

5-1-1910

The Isaqueena - 1910, May-June

Zelle Loadholt
Greenville Woman's College

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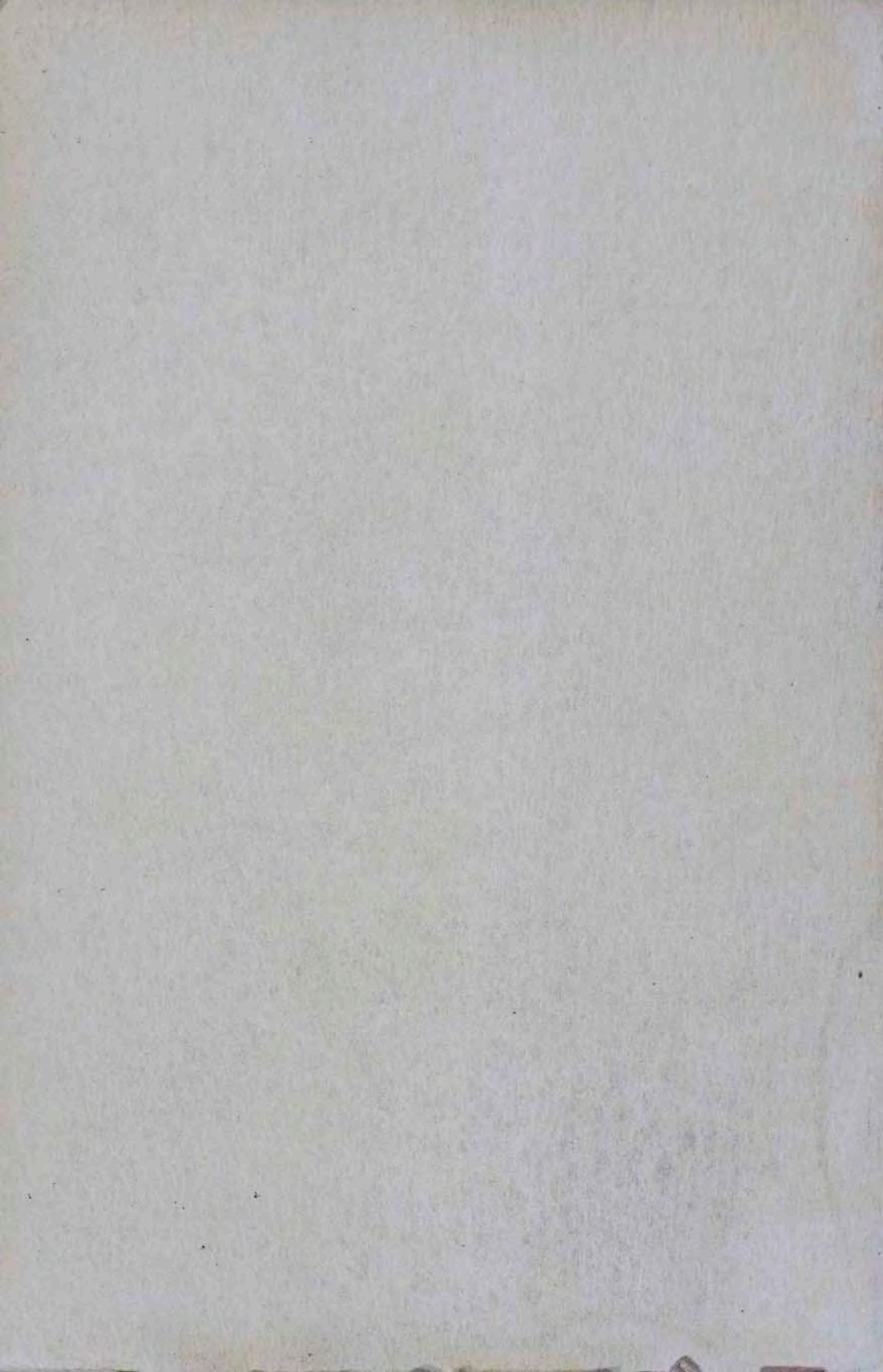
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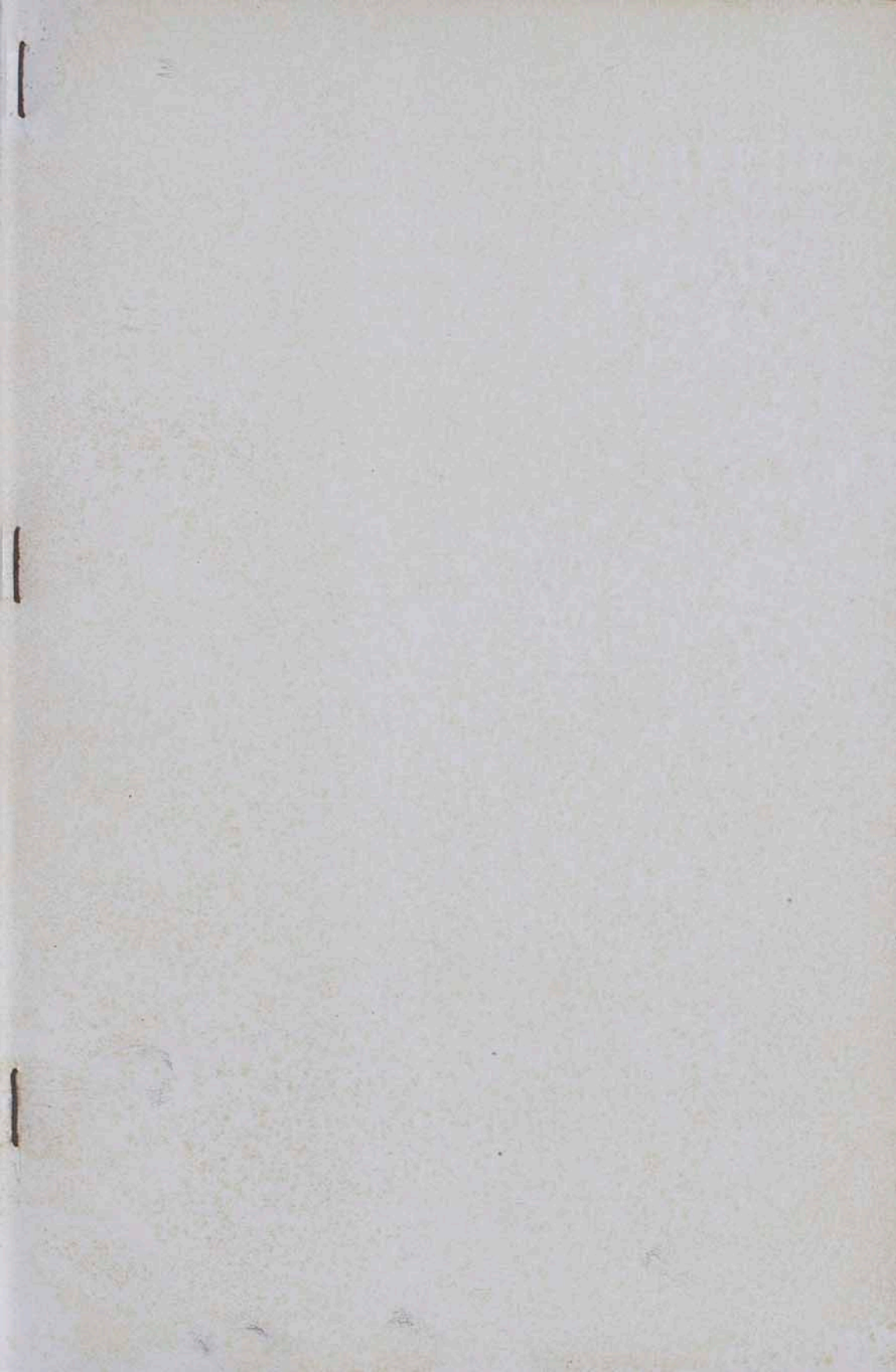
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Isaqueena

Senior Number
May-June 1910





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I s a q u e e n a



Senior Class



MOTTO:

Esse quam videre

COLORS:

Black and Gold

FLOWER:

Pansy



Dell

Boom chica-boom, boom chica-boom!
Boom chica-rica-chica boom!
Boom: Get a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Cannibal, cannibal, sis boom bar!
Seniors, Seniors, rah! rah! rah!

Class Officers

President, Juliet Earle	Historian, Inez Ragsdale
Vice-President, Caro Truluck.	Prophet, Caro Truluck
Secretary, Zelle Loadholt	Lawyer, Mary Gilreath
Treasurer, Florence Drummond	Poet, Zelle Loadholt

Class Roll

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Carrie Bailey	"Doll"	Has the bell rung?
Blanche Brooker	"Judy"	Well pe-ple
Helen Brown	"Chic"	Can you work your arithmetic
Florence Drummond	"Jack"	More truth than poetry in that
Juliet Earle	"Ju'et"	Oh, I see!
Mary Gilreath	"Marry"	Oh, give me some paper.
Lucy Goggans	"Luke"	Oh, what am I gointer do?
Sadie Goodwin	"Goody"	I can't do that!
Anna Kay	"Nancy"	My, this History!
Leila Lawrence	"Bossy"	I just couldn't come on time
Zelle Loadholt	"Zellibus"	Oh, I'm goin' ter flunk—flunk
Josie McBride	"J'an"	Sure!
Inez Ragsdale	"Jap"	I'll knock you bald headed
Aileen Roebuck	"Littleun"	What do you think about that?
Etta Scarborough	"Et"	You reckon I'll pass on Trig?
Mae Springfield	"Bob"	What do you take me for?
Agnes Thompson	"Aggie"	I haven't got time.
Caro Truluck	"Trulove"	Isn't it cute?
Helen von Lehe	"Punch"	Well, I'll be June'd.



