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Violet Askins
Greenville Woman's College

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Isaqueena



Motto "Polished after the similitude of a palace"

Alpha Issue
January, 1913



SEAL OF THE JUDSON LITERARY
SOCIETY

ISAQUEENA

Published Monthly

BY THE

Students of the Greenville Female
College

AT

Greenville, South Carolina.



Baptist Courier Co., Printers,
Greenville, S. C.

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MRS. MARY C. JUDSON

In Whose Honor the Society Was Founded

ISAQUEENA

Entered at Greenville, S. C., as Second-Class Matter

Vol. VII.

GREENVILLE, S. C., January, 1913.

No. 4.

THE JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Judson Literary Society of the Greenville Female College attained in the fall of 1912 the ripe age of thirty-four years. On its organization its members chose the name of Judson as a testimonial of their regard and esteem for Dr. C. H. Judson, who, in 1878, resigned from the presidency of the college, to resume the position in Furman University that he had occupied for many years before the Civil War. The school was then small. One brick building only was on the campus, the one now containing the office of our president, and the boarding students numbered from forty to fifty. The first class was graduated from the College in 1857. A member of that class is now the wife of the president of Anderson College.

The badge designed for the Society is an open triangle, having in the center the letter J, and on the margin, the motto, "Polished after the similitude of a palace." On the crescent that forms the head of the guard, are the letters, H. O. M. J., these being the first letters of the Latin motto "Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit." A representative of this badge is used by the Alumnae Association on all the programs, invitations, etc., sent out by them on public occasions, and is also printed on the programs of the various G. F. C. Clubs.

The Judson Society, while resembling, in the main, other organizations of the kind in schools, had at

first, some distinctive features. One was that it was held as a part, and a very important part, of the school work; hence the membership, as regards the boarding-pupils was compulsory. It could not, for obvious reasons, be thus with the day pupils, but they appreciated the advantages to be derived from the society, and many became voluntary members.

Another distinctive feature was that the Judson had no competing society. The question was often asked, "Why do you not have two societies, as do other schools?" and we were told that it would be impossible to keep life in one alone—that such organizations needed the spur of rivalry to sustain them. But the Judson lived for more than thirty years with out this spur, nor did it have a sickly life. It was always strong and vigorous. All its meetings were open to visitors, and so popular were they that the visitors were always present in large numbers. It was a novelty, at that time, to see Southern girls on a public platform, reciting, reading their own essays, debating, etc.; and many good people were afraid that these "innovations," as they were called, would be productive of much harm. Some of the older ones were apprehensive that their daughters would loose that distinctive charm of manner for which they had always been noted and would become bold and aggressive—in other words, they feared the bloom would be rubbed from the peach. Nevertheless, they evidently enjoyed it all, for at every meeting of the Society the college chapel was well filled. The world has grown some what since then, especially in its estimate of woman.

The essays read in the Society were often, as they still are, on subjects connected with their class work. Such are of great value to the student, in that they

carry her beyond the limits of her text-books and lead her to seek from other sources, for that fuller discussion of the subject which will enable her mind to take hold of it with a firmer grasp.

The debates in the past, as well as those on more recent occasions, have shown that a girl can see a point, and can hit it, too. They have often been listened to by competent judges, who have expressed surprise at their superior merit.

The question of a Library soon arose, and a serious one it was; for where was the money necessary to secure it coming from. The country had become impoverished by a four years war, and those who were able to send their children from home for an education could not furnish them with much surplus money. Could they have been provided even with the amount that now goes to moving pictures and drug stores, the question of a library would have been easier to solve. But where there is a will there is a way. It was proposed that we start the work by each member of the Society paying ten cents a year; this was agreed to, and three dollars were received the first year, with which two books were bought. These are still in the library.

Ten cents was the "Society fee" for five or six years, when it was raised to twenty-five cents a year. In a few years more, times had become so prosperous that the members were willing to pay fifty cents and not long afterwards to raise the fee to one dollar a year. Then our heads were held higher and we walked with a more elastic step. This fee was paid only by the boarding pupils; the day pupils not being permitted to use the books. The fee has been kept at one dollar to the present time and the library, by the aid of this, and by carefully "watching the market,"

has grown from two volumes to between fifteen and sixteen hundred. Three hundred of these were a part of the library of Dr. Judson. Those purchased by the pupils have been selected with great care, and cover a wide range of subjects. About a hundred books are now added yearly to the library. It was a long time before we were able to indulge in the luxury of papers and magazines, but now from forty or fifty dollars are spent yearly for these. As I have already stated, the name of the Society was chosen by its members. The library was named by the Alumnae—Mary C. Judson.

About five years ago, on account of the greatly increased number of pupils, the Society was divided; one division is now known as the Alpha Judson, and the other as the Beta Judson. Each division holds weekly meetings. Membership is no longer compulsory, but a large proportion of the students, particularly in the higher classes, sufficiently appreciate the benefit to be derived from such an organization to desire to become a member of one.

At first the division of the Society somewhat lessened the interest in it; the division seeming to the members more like the separation of a family; but as the older members passed out and new ones came in, interest revived and both divisions are now flourishing.

I am sure that this Society has been of inestimable value to its members, and that all feel this to be true. Not only has it proved a strong bond of union between them, added greatly to the interest of their school-life, and furnished pleasant memories for after years, but it has helped to give them a taste for good reading, to widen their literary horizon, and to give them a glimpse of the great domain of knowledge open to

them when they shall have left their text-books. Not the least of its advantages is that of aiding them in overcoming that painful self-consciousness so common in young girls, and of helping them to acquire that self-control, that self-possession, and repose of manner so essential to a well rounded character. Many graduates of the G. F. C. are holding important positions in life, which, they are free to acknowledge, they could not have filled but for the training they received in their school Literary Society.

I believe in these organizations in schools and in communities. I believe in woman's literary clubs, both for their benefit to woman herself, in lifting her out of the small, the narrow, the depressing interests of life into those that are higher, nobler, and worthier, but they are also a benefit to the communities in which they exist, in ways with which we are all familiar.

Woman is rapidly proving that the "higher education," of which man would have deprived her, is an advantage, not only to herself, but to the world. And has she not as much right to it as has man? This is not a question for the exercise of sharp wit, and for flippant jokes on the part of man, as it has so often been in the past. It is too vital a question for such treatment. It touches woman's life on too serious a side. It concerns too intimately her own happiness, her relations to her fellow beings, and to her Creator. Woman was not intended to be a blank in God's universe. She has a mission on earth as well as man—a mission as high, as important as his, and requiring for its accomplishment as well-trained powers. God has given talents to her as well as to him; whether equal to his or not has nothing to do with the question; that is to be proved by their use. It suffices that talents have been given her, and that for their use she is

held accountable. The command, "Occupy till I come," was given to woman as well as to man, and he who would place obstacles in the way of her obeying it, takes upon himself a serious responsibility.

