

The

Clarion

1906



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2018 with funding from  
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

<https://archive.org/details/clarion190605chic>

PRINTED BY  
*The State Company*  
COLUMBIA, S. C.



# THE CLARION

Volume Five



PUBLISHED

Students of

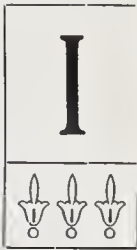
GREEN

*To our faithful and devoted  
Faculty  
who, with perseverance and conscientiousness  
have labored for our welfare during the past four years  
this volume of the  
Clarion  
is affectionately dedicated*



S. R. PRESTON, D. D.

## *Editorial*



IN BEHALF of the faculty and student-body, we, the editorial staff, place before the public Volume V of THE CLARION. Every student, on leaving college, wishes to carry with her some record which in after years will bring before her a picture of the good old days when she was a school-girl. Also, the friends and patrons of Chicora College wish to know what is being done here. They are continually looking for some evidence of improvement, and we are exceedingly grateful for the interest shown.

With this in mind, we have compiled this volume. We offer it, faults and all, hoping that our efforts will meet with general sympathy and with some appreciation.

The past few months have been brimful of work, but work we have enjoyed. Only sweet memories will arise when, in the future, we look back upon the time spent so profitably and so pleasantly in compiling this volume.

For the succeeding editor-in-chief and her associates we wish great success. The prospects for THE CLARION are bright, and we trust that in future years it will grow in size and merit until it will recognize few equals among Southern college annuals.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.





YE EDITORS





THE FACULTY





## *Senior Class*

MOTTO—*Nil nisi optimum*

FLOWER—*White Rose*

COLORS—*Green and White*

### CLASS YELL

Green and white, green and  
white,

We are, we are, out of sight.

Enro, enro, enroix,

Seniors, Seniors, 1906.

### OFFICERS

EUNICE BALLENGER

*President*

MABEL CAUBLE

*Vice-President*

CECILE HIRSCHMANN

*Secretary and Treasurer*

AGNES SEYLE

*Historian*

ANNIE SAWTELL

*Poet*

CATHERINE BLAKE

*Lawyer*

NITA MOORE

*Prophet*



EUNICE BALLENGER  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"Love seldom haunts the heart where learning lies."



MARY HART MONTGOMERY  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"So much the better I may stand alone,  
But would not change my free will for a throne."



ANNIE SAWTELL  
GEORGIA

"Longing sublime and aspirations high."



EUNICE FLANAGAN

SOUTH CAROLINA

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."



NANNIE CHARLES

SOUTH CAROLINA

"'Twas whispered balm—'twas sunshine spoken."



MINNIE GARRETT

SOUTH CAROLINA

"Order is heaven's first law; and this confess'd,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest."



LOUISE DYE  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"A pilgrim longing for the rest to come; an exile,  
anxious for her native home."



ELIZABETH DOVE  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"There is no courage but in innocence,  
No constancy but in home and cause."



NITA MOORE  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"The better part of valor is discretion."





GRACE SULLIVAN  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"Let come what will, I mean to bear it out."



MABEL CAUBLE  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"For if she will, she will—you may depend on't.  
But if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on't."



MARY GODDARD  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"With just enough of learning to misquote."



ANNIE DICKSON  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."



FANNIE BLAIR  
GEORGIA

"I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so because I think him so."



LILLIAN DAVIS  
SOUTH CAROLINA

"Eyes like starlight of the soft midnight,  
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright."



CECILE HIRSCHMANN

SOUTH CAROLINA

"She is so full of pleasing anecdote, so rich, so gay,  
so poignant is her wit."



GENEVA WEST

SOUTH CAROLINA

"Study to be quiet."



ANNIE WEST

SOUTH CAROLINA

"And with graceful wit there was inwrought  
A mildly-sweet unworldliness of thought."



LILLIAN PROFFITT

SOUTH CAROLINA

"Forever foremost in the ranks of fun,  
The laughing herald of the harmless pun."

## *Senior Specials*

CATHERINE BLAKE

SOUTH CAROLINA

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage heart,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

PAGE NEWMAN

VIRGINIA

"But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowing of an innocent heart."

ELEANOR GOURDIN

SOUTH CAROLINA

"Her voice was like the warbling of a bird,  
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear."

MAYME HUNTER

TENNESSEE

"The butterfly,  
That seemed a living blossom of the air."

RUTH CRISP

SOUTH CAROLINA

"O what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive."

## *Toasts*

Here's to Mayme, so short and sweet,  
The cutest girl you'll ever meet—  
To hear her laugh is quite a treat.  
Sweet Mayme.

This to Annie. We smile to see  
How very affectionate she can be.  
Of course I mean Miss Annie D.  
Loving Annie.

Now to Mabel, who wins more hearts  
Than lovely Venus with all her arts,  
And Cupid with his stack of darts.  
Winning Mabel.

Next to Nannie, with smiles so bright,  
Like morning sunshine after night.  
The darkest days she turns to light.  
Smiling Nannie.

Here's to Eunice, stately and fair,  
With eyes of blue and golden hair.  
Happy he who her lot may share!  
Beautiful Eunice.

Now to Nita, bright as a dime.  
In Ninety-Six she's sure to shine;  
For Nita never wastes her time.  
Bright Nita.

Next to Lillian I shall sing.  
May joys untold the future bring.  
And, oh! perhaps a diamond ring.  
Bejeweled Lillian.

Then to Lillian Proffitt, gay,  
Comes to school 'most ev'ry day.  
If she sees this, what will she say?  
Loafing Lillian.

Now to Mary, who does her work  
As rigidly as any Turk.  
Never a duty does she shirk.  
Earnest Mary.

This to Catharine, witty and gay,  
Always something bright to say,  
Laughs and talks the livelong day.  
Witty Catharine.

Here's to Annie, who cuts her classes—  
The merriest of all the Senior lasses—  
To Annie W. click your glasses.  
Cutting Annie.

This toast for Ruth is meant to go—  
Little Ruth, who giggles so,  
But she can't help it, you all know.  
Giggling Ruth.

Now to Agnes, modest and shy,  
I really cannot tell you why,  
For surely there's mischief in each brown eye.  
Modest Agnes.

Then to Mary—Mary G.,  
Always saying, "Why, let me see."  
She knows it's something. What can it be?  
Cautious Mary.

Next Eleanor, with her gift of song,  
To listen hours is not too long.  
Now clear and wild—then sweetly strong.  
Bird-like Eleanor.

And now, dear Fannie, a toast to you,  
With winsome ways and eyes so blue.  
To follow you in dress we'll try to do.  
Dressy Fannie.

Here's to Minnie with wonderful mind,  
Such wisdom in youth you seldom find.  
Always ahead, never behind.  
Clever Minnie.

This to Page: may you succeed,  
As fast on the road to fame you speed,  
And your cravings for music constantly feed.  
Musical Page.

Now for Grace this toast is meant,  
With courage strong and look intent.  
Her college days have been well spent.  
Steadfast Grace.

Then to Louise—Louise Dye.  
She's the girl who says, "I'll try."  
That she'll succeed you'll not deny.  
Patient Louise.

Next to Geneva, with mischievous look,  
Who gets some fun from every book.  
We all know well how her little ways took.  
Mischievous Geneva.

Here's to Cecile with jokes galore.  
New jokes, and some you've heard before.  
Here's a joke, and there're some more.  
Joking Cecile.

Next to Eunice, pure as gold:  
Brave and strong, but yet not bold.  
A guiding star in a worldly fold.  
Pure Eunice.

Now to Elizabeth, gentle—why?  
On the wings of love she's beginning to fly.  
Of course she would this truth deny.  
Gentle Elizabeth.

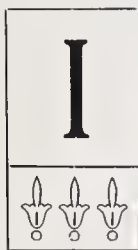
And last to myself. What must I say?  
My brain's all muddled. I cannot stay.  
I've rhymed enough for one short day.  
Tired Annie.

"And now, fair ladies, one and all adieu.  
Good luck, good husbands, and goodbye to you."

ANNIE V. SAWTELL.



## Class Prophecy, 1906



IT WAS A SULTRY NIGHT in May, all was still; not even a breeze stirred. I stole away from the happy, laughing girls to think.

Tomorrow would be commencement day, the day we thought would never come; and now it was here.

We had been such a merry band. Oh! yes. We had promised to write. We had planned to meet every commencement; but it could never be the same again. After tomorrow we would no longer be school-girls, but, women; we would go forth to take our places in the world. What would the world have for us? As I thought, the intense heat, combined with the physical depression, overcame me. Unconsciously my head fell forward upon my arm. I know not how long I slept. Suddenly I was aroused by a peculiar light, and saw before me "Father Time." Thoughtful, as always, he said: "My daughter, what above all things do you most desire to see?" At once a longing possessed me to gaze upon the changes and conditions the next five years would bring into the lives of my classmates of 1906.

He then led me to a high mountain, and gave me an instrument through which I could gaze over the earth, and hear what was said.

First my vision met, in a ball-room, a charming society woman—just what one would expect of Mable Cauble. Her wit and winning ways had made her the reigning belle of the season.

Next my attention was suddenly attracted toward an immense audience under the magic spell of oratory. The clear tones and glowing face of the speaker awakened memories of days at Chicora, when Grace Sullivan was chief spokesman of our class. I was not surprised to find her a noted lawyer of this new age. So far was she advanced in the science of politics that her aspirations were leading her to a congressional seat on the absorbing question, "Should woman make the proposal for marriage?"

While looking out on the suburbs of a large Southern city I noticed a beautiful home, in a large grove, quite a distance from the car line. It was strange how my attention was drawn to this particular house, for it was none other than that of Nannie Charles. She had grown tired of maiden life and had married a prominent young doctor.

One little figure, very attractive always, caught my glance as she passed up Main street of her native town. I recognized Mary Hart Montgomery. She was staying with her mother to cheer her in her old age; and at the time I saw her she

was the ruling power in her home town. How glad I was to see such an uplifting influence prevailing—and its controlling spirit a classmate of '06.

While looking at different signboards my heart beat rapidly when I saw this, "Miss Catherine Blake, the great impersonator, will be in town Tuesday and Wednesday of the following week. She needs no introduction to the public, for she is widely known in this part of the South. From old, I knew Catherine was good at imitating, but I had never thought of this. As I gazed I saw the audience spellbound, but she herself was unconscious—entirely lost in her work.

A sweet winsome young woman, who won our hearts in old days, was now teaching in Tennessee. She had not lost the art of winning hearts, for Agnes Seyle, soon after going out from Chicora, met a lonely college professor and married him.

One of my classmates, I was told, in her childhood was exceedingly bashful, but what a change years have wrought in Cecile Hirschmann. She is now a fluent writer. Her masterpiece is a theme on "Love and Jealousy." In days long gone she loved one of her teachers desperately, but learned the great lesson of submission when he cruelly married another girl. Now she finds a "Rhea" of comfort in these lines: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

A grand musical recital was being given in a large conservatory of a Northern city. Looking down on the stage I was bewildered when I saw Page Newman enter. She had established an enviable reputation and was then directress of that grand conservatory. The fourth number on that same program was a solo by Eleanor Gourdin. I was not at all surprised to see how her superb voice charmed her hearers. She had achieved much success and fame. She, too, was a teacher in this conservatory.

It was in a large new building in a city of Georgia that I saw a little lady busily writing. In one of the front rooms of this building she had her study. Minnie Garrett was now a critic. Her position on the editorial staff of *THE CLARION* first awoke her genius. Four years more in literary work further trained her. She wrote satires on "Bachelor Life is a Crime" and "Single Life," such works, of course, being inspired by single blessedness, although she abhorred the fact that fate had consigned to her the life of an old maid.

What could have become of Eunice Ballenger? Since she had finished school I could not hear anything of her. At last I found her, a missionary in Korea. We all thought that she would be a teacher, but fate had arranged differently. As in days of old, she was, as one expressed it: "Letting the golden rays of her glorious nature send forth their auroral glow into the dark world about her."

While gazing over Greenville I saw Dr. Preston pointing to a young lady and heard him say: "That young lady is a graduate of 1906." I at once recognized Geneva West. She still wore that same jolly smile and mischievous look. "Well," continued the Doctor, "that girl has certainly made a name for herself. She is one of the finest cartoonists in South Carolina."

And Lillian Proffitt—what has become of her? The last we heard of her she was at the University of New York taking a special course in math. But finding that math was not her calling, she began a new study, and I found her as a trained nurse in one of the large hospitals of Philadelphia. Her low voice and soothing touch had quieted many a suffering patient.

At Chicora many thought that Ruth Crisp would become a noted contralto singer, but she surprised us all. There is a certain lawyer who would not think of giving up his little stenographer.

In the city of Washington, in front of one of the largest stores, was this advertisement: "Come to the opening! Miss Goddard has taken unusual pains with her spring stock, and you are sure to find something to suit you." I at once turned my instrument upon her store, where I saw some of the loveliest hats that could be found, each one showing artistic taste. The whole establishment did credit to my old classmate, Mary Goddard.

I was not at all surprised when I saw in a brilliantly lighted parlor, in her home in Rogersville, a large gathering of young people, assembled to hear the celebrated pianist, Mayme Hunter. She had just returned home after several years' study of her art in Germany. Her justly won fame had preceded her, and all welcomed her back.

The noise of the fast trains that had stopped in Atlanta caused me to look that way, but I had no idea of seeing anyone that I knew. Happening to glance in a passing car, I saw a face that made me start. Yes, it was Eunice Flanagan's. She was en route from her Southern home to the far West to attend a grand conference of the Y. W. C. A., with which she was prominently identified as lecturer and organizer.

I knew exactly where to find Annie Sawtell, so did not have to change my instrument from Atlanta, but began searching for her in one of the schools there. How often had we heard her say, "When I finish at Chicora I am going to teach in one of the grammar schools of Atlanta." I was glad to find her so well pleased with the place where she had always wanted to be and the work she had always wanted to do. A noble purpose finely executed!

I was always curious to know what profession one of my classmates would follow. She was always so timid, and especially in the classroom. I heard a sound like the chatter of birds, and, having turned, beheld the campus of Wesleyan Female College teeming with girlish forms. Wondering what topic they were discussing, I listened to a dignified group—evidently seniors. They were praising their English teacher, landing her noble qualities and gifts. At that moment the object of their conversation passed—Louise Dye.

I knew nothing of the whereabouts of our influential Lillian Davis. But it wasn't long before I found her sitting in her studio, in New York, painting a picture by which she was to gain much fame.

While enjoying the privilege of seeing New York, my wandering glance rested on a secluded, a frail figure attired as a sister of charity stole quietly from the gate of a convent and entered the poverty-stricken district. It was Sister Dixon. Disappointment had led her to this secluded life. How hard was it for me to believe that this was our little flirt, Annie Dixon.

One of my classmates I could never understand, but "Father Time" revealed the secret to me by calling my attention to a magnificent home in the new part of the city. No feature that wealth could add seemed to be lacking. Then a young woman entered the flower-garden and moved among the blooming clusters, as if to add a crowning glory to the picture. How vivid were my memories when I recognized Elizabeth Dove.

Whom should I behold next on my circle of vision but Fannie Blair. Her destiny was extremely uncertain, for she was no sooner at one thing than she tried another. The hope of her youth was to go on the stage. But she abandoned that idea, and when I saw her she was at the head of a bachelor girls' hall, to which she invited all maidens who hated mankind. Fannie's work was not in vain, as she had many applicants.

My vision began to grow dim, and there was another of my classmates I had not found. I searched diligently, and after turning my instrument in all directions found Annie West. She had married a very rich old man, who afterwards died, leaving her a fortune. After her bereavement she lost all interest in social affairs, and had retired to her home on the Hudson. She had opened this grand home to the poor, and was spending her time and money trying to make them happy.

Then a sudden loud ringing aroused me. What could it have been? 'Twas the rising bell at Chicora. Oh! I was dreaming. The birds were chirping without, and all nature seemed to have said, "Awake from thy dreams, 'tis commencement morn."

N. MOORE, '06.

## Class Will



WE, THE MEMBERS of the Class of '06, in this, the most momentous part of the year, being of sound mind but somewhat frail bodies, do hereby make our last will.

To you, our worthy successors, we bequeath our teachers, who have been so patient and faithful to us. But spare them the many tortures we have inflicted.

To you we leave all valuable articles found in our classrooms, to be used to a better advantage than the aforesaid class has used them.

We, Agnes Seyle, Mary Montgomery and Louise Dyc, will our frivolity, wit, and knowledge of the art of flirtation to Lila Hammet, Belle Scott and Johnnie Severance, as they lack this important science to a surprising degree.

I, Annie West, will my title as "Greatest Cut" to Bertha Johnson.

I, Annie Dixon, hereby bequeath my honorable office as biggest flirt to Edena Hicklen.

I, Nita Moore, as brightest girl in school, feel fully capable of parting with a sufficient amount of knowledge to start Cornelia Plowden off in the responsible position of a Senior.

I, Annie Sawtell, hereby bequeath to Lucy Calvert my desperate attempts at rhyme-making. One exception, the poem, "Senior's Luck," is to be sent to the dime museum and preserved for future generations.

I, Grace Sullivan, will my diploma in expression to Flossie Jenkins.

I, Eleanor Gourdin, lease my voice to Ada Harrall until she finishes her course in music.

I, Mayme Hunter, hereby bequeath my reserve, carefulness in speech and stateliness to Carrie Floyd.

We, Eunice Ballenger and Lillian Davis, being the most influential girls, will our influence to the College Faculty, to be dealt out to various individuals, as they deem expedient.

I, Geneva West, will my cuteness to Lalla Reynolds. Few mistakes I have made, but she is at liberty to correct these and take such measures toward improvement as she thinks necessary.

We, Lillian Proffit, and Ruth Crisp, hereby will our tact in making loafing attractive to Elsie Thompson and Ida "2" Preston.

I, Mary Goddard, will my style in hair-dressing to Blanche Rose.

I, Nannie Charles, will my winning ways and good behavior to my dear little deskmate, Maka Jones.

I, Mabel Cauble, having a superfluity of hearts on hand, will about a half dozen to the "Old Maids' Convention."

We, Eunice Flanagan and Elizabeth Dove, being strong "men haters," will our ability in this line to Miss Strong and Miss McFarland.

I, Fannie Blair, will my "Billy" to the policeman whose beat lies somewhere in the neighborhood of Chicora.

We, Cecile Hirschmann and Minnie Garrett, will our inclination to study physics at recess to Blanche James and Grace Brogdon.

I, Page Newman, will and bequeath my Virginia complexion to Mattie Appelt.

I, Catherine Blake, will my office as lawyer to some one with more brain and imagination than I. As a candidate I will mention Lucile Barr.

C. BLAKE, '06.



## In Memory of Sallie Bates

In the study hall is a vacant place,  
One that we cannot fill.  
We miss the merry childlike face,  
And a voice we loved is still.

But it's only a deep, a beautiful sleep,  
And the dead in Christ shall rise.  
She's singing now at Jesus' feet,  
In that home beyond the skies.

And though our sunbeam could not stay,  
In our hearts she still shines bright ;  
And who would call her back today—  
Back from the realms of light ?

ANNIE SAWTELL.







## *Junior Class*

MOTTO

*"Non vi sed saepe cadendo"*

FLOWER

*Red Carnation*

COLORS

*Red and Black*

YELL

Junior, Junior,

Click, clack, clue;

Juniors, Juniors,

Brave and true,

Nineteen-seven's coming fast,

We'll be Seniors then at last.

### *Officers*

EDENA HICKLEN

*President*

LUCY POE

*Vice-President*

ADA HARRALL

*Secretary and Treasurer*

BLANCHE JAMES

*Historian*

## *Members Junior Class*

MATTIE APPELT

LUCILE BARR

ISABEL BOGGS

LOUISE BREWER

MARIE BREWER

GRACE BROGDON

ADDIS CARR

LUCY CALVERT

WILLIE CALHOUN

HATTIE FINLAY

CARRIE FLOYD

LEILA FOWLER

ADA HARRALL

LILA HAMMETT

BESSIE HITCH

ORA DELL HUNTER

EMMIE HICKS

EDENA HICKLEN

BLANCHIE JAMES

FLOSSIE JENKINS

LENOIR JONES

FRANCES McCULLOUGH

REBECCA PALMER

CORNELIA PLOWDEN

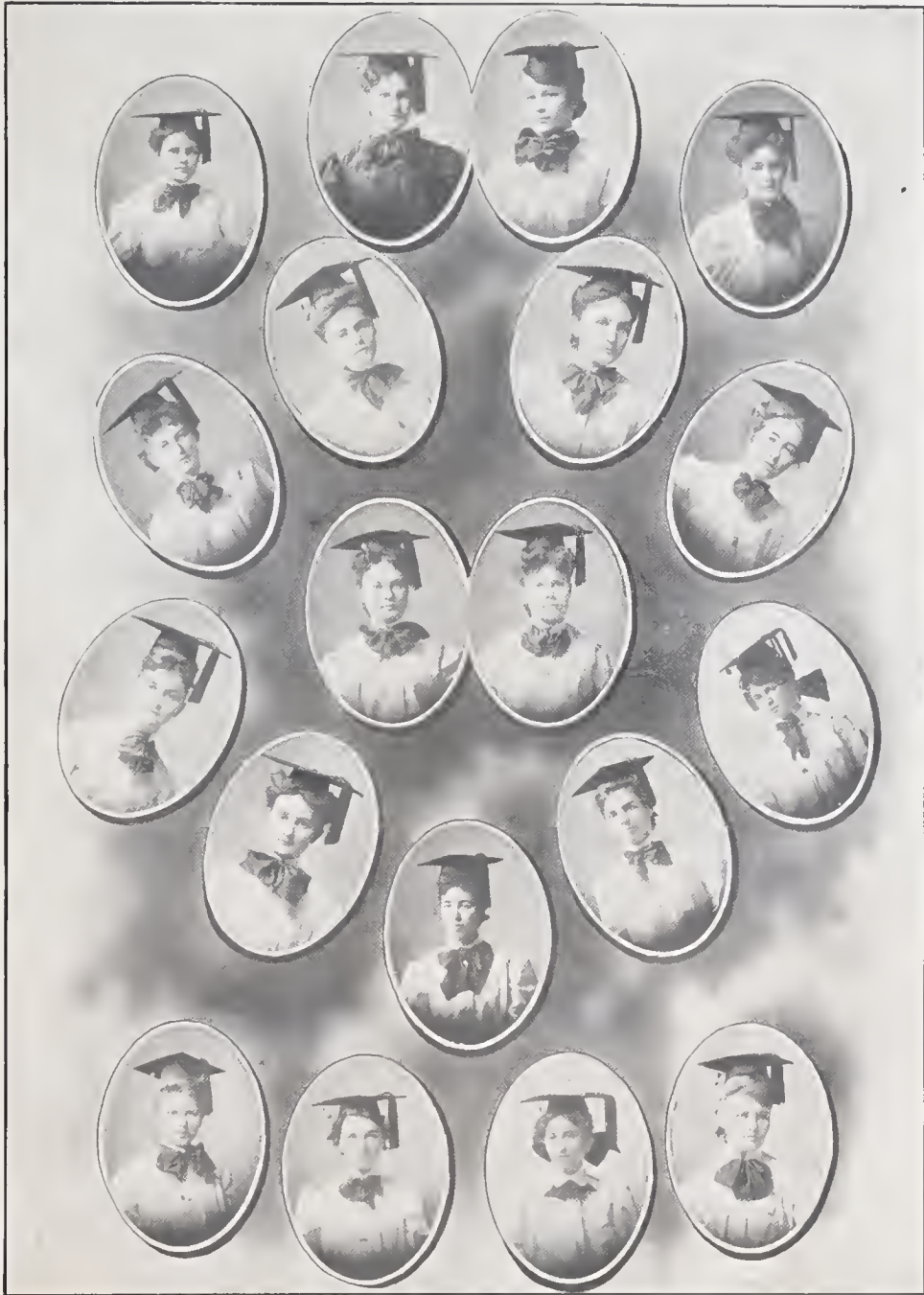
LUCY POE

ROSA POOLE

LALLA REYNOLDS

MARY BELLE SCOTT

MAY WYATT



JUNIOR CLASS

We are all trying to put on our dignity, so that it will not come awkward to us in our Senior year, but who can keep her dignity when tennis and baseball are the sports of the hour. When the basketball whistle blows every Junior is ready and waiting.

Our scholarship record has been a most gratifying one. Quite a number of our Class have won golden reports, and the future shines brighter than the past.

Here our Junior history ends. We are now almost in sight of our goal, but let it be remembered that a very small part of our history belongs to the great past, and that by far the greater and better part will be found in the limitless future which lies before us. Let us eagerly press on, inspired by our motto, "*Non vi sed saepe cadendo.*"

HISTORIAN.





SOPHOMORE CLASS



# Sophomore Class

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

FLOWER: *Forget-me-not*

COLORS: *Light blue and gold*

## Officers

President . . . . .	LALLA BALLENGER
Vice-President . . . . .	REBECCA FLANAGAN
Sec. and Treas. . . . .	ANNIE WILKINSON
Historian . . . . .	FANNIE DAVIS

## YELL

*Blue and gold,*

*Gold and blue,*

*Sophomore, Sophomore,*

*Chick-chuck-chu.*

## Members

ERIN ADDISON	MARGARET LIPSCOMB
MAY ARNOLD	MAY LEWIS
LALLA BALLENGER	LOUISE MILLER
FANNIE BATES	BELLE MADDEN
MAE BENNETT	DRUSILLA MEANS
ETHEL CHANDLER	KATHLEEN NEWMAN
FRANK CHAMBLIN	VICTORIA REED
JESSIE COLEMAN	BLANCHE ROSE
LUTIE CUNNINGHAM	WINIFRED RANKIN
ELLA CHILDERS	PEARL REEVES
FANNIE DAVIS	WEBB STANTON
LUCY EVANS	LILA SHERARD
SARA EVANS	SUE TICE
LUCIA ELLIS	ELSIE THOMPSON
REBECCA FLANAGAN	LILLIAN TRAMMEL
LIZZIE FLOYD	ELEANOR WEST
NELLIE GRIFFIN	EDITH WILLIAMS
ZANA HUNT	NELLIE WILLIAMS
HENRIETTA HAMEL	ELLEN WILSON
MABEL HARRISON	ANNIE WILKINSON
ANNIE KILGORE	JENNIE YOUNG
LUTIE YOUNG	

## *History of the Sophomore Class*



WHEN THE "MELANCHOLY DAYS" of September arrived, a band of merry girls found their way to Chicora, to be numbered among the Freshman Class. We were indeed "fresh," but thought ourselves quite as important, if not more so, than any other class of 1904.

It goes without saying that we were overloaded with work, and of course studied very hard, especially Algebra. As none of us had answer books, we were always ready with the "exact" answers, and in this branch gave our teacher no anxiety. But special mention must be made of the bright Latin class, which was always a "joy" to our teacher, knowing, as we did, every rule in the grammar.

However, after work of the year was finished, we left Chicora for a few months to enjoy a season of "much needed" rest.

When vacation was over, we returned to school on the 15th of September, 1905, to resume our duties, this time as Sophomores. We now find that we are not so important as we thought, for as we study Caesar, we often become very discouraged and faint by the way, in spite of our fine Latin teacher.

We will never forget our Sophomore year, especially in our organization, choosing officers, colors and class flower. It is our purpose to make this class the most famous that will ever leave these classic walls. This is a high ideal, it is true, but it is better not to aim at all than to point earthwards, and we all are aware that not failure but low aim is crime. Like Emerson, let us hitch our wagons to the stars, and let the constellation of 1908 shine with a lustre unparalleled in the annals of time, and let us strive for the "ideal," our feet never weary, nor our hearts cold, but with the cry "Excelsior," let us push on now and evermore.

FANNIE CLEVELAND DAVIS, '07.





FRESHMAN CLASS





## Freshman Class

MOTTO: "*Perseverentia omnia vincit*"

FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susie*

COLORS: *Black and Old Gold*

### YELL

Black and Gold! Black and Gold!

We are Freshmen, not so old;

One, nine, naught, nine,

We'll be Seniors in 1909.

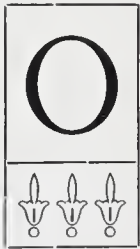
### Officers

HENRIETTA ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>President</i>
IDA "2" PRESTON . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
BERTHA JOHNSTON . . . . .	<i>Sec. and Treas.</i>
BESSIE ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>

### Members

HENRIETTA ANDERSON	IDA "2" PRESTON
BESSIE ANDERSON	EDNA PACK
RUTH BALLENGER	ELLEN POWELL
CORA BABB	MARIE REYNOLDS
ELIZABETH BEATTIE	EDNA SEYLE
LUCILE BUICE	EUNICE ERWIN
CORNELIA CHARLES	BELLE JAMES
AGNES CORBETT	BERTHA JOHNSTON
MATTIE DAVIS	SUE TICE
MAKA JONES	MABEL WEST
LOUISE LAWTON	HELEN WEST
LEILA MITCHELL	EVA VENTERS

## *The History of the Freshman Class*



ON THE GLCOMY DAY of September 15, 1905, the "rats" made their first appearance on the College campus. The following night the Sophs. serenaded us, "Home, Sweet Home," being their favorite selection.

Our highest aim was to be like the Sophs. So one day, seeing a number of them collected in a room, waving for all they were worth at the Furman boys, we immediately imitated them; but we were awkward in our first attempt, and were caught by a teacher. Nevertheless, our courage did not fail us, and now we think we can flirt equally as well as they.

Later on a reception was going to be given to the girls; our hearts sank at the very thought, but to our great relief the teacher told us that it was for the Seniors. We had our own fun though that night.

Thus it has been all during the year. We have been alternately trod upon and neglected by the higher classes; but as some good comes from all evil, this treatment has developed in us a self-sufficiency. Now we feel fully capable of looking disdainfully at the Fresh. of next year, and of giving them those extinguishing glances that were so plentifully bestowed upon us.

Now, as the session is drawing to a close, we have almost forgotten that we were ever Fresh., and are looking forward to taking up the duties of the Sophomores.

