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The Isaqueena - 1910, February

Zelle Loadholt

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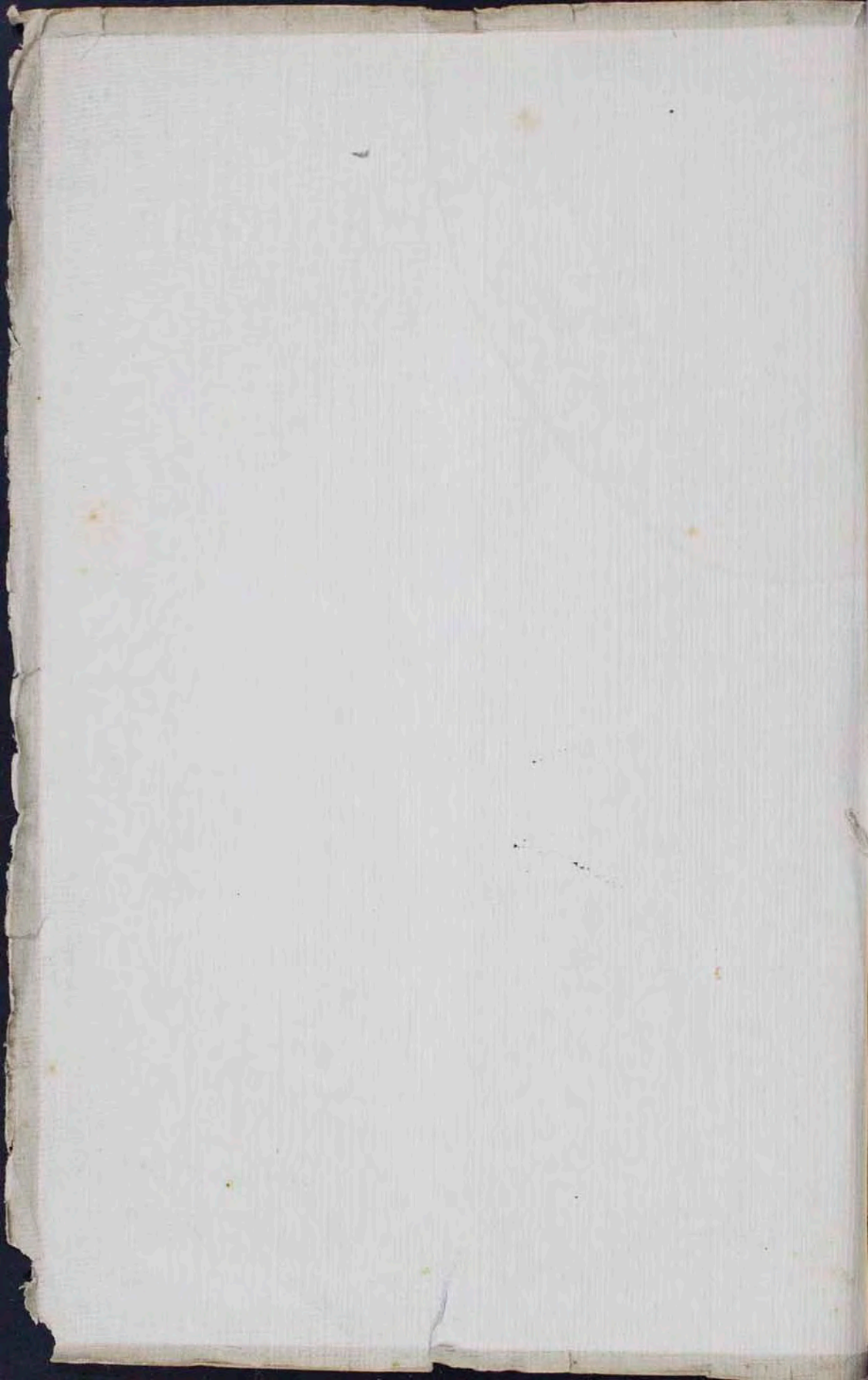
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Isaqueena

February, 1910

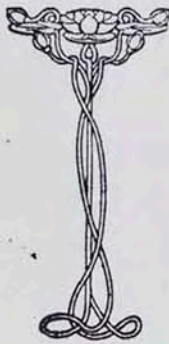
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JESSIE BRYANT EMMA WRIGHT

Editors.

KIND WORDS.

I.

O scatter them freely, their worth is untold:
They are better than jewels of silver or gold;
This world has no treasures how'er rich or rare,
No gifts that in value with them compare.

II.

Not springs to the desert, nor dew to the flowers,
Nor to suffering harvests the soft summer showers.
Nor sunlight to nature, such life can impart
As a single kind word to a suffering heart.

III.

'Then scatter them freely, for nothing they cost;
Of this be ye certain, they'll never be lost;
Some way-weary pilgrim will gather them up,
And joyfully drop them in life's bitter cup.

IV.

Some spirit, sin-hardened, perchance they will light,
And lead in the pathway of duty and right;;
Some heart, sorrow-laden, they'll comfort and cheer,
They'll rouse the desponding, dry many a tear.

V.

Then scatter them freely wherever you roam,
In palace, in cottage, by wayside, at home;
Thus life shall be brighter, and fuller of joy,
And thy heart glow with pleasure that knows no alloy.

THE GHOSTS IN THE ATTIC.

"I'm getting awfully tired of this pokey old place—I wish something exciting would happen." Sue Drake sighed as she spoke. Her room mate, Jeanette Campbell, looked up from the History she had been pouring over—"Well, she replied"—I don't see why we can't make something exciting happen. Can't we make things interesting for those two new girls who have just come?"

Once before in the history of the school, Jeanette and Sue had made an attempt to "entertain" some new girls, and had been woefully left—They were still sore on the subject, and had not tried any tricks since. Now, however they both were absorbed in thought.

Sue spoke first, "Oh—I know! We can take them way up in the garret—(it's awfully dark and scary up those narrow old stairs,) and have a nice ghost show for their benefit."

So, after discussing their plans, things were arranged—consequently they found themselves in the room of the new girls, Polly Monroe, and Estelle Baxter, that night after study hour—They all talked on general topics for a few minutes, but presently Jeanette broke into the conversation with:

"Oh! girls, have you all heard the ghost story of the suicide in the garret up here?"

"No"—in much surprise, came from the new girls—"Tell us." "Well"—Jeanette began,—"It was a long time ago, and I don't know the straight of it all—but the story goes this way. About twenty-five years ago, a very beautiful and wealthy girl by the name of Inez Reynolds, was coming here to school. She was in love with a poor musician—and he loved her. Her father forbade her to have anything to do with the man, and had sent her here to keep them apart. Well—she used to slip out at night and see him, and they had planned to run away and be married, but the poor musician suddenly died. Inez was heart-broken, and almost lost her mind. She determined to kill herself, and one morning she was missed. After long searching, she was found in the attic—dead—They say that she and her lover, faithful to each other, even in death, can be seen up in the attic, walking to and fro—two white robed figures, just at twilight. At no other time however, can they be seen—because it was at twilight that the beautiful Inez died.

When Jeanette finished her thrilling story every one was quiet for a few seconds, then Estelle said!