But what has been man's attitude toward woman in this matter? When she was without education, he laughed at her ignorance, ridiculed her weaknesses, the frivolity of her pursuits, and the emptiness of her life. But when she manifested a desire to rise to a higher level, when she began to reach out for something more worthy and more satisfying, when, in a word, she sought to add a new interest and a new value to life through the cultivation of her mind, did she receive from man the encouragement that she had a right to expect? Did he extend to her the hand of sympathy and help? We know that such was not the case. When the desire for a higher education arose, his shafts of ridicule flew thicker and faster than ever. The idea of a woman's college he looked upon as the height of absurdity. Even England's Laureate, in a work thought by some to be his masterpiece, chose this as a fitting subject for the display of his English wit; and this poem, "The Princess," formed, it has been said, for nearly a quarter of a century, one of the strongest barriers against the establishment of such colleges. When, at a later period, woman began to knock at the doors of man's colleges and universities, this, if I may be permitted a Shakespearean expression, "Topped extremity," and she was met with scorn and cold repulses. In saying this, I am not, as every one knows, going beyond the facts, I am simply holding the mirror up to nature.

A gentleman once said in my presence that he had heard many a woman wish she were a man, but he had never heard a man wish he were a woman. Is

there anything strange in this? One would scarcely expect to hear a free bird wish that it were caged, but what more natural than that a caged bird should wish it were free.

But this wish from woman has been misunderstood. It has not implied that she wished to give up her woman-nature. The true woman prizes her womanhood as highly as does man his manhood. She regards her distinctive nature as possessing no less dignity, no less power, as being worth no less to the world than his. All that this wish from her has meant, has been that she might be privileged to add to her woman's nature a man's opportunities—that she might be free to make of that nature all that it is possible for it to become. And why should man have objected to this? Would he prefer that every woman should be fashioned after the model of Addison's "Fine Lady" or of Pope's "Belinda?"

No writer has given us so lofty an ideal of woman as has Shakespeare. Spenser has given us some beautiful ideals of woman, but they are only ideals. They are faultless abstractions, not warm, breathing, realities. Purified from every trace of earthliness, as in his heavenly *Una*, he has placed them on cold glittering heights, beyond our love, and beyond our power to imitate. Not so with Shakespeare's heroines. Lofty as is his conception of the female mind and character, he does not lift either out of the domain of the possible. We feel that his women are real beings, made, like ourselves, of flesh and blood, and therefore may be imitated.

But where did Shakespeare obtain his models? Did he find them amid the gray and luxurious life of his own period? Or may it not rather have been that his great mind looked forward with prophetic vision—

that, with the divine gift of genius, he reached down, with deeper insight, into the true woman nature and saw those slumbering powers and possibilities which the world would one day recognize—and that, in his matchless Portia of Belmont, in whom we see the union of the highest intellectual gifts with the truest and the purest womanly graces, he gives us the prophecy of the Coming Woman?

But the question of woman's capacity to receive an education has now passed beyond debate. She has been tried in this respect and has not been found wanting.

“He who will this truth deny,

Down among the fossils he shall lie.”

It is no slight proof both of her strength of character and of mind, that woman has been able to throw off the weight of oppression and obloquy that for centuries has lain like a nightmare upon her, and to seize upon her rightful inheritance. Truly, she has taken the kingdom of education by violence, and she will hold it. But has she, thereby, lost any of her womanly virtues or graces? Is her home less attractive? Does she fail in any of the duties of companion, of wife, or of mother, more than when her days were spent in gossip, and her nights in fashionable dissipation?

It may be said that not all women make the best use of their education, but do all men? Much might be said on this point but it does not effect the question of woman's *right* to an education; of her right to improve, by every available means, the talents that her Creator has intrusted to her keeping, and for the use of which he will one day require of her an account. Her womanly instincts and her keen sense of propriety and of right, may, I feel assured, be trusted

as to the use she will make of her trained powers. More is to be feared from her ignorance than from the clearer vision that a true education will give her.

The weaknesses and follies for which woman has for so long been taunted, are, I believe, no inherent part of her nature, but mere excrescences, the out-growth of unfavorable surroundings. When man shall cease to regard woman as an inferior, and, taking her by the hand as an equal, his true help-meet and companion, shall aid her in her efforts to develop that which is highest and best in herself, then may we look for the glory of a perfect womanhood, and then, and not till then, may we look for the glory of a perfect manhood. When thus,

These twain, upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full-summered in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent, reverencing each,

then shall we see fulfilled in them, I believe the Divine idea, the Divine intention, as regards their relations to each other and to the world.

And now, having proved myself by this long digression, a woman, let me return to my subject, and say that this digression was for a purpose; which purpose was to show the young girls of today, what great advantages they possess over those of past generations; what greater opportunities are theirs for growth and for development; and to have them realize how greatly these enlarged opportunities increase their obligations and responsibilities; and further, I would have them realize to how great an extent these opportunities, if properly improved, will add to the value and happiness of their lives.

Let me ask you, young girls of the G. F. C., will you so neglect these opportunities as to cause your hearts to be filled with a life-long sorrow, and regret, or will you so improve them that your lives shall be made happier, and more beautiful through service to the world. Resolve upon the latter, and begin the fulfillment of your resolve by connecting yourselves with one division of the "Judson Literary Society," and by being faithful and earnest members thereof. Let both divisions, at their next meetings, receive a large accession to their numbers, and may a generous rivalry between the two for the highest and best, both in school and in life, lead to a prosperity of the Society never before known.

M. C. J.

OUR ALPHA.

The stars shall smile to meet her gaze,
But we must be apart from her.
Still we shall feel her presence too,
 For we love her,
 We love her!

The sun shall shine upon her head,
Shedding its radiance around her,
Still, dear she shall be to us,
 For we love her,
 We love her!

Edith Brooker, '14.

THE TRAIN ROBBER.

It was the last day of the trial. The court room was crowded long before the time for the trial to begin. Every one came in quietly, almost solemnly, for they realized that today the decision of life or death was to be made. At last the hour was come, and just as the town clock struck ten, two prisoners under close guard were marched through the crowded aisle to their seats on the left of the judge, who sat with stern bearing behind the high desk of the court room.

For an hour the trial went on, broken only by the rap of the sheriff's gavel, when the noise became too great for a speaker to be heard. At length the prosecuting attorney brought out the final proof against the prisoners, to which the defense could not make a reply. The prisoners were appearantly guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt, but the defending attorney made a request of the judge that one of the prisoners be permitted to tell the circumstances of their crime. Immediately upon the assent of the judge, the court room became quiet, not a sound could be heard and in a sort of breathless attention the audience leaned forward as the older of the prisoners began his story.

