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Greenville Woman's College

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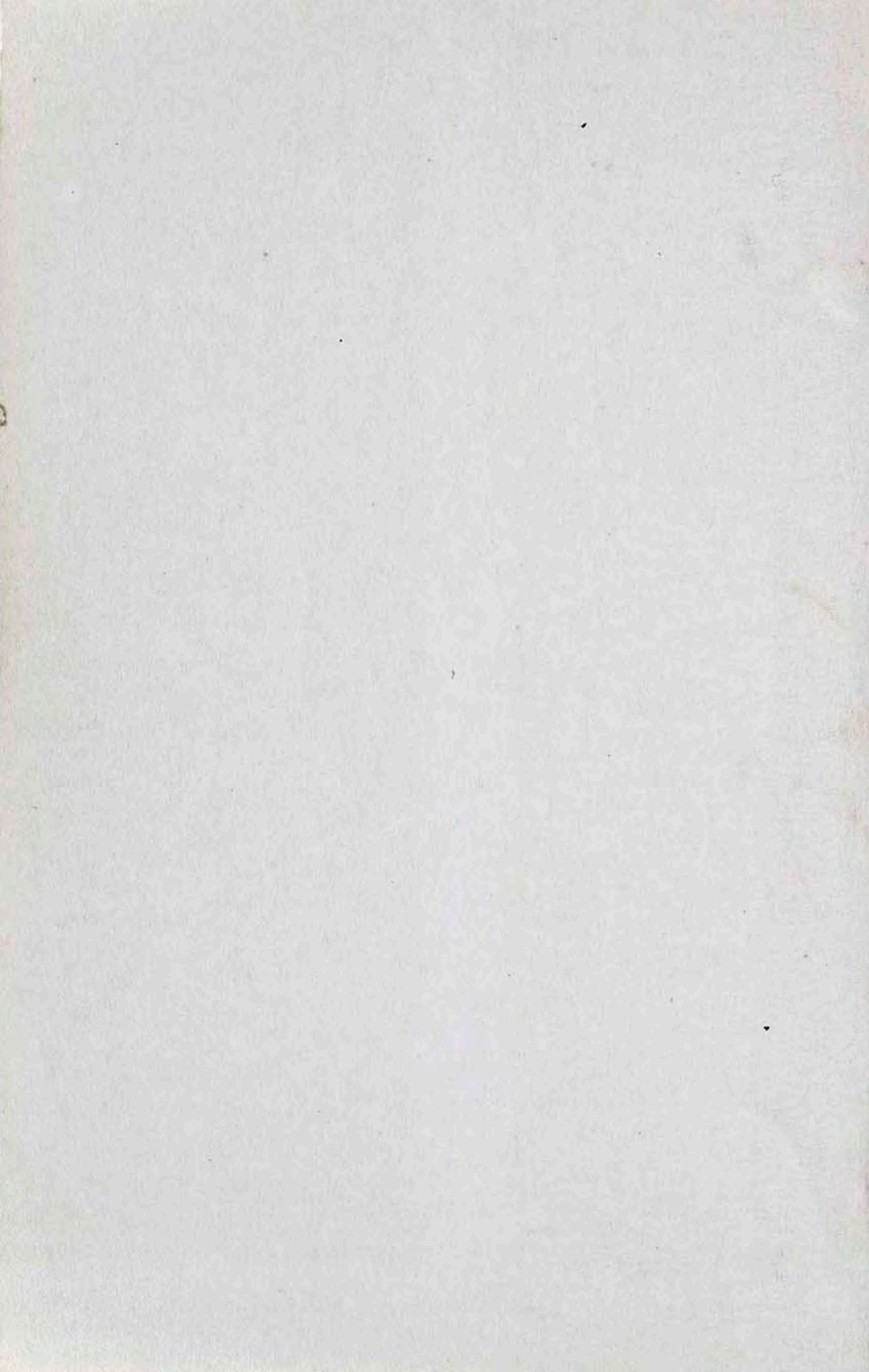
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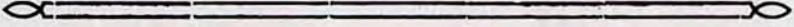
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By the Students of the Greenville
Female College

—at—


Greenville, S. C.

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Literary Department

EUNICE GENTRY,

BERNICE BROWN.

EDITORS.

UTOPIA.

I went to walk the other day
Away out in the wood,
Further'n Golden Locks ~~do~~ dast go,
Or li'l Red Riding Hood.
An' I was jes' a walkin' long
An' lookin' all around,
An' after while I stumped my toe
On somethin' on the ground.

I thought it was a rock at first
But when I looked again
I see'd it was a chocolate cake—
I see'd another then,
An' then I looked jes' everywhere
An' to my d'light and 'sprise
The stumps and leaves and stones and rocks
Was cakes, and tarts, and pies.

An' then I see'd a rabbit jump
From 'hind a candy tree,
An' he was made o' sugar, and
His eyes was raisins, Gee!
There was a big brown-sugar hill
For little boys to eat.
The birds and bugs was chocolate-drops—
They tasted awful sweet.

There was a great big river flowed
Around the sugar hill,
An' it was made o' lemonade,
I drank and drank until
I simply couldn't hardly walk.
An' then I sure did laugh,
For there came walking up the road
A ginger-bread giraffe.

An' lots o' snow was every where
A' lyin' on the ground,
But it was icin' off o' cakes,
I et about a pound.
Jes' then I see'd the best o' all—
A ocean of ice cream,
But 'fore I reached it, I waked up—
It all had been a dream.

S. B. B.

THE FIRST DANCE.

"Dar now, yo' sho'ly 'does look purty." Said Mammy, stepping off to gaze with frank admiration at the slim figure of the girl who was standing before the old glass in her first really "grown-up" dress.

"Do I really Mammy, dear?" breathed the girl eagerly, adjusting a ribbon with quick fluttering fingers. "I want to look my nicest." She went on, the color coming and going in her fresh young face. "You know Phil's just home, and he hasn't seen me in four years, and he's coming to my dance tonight." A half frightened look came over the girl, but the last reflection the old mirror held was a face of lurking dimples with nevertheless, a misty tenderness in the deep blue eyes. The girl gathered her first train up with a slender hand, and fairly flew out of the door and down the stairs to welcome her guests.

"She sho'ly do look purty," said the old darky, talking to herself in a never varying monotone, as he set about her task of "pickin' up" her young mistress's room. "But I aint sayin' dat marse Phil gwine to think 'er purtier dan Miss Margaret. She am so monstus fine lookin' wid 'er sparkly, knowin' sorter eyes, an' de boys des flock eroun' 'er. Li'l Missie sorter skeered 'erse'f, though taint beholden er me ter say so. Marse Phil sweethearted 'roun' Miss Betty when dey was bofe lit' codgers, but dey ain no sense in bringin' home your bes' fren', no matter how bes' she is, if she's purtier dan yo' are. Case I aint thinkin' dat Marse Phil's gwinter fall kersplunk in love wid 'er, but when he ain't seed Miss Betty in four years 'taint no sense in takin' risks."

And shaking her head dolefully, she slowly made her way down the back stairs, to help with "the fixins" in the kitchen.

Down stairs all was gaiety; pretty girls and good-looking men were everywhere, and the hostess with her guest of honor held high court in the great hallway. The dancing

had not begun but the musicians were beginning to tune their instruments, when a commotion was heard at the wide doorway, and a man's gay voice, raised above the chatter of the full rooms, was heard exclaiming:

"Well, here I am Colonel, at last. Thought I never would get here though, the roads are as bad as they used to be, but it surely brought back old times, Colonel."

"There he is, there's Phil," whispered Bettina excitedly to Margaret, "Oh! here he comes, Margaret."

"You silly little goose," said the older girl, "you are turning red and white by turns. Everybody will read your every thought."

"I haven't any every thought" laughed Bettina happily, as she advanced to meet Phil.

"I'm so glad to see you Phil," she said, small head held proudly and welcoming hand outstretched.

"Bettina, why Bettina you're grown up sure enough," ejaculated Philip Marsdon, genuine surprise in his frank young voice.

Bettina blushed and dimpled, then turning, introduced him to "my friend and last years room-mate, Miss Margaret Phelps." Mr. Marsdon grasped the pretty beaming hand, and gazed admiringly into the brown eyes of the tall girl before him. "Charmed, Miss Phelps," he murmured.

Then the music began, and all the girls were besieged by eager offers for the first dance. "Is this dance engaged?" asked Phil of Margaret Phelps, glancing however at Bettina, who was surrounded by an admiring group.

"Why no, I don't believe so," answered she, looking apologetically, at the half-score of disappointed faces before her. Then she floated off in the arms of "the Phil" she had heard so many little tender things of in the past year. And Bettina, who had been laughingly parrying the eager questions, yielded herself to an enraptured but surprised youth, who had hardly dared hope for the first dance with his lovely hostess. Bettina's eyes, which had been so tenderly blue the moment before, held now a defiant, careless look.

her laughter, usually so genuinely mirthful, was a bit too quick to come, but her partner thought her wholly entrancing.

It was not until the fourth dance that Phil succeeded in getting near enough to her to beg for "just one," only to find them all taken. "Too bad, Mr. Marsdon," said this strangely new Bettina, and Mr. Marsdon went off and talked to the stars of what a peculiar effect college had on young women.

Inside, Bettina was saying hotly to herself, "He asked Margaret for the first dance, my dance, and I was trying to save it for him. I am a silly little goose, sure enough." But outwardly she was as happy as the happiest, though dangerously near being the flirt sometime. Men who had known her all of her life, looked at her in wonder, and murmured, "Bettina's coming on."