"Oh! how I'd love to see them—I just love ghost stories and haunted houses."

This was exactly what Sue and Jeanette wanted the new girls to say, so Sue remarked.

"Why don't you all go up there sometime at twilight—just to see if it's so? I have always been afraid. Once Jeanette and I got as far as the attic door, but we thought we heard some one moaning, and we nearly broke our necks getting away."

"One thing is certain"—said Polly emphatically, "I'm not afraid and I'm going," then she added—"Just to see if it's the truth, you know. I've always been crazy to see a ghost—Estelle, let's go right now."

But Sue hastily reminded them, "Oh, you've forgotten—only at twilight can the lovers be seen."

"That's right—but I'm going tomorrow—as sure as I live, and you'll go too—won't you Estelle?"

It was Polly who spoke. So it was decided then and there, that the next evening at twilight, the new girls were going up the dark, narrow, stairs to the attic, hoping to see the ghosts.

Sue and Jeannette were satisfied—They, of course, intended to go up ahead of Polly and her friend—dress in sheets, and parade up and down the attic as ghosts. The plan was lovely, and one that could not fail—Both of them gave sighs of relief as Sue said:

"Thank goodness, this is one time the girls won't have the laugh on us."

The next afternoon, shortly before sunset, Sue and Jeanette, having interviewed Polly and Estelle earlier in the day, to make sure that they were going to the attic at twilight, stole up the stairs on their way to the old garret—Sue stopped.

"You know, Jeanette," she said, "I'm honestly getting scared—I have thought about that story you told, so much, until I feel just like we'll really see two ghosts marching around up there."

"Nonsense, Sue"—Jeanette answered—"You know I made the whole yarn up, and there's no such thing as ghosts anyway. We've got to go now, think of the fun we'll have."

In her heart Jeanette felt "shakey" too, but they went bravely on, and at last stood before the closed door of the attic. Jeannette opened it, and together they went in. It was almost dark, and for a few minutes their eyes did not become accustomed to the darkness. They helped each other drape themselves in their sheets, and started to hide themselves—intending to go to a far corner, but suddenly both of them stopped.

"What's that noise," gasped Sue.

There was a noise, and it sounded decidedly like a groan. Then from the darkest corner came two slender figures, all in white. The taller one had his arm around his companion—They advanced slowly, with their long white robes sweeping behind them. Sue and Jeanette stood one minute, then looked again to be sure. The figures were half way across the attic, moving noiselessly. When they had gone a little farther they stopped, and wrung their hands, but the terrified girls staid for no more. They almost flew—down one flight of stairs, and then another, their sheets dragging behind them. Finally they reached their own room. Both were as white as death. They looked at each other, their eyes almost popping from their heads—neither spoke. At last Sue rose.

"I'm going to tell those poor new girls—we musn't let them get scared to death too."

They forgot to remove their bedraggled sheets, but hurried through the halls as they were. The girls they passed on their way stared at them in amazement, but they ran on until they came to Polly's room. From within came the sound of laughing, but they didn't stop. Opening the door they ran in. Before them stood Polly and Estelle, around them were sheets—both were laughing.

"Did we scare you much?" asked Estelle—"It was such a good chance for fun. We knew you all expected to play ghosts, so we got up there before you, and turned the joke."

Sue and Jeanette saw their mistake. They tried to laugh, but they were still pale, and Sue's knee was hurting from a fall she had gotten during the flight from the attic.

The girls who had seen them running down the halls, heard the noise in Polly's room, and came to see what the trouble was. Every body found out how the joke

had been turned, and as Sue and Jeanette sneaked back to their room, with very sheepish expressions, you may be sure, they decided never to try another joke.

“BRUNSON.”

ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK.

In Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice we have examples of many kinds of characters. Some of these, Portia's for instance, none of us would mind having, but I do not think any of us envy Shylock's in the least. Antonio and Shylock, though having some points in common, are as a whole entirely different.

Shylock represents to us a typical Jew of the time. Separated from the rest of his race and scoffed and jeered at by his fellow-citizens, we naturally find him relating his own customs and ideas, and nursing his baser qualities, such as: hate, vengeance and malice. Antonio, on the other hand, is living in his own land among his own people. He is rather looked up to and praised instead of being ridiculed.

Antonio and Shylock are both wealthy but in different ways. The former's riches consists of ships of merchandise tossed about on many seas, and apt to be destroyed by storms or pirates at any time. The latter's wealth consists of gold and jewels which is easily carried about, but it is in danger of fire and robbers. Antonio does not worry about his money at all; he gives it freely to his friends who are in debt. He even tells Bassanio that he would rather lose his whole fortune than have him question the sincerity of his affection.

Shylock lends his money out at interest instead of giving it. His love for his money is shown by the deep despair he was in, when he found out that Jessica had gone and had taken so many of his ducats and jewels with her. But great as his love for wealth it is nothing

when compared to his love for revenge. Passion is the kernel of his nature; he is passionate in actions, calculations, sensations, hatred, revenge, and everything. He has not a single twinge of conscience, about anything that he does; his actions are in perfect harmony with his ideals. He is no wild animal who cannot govern his hatred but he restrains it within its legal rights. When Antonio comes to him to borrow the money, he conceals his hatred and offers to be friends with him and to forget the many insults that have been heaped upon him. But then when we see him at the trial scene his hatred is shown only too clearly. He refuses the money six times over and wants only justice. Then when the young judge tells him he shall have justice, his impatience is so intense he commences sharpening his knife to cut the flesh. He leaves the court filled with disgust, anger and fear, because he has lost not only his pound of flesh but his money also.

Antonio, on the other hand, never tries to conceal his hatred from the Jew. When he goes to borrow the money he scorns the Jew's offer of friendship and says he will insult him many times again if he gets a chance. At the trial when the duke so freely pardons Shylock, Antonio follows his example and does so too, but he makes him divide his wealth with Lorenzo and Jessica. Then when he thinks there is no hope for him, he shows his great love for Bassanio by not reproaching him in the least, and telling him he is not sorry for what he has done.

Shylock seems to have loved his wife and remembers her fondly, so it grieved him greatly when he heard that Jessica had sold the ring she gave him when he was a bachelor. This is the one redeeming trait we find in Shylock. The one trait we neither admire nor understand in Antonio is his discourteous treatment of Shylock on all occasions.

THE CRY OF A SOUL.

I am weary, O my Fäher,
 Weary of this worldly strife,
 Weary of this earthly longing
 That disturbs my daily life.

Lift me, O great Father, higher;
 Not from never ceasing care—
 Give me noble strength and courage
 Greater griefs and pains to bear.

Help me, now uplift me, Father
 Give, Oh give some task to me
 That in faithfully fulfilling
 I shall, at length, my soul set free.

KATE JONES.

THE LIGHT OF STAR.

As the sun was hiding himself behind the horizon in the west, the woman sat at the window and gazed out. 'Twas not often that she sat thus idly, but now, she had no heart for anything.

"Soon," she mused, "the sun will be hidden—hidden, and only the tiny stars will deck the heavens. What a change—stars for the sun!" The woman had always had a vague pity for stars, somehow they seemed so insignificant, one little star above was of so little value. But the sun, the one great sun, almost inspired her with reverence. It was so bright, so independent, so powerful.