CARRIE BAILEY, B. L.

*I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I waked and found that life was duty.*



BLANCHE BROOKER B. L.

There is a gift beyond the wealth of art, of being eloquently silent.

HELEN BROWN, L. I.

*Learning by study must be
'Twas here entrained from sun to sun.*



JULIET EARLE, B. L.

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



MARY GILREATH, M. A.

*A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary.*



SADIE GOODWIN, B. L.

*True love is humble, thereby it is known
Girded for service, seeking not its own,
Exalts its object, timid homage pays
Vaunts not itself, but speaks in self-despraise.*

ISAQUEENA



LUCY GOGGINS, L. I.

Be silent and safe, silence never betrays you.

ISAQUEENA



LEILA LAWRENCE, B. L.

Hear me, for I will speak.



ANNA KAY, B. L.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.*



ZELLE LOADHOLT, B. L.

*Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above*



JOSIE McBRIDE, B. L.

*None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise.*



BESS MINICK, B. L.

Independence now, independence forever.



INEZ RAGSDALE, B. L.

*Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known,
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow shrink.*



AILEEN ROEBUCK, B. L.

*Some hearts are hidden
Some have not a heart.*



ETTA SCARBOROUGH, B. L.

*Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent if we will.*



MAY SPRINGFIELD, B. L.

*That, I protest I simply am a maid.
I am a simple maid and therein wealthiest.*



CARO TRULUCK, L. I.

In every gesture dignity and love.

AGNES THOMPSON, B. L.

We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.



HELEN VON LEHE, B. L.

*Nor know we anything so fair,
As is the smile upon thy face*

CLASS SONG.

ZELLE LOADHOLT.



GOODNIGHT, my Alma Mater,
Goodnight again and again,
Now among thy daughters belongs the
Class of nineteen ten.
To thy name we'll e'er sing praises,
Thou wilt be our guiding star,
And e'er protect thy daughters,
Be they near thee or far.

Goodnight, my Alma Mater,
The parting hour draws near,
Thou hast been our stronghold
Through many a happy year,
This message now we leave thee,
Forget not your daughters, true,
For through the coming years
We will e'er remember you.

We can no longer linger;
Time says we must part,
But thy image, Alma Mater,
Will live always in our heart
Farewell, farewell, dear college,
Forewell again and again.
And breathe thy sweetest blessing
On the class of nineteen ten.

THE DARK CORNER

IN the upper part of the state of South Carolina, near the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, lies a spot of country known as "Dark Corner." But why so-called, you ask? Well, to explain explain we must go back to the inhabitants; a people who are poor, very illiterate, and, for the most part, very immoral.

The chief occupation of these people is farming, nor are they the most prosperous of farmers for their lands are poor and they know nothing about enriching them. And then, too, after they have raised their produce another great difficulty presents itself—that of getting it to market. The distance and the steep and rough mountain roads make this a very real problem.

However, these hardy mountain folk have solved this problem, as they think, admirably, and located in many of the secret coves of the mountains are found what are known as "blockades." Thus, they use their corn in making a "fiery" water for which they find a ready sale at home.

These people know no law, if we are to judge by their action. For, indeed, they abide by no law, unless it suits their fancy so to do. They seem to consider that they have a right to act as they please regardless of anyone else's rights, and anyone who interferes, in anyway, with their pursuits is disposed of in short order. They are always on the alert for the officers of the law who frequently invade their territory and several officers have lost their lives in contact with these law-breakers. In fact, it is not safe for a stranger to go in, if he values his life, for they suspicion all such and are prepared to make an end of them. A number of cases are on record of agents

who have visited these parts and have never more been seen. No trace has been left save on one occasion when a body was found which had been most brutally mutilated.

So careful are these people that on each path leading out from these "blind tigers" they have stationed an armed guard whose business it is to warn of the approach of anyone who is not wanted there. Hugh Black was one of these guards. He was not, however, a native of "Dark Corner," but of Highland, a village some miles south. He was a typical mountaineer being tall, broad-shouldered, robust, having large, keen eyes, auburn hair, a broad face; and wearing a general "rough and ready" expression. But there seems to have been born within him a longing for something higher than the life of his native village afforded, and so he had accepted this position in order that he might obtain a college education. And although his moral standard had been lowered, to a great extent, in the position which he held, we shall still grant that he stands, as faithful to duty as any gallant soldier who ever followed a leader.

For some months after Hugh came to Dark Corner no services had been held in the little church which was the silver lining to the cloud of wickedness and vice which overhung this country. This fact was due to the consideration that it was unwise and even dangerous to attempt it any longer amid existing conditions. But early in the spring a new pastor was secured and the brave little flock resumed their worship without any molestation until about midsummer when they decided to hold a revival meeting in their church. The visiting minister had arrived and was to begin his work that day. Early in the morning as Hugh was going to his work, his employer, Will Hardin, called to him and said,

"Hugh, I su'pose you'se heerd uv that preecher whut's gwine ter hol toth down ten ther meetin hous, aint yer?"

"Yes sir," said Hugh.

"Wall," siad Will, "yer know me and him aint got much in common en I 'lows az how he's gwine ter say things thet's gwine ter pester our biz a bit, en I wants yer ter go down thar en heer whut he's got ergin us. I don' ax yer ter do nothin but jes go en listen en come back 'ere en tell me."

"All right," said Hugh, "I do as you say."

So Hugh Black attended the first service of that revival. Let's follow him through the service. He went in quietly and took his seat near the middle of the church so that he might observe all that occurred. And many looked at him with astonishment and a shade of anxiety for none of them could name the time when he ha dworshipped with them. The preacher, a man of earnest, unassuming manner, had just announced the opening hymn and as they sang several selections, Hugh dreamed dreams of his work and of the success he was making of it, for he was well paid, but he seemed to have forgotten his ambition for a college education and many other plans occupied his mind. Just then he was startled by the preacher who said, "Let us pray" and as he prayed he spoke as if addressing some one very near:

"O Saviour of sinners! When a poor woman laden with sins, went to the well to draw water, she found Thee sitting at the well. She knew Thee not; she had not sought thee; her mind was dark; her life unholy. But Thou didst open her heart and cause her to thirst for that living water which she had not sought. Jesus thou art in the midst of us today, and Thou knowest all men: if there is any here like that poor woman—if their minds are dark, their lives unholy—if they

have come not seeking Thee, not desiring to be taught; deal with them according to the free mercy which thou didst show to her. Speak to them, Lord; open their ears to my message; bring their sins to their minds, and make them thirst for the salvation which thou art ready to give. Amen."

Then with simplicity and sincerity the preacher tried to bring home to the people their guilt, their awful darkness, and their state of disobedience to God as he dwelt on the hatefulness of sin and the sufferings of the Saviour whereby a way had been opened for their salvation.

Hugh had listened intently throughout. At first he was listening for Will Hardin, but soon he began to listen for himself and not a word did he lose. It appeared to him in such a different light today from the way in which he had regarded this message in his earlier youth. It seemed so very strange, and yet so wonderful when the minister asked who would take this wonderful Saviour, Hugh was the first to go to the front and say:—

"Preacher, do you believe what you say this morning?"

"Indeed I do," said the minister, "every word of it."

"And if I accept him will he help me to keep from sin and to live as he wants me to, for I never could live like that alone."

"Yes my friend," said the preacher, "I assure you that He will do his part if you will do yours."

"Then I want Him to be my Saviour," said Hugh, and together they knelt and prayed. When they arose Hugh's face was shining with a radiant joy which told the story of peace and salvation. And no happier mortal ever climbed that mountain than he who climbed

it that day to tell his employer that he had found a better job and could serve him no longer.

Hugh Black is now a minister of the Gospel and using his energy to lead the "Dark Cornerites" to the Saviour he found.

Sadie Goodwin.

CLASS HISTORY OF 1910.

HISTORY," it has been said, "is philosophy teaching by examples," and yet some distinguished critics have spoken in a very contemptuous manner of history. Dr. Johnson, said, "The historian tells either what is false or what is true: in the former case he is no historian: in the latter he has no opportunity for displaying his abilities: for the truth is one, and all who tell the truth must tell it alike." But great writers since Dr. Johnson's time have certainly shown that there are several different ways of telling it, and that it is possible to elude both horns of his dilemma. Indeed it is not unusual now to hear of "the romance of history," and nothing could give us greater pleasure than to weave a little romance into ours, but alas, we are short on romance at this time! At all events, be it delightful or dull, reliable or the contrary, history is now the subject of our story. A mere chapter of current history, it is true; neither ponderous nor dignified, but accurate enough for all practical purposes.

