not, however, by themselves, but by some friend of the opposite sex. Woman had not, as yet, become sufficiently emancipated to appear before the public in any prominent way, and when it was proposed to the young ladies to read their own papers, a shaking of the head was anticipated, from fear of being thought bold and unladylike; but on the contrary, the idea greatly pleased them. They had long thought, they said, that the readers did not do justice to their papers, and that the writers could read them much better themselves, as, naturally, they could enter more into the spirit of them. And so it was, that on the next commencement, instead of an array of black-coated figures on the platform, the audience was greeted by daintily arrayed, bright, smiling-faced, attractive young ladies.

Of course, they were greeted with applause, as they came gracefully forward, one by one, and read their own productions. "There was no criticism?" Yes, of course; but it came from the genus masculine—and from the *older* portion. There was much talk of the danger of Southern girls being injured by "Northern innovations"; of rubbing the bloom from the peach, etc.

An article of some length, to this effect, appeared in one of our Greenville papers, written by a prominent gentleman (elderly, of course), and editor of the paper.

The danger, in his estimation, was increased, by the organization of a Literary Society, with public meetings. Into these soon crept debates—*public* debates, which, according to good judges, ranked well beside those of the neighboring university—Furman.

A paper—"The College Mirror," was started; read, at first,

in manuscript form, and increasing greatly their interest. The paper was soon issued in printed form, and continued thus for several years, when it was transformed into a magazine. This still continues but under the name of "Isaqueena."

College colors were chosen—blue and gold. These are still retained after a lapse of more than forty years. An annual, also bearing the name of "The Blue and The Gold," was published for several years. It is continued, but, much to be regretted, under a different name. Regretted, because it breaks into the college history—the college traditions, that all alumnae cherish.

At first, because of the small number of pupils, there was but one society. This was named for the President, Dr. C. H. Judson, the "Judson Society." A very attractive badge was designed; and when, because of the increased number of students, it was thought necessary to divide the society, each was given another name in addition to that of "Judson." Their badge came, in the course of years, to be widely known, and was recognized as soon as seen.

One of the earliest graduates of the college, told me not long ago of being in a hotel in the far West, and finding herself, at the table, an object of the special attention of a strange gentleman. After leaving the table, he met her and apologized for his seeming rudeness, by saying that he recognized her badge, and knew from what place, or at least from what college she came. They became friends at once, and found they had many friends in common. This badge may be found, I think, in almost every state of our union, and also in foreign lands, as a number of our pupils may be found there. (And yet, cheap badges have been designed by later students, unattractive and meaningless, and changed almost every year. This ought not so to be).

Colleges grow, and should grow. Not all change, however, is growth. There are certain things that belong to the alumnae—as a whole. They began with the college, and when thrown aside, the interest of the earliest alumnae flags. When its associations go, this is but natural. I wish much that "The Blue and The Gold" could be restored to the annual;

also that the names of the two literary societies could be restored, as the present names have no meaning for the older alumnae, who have no associations connected with them. As a matter of fact, many of the present members know not even the meaning of the new names.

I must not neglect to state, that, with the organization of the literary societies, a library was started. It was a small beginning. Each boarder was asked for a contribution of ten cents. (Money was not then so plentiful, please remember, as it is now). This was not asked from day pupils, as they had access to the town library. Three dollars were received and invested in two books—or rather, one book in two volumes. The next year, a slightly larger amount was asked for, and this continued until it amounted to a dollar and a half a pupil. No more was then called for; but the work went on. This amount was regularly paid for some time, but as the school increased, it was reduced to one dollar a pupil.

The library is not large now, amounting to about 2,000 volumes; but all are valuable books. About three hundred volumes were given by Dr. Judson.

Physical culture for girls, or calisthenics, as it was then called, was introduced into the Northern schools just before I left. I had learned the exercises, and thinking they would be especially helpful to Southern girls, I ordered the apparatus—wands, dumb-bells, rings, and Indian-clubs—and organized a class. It became very popular, not only with the pupils, but with the public. The drills were given daily in school, and a public drill at the end of the session. The latter were so popular that the school room became too small for the audiences, and the drills had to be given in the opera house. These exercises were continued for nearly twenty years, or until the outdoor games—tennis, basketball, etc., appeared.

After three years a better day dawned for South Carolina. In 1876, negro rule was overthrown, and the government passed again into the hands of the white people. It was a glorious day when the news spread abroad that the good and wise Wade Hampton had been seated in the Governor's chair.

From mountain unto ocean there was wild rejoicing of the people that they were once more a free people.

The effect was soon visible in the opening of schools, and in the revival of business of every kind. Furman University began to gain pupils, and, in 1878, my brother was asked to resume his work there. This was, of course, a shock to me. I knew not what to do. I feared a new president, lest he might, as some other had done, object to my more modern ideas. I thought, at first, that I would return North. I was strongly urged, however, by those in authority, to retain both my position and my work; and having become deeply interested therein, I consented to do so.

Another president was elected, who, besides being a graduate of Furman University, had studied for some time in Europe, and was an exceedingly fine scholar. I found him, besides, disposed to be altogether satisfied with my management of my own department and we worked together for fifteen years.

Altogether I have been connected with this college about forty-six years.

MISS MARY C. JUDSON.

An Appreciation.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

To those who know Miss Judson both as teacher, and friend the above words fitly describe her. It seems difficult to render a true appreciation of her but the writer is glad to attempt it. In so doing there is a feeling of deep obligation to one whose influence has been for many years a wonderful experience.

As we think of Miss Judson's work in our Alma Mater, we see that her impress on the institution has been deep and lasting. She was indeed the power behind the throne for

many, many years. It was her unwavering faith and undaunted courage that tided over a most trying period in the affairs of the college. It was her determination and constant encouragement that held the Alumnae Association together at a time when the annual meeting often numbered only a half dozen. It was her inspiring influence and unselfish labors that created high ideals and noble purposes in the student body, even though the equipment of the school was meager beyond description. It was through her loan of money and her zealous devotion that the east wing was possible at a time when it was of vital necessity to the life of the college. It was her firm stand, often alone that so held up the standard of scholarship for many years, that has made it now possible for a G. W. C. degree to mean something.

It is due to Miss Judson's foresight, patient work and infinite care that there is a nucleus for a real library at G. W. C.

For those who did not know Miss Judson when actively at work in the college, this word of appreciation should carry a mental picture of her personality.

As she stood on the platform to conduct chapel exercises, she was an imposing figure, always immaculate in dress and most beautifully groomed, her bearing regal and yet full of grace. What an inspiration, and example to the young, impressionable girl was the physical perfection which Miss Judson invariably exemplified. Although always dignified and apparently stern at times, there was ever a wealth of sympathy and depth of tenderness in her dealings with her pupils.

As a teacher Miss Judson excelled; for she not only taught the subjects with consummate skill but illuminated them with a most wonderful insight into the spiritual beauties of this world and always pointed to the more glorious world beyond. If ever a pupil came out of Miss Judson's class room unenlightened and uninspired the fault was in her own dull or unresponsive mind.

There is no need to appraise the mentality of Miss Judson. She is endowed with a powerful intellect thru which her soul shines most gloriously. Her rare attainments and gifted per-

sonality, though often sought for by other schools have been given freely and unstintedly to G. W. C.

As Anna Howard Shaw says in her book: "The Story of a Pioneer"—that "Nothing bigger can come to a human being than to love a great Cause more than life itself and to have the privilege thruout life of working for that cause." Miss Judson has proved that she agrees with the sentiment by her work here for the higher education of women.

"She shall be remembered. Though she seeks not fame,
It shall be busy with her beauteous name."

