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The Isaqueena - 1910, March

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Greenville Woman's College

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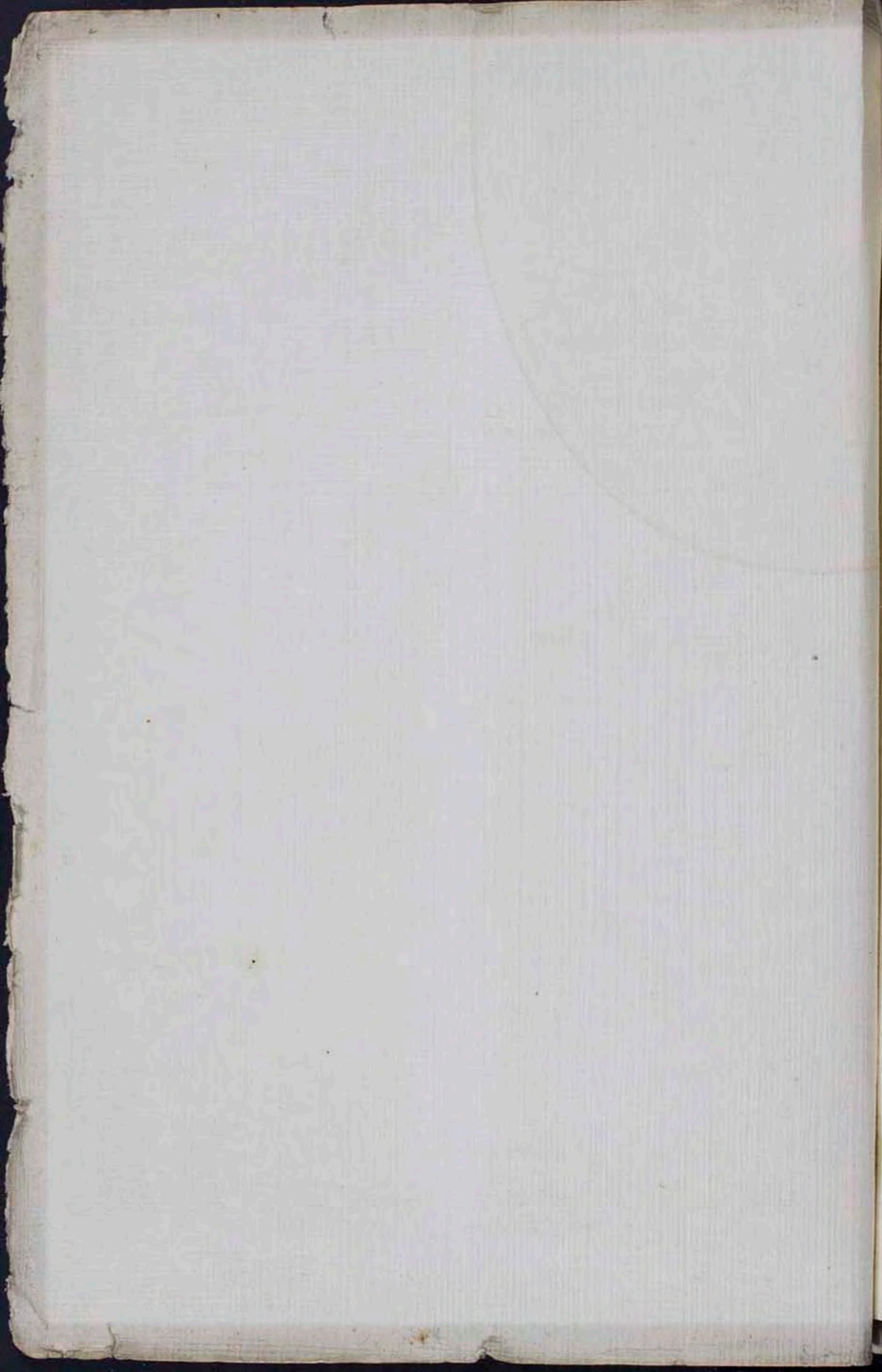
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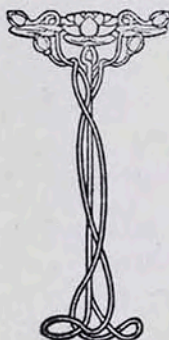
March 1910



Isaqueena

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THIS MAGAZINE

Is published by the students of the Greenville Female College. Its aim is to encourage independence of thought along all literary lines and to promote college spirit.

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NELLIE WHITTEN BELLE COONER
Editors.

OUR PART.

When we think the world is wicked,
Full of darkness and of woe,
Let us stop and ask the question,
"Do I help to make it so?"

Can we make some life the brighter,
By a word, a deed, or smile,
Shall we not be glad to give it?
Or think it worth our while?

Do we feel that we are guiltless?
That our lives from sin are free?
Then, we see the wrong in others
While our own we do not see.

Do not, for faults be ever looking
Rather swiftly pass them by;
Strive for all that's pure and holy,
There's success—if you will try.

Do not waste your time in worry,
Have no thoughts of doubt or care;
If we look for joy and gladness,
We shall find them—everywhere.

Then the world seems clothed in beauty
Like a heaven here below;
And we say: "The world is lovely,
And I helped to make it so."