B. B. A., '09.



*Voice*

FRANCES THORNWELL  
 MAYME HUNTER  
 ADA HARRALL  
 THEODORA HAYNE  
 ANNIE RICHEY  
 EFFIE CHANDLER  
 BONNIE FREEMAN  
 MISS WILLIMON  
 LENOIR JONES

MISS MALLARD  
 MRS. HAYNE  
 MRS. JOHNSON  
 MISS MAULDIN  
 ELLEN POWELL  
 MABEL HARRISON  
 REBECCA PALMER  
 EUNICE BALLENGER  
 ELEANOR GOURDIN

RUTH CRISP  
 MRS. WALKER  
 MAYME JUBIN  
 MRS. STOVER  
 MRS. CONYERS  
 MRS. DUPONT  
 MRS. BEATY  
 MR. JACOBS  
 MR. SMITH

*Piano*

FRANCES THORNWELL  
 LUCY EVANS  
 BELLE SCOTT  
 LOUISE DYE  
 LUCILE CUNNINGHAM  
 FLORENCE JENKINS  
 HELEN THACKSTON  
 CATHARINE BLAKE  
 ANNIE KILGORE  
 LILA HAMMET  
 EFFIE CHANDLER  
 FRANCES McCULLOUGH  
 JOE BURGARD  
 DRUSILLA MEANS  
 ZANA HUNT

MARION GRAHAM  
 EDENA HICKLIN  
 ELSIE THOMPSON  
 LILA SHERARD  
 SUE TICE  
 ANNIE WILKINSON  
 PAGE NEWMAN  
 MR. GOODLET  
 ELLEN POWELL  
 MAYME HUNTER  
 MARY MONTGOMERY  
 BLANCHIE JAMES  
 REBECCA PALMER  
 BERTILA JOHNSTON  
 WILLIE CALHOUN

VICTORIA REID  
 ELEANOR GOURDIN  
 ORA DELL HUNTER  
 FANNIE BATES  
 HATTIE FINLEY  
 GRACE GRAHAM  
 WEBB STANTON  
 LALLA BALLENGER  
 MAY WYATT  
 ELLEN WILSON  
 GRACE BROGDON  
 LOUISE LAWTON  
 BELLE MADDEN  
 LEONARD LATHAM  
 R. E. ALLEN

*Organ*

MISS KENNEDY

## *Expression Class*

MOTTO

*"Creation not imitation"*

COLORS

*Red and white*

### *Pupils*

FANNIE BLAIR

FLOSSIE JENKINS

CECILE HIRSCHMANN

LOUISE MILLER

THEODORA HAYNE

ELIZABETH RICHEY

ELEANOR URQUHART

BERTHA JOHNSTON

## *Physical Culture Class*

MOTTO

*"Never too tired for laughter"*

COLORS

*Red and white*

### *Students*

FANNIE BLAIR

LOUISE MILLER

FLOSSIE JENKINS

CECILE HIRSCHMANN

THEODORA HAYNE

IDA "2" PRESTON

ELIZABETH RICHEY

BERTHA JOHNSTON

MAKA JONES

BESSIE ANDERSON

HENRIETTA ANDERSON

VICTORIA REID

ELIZABETH BEATTIE

AGNES CORBETT



PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS

*Members Cotbran Literary Society*

ERIN ADDISON	EUNICE ERVIN	FLOSSIE
FANNIE BLAIR	EUNICE FLANAGAN	ANNIE K
GRACE BROGDON	REBECCA FLANAGAN	MARY MO
EUNICE BALLENGER	CARRIE FLOYD	NITA MO
LALLA BALLENGER	ELIZABETH FLOYD	BELLE M.
CATHERINE BLAKE	LEILA FOWLER	DRUSILLA
WILLIE CALHOUN	ELEANOR GOURDIN	CORNELIA
LUCY CALVERT	HENRIETTE HAMEL	VICTORIA
EFFIE CHANDLER	ADA HARRALL	BLANCH
DAISY CHAMBLIN	CECILE HIRSCHMANN	BELLE S
BESSIE COLEMAN	BESSIE HITCH	JOHNN
ELIZABETH DOVE	ORA HUNTER	GRACE S
LUCY EVANS	BLANCHE JAMES	EVA VE
SARAH EVANS		

MOTTO—*"Knowledge is power"*

COLORS—*Old Gold and Black.*

FLOWER—*Golden-rod*





COTTRHAN LITERARY SOCIETY



# *Preston Literary Society*

MOTTO

*"Excelsior"*

COLORS

*Corn-color and blue*

FLOWER

*White Carnation*

## *Officers First Term*

LOUISE DYE, *President*

WEBB STANTON, *Vice-President*

KATHLEEN NEWMAN, *Secretary and Treasurer*

## *Officers Second Term*

PAGE NEWMAN, *President*

EDENA HICKLEN, *Vice-President*

LOUISE MILLER, *Secretary and Treasurer*

## *Members*

HENRIETTA ANDERSON

MAYME HUNTER

REBECCA PALMER

BESSIE BELLE ANDERSON

BELLE JAMES

IDA PRESTON

ISABEL BOGGS

LENOIR JONES

PEARL REEVES

LOUISE BREWER

LOUISE MILLER

WEBB STANTON

AGNES CORBETT

PAGE NEWMAN

ELSIE THOMPSON

LOUISE DYE

KATHLEEN NEWMAN

JENNIE YOUNG

MABEL HARRISON

ELLEN POWELL

LUTIE YOUNG

The Preston Literary Society, which was organized in the fall of 1909, is named in honor of our beloved President. Although our number is small, our work has been marked by a reasonable degree of success. Its object is to be both beneficial and entertaining, and from the beginning its members have manifested a most loyal and zealous spirit. As the years roll by we hope that those into whose hands we surrender this charge will love and uphold it, realizing their deep responsibility.



PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY



## *The Westminster League*

EUNICE BALLENGER, *President*

ELIZABETH DOVE, *Vice-President*

EUNICE FLANAGAN, *Secretary and Treasurer*

### *Members*

HENRIETTA ANDERSON	ELIZABETH FLOYD	PAGE NEWMAN
BESSIE BELLE ANDERSON	CARRIE FLOYD	ELLEN POWELL
ERIN ADDISON	REBECCA FLANAGAN	CORNELIA PLOWDEN
CATHARINE BLAKE	EUNICE FLANAGAN	VICTORIA REED
EUNICE BALLENGER	ELEANOR GOURDIN	PEARL REEVES
LALLA BALLENGER	EDENA HICKLEN	GRACE SULLIVAN
FANNIE BLAIR	ORA DELL HUNTER	LILA SITERARD
LOUISE BREWER	MAYME HUNTER	JOHNNIE SAVERANCE
DAISY CHAMBLIN	ADA HARRALL	WEBB STANTON
EFFIE CHANDLER	MABEL HARRISON	LUTIE YOUNG
BESSIE COLEMAN	BLANCHE JAMES	MISS MCFARLAND
LUCY CALVERT	FLOSSIE JENKINS	MISS NEWMAN
AGNES CORBETT	ANNIE KILGORE	MISS STRONG
LOUISE DYE	MARY MONTGOMERY	MISS HUNTER
ELIZABETH DOVE	LOUISE MILLER	MISS CLINTON
SARAH EVANS	BELLE MADDEN	MISS URQUHART
LUCY EVANS	NITA MOORE	
EUNICE ERWIN	KATHLEEN NEWMAN	

# *Fifth Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement*

## *A Voice From the League*



AMONG THE MANY good works of our Westminster League during this session is the sending of delegates to the Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which was held at Nashville, Tennessee, beginning on the 28th of February and closing on the 4th of March. The inspiration received by the delegates from this convention has been spread broadcast over the fertile soil of our little band of Christian workers, and we hope will yield much fruit in the College life and work, and be the direct cause of forwarding the "glad tidings" to some of the millions who are lying in darkness and night.

The history of the Student Volunteer Movement is told in few words but many deeds. Its direct organization dates from the summer of 1886, when two hundred and fifty-one delegates from eighty-nine colleges of the United States and Canada assembled at Mt. Hermon, on the banks of the Connecticut, for the first international students' conference ever held. Since that time the conventions have been held every four years, or once in each student generation. The growth of the movement has been marvelous. The number of delegates has increased from 251 at the meeting in 1886 to 4,188 at this Convention of 1906.

The purpose of the gathering together of that first little body of students was the fourfold purpose for which the movement now exists. It was: (1) to lead students to a thorough consideration of the claims of foreign missions upon them as a life work; (2) to foster the purpose of all students who decide to become foreign missionaries by helping to guide and to stimulate them in mission study and in work for missions until they pass under the immediate direction of the mission boards; (3) to unite all volunteers in an organized, aggressive movement; (4) to create and maintain an intelligent, sympathetic, active interest in foreign missions among the students who are to remain on the home field, in order that they may back up this great enterprise by their prayers, their gifts and their efforts.

The Student Volunteer Movement then is in reality a recruiting society for the various missionary boards. It has awakened an interest in missions in almost a thousand colleges in this country, and has turned many who were seeking to know to what work God had called them, to mission fields. The number of college students who expect to become foreign missionaries is five times as great as it was twenty years ago. The movement records the names of nearly three thousand



volunteers who have already sailed from our shores to wave the royal banner of Christ over far-away heathen lands.

This, the fifth international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, will doubtless be handed down in history as the greatest missionary conference ever held in the life of the Christian Church. It was not merely a national or continental convention, but a world conference—a conference where representatives were present from every State and Territory in the Union, from the various provinces of the Dominion of Canada and from the missionary fields of labor throughout the world.

In spite of the fact that the delegations were limited from the first, in spite of the fact that two thousand students who wrote for credentials were turned away because of the impossibility of providing for their entertainment, the number of delegates amounted to 4,188. In addition to this number there were many who had come without knowing where they were to lay their heads during those five nights, or from whence their daily bread should come; for Nashville's generous hospitality was taxed to the utmost. The doors of Ryman Auditorium, where the sessions were held, were closed each day upon hundreds who turned away in greatest disappointment at being unable to partake of that sweet communion with God and with so many of His blessed servants; and sought consolation in one of the overflow meetings which were held in the different churches for the accommodation of those thus debarred.

But the greatness of this convention lay not alone in its magnitude, but even more in its personnel. During the convention the "City of Schools" was visited by more than three thousand students from seven hundred different institutions of learning. So it was indeed a great gathering of educated youth, a gathering which represented the intellectuality, the cultivation, the refinement of the United States and Canada. It was a gathering which called to our minds the words of Disraeli: "It is a glorious thing to see a nation saved by its youth." It was stimulating, it was elevating to take part in that exchange of ideas and ambitions between the students of different institutions, and to share in that mingling of the thought and labor of students, with the thought and labor of those who are now laying upon the foundation of their college training vast stores of knowledge which they are daily acquiring in the great school of life—some in the home land, many in foreign fields.

However, mere numbers and cold intellect do not constitute a missionary conference. More truly than by either of these is the greatness of this convention marked by the spirit manifested by the entire assembly. Consecrated students,

volunteers, missionaries, and those engaged in various kinds of Christian work attended with like promptness and regularity each session; listened with like eagerness and attention to each thrilling story of conquest; and heard with like enthusiasm the battle cry, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Not one note of indifference, not one chord of insincerity was heard in all that chorus of hallelujahs to the "King of Kings." The hearts of those who had come weak in Christ had felt the impulse with the strong, the most self-sufficient soul that entered that mighty hall soon laid bare his heart to the scrutiny of Jesus Christ, and joined in the prayer of the opening session, "Search me, O God, and know my heart." Before was the vision of the cross and the crucified Christ. Uppermost in hearts of all was the mission of that uplifted Christ to us as <sup>men in</sup> ~~men~~ through us to those

"Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,  
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,  
Or of the life He died for them to win."