NELLIE HOYT FURMAN, '87.

FOLLOW ON

Though the world is athrob with party strife and torn with clashing opinions, it seems to me there is one thing upon which all agree: the best thing in the world is a good man or a good woman. Further, the influence of a fine personality is one of the greatest, if not the greatest force in the development of the worthy institutions which man has built for himself through the ages. Nowhere is this more evident than in the colleges and universities of today. Here as nowhere else we find the character of one man or woman standing out from the rest.

Miss Mary C. Judson holds such a place in the history of G. W. C. We love Miss Judson not alone for that beautiful personality she has put in our college, but also for the love she has for us. "Nineteen" is a gay, thoughtless age, seemingly without gratitude. But when we seem to forget, she is first to understand. She knows nineteen and she stands by in all our worthy enterprises, as she stood by our mothers before us.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,"

is the messages that comes from her smile, her greeting as we stop at her door. This is the message that rings in her life,

as we read our old college magazines, as we meet in our societies, as we read in our college library. What an inspiration is such a life to our girls of G. W. C!

When we know our college, then we know the wonderful personality that modestly spreads its influence thru our very life. For forty-two years this personality has been a beacon-light of encouragement, warming the heart of our college, and calling upon us to follow on.

We render Miss Judson the greatest honor of which we are capable: we are trying to *follow on*.

PEACE, '20.

THE JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The two societies, Alethean and Philotean, which we have now at Greenville Womans College are only divisions of the first literary society organized here in 1878. Its affairs were directed by Miss Mary C. Judson who named it for Dr. Judson, president of the college.

Such an organization was looked upon as a very "startling innovation" at the time. From every side came predictions that the failure of the society was inevitable. It was thought that girls, in the first place had not the ability to carry on the work of such an organization, and in the second place that it was actually unwomanly! How astonishing that girls should appear on a platform and debate or make speeches before even their fellow students, to say nothing of a public audience! It seems, from an account in the "College Mirror" of 1880, that the University students of the city thought it positively absurd for girls to attempt to establish a *literary* society and laughed at the idea. Others declared that if it did manage to live it would be only by imposition of fines for non-attendance.

In spite of these discouragements the girls, with a high purpose, having a will to work and win, and perfect confidence in their ability entered whole heartedly into the undertaking.

The first enrollment reached but sixty, which number in two years was trebled, and has steadily increased these forty years.

The Judsonians were not long in realizing the need for a college publication, which resulted in the monthly edition of a newspaper, the "College Mirror." This project brought forth the same adverse and gloomy prophecies that the previous endeavor had occasioned. But again all efforts were fully rewarded and the paper lived, grew and thrived for many years. This paper had the distinction of a comparatively large circulation outside the student body which speaks well for a first attempt. Making all due allowance for changing literary styles the very first editions of the "College Mirror" compare favorably with present college publications.

In all records of the Judson Society there is an evidence of steady growth and development in every direction. In 1878 Greenville Female College students realized the manifold benefit of such an organization as a literary society. This realization has increased until now forty years later the love of our literary societies has woven itself into the very life of our living. It is a part of us.

Was this "innovation" of our grandmother's in vain? We the daughters of G. W. C. almost half a century later rise up and cry "NO." Let us, rather in gratitude to them express our deep admiration for those girls of '78 whose brave spirit began and kept alive the work which means so much to us who follow after them.

May we here declare the honor and reverence in which we hold the earnest leader of the first organization, and our appreciation of the interest and love which she has manifested in her work among us.

"LA REVEILLE"

In February, 1897, the Senior class of "Greenville Female College" published the school's first magazine, "La Reveille." In it appeared the following most appropriate poem written by Miss Mary C. Judson:

"LE REVEILLE."*

Soul, awake; the day is breaking;
Life's Reveille sounds; arise!
Quick to place; the ranks are forming,
Haste, if thou would'st win the prize!

Foes press thick; there's no delaying;
Up! and arm thee for the fight;
Faith, thy shield be; Love, thy watchword;
On thy standard, "Truth and Right."

To the front! and bear thee bravely.
Fear not, faint not in the fray;
Great reward awaits the victor—
Crown that fadeth not away.
God himself, the King of Glory,
On thee will the prize bestow;
And to joys supernal lead thee,
That from living fountains flow.

Throned and crowned, and filled with rapture
E'en the angels may not share;
Safe within the City Golden,
Gazing on its beauties rare;

Listening with a thrill ecstatic,
To its melody divine,
Joining in its "Alleluias,"
Dost thou think thou wilt repine

That 'mid din and smoke of battle
All thy earthly course was run?
Clearer vision then will show thee,
By the struggle Heaven was won.

M. C. JUDSON.

*(Pronounced re-vai-yuh.)

A STORY OF CAROLINA IN THE SIXTIES

The following story was written by Miss Judson at the request of a friend and was first published in the *Index Journal*:

The experience which my friend has requested me to write out for her was a brief one, of two, or perhaps more nearly, three weeks. It occurred, if my memory serves me rightly, during the last year of the war.

I had been teaching for some three years in a school conducted by Dr. S. W. Bookhart at Blythewood, South Carolina. This place is, if I remember correctly, about fifteen miles from Columbia. The excitement caused by the war was reaching South Carolina, and Dr. Bookhart decided that it would be better to close his school.

Not anticipating any immediate trouble from the enemy, some of the pupils invited another teacher and myself to visit them for a while at their homes in the lower part of the State. It was known that the enemy was near; but we accepted their invitation, thinking we could complete our visit and reach home before we would be troubled. In this, however, we were mistaken. Suddenly one night just before retiring, came the alarm, "The enemy has crossed the border, and is now in our own State!" Of course we could do nothing until daylight as we were several miles from the nearest railroad, but we were awake betimes the next morning to make preparations for our departure. Our first move was to send a servant to the station to find out what time the train would leave and to secure seats for us. One may well judge of the shock

we received when told by him that the recent heavy rains had rendered the road almost impassable and no passenger trains were running.

What was to be done? We dared not remain where we were, and deciding that we would as soon risk the danger of the train as to fall into the hands of the enemy, we went to the train ourselves and pleaded so earnestly for passage in one of the freight cars, that those in authority finally offered us free passage. We accepted the offer and though the track was part of the time under water, a kind Providence carried us through to Columbia. The destination of my friend was Richmond, Virginia, mine, Greenville, South Carolina. At Columbia we parted, to meet no more on earth. I learned later than my friend succeeded in reaching Richmond, but died soon after.

Having left some of my belongings at Blythewood, I was expecting to go thither to secure them before proceeding to Greenville. I found, however, great excitement prevailing at Columbia, and so many wild and varied rumors that I became bewildered. What first caught my ear was, "No trains are running between Greenville and Columbia." The next bit of information that came to me was, "They are still running between Alston and Greenville!" This gave me no help, as I knew not how to reach Alston. Then came the rumors that government wagons were going from Winnsboro to Alston every morning for freight, and that they were carrying passengers for the Alston train.

Here was a gleam of hope that I might soon see home. But what was to be my communication with Winnsboro? I had a friend there, Mrs. Col. R., from whom I felt that I could obtain help, but there was no means of communicating with her save by letter and no time for that. What was to be done? Nothing but to go and to trust to her kindness. Accordingly, I decided to collect my property and to leave the next day for Winnsboro.

My friend was of course surprised at my advent at such a time, but she welcomed me with her usual kindness. Notwith-

standing the great excitement that prevailed there, when I told her for what purpose I had come, her generous heart was at once aroused and she began vigorously to assist me. It was true, she said, that the government wagons were going every morning to Alston and were carrying passengers for the train, but there was not a moment to be lost and she would see what she could do for me.

