

The Clarion

1907







CHICORA COLLEGE



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

<https://archive.org/details/clarion190706chic>

The Clarion

Volume Six

1907



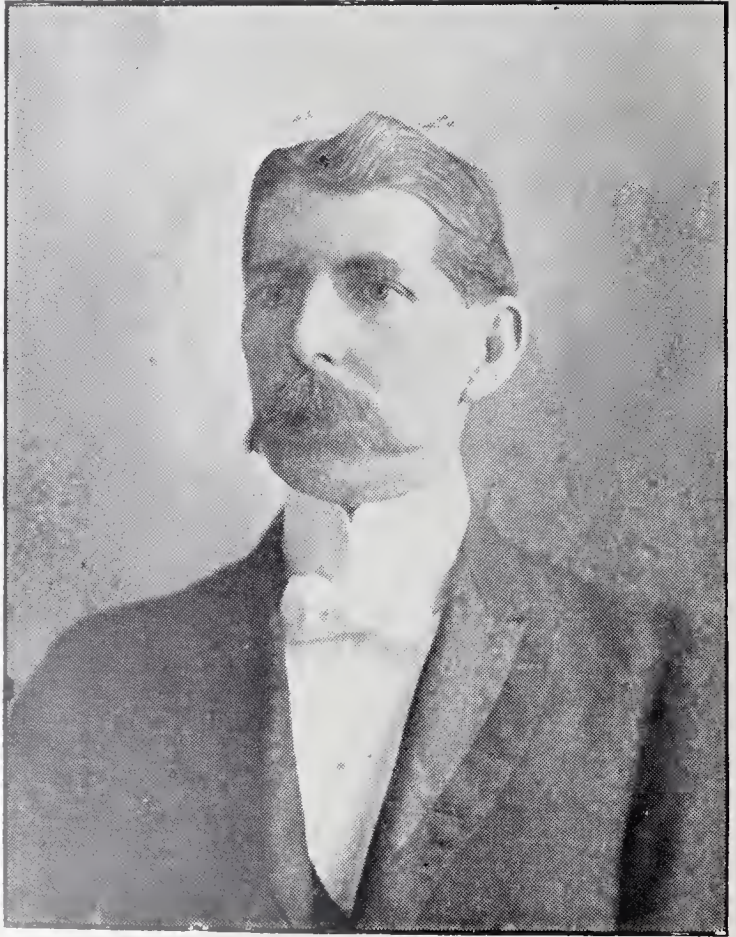
Published Annually by the Students of

Chicora College

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

PRINTED BY
The State Company
COLUMBIA, S. C.

We, the Senior Class of
Chicora College,
do gratefully dedicate this volume of
The Clarion
to
Miss Frances Hunter
and
Miss Elizabeth Newman,
who, by their constant and persevering efforts
and patient long-suffering,
have aided us in all of our endeavors



REV. S. C. BYRD, D. D., President

Chicora

CHICORA COLLEGE was organized in August, 1893, under the auspices of the three Presbyterian churches of Greenville. Rev. J. F. McKinnon was Principal from 1893 to 1895, and the Rev. S. R. Preston, D. D., from 1895 to 1898. In 1898 the institution failed and was reorganized by Dr. Preston as a stock company, and was so conducted by him until 1906.

In the spring of 1906 a majority of the stock of the College was offered for sale to the Presbyteries of Bethel, Enoree, and South Carolina, of the Synod of South Carolina, on condition that the remainder of the stock be secured by the Presbyteries. The offer was accepted, and Trustees were appointed to secure a charter, to consummate the action of the Presbyteries, and to govern and control the College until their next regular meeting. "The Board of Trustees of Chicora College" was chartered May 30, 1906, and the transaction by which the College became the property of the Presbyteries was consummated on June 1, 1906, a majority of the stock being purchased for \$30,500, and the remainder being received by donation. Those who generously donated their stock were: Mr. H. F. Means, Mrs. M. J. Means, Mr. C. E. Graham, Dr. C. C. Jones, Capt. O. P. Mills, and the First Presbyterian Church of Greenville.

It being the desire and purpose of the three owning and controlling Presbyteries to have associated with themselves the other three Presbyteries of the Synod, they in the fall of 1906 overtured the Presbyteries of Charleston, Harmony and Pee Dee to unite with them in the ownership and control of the College. The Presbyteries of Harmony and Pee Dee at their fall meeting accepted the offer, and it is expected that Charleston will take favorable action at its next regular meeting in the spring.

The Board of Trustees elected to the Presidency of the College Rev. S. C. Byrd, D. D., who assumed the duties of the office June 1st, 1906.

Chicora is a Christian College. It is established, maintained and conducted for the purpose of promoting Christian education in harmony with the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

The supreme aim of the College is to make women; and its conception of womanhood is a graceful and vigorous body, a thoroughly disciplined mind, together with a high moral and spiritual character. Character is more important than mere intellectual knowledge, and a trained conscience more valuable than mere education. The supreme question of life is not *intellectual* but *spiritual*;

is not what a woman *knows*, but what she *is*. We endeavor to give to the home, the church, and the State, truly educated, Christian, womanly women.

The College is located in Greenville, S. C., a beautiful city of about 20,000 inhabitants, and noted for its healthful and delightful climate. The site of the College—McBee Terrace—is in the center of the city, and comprises several acres, ornamented with majestic oaks, shrubbery and grassy lawn. The grounds are attractive and beautiful, commanding a fine view of the city, the river and the mountains. McBee Terrace is 995 feet above sea level.

The buildings occupy a commanding eminence and extend from Main Street to Rhett Street, 315 feet. They comprise the Administration Building, which contains the President's office, library, art studio and double parlors; the Study Hall Building, with adjoining recitation and music rooms; the Dormitory Building, including dining room and other rooms in the domestic department, bath rooms (hot and cold water), and closets on every floor; the Infirmary Building, with four large rooms furnished with modern sanitary conveniences, and the Auditorium, which is in the shape of an octagon, a beautiful room with a seating capacity of twelve hundred, containing pipe organ, opera chairs, etc. All these buildings are practically under one roof, and connected, so that there is no exposure to weather. They are heated by steam, lighted by gas and electricity, and are commodious, comfortable and attractive.

The government of the College is that of a Christian home. Every feature is under the direct care of the President and his wife, whose earnest and constant endeavor is to promote the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of the pupils. The discipline is gentle, but firm, and every effort is made to govern the girls by putting them on their honor and appealing to their sense of right, propriety and innate pride of true, noble, gentle womanhood. Such a watchfulness over the pupils is maintained as is prompted by affection and a sincere desire for the happiness, development and highest welfare of the pupil. Honor and truth are inculcated, and only such rules as are needful for the orderly government of a large family are prescribed.

We hope to do for the daughters of others committed to us just what we would wish the authorities of a College to do for our own daughter whom we might entrust to their care.

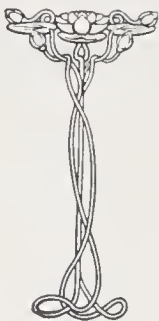
"That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," Ps. 144:12. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," Mark 8:36. Prominence is given to religious training and influence because "to glorify God and to enjoy him forever" is the

chief end of man. *Pro tempore et pro aeternitate.* Then, we wish to make home makers of the right kind. The character of the Church and State is determined by the home life of the people, and *the women determine largely the home life.* The religious influence of the College, therefore, is regarded by all connected with it as of the first importance. Singing, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures, are a part of each day's exercises, and all the students are required to attend these devotional services.

While the institution is denominational, and the President and his associates are solicitous to bring the pupils under the influence of evangelical religion, yet no narrow sectarianism is disseminated. Several denominations patronize the College, the boarding department having included in the past Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Episcopalians. Students are permitted to attend the places of worship of their respective denominations.

The present session has been, in every way, most successful. The standard has been raised nearly two years, the faculty enlarged, and other improvements introduced which make the College rank, now, with the very best institutions of the South. We have a large and splendid faculty and a large and attractive student body. The departments are full and demanding larger facilities, and the Board of Trustees are now considering plans for making the necessary improvements before the opening of the next session.

S. C. BYRD, President.





Mrs. S. C. Byrd, Vice-President
Professor of Bible



MISS LILLIAN HUNTER, *Lady Principal*
Professor of Mathematics and Natural Sciences



MISS ELIZABETH NEWMAN
Professor of English



MRS. ELLIS C. BEDELL
Principal of Academic Department



MISS NANNIE W. THORNWELL
Principal of Primary Department



MISS NANNIE W. MCFARLAND
Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages.



MISS ANNA McCANTS BEATY
Professor of History



MISS FRANCES HUNTER
Professor of Art



MISS ELEANOR S. URQUHART
Instructor in Mathematics and
Natural Sciences.



REV. W. L. BOGGS
Professor of Philosophy



MISS FRANCES YOUNG
Professor of Expression



MR. JOSEF HAGSTROM
Professor of Music



MISS GRACE GRAHAM
Professor of Piano



MISS ALICE W. WALKER
Professor of Piano



DR. C. C. JONES
Physician

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

ISABEL BOGGS

Assistant Editor

ADDIS CARR

Business Manager

CARRIE M. FLOYD

Assistant Business Manager

PAULINE ELLISON



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial

WE, the Senior Class of Chicora College, in placing in your hands, kind friends, this sixth volume of THE CLARION, do ask your sympathy for our work, and your indulgence and pardon for whatever faults you may find herein. As Rosalind says, in "As You Like It," "Good wine needs no bush; neither does a good play need an epilogue, but good wine does have bushes, and good plays do have epilogues," so we may say to you, that although a good book needs no introduction, we write this with the hope of arousing in you an appreciation for and an interest in our efforts.

Since last year our College has come under the control of the Presbyterian Church of South Carolina. Thereby great fields have been opened to her labors, and soon we believe that she will be recognized as one of the foremost institutions of learning in our Dixie land.

It is hoping these great things of her, and wishing her all possible success, that the Class of Nineteen Seven leaves its dear Alma Mater. May she have a lasting and a glorious influence on the womanhood of the South.

And now to you, our honored President, and to you, our esteemed Faculty, and to you, our dear schoolmates who have still to reach that climax of college life, the Senior year, to all of you, we bid an affectionate farewell. May you prosper much in the coming years, and at last may you rest in peace.

"Vale, vale, vale."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

A Tribute

NO GIRL who has ever been a student at Chicora can forget that face as she first saw it when leaving the car that had brought her to Greenville. Bright and genial, it towered above the crowd, and just so will the man who bore it always stand higher among men in the minds and lives of his girls. For such they were, never to him "the girls," but always "my girls."

Dr. Samuel Rhea Preston, endowed by God with a wonderfully bright mind and indomitable will and courage, lost no opportunity to use these gifts to the glory of Him who gave them. It was in 1895 that he took charge of Chicora College, and one needs but compare it as it was then with what it was when he left it to see and know that it has been wisely and prayerfully controlled. As a financial manager his success has been wonderful. During the past twelve years, the College has grown from a rented wooden building on McBee Avenue to a handsome brick structure on McBee Terrace; from three boarding pupils, to nearly a hundred.

Dr. Preston recognized in woman the greatest force for the upbuilding of the home, the community, and the nation. It was his mission to better fit, by proper training, the young girls for this work, and no better man could have been found. His school was a home, and his girls trusted him and believed in him as though he were their father. No trouble was too small, no complaint too trivial for him to stop his work and listen to.

Nothing caused him more sorrow than to see that some girl in his care was not making the best use of her talents. Not alone in the schoolroom did he ask for highest endeavor, but he quickly saw what her influence and force in the college home, the literary and Christian organizations, were, and urged her to use these to the best advantage. And just so great was his joy to see one turn her back on the things of this world and press forward, with her face set toward higher things. Many a girl who, since leaving school, has been interested in all that is good and noble, can look back and see "Doctor's" hand in it. How earnestly he plead with, how earnestly he prayed for every girl—not only for the student body as a whole, but for each soul individually!

Personal sacrifice, wise management, and clear foresight on the part of its President contributed much to the success of Chicora. Let us who were once under his care, honor him by honoring the fruits of his labors, by doing all we can toward making it what he would have it be—a school for the training of young women to a fuller and richer life.

ONE OF '01.

THE
SENIOR



Senior Class

MOTTO

"Non vi sed saepe cadendo."

FLOWER

White Daisy

COLORS

White and Old Gold

YELL

*Senior, Senior, Rif, Raf, Reven,
Here's to the Class of Nineteen Seven.
Our colors are old gold and white,
Seniors are great girls all right.*

Officers

GRACE BROGDON
President

BLANCHE JAMES
Vice-President

LUCY CALVERT
Secretary and Treasurer

EDENA HICKLIN
Historian

EMMIE HICKS
Poet

LUCILE BARR
Prophet

FLOSSIE JENKINS
Lawyer



GRACE BROGDEN, B. S.

*"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."*



BLANCHE JAMES, B. L.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."



LUCILE BARR, B. A.

"She steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in Summer's ray."



HATTIE BROWNLEE, B. A.

"Sober as a judge."



ISABELL BOGGS, B. A.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all she
knew."



ADDIS CARR, B. L.

In the Spring this young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of "Billy."



CARRIE M. FLOYD, B. S.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.



LUCY CALVERT, B. L.

Time wears all his locks before;
Take thy hold upon his forehead,
When he flies, he turns no more.



LEILA FOWLER, B. A.

"Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind."



BESSIE HITCH, B. S.

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."



PAULINE ELLISON, B. S.

"It is a joy
To think the best we can of human kind."



ZULA HITCH, B. A.
"Why idle when one can find work?"



EMMIE HICKS, B. A.
Be purity of life the test—
Leave to the heart, to heaven, the rest.



ORA DELL HUNTER, B. S.
"True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good."



EDENA HICKLIN, B. A.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant let a virtuous mind.



CORNELIA PLOWDEN, B. L.

"Far from the land of boys she has known,
She trips the light fantastic toe alone."