Each delegate seemed to feel the burden of the four great obligations laid upon us by Christ—to know, to pray, to go, to send

"Till the cross—the cross shall stand  
From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand."  
"Till idols fear and fall  
And every tribe and nation  
Shall crown Him Lord of all."

Then, shall we simply say that this was a glorious convention? Shall you, shall I, receive this outpouring of the Holy Spirit, forget the call of Christ that comes to us through this convention and through the needs of the non-Christian world and sit down in idleness. God forbid! Truly the outcome must be measured by the harvests of future years; but it remains for us, beloved delegates, to decide what those harvests shall be.

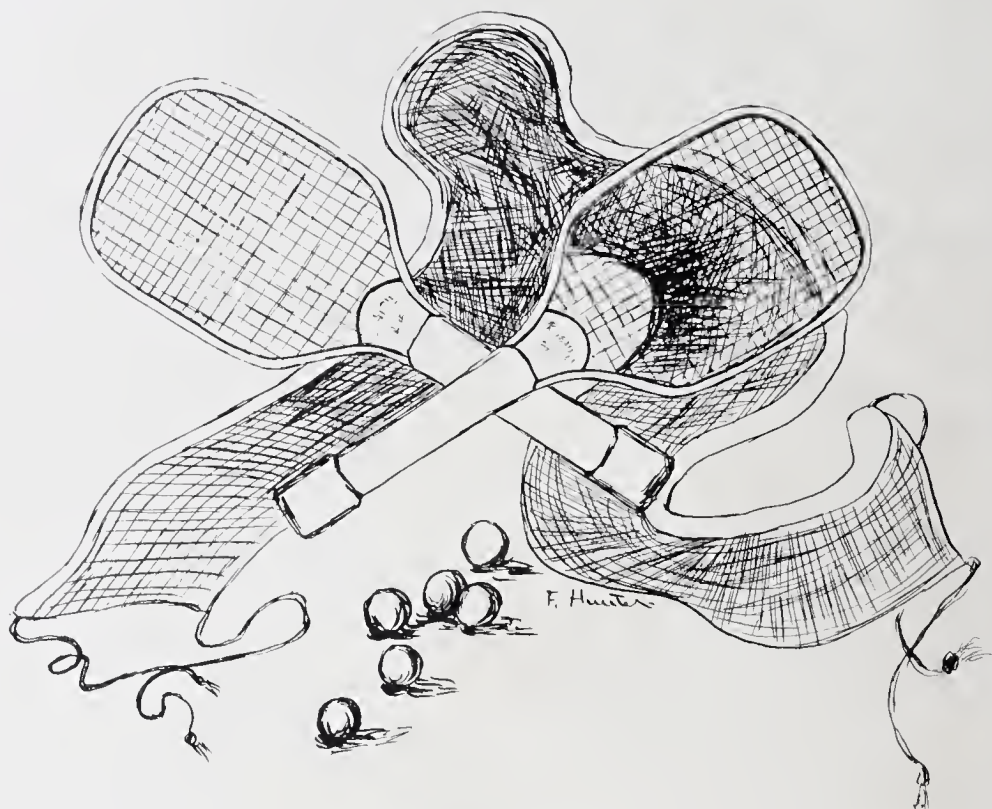
"Beware, lest slothful to fulfill thy mission,  
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown!"

Let us, dear students, who have received this mighty inspiration; let us, dear volunteers, who have consecrated our hearts and lives to this great missionary enterprise—let us “beware!” Let us proclaim abroad throughout our land the watchword of our movement, “The Evangelization of the World in this Generation.” Let us hoist our flag and go forth into battle, singing, as we march on to victory, our mighty convention hymn:

“O Zion haste, thy mission high fulfilling,  
To tell to all the world that God is light;  
That He who made all nations is not willing  
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.  
Publish glad tidings,  
Tidings of peace:  
Tidings of Jesus,  
Redemption and release.”

EUNICE BALLENGER, '06.





## *Tennis Club*

### *Captains*

WEBB STANTON

REBECCA FLANAGAN

### *Members*

EUNICE BALLENGER

NITA MOORE

CATARINE BLAKE

KATHLEEN NEWMAN

MARY MONTGOMERY

BLANCHE JAMES

EUNICE FLANAGAN

MAYME HUNTER

FANNIE BLAIR

ELEANOR GOURDIN

REBECCA FLANAGAN

WEBB STANTON

BLANCHE ROSE

WILLIE CALHOUN

PAGE NEWMAN

JOHNNIE SAVERANCE

ADA HARRALL

*“Brownies”*

*B-r-o-w-n-i-e,  
Broznie! Broznie!  
Rip rah ree!  
Can anyone meet us?  
Can anyone beat us?  
B-r-o-w-n-i-e!*

*“Giants”*

*Rickity click!  
Rickity click!  
Of basketball players we  
are the pick!*



*“Black Cats”*

*Black Cats! Black Cats!  
No Rats! No Rats!  
Only those who know their biz.,  
Only those who are the best what is  
Are—Black Cats!*

*“Battlers”*

*Razzle, dazzle,  
Sizz boom bah!  
Battlers! Battlers!  
Rah! rah! rah!*













## *An Unfortunate Nap*



ORDON had been up until two, and three, and even four, every night for a whole week, and had had no time to sleep by daylight. He was putting through an important contract. Tonight everything was dead within him but the need of sleep, and after dinner he stumbled into his apartment, rejoicing in his freedom from engagements. A little blue note was placed on the table, which startled him into the acknowledgment that perhaps even tonight there was something in the world besides sleep. He took it up as he might have taken Marion Good's hand, and smiled a moment at the delicate little handwriting before he broke it open.

"I have such a beautiful idea for the house," she had written; "won't you come tonight and hear it? This is the only evening I will be at home for a week or two, so I hope——"

Gordon put both hands to his head in dismay. Sleep, sleep, and yet—Marion. He looked at his watch—barely eight—then he again read the note.

Half an hour later he was in evening dress, walking up town. He felt so drowsy it was almost impossible to keep awake. Turning into a drug store he told the clerk, "I have been up for a week and I am dead for want of sleep. Can you give me something that will keep me awake for a couple of hours?" The clerk turned to the shelves. "Here is just the thing for you." Gordon emptied the glass. As he waited for the change his eyes fell on the bottle from which the mixture had been taken. He read the label: "Sure cure for insomnia. Warranted to produce a healthy, natural sleep in an hour after taking." The phrase swam before his eyes, and then he suddenly found his voice.

"What on earth have you given me?" he demanded.

"Perfectly harmless, sir. It will quiet your nerves and send you off to sleep like——"

"But, good gracious! I want to be kept awake!"

The clerk was daunted for a moment. "I misunderstood," he murmured.

"What can I do?" said Gordon; "is there anything that will counteract the stuff?" A second glass was mixed from another bottle, and Gordon emptied it and went thankfully up the avenue.

Marion spread the blue print plan on the table, and traced her idea with her forefinger. Gordon followed the finger with his eyes and smiled to himself. "I think it a very wise change, quite the best yet," he hastened to exclaim.

"But you laughed."

"No, truly, I only smiled because I was so glad to be here."

"There, that is business enough for this evening; come to the fire. No, don't take that chair—take the big one."

Gordon leaned back with a warm sense that life was very pleasant in the big, dimly-lighted room, face to face with this graceful woman who sat bending slightly toward him. The firelight warmed her pale blonde hair to gold, and struck tiny blue and green sparks from the multitudinous rings on her clasped hands. To sit that way night after night—night—after —. He started, clutched his sleeping consciousness with a firm hand, and evaded the question he had felt rather than heard.

"It will be a nice dance, you had better go," she repeated.

"Ah, yes, tomorrow night," said Gordon, "I shall certainly go." Again that treacherous vagueness seized him; he started up. "I beg pardon—who did you say had the reins?" he asked, grasping at the last sentence he had fully comprehended.

There was no answer. He turned his eyes toward her in dismay, but the chair was empty. "Marion," he pleaded, getting dizzily to his feet. There was no one in the room; the fire was low and one of the lamps had gone out. At that moment the clock in the hall lifted its solemn churchly voice full of hushed reproach. One! two! three!—

"Good heavens!" murmured Gordon. In the dim misery of a bad dream, he tiptoed to the hall, found his coat and hat, and let himself out into the cold, dreary night.

In the morning he sent Marion an abject explanation, and then, for once indifferent to business, wandered down among the shops in the vague hope of seeing her. An hour or two dragged heavily by. He bought a pair of fur-lined leather boots, which he had not in the least needed, as an excuse for loitering. There was a promising avenue of apology in a florist's window. A box of pink carnations was ordered to be sent to his apartment, and hurrying home, he wrote across a card: "If you forgive me, wear these tonight."

"There is a box coming," he told his man, "take it and this card—you know the house. Don't lose any time, it's—oh, important—" Then, feeling comfortable, he went to his bedroom and slept.

When he came out several hours later the first thing that met his eyes was a long box on the table. He jerked it open, frowning and wondering. Inside lay his pink carnations drooping limply among asparagus ferns.

"Roberts!" he shouted, "why in thunder didn't you deliver this box as I told you?"

" 'Tis sure, sir, I took the box up the minute it arrived. This is another box that came just as I returned."

The appearance of a messenger boy with a third box and a note promised further complications. He tore open the little blue envelope and read: "Miss Good fears that there is some mistake."

Sick at heart he turned to the box and lifted the cover. Within lay his card, and written across it was: "If you forgive me, wear these tonight." Below were the big leather boots. Gordon had forgotten to warn his man that two boxes were expected. He gave an exasperated kick at the offensive things, which flew into the air. A card fell out, and stooping down, he saw that something was written in pencil across the back. He carried it to the light with trembling fingers and read: "Really, you know I can't; but I will save two dances for you tonight. Isn't that forgiveness enough for the present?"

MABEL W. CAUBLE, '06.



## *A Tragedy*



AN ELEGANT MANSION stands upon an elevation that slopes gently to the extensive grounds surrounding it. Magnificent trees shade the ample green lawn, and rare flowering shrubs border the walks and fill the large yard. The yellow jessamine with its long, blossoming sprays—the earliest and sweetest of Southern flowers—climbs on the shrubs and trees, its classic, golden bells breathing a fragrant perfume.

The house is luxuriously furnished, and is pervaded by an atmosphere of wealth and culture. On a sofa, surrounded by pillows, lies a young girl of eighteen years. Hers is a delicate, aristocratic face.