Anno Domini 1906 was a famous year, so are all the years of man, using that term in a broad sense to include him and his superiors also. It was the first year of the mental perplexity and mental anguish of the class of '10, for it was in the fall of that year, in the mild days of September, that our college career began. We may be allowed to compare it, for the moment, to a long and de-

lightful sea voyage, for indeed it has been, so far as we are concerned, a four year's cruise on the great ocean of discovery. No ship that ever sailed the waters of the deep was better officered than ours, a matchless captain, and a splendid staff. Under such guidance we could not fail to reach our final destination with our pennant flying grandly. All honor to them.

But gentle reader we must come to books, in fact, did come to them, this celebrated class of '10, on that long ago September day. Books, my!—don't speak of them. How we read them, devoured them, digested them we were about to say, when we were halted by the truth of history. For do we not now vividly recall some fearful attacks of acute indigestion which came on at times, and which we had not then learned to avoid. But nothing could stay the enthusiasm of those early days. With that charm we moved all obstacles: "O harp of a thousand strings!" Freshman, don't you forget it. All is well that ends well. We made our first port, for the most part in fine form, and then came the "home run" that wonderful panacea for all ills.

When the curtain rises again on history, September 22, 1907, we find ourselves on deck about thirty (30) strong. The time to sail had come again and our captain never dallies. A few of our dearest jewels had dropped out; a few were lost to us afterwards, and a few also were added to our roll. It was always thus, yet we love them none the less. And what, it may be asked, had we discovered by this time. We answer among other things, this; that "the question is not so much to know a thing as to know where to find it." The rule has its limits, it is true, but it holds good to some extent, in all departments, and saves a great deal of trouble when you once understand it: It is just so; and if anything is found in this history which resembles things that have been seen before, in other histories or almanacs, which, of course, may be the case, all right; never mind

that. You just pay your money and take your choice. Neither Gray's "Ode to Adversity" nor that other gentleman's "Ode to Fortune" were entirely original with them, as has been discovered since they left here. In fact, it may as well be admitted, once for all, that we must either have "full raw material" in this literary workshop or it may come to pass that the shop will close.

But History must be a narrative of real events or in the language of Dr. Johnson "it is no history" and so we hasten to say a word here about our "banquet." It was not intended to be any cold wave, and it was not. The extreme tense condition of the Sophomore mind demands some relaxation, and this annual affair certainly serves that purpose well.

Our third year was a glad one. Plenty of work, but some recreation for that variety which is said to be the spice of life, and it came. Books, and lectures having been reckoned with, there came in its turn our delightful "function" of this year. It was rumored on the deck of our ship (otherwise called the campus) that cupid had again been busy, on this, as on other similar occasions. We will call no names, but we must sound a note of warning to the impressionable to avoid all diversions which interfere with the pursuit of knowledge. Among other events of historic interest of this year, we should not neglect to mention our picnic at Paris Mountain. What a day of joy and freedom among the birds and wild flowers. There was no need for chaperones; not even the fabled "old man of the mountain" was to be seen. If he was there in hiding the laughter of those girls must have made him ride his phantom pony far and fast.

September 22, 1909. Like the mariner who had been tossed for many days in "thick weather and on an unknown sea" we began now to want to know where we were. The course of our collegiate latitude and longitude was accordingly reckoned for us, by those who had

directed our progress; and we were politely informed that we had reached the degree of grave and dignified seniors. Imagine if you can our delight about this time. It has been said that only those who knew what it was to be a Roman citizen could estimate the proud privilege which that title conferred; but if the Roman citizen felt any larger over his privileges than we did over ours he must have been a giant figure (in his imagination) indeed. We lead the line now instead of coming second and third as heretofore.

We had our grand "function" of the year, of course, and like our predecessors have, we provided ourselves with that mystic bond of union and symbol of triumph the class ring. There is in ours too that invisible inscription, which reads, "In hoc signo vinces" or words to that effect. If there be any delinquents among our alumnae we may use this magician's wand to give them "the absent treatment." So let all such take heed.

We may be pardoned for the mention of another delightful excursion this year to Paris Mountain high above "the gay and gain-devoted city" we enjoyed the dizzy rapture of another day. It has been a great pleasure to us also, during our term here to welcome the advent of College Day. Thrice has it been for us a festival worthy of its name. And as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, we may say that the benevolent impulses of April 1st, have not been entirely neglected either. What we did for them was a plenty. It worked out all right however. There is nothing like knowing when you have reached the limit. As some one has said, "you can fool all the people a part of the time, and a part of the people all the time, but you can't fool all of the people all the time," and it is better not to try it either. Be conservative and you will surely be happy.

We have chosen for our standard bearer Juliet and we may truly say that the highest honors within our gift have thus been worthily bestowed.

Of course, it will be understood that this narrative is intended to touch only upon the salient points of our college life. Many incidents of exquisite loveliness and beauty must remain unwritten history, to be handed down only by sacred tradition. We suppose that all are not entirely agreed to as to what does constitute the highest culture. It is not for us to say what we have accomplished here. It is true that our initial voyage has about ended, but the aspirations which it has kindled remain with us. When the mind has been aroused, it knows something of the aversion which the old gypsy feels for a stationary abode. Our course still lies out over "life's inviting sea." We cannot tell what the fortune holds in store for us—whether sunshine or storm. We know not how high the great waves may rise, nor whether our frail craft will successfully ride them. We trust that all will be well. But this we do know; that if there should, perchance, at some time break upon us, some great "sea of troubles" there will come to us from our Alma Mater, across that troubled sea, this far heard whisper of a cherished Mother: "Daughter be of good cheer the Kingdom of the Most High is within you."

Inez Ragsdale.

THE RIVALS.

IT was very early one winter morning before any of the stores had opened, even the drays and hacks had not begun their day's tedious work. But there was one person who was up and stirring all right. This was a young man about twenty three years old, who was carrying a load of wood on one arm, while on the other was hung a scuttle of coal. Regardless of the cold he was in his shirt sleeves and bare-headed, so it is not surprising that his face, ears, and hands

were all very red. He seemed oblivious of the fact that he was the only one up, and, throwing back his head, commenced whistling a jerky two-step as he disappeared in one of the doors of the Law Range.

Soon the whole town was awake with the noise and bristle of life. Every body who passed Smythe's window and saw the bright crackling fire had some comment or criticism to make, for Allen Smythe was at the present the talk of the town. He was only a struggling young lawyer working for admission into the social and political life of the town, but so far had met with very little success.

Doctor Dunbar and Hon. Cummin, Jr., passing Smythe's window looked in and saw him. The younger man at once said

"Well, look at that block-headed man down at work already. I'll wager you almost anything that he is so stingy he hasn't had a bite of breakfast."

"But my boy, remember he has no rich father like you and can't afford to be extravagant; not that I mean eating is extravagant though."

"That's it! The poor pauper has come here and is trying to thrust himself in our circle."

"That boy certainly has brains and will make something of himself someday whether he is rich or poor now."

"Brains? Why he will land in the lunatic asylum before two years have passed."

"Well, understand now, Cummin, I am going to be his friend, as my daughter already is; and that reminds me, I'll go back and ask him around to dine with us today."

"I wasn't aware of the fact that Isabel was so intimate with him."

"Yes, she has known him several months, but he has

only called once or twice and that was here lately. Good morning, Cummin."

"Good morning, hope the orge won't devour all your silver by mistake during dinner."

With this parting thrust the "fashion plate" as he was called went whistling down the street to his office. When he reached it he walked in, kicked his poor little office boy for not having a bright enough fire for him, then threw his overcoat and hat at him nearly knocking him over, then seated himself in a chair. Pulling a Ms. out of the file in front of him he began reading. But he had not read far before he stopped and resting both elbows on the table, leaned his head over in his hands. Here he sat motionless for about a half an hour; then getting up picked both feet vigorously as if they were numb and putting his hands behind his head said:

"Yes, I'll do it. I heard him distinctly say he had his speech all ready, and I know I'll never write one so good as his. He has no right to come here and squeeze me out of my rightful place. He will not be senator. I'll beat him by fair or foul means. I've tried the fair and it won't work, so now for the foul. Lucky for me that I speak first."

In the meantime Smythe had spent a most delightful day around at Dr. Dunbar's home; and now he and Isabel were alone in the library. They had reached that point in their friendship where neither was afraid to express his opinion to the other. "But you see," said Smythe, "I have written both those speeches, and when thinking of one it seems to be more appropriate, but when I think of the other one it seems to be best. So what am I to do?"

"I'll tell you, you let me read both of them and then together we may decide. Do you know what Mr. Cummin's opinion is?"

"No, you see he wont have a thing to do with me. I have made advances several times, for I like the fellow, but he freezes me up every time."

"I am sorry he is acting so crazy in this matter."

"O, that part is perfectly immaterial to me. But then I don't want people to think I dislike him; for he is my opponent."

"Yes, I see."

The fire burned awhile in silence while both sat looking intently at it. Later on Smythe left and on reaching his office noticed that his papers looked a little scattered, but he thought nothing of it for he had left hurriedly himself, and thought perhaps he had done it.

Three more months rolled by during which time neither Smythe nor Isabel had been silent. He had won many more friends and many were endorsing Dr. Dunbar's opinion. So now that the time of the political campaign was at hand, no one was so sure, as they had been several months ago, that Smythe had no showing at all. Everybody in town was there at the speaking. Many openly admired the calm self-possessed manner of Smythe while others thought of it though said nothing. Cummin was going around like a wild-cat, restless and pale.