FLOSSIE JENKINS, B. L.

"For she's a jolly good girl, which nobody can
deny."



ROSA POOLE, B. L.
"The truly generous is the truly wise."



MARY BELLE SCOTT, B. L.
"With graceful steps she walks the street,
And smiles on all the fellows sweet."



LALLA REYNOLDS, B. A.
"Attempt the odd, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard! But search will find it out."



MAY WYATT, B. A.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."



REBECCA PALMER, B. L.

The apparel oft proclaims the man.



ELLA SHEPPARD, B. S.

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art,
That of being eloquently silent."



Mayme Hunter

Lenois Jones

Mattie Appelt

Cecile Hirschmann

SENIOR SPECIALS

History of the Class of 1907

AS we stand here, just on the threshold of the world, and look back over the four long years spent at Chicora, we see almost nothing that we need regret or that we would like to change. We entered here in the fall of 1903 as "verdant Freshmen." It was the first experience at a boarding school for most of us, and, of course, we were very blue and shy for a while. But this gradually wore off as we became more accustomed to our surroundings, and found that nothing dreadful was going to befall us. Before the year was half over we became one of the most self-confident classes in school. At the close of the year it was found that most of us would pass into the Sophomore without difficulty.

Many of our old members failed to return the next year, and our class was made up, to a large extent, of new girls who were able to enter the Sophomore Class. They felt their importance even more than the old ones, if that were possible. We were indeed "the terror of the Freshmen," thus taking revenge for the way the Sophomores had treated us when we were Freshmen. Of course, we thought ourselves the wisest class in school, for you must remember that we were Sophomores. That year, we studied, along with other things, and when the final examinations came we sailed triumphantly into the Junior harbor.

In our Junior year, we found that life is not all play. Not more than half the old girls were back; but our class was again recruited from the ranks of new girls. We studied hard, for we had passed the halfway mark in our race for a diploma, and were determined to let nothing stop us now. At basketball, all of us forgot that we were Juniors, and played and cheered as loudly as the youngest Freshman in the College. Towards the close of the year we began to realize that we were nearly Seniors, and that we must be studious and dignified, worthy examples for the Freshmen to imitate; for we had not forgotten how we looked up to the Seniors when we were Freshmen. So we strove very hard to prepare ourselves to be shining beacons to the weary little new girls. Our class work now was very good, and at the end of the session it was found that we would all be Seniors the next year.

1907! We are Seniors at last! Yet our ideals have not been fully realized. We feel that we have fallen short in many things; still we are striving harder than ever toward the goal now in full view. Only a few short months of faithful study, and we will leave our Alma Mater to go out into the wide, wide, world.

HISTORIAN.

Class Rhyme

Come o'er the river, up the hill,
To fair Chicora, if you will ;
And you shall meet each charming lass
Belonging to the Senior Class.

How great the joy that one doth feel,
As o'er the keys her fingers steal ;
For Grace hath in the famous art
Of music shared her little part.

Bright Lalla, with her high ideals,
A mind imbued with truth reveals.
Of learning's fountain she doth drink,
And ne'er from duty will she shrink.

One, whose presence e'er is felt,
Is "Apple" called, short for Appelt.
Her lively way we all admire,
And of her fun we never tire.

Blanche is coming, only look !
She's a perfect fashion book ;
We only glance at her to see
What the season's styles will be.

Rebecca Palmer likes to sing.
She likes, also, another thing,
To argue with her teacher long
Upon the ways of right and wrong.

So good and quiet is Cornelia,
She makes one think of St. Cecilia.
With conscience ever as her guide,
To realms of brightness doth she glide.

Well versed is Addis in the arts
Of trifling with the boyish hearts ;
And in her happy, winsome way,
Enjoys the games that lovers play.

Oft Zula says she is in trouble;
Sometimes 'tis single, sometimes double.
Cheer up, dear girls, for we can see
A happy future waits for thee.

Sometimes, while walking down the street,
A friendly face, perhaps, you'll meet;
For Leila loves the bright sunshine,
And shopping goes whene'er 'tis fine.

Deep study's Ella's greatest joy—
'Tis never study of a boy.
Her soul on learning she will feed,
For this she feels her greatest need.

No wonder that he doth adore
Thy pretty face and form, Lenoir;
For thou wouldst make as fair a queen
As e'er in royal robe was seen.

Dear Patience, noblest virtue yet,
Hath Hattie, who doth never fret.
She seeks the higher things of life,
And overcometh inward strife.

Just when the teacher's out of sight,
To fill the place is her delight.
'Tis slyly done, but yet 'tis well—
This teaching of Miss Ora Dell.

Sweet Carrie, loved by all her mates,
Is lucky, having many dates;
The boys she likes to entertain,
And knowledge also tries to gain.

Our editor, bright Isabel,
Is richly gifted, you may tell;
For in the verse that she doth write
Is ever found a rare delight.

Beneath those lashes long and dark,
A glance so sad we sometimes mark,
And looking in Edena's face
Reveals to us an inward grace.

Our fair Pauline, with cheeks of rose,
Thinks "Math" one of her greatest foes,
Oft little curls serve as a screen
To hide the frowns that might be seen.

Belle, the foremost in the ranks
Of teasing and of playing pranks,
By sticking pins or pulling tresses,
Often causes sore distresses.

'Tis Lucy Poe we think so neat,
'Tis she, with welcome kind and sweet;
We love her smile, for just beneath
Is seen a row of pearly teeth.

May is the little girl so kind
Who shares with others her bright mind,
And o'er and o'er again will show
Whate'er her classmates ask to know.

A book is Lucy's fondest treasure,
In reading hath she endless pleasure,
Rather read would she than talk,
Sleep or write or take a walk.

Let this be said of Rosa Poole,
Who sometimes comes in late for school:
She's loyal to her friends and true,
Her days of absence number few.

'Tis hard to find a girl so meek,
Who seldom but a word doth speak,
Why always timid, quiet, shy,
Pray tell us, Bessie, tell us why?

Here Flossie comes, so blithe and gay,
Strewing merriment on the way.
She for fun can all surpass,
And make the girls laugh out in class,

There is indeed a great delight
In Lucile's eyes, so full of light,
They tell of wisdom, there in store,
To which each day she addeth more,

I've told you, now, about each one ;
A few more lines, the rhyme is done,
With wishes best for each of you,
Dear classmates, loving teachers, too,

And as the angel calls the roll,
May there be present every soul ;
May this whole class of nineteen seven
Be graduates in the school of Heaven,



Prophesy



ONE Summer evening, I sat in the shadow of a large oak, dreaming of my past school days—how happy, how care free they had been. Suddenly a mist arose from the river at my feet, and formed a small cloud, which gradually contracted and became denser. I watched it with interest: presently it assumed a more definite shape—the figure of an old woman, shrouded in a gray cloak. Peering intently at me, she asked in a high, cracked voice: “Girl, what do you most desire to see?” Now, it happened that at that very moment I had been wondering whether all the class of '07 would ever meet again, and what would befall each of us in that busy, whirling world into which we were about to plunge. Without an instant's hesitation, I replied, “I should like to see each of my classmates five years hence.” She pondered a moment, with bowed head; then fixing her piercing eye on me, said: “This night your wish shall be granted.” Presently her outline became hazy, fading gradually into mist, which finally evaporated, leaving me wondering whether I had really seen anyone, or whether it was a dream.

That night, however, I did have a dream, which corresponded so strangely with my vision of the afternoon, that you shall judge whether the coincidence was merely due to chance.

I found myself within the walls of old Chicora. There, I was more than surprised to find my quondam chum, Grace Brogden, now an austere matron, striking terror into the hearts of the gay and frivolous rats; ruling in her rugged righteousness.

Seeing no other familiar face, I descended the magnificent flight of marble steps leading from the Auditorium. The clangor of a passing automobile arrested my attention, and my eye fell upon the form of Belle Scott, seated, entranced, beside one of the city's well known chauffeurs.

“Oh, how glad I am to see you,” she cried, and made me take a seat in the comfortable machine. We sped over a superb concrete bridge, and through the busy streets of a thriving city of forty thousand inhabitants. Arriving at the Southern Railway Station, we found that train No. 37 was actually on time. Pondering deeply over the momentous changes which five short years had wrought, I entered the luxurious chair-car, and was soon speeding southward. In glancing over the society columns of our metropolitan blanket sheet, the “Piedmont,” I noted the announcement of the engagement of Carrie Floyd to an English lord, the marriage to take place at the beginning of the London season.

Upon my arrival in Atlanta, I stepped into an electric brougham, and soon found myself in the handsome apartments of the Bachelor Girl's new club. A knock at the door of the first room elicited no response. I turned the knob and stumbled in upon my care-worn classmate, Lenoir Jones, with her eyes glued to the advertisement columns of the Matrimonial Journal. She brushed aside some of the papers with which her voluminous correspondence deluged her, and bade me be seated. She asked: "Are you married? Indeed! and to what 'lad,' pray tell me." I chatted with her of the past, and casually mentioned the name of Addis Carr. "Oh, she's here, right in this building, but so utterly absorbed in that book she is writing on the 'Evils of College Flirtations,' that I can scarcely believe she could be interested in even a beau of the ideal kind."

On leaving Atlanta, as I passed the convent, the face of Mattie Appelt appeared through the lattice of a side entrance. I peered through the opening, and saw her pacing to and fro, nibbling her nails, and muttering the conjugation of *amo*, interlaced with the declension of *vir*.

In stopping over night in a small Mississippi town, I heard that a lecturer of international fame—Mrs. Puissant, was to speak that night on the subject of Woman's Rights. The advertisement caught me, and I went with the crowd, got a front seat, and listened for two hours to a terrific arraignment of man's tyranny, and was made to weep over the tragedy of my unconsciously lost liberty. The spell was broken only by learning the lecturer's maiden name—Emmie Hicks.

On the following morning, while walking to the station, I met a lonely-looking girl, carrying a large case, marked, "Fine Perfumes, Extracts, and Soap." I was pitying this poor lady, when, to my amazement, I saw that the downcast face belonged to none other than Edena Hicklin, my classmate of '07.

I alighted from the train at Guthrie, Oklahoma, and obtained admission to the crowded courthouse, where a prominent citizen was being tried for killing his mother-in-law. To my surprise, his lawyer was a young woman. Her pleading tones echoed through the silent assembly: something about her troubled expression seemed familiar to me, and, as she glanced for a moment at me, I recognized Zula Hitch.

After an hour's ride on a spirited saddle-horse, I galloped into the backyard of a farm house, and before I could check my steed, was almost upon the back piazza, where sat Lucy Calvert, the churn-dash going in one hand, while with a dime novel she fanned her flushed face—appearing more anxious to see the butter come than to reach the climax of that thrilling story.

"Well," she exclaimed, "you are just in time; sit right down here and churn this butter while I catch my breath." She immediately launched into a lively conversation, however, indicating no lack of breath. "Have you seen Isabel Boggs lately? She has reached the very summit of her ambition—a government position in Washington, where she writes all the poetry for the "Congressional Record." And Rosa Poole; you know she's married. Yes, indeed—married a Mr. Midas. He's big, rich, has a diamond mine at Kimberley, and a gold mine in Alaska, also an ostrich mine—no, I mean an ostrich farm—near the Cape of Good Hope. They are now in Japan, on their trip around the world, and are to live in Paris. Then Blanche James, of course you have heard of her success? No? Why she holds the chair of Math. at Vassar. She has the adoration of all her pupils, and sways the styles, both of bonnets and skirts, with the surity of her science. And, oh! you must have heard of Lucy Poe. She became a missionary and went to the North Sea Islands. A cannibal king first ordered her to be killed and eaten; then wished to make her his queen. Fortunately, she escaped both fates, and is now in Patagonia distributing Bibles."

By this time the butter had come, and I had the pleasure of tasting some of it at my friend's dainty supper. Then a moon-light ride back to Guthrie. On the outskirts of town I paused to listen to the sweet tones of a young girl, singing "Why Don't You Try." Riding quietly upon the lawn, I approached two figures sitting in one hammock. In the brilliant moonlight, it was easy to see that one was a handsome young man, and the other was—Bessie Hitch.

In passing through a small village in Missouri, I noticed from the car window, a young lady, sitting in a stylish turnout near the station. Two gentlemen alighted from the train and approached her. The younger, a physician of prominence in the community, introduced her to the other gentleman as his wife. Recognizing May Wyatt, I called to her, and we talked of the old days at Chicora. "By the way," she said, "you will be surprised to learn that we have here a noted palmist—she is consulted by every one." I asked the name of this noted one, and was told that it was Cornelia Plowden.

On reaching Chicago, I attended the convention of Women's Clubs. I had the rare good fortune to be entertained in the palatial home of one of that city's grain magnates, whose wife I found to be none other than dear old Pauline Ellison. She has risen to the presidency of the Lake Side Club, and wields the social sceptre in the windy city. Of course, I was entertained royally, and among the various functions claiming our attention, a box-party at the theater was not the least enjoyed. Shakespeare's "Romeo" drew a crowded house, and when

Juliet came before the footlights, the applause was simply deafening, although this was her one hundred and twenty-third consecutive night in that rôle. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, when I discovered Hattie Brownlee—the acknowledged star of that metropolis.

I next visited New York. There, at a reception given in her Fifth Avenue home, by Mrs. Rockybilt to her eldest daughter, just making her *début*, I found Lalla Reynolds, the center of attraction, in a *coté*rie of New York's smartest set. In fact, so attracted by her grace and charm have the Four Hundred become, that, at her suggestion, they are all taking dancing lessons from her old school-mate, Ella Shepherd, who has now a fashionable school in New York.

Southward bound once more, I stopped at Baltimore and, while there, visited one of the great hospitals. Among the corps of well-trained nurses, moving noiselessly about, I noticed one whose touch seemed gentler than the rest, for the loving looks of her patients followed her as she flitted to and fro among them. She turned, and I saw that Oro Dell Hunter had carried out her noble intention of becoming a trained nurse.