Although late in the evening, she went out to engage passage for me the next morning. When she returned she brought a less smiling face than she carried out, for the authorities had informed her that every seat was engaged for several days ahead. But she did not give up her efforts to help. After dark on the following day, she came to me delighted with the information that one of the wagons had been left at a small way station nearly opposite her house, and as it would doubtless start from there the next morning, she advised me to rise early and take possession of the wagon, saying that she would have her servants place all my belongings therein, and that she herself would accompany me and see that I also was safely placed there before daylight. All this with my consent, she accomplished, and for nearly an hour before daylight I was the only occupant of the wagon, and the only person visible on the streets. As day began to break, some negroes approached, leading mules, which they began to attach to the wagon. After casting several suspicious glances at me, one of them ventured to ask "Is you going to Alston, Miss?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Has you seen the boss about it?"

"The boss has been seen about it," I replied.

"Then I suppose it is all right," he said and proceeded with his task.

Soon the boss appeared on the scene which complicated matters considerably.

"Miss, are you intending to go to Alston?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, such is my intention," I replied.

"But, madam, that is impossible. Every seat in this conveyance is engaged; some have been engaged for several days

ahead, and there is not room for you, to say thing of all that baggage which I suppose is yours."

"Yes, sir, it is all mine and it is all going to Alston with me."

"But you can not go yourself, because as I told you every seat is engaged. I am very sorry, but there will not be room, I say, even for you and I must insist upon your getting out."

"But I insist upon remaining in," I replied.

As, however, daylight was approaching and others were beginning to appear on the street, and were looking at us rather curiously, fearing I suppose, an unpleasant street scene, he turned away, telling his drivers to go on; and they went on. The other passengers, who, instead of complaining at being over-crowded, good naturedly adapted themselves to existing circumstances.

It was, however, a hard ride, the roads being bad in consequence of heavy rains, and we reached Alston late in the afternoon, just in time to see the last train leave the depot. After inquiring as to the cause of the trains sudden departure, as we could have been on board in two or three minutes, we were told that scouts had just come in and reported that a division of Sherman's army was rapidly advancing, and would be in Alston in less than a half hour.

Of course, there was nothing left but to return to Winnsboro, and thither we turned our faces; but as it was nearly dark, and the roads were bad, and knowing that we could not reach the place that night, the gentlemen made themselves as comfortable as possible in our conveyance, getting what sleep they could. Some of the ladies, of whom I was one, were kindly given shelter in a way side cabin. It was a memorable night to me. I was assigned to room with another lady and a restless baby. The room was small and bare, the bed narrow; and finding little rest I sought the window. After some star-gazing, I saw a light in the distance, rising from the earth. "What could it be?" I asked myself. After watching and wondering for some time, I saw a similar light at a little distance from the first, then another, and another still;

all similar—except some were larger than others. The thought soon dawned on me that they were fires marking Sherman's line of march, and this they proved to be. I spent most of the night at the window. After a long and tiresome ride we entered Winnsboro again late in the afternoon, where we found the houses all closed and the doors barricaded, and the one street filled with armed men, some on horseback, some on foot, some in uniform, some not.

Nothing remained for me but to return to my home which I left the day before, that of Mrs. Col. R. She gave me again a warm welcome, I could think of no possible chance of getting away, but the mind works rapidly in an emergency, and I thought of another kind, hospitable friend, whom I had several occasions visited. Her home was two or three miles from Blackstock, one of the stations at which the Chester trains always stopped. I had no means of communicating with her, she had shown me many kindnesses and I felt sure she would willingly let me remain with her a few days, or until I could find some way to get home.

I mentioned this to Mrs. R. (not knowing that the regular trains had stopped running on the Chester road). She at once told this to a gentleman, one of her neighbors, who, early the next morning, came hurriedly to the door, saying he had just been informed that a train of three freight cars was to leave Columbia, and that it would probably stop at the small freight landing, nearly opposite her home. If I would be on the spot the moment the cars stopped, I could, doubtless, get on board myself, and perhaps some of my baggage, but I had not a minute to lose.

I had barely time, with the help of my friend, Mrs. R., and her kind neighbor, to reach the station with my belonging. As the cars stopped, I was put on board, with one trunk, and the cars moved on, the rest of my property being left behind; but I felt sure that my friends would see that it was kept safe. Fortunately for some unknown reason, having reached the main station, the cars returned to the other, and came back with the other trunk and a box of books. This per-

formance was repeated, and the third time my other box of books.

There was one woman in one of the cars, reclining on some bags of freight; all the other passengers were gentlemen. I paid little attention to any of them, being too much concerned as to how I could reach the house of my friend. But I said to myself, "Surely, I can obtain for myself a conveyance at Blackstock."

Blackstock was soon reached; but just before the name was called, a sudden scraping, and jarring, and rocking of the cars, announced that the train was off the track. I rushed to the door and found it to be a fact. Gentlemen were soon off the train, and with a crowd of negro idlers, were viewing the situation. I stepped to the other side of the car, and saw that its contents belonging to me were quietly resting by the roadside. No white face was visible, but two negro men or boys were standing near a cabin not far away. I left the car, and approaching them asked if they knew where Mrs. Dr. M. lived.

"Yesum," said one, "She lives two or three miles in the country."

"Will you get me a horse or mule, or conveyance and drive me out there?" I asked.

"No mum," was the reply. "They ain't no horse nor mule to be found nowheres. They's all been carried off to keep the Yankees from getting them."

I returned to my car, had my possessions placed therein, and entered myself, glad not to have been left by the roadside. The fractious car was soon on its track again, and behaving itself perfectly until it landed us in Chseter, a little past midday.

As soon as I found an opportunity, I inquired if lodging could be had for a lady for two or three days. The answer was, "Not even for a night, as every house is packed to overflowing with refugees. Families have given up all their spare rooms, even their parlors to accommodate them."

For the first time during my journey, I felt water gathering

in my eyes as I saw no chance for shelter. I suppose a gentleman, who was standing not far from me, must have seen me wipe away a tear, for he came to my side and inquired in what direction I was going. I said my home was in Greenville, but I saw no chance of getting any nearer to it at present. In fact I had been more than a week trying to get there, but with every effort I seemed to be getting farther away from it. I had been turned aside, I said, from one place to another to avoid getting into the track of Sherman's men.

"Well," he said, "I myself, in company with thirty other gentlemen are refugees wandering from place to place, with the hope of saving some of our valuables from these same people. We arrived at Chester about an hour ago, and we shall be traveling, perhaps two or three days, in the direction of Greenville. If you can succeed in reaching Union, you should, I think, have no difficulty in getting to Greenville.

"We have only one vehicle with us that is covered, or suitable for a lady to ride in; but we are all gentlemen," (with emphasis on the word) "and if you will accept the help we can give you, we will see that you are safe as far as we can take you. But, he said, pointing to my baggage on the platform, we have no room for, which I suppose is yours."

I thanked him heartily, saying, anything would be better than sitting all night on a depot platform. Just then a Confederate officer who had overheard our conversation, came to me, saying, "If you will give me, Miss, your name and address, you shall, if it is a possible thing, receive all this unharmed."

As he spoke, he unbuckled his sword, and asking me to point out the pieces of baggage belonging to me, he laid his sword across them, saying, "Nothing can harm them while I am near. It may be some days, or it may be two or three weeks before you receive them, but if among the possibilities, you shall see them again."

I thanked him, from a full heart, turned to the gentleman

who first accosted me, and with renewed thanks accepted his very friendly offer.