"He is my brother," said he, pointing to his fellow prisoner. "Twelve years ago I took him with me, a lad of fifteen years, to hold up and rob the fast train going between Jacksonville and Washington. I'd had control of him since his mother's death five years before. On that particular night we had stopped at a small town near Savannah. We went through the town asking for food and work. Every where we were turned down, although it was the week before Christmas. We got a loaf of bread from some men on the freight cars, side-tracked near the edge of the town, and after we ate this, I told Tom to sleep a while, for



MISS IRENE WORKMAN
President Spring Term

later we would have enough to do. The fast train was due to come through something after one o'clock, so about 12:30 I awoke him, and after very carefully destroying the remnants of our fire we walked about a half mile from the station. Here we waited, and in the mean while I told him all my plans. He agreed to them. He would have believed anything I told him."

"At 1:30 the train rolled into the station, and it was there only a few minutes before the engine had started again. Now was our opportunity, and I realized that we had only one chance in a thousand to win, yet desperation urged us on. Now that I think of it, we had an easy job. The engineer and fireman gave up at once when we expected resistance twice our power. The baggage master, porter and conductor came toward the engine as soon as the train stopped, and they too gave up to us. We got the keys to the safe in the baggage car where we supposed a registered package of about \$10,000 was laid. We searched through the safe for ten minutes and not finding it we decided that we had better leave before help could come from the town. We left with nothing to our credit, and lay in hiding near the town for the rest of the night. The next day I left my brother in our hiding place, and went to the outskirts of the town to see if the news of our attack was spread about. In a very few minutes I heard two men saying that the robbers had taken about \$10,000 from the safe and escaped. I went back to Tom, and together we planned to get away from what we knew awaited us, for I realized then as I do now, that men's opinions once formed are scarcely ever changed, especially concerning those who are as much involved as we are. We left, making our way to Canada as fast as we could by night, traveling and stealing what food and clothes we needed. Always the dreadful

fear filled us until it seemed we would have fled from a hare.

“After days of weary walking, days when we feared the past as an infectious disease, we got beyond the reach of the American government. We began to work. We were strangers, and no one knew our history. At last, through hard manual labor in the North, we lost some of our fear, and began in a way to forget. We had not been born with a character as black as ours seemed, but had taken it on as a result of human needs and difficulties.”

“At the end of ten years we had saved enough to warrant our taking a little leisure. And thinking we were comparatively safe under the disguise of our changed appearance, we planned a trip to our native state, Indiana. You see our plans failed, for here we are, prisoners in all but words. Yet who is the cause of our arrest? Is it not that man who sits before you as the representative of the United States government, the man who, twelve years ago, gave me the keys to the safe in the baggage car? Judge, and fellow men, you have our story, true in every word, if I am a mother’s son. And may I add, as I leave the rest to you, that I believe that it could be proven that this official would have died in a prison long ere this if justice had been done.”

Not a sound was heard until, with a sneaking glance at the prisoners, the representative arose, and would have gone out if the judge’s order had not kept him to his seat.

“Honorable Judge,” broke in a voice some distance down the aisle, “Since affairs have taken this turn I would like to add a little testimony to this man’s. I came in here this morning hoping to be cleared of a crime to which I was nearly led by the baggage mas-

ter of the train the prisoners are supposed to have robbed. I knew that this package of \$10,000 would be sent through the mail, and so I got the baggage master as my partner in the robbery, and we planned to share the money between us. Our plans were not definitely arranged and I was to get on the train with him to finish arranging them. But when the train arrived at my station, the baggage master met me with a long story of how some robbers had stolen the package." I left my town and have wandered about quite a great deal since then, glad that I was free from the crime, yet not able to accuse any one of a sin I was capable of committing myself." The speaker sat down, and at the judge's command the hand-cuffs were secured on the arms of the government official.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART IN AMERICA FROM 1750 TO 1800.

The most important epochs in American history have been represented by native artistic talent. The sailing and landing of Columbus, the subjugation of savage life to civilization, colonial and Indian warfare, the Declaration of Independence, Revolutionary battles, Washington on the Delaware and others form enough material to fill a national gallery. Yet, we in America were handicapped at the start in our artistic development. The whole northern part of the country was settled by the Puritans or dominated by their influence. The making of any graven image on, above or below the earth was in direct opposition to their religion. The Southerner was more inclined to worship the artistic but love of luxury and many slaves took from the Southerner much of his native vigor. Our earliest painters of greatest worth are portrait-painters—Chas. Peale, Rembrandt Peale, Gilbert

Stuart and Jno. Copley all of whom were Northern men. Both the Peales owe their fame to portraits of Washington, which were bought by the Senate in 1832. Stuart takes a high place in his time in his capacity to represent character and temperament in his portraits. Copley lived, as did all the others, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His works are mostly in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Much-quoted but of less importance are the names of Benj. West, Washington Allston, and Jonathan Trumbull. Trumbull deserves mention as the leading painter of Revolutionary history. However, had it not been for a fortunate friendship with France we should today be as far behind in artistic development as is England. That friendship sent Americans to visit the land of our powerful and artistic ally. When we desired art we naturally turned to France. We may conclude that our art had its genesis in that friendship thus the early period was influenced by foreign technique and American genius found little public appreciation. Still it progressed. "The heart of the Andes," "Niagara," "The Artic Region," "Catskills," and "Rocky Mountains" all were delineated. And while scientific influences appear in these, they assert a truly American individuality. Their painters thought of no school or technique, but carefully imitated what they saw and their records in American art will last. Yet there comes the reflection that had their training been more liberal they would have attained to higher things. Nothing is more creditable to a civilized nation than its credentials of culture and the formation of a fine art association in New York was an occasion of great importance to us. The first step was taken in 1798 by a few prominent citizens, among whom were Charles Wilkes, Robt. Livingston and Jonathan Trumbull. This

association obtained a charter under the name of "American Academy of Arts." Several years later the painters themselves, under Samuel Morse, founded "The National Academy of Designs," with educational purposes. Its influence increases even today and includes the most prominent patrons of American art. Various have been the "isms" and fashions that dominated American art at different periods. Pre-Raphaelitism was one of the earliest imported, as advocated by Ruskin. It was followed by impressionism—as a free and joyous transition from mechanical restrictions in art. Impressionism evolved symbolism and idealism as associated with the works of Carot, Page, Hunt, Fuller and others. Reviewing what we have said leads us to state that although we have very few monuments of art as relics of the period of colonization and nationalization, perhaps it was not because we lacked instinct, but because that instinct was guided into another channel and found its expression in a search for freedom of life and thought.