Z. L. '10.

MOUNTAIN REMINISCENCES.

The preparation necessary for our annual "outing" in the mountains, had been attended to some weeks previous, when a large wagon load of furniture, bedding, china and other accessories for comfort, had been landed safely at our summer home, formerly known as the "Trescott Cottage" on Rich Mountain. Two important members of our party were there also. In response to an invitation from these, I arranged to leave Greenville on September 17, having the day before prepared a box of good things, to be enjoyed by our mountain sojourners.

The "Swamp Rabbit" observes early hours, so that I had to reach the station at 7 o'clock a. m. Only a few passengers were aboard the narrow box-like little car. However among the number was a Baptist minister bound for a country church where he was to hold a meeting, and we soon felt acquainted.

A friend had driven his horse and buggy through the country the day before, so met me at Marietta.

The weather was ideal, sunny and bright, pleasantly warm, but with a brisk breeze stirring.

We passed Drake Inn about noon and soon began the

ascent of the "Jones Gap" road, which as all Greenvillians know leads to "Caesar's Head." We ate our luncheon and gave "Bob" his corn and oats on a lovely sheltered plateau up the mountain. After some steady steep climbing we reached the top of "the wind"—as it is called by the mountaineers about 4 p. m. Here we left the "Caesar's Head" road, and passing a deserted cabin shortly afterward crossed the state line separating South and North Carolina. Passing the pleasant little colony at Cedar mountain an hour later, we drove up the Rich mountain road, literally through the woods. In some places there was absolutely no sign of a trail, and it was purely guess-work on our part, to follow one. The trees and underbrush were dense, the trail, where we found it washed to pieces, and solid rock, at times formed the road. We were compelled to drive so slowly that I became alarmed, fearing we should have to spend the night in these deep woods. "Bob" also grew timorous. It is very lonely and quiet in these mountain fastnesses, about Sundown. Such a perfect stillness pervades every where, that not the slightest sound is heard.

City horses easily became frightened and nervous, tossing their heads and looking about them, pawing the earth when we stopped to allow them to rest, and sometimes running away. "Bob" is a faithful horse, but would look back so appealingly that Mr. Rowland walked beside him for a long way petting and soothing him.

The way seemed long, but by and by we came out into the open, and high above us overlooking a lovely queer valley, was our cottage, brave in its new attire of green and dwhite and beckoning us on, by its cheery home-like appearance.

Mr. Rowland gave a loud "whoo-e,"—all the mountain men use this signal—and the Boy responded, and soon he and his sweet girl-wife, followed by the great bull dog "Tige" came running down the trail to meet us.

How glad we were to see each other! And how well

they had arranged things in the cottage. There was a wide hall running through the house, with two large rooms on each side of it, a piazza at the front, and a stoop at the back. There were blinds, but the windows had curtains of burlap, the bed-room floors were carpeted, and the beds comfortable and neatly made with fresh wheat straw in burlap mattresses, and many blankets, comforts and downy white pillows. The other furniture was well arranged. There in the dining-room was the table where we ate, two box cupboards for groceries and old-fashioned blue china, many shelves, and our "Perfection blue flame" oil stove, as well as a fire-place for cooking purposes. Our supper was delicious and greatly enjoyed.

The big fire in our room that evening, was not only bright and cheerful, as it threw long rays of light into the hall and room, but the air was cold and penetrating and the warmth was charming.

It pleased me the next morning that the Boy mentioned my customary Bible reading and family prayers. Somehow, prayer seems especially real and appropriate in the mountains. The "everlasting hills" suggest, and attest to, the wonderful sublimity and grandeur, the almighty strength and power of Jehovah! Ah, He seems so near us on these peaceful "heights!"

Down in the valley, just in front of the house, nestling under a mighty chain of mountains, which lift their blue crests heavenward, there is a small log cabin.

Mr. and Mrs. Peary with many children, in all twelve or fifteen, live here. Mrs. Perry furnishes us with butter, milk, vegetables, chickens and fruit. She is very good-looking and so are her numerous family. She not only sews and cooks, but does much of the ploughing, gathers fodder and other crops. She apparently thinks very little of climbing the almost perpendicular mountain to bring the milk for breakfast. She brought the baby and little ones to see us, and they certainly were pleased with the "goodies" we gave them. Her husband seemed

good-natured, quiet and shiftless. He had been running a "still" just above our cottage, in a deep dark ravine, but had decided to suspend operations while we were there perhaps. These people do not seem to realize that there's any wrong in this vocation, or in imbibing the "mountain dew," and one of the Perry boys would talk in the most casual way of "gittin drunk"! Truly, missionary work is needed here. I was sorry indeed that on my visit to this family, the mother and children were out "pulling fodder."

On leaving the cottage the next morning, we followed, for some distance, a wagon road which led through sunny fields and an apple orchard, where the ripe fruit was glowing temptingly amid the russet leaves. Soon we entered the woods, thence guided by Boy, we reached an almost perfect square, bordered with tall bushes loaded with the finest, largest chinquepins I have ever seen. Securing a long pole the Boy threshed the bushes and the nuts rained down like hail, for they were so ripe that they easily fell out of the burrs.