Stealthily he comes through the open window—this blood-lover. How beautiful his victim looks as she lies back among those silken cushions! She wears a white dress of a soft clinging material, which is very becoming to her. Her dainty face is radiant, and she smiles in her sleep. One arm lies on her breast; the other, child-like, is thrown above her head, with its fingers resting among her golden curls.

This dreadful vampire, in his great thirst for the rich blood of his victim, takes no notice of all this beauty, but slowly and cautiously approaches the girl. Nearer and nearer he comes to the lovely, unconscious face and softly rounded neck. Will not something save her? Has she no guardian angel? Ah! he selects the white throat. His weapon is poised above her! When, thank heaven, she awakes! There is a quick upward movement of the small white hand, and—a pesky mosquito is no more.

MINNIE GARRETT, '06.



*A Typical Chicora Girl*





## The Middle-Man of China



THE CUSTOM of having a middle-man dates back to prehistoric ages. Job, in one of his famous arguments, laments bitterly: "Neither is there any days-man betwixt us." Abraham, in seeking a wife for his son Isaac, secures the services of a trusted middle-man.

The idea of having a middle-man is an Oriental one. The custom is still so prevalent in China that without its usage no contract nor transaction is considered complete or legal.

When the parents of a young man decide that the time has arrived when he should become betrothed, the first step is to secure a middle-man to negotiate for the bride. They instruct him carefully what kind of woman she must be, of what family distinction, and of what personal qualifications, even to the dimensions of her feet. They tell him just how much money the parents of the bride may expect as a betrothal gift. The Chinese resent the idea of buying a wife; they beg the wife. The phrase is "*tan-ka-siao*" not "*ma-ka-siao*"—beg, not buy; but if the begging is not accompanied by a sufficient amount of money no bargain is made.

In buying land the middle-man is expected to draw up the deed, see that the titles are clear and arrange for the price. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the law and all its technicalities, else the purchaser of the property may wake up some fine morning to find the former occupant hauling off the stones or digging up the trees.

Be it to the credit of the Chinaman that he is a trustworthy and law-abiding citizen, and that when he undertakes the office of a middle-man he holds himself responsible. If a servant is engaged, and he steals from his master, the middle-man is held responsible, and he must call the servant to account or pay for the theft himself. Should the servant be guilty of some misdemeanor or careless performance of his duty, the middle-man is taken to task and he in turn rebukes the servant. Scolding by proxy for successive ages has stamped itself on the Chinaman's face—hence the placidity of his countenance.

Patients are not allowed to enter the hospitals unless they have a reliable middle-man to settle any difficulty that may arise between the authorities and the patient's relatives.

Even in their religion the priest stands ever ready to receive money and act as mediator between the idolater and the brazen image of Buddha.

After all, the idea of having a middle-man is not a bad one, and many of our own affairs could be more amicably settled if first discussed with an impartial and passive middle-man.

ANNIE E. WILKINSON, '08.

## *Uncas and Wencha*



HAVE YOU ever heard the story  
Of the old fire-witch Nakoma,  
How she charmed the young brave Uncas  
To disaster and to death?

'Twas the time when the Mohicans  
Held chief place among the nations ;  
Their chiefs were honored highest  
In the councils of the red men ;  
Their braves were always welcome  
At the campfire or the chase.

Now in all that tribe of red men  
There was none so brave as Uncas :  
None could throw a hatchet straighter,  
None could wrestle half so well.  
When his tribe was on the warpath,  
Following the hated Mingo,  
He ever was the foremost,  
Always wary, always wise.  
He had slain in single combat,  
With a tomahawk or arrows,  
More of his deadly enemies  
Than there were years in his short life.  
He was tall and clear of feature,  
With a scalplock long and noble.  
Piercing eyes like to an eagle's  
Had the warrior, bold and daring,  
Into depths so black and flashing  
Never coward dared to look.

But the old fire-witch Nakoma  
Had a son by name of Wencha,  
He was of his jealous mother  
Greatest pride and chief ambition.  
Now Wencha was a dreamer,  
And he loved to roam the forest,  
Loved to see the little fishes





Swimming in the sparkling water ;  
Loved to watch the noble red-deer  
Sporting gayly in the forest.  
Little cared he for the warpath,  
But would lie for hours together  
On the green grass by the river,  
Thinking of the Mighty Spirit ;  
Wondering at the mysteries  
Of the common things around him.  
Yet, in spite of different callings,  
Different tastes and different longings,  
The youths had been from early childhood  
Boon companions, warmest friends.  
And the warrior would listen  
With delight in every feature  
To the discourse of his dear friend  
On the common things around them ;  
And the dreamer watched with wonder  
While the warrior pitched the hatchet,  
Oft exclaiming with amazement  
When the blade would cleave a sapling.  
Each thought the other was the nobler,  
Tried to imitate his virtues.

But the mother of Wencha  
Felt not kindly for the warrior ;  
Her old wrinkled heart had in it  
Only hatred for the young brave,  
And her hate became more bitter  
Seeing how he prospered ever ;  
And she viewed with great displeasure  
The strong friendship of the young men ;  
For she wanted all his honors  
For her own beloved offspring ;  
For she wanted her Wencha  
To be foremost in the council ;  
And she wanted, too, her Wencha  
To have all the lavish praises.



So the dreamer's idle dreaming  
Was to her a source of sorrow ;  
He was like the sweetest songbird,  
When she wished him like the panther.  
Oft she would remonstrate with him,  
Begging him to change his habit :  
But Wenchu softly, sadly made  
Made her answer in this manner :  
"When Manitto, the Great Spirit,  
Sends us here into this country,  
To each one he gives a spirit,  
And no other power can change it.  
To some he grants to be great warriors,  
High renowned among the tribes ;  
To others still to be great hunters,  
And to others to be dreamers.  
As he does not grant the beaver  
To be changed into the panther,  
Neither does he grant the dreamer  
To be changed into the warrior.  
In the Happy Hunting Ground  
There is a place for every spirit ;  
And the Manitou, Great Spirit,  
Knows his place, and knows them well."

But these wise speeches of Wenchu  
Did not cool her hate for Uncas.  
She resolved to make him suffer,  
To destroy his great ambition.  
Now she was a woman so powerful,  
Learnt among the Senecas,  
She belonged to the great circle  
Of the witches of the Apudak ;  
And had many powerful potions  
Which she used with witchless art.  
She could cure the most dangerous canker,  
And could brew the most dangerous potions  
To keep off the evil spirits

Of the fever and the chill.

Now, about this time the Hurons  
Made a warpath down the valley  
With their friends; the Iroquois,  
To destroy all the Mohicans;  
All their camps were to be plundered,  
All their people to be tortured,  
But the chiefs of the Mohicans  
Had by no means such intentions.  
So they gathered up their warriors  
And prepared to meet the Mingoes.  
In the council of the old men,  
Of the sagamores and warriors,  
When they discussed the mode of action,  
To destroy the cursed Mingoes,  
Then they chose the valiant Uncas  
Leader of their braves and young men.  
When the old Nakoma heard it,  
Forgetting quite her people's danger,  
She was moved to rage and fury  
On account of Uncas' honor.  
Swore that he against the Hurons  
Ne'er should lead the Lenape warriors.  
Straight she brewed her potions deadly,  
Muttered curses dark and dangerous.

Then Wencha saw her fury,  
Heard her oaths and feared in earnest  
For the safety of his friend  
And for the welfare of his people.  
He resolved to tell him quickly  
To beware his mother's witch-craft.  
As he strolled through the encampment,  
On his way to see his Uncas,  
They began to strip the war post  
And to sing to Manitto.  
One by one the warriors came  
And struck their tomahawks into it—



First the old men, then the young braves,  
Singing warsongs to the mighty,  
With their wild fantastic singing,  
Circling round the painted war post,  
With their feathers and their war paint,  
With their hatchets and their arrows.  
To the dreamer standing gazing  
At the uncouth scene around him  
It seemed that all the demons  
Conjured by his mother's magic  
Now had come to hold their revels—  
Curséd revels—in that forest.  
But his mission was in vain,  
For in the midst of that assemblage  
Stood young Uncas, talking nobly,  
Cheering up his faithful followers.  
So, sadly turning, kind Wencha  
Made his way back to his wigwam,  
Where his mother, still with anger,  
Sat vowing vengeance, muttering darkly.

So the chieftains left the village,  
Crossed the meadows, single file,  
Waded through the rushing water  
And reached in safety the other side.  
But as the red men gained the forest,  
Moving now without a sound,  
From the branches o'er the leader  
Sprang a panther, huge and hideous,  
Such as only dwell in darkness—  
In the deep, unchanging darkness—  
Such as only can be conjured  
By a witch of the Apudak ;  
Black as pitch, with fiery eyes,  
Which gleamed like those of angry demons,  
Fierce and hungry, at the warriors,  
And whose teeth, so white and glistening,  
Gave dismay and inward trembling



To the bravest of the party,  
Bigger than the biggest moose  
That plays on hills around the lakes;  
Straight he rushed upon the young brave;  
Picked him up as though a squirrel,  
Rushed off with him in the forest,  
Like a whirlwind he was gone.

And they say that in the winter,  
Passing through that forest dreary,  
You can see the young brave's spirit,  
And beside it is another;  
For when the braves of that war party  
Sadly took the story home,  
Wencha, son of witch Nakoma,  
Became as one turned into stone,  
For a time he stood bewildered,  
Wholly dazed by what had happened;  
Then a wild look filled his features,  
Quick he caught up bow and arrows,  
Running on across the meadows,  
Running on across the river,  
And, in spite of shouted warnings,  
Plunged into the dreadful forest.  
Loud then were the lamentations  
Of the warriors and the women;  
Louder yet the wailings  
Of the witch of the Apudak.  
For she now had no dominion  
O'er the beast that she had conjured;  
And her child, her own Wencha,  
Would soon be in greatest danger.  
Many a warrior scoured the forest,  
Searching for the two dear lost ones,  
Searching for the beast that slew them.  
All was useless, all was vain.  
And the spirits still are wandering,  
Still forbid the Hunting Ground  
Till their murder has been paid for  
And their cruel deaths revenged.

But I write this tale to tell you,  
If by chance you cross the way  
Of the old fire-witch Nakoma,  
To beware while yet you may.

ISABEL BOGGS, '07.