The art of the American player has probably maintained since the beginning of our national existence more or less of individuality. In this it is unlike its sister art of painting. To be sure under the conditions existing in the beginning, native talent was of a spontaneous and weed-like growth, rather than of a cultured nature. On coming to a new country, the Briton burned the heritage of traditions and schools in the art of acting at last and joined the ranks of men who had no lineage in art to uphold. There was no background of recognized position for the theatre. The American player acted from the standard of his intuitive convictions, his emotional strength and his aggressive spirit. American theatrical enterprise began with Wm. Hallam, whose company constituted the first real

road organization (1753). I do not believe that a thorough search could bring to light any American dramatist before the age of Royall Tyler (1757), whose distinct aim was to display American spirit in his "The Contrast," a comedy in Yankee dialect, the first to be produced by a professional dramatic company. Others were "New York in an Uproar," and "The Land in the Moon." By the time our colonists had become accustomed to "profane stage plays" the controversial period of American history had arrived and the curtain dropped for a long while. Washington was an inveterate theatre-goer and was much distressed when the play-houses closed in 1774. After his death the theatres paid him a tribute by having the leading actress "in the character of the genius of America, weeping over the tomb of her beloved Hero," recite a "Monody on the Death of General Washington." Records show that the first definite tendency to note in the American drama is that the subject matter, when it drew upon American life and manners, arranged itself in accord with American history. There were, for example, definite Indian plays. Today the only striking ones are Jno. Brougham's clever "Pocahontas," and Jno. Stones' "Metamora." There were Revolutionary dramas as Jno. Burke's "Bunker Hill" and "Battle of Eutaw Springs" presented first in Charleston 1790. American historical plays of this era were "heroic, bombastic, and filled with romantic traditions."

The true beginnings of American music must be sought in the rigid, narrow-minded psalm-singing of New England. It may be admitted that there was a civilized music on these shores that antedated these psalm-tunes but it came from English adventurers who sang their home songs with us. Attempts to modify them to their new surroundings. At the very

start, both Pilgrims and Puritans united in a distrust of music. They would have abolished it entirely, but for the fact that the Hebrews had employed it in their devotions. It is recorded that only five tunes were used for the psalmody—Old Hundred, York, Hackney, Windsor and Martyr's. The first native composer was William Billings, (1746). Hitherto, a collection called *The Bay Psalm Book* was used. Billings' first composition was *The New England Psalm Singer*. In 1778 he brought out a revision called "Billings' Best." He also introduced the pitch-pipe and was the first to use the violoncello in church music. His chief contemporaries were Oliver Holden, whose "Cōronation" holds its own, and Samuel Holyoke, who first started the concert in America. Out of Billings' singing class grew the earliest musical organization, "The Stoughton Musical Society," still extant. About the year 1790 the first singing contest took place, between the singers of the first church at Dorchester, Mass, and the Stoughton Society. In the 17th and 18th centuries instrumental music was by no means as common as vocal. It was found chiefly in Philadelphia, New York and New Orleans. Regarding the class of compositions performed in America on the spinets and virginals, perhaps the less said the better. In the 18th century many advertisements of horns, flutes, violins and trombones, a proof that band-playing was beginning to be popular. In 1773, J. Flagg established a band in Boston. By 1792 we find the "Piano-Forte" announced in some public concerts. Music teachers about this time began advertising for pupils. We have no positive proof that an American piano was made before 1803, although Philadelphia and New York make previous claims. The first American organ was made by Bromfield, in 1745.

The Opera had its beginning in 1750. By 1793 we find New York imitating Philadelphia in operatic performances. Mrs. Oldnixon, Miss Broadhurst and Miss Brett were the leading singers in American performances of British operas. It is somewhat difficult to trace the inception of native opera. According to one writer the first was "The Archers," by Wm. Dunlap. Another states that the first was "Edwin and Angelina," of the same year. The first of any worth was *Leonora* by Wm. H. Fry, as well as *Rip Van Winkle* by Bristow and *The Scarlet Letter* by Damrasch.

It must be admitted that in the field of folk-music America is rather barren. The prosaic life of New England led to no such development and the Southern colonies at first only reflected the music of the mother country. American folk-song in its truest sense can only be derived from Indian or plantation life. The earliest patriotic song that we have been able to find is a liberty song by Mrs. Mercy Warren, of Plymouth, Mass., published October, 1768. We find that America possesses very few national tunes of her own and that our patriotic music is almost wholly an imported article, as far as melodies are concerned. *Yankee Doodle* antedated the above work, but not as an American patriotic song, for it was written in derision of the Americans. No national song of any merit was written during this time and we may well believe that the ideal national song of America is not yet written or composed.

Louise Cunningham.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

To gain the position of stenographer and confidential secretary to a famous and successful lawyer, one must be capable, tactful, and efficient. Molly Merion was all this, and more; for besides these things she was good-looking, neat, and reserved; satin pumps and silk stockings were with her things to be avoided, and she kept her Robespierre collars and lace frills safely tucked away in the bottom drawer of her bureau. Besides all this, or possibly because of it, she was one of those girls who is always spoken of as "nice."

In fact, she was so "nice," that when she met a most attractive-looking young man on the stairs leading to her rooms in a big apartment house, she merely looked at him long enough to find that his eyes were very blue, his smile very pleasant, and to decide that he was the best-looking man she had ever seen. Then she passed him and went on up to her apartment. His face seemed vaguely familiar, but she decided that she just must have seen her "Ideal," only *this* time, in real life.

She had just begun to cook her small supper when someone rang at her door. Opening it, she found young Mrs. Wood, one of her neighbors, who seemed wildly excited. She began to pour out a tale of thieves and robbers, and Molly, much bewildered, was drawn across the hall to Mrs. Wood's apartment. Here everything was upside down; the thief had gained an entrance by removing the door-jamb, and had then searched the entire flat for valuables. Molly was told all about it; how Mrs. Wood, going out for some fruit, had returned at the end of ten minutes to find all her jewelry and money gone. While the explanation was being given, Molly was thinking rapidly. Suddenly she spoke.

“I met your burglar on the stairs,” she said excitedly. “I know it must have been he. You know how easy it is for anyone to break into an apartment and then walk casually down the stairs with the goods. Oh if I had only known! He certainly looked suspicious, now that I think of it,” she went on, “and—oh, I had better see if anything is gone from my rooms.”

She left Mrs. Wood, very much worried, but found everything all right.

“I might have known,” she thought, “that he was something on that order. The nicest-looking men are always such disappointments.” Still she could not forget his smile, and because she had been deceived by it, she began to wish with all her heart that she could catch the thief.

The next morning was Sunday, and she had the joy of sleeping later than usual. Then she had breakfast, and went out for a walk. It was a beautiful morning, so she seated herself on one of the benches in the park to enjoy the sunshine. Presently a man passed, glanced at Molly, and then, turning, sat down on the bench opposite hers. Molly glanced at him, and was much startled when she recognized the burglar of the afternoon before.