She was thinking of her dreams of long ago, oh, it had been ages, she said. She had dreamed that she might one day be as a sun to her world. She scorned to shine as a star, with the help of many others; and now ere she had reached mid-sky, she was called upon to drop behind the

horizon, and henceforth be only one of a multitude of stars.

She cried out against the Fate that had decreed thus. She had worked so hard. Her whole life had been one struggle. In the days when she might have been called the girl, she had been denied all the pleasures of girlhood, but she gave up everything gladly, willingly, for the great reward that was to crown the end. True, it was that there was sometimes a longing and regret in her heart for "what might have been." She could not banish from her mind the thought of one who had been so faithful, so loving toward her. She wished she could forget the looks on his face and his tender words, when she told him that she was willing to sacrifice their love for her ambition. And she meant it. Her ambition was all her life—so she thought.

In the busy city which she had chosen as her home, she had won recognition at last. How she revealed in her triumphs! Every self-denial and sacrifice stood out as milestones on her way to success. When she sang before her great audience, and thrilled every hearer's soul, she knew that her labor had not been in vain.

The woman was fingering listlessly the letter that had awakened the memory of these dreams. She read and reread the last part:

"Since your mother died, you know how things have been at home. The children need you, need you badly, and I need you. Oh, Jean, is not your place at home? Give it all up, and come home to

FATHER."

It was all so cruel. She had promised the dear mother that she would be responsible for those at home, and she had scarcely seen them in four years.

She had made her decision. She would give it all up—everything she loved, and go back to the little country village, to the sadly neglected household. Why was she

only a woman? She wanted freedom—freedom from all such responsibilities.

As she sang that night, while the stars were glittering in the heavens, she sang as she had never sung before. She seemed as one far, far above her hearers, and affected them as the voice of an angel might have done. Borne up by the music of her own voice, she saw the soft glances of one little star, instead of the glare of the artificial lights; and in the masses of people before her, she saw the despondent father; the brother and sister, so lonesome, so neglected, miles away from her, with no mother or big sister to give them one good-night kiss.

Two weeks later the woman was in the dreary little vilage, and somehow, the father, ageing so rapidly, seemed brighter and happier since she entered the house, and already the little sister and brother had learned to love their big sister, who "almost took mother's place."

In the single little church, next Sunday, where the gentle white-haired preacher, whom the woman had learned to love in childhood, read the passage: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." She was, oh, so happy that her life would be not as the bright glare of the sun, but as the soft heavens from a star.

She loved always thereafter to take the little sister and brother, and with them watch the stars, peep forth; for she knew that the light of a star had guided her back to all those things for which her woman's heart had been craving.

E. R.



WHY WORRY?

What is the use to fret
And worry all the day,—
A frown upon your face
That drives your friends away?
It creates a discontent
And casts your spirit down
You'll ne'er amount to much
If thus you fret and frown.

II.

Put on a cheerful smile,—
Bury your sorrows deep,
And you will in the end
A golden harvest reap.
Your life will be a joy
To every one around,
And your our heart with love
Will evermore abound.

Callie Vaughan.

FEUDALISM.

The most marked feature of society in the Middle Ages was the feudal system. This grew out of the old time custom of the Romans to sometimes grant lands on condition of military service and of the Franks to follow a chief as their personal lord. By the eleventh century it had spread into all the lands to which the German conquests extended.

When a central government exists each individual citizen feels it his duty to furnish arms, pay tax, etc.; but in the absence of this central power he feels that he has only his own personal property to protect and that the central government has little power and therefore needs little money.

The idea is a very simple one but the system which grew out of it is one of the most complicated ever developed in human society.

The brave freeman who helped his chief to conquer a country was granted tracts of land called his "allod," which was his very own. In those days a man had to fight to retain what he had won. So, instead of keeping a large standing army, a king would grant to his nobles parts of his estates. This land was called a fief. It was not the soldier's property by rights, and it was retained only during the pleasure of the real owner. These fiefs usually consisted of the castle in which the noble and his armed men lived and tracts of land adjoining the castle. The real owner was called the lord and the person to whom the land was granted was called his vassal. This vassal would, in his turn, grant the property to other vassals and in this way the system became a connected system of fiefs.

The duty of the lord was to give the vassals justice and protection. The duty of the vassals was to serve the lord in person and to furnish a certain number of armed and fully equipped men for military service whenever he might call for them. He must also serve (as attendante) at his lord's court as his escort on journeys, and properly entertain him when on a visit to his estate. The duty of the vassal may be summed up in one word "service," those of the lord in one word "protection."

If the vassal in any way failed to do his duty the land came back to the lord to be given to any one whom he might choose. But as the system grew men began to see that a firmer tenure would be better so they began to give grants of land during the life of a vassal. Still this did not give the tenant's family any claim on the property so we now come to the inheritance system. At first it seemed that the right of inheritance was to be given only to the sons, but later the daughter shared in nearly all

the privileges of the sons. If no heirs could be found the property went back to the lord.

We have so far discussed only free holders of land but the greater mass of people were serfs. They were not regular slaves, that is, they could not be bought and sold, but they passed with the land from owner to owner. In other words they were bound to the land.

The history of feudalism is one continued struggle between the rights of the lord and those of the vassals, the system being balanced by the fact every man, except the highest lord, was a vassal of some other lord. Even the kings sometimes became vassals to other kings for property outside of their own domains.

The system was plainly a bad one. It subjected one man to the will and caprice of another. Of course the people were not always unhappy for some of the lords were very good, but we know that there were many and also great abuses. A vassal was completely at the mercy of his lord although he had a right to appeal to the lord of his lord for justice. But to do this he had to make a long journey, leaving his family at the mercy of the enemy. If he did gain success in his suit a deadly feud would certainly be the result. So it was always easier for a number of the vassals to make a common cause of their grievance and fight it out.

The three influences that undermined feudalism were royalty; the towns; and the clergy.

The strengthening of the central government was directly opposed to feudalism. The kings were to the nobles what the nobles were to their vassals—just the head of a system of fiefs. But then the kings began to center power in themselves and try to reach the people themselves. Thus being put themselves on the side of the lower ranks. Finally the throne became the source of the law and the feudal chiefs could not rule according to their will. The second destructive influence was the rise of cities. Many

of the self-governing cities still existed while feudalism held its sway and feudalism itself created similar communities. People would naturally gather for protection around the castle of some of the stronger barons and the barons, seeing that it strengthened their possessions began to give the inhabitants certain privileges. Different offices were created and some towns were granted regular charters. These towns had the right to govern themselves. They have been called "Oases of freedom amid deserts of feudal despotism."

The church, in order to obtain absolute power in spiritual matters sought to ally itself to the centralized power. Thus it became the friend of kings and the enemy of feudalism.

Other influences that tended toward the destruction of feudalism were the change in the mode of war, the crusades, and the general progress of knowledge.

JUST THE SAME OLD STORY.