Isabel sat on the front row in the gallery where she could see and be seen plainly indeed by the speakers. As Cummin got up and walked forward to begin, the humdrum of voices died down. He commenced speaking fast and excitedly, but as he proceeded he gained control of himself, and spoke very plainly, as if he believed with all his heart that what he was saying was true and right.

He had uttered only a sentence or two when Isabel, very pale, craned her neck forward to catch Smythe's eye. He too was pale but showed no other sign of sur-

prise, than to arch his brows and slightly incline his head toward her. Gradually his face regained its usual color, but the expression was stern and rigid. Crossing his arms on his chest, he sat as if immovable with his eyes transfixed on the speaker; nor did they once waver when Cummin looked straight at him and delivered a sentence Smythe had worked so hard on for the climax of his speech.

When he had finished and just before the clapping ceased, Smythe gave a long sigh of relief and looking up in the gallery gave Isabel a bright smile. When he started to speaking not a sound could be heard over the whole room. Slowly and distinctly at first but gradually becoming more animated he held his hearers spellbound. During his whole speech hardly a person moved. When he finished there was a moment's silence, then such a burst of applause and hurrahs for Smythe that no one could hear his own voice much less the conversation which was being carried on between Allen and Isabel.

"Allen, how in the world did he get your speech?"

"Well, you are too hard for me, but it seems to have been the best in my case for as he stood there giving my ideas in that speech, I saw that we were wrong in our choice, and the other I had written was the right one."

"But how could he have done it? I saw him glance at you several times with such a triumphant look on his face."

"There he goes now. O Cummin! hold on a minute."

But before he had finished his sentence Cummin had made one leap for the door and disappeared in the crowd.

The next morning Smythe greeted Isabel with the words,

"Have you heard the latest? Cummin skipped the country last night. But I'll tell you a secret. He left me a pitiful note acknowledging his theft. You know

the day I first took dinner at your home? He got in my office and got that speech then put it back several days afterwards. As you remember we went over the other one first, so in that way I didn't miss it from my papers."

"Will you expose him to the public?"

"No, he says he will never return, so I'll leave him to God and his conscience."

Inez Ragsdale.

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TEN.



H, proudly we come together,
 The class of nineteen ten,
 Our voices we send rebounding
 Over hill and glen.
 Naught of grief or sadness
 Among us can you name,
 What else can there be for us,
 Save, honor, love and fame?

Rise up, oh class so mighty,
 And let thy name be known,
 Four years thou hast bravely battled,
 Now sweet reward thine own.
 Who else can there be like thee,
 Who with thee can compare?
 The answer cometh softly,
 "None else," such honors bear.

O Muse of silvery speech,
 Give beautiful words to me
 To speak of her fame and glory—
 To sing them with jubilant glee
 Thou hast none to proclaim it?
 Ah no! there's none among men

Worthy to chant the praises
Of the class of nineteen ten.

Thou hast not turned back, nor faltered,
Nor with air castles did'st thou play;
And when Love did gently whisper,
Thou did'st send her quickly away,
Bidding her wait with patience
Till fame was won, and then,
There might be pleasures anew
For the class of nineteen ten.

For now that thou hast conquered,
Is sweet repose for thee?
No, but thicker is the conflict—
From struggle thou art not free.
But whatever be the battle
Thou wilt be, as thou has't been
And conquer all around thee,
Brave class of nineteen ten!

Shall we, who have toiled together
Keep these days in memories' store?
Or, shall no thoughts ever thrill us
Of the days that are no more?
Need we pledge one to another,
Or whisper, "Forget-me-not?"
Rather let the birds cease singing
Than we should say, "I forgot."

As college life has ended,
And we embark upon a new,
We need no word of parting,
With which to keep us true.
Among the gems in memories' store
In the centre let these days be set,
We scorn all vows to bind us,

And to remind "Lest we forget."

What there is before us,
 'Tis not for us to know;
 It may be the serpent's hiss,
 Or sweetest praises may flow
 Yet we are not to falter,
 In this battle of life,
 But press bravely forward,
 In the thickest of the strife.
 May God His richest blessings
 Most bountifully send
 Upon the brave, united
 Class of Nineteen ten!

Zelle Loadholt

CLASS WILL.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
 COUNTY OF GREENVILLE,

Be it remembered, that we, the Senior Class of 1910, of G. F. C. of Greenville, County and State aforesaid, being of sound mind and doubtful age, do make this our last will and testament.

I, Caro Truluck, do hereby will and bequeath to Mrs. E. C. James my seat for all the compulsory lectures up to the time my sister comes to G. F. C., after which it goes to her.

I, Carrie Bailey do hereby will and bequeath to my friend, Agnes Thompson a *man!* to have and to hold, from this day forward sincerely hoping that she may never be stained with the sime of causing him a bald head.

I, Lucy Goggins, do will and bequeath to Sadie Goodwin my great grandfather's war shield that she may protect her "little self" from the wrath of unconverted sav-

ages, while crossing their war path, in the dreary deserts of Africa.

I, Bess Minich, do will and bequeath to Prof. Morse, my beautiful babritone voice, hoping that it may prove of great service in the future Music Festivals.

I, Hazel Poole, do will and bequeath to Lillian Easterling my braid—assuring myself that she will find it useful (ornamental understood) in wrapping up her head, to keep those loving and constant thoughtts of the Faculty from escaping.

I, Inez Ragsdale, do will to the G. F. C. "Gold Dust Twins" my "Importance" hoping, that my share, added to theirs, already—sufficiency won't cause the Dean too many white hairs or prove a burden to the Faculty.

O, you sly glances! how can I, Ailene Roebuck, will you to anyone, when during the past years, I have dreamed of "making eyes" and having t hem returned from the gallery. I must bequeath them to the most de-served person who is Elizabeth Wicker.

I, Etta Scarborough, do most truly and earnestly will and bequeath to the next 1910 unfortunate who accepts my seat at the table The G. F. C. Night mare "a dish of hash" on condition that she eat every bit and not die—as others have.

I, Anna Kay, do hereby will and bequeath to Dr. James, my season base ball ticket as a souvenir of the many pleasant (?) days we spent in arguing "Why we should attend but one out of all the season games."

I, Agnes Thompson, do hereby will and bequeath, to Mathilde Youngblood my cap and robe—on condition that there be no alteration made in length.

I, Zelle Loadholt, do will and bequeath to Jesse Bryant my zeroic record, and delightful work of the Mag-azine to Sophie Brunson.

I, Helen von Lehe, do hereby will and bequeath, to Claire Sellers my few precious minutes of repose after the rising bell.

I, Blanche Brooker, do hereby will and bequeath, since by order of the Dean I cannot use them, my soda water tickets to Dr. E. C. James; and to Miss Ruth Kennedy my place in Miss Taylor's Senior English class for the year 1911-1912. Written in the presence of and witnessed by my roommate, Helen von Lehe.

I, Florence Drummond do will and bequeath to Miss Bristow, my secret key to the G. F. C. pantry with sincere hopes that she will find therein more than I did.

I, Helen Brown, do will and bequeath to Sadie Ellis, my old test tubes and chemical note book with best wishes for more discoveries.

I, Leila Lawrence, do will and bequeath my talking capacity to Sue Byrd.

I, Mae Springfield, do will and bequeath to Miss Judson, a basket of wild flowers and weeds, hoping that they may serve next year's botany class.

I, Josie McBride, do will and bequeath my V. P. I. pennant to Leila Mai McKenzie on condition that it never leave the college. (It has been in the possession of a senior since '07.)

I, Juliet Earle, do hereby will and bequeath to Emily Earle the presidency, responsibility, dignity and airs. The front seat in chapel will also belong to the same.

I, Mary Gilreath, do will and bequeath all my text books and essays used during my course to Jessie Bryant, hoping that they will be of some service to her.

Having waited through our long college course with great patience, alternately hoping and despairing of the long promised Dormitory, Class rooms and Auditorium, we the class of 1910 do hereby will and bequeath to the Trustees of G. F. C. the sum of Fifty thousand dollars for the immediate construction of said buildings and we pledge the Trustees of Furman as security for this debt.

ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

ALTHOUGH the motto chosen by our class is an old one, yet the thought that it embodies appeals to us, at the present day, as forcibly as it has done to any preceding age.

Our age may excel all others in culture, in inventions, in knowledge, in everything, in fact, that pertains to our material well-being; but may we not ask ourselves, if all this has not been gained at the sacrifice of things that are of far greater value—the sacrifice of noble aims and high ideals? Is it not characteristic of our own age that it cares more for the shadow than for the reality, for external evanescent show, rather than for those things that are unchangeable and eternal? Is it not reversing our motto and striving more for seeming than for being?

Haw many there are who are willing to put forth every effort, to strain every nerve, that they may equal or surpass others in dress, in equipage, and in all possible ways. What matters it to them if the pearls and the diamonds they wear are not genuine, so long as others do not know it. So it is with the home. What matter if it be only brick-veneer instead of substantial brick, so long as the passer-by does not distinguish the difference?

In the political world, of how much fraud and bribery do we hear; until we are tempted to ask the question "Is there ever in our statesmen and statescraft nothing genuine and true?"

In the commercial world, we are all acquainted with the clerk's "bargain," and the proprietor's "cut-rate."

In the social world, are there not many who wear a mask, so that we are often at a loss to know who are our real friends? Is not the flattering word in our presence, too often, followed by the harsh and critical word at our back?

It has been said that nothing is genuine and true which has a tinge of self-consciousness, which, by the

way, in its true analysis, is but another name for selfishness. In the social world, where, popularity is so sedulously courted, there is scarcely a function of it where self-consciousness is not apparent. Life seems only dressed for show. "We must run glittering like a brook."

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest."

If we could only emulate the lily of the field whose beauty is simplicity, or the modest violet that cannot be hid though it would, if we could only learn that real attractiveness is not in outward show, surely, much happier our lives would be.

Now, as to our school-life! Must we not admit that even here seeming rather than being plays, often, too conspicuous a part? How often have we heard within these walls such remarks as these. "If I can just pass, that is all I care for." "If I can only get a degree, I don't care if it is the lowest." How many of us have said, like "Ann of Green Gables, "If I cannot win the highest honor, I do not want any." But is thy knowledge contained in books, no matter how much that may be, all that we have gained, or all that we have sought? If so, our schoollife has been a miserable failure.

Matthew Arnold preached the gospel of Culture.

John Ruskin's message to the world, repeated in a thousand forms, never altered and never retreated form, was this: "Goodness is more than gold, and character outweighs intellect."

This message bids us seek "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are virtuous, whatsoever things are of good report." Have we been striving for these things?

Have we sought the easiest paths in our efforts to gain knowledge, or have we been willing to travel in those harder paths that would develop the strength and courage we shall so much need when we are called to solve the deeper problems and fight the harder battles of life?

Have we acquired the habit of faithful, honest work? have we been faithful in the discharge of every duty, great or small, not allowing flimsy excuses to keep us from their performance? We all know that without hard, earnest work there can be no true success. It is idleness that is the curse of the world, and not labor. Some one has said, "Show me what you can do and I will show you what you are." But this indolent person is not wholly indolent. Though the body shirks, the brain is not idle. The ghosts of indolence rise up and in the darkness stare him in the face with tormenting persistence:

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us."

Again, have we been so truthful and honest in word and deed as to win the confidence of school-mates and teachers?

We who have chosen this motto—"To be rather than to seem," have assumed a great responsibility. Have we realized it as we should have done? Have we made this our guiding star in our school-life?

We may not hope to reform the world by our zeal and earnestness, but let the work begin in each individual life. We may think of ourselves as separate stones in a great structure each of which may add to its strength and beauty; or we may be false stones, endangering the lives of others, as well as ruining our own lives, both present and future.

What will be the result of a life directed by our motto? Failure, perhaps, at some points, but we know that nothing genuine, honest, and true ever fails to leave its uplifting influence.

We may not be beautiful, nor brilliant nor witty, nor wise; but let us each, as we go out into the larger school of life, be true to our motto. Let us avoid that falseness, which is life's deadliest enemy, and its most despicable one. Let us remember that the soul is a temple

more majestic than any that can be built of the costliest marbles "a temple in which principles are foundation stones; and habits are columns and pillars, and faculties are master builders, every thought driving a nail, and every deed weakening or making some strong timber, every holy aspiration lending beauty to the ceiling, as every unclean thing lends defilment the whole standing forth at last builded either of passions worthless as wood, hay, or stubble, or builded of thoughts and purposes more precious than gold and flashing gems."

Juliet Earle.

CLASS PROPHECY.

WHEN the honor of forecasting the destinies of this intellectual, ambitious, and awe-inspiring body of seniors was assigned to me, I realized fully my inability to perform this stupendous task. However I made several attempts, all to no avail. Finally in the deepest despair I sought the woods for rest and reflection. Wandering along I gathered a bunch of flowers and suddenly came upon a beautiful, bubbling spring. Here I seated myself to be soothed by the music of the stream and a little silver-winged fairy danced up to me, and seeing my disconsolate face she inquired the cause. When I unburdened my heart to her she said in her sweetest accents, "Do not despair, burdened one, if that is your only sorrow I can quickly bring back the sunshine." Then to my amazement she touched with her magic wand the tiny rosebud clutched tightly in my feverish fingers and behold this was the result. "To secure the gift of prophecy you need only to gaze upon the petals of this rose," she said, "and you may see the destinies of that brilliant class of nineteen hundred ten—destinies blending sunshine and shadows, brilliancy and stupidity, luxury and

poverty, and yet destinies as changeless as the "law of the Medes and Persians," and the rustling of her wings told me that she had gone.

Senior class of nineteen hundred ten, comrades, who for years have toiled together up the difficult hill of knowledge, who faced mathematical problems with undaunted courage, who conquered Latin subjunctives with unblanched cheek, who fought the battles of History with never a Waterloo, who have studied by daylight, moonlight, star-light, and comet-light, the fathomless heavens, I hold in my hand that which may demand in you steadier nerve, keener penetration, greater bravery, and more sublime than ever your checkered past has done—for upon each petal of this rose is inscribed the destiny of each of you. Whether your lot shall be cast in a vine-covered cottage built for two, or among the ever increasing throng of "ungathered blessings" who live and die "Unwept, unhonored, and unsung," accept your fate and bear it with the grace and courage born of your many past achievements.

I now see a small schoolhouse by the crest of the hill and children are playing in the woods near by. Soon the queen of that establishment appears in the doorway to announce to her young hopefuls that playtime is over. Her hair, parted in the middle, is drawn down tightly on each side of her face, her 'kerchief is gracefully arranged about her neck, her spectacles are adjusted with the greatest precision—indeed her whole appearance proclaims to the most careless observer that she has long since discarded all the frivolities of youth. Girls, you will not be surprised when I tell you that this is none other than Carrie Bailey.

I now see a jasmine covered church in the lower part of the state. It is a beautiful Sabbath, the flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, and all nature seems to have decked herself in the beauties of spring. When I enter the small but artistic structure, I behold in the min-

ister's pew a tall slender girl who looks strangely familiar to me. Surely I'm not mistaken, this is indeed Blanche Brooker of that brilliant class of nineteen hundred ten.

Now I am transported to an immense class-room, well filled with earnest interested students, in Vassar College. There is a breathless stillness in the room, that hush which comes from great dread and anxiety. My attention follows the intent gaze of those upturned eyes and who is that instructor dispensing with such a lavish hand? It is indeed

Brown, A. M., Phd., R. S. Q. Y. Professor of Ethics.

I now read the destiny of that one of our members upon whom will hence forth be showered the love, admiration, and immortal devotion of every Furman student from the aspiring freshman of the Fitting School to the honored president of the senior class. That one whom every G. F. C. girl from the little kindergarten tot to the self-complacent and awe-inspiring graduate will rise up and call blessed. To whom will be erected monuments of marble and bronze as the greatest benefactor of the educational institutions in the city—for she has invened a scheme by which the torturing experience of "getting stuck" on the May picnic shall have passed into history. This honor falls upon Florence Drummond.

The president of this harmonious class after piloting us safely through so many stormy billows could not contentedly return to the monotony of everyday life but must go forward to find new conquests. Having easily secured a government position in the Philippines, Juliet Earle and the General Promoter will go far hence to become the architects of their own fortunes.

Upon this petal appears the destiny of that one of our number who was always a belle but who cared naught for the affections lavished upon her. Human hearts were but the plaything of the time. In nineteen hundred forty

there will be seen a lonely log hut in the mountains of the wild West boasting of but one room in which may be found a single inhabitant. That erstwhile dainty figure is shrunken and drooped, the roses on her soft cheeks have been supplanted by saffrou tints and wrinkles, the dancing eyes from which cupid so often sent his fatal darts are dimmed and faded. Ever and anon Mary Gilreath croons there these lines to herself,

“Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight.”

And give me *one* beau if but for tonight.

Next I see a cabin in the mountains of North Carolina. Some distance from the house a woman is gathering vegetables to carry to the market. In front of the house her husband has been white-washing a fence and is standing in fear and trembling awaiting further orders from his better half who soon appears upon the domestic scene. From the clouded countenance and the commanding air it is perfectly apparent that Sadie Goodwin is master of the situation.

With most of the girls of our class the motto is

“’Tis better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all.”

But alas! there is one exception. The presence of the unfair sex has a peculiar horror for her, and she avoids them on every occasion. Well do we remember how openly she expressed her opinion about the gaities of girlhood. In her ice hut at the North Pole Lucy Gog-gins will be molested by no lord of creation save Peary or perhaps his Cook.

Now I behold that member of our class who has always been noted for her indifference to books, utter disregard for rules and marks, and her devotion to amusements, society and pleasures of every kind. How distressed we sometimes were to think that one of our number should never have a serious thought.

But a charming Baptist divine

Has changed the frame of this girl’s mind

And in June nineteen hundred and ten
With a courage beyond our ken
To far away Africa will they sail
On nothing less than the comet's tail.
Go how you will or where you may
A happy voyage to you, Anna Kay.

On the wharf in New York City I am watching a large ocean steamer about to pull off from the continent. Thousands of people are rushing hither and thither as hundreds are entering the great boat. Among those hastening with headlong speed I behold a young woman with her grip in her hand. How familiar seems the carriage! I hurry after her, "Why old girl, where on earth are you going?" I ask "I?" why, I am racing around the world on the greatest mission of mercy projected since the foundation of the world."

"May I ask what it is?"

"You can't guess? Well, it is this, to burn into ashes every text in existence upon that most detestable of all subjects—Psychology," were the enthusiastic words of Zelle Loadholt.

The scene now changes to a beautiful temple. As I stroll through the Temple of Fame and gaze upon the portraits of the famous men and women of America, I see a face that is familiar. Time with it's never ceasing flight has wrought many changes and the face I now see bears only a slight resemblance to the girl I once knew. She has been placed on these walls as a result of her great reputation as a novelist. The work upon which her fame chiefly rests is called, "A Plea for Old Maids." May your gifted pen be prolific, Leila Lawrence.

Still again the scene changes. The happy face or one we remember as the most studious of our class, we see. Though we had predicted a career of nothing less than a leading member of the State Board of Education we are surprised to find that she at last has succumbed to cupid's

darts, and is the mistress of a beautiful Southern home. It is needless to add that this is our old class mate, Bess Minick.

Now here is the manhater of the class, one who could never be induced to stroll on the campus on Sunday afternoon lest perchance some of the unfair sex should be taking "a constitutional" just beyond the hedge. Receptions were to her the "abomination of desolation," and so opposed was she to anything of the masculine gender that she could with difficulty be induced to hear the Roney Boys until well assured that they would be kept strictly behind the foot-lights. Years flit rapidly by. It is gala day in Woodruff, the stores are closed and the excitement is intense. All eyes are turned toward the Baptist Church from which an immense throng is pouring. I approach and ask the cause of such commotion. It is a very unique marriage I am told. My interest is aroused and as I see the bridal party approach I am amazed at the number and varying ages of the attendants. I ask who they are and the reply comes, "The children and grandchildren of the groom." As they came nearer my astonishment knew no bounds to learn that Aileen Roebuck had succumbed to the irresistible charms of her unfortunate widower.

Behold May Springfield with learning shod!
Has a book for her throne, for her sceptre a rod,
For a queen of knowledge she well will suit
And she'll teach the young idea how to shoot.

In a suburb of Washington stands a magnificent six-story marble structure. It attracts the attention of every passerby for miles around. I enter those beautiful grounds with their green velvet carpets dotted here and there with exquisite flower beds, and sink wearily into one of those restful seats under the spreading shade trees. I gaze with open admiration upon this wonder-

ful building and as my eyes wander over it I am attracted by an inscription over the front entrance. I draw nearer and read, A Sanitarium for Unfortunates, consumed with curiosity, I enter and ask who has charge of this unique institution. With utter contempt this reply is flung into my face, "Do you mean to tell me that you've never heard of the world renowned specialists who own this celebrated hospital? Then read that," he scornfully said as he thrust a card into my outstretched hand. I read,

Disappointment in Love,
Sarah Joanna McBride, M. D.

How to Elope
Inez Ragsdale, M. D.

The Preparation of Love Phitters,

Agnes Thompson has hitherto never liked boys,
And so books have been her only joys
But of former pleasures she has disposed,
And in future her sign will read, "Wanted Beaux."

And now with keenest prophetic vision "I dip into the future far as human eye can see" and there arises a vision which will gladden every G. F. C. girl all over this fair southland. Just outside the city limits of Greenville there will be found a magnificent college plant, Dormitories, Science Hall, Society Hall, and Auditorium second to none in the universe. Around them, acres of grass, dotted here and there with flower-beds and playing fountains, make a scene of rare beauty. No longer our beloved president, Dr. James is turning aside the girls who are begging for entrance but with radiant countenance he is seated upon that lawn with "his girls" around him.

"What has made the transformation?" you ask.
Why Helen von Lehe has married her diamond man

—yet she has been true to her first love and has richly endowed her Alma Mater.

Caro Truluck.

All of us want to know the future of the prophet of our class.

It was during one of my professional trips around the world, in the interest of disappointed lovers, that I was informed of a successful mission station in Africa.

I determined to visit that place of interest before leaving. I was met, much to my surprise, by our class prophet, Caro Truluck, but when she called her husband my astonishment was still greater to me, "just a cousin of mine," her old plea when teased about the eyes she made in First Church Choir.

Josie McBride.

BONFIRE ORATION.

SPECTATORS may ask what curious and ancient ceremony we now propose to celebrate. A fantasy, we would answer, by means of which we hope to rid ourselves of some unpleasant possessions. From an ancient custom, the purpose of which was to burn heretical, or forbidden books, we get our idea of a bonfire. It is not our purpose, however, to destroy books of this nature, but those that we feel will mar the freedom from school life.

Thanks and gratitude we must render to Prometheus, in passing, for his brave deed in obtaining fire for mankind. Against the command of Zeus, the supreme god, he ascended the Olympian height to secure the blessing for which he was severely punished. But for him we could not enjoy this triumph tonight. May we not ascribe all honor to Prometheus!

Classmates, we hold the sceptre tonight! The battle

is over! The victory is ours!

We have climbed the strenuous upward way,
Though not without hard fight,
And the precious palms of victory,
We bear this glorious night.

We are not selfish enough to wish all happiness for ourselves, but victory is so sweet when the conquered are books and teachers! Do not surmise from this, however, that we would have our teachers follow the fate of the books. Ah, no; for the only pleasure that we have derived from the study most hateful to us was its association with its only admirer, the teacher.

In bondage these books have enthralled us! They have stolen the flesh from our bones, the bloom from our cheeks, and the gleam from our eyes. How we have struggled with triangles, with syllogisms, with historical dates and with productions of Shakespeare and Browning! It seemed to us that a chemical reaction would result and that we would become atoms. We are certain that the candle-maker has become rich through our struggles.

We would be free! But free from what? We would be free from form and letter and enter into spirit and motive. We would see beyond the mere page and discover the truth behind the fact. Not that the very memory or thought of school is hateful to us, and that we wish forever to blot it out. By no means. Happy recollections, on the contrary are so many, and so sacred to us, that we are anxious to destroy anything that would detract from the perfect beauty of the picture.

Extremely pleasant it is to us to know that we may now reduce to ashes the books which have troubled our dreams, lo, these many days. One thought still disturbs us! The "Big Book" must remain undisturbed, with its story of varied success, in the president's office. We

are only consoled by the fact that it contains the password for us all.

Let us leave in these ashes all that we would forget and may the smoke rising from them ever higher and higher be a symbol of our hopes and aspirations for the future! May their torment be a hundred-fold greater than that which they have inflicted upon us.

Byron says that revenge is sweet—especially to women, and in support of Byron, I cast into this bonfire the book I would see no more. For

There have been many horrid books,
And many, many horrid looks,
But surely this is now the limit,
A roll-book with a zero in it.

Sadie R. Goodwin.

BON FIRE ORATION.

DEAR "Trig," disturb my peace no more,
I lay you at Prometheus' door.
Of you I now have had my share,
The God of fire shall take my care.
Merited torture he will give,
Until "Old Trig," you shall not live.
My dreadful frowns no more shall be,
When in the flames your form I see,
Till the break of day I will sleep,
And no more zeros will I reap.

Anna Kay.



Special Senior Class

President—Eunice Bristow—Piano.

Vice President—Rose Harris—Kindergarten Normal Training Course.

Secretary—Kate Jones—Expression.

Treasurer—Laura Erwin—Kindergarten Normal Training Course.

MEMBERS

Kindergarten

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Rose Harris	Doc	“Say you did”
Annie Belle Reynolds	Anabelle	“Indeed I wont.”
Mrs. Gates	Lade	“It certainly is.”
Mays League	Johnnie	“Well, I believe you.”
Anna Davidson	Nan	“Well now, Miss Kit.”
Mamie Miller	Mame	“Sho’ Mike.”
Mildred Orr	Tommie	“Oh, Kate, I saw Buster!”
Mildred Bush	Millie	“It’s sompin’ fierce.”
Lillian Mitchell	Lil	“Don’t tell me so.”
Laura Erwin	Love	“Sho’ ”

Music.

Eunice Bristow—Little One—“Well I gotter go practice.”

Mable Wilson—Mab—“Honey”

Expression.

Joe Garrett—Little Girl—“It sure is the truth.”

Kate Jones—Katy did—“Well, I’ll be Tom Thumb.”

PIANO



EUNICE BRISTOW

*So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal; loving, pure.*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE

MILDRED BUSH

*"Dear is the light that visits these sad eyes
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm any heart."*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE

NAN DAVISON

*"Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blest who ne'er was born."*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE

LAURA ERWIN

*Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired.*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE



MRS. GATES

*"Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above."*

EXPRESSION



JO GARRETTE

*Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE



ROSE HARRIS

*"This restless world
Is full of chances, which by habits power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun."*

EXPRESSION



KATE JONES

*"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE



MAYS LEAGUE

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE

MAYMIE MILLER

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE



LILLIAN MITCHELL

*“Not she with traitrous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.”*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE



MILDRED ORR

*"If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me."*

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING
COURSE



ANNIE BELLE REYNOLDS

*"The miserable have no other medicine
But only hopes
I have hopes of live, and am prepared to die."*

PIANO AND PIPE ORGAN



MABLE WILSON

*"And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream."*

PROPHECY OF SPECIAL SENIOR CLASS

WHEN it was made known to me that I was to be prophetess of the Special Senior Class of 1910, at first it seemed too great a task for me. However, as I was thinking of how difficult and serious an undertaking it was, and wondering If I could do it, an old woman whose name was Pythoness appeared before me who promised to show me the secret of prophecy as she knew it as priestess of the Arcecle at Delphi. I will tell it to you as it was revealed to me.

A tonce I seemed to take the place of the priestess Pythoness, being seated on a tripod over a chasm in the earth, from whence issued a cold vapor and in which I first saw the future of Eunice revealed. After leaving her dear old Alma Mater Eunice will go to Boston to the conservatory of Music where she will make for herself a renowned name. Still possessing the strongest of ambitions Germany finds herself fortunate in having Eunice to grace her borders and levae them as one of her brightest stars. This mysterious vapor then revealed to me a sudden change in our president's future. On boarding the steamer for the shores of America she will meet a missionary, who will win first her smiles, then herself. Can you think of Eunice being the wife of a missionary in the desolate lands of Africa?

As Eunice vanished from my observation I found myself reading the future of Kate which I at once saw would be a surprise to all who knew her in the dear old days at G. F. C. As much as she always detested the word "cute" it will continue to follow her through all the stages of life. Even in the Curry School of Expression she will have cause to resent the old time compliment of having her admirers tell her she was so cute on the stage. Disheartened and despondent over this she will decide that reading isn't her vocation after all and

even before she has received her diploma she will begin to prepare to be a trained nurse where she will have much experience with small pox. Then as the vapour issues from the chasm it shows Kate traveling abroad where she will be called as a witness in a law suit at Berlin, Germany. Finding the lover of her youth employed as lawyer, after years of separation they will be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Yet, through it all she will prove herself a loyal South Carolinian because she is so fond of "Rice."

When Laura came in view at the thrilling Delphic oracle the vapor at once showed that the knowledge acquired within the walls of G. F. C. did not satisfy her, but she desired the broadness and culture gained by travel. She will visit Europe and see works of sculpture and art and while there she herself will study painting giving special attention to human faces, but as with many another the Bohemian life of the artist will appeal so strongly to her that more hours will be spent over "Hires Root Beer" than with the brush. This will bring so much woe and lamentation that when she receives an offer to travel for the "National Biscuit Co.," she will decide to give up art and he revels over invigorating drinks to lean upon the "Staff of Life."

The calm peaceful rising of the vapor, now white in color, suddenly changed from the preceding one, showed Rose's future to be anything but exciting. She will always keep that faculty of making friends which characterized her at G. F. C. and it will make for her a pleasant and happy life. Rose will become a successful teacher of Kindergarten in a prominent school in Ohio, where she will win praise and admiration for her ability in teaching little children. Looking still further into the future we find that Rose will live a quiet life in a little vine covered cottage on the seashore. She will always be the same cheerful, loving Rose ever mindful of the pleasure of others. The happy look on "John's"

face when he comes in is expressive of the great happiness which she has brought to him.

My experience with prophecying had now reached the point that a mere glance into the cloud of vapor made the whole future clear to me. As Annie Belle Reynolds took form in this mysterious mist I saw her uniting with a young man on the night of June the ninth and marrying him three weeks afterward. She will settle down to a quiet life in Greenville performing the duties of housewife as perfectly as could be desired.

It was peculiar, yet interesting to note the change of the vapor into a bright and sparkling appearance when it took the form of music embodied in the soul of Mabel. In the course of twenty years the whole South will be stirred by the Musical Festivals given in all the different states and visiting Greenville, South Carolina among old Alma Mater will feel proud to know that the principal pianist of the occasion is our friend, Mabel Wilson. We will not be surprised, however, when we find that the tenor of the quartet is her husband, who preferred traveling with her to teaching at Furman University.

On coming to the quiet and reserved Lillian Mitchell it was almost useless to be guided by the mysterious prophecy of the oracle when her whole future can be read in her eyes. Lillian will spend most of her life in doing missionary work in the slums of Chicago, visiting the needy and distressed. The relief given to the suffering will give her the name of "Guardian Angel" which she will be in truth to all who need her help.

I was surprised when this old oracle at Delphi carried me twenty years in the future and pictured vividly the people holding positions at our dear old G. F. C. Especially, that important position of Dean which I see Mays League will hold. She will take much pleasure in granting permissions, calling, the mail etc. She will also follow her predecessor in being "up on the comet."

When we thought of Mildred Bush at G. F. C. evidently, we thought she had already found her avocation. But let us listen for a moment to the oracle and elarn the truth of the matter. Yes, we find that life will have something in store for her rathe rthan fame as a vocalist. She will become a matron in an orphan asylum in Baltimore. Here she will win much love and admiration as a successful guardian for children. Later she will become the wife of a Methodist preacher of the city, a widower with several children.

All at once I seemed to be hurled into the busy city of New Yor^k. Picking up the morning paper I was struck by the big heavy print "The Ball of the Season." Looking in for a moment on the occasion I found it to be one of the most prominent society homes of the city. The place is all gayety an dfrivolty, many paying their respects to the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Woodward, the latter of which I at once recognized as Maymie Miller. Cutting classes, restrictions, demerits, etc., could not possibly have lead to anything more than a frivolous society life for Maymie.

I found the vapor no wchanging very rapidly as it took up the future of Nan Davidson. Nan will attempt everything and never accomplish anything. Not until the age of forty is reached will she give up in despair when she will decide to marry and do nothing. She will find however, that her work had just begun, for an old bachelor sixty five years of age will permit no rest. But at last she will find herself a happy little widow. Melting the lover of her youth she will marry again and settle down to a quiet life in Greenville.

When I came to the "heartbreaker of the class can you wonder that I found that she will never change her name? Mildred will become a seamstress in a Ladies Department House in Tennessee where she will refuse all recognition of persons belonging to the male order. Later she will decide to give her life to the enlightenment

of China and will finish her days toiling among the heathen.

Last, but not least, the sacred prophecy of Apollo being revealed through the pseudo priestess, showed a person of sweet disposition who will become one of the South's finest teachers and she is none other than Maymie Gates. She will hold many prominent positions in the Kindergarten schools of the country. But what surprised me most was to find she was a poet and we didn't know it. At last she will consent that her poems be published and the sweetness and beauty of her child poems will fascinate all the Southland.

Class Will

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
GREENVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.

In the name of Dr. James, Amen.

WHEREAS, we, the Special Senior Class of the college and state aforesaid, being of sound mind and body feel that we are about to depart from this life, we, the aforesaid class do hereby publish and declare this our last will and testament on this earth or on any other earth that may have been mentioned in casual conversation heretofore.

We feel a deep sympathy for the faculty and students that we leave behind, and to alleviate the misery that they will experience, we deem it necessary to make this our last will and testament.

I, Laura Erwin, do hereby will and bequeath to Sophia Brunson the privilege of being called down by Miss Ackerman and Miss Thomas.

I, Mays League, do hereby will and bequeath to Leila Mai McKenzie my gym suit.

I, Kate Jones, do hereby will and bequeath to my room-mate, Bessie Bigham, my blue skirt, eaten by sul-

phuric acid, with instructions to wear it as often as I did.

I, Annie Bell Reynolds, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Rowley my knowledge of Psychology.

I, Eunice Bristow, do hereby will and bequeath to Gladys McGee my dearly bebloved History of Music, Harmony and Counterpoint books, all in good condition, having been used but little.

I, Nan Davison, do hereby will and bequeath to Fanny Herren or Jane Gower by excellent marks in Bible, but don't both speak at once.

I, Mildred Bush, do hereby will and bequeath to Bell Cooner all the hair I pulled out while studying, to make her some more rats.

I, Lillian Mitchell, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Belle Fuller my ability in managing children.

I, Mildred Orr, do hereby will and bequeath to Fanny Herren my position as pianist for the Kindergarten.

I, Mary Miller, do hereby will and bequeath to Louise League my art of story telling.

I, Jo Garrette, do hereby will and bequeath to Kate Blakely my old blue uniform with permission to wear it as often as I did.

I will to Janie Gower my honored position of president of The Story Telling and Game playing League.—Mrs. Gates.

I, Rose Harris, do hereby will and bequeath to Virginia Hutchings, my place at the compulsory lectures, hoping she will enjoy them as much as I have.

STATISTICS FOR REGULAR SENIORS

1910.

Prettiest	Juliet Earle
Neatest	Hazel Poole
Smartest	Helen Brown
Most curiosity	Josie McBride
Most Conceited	Etta Scarborough
Biggest talker	Leila Lawrence
Most in love	Zelle Loadholt
Least in love	Blanche Brooker, Lucy Goggans, Inez Ragsdale
Biggest laugher	Inez Ragsdale
Sweetest	Juliet Earle
Best all round	Juliet Earle
Most studious	Helen Brown
Most Generous	Zelle Loadholt
Best	Sadie Goodwin
Wittiest	Inez Ragsdale
Most Obliging	Juliet Earle
Most Popular	Juliet Earle
Cutest	Lucile Wallace
Most ambitious	Helen Brown
Most Artistic	Mary Gilreath
Biggest Flirt	Mary Gilreath
Handsomest	Helen von Lehe
Best Musician	Anna Kay, Agnes Thompson, Caro Truluck
Best Vocalist	Caro Truluck
Most Original	Inez Ragsdale
Best Disposition	Sadie Goodwin
Most Stylish	Mary Gilreath
Most Independent	Etta Scarborough
Most Sincere	Josie McBride
Most Graceful	Mary Gilreath

SPECIAL SENIORS

Prettiest	Jo Garrett
Neatest	Mays League
Smartest	Kate Jones
Most Curiosity	Nan Davidson
Most Conceited	None
Best Musician	Eunice Bristow
Biggest Talker	Kate Jones, Laura Erwin
Least in love	Lillian Mitchell, Nan Davidson
Most in Love	Mildred Orr
Biggest Laugher	Mildred Orr
Sweetest	Laura Erwin
Best	Mrs. Gates
Most Studious	Kate Jones
Most Generous	Rose Harris, Mildred Orr
Wittiest	Kate Jones, Rose Hrrris
Most Obliging	Mildred Orr
Most Popular	Laura Erwin
Cutest	Mildred Bush
Most Ambitious	Kate Jones
Most Artistic	Mays League
Biggest Flirt	Mildred Orr
Most Graceful	Mildred Bush
Handsomest	Mable Wilson
Most Independent	Annie Belle Reynolds
Best Vocalist	Mildred Bush
Most Original	Kate Jones
Best disposition	Mrs. Gates
Most Stylish	Mamie Miller, Eunice Bristow, Mable Wilson
Most Sincere	Rose Harris, Eunice Bristow
Best all round	Mrs. Gates, Eunice Bristow

JUNIOR STATISTICS

Prettiest	Helen Woodside
Neatest	Oralie Mathis
Smartest	Jessie Bryant
Most Curiosity	Leila Mai McKenzie
Most Conceited	Ray Poag
Best Musician	Gladys McGee
Biggest Talker	Leila Mai McKenzie
Least in Love	Lillian Easterling
Most in Love	Ray Poag
Biggest Laughter	Leila Mai McKenzie
Sweetest, Mary Belle Fuller, Emma Wright, Ethel Black	
Best	Annie Brown
Most Studious	Ada Inabinet
Most Generous	Emily Earle
Wittiest	Callie Vaughn
Most Obliging	Emily Earle
Most Popular	Emily Earle
Cutest	Corinne Goodlette
Most Ambitious	Jessie Bryant
Most Artistic	Wilhelmina McGee
Biggest Flirt	Myrtle Lanford
Most Graceful	Belle Cooner, Myrtle Lanford
Handsomest	Belle Cooner
Most Independent	Leda Poore
Best Vocalist	Leila Mai McKenzie
Most Original	Callie Vaughn
Best Disposition	Callie Vaughn
Most Stylish	Belle Cooner
Most Sincere	Ethel Black

SOPHOMORE STATISTICS

Prettiest	Theresa Sanders
Neatest	Ruth Easterling
Smartest	Marie Mahon
Most Curiosity	Ruth Kennedy
Most Conceited	Margaret Walker
Best Musician	Hortense Marchant
Biggest Talker	Ella Sellers
Least in Love	Gertrude Abrams
Most in Love	Grace Ridgell
Biggest Laugher	Grace Ridgell
Sweetest	Elizabeth Robertson
Best	Kate Harris
Most Studious	Marie Seymore
Most Generous	Bertha Dunn, Elizabeth Robertson
Wittiest	Sophia Brunson
Most Obliging	Elizabeth Robertson
Most Popular	Alice Johnson
Cutest	Elizabeth Wicker
Most Ambitious	Elizabeth Robertson
Most Artistic	Alice Johnson
Biggest Flirt	Grace Ridgell
Most Graceful	Mamie Jones
Handsomest	Ethel Watson
Best Vocalist	Ruby Bennett
Most Independent	Ethel Watson
Most Original	Sophia Brunson
Best Disposition	Urma Black
Most Stylish	Ruby Bennett
Most Sincere	F. Lee Lawton, Hazel Gilreath, Elizabeth Robertson

FRESHMAN STATISTICS

Funniest	Janie Earle
Dearest	Isabell Beacham
Smartest	Marjorie Perry
Most Curiosity	Ellie Owen
Most Conceited	Maude Burchalter
Best Musician	Loulie Cullum
Biggest Talker	Minnie Hyde
Least in Love	Marjorie Perry
Most in Love	Janie Hyde
Biggest Laugher	Sue Byrd
Sweetest	Sue Byrd
Best	Loulie Cullum
Most Studious	Marjorie Perry
Most Generous	Mercer Kellet
Wittiest	Sue Byrd
Most Obliging	Sue Byrd
Most Popular	Sue Byrd
Cutest	Janie Earle
Most Ambitious	Marjorie Perry
Most Artistic	Isabell Beacham
Biggest Flirt	Minnie Hyde
Most Graceful	Loulie Cullum
Handsomest	Sarah Lee Earle
Most Independent	Minnie Hyde
Best Vocalist	Annie Lee Tolbert
Most Original	Mabel Covington
Best Disposition	Sue Byrd
Most Stylish	Isabell Beacham
Most Sincere	Sue Byrd

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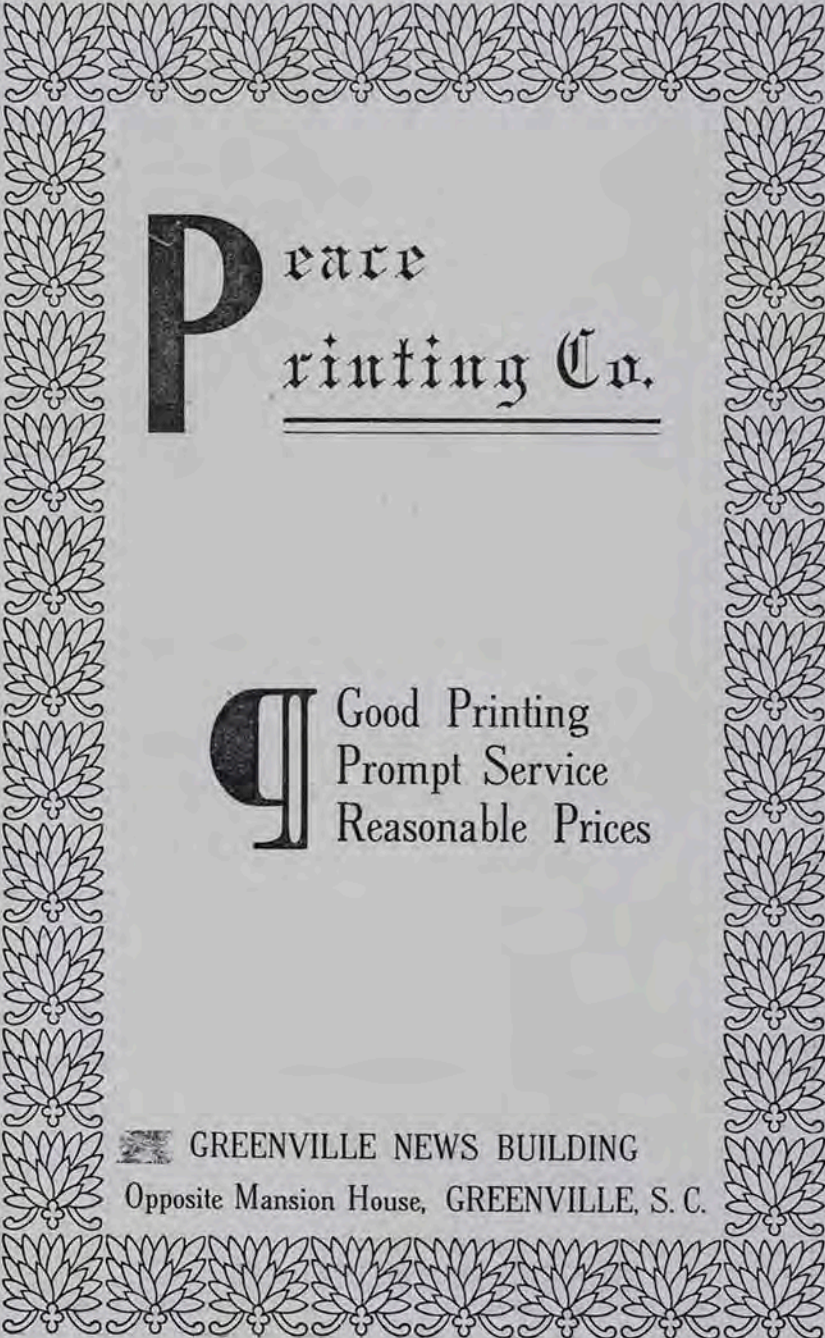
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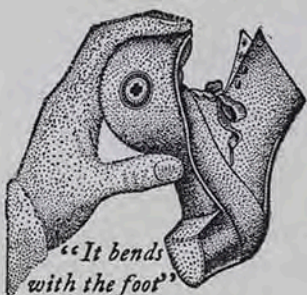
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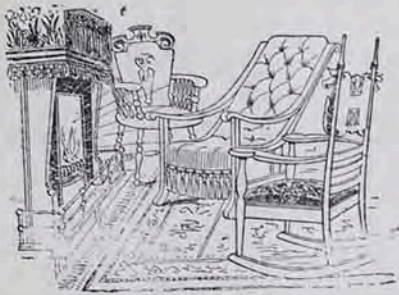
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