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Isaqueena

December, 1912

ISAQUEENA

Published Monthly

BY THE

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ISAQUEENA

Entered at Greenville, S. C., as Second-Class Matter

Vol. VII. GREENVILLE, S. C., December, 1912. No. 3.

LONGING.

Yearningly tender, lovely and sad,
I heard last night, in the twilight, a song;
It made my heart ache with its beauty of thought,
And, vaguely, for something, it made me long.
It seemed to thrill thru the whole of me—
This heart-breaking, haunting melody;
And its wonder stirred to the soul of me,
Like a half-dreamed dream come true.

Isbell Beacham.

MEMORY.

I.

Little Harriette was a child of the squalid back-streets of New York. Parents unknown, home anywhere, she wandered her childhood through in the evil-smelling streets. A child like so many of them with little, drawn, white face and great frightened eyes. She ran, watched, begged, and managed to live, yet with a far away look in her eyes and a vague smile on her lips. It was strange, but as she passed through the narrow, obscure, hideous alleys, it was as if they were not there. She did not see them. She dreamed of fresh, cool winds, and silver birches standing straight, beautiful, and white in the sunlight. Everything was vaguely mixed with something she was trying to remember. A bit of ragged cloth fluttered around her arm. It stirred a memory. She gathered it as a frill, and held it there, and it pleased her. At night when she was almost asleep, the noise of foot steps on the pavement awoke half-memories of the echo of foot-steps down great halls, halls full of pleasant men and beautiful women. But most of all she felt that something was coming to her. Sometimes when she was very tired, and everything seemed blurred and out of reach, she waited and gazed into the shadows, and it seemed that something was coming—a great wonder.

By the law she was sent to the public schools for a year or two. Her mind was gentle, wandering, and inattentive; but in the many weary hours she heard a story which her imagination dwelt upon. The more she thought of it the more vividly it became a part of her, and the more she felt she had always known it. It was a story about a company of brave Frenchmen

who long ago sailed across the sea, and up the St. Lawrence to a place where they founded a city and named it Quebec. The teacher of the class noted the rare look of interest on the face of little Tointette, and went into detail. From then on Toinette knew that some day she would go to Quebec.

II.

The town of Quebec is divided into two parts; one—the New Town, high up on the cliff, of hustling shops, where the eager tourist can buy anything he asks for; of a famed hotel where women come to rustle their silks and flaunt their furs, and enjoy the cookery—it is all unblushingly modern. Below is the Old Town, which the tourist and the traveler visit in carriages for its picturesqueness. But of the streets too narrow for the carriage to enter, almost shut in by the old gabled buildings, the stranger knows little. Here the French of the town live, and it is still dreaming in the spirit of the past. It tells its secrets ot only a few, yet there are many things which everyone looks upon. One is lost in a narrow street, turns a sudden corner, and comes upon the little, discolored, weatherbeaten church of Notre Dame, founded so long ago by the brave-hearted adventurers. It cares little for our modern world, and is deep in meditation on the past. Probably it still sees the kneeling forms of the old worshipers, the swarthy, muscular sailors and fur-trappers, and her and there one of noble birth, who still clings to his satin, lace, and hair powder even in the wilderness. Occasionally there was a lady, led by love or duty to cross the sea. One lady there was, small, dark-haired, and of one of the finest families of old France who always came to the little church with her lover. Her mouth was sensitive and fine and her eyes

full of sadness. She knelt gently, and pressed the cross of her rosary to her lips until they were white.

There is a long-forgotten garden in Quebec, too, and when Toinette came, tired and soul-sick, she found it. She wandered through the streets aimlessly, yet feeling that something within her was waking which had been half asleep hitherto. Before here eyes rose a puzzling vision of figures in costume of an earlier time. Vague shadows glided through the streets, and disappeared into the houses. All seemed hauntingly familiar, yet being very tired she did not wonder at anything. She had spent all her life in passive expectation, and now she walked she knew not where. On the outskirts of the town she came to a low, brick wall, beyond which she saw a thick, dark tangle of trees. An old man was gathering sticks by the entrance. He nodded to her when she came in. "It's an old place you're coming to," he said as he slowly gathered his sticks into a bundle, nodding his head. all the while, "An old, old garden. Four hundred years ago a French Cavalier had it built for his lady, who had given secret vows before she left France, and could not let him know that she loved him. They died of sorrow, and are buried here."

Toinette passed among the dark, shadowy trees into the garden—a grey, stained, deserted old garden with shrubbery cut in strange shapes and straggling wild. Here and there were broken, weather-stained, stone benches over-grown with clinging vines, and moss-grown, mouldy marble statues whose pedestals were heaped about with damp fallen leaves and high-grown weeds. A dry, tumbled-down fountain was in the center, and beyond it a little summer house, in ruins like the rest, but still showing its graceful workmanship and delicate carving. She sat down upon the steps of

the summer house. She did not know how, but by some mysterious sense she recognized it—did not remember but yet recognized it—knew that somewhere, somehow she had been there before—every statue every curve in the winding, damp-looking path seemed familiar. She watched the waning, golden sunlight, and it seemed that she was remembering—something had been always calling to her. Suddenly her eyes were struck with a blinding vision. All the golden light of twilight grew intense around her, dazzling and intense, and the garden was young—not old but young; the statues white and glistening—the summer house perfect, and the water of the fountain was flashing and dancing. Through the trees her lover was coming. She rose and stretched out her hand, and he took it gently and kissed her on the cheek. There was a love in his eyes that seemed to gather all the happiness of the world and of something beyond. So they walked slowly through the golden light that glowed about them, and after awhile they saw other walking toward them whom they had known.