We were soon down on the ground under the bushes, rapidly gathering the beauties and putting them into sacks brought for the purpose. The dew was thick on the grass and fallen leaves, and the air was chilly; as all unseen and slowly crawling,—for he was torpid from cold—came a dangerous foe, whose handsome diamond-figured skin was hard to distinguish from the brown leaves of the same shade.

"Watch out there!" yelled the Boy, as the dreaded rattlesnake glided under the arms of one of the party almost touching the out-stretched hand of another. We could only spring to our feet, too much shocked for words. The pole now rendered effective service in another direction. Afterward, as the different ones talked of our marvellous escape from the death-dealing power right among us, the words of our morning prayer recurred to me—"May no evil befall us, nor danger come

nigh us." Surely "God on His throne keepeth watch o'er His own!"

We returned home with gallons of chinquepins, as the reward of our labor.

Thunder storms are of frequent occurrence on Rich mountain, but as we had planned to spend a day on the top, we started out bright and early determined to face the elements if there was no escape. Though cool in the early part of the day, by noon it grows quite warm, so we hastened as much as possible over the rough trail. It soon became very precipitous and we are compelled to rest frequently. Near the summit we found a cool rock spring, and realized our need of refreshment like this. Continuing our journey we reached a grove of fine old oaks, and glancing up saw clinging to the mountain as if guarding the way, gigantic chestnut trees in all their primitive beauty, with branches widely spread, and giant heads uplifted. Do not we think of the Psalmist's words—"Lift up your heads O ye gates, even life them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" The view from every side is exquisitely lovely. On the eastern side we see Brevard, miles away; its red clay streets mingled with the church spires and roofs of buildings, looking attractive at this distance, and reminding one of an Oriental scene. Caesar's Head and Table Rock are easily distinguished.

There, just below, down in a blue abyss, soars an eagle, and one's head grows dizzy watching its upward flight, as it nears its nest, on a distant peak. Immense boulders seem to compose the northern side, and here formed by nature, is a cavern deep and cool, to which we gladly hasten, and enjoy our luncheon. Here we linger and rest, and at the same time listen to "The Spoilers," read aloud by one of our party.

A heavy rumble of thunder caused us to pack up and start down the mountain. We lost no time, but the lightnings flash, and the thunder's roll, became more

alarming all the while, and we entered the shelter of the piazza as the storm burst in all its fury.

The sun shone out again in a few hours, and we walked down the road leading to Brevard. In fifty yards of our cottage, directly under a small pine tree standing on the side of the road, Miss Addie Tillman, daughter of Senator Tillman, was struck by lightning in company with her betrothed, Rev. Mr. Lee, and both were instantly killed. They had left Brevard a few hours before to attend a picnic on Rich mountain. Several friends were with them, but another crowd were to come up the other road and join them, so they were waiting here, when the storm came up. The party rode horse-back, and both the horse of Miss Tillman and of Mr. Lee were killed also. A mountaineer came that afternoon and placing the bodies in his common frame wagon, covered them with a quilt and carried them to Brevard. It was an awful blow, to the loving parents, and indeed it was pitifully sad, and shocking to all who heard of it.

A delightful day was spent in visiting Brevard. The road lading up there is well graded, with many glimpses of beautiful scenery in the mountain passes, and in the French Broad Valley. The Boy generously provided all the party with souvenirs. We also drove through "Flat Rock," and enjoyed seeing the well arranged, lovely homes as well as the perfect beauty of rhododendrons and noble oaks. We grew accustomed to the owl's hoot, and the song of the whippoor-will, and enjoyed the rest and freedom from care. However, when we turned our faces homeward, we found our hearts longing for the stir and activity to be found in the city. "Bob," as much as any of the crowd, appreciated the home run," for he doesn't approve of mountain travel or accommodations.

Mrs. Beattie Rowland.

ANTONIO.

The element in Shakespeare that is best remembered, that has impressed people most, is that of character. Shakespeare's characters are like historic characters; they are just as real to us as the figures of history, perhaps even more so.

Antonio was one of the chief men of that great Mediterranean city, Venice. He was a trader, a great merchant prince whose vessels plowed the waters of all seas and traded at all ports. He was a man of position and standing, we see from the attitude taken toward him by Salarino and Salanio; civil and polite, he was yet glad to have them leave him alone to Bassanio.

As we are first introduced to Antonio we learn at once that he is serious, even sad. His spirit is full of sensibility and tenderness. Yet he does not seem to be able to give any reason why he should be melancholy. To the suggestions of Salarino as to the cause he frankly states that there is no uneasiness in regard to his ships, and he puts aside almost angrily the notion of his being in love.

All this shows but the external characteristics of the man; in his talk with Bassanio, and as much from what Bassanio says as from what he says himself, we begin to fill out our idea of the wholehearted and devoted friend whom Bassanio never speaks of save with feeling. The devotion and love which these two bear to each other is beautiful indeed. Antonio is described as the "true lover" of Bassanio; and seems content to enjoy life through Bassanio, and pathetic indeed is Antonio's leave-taking of Bassanio as he departs for Belmont to visit Portia. Antonio urges him to make his visit long, to be merry, and to think not of the bond which the Jew holds against Antonio.