And so the evening went on. Everybody was having "the time of their lives," except, perhaps, one miserable young man, who seemed to have permanently taken to the terrace to smoke, and one very, very miserable young girl, who had evidently learned many bewitchingly and bewildering charm while away at college.

About one o'clock, an old negro woman crept out of the back door and hid herself behind a box bush, eagerly watching the whirling throng through the long windows. After awhile she caught sight of the red gleam of a cigar, and soon recognized the fine head and shoulders of the boy she had always known so well.

"Marse Phil, yo' Marse Phil!" She whispered.

"What was that" said Mr. Marsdon, sharply wheeling "Why, Mammy, how are you?" and he heartily shook the black hand.

"Sh—sh!" cautioned Mammy. "What yo' doin' out hugh, widout no gurl," a moonin' away at de stars?"

"What's the matter with her, Mammy?" asked the young man; "I can't get near her. What have I done? Her letters haven't showed any signs of trouble."

"Who yo' mean, boy?" asked the old woman. "How'm I gwinter know whut yo talkin' 'bout, if yo' starts een haid long dat a way?"

"I mean Betty, of course, Mammy, she spoke to me at first all right, but she hasn't looked at me since."

"Whut, ain't yo' even danced wid 'er?"

"N-no, I had to dance the first dance with Miss Phelps, and the others she had taken before I could get around to her."

"Git eroun' ter 'er, huh!" sniffed Mammy, "reckin she did have 'em all tooked. Whut yo' tek 'er fer—one 'er dese yere flowers, whut sits against de wall er waiting ter be picked—Huh!"

"Oh, see here Mammy," remonstrated the young man, "you don't mean to say you think Bettina minded my dancing the first dance with Margaret Phelps? Why she's her guest."

"Margaret!" snorted the old woman, volumes of scorn in her voice; "reckin she am 'er guest, but dat ain't no reason fer 'er bes' feller ter go covartin' an' traipsin' roun' 'er de firs' chanst he gits. Monstus scan'lous, I call hit."

"Oh, see here, Mammy," the young man once more feebly reiterated.

"Oh! see hugh, nuffin! yo' ain't got no more sense dan er three day kitten; sot down dar onto dat bench an' wait er minit, ef yo' kin," and with that parting shot Mammy was off, switching her skirts angrily as she went, and talking turbulently to herself. "I gwinter cotch 'er as she come f'um supper. Dey all 'bout throu eatin' now," she muttered, then taking her station in the hallway, she bowed and curtesied to the happy young people trooping by from the dining room to continue their dancing.

"Miss Betty, O, Miss Betty, honey!" she called to her young mistress who was passing by on the arm of an infatuated young man. And when she had succeeded in at-

tracting her mistress's attention she drew her eagerly aside to whisper.

"Caynt yo' come out hugh er minit? I got somepin' to say." So Bettina laughingly excused herself and followed the old tyrant out to the broad back veranda.

"Mammy, what do you mean by calling me out here? Don't you know I have to be in there to see that everybody's having a good time?" said the girl, nervously drawing her scarf in and out of her fingers.

"Is yo' havin' sich er almighty good time yo' se'f, honey?" said the old woman tenderly. "Hit don't pear ter me dat yo' is."

"Oh Mammy, Mammy," whispered the girl. "I'm a mean, horrid girl and my whole dance is spoiled. Oh, Mammy dear, it was all on account of that old jealousy of mine that has always pestered me. I was jealous of Margaret, of my best friend, so I was horrid to Phil, and now he's gone off, to-to heavens knows where, and I know I'll n-never see him again."

"Dar now, dar now, honey," soothed the old negress. "Yo' face am all over tears an' yo' hans are des er shakin', walk out dar in de cool, towards de box-haidge an' yo'll feel better. Dar now, Honey, de dancin' aint begun yit. Dey walkin' eroun' chatterin' lak so many magpies. Yo' go on out dar, an' have hit out wid yo' se'f."

The girl allowed herself to be pushed down the broad steps gently, and then she almost ran toward the box-hedge, it did seem so good to get away from the laughing happy faces. She had been under a strain all evening, and she could surely spare five minutes for relaxation. She looked up gratefully at the stars overhead, and was about to sink down on the bench by the fountain when she saw that one end of it was already occupied.

The man rose hastily, then took an eager step toward her.

"You, Bettina?" he said.

"I didn't know—didn't know anyone was out here. Mammy should have told me"—

"Bless her!" murmured the man. "Bettina, my dearest, what is the matter? what have I done? Sweetheart, have you forgotten all those promises you made right here, four years ago? Those promises which were to be definitely settled tonight?" The girl raised her head and looked bravely into the earnest, pleading face.

"That was provided we had neither one changed in our thoughts of each other," said Bettina; "and you evidently have changed. You didn't even care enough about me to ask me for the first dance, the one that I'd saved for you."

"I'm a fool," groaned the man. "But I love you, I love you. I don't know how it happened about that dance. She seemed to expect me to ask her—but I shouldn't say that of course."

"Oh! no, of course not," said Bettina, walking straight into his outstretched arms, "and nothing really matters after all, so long as I know you love me."

"Dar now," breathed Mammy, to herself. She had been shamelessly eavesdropping behind the hedge. "Dar now, dat fuss am made up. I declar ter goodness, I haint done nuffin all dose chillen's lives ceptin' ter keep 'um f'um staying mad wid one anoder. I'm des er prayin' ter de good Lawd ter le' me see 'um safely married; den p'haps dey kin do widout me fer erwhile." The wise old woman peeped more through the hedge and chuckled with huge enjoyment as she heard her "Lil missie" say, "Don't let's ever misunderstand each other again Phil, if only for Mammy's sake; we do give her a lot of trouble, don't we?" and laughing happily, her head went once more to its place on his shoulder.

"An' dat sho'ly am de truf," murmured Mammy, nodding her turbaned head vehemently. "But t'won't be more'n er week fo' I'll hatter mess in, an' straighten out things ergin—Huh!"

Eleanor Furman.

MONASTICISM IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Asceticism is not a product of Christianity. It is its adopted child, its inheritance. Christ's teachings are in direct contrast with the teachings which lead men to hide themselves from their fellow beings and thus escape the responsibility naturally falling upon them under normal conditions. The philosophic basis of asceticism is that matter is the seat of all evil and that contact with things material is contaminating. To the ascetic, pleasure and guilt are synonomous terms. To him the path to enetral happiness lies in the inhibiting of all natural desires and impulses. All the Oriental mysteries were the precursors of this phase of Christianity. Asceticism, in the form of monasticism, contended with the Stoic in the contempt of fortune, possessed the servile discipline of the Pythagorean, the Cynic's disdain for the forms of civil society, with the advantage of a more nearly perfect ideal. Egypt, the parent of superstition, first gives expression to asceticism in the form of Christian monasticism. In Egypt Christianity assumed an aspect as barren, stern, and unproductive as the desert which gave life to the ascetic. The spread of monasticism was no less rapid than that of the Christian church. From Egypt there went forth two great streams of manasticism: one spread throughout the East, and finally commingled with the weak and superstitious Oriental customs and traditions. The other rapidly spread throughout the West, and tempered and turned into the proper channels by the western spirit of organization and advancement became one of the most potent influences in shaping affairs of church and state. In the East monastic influence was felt only in the Greek church, not in the State. In the East the church and state came into no violent conflict. In the West, with the confusion of spiritual and temporal powers, the tempered monastic expression of asceticism had a prominent place in the events of the Middle Ages. The character produced by the violent asceticism

of the East was one of hard and stony self-denial. The ideal characters of the monk in the West came to be the joyful stifling of selfish ends and aims for the sake of qualifying themselves for service. For illustration of the two contrast Antony, the ideal martyr of the East, and Augustine, the sureme character produced by Western monasticism. Antony attained his desire—the complete negation of self. By the time of Augustine, 450, stony asceticism had been so far eradicated that we find him substituting for pagan ethics Christian love of God and applying Roman law and order to the Kingdom of God.

When Athanasius first introduced Eastern monks to the city of Rome in 340, they were looked on with disgust, but the idea spread and hundreds of monasteries sprang up throughout the Roman Empire. The first monasteries were semi-social organizations. The only bond of union in the East seemed to be their desire for complete self-denial. The name monastery came to be applied to a Religious House, the home of a number of monks. The approved style was patterned after the ordinary Roman home, with the outer and inner courtyards. At first there was one large dormitory. It was not until the twelfth century that each monk had his private cell. The conditions in the Middle Ages were favorable for the rapid spread of monasticism. All classes were led to seek protection within the walls of the monasteries. The chaos following the barbarian invasions, with the increase of worldliness, led men to seek the way of salvation offered by the monasteries. Monasticism was the expression of Christianity in a way of life. As in all ages, the people of the Middle Ages were looking for an interpretation of their religion in a way of life, and not an interpretation in doctrines. The strength of the monasteries lay in their appeal to all classes. To the criminal they afforded a place of refuge, to the youth a more desirable vocation than a military life, to the plebeian a greater gain in the cloister than he had sacrificed in the world. In three hundred years we find a complete revolu-

tion in the way of living in the monasteries. The Western spirit could not adopt the stern discipline required by Eastern asceticism. During the third and fourth centuries, the period of slavish imitation of Eastern example, it looked as if the chief interest of the monasteries would be in the romantic lives of the solitary occupants. Some new energetic impulse was needed to give the monasteries their place in history.