On leaving the hospital, I entered one of the beautiful churches, and found that Sunday School was not quite over. I sat down and idly watched the various classes at work. A familiar voice sounded in a distant corner of the room, and I glanced in that direction. Imagine my delight when I saw Flossie Jenkins, seated in the midst of a ring of little tots, telling them the old Bible story of Noah in the Ark.

Before reaching home, I paid a flying visit to Montreal, where, nestling among the mountains, is that splendidly endowed school of art, The South-Atlantic Conservatory. One of the many hundreds drawn there by the mid-summer musical festival was Rebecca Palmer, whose alto in the rendition of Handel's "Sarruson" was the admiration of the whole community. Leila Fowler holds the chair of Elocution in this institution, and is regarded as one of the very strongest personalities of the whole faculty.

Shê was to give a recital that evening, and of course I stayed to hear it. She gave two selections with marked ability; the third was the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Plunging into the stirring lines, she began, "Half a league, half a league— — —" Suddenly she broke off, and began making a remarkable, whirring noise in her throat. I gazed at her in astonishment, but the noise grew louder and clearer. She seemed to be floating towards me, and now the noise was right beside my head. It was deafening—maddening. Just as I was about to scream, I heard a quiet voice say, "Well, you are certainly one of the seven sleepers." Opening my eyes, I saw my mother's smiling face; while, from a neighboring table an alarm clock was ringing for dear life.

LUCILE BARR, Prophet.

The Class Will

K NOW all men by these presents, that we, the Class of 1907, being of unsound mind and broken down bodies, in view of our approaching dissolution, do hereby make our last will and testament and thus dispose of all our property, both personal and general, of which we die possessed.

To Dr. Byrd, our honored President, we bequeath a wreath of immortelles for his heroic efforts in so bravely defending this campus from the attacks of the masculine beings across the way.

To the faculty, we bequeath our appreciation of their patience, long suffering and forbearance through all the years in which we have so sorely taxed them, and bespeak for our schoolmates who shall come after us the same faithful instruction and loving guidance which has characterized all their dealings with us.

To Miss Newman, our teacher of English, we bequeath a pail of blue and of red ink with which to decorate all literary productions submitted for her inspection.

To Elizabeth Floyd, of the Junior Class, we bequeath Hattie Brownlee's frivolity and great show of nerve, so that she may overcome her retiring modesty and embarrassing reticence.

To Wilmore Logan, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath Mattie Appelt's dislike (?) to the front campus.

To Lalla Ballenger, we bequeath Leila Fowler's propensity for flirting on the sly.

To Louise Miller we bequeath all the books belonging to Isabel Boggs which have not been devoured by the rats.

To Lucile Parrott, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath the conversational powers of Bessie Hitch, who is never at a loss for a word.

To Annie Wilkinson we bequeath Lucile Barr's propensity to get on the good side of the teachers.

To Victoria Reid we bequeath Lalla Reynolds' happy-go-lucky disposition, hoping that it will serve her in a good stead.

To Hassie Thomas we bequeath our classmate, Rebecca Palmer's, interrogative propensities.

Hoping that none of the Chicora girls will get it, we bequeath to anybody that wants it, a worn-out copy of "Meditation" belonging to Mary Belle Scott.

To Robbie Spratt and Henrietta Hamel we bequeath May Wyatt's and Ella Shepard's distaste for school books.

To Lil Massey we bequeath Addis Carr's art of hair dressing, particularly her Psyche (Sikey).

To Blanche James we bequeath Zula Hitch's diamond ring.

To Montez Bramlett we bequeath Cornelia Plowden's and Emmie Hicks' propensity for joking.

To Johnnie Saverance we bequeath Grace Brogdon's "Gardener," as she is a great lover of flowers.

To Pearle Willingham, who is sadly in need of a plaything, we bequeath Blanche James's jack-in-the-box.

To Webb Stanton, who longs for a beau, we bequeath one of Carrie Floyd's old Clemson sports.

To Emily Friday we bequeath Lucy Poe's love of Latin.

To Madeline Bedell we bequeath those yellow jonquils which Rosa Poole so faithfully brings to school every morning to give to P. Luther, in lieu of something better.

To Edith Jackson, who is sadly in need of it, we bequeath Lenoir Jones's vocal talent.

To Erin Addison we bequeath Ora Delle Hunter's ability to carry a high head, no matter what betides.

To Rebecca Flanagan, of the Junior Class, I bequeath my office as lawyer, feeling sure that she will fill her office much better than I have done.

FLOSSIE JENKINS.



THE JUNIOR



Junior Class

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera.*

FLOWER: *Red Rose.*

COLORS: *Red and White.*

Officers

<i>President</i>	LALLA BALLENGER
<i>Vice-President</i>	REBECCA FLANAGAN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	LOUISE MILLER
<i>Historian</i>	WILLIE SANDERS

YELL

Red and white, red and white,
Hurrah for the Juniors, who work day and night!
We are the ones who can hardly wait
For the longed-for year of nineteen eight.

Members

ERIN ADDISON	REBECCA FLANAGAN	WILLIE SANDERS
LALLA BALLENGER	NELLIE GRIFFIN	WEBB STANTON
FANNIE BATES	ANNIE KILGORE	LILLIAN TRAMMELL
LUCILE CUNNINGHAM	HENRIETTA HAMEL	ANNIE WILKINSON
EFFIE CHANDLER	NOGIE JAMES	NELLIE WILLIAMS
EUNICE BENNETT	LOUISE MILLER	ELEANOR WEST
FANNIE DAVIS	DRUSILLA MEANS	EDITH WILLIAMS
LUCY EVANS	BLANCHE ROSE	JENNIE YOUNG
SARA EVANS	VICTORIA RIED	LUTIE YOUNG
ELIZABETH FLOYD	ROBBIE SPRATT	



THE JUNIORS

History of the Junior Class

A VALIANT little band of warriors were enrolled at Chicora College as Freshmen in 1905. At our first class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Lalla Ballenger; Vice-President, Fannie Davis; Secretary and Treasurer, Drusilla Means; Historian, Annie Wilkinson.

With such worthy leaders, we resolved to surpass, in our efforts, and if possible, in the results produced, any preceding Freshman class. We determined that this resolution should serve as a beacon to cheer and strengthen us on the toilsome journey before us. It glowed brightly amid success, but sometimes grew so dim during examinations, and numberless other trials of Freshmen, that we almost lost sight of the flickering flame. We struggled on impatiently, however, and the hope of leaving Freshmen and their struggles behind kept off grim despair.

At the close of our Freshman year, we went home for a much-needed rest, and returned to Chicora in September. We returned with exalted opinions of the importance of our position. With most cheerful spirits did we begin our Sophomore year, but a few lessons in Latin and English readily brought our spirits down to normal, and sometimes several degrees below. We soon realized that more work than play was expected of Sophomores.

Our officers for the Sophomore year were: President, Lalla Ballenger; Vice-President, Rebecca Flanagan; Secretary and Treasurer, Annie Wilkinson; Historian, Fannie Davis.

Let us not recall that sorrowful year, when, with our hopes cruelly shattered, we toiled on, only "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust" that the year could not last forever. The school year closed, as all school years do, and we parted, each to go home to lay up strength to battle with such enemies as should beset our path during our Junior year.

The twentieth of last September, we again assembled within the classic walls of Chicora, hopefully and even joyfully. The trials past were forgotten in the pride of being called Juniors at last. Surely the coming year held something in store for us. It did.

We have learned, after having traversed the stony paths of Freshmen and Sophomores, to apply the meaning of our motto, "*Ad astra per aspera*," and we expect nothing without striving for it. We are looking forward, with calm pleasure, to being called Seniors, for we know from observation that their privileges are dearly bought, but, after having paid the price, we mean to fully enjoy them next year, "*volente Deo*."



THE SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Class

MOTTO: "*Spectemur Agendo.*"

FLOWER: *Red Carnation.*

COLORS: *Garnet and Gray.*

Officers

President LEON WHITE
Vice-President EUNICE ERWIN
Secretary and Treasurer LILLIAN B. MASSEY
Historian BESSIE B. ANDERSON

YELL

Garnet and Gray! Garnet and Gray!
We are Sophomores, always gay;
One, nine, naught, nine,
We'll be Seniors in 1909.

Members

PAULINE AIKEN
HENRIETTA ANDERSON
BESSIE ANDERSON
EMMA ACKER
ELIZABETH BEATY
IOLA CHILDERS
MATTIE DAVIS
UNICE ERWIN
MARGARET LIPSCOMB

MAY LEWIS
LILLIAN B. MASSEY
LENA NASH
ELSIE THOMPSON
ELLEN WILSON
LEON L. WHITE
PEARLE WILLINGHAM
EDNA SEYLE



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of the Sophomore Class

ON the bright and beautiful day of September twentieth, nineteen hundred and six, we, the "old" faithful girls, came back happy to think that we were no longer "rats." How glad we were to see our friends once more, after three months of separation! The sound of hurrying feet and of merry laughter could be heard in the halls. Many strange faces could be seen in our midst, looking downcast and forlorn at first, but the new girls soon became accustomed to the routine of college life, and joined in all our pranks. There were more new girls than have ever entered Chicora before at one time. We were glad to welcome them and initiate them. They had hardly taken off their hats when we began to tell them about the "Furmanites." They were very much excited when we told them that Furman was just across the way, and many a brow that had been gloomy cleared perceptibly.

The first opportunity we had of meeting our friends, and the Furman boys, was at the First Presbyterian Church reception. All the new girls, as well as old, declared they had a glorious time!

After the first weeks, which were spent in getting settled, we began our term of hard work. It was not long before the different teachers began giving us tests, and this, of course, led to our greatest horror, the first term examinations. Once again you could see the weary, worn expression on the girls' faces as they walked on the campus together, some discussing their History examination, others their Geometry.

The second term passed rapidly. We had several receptions—one especially, on March the fifteenth, which is long to be remembered. We also enjoyed many games of ball between Furman and other colleges.

The next examinations, being the final ones, are not looked forward to with so much horror and discouragement, as they are bringing us nearer home. We hope to see all our old friends back next year. Listen, you Sophs: We will then be the next to Seniors!

B. B. A., '09.



FRESHMAN

Freshman Class

MOTTO: *Azise la fin.*

FLOWER: *Dahlia.*

COLORS: *Garnet and Black.*

Officers

<i>President</i>	WILMORE LOGAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	ROSALIE TURNER
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	REBECCA LYLES
<i>Historian</i>	SUE DOTY

YELL

Rah, rah, ren,
In 1910,
Will be, will be
Seniors then.

Members

OLA BETHUNE	MADÉLINE BEDELL	EDNA PACK
LOIS BECKHAM	EDITH JACKSON	LUCILE PARROTT
MONTEZ BRAMLET	WILMORE LOGAN	JOHNNIE SAVERANCE
MADGE BURGARD	REBECCA LYLES	LUCY SENN
DORA CLAUSSEN	LUCY LIGON	ADA SPAIN
ANNIE CHILDRESS	AGGIDEL MOORE	ROSALIE TURNER
SUDIE CRAIG	NAN NIMMONS	EMILY WRIGHT
GRACE DOUGLASS	EMMA NEIL	MARY WYATT
SUE DOTY	LILLA PLOWDEN	NELLIE WYATT
MAMIE ELLISON	MATTIE PLOWDEN	REBECCA WALKER
MARION FRAZIER	WINIFRED RANKIN	SADIE WILLIS
DORA HALEY	MARY STARR	FLORIDE ZIMMERMAN
REBECCA HAFNER	PEARLE SMITH	NELLIE VERNON
THEO IVY	SUE SCOTT	CALLIE CHAPMAN
ANNIE LOU IRBY	CORNELIA SEYLE	



FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Freshman Class

THE Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten made its first appearance at Chicora on the nineteenth of September, 1906. It was one of the largest classes that had been seen in Chicora's sunny walls for several years. We numbered fifty hearty, lively girls. Many of us had never been away from home before, so for a few days some looked rather down-hearted. We soon cheered up, however, and started bravely to work. In our studies we were to have a harder time than any previous Freshmen—the standard of the College had been raised two years.

A few nights after our arrival we were given an informal reception by the ladies of the "First Presbyterian Church." That night we had the pleasure of chatting with the much-talked-about "Furman boys." We had scarcely become well accustomed to our surroundings when we were given a day for the Piedmont Fair. Long will that day be remembered by us as a very happy one.

Our next holiday was for a trip to Paris Mountain. How all enjoyed the long, delightful drive and the lovely mountain scenery.

From the first, we took much interest in the Literary Societies, and we hope that we may prove helpful in the work.

Fifty girls could not have been found that felt their importance more when they donned their uniforms. We marched to church with proud and beating hearts, looking forward to the day when we would be Seniors.

Christmas, with its many pleasures, soon came, and all went home for a jolly, good time. Now it has passed, and we are diligently at work. It is useless to say that geometry keeps us hard at work, and many a sad, silent tear is shed over that "dearly beloved book."

Our history is a short one, but we have only been in Chicora's walls eight months. Next year we hope to give a brilliant account of our year's work.

HISTORIAN.

The Freshman Class

I

A MERRIER class you never saw,
Nor ever will you see,
For there are none, I am quite sure,
Who have more fun than we.

II

Though often we get very "blue,"
And long for "Home, Sweet Home,"
Soon that is over and we, too,
Are "in" for the next fun.

III

Perhaps you think, from what I've said,
We always spend our time in play,
'But please do not be so misled,
For we work very hard each day.

IV

We work a while, then play a while,
And go this way through life,
There is no better way, I'm sure,
To get through college strife.

V

To us, our feast clubs are quite great,
Of every week they meet one night,
And then we never think of bed,
Until we must put out the light.

VI

When we are Seniors, great and wise,
And put away our childish ways,
We'll look upon our Freshman life
As happiest of our college days.