The inmost quality of Antonio's character is his magnanimity. He is very generous in his use of wealth and regards as its chief value the power which it confers of

helping a friend in need. He spends much of his wealth in delivering "many that have at times made moan to me." He seems not to be very much concerned with his merchandise except at the material of his bounty, and yet he allows himself to appear so over-anxious that he comes in for the rebuke which he receives from Gratano.

From his serious, grave nature we find it to be characteristic of him that he is quietly resigned at the near prospect of dying. He seems almost to discourage his friends in their efforts to save him, declaring that he does not repent, that he pays the debt of his friend.

It is surprising to us to find Antonio treating Shylock with gross personal discourtesy. Nothing indeed could have expressed so vividly the feeling of the time toward a Jewish usurer, as insult and violence from the stately and amiable Antonio.

S. G., '10...

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Nan crept softly down the stairs, and though it seemed an age to her, she finally reached the bottom and felt her way to the narrow damp steps that led down into the cellar. At last she stood on the cold stone floor. She listened; all was still.

"Jack!" she cried softly, almost fearing to speak.

"Here I am," came a voice through the window. "Give me your hands, and I'll help you out." In a minute she was beside him on the ground and hand in hand they started toward the front of the yard.

"Who is dat?" a rough voice demanded, and turning swiftly, they beheld Nan's old nurse, pointing toward them her old walking-stick, which she thought the supposed burglars would mistake for a revolver.

"Law, Mis' Nan, is it you? Honey, what you doin' out dis time o' night? Don't you know you'll ketch col'?"

"Be quiet, Dinah. Jack and I are going to be married, and whatever you do, don't let Dad find it out before we get back," Nan said, going up to the window and whispering to her. "Go to bed now."

"My, what a scare that was!" Jack said as they once more started on their way, taking care to speak gently to the big watch-dog before he barked. "I never thought I was a coward before tonight."

"Oh, Jack, do you suppose Dad will forgive us for not asking him, after we are marr--? Oh-h-h, don't squeeze me quite so hard."

"I didn't mean to hurt you, darling, but I just couldn't help it when you said that word."

In a short while, they reached the minister's house, and succeeded in arousing him and in persuading him to marry them at once. His wife and two sons came to be the witnesses.

After the ceremony, they went back to Nan's home, and soon were at the parents' door.

"Dad," cried Nan, gently knocking.

"What is it, daughter? Are you sick?" came an anxious voice.

"No, dear, but please come here a minute."

Soon the old man was at the door, and as Jack was in the background and couldn't be seen, he stood waiting to hear what his daughter wanted.

"Daddy, dearest, Jack and I are married. Will you forgive us?"

"Forgive you? Why, haven't you guessed that it has been the wish of my life for you two to marry- I have tried not to influence you, but I thought I would have given myself away. Come to your old dad, both of you."

In spite of her joy, Nan said, as soon as she could get her breath,

"O, Jack, to think of all of our trouble!"

N. W., '11.

THE BILLS.

(With apologies to Poe.)

Hear the postman with the Bills,

Merry bills!

What a terer in me their advent e'er instills,

How they rankle, rankle, rankle

When your purse is light as air,

And your spirits are as weighty

As Bill Taft's wee small chair.

Oh! 'tis then that we with pining guard our dimes,
dimes, dimes

Even past the stand pipe and the L—St—city line

Reason. Bills, Bills, Bills, Bills, Bills, Bills, Bills,

Oh the terror and the frenzy of the Bills.

Ethel Watson.

THE MISSION OF CHEMISTRY.

“Even if we do know the composition of air and water even if we should analyze every object on earth, of what service will that be to us?” says the narrow-minded man. And indeed can we answer him? After all, in what way are we benefitted by the knowledge that certain proportions of oxygen and hydrogen produce one thing, that certain other proportions of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen produce another thing, and that different proportions of the same elements produce still another thing? No doubt such a study is good exercise for the brain, and is excellent training for the memory; but can we not find our easier method by which to develop the brain, and would it not be better to store up in the mind more useful knowledge? Surely if we give any thought to this question we will answer an emphatic *no*.

“If the production of food does not become more scientific than it is now we may fairly look forward to the time when the earth will be overpopulated.” This

statement was made not long ago by Prof. Ira Remsen, one of the world's most distinguished chemists, and Prof. Remsen is not alone in this opinion. Other scientists have made expressions equally alarming. And what is the condition upon which this awful truth depends?—"If the production of food does not become more scientific." The scientist, moreover, the chemist, must therefore come forward to relieve the situation. And the chemist *is* coming forward to relieve the situation.

In 1903 Germany exported more than six million dollars worth of indigo. But is Germany really adapted to growing indigo? Yes, and simply because chemistry has found a way of growing indigo in a factory, has found a process by which, from coal-tar can be made an exact duplicate of that indigo grown by nature. Just as nature has taken certain elements—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon—and has put them together in a plant, so man has taken these same elements, and has put them together in a test-tube. In each case there is exactly the same result—indigo! Thus we no longer need to waste our land in producing a dye-plant, but these fields upon which formerly the six-million dollar crop of indigo had to be grown, can now be utilized in raising great crops of wheat to help feed the "overpopulated earth."

The chemist has also discovered that this same coal-tar contains within it a sweetening material, called saccharin, of six-hundred times the power of ordinary cane-sugar. Now every time a use is discovered to which waste-products can be put the danger of the situation of the earth's surplus population is reduced. The discovery of saccharin is like annexing a new sugar-producing Louisiana to the United States.