We left Chester in the early afternoon, and stopped for the night, at a good-looking but deserted house, the only occupants seen were two or three negro men and women. The leader of the company made arrangements for my accommodations, and I was shown into a fairly comfortable room, where I rested undisturbed till daylight.

In the morning, the same person that showed me my room, knocked at my door, to say that the gentlemen with whom I came, were ready to leave; and I think, asked me if I wished any breakfast. I think I had a cup of coffee and some bread and butter, but I am under the impression that this was brought me by one of the gentlemen of our company.

Just here is a broken link in this chain of events. The next change that I recall, is that of being a guest in a very delightful home in Union. How or when I was transferred from the one to the other I cannot tell. I have not the faintest recollection of how or when I left my gentlemen friends, to whose kindness I had been indebted for nearly two days.

But I cannot leave my refugees without testifying to the truth of what the leader said to me in the beginning: "We are all gentlemen." He did not qualify the term by any adjective, such as true, perfect, nor was there any need of it. They proved it in every word and act. I do not recall hearing an oath, or vulgar joke, or any rough or coarse remarks, unfit for a lady's ear; if such occurred it was not in my presence. I could not have been treated with more politeness, more deference, or even more honor had I been a queen. I would like to give the name of each member of the company, but so intent was my mind upon getting home, that at this late day, I do not remember even the name of their leader. This I much regret.

I have a vague idea of having been somewhere on a local train of two or three cars, but can recall no incident that would help me to know where I entered it, or where I left it; I remember also, having met somewhere, and it must have

been on this same train, a gentleman, who proved himself the embodiment of kindness. He must have recognized me as a stranger; and seeing that I was alone have thought perhaps he might, in some way be helpful to me. None of his questions indicated that they were prompted by curiosity, the character of his questions and his whole air and manner, showed that he, too, was one of Nature's noblemen. I think that he suspected that I was troubled because my means of getting home had given out; as he said, in a very delicate way, that if such was the case, he would be glad to loan me whatever amount I needed, and as I had his name and address I could refund it when I reached my home. I thanked him very sincerely for his kind and generous offer but refused it, saying if my funds failed, I could probably borrow nearer home.

This, I much regret to say, is all that I remember of this friend. Of where I left him or he left me, I can remember nothing. But I still remember his name and address; as also, the other friends whose names I fail to call; I trust that I may meet them in the world where there is no forgetting.

He may have introduced me into the home in Union of which I have already spoken; but I have no recollection of his having done so. I only remember finding myself there; and I want to say of this home that I could not anywhere have been more hospitably, more cheerfully, more delightfully entertained. Every possible attention was shown me by every member of the family. The gentlemen were all in the war, with the exception of a son, some sixteen or seventeen years old. The home in itself, and in all its furnishings, indicated abundant means. I regret exceedingly that I cannot recall all the names of its occupants.

I remained with them some three or four days, perhaps more, before I found any means of getting nearer my home. One morning, however, a member of the family awakened me early to say that some freight cars with a passenger car attached, were going as far as Spartanburg, and if I wished to go, I could obtain a seat. Of course pleasant as my stay had been with them, I took advantage of my opportunity. On

my way to Spartanburg, I had another evidence of a noted Southern hospitality. A lady in the car who seemed instinctively to recognize me as a stranger, asked me if I expected to stop any time in Spartanburg, and if I were looking for anyone to meet me at the train. I told her that my home was in Greenville, and that I had been dodging Sherman's men for over two weeks and trying to get there.

As there was no regular communication at that time between Spartanburg and Greenville, she asked if I had friends in Spartanburg. I said I had not, but I supposed there was a hotel or good boarding house in the town where I could obtain accommodations for a few days. "You will go neither to hotel nor boarding house," she said. "My home is there and you must stay with me until you can get an opportunity of going to Greenville; no conveyance is running there now." I thanked her for hospitality, but on leaving the train, she insisted so strongly on my accepting her invitation to go with her, I consented to do so. We had gone but a little way when she met a gentleman friend of hers. She introduced me to him.

"She will not be your guest," he replied, "For I have a much stronger claim upon her. In the first place, I have half of her name, which you said in introducing her, was Judson, and in the second place, I am so situated that I shall be able to secure for her the means of getting home sooner than could you." Thus the matter was amicably settled and Mr. Judd escorted me to his charming home and introduced me to his charming wife. Though I remained with them several days, being treated in the meantime, more like an old friend than as a stranger, when I was informed, early one morning that a vehicle was to leave for Greenville, and that I could obtain a seat therein, my heart fairly leaped for joy. But there was one drawback to delight. My money was gone, or nearly so. I asked Mr. Judd the expense of the trip. His answer was "One hundred dollars, but if you do not have it, I shall be very glad to loan it to you." I told him I was living with my brother, Dr. C. H. Judson, in Greenville, and that as soon as I saw him, I would get the borrowed money and replace it.

He said he was not afraid to trust me, and taking me to the conveyance that was to carry me home, introduced me to its gentlemen. They made room for me at once on the best seat and I found them though entire strangers, very agreeable companions. One drawback to my pleasure came, however, on being informed that the rivers were badly swollen in consequence of recent heavy rains, and that there were some dangerous fords to be crossed. The first one we encountered caused much palpitation of the heart, as we saw the angry looking water, but we were assured that we had the most experienced driver to be found. His skill in crossing the fords quieted our fears. Our horses were unsteady on their feet and our vehicle, as it rocked back and forth showed that it was not on a very level base, but our driver was calm and sure of himself and of his team, and controlled the latter with wonderful skill. Just before reaching the second ford, a company of soldiers called to us from the house that we were passing and asked if we were bound for a certain ford. Being answered in the affirmative, they told us to look at them and we would proceed no farther. They had tried it, they said and if they had not all been good swimmers, none would have been alive to tell the story.

Our driver on hearing the condition of that ford turned about to still another stream which was some distance out of our regular course, but which was bridged. Here as we reached it, we found the bridge under water, and the bank with several vehicles upon it, from which the mules and horses had been detached, in order that the occupants might cross on the backs of the latter. After investigating the condition of things one of the gentlemen in our conveyance decided to obtain, if possible one of the animals and trust to its back; the other who was something of an invalid decided to remain in the vehicle and trust the driver and horses. I joined him in this decision.

At the first step of the horses from the bridge, both plunged into a deep hole. Here they struggled hard to gain their footing, but I feel sure, would never have succeeded, save for

the wonderful skill of our driver. He was calm, spoke to the animals kind and gently, with no shouting, or jerking of reins, and the animals knew him and obeyed him as if they were human, while those who trusted to their animals alone, landed with wet feet and drenched clothing. The timid occupant of our vehicle returned to us somewhat humiliated that he had lacked the courage to remain with us.

How the occupants of the vehicles that were left on the other bank succeeded in getting into them again, we did not wait to see. Satisfied with having safely crossed with our own, we went on our way rejoicing, and reached Greenville near the close of the day. Here I had to leave my two gentlemen companions, and get another conveyance to carry me to my brother's home some two miles from the hotel, which was their stopping place.

That there was great rejoicing on both sides when I arrived none can doubt, for, because of the irregularity of trains, and consequently of the transmission of letters, I had not been able to hear from home, nor any home people to hear from me, during all my journeying. But, at the same time, I had learned a valuable lesson. I learned—that, though the world may sometimes seem to us selfish and cold, there is much true sympathy, and much genuine kindness, in human hearts.

Let me add, as postscript, that the Confederate officer was true to his word, and, in two or three weeks, I do not recall exactly the time, I received, safe and sound, all my property that I had left on the platform of the depot at Chester.

YESTERDAY

Our school is in a flourishing condition numbering one hundred and twenty pupils. —(College Mirror, Dec. 15, 1879).