The Western spirit was one of organization. In the East we found each monastery regulated by its own provisions, each hermit living according to his own laws. The Roman civilization was military, not industrial, and a strong organization is the basis of military perfection. The Eastern rules were not explicit and not pertinent to the daily life of the monk. These so-called Rules were usually a discussion of the vices of the world and the virtue of the monastic life, a mixture of pagan and Christian ethics, with a treatise on the monastic customs. Basil's Rules were the most generally accepted in the East. Cassian was the veteran compiler of date of monasticism, but his rules also lacked authoritativeness. In 528 Benedict of Nursia established a monastery at Monte Casino and drew up regulations for governing it. Benedict did not found an Order, in the true sense of the word, but his Rule was so sane and so wise that it was adopted by many Orders of wide influence. From Antony of Egypt to Benedict of Monte Casino was the period of undisciplined impulse not regulated by experience. The efficiency of the Benedictine Rule did not lie in its originality, but in its constructive use of monastic principles. It contained the Western spirit of authoritativeness, with an effective combination of religious precept and practical direction. His directions are all positive and mark out a consistent mode of daily living. The Rules are founded on those of Basil, but are much stricter.

He provides for a complete organization of the monastic communities. On the admission of the novitiate to the monastery he took three solemn vows, pledging himself to

obedience, poverty, and chastity. The monks were encouraged to lead rational and natural lives—sensible provisions against the asceticism of the East. They were required to work, not limiting their labour to spiritual affairs, but in manual and mental labor as well. He considered indolence the enemy of the soul. By 600 the Benedictine Rule had been established in Italy, Sicily and England. Boniface made the Rule an establishment in Gaul and Germany. At the time of the Norman Conquest, practically all of the Western monasteries were under the Benedictine Rule. About a century and a half after the Norman Conquest a reformation was attempted in France. The Cluniac Rule was established at the Abbey of Clugny by Count Beno, during the disastrous times following the death of Charles the Great. The Cluniac Rule was monarchical. The abbot at the head of the Abbey of Clugny extended his Rule over several minor monasteries, called Cells, at the head of which were the Priors. This abbot became almost a Pope of Monasticism. The Cluniac monasteries were said to be alien priories—mere Cells of the great Abbey of Clugny. The Cluniac Rule required that all secular clergy live according to its provisions, and this spiritual aristocracy had authority over the laity in religious matters. The Dominican Order was founded by St. Dominic in the latter part of the twelfth century. This order was founded for the suppression of heresy in the church. They encouraged learning, with a special view to the dissemination of knowledge concerning the doctrine of the church. The Dominican Order furnished some of the greatest scholars of the Middle Ages. The Franciscan Order, founded by St. Francis of Assisi, had for its ideal the exact imitation of Christ. St. Francis believed in the inhibiting of one's natural impulses only to the degree that they interfered with one's imitation of Christ. He looked on poverty, not as a hard and stony pathway to eternal happiness, but as a joyous pathway through this world. With the increase of popularity corruption inevitably crept

into this Order and their ideal degenerated into the accumulation of wealth. The Mendicant Orders had their origin in the middle of the twelfth century in Syria. In Jerusalem, Berlhold, a Calabrain, instituted the Carmelite Friars, in imitation of the life of the Prophet Elijah. These Friars passed from Syria to Europe and became one of the most influential of the Mendicant Orders. With the growth of the Orders, the perfection of the Rules, monasticism grew more and more closely connected with the most completely organized institution of the Middle Ages—the Papacy.

It would seem that monasticism and the Papacy of the Middle Ages were working in opposite directions. The Papacy realized that the best tool with which to conquer the world was one that was seemingly dissociated from the world. Monasticism was a complement of the great papal power. While the secular clergy were performing the ceremonies of the church, guarding its property, and administering its business, the regular clergy, the monks, were illustrating the necessity of personal piety and self-denial. Ambition, too, soon discovered the secret road to fame. Many joined the monastic orders, going through the period of self-denial—not for eternal happiness—but for earthly fame. From the Benedictine Order alone, there have been chosen twenty-four bishops. We find Gregory VII. adopting the Cluniac Rule as his program, in his contention with the temporal power, and adding to the religious supervision of the laity the political supervision. The popes carried on their great missionary enterprises through the monastic orders. Augustine, under the direction of the papacy, was the evangelizing spirit of England. "The mind led by the heart's inspiration, the heart guided by the mind"—this is Augustine. The pagan philosophers felt a natural surprise that a sect, at first so bitterly persecuted, should be raised to the rank of celestial protector of the Empire. The church owed its position in this age of changes to its division into these two phases—monasticism and the

papacy. The papacy held its part of the affairs of the church by intertwining itself with the political side of life; monasticism by looking after the educational and social side of life.

The regulations in the Benedictine Rule required both mental and manual labor. Cassiodorus also gave an impetus to learning at Calabria. In these monasteries were preserved all the civilizing influences of the age. The monks taught by example the dignity of labor. The great teachers of the first universities were monks. All the learning of the early Middle Ages were within the monasteries. Shut in from the turmoil of war and struggle, the monks were free to carry on their literary labors, which is just as essential to the building of a great state, as is war. The monasteries served as hotels, thus encouraging intercourse between the states. In Rome the same influence which served to preserve her culture for the benefit of individuals, served also to impair the strength of the Empire. As her civilization was military, the great numbers of people leaving the army for the cloister, lessened the strength of the army and hastened the decline of Rome. The evangelization of England by the monks, brought her not only within the pale of Christianity but also within the pale of European political society, and changed altogether the relation of the Welsh and the Angels. The two ideals of the middle ages were the monk and the soldier. It is not surprising to find these combined into military-monkish orders during the twelfth century. This arose out of the peculiar conditions prevailing in Palestine at the time of the Crusades. The Benedictine monks were the pioneers of civilization in England, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, Sweden, and Denmark.

The period from the first Benedict to the time of Charlemagne in the eighth century exhibits monasticism in a mature stage. During this period monasticism had its highest ideals. It had broken away from the tyrannical asceticism of the East, and had awoken to the possibilities

within itself, by encouraging mental and manual labor. During this period the true holy life was cultivated by the monk. Its justly deserved popularity, occasioned by its true piety, brought it into contact with other great movements of the age. In the eleventh century we find the monkish reform of Christendom under Hildebrand. In the twelfth century the monks swayed the church, and in the thirteenth we find the friars the buttresses of the papacy. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find monasticism on the decline, because of the corrupted conditions within itself, and of the changed conditions outside. The greatest power of this age were turned towards strengthening the great states, and monasticism suffered a great eclipse. The enormous wealth that had been accumulated by the monasteries was appropriated by the state. With the new enlightenment, the principles of monasticism were opposed to the dignity of the home and to woman's proper place in society. By the sixteenth century monasticism had lost its prominent place as a great agency in temporal and spiritual affairs, because it no longer met the needs of the time.

Elizabeth Robertson.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

The telephone rang sharply. Dr. Clifton walked across the neat hospital office to the desk, and lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Yes, this is Sanford's Hospital," he said. Then after a pause, continued, "no there is not a nurse at leisure, try some other hospital." But he listened a second, and as the pitiful story of dire need came to his ears over the wires, he saw little Miss Benton pass the office door.

"Yes, under the circumstances, a nurse will come at once." Then Dr. Clifton took down the address, and hung up the receiver.

Sanford Hospital was in the lower part of Chicago. It was a charity hospital, and had a training school for nurses in connection with it.

When Dr. Clifton stated the need of a nurse in one of the most dangerous, degraded parts of the city to Miss Benton, she at once expressed her determination to go. It was getting late, and the journey was not only disagreeable, but really unsafe.

Miss Benton put a long coat over her nurse's uniform, boarded a trolley, and was soon on her way. She had been to the slums often before, but never alone. Sanford Hospital conducted a mission and "soup-house" in the most wretched portion of Chicago, and Miss Benton had served in both of these institutions. The "soup-house" was a kind of home for outcast men. A bed could be obtained there for a penny and hot soup was served for a penny a bowl. Hundreds of men came in every night for the soup—standing in long lines, waiting to be served. Prayer and song services were conducted in an adjoining room, that the Gospel might reach the men. Miss Benton had often served soup in these men's home.

She had never been in just the locality of the city that she was called to, tonight but she knew she could find it. After leaving the trolley she walked on toward her destination. On the car she had been safe, but once on the poor-

ly lighted slum streets, she began to think of her danger. If she should be attacked she would be utterly helpless. The mission and all her friends were blocks away. Once she started to turn back, but the thought of duty, and of the poor woman, perhaps dying for want of assistance, came to her so strongly that she kept on her way in spite of her fear.

Several toughs stared at her, but she went straight on. Some of the houses she passed were dark, some filled with lights and noise. Miss Benton was beginning to feel safe again. A few steps beyond her, she heard the sound of very rough revelry. Bright lights streamed from the half shaded windows. As she came near the house she saw the large front door open and close, and as she came in front of it, she saw the figure of a man standing in the shadow. She was passing on when a rough hand seized her arm, and a voice said:

“You’re the one I’m looking fur: come on in.”

Miss Benton knew it was useless to scream or resist; no one who could possibly come to her assistance was near. In an instant she found herself in the room full of noise and light. It was filled with rough looking, half drunken men, and a few women—also drunk. The little charity nurse was dazed. She stood there in the close, hot room. The man who had brought her in, was telling her in a loud voice to sit down, and at the same time was holding a glass of strong liquor to her lips. The girl was entirely helpless. She resisted in a feeble way, but her resistance only brought forth a volley of oaths. She was conscious of a silent prayer in her heart. Then from the other end of the room came a voice loud enough to be heard above the noise of the boisterous men.