"Come" their old friend said, in a soft, new language that was strangely old, "We have waited so long for you."

Lucia Watson.

ANNA SMILES.

The happy summer sunshine
Dances on the garden wall;
The songster in the orchard
Is bursting with his call
The breezes whisper miles and miles,
And Anna smiles.

Like strands of pearls, in sunlight
Slow shifted hand from hand;
Like rainbows in the heavens;
Like springtime in the land,
Like Heav'n come down, a little while,
Is Anna's smile.

E. D. Watson.

THE ENGLISH JUDICIAL SYSTEM—ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

Among all people of whatever nationality, there has always been and is today injustice, criminality and fraud; and it has always been the function of some part of the government, however primitive, to try to remedy these evils. Among a primitive people, their organizations are necessarily be simple. Thus we find the origin of the complex English judicial and legislative system in the one large council, Witenagemot or Assembly of Wise Men, of the Anglo Saxoms. This body was the supreme organization and had vested in it the legislative, executive and judicial power of the realm. It was composed of officers of the government, those of the royal household, and the king's chosen counselors and friends. The functions of this great moot were diverse. It was supposed to share in all important business transacted by the king, and could control the election and deposition of the king, who made laws, administered justice, and decided many important questions with its consent. Local jurisdiction was performed by local moots or gemots, which met once a month. At these moots, the townsmen elected their officers, and persons to represent them in the Assembly, hundred and shire; settled disputes among themselves; and enforced the orders of those in higher authority in regard to taxation and pursuit of criminals.

After the Norman Conquest this Witenagemot became much more representative, and began to be called the Great Council. This body which from its beginning had been attendant on the person of the king, we first hear mention of being divided into two departments in the reign of Henry I.

These two departments were distinct in respect to their duties. The Exchequer, at the head of which was a Chancellor, dealt entirely with questions relating to the king's revenue of the Curia Regis', or King's court which was the basis of all later tribunals of jurisdiction, tried cases which related directly to the king; cases between tenants-in-chief who were too powerful to submit to any other authority; and cases in which local courts had failed to do justice. During this there was another factor in the administration of justice; the circuits, whose duties were not clearly defined at this time, but which were greatly improved by Henry II, during whose reign many new forms were developed. In the improvement of the circuits we see the origin of the Judges of Assize today; for the itinerant judges, who were usually barons of the Exchequer, made their circuits for the purpose of collecting taxes.

We may now trace the development of the jury system, which although the same principle in it had existed for countless centuries, first came into prominence during the reign of Henry II. The exact origin of this jury is unknown, but it is thought that in the provisions of the Assize of Clarendon we may find its beginning. Twelve lawful men of each hundred shire, and four from each township were made to present for trial by ordeal all those in their district who were known or reputed as criminals. These jurors were thus not only witnesses, but were obliged to act as judges in deciding upon the validity of the charges. It is this double character of these jurors that has come down to the grand jury, whose duty it still is to present criminals for trial after examining the witnesses against them. By successive steps the jury was brought to its modern form. In the time of Edward

I, witnesses who were acquainted with the special case in hand were added to the general jury. By separating these two classes, the first became merely witnesses, while the latter ceased to be witnesses at all and became judges of the testimony given, our modern jurors. The whole system of ordeal was abolished by the council of Lateran 1216, which led to the establishment of a petty jury for the final trial of persons.

By the middle of the thirteenth century there had been evolved from the Curia Regis, three important courts of law. The oldest of these, the court of King's Bench, had its origin in the fact that in 1178, five of the circuit judges were given the power of attending to all ordinary business, while only special cases were left for the king. This court's functions were to administer justice in affairs directly relating to the king, and especially in criminal cases. The second court, was that of the Court of Common Pleas. By the Magna Carta 1215, it was decided that persons who came to have disputes settled at the king's court, should not be put to the inconvenience of following it everywhere. This led to the establishment of a new branch of the king's court, distinct from the King's Bench, known as the Court of Common Pleas, and established at Westminster. The third or Court of Exchequer, whose origin has been noted previously, still had jurisdiction over money matters. Under Edward I these three courts became entirely distinct and were situated at Westminster. The Court of King's Bench and the Court of Exchequer wished to extend their jurisdiction over civil suits, because of the fees and reputation they would gain. Private claims could be recovered in the King's Bench against persons who were already in the custody of the king on the charge of breach of the king's peace. Anyone who

wished to bring a suit in that court began with a fake process for the arrest of the defendant, alleging him to be in the custody of the marshal, and the defendant was not allowed to contradict this. The Court of Exchequer settled private suits brought by the king's debtor, on the claim that the refusal of the plaintiff to pay his debt, made him less able to pay his debt to the crown. Each court thus had some jurisdiction peculiar in ordinary civil suits until 1830, both the courts of Exchequer and King's Bench were composed of a chief justice and three associate justices, and the Court of Exchequer of a baron chief and several lesser barons. Appeals or writs of error lay from each court to the members of the other two sitting together in what was known as the Exchequer chamber. From this there was an appeal to the House of Lords.