An audience overflowing every available place of observation in the college building greeted the calisthenic class of the Greenville Female College yesterday morning at nine o'clock. The class is under the special charge of Miss M. C. Judson, the accomplished Lady Principal. No graduate of West Point ever held better command over trained regulars than she maintained over her fair and graceful company. —(College Mirror, June 21, 1880).

Prof: "Miss, who was Petrarch?"

Miss: "An Italian poet."

Prof: "Right. Now what was his greatest work?"

Miss (with a self-confident air: "Dante."—(College Mirror, June 21, 1880).

Examinations Still

For a long time we have been clinging to the hope that final examinations would be done away with, but that millennium in school life has not yet come as the class in trigonometry fully realized a few days ago. From nine o'clock until two, hand and brain were hard at work and even at two a few had not finished.—(College Mirror, April, 1881.)

Last Wednesday evening and again on Thursday, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Miss Frances Wilard, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Christian Tem-

TO-DAY

School opened for the year 1919-1920 with the largest enrollment in its history—569.

The excellent training of our physical education department, under the able direction of our instructress, Mrs. Williams, has brought forth splendid Blue and Gold basketball teams which are to play one another on Thanksgiving day. The teams are quite evenly matched and the usual excitement prevails.

Miss Pipkin: "Who was the leading poet of the American Revolution?"

Thelma A: "Tennyson."

Petition has been received from the Seniors asking exemption from mid-term examinations provided their grade should be A. This petition was denied by the faculty. So far as quizzes are concerned the faculty hereat remains adamant. On Monday, Nov. 24, from 9:30 to 12:45, hand and brain were hard at work on a Bible test from Dr. Ramsay.

On Friday evening, October 17, Greenville had the extreme pleasure of hearing in recital the foremost coloratura soprano of the day, Madame Amelita Galli-Curci.

YESTERDAY

perance Union.—(College Mirror, April, 1881).

On Friday evening, December 2, at Furman University a public debate was given by the members of the Adelphean and Philopsean Societies: "Resolved, That Woman's Tears have more Influence than Man's Eloquence." After listening to the speaker for the affirmative, we felt that we possessed a mighty power. Since tears are so cheap and can be produced so easily by the aid of an onion or a pin slightly inserted in the tender part of the nostril, we only wished that we had known before what influence lay in these pearly drops; for who knows what we might have accomplished in our past life by the judicious use of a few tears?

In listening to the speaker for the negative, we began to lose faith in tears. Indeed we felt ashamed that we had ever shed one and so were not surprised when the judges rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

We went out into the beautiful moonlight and home to dreams in which young men and tears, and flowers and eloquence and music were all mingled in one chaotic mass.—(College Mirror, Dec. 1881).

The annual University picnic has come and gone, but by no means have the girls finished telling each other whom they met, what "He said," what "I said," etc., etc. We certainly enjoyed the picnic, although the day was rainy and the streets were muddy. Who could help enjoying a University picnic? Not "G. F. C." girls surely.—(La Reveille, May, 1897).

TO-DAY

Much anticipation is felt concerning the coming debate between Furman University and Greenville Womans College. A preliminary debate between the Alethean and Philotean literary societies is to decide which speakers shall represent us at Furman.

The annual Senior-Junior reception has gone down in history as one of the most delightful social functions of Greenville Womans College. Furman men were most cordially welcomed and were much in evidence.

—GRACE PEPPER, '20.

The Isaqueena

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Editor-In-Chief
MARTHA PEACE

Assistant Editors:

Mary Seyle, Mary Smythe, Ruth Moore, Cleo Hallum, Grace
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Editorial

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

A nation does not become a definite, vital, seasoned whole until it has evolved a background, an intellectual and spiritual vindication of its "right to be." With nations this claim-stake is posted in folk-lore, legend, mythological stories, songs of heroes of the past. It has been with all great nations. So it has been with all great institutions and with all great individuals. We must have a background, a setting, a something to build on, to make greater; we must have traditions.

Always

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

But after all we cling to the old and superimpose the new upon it; we tear up the old and build the new with the old material.

One who came to our college for the first time this year said she was still looking for the college individuality—that something that makes it different from all other colleges. And at times it seems as if the girls of Greenville Womans College have allowed the distinctive atmosphere of the college to be lost sight of. Our college history is rich in traditions that have made the school what it is today. We cannot ignore our past, even if we would. It is there, softening, encouraging, stimulating, not crying for recognition, but quietly expressing itself in the everyday life of our progressive college.

The colleges and universities that people stand by today are those already backed by traditions of the past. Oxford, Harvard, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, Yale, Princeton—are thoroughly permeated with college spirit, and savor of the richness of great lives that have gone into the making of them.

We should be proud of our traditions at G. W. C., and should seek to be worthy of them each day. Let us build upon our past; it will bear a heavy structure. Let us think now and then of what has been, in planning what is to be.

“Lest we forget.”

COLLEGE SINGING.

Of all people, college folks should be most interested in singing. There is no one, from the grand opera star down, who sings quite like college boys and girls. The singing college is the one with the most spirit, the most energy, and therefore, with the highest standards. There is nothing in the world like a song or a college yell to develop spirit, interest, enthusiasm. When you go against a singing college, you are dealing with a force almost irresistible.

Yale and Princeton were playing one of the vital games of the season. It was a glorious battle on the old gridiron, and Yale came out victorious. For a long minute the Princeton men sat stolid and silent. Then a cheer burst from them, and they started singing, as only Princeton can sing, and

singing they marched from the field. You cannot whip a singing college; there is always the "sing," the heart, the spirit left.

One of the opening features at Georgia Tech is a big, get-together "sing" in which all the boys take part. They have catchy yells, and rollicking songs, and the new fellow gets the spirit before he realizes it. They are lusty lungers, and we are told, can be heard many blocks from the buildings.

There are a great many more homesick college girls than boys. Come on, girls, let's sing away that homesickness, and get that queer, thrilled feeling that means, "I'm glad I came to this college; and I'll make my part mean something."

We want at least six songs before we try to "sing each other down." If you need some college spirit, write a college-song, and the first time it is sung, you will wonder why you've never had that feeling before.

AN APPEAL FOR ARTICLES.

The response from the majority of the students to the appeals made by the Isaqueena staff is "I can't." It takes more than a staff of editors to make a paper. Contributions from the subscribers are required for its success.

Think of the precious moments that are spent every day and hour in idle gossip that could be so advantageously used in contributing to the Isaqueena.

Will you try to write something for the next issue of the Isaqueena? Surely, girls, you have some ideals, aspirations and interests. Prove that you have with contributions.

"THE ISaqueena'll GET YOU."

Little Ed'tor Peace has come to our place to stay,
 To stir your brains an' feelin's up,
 An' brush cobwebs away.
 An' after our staff-meetin's when the work should all be done
 She gets us all together, an' has the mostest fun
 A-tellin' 'bout the zeroes that she'd like to hand us out
 OOh The Isaqueena'll get you

Ef

You

Don't

Watch

Out!

Once there was a little girl who wouldn't do her jokes
 Each time that Martha thinks of her
 She very nearly chokes.
 Martha told her to the minute
 When for those jokes she'd call
 But on the day she needed them
 They were not in, at all.
 Then Mary Smythe got frightened and she beat it for a lair.
 We seeked her in the study-hall
 And in the office bare,
 We seeked her in the library
 And beneath our pre'dent's chair.
 An' there at last we found her
 With her head a-stickin' out
 OOh The Isaqueena'll get you

Ef

You

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' once there was a Junior said she couldn't write at all,
 But the rest fo us all worked for her
 Or she'd surely make us squall.
 She scared us, an' we feared her,
 For she said that write we should
 An' she frowned upon us sternly
 'Till we promised that we would.
 Now Ruth Moore's got a job
 That will last her one whole day:
 She has our two short stories to revise in her own way,
 To put in more "swift action" and to cut our pet slang out
 OOh The Isaqueena'll get you

Ef

You

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' when there comes a meetin'
 In the math-room big an' drear
 An' Bertie Ballard makes a speech
 So's every one can hear
 Then you'd better heed her warnin'
 'Bout the help we need from you,
 An' pay up your subscripitons
 An' do some writin' too
 An' then you'll have a magazine
 That you'll like to hand about
 OOh The Isaqueena'll get you

Ef

You

Don't

Watch

Out!

MARY SEYLE, '20.

THE NEW FINE ARTS BUILDING.

The development of the Greenville Womans College during the last decade has been most gratifying.

Conservatively stated, it is twice as strong in all departments as it was ten years ago. The enrollment this year, representing students from several states, numbers 270, including the sub-collegiate department. The growth of this college this session is thirty or forty per cent. over last session.

However, the work of the college this year is being carried on at a great disadvantage. Owing to the increased number of students, the equipment is inadequate to supply the demand for higher education. The auditorium, which comprised the East wing, of the college buildings, has been made into a lovely dormitory, accommodating about sixty girls. At a very great inconvenience we have chapel services in the dining room.

From the great Southern Baptist Campaign recently projected the college is expected to receive two hundred thousand dollars. With this financial assistance we hope to have completed at the beginning of the next session, a new Fine Arts Building. This building when completed, is expected to be one of the finest college buildings in the South. It will be built at an approximate cost of one hundred thousand dollars.

The tentative plan of the new building, as far as contemplated, has the first floor as a gymnasium. A swimming pool, much larger than the one in use at the present time, will also be constructed.

A modern auditorium, with a seating capacity of not less than fifteen hundred and a handsome pipe organ will occupy the second floor.

The music department, with ten or twelve studies for its faculty, and about forty sound proof practice rooms, with a good piano in each, will be located on third floor.

The fourth floor will be given over to the Art Department to expression studios, and to two halls for the Alethean and Philotean societies. It is hoped that some plan can be evolved

by which the Domestic Science Department and the Infirmary can be located or accommodated on this floor.

With these much needed improvements and the endowment which we hope to receive, Greenville Woman's College will take its place among the oldest and best of our Southern colleges.

RUTH BROWN, '20.

Music Dept.

CONCERTS

By Rellim.

There are many reason why the girl may consider herself fortunate when she attends Greenville Womans College, but the one we wish to relate here, is, the wonderful opportunities she has to hear the greatest concert artists before the public today. The educational value of these advantages no one dares deny.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the noted contralto, appeared in Greenville at Textile Hall on September 29th before a most appreciative audience. The governors of both North and South Carolina were present, and many other distinguished guests were in the audience. Frank L'Forge, pianist, gave great pleasure in his remarkable accompany and solo numbers. This concert was given in the midst of the first reunion of the 30th division, held in Greenville.

Mme. Galli-Curci, the world's greatest coloratura soprano, made her first appearace in South Carolina, here, Friday evening October 17th, before a most distinguished audience, who from the very beginning gave round after round of applause. Who could have closed his or her eyes and listened to this marvelous voice without believing they were hearing something more wonderful than the human being possesses? Such beautiful tones, we are unable to describe with anything we can find in the English language. The audience went wild with enthusiasm, and in return, she gave no less than eight encores, finally ending the program by singing Home Sweet Home to her own accompaniment.

A large number of teachers and students, hundreds of them, were in the audience representing Converse, Anderson, Lander and other colleges. We are glad to have them come, and they promise to return for other concerts during the season.

Greenville is the happy possessor of one of the most wonderful concert auditoriums in the South, Textile Hall, with a seating capacity of thirty-five hundred. It is here that the great artists appear.

John McCormick, the great Irish-American tenor, comes to us on November the 29th, followed by the distinguished contralto of the Chicago Opera Co., Carolina Lazzari, Feb. 17th, assisted by the great Swiss pianist, Rudolph Ganz. Frances Alda, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Co., comes March 15th. Elias Breeskin, noted Russian violinist, Leonora Sparks, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Co., Emma Roberts, mezzo-contralto, will appear during the season. A number of lighter Lyceum attractions and concerts by members of our own conversatory faculty will also be heard during the winter.

PROF. J. OSCAR MILLER.

LUSBY-DICKINSON RECITAL.

On Monday evening, October the thirteenth, the large and enthusiastic audience which taxed to its utmost the capacity of the music studios, gave eloquent testimony to the admiration and affection in which our violinist, Miss Lusby, is held, and to the eager interest with which was awaited the appearance of our new piano instructress, Miss Martha Dickinson.

The program opened with a mazurka by Zarzycki in which Miss Lusby showed technical mastery of her instrument. She has a manner manifestly sincere and unaffected which invites sympathy.

The de Beriot Seventh Concerto was perhaps her most exciting number. It afforded ample opportunity for showing the beautiful quality of her broad singing tone and highly de-

veloped and easy technic. Her playing is imbued with a lofty quality that is individual and personal.

"Pierrot Gai" by Tirindelli was played with much grace and animation, while Hochstein's arrangement of Brahms's A Major Waltz, was admirably performed.

Mrs. Miller proved to be an able accompanist. Her playing was at all times in perfect accord with the violinist and always entirely subservient.

The music department is indeed to be congratulated at having secured so gifted and talented an artist as Miss Dickinson. Mozart's "Fantasia C Minor" which called for orchestral part on a second piano, showed her to possess technical accomplishments of a high order. Her rhythm was excellent, her melodic outline clear and her color rich and varied. Best of all were the musical qualities of her performance. Her conceptions showed intelligence and fine artistic sensibility. With her fine command of phrasing and very effective delivery, she interprets most successfully.

Her group containing Nolle's "Elegie," Torjussen's "To the Rising Sun" and Moszykowski's "Air de Ballet" were charmingly rendered. Her interpretation of the "Elegie" was highly individual and "To the Rising Sun" was marked by tone full and clear and the use of great skill in bringing out contrasts of color.

Mr. Schaefer accompanied her on the second piano with his usual masterly skill.

It was a delightful evening and the enthusiastic and spontaneous applause by the audience gave evidence of their appreciation and enjoyment of the program.

MISS WITHROW AND MISS RANSOM SCORE IN RECITAL.

Monday evening at Greenville Womans College, was an evening of great pleasure for all who were fortunate enough to find seats or standing room. It was the first public appear-

ance in recital before a Greenville audience of Miss Letitia Withrow, soprano and Miss Annie Ransom, pianist.

Miss Withrow met with instant favor from the moment of her first appearance upon the stage. Her splendid stage presence and pleasing personality were not the least of her many gifts. She sang an aria from "La Tosca," and songs by Duparc, Bemberg, Hue, Thayer, Brockway, Brow and Curran. After being recalled many times, she gave a very pleasing interpretation of the "Old Maids Song" from Brockways Lonesome Kentucky Tunes. Miss Withrow was at her best in Bembergs "Il Neige," Brockways "The Nightingale" and Browns "Shepherd Thy Demeanour Vary."

Miss Ransom played numbers by Beethoven, MacDowell, Schumann-Liszt, and Liszt. She did her best work in the Beethoven Sonata, Opus 106, playing the Allegro and Scherzo movements. She is admirably fortified technically, and gave skillful interpretations of each number played. Miss Withrow and Miss Ransom are both members of the Greenville Womans College Conservatory faculty.