The sight of waste being unused is more and more annoying to the chemist. An illustration of how far waste material can be put to use is told of a chemist

who lived near a yarn-mill in Germany: Every day he saw thousands of gallons of unutilized soap-suds being poured out, and set himself to the task of ending such extravagance. He soon discovered that the suds could be easily turned into lime, and pressed into briquettes, which furnished an alluminating gas for the mill.

The chemical, cyanid, used in extracting gold from some kinds of ore is made of the following waste products: charred horn, dried ox-blood, woolen rags, sheep's wool, the hair of oxen, pigs' bristles, scrap iron, ashes, old shoes, waste feathers and leather cutting.

"We see chemistry making sugar out of tar, out of beets, out of corn, and thereby supplementing the sugar-cane. We see it making alcohol out of potatoes, and thereby supplementing the coal mine and the oil-well as sources of fuel. We see it turning leather with a compound of chromium, and thereby supplementing the vegetable tanning materials which the human race has used from time immemorial." We indeed begin to wonder if there are in nature any of man's needs which he cannot duplicate in his chemical laboratory. From the manufacture of sugars and fats we are led to the dazzling prospect of the manufacture of starches, celluloses, and even of proteids. Can this ever be performed?

If we are ever enabled to answer yes to this question—and why should be not—our vast waving fields of corn and wheat will become parks for man's enjoyment, and pleasure-grounds for his entertainment. Truly, man,

*You are more than the world, tho' you're such a dot;
You can love and THINK, and the world cannot.*

J. B., II.



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ZELLE LOADHOLT

MARIE MAHON

Editors.

The Federation of the World was the subject of a very instructive lecture in the auditorium on March 7, by Mr. Hamilton Holt, managing editor of *The Federation of the World*. Mr. Holt is eminently qualified to speak and write on this subject. The Independent has, perhaps, printed more articles on peace in the last decade than any other magazine in the country.

Besides, Mr. Holt has been a close and diligent student of the Peace Movement for years, and was himself one of the founders of the New York Peace Society. He attended the last Peace Conference at the Hague, where he met many of the leading peace workers of the world.

A few years ago it was commonly supposed that the Peace advocates of this country and the world were a set of fanatics, but the day has passed for such a conception of the important movement, which is now engaging the attention of some of the master minds of the world, and the nations themselves to a great degree.

Mr. Holt gave instances to show the progress that has been made toward universal peace and toward the federation of the world. Troubles between nations have been arbitrated and at least one bloody war has been ended in the present generation as an outcome of the work of the two Peace Conferences at the Hague.

It is true that these workers have not yet realized the fulfilment of their hopes. The process is gradual, but, at the last Conference all of the civilized nations were represented, and the presence of these was an achievement worthy of the efforts of the most zealous advocates of peace. It is difficult to secure an agreement of the representatives of all these nations on every subject of importance, but already remarkable progress has been made in that direction.

Mr. Holt gave an excellent illustration of how the federation of the world may be brought about. In the beginning of the history of the United States, the Colleges were all separate and independent, but gradually many obstacles were overcome and they were united into a strong federation, in which each preserves its own proper autonomy, whereas all matters of national character are committed to the representatives of the nation as a whole. From this point he argued that the advance may be made toward a union or federation of all the countries of the world into one; that international law would be enacted by the representatives of the nations. The law would be executed by the representatives of the nations. All matters of international importance would be settled in the central parliament.

Certainly this is a consummation to be devoutly hoped

for, for it would bring universal peace and guarantee
against further wars upon earth.

“For I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that
would be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales,

Heard the heavens, filled with shouting, and there rained
a ghostly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder storm;

Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle
flags were furled

In the parliament of Man, the “Federation of the
World.”

“Eternal Spring, with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.”

During these beautiful days, the beautiful budding
days of the year, can there be a heart which does not
feel a thrill of joy at seeing the balmy sunshine? Is
there a heart which does not respond to the singing of
the birds and feel that life is sweet, attractive and well
worth living?

Let it not be said of us that our characteristic mistake
is lack of sunshine, fresh air, and out door living. Let
us not give ourselves so exclusively to our books that we
may lose the meaning of these beautiful gifts of God. It
has been said that to ride horseback and speak the truth
was the most important part of the education of the men
of Persia. People everywhere, today, admit that we are

best mentally and morally when we are at our best physically; then, if we wish to make the best of ourselves to approach nearest to that which God intended us to be, we must have a place in our lives for out-of-doors' sport. Some maintain that athletics absorb too much of our time and interfere with our study and serious preparation for life; this should not be the case. The two should be combined and go hand in hand, athletics being subordinate to the more important duty and privilege of storing our minds with that knowledge which fits us for the life, upon which we are just entering. Athletics, occupying a certain portion of our time becomes a delight to us and aids rather than retards in accomplishing our life's work. How sweet it is to have the spirit of the one who said:

"I love to hold communion with all that is divine,
To feel that there's a union 'twixt Nature's heart and
mine."