By the thirteenth century another court had taken form, which had been in existence in a primitive state for some time. This was the court of chancery. The king had always been supposed to offer a remedy for any wrong which for any reason the local courts had failed to redress. The king might be petitioned, and these petitions passed through the hands of a Chancellor whom we first hear mentioned in the reign of Henry I. In the following century the Chancellor was given the right to decide these petitions, and this gave rise to the Court of Chancery. As this court developed the courts of Equity arose. As the common lay developed into a real body of law, it became more precise, had more fixed principles, and became less elastic. Suits brought in these common law courts were based upon writs issued out of chancery. In the course of time these became fixed by precedent; so that it was not easy to obtain redress for a new class of injuries, and legislation had not progressed far

enough to be able to remedy this. Thus the petitions went to the Chancellor who did not reverse the decisions of the older courts or touch upon common law rights at all, but merely forbade persons to make use of them contrary to equity and good conscience. This was the origin of the Equity Courts which were used for two purposes. First, to enforce rights unknown to the common law, for example to enforce trusts, and to treat a mortgage as a security. Second, to give more effectual remedies for existing legal rights, for example to cause a man to abstain from committing a wrong. This was an advantage over the common law courts, for they could merely punish a person after the injury had been committed. In later years common law and equity were combined, but more preference was to be given to questions of equity. The business of these courts of equity increased rapidly, the courts themselves evolving a larger and larger mass of principles and precedents, and since the Chancellor had many other duties to perform, some of his judicial work was given to the Master of Rolls. In the nineteenth century three vice-chancellors were created. In 1851, still more to relieve the Chancellor, two lords, Justices of Appeal were appointed, from whose decision, as from the Chancellor an appeal could be taken to the House of Lords. This general form of the Court of Chancery lasted until 1873.

At the same time that the king was being assisted by the Chancellor, a new body of advisers grew up resembling the ancient Curia Regis, for it was composed of great officers of the household, judges and whomever the king chose. This body was called the Privy Council and was the chief executive authority under the Tudors. In the fourteenth century it became quite distinct from the Court of Chancery, which discharged

all ordinary judicial business, and was finally superseded in part of its business by the Cabinet.

The criminal courts, although they would seem the most important, remained in an undeveloped stage for some time, not due, however, to the lack of criminality. Before 1846 when the county courts were created, criminal justice was administered by a large number of local tribunals, as well as by judges on circuit. The power of these courts was given, little by little, by a series of statutes extending over more than six centuries. Their jurisdiction extended from summary proceedings for the most trival offenses to trials of almost the greatest crimes. Above these lower courts were the criminal courts at Westminster, the most powerful of which was the court of King's Bench. Until 1907 there was no system of appeals provided by the English law for criminal courts, but justices of the peace were kept from overstepping the bounds of their authority by writs of Mandamus, Prohibition and Ortioriari brought from the King's Bench. For an error of law a writ of error lay to the King's Bench, the Exchequer Chamber and then to the House of Lords. Or a question for decision might be brought to the court for crown cases reserved, which was established in 1848, and was composed of five members taken from the judges at Westminster.

The ecclesiastical courts were those which grew up around the bishops as centers. All the ordinary afairs of the citizens were attended to here, but later the jurisdiction of these courts was confined for the most part to church affairs. They at first decided about such questions as the validity of marriage, but now they have jurisdiction merely over matters pertaining to the Established church and its clergy. In 1857 jurisdiction of the probate of wills and the granting of let-

ters of administration, was given to a court called the Court of Probate; jurisdiction over questions relating to marriage was given to the court of Divorce and Matrimonial Cases. The Court of Admiralty also arose from the ecclesiastical courts. The Lord High Admiral had jurisdiction over crimes and civil wrongs committed at sea. But in 1861 this criminal jurisdiction was turned over to the ordinary criminal courts, and the Lord High Admiral was made the same person as the Judge of Probate.

Previous to the passing of the Eupreme Court of Judicature Act in 1873, the judicial system in England was composed of many courts. First were the Superior Common Law Courts of Record divided into: the King's Bench, Court of Common Pleas, and the Exchequer. Second were the Superior Courts of Equity, whose subdivisions were the Courts of Divorce, Probate and Admiralty. Thirdly were the Criminal Courts, Superior and Inferior. Lastly were the Appeallate Courts consisting of the Exchequer Chamber, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the House of Lords. The origin and development of these have just been traced.

By the Supreme Court of Judicative Act 1873, all the courts were merged into one Supreme Courts of Judicature which was divided into two departments: the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeals.

Although the Reform Act of 1873 simplified the courts to a certain extent, the present judicial system is still rather complex. At the head of the administration of justice now stands the lord high chancellor of Great Britain, who changes with the Cabinet, and presides over the court of Judicature. The High Court of Justice has five divisions. The first of these, the Queen's Bench, is presided over by the lord chief jus-

tice under whom are five justices. The second division, the Court of Chancery has at its head the Master of Rolls. Within the Chancery division is the great seal patent office, and the trade-marks registry. The Court of Common Pleas has for a president a lord chief justice, and the Exchequer has a lord chief baron. In the fifth division, that of Probate, Admirality and Divorce, there is usually one president and one judge.

