

4-1-1910

## The Isaqueena - 1910, April

Zelle Loadholt  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# Isaqueena

April 1910

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## Table of Contents

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### LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

An Easter Symphony.....	3
Her Resolution.....	4
The Jesuits.....	8
Opportunities Lost.....	13
A Heroine of the Confederacy.....	14
“American College Architecture”.....	20
Harmony.....	23
Love.....	23
Habitability of Other Worlds.....	26
Aunt Chaney.....	30
Galileo.....	33
To the Isaqueena.....	36
David Swingston.....	36
Love’s Lesson.....	40
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.....	41
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.....	47
LOCAL DEPARTMENT.....	49
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT.....	53
JUDSON LITERARY DEPARTMENT.....	55
FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT.....	57

# Isaqueena

VOL. V

GREENVILLE, S. C., APRIL, 1910

NO. 6

Published Monthly by the Students of Greenville Female College  
Entered at Greenville, S. C., Post Office as Second Class Matter.



NELLIE WHITTEN

BELLE COONER

Editors.

## AN EASTER SYMPHONY.

Hark—

I.

Hear you not

Early in the hush of dawn

A melody which rises sweet and still?

'Tis from the lily's snow-white trumpet blown;

Her fragrant heart sends out the magic tone.

Then borne aloft upon the morning breeze,

The thrilling notes are whispered in the trees,

Repeated low by waking birds of song—

Now here, now there—the theme is passed along.

When golden harp-strings of the sun flung high

Are sounded as a deep chord in blue sky,

A burst of music answers; field and stream,  
The choirs of nature all take up the theme,  
And as the harmonies mount joyfully,  
Blend earth and air in one grand symphony.

## II.

Upon the balanced euphony is heard  
A woman's voice, high soaring like a bird  
In joy of freedom; hailing life and light  
With winged words up-springing from the night.  
A man's deep thrilling tones repeat the phrase,  
A child's clear treble greets this day of days—  
Hark—choir on choir, mankind is answering all  
The throbbing bells, the organ's prolonged call.  
High overhead the happy angels sing;  
The very stars of heav'n in sweet chimes ring.  
As music surges to the throne above,  
Where Three in One are ever praised in love,  
These are the words that men and angels say:  
"Rejoice! The Lord of Light is risen to-day!"

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### HER RESOLUTION.

"Oh, Kate, what shall I wear tomorrow night?" cried little Jennie Green, a member of the Junior class of Cliffard Seminary. This speech was addressed to a member of that class also, and one who was especially attentive to the poor little orphan, Jennie. Her mother had died when she was only four years old and a few years later her father followed, leaving her upon the mercies of a kind, though poor relation, to whom it was quite a sacrifice to keep Jennie in school.

"It is useless to expect Cousin Mollie to send it," Jennie continued, "it is too great a task that they should keep me in school, and oh, Kate, you know I have nothing to wear for evening. What a poor little forsaken wretch I shall appear among that crowd of girls, beauti-

fully attired in their glittering costumes. I shall feel so humiliated!" she cried in a burst of tears. "Hush, dear," cried Kate, "you shall be as pretty as any there, if your dress is not quite so fine. Nothing can mar the beauty of your sweet face, dear," with a kiss and a whisper not to worry longer and all would be well.

Kate Wilson, greatly troubled in mind, made her way up the great stairway to her room on the third floor. Her heart was too full for words that night, so there was little conversation between her and her room-mate. She was thinking—thinking, if there were any way by which a dress could be gotten for poor little Jennie. "How I wish I could help her, poor little thing."

At last her room-mate saw that something was troubling her friend and asked to share the trouble. "Well, Minnie, it is just this," she said, "you know poor little Jennie Green's story, I dare say all of our girls know it, but I'm afraid we are not to her what we should be. How bright we might make that poor little life, if we but tried. She is worried because she hasn't a dress for our Junior reception tomorrow night. Her liberal cousin has struggled to keep her in school all these years, and of course she wouldn't dare ask him for the dress. How I wish she had a dress like either mine or yours! Oh Minnie, if we could only help her!" "Oh, pshaw!" cried Minnie Muys rudely, "here you come again with a yarn about that little outcast. You will be leaving me and wanting to room with her the next thing I know. How can we help it because she isn't of our 'set,' and had poor, ill bred parents? It's no concern of ours. You go with that little scrape-grace quite too much anyway, and none of our set approve of it, I can assure you." So saying, the infuriated girl hastily tumbled into bed and in a few minutes was snoring vigorously.

"Oh, Minnie, how can you be so cruel," Kate thought. "Poor little Jennie, such a pretty face, and those pitiful



blue eyes. They are too hard on you, these proud girls, but I shall not forget you, little girl."

The next morning Kate arose with a great determination in her heart. She had asked God to show her a way to help Jennie and she believed her prayer to be answered. No more did she say to her room-mate or the other proud girls, who sneered at her affection for the little orphan. She knew she would only be laughed at, but her mind was made up. Quickly she opened one of her chiffonier drawers and took out an exquisite pink satin, her reception dress, which her mother had sent her a week ago. "What a beautiful thing it is, how much money it must have cost, and wouldn't it look swell on me?" With these thoughts revolving in her mind the little heroine almost lost her courage. "How the other girls will jeer," she cried, "and, dear old dress, how I shall hate to give you up. What would mother say? I wonder if she will be very angry. Oh! I can't give you up, you exquisite glittering thing." But just then the sad face of Jennie came before her and it seemed to say to her, "What shall I do for a dress to wear?" "I will do it" she exclaimed with renewed determination, "and how happy I shall make the little girl."

Hastily wrapping the beloved dress in a parcel, she puts on her hat and cloak, and, with the consent of the Dean, hastens to Whaler and Barton's a large dry goods store. We will not say Katie's heart was quite happy for it was not. It was a great sacrifice to part with so beautiful a thing, the prettiest dress she had ever had, and with what pleasure she had looked forward to wearing it!

"I can get two real pretty dresses, quite nice enough for any one, with the money this one cost," she thought. "Mother certainly must have paid a great sum for it." She had reached the store now and the clerk looked at her with great wonder as she briefly stated her errand.

She wished to exchange this dress, she said quite bravely, for two less expensive dresses.

She selected from the great quantity of finery, two dresses of white silk, which were very pretty, though nothing to compare with the elaborate one with which she had just parted. The clerk did not know what a struggle was going on within the poor girl's heart.

At last she gained the street, and walked swiftly back to the college, she put her bundles away and threw herself across her bed. "Good-bye, dear old dress," she cried, "good-bye." Then suddenly disgusted with herself she dashed her tears away and said, "Oh I should not care so much. I asked God to show me a way to help the child, and He gave it to me. Is this the way I thank Him for it?"

It was not long before dinner. She took one of the dresses and ran down to Jennie's room. "How happy she will be," thought Kate, "and how well she will look in it!" One of the girls told her that Jennie and her room-mate had just gone out, and stealing in the little room, she placed the box on her bed and quietly slipped away.

The time was approaching for the reception. The noise of the girls' voices sounded as if a great storm were approaching. Each heart was so happy that the long looked for event had at last arrived. Kate was putting on her dainty little dress and quietly taking the reproaches "for not having better sense than to do such a thing." She did not care now for their jests—they had no effect on her. She had made a poor little heart glad.

Just then a knock was heard at the door and little Jennie came running, in, wild with delight. "O! Katie," she cried, "a most extrarordinary thing has happened. A box has most mysteriously appeared in my room, with the sweetest little dress inside! Poor Cousin Mollie

could not have sent it. I wonder where it came from? Oh, how happy I am!"

Katie tenderly drew the girl to her, and kissing her lovingly, whispered within her ear. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God do clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The reception was a great success. Each heart beat with joy, and a smile brightened every face, but the happiest little heart of all was Kate's. She had found that true happiness lay in making others happy.

Z. L.

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### THE JESUITS.

The Order of Jesuits, or Society of Jesus, was founded by Ignatius Loyola. Loyola was a Spanish souldier, but during a long convalescence, he chanced to read some lives of Christian saints. His high strung nature was greatly stirred, so he determined to dedicate his life to the church.

The first steps of the foundation were taken in 1534, when Ignatius with six associates, one Savoyard, four Spaniards, and one Portuguese, took, in the chapel Montmartre, vows to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and to the conversion of the infidels.

About this time war broke out with the Turks, so they were prevented from making their planned pilgrimages, but their time was spent in spiritual work around Venice.

The idea of a permanent organization was not apparent to them until 1538. The constitution of the Order was presented to Pope Paul III, who after considerable hesitation, gave his approval. The will of

1540 confirmed the rulers and Order of Jesuits.

In founding the Order it is thought Ignatius contemplated repairing the losses to the church occasioned by Luther, but this is doubtful, for Loyola had scarcely heard of Luther and his beliefs. His real object was to increase the devotion of the people to the Catholic church. Their motto, "Ad Majorem Dei Sevriam" (to the greater glory of God) gives their main purpose.

Besides the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, taken by all such orders, the Jesuits were bound by a fourth vow, namely, to go as missionaries wherever the Pope might send them, or in other words, vowed special obedience to the Pope.