SCENES ON THE CAMPUS





SCENES ON THE CAMPUS



## *“Midnight Revellers”*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Anywhere on hall “A”*

OCCUPATION: *Hunting Unccdas*

MOTTO: *“Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow  
you may be expelled”*

*President* . . . . . MARY BELLE SCOTT  
*Vice-President* . . . . . FANNIE L. BLAIR  
*Secretary and Treasurer* . . . . . ELLEN LEE POWELL

### *Members*

MATTIE B. APPELT

GRACE BROGDON

LENOIR JONES

BLANCHIE JAMES

KATHERINE BLAKE

WILLIE CALHOUN

KATHLEEN NEWMAN

NITA MOORE

FLOSSIE JENKINS

ADA HARRALL

## Climbers

MEMBERS	AGE	NOTED FOR	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE SAYING	NICKNAME	HORROR
EUNICE FLANAGAN WEBB STANTON	Guess Nobody knows	Good disposition Curiosity	Planning Looking out the window	"Wait a minute" "Sakes alive"	"Nicky" "Webster"	Rats Geometry
REBECCA FLANAGAN	Increasing daily	Giggling	Growing stout	"Well, I'll de clare"	"Beck"	Exams.
MAYME HUNTER WILLIE CALHOUN	"Just 2" Aged	Hard work (?) Talking	Acting cute "Noting"	"Oh, joy!" "Bet your boots"	"Mary" "Bill"	Cleaning up (?) Boys (?)
KATHERINE BLAKE	Kittenish	Sitting on the mourners' bench	"Rocking"	"Don't think of that"	"Kat"	Rats
NITA MOORE	Hard to tell	Dressing hair	Studying poetry	"Can't learn anything"	"Pete"	Breakfast bell
LUCY CALVERT	I don't know	Hearing things (?)	Reading good books (?)	"Oh, pshaw!"	"Loose"	Water battles
CECILE HIRSCHMANN	Ten or twelve years	Loafing	Killing rats	"I don't care"	"Seal"	Getting up
LENOIR JONES	Perhaps a few years	Ragtime	Going up Main street	"Oh, law!"	"Laddie"	Arithmetic
ELLEN POWELL	Old as Mathuse- lah	Eating	Laughing	"Oh dear!"	"Slim Jim"	Huckleberries
EUNICE BALLENGER	Fifty-two	Dignity	Preaching	"Let's see"	"Nuna"	Letters to Senior President
JOHNNIE SAVERENCE	A loving age	Having fun	Going to Mil- ler's	"Oh, precious"	"Jack"	Latin
LALLA BALLENGER	Fifty	Studying	Practicing	"Oh, Geometry"	"Balla"	Steel







## *Virginia Club*

MOTTO: "Take your foot off my neck"

COLORS: Old gold and navy blue

FLOWER: Virginia Creeper

SONG: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia"

YELL: *Sis, Bum! Ba!*

*Ra! Ra! Ra!*

*Virginians! Virginians!*

*That's what we are.*

*President* . . . . . PAGE NEWMAN

*Secretary* . . . . . ELLEN POWELL

MEMBERS	PET NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	OCCUPATION
LENOIR JONES	"Toots"	There is no place like home.	Discussing the days of their youth.
KATHLEEN NEWMAN	"Kat"	" " "	" " "
IDA PRESTON	"2"	" " "	" " "
ELLEN POWELL	"Slim Jim"	" " "	" " "
PAGE NEWMAN	"Peach"	" " "	" " "

## Chicora Chaucer Club

MOTTO: *Girls cannot live by bread alone*

COLORS: *Blue and white*

FLOWER: *Forget-me-not*

YELL: *Rah! Rah! Rah!*

*Zip La Boom.*

*C. C. C.*

*Give her room!*

*President, JOHNNIE SAVERENCE*

*Secretary, LENOIR JONES*

*Treasurer, ELEANOR GOURDIN*

MEMBERS	PET NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE SONG	OCCUPATION
MAYME HUNTER	"Cutie"	"Why, you don't mean it"	"Teasing"	"Loafing"
ELEANOR GOURDIN	"Birdie"	"Gee whiz"	"Dearie"	"Loafing"
EUNICE FLANAGAN	"Honeysuckle"	"Not on your life"	"My Irish Molly O"	Studying
BLANCHE ROSE	"Grinning Jake"	"Darn it"	"Alexander"	Laughing
LILA HAMMETT	"Pat"	"Help me to get right"	"Coax Me"	Telling jokes
JOHNNIE SAVERENCE	"John"	"Oh, dear me"	"You Are the Only"	Going to "Miller's"
PAGE NEWMAN	"Peach"	"Do be careful"	"Tammany"	"Loafing"
KATHERINE BLAKE	"Kat"	"Oh, Peter"	"Keep a Cozy Corner in Your Heart for Me"	Studying poetry
LENOIR JONES	"Toots"	"Sure enough"	"Won't You Fondle Me?"	Going up Main st.
WILLIE CALHOUN	"Bill"	"I wouldn't give a vote"	"Nobody"	Having fun
KATHLEEN NEWMAN	"Kath"	"Consider it"	"Gipsy Love Song"	Serving chocolate
WEBB STANTON	"Webbie"	"Well, I think so"	"Make a Fuss Over Me"	Basketball
NITA MOORE	"Pete"	"Honor"	"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"	Going by Furman
HENRIETTE HAMEL	"Hennie"	"I do say"	"Blue Bell"	"Cutting"
ADA HARRALL	"Billie"	"I declare"	"Sweet Adeline"	"Striving after beauty"



# *Sewing Society*

PLACE OF MEETING  
*Cell No. 6, Hall "A"*

MOTTO

*"Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow"*

FAVORITE EXPRESSION  
*"Darn it"*

*President, ADA HARRALL*

*Vice-President, GRACE BROGDON*

*Secretary and Treasurer, BLANCHE JAMES*

## *Members*

ELLEN LEE POWELL

KATHLEEN NEWMAN

KATHERINE BLAKE

FLOSSIE JENKINS

NITA MOORE

MATTIE APPELT

BELLE SCOTT

ELIZABETH DOVE

## Statistics

### BOARDING DEPARTMENT

- Prettiest Girl*—Lenoir Jones.  
*Brightest Girl*—Nita Moore.  
*Most Studious Girl*—Lalla Ballenger.  
*Most Attractive Girl*—Ada Harrall.  
*Biggest Flirt*—Johnnie Saverence.  
*Wittiest Girl*—Belle Madden.  
*Cutest Girl*—Mayme Hunter.  
*Most Stylish Girl*—Blanche James.  
*Best Writer*—Eunice Ballenger.  
*Best Musician*—Grace Brogdon.  
*Most Influential Girl*—Eunice Ballenger.  
*Neatest Girl*—Eunice Flanagan.  
*Most Popular Among Girls*—Katherine Blake.  
*Favorite Teacher*—Miss Lillian Hunter.

### DAY STUDENTS.

- Prettiest Girl*—Elizabeth Beattie.  
*Brightest Girl*—Annie Sawtell.  
*Most Studious Girl*—Lalla Reynolds.  
*Most Attractive*—Mabel Cauble.  
*Cutest Girl*—Geneva West.  
*Wittiest Girl*—Mabel Cauble.  
*Biggest Flirt*—Annie Dickson.  
*Most Influential Girl*—Lillian Davis.  
*Best Writer*—Minnie Garrett.  
*Most Stylish Girl*—Elsie Thompson  
*Greatest "Cut"*—Annie West.  
*Favorite Teacher*—Miss Lillian Hunter.

## *Wants, Etc.*

WANTED—By Grace Sullivan, a ticket on the Clyde line.

WANTED—By Lillian Davis, "As You Like It" in which Orlando is the hero.

WANTED—By Miss Hunter, to know "Why?"

WANTED—By Annie Dickson, to catch a hare (Hair).

WANTED—By Minnie Garrett, a chair in the faculty of Clemson College.

WANTED—A position in a theatrical company. May Lewis.

WANTED—A position at Mills' Mill. Apply to Lenoir Jones.

WANTED—A Coop-er chickens. Apply to Katherine Blake.

WANTED—By Miss Newman, a String-er fish.

WANTED—By Lillian Proffitt, a book of Mother Goose Rhymes. She is especially interested in "Tom Thumb."

WANTED—By Ruth Crisp, a Ped-ler.

WANTED—A book on the "Discipline of Girls." Apply to Eunice Ballenger.

WANTED—By Fannie Blair, an old maid.

WANTED—Listeners to my original jokes. Come one, come all. Cecile Hirschmann.

WANTED—By Geneva West, a shovel with double handle.

WANTED—By Nita Moore, a Pratt-ler.

WANTED—By Belle Scott, to go to Gaffney.

WANTED—Some one to love me. Apply to Annie West.

WANTED—By Mayme Hunter, a "Rhea" of sunshine.

WANTED—By Nellie Williams, an invitation to the Wofford commencement.

WANTED—By Miss Urquhart, to go to Harris (burg).

WANTED—By Mr. Boggs, new subjects to talk about.

WANTED—By Mabel Cauble, to teach a class in foolery.

WANTED—By Emmie Hicks, to go to Humphries (Childers Co.)

WANTED—To go to Anderson (S. C.) Elizabeth Floyd.

WANTED—A "daring protector" for girls in the College. Apply to Chicora College.

WANTED—By Elsie Thompson, to go West.

LOST—A bottle of Antifat. Finder please return to Ellen Powell.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—One Mallard duck. Reward offered if returned to Annie Sawtell.

LOST—One picture under rug in parlor. If found please return to Willie Calhoun.

LOST—"The Love Letters of Charlie." Finder please return and receive ample reward. Elizabeth Dove.

TO EXCHANGE—Her good looks for a position as "pitcher" on the baseball team. Bertha Johnston.

NOTICE—Lessons in "giggling." Terms moderate. Apply to Ruth Crisp and Lillian Proffitt.

In answering advertisements please mention THE CLARION.



## *Nuts*

Senior A. S. to Four Seniors—Do you say, "girls is" or "girls are"?

Four Seniors—Why "girls are," of course.

Senior A. S.—Well, girls, are my hat on straight?

Senior E. B.—Mr. Boggs, is the cow-catcher the thing you couple cars with?

Senior M. G.—d (quoting Wordsworth):

"While the lambs thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young birds bound  
As to the labor's sound."

Fresh. M. J.—I think automobile riding is glorious, but your tires are so apt to get punctuated.

To Senior C. H. we tender our sincerest sympathy. We hear that she is worrying herself to death over what becomes of the wind when it doesn't blow.

Dr. S. R. P. (in Senior Bible Class)—What was the Sanhedrin?

Senior A. W.—He was some kind of a judge.

Soph. M. G.—Have you been through Calculus?

Soph. C. H.—I might have passed through on my way up here. I don't know, for I was asleep part of the time.

Mr. Boggs—Who married Jezebel?

Soph. S.—Abraham.

Miss U. (collecting laundry money)—Flossie, have you any clothes?

Flossie—Yes'm, a few.

Hall A.—All rights.

Hall B.—Buttinskys.

Hall C.—Caught "in the act."

Senior C. H. (in the jewelry store)—Is my dress ready?

Soph. S.—The waiter was arrested for shooting dice.

Senior M. M.—Oh! did he kill him?

Senior E. G.—n—Flossie, put a tack in the middle of each one of your shoes and they'll stop creaking.

Junior F. J.—Where can I get some tacks?

Senior E. D.—I don't see why it would. Where does the point come in?

Senior C. H.—In the foot.

Senior C. H. (reading the following joke from a paper)—"Mother: 'Don't you dare use such language!' Bright Boy: 'Why, Ma, Kipling uses it, and he's—' Mother: 'He does? Then don't you ever play with him again!'"

Senior E. D. to Senior C. H.—Why doesn't his ma want him to play with Kipling? Why, who is he?

Senior E. G.—n—Oh, he's going to be a doctor, and work in the dums (slums) of the city.

Fresh. E. P.—I want some indivisible (invisible) hairpins.

Junior L. C. (looking at an electric light down town)—My, doesn't the moon shine funny tonight.

Soph. J. S.—Miss Clinton said if I would buy the doorkey she would get the broom and dish-pan (dust-pan).

Soph. E. E. (hearing the trolley pass)—Say, don't that engine bother you?

Soph. L. C. (looking at the gas jet)—I wonder if that's meant to hang our laundry bags on?

Junior L. H. (hearing the town clock strike)—Say, where do they have prayer-meeting tonight?

Soph. M. H. to Senior C. H. (who is attending to the steam laundry)—Do you do the washing for the college?

Senior H.—Why, yes.

Soph. H.—Ironing, too?

Senior H.—Yes.

Soph. H.—Why, you don't take it hard.

Miss Hunter (to Junior R. P.)—What is a parallelogram?

Junior R. P.—A quadruped with its opposite legs equal.

Junior L. H.—Was John the Baptist Moses' father?

Junior L. C.—It would kill me if I were to die here.

Mr. Boggs—Why was Saul persecuted?

Answer—Because he was so biggoty.

Junior C. F.—Doctor, I want to see Mr. ——— but I haven't permission.

Dr. Preston—Kiss me, daughter.

After the kiss she got the permission.



TURN BACK



# THE PEOPLE'S STORE

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

## *In the School of Life*

The first useful, practical lesson to learn is economy in little things. Reduce, as near as possible, the habit of saving to an exact science, and you have laid the foundation for future happiness and independence. Chicora matriculates who would cultivate the little economies of life will find in The People's Store "a philosopher, guide, and friend."

In the distribution of *Dress Goods, Notions, Shoes, Slippers, Trunks and Satchels*, it is dominated by the principle "how little can we ask," and not "how much can we charge."

Students who have heretofore relied on their mothers "to shop" for them, will find in our sales-ladies competent and faithful guides to aid in the selection of all kinds of fancy "trix" *Dress Goods, Shoes and Notions*.

The usual Ten Per Cent. Discount will be cheerfully given.

## THE PEOPLE'S STORE, Greenville, S. C.

WHERE "OWENS SELLS IT FOR LESS"

### Ready for Business



### H. ENDEL

120 South Main St. GREENVILLE, S. C.

### L. H. STRINGER

### Druggist



Fine Line Stationery and  
School Supplies

AGENT WILEY'S CANDY



# Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company

OF NEWARK, N. J.

To the Students and Graduates of Chicora College:

ANDERSON, S. C.

See that your sweethearts and husbands are insured in The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, N. J., the leading ANNUAL DIVIDEND Company of America.

Very respectfully, M. M. MATTISON, State Agent.

## Lawton Lumber Company

(INCORPORATED)

Wholesale Lumber and Shingles

GREENVILLE, S. C.

*A Pretty Girl  
A Dainty Dress with an Oxford to Match  
Is a Pleasing Combination*

Our stock of Oxfords is complete.  
A variety of colors and styles to select from.  
We will be pleased to have you call and inspect them.

PRIDE & PATTON, Greenville, S. C.

"EVERYTHING THAT'S BEST IN SHOES"

QUALITY ALWAYS UP AND PRICES  
ALWAYS CONSISTENT

AT

## Hudson & Jordan

HIGH-CLASS GROCERS

GREENVILLE, S. C.


Don't Eat any Candy Unless You Get

### Huyler's

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD

## CARPENTER BROS.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

 Mail Orders Solicited.

# Crescent Grocery Company

WHOLESALE GROCERS and TOBACCONISTS

FRUITS and PRODUCE A SPECIALTY

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE  
818 PENDLETON ST.

LONG DISTANCE PHONES  
280 and 294

HENRY BRIGGS  
President

W. L. GASSOWAY  
Cashier

R. E. ALLEN  
Vice-President

# American Bank

GREENVILLE, S. C.



Capital, \$75,000

Surplus, \$16,000

#### DIRECTORS

Henry Briggs

A. Ramseur

D. D. Davenport

A. B. Carpenter

R. G. Gaines

R. E. Allen

C. O. Allen

J. L. Orr

W. A. McKelvey

Why College Girls  
Should Trade at

## Arnold's



FIRST—Because we make it a rule to keep all the little indispensables necessary for a college girl's wardrobe.

SECOND—Our stocks are the largest in the city, consisting of Dry Goods, Millinery and Shoes.

THIRD—We sell goods more reasonable than any other store—pin-money goes further. All we ask is a visit.

J. THOS. ARNOLD CO.

## A. F. LAMKIN

MANAGER

E. M. Andrews' Furniture Store

MILLER BUILDING

GREENVILLE, S. C.

## MARION B. LEACH

### Grocer

608 PENDLETON STREET

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

GO TO

# Sloan Bros.

## Drug Store

FOR

## Pure Drugs

AND DELICIOUS DRINKS

WALTER WEST, Pres. H. C. MARKLEY, Vice-Pres.  
JAMES BIRNIE, Sec. and Treas.

Established 1835 Incorporated 1905

## Markley Hardware and Manufacturing Company

Wholesale Hardware and Manufacturers of Wagons,  
Buggies and Farm Implements

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

ALWAYS CALL ON

### W. H. BALENTINE

FOR

## Fresh Meats, Fish and Oysters

Country Produce

208 Main Street

Telephone 100

GREENVILLE, S. C.

## HOBBES-HENDERSON COMPANY

Nos. 110 and 112 North Main Street

### THE PLACE

FOR ECONOMICAL SHOPPERS



COLLEGE GIRLS will find this store a safe place to shop. Every article in the store up-to-date and guaranteed to be the best your money can buy. We carry a complete line of Oxfords in all leathers and lasts. Every pair guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded.

HOBBES-HENDERSON COMPANY

## A Woman's Footgear

Should be Stylish, Comfortable  
and Durable



There is nothing more important, either to her appearance or her health. Our line fills all requirements for Style, Comfort and Durability. See our beautiful new Spring line of Oxfords.

## The Americus Shoe Store

Telephone 167

103 North Main Street

## The Crescent Pressing Club

Ladies' Skirts, Coats and Coat-Suits  
Carefully Cleaned and Pressed.

The Best Work and the Quickest  
Service for the least money.

EDWARD L. AYERS, Manager

103 N. Main St.

Telephone 139

R. T. WELDON, D. D. S.

H. T. STERLING, D. D. S.

## WELDON & STERLING

DENTISTS

Office, Corner Main Street and McBee Avenue

GREENVILLE, S. C.

FOR BEST ICE CREAM AND DRINKS

CALL AT

## THE MILLER COMPANY

Remember, we extend a cordial invitation to  
the young ladies of Chicora

Telephone No. 375

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Piedmont

Savings and Investment Co.

GREENVILLE, S. C.



Interest Paid Quarterly on Savings Deposits

ALL THE YOUNG LADIES OF CHICORA COLLEGE HAVE  
THEIR KODAK FINISHING DONE AT

Lanneau's Art Store

Charleston, S. C.

FOR THREE REASONS: { 1st. Work of the Best  
2d. Promptness  
3d. Prices Reasonable

Come and do thou likewise

SELLERS OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT

J. A. BULL CO.

225 North Main Street

LOWNEY'S CANDIES ALWAYS FRESH

# REYNOLDS & EARLE

THE POPULAR PLACE

FOR

 DRUGS 

TOOTH BRUSHES AND DRUGGIST'S  
SUNDRIES

Fine Line Writing Paper

Soda Water a Specialty

111 Main Street

AGENTS FOR LOWNEY'S CANDY

CALL AT

MATHIS SHOE STORE


FOR

QUEEN QUALITY, ULTRA and BROCKPORT

 Shoes 

No. 104 N. Main St.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

 GO TO 

# EARLE-WHEELER

 COMPANY'S 

FOR

Staple and Fancy Groceries

# DEVOE'S FULL LINE

LEAD AND ZINC PAINT

"THE FEWER GALLONS, WEARS LONGER KIND"



ARTISTS' MATERIAL :: DRY COLORS :: COLORS IN OIL :: BRUSHES  
EVERYTHING IN BUILDING MATERIAL

Mirrors

CATHEDRAL RIBBED  
GROUND CHIPPED  
WINDOW

Glass

WAREHOUSES  
Coal and Lumber Yards  
C., & W. C. Ry., Cor. Broad and Gas Sts.  
Phone 34

OFFICE and PAINT STOREROOM  
115 West Washington Street  
Phone 121

## GOWER SUPPLY COMPANY

PRIVATE TELEPHONE CONNECTING OUR DIFFERENT PLACES OF BUSINESS

## For the College Girl

and all her fair companions, our  
Elegant Display of

Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass  
and Fancy Goods

is a feast for the eyes, and a complete and up-to-date stock in all lines, with the Right Prices applied, make our store a most satisfactory shopping place

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

College Class Pins, Class Rings and Medals

Estimates cheerfully given at all times

**Gilreath-Durham Company**  
Greenville, S. C.

FOR EVERYTHING IN THE

## Furniture

LINE

APPLY TO

E. S. POOLE, Greenville, S. C.

## Wheeler & Son

## Photographers



Greenville :: South Carolina

High-Class Photography

We invite all the Young Ladies of  
Chicora College

to inspect our beautiful line of Oxfords.  
We will appreciate the opportunity of showing them to you whether you buy or not. Our Shoes have distinctive style, and with that perfection of workmanship that makes them comfortable to the most delicate feet—\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00

The Humphreys-Childers Shoe Co.