"Yes, Bro. Crawford, I try to bring my children up in the 'fear and admonition' of the Lord—I live for them—If they grow up to be noble and useful in His service, my 'cup o' bliss will be over flowing.' Yet, I some times fear that my children have inherited the bad traits of our family—the Lord knows, there are plenty of them to inherit too. Talk just as much as you want to about folks not inheriting things from their ancestors; it has been and is being proved every day that they do. I know they are young now and a very good set of youngsters, yet there is need of worry. 'As the twig is inclined so will the tree grow.'"

"Ma, what are you so happy about? I know sompin' nice has happened when you sing that way."

"Why, dear, our pastor has just been in to see us. He is such a good Christian and says such encouraging things

that I can't help feeling hopeful and cheerful after one of his calls. You remember about Jacob wrestling with the angel of God—it was in your Sunday School lesson two or three Sundays ago. Well, it seems to me that I always think of Jacob when your Pa does wrong and then asks for forgiveness. Your Pa has faults like the rest of us but there is one thing in his favor—he don't mind bending his knee and asking his Heavenly Father for forgiveness and strength. Yes Jacob's been a great comfort to me. His life might have been a failure two or three times—it seemed that God had turned His back on Jacob the time that his sons gave him so much trouble. Still Jacob kept his faith and loved God, because of this he died happy in the fact that his children would leave the idolaters and return to Palestine. It is the man who has had trials and temptations to overcome and has triumphed over them that is worth while to God and his fellow men. Paul, when things seem to go again' you, remember that Jacob had his trials but because he held on to the Angel of the Lord he found peace with God."

There now, I just did get them biscuits out o' the oven in time—It is just like me to get to talking and forget my cooking. Now honey, I've got you looking wise as an owl—run call your Pa to supper. If he is looking cross and tired don't worry him by talking."

Before leaving the kitchen to look for his father, Paul looked at his mother and with his voice rich in love said:

"Ma, you know what I'm going to do? I am going to be a preacher like Bro. Crawford and say 'cowagin' things to you so you'll sing."

"Bless my boy's heart. Now run along and do what I told you to.—I believe that child understands things as well as most grown folks. He just won't let any excuse keep him from church or Sunday School. And—there, there, Hannah, it is your business to train your

children up in the fear of the Lord and your Master will lot out their lives for them, if you do your part."

* * * *

A white haired gentleman with the kindly, sympathetic, and loving face that is characteristic of those grown old in the Master's service, was crossing one of the crowded streets in the busy but wicked sea-port town of N—. When he was lifted up and carried hastily to the side walk.

"Thank you, young man, we did not have those horseless things when I was young, consequently, it comes a little unhandy to always be looking out for them. It is too bad that the owner of the thing is so reckless. The old folks are grieved when they see the way the youth of to-day are wasting their lives. I tell you, young man, this is a beautiful world we are living in, but the young folks don't seem to have time to see if it really is beautiful. As I stand aside and watch it brings more forcibly to my heart that saying—I can't remember it exactly, but, any way, it means this: "The whole universe is in tune with God, only man is out of harmony!"

By this time they had walked up the street as far as a saloon. The young man, who was a policeman, still held the old gentleman's arm. As they reached the saloon the officer looked longingly in but one glance at the beautiful old face by his side—and he walked on with him.

"Young man, is there a Salvation Army Building around here close? I have always wanted to talk with the leaders and since I am in town I will take advantage of the opportunity."

The young officer had just left "his beat" to go to his boarding house for supper. Since he had plenty of time he decided to be the old man's guide. They finally reached the building and found the Army was having evening worship. After the services the officer went as far as the old gentleman's hotel—"Just to see," as he said, "that the dear soul got in safe." The gentleman shook his

hand as they stood on the hotel steps, saying as he did so:

"God bless you young man. I shall remember you in my prayers and thank God for the steady policemen of our town. Good night."

The younger man seemed loath to let go the friendly grasp of the older. He stood there as if he had not the power to move. The older gentleman turned away and repeated his good night.

"Wait a minute—this is the nearest I have been to a church in eight years, since I went to the old church at home and sat upon the front bench and listened to Bro. Crawford—don't say anything yet—I'm going home, stay there until I get ahold of myself, or rather, until God gets ahold of me, then, go to college as my mother wanted me to. Yes. I shall yet be a preacher like Bro. Crawford."

Well, well it is Paul. Come, come my boy—I told your Ma her faith and training would not come to naught. We will show her, won't we?"

"My mother, mother—is she still living?"

"Yes, her faith in God has kept her heart from breaking. Her neighbors never have known that two of her boys went to the bad. My son, your mother is very much like the patriarch Jacob, in her steadfast hold on God. She has been my inspiration in every task I undertake."

* * * *

"Bro. Crawford, as usual, my comforter. You say you have good news of my boy, Paul—Bro. Crawford, the Lord has punished me for thinking that I was worthy to bring up one to preach His word. All I ask now is, that they may be saved. They have backslidden. But I can't help but believe that my prayers will be answered some day—"

"Oh! Paul! Paul! you've come home to your Ma."

* * * *

Go to a rising little town in the State of M—fl There is a young man of thirty whom will see and know before

you have been in the town a half-day. He is in the stores, at the depot, up to the school-house, and over in the pastor's study, in the church at one and the same time, it seems. His face has a certain "eagerness to do" about it. The marks of dissipation have been erased from his face. He is the life of that little town. His broad, manly shoulders are lifted up under the burdens of a town full of people. On Sundays as he stands in his pulpit and tells the "Message" to his people his clear blue eyes send out a message as uplifting and helpful as his lips. Sometimes he slips away to a little country home in the State of N—. A white haired minister is always sent for on these occasions. And three hearts, besides the many others touched by the young minister, are happy as the wrinkled old mother says:

"Bro. Crawford, he has at last turned his face toward Palestine."

Kate Jones.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

On a beautiful farm in Southern Kansas, lived a contented farmer with his wife and two children, Thomas and Susie.

This farm was on the banks of the Saluda river, and was very productive. It was known by every body, as Pleasant Nook. Not very far across the river was a thick forest, in which wild animals often roamed, for this was still a wild, thinly settled country. It was only two weeks before Christmas, when the incident I am to tell you of happened.

The children's parents had gone to a town twenty miles away, and they had promised to care for every thing, and be good children until father and mother came back, which would be some time in the night.

All day long Thomas and Susie were as happy as they could be, for they had many Christmas secrets, and were planning surprises. After dinner they went across the

river to play in the edge of the forest, for they were afraid to go very far from home alone.

Thomas took his gun with him, hoping to kill some squirrels. He was very successful, for they were soon on their way home, with two nice large ones. They were anxious to have every thing attended to, and have a nice supper when their father and mother came home. Susie dressed the squirrels, while Thomas kindled the fire and prepared the oven. As soon as it was ready to cook they put the oven on the fire and went out together to do the night work, leaving the doors open.

Susie milked the cows, fed the chickens and turkeys and gathered up the eggs, while Thomas split the wood, carried the water, fed the horses and sheep and locked them safely in their stables. Then they started back from the barnyard, feeling sure every thing was all right. They entered the house through the back door and found that it was dark inside, because they had not thought of lighting the camp.

While Thomas was searching for some matches, Susie went to the oven to see about the squirrels. She found them all right, and Thomas had returned with the matches, when they heard an awful roaring noise behind them. Very much terrified they looked around, but could see nothing in the dark except two firey balls, like the eyes of some wild animal. The children were so frightened they did not know what to do. Their parents had taught them to pray, and they knew if they asked God He would help them. So they each breathed a prayer in their hearts. A voice seemed to speak to Thomas and told him to take a burning stick from under the oven. He immediately acted on this suggestion and with the burning stick drove the beast out of the house. He could see by the blaze of his stick that it was a large panther.

Imagine how their father and mother thanked God for saving their children, when they learned all about their danger.

Sub-Collegiate.

ONE STEP ENOUGH FOR ME.

I do not ask that I may see
Far adown the future years—
May know what there is hidden
For me of joy or tears.
Content am I, dear Father,
To trust them all to Thee.
With my hand in Thine fast clasped,
One step enough for me.

II.

Patient, my soul, the Master guides thee,
Though the way seem dark as night;
Through the darkest of life's conflicts
He will lead thee into light.
Joy awaits thee in the morning,
He has planned it all for thee;
Then seek thou not to lift the veil,
One step enough for me.

III.

Then lead me onward, O my Master,
No ways are unknown to Thee,
I will trust into thy leading
Through time and through eternity.
The coming years I will meet bravely,
Since thou to them hast the key,
Let my path be bright or shadowed
One step enough for me.





STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Josie McBride
ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Sue Carpenter
LITERARY EDITOR	Jessie Bryant
ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR	Emma Wright
EXCHANGE EDITOR	Sadie Goodwin
LOCAL EDITOR	Leila Mae McKenzie
FINE ARTS EDITOR	Jo Garrett
BUSINESS MANAGER	Etta Scarborough
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER	Ethel Black
EDITOR ALPHA LIT. SOCIETY	Callie Vaughan
EDITOR BETA LIT. SOCIETY	Kate Jones

JOSIE McBRIDE SUE CARPENTER
 Editors.

After a careful consideration it was decided not to publish a January Magazine. There are many good reasons for this change in our work this year, and we hope to make the remaining better than ever before.

After our pleasant holidays we returned to meet examinations face to face, consequently, but little time could be spent on magazine work until after January.

The new staff was elected not long after our return and they are helping to get out the February number, after which we will let our mantle fall upon their more competent shoulders.

As this is our last magazine, we, the staff for the fall term of 1909-'10, wish to express our thanks and apprecia-

tion for the support which our friends have given us during the past months.

It would have been impossible for us to have published a single magazine without the help of the faculty and students. The faculty has been very patient and considerate in all our troubles, and under their good leadership and encouragement we accomplished things that would have been otherwise impossible.

The girls have given us really good material this year, and have seemed more willing to contribute, which proves that college spirit is increasing each month. We wish to thank every girl who has in anyway aided us this term. We appreciate every subscription and every literary contribution. There are some who have not helped us in any way, but, girls, it is not too late. There is another staff that will need your help, so just atone for the past by doing your best for Isaqueena the remaining months of this session.

We also wish to express our thanks and appreciation for the many favors shown us by the publishers. It is useless to try to mention the many kindnesses done, but we appreciate them more than we are able to express.

To our outside friends also we are grateful for support. Many business establishments have advertised in our magazine; for this substantial help we are grateful. Other friends have subscribed for the magazine, of course we are glad to have every one who is interested see each copy.

We turn over the work now into new hands, we know they will have to work hard, but pleasure will come too. We wish them great success in magazine work the coming months. We are not only willing that they shall profit by our experience, but if we can at any time render them service we shall do so cheerfully.

READING.

Without exception, reading is the most profitable way to spend our spare time. First, let us look at the variety of literature, and find what a deep insight it gives us to God's universe. From the newspapers and magazines, we learn, not only, what is happening in our own country, but, foreign countries as well. From histories we gain a knowledge of the growth of civilization and Christianity, and, last of all, from fiction we derive a great deal of pleasure, if not real help. There are some people, who spend too much time reading things that ought never to be published, a great many while away the hours, when they might be improving their intellects. When we read, let us read something worth while, and remember Bacon's words:

"Reading maketh the full man."

What dreadful monster has come within our walls, changing our happy faces to those of solemnity and anxiety? Again has rolled around the visit of our unwelcome guest, whose approach the bravest of us meet with fear and trembling. He stays with us persistently and even at night when our sleep would be sweet and untroubled, he fiendishly bends over our pillows and whispers horrible forebodings within our ear. Excited groups assemble here and there and with grave faces form conspiracies against him; when we pass the doors of friends we are forbidden entrance by large signs of, "Do not disturb" and "Busy." They are closeted within trying to "cram" sufficient knowledge of defeat the foe.

Let us arm ourselves with determination and resolve to conquer and not to be conquered by—examinations. Let us be brave, and with ever buoyant hope cheer our drooping spirits by pointing to a time when our hopes and aspirations will be realized.

Exchange Department

SADIE GOODWIN.

Editor.

With this issue, we close our career as an exchange editor, and shift the blame or praise of the future on our successor. We hope that she will derive as much of pleasure as well as profit from the work as we have. We realize that we have not been judging the work of masters, nor have we considered ourselves master critics, but have tried to make criticisms in accordance with the degree of our own knowledge and we trust that we have been fair to all alike.

There seems to be an idea prevalent that the exchange department is a very dry, uninteresting part of the magazine and that its editor holds an unenviable position. The latter is true in some respects but this is a work that gives excellent training in a way. By reading the writings of so many different writers, immature though they be, and attempting to enumerate the good and bad points, one learns to appreciate the best of reading matter and to raise his standard accordingly.

As we did not succeed in getting out a January number of our magazine, we find on our table both the January, and December issues.

The first which we review is the Newberry Stylus and in this copy we are just a little disappointed. The mass of the material is heavy and bulky and we find only one single poem. The best article that it contains seems to be the sketch of "Percy Bysche Shelley." This is clearly and concisely written. "A Mountain Climb" is interest-

ing, but the author enters too much into detail. "A Confession" we must confess is loose in conception and rather superficial. "The Prohibition Movement" is too large a subject for the space given it here. The departments also have room for improvement, the editorial being the best.

We commend the Mercerian especially for the fact that a greater percent of the student body have contributed to its support than is the case with many of the magazines. We find in this number articles from eleven different students and more than one article from some of these. We are heartily glad to see this, and think we may safely predict success for any magazine where such is the case. We always condemn work that is not original for if the work is not performed by the students the very purpose of the publication is defeated. The essay, "Tennyson Today" shows thorough preparation and careful construction—very good indeed. "In the Stilly Night" is a melodious, dainty little verse. "The Prince and the Beggar Maid" is good in plot. We are pleased with the sudden change that comes at the end. It adds interest and reminds us of Bunner's "Sisterly Scheme." "Bill's Last Request" is also interesting because of the art in preserving the continuity of thought—one thought or event leading directly to another and leaving no room for unnecessary details. We enjoyed the sketch of Books and Authors. On the whole this magazine does credit to the college from which it comes.

We disapprove the Carolinian because it lacks the very quality just commended in the Mercerian. Within its covers are found three short poems, two stories, and one address. Of these, two poems are the work of the same author, one story is the product of a member of the staff, and the address is from an outside source altogether. We admit that the address is well worth our attention, but the story, "The Burden of Guilt," is hardly worth the space that it occupies, having neither plot nor purpose.

We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions..

"The Wade Hampton Society Number" of the Winthrop Journal is a very attractive one, giving evidence of the three elements—knowledge of subject-matter, power to display that knowledge, and the willingness to display it—all of which are necessary for a success. The stories are fresh, original, and well constructed. The poems are good in form and thought. "And a Little Child Shall Lead," and "Grandfather's Favorite Story" are best for condensation of thought and the extension of interest throughout. "The Whispering of the Willow" seems to be the work of an amateur as it lacks the main essentials of the short story. The "grave and important" subject of the Peary-Cook controversy is a broad one for the average college girl, but we must agree that both sides have handled their arguments well, showing a thorough knowledge of facts. The departments of this number are below the ordinary.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: The Lenoirian, The Furman Echo, The Concept, The Criterion, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Record, The Wofford Journal, The Erskinian, The Mercerian, The Stetson Collegiate, The Schofield Bulletin, St. Mary's Muse, The Co-Ed, Chicora Almacen, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Palmetto, The Winthrop Journal, The Newberry Stylus, The Carolinian, The College Folio, and The Limestone Star.





CARO TRULUCK
Editor.

We begin this new year resolving to do more and better work in our Y. W. C. A. than ever before.

For sometime we have been contemplating organizing a Y. W. A. in connection with the Y. W. C. A. so that our girls would be familiar with the work by the Woman's Missionary Union, and that we may receive the benefits of the literature published by them. At the business meeting in December this matter was discussed, and seemed to be approved by all. At a later meeting it was voted and carried that we should organize ourselves, through our Missionary Committee as a Y. W. A. and then a committee was appointed to revise the constitution.

There was a public meeting of the Y. W. C. A. in the auditorium Sunday afternoon, January the fourteenth. The meeting was arranged by the Missinoary Committee. Mr. J. F. Lide, of Furman University, made an address which was very helpful and enjoyed by all.

The Volunteer Bands of Furman University, Chicora and Greenville Female College are expecting to entertain the South Carolina Volunteer Convention, Feb. 11, 12, 13. They are hoping to make this the best of the conventions

and hope as many of the volunteers of the State as possible will come.

The last two meetings were devoted to the reports from the Rochester Convention. Our delegates were, Miss Thomas of the faculty, and Misses Florrie Lee Lawton, and Jessie Bryant of the student body.

GLIMPSES OF THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CON- TION

By Miss Thomas.

“Believing that the present unfolding of the plan of God for the non-Christian nation makes imperative further consideration by Christian students of the obligations resting upon them for the evangelization by the world, we invite colleges, universities and other institutions of higher learning of Canada and the United States to be represented by students and professors at the sixth convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, to be held in Rochester, New York, December, 29, 1909 to January 2, 1910.”

So read the call to the sixth international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement. In response to its clarion note 3,624 delegates from 722 institutions, from 49 states and provinces, from 29 countries assembled at the appointed time and place. It was a sight to bring intense joy to the hearts by all those who love God and his kingdom as those hundreds of earnest, Christian young men and women gathered in that immense hall, facing a platform green-wreathed in honor of the birthday of the one whose name will one day be the salvation of the many nations, whose flags hung from the ceiling over the room full. When with united, earnest voice, they prayed as one man, “Thy Kingdom come,” God in his mercy came near to hear. When they sang,—“Faith of Our Fathers! Holy Faith! We Will be True Till Death!” the firm re-

solve, came from hearts that had counted the cost yet had not flinched.

The first hymn and the first scripture lesson gave the spirit of the whole convention. "Come Thou Almighty King." "Be merciful unto us and bless us and cause thy face to shine upon us that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." The chairman of the convention, John R. Mott, led in a prayer of adoration of a God worthy of all praise in whose mighty presence we awaited blessing. The spirit of his beautiful prayer was voiced by hundreds as they sang, "Crown Him With Many Crowns, The Lamb Upon the Throne." Then as we "hushed ourselves in the presence of God and the greatest concern of the human mind," Sherwood Eddy, traveling secretary for India, led us in the consideration of the important question. "Is our Christianity worth propagating?" He showed that if we could not interpret Christ by our lives, it would be better and cheaper to send them Bibles. The question discussed was seen to be a very different question from, "Is Christianity worth propagating?"

Then in God's presence we sought answers to five searching questions:

First. What is my personality? For by that I must influence.

Second. Do I get fresh life daily from the Bible?

Third. Is prayer the breathing of my soul in God?

Fourth. Am I so full of the constraining love of Christ that I must and do win souls?

Fifth. Am I victorious over sin? Each heart knowing its our sin, echoed the prayer sung by the association quartet:

"So wash me clean, without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that be best;
No matter how, if only sin
Grow out in me."

Robert E. Speer, whose name is familiar for his missionary work and writings, then led our thoughts on the "Wonderful Allsatisfying Christ." No matter the kind of need, intellectual questioning, trouble, joy that needs to roughen itself in sharing the world's need, a callousness that knows not its need,—Christ can this moment satisfy.

Though we have repeated Hindoo and Mohammedan famines, we have no Christian famines,—physical need is satisfied. Morally Christ is at once the ideal and the power by which to fulfil the ideal. Socially, there is no aloneness with Christ near. As we face death, Christ alone gives hope. Christ satisfies us not because of our peculiarity, but because of his universality. He will satisfy all men. The address closed with the forceful paradox that: "Christ alone can save the world, but Christ cannot save the world alone." He must work through human eyes, human hands, human feet.

Again the quartet summed up for us the tendency of our thought as they sang of the unfading exhaustless, untold riches of Christ.

Dr. Rhees, President of Rochester University, in his benediction, again emphasized our weakness, Christ's all-sufficiency, by commending us to him who is able to present us faultless."

Our hearts yearning anew for soul purity and spiritual attainment, filled anew with a vision of our Christ as the only advocacy, we turned with fresh interest to view the conditions which make our watchword, "The Evangelization of the World in the present generation," an imperative need if the Great Commission is, humanly speaking, ever to be fulfilled.

Familiar with the judgment of missionaries on these conditions, we were eager to hear what that man, who has done more than any other living man has done to help nations understand each other, James Bryce, thought of the situation. He assured us that we have before us a

great task in which all knowledge and training will be useful. We must know how to use tact in our approach and to use the best in their religions as an introduction to our religion. This is true not only in India, China and Japan, but also Moslem countries.

He named this a critical auspicious moment. The change and development of non-Christian lands was never as great as now. Nine tenths of the population of the world is under control of civilized people. Scarce a spot is unreached by the white man. Soon only a few meaningless superstitions will survive from their religions. Let us give these people something to take the place of their religions before the instinct for religion and reverence dies. Are we not responsible for these backward races, since we have taken their fate into our hands? People fear the conflict of races but if we use Christian principles in dealing with them we need not fear.

Not all of us can be missionaries, but we all either retard or help on religion. Our lives witness either to the hollowness or to the fullness of our faith.

This time opportunity and need is also a time of greatest temptation to materialism, but "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

This Volunteer movement is great in its results among the heathern, and in brightening the Christian life and in bringing the kingdom here. "I cannot tell you how it impresses me to look into so many faces soon to be scattered to try to bring life, be it at home or abroad." Closing he left with us the word of Paul, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord." Such words of hearty Godspeed from James Bryce should silence a doubting public.

At the Baptist conference Friday afternoon we heard directly from various fields through four minute reports. One of the most encouraging was from Dr. St. John, of

Rangoon Baptist College. There, sowing and plowing have been going on for a century. Christian missionaries have taught that Christian character is a real thing. The literature prepared for several tribes is also working. As a result Kareus, Yahoos, Burmans and Budhists are pressing into the Kingdom. Natives are having their professions to preach. Teachers, judges, inspectors and even government officials are preaching in connection with their other work. Yet churches are pastorless and many churches are praying for a flood of helpers.

Dr. Moore brought a black picture from Assam of a people who, far from understanding why a missionary has come to them, think he has come because there is a famine in his own land. Failing utterly to understand human family love they cannot yet learn of Christ's love.

Professor Martin of Ongole reports a great and splendid race to be won for our Lord.

Dr. Dearing, late president of Yokohama Theological seminary brought us a quotation from an address made twenty-three years ago by the honored Dr. Ashmore which sent Dr. Dearing to the field." Dear Christian friends I come to plead with you for more helpers." He passed the message on to us. Many workers on the field are disabled; many at home on furlough cannot return; all the workers native and foreign on his field only average one Christian to ninety or one hundred priests. The better class of Japanese are ready to help but not having had moral or religious training at home or in Sunday school; they need the training we can give.

Mr. Adams of Central China brought the message from the Chinamen to us, "Ask them to pray that we may be purer. Ask them to pray for laborers."

Joseph Clark told of the progress made on the Congo during the twenty-nine years since he went out. "Then the Gospel had been carried in one hundred and sixty miles from the coast, now it has gone in sixteen hundred

miles. The love of God has penetrated the dark hearts under the dark skins. There is nothing to discourage the missionary in Africa. Would to God I might have many more than twenty-nine years there."

The report from the Philippines was also encouraging. Ten years ago there was no Baptist there. Today three thousand Baptists and thirty self-supporting churches are in the islands. Industrial and medical work has advanced accordingly. Missionary Robbins who has worked there since 1902 said, "I would rather put five years work there than twenty-five here."

The greetings from the foreign lands presented at the last session of the convention again urged upon us the greatness and imminency of the world's need of our Saviour.

From Buenos Ayes, the call came, "The crisis here challenges the Student Volunteers."

Russia cries, "Need intense. Possibilities tremendous."

From Calcutta, "India's restlessness and religious thirst challenge Christianity. Reinforce or Retrench."

From Japan, "After fifty years of planting, the harvest is imminent. Where are the laborers?"

Shanghai, China questions, "God melted ancient China; who will mould the new China?"

From Fuchaw, "Changing China needs the unchanging Christ." In the face of these hungry appeals, the question repeated in the convention comes to the hearts of those who can heed, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?"

Mr. Eddy made the closing address of the convention upon the three fold vision we had had of (1st) a deeper life more joyous and more victorious; (2nd) a needy world of roughened men, defenseless women, blighted children; (3rd) of Jesus himself. We must be dull of heart indeed to pass him by. "Let us not be disobedient unto these heavenly visions."

The most impressive and most encouraging scene of the convention then took place. In response to the call for those who as new missionaries expected to go from the ranks of the volunteers to the field in the next twelve months, ninety-two young men and women rose upon the platform. They will more than fill the places of the sixty one whom God has placed on His honor roll in these last four years. They go to join the four thousand three hundred and forty-six volunteers who have gone out since 1895. Their reasons for going expressed determination and zeal for their noble work. One goes to Burmah, because he wants a hard field. One goes to India to answer the call of a tremendous need. One goes back to China where he found Christ. A young woman goes to China because she cannot face eternity unless she obeys Christ in this. Many go because they want their lives to count as they cannot here.

In conclusion we sang:

“Oh Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Oh let me see thy foot marks
And in them plant my own.”

Never again can those same 3,624 earnest, young voices join in hymn or prayer but as they speak individually or in groups in Moslem Africa, caste stricken India waking China, or materialistic America, may listening hearts grow tender, answering tones reverent, lives grow purer.

May they be an ever increasing company of those who labor to heal the open sores of the world and to bring in the great day when all men everywhere shall know and worship the Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

Laura Erwin.

Judson Literary Society

Beta Department

The Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society entertained the Beta division on Saturday night, January 15th, in the Voice hall.

The Alphas were dressed as young men. Promptly at 8:30 o'clock each young man called at the apartment of his best girl and escorted her to the reception hall, where we were entertained with progressive games, which were very interesting, especially as a prize was offered to the young lady who should win the most games. Miss Lucile Grainger was the fortunate one, and she was presented with a beautiful picture.

The teachers were entertained with the 1910 menu contest, the winner being Miss Norris, to whom was presented a box of stationery.

After the contests we were served with delightful refreshments consisting of hot chocolate and dainty crackers.

The evening was very much enjoyed by all.

The Beta Society programs have been very good since Christmas, but we lack the college spirit that we should have.

Girls, we must not forget that the future of our society depends on each one of us, the officers cannot make the society a success unless we support them.

Let it not be said of the Betas of 1909 and 1910 that they failed to show the interest that they should. We must not let the society fall from the honored position it has always held. We owe it as a tribute to the dearly beloved Dr. C. H. Judson, for whom the Judson Literary Society was named. It is our duty to the girls that are to follow in our steps. And the only way for us to reach

the goal we are striving for, is to work. Our aim in the society is not only to make each girl feel proud that she is a member of such a busy and industrious society, but that it has been a real benefit to her in preparing her for her future work. If we cannot make our society a good success, I am afraid we are not yet prepared to take our stand in the world and be of very much value to it. So let us renew our spirit, and let each girl join in with enthusiasm in making our society stand loyal and true to our yell.

Rah, rah, rah, rah rah ree,
Which is the best society?
Who is the best, who is the Worst,
Beta's, Beta's, we are the first.

Callie Vaughn.

Alpha Department

The Alpha Division of the Judson Literary Society has recorded only two meetings on its nineteen and tenth leaf in its book of years. Both meetings have been interesting. A great deal of enthusiasm is being shown by the Alpha since the holidays. Our last meeting, January the twenty-ninth, proved that. At this meeting the usual program was carried out, and after the program a member gave a rousing talk on college spirit and love for our Alma Mater. In it she said "We are not going to allow our brothers, mere boys', to get ahead of us in love for their Alma Mater." It was a speech full of loyalty which excited others, including new members, to express their opinion on the same subject.

We are loyal and have plenty of college spirit, but it hasn't been awakened yet. We admit that our Alumnae are ahead of us in manifestation of college spirit. For us to know that something is wrong is for us to act. So watch, we are growing. We have planned many things

by which we are to show our love for our President and for dear old G. F. C. We are ashamed, as members of the Alpha Division of the Judson Literary Society that the Alumnæ of G. F. C. are ahead of us in showing their love for our and their Alma Mater, but again I say watch us, we are coming.