Ignatius was chosen as general. The name, Society of Jesus, was meant to recall the idea in its foundation of a band of soldiers in the army of the church. Ignatius spent his spare time in drawing up the formal constitution and rules of the Order. After their completion they were adopted by the members with few exceptions. One of the most important parts of the constitution is that which prescribes the training to which each member of the Order shall be subjected. This training required about eighteen years, before entrance to the Order. He was required to pursue studies equivalent to those required for the collegiate A. B. degree.

The first two years of membership were spent in spiritual exercise, prayer, meditation, ascetic reading, and humble work of various kinds.

During the first year the novice devoted thirty days of retreat, in absolute silence, to making the spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius. These consisted of meditation on the four last things to be remembered, and on the life of Jesus Christ. Every year of his life afterwards, no matter what his position in the Society, eight successive days were devoted to this same purpose.

At the end of two years the candidate took the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience. The next two years

were devoted to the study of the humanities and the modern languages. The next three years were given to philosophic and scientific studies, and provisions were made for those wishing to pursue special courses.

After these seven years of study the Jesuits were sent to teach for five years in a Jesuit college.

After the college work, three years were spent in studying theology; and he was then advanced to the holy orders. One year longer theology was studied, and then opportunities were given for mission work and spiritual employment of various kinds for a year. During the last year the time was spent exclusively on spiritual things, then the candidate was admitted to the last solemn vows. Those who accomplished this full course were called professed fathers.

A definite routine was carried on every day, every hour and every minute he had a certain work to do. Some time was spent in work, recreation, private worship, and public worship.

The government was perhaps the first example of a limited constitution authority. A general whose power was limited by the constitution governed the Order. He was chosen by a general congregation and held his office for life. His office could be taken from him under certain conditions prescribed in the constitution, but this never happened in the whole history of the Order.

A general congregation was composed of the general, or his deputy, his five assistants, besides the heads of the provinces, and two deputies from each province. This congregation met every six years, and considered all important concerns of the Order.

There were four classes of Jesuits: first, professed fathers, who, after eighteen years of preparation, had taken the four vows. From this class alone the generals and higher officers were chosen. Second, coadjutors, spiritual and temporal. The spiritual coadjutors were priests whose health or talent had not permitted them to

reach the standard required for the professed fathers; and who helped in preaching and teaching. The temporal coadjutors were the laymen, who performed certain minor duties. Third, scholastics, who had passed through the novitiate, and either studied or taught. Fourth, novices, who, had just entered and spent their time in spiritual exercises, prayer, ascetic reading, and practices.

The Order of Jesuits spread very rapidly and at the death of Ignatius in 1556 had one thousand members. So rapid was the growth that by the end of the century there were over ten thousand Jesuits, and some in almost all the provinces. When they celebrated their centennial they numbered thirteen thousands, and twenty five years later at the time of their suppression, there were twenty-two thousand Jesuits in all parts of the world.

Wherever the Jesuits were found they were known or considered as upholders of the Papacy and defenders of the Catholic church, so consequently they were opposed by all the Protestants. In France especially they were hated, so their suppression was accomplished by a royal edict throughout French dominion. Other Bourbon courts did the same thing; in some countries they were exiled, and in some they were permitted to remain as individuals, engaged as ministers or teachers. Prussia and Russia did not repress them on account of their system of educations. In fact the Jesuits remained for many generations the foremost educators of many countries.

The suppression of the Order was only temporal. Several attempts were made to reorganize the Order, but in 1814 by the bill "Solicitududo omnium ecclesicerum," the complete rehabilitation of the Order was made. Since then, the Jesuits have spread all over the world.

In 1902 there were fifteen thousand one hundred forty-five Jesuits in the world, two thousand one hundred

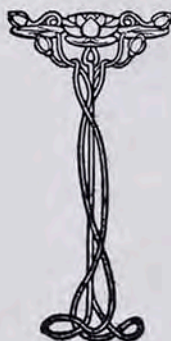
of these were in America. In the Philippine Islands there were one hundred, and fifty-five in Cuba.

The education of the youth was one of the most important works of this Order. The Jesuits as priests acquired much skill in treatment of conscience, they were in demand as confessors, and thus exercised considerable political sway.

Their number of colleges increased, and about the middle of the eighteenth century there were seven hundred in all. The influence was so great, both morally and religiously, that many Protestant writers admitted that the Jesuits were the best educators, so many Protestant children attended their colleges.

The Jesuits had great difficulties to fight against, nevertheless they succeeded in founding colleges all over the world. Many of the important cities of our own country have their colleges, and the attendance of these is increasing every year.

The Jesuits missionary works are the source of greatest honor to them. Some of the greatest and most successful missionaries on record were members of this Order. Their work extended at an early date to the Indies, Brazil, China, Japan, India, the Huron and Iroquois Indians.



*OPPORTUNITIES LOST.*

Who is that form so weird and old,  
With piercing eyes and with looks so cold?  
Closely he follows you, watching your chances,  
When one you lose, he closer advances.  
Watch then, be careful, and faster ride;  
If once he o'ertakes you, and stands by your side,  
Doomed are you to pay him a terrible cost,  
As he cries in your ear, "Opportunities lost!"

Now you are careless; you think it not late,  
To still look for pleasure, and let chances wait;  
Now you are young, but youth is soon past,  
The enemy hastens and traps you at last.  
O'ertaken while yet in the fulness of life,  
Entangled in pleasures, with all good at strife,  
Cowering with fear, and dreading the cost  
You face your accuser's, "Opportunities lost!"

A bitter repentance must hence be your doom,  
With no cheering sunshine to lighten its gloom,  
Your way stretches on full of sadness and woe,  
But though wretched and weary, you o'er it must go,  
The past comes not back, though your sin be confessed,  
And in this life, never more will you find rest.  
This fate is the price—this the terrible cost  
You surely must pay for "Opportunities lost!"

Then while you are young all your chances improve;  
For pleasure no more from duties path rove,  
Then that grim voice of warning, "Opportunities lost!"  
Will no more cause your spirit with grief to be tossed;  
But hope, love, and peace shall abide in your heart,  
And e'er to your life their rich blessings impart.  
Then, yours the reward of contentment and rest,  
And the sweet thought at last, "I have done my best."

*Callie Vaughan.*



*A HEROINE OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

"Yes, George, I know it's hard, but nothing worth while can be obtained except by sacrifice. We love our dear Southland, and we must fight for her rights."

"It's a real inspiration to hear my Alice, my brave little wife talk in such a way. Of course I'd be willing to pour out every drop of my life-blood in protection of her rights; to me that would even be a joy, but to leave you and these precious babies at the mercy of heartless slaves and Yankees is almost past endurance."

"Now, George, you have no right to call our slaves heartless, for I've never seen more faithful creatures. Old Lizzie is the only negro on the place who has any treachery whatever in her nature and I can manage her all right. As for the Yankess, I can't imagine myself being afraid of them. All the protection I need is your old revolver that the negroes with such fear and trembling call the "wollower;" so you mustn't be anxious about the babies and me."

Holding the two little ones in his arms, George kissed his fearless little comrade tenderly, then went quickly to his horse waiting for him in the yard. Old Sambo held the horse while his master mounted, and looking upon him with the fondness and pride of a mother: "Don't let none o' dem bullets go whizzin' thu' yer. We gwine look fur yer t' come back t' missus an' us niggers safe and soun." George assured the old darkey that he would not be gone long, and after casting a last tender look toward his little family on the porch he rode off, not forgetting to wave a cheerful good-bye to his plantation slaves, who had all assembled around the yard to see him depart.

Sadness filled the heart of poor Alice as the sound of the horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and even the negroes seemed to share her sadness. Not much grief could be detected, however, in old Lizzie's face as

she stood by a tree over in one side of the yard, looking on.

Alice bore up cheerfully until George was well out of sight; but when she could no longer see him even in the distance, she went into the house, buried herself in the big leather chair, and sobbed to her heart's content. Suddenly coming to herself, though, she raised up and said aloud, "Well, I guess George Marling would think that he had a brave little wife if he could see her now."

"Yes he would, honey, 'cause yer is brave, an' yer jes cry all yer wants ter," and looking around Alice saw old Dinah holding little George and Ben, with tears in her eyes also.

"Dinah," said Alice, "it's such a comfort to have you here with me, and since I feel a little lonely in the house at night, I'm going to put a bed in the empty room for you at present." The faithful old servant's face beamed with the gratitude that she felt, and her heart swelled with pride at the thought of being allowed to stay in the "big-house."

"I feel so thankful," Alice continued, "that if I can't help out the Confederacy by fighting, I can stay at home and keep things together so that your matser can go."

"Yes, missus," replied the servant, in a tone of wisdom that displayed a feigned knowledge of the whole situation.

"It's getting late, Dinah," said Alice looking out, "so you stay with the children while I go to see if everything is safe for the night," and she took the old revolver that was lying near her on the dresser.

"Missus, be keerful wid dat 'wollower,'" Dinah continued as she eyed it fearfully, "hit des skeers me ter deaf."

Alice went over the whole place examining barns, smoke-houses, and cribs, until she was satisfied that everything was secure. After having been assured by the negroes that all the animals had been well fed she

started back to the house. As she went up the steps old Lizzie passed, and Alice asked her if she had milked the cows well.