Our President offers annually a medal for the best essay published in "Isaqueena" during the year. This essay must contain from one thousand to fifteen hundred words and must be signed with a fictitious name. At the session, a committee of three ladies, appointed by the faculty decides which essay merits the medal. In deciding upon these manuscripts, subject matter, composition and originality are considered. Girls, we beg you to realize what a great privilege it is to be allowed to take part in this contest. Do not let the opportunity slip by. Do your best for the next number of our "Isaqueena," win laurels for yourself and reflect credit upon your teachers and your college.

The pressing of foreigners into our country, especially

of late years, is indeed a nuisance. Our government, it appears, will fall if something more is not done to prevent these stubborn people of the old world from crowding in and mixing with the citizens of America. If these people came for a good cause, it would be disastrous enough; but, on the other hand wealth is their only object. When we find people seeking for wealth only, we need not look for good morals among them. Why is it that American citizens allow this? Surely it is needful for our women to come to the front and face this pertinent question. Should not the women of our schools, who take pride in our government, help in this cause? Shall we overcome these people, or shall they overcome us?



Exchange Department

FLORRIE LEE LAWTON.

Editor.

It appears that our exchanges have been rather slow about coming in although we are a little late in going to press. So we have only a few to peruse for this month and they do not, as a whole, come up to the usual standard. There is a great lack of originality in several. We are afraid that as spring approaches some of us are becoming so absorbed in our studies that we are losing some of our interest and enthusiasm in our magazine work.


As we pick up the "Lenoirian" we are displeased, first of all, with its cover. A more conventional design would be more attractive and would not grow tiresome. "Bustin a "Bronco" is not a story of very good moral nature nor is it good in construction. The interest is not held to the end. "How Colonel Bowers Was Released" is decidedly the best story in this number. "Miriam's Romance" is not true to nature. No one could think of a person taking up mission work because her plans in other directions had been thwarted. However, the story is interesting. The sketch of the life of Lanier is very good indeed. It shows thorough preparation. "Du bist wie eine Blume" is a sweet little melody. The editors of this magazine are calling for more support and truly they do need it. They ought to have more of quantity as well as more of quality. The departments of this number are good but we miss the religious departments. Have they no organization of this nature?

The Chronicle is filled largely with good, sound reading matter. However, "The Trysting Place" is the

same superficial, meaningless story that is so popular in our college publications. "The Problem of Illumination" is deserving of careful consideration. The article is well written and instructive. "Departed Classmates" is good both in form and thought. The plot of the "Peach and Pomegranite" is well worked out. "The South's Need of Ambitious and Energetic Young Men" is indeed a real one and we would that they might realize this fact, and when they compare their achievements with those of their forefathers let them not forget the "wonderful advantages and opportunities" which are theirs and which their predecessors did not enjoy. "The House of Sorrow" has a moral. This is: "Never marry a man to reform him." In too many cases it can not be done. "Making Manhood" is a worthy subject and is well developed. If there is any one thing which our nation needs more than another it is a higher moral standard. We do need men who will strive to be "Among the honorable, the most honorable." The thought of "Vengeance is mine" is rather vague and hazy. We fail to see how Hubert secured his vengeance. The departments are not what we could expect from the Chronicle. The Exchange department is best. We do not approve of filling our magazine with clippings unless we have material that is more worth while than some that we find in this magazine quite often.

We acknowledge with thanks, the following exchanges: Stetson Weekly Collegiate, The Erskinian, The Mercerian, The Record, The Palmetto, The Lenoirian, The Chronicle, Winthrop College Journal.

* Owing to the sickness of our Exchange Editor, Miss Sadie Goodwin kindly made herself responsible for this department.



Y.W.C.A.

LAURA ERWIN

Editor.

At our last business meeting the officers for the new term were elected as follows: President, Cora Long; Vice President, Kate Harris; Recording Secretary, Pearl Brazington; Corresponding Secretary, Lucile Grainger; Treasurer, Urma Black.

We hope these new officers will do as good work as the old ones, and we know they will if they have the help of the other members of the association. Girls we must each one do our part in this work, there is plenty of work for us all to do, and the cabinet needs the co-operation of all the members. If we can't do any more we can help by being present at the meetings.

We now have one hundred and thirty one members in the Y. W. C. A. including the three new names handed in at our last meeting. We hope before the end of the session to have every girl in college a member of the Y. W. C. A.

The South Carolina Volunteer Union met with the bands of Chicora College, Furman University, and Greenville Female College, February 4, 5, 6. The

meetings were held in Chicora College and G. F. C. auditoriums. Mr. Roach was presiding officer and Mr. Aldrich was the speaker from New York City.

On Saturday night there were two addresses, one by Mr. Aldrich and the other by Dr. Sloan. Mr. Aldrich's address was on "The Evangelization of the World and Why." He took up selfish reasons mainly in his answer: (1) protection to our citizens against millions of immigrants, (2) the nourishment of the church at home, (3) the humanitarian reason. Dr. Sloan spoke on our encouragements to this Christina service, (1) our being in sympathy with God's plans, (2), His promises, (3) the past triumphs of missions, (4) the resulting unity of churches. All these should arouse our activity. In conclusion he said "Weigh high this work which will pay most highly which is best of all and most dignified."

The meeting Sunday morning was at the First Baptist church. Mr. Harms, president of Newberry College preached. In his sermon he compared different religious and as a result he showed the Christian religion to be the truly true religion.