On Saturday night, January the fifteenth, the Alpha Society entertained the Betas with a reception in the college parlors.

Kate Jones.





LEILA MAI MCKENZIE

Editor.

Since the Christmas holidays it has been hard to get back to work again, but the mid term examinations succeeded in bringing us back to stern reality—work.

We have several new girls in for the last term's work. We are glad to welcome them. However, several of our old friends did not return. We are sorry indeed to lose them.

There has been only one Lyceum number since our return. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis gave a very interesting as well as instructive lecture on John Ruskin. It was enjoyed by all.

Dr. J. W. Daniel lectured for the benefit of our magazine, on the 20th of January. His lecture was entitled, "Indian Place-names, and Legends." Everyone, I think felt repaid for going.

A public meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in our auditorium, January 16th. A splendid address was made by Mr. James F. Lide, of Furman.

Hon. L. O. Patterson addressed the student body on the 17th of this month. "A Trip to Norway," was his subject, and we learned many interesting things about that Northern country.

Several of the young ladies have spent a few days at their homes, since the holidays. Among them are: Misses Janie Hughes, Hortense Marchant, Mary Belle Fuller, Myrtle Lanford, Ollie Sims, Rose Harris, Virginia Hutchings, and Kate and Curtis Harper.

Rat S-c B-r-d on hearing that quotations for a society meeting were miscellaneous, asked if that meant "from anybody?"

Senior N-n E-t-m-n-e asked the other day, on hearing a girl say she was going to the photographer,—“Why what are you going to do there?”





Fine Art
Department



JO GARRETTE
Editor.

THE EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.

Expression is taught at G. F. C. according to the methods of the School of Expression in Boston, as Miss Robbins is a graduate of that school.

The school of Expression is a school of training. Its methods aim to develop the whole man. Specific exercises are given for the mind, voice, and body. The correction of faults is positive not negative. The real powers and possibilities of every student are awakened and brought to consciousness. While courses are given in literature and poetry, the facts alone are not studied, but the student. It is the aim to awaken an appreciation of all the arts by showing that the foundation of expression is in the natural languages.

One of its greatest purposes is interpretation in its broadest meaning, which includes public speaking, conversation, reading, acting, teaching, preaching, and lecturing.

The School of Expression not only trains by most scientific methods the voice and body to enable them to express feelings and emotions, but it also transforms a raw student into one of culture and strength.

It bases all its work on the action of the mind, even vocal training and the developments of the body as well as pantomimic expression and vocal expression have all been given a psychological basis. This is seen by the naturalness and power which are developed in the students.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

“Yea, music in the Prophets art,
Among the gifts that God has sent,
One of the most magnificent.”

A glee club has been organized under the disectorship of Prof. Morse, with the following officers: Leila Mai McKenzie, president; Ruth Smith, vice-president; Caro Truluck treasurer. This will no doubt prove a benefit as well as a pleasure for the vocal students. The members of the club hope to do good work, and be prepared for a concert by the first of March.

The Choral Society was organized Monday night, Jan. 24th, in the G. F. C. Voice hall. A very enthusiastic rehearsal was led by Prof. Morse. The idea of the society is not to have a festival this year, but to help keep chorus work alive until next year. Prof. Morse, who had already proved himself a musical director of unusual talent will no doubt produce great result, and will probably give a concert during the year.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle, Germany, Feb. 23, 1685. The boy Handel, from his earliest childhood seems to have been passionately fond of music. He was not permitted to attend any of the music concerts, or public schools, for fear he would learn something about music.

His father was a surgeon, but he wanted the boy Handel to study law, but the child was not content with this; he wanted to study music. So the child of seven years, when he could get a few hours alone, perhaps at night, would steal up in the garret, and there, on a little dumb spinet learned to play.

But later, father Handel went on a visit to the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels, and little George begged so hard to go, his father carried him. While there he was caught

playing the chapel organ, and was brought before the Duke, who patted the little fellow on the back with a "Bra-Vo!" Then the Duke turned to his father and told him that his son was a genius. The father was very much astonished, and the boy was wild with delight.

From this time on through his early career fortune seemed to smile on Handel. Though his training was severe, he had the patronage, and encouragement of good friends, and was constantly in the society of the best composers of the time. He had many wholesale rivals, but these only served to strengthen him for his work.

He was the favorite pupil of the great Halle organist, Zachan, who after he had taught him all he could about fugues, told him with pride that he already knew more than his master. He advised him to go to Berlin, and study the opera, under the auspices of the Elector of Brandenburg. There he met his lifetime rival Bononicini, who determined to put Handel's power to the test. He composed an elaborate piece, which he challenged Handel to play at sight, Handel did this with great ease. This rivalry was almost the ruin of both. Later while they were opera-writers for the Royal Academy of music, they were always quarreling and finally this led to disgraceful riots in the theatre, and in 1728 ruined the enterprise. Then each organized a company of his own. In 1737 the two enterprises ruined each other, Handel losing all his savings and suffering a partial stroke of paralysis.

But today Handel's greatness comes to us, not through his operas, on which he spent the most and best part of his life., but through his oratorios, the greatest of which in the Messiah. His oratorios number in all about twenty, Handel was fifty-three years old, before he composed his first oratorio. His operas which are no longer known, because based on poor bibrettos and written in an obsolete musical and dramatic dialect, number about forty full operas.

Handel's service to instrumental music was great. He was a superior organist, and to most of his oratorio performances contributed what were called 'concertos,' these works are distinctly concertistic, rather than churchly; and they stand detached from the German school, to which they technically belong, in their disregard of chorale-material. In all he wrote some seventy overtures.

Handel was more beloved, and his music more appreciated during his life, than most of our great composers. One incident especially shows the love of the people. When George I. of England took possession of the throne, he was angry with Handel on account of the latter's failure to perform his duty while he was choirmaster to the Elector of Hanover. So for a time Handel was banished in disgrace.

But the atmosphere of London was charged with Handel. People sang him in the streets, the band played him in the Palace yard, and his name was inscribed on numberless music books, programmes and newspapers.

One day as the King went down the river in his state barge, a boat came after him playing new and delightful "Water Music." But one man could write such music, so the King called for Handel and sealed his pardon. The day on which they were reconciled was a day of feasting and joy.

One reason why Handel's music was so popular was that he broke away from the old German style of writing operas, which had a stiff, set rule that all must go by. Of course that left no room for originality.

His development was mainly an independent one, guided by his own desires and the possibilities of his public. He was fortunate in choosing to work in England where tradition were unformed, and made it possible to deal freely with all forms, and devise new ones.

Personally, Handel was bluff and hearty, much inclined to society, and with keen insight into character. He had

one offer of marriage which he respectfully declined, and lived a life of single blessedness.

In 1753 he became almost totally blind, but continued active till within ten days of his death, which was on good Friday, April 13th, 1759. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, with notable public honors.

Callie Vaughan.



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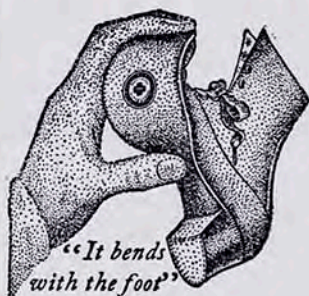
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