“Oh,” she thought, “there’s that horrid man now. I know he doesn’t recognize me, and I wish—oh, I know what I’ll do, I’ll make him talk to me, and maybe he’ll confide in me. Then I can have him arrested.”

With these brave plans in mind, she began to think of ways in which she could start a conversation with him without arousing his suspicions. Deep in thought, she was very much startled when he calmly rose and came and sat down by her. This surprised her so much that instead of carrying out her plans, she got

up and walked off. Ten feet away, she began to wish that she had not left.

“What a silly I am,” she thought. “Why, it is my duty to report him, if I know he is a thief, and here I am running away at the first chance I get to prove my suspicions.” She looked back over her shoulder to find the young man regarding her with a hurt and puzzled air.

Molly went on home. She did not tell Mrs. Wood of her adventure, because she was not at all proud of the part she had played in it, after making such big plans. That afternoon she returned to the same bench in the park determined to redeem herself, if the chance should offer. She took a book along, and pretended to read; but she was on the look-out. Several times, when she saw a tall figure approaching her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast; but each time the man proved to be a stranger who passed her without stopping. Then suddenly, her heart *did* begin to beat, for she saw him come strolling down the walk. Molly pretended to be very deeply interested in her book, but in reality her whole attention was fastened on the approaching man.

“It makes me perfectly furious,” she said to herself, “to see him walking around absolutely free, and making every one think he is all right, when really he is nothing but a common *thief*. I’d give anything in the world, tho’, if he *were* all right, and nice, and everything and—” here her thoughts were interrupted by the subject of them, who, seeing her for the first time, raised his hat and came smilingly toward her. Again she felt the impulse to run away, but her stern sense of duty gave her courage, and she merely buried herself in her book.

“Goodness me,” she thought, in a panic. “I guess

now's the time to put in some good detective work, but, I'm scared to death."

Glancing up at this time, she found no young man seated by her, and she was very much disappointed to discover him walking away, but with a very discouraging droop to his shoulders.

"He's perfectly hateful," she said to herself. "I guess I was rather cool, but I'm not going to flirt with him if he's never arrested! I don't care. Next time I'll get him, sure."

The next day Molly thought so often of her "thief" that she put several remarks about him in the middle of important letters, and she blushed furiously when she discovered these mistakes, which she did when she looked over her notes.

About twelve o'clock, just as she was preparing to go out to lunch, she was summoned to the inner office. When she entered, Mr. Bradshaw said to her:

"Miss Merion, I want you to meet Mr. Jackson, who is now a member of the firm." Turning to the man, he continued, "Miss Merion is the best stenographer we have: she is absolutely trustworthy, and I sincerely hope you two will get along together."

Molly raised her eyes, and—yes, of course it was the interesting "burglar." She had once caught a glimpse of him in Mr. Bradshaw's office, but had not recognized him when she saw him afterwards.

"I have an idea that we will," said Molly as she shook hands with her new "boss."

And they did.

Isbell Beacham.

BEYOND THE DUNES.

Over the wind-swept dunes
To the snow-white sands of the sea,
There the yellow-eyed gull, with out-stretched wings
Sails motionless all the day;

And curling, silver waves of joy
Run shimmering from the sea
All sparkling bright with a dancing light
And singing songs to me.

Lucia Watson.

MADE IN GOD'S IMAGE.

Herbert Spencer concludes his autobiography with these pathetic words in regard to the impotency of the human mind to understand the mysteries of the universe, "And along with this arises the paralyzing thought—what if, of all that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exist no comprehension anywhere? No wonder that we take refuge in authoritative dogma. Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other, occupy the sphere which rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails—and fails the more, the more it seeks—I have come to regard with sympathy based upon community of need."

He adds further that, although he cannot accept any creeds on account of their specific solution, yet his most earnest desire is that a solution may some day be brought forth. He does not hesitate to acknowledge that human reasoning has offered no solution but still he cannot accept the Christian belief, since it does not explain the rational mystery. Thus the great evolutionist expresses the thoughts and yearnings of his own mind and heart as well as those of his fellow-believers. But when we say that God is the explanation of all things we would not infer that all rational mystery is dismissed, for God Himself is inexplicable to the human intellect. But to what mind understanding Him would He be God? Although thoroughly mysterious Himself the mystery of the universe would be far more perplexing than it is, without a God.

Scientists say that they do not find a God anywhere; but that they find "law" everywhere, and assuming the existence of law and force they need no further explanation of the universe. They do not see that the same wonderful system of law and force is the plan and work of this very God. How did chaos come

to be cosmos? "God created." So everything that we see is the product of His creation. How do those who say that all things were envolved out of primal matter know? They say that the germ of life existed; but that it took hundreds and hundreds of years in passing through many stages before becoming capable of thinking as man now does. They scoff at the absurdity of a six day creation. But it is as easy to make a full-grown, intelligent man as it is to make life at all. The Bible was not written for the purpose of teaching science, but as a revelation of God to man. It does not tell the details of the past except to the extent that they explain the present and the future. Man can trace existence back to a very remote period; but to unroll the panorama of past eternity would require the eternity which is before us." To do this would be decidedly impracticable.

Dr. Johnson explains the Christian's view point by imagination, defining it thus: "Imagination is vision, clear vision, especially comprehensive vision." So when we have gone back to a far distant date and attempt to imagine at that point an absolute beginning of all existence, the image of nothing becoming something is quite absurd. No sane imagination will attempt to fathom an empty, bottomless eternity. An infinite variety in all things about us, due to unity in the one original thing, would astound materialism into theism; imagination would but have to choose between saying that a God made that remarkable, primal element, that is if science can ever dissolve everything into one set of absolutely identical atoms; or that the first thing was itself God."

Let us remind the scientist that every law of physics is imaginary. If one scientist rejects the "mechanical view" of creation—meaning that the universe was

shaped by its Maker's hand; another states that the atoms are "manufactured articles." If we would deem all things articles of nature's make, nature itself is necessarily regarded as dominated by Idea—while physical philosophy will find itself resolving all its energies into the One Divine Mind. While if the imagination of man concerning himself be given full sway he will find that it is but the continued realization of the old Hebrew doctrine that man is the "Lord of creation," put there by the Maker of both it and himself. But let our imagination make of God an impersonal, unconscious irrational Being, with automatic activity and instinct. He is then no God. Our would-be solution involves us all the more; instinct must be accounted for; personality of God cannot even be imagined. Leave the solution of this great problem to our souls and we will indeed recognize a God. See the struggling heart, in pleasures and in griefs, crying out to a living God and it is enough for us, with satisfied minds and happy hearts to say that God is the explanation of all things.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" and through all the innumerable ages that have elapsed since the completion of this great work the heavens have declared His glory and the firmament shewed His handiwork; while man realizes at present that the entire universe rests in the palm of a hand divine.

However, we find ourselves wondering and trying to explain to what extent God perfected the universe in the beginning. When life began is unknown, but we are aware of the fact that since man's appearance no new form of life has shown itself. Many forms have become extinct but not one new form has appear-



MISS MARGUERITE MARSHALL
President Fall Term.

ed since the "crown of creation" beheld the face of his Maker as He rested.

We are told that the "earth was without form and void"—it was in a chaotic, lifeless mass." The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" and at His command light appeared. Since there could be no light without motion it is generally believed that the light radiated from the moving mass causing Day and Night. On the second day the Creation divided the moving elements into a Heaven and an Earth and this work, as that of the first day, met with His approval. Again, a division of the earth-mass was made, this time the land and the waters were separated forming the earth and the sea. At God's command vegetation, grasses, fruit-bearing herbs and trees, appeared upon the earth. On the fourth day the Creator placed the sun, moon and stars in the firmament of heaven that there might be light for the earth both day and night. From this time the season and solar days have been reckoned, for the mists were dispelled and the sun-god started upon his endless journey.

Now, the universe having been prepared, life, in the form of reptiles, birds and beasts, was created. Here marvellous plan is exhibited, for the Creator placed all the animals in groups or families and endowed them with the capacity of reproduction. On the sixth day man was created by and in the image of God—made with intellectual capacities which placed him higher in the order of creation than any of the other creatures.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." The greatest difference lying between the other created life and

man is this—the inexplicable soul. All nature is subservient to man, because, in the beginning, it was given to him by the Creator. All research shows the world to be full of those things which are useful to man and man alone. The secrets of God's universe are not revealed to us; but the secrets that are for man's welfare are made known. Humanity is not merely a chance—something that just happened—man is the purpose of the entire universe. He is created from the dust of the earth; of the same elements that all the surrounding world is made but yet he is the "crown of creation" for in God's own image was he made. That image of divinity is the soul, the ever-living soul.

We see from the first the beauties of nature unfolding themselves in order. But until the last day of the creation there was no God-like thing, nothing that could speak the name of its Father and find fellowship with Him. On this day the Creator produced his master-piece which stood far above His other works—He made man in His image—man, a creature capable of love and gratitude. Being like unto the Divine he is expected to co-operate with Him. God, having organized a complete world, endowed man with intelligence and a desire to imitate Him. So man was put as an assistant ruler, as a relative Sovereign over the world.

But not in this way alone was man to work with God but he was to be subject to the same lofty morals that abound in His character, and in this respect is his likeness most marked. It is the duty and privilege of man, having been created like Him, to work with God in lifting up and establishing the highest ideals of morality.

A vital difference between God and the man-creature is that the latter is not out of the reach of tempta-

tion his physical and moral elevation are not absolute—he can only perfect them by continued and earnest effort. “To be God is to stand above the possibility of moral failure; but to be a man in the image of God is to face that possibility at the start. To bear the divine image in one’s personality is truly a marvelous, an awe-inspiring dignity. But it is a dignity which should make man tremble. Our human failure to measure up to this unspeakable privilege and responsibility has proved to be the occasion of the supreme tragedy of the universe.

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,” and at present God rules the heavens and the earth, and he watches over the course of the nations, and better still, over the life of the individual made in His image.

Marguerite Marshall.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW.

Each passing breeze is laden
With perfume far more rare
Than floats in regal bower,
Or vends in eastern fair.

Each meadow is a dazzle,
With diamonds in its grass.
The trees are raining pearls on you,
Who under them may pass.

Greatest power in the world . . .
Thou'rt not the sceptred sway
Nor yet the pomp of treasure;
But love for e'er, for aye.

E. D. Watson.

MOTHER INNOCENT.

The little child would lie awake at night, gazing at the severe, gloomy walls of a cell of the convent of the Perpetual Adoration, and watching the spot of pale moonlight that seemed to float and hover over the stone flags by Mother Innocent's cot, as though seeking peace. This place of inspired austerity shut out the clamour of actions, the cries and calls, and the perpetual rumble of the city. When the clock would strike twelve Mother Innocent would wake for a moment and say gently and mechanically, "At twelve o'clock and at every hour may the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar be blessed and adored." Every hour she woke and said it. The child shivered and could not sleep for cold. It is against the rules of the order to light fires. She lay awake quietly and thought of many things, for a deserted child of the Paris street is accustomed to being cold, and is glad to have a place to lie.

It was Mother Innocent, the prioress, who had taken her in one cold, white day—a pitiable little criminal who had stolen a small cake and then, becoming terrified, had rushed into the grim court yard of the Convent to hide.

The Convent was a community of Bernardens of the Obedience of Martin Berge, which is the hardest rule next to the Carmelites. The professed nuns dress all in black, except that the coif, which comes down to their eyes, is white. They fast all Lent and on many other days, special to themselves; sleep in serge sheets at all seasons; observe the rule of silence; only speak during recreation which is very short; and wear coarse flannel shirts for six months, from the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, up to Easter. A rule most strictly regarded is that they be attached

to nothing, possess nothing to themselves, and cherish an affection for nothing.

Needless to say no man ever enters the Convent, except the Diocesan Archbishop. The arrival of that dignitary is a great event. The great cloister door, a terrible iron plate, all bristling with nails, and grating heavily upon its hinges, is opened with ceremony, and the nuns walk with their eyes fixed on the ground.

Mother Innocent had been in the Convent and observed every rule since early girlhood, when her mother, a fine lady of the world, dying, had left her in the care of the nuns. Mother Innocent in her religious life had fasted and done penance until she seemed to be a shadow, a light which some through the flesh—all humanity gone and an angel left. Yet she bore traces of the cost of the triumph of the will. There was something almost tragic in her tall, slim, figure, and her voice worn, from the reading of prayers, to a perpetual, low gentleness. The sisters never looked upon her as human, but as an embodiment of the ideal—holiness living before their eyes. She was kind to every one else, stern only to herself. She cared for every person in the Convent, vocal mothers, professed nuns, lay sisters, novices and postulants but it was not with an earthly love—not personal attachment. When she passed a sister and, as is the custom of the order, the sister would murmur, "The most Holy Sacrament of the Altar be blessed and adored," she would answer, "Forever, forever," with never a different tone. She was attached to nothing and to no one, and called nothing her own.

Often the child would wake to see her kneeling, reading her breviary and chanting matins. One night she heard her murmuring in her sleep. It was curious: she had never talked in her sleep before. The little

foundling raised herself on her elbow to listen, and, as the words grew more distinct, caught phrases, and occasionally a whole sentence, "Yes . . . yes, I have seen you before. . . yes . . . some where . . . wait, I remember . . . long ago, in the country of Corrise, in the shade of the chestnut trees, and in the sunshine over the fields . . . you sang a pretty little song about the flowers and love, you said."