"Yer reckon I ever milks 'em enny udder way?" gruffly retorted the negro.

"Lizzie, don't you ever again reply to me in that manner," said Alice, purposely allowing the servant to see the weapon she carried.

The frightened negro drew back with terror as she said, "No, no, missus, I didn' mean nuthin! I didn' mean nuthin!"

Alice thought as she went into the house, "That negro would be dangerous if it were not for this pistol;" and old Lizzie was thinking at the same time, "Ef I des could git dat wollower 'way fum ole missus; ef I des could!"

The next morning Alice awoke with a new determination to make everything go along just the same as if George were not gone. She was up by the break of day and sent old Dinah out to ring the farm-bell that the negroes might be aroused. Soon the whole plantation was astir, and before the sun had time to feel itself well up the negroes, amply supplied with ploughs and hoes, went whistling off to the fields.

Not long after, Alice, having donned her riding-skirt, mounted the old mare and started over the plantation to give orders to the hands, and to see if they were doing things as they should be done. From all sides there came to her ears the sound of "whoa, gee, haw," and as she approached each one of these busy laborers, he worked more busily than ever, that he might make a good impression upon his mistress. The women, too, were intent upon appearing very industrious, and when they saw their "missus" coming they put up an especially ferocious fight with the grass in their furrows. Even the little picaninnies, who felt themselves such an indisputable aid to their mothers, were

anxious to please. They, also, dug earnestly away at the grass with their hoes, usually succeeding, however, in digging up cotton rather than grass.

To almost all the hands Alice had some order to give or some suggestion to make, for as the darkies had often said, "I des tell yer, missus know a heap mo' 'bout farmin' dan Marse George do." She had just been making suggestions to old Sambo and some other negroes with him, and as she rode off he looked after her affectionately, and said to the other darkies, "Dat 'oman do beat all, an' she sho' know how ter manage cotton an' corn; ef she des looks at um dey begins ter grow."

Old Lizzie who was hoeing not far away added, "Dis hyar whut I's a hoein' never when she looked at hit."

The days passed by far more rapidly than Alice had anticipated; and though she thought almost constantly of George, and of the danger through which he was passing, she held up under her anxiety and work a great deal better than she had dared hope. Several weeks had passed by very quietly and uneventfully, when one day there was great commotion. The rumor first reached "missus" and then passed like wildfire to all the slaves that "de Yankees is comin! de Yankees is comin!" The frantic negroes were as terrified by the report as if the Yankees were hunting them to bind them down instead of trying to free them. The negro women ran from one cabin to another wringing their hands, and crying, "De Lawd hab mussy on us, whut is we gwine ter do." The negro children were yelling too, "Dem Yankees gwine ter kill us! Dem Yankees gwine ter kill us!"

When all the noise and excitement was at its height, old Lizzie hurried out of her cabin with a look of fiendish triumph on her face. She ran up to the other wailing negroes and began hollering, "What in de lan' am

de matter wid y'all, niggers? Haint yer got no sense 'tall? Doan yer know dem Yankees lube y'all an' dey's tryin' dey lebel bes' ter git yer way fum dese ole white folks, so yer won' haf ter work none 'tall?" At first Lizzie's hollering had no effect upon the other negroes but they became more and more quiet, as they listened to her. They didn't understand in the least what she meant, but they finally got a faint idea that the Yankees didn't mean to hurt them, and they thus became somewhat reconciled.

"Niggers, I'se got somethin' else ter tell yer, too," continued old Lizzie, and the fierce look of triumph on her face was not very pleasant to see, "dem Yankees done promise me dey gwine 'er take ole missus wollower 'way fum 'er. I ain't hyar day's comin' no sooner 'an I went fo' miles ter tell um all bout hit, and dey says dey sho' gwine er take hit way fum 'er. Maybe she cain't be so sassy then."

Strange to say, Alice had not become disconcerted in the least by the news. When the report firsrt reached her she breathed a prayer that she might be given strength for whatever should come, and she was perfectly calm about the whole matter.

"Well, Dinah," said she, "the only thing we have to worry about in the least is the silver, and we must contrive some way to hide it securely. I've just been wondering—"

"Oh, missus!" interrupted Dinah, "I des knows a place to put dat si'ver whar dey couldn't fine hit ef dey wus gwine ter die. You see dat big rock in de hearth whut's loose, doan yer? Well, yer knows dey's a big holler hole down underneaf dat whut 'ud be de ve'y place fur it."

"I'm sure I would never have thought of that," said Alice; "go get the silver and we'll put it in there right away."

So Dinah hurried off and soon came back bringing

the big chest which was quickly deposited in its hiding-place.

The big stone had hardly been replaced in the hearth when the Yankees were heard shouting and laughing in the yard. Old Dinah looked at her mistress with terror but seeing that face so wonderfully calm, the old servant, too, became remarkably self-possessed.

"Dinah," said Alice, "you take care of little George while I take little Ben, and we'll stay right here."

Just then they heard the tramp of the whole company of soldiers as they entered the house. Not a one of them remained outside, for surely they must all see the fun of taking a pistol away from a woman! They all came crowding into the room, each one anxious to get the best view of the whole situation. One of the soldiers, who was carrying six lately beheaded hens, seemed especially anxious not to miss anything, and he followed close behind the captain.

As the men entered neither Alice nor the servant arose, but, much to the surprise of the men, sat perfectly calm holding the babies.

"Madam," began the captain.

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Alice, "but one of your men is allowing the blood to drip from the necks of those hens, and is soiling my floor very badly. Will you have him take them out?"

"Well," remarked the captain to the other men, "that's nerve for you. Jim, take those chickens out of the house at once."

"Madam," he continued, "as I was about to say, we have come to make several demands of you. In the first place we want all the money you have in the house; then we want your watch; and also your husband's pistol."

Alice laughed lightly and answered, "No doubt you'll have to keep wanting, too. As to the money, I've spent every cent I've ever had for the Confederate cause: as to the watch, that's something I've wished for all my

life, but it so happens that the wish has never been granted; and as to my husband's pistol, of course you're not going to have that."

"Well," said the captain with a look of profound amusement and surprise, "I know something that you have got; you have a revolver in your possession, and you must surrender it to us immediately."

"Yes," added Alice hastily, "I indeed have my old pistol; it's the only defense left to me; moreover I have it right here in my hand, and the first man that makes a step toward me will have his brains blown out."

"Boys," said the captain, "never in all my life have I seen anything to equal this. Such heroism shall certainly be rewarded. Every one of you get out of this place and let's leave at once." They did get out, and in a minute Alice saw them all marching up the road.

When George returned home, Alice told him of the incident, and he took her in his arms with those same words he had uttered upon leaving her, "O my Alice, my brave little wife!" She with a look of deep thankfulness answered, "Don't be praising me, George, for it was only by Divine help that I was able to hold out."

J. B. '11.

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### *"AMERICAN COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE."*

The architecture of the United States follows very much the same course as that of Europe, and classical models were followed, even in ecclesiastical architecture until about 1840.

Some notable examples of the Romanesque in church buildings are to be found in the Unitarian Church on Fourth Ave., New York, and in Trinity church, Boston, which though Romanesque in spirit, contains features dimly traceable to French, Spanish, and English antiquity, all harmonized into a modern design. All Souls church, in New York, is a similar design. In 1840 when Trin-

ity church, in New York, was built, Gothic architecture was first used with skill in America. This is the best example of the perpendicular Gothic in this country; and the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in America is Trinity Chapel, on Twenty-fifth Street New York.

At present Gothic Architecture is generally adopted for churches; a modified Gothic, mainly north Italian, for civil buildings, and the Renaissance style for domestic buildings.

A nation that has many new buildings to erect and plenty of money to spend upon them is sure to develop a characteristic architecture; and the style of the new buildings will be an index of its artistic taste. All modern architecture is imitative and it is doubtful whether a really new style is possible, and yet every country is likely to stamp its own impress upon its architecture.

Foreign observers have expressed amazement at the magnitude, numbers, equipment and endowment of our colleges and universities. No one who studies the record of gifts to education in this country can fail to be impressed with the increasing popular regard for intellectual culture. It is believed that the architectural characters of the buildings erected for these institutions within the past ten or fifteen years indicates an equally rapid advance in the artistic culture of the nation. Let it be noted that the people of New York, with all their reputed devotion to mammon, maintain two great universities; and that the city itself has erected a costly group of buildings for its own City Colleges. An appropriation of fourteen million of dollars by Congress, made possible a new West Point, and a new Annapolis. The collegiate architecture of the United States represents, therefore, no small or unimportant phase of our national activity, but in recent years it has fully shared in the general progress and prosperity.