Mrs. J. Oscar Miller played Miss Withrow's accompaniments in a manner above praise. She made the piano not an accompany instruments but part of an ensemble. .

MR. J. OSCAR MILLER HEARD IN RECITAL

The parlors of Greenville Womans College were crowded to overflowing on Monday evening, November the 17th, when Mr. J. Oscar Miller, baritone, gave his first recital of the season. As Mr. Miller is already known and appreciated by the music loving public of Greenville, there was a representative gathering of people from the town in addition to the enthusiastic student body. Mr. Miller's pleasing personality and his sympathetic rendering of his program won his audience and from the beginning they responded to his every mood.

The program was excellently selected and included numbers of great variety. The program was as follows:

She Never Told Her Love	Haydn
The Sands o'Dee	Fred. Clay
Christ in Flanders	Ward Stephens
Love me or not	Gampion's Secchi
I Came With a Song	Frank La Forge
The Sea Hath its Pearls	Cecil Burleigh
The Pauper's Dime	Sidney Homer
Violin	
Zieunnerweisen	Pable de Sarasate
To the Evening Star (from Tannhauser) ..	Richard Wagner
Even Bravest Hearts (from Faust)	Charles Gounod
Nights and the Curtains Drawn	Gustave Ferrata
Smiling Through	Arthur A. Penn
My Menagerie	Fay Foster
The Stuttering Lovers	Herber Hughes
Rolling Down to Reo	Edward German

Mr. Miller's pleasing voice and musical skill are so well known in Greenville as to need no discussion. He perhaps displayed his gifts to the best advantage in the rendering of "She never Told Her Love," "The Sands o'Dee," "The Pauper's Dime."

Mrs. Miller added to the enjoyment of the evening by her skill as an accompanist, being quite unusual in her sympathetic following of the singer.

Miss Lusby, assisted Mr. Miller by a violin solo. She is another prime favorite of Greenville audiences, and she was at her best, displaying unusual artistic ability in the rendering of her selection, Zieunerweisen by Pablo, de Sarasate.

The Greenville Lyceum and Artist Course, which has been held in the Greenville Womans College auditorium for the past eighteen years, will, this season be held in the opera house. Students are given very low rates for season tickets and the numbers are always highly enjoyed by all who attend. The course offers a variety of entertainment and many famous personages will be brought to the students through the lyceum and artist course association.

The list of attractions for the coming season bids fair to be as popular as any included in lyceum course programs of preceding years. The G. W. C. girls will be out "en masse" as usual. The following are the numbers scheduled for the season 1919-'20:

Artist Course:

1. Emma Roberts, Mezzo-Contralto.
2. The Orpheus Four, Male Quartet.
3. Lenors Spars, Lyric Soprano, of the Metropolitan.
4. Elias Breeskin, Violin Virtuoso.

Lecture Course.

1. Arthur W. Evans, relative of Lloyd George.
2. Dr. Edgar J. Banks, noted archaeologist and author.
3. Signallor Tom Skeyhill, of Australia.
4. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of New York City.

Entertainment Course.

1. The Ladies Overseas Orchestra.
2. Vissochis Florentine Musicians.
3. Mrs. Piechils' Tyrollean Yodlers.
4. Marvin Williams, Humorist.
5. Eugene Laurent and assisting artists.

The opening attraction was given Friday, October 31st. Prof. G. A. Buist, of Furman University is the manager of the course and states that already every available season ticket has been subscribed for and that the coming season promises great things for the college students and the people of the city.

BERTIE BALLARD, '20.

Alumnae Notes

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Each fall as the college opens its session there are hundreds of Alumnae all over the State who eagerly await a report from the opening and who are delighted to hear as they invariably do, that the circumstances are more favorable and the prospects brighter than ever before. This year, however, there is one thought with which all have been concerned, and to which each loyal Alumna must needs pledge her best efforts—that is the actual building needs of our colleges, needs so imperative that they can not be overlooked.

For years it has been known that the dormitories were wholly inadequate but last summer the demands for more room became so insistent that we were forced to sacrifice our auditorium to this impelling need, and now, while the indomitable spirit of the student body refuses to be conquered by material wants that in itself would be a sufficient reason for the immediate fulfillment of these wants. For with that spirit unhampered what can girls not accomplish? As it is, there is no room in the building large enough to accommodate the student body, there is no place for Y. W. meetings, for recitals, for lectures, that formerly occupied so vital a place in the college life.

Indeed, one might go on and on enumerating the reason for immediate attention to this great need—an auditorium and fine arts building worthy of G. W. C.—but we know that already every alumnae has pledged her most loyal co-operation in the undertaking of her Alma Mater, and that this pledge means to each one an active participation in the campaign for a greater G. W. C.

Misses Mamie Bryan, Willie Bryan, La Hentz Bramlette '17, Phoebe Oswald, Sarah Owens and Ruth Martin, '18, attended the summer session of the Columbia University in New York City.

Miss Alice Todd, '18, studied voice in New York City during the past summer and is now teaching voice in the Central High School of Greenville, S. C.

Miss Lita White, '16, is studying medicine at the Virginia Medical College, in Richmond, Va.

A wedding of much interest was that of Miss Ellen Newton '17, and Mr. J. E. Burnside, Jr., on August 27, 1919.

Another attractive wedding of the summer was that of Miss Laurie Best, '16, and Capt. Belton Plowden, U. S. A.

Miss John Anthony '17, is teaching history and Latin in the Westminster High School, Westminster, S. C.

Mrs. George Davis, formerly Miss Julia Jay, '17, passed through the city recently on her return from an extensive bridal tour through the West. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will make their home in Greenwood.

Miss Lillian Hendricks, '17, is principal of the Central Graded School near Williamston this winter.

Mrs. Annie Latimer Wilbur announces the engagement of her daughter, Annie-Maude, to Mr. Arthur Ives Brown of Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. P. Bryan announces the engagement of her daughter, Jessie, to Dr. H. M. Hicks, of Florence, S. C., the marriage to take place on the evening of Dec. 3rd.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

A joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Furman and the Y. W. C. A. of Greenville Womans College was held Thursday evening, October 30, in the Alumnae Hall of Furman. The program was in charge of the Student Volunteers of the two colleges, Mr. Littlejohn presiding.

After the scripture reading by Mr. Barfield, Miss Harlee Cooper talked on "Consecration."

Mr. Touchberry gave an inspiring talk on the topic, "The Basis of Decision."

Miss Vera Martin gave an intensely interesting biography of Matthew Yates. Nothing inspires us to noble service more than to hear about the lives of those who have labored and died in the cause.

Mr. Harrison addressed us on the subject, "The Need of the Non-Christian World as a Challenge to the Investment of Life." Every Christian, man or woman, boy or girl, must face the great question at issue now: Where will my life count for the most?

The Furman quartet favored us with several appropriate selections which added to the success of the meeting.

We came away from the meeting feeling the need as never before, of deeper consecration to the Master's cause.

Instead of the weekly Thursday night meeting of the Y. W. C. A. a meeting was called Tuesday night November 11, in order to give Miss Davis and Miss Tyler an opportunity of speaking to the students.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mrs. Davis whom most of us knew, and Miss Tyler to our platform. Miss Tyler made a very earnest address on "Missions," challenging us to service.

Mrs. Davis addressed us on the Seventy-Five Million Dollar campaign. We have had numbers of addresses and speakers on the campaign, but Mrs. Davis was so earnest and anxious for us to catch the vision and indeed so enthusiastic that we could not help but hear the call. She gave us a heart to heart talk and we pledged ourselves to nobler service in the cause of Christ.