Sunday afternoon the meeting was held at the First Presbyterian church. This meeting was devoted to the reports from the Rochester Convention. Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Harms gave the principal reports. After these two reports others were given on different aspects of the meeting; hospitality, speakers, music, etc., by twelve delegates from Rochester.

The conference was fine and the meetings were enjoyed by all. We feel greatly benefited by them.

The different colleges represented at the conference were, Limestone, Winthrop, College for Women in Columbia, Columbia College, Columbia Seminary, Due West, Clemson and Wofford. We had the pleasure of entertaining the delegates from Limestone, and several from Winthrop.

At one of the recent meetings we had an address by Mrs. Crutchfield, from Spartanburg, who is Corresponding Secretary of the W. M. U. and also superintendent of the Y. W. A. of South Carolina. Mrs. Crutchfield's subject was "The Place of Woman in the Gospel." She began with the woman at the tomb and showed how slow women had been to recognize the relation the Bible had given them to Missionary work. At the end of her talk she gave some points concerning the work of the Y. W. C. A. She stated the budget for the year and gave the general plan for the Y. W. C. A. work.

An illustrated lecture "The Federation of the World," by Mr. Hamilton Holt, managing editor of the Independent, was given in our auditorium Monday night, March 7th, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. This lecture was one of the best which has been given here for some time. Those who didn't hear it certainly missed something fine.



Judson Literary Society

Beta Department

Three cheers for the Betas;
We are coming along.
We've got us a pennant
And a brand new song.

We are busy as bees,
And our banners unfold.
We are glad to follow
The black and gold.

We are glad to see so much interest among the members of the society. The programmes are very much better. There have been less failures to perform duty this month than we have ever had. I think nothing shows true college spirit more than this.

We all feel proud of our beautiful Beta pennant, and the girls gave the society yell with enthusiasm when it was hung in the voice hall. Orders have been sent for pillows and small pennants for the members of the society.

The second term officers have been elected as follows:

President, Josie McBride.

Vice-President, Caro Truluck.

Secretary, Lillian Easterlin.

Treasurer, Pearl Brazington.

We are glad to welcome these girls as our leaders, and sorry to bid farewell to the old officers. We feel that they have more than done their duty.

The Betas have been invited by the Alphas to join

them in a picnic on Paris Mountain April 11th. I am sure we are all looking forward to this event with great pleasure.

Alpha Department

No doubt all have heard of the father who settled a dispute among his three sons by giving a single stick to each. Telling him to break it. Of course this was an easy task. Then the father gave each of the sons a large bundle of sticks, try as hard as he might the united bunch could not be broken. Then the sons were forced to realize the strength of united force.

Each member of the Alpha Society recognizes this peculiar power of a united body, therefore, the society, to use a phrase of the athlete, "plays as one man." Each and every member is willing to do anything she possibly can for the society. When called upon to serve on the program they invariably respond—"I am always glad to do something for our Society." The vivacity and helpfulness of each meeting is in proportion to the readiness and willingness of the girls who are asked to serve. Accordingly, our meetings have been very interesting and useful. We know that the effort the girl puts forth develops her own character as well as adds to the standard of the society. Insomuch as she gives of herself to the society she acquires a ready and quick mind, capable of leading and advising others. She is conscious of the fact that the influence of the society exists in the same degree with the prevalence of unity and harmony in the society.

Moreover, as unity determines the strength of a bundle of sticks, as unity determines the standard of a Literary Society, in just the same degree, yet on a higher scale does unity determine the life of the larger body—the whole student life.

The greater the number to unite in a common cause the greater the success of that cause. We work together harmoniously with our sister society, for the common good of G. F. C. A little friendly rivalry between the two societies adds spice and flavor to the separate meetings which are held every Saturday evening. Our Beta sisters have accepted our invitation to join us on a picnic to Paris mountain, April the eleventh. We are united in the determination to give them a "royal good time."

We are happy to add to our list three new members. Of our old members who have been with us a long time we are proud and feel honored to class Zelle Loadholt. She has served our society in many ways. Her latest service comes in the form of our "Society Song"—

Oh, haven't you heard of the Alphas gay,
 The great and glorious throng?
 Oh, can't you see how great are we,
 How full of fun and song?
 We crown thee, queen, O, Alpha gay,
 O, thou sain'st never fail!
 You come first in the Alphabet,
 You're first of any we've met.
 So now to thee we say
 Oh, Alpha, hail—hail—hail.

Chorus

Sure I'm an Alpha, an Alpha so gay,
 There's no one can touch us,
 For we surely lead the way,
 Who else but Alphas
 Could e'er be so fine?
 Oh, Alphas, Alphas have them all behind—behind!
 (Tune, "Rings on My Fingers")

Our voices and energy are united in singing the above and also in supporting the following officers who have been recently elected to serve during the spring term.

President: Lucile Wallace.
Vice President: Florence Drummond.
Secretary: May Belle Fuller.
Treasurer: Annie Brown.

No other days are like
Our college days.
I ever grieve that mine
Are fled so long;
And in my ears the college
Cries still raise
Tumultuous echoes; and
A college song,
In riotous nonsense
Ringing loud, is strong,
To lift one instant all the weight of years.