The architecture of our American colleges has grown



upon an essentially different system from the European. The typical American college or university consists of a collection of distinct buildings grouped more or less regularly about some grassy or shady area. The successive additions to such a group were often wholly unrelated architecturally to their older neighbors. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Furman and many others have grown up in this way. The newer American college architecture, even in following the traditional system of separated buildings, seeks to secure general unity of effect. At Harvard, the dominant note of the older Colonial buildings has been followed in nearly all the more recent creations in and about the "Square." Trinity College, at Hartford, Conn., was the first of the colleges to be enabled to rebuild on a new site. The original plan of reconstruction showed a long and imposing stretch of buildings in the English Gothic style. Leland Stanford Junior, The University of New York, Columbia University, the University of California, Harvard, Yale, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania have all received noteworthy architectural additions in recent years. These new buildings far surpass anything this country had ever seen before in the way of collegiate architecture, and the cosmopolitan quality of American taste is expressed in the variety of architectural style displayed in these modern college buildings. From 1880 to 1890 the influence of one man was manifested in the general adoption of the Romanesque style. The majority of the newer buildings are either colonial or Georgian in style, as at Harvard; or in the late Gothic of the many universities of England, to which the name English Collegiate is often given. This style has been used with great skill in the buildings of Pennsylvania, at Princeton, and in the new buildings of Washington University at St. Louis.

The improvements in the National Military Academy are based upon the English Tudor Gothic style already

embodies in the principal buildings of the Academy. The College of the City of New York is built in that variation of the Gothic called Collegiate.

A third style, the Italian, or classic, requires notice, not because of the importance of the few cases in which it has been adopted. The most notable instances of its use are in the University of California, and the new buildings for the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

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*HARMONY.*

This world is one grand symphony  
Each life a note in the melody  
Your own may be a grace note small  
But be ye ready at the Master's call.

Or yours may be a minor strain  
To tell the world of grief or pain  
Or it may be a cadence grand  
Under the touch of the master's hand.

No matter where may be your place  
Serve thou therein with humble grace  
Be not a discord in the symphony  
But sweeter make the harmony.

*Callie Vaughan.*

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*LOVE.*

It is morning and the great round disk is just peeping over the eastern side of the mountain. His light is fierce and strong but when it filters through the foliage of the magnolia trees it is toned down to a tender caress which enwraps the violets as they nod their dainty little heads to the sweet-shrubs tucked snugly up against their long graceful stems and causes a rosy pink flush to light up the petals of the trailing arbutus as she opens her eyes to see and feels his light upon her. The mountain

laurel leaned aside, as a fresh breeze came from over the mountains, that she might get a glimpse of him through the leaves of the magnolia tree. The breath of all the flowers combined into rare perfume of exquisite quality to greet the disk as he came nearer and nearer over the western side of the mountain. His light bore some of it up to the Master's throne, and his great heart was made glad.

A portion of the perfume stole into the souls of the man and woman who stood arm in arm over a spring. Daffodils nodded back and forth over its mirror-like surface. He leaned over, to gather some, as he did so, his image was clear and plain in the mirror-like spring: light brown, wavy hair brushed back from a high white forehead, which was that of a thinking man; kindly blue eyes, square chin—the whole, a philosopher's face; strong protective broad shoulders. His hand that placed the flowers in her belt was large with white tapering fingers. Slender blue veins showed through the white. It was steady, firm and kindly as his eye. He was taller than she, straight and graceful with the bearing of a well balanced man. They were the children of the grove, of the flowers, of the disk that walks the changeless path, and of the Great Master who watches over all.

Just as he placed the flowers in her belt the stream which gurgled from the spring laughed a happy, silvery, purling laugh; the sun now over the mountain smiled upon the earth; a girl is seen bending the flowering shrub aside that she might reach them unobserved. They came forward to meet her and all three passed on down a path that led to a bungalow built at the foot of the mountain in the most beautiful part of the grove. As they walked, all the birds joined in a happy chorus, singing as the flowers nodded and danced, and the leaves of the trees laughed silently with the breeze.

They drank in the love and beauty of it all involuntarily breathing the melody:

“Hark, Hark! the lark at  
Heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins to rise  
His steeds to water  
At those springs on  
Chaliced flowers that his  
The winking Mary buds  
Begin to open their golden eyes  
Witht everything that a pretty  
My lady sweet Arise! Arise! Arise!

A pure and radiant light hovered around them as they entered the door—mayhap a ray from the sun. They sat down to a breakfast of bread, fruit, milk and honey. He thanked the Master for life and asked His blessing upon all the earth. Then they talked as they ate. Talked of what she, the girl, was to do out among the people. She had been to the city often, what she knew of the people and their lives was not what she had seen herself but what they had told her. Now she is at the age when she should have the actual experience. They do not tremble nor fear as they talk to her about the future life. The wise Master watching over all has a work for her and they must help her to help Him perfect His plan.

Her first experience is in college life. Her teachers are helping perfect the Master's plans also. Her own heart knowing no fear but full of love for all is the instrument that she uses to help Him deliver her from evil. She received a Literary, Art and Expression Diploma. During the vacations she studied piano, violin and voice under a venerable teacher. He, too, knew that he could help the Master. The freshness, loveliness, purity and goodness of the girl together with her

inate understanding of men helped them to show to His unfortunate children the love and care He had for them. The two visited the homes and quarters of these. Teaching, soothing, encouraging, sympathizing, loving all! The women listened to her clear, sweet, loving voice and began to live nobler, happier lives, because of the beautiful singer and talker who loved them and seemed to be ever accompanied with sweet-breathed flowers and singing birds, yet would help them with their daily tasks and wait upon them when they needed it. He had a similar influence over the men. The music that the two gave to these impoverished children of the Master was not lost. Flowers sent up perfume, birds sang, and waters laughed and played for these poor children because of them.

'Tis evening and the sun is nearly at the end of his journey. The philosopher and his sister are at rest with the Master, yet they still live on earth; the girl is helping the many that they could not.

K. '11.

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### *HABITABILITY OF OTHER WORLDS.*

In bygone days it was not not supposed that among the stars there could be worlds as important as our own earth. The ancients believed our earth to be the central body of the universe, and regarded the sun, moon, and stars as objects placed in the heavens for the purpose of ministering to human wants. We know now that our earth occupies but an insignificant portion of space and that the stars and planets are generally globes far greater than that on which we dwell.

There is no more interesting question suggested by the results of astronomical research than that as to whether the other worlds around us are inhabited. These worlds are of all sizes and in every stage of development. Some of them are no doubt smaller than our

own, but many of them are far greater and more splendid. As our globe is clothed with verdure, and swarming with living creatures, it is surely of great interest to inquire whether some of these other globes may not also be inhabited. In determining this problem, we naturally turn to the globe which is most easily accessible to our instruments; this, we know is the moon. Not the slightest trace of organic life has been detected on this globe. Astronomers say, even if the moon had contained living objects like those on the earth, no telescope could reveal them; for though it is no doubt true that the moon is our closest neighbor, yet we must recollect that, it is still two hundred and forty thousand miles away. We need not expect to see any object on the moon, even with our best telescopes, from our greatest observatories. So far as direct telescopic observation goes, the evidence as to the existence of life on the moon must be regarded as entirely worthless. Every kind of life, whether animal, or vegetable, requires both the presence of air and water. Astronomers say that there are some reasons for thinking that there may have been at one time water on the moon, but that it is now certain that there is no liquid on its surface. The moon has been carefully examined for centuries, yet no one has ever seen any genuine ocean or sea; no one has ever seen any indication of the present existence of water, and we are entitled to say that water, in a liquid form, is absent from the surface of the moon. Seeing then that air and water are absent from the moon, it is plain that those forms in which life is manifested here must be absent from it. Most of the questions which we should like to settle in this line are such as cannot be settled. We can only form suppositions, and as our greatest telescopes can give us no information, whatever astronomers say that there seem to be many difficulties in supposing that there can be any residence for man, or for any beings resembling man, elsewhere than on his own earth. Cer-

tainly, there can be no life on the sun. We cannot think of any being which would find a fit abode in a temperature much hotter than that of the most powerful furnace ever known.

Let us now consider some of the other worlds: The small share of the light and heat from the sun upon Neptune would prove that life upon this planet is impossible, at least the type of life with which we are familiar. The excessive internal heat of Jupiter would also be intolerable to beings of our nature. The planet Venus is almost exactly the same size as the earth; Venus, like the earth is encompassed with atmosphere. Everything seems to tell us, Venus is a world similar to our own, so that probably it may contain living creatures; here again, we gain nothing from telescopic examination. We are unable to examine her surface in the way in which we should like. Some observers have noticed that in the "cups" at the ends of the crescent, occasional interruptions and irregularities are shown which were thought to imply the existence of great mountains on Venus. The little that we know merely says that it is possible that we would be able to discern evidences of life on Venus, were it in a favorable position .

Mars is at a distance of thirty five millions of miles during favorable observation. If we look through a telescope of great power at it, we should be unable to settle this question concerning Mars. That there may be types of life on Mars of some kind or other is likely. Carbon and hydrogen, which are most intimately associated with life on our earth, are found here, also.

God, in His infinite power and wisdom could have fashioned creatures adapted to the physical nature of each of these worlds. Can we imagine our Creator, who never did anything that was superfluous or needless, placing these planets in space without some object? Surely not. Though at present this object is entirely screened from our eyes, nevertheless, it is there. It is

marvelous how man in late years has been prying into nature's secrets with such great success. Let us hope that another epoch will bring forth greater inventions, so that we can truly say of the telescope :

“Through thee will Holy Science,  
Putting off Earth's dusty sandals from her  
Radiant feet,  
Survey God's beauteous firmament unrolled  
Like to a book new-writ in golden words,  
And turn the azure scroll with reverent  
Hand,  
And read to men the wonders God hath wrought.”