Mary Burns (explaining to B. Prickett how long it took her to paint one of her paintings): "This," she said pointing to her latest canvas, "took over a year. I put my whole mind in it."

Bessie P: "Oh, that's where it has gone to, is it?"

Mildred Brown: "Did you know that Geraldine Farrar died not long ago."

L. Griffin: "No, how do you know."

M. Brown: "Why I saw the other day in the Photoplay Magazine an account of where she had departed westward."

Miss Ross: (In trying to get some information from one of the Maids): "Are you an old maid here?"

Maid: "Naw ma-'am, married and got six children."

Mrs. Miller: "I had a terrible shock today. A black spider ran up my arm."

Mr. Miller: "That's nothing. I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my pants."

B. Barton: "I can drive nails like lightning."

B. Brown: "Oh, you don't say so?"

B. Barton: "That's right. You know lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

Rene Joyce (at reception): "What's your occupation?"

The Englishman at Furman: "Why I'm a sailor."

Rene: "You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship."

The Englishman: "Do you think I came from England in a taxi?"

Grace Tompkins: "How is the best way to keep your friends:

M. Way: "Why, treat them kindly."

Grace Tompkins: "Oh, no, treat them often."

D. Hedgepeth: "Do you like fish balls?"

A. R. McLendon: "Don't know. I never attended one."

If you want to be robbed of your good name put it on your umbrella.

Mary Seyle: Martha, what is a dogma?

Martha Peace: Why a pup's mother, of course.

Mrs. Bryan said the other day to one of her pupils, "Mary, learn to keep your temper my dear. Believe me, nobody else wants it."

Mrs. Lingley (in history): "Who can tell me how the North American Indians lived."

Mary Lewis: "Why, by eating."

Mrs. Gingley (in history): "Who's a tutor?"

M. A: "One who toots."



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

In an endeavor to reach a creditable standard, the Isaqueena must enlarge its exchange department. It, therefore, encourages exchange with all college magazines and papers in the South. We desire all magazines to offer constructive criticism on the work published in our papers and we shall feel free to comment on the work put out by those with whom we exchange. The staff, after conferring with the students of the college, has decided on a new departure in the management of the magazine. We desire to stress both a high standard of excellence in our monthly publications, and the local features of our college life. In order to do this, we shall issue only five or six publications of the Isaqueena with issues of the "Spokesman" every two weeks, which we shall also exchange.

The October issue of this paper is a number
The Carolinian that includes some very distinctive literary
material but the editors seem to have neg-

lected their opportunity of making it broadly representative of college life. Especially commend the following: "The Lion Woman," "O Comrade lay thy Hand in Mine."

The work put out in the Chronicle and the *The Chronicle* Tiger shows good management and earnest work. All the departments are represented either in the Chronicle or The Tiger. The poems "My Ideal" and "Deeds" as well as the essay "What Shall we do in Life" carry one good clear thought through them—that we must all work toward some worthy goal—and show that some have their end in view. The items in The Tiger are interesting and reveal clearly the jovial, yet sincere spirit ruling the boys at Tigertown.

The Erothesian is a well balanced and well *The Erothesian* developed magazine. The literary department is well worked up and shows talent among the students, along these lines. We wish to commend the students for keeping so well in touch with the alumnae and including such notes in their magazine.

We are glad to receive exchanges from *The Orange and Blue* the colleges in our neighboring states, among those most enjoyed being the Orange and Blue from Carson-Newman. This paper represents all phases of the college life at Carson-Newman in a very pleasing way.

We could never get along without the *The Furman Hornet* variety of news which the Hornet brings to us each week. Furman is not only winning out in all of the college football games but is running very near the front in the race for the best college paper.



Locals

The first Lyceum attraction occurred on Friday evening, October 31st at the Grand Opera House. A concert was given by the Overseas Orchestra. Afterwards Tom Skeyhill delivered a lecture "Fighting the Turks in the Dardanelles." The program was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. T. F. Coward of Aiken, visited her daughter, Annie, the 30th and 31st.

Miss Helen Smith spent Monday, October 27th at Anderson College.

G. W. C. was well represented at the ball game November 1st, between Furman and Citadel. The score was 21 to 6, in favor of Furman.

On November 1st, a delightful Hallowe'en party was given in the Y. W. C. A. parlors. Various musical selections were rendered by Misses Ruth Brown, Marie Askins and Alleyne Griffin. And enjoyable readings and ghost tales were given by Misses Nairine Way, Belle Barton, Mildred Brown, Annice Galphin and Ameila Boor. Ghosts and black cats also appeared on the scene.

Messrs. Herbert Brown and Richard Hallum, Jr., of Six Mile Baptist Academy were visitors here October 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Ashley Woodward of Aiken were pleasant visitors here November 2nd.

Miss Lillian Hendricks from Easley, visited her sister Vivian, on the 21st.

Miss Jessie Wilson of Liberty, is visiting Laura Wilson this week.

Miss Virginia Barksdale visited friends in the college November 22.

The Furman-Clemson game, Friday afternoon, November 21st, was attended by the entire student body. It was decidedly the best game of the season. Score 7-7.

ADVERTISING SECTION.

"It Pays to Advertise."

Two merchants bid for Fortunes prize,

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—*Boston Transcript.*

POINT SYSTEM OF HONORS

Five Point Honors.

President of Y. W. C. A.
President of Student Government.

Four Point Honors.

President of Senior Class.
Editor of Isaqueena.
Business Manager of Isaqueena.
Editor of Annual.
Business Manager of Annual.
President of Literary Society.

Three Point Honors.

President of Athletic Association.
President of Junior Class.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Secretary of Student Government.

Two Point Honors.

President of Sophomore Class.
President of Freshman Class.
President of Special Class.
Secretary and Treasurer of Society.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Treasurer of Student Government.
Departmental Editors.
Chairmen of Program Committee.
Council Members.
Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.

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Other Society Officers.
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Hall Proctors.
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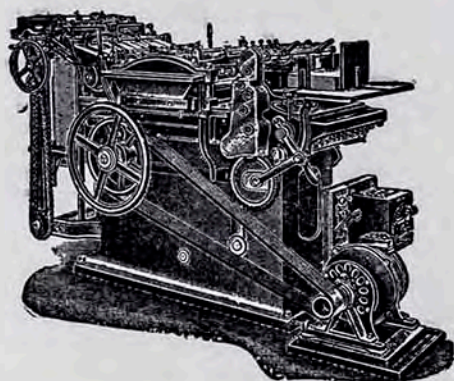
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Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Greenville Womans College (Greenville Female College) is an institution of higher learning established, controlled and supported by the Baptist Convention of South Carolina. It has to its credit sixty-one years of successful experience in educating young women. The college has nearly one thousand alumnae in this and other states.

The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than any other college save one.

The work of the College is strongly endorsed at home and abroad. For many years the number of boarding students has been limited by the capacity of the dormitories, and the annual income from college fees for local students alone is equal to the income of the endowment of any college in the State, which enables the College to give the best education at reasonable prices.

Believing that the aim of all training should be the development of heart, mind and body, the College seeks to give the product of symmetrical womanhood.

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty years of history has never lost a student by death and it has enjoyed singular freedom from epidemics of every form.

The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted, to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of M. A., B. A., B. S., are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Department of Art, Expression, Kindergarten and Domestic Science.

In order to meet the needs of the local students and the boarding students not prepared for entering the Freshman Class, a high grade academy maintained by the College, well equipped, with instructors of the same character and grade as the teachers in the College.

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1920.

For further information apply to

David M. Ramsay, D. D., President

Or ROSA C. PASCHAL, Dean.

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