SOPHIA BRUNSON

Editor.

Examinations are over, and we have all settled down for the spring term's work.

A large number of the girls attended Mischianza, the entertainment given at the Opera House by the Alumnae for the benefit of G. F. C. It was very much enjoyed by all.

On Washington's Birthday we had half holiday. In the afternoon a good many of us went to the Blythe Rifles' Minstrel. It was fine.

Dr. J. J. Wicker held a series of meetings at the First Baptist Church. They were well attended by the girls, and much good was done.

The faculty gave a general reception February 28th. Our college colors, blue and gold, were carried out in decorations and refreshments. The evening was spent very pleasantly by all.

Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor of the "Independent," gave a lecture on "The Federation of the World" in our auditorium, March 7th. It was very entertaining as well as instructive.

The Furman Glee Club gave an entertainment in our auditorium on March 11th. We enjoyed it very much, and extend our congratulations.

The Central Grand Concert Company, one of our Lyceum numbers, was here March 9th. It was very enjoyable.

Miss Grace Ridgell visited her sister, Mrs. Norris, at Catechee for a few days.

Misses Cora Long and Zelle Loadholt spent Sunday in Honea Path, in the home of the former.

Misses Eunice Gentry and Kate Harper have gone home on account of illness.

Misses Bess Glenn and Jeanie Russel spent several days visiting friends in the college this month. We were so glad to see them.

Miss Leda Poore spent the week end at her home recently.

Misses Kate Blakely and Joe Garrett spent a few days at Miss Blakely's home.

Miss Kate Jones visited relatives in Piedmont.

Miss Callie Vaughn was delighted to have her mother spend the day with her not long ago.

Miss Sophia Brunson spent several days on the Clemson Campus this month.

Will some one please inform one of our Sophomores whether a verse of poetry contains feet or inches.

Our dignified Senior C-r- T-u-u-k, seeing the sun rise exclaimed, "Look how big the moon is."

M-g-e C-l-n- saw a bunch of carnations and remarked, "What pretty chrysanthemums."

As a "rat" walked into a room and saw a Furman pillow, she said, "Isn't that a pretty pennant."

A new girl was heard to remark, "My feet are cold. I'm going to put them on the transom to warm them." We have heard radiators called refrigerators, incubators, and elevators, but "transom" is something new.

C-r- L-n- and E-m- W-g-t, while out walking passed a Veterinary Hospital, and wanted to know if that is where they keep old soldiers. Oh! the ignorance of Juniors!

Rat E-i-b-t- W-c-r is very fond of "hominy grits."

One of our girls said she was so glad we had holiday on George Birthington's Washday.

One of our girls were discussing a Chinaman they saw. Senior J-s-e M--r-d- turned around, and as she saw the object of discussion said, "Why that Chinaman is a Jap."

Senior Z--l- L---h--t is taking expression, and pronounces afraid, "A-Fred."





Fine Art
Department



MARY GILREATH
Editor.

We needs must appreciate and honor the good when we know it.

The general sentiment concerning Oratory and Elocution is well founded "merely for show, no practical good received by the individual except that she has pleased an audience, consequently receiving their applause; entertainment for the time being. This cannot be said of Expression that is taught in the true way. The aim of true Expression is to make the individual know herself; recognize the extent and limit of her personal power; the influence she does and may have over others, helpful or harmful according to her own ideals. This attainment of the knowledge of her own self is realized by the student who "systematically practices the inductive studies," technical training, which Dr. Curry calls problems, contained in his Foundations of Expression. Dr. Curry's graduates like himself study the nature of their pupils, find out what each needs and helps that one to overcome her fault or faults whether of body, mind or spirit.

A few physical exercises are given by the teacher along with problems. "Hence, since technical exercise is united with work for the removal of faults of construction in the body, the student herself becomes conscious of the right modes of Expression and is developed without imitation or mechanical rules." The student realizes a spiritual, intellectual, and moral growth. As a practical result; health has been improved and lives made happier

by the removal of certain constrictions from the body; weak people have gained control over themselves and become the normal human beings their maker intended them to be; preachers have been enabled to reach the hearts of others by this training which gave them control over themselves. The student is developed into a natural girl, sympathetic, spontaneous, and able to appreciate points of view not only in the world of books, but in the world of human life.

The pupil who has corroborated the Fine Arts with her Literary work finds that she has developed a well rounded personality; has gradually grown into a being that is capable of enjoying earth in its many phases herself, and capable of teaching others what she has gained, perhaps helping them to attain a higher plane than she has reached. Music, Art and Expression awaken the spontaneous actions of the mind causing the development of observation also training the abilities of the eye, ear, hand and mind.

Know thyself then teach others.

The Art Department continues to grow in popularity. Several new pupils have entered within the last week; all of whom are earnest and enthusiastic workers. They all love their work, and time flies while in The Art Studio.

We are looking forward to an unusually attractive exhibit in June.

Last, but not least, we come to our music department. We are very much encouraged with the progress in this line. The violin department is gradually growing under the skillful management of Miss Beulah Stamm, our new violin teacher. She has won the love, admiration and respect of all who know her. We consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate in having her at the head of this department. We are looking forward with much pleasure to a recital to be given by the students of expression and music soon.

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