Perhaps, this longing and hungering for scientific truth shall never be realized to a greater extent than now. Perhaps, finite creatures that we are, God does not intend to give up all His secrets to us. Perhaps the Source of all power and knowledge shall bid us wait patiently until,

“The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.”

Who of human beings can look upon the universe, in which God has placed everything for our use, or gaze into the starry realms, without feeling that—

“From every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice; everywhere we hear Thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit, and without Thee the worlds were dark and dead.”



*AUNT CHANEY.*

The room is one of these rare old colonial types, with an odd but attractive combination of new and old time furniture. Cosy is too insignificant a word with which to describe it, and yet grand is too big, so we will just compromise and think of it as a pleasant mixture of both. The grate full of red coals just the kind we love to see dream pictures in, furnished the only light; though the sun had been down an hour.

Aunt Chaney, back in the kitchen had grown "tee'-totally tired," as she expressed it, waiting for Miss Margie to come to supper, so she decided the best thing for her to do was to go to hunt her up. She came hurriedly through the hall and into the library, but on account of the dim light, she overlooked "Trixy" lying comfortably on the floor, nevertheless she was not to remain ignorant of his presence very long, for she came down on his foot with such force that he, with one cry of pain, flew at her and caught her sleeve where he swung for dear life.

"Fore de Lawd, now what is I gone and done? 'glt off me you pesty beast, I aint in no humor to play wid you," she said shaking one arm vigorously and blunderingly feeling for the electric light switch with the other. All of a sudden she saw Margaret as she sat in a deep rocker, nearly convulsed with laughter. Straightening herself up and crossing her arms on her chest she said:

"Now, my gracious, thar you is a sittin, all dis time a seeing me nearly killin myself, and you desa keep on lafin and not lifen a finger to help me! Neb mine next titme I'se gointer let your supper get cole and not try to fin' you. Dat no sense dog done nearly half kilt me now."

"Now Aunt Chaney, you are not going to get mad with me, are you? You know I am going to testify for

you at the trial. By the way, don't you feel real shaky over the idea of going to court?"

"Who, me? Now ain't I been wid ou long 'nough to know I aint scared o' nothin. I jest gwine ter walk in dat court room wid my head way up yander, and look dat judge squar in de eye." "Well, I know you didn't have anything to do with the murder, so you just keep cool and you'll come out all right, for Allen says so."

"Well, I'll sho' make Massar Allen proud of his clinet, 'cause I'se going ter be cool as a cucumber."

By this time Chaney was out in the kitchen and occasionally Margaret could catch a word or two just enough to show her that Jim, the yard boy, was teasing her as usual. But at this minute she heard Jesse bark and the well known voice of Allen, so she got up and went out to meet him, before commencing supper.

\* \* \*

Early the next morning Chaney was up before the chickens even had begun to wake. But no, she wasn't nervous a bit! It was only the rats that just kept pestering her so she couldn't sleep, so she sat under the big tree in front of her cabin, all dressed up in her best "bib and tucker," and with her long cob pipe in her mouth. She sat here for sometime and the chickens slowly coming out stopped to wonder why she didn't turn over backwards, for her chair had that appearance every minute. One old hen, with a loud cackle tried to warn her of the approach of a long lank figure with dangling arms and a big grinning mouth. He came tipping as best he could and making terrible gyrations with his arms so as to sustain his equilibrium. Once he stopped, threw back his head and stuffed his red bandana all the way in his mouth to choke back a laugh. Finally, he reached the chair and gave it a gentle tip. Chicken went one way, Chaney another, pipe and chair still another. "Well, I swear! who in de world would ever thought I'd turned over all by myself. But thank

mercy nobody 'ceptin the chickens seed me. And I'se dat thankful dat Jim aint no whar round, I don't know what to do."

Thus Chaney soliloquized while Jim stood behind the tree with his red bandana again in use.

"Jim, O Jim," came Margaret's voice from the house, tell Chaney she had better hurry and go on to the court house."

A sharply uttered "my kingdom come," was sufficient proof to the shaking Jim that Chaney had heard, and in a few minutes he saw her slowly walking down the lane, and he soon followed, reaching the court house just in time to see Chaney walk up to take her oath.

Lay your hand on the Bible to take the oath, came gruffly from the clerk. "Sc-sc 'scuse me, but I don't swear," said Chaney with fast fading courage. Above the roar that followed could be heard Jim's voice, "How bout de early morning fall, who swore den." Mortification added to fear now had Chaney shaking so she couldn't speak. She heard the judge say twice: "How will you be tried?" Her lawyer standing near said to her, "Say, By God and by my country."

Immediately the poor agitated Chaney replied, "By my country, by God."

The court roared again.

"Silence," thundered the judge, Lawyer Dunbar needs to instrtuct his clients better."

Dunbar smiled but was silent.

"Are you guilty or not guilty," asked the other attorney.

"I ain't neither one."

The judge rapped for order.

"Do you know anything concerning the murder?"

"I know he's dead."

"Is this your shoe?" holding up an old shoe.

"Well where did you get dat?"

"Never mind is it your shoe?"

"Yessar."

"Where did you last wear it?"

"De spring after the summer Jane married."

"You didn't have it on the night of the murder?"

"Wait, wait," said Chaney scratching her head, "yes I put dat shoe on backwards last week and wore it down to de spring so I could ketch Jim. You see Jim is always pesterin of me and—"

The lawyer looked at the judge and smiled.

"You had just as well let her go, that is the only evidence we had."

So Chaney went home saying to Jim,

"When you go to court jest keep as cool as I did and you'll be all right."

I. R. '10.

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### GALILEO.

Galileo, one of the most extraordinary scientific observers of any age, was born in Piso, February, 1564.

By desire of his father, a mathematician of considerable ability, he directed his early studies to medicine; later, at the University of Piso, he devoted himself to mathematics and physical science.

When eighteen years of age, he made one of his most important discoveries. Happening to observe in the Cathedral of Piso, the oscillations of a lamp set in motion by the wind, he was struck with the regularity of its vibrations; having tested the beat of his pulse with the action of the lamp, he concluded that by means of this equality of oscillations a simple pendulum might become an agent in measuring time. He utilized this discovery by application of the pendulum in the construction of a clock for astronomical purposes.

His powers were concentrated now on his chosen science. In 1589 he became professor of mathematics in the University of Piso. While here, he propounded the

theorem that all falling bodies, great or small, descend with equal velocity. He soon discovered the law regulating the motion of falling bodies, which was proved correct by experiments made from the summit of the leaning tower of Pise.

Besides Galileo's many important discoveries, the world is indebted to him for the first telescope and for the astronomical information he gave us through its use.

Having heard that through a combination of lenses, some startling observations had been made, Galileo determined to construct for himself a similar instrument. His efforts were so successful that he saw objects three times as near and nine times as large; continuing his efforts, he improved his glass so much that objects were enlarged one thousand times and appeared thirty times nearer.

He at once turned his instrument to the sky and there saw numbers of stars that were invisible to the naked eye; his instrument also revealed the fact that the hazy light of the Milky Way was due to the aggregation of a vast number of stars.

Next turning his telescope toward the moon, Galileo found it rough and earth like in contour, its surface was covered with mountains, whose heights could be measured approximately by measuring their shadows.

With the aid of the telescope Venus was observed to pass through phases similar to those of the moon. Here, then, was sure evidence that the planets are dark bodies reflecting the light of the sun.

On inspecting Jupiter, four tiny stars were observed to occupy an equatorial position near the planet and were seen, when watched night after night, to be circling about the planet, just as the moon circles around the earth. Galileo called these moons of Jupiter, medicean stars.

Galileo also discovered the presence of sun spots and

their changes. By this he was enabled to make some estimate of the time of revolution of the sun.

Various observers disputed priority of the discovery of the sun's spots with Galileo. Through the jealousy of these claimants was brought about much of the persecution of this great astronomer. One of the famous incidents in the history of science, is this heresy trial through which Galileo passed.

As an open advocate of the Copernican system, he was denounced as holding heretical views, and was forced to abstain from all future advocacy of them. In 1632 he published his opinions, and consequently was given over to the jurisdiction of the Inquisition. After a long trial he was made to abjure by oath his scientific creed; and for some time he was imprisoned; but was released by Pope Urban.

He died in 1642 and was interred in the Cathedral of Santa Croce, where a majestic monument symbolizes his great achievements.



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*TO THE ISAUQUEENA.*

1.

All hail to thee, "Isaqueena,"  
 Our magazine so fair,  
 O girls, in her uplifting  
 Each one should have a share!

2.

Short while thou'st been among us,  
 Yet we see thy fame begun;  
 And when we read thy pages  
 We know greater will be won.

3.

Although among thy sisters  
 Thou dost not yet excel,  
 We think for thy brief life-time  
 Thou dost extremely well.

4.

Come girls, O each and all,  
 And give to her God-speed;  
 Let each with earnest effort  
 Meet "Isaqueena's" need.

5.

Make her among her sisters  
 To shine with sparkling light;  
 O girls, for "Isaqueena"  
 We beg—fail not to write!

Z. B. L.

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*DAVID LIVINGSTONE.*

"They are more than conquerors who win many to righteousness!" What a conqueror, then, must David Livingstone have been, for he gave his own brave, beautiful life, a willing sacrifice for others.

David Livingstone, the great missionary traveler and explorer, was born in Blantyre, a small town near Glas-

gow, Scotland, on March 19, 1813. He was the son of a poor weaver, who was barely able to earn a subsistence for himself and family in one of the cotton mills of the town; but he was an honest, industrious man, who sought to instill into the minds of his children the best principles.

Livingstone had very little opportunity of procuring an education during the first ten years of his life. He attended school scarcely six months during that time. At the age of ten he was set to work in a cotton factory as a "piecer" one who watches for and fastens together the threads that break during the weaving of cloth.

But even at this age, David felt the cravings after knowledge, which is shown by the fact that with his first earnings at the mill he purchased a grammar, which he at once began to study. The grammar was soon followed by other books, all of which were studied in the same manner. On his return from the mill he would sit up late at night, poring over the precious volumes until his mother had to force him to bed.

Soon afterwards he made arrangements to attend a night school, paying for the instructions he thus received out of his own earnings. In this way he managed to read through Virgil and Horace and to become an excellent Latin scholar. He read almost every book that came in his way, with exception of novels and other works of fiction, for which he seemed to have no taste. By this means he acquired a varied fund of information, and became acquainted with nearly all subjects of general interest.

Livingstone had one advantage which showed its effect through his whole life, and that was a religious training. His father and mother were devout Scotch Presbyterians, who early began to turn his mind toward questions of religious beliefs. It was but natural, then, that his heart should have been filled with enthusiastic interest in subjects of this kind, and at twelve years of



age he expressed his determination to become a missionary. That he was deeply in earnest was shown by the fact that this desire having once taken possession of him, never diminished, but seemed to increase as he grew older.

Livingstone also formed a love for Botany and would spend most of his spare time exploring places about the neighborhood in search of flowers and plants, many of which he learned to classify without the aid of a teacher. And as he learned more and more in regard to plants, their formations and habits, so in proportion did his admiration and worship turn to the Almighty Creator whose omnipotent hand had fashioned them every one. The flowers also suggested other creations of this same all-powerful hand, creations that bear the image of the Almighty Creator himself. And they were dying in darkness and unbelief. He desired more than anything else to carry the precious light of the gospel to them and tell them of this great Creator by whose divine power life had been breathed into them. The eagerness to put these desires into action grew stronger and stronger.

If ever a man's heart was actuated by a pure and unselfish devotion to others, if ever a soul was made a beautiful temple wherein the love of Christ reigned supreme, that heart and that soul were David Livingstone's.

He now set to work to fit himself for the career upon which he had determined to enter. But he fully recognized the necessity of being taught himself in order to be able to teach others, and he also knew what he gained must be gained through his own efforts, so he began practicing self-denial in order to save a sufficient amount from his earnings to give himself a course at the University in Glasgow. He entirely supported himself while taking the course. But this poverty seemed to gratify Livingstone very much himself, for in after years he re-

marked, "Looking back now to that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part in my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same lowly training."

Wealth and ease may not always be impediments to success, but they are surely great draw-backs; for as Mr. Smiley says, "The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by wealthy men." An easy and luxurious life does not fit a man to encounter those difficulties and failures necessary before success is won.

That he might be better fitted for the work he was preparing himself to undertake, and be able to minister to the physical sufferings as well as the spiritual needs of the benighted race to whom he was going as a missionary, Livingstone applied himself to the study of medicine. He finally finished his course at the University and secured a medical diploma. He was now ready to do the work of his Master.

First, he thought of going to China, but was hindered by the war which was at that time raging there. Next, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, to ask for work in Africa. His services were promptly accepted, and after a short time he was ordained to the ministry and sent to the African Coast. He next went to Port Natal from which he was transferred to a station near Cape Town where he began his great work in earnest. He not only preached to the natives, but he set himself to the task of bettering their physical condition, such as building houses, tilling the soil, raising cattle, using tools, etc. While there he made many journeys and explorations.

Although he never craved worldly honors, they were nevertheless heaped upon him; and when he died, two countries rung with his name and the story of his heroic

achievements. But the best of all, he won his Master's plaudiit, "Well done."

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*LOVE'S LESSON.*

One evening as they sat beneath  
The moon's soft rays so pale,  
Moved by an impulse born of love,  
He kissed her through her veil.  
Next evening, as before, they sat  
Beneath the star-flecked dome,  
Yet not exactly as before—  
She'd left her veil at home.

—Tom Masson.





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*A College  
Annual.*

The present Junior class has already expressed its determination to get out a college annual next session. Some years ago a very attractive annual, "The Blue and Gold" was issued but through lack of proper management, its life was of short duration. The Junior class, however has begun early to resurrect that which should be in every college. It is our hearty wish that their efforts may be successful and that they will make the best preparation in their power for an excellent college annual. The college spirit in our institution, it is true, is more marked this session than heretofore, but still it is not all that could be desired. We should have at heart

every phase of the college life; we beg you to be loyal to your college and seek to make her better every year; to have the interests of our fellow students at heart and live with mutual good will and friendship. Now is the time to make the necessary preparation for the annual and we sincerely hope the solicitations of the Junior class will not be unavailing. If it is to be a success each girl must do her part.

Let all come forward and help the enterprising Juniors achieve their difficult and laudable undertaking.

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*Panama Canal.* Col. Goethals, chief engineer of the work on the Panama canal, shows in his report recently given, that the total cost of the canal will probably be \$375,201,000. He says that within four and a half years ships ought to be sailing across the isthmus. The United States has agreed by treaty with the Republic of Panama, to purchase from the Panama Canal Company all the rights of that company; to pay to that Republic ten million dollars and \$250,000 a year during the life of the agreement; to guarantee and keep firm the independence of the Republic of Panama. The United States has in return, complete control of the canal zone. In this zone there are eighteen hotels, nineteen messes, and twenty-one kitchens, feeding daily 7,700 people. There are schools for 622 white children and 1,073 colored children, these being open the past year and under the care of American teachers.

---

*The Prospects of the New Building.* Shall G. F. C., before many months, indeed, have a new building? How glorious it will be for our people of South Carolina, who love the dear old college to see the fulfillment of their long continued prayers! To be sure, the building will be beautiful, the grounds will reveal God in his wonder-

ful and beautiful nature; and in all probability we shall have class rooms that will be an inspiration to our many days of work. Some of the girls of South Carolina and elsewhere are hoping and praying for a new dormitory. May they continue to hope and pray until G. F. C. will be able to accommodate hundreds and hundreds of young women. When we celebrate "College Day" and "Field Day" this year, let us exhibit more college spirit and enthusiasm than ever before. The best college is the one in which the students manifest a loyal and enthusiastic college spirit. Let us make ours the best. Can the students help to make the new building beautiful? Indeed, the students with their Christian characters, and fellowship are the greatest factors in the beauty of a college. Each member of the faculty, and each student is, indeed, proud of the dear old college; but it is not long, perhaps, until each one will be even more proud of it.

Is there a lesson to be gathered from this, if so what is it? It is a lesson of faith and hope. If we had lost hope we would never have had a new building. And, at last, let us attribute all the glory to him, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

M. M.

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*The Student*      This great movement has recently closed  
*Volunteer*      its sixth International Convention in  
*Movement*      Rochester, N. Y., thirty-six hundred del-  
                          egates being present, representing twen-  
                          ty-nine different nationalities. It is with  
joy that we say we are a part of this power for good,  
and that our volunteers are gradually increasing. More  
and more is this great movement being considered in  
our colleges. More and more is it entering into the  
hearts of our young people that this is a question which  
each student should seriously consider. Are we not to  
heed the urgent calls which are coming to us for workers

in foreign lands? Why do those of us who are able to meet the requirements hesitate to do so at such a critical time in bringing Christ's Kingdom to pass? Shall we let the opportunities pass us—opportunities to lift up those who know not God, into a realization of His wonderful love and power? There are calls for preachers, teachers, nurses, physicians and Bible teachers. The call is to each and every one; if it is not our part to go, it is certainly our part to influence the lives of those around us in this direction. In the critical age when so many urgent appeals come over to us, shall we not respond either by giving ourselves or helping others to become Christian leaders in these needy fields? If we sit idly by, and leave the work for others to do, shall we hear the voice of the Master saying to us: "She hath done what she could?"

"Voices sad with sin and suffering,  
From the lands beyond the sea,  
Ever came in pleading accents,  
Till they seemed a call to me;  
But I strove to answer, "No,"  
As I questioned, "Must I go?"

Still I mused, till growing pity  
Touched and filled my inmost soul,  
I could tell the "old, old Story,"  
Of the Love that maketh whole;  
Yet I wavered to and fro,  
Pondering always, "Shall I go?"

Then I saw as in a vision,  
One who stood with outstretched hands,  
And a face of tender yearning  
Turned towards those heathen lands;  
At his feet I bent me low,  
Whispering softly, "May I go?"

There I leave it—anxious questions  
Are forever more at rest,  
Here or there, or work or waiting,  
His the choice, and that is best,  
For I know that day by day,  
He Himself will show the way.”

---

The Newberry Stylus will entertain the delegates of the “College Press Association” of South Carolina this year, which meets for its fourth annual convention at Newberry College. The object of this Association is “to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this state; to raise the literary standard and bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another.” Much good has already been done for the betterment of our magazines in the field of literature and we feel confident that greater good will be accomplished in the future. We realize that our magazines are faulty and need uplifting. This, we hope, will be brought to pass by means of the College Press Association. We feel sure that those of us who have the privilege of attending the convention will be greatly benefitted and that this meeting together of minds bent on the same purpose will be the means towards greater literary production among the students of the colleges of South Carolina.

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“Power, Position, Wealth, Service to humanity are for the man and for the woman who explore the known for the unknown, who search beyond the seen for the unseen. By them the waste of the world has been turned into its wealth; for them the most precious opportunities have been found in the most forbidding difficulties. A boulder in the path of one man is an ob-



stacle. To the other man who looks beyond into the unseen it is a stepping stone. Right before many a man is some great unseen and unmeasured Niagara of power which, if he get a true vision of it, will flash before his eyes the million electric lights in his great city of opportunity. There are modern Michael Angelos today who can find a "David" in some block of marble which the man without a vision would discard."



## Exchange Department

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FLORRIE LEE LAWTON.

Editor.

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We realize that it is hard to do much work in this spring weather, but we are glad to see that our college magazines for March have not been much effected by this fact.

"The Concept" has a very good collection of short stories in its March issue. But where is the title to one of the stories? We do not know what to expect if there is no title, and many would not read it at all. "The Intruders" is well worked up for a short story. The attention of the reader is gotten at the first and held to the end of this. The plot of "The Law of the Rice Fields" is very good but the dialect is not as true to nature as it might be. It is a very difficult task to write negro dialect well and one at which only those who have had much experience can make a success. The poetry of the magazine is generally good.

We are glad to know there is as much college spirit among the students of the Co-Educational Institute, but couldn't you show more of it in your magazine? Almost all of the departments need more work.

"The Chronicle" for March is very good. We are glad to see so much of the spirit of patriotism in at least two of the poems. They are indeed well written. "The Development of a Southern Architecture" shows a good understanding of the subject. The description in the stories are very vivid, but couldn't something besides love stories be written? We know so well what to expect where there is a girl first mentioned and they are too often mentioned first. The Y. M. C. A. de-

partment is well written and we are glad they have such a bright prospect for the future.

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*CLIPPINGS.*

Thought is deeper than all speech,  
 Feeling deeper than all thought;  
 Souls to souls can never teach  
 What unto themselves was taught.      Cranch.

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The night is mother of the day,  
 The winter of the spring;  
 And ever upon old decay  
 The greenest mosses cling.  
 Behind the cloud the sunbeam lurks,  
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
 For God, who loveth all His works,  
 Has left His hope with all.      Whittier.

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Heaven is not gained in a single bound;  
 But we build the ladder by which we rise  
 From the lovely earth to the vaulted skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by round.  
 Holland.

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*The Perfect Man.*

There is a man who never drinks,  
 Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;  
 Who never gambles, never flirts,  
 And shuns all evil snares—  
 He's paralyzed!

There is a man who never does  
 A thing that is not right;  
 His wife can tell just where he is  
 At morning, noon, and night—  
 He's dead!  
 "American Education."



SOPHIA BRUNSON

Editor.

---

The last quarter is here, and before we know it, we will be in the midst of that glorious time—commencement.

A good many of the girls went to the "Picture Plays," at the Opera House, March the 21st. This entertainment was given by the Philathea Class. It was very much enjoyed.

Hanibal Williams, the famous impersonator, gave us Henry IV, one of Shakespeare's plays, in the auditorium, March 23rd.

The trustees held a meeting in the college in March. They took supper with us at night, and afterwards we had a little informal reception. We are always glad to see them.

Miss Lucy Hoyt, one of our old teachers, paid us a visit a few days ago. She attended chapel services. We enjoyed seeing her.

On the evening of April second the Junior class entertained in honor of the Senior class. The color schemes in the parlor were black and gold, Senior col-

ors, and green and gold, Junior colors. The decorations in the Voice Hall were unique, being Japanese.

The refreshment room was beautifully decorated in the Junior class colors—garlands of evergreens and Marschael Neil roses. In one corner was an arbor of green, in which an orchestra was concealed, adding greatly to the pleasure of the evening. The color scheme was carried out still further in the refreshments, delicious ice cream and cake.

Punch was served in the hall from an old fashioned well, partly hidden by yellow jessamine. The young ladies serving were Misses Elizabeth Wicker, Urma Black, Ella Sellers and Sophia Brunson.

It was indeed a delightful evening, and all, we are sure, enjoyed themselves.

Miss Mathilde Youngblood spent a few days at her home not long ago.

Misses Rose Harris and Ollie Sims spent a week end with Miss Virginia Hutchings, at her home in Greer.

Miss Cora Moon was at home over Sunday not long ago.

The Misses Hyde were delighted to have their aunt, Miss Mattie Thomas of Charleston spend a few days with them.

A good many of our girls went home for Easter, among the number were, Misses Janie Hughes, Hortense Marchant, Drucie Smith, Beulah Smith, Mattie Glasgow, Eva Coleman, Mary Belle Fuller, Ruth Kennedy, Helen Wingo, Mary Calvin, Goldie Nelson, Lois Watston, Kate Harris, Annie Joyner and Sue Kirby.

Miss Sadie Touchstone's mother and brother paid her a visit a few days ago.

Miss Florrie Lee Lawton spent a week end with Miss Emma Wright in Honea Path.

Miss Taylor spent Easter with Miss Curtis Harper, at her home.

Senior L-r- E-w-n has suddenly become very fond of picking violets. We wonder why.

Senior J-s-e M-B-i-e is thinking so much about style these days, that she called a pebble-dash house a "sou-tache" house the other day.

K-t- J-n-s said she saw a *real live Chinaman* up street. She seemed to consider him a great curiosity.

Not long ago when a bowl of gravy was brought to the table, and was "going down the line," Senior E-t-S-r-r-g- said, "Help me to pray for that gravy to last until it gets to me." We judge by this that it must be a rather hungry place at the end of the table.

Junior L-d- P-r- was reading the names of the boys on the base ball team, in the Athletic Department of the "Echo". She read, "King, Craig, Boyd, Catchers; Barksdale—Gee—Catchers is a funny name, I never hear dof him."

One of the girls saw an auto with "Ottaray Garage" on it. She said "Ottaray carriage," the idea, any body knows that's an automobile, wonder why it's marked 'Carriage'?"

Rat G-a-e R-d-l wants to know when Dr. Earle is going to baptize (meaning vaccinate) us.

The other night on the way from church, the girls saw two lights in the distance, and R-s- H-r-s- remarked, "Now that's the kind of auto I like. It goes along so smooth and noiselessly." Just then the lights had come near enough to see they belonged to a rickety old hack.

Sopr. A-i-e J-h-s-n says she's very fond of petrified (crystalized) fruit. She must be blessed with remarkably strong teeth.



LAURA ERWIN

Editor.

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Miss Wright, who is a city missionary in Greenville, gave the association a very good and instructive talk on "The Work in India." Miss Wright has been in India as a missionary and this, of course, made her talk much more interesting. She began by telling the three ways in which we can obtain information from a country: 1st, by going there ourselves, 2nd, by sending some one and hearing from them, and 3rd, by Mission Study Classes. If we can not go ourselves we can get the best information from Mission Study Classes.

She showed some curios which she brought back from India, among them was a drinking vessel, and she showed how it was used, a small idol, charms and toe rings. After showing this she said now you all see where that song "She's Got Rings on Her Fingers and Bells on Her Toes" originated. She also showed a bracelet, hair comb, and a bag made of beads.

The people of India are not behind us. They are musical, initiative, very talented and communicative. They love to talk and when a missionary meets with one of these people, they have to answer a great number of questions, and be patient and listen to them. In this way they may win the people.

She brought out the difference in caste by using the illustration of the Woman of Samaria at the well. Jesus asks her for a drink of water, she answers, "How is it that thou being a Jew asketh drink of me which am a woman of Samaria." Miss Wright says it is this way in India. The different castes do not mingle. If she were to ask for a drink of water they would not give it to her, because she is not of their caste.

Their food is principally rice, which they have three times a day. They do not eat bread at all.

It is generally thought that in India the boys are much brighter than the girls, but the girls are just as bright. Men and women lead very different lives, and are trained to suit the life they are to live. Men aim for government positions.

When one becomes a Christian in India, mother, father, and everybody turns away and one is looked down on. Still in spite of this, there are some who are converted even at this cost. How can we sit and hear the Gospel preached year in and year out and not give our lives to Christ. The largest Baptist church in the world is in Ongole, India, with a membership of thirty-five thousand.

She next spoke on the dreaded diseases, small pox being the worst. The snakes also are very bad in India. The sting of some is poisonous and results in death, but because they are objects of worship the people are afraid to try to kill them. The 4th of October is the day of worship for snakes.

She told of the customs of the people concerning the cremation of bodies.

Several days before a marriage they feast and the little girl has quite a nice time, but after she is married she has all the drudgery to do.

Miss Wright closed by saying the best part of all was the willingness of these people to listen to the mission-



aries. We hope to have Miss Wright with us again for we always enjoy her talks.

Mr. Hannibal Williams, a famous impersonator of New York, gave a very instructive lecture on Shakespeare's Henry IV, March 23rd, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. We always try to get the best lecturers and considered ourselves very fortunate in hearing Mr. Williams. He is well known and a famous lecturer all over the world. He has been traveling and lecturing for about thirty years. He has spoken twice before President Taft. Mr. Williams was here about sixteen years ago, and we were glad to welcome him again. His lecture was unusually good, and every body enjoyed it. It is a treat to hear such a lecturer as Mr. Williams.

We have quite a number of committees in the Y. W. C. A. which are at work all the time trying to make money for the Y. W. C. A. Every girl in the association is put on one of these committees, and in this way every one can share in the work. Each committee takes a week in which to raise money. One way by which they have been making money is by selling ice cream, sandwiches and candy.

We had a very nice Easter service in which several of our girls gave an interesting program. The music was especially sweet and very appropriate. Every one joined in the singing of the Easter songs with the same feelings, and our thoughts were carried back to Calvary and to the resurrection. Easter is so often thought of in the wrong sense. Many people think of Easter as a time to display new clothes and hats, instead of thinking of the death of our Lord, on the cross, the burial, and resurrection. At this time of the year every thing takes a new life. The trees and flowers begin to bud and bloom, as they are resurrected.

# Judson Literary Society

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## Alpha Department

The Alpha Society is planning, as we suppose all other Literary Societies are, what we shall accomplish next year. Those of us that return shall miss the girls who leave as Seniors never to be with us again. We shall miss their noble efforts in behalf of our Society. Yet the very fact of their absence awakens us to our responsibility as old members who will return.

The picnic given on Paris Mountain in honor of our sister society came off successfully, at least, when the picnickers returned the prevailing sentiment seemed to be that of "Tired, but O, I'm so glad I went."

At every meeting we enroll new names. It is obvious that some of our members are at work.

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## Beta Department

The eventful picnic is over and the girls report one of the most delightful times of the season.

The society is progressing and making a victor-fight against that dreadful disease—"The spring fever"—which gets into our systems, especially during the last few days of the college term.

The next important event we are looking forward to, is the public meeting of the societies. We are especially interested as it is the Beta's time to preside at this meeting.

And last, but not least we are eagerly watching and waiting for June, the most glorious month of the year to the college girl.

For the rest we will let our society song speak as it better expresses the spirit, hope, and ambition of the Beta Judson. The words are by Miss Stella Rossignol,

the music the same as that of "There is a Tavern in a Town."

There is a Beta in our school, in our school,  
And all the members bound by rule, bound by rule,  
To join in songs of joy and melody,  
And learn to live in harmony.

Cho.

Josie McBride is our leader,  
Caro Truluck leads us too,  
And with these two great leaders,  
We have all that we can do.  
To work and work and work, and work,  
And never, never, never shirk, never shirk,  
Fathful to duty ever will we be,  
And so our hearts are light and free.

There are with us some singers grand, singers grand,  
Whose songs are greatly in demand, in demand,  
Join in our song for work and for fun,  
The Beta's reign has now begun.

Good evening friends, we're glad to say, we're glad to say,  
We are here to drive the blues away, the blues away  
We'll make it sweet, while here we meet,  
And so the Alphas we'll defeat.





Fine Art  
Department



MARY GILREATH  
Editor.

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The Second Quarterly Pupils Recital was given Monday evening, March 14th. It was well attended and enjoyed by all. The young ladies did credit not only to themselves but to their teachers. Mozart Andante from Second Sonata, by Miss Janie Hughes and Prof. Schaffer commanded the strictest attention from all at the very beginning. Miss Hughes rendered *Fruhling-srachen* with much expression. Little Miss Coleman surprised the audience by playing Loomis: *Tarantelle E minor*, so beautifully. We expect great things from her as she pursues her studies. Miss Urma Black showed talent and much practice as she rendered Moszkowski; *Waltz Op. 15 No. 15* and Lack's *Song of the Brook*.

Miss Hortense Marchant while playing *Chaminade; Valse Caprise*, charmed her audience. Miss Curtis Harper proved a most skillful performer as she gave Schubert Liszt, *Hark, Hark the Lark*. This difficult piece was played with a great deal of expression and feeling. The results obtained by the music pupils this year have been very pleasing. G. F. C. counts herself very fortunate in having such a competent teacher.

*Voice Department.*

When one sees what great enjoyment and real pleasure a song gives to an audience, we appreciate to a great degree our voice department. This department is doing excellent work under the instruction of Prof. Morse. The audience is always glad when Miss Leila Mai McKenzie favors them. Denza, "Sing On," was beautiful. The selections by Miss Mildred Bush Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," and "Hark, Hark, the Lark" were lovely. Miss Bush has a splendid voice.

Mr. Wm. Harrison filled the auditorium with his clear voice as he rendered Hawley: Finland Love Song and Tilman Adoration.

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*Violin Department.*

Miss Ray Poag played Romance by Svendoln beautifully upon the violin. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

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*Expression Department.*

The Expression department was represented by Miss Kate Jones who read "What the Fiddle Told," and Miss Jo Garrett who read "Repentance" by Walter Hackett. Both girls showed real artistic attainment in their readings, and held the attention and interest of the audience from beginning to end.

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*Art Department.*

As we pursue our work in the Art Studio we feel that we are constantly increasing our conception and appreciation of the beautiful. Every study reveals something that hitherto had been unobserved in nature. The girls are working with a great deal of earnestness and vim, hoping to accomplish much so as to bestow to their worthy and competent teacher credit which is justly due her. The art exhibit at commencement has bright prospects of being unusually good.

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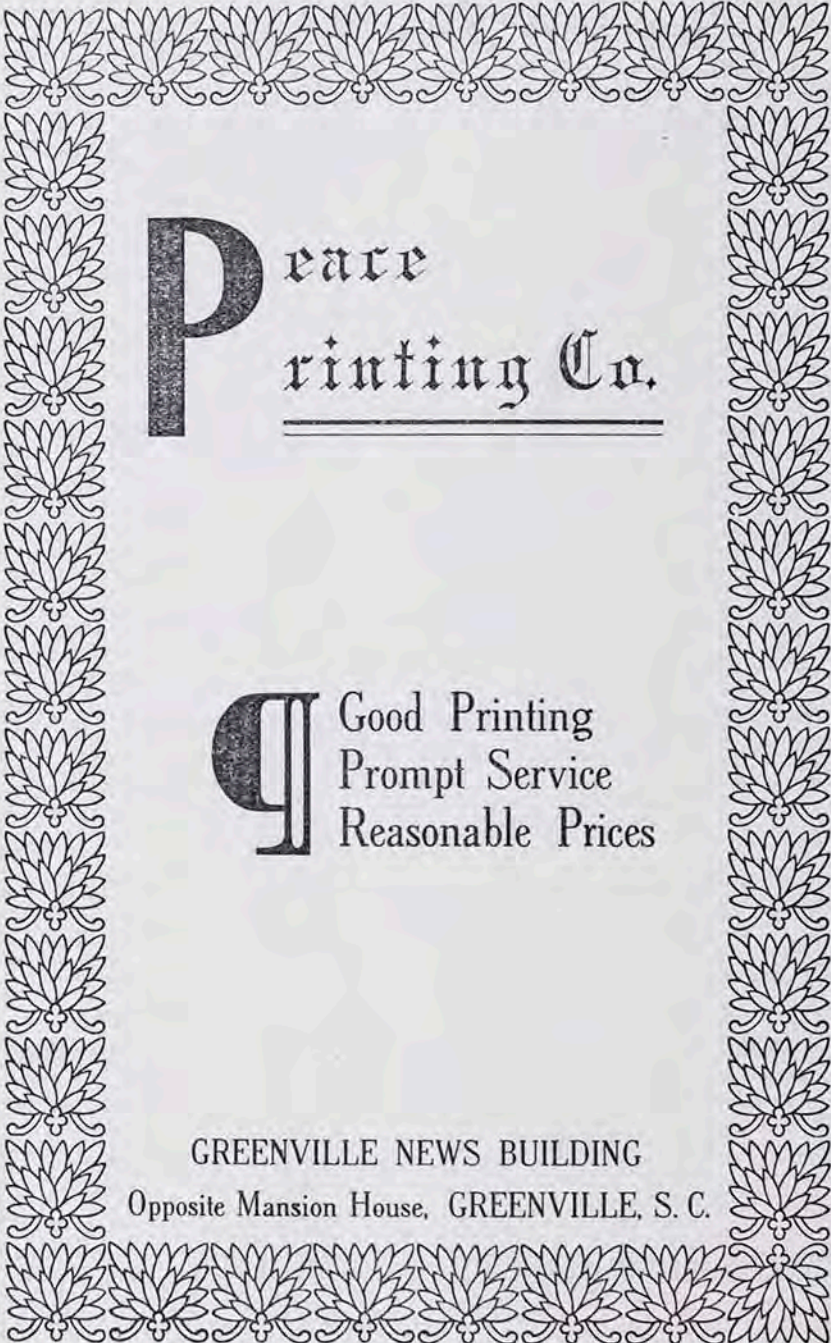
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