MARION FRAZIER, '10.

Students in Academic Department

AIKEN, COY
AIKEN, LEOTA
BALLENGER, RUTH
BOSWELL, LORA
BECKHAM, ALLIE
BUICE, LUCILE
CASEY, ELITA
CHARLES, AMANDA
CHARLES, CORNELIA
DAVIS, ROBERTA
DOYLE, LEILA
FRIDAY, EMILY
GRAHAM, MARIAN
HAMMOND, MAUDE
IVY, PEARLE
ILER, BESSIE

JONES, MAKA
LYONS, WILLIE
LIPSCOMB, LOUIE
MCFADDEN, ALMA
MCHUGH, ESSIE
PACK, LILLIAN
PATTON, ANNIE
PATTON, MARY LOUISE
THACKSTON, HELEN
THOMAS, HASSIE
TOUCHSTONE, SADIE
WEST, ANNETTE
WEST, HELEN
WEST, MABEL
WILLIAMS, ELIZABETH



ACADEMIC STUDENTS

MAMIE ALLEN
CORDELIA MOORE

WILLIAM WILKINS
LEE SMITH



WILLIAM McBRAYER
EUGENE HAMMOND

COZBY BYRD

PRIMARY CLASS



Expression Class

BESSIE ANDERSON
FLOSSIE JENKINS
LOUISE MILLER

PEARL TRULUCK
ISABEL FOGGS

MARION FRAZIER
CECILE HIRSCHMANN

HENRIETTE ANDERSON
REBECCA HAFNER

LURAH NASH
EMMA NIEL



The Cothran Literary Society

Officers

First Term

President, CARRIE M. FLOYD
Vice-President, GRACE BROGDON
Sect'y and Treasurer, BLANCHE JAMES
Censor, LALLA BALLENGER
Critic, CECILE HIRSCHMANN

Second Term

President, CARRIE M. FLOYD
Vice-President, BLANCHE JAMES
Sect'y and Treasurer, GRACE BROGDON
Censor, LALLA BALLENGER
Critic, CECILE HIRSCHMANN

MOTTO: "Knowledge is power."

COLORS: Old Gold and Black.

FLOWER: Golden-rod.

Members

MATTIE APPELT	LEILA FOWLER	LILLIAN MASSEY
ERIN ADDISON	CARRIE M. FLOYD	DRUSILLA MEANS
EUNICE BENNETT	LIZZIE FLOYD	LURAH NASH
LOIS BECKHAM	HENRIETTE HAMEL	NAN NIMMONS
GRACE BROGDON	DORA HALEY	CORNELIA PLOWDEN
LALLA BALLANGER	BESSIE HITCH	LUCILE PARROTT
MONTEZ BRAMLETT	ZULAH HITCH	VICTORIA REID
DORA CLAUSSEN	CECILE HIRSCHMANN	BLANCHE ROSE
LUCY CALVERT	ORA DELL HUNTER	MARY BELLE SCOTT
ADDIS CARR	PEARL IVY	JOHNNIE SAVERANCE
LUCILE CUNNINGHAM	THEO IVY	LUCY SENN
CALLIE CHAPMAN	ANNIE LOU IRBY	PEARL SMITH
SUDIE CRAIG	FLOSSIE JENKINS	HELEN THACKSTON
SUE DOTY	BLANCHE JAMES	ROSALIE TURNER
GRACE DOUGLAS	NOGIE JAMES	MARY WYATT
SARAH EVANS	ANNIE KILGORE	NELLIE WYATT
LUCY EVANS	WILMORE LOGAN	REBECCA WALKER
EUNICE ERWIN	LUCY LIGON	
REBECCA FLANAGAN	REBECCA LYLES	



COTRAN SOCIETY

The Cothran Literary Society

IT was several years after the founding of the College before a society was formed. The Cothran Society, named in honor of Judge Cothran, one of Chicora's best friends at that time, was organized October, 1899. Previous to this there had been a literary society in the College, but this year it was reorganized under its present name. The meetings are held every two weeks, on Saturday nights, in the Auditorium. At first our membership was small, but our number increased every year. As there is a great literary and musical talent in the society, the meetings are always interesting, consisting of essays, original stories, debates, recitations, instrumental and vocal music.

The life of a college centers in its literary societies, and it is by them that the literary standard of the college is determined. So, if our College is to be judged by its literary societies, it is our aim and desire to prove that its standard is high.

CARRIE M. FLOYD, '07.

Preston Literary Society

MOTTO
"Excelsior."

COLORS
Corn-color and blue.

FLOWER
White Carnation.

Officers

First Term

President ISABEL BOGGS
Vice-President LENORE JONES
Secretary and Treasurer EDENA HICKLIN
Chaplain REBECCA HAFNER
Censor BESSIE ANDERSON

Second Term

President WILLIE SANDERS
Vice-President MAYME HUNTER
Secretary and Treasurer REBECCA HAFNER
Chaplain MARION FRAZIER
Censor EDENA HICKLIN

Members

BESSIE ANDERSON
HENRIETTA ANDERSON
ISABEL BOGGS
OLA BETHUNE
ANNIE CHILDRESS
EDENA HICKLIN
MAYME HUNTER
REBECCA HAFNER
LENOIR JONES
EDITH JACKSON
LOUISE MILLER
EMMA NEIL
REBECCA PALMER

WEBB STANTON
MARY STARR
WILLIE SANDERS
ROBBIE SPRATT
ELSIE THOMPSON
PEARL WILLINGHAM
EMILY WRIGHT
LEON WHITE
LUTIE YOUNG
JENNIE YOUNG
MARION FRAZIER
ALMA McFADDEN
AGGIDEL MOORE



The Preston Literary Society

THE Preston Literary Society, which is named in honor of our former President, was organized in nineteen hundred. At first our members were few, but by zealous work we now have a large and well-organized society. It has been our motive during the past years to make this organization both profitable and entertaining, and our efforts have met with much success. Since its organization every member has shown great loyalty and enthusiasm, and it is our desire that such a spirit shall be revealed by our successors.

R. H.

The Westminster League

Officers

President CARRIE M. FLOYD
Vice-President BLANCHIE JAMES
Secretary and Treasurer ORA DELL HUNTER

Members

ADDISON, ERIN	FRAZIER, MARIAN	MOORE, AGEDELLE
ANDERSON, BESSIE	FLANAGAN, REBECCA	NIMMONS, NAN
ANDERSON, HENRIETTA	FOWLER, LEILA	FLOWDEN, CORNELIA
BALLENGER, LALLA	HUNTER, MAYME	PALMER, REBECCA
BECHAM, LOIS	HUNTER, ORA DELL	REID, VICTORIA
BENNETT, EUNICE	HICKLIN, EDENA	NEIL, EMMA
BRAMLETT, MONTEZ	HITCH, BESSIE	ROSE, BLANCHIE
BETHUNE, OLA	HITCH, ZULAH	SMITH, PEARLE
BROGDON, GRACE	HAFNER, REBECCA	STANTON, WEBB
CUNNINGHAM, LUCILE	IRBY, ANNIE LOU	SANDERS, WILLIE
CHILDRESS, ANNIE	JACKSON, EDITH	SPRATT, ROBBIE
CARR, ADDIS	JAMES, BLANCHIE	STARR, MARY
CALVERT, LUCY	JAMES, NOGIE	TOUCHSTONE, SADIE
CRAIG, SUSAN	KILGORE, ANNIE DOWNES	THACKSTON, HELEN
DOUGLAS, GRACE	LOGAN, WILMORE	WILLINGHAM, PEARLE
EVANS, LUCY	LYONS, WILLIE	WHITE, LEON
EVANS, SARAH	LIGON, LUCY	WYATT, NELLIE
ERWIN, EUNICE	MILLER, LOUISE	WYATT, MARY
FLOYD, CARRIE M.	MEANS, DRUCILLA	WRIGHT, EMILY
FLOYD, ELIZABETH	MASSEY, LILLIAN	YOUNG, JENNIE
		YOUNG, LUTIE

Honorary Members

MRS. ELLIS BEDELL	MISS ELIZABETH NEWMAN
MRS. S. C. BYRD	MISS NANNIE THORNWELL
MISS ANNA BEATY	MISS ELEANOR URQUHART
MISS FRANCES HUNTER	MISS MIRIAM FOIL
MISS LILLIAN HUNTER	MISS ALICE WALKER
MISS NANNIE MCFARLAND	MISS FRANCES YOUNG

The League

THE WESTMINSTER LEAGUE, as well as the literary societies and scholastic phases of college life, very reasonably claims the attention of every student who wishes to secure the largest returns from her college course, and who desires to use her influence for the benefit of others. There are many reasons why every student should participate in the work of the League. When a student becomes a member of the League, she acknowledges the best in her past life, and at the same time expresses a desire to be true to it. The majority of our college girls come from homes where uplifting religious influences prevail. Many of them have been members of churches at home. The college girl who, when entering into the new world of college life, does not openly acknowledge these best things in her past, is unfaithful to the most sacred influences of home, and to her own highest purposes. The most natural thing to do, then, is to join in the work of the League.

By becoming a member of the organization, one secures development in the highest ranges of a woman's life. The girl who would have her life symmetrical will seek to develop "her moral senses, her spiritual faculties, her religious nature, no less than her physical, social, and intellectual abilities." The work of the League encourages voluntary exercise, and this kind of exercise is always the most effective means for development. Being one of the promoters of the League work in college, signifies a willingness to meet definite opportunities for service that may arise while in college, or after leaving college. As is often the case, girls who have placed themselves in line for such service are the girls who are confronted by these opportunities. Their membership secures training for larger services in the future. College-bred girls are wanted in religious and non-religious activities alike, whether they be professional or what not. Hence, there is a great need for the training of actual experience gained through active work in the League. Let us, then, not become indifferent about this work; it is too important a part of our college course to treat it lightly, or to let our interest lag. I am sure no young girl will ever regret spending the short time on the Sabbath afternoons in studying the Word of God.

The ultimate secret of greatness is neither physical nor intellectual, but moral. It is the capacity to lose self in the service of something greater. And do we not all agree with Dr. Henry Van Dyke that, "It is faith to recognize the will to obey, and the strength to follow a star"?

CARRIE M. FLOYD, '07.



Tennis Club Officers

SENIOR CLASS

LUCY CALVERT, *President*
 BELLE SCOTT, *Vice-President*
 MATTIE APPELT, *Sec'y and Treasurer*

JUNIOR CLASS

WILLIE SANDERS, *President*
 ELIZABETH FLOYD, *Vice-President*
 REBECCA FLANAGAN, *Sec'y and Treas.*

SOPHOMORE CLASS

LILLIAN MASSEY, *President*
 LEON WHITE, *Vice-President*
 EUNICE ERWIN, *Sec'y and Treasurer*

FRESHMAN CLASS

EDITH JACKSON, *President*
 ROSALIE TURNER, *Vice-President*
 REBECCA HAFNER, *Sec'y and Treasurer*



TENNIS CLUB

Ahasuerus's Lament

The sun's rays slanting fell on Shushan's wall,
On marble pillars, where in silver rings
Cords of white linen bound the hangings fine—
Purple and green and gold. The azure sky,
Not more magnificent, overhung the court
Where months of feasting and of revelry
Had left their mark. Vessels of gold of divers
Forms lay there; around were strewn, at will,
The fragments of the feast; the royal wine,
Spilled on the marble tiling, flowed apace;
For each had drunk according to his wish;
None did compel, and none did hinder him.
Media's nobles, Persia's princes all
Had gathered in the palace, and for days
Ahasuerus feasted.

But 'twas o'er,
The guests departed, and the music gone;
The wit, the jesting word that seasoned all
The rioting forgot. And, now, the haughty pride,
Fostered by slavish praise, that upheld the king,
While drunk with wine and flattery, availeth not.
He thinks on Vashti, humbled, in disgrace—
Her whom he loved as his own soul, gone forth
To exile; ne'er to see his face; ne'er hear
His voice—she who had loved him, too, as her
Own life, yea, more, he was her idol! Ah,
The cruel pangs that pierced her guiltless breast
Are pouring now their poisoned venom deep
Within his veins!

"It changeth not, the law
Of Persia's kingdom stern!" aloud he groaned,
"Word hath gone forth to every household here,
'Vashti no more shall come before the king,
But her estate be given to another,'
Another, who obedient, true, and fond,
Shall answer to her lord, 'Behold I come
When thou dost bid me!'"

“Vashti gone? Alas!
The memory of her presence still remains;
The sweetness of her grace, the docile look
That her meek countenance did wear that fateful day
When she did bid adieu to Persia’s court,
To her dear lord, to all the thousand ties
That bound her to the palace.”

“Vashti gone?
Another in her place? Ah! where to find
A heart so true, a form so wondrous fair,
A soul so valiant; for, when Memucan did bring
The baleful tidings, neither moan, nor plaint
She uttered; but arose, and laid aside her jewels;
Placed the embroidered robes of royalty beside them,
And quietly obeyed her husband’s mandate.”

“Vashti banished! The fairest flower that decked
The kingdom plucked from its native soil to perish!
Marred by its purity! Fool that I was, thrice fool,
In that I listened to my drunken lords,
In that her disobedience angered me,
In that I banished her because of it!
Marred by her purity! Nay, ye gods above,
That cherish virtue, look in mercy down
On her, not marred though banished from me—
Sent into exile, ay, perchance, to death;
For how shall she endure to be transplanted?
She whom a throne hath graced will droop and die
In other element. And, where’er she go,
Husbands shall bid their wives beware of her,
Beware of her who only loved her lord
Too well, who prized his honor more than life
And dared to brave his wrath for his sweet sake.
The dearest gem that sparkled in my coronet
Cast from its setting, marred by its very brightness!
Nay, not marred, though banished, taken forsooth
From him who did not know its preciousness
Until too late. In other lands, perchance,
It still shall shine, in all its purity!

“Vashti, now banished, never half so dear!
Ay, though another thy estate shall claim;
Though other eyes shall beam with mildest light,
Though other forms be fair, and hearts be true,
I will cry, ‘Vashti, thou art still my queen!
Banished, but still remembered, and bewailed.
Where’er thou goest, there my heart shall go,
No longer mine, for thou hast borne it hence,
Vashti, my love, remembered, but too late!’ ”

W. C. B.



An Evening at the Turk's Head

THE Turk's Head Coffeehouse. How our hearts are stirred within us as we mention the name! Perhaps no other place in old London so holds our attention. The lions of the age were gathered here—Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Gibbon, Burke—all frequented this coffeehouse, and by their connection therewith made it famous.

As we study and read about that company, we seem to be in their midst, and to spend a Monday evening with them. How picturesque, and yet how odd, do they look with their powdered wigs, their long colored coats, their silk stockings, and their buckled shoes!

In the midst of the group, sitting near the table, is a tall, giant-like, ungainly, uncouth figure. His face is scarred with the marks of disease; his little grey wig is scarcely large enough to cover his head; his plain, ugly, brown coat hangs loosely from his mighty shoulders; and soiled, rumpled linen increases his untidy appearance. Yet, when he begins to speak, he immediately holds our attention; we sit spellbound, as sentence after sentence pours from his lips with astonishing force and ease; his mighty gestures only enhance the effect of his words, and at once we recognize in him the celebrated Dr. Johnson.

Close beside him, indeed, as near as the great man will allow him to be, and in marked contrast to his huge form, is a little Scotchman, known as Boswell, or familiarly as Bozzy. We see him while he listens to the famous conversationalist as eagerly as if every word that fell from his lips were a precious jewel. We see him follow every movement of his master; we detect the triumphant sparkle in his eye when Johnson gets the best of an argument; we watch him as he turns with jealous anxiety when the great man praises another; and we recall what one of his contemporaries so aptly said of him: "He is only a burr. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

Opposite Boswell is a very tall, thin young man, "sitting with one leg twisted round the other, as if fearing to occupy more space than is equitable." His polished, gentle manners, his serious looks, and his mild eye draw us toward him. It is Langton, the student. As he listens to Johnson's conversation, in the intensity of his eagerness, he leans forward, his hands clasped upon his knee, his face expressing a quiet pleasure, and his eye lighted up with joy.

Lolling on the bench near by is his best friend, Beauclerc. We feel, as we look upon the two, that they must be bound together by their differences; for

they seem to have scarcely anything in common—the one quiet, serious, and prudent; the other gay, reckless, and dissipated. But both must have that strong love of the best in literature; for how intelligently they join in the conversation, and how attentively they listen to Johnson!

At a distance sits Gibbon with his snuffbox in his hand. His poor little body can scarcely support the weight of his immense head. His mouth looks like "a round hole nearly in the center of his visage"; but the neatness of his dress and the refinement of his manners make us forget, to a certain extent, his personal defects.

On the other side of the room is Reynolds, the painter. His kind, thoughtful face, and quiet, friendly smile always attract us. In his hand is the trumpet, his constant companion and the badge of his affliction. In spite of his deafness, however, he seems to delight in everything. Indeed, such a philosophic view does he take of his calamity that he can say: "Why, I enjoy it; for now I am cut off from all unprofitable and disagreeable talk."

By the side of Sir Joshua, with his hand resting upon the chair of the artist, stands a jolly little Irishman. His sturdy form, not more than five feet six, is resplendent in a long blue coat and scarlet trousers. His flowing wig falls upon his shoulders; and a sword hangs by his side. We see the courtly, satirical smile of Beauclerc, as his eye rests upon such showy finery. In spite of it all, however—his love of the gaudy, his awkwardness, his ugliness—we cannot but love Goldsmith. His face, though plain, beaming with good humor and love for all men, his good-natured, boisterous laugh, his eye, reflecting the brightness of one of the sunniest of sunny natures—all win our confidence and secure for him our affection.

Near by is Burke, whose heavy, Quaker-like figure conceals from us the powers of the great orator. He wears a scratch wig and round spectacles; while his pocket is overloaded with a heavy roll of paper. But that bundle of manuscript—what matchless eloquence, what clear reasoning, what beautiful word pictures may it not contain?

Not far away is Garrick, admitted into this literary club not on account of his scholarship but as the cheerfulest man of his age. Everything about him indicates the actor. We see him now as he mimics poor Goldsmith's awkward ways or imitates the servile attitude of Boswell; while we recall what the author of "The Deserted Village" so aptly said of him:

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

L. R., '07.



Her Choice

IT was the evening of a warm April day in the year 1881. On a grassy knoll, just outside the mining camp of Lucknow, in southern California, sat a woman, beside a lonely grave. She was one of those strikingly peculiar persons, whose face and appearance furnish no clue to age, so it might be erroneous to describe her as either young or old. The fair face was free from wrinkles, and the smooth, velvety complexion might have been coveted by any maiden of sixteen; the soft blue eyes had lost none of the brightness of youth; the shapely hands and arms, which were bare to the elbow, were still plump and beautiful; the daintiness of her dress—a simple white gown—revealed a taste distinctly girlish; but in marked contrast to these characteristics was the hair—once a golden yellow, now grey almost to whiteness.

Her face bore the traces of sorrow, but she had evidently not come to the grave as a mourner, for no tear dimmed her eye, no cry escaped her lips, and she had the calm air of one from whose heart the first wild anguish of bereavement had long ago passed, leaving in its train patience, submission and peace.

She seemed wholly unconscious of her surroundings: the beautiful sunset had no charms for her; the plaintive note of a whip-poor-will, issuing from the willow above her head, fell upon deaf ears; a bunch of violets which she had evidently intended placing upon the grave lay unnoticed at her feet, while she sat with face upturned, and eyes fixed upon the heavens, as if seeking there for aid which she could not get upon earth. Presently she knelt in prayer, saying as she did so, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

When she arose, the look of doubt and supplication had changed to one of perfect trust and satisfaction. She had found what she sought. Picking up the neglected violets, she placed them tenderly upon the molded gravestone, and walked slowly away.

It had been just five years since Louise Randolph, on becoming Mrs. Samuel Rhea, had left a home of luxury in a distant city; had left her fond and indulgent parents, that she might follow her youthful husband to the gold mines, there to share with him the privations of missionary life and to aid him, if she might, in his work among the miners.

For one short year everything went well and they lived happily in their humble home, a rude cottage, little better than the huts of the miners. Together they visited the poor laborers and their families, ministering to those who were

sick, comforting those who were in sorrow, and striving to lead all to accept Christ as a personal Savior. Through the summer months, they held open air services every Sabbath, and when winter came their own home was opened to the rough miners and their families, who went eagerly to hear the Gospel read and explained by the young minister and his gentle wife, whose beauty of person and character quickly won the love and admiration of all.

So the first winter passed very rapidly, and April came, bringing their anniversary. Mrs. Rhea had planned to celebrate it by having her husband all to herself for the whole day, but early in the morning he was called to the bedside of a poor woman five miles away, who was dying without Christ and without hope. Mrs. Rhea was loath to have him go, for a great part of the way lay through a dense forest which she knew was frequented by bands of outlaws, who, attracted by the fabulous stories of wealth, had flocked to the gold mines and then, either unable or unwilling to get work, had resorted to every lawless means of obtaining money. But she said nothing to him of her apprehensions, knowing that he must go, and that it would cause him anxiety to know that she was alarmed. She only murmured as she bade him good-bye, that it was such a long journey for him to make alone, and on foot, but the shadow quickly left her brow as she added gaily that he would be tired when he returned, and so would enjoy their wedding supper all the more.

Slowly the day wore away. Evening came—sunset—twilight—darkness—and still Mr. Rhea had not returned. To the lonely wife every moment seemed like an hour. Her anxiety grew to positive agony. At last, unable to endure longer the stillness of the house, she walked out in the direction from which he was expected. How beautiful she looked that night. Her sweet, pure face, as revealed by the pale, cold moonlight, lacked its wonted radiance and instead exhibited just enough of the mental suffering which she endured to make her expression pathetically sad and heavenly. She wore her wedding gown, a dainty creation of white; a bunch of violets rested in her hair, just as she had worn them a year before, and just as he most admired them.

She had not walked far when she saw in the distance a sight which made her stop, sick with dread. Could it be? Yes, her fears had been realized. Four men approached bearing a dead body.

Mr. Rhea, on his return through the forest, had been shot and killed. She listened as one in a stupor, while one of the men told her this, then whispered in a husky voice, "God's will be done," and calmly led the way to the house.

All night long she sat by the lifeless form; her hot, dry hand clasping his cold and motionless one; her tearless eyes gazing blankly upon the handsome features, on which death had left no trace of pain or care.

With the same composure and fortitude she followed his corpse to the little knoll where they would lay him to rest. Calmly she heard the sobs of the miners and the unsuppressed weeping of the women and children, who had come from far and near to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been more than dear to them. Calmly she heard the solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," read in broken tones by one of the miners, and when the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the earth closed forever above the form of her husband, she fell, unconscious.

For six long weeks she tossed upon a bed of pain and delirium, and when she arose from it, the cruel scourge of affliction had done its work. She was a sadder but stronger woman. The only visible change left by this illness was the peculiar whiteness of her hair, which we have already noticed.

Four years had now passed since he left her, during which time the wound, though incurable, had healed somewhat, as she went about the village carrying on, alone, as best she might, the work which they had begun together, and now another crisis had come to the gentle soul of Louise Rhea.

Some months previous to the incident narrated in the opening of the story, the village had been thrown into the highest pitch of agitation by the arrival of a stranger.

Howard Dale, a wealthy young student, finding himself, at the close of a course in one of the Northern universities, broken in health and energies, had decided to go West, hoping that the change of climate and surroundings might be effectual in restoring his health, and, that he might be free from all business and social cares, had selected the little mining town as his particular place of resort.

Naturally enough, he was attracted by the beauty and charming personality of the young widow, who in turn delighted to be in his company and converse with him on subjects never heard mentioned in the village.

It is the same fascinating story: acquaintance—friendship—love—courtship. Yes, he had asked Mrs. Rhea to be his wife, and this was the question which she was deciding there in that lonely but beautiful spot, in the presence of God, and as near as possible to the earthly remains of him whose wishes she would have consulted.

After leaving the grave, she did not go directly home, but turned listlessly into a lane leading from the village. It was the very same path that she had

trodden on that fatal night, four years ago. The same path, the same view, the same trees and houses in the distance. The air was filled with the same delightful odor, springing from the myriads of wild violets that blossomed on either hand. She stooped down and plucked a few, while again the rays of the rising moon shone full in her face. "Yes," she thought, as she placed the blossoms in her hair, just as she had done on that other night: "yes, how similar to that hour, yet how different. The place is the same; God is the same; nature is the same; *I* am not the same."

She was so absorbed in thought that she did not notice the approaching footsteps until a figure paused close beside her, and her meditations were interrupted by the familiar voice of Howard Dale, asking permission to accompany her.

For several minutes they walked on in silence, neither daring to approach the subject which was uppermost in the minds and hearts of both. At last, he broke the painful stillness by saying, half questioningly, "You have decided, Mrs. Rhea?"

"Yes," she said, lifting her eyes for a moment to meet his. Then again fixing her gaze upon the ground, she added, slowly, "It cannot be, Mr. Dale; you might win my hand, but I know now that my heart lies buried yonder 'neath the willows."

Mrs. Rhea was surprised early the next morning by a low rap on her door. She opened it hastily, and was more surprised to be greeted by Howard Dale. The embarrassment which she felt, attendant upon this unexpected meeting, soon gave way to alarm, for his pale face bore the marks of anxiety, and deeper agitation, she thought, than the events of the previous evening and the sleepless night resulting from them would have caused.

Her forebodings were soon confirmed by his saying, in hurried and excited tones, "Pardon my intrusion, Mrs. Rhea; I shouldn't have come, but my business is urgent, a delay might be fatal. Three cases of yellow fever broke out in the camps last night, and another this morning. It is not known who brought the disease here, but since there is no way of fighting it, it is likely that not a single house will escape the pestilence. I shall leave immediately for my home in the East, and although I know that you do not care for me, I could not leave, knowing that you were here, and powerless to make your escape. So I have come to place in your hands the funds necessary to carry you to any place of safety that you may choose."

Little did he think that the words which he uttered, conveying his desire to be of service to her, whom he loved almost better than his own life, fell like a dead weight upon her ears. Little did he realize what it meant to her to be

placed thus, on the brink between comfort and privation; between pleasure and pain; between health and sickness; between life and death.

Again she asked a brief space for consideration. Again she sought strength and guidance where alone it may be found.

The conflict did not last long. Just a few moments were spent in prayer, then with the same spirit of calmness and trust which yesterday had prompted her to say, "I will lift up mine eyes," she now murmured, "I will lay down my life."

There are two graves now 'neath the willows; and although the sod is deep over both, and the rude stones marking both are covered with moss, the self-sacrifice which they typify has not been forgotten, and the rough miners, sitting round their camp fires, still tell the story of the young minister, and of his gentle wife who gave up her life in the pestilence of '81.

L. B., '08.



London During Addison's Time

I SHALL begin by trying to describe the London in which Addison lived. One might walk the length of it in but little over an hour, and across it in less than half that time. However, to accomplish this, he must encounter many obstacles, such as gilded hackney coaches, and fashionable sedan chairs, thieves, sauntering fops, and town bullies.

The streets and sidewalks were very narrow. They were divided by open gutters or kennels, by an arrangement of posts and chains. On rainy days, men could always pick a quarrel on the privilege of keeping to the wall, as, if they ventured far from that protection, they would receive upon their heads a shower of cold water from the gutter.

There were no street numbers, so shopkeepers distinguished their shops by large signs—black swans, red lions, and hogs in armor.

There was little light on these streets at night, so that "every man with an honest errand, engaged a torch-bearer to light him on his way. Apparelled in thick, heavy great coats, the watchman perambulated the streets crying the hour after the chimes, taking precaution for the prevention of fire, proclaiming tidings of foul or fair weather, and awakening at daybreak all those who intended setting out on a journey." But in spite of these precautions, honest men were often in grave peril.

The greatest dangers came, not from ordinary criminals, but from aristocratic rowdies. These often seized pedestrians, tattooed their faces, rolled them in barrels, or chased them around town till they overpowered them.

London was, at this time, full of idle young men, with nothing to occupy them except card-playing, brawls, and fine dress. Most of their time was spent in the pursuits of the latter. The fop covered his head with a powdered wig, and his neck and wrists were frilled around with lace. He wore tight-fitting knickerbockers and high-heeled boots with silver buckles. Look at him, as he trips down the street—to all those extravagancies mentioned above, he has added a cocked hat, a diamond-hilted sword, and, as the weather is cold, a muff.

Perhaps he is thinking of one of the fashionable ladies of his acquaintance; if so, let us look into his thoughts and see what she is like. A coquette, of course—that is a necessity of the age. In her hand, a fan, by which all her moods may be read. "There is scarce any emotion in the mind," says one of the writers in *The Spectator*, "which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; in so much,

that, if I see only the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it." She is an affected creature; if the weather be fine, she throws a scarlet shawl over her shoulders, and, with her lap dog or monkey under her arm, minces down street to see the fashions. The towering head-dress has just gone out of fashion, so she is not as tall as usual; "her petticoats are blown into an enormous coneave, and her feet are propped up on high-heeled shoes." She gives dignity to her appearance by powdering her face and hair, and sets off her complexion by little pieces of black velvet called "patches." On rainy days she stays at home and nurses her one cherished ailment—the blues. She is then cross and irritable, and if she is fashionable enough, becomes hysterical.

These beaux and ladies assembled every night at the theater. There, at six o'clock, the world gathered to see and to be seen, to hear and to be heard. In the upper gallery were the noisy artisans, mechanics, and body-servants. In the lower, were the plain and substantial citizens, and in the pit, the barristers, law students, and merchants. Self-appointed critics sat well in front. On the stage were the fashionable lords and ladies—trying to out shine the actors in their splendid dress. The players dressed always in the latest fashions. "Cato would wear a wig; and an ancient British maiden, a modern head-dress." In the audience, fops picked quarrels with each other, and often drew swords, in order to attract attention to themselves.

The coffeehouse was the place of rendezvous for the wits, the gallants, the politicians, the poets, the merchants, and the essayists of the age. One might see there the great Dr. Swift, stalking up and down, or hear Mr. Addison in conversation with some other man of note, or catch Dick Steele's merry laugh, as he and his gay companions drank together. There, too, the latest fashion of the fop was seen. There are seven different coffeehouses mentioned in the DeCoverly papers. The Grecian was the oldest, and was the resort of the Learned Club. At Will's, the wits and poets congregated—there the great poet Dryden had gathered his followers around him. But it was at Button's that Mr. Addison was to be found with his disciples.

LUCILE BARR, '07.

Uncle Ezra's 'Possum Hunt

IS yer ebber ben 'possum huntin', honey? Lawd bless my soul, youse missed haf yer lif' den. Some o' dese days when yer mammy don't need yer much, yer jes sleep all da', an' dat night we'll go a 'possum huntin'. Yer jes tell her youse gwine wid me, an' she aint gwine ter kere.

"One time, when you wuz a little boy, me an' yer paw an' sum mo' went a 'possum huntin', and I tell yer whut, we had a hard time a gettin' him, but we got him all right, ater a long time; an' let me tell yer, he wuz sho good, too.

"We started 'bout nine o'clock, an' we ain't more dan got good in de woods 'fore de two dawgs begin ter bark dat air kind o' 'possum bark. Youse heard it, ain't yer, honey? Well, if yer ain't, yer will sum time, when me an' you goes a huntin'. Well, as I wuz a gwine on ter say, we jes hab got in de woods when dem dawgs dey begin ter bark an' howl, and' jump up an' down, lookin' up in dat air hiek-er-nut tree. Well, we knowed right away dat dare wuz a big, fat 'possum in dat tree, so we jes set ter wuk ter cut it down. Well, jes de time dat tree hit de groun' dat air 'possum he lit up an' out o' dare, an' de way he scampered! We done drapped our axes, we niggers, an' wuz ater him jes as hard as we kin go, but dat 'ere 'possum he knowd his bus'ness, an' he done flyin' fast as his four feet kin tak' him. Dem dawgs, dey ought ter hab a brass button tied 'roun' der neks, fer dey wuz sho faithful 'bout dat 'possum; dey knowd dey wuz gwine ter git his bones. Well, honey, we run an' we run, an' we run, 'till I jes couldn't run no fudder, kase my rheumatics wuz a hurtin' in my laegs, so I jes drapped down on my knees right down dare in de woods an' said, 'O, Lawd, please let us ketch dat 'possum.' I ain't more dan said dat when here come dem dawgs back. Well, I pulled de trigger o' my gun, an' shot at whut I thought wuz dat 'possum, but it didn't kill him, fer I shot right up in de air. When I seed I didn't kill him, I started out ater dem niggers an' dat 'possum as hard as I could go. It kinder looked like we wuzn't gwine ter ketch him, but we didn't give up. Well, I wuz a runnin' an' de dawgs wuz a runnin', an' de niggers all wuz a runnin', tryin' ter ketch dat 'possum. We run on till we got on top o' a hill dat had a little branch at de bottom o' it, an' when we got right on de bery top o' dat hill, my rheumatiz gave way an' my foot slipped an' I begin ter go a rollin' down dat hill, a bumpty, bump, bump, an' when I got ter de bottom I didn't stop till I landed right in de middle ob dat branch. Well, I jes couldn't do nothin' but lay dare an' think 'bout dat 'possum till I could sorter git my senses collected.

Well, de furst thing I knowd I heard dem niggers callin' me, but I wuz kinder 'shamed ter say anything, kase I wuz skered dey would laff at me fer fallin' in der branch; so I jes kinder shivered an' say nothin'. Well, dey hollered agin', an' sa' dey done cotch dat 'possum; an' den yer oughter hab seed me a kittin' out o' dat branch. I 'most ran ebery step up dat hill, an' sho 'nough, when I got dare, dey done hab dat 'possum by de tail, an' he wuz jes a kickin', an' his mouf wuz jes a grinnin', and his tail wuz a twistin' like a fiddle string. Well, den we sot out fer home, an' when I tuk dat 'possum in an' showed hit ter yer mammy, yer outer seed her eyes. De nex' da' yer mammy she cooked dat 'possum, an' hit wuz sho good, too. When she put hit on de table wid dose slice sweet 'taters all 'roun hit, we wuz de happiest set o' niggers yer ebber seed. Well, I han't cotched a 'possum since I cotch dat big, juicy fellow, kaze I's been busy, an' I's gittin' a little too stiff in my laegs, an' back-bone ter run much now; but I's gwine ter go 'long wid you sum da', honey."

EMMA M. ACKER.



A Mistaken Career

FRANCES MOORE and Jack Armstrong had been sweethearts ever since childhood. At the age of fifteen, Frances had left her beautiful Virginia home for a Northern college, and Jack had gone to Europe to complete his education. When he returned, Frances had finished her course. He tried with all the arts of a lover to win her, but she told him she was going to Boston to pursue the study of art, as she intended to make that her career. Jack's pleadings were all in vain—go she would. Then he begged her to permit him to write to her. This plea also was of no avail—it would encourage him to hope, she said, and that hope was vain. So Jack bore his sorrow like the manly fellow he was, and Frances went to Boston.

* * * * *

Five years had passed. Frances was sitting one winter's evening in the living-room of her apartments in Boston. Night was falling, and there was no light in the room save the ruddy glow from the embers in the grate. The room was characteristic of the refinement and culture of its occupant. Frances Moore had attained fame in those five years—a greater renown than she ever dared to hope for. Yet, wealthy, beautiful, famous as she was, happiness was not hers. She was tired of this kind of life—the applause of the world no longer had any fascination for her. She had heard of Jack Armstrong occasionally through some of their old friends. He was now a prominent lawyer in Richmond. For several years she had realized that she loved Jack as only a true woman can love a noble man. A hopeless love, she thought it, for was it possible that he still loved one who had treated him so cruelly once? The cause of her reverie this evening was a letter which had come in the afternoon mail from an old friend. One paragraph read thus:

“Jack Armstrong will be in Boston for a few days this week on some business connected with his firm. Perhaps he will call to see you.”

She remembered the promise she had made him, that if ever she realized that she really did love him, and that she had made a mistake, she would write him to come to her, and she thought also of how she had assured him that he would never get such a letter from her. Her great pride now prevented her writing him in this manner. There was a tap on the door. “Come,” she called, wearily. A maid entered, bringing a bouquet of American Beauty roses—her favorite

flower—and a note. The color flushed her cheek as she recognized Jack's handwriting, and her own hand trembled as she read:

"DEAR MISS MOORE:

"I am in the city for a few days, and, if you have no engagement for this evening, I would like to call.

"Most sincerely yours,

"J. L. ARMSTRONG."

"The messenger is waiting, Miss Moore," said the maid. Frances quickly wrote these words in reply:

"Come. Do you remember my parting promise?
If so, you may consider this note as fulfilling it.

"FRANCES."

* * * * *

An hour later Frances Moore, dressed in some soft white material trimmed in clinging lace, stood by the mantel gazing dreamily into the fire. Jack entered unobserved, and for a moment stood concealed by the curtain, as he noted the changes which five years had wrought. Her girlish beauty had developed into lovely womanhood. She seemed slightly taller than formerly, and her face bore a more thoughtful, earnest expression. He took a step forward, and as she raised her head, he gazed once more into the beautiful eyes, now alight with love.

"Jack," she cried.

"At last," he said, as he clasped her to his heart.

LILLA M. PLOWDEN, Class of 1910.





A CHICORA GIRL'S DREAM

The Princess and the Ghost

GIRLS, I am positively growing stupid from a lack of something to do. Can't some of you think up a plan?"

The speaker was a tall, slender girl with a mass of golden hair.

The best way to describe her position in the estimation of her school-mates is to say that in her class she was called the "Princess," and that the meek little Freshman who found herself so honored as to be asked to do a favor for the Princess would have missed every recitation for the day rather than fail in performing the request. At present she was one of a group of girls in the college library. Every one had been reading, but now each girl looked up to find out the cause of this sudden complaint.

"Why, my dear," said one, "what has happened to give you so much spare time? Just now you were bemoaning the fact that Gray was ever born, because you have to memorize his 'Elegy.'"

"Yes," said another, "I'm sure I heard you groaning over the length of the Physics lesson tomorrow."

"O, you geese," exclaimed the complainant, "you might know that I'm not finding fault because I haven't enough lessons. What I want, and what I am begging you to help me with, is this:—

"It is time to close up, young ladies," broke in the librarian, "I'll have to ask you to leave and finish your planning somewhere else."

"Come to my room after supper, girls," said the Princess, whose real name was Mary Drew, "we'll make some fudge and also talk over the situation."

So the girls trooped out, well pleased at the prospect of the fudge, but even more anxious to hear their hostess's plan.

That night when supper was over and the girls had assembled in Mary Drew's room, when the fudge had been made and set outside the window to cool, thoughts began to turn to the real cause of the gathering.

"You all know," began the hostess, "that we've been having the driest kind of a time since the Junior-Senior reception, and that was a month ago. Now, this state of affairs is wearing on anybody's nerves. I think that everybody here will agree with me when I say that we want a change. I move, therefore, that we form ourselves into a club, whose sole purpose, end and aim shall be to provide fun for those who have it not."

This proposal was greeted with instant approval, and the motion was carried. Then there arose the mighty question of a name. There were many suggestions, but at last one little girl spoke from over in the corner where she had been a silent listener to the proceedings.

"Let me offer a name," she began.

"Be quiet, you all," commanded the Princess, "Ruth is going to give us her opinion."

"I'll tell you," went on the quiet little girl, "I've counted the number in this room now, and there are exactly thirteen of us. Taking into consideration our purpose, and our number, why not call ourselves the 'Fun Thirsty Thirteen?'"

"That's just fine," immediately returned the Club, "who but our little Ruth could have thought of such an expressive name?"

Then came the election of officers. The Princess was chosen President, of course, "because she thought of it first, you know," as one of the members remarked. Ruth was made Vice-President, and Elizabeth Blake was made Secretary and Treasurer. The Executive Committee was then thought to be large enough, "for," as one expressed it, "if we are going to have fun, we don't want to have a whole lot of people to tell us how."

"Now, girls, pay attention," their President said, "I think we could get a great deal of fun out of our society if we kept its name and object a secret. If, in speaking of it, we should use merely the initials, F. T. T., every other girl in the building would be dying of curiosity in a week."

"Yes, indeed," agreed her audience; "we'll keep it a secret. Oh, won't it make some of the girls jealous!"

"And won't it make some of the teachers suspicious?"

"You're right there, Gracie, dear," laughed Mary Drew, "and I suppose you have sufficient reasons for your knowledge. Miss Stevens will be fairly bristling with curiosity the moment she finds it out."

"There's no danger of her not finding it out," Grace replied. "I'm at her table now, and I'll make it my business to inform her of our club in the morning."

Just then the bell rang for study hall, so the group was forced a second time to separate. Before doing so, however, the agreement was made that they should have another meeting that very night, just after the bell for "lights out."

At that meeting several pieces of important business were transacted. The most important was this: The next meeting was to be a sensational one. They were to get all of the eatables possible in the afternoon of the following Saturday, and to smuggle them into the Auditorium. There, at twelve o'clock in the night,

they would have such a feast as never was heard of on land or sea. On this occasion the revellers were to appear clad in the vestures of the spooks that gambolled in the cemetery and floated airily over the ponds at the foot of the campus.

The longed-for day came at last. Though almost detected several times, the members of the club succeeded in getting all the provisions safely into the Auditorium.

"Mary," said one of the girls to the Princess, as they were preparing their costumes for the occasion, "do you know I believe that Miss Stevens suspects that something is going to happen tonight. When I passed her in the hall just now, she looked at me just as if she wanted to see everything I was even thinking about."

"Oh, you are just nervous, my dear," was the reply; "Miss Stevens couldn't possibly have caught on. Don't bother your little head about her." And so the preparations went on.

That night, as the clock in the town hall was pealing out the hour of midnight, thirteen sheet-draped figures stole out from behind the pipe-organ. Down the narrow steps they glided and stopped on the stage below. With ghostly groans and moans, the feast was spread, and everything was made ready for the banquet.

"Guards and sentinels, to your places!" commanded the chief ghost, in most sepulchral tones. Immediately four white figures sprang to the four doors that led to the stage—two from the organ loft, and two from the dressing rooms. No one saw in the back of the Auditorium a crouching figure and a pair of fiery eyes that sparkled with cunning and wrath.

The revelry went on until the last crumb was eaten. Nothing had happened, and the girls were in high spirits over the exploit. All of the scraps were gathered up, and the girls were ready to leave.

"Now, Miss," said the Princess, to the girl who had warned her against Miss Stevens, "now you see how useless all of your fears were. No one even dreamed of our feast." At this the eyes at the back of the hall blinked knowingly, but there was nothing said in answer to the boast.

"Let all of the girls go on," decreed the chief, "I will put out the gas, and Ruth, you wait for me behind the organ."

But when every jet of gas had been turned out except the one on the organ, Mary Drew caught sight of a dim, grayish-looking object back against the wall.

"Of course it's just one of the girls," she thought. "Come on, I'm going to put out the gas." The figure rose and came forward without saying a word.

"Who are you?" There was no answer. With a scream, the girl turned and tried to run.

"I'm coming for you!" shrieked her pursuer. The Princess reached the steps leading to the organ loft, and there she fell, a limp heap on the floor.

"Now," chuckled Miss Stevens, for she it was who had been hidden there, "now I suppose we've cured those girls of their desire for fun."

She lifted Mary from the floor and found that she had fainted. When at last some one, aroused by the shrieks, came (for the revellers had fled long before), she was carried to her room. There she stayed for a week, until her nerves had recovered from the shock.

The "Fun Thirsty Thirteen" had one other meeting, for the purpose of disbanding. Upon looking over the report made by the Secretary, it was found that they had, in the club, gotten five demerits each; eaten \$1.50 worth of provisions; had one girl almost scared to death, had made her lose a week's recitations, and had won the everlasting scorn, suspicion and ridicule of Miss Stevens.

"Still," one of the members declared, "we had just lots of fun while it was going on."

I. B., '07.



A Trip to the Center of the Earth

ELLIE closed her geography with an impatient bang. "It is very queer," she said. "How can the earth be all hot and melted inside, when it is so beautiful outside? It is very queer." Then she pushed the book away, and laid her curly head down on her arm, and looked out upon the world that certainly was beautiful now, in its lovely spring dress.

Suddenly a strange little figure appeared before her. He was only about two feet high, and dressed very much like the brownies of old. His merry eyes danced as he beckoned with his long finger to her, and cried:

"Come with me, I will show you the center of the earth. I am Ariel, the Keeper of the Garden of the World. They know nothing about it," he added, pointing a scornful finger at the geography. "Come."

Ellie followed him willingly. On and on he led her, far away from her home, over hill and dell, through field and glen, into the heart of a dark forest. There, far away from the outside world, Ariel showed Ellie a stone platform, from which stone stairs lead down, down, Ellie could not see how far.

"Come," cried Ariel, and began to descend. Ellie followed, but the passage was very dark, and the steps were steep, so it was with difficulty that she kept up with her nimble guide. Soon she heard the sound of rushing waters, and then they came to a landing where a little boat was fastened. Ariel told Ellie to get in, then he seized the oars and rowed vigorously till they came to another landing. Here they left the boat and began to descend more stairs. This time the way was easier, and light was furnished by myriads of glow-worms. As they went farther down, the sides of the earth were covered with flowers and vines, and the wild rose trailed over the steps.

At last they stood on the bottom step. Spread out before them was a garden of marvelous beauty, watered by a calm river that flowed through it.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Ellie, as the breath from a thousand blossoms filled her nostrils. "Is this the center of the earth? The geography did not say it was like this."

"The geography knows nothing about it," was Ariel's decided reply. "This is the Garden of the World. Here is every kind of flower that grows. See all these birds and bees and butterflies? They carry the seeds up to the surface of the ground. That is how mortals get their flowers."

"Oh," said Ellie with a sigh, "it is so beautiful; please show me everything."

So Ariel led her through all the garden. He showed her where grew the queenly rose, and the sweet violet, where the pansies lifted their proud little heads, and the lilies drooped in simple loveliness. Ellie could find no words to express her delight, but eagerly drank in the wondrous beauty of the place.

When they had seen all these, Ariel dropped his voice to a whisper, and beckoning her to follow, said: "There is just one thing more I want you to see. Come this way." He led her to one corner of the garden, and putting forth all his strength, he pushed aside a large stone. "Look," he said, pointing down. Ellie looked. Down, down, far below her, was what seemed to be a river of fire. For a long time Ellie stood gazing at it, then she raised large eyes, and looked at Ariel.

"Is that what the geography means?" she asked. Ariel laughed his queer little laugh, and then the call, "Ellie, Ellie," rang through the garden. Ellie opened her eyes. She was at home, sitting in the big chair by the window, and her mother was standing beside her. She started up.

"Have I been asleep?" she asked; "was it all a dream?"

CORNELIA SEYLE.



Butterflies



ON a bright Spring morning, in a flower garden, may be seen flitting from flower to flower, many winged insects, known as butterflies—how light, how airy their movements—how bright, how beautiful their attire, and how gay and seemingly happy their lives! With coquettish love, they try the sweets of every opening flower, and drink deep of the sunlight of their short existence. But, “it is not always May”: chilling frosts nip the beautiful flowers; they droop, they die, and with them perishes the gay and beautiful butterfly.

Life's garden, at all seasons, is full of interesting and beautiful flowers, but especially in childhood's rosy morn, ere nipped by the frosts of selfishness, they bloom with rare profusion, and teach heart lessons unutterable. We, like the butterfly, drink in their nectared sweets, and in the joyous out-gushings of our spirits, we, at times, seem intoxicated with the freshness of life's glad springtime, but not like the butterfly may we, in idle gayety, flit away the hours of this sunny period of life.

No, life with its grand aims, was not given us for idle pleasure and self-gratification. We must dive deep for the imperishable gems of knowledge, and with a patient and cheerful hand store them away as settings for our “crown of rejoicing” when the rainy day of life comes on. We must watch the heart, lest the poisonous weeds of selfishness, vanity, and deceit, choke out the flowers of love, innocence, and truth.

Some with beautiful faces and sparkling intellects act as thoughtlessly as the winged butterfly. They spend the cloudless morning of life in seeking to make the beauty, not of their minds and hearts, but of their faces, immortal. To attract and win admiration from others as false as they seems to be their object in life. We frequently find the end of their lives similar to that of the butterfly. When they have danced away the springtime of life, and the years of maturity come with accumulating cares and responsibilities, they are utterly unprepared to meet their requirements, and life, once a garden of roses, becomes a wilderness of thorns.

Then, while we enjoy the innocent pleasures of life, let us shun those that dwarf the mind, and with untiring and unceasing energy search deep for those attainments that make life grand and noble.

ELIZABETH FLOYD, '08.



"The Riders"

Colors: Green and Red.

OBJECT: *To shoot the Faculty.*

MOTTO: *"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"*

MEMBERS.	NICKNAME.	EXPRESSION.	OCCUPATION.	SONG.	AGE.	AMBITION.
Mattie Appelt	"Pat"	My!	Studying?	"Alexander"	Uncertain	To live in Colum bia
Lenoir Jones	"Toots"	Is it possible?	Watching for "Lads"	"Waiting at the Church"	Perhaps a few years	To be a sweet old maid
Mary Belle Scott	"Scotty"	Really?	Writing letters	"He's a Cousin of Mine"	Sweet sixteen	To be a good girl
Wilmore Logan	"Billy"	Is that so?	Playing rag-time	"Shovelin' Coal"	Very young	To be sarcastic
Lillian Massey	"Lil"	No?	Backin'	"Absinthe Frappe"	Twelve or thirteen	To read French
Leon White	"Frankie"	Grab!	Dreaming	"Anybody But You"	Hard to tell	To be thin
Blanche James	"Maroon"	What?	Studying poetry	"Have You Seen My Henry Brown"	Don't know	To look pretty
Madeline Bedell	"Smedge"	I want to go—	Strolling	"Teasing"	No one knows	To be tall
Pearl Willingham	"Paw"	Ezell!	Smiling	"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"	To be found out	To be a Senior
Flossie Jenkins	"Jack"	Well!	Reciting	"Just My Style"	Not so very old	To be a school teacher



Buster Brohm Club

YELL

*Ruff, ruff, ruff, tough, tough, tough,
We are the girls
That never get enough.*

MOTTO

*Never leave for tomorrow
What we can eat today.*

President SUE DOTY
Vice-President BECK LYLES
Secretary and Treasurer LUCY CALBERT

Honorable Members

PEARLE WILLINGHAM	REBECCA HAFNER
BECK WALKER	CARRIE M. FLOYD
LUCY CALBERT	SUE DOTY
LIZZIE FLOYD	BECK LYLES
LILL MASSEY	CECILE HIRSCHMANN

Cecile, Chief Cook and Bottle Washer



BUSTER BROWN CLUB

Derby Club

EMMA NEIL
BLANCHE JAMES
MATTIE APPELT
GRACE BROGDON

Motto

“Men may come, and men may go,
But we go on forever.”

Object

To obtain Woman's Rights.



DERBY CLUB

Chafing Dish Club

President, MAYME HUNTER
Vice-President, REBECCA FLANAGAN
Secretary and Treasurer, MARY STARR

MOTTO

"We live to eat."

YELL

"Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
 We are the York County crowd,
 That's what we are."

COLORS: Blue and White.

FLOWERS: Violets.

NAME.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE SONG.	FAVORITE WISH.	NICKNAME.
Rebecca Flanagan	Giggling	"Dearie"	Graham bread	"Beck"
Mayme Hunter	Riding	"Anybody But You"	Turkey	"Mack"
Edythe Jackson	Painting	"Shoveling Coal"	Hash	"Judge"
Wilmore Logan	Visiting	"College Life"	Chicken	"Billy"
Aggidel Moore	Studying	"Slumberland"	Apples	"Aooie"
Emma Neil	Flirting	"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"	Peanuts	"Doodle"
Mary Starr	Practicing	"The Stars, the Stripes and You"	Cheesestraws	"Betty"
Webb Stanton	Sleeping	"In the Good Old Summer Time"	Nabiscos	Webster
Emily Wright	Eating	"Bill Bailey"	Onions	"M"
Leon White	Talking	"Bill Simmons"	Salmon balls	"Whitie"



CHAFING DISH CLUB

H. A. H. Club

OBJECT: To get all that's coming to us.

MOTTO: "Please go 'way and let me eat."

COLORS: Garnet and black.

TIME OF MEETING: When all is still, and no "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

President, ANNIE LEILA FOWLER

Vice-President, VICTORIA REID

Secretary and Treasurer, ADDIS S. CARR

NAME.	WANTS.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE SONG.
Leila Fowler	More (Moore) letters each day	Scanning poetry and passers-by	"College Life"
Addis Carr	Just a few more hearts	Flirting	"Billy"
Lucy Evans	To linger in the music rooms	Hair dressing	"Sylvie"
Erin Addison	To go home	Wasting time (?)	"Home, Sweet Home"
Annie Kilgore	A new song	Longing for Work (man)	"Why Don't You Try?"
Ora Dell Hunter	To finish "Trig."	Cutting Classes	"Take Me Back to Baltimore"
Lucile Cunningham	To be a B. L.	Discussing by-gone days	"Dearie"
Sara Evans	To be dignified	Reading Wofford Journals	"Anybody But You"
Victoria Reid	A Drum(m—d)	Studying (?) math.	"Just My Style"
Rosalie Turner	To be some one's queen	Dreaming of King(s)	"Some one Thinks of Some One"
Louise Miller	To live in S. C.	Studying baseball schedules	"Sammy"
Willie Sanders	To be good	Studying Virgil	"In Sunny Tennessee"



F. A. F. CLUB

Statistics

<i>Prettiest Girl</i>	LENOIR JONES
<i>Brightest Girl</i>	ISABEL BOGGS
<i>Most Studious Girl</i>	LALLA BALLENGER
<i>Most Attractive Girl</i>	GRACE BROGDON
<i>Biggest Flirt</i>	LILLIAN MASSEY
<i>Wittiest Girl</i>	EDITH JACKSON
<i>Cutest Girl</i>	MAYME HUNTER
<i>Most Stylish Girl</i>	BLANCHE JAMES
<i>Best Writer</i>	ISABEL BOGGS
<i>Best Musician</i>	MARY STARR
<i>Most Influential Girl</i>	CARRIE M. FLOYD
<i>Neatest Girl</i>	REBECCA FLANAGAN
<i>Most Popular Among Girls</i>	WILMORE LOGAN
<i>Favorite Teacher</i>	MISS LILLIAN HUNTER

Wants, Etc.

WANTED—By Rosalie Turner, to be loved by a "King."

WANTED—By Leila Fowler, a copy of "Othello." She is interested in the "Moore."

WANTED—By Elizabeth Floyd, to be a Taylor(ess).

WANTED—By Ora Dell Hunter, the song, "My Al(i)mo Love."

WANTED—By Mary Belle Scott, to live in Greenville.

WANTED—By Elsie Thompson, to go "West."

WANTED—Graham bread, apply to Rebecca Flanagan.

WANTED—By Miss Hunter, more time for the Sciences.

WANTED—By Edena Hicklin, to live in Marion (S. C.).

WANTED—By Emmie Hicks, to learn to love some one.

WANTED—By J. Saverance, to go to Gaffney.

WANTED—Some one to love me. Apply to Addis Carr.

WANTED—By Victoria Reid, to live in Woodruff, S. C.

WANTED—By Blanche James, the game, "Jack" in the Box.

WANTED—By Rebecca Palmer, to ask Mr. Boggs a question.

WANTED—By Zula Hitch, not to be disturbed while studying.

WANTED—By Rebecca Hafner, a Furman boy worth twenty thousand dollars.

WANTED—A position at Mill's Mill; apply to Lenoir Jones.

WANTED—By Pauline Ellison, a quick way to learn Geometry.

WANTED—By Madeline Bedell, a biography of Martin "Luther."

WANTED—To know what the most sensitive part of the body is. Apply to

Drucilla Means.

WANTED—To go to Willis-ton. Leon White.

WANTED—By Emma Neil, just a few more hearts.

WANTED—By Lucy Calvert, something to read.

WANTED—A subject for conversation. Apply to Lucile Parrott.

WANTED—By Bessie Hitch, permission to go home.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—One Turk-ey; reward offered if returned to Mayme Hunter.

LOST—"The Love Letters of Billie." A handsome reward given to finder. Addis Carr.

LOST—One stick-pin in back parlor; if found please return to Mattie Appelt.

TO EXCHANGE—Her good looks for a position at R. E. Allen's Store. Lillian Massey.

TO EXCHANGE—Her attractiveness for a Gard-en-ner of flowers. Grace Brogdon.

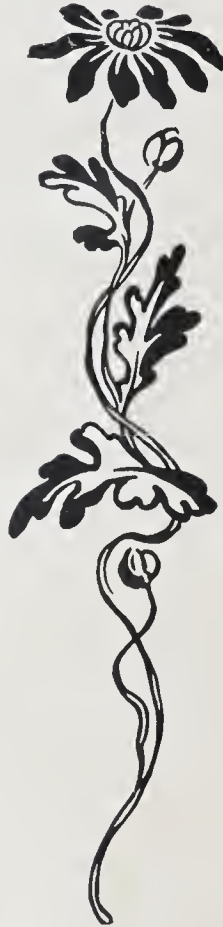
TO EXCHANGE—Her musical talent for position as "pitcher" on the baseball team. Annie Kilgore.

NOTICE—All young men, making calls at the College, are advised not to leave coats and hats in the hall.

NOTICE—When invited to receptions, be careful and leave the sofa pillows in the parlors.

NOTICE—All flirting with college girls prohibited.

In answering Advertisements, please mention The Clarion.



Personals

SOPH. L. M.—I will never forget "Gray's Elegy." I had to learn it once; it begins with: "Tell me not in mournful numbers; Quoth the Raven, nevermore."

JUNIOR F. D.—Mr. Boggs, how can people make glass eyes so you can see out of them?

FRESH.—Look at that fire engine going back after more water.

FRESH. T. S.—I sat with my feet on the reservoir—I mean the register (radiator).

FRESH. J. S.—Oh! Grace, we have three instruments for our Glee Club, two violins and a fiddle!

SR. B. S.—I am going to New York, to cut the Queen out of the King.

FRESH. E. J.—Come here, Emma, and help me move the radiator.

JR. L. B.—I can't answer the 'phone, because I have my apron on.

FRESH. E. J.—The children of Israel, when at Kilroth, ate snails and whales (quails).

SOPH. P. W. wishes to announce that the College colors are Marine and Blue.

SR. M. A.—Where is the "D. A. R." Church?

SR. L. J.—When is George Washington's Birthday?

FRESH. L. S-N, on seeing celery on the table, remarked, "Oh, what pretty flowers."

JR. L. N-H wanted to buy some bananas in the drug store.

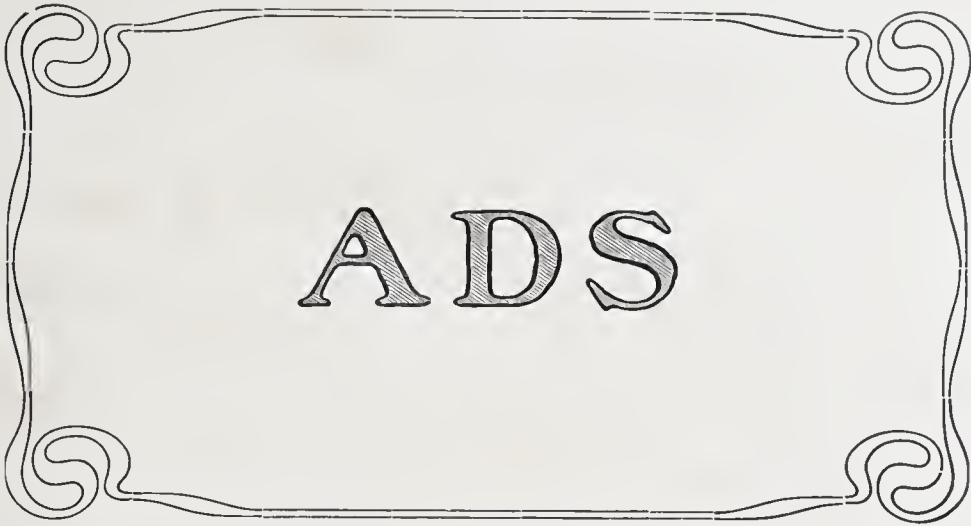
FRESH. L. L-N—Edgar Poe walked from the Mainland of Charleston to Sullivan's Island.

TEACHER—Who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death"?

SR. B. J-S—Henry Clay.

FRESH. R. H-R—I can't understand how it made those people young to bathe in The Fountain of Youth.

JR. L. E-S—Polonious drove the Jews out of the Temple.



ADS

CHICORA COLLEGE

FOR YOUNG WOMEN : : : : : GREENVILLE, S. C.

A Christian Home School
A High Grade College



OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE
PRESBYTERIES OF THE SYNOD OF
SOUTH CAROLINA

*B. A., B. S., B. L. and M. A. Degree Courses. Schools of Music,
Art, Expression and Business. Elegant buildings and grounds worth
\$50,000.00. Modern conveniences. Handsome auditorium. Large
pipe organ. Healthful climate in Piedmont section.*

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF EXPENSES FOR THE
ENTIRE SESSION :

*(A) Tuition for a degree course, board, furnished room, heat, light,
bath, general servants' attendance, and medical, contingent, infirm-
ary and library fees \$183.00*

*(B) All included in proposition (A) and Tuition for Instrumental or
Vocal Music,* Art or Expression \$203.00*

**If lessons under Director, add \$10.00.*



TERMS LOW FOR SPLENDID ADVANTAGES. NEXT
SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 19, 1907

For Catalogue and information address S. C. BYRD, President

When

Ease and Elegance

Are embodied in a Shoe, made of good material, it never fails to give complete satisfaction. These qualities are not sacrificed one for the other, but are combined in our Spring line of

\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 OXFORDS

We are always glad to show our College friends the newest styles and the proper leathers

PRIDE & PATTON

106 S. Main Street

Greenville, S. C.

Henry Briggs, President

R. E. Allen, Vice-President

W. L. Gassaway, Cashier

American Bank

GREENVILLE, S. C.

STATE and COUNTY DEPOSITORY

We respectfully solicit accounts, large or small. Promptness and accuracy guaranteed

SAFE, SANE AND SOUND



We hope at all times to give you good values in the up-to-date correct things in Jewelry, while you are sure to find attractive values in our staple lines of Jewelry, Cut Glass and China.



We make a specialty of Medals, Class Pins and Class Rings.

Gilreath-Durham Company

208-210 South Main St., GREENVILLE, S. C.

L. H. STRINGER

Druggist

Good Line Stationery -:- Soda and Ice Cream

AGENT WILEY'S CANDY



All the beautiful new Spring Styles in Ladies' Low Cuts

Prices from \$2 to \$4

HUMPHREY'S CHILDERS SHOE CO.

Ready for Business

H. ENDEL

120 South Main St.

Greenville - - - South Carolina

DRINK A BOTTLE OF CARBONATED

Coca-Cola

Delicious, Refreshing

IT IS A DELIGHTFUL MOMENTARY
DIVERSION—RESTFUL and BRACING

Coca-Cola Bottling Company

Phone 277 GREENVILLE, O. C.

For Fine Dress Goods, Silks, Laces and
Embroideries, see the Extensive
Line on Display at

The Washington St. Store

BUCHANAN & LINDSAY

Washington Street GREENVILLE, S. C.

IF IT'S

Furniture, Stoves

Matting or Rugs

YOU WANT, SEE

L. A. James

Greenville's Wide-Awake Furniture

Dealer

126 S. Main Street

Crescent Grocery Company

WHOLESALE

Grocers and Tobacconists

FRUITS AND PRODUCE A SPECIALTY

Office and Warehouse :

818 Pendleton St.

Phones

280-294

Do you have your Kodak Pictures
Finished at

Lanneau's Art Store

CHARLESTON, S. C.

If not you should. Their prices are
Reasonable and Work Good

Lawton

Lumber Company

[INCORPORATED]

Wholesale

Lumber and Shingles

GREENVILLE

SOUTH CAROLINA

MILLER'S Ice Cream
Parlor and Confectionery

R. T. Weldon D. D. S. H. T. Sterling, D. D. S.

Weldon & Sterling
Dentists

Office: Corner Main Street and McBee Ave.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

REYNOLDS & EARLE

THE
POPULAR PLACE

*For Drugs, Tooth Brushes and Drug-
gists' Sundries. Fine line Writing Paper.
Soda Water a Specialty*

111 MAIN ST.

Agents for Lowney's Candy

Cooper & Griffin, (Inc.)

COTTON

EVERY THING THAT'S NEW

in POST CARDS, Gloves, Collars
Ribbons, Corsets and Hosiery

MAXWELL-FEAGLE-DAVID COMPANY

North Main Street, Greenville, S. C.

Ladson A. Mills

Conyers & Haynesworth Building

Phone 876

Real Estate

Bought and Sold

Stocks & Bonds

Cotton Mill and
Bank Stocks a Specialty

Insurance

In all forms

"A square foot of real estate is worth a dozen castles in the air"

1851

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

1907

FURMAN UNIVERSITY

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Edwin McNeill Putreat, D. D., LL. D., President

*Full Academic Courses are offered leading to the Degrees of
Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) and Master of Arts (M. A.)*

Library, Reading Room, Laboratories, Comfortable and Commodious
Dormitories. Fitting School in Charge of Headmaster and
Two Assistants. Catalogue sent on request

ADDRESS

PROF. W. F. WATSON, Secretary of Faculty

"ADDRESSED TO WOMEN"

IS A LEAFLET ISSUED BY THE MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Newark, N. J.

WHICH EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ



M. M. MATTISON - - - General Agent
ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

C. D. STRADLEY'S Dry Goods,
Notions and Novelties. The best 4-Ply
Linen Collar in the city for 10c. A full
line of Underwear and Furnishings :-:- :-:-
:-:- :-:- :-:- Goods at all Seasons

MARION B. LEACH

Grocer

608 Pendleton Street

Greenville, South Carolina

WHY

COLLEGE GIRLS SHOULD TRADE AT

ARNOLD'S



FIRST

Because we make it a rule to keep all the little in-
dispensables 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.

J. C. FITZGERALD



Artistic Photographer



GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA



Collodio Carbon, Platinum and Aristo
Platino Prints

Special Prices To All Students

- H 1 *John T. Morgan*
- H 2 *Mr. William Jennings Bryan*
- H 3 *Mr. Theodore Roosevelt*
- H 4 *Mr. Joseph W. Folks*
- H 5 *Miss Dolly Madison*
- H 6 *Miss Helen Gould*
- H 7 *Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe*
- H 8 *Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watterson*
- H 9 **Mr. Marcus Aurelius Hanna**
- H 10 **Mr. Andrew Carnegie**
- H 11 **Mrs. Charles William Fairbanks**
- H 12 **Mr. Joseph Jefferson**
- H 13 **Mr. William Shakespeare**
- H 14 **Miss Julia Marlowe**
- H 15 **Mr. Arthur Pendennis**
- H 16 **MR. JAMES J. HILL**
- H 17 **MRS. HENRY H. ROGERS**
- H 18 **COL. MULBERRY SELLERS**
- H 19 **MR. DAVID COPPERFIELD**
- H 20 **MRS. GOUVENEUR MORRIS**
- H 21 **MRS. MARY ANDERSON NAVARRO**
- H 22 **MISS MAUDE ADAMS**
- H 23 **MISS BEATRIX ESMOND**
- H 24 *Dr. Samuel Johnson*
- H 25 *Mr. David Garrick*

OUR BEAUTIFULLY
ENGRAVED

Visiting Cards

WILL PLEASE YOU

SOME OF OUR PRICES (*See Styles of Engraving*)

Styles H-1 to H-8, inclusive, are \$1.50 for Special Copper Plate and 100 Engraved Cards

H-12, H-13, H-16, H-17, are \$2.10 for a Plate and 100 Cards

H-14, H-15, H-20, H-22, H-23, H-24, Plate and 100 Cards, \$2.25

H-9, H-10, H-18, Plate and 100 Cards, \$3.00

H-11, H-19, H-25 are \$3.40 for Plate and 100 Cards

These prices are for one line of engraving, and the work is sent by mail prepaid. We will be glad to give you prices for additional engraving. Write us, we send samples showing quality of work

If you already have a plate, we will furnish you, postage paid, 100 Cards therefrom for \$1.00

PRINTING, ENGRAVING,
BOOKBINDING

The State Co.

COLUMBIA
SOUTH CAROLINA