“Hold on a minute Pard. What are you going to do with that gal?”

The talking ceased, and all eyes turned to the speaker. He was an unusually large, powerfully built man, with a long scar extending almost across his face. The man

dropped the glass from Louise Bentons lips for a minute, then looking at the speaker, said with an oath, "That's none o' your business. I brought her in here, I'll do what I please with her."

But the large man was advancing toward the nurse with rapid strides.

"I ain't so sure o' that. You'll not harm a hair o' her head—you'll die if you do."

Louise looked at her unknown ally in wonder. His face seemed to have a vaguely familiar look, but the stand he was taking in the matter was as puzzling to her as to any one else, until he continued.

"Say boys, that there's a nurse in the Sanford hospital. Once when I was down and out, and was near to dyin' with fever, she nursed me. I ain't forgot it, and, Bill Hardin, you turn her loose."

Bill seemed disposed to fight at first, and muttered "She's my gal, and none o' your business," but when he saw the man with the scar meant what he said, and furthermore that he was armed, he decided it was not worth a fight, and let Miss Benton be led away.

Before Louise Benton realized what was happening, she was out on the cold pavement again, with her rescuer by her side, and he was saying:

"I don't know what you wuz doin' at night in this part o' town, but I'll take it, that you got some good reason, and I'll take you where youre goin'."

The nurse explained why and where she was going, and accepted his offered protection. He walked on with her, keeping a silent lookout for danger. Finally he paused and said:

"Now, the place you're lookin' fur is next door. You done a kindness to me when I wuz a needin' it, and I'm glad I wuz there tonight. Bill Hardin is the worst of the bad, and you don't know what you've been saved from this night."

After thanking him, Louise went on to her patient, and reached her destination without further adventure.

Sophie B

THE SEA SHORE.

The sun upon the sand is chiming,
The buoy bells in the bay are chiming,
The sea waves roll along the shore—
And heave bright shells from the ocean's store.

The palm trees rustle in the breeze
And soft sounds come from the pine trees.
The sand crab runs along the strand—
Till he finds his home down in the sand.

Oh just to be there this bright day,
When spring holds all the world in sway,
No where else is the sky so clear,
No where else has a charm so dear.

Ella Du Pont.

THE GIRL HATER.

Resting in the top branches of an old apple tree in the orchard, Janet was reading "A Trip to the Middle of the Earth." She persisted in reading such hair-raising literature much to the dismay of her near relatives, who recommended "Elsie Dinsmore." But where, she agreed, in a whole library of "sissy" girl's books could one find thrills equal to the least of these? And she hated girls' books as much as she hated girls themselves. She condemned the whole crowd, like Charles Lamb, at a venture. Boys were infinitely preferred, particularly David, who lived next door and knew loads of really exciting things. She was four years younger than David, familiarly known as Davy, who was sixteen, and whose devoted slave she was. Now, in the midst of a violent subterranean tempest she was interrupted by his voice from below.

"Hey, Jan, come on fishing."

Janet pulled out a large ant which was crawling down her collar and swung from the tree. Together they started for the little creek, hidden by overhanging bushes, which ran through the meadows behind the house.

"The girl visiting the Smiths has come. Came yesterday," remarked Davy as he cast his line. The Smiths were a family who lived across the road from Janet.

"Yes," said Janet "I saw her when she came—one of those flossy, grown up girls. Brother Jack is coming from Harvard today, too."

"I met her," continued Davy.

"Too bad," Janet said carelessly. "Did you have to talk to her?"

"Of course I talked to her," answered Davy with defiance, as one who makes a statement in which he expects to be disputed yet is determined to remain firm. "She's mighty pretty, I think. She said she wanted me to teach her to play tennis tomorrow morning, and as good as prom-

ised she'd go to the Jackson's dance with me tomorrow evening."

Janet gasped in astonishment. Here was Davy rushing into such complications, Davy, who loved fishing and hunting and adventures; who realized the insipidity of grown-up girls. She cast her line very elaborately, and, with feminine instinct, veered from the subject.

"Brother Jack is coming home this afternoon," she announced again. But Davy's mind refused to dwell upon that hero.

"Say," he murmured, "but she has gorgeous eyes."

It was not until the next morning, however, that Janet felt the full sorrow of the situation. Davy was over at the Smith's, teaching that soft, fluffy, grown-up, new girl to play tennis—which game had always been sacred to their own friendship. From a dining-room window she watched the scene grimly. Inwardly she wondered if the universe would ever regain its usual aspect.

By dinner time, even Brother Jack was going over to the enemy. When the visiting girls name was mentioned he said:

"I met her in Boston. Believe I'll ask her to go to the Jackson's dance with me tonight."

Brother Jack said this with a certain conscious pride. He was rather sure of himself with this young lady.

With another loved one gone to the siren, Janet retreated to the orchard for the afternoon with a heavy heart.

After supper, sitting on the front steps, she saw Brother Jack emerge from the Smith's with the new girl, and watched them start for the Jackson's together. She wondered why the girl was not going with Davy as she had promised. Then she saw Davy himself, wilted and sad, coming up the walk, and over her rushed the realization that Davy had been deserted, dropped for higher game.

He sat down on the steps.

"Jane," he said, "don't forget that we are going to play tennis tomorrow before breakfast."

But Janet whispered fiercely to herself, "I hate girls."

Lucia Watson.

FEUDALISM.

The feudal form of government and the feudal system of holding lands are so entirely different from our customs of holding lands today, that it is somewhat difficult to understand it; yet, without a thorough knowledge of its principles, the history of western Europe for a period of a thousand years would be almost meaningless and impenetrable.

From a political standpoint feudalism may be defined as the system which made the owner of a piece of land, whether large or small the ruler of its boundaries. Socially defined, it is the system that produced the dependency and the defenselessness of the poor and laboring classes.

To understand feudalism means a thorough conception of its origin. This is the most difficult part of the study, for it was not the results of a single year or of several, but the outcome of the condition which prevailed throughout Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries. After the great reign of Charlemagne, his vast empire fell into the hands of weak and petty kings, who did nothing to protect their poor and laboring classes of people. This class, receiving no protection from their kings, must seek help from some source. Naturally, they looked to the wealthy land owners for help. These land owners were very ambitious; desirous of wealth and power; asserted their influence over the laboring classes, and gradually became absolute. They bought loyalty from their dependents by taking the lead in defending the country from the ravages of the enemy; and by establishing fortresses, where they might seek refuge in time of danger. These conditions explain why such government was continued after the reign of Charles the Fat; and that the power was not in the hands of the lords, but of the great land owners, who were practically the rulers. Yet we must not infer from this that the state ceased to exist altogether during the centuries that came after the disruption of Charlemagne's empire; for although the

kings were weak and asserted little power, they were kings, annointed by the church as God's representatives on earth and some respect was paid them. Besides these land owners were held together by feudalism; that is: one who held land and had more than necessary for his use, granted a portion of it to another person, on the ground that the one receiving it should swear allegiance to him and perform certain duties. This land so granted was known as a fief. In this way the relation of lord and vassal originated, the vassal being one who received land in reciprocity for certain obligations. Morally, the vassal was bound to keep his master's secrets, to tell him of any harmful intentions of an enemy, and to render him service at any time. The vassal received in turn the military protection of his lord. The vassal was bound to go out with the lord in war, and to serve him from twenty to sixty days. He was under obligation to answer summons to courts of justice, where offenses were tried. It was often the case that when a vassal had discharged his duties faithfully and had won the respect and esteem of his lord that the land he rendered service for became practically his fief. He then might enfief it with such require service as those he rendered his lord. This is known as subinfeudation.

Feudalism in process was the most complicated affair that History has to do with. It was not established by any king or any decree, it simply grew up, very slowly and irregularly, without any plans. It is necessary to observe that the fief was not granted for a certain number of years, but was hereditary. So long as the vassal did homage and remained faithful to his lord, neither the lord nor his heirs could regain possession of the land. No precise date can be named as to when this was made standard, but it is certain that it was in practice in the tenth century. It was very obvious to the kings and nobles that this custom was a great disadvantage to them, but their protest against it were of no avail. In short the fief became the property of the vassal, and the lord owned only the claim to his

property and the services rendered him. Very naturally the great vassals that held directly of the king, became almost independent of him when their fiefs were granted to them in perpetuity. Then as their vassal stood in no feudal relations with the king, he accepted the royal control altogether. From the tenth to the thirteenth century the kings of France and Germany were not sovereigns of many subjects, who owned him fidelity, paid taxes and did him homage; he was a mere landlord, requiring certain services of those who were his vassals. The complication of the system made it necessary for the lords to keep a register of their property. Very few of these registers have been preserved, but the most important one in our possession is that of the count of Champagne. This gives us an idea of what the system was in practice, and shows how complex it was. Land was not only infeudated, but the same homage might be rendered for chickens, grains and houses. Possibly it may be thought by some that feudalism was held together with ease, but this is far from true. It, in reality was kept by cruel force. The bond could not be broken unless the lord failed to protect his vassal.

Feudalism not only laid its grasp on land tenure, but on the church as well. The worthy bishops, who had formerly been the defenders of the church and of the Holy Faith, now became its counts by usurpation or by royal concessions, when the king had united the county and the bishopric, the spiritual and the temporal power. The abbots and bishops became suzerains, and exercised paramount authority. Under them were numerous vassals ready to take up arms at any time, and to fight for their master's cause. As in the feudal system of holding land, there was a court of justice. Their army was large and efficient.

Feudalism was perhaps the best form of social government or organization that could be held during medieval times; but it had serious defects. First, its deficiency is

seen in that it hindered the formation of a strong national government. Each county was divided and subdivided into a vast number of practically independent principalities. These were ruled by lords who were very wealthy, in many cases richer than their king. The second evil was its exclusiveness. Under its system, society became divided into classes, separated by lines which, though not impassible, were yet very rigid. It was only as the lower classes gradually wrested from the feudal lords their privileges, that a better, a more fair form of society arose, and then civilization began to rise.

Feudalism had some good qualities as well as bad ones. The most noticeable service it rendered to Europe was the protection it afforded to society after the break up of Charlemagne's empire. "It was the mailed feudal horseman and the impregnable walls of the feudal castle that foiled the attacks of the Danes, the Saraceans, and the Hungarians" (Omans). Another conspicuous service was its fostering of self-reliance and independence in society.

Irene Workman.

A LA TELEPHONE.

"Number?—Six-eight? Alright—you got 'em?" "Central" ripidly put up the connections, listened a minute, then turned around and giggled.

"Bill Perkins is the biggest crazy," she remarked.

"Central Office" was the loafing place of the village. The operator, known as Peg, was a good natured girl, and kept her position on account of her efficiency, though she listened to every conversation and was one of the biggest gossips in town.

"Bill's all the time doing some crazy thing. That's him on the line now. He's talking to Mary Brown, and fooling her into thinking he's Sam Smith, you know Sam's settin' up to Mary. You just ought to hear 'em."

She listened a few more seconds, giggled again, then took down the connections and said:

"One of the fooliest things Bill's done lately was fooling poor old Colonel Tom Wells. You know how the Colonel brags ever since he went to the Legislature year before last. He didn't talk about another thing but how fine the State House in Columbia is, and 'bout the Senators and all, he met there. Bill's all time teasing him about it.

"Well one day"—

"Number?—Line's busy."

"Well one day Bill rung me up and says, Peg, let's have some fun. Put Uncle Tommie on the line."

"I didn't once suspicion what Bill was fixing for, so I connected 'um up and Bill says—and all the time he was talking in the deepest voice so's the Colonel wouldn't know him—he says 'Is that you Colonel Wells? Well, this is the Honorable Bowen from Smithton. You remember I had the pleasure of meeting you in Columbia at the Legislature?"

"Uncle Tom, he cleared his throat and said, 'Yes, yes, oh, I'm so glad, then, to see you—to hear your voice again. Well, well, Honorable Bowen. How do you do?' And

Bill talked about five minutes about the good old times they had in Columbia, and laughed and joked awhile, then said: 'Well, Colonel Wells, I and my wife have to pass through your town this afternoon, and if it will be convenient with you, we'll come around and take tea with you.'

"Uncle Tommie was so tickled he just couldn't hardly hold the receiver, and he says, 'Oh, Honorable Bowen, Susie—er, Mrs. Wells, and me will be delighted beyond all measure to have you and Mrs. Bowen to tea in our little home—Yes, yes, me and Susie will meet you—Oh, no, no trouble, only the greatest of pleasures. We can talk over all our good old times in Columbia. Yes, sir, six o'clock train. Be sure to come.. Good bye. Good bye,—and they rung off.'

All through this narrative central had been stopping to put up or take down connections, send a cheery good morning over the wire, or listen to some conversation, but she continued. "Well, of all the chicken killing, cake baking and doing around—the Wells done it. Miss Susie flew around and slew 'bout six old roosters for salad, and fried a whole drove of pullets, and borrowed Mrs. Dr. Burton's new silver salad fork, and Eliza Jone's cut glass pickle dish—and, well sir, they just naturally put the little pot in the big one. Then the Colonel put on his swallow-tailed coat, and Miss Susie she put on her black silk dress, and Elvira Brown's lace collar, and they strutted down to the six o'clock train to meet the Bowens. Bill waited 'till after the train had come and gone, then he took hisself 'round to Uncle Tom's to supper. He nearly dies laughing yet, 'bout the swell supper he made Miss Susie fix for him. The Colonel wouldn't speak to Bill for a while, but every body worried him so, till I believe he'll speak to him now, But that Bill? He's sure one more case."

Sophia Brunson.

DAT NIGGER GONE A COURTN'.

T'wus one of dem dar sulky days,
Erlong erbout July,
When de sun's so hot you'd tink,
De debils in de sky.

But dat young nigger, Samson, wus—
Not mindin' 'bout de wedder,
He's walkin' long upon de air,
Light as uh chicken fedder.

His kinky hair wus all breshed back,
His face wid soap did shine.
Uh clean white shirt, uh Sunday hat—
Dat nigger sho' looked fine.

An when at las' he reeched de house,
To which he had set out,
He gun to fell a little skeered
Pesky thing he wus er bout.

But on he went, up de back steps
To Mr. Johnsings house.
And tip-toed to de kitchen do,
Es quiet es er mouse.

Oh dar she wus, de sweetest thing
Dat God mos' eber made;
She laid dem oder young black gals
In dat town, in de shade.

But Samson tho't it kinder hard
To see her workin so,
A standin' on her pretty feet,
A makin biskit do.

Spite ob dat, it made her seem
Jes' very much de sweeter.
An' he just stood up dar an' looked'
On dat mos lovely creeter.

An' when at las' she did look up,
An' seen him standin' thar;
If she'd been white, you would a seen
Her blush up to hur har.

An' Samson grin and den he sed:
"Good mornin, Susie Lee."
An' den she kinder smile an' sey:
"Good mornin, how are ye?"

Den she stood dar an' look at him.
In her own lovin' way
An he jes' grin, an' look at her,
He didn' know what ter say.

But when she tried to put dem biskits
In side dat stove ter cook
Her pretty little, sweet black hand
Jes shook, an' shook, an' shook

An' hit itself on dat hot stove,
An burnt a little blister;
So Samson tho't he'd make it well,
An he jest up an' kissed her.

An' nex' day if you only could
In Mis' Jones' kitchen look,
You would ha seen wid bof yo eyes
Miss Jones ain't got no cook.

Dorothy Mahon.

DENT OBTAINS A CURTAIN.

"Goodness, I feel like a prisoner in the Black Hole!" gasped Besse, leaning her stalwart young frame half way out of the window to draw in a deep breath of the mountain air.

"Or like a Christian in the Catacombs," supplemented Dent from her position on the bed. "This hole would be tight quarters for a pair of mosquitoes, much less two and a half healthy young animals. Ouch! Watch out there! Bess, you spank too hard. You have smitten me on one cheek, but I be-jumped-up if I turn the other even if this is a godly institution. But, Bess, you are a whopper, and you know it—a whopper crossways and up and down too. But you look good even if you have got two chins and another one sprouting. It must be grand to look imposing, and walk with your head thrown back, and have folks simply fly and do what you tell them, because they are scared you will swallow them whole if they don't. And it's awful to be very little, and very insignificant, and very colorless, and to have the population planet utterly ignore you, or else trample you underfoot like a helpless insect."

"Ugh! No danger of your being trampled, my love. Experience has taught me that. You may be an insect, I don't dispute it, but you belong to the flea species or the mosquito variety which never fail to make themselves felt if not seen. So dry your tears, my dear, and comfort yourself that you are somewhat in the lime light even if you don't weight one hundred and fifty and stretch five feet eight into the blue. But here, we've got to get this two by two a bit more civilized or else I will feel like a cave dweller, and see you hopping from limb to limb as our dear grandmothers did in the dim gray distance. I've always wondered how they managed it when their rheumatism was bad, haven't you? I'm sure Granny couldn't do it. There, flatten yourself against that wall if you don't

want your ten little pigs stepped on, for I've got to wheel this trunk out into the hall. We simply can't keep it in here, for it leaves exactly three inches of walking room, and I'd suicide before I'd try stiling about on one heel for the period of nine months or thereabouts."

"Oh, you've stepped on my hat," wailed Dent from her position against the wall. "And I've got to wear it till our uniforms come, too. Whatever shall I do," and she clasped her hands in despair.

"Wear your other one," suggested Bess, wheeling on unsympathetically.

"I can't! The mucilage bottle came unstopped in my trunk and everlastingly ruined the crown, and it simply glued in a paper of safety pins and the only hair rat I have. I couldn't do a thing with it, so I gave it to old Ella a moment or two ago. How she's going to manage it with her wooly head, I don't know. And, Besse, I'm a perfect Aaron! Was it Aaron in the Bible who always had bad things happening to him and moaned about it a good deal? You think it was Noah? I guess it was Noah—I'm sort of hazy about things like that. Well, Besse, I'm a perfect Noah! Do you know that that can of muscadine preserves I brought bursted and simply ruined my new pink kimono. I don't mind the kimono so much, though it did smell something fierce, but when I die the loss of those muscadines will be graven on my heart. I'd sue the road if I thought they'd let the damages be more preserves. Say, Besse, my spine hurts. Would it be just as convenient if I sat on the washstand?"

"You may sit on the ceiling or in the wash bowl or anywhere else you want, only keep your legs out of the way."

"Hi there, Fritz," continued Besse, knocking against the wall. "Let's have your hammer a minute."

"Hammers don't cost but ten cents," came in a droll voice from the other side, and its owner knocked industriously on.

"Is that so? Thanks. And, Fritz! That paper of pins

you borrowed cost five cents, and that cake of soap you borrowed cost five cents, and both together cost ten cents, just like the hammer," replied Besse sweetly. "Isn't it funny?"

A few more knocks, each slower than the one before it, and then a fat, masculine girl with a face even droller than her figure and her voice, appeared in the door-way.

"Get out on the shed, Dent, I'm comin' in," she drawled. And here's the hammer, Besse. I wish the thing had legs."

"Well, your Waldorf aint much of a size, is it?" she questioned, looking around her. You'll have to set on your bed to sweep out this little hall here. Such a sweet view as you have got. Ain't it pleasant to see Alf pick chickens for dinner? I've watched him for three years now. Yonder he goes, a ridin' 'em to the cook pot in his little wheel-barrel. When I go to the table I always show 'em special attention because you see I've met 'em before."

"Oh, Fritz, haven't you got a rocking chair in your room? I thought I heard one screaming. You have? Do let me sit in it some times when you're not using it, there's a dear. Mother told me I could get one, but, heavens, we've nowhere to put it. Every way you would set the thing it would hook under something, and I am a little afraid to rock out on the roof. But you're lovely to say that I can use yours. I'll do your back hair any time you want me to. It looks like it needs something done to it now, but my spine hurts so that I can't fool with it at present. And Fritz, will you look at that heathenish bed! Is Jack Spratt cracked, or has he evil intentions? The idea of Besse and me sleeping together on a three-quarter bed when it takes a whole one by herself for Besse to be at all comfortable, she does spread out so! Do you know, I'd just as lieve sleep with a baby elephant, for I'm sure it's trunk wouldn't hurt any more than Besse's long arm when it thumps you across your little abdomen. And she's such a stove! But then, we're on the mountain exposure, so that will be quite comfortable in winter—if I'm alive then,"

and Dent rubbed her back which had suffered from lying on the rail.

"You could make a pallet in this closet," suggested Fritz, peering owl-like into the above-named apartment.

"I'd thought of that, but all of me can't get in and I simply couldn't decide whether to let my feet be out in the room, or whether to let them be in the closet, for I have a most horrible fear of something catching me by the feet—have ever since I was a child and a thunder-turtle caught me by the toe. You certainly got the best of the bargain, Fritz, when that big room was cut in two to make these two. Three windows! Think of it! And we've only one. And no curtain. Besse, did you bring a curtain?"

"Plumb forgot it," gurgled Besse, with as much distinctness as a mouthful of tacks would allow. And I dare not write home for one, I bought so many things before I came."

"And I dare not either. Mother says I almost stripped the house, and that she daily expected me to ask for the sewing machine, but I can't see that I brought so much. That spread over there on the window-box is mine. I had mumps and chickenpox under it, so it may be a little bit dangerous, but I can't help it. Where is everybody on this hall anyway? Its as still as the tomb! Marguerite must be asleep or else we'd hear her talking. I bet her's and Sallie's room is all fixed, and look at ours! But nobody on the globe could make this place look good—it's No. 13, you know. But Besse, we must have a curtain," ended Dent solemnly.

"We must," replied Besse, with equal seriousness. "We have done all that we can without one, and as to where it is to come from"—and she waved her hands wearily.

"I'm going down on the campus, it's too stuffy up here," announced Dent suddenly. "See you later."

"She's got something in her knot," observed Fritz. "I can tell by the way her eyes set in her head."

"And she'll get that something out of her knot, too, if

she doesn't" said Besse, nodding her curly crown with knowing, born out of long acquaintance.

The afternoon was decidedly on the wane when Dent reappeared in No. 13, Second Corridor, and when she came she was not alone. With her was a lady, with a black pompadour which had gray streaks in it, and wearing a green gown so unusually high in the neck that the lady was obliged to carry her head very stiffly.

"Besse," called Dent sweetly, "come down off of the bureau, dear, and tack your switch up. I want you to meet one of the new teachers who has done us the honor to visit No. 13. Miss Bowman, this is my room-mate, Besse Ashton, who plays Damon to my Pythias, and has a heart in proportion to her avordupois, as you will soon learn for yourself. Meekness and a tendency to let folks run over her are her only faults, but I am steadily trying to cure her of these," and Dent simpered virtuously.

Besses eyes assumed a round, moon-like stare, and her mouth began to form a protest against these imposed virtues when Dent gave her a surpetitious wink which meant for her to shut up.

Besse took her cue.

"It is indeed good of you to honor us, Miss Bowman," she began in a small, lamblike voice. "We are so seldom visited by teachers in our room that we appreciate this very much indeed. Please sit down—on the bed as there is nowhere else to sit. No, not there! There is a most atrocious lump near that spot which must be avoided if one does not wish to be miserably stuck. I firmly believe that a bunch of ten-penny nails is concealed there, and mean to rip up and investigate—that is, if dear Dent approves," she added with a sly screw of her mouth at her Pythias.

"My dears," said Miss Bowman, patting a knee of each girl affectionately, "you cannot imagine what pleasure it gives me to see two young women dwelling together in such love and unity of spirit as Dent has told me about. It is

indeed wonderful! Why, the two who room next to me on the third corridor fairly scratch and bite like a pair of cats, and last night I got not forty winks on account of them. I should have spoken to them, but I am a creature who desires love and sympathy, and I did not want to thus early antagonize them. I ventured to pay them a little visit this morning, but evidently inopportunately, for they did not seem very glad to see me. I am a very lonely woman, my dears, and I long for affection," she wound up dolefully, dabbing at her eyes with her perfumed handkerchief.

"My dear Miss Bowman," said the wily Dent, tenderly, "feel free to come to us any time, for it will give us the greatest pleasure to help fill up the large gap in your life of which you have so touchingly told me," and she twined her arms about the green gown, pinching Besse at the same time as a sign that she was to do likewise. Besse twined unwillingly.

"Yes, Miss Bowman, come to see us any time," continued Dent, "though our room is not very attractive. This room is so very tiny, and the view from the window is not pleasing. It takes away one's appetite to see what one is going to have for dinner, don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do!" returned Miss Bowman, with more animation than she had hitherto exhibited. "But, my dear, think of the lovely mountains over and beyond the sordid surroundings. We must lift our eyes to the hills, you and I."

"Dear Miss Boman, you must teach me," murmured Dent, not understanding that the lady meant that she must not look at Alf and the chickens, but on Paris Mountain.

"My dears," began Miss Bowman, becoming very earthy, "I suppose that I should not say it as I am a teacher and you are students, but do you not find the food villainous? My appetite is so very delicate that I simply can't eat the stuff, and as a result I am on the verge of a collapse," and Miss Bowman sighed a hollow sigh with the evident

intention of conveying the idea of a very empty stomach.

Besse and Dent looked at each other and then at the lonely lady who evidently desired something besides love and sympathy. Besse shook her head and Dent wavered. Was the sacrifice too great? and then as if afraid her resolution might desert her, she got up hastily and disappeared behind the screen, to return a moment later with a greasy box which contained some bread and several pieces of fried chicken.

"Miss Boman, won't you have some of our lunch? It isn't much, but perhaps it will help your hunger," invited Dent, with a shade of regret in her tone.

Miss Bowman fairly grabbed the box. Her vulnerable point had been touched.

"Oh, my dears," she gobbled with difficulty, "I shall never forget you. You are my saving grace. Such delicious lunch! Do you know, I can always tell the kind of a home a girl comes from by the quality of her lunch. I am so glad to have met you," and she picked bones industriously.

Besse winked, and Dent giggled involuntarily. They had bought that lunch from a most unprepossessing old lady at the station the day before.

Miss Bowman glanced up inquiringly.

"Oh, Miss Bowman," gulped Dent, "don't you think Besse has the very loveliest artistic taste? Look at that corner of pictures, if you will. She said it was to be a 'Head Corner,' and has stuck 'Salome with the Head of John the Baptist up alongside the 'Eternal Question!'" and Dent keeled over in her pretended merriment.

Two hours ago she had helped tack up that very "John the Baptist."

"I simply put it up to hide an ugly spot on the wall," protested Besse in her peaches and cream tone.

"Quite right, my dear, quite right," beamed Miss Bowman. "The only thing I see you need, if you will pardon me, is a curtain."

"Oh, yes!" agreed the girls in rather to hasty a chorus, and Besse lied smoothly.

"I had such a lovely one but it was quite ruined coming up. I don't know what we are to do about it."

"Nor I," sighed Dent. "A room isn't a room without a curtain."

"My dears, I have an idea!" exclaimed Miss Bowman, jumping up. "I have one curtain too many, and as our windows are the same size it will be an exact fit. How lucky! One of you come right on up with me and get it."

"Oh, Miss Bowman, that is too much," purred Dent, secretly trembling lest the lonely lady should agree with her, and nudging Besse not to let her gestures be too protesting.

"Indeed it isn't—after that lovely lunch! Come, my dear." And Miss Bowman hurried out of the room, followed by Dent who executed a series of silent steps behind the teacher's unsuspecting back.

"We've paid for the curtain, I'm thinking," grumbled the lamb who was left behind, eyeing the stack of bones hungrily. "I understood Dent to ask the old lady to have *some* of the lunch."

In a few moments Dent was back, flourishing the curtain.

"Behold the conquering hero comes!" she called, prancing as she spoke. "Mount, Amazon, and spread aloft your trophy!"

"How in the world did you manage it, Dent?" inquired her Damon wonderingly, as she fastened up their spoils.

"Manage it? I didn't. The Lord did. He just led me to where I heard her tell Betsey she had bought one curtain too many, and I says to myself, "There's my sucker!" The creature was going all about, putting her arms around teachers and girls in the very oddest way, and none of them would have a thing to do with her, so I decided to get popular. She's the queerest ever! I don't see how

ISAQUEENA

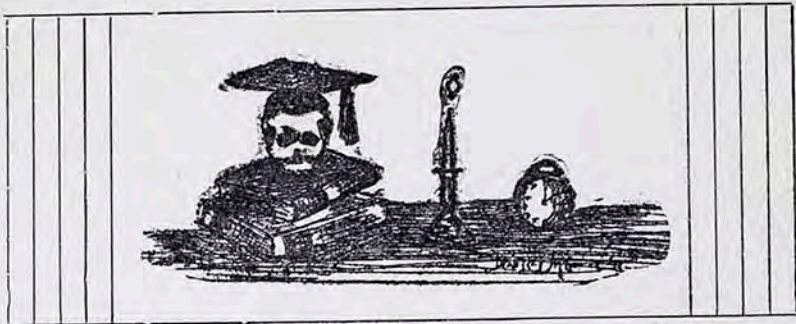
she ever got in this bunch, but she's here now, and if she hadn't been we might'n have got a curtain."

"Well, I can't stand her around, I'll tell you that?" said Besse, glad to resume her normal tones once more.

"Stand her! I guess not! I feel as if I shall have to take an emetic. I borrowed Marguerite's camphor out on the lawn. Do you know, the woman actually told me her 'life story,' as she called it, before I'd known her half an hour—about her lost love and all that rot. I doubt if she ever had one to lose, and if she did, I guess he was an idiot like she is. For you know, Besse, I firmly believe she is soft up here," and Dent tapped her forehead significantly.

"Well, we are in it now, and it's your fault; but we've got a curtain. Step back and see how it hangs."

"Oh, beautifully! You have no idea what a lovely ghostly pallor it gives John the Baptist. And Besse, three cheers for the Idgit and—her appetite!"



Editorial Department

VIOLET ASKINS,

RAY MASTERS.

EDITORS.

Slang! Slang! It is a sneaking thing that is apt to seize us before we are aware of it. There are many people, who, judging from their use of slang, seem to think it a great accomplishment. Surely they have not thought of it seriously. Many of the slang expressions come from the cheap shows or are given by a the common crowd. Who would like to acknowledge the source just mentioned as the means of enriching their vocabulary? But it is so; a free use of slang shows the lack of a good vocabulary. It would make any of us angry to be accused of not having a good number of words at our command, but, stop, can you blame any one for telling you what is shown daily in your conversation? If we do not want to be accused let's not be guilty.

Reading. Reading! What does it mean to us, and what should it mean to us? First, it should be a source from which the intellect can be fed with good and wholesome food; and second it should be a means by which one is kept alert and abreast of the time. But is it? Do we abuse the use of our library? Do we spend time idly reading the light romances or do we try to keep

ourselves well informed on the problems of the world. Current literature is one side of our reading which is most neglected. We hurry into the library and before we realized it we are attracted by the magazine with the gayest colored cover. Like the caskets of Portia the most conspicuous ones do not offer the greatest reward. Day by day we are forming habits that will go with us through life. Then why not make a habit of reading matter that will make us broader and better people? We should be as careful in selecting the books we read as we are in the selection of our friends: for verily we are judged by the company we keep. Why spend time reading the latest novel which will perhaps be forgotten in a year or two? When it is finished all you can say of it is, "Well, it was a very pretty little sotry." Would not the time have been better spent reading a novel that in some way treats our fellow beings; works that have stood the winds of time and still hold their places among the best production of literature. When a novel of this kind is read you not only have an interesting story that teaches you to know life better, but you have had the privilege of absorbing the style of some great makers of literature. And, besides, there is an excellent chance to enrich our vocabulary. A noted man has said if one wishes to put his mind to sleep read a novel which has only a "pretty story to tell." But should we read for that only? No, one should read to develop our minds. Then let the "Doze Powders" alone. Let us get the habit of reading thoughtfully the things that are worth while.



Exchange Department

LOUISE CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR

The exchange shelf this month is full of interesting number, and we scarcely know how to discriminate between them. We will select four presenting the plainest exteriors, and see if they do not bear out the old maxim that "all is not gold that glitters."

The Wofford College Journal for March is clad in the usual simple black and gold. The first thing we notice about the *Journal* is the fine quality of the paper and print. "*His Call* has a splendid theme, but the plot structure is diffuse and the author is inclined to prolixity. *China of Tomorrow* is a splendid article, thoroughly instructive and enjoyable. *The Lovers Prayer* is rather too personal an experience to suit the medium of poetry, without inspiring in the reader a shocking sense of amusement. *Ezra Hawkins's Machine* shows an ingenious mind as well as a faculty for clever story telling. We shall probably hear later of B. H's. success in the world of invention. *The Baseball Star* contains plenty of local color. We wonder how that Sophomore author found a girl whose description is the ideal of us all. He will be a rival of Shakespeare in depicting women, by the time he reaches his senior year.

This story holds the interest to the end, and that end makes us satisfied with the intrusion of the girl which at first we rather resented.

We will not attempt separate criticism of the several departments, but say only that they balance with the literary department to form a harmonious whole.

The Criterion, in spring-like blue and white, confront us next. *The Deserter* is rather fanciful and impossible, tho some parts are well done. The essay which follows shows concentration of effort on a worthy subject. *The Haunted House of Denver* is an interesting treatment of a very old plan. *Two Years After* has a good plot, but in spots the treatment is weak.

The Erothesian, clothed in tasteful green and gold, has adopted an interesting change in arrangement for this month. *Lander* is blessed with what seems to us a wideawake and energetic Alumnae Association, and should be proud of such a backing. We have no criticism to make of this number, except to say that the occasion of its publication must have been a thoroughly inspiring one to all the students, and especially the staff, who are always really to be shown "a thing or two," by their worthy predecessor.

The Palmetto has in her editorial department an interesting discussion of something which finds an answering appeal in the hearts of all students, we believe. Their plan of student government is both ideal and practical and indeed they have cause to be proud of originating it. The article on "kickers" is true as the old adage with which it begins. *The Cardinal's Madrigal* is a charming little lyric. The essay on *The Music of Shakespeare* is well worked out, and enjoyable. *Such is Life* is true evidence that the spirit of realism in literature is growing. In the two lyrics which follow, and in the little sketch *On Paddling Canoes*

we fairly feel the spirit of spring. *The Voices of Twilight*, decidedly the best contribution this month, is beautiful for its delicacy of thought and treatment.

The departments are all fairly good. As a general criticism we would say that the literary department needs reinforcement in stories, and another essay would render it still more efficient.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the usual exchanges this month.



SUE BYRD, EDITOR.

A large number of G. F. C. girls attended the concert given by the Whitney Bros. quartet in the Lyceum at Chicora College on March 20th. This is not the first time that this quartet has delighted the Greenville audience with a charming and varied program.

The first ensemble program that has been given here was on the evening of March 21st. This program consisted of concertos, choral, and orchestral numbers.

A party was given on March 25th, to Misses Leslie Sessions and Gladys Atkinson celebrating their birthdays. The color scheme was pink and white. At each end of the long table was a large heart with the candles placed in them. Nabiscos, cream, and mints were served.

On Friday night, March 22nd, Miss Hortense Marchant gave a graduating recital in piano. The program was excellently rendered.

Miss Gladys Atkinson, recently spent a few days with her sister, Miss Myrtle Atkinson.

Miss Lucy Gasque spent the Easter holidays visiting Miss Alice Johnson in the College.

Miss Jennie T. Clarke who formerly taught History in the College is here for a short stay.

Miss Mable Poston and Mr. Ralph Parks from Nelson-

ville, Ohio, have been visiting Mr. Poston and Miss Nelson.

Among the girls who have spent the week-end at home are Misses Ruth Easterby, Laurens; Annie Laurie and Mary Welborn, Williamston; Ada Simpson, Ruth Wilburn, Union; Leta Todd, Simpsonville; Ray Masters and Mary Lois Eskew, Anderson.

Miss Ruth Easterling has returned from a visit to her home at McCall.

A great many of the girls from the College attended the concerts by the Victor Herbert Orchestra.

Miss Bessie Blackwell from Darlington is visiting her sister Miss Lillian Blackwell.

Monday after Easter Sunday, a holiday was given the girls and faculty. Wagons were secured and all enjoyed a picnic on Paris Mountain. A few of the girls walked up. The ones who walked up and also the ones who were so well shaken on their ride were entirely ready at one o'clock for the delightful lunch which Mrs. Barton had prepared.

Ruth Easterby had just had an operation during which she had her tonsils taken out. Fr- A-l-a E-st-er-ng looked into her throat and thinking her palate a tonsil exclaimed, "Oh Ruth, he forgot one!"

Miss Atkinson asked one of her pupils what she would do if a girl were suffocating. The girl replied, "Turn off the gas and run."



LUCILLE COX, EDITOR

Our Y. W. C. A. is doing good work as the spring opens up. Each girl seems to realize the necessity of her support in attending the regular meetings. It is very encouraging to see the interest taken in this phase of College life.

At one of our meetings Miss Rhodes gave us a helpful and practical talk bidding us look out for the small things and telling us that it is from the small things that we are lead on into greater wrong-doing, while, if we beware of the small evils, we will not be liable to greater ones.

Mrs. I. W. Wingo, Y. W. C. A. secretary of S. C., also gave us a most interesting talk on "Preparation." She spoke of the necessity of preparation of College boys and girls for life, and of how necessary it is to grasp every opportunity and privilege of becoming more and more cultured and consecrated. She reminded us of how the College girl is expected, after returning to her home, to take hold of the Christian movements in her church; of how she is honored, and looked upon as one possessing powers not to be acquired elsewhere. She also spoke of how the College girl may influence others with whom she may come in contact, and that the important mission of the Y. W. C. A. is to train our girls in doing some of the Christian work, and to bring them in touch with each other and with God.

It should be the aim of each of us to follow the true Master. Our greatest need is the need of a Master. Some think their greatest need to be that of freedom, but

freedom runs into license and greed. It is very necessary that we be ruled and governed. If we study our own nature I am quite sure that we will become convinced of this.

We tend to take up the character to which we give our allegiance, and so we need a master to lead us into the right; one who will not deceive us, who is stronger, greater and better than we are, so that, as we serve him, we find ourselves growing stronger and better; one whose influence will enable us to keep steady and safe at all times.

Some think that they can be their own masters. Miserable are they! We must find our master outside of ourselves. We must be useful, and to do this, we must serve others. No man nor woman has a right to live to him or herself. God wants us to use our development for the good of others. To serve God we must serve one another. "For inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." This is a service which will, by no means, degrade us.

God is our only Master; we find our right place only as we relate ourselves to Him. He claims us, as He bought us with a price. "To find ourselves, is to lose ourselves in God." He not only helps us find ourselves; but He finds our place in society. In society we need men and women who look up to God, and say. "My Master and I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

We should be able to say, "I have no use for my life, but to serve God." God longs for us to surrender ourselves to Him. There is no freedom but the freedom to do right.

We cannot be our own Masters, we are too weak. Christ is able and willing to be our Master if we will only let Him. May we all say, "Guide me O thou great Jehovah; I am weak but Thou art strong."

We should also assume the personality of Christ, and commune with Him through prayer. Christ said, "I give myself unto prayer." No man ever worked more than this man because he gave himself unto prayer, which was

the whole program of his life. Prayer is the product of personality, it is more than a performance. A wish, a smile, a tear, toil, or sacrifice may be a prayer, provided the soul is in it. We should merge our personality into prayer. "If ye abide in me and I in you, ask what ye will and it shall be given unto you."

Communion with God is the highest function; to know Him, who to know aright is life eternal. Only human beings partake of the Divine nature, we commune with God when our soul comes in contact with him. Man was made for communion with God, and ofttimes He is not in man's thoughts. Prayer is the highest ministry of personality. The supreme question of human power is in the heart.

The promise God has made is power—"Ye shall have power." As we touch God in prayer the power is made and we are thus equipped to do all that God wants us to do.

By prayer we are bringing to pass great things; it is the life experience of the soul. We are unable to explain this communion, yet we should not doubt it. Just as we are not able to explain wireless telegraphy, but we see the result, likewise we see the result of prayer and communion in man, when he is transformed and becomes a child of God. In times of fear and trouble, what would we do but for prayer? It is for all life, joy, suffering, success and failure. We should not "say our prayers," but should put our soul in our words and pray. We are saved only as we lose ourselves in God.

Alpha Department

ETHEL BLACK, EDITOR

The much talked of inter-society debate has been posted for Saturday, April the twenty-first. Misses Marguerite Marshall and Louise Cunningham have been chosen to represent the Alpha Society. A very live query has been decided upon and both societies are looking forward to the meeting with a great deal of pleasure.

Next Sunday night we are going to spend an evening with the "Ladies Home Journal." The following program is to be rendered:

<i>That Reminds Me</i>	Miss Mary Welborn
<i>Editorials</i>	Miss Felicia Spearman
<i>Story</i>	Miss Irene Workman
<i>What College Life does for a girl</i>	Miss Oattie Simmons
<i>Story</i>	Miss Bena Loadholt
<i>Styles</i>	Miss R. Easterling
<i>Piano Questions Answered</i>	Miss Myrtle Lanford
<i>A Song</i>	Miss Ruby Bennett
<i>Which Way is Literature Going</i>	Miss Lucile Cox
<i>Girl's Affairs</i>	Miss Beulah Smith
<i>What Does my Hand Tell</i>	Miss Harriet Von Lake
<i>Money Making Ways</i>	Miss Lois Green
<i>My Best Receipts</i>	Miss Pauline Watson
<i>Pretty Girl Questions</i>	Miss Loree Smith
<i>Advertisements</i>	Miss Ella Du Pont

Beta Department

STELLA BOMAR, EDITOR

The program of the meetings held during the last month have been varied, but very entertaining. One evening was given to the study of one of our greatest musicians, Chopin, famous as the greatest pianist of Poland, a country which "lives in its contributions to fine arts." Miss McKinnon gave us an interesting sketch of his boyhood, and Miss Jones, of his later life and works. We had also anecdotes from the life of Chopin by Miss Johnson. Piano selections were given by Miss Hughes and Miss Brasington. It is very important as well as interesting to study the lives of such men. Chopin is naturally of much interest to the music students, but probably many who are not so much interested in music would not be interested enough to learn something definite of his life or work, except in this way.

On March 23rd, we had a debate on the subject, Resolved—"That the Panama Canal will be a 'white elephant' on the hands of the United States, unless the government of the country in the Canal Zone is provided for." Strong points were brought out to show how very important it is to have a government provided for if the Canal Zone is to be utilized for the best interests of the United States. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative. Besides this, some interesting musical numbers were given.

We have only two months now before June, to which time many of our number, who are seniors, are happily looking forward. But, girls, let us not be so filled with thoughts of commencement and the happy vacation that follows, that we will in any way neglect our work in the societies, but, instead, let us grow more zealous, and determined to make this remaining time the best in all the year's work. The society should be of the most vital interest to every effort to make each meeting just a little better than

every effort to make each meeting just a little better than the past ones; for surely we would not think of letting our zeal and enthusiasm grow cold. How much the society will mean to the girls and to our school now and in the future depends on how each one values the opportunities given her and on what use she makes of them.



Fine Art
Department



ALICE JOHNSON, EDITOR.

In the Chicora College auditorium on the evening of March the twenty-first a large audience attended the Whitney Brothers quartet, under the auspices of the Greenville Lyceum Association. The quartet was greeted by enthusiastic hearers. The Whitneys were good, both in their serious and comic numbers. Mr. Edwin Whitney gave a number of readings, which were received with great applause. This was the quartet's third visit to Greenville and they were enjoyed thoroughly.

On the evening of April the fifth Miss Myrtle Castleberry Lanford gave her graduating pianaforte recital. Miss Lanford was quite at ease throughout her program. She rendered especially well the second number, "Am-Genfer See" (Suite). Miss Leta Nelson assisted Miss Landford by singing very charmingly three of Professor Schaefer's compositions. The following is the program:

PROGRAM.

Fantasia in C minor Bach
Am Genfer See (Suite)Franza Bendel
Sonntagsmorgan and Glion
Promenade a' Chatelard
Bosquet de Julie
Cascade du Chandron
Abschied von Genf.

Entreaty

This Would I Do

.....G. H. Schaefer

Miss Leta Nelson

Etude Op. 10 No. 5	
Etude Op. 25 No. 7	
Etude Op. 25 No. 12	
Rhapsodie No. 11	
.....	Chopin
.....	Liszt

There was indeed a delightful Ensemble Program rendered in our College auditorium Thursday evening, March the twenty-first. The program was different from any ever given here and was keenly enjoyed. The following program was presented:

Concerto E Flat Major	Beethoven
Miss Leta Nelson	
(Mr. Schaefer at second piano)	
Duett from La Boheme: O Mimi.....	Puccini
Mr. C. E. Poston, Mr. J. M. Rabb	
Quartette: Spirit of Spring	Cadman
Misses Nelson and Lanford	
Messrs Rabb and Poteat	
Peer Gynt Suite (2 Pianos)	Grieg
Misses Nelson, Perry, Entzminger	
Mr. Schaefer	
Selections from Samson and Delilah	Saint Saens
Aria—O Love lend thine aid	
Miss Landford	
Dawn now on the hill top	
Ladies Chorus	
Duo—Dagon be Praised	
Miss Nelson Mr. Poteat	
Recitative—Now Lord to Thee	
Mr. Rabb	
Nocturne for Orchestra, Organ and Piano	Shmokes
Ensemble Class	

Friday evening, March the twenty-second, Miss Hortense Marchant gave her graduating pianaforte recital, assisted by Mr. J. Mac Rabb, who sang, "Macushla." Miss Mar-

chant's talent was especially made manifest in the "Suite."
 She presented very charmingly the following program:
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PROGRAM.

Sonata Op. 57. First Movement	Beethoven
Carnaval Mignon (Suite) Op. 48	Edward Schutt
Prelude	
Arlequin	
Colombine	
Polichinelle	
Nocturne	
Caprice	
Macushla	Mac Morrourgh
	Mr. J. Mac Rabb
Nocturne Op. 9, No. 1	
Impromptu Op. 36	
.....	Chopin
Hark! Hark! The Lark	
Rhapsodie No. 6	
.....	Liszt



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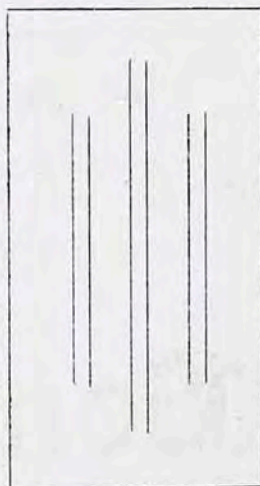
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