The voice was quiet for a moment, then began again, this time slowly and distinctly, as tho' weighing every word:

"But I must not see you, because . . . because . . . I don't know why, but I must not see you again."

Presently the voice rose again, low, but thrilling with eagerness:

"Come once again and sing once more."

The child pondered over the words, but found little meaning in them.

After this the Prioress seemed to grow more stern toward herself. The child wondered. How could she know that in the depths of Mother Innocent's heart was a vague, half-formed, uncomprehended whisper, "You are doing something wrong." Night after night she talked in her sleep with a strange, low voice that grew gradually into an infinite tenderness, and trembled in an overwhelming love, and yet she seemed always sub-consciously aware of a restraint, until at last, almost imperceptibly, her objections began to weaken. In the day she went about her duties more pre-occupied than ever. Only the very observant would have noticed that her manner became more gentle. Her eyes were often cast down, and her delicate lips almost blue, so pale they were. Her eyes had a strained, watching look as though expecting momentarily a revelation which did not come. She fasted many

days which are not in the calendar and from kneeling long in the Chapel she contracted a cough. The other inmates of the convent were vaguely aware that she had grown more exacting towards herself. During recreation the nuns would whisper to each other, "Our Mother Innocent is not well." But when she passed they dropped their eyes and murmured the greeting.

The little child had grown almost accustomed to the talking at night, but one night she woke when it was almost dawn, with that strange sense of intuition which children often have. The ghastly, gray, half-light of coming dawn was over everything. Mother Innocent spoke low and excitedly, "I know we would be happy in Corrise, and I would put my hand in yours and wander over all the fields and down the winding high-roads . . . I know not why I said we should not go—it would be happiness—such light and love and happiness . . . I'll go—oh take me with you."

The chapel bell sounded faintly. It was six o'clock. Mother Innocent half woke and began mechanically:

"At six o'clock and at every hour."

"Then fragments off her dream forced themselves into her consciousness—

"At . . . every . . . hour . . ."

The words trailed off as the incidents of her dream came back, and in a flash she understood—remembered all the dreams of the night before, and understood why she had felt a waking sense of doing wrong. It appeared to her in all the horror of secret sin. She—the prioress!!

Hastily she arose, and dressed herself in her black gown with its wide sleeves and the sacred rosary at her girdle. As she started to leave, the child reached out and caught her skirt, being awed and a little frightened by the strange event, Mother Innocent leaned

over the little one and softly tucked her in, and told her kindly to go to sleep. But as she turned, the light fell upon her face and the child was frightened, so that she lay still a long time after Mother Innocent had left. Then she slipped out of the cot, and hardly knowing where she was going, she passed through the long echoing halls until she reached the side door to the chapel. She stopped and looked. The early morning light was streaming in through the high, stained glass windows, so that the altar was bathed in a soft many colored light, and in the center of the light, motionless, before the crucifix, stood Mother Innocent with her arms outstretched like the figure on the cross. Her eyes were closed, her face lifted with a look of peace which had long been absent from it. It seemed that the radiance around her came not wholly from the windows.

Lucia Watson.

MEMORIES.

My hands are worn and wrinkled
From toil that is obscure,
The day is long and dreary,
My old form bowed and weary
From pain I must endure.

* * *

There are journeys by the fireside
That laugh at tide or time,
Whose only note are old love-air:
Whose only guide, a scent most rare
Of golden jessamine.

There are little waifs of memory,
Most weary, gaunt, foot-sore;
I warm, them, clothe them in the sheer—
Of silken fancy, and I ween
Me not so very poor.

E. D. Watson.

Editorials

EDITOR, VIOLET ASKINS

We wish that it had been possible for every one interested in magazine work, especially all the members of our staff, to have been present at the annual convention of the College Press Association held at Winthrop College on December the fourth and fifth. If as an editor-in-chief, you become discouraged and blue about your work, the very best thing that you could possibly do would be to attend one of these annual meetings. The deeper you delve into magazine work, the more interested you become. An enthusiastic editor-in-chief always has an enthusiastic staff. An enthusiastic staff always publishes an excellent magazine.

Examinations seem to be the latest rage in our college world. The first one of the new year was exhibited in the English department on January the twentieth, and since that date they have been widely discussed among the college girls. They are quite up-to-date, although the style is very similar to the ones of last year. Everybody has at least one, and those who are able to afford them, are said to have as many as six or eight.

Oh Senior, where is thy self-confidence?

In our college there are almost five hundred students, including the sub-collegiate departments. Out of this number there are only one hundred and twenty subscribers to the college publication, Isaqueena. This

unusual state of affairs in an educational institution can be caused by only three conditions: extreme poverty of the students, a dead student body, or a dead magazine staff. The first condition does not exist in the Greenville Female College. Generally speaking, every girl has anything she wants real badly that money can buy. This student body would not like to have the epithet "dead" applied to them any more than the staff would. Perhaps you are non-subscribers because you do not think that the standard of the publication is as high as it should be. Well, you will never make it any higher by standing aloof and criticizing. We need your aid financially and intellectually. Be loyal to your college by being loyal to your college magazine, the standard by which we are so often judged. Be loyal, not with a theoretical, but with a practical loyalty. The second term of the college year will soon begin. If you are not a subscriber, begin this new term by subscribing. Bring fifty cents to the business manager and get the last four copies of the *Isaqueena*.

Our Serious Side

Y. W. C. A.

EDITOR, ALPHA DURHAM.

On account of the Christmas holidays there was little active Y. W. C. A. work during the month of December. On the last Friday night before we left college, our annual Christmas meeting took place. In addition to several talks made by the girls, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Chapman. A very much enjoyed paper on the Christmas Spirit was read by Miss Entzminger.

During the week of prayer, beginning January 5, fifteen minutes each evening were spent in a prayer service conducted by Mrs. Ramsay.

It has long been customary for our Y. W. C. A. to have charge of one of the devotional meetings that take place daily during the week of prayer. So on Saturday, January 11, the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church met with our students in the G. F. C. Auditorium. We were especially fortunate in having Mrs. Lake, of China, to address the meeting. As usual we were charmed by the power of her attractive personality.

The Mission Study classes will be re-organized with the beginning of the new term. It is desired by each one of the teachers that every girl in College be identified in one of these classes.