The local jurisdiction is carried on by county courts having authority over civil suits. There is one judge to each circuit, who is appointed by the Lord Chancellor, and whose jurisdiction is limited. Usually the judge decides both law and facts, although a person may demand a jury of eight persons. On points of law an appeal lies to the House of Lords, and may go even farther. Criminal justice is administered by justices of the peace, who are appointed by the Crown. The power of the justice of the peace is rather extensive. He may order the arrest of an offender, or can release the accused or submit him without bail, for indictment by the grand jury. These justices are ruled over by a Clerk of Justice. Below these are the Clerks of Peace for the whole county, and a clerk for each petty session. The last named of the courts will be the Court of Appeal, because in it diverse questions relating to the other courts are heard. This Court of Appeal has two principal divisions. The Appellate jurisdistion of the first, the House of Lords, was taken away for awhile, but restored in 1876. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council now hears the majority of appeals, especially from the colonies.

M. Perry.

TONY LEARNS THE MEANING OF A NEW WORD.

"Marse George whut dat I heerd Miss 'Lizebeth say 'bout sumpum comin'? I loud it mus' be mighty 'portant, for Missus tole me to shine up dis hyuhh caryage and slick de horses but dis ole nigger aint 'quainted wid des new 'ventions, no dat he ain't, Ha! Ha!Lawd hyuhh I is axin you, de little boy whut I learnt how ter talk, mighten say, but you knows."

"Why what are you talking about Uncle Tony," answered the young master laughingly. "If anything more than the ordinary is going to happen here, I haven't heard of it. An old school chum of mine, Harold DuRant, is coming over to see me for a few days and mother ordered the carriage washed for him, but if anything is to happen I don't know it."

"Yas suh it sho is, fer I was in de kitchen settin' 'hind de stove, and Miss 'Lizabeth comes trippin' in, des like her weddin' day had 'rived, so happy wus she. An' she runs up long side o' my ole lady who wus makin' bread. 'Dat's right, Aunt Cindy,' she lows, 'git in practice, for ter murrow my—Lawd, Marse George I don't know whut my Missus said; soun'd like fince, but I lowed it was sumpin else for she told my ole lady 'bout her ma done made her a new princesse and dat Jenny had dat ar parlor shinin' worse dan ole Abe's fore-head. Atter she'd gone my ole lady lows: 'Tony whut dat little Miss talkin' 'bout? I ain't never heerd no fen'ce comin' to dis house an' I ben hyuhh long 'fore she's born,' says my old 'oman.

"Think she sorter got miffed caise she thought little Miss thought, caise she'd been off to dem Yankees' school she'd show off my ole 'oman's ignorance. But I didn't let on to Cindy but whut I knowed, I tole her I

had no time to fool wid my Miss' pretty talk. But now Marse George ef—ef dat's some o' dem ole Yankees comin' down hyuhh, an' one o' dem done laid my ole boss in de ground."

"Well, Uncle George, there is nothing going to happen to the family I am sure. I suppose Elizabeth must have told Aunt Cindy that her fiance was—"

"Yas suh! dat's hit! Sho is—dat's hit sho."

"Well that is a new word she has learned at school to call her sweetheart. She is going to marry him Christmas. He is no monster at all. I knew him well in college and he is coming down to see her. That's the proper name for one's intended."

The old negro seemed puzzled, but after due explanation he commented,

"Dar wer'n't no tellin' what name little Miss would fish up fer ole Tony, since she done gone and call her lubber fe-fe-ance."

I. Workman.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE SHORT STORY WRITER.

The most widely read material published in the college magazine is the Short-Story which generally takes the form of the Short Story. The popularity of these forms is due chiefly t othe fact that they are easier to read and more interesting than the poem, the sketch, or the essay. When the college boy or girl snatches time between his numerous tasks to pick up his college publication, he wants something interesting and entertaining; he rarely reads the poems and sketches, and still more rarely the essays. Yet in spite of its universal popularity, every month in every magazine office there sits a weary literary editor, dropping story after story into the waste basket; and it often happens that he must recover those refused and select the best of them, in order to secure enough material for the issue. What is the cause of this sad dearth? In a few words, it is that few realize that to write a good story requires time, talent and brain power; that story writing is an art governed by set rules which if violated mean failure.

We have been asked to give suggestions to the Short Story writer, not to the writer of a story that merely happens to be short. The Short-Story is as definite a literary form as the poem or the drama. Perry in his *Study of Prose Fiction* says "the Short-Story in prose literature corresponds to the lyric in poetry . . . and as there are well known laws of lyric structure which the lyric poet violates at his peril or obeys to his triumph, so the Short-Story writer must observe certain conditions and may enjoy certain freedoms that are peculiar to itself." The Short-Story is a form recently developed—a new movement in the literary world. It is not a condensed novel, not a bio-

graphy, not a tale. The works of Hawthorne, Poe, Maupassant, Daudet, Cooper, and Kipling are of a distinct type, a new form in literature.

The best way to obtain a definite idea of the Short-Story is to read carefully a classic in this field. We suggest Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher,* or, perhaps better than that, Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy.* The short-story must be, as its name implies, short, that is, it must be compressed; it must have quick movement, and a definite, logical end. Poe says, "the Short-Story as the poem must be short enough to be read at one sitting." Perhaps the most important essential to this form is a well developed plot—a plot that from the very beginning foreshadows distinctly the end. There must be a single predominating feature, a single impression that is the nuecleus around which the story is formed. Even the setting, atmosphere, landscape, all must contribute to the main idea. If a certain character is the predominating feature, all other characters must contribute something definite to its portrayal or development. If an incident predominates, all other happenings must be subordinate and lead up to the main incident. Notice how all the happenings in Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher* lead up to the main incident, the final fall.