Exchanges

EDITOR, LOUISE CUNNINGHAM

This magazine has a charming introduction in the little poem on the first page. The thought and form are agreeable but we think the last couplet is superfluous and that it detracts instead of adding. The sketch following contains elements of atmosphere and beauty, but here, too, an omission may be made. The introduction does not attract and its thought is rehearsed in the closing paragraph, so why not begin at the beginning, and throw the inefficient introduction away? The essay on *The Pearl* is easily the most serious effort in the magazine and shows intelligent discrimination and thorough research. *To The Poet Omar* is good but I hardly think Omar needs our apologies any more than he feels, our jests—he is above both. *The Nowlin Gang* is interesting and instructive with a well-handled plot. The picturesque little essay on *Our Mammies* is unusual and contains good points, but we think it might have been made more efficient by further contrasting the condition of the Negro in 1860 and in 1912. *What's to Wear or Not to Wear* strikes a note of vital interest to feminine readers, at least, and has true philosophy in its lines. We like the editorials—they certainly convince us of the crying need of discriminate use of time. School girls are prone to squander daylight and then foolishly to retrieve the mistake by “cramming” in the wee, sma' hours, to the disgust of their more orderly neighbors. The issue on the whole is satisfying and complete except, perhaps for the lack of stories in the

literary department. They do not compare favorably with the rest of the articles.

We are glad to welcome to our *The Walking Leaf*. desk this leaf blown from the hills of the north. The first thing we notice is the good paper and print, quite in advance of that usually found in college magazines. The opening essay on *Christmas Spirit* rings sincere and fine. The story following is too confused and unreal to be quite readable. The contents of the essay on Chopin are good, but we do not approve of the form as belonging to a finished product. Why number the paragraphs, abbreviate the names and insert explanatory parentheses? More than half the rest of the magazine is devoted to the other departments. The literary department needs re-enforcement. Some of the energy expended on *At Random* could be transferred with advantage although we sincerely enjoyed the light page of jokes. The various *Notes* betoken a live and spirited institution and we see no reason why it should not respond to any need that is pointed out.

Contains much pleasing reading. *The Carolinian*. The best article, we think, is the essay *Reasons for College Journalism*. All members of magazine staffs should read it for its interesting instructiveness. The author evidently has had an opportunity for experience and observation and speaks from a fulness of understanding. We like the little theme *Going Home for Christmas*. It has the charm of originality and its pathos is true and sweet. The poetry is the weakest element of the magazine. *The Stampede* is good in phrasing, but the meter is commonplace. The theme demands ex-

perience on the part of this poet before he can rival Kipling, but if he continues his efforts we expect them to be crowned with success. *Christmas Bells* is prosaic and trite. The translation on the opening page is beautiful in thought and form and we like the enthusiasm in the *Ode to Woodrow Wilson*. The fact that *On the Occasion of Being in the Infirmary* has no literary value does not prevent our enjoyment of its cleverness. "We've been there too" and though the environment was not quite so trying, we are able to appreciate its significance. *The Book of Bath* is written by a thoroughly appreciative author and it is that fact only which enables him to hold the reader's interest to the end of this familiar story. The editorials are written by an alive and energetic observer and balance well with the rest of the magazine.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the usual exchanges this month.



ALPHA SECTION OF THE JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY

Locals.

EDITOR, ELLA DUPONT.

The turkeys and the pigs which were yet alive after our onslaught gave a jubilee in honor of our return to G. F. C. this year, and well they might. "Nuf said." Our cook gave a sigh of relief when she saw us leave the front door of our homes, bathed in tears. She had a reason, too. Perhaps we hated the leaving more than any one else, if we except our mothers. Bless their hearts! They were so good to us, and gave us "the times of our lives." Think of being treated like "company" in your own home! That expresses it. Besides this we did have such good times at the theatre and at parties and receptions. No use to try to explain how we felt, for all of us know the joy of the true Christmas spirit when we are so happy and every thnig is so complete that we have nothing else to wish for, except, possibly, to be young enough again to have a Christmas tree.

This may sound as if we wish we were at home again. No, we don't. We love G. F. C. and the spirit of our college, which makes us all one here, makes us feel glad again to be under the influence of her intellectual and cultured life; and we bask beneath the shadow of her walls in quiet and peace, after our fun is over.

We would not have seen Dr. Wiley perhaps if we had not been at G. F. C. It was a privilege, indeed to hear this man of international repute speak to us on "Our Nation's Greatest Asset." By this he meant our health. He made some startling discoveries.

Think that out of every human life time 45 years are spent in the preparation, cooking, and eating of food! No wonder Dr. Wiley said eating is the greatest industry in the world! He intensely interested us; and many of us have come to say with him, "We would rather cook a potato well than to have painted the frescoes on the Vatican."

Since our return we had had Mr. Battis with us in an impersonation of Dicken's characters. He charmed a large audience with his vivid interpretations, moving by turns to laughter, tears, and awe. His successful manipulation of the "grease pot" by no means interfered with the dignity of his characterizations.

We have been pleased to have with us two missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Lake, of Canton, China. They are fresh from the field and they gave us an account of conditions of the new republic that we could not have gotten otherwise. There is a bright outlook for Christianity there, and we feel glad to know that the wonderful latent energy of the Chinese will soon be turned into the right channel.

Senior Nona in Algebra: "Professor Du-h-m don't you think that example could be worked by alteration?"

L-u-se C-n-g-h-m answering Miss Br-s-g-t-n's suggestion, "Where is he going to study medicine," replied, "In Europe." Miss L-o-d-h-lt, "Why does he not go to Germany?"

Professor and Mrs. M. H. Wallace visited their sister, Nettie Lou, at the college recently.

Miss Kate Blakely, of Simpsonville, visited Miss Violet Askins and Miss Sue Byrd during the past week.

Miss Kate Harris's friends were glad to see her on the campus a few days ago.

Alpha Department

EDITOR, IRENE WORKMAN

It is very gratifying to observe that the Christmas holidays have not deteriorated the society spirit. Our first meeting was held January 4, 1913. The girls came eager to begin the New Year aright by co-operating with the rules of the society. An impromptu program was rendered, to which the young ladies heartily responded.

We wish to congratulate the retiring corterie of officers for their very efficient work rendered the society. We can not portray to the public the genuine worth of our retiring president. Her time and energy have been earnestly devoted to the welfare of the society and its members. The censor and critics deserve much commendation for their excellent service. To the entire official body we wish to extend our sincere congratulations upon having so faithfully discharged their duty and on having had a share in the raising of the standard of the society. This administration has made wonderful improvement; reserve has been cast aside and the vast majority of the members take active part in the work.

Athletic Department

EDITOR, MARY STANSELL

Before the holidays the Athletic Association regularly assembled on the athletic grounds for tennis, basket ball and other competitive games. The basket ball players show that they have been constantly practicing and friendly rivalry has sprung up between the two teams, "Gold and Blue." A croquet ground has recently been laid off and has excited much interest.

Since the holidays, owing to the inclement weather, we have not been able to meet regularly.

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