There are many opportunities offered to the Short-Story writer that make his chosen form easier to a certain extent, than that of any other form. Hugginson says, "In the Short-Story we have the conditions of perfect art; there is no sub-division of interest; the author can strike directly in without preface, can move with a determined step toward a conclusion, and can —O highest privilege—stop when he is done." The writer may give his imagination full play and may color the story freely with his own personality. He

may state great problems without offering a solution. He may be didactic without being tiresome. He may take things for granted, or, as a logician would say, state arbitrary premises without explaining them. He has an excellent opportunity for producing a highly finished work. Perhaps the greatest of all inducements, since "time is the stuff life's made of" is that if he is not satisfied with his story when completed, he may tear it up and begin anew with less loss of time than with the novel."

We wish to give a few practical suggestions to the prospective Short-Story writer. The adage "a good beginning is half the battle" is as true in Short-Story writing as in any other connection. Lift your opening paragraphs above the commonplace, make them striking, specific, and of such a character that they overshadow the whole story. Use the simplest style possible. The style of Milton or Sterne may be very alluring to you, but that of either would be as much out of place in the Short-Story as Rip Van Winkle was in his home town after his long sleep. Don't take the time and trouble to describe what you can suggest, for this is troublesome not only to the writer but to the reader as well. Many writers try to make their stories seem true by an abundance of detail. This is a great mistake in the Short-Story, for it overburdens the plot and makes the movement slow. Of course a few details can be used, but they must be handled cautiously. The greatest care must be exercised in the selection and presentation of the dominant character of the story. Only a very rare human being is interesting enough to be put just as he is into a story. He must be exaggerated enough to make him stand out, and be enjoyed. He must be a person capable of deep feeling and if he is in love, or falls in love, his love

must be true and sincere. The presentation of the main character must be made in the first few paragraphs, and in presenting him, his main, outstanding characteristics must be put in the foreground. The end of the Short-Story may come as a surprise, but it must be probable from the first, and must be the natural outcome of the plot.

If we were to examine the stories dropped into the waste basket by the literary editor, we would find them marred by various blemishes. Most of these occur because of lack of observation and experience on the part of the writer. He uses hackneyed plots, that are out of date and to which he has absolutely nothing new to add. Some are dull and uninteresting both in plot and in style. The writer of these shows no personal interest in his work, consequently he fails to interest any one else. Then too, there are those with lurid, improbable plots that are of the "Diamond Dick" type. We who are upperclassmen like to think of the last type as a product of the Freshman brain, but if the literary editor were to name the writers of these, we would see that this is far from true. If we should all observe more, think more, and write only of things to which we could add the personal element, there would be fewer failures as story writers, and a higher standard of stories in our college magazines.

Violet Askins.

MIRRORS.

Each day before me pass the mirrors of life;
Reflecting sorrow, joy and fear, and hope;
Some best show scenes now passed, of strife,
No changes of the present can we note.

Each face is the mirror, telling hidden tales,
Revealing past and present glimpses e'en
Of future happenings to be, nor fails
Each mirror to reflect the foremost on
All passing mirrors day by day.

Some care we not to look upon at all,
Too much is told; some pass we by
Without a thought, their tale doth not enthrall.
But others be which sunshine give;
On these choose we to look upon alway.

J. M. Perry.

MISS JENNIE AND THE PETS.

The bell rang for the fourth grade in the primary department to get their books and go. At this signal the four members of the said grade went to their seats, Mary and Jane to the next best desk in the room, while Nancy and Gertrude, who were the "pets" in the eyes of the other two, went to the very best desk in the room to get their belongings. Nancy packed her books carefully in a green satchel with her monogram in yellow embroidery on one end, and slung the carefully balanced bag over her left shoulder. Gertrude meanwhile had packed her green bag with the yellow monogram. Gertrude copied Nancy in everything except arrangement of hair, and this her mother would not allow. Having waited to see whether Nancy would carry her bag on the left or the right shoulder, Gertrude now accordingly slung hers over the left. She then followed Nancy to get her hat. In the hat room, the two locked arms and were soon going down the hill toward home. Mary and Jane soon followed, Jane carrying her books carefully on one arm, and wearing her hat at precisely the approved angle; Mary swinging her books along by a much-suffering strap. Her hat was in the other hand, held by the worn out elastic. Mary spoke first.

"I think its just as mean as mean can be for Miss Jenny to pet those girls so. I just hate her for it, the way she always gives them the prettiest pieces to say on Friday, and the best desk in the room. Why! they've had it four whole years."

Jane usually agreed with Mary in conversational matters as Mary always argued her down if she did not, so now she answered,

"Yes I just hate Miss Jenny! I wish we could do something mean to her."

This gave Mary an idea. "Oh! I've thought of something. Let's make that pale little Estelle James pretend like she's fainted at recess tomorrow, and then we'll call Miss Jenny and she'll be awful scared."

Mary agreed to the plan, and the next day the two were able to persuade Estelle to "faint." Little first-grade Estelle was very much in awe of the fourth-grade girls, and so readily agreed to the plans. Accordingly, at "big recess" time as Miss Jenny left the room, the pale little blonde Estelle, with eyes closed, was stretched stiffly on the floor. Immediately Mary and Jane ran as fast as their legs could carry them to where Miss Jenny sat placidly on the lawn. When they got near enough, they cried in breathless voices:

"Oh Miss Jenny, Miss Jenny, Estelle's fainted."

But when Miss Jenny came running and, seeing pale Estelle lying stiffly on the floor, wept until her tears fell on Estelle's eyelids, Estelle who was a soft hearted little thing, and had not bargained for a rain of tears, immediately sat up. Then remorse began to set in and the children told Miss Jenny that they had just done it for fun. After a little more somewhat hysterical weeping, Miss Jenny sat up and asked them not to do anything like that again.And the children, even Mary and Jane, promised they wouldn't.

The next week Miss Jenny went to the hospital very ill with appendicitis, and the children had a substitute. After two sober days, the children decided that maybe it was their badness that had caused that "cites thing" Miss Jenny had. To make up for it, they each gave a nickel to Gertrude and Nancy for them to buy fruit for Miss Jenny. And so the former so-called "pets" picked with great care a cane waste-paper basket, and filled it with fruit. Next they wound ribbon in and out of the strips of cane, and tied on it the card

which Jane's mother had written for them. It said:

"For our dear Miss Jenny, from her loving little pupils. January 15, 1912."

And now if you go into the Primary Department you will see a pretty waste basket with ribbon worked in and out, adorning and brightening the teacher's desk.

Margaret Beattie, '14.

WHICH?

As I labored in my garden,
On a sunny morn in May,
A very strange thing happened,
In a strange sort of way.
I leaned upon my spade to rest
When over by the wall
I beheld a lovely vision
Among my lilies tall:
A maiden, slender, lissome,
Bent o'er my best-loved flower,
The lily-heart reflected
Her fine-spun golden dower.
And silver-white the lily's throat
Gleamed in the morn's sunlight
But no less white the maiden's face
Burst on my dazzled sight.

E. D. Watson.

HOW BETTY KEPT HER PROMISE.

"Betty," said Jack Lee as he was leaving home to join the Southern troops, "Whatever happens, don't let the Yankees get my Sunday shoes!"

"All right," said his cousin, laughing. "They shall be protected as my own!"

Betty was young and gay, and did not take the war very seriously yet. So Jack marched away, and Betty and her aunt settled down to a life of anxiety. Now that Jack had gone to join his father, Mrs. Lee feared every day the bad news that might come. Stragglers from the Northern army had long since raided the plantation stores, and while there were only a few faithful negroes and Mrs. Lee and Betty to provide for, food was not very plentiful.

The plantation had for some time been over-run by the stragglers of both armies, but finally things began to quiet down, and Betty and her aunt hoped that at last they should be left in peace. This comparative state of quiet had been going on for nearly a week, when suddenly one afternoon one of the negroes came running down the road, very much terrified, and shouting that the Yankees were coming.

Mrs. Lee and Betty were frightened very much indeed. They were now unprotected, and besides Mrs. Lee, thinking that they were now safe, had taken all of the silver and money from its hiding place, and it was now in the house. Her first thought was of these things, and she called to Betty to help her hide it. But Betty had other things to think about. Running up stairs after her aunt, she went into Jack's room, to find his "Sunday shoes," and putting her little slippered feet inside the heavy boots, she laced them tightly, then ran to help her aunt. Hiding their valuables as

best they could, they hurried down stairs and sat down to wait for the enemy. Mrs. Lee took up her sewing. Although her hands were trembling so that she could not take a stitch; and, after tucking her skirts securely over her big boots, Betty also tried to sew. Her heart was beating so fast that she was afraid her aunt would hear it. Her hope was that the Yankees would not make her stand up, for if they did, her shoes were sure to show, and all would be lost. Jack had trusted her, and she meant to keep her promise at all cost.

In a few minutes, a long column could be seen coming down the dusty road, and Betty became more frightened than ever. But she and her aunt sat quietly sewing, determined not to look up until the soldiers reached the porch, so they did not see that it was really the Southern troops instead of Northern ones, who were coming up the walk. In their torn and dusty uniforms, all soldiers looked alike to the casual observer. When Jack saw that no one came to welcome him, he immediately grasped the situation. The soldiers halted, and, Jack, standing in the walk below Betty caught sight of the shoes and decided to tease her a little.

"Young lady," he said sternly, in a very deep voice, "Rise and hand over those shoes!"

"I won't, I won't, I won't!" said Betty decidedly, trying to stamp one of her little feet, entirely forgetting her big shoes. "You're a mean old coward, and—" but as she raised her eyes she saw Jack's fastened upon her, and he was laughing at her anger.

Betty was so overjoyed to see him and her uncle that she forgot to be angry with him until later, when Jack again demanded his shoes, and teased her unmercifully about thinking he was a Yankee.

"Well," said Betty, "If you had been a Yankee you wouldn't have gotten them, because I was absolutely determined not to give them up."

And Jack realized that she was very much in earnest.

Isabell Beacham.

A GLIMPSE INTO HISTORICAL VENICE.

There is no city in Europe about which there is so much of romance as Venice, and of real romance, that is, of romance founded on reality, for indeed the reality is stranger than fiction. Its very aspect dazzles the eye as the traveller approaches from the East, and sees the morning sun reflected from its domes and towers. And how like an apparition it seems, when he reflects that all that glittering splendor rests on the unsubstantial sea. It is a jewel set in water, or rather it seems to rise out of the waves like a gigantic sea flower with more than one hundred shining petals, and to spread a kind of tropical bloom over the far shining expanse around it.

And then its history is as strange and marvellous as any tale of the Arabian Nights. Venice is the oldest state in Europe, by the side of which the proudest modern empires are but of yesterday. When Britain was a howling wilderness, when London and Paris were insignificant towns, Venice was in the heighth of her glory. Macaulay says the republic of Venice came next in antiquity to the church of Rome. In connection with European history Venice ranks in importance with Paris and London, taking not only a leading part but a noble one, sending rays of light and intelligence out to all sides, and preserving through the ages of disorder that marked the first half of the Middle Ages, some of the strongest and most charming characteris-

tics of pagan civilization. Built upon one hundred and seventeen islands the city is safe from outside attacks, and this very desolation and inaccessibility was the first recommendation to its early settlers who in the middle of the fifth century had fled from their homes on the mainland to escape the savage Hums. Being favorably situated at the head of the Adriatic, Venice soon attained commercial supremacy. The early government was republican in name, but, in fact, it was a government of the few, with the duke or Doge as the nominal head. There was little tendency toward rebellion, so common in other Italian towns, and so Venice maintained practically the same form of government from the fourteenth century until Nopoleon's invasion in the eighteenth century. And Venice, powerful on account of the peace and prosperity at home, used her power for a defence to Christendom and to civilization; the former against the Turks, when they had captured Constantinople, and the Venetians after a hard struggle, in the final great battle of Lepanto in the sixteenth century, won the victory for Christendom; the latter, against the northern Barbarians, when the Venetians forced Frederick Barbarossa to make peace with the states of Italy.

There are glorious memories for Venice, which fully justify the praise of historians and the eulogies of poets. And this history, dating so far back, is connected with monuments still standing, and which recall it vividly to the modern traveller.

Venice is a city of enchantment and one feels the spell when he catches the first glimpse over the Adriatic, as it rises above the waters, dotted with gondolas and barges and picturesque, yellow-sailed fishing boats. And what a variety of color meets the eye. The waves that lap the black gondolas are green, except when the

sunset crimsons them or the moonlight silvers them. Some of the houses are white, with the pure whiteness of unstained marble; some are vivid yellow; some are pink, and some which were white once have turned absolutely black with time and tide—grand old palaces, these last, dreaming there, above the waters at their base, of a past which all the arts have combined to make immortal. In spite of the fact that Venice is a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, comparative stillness reigns over all. There is no rattling of wheels, no tramp of horses' feet upon the streets; wheels and horses are unknown. Browning has said that Venice is a city "Where the sea the street is," and no better description can be given. Although the city is permeated by streets like any other city, these, being narrow and crooked, are used only by pedestrians and for any distance the gondola is the ordinary means of conveyance.

This is of all modes of transportation the most luxurious. The soft cushions, the gliding motion, the graceful oarsmen who row in a standing position, the marble palaces between which one floats in a dreamy state, harmonize so admirably that the sense of completeness is perfect. One never forgets the first night in Venice, it is the realization of a life time when one glides thus along under the moonlight, with sweet strains of delicious music floating on the still air, which is interrupted only by the regular splash, splash of the oars! These black gondolas are the boats of romance and mystery. One thinks they ought to convey no freight but dark-eyed Venetian girls, or stately cavaliers, on their way to some deed of daring valor. It impresses one curiously to see them loaded with potatoes and cauliflowers; the butchers, the bakers the deliverymen, all, employ gondolas.

There are three hundred and sixty-five bridges in Venice, one for every day in the year, some one has said. The Grand Canal is the broadway or popular boulevard of Venice. It extends through the city in the form of an inverted S, and is about two miles in length and two hundred feet wide. The architecture is peculiar, highly ornate; Byzantine in its origin, but forming a school of its own. This main artery of the city is lined with marble palaces and noble edifices nearly the whole length of two miles. Some of these, are crumbling and deserted, with the word decay written in their aspect, but even in their moss grown and neglected condition they are intensely interesting. The buildings rise directly from the water or have a narrow foot way in front of them; the first floors are often too damp for occupancy. The Hotel Daniel is one of the most conspicuous palaces on the Grand Canal, with its tall stone front, and overhanging balconies. The Rialto crosses the Grand Canal about midway; the bridge rises sharply from the shores and crosses the canal with a massive arch. This is the bridge which Shakespeare has made famous in his "Merchant of Venice." If one looks for Shylock's face today he will find him selling second hand clothing, or frantically shouting over a small stock of vegetables. One may find Jessica also, but Antonio and Bassanio and their friends, that courtly throng, where are they now? The Rialto is given up to petty traffic, and at one end of it, slip-shod women sell lunches of smoking boiled turnips. Its sides are covered with small shops.

The Academy of Fine Arts is reached by crossing the Grand Canal over the modern iron bridge, which, with that of the Rialto, a noble span of a single arch, forms the only means of crossing the great water way,

except by gondola. This remarkable gallery contains almost exclusively works by Venetian artists. The distinguishing characteristic of the Venetian pictures is their glowing color. This is strikingly exemplified in the paintings of Titian, the most famous of all the Venetian painters. And in this gallery are found many of his most wonderful productions, and also those of many Italian artists, Guido, Paul Veronese, Palmas, Tintoretto, Giordano and many others whose paintings are not to be found elsewhere. This gallery, like all of the famous ones of Europe, is free to every one, either for simple study or for copying.

There are nearly ninety churches in Venice, beautifully enriched by sculpture and painting; in fact, nearly every church is a superb art gallery. One visits church after church to see fine pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, the Palmas, the Billinis, and a dozen others until their glowing color and richness enters into one's very soul, and makes one wonder again whence came this wonderful development of art, and why it passed away like the colors of a sunrise. The church of Santa Maria dei Frari is as much of a museum as a church. It is the Westminster Abbey of Venice, and is crowded with monuments of Doges, artists, statesmen and philosophers. Titian and Canova lie buried here; there are magnificent marble structures facing each other from opposite sides of the church, monuments raised in memory of their rarest genius, and which for richness of design and completeness of finish exceed anything of the kind in Italy.

In many respects the Cathedral of San Marco is the most remarkable church in existence, while its ornamentation is rich to excess. It is the church dearest to painters and poets. For good architectural effect it stands too low, the present grade of the surrounding

square being some fifteen inches or more above its mosaic pavement. The pillars and ornaments are too close; having been brought there from other and historic lands, there is a want of harmony in the aggregation. Nearly one thousand years old, it has an indescribable aspect of faded and tarnished splendor, and yet it presents an attractive whole quite unequalled. It combines Saracenic profusion with Christian emblems, weaving in porpyhries from Egypt, pillars from St. Sophia, altar pieces from Acre, and a forest of Grecian columns. Especially is this church rich in mosaics—those colors that never fade. There is a sense of solemn gloom pervading the place, the dim light struggling through the painted windows being only sufficient to give the whole a weird aspect in its over decorated aisles. Inside and out the structure is ornamented by over five hundred columns of marble, the capitals of which present a fantastic variety of styles true to no country or order, but the whole is, nevertheless, a grand example of barbaric splendor.

The great Piazza of St. Mark is the gem of Venice. It is the heart of the city, and the center of all its gayety and brightness. It is an open space, some six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, on three sides of which rise imposing buildings, forming apparently one marble palace, representing the architecture of the fourteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. The fourth side is filled with the peculiar facade of the church of St. Mark. Here the band plays for half the summer nights; one hundred gondolas are drawn up that their occupants may hear the music. There are arcades under the palace fronts, and these are filled with brilliant shops, decorated jewelry, mosaics, photographs, and all manner of antiquities, and there are the daintiest little cafes, fitted up like drawing rooms. In

the evening the square is brilliantly lighted and filled by a gay throng of idlers—singing, chatting, promenading to and fro, looking into the seductive shop windows, smoking or drinking beer and coffee in the cafes. Here congregate not only the people, but the doves, the beautiful doves of Venice, which the Republic held in such honor that it decreed they should be fed forever at two o'clock each day.

Just opposite the entrance to the church of San Marco stands the lofty Campanile, reaching to a height of three hundred feet; and which was over two hundred years in building. A view from its summit is one of the sights not to be missed in this city, as it not only affords a splendid picture of Venice itself, but the city and lagoons lie mapped out before the eye in perfection of detail; while in the distance are seen the Adriatic, the Alpine ranges and the Istrian Mountains. The Doge's palace is one of the most historically interesting palaces in the world. One wanders about through its various apartments with mingled feelings; visiting the halls of the Council of Ten, and the still more tragic chambers of the Council of Three. All that is magnificent in architecture, and all that is splendid in decorative carving and guilding, spread with lavish hand over walls and doors and ceilings; with every open space or panel illumined by paintings of the old Venetians master—are combined to make this more than a "royal house," since it is richer than the palace of kings. Here one can see the famous painting, "Paradise," by Tintoretto, it being the largest canvas in the world, eighty-eight feet by thirty-eight feet broad. There are eleven thousand figures in the painting. The "Miracle of St. Mark" is another one of Tintoretto's famous collection. Titian's "Assumption" and the "Madonna" by Bellini, Titi-

an's master, are pictures one lingers over lovingly and parts from sadly. The Hall of Council of Three is conveniently connected with the Hall of Torture by a little stair, across which innocent persons were led to accuse themselves of deadly crimes. From the Doge's palace one crosses the "Bridge of Sighs" into the dungeon, where none entered and hoped to see the sun again. This is a celebrated bridge, made doubly so by the lines of Byron:

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and prison on each hand."

In old days the doomed man was marched across the "Bridge of Sighs" into the pozzi or State dungeons, to torture and lingering misery, or to sudden and mysterious death.

As one glides through the Grand Canal many homes of historical interest may be seen—the one in which Byron lived; the home of Petrach, of Desdemona, of Shylock and that of Lucretia Borgia; also one can see loifty towers where Galileo persued his scientific experiments, and the Barberigo Palace in which Titian lived and died.

But Venice is not all bright with beautiful pictures, although, in summer and autumn, the seasons of the highest tides, when the guard place of St. Mark's is partially flooded, it is one of the most beautiful sights in the world—yet, it has its dark districts, its abodes of squalor and poverty. One turns into a narrow canal and passes through crowded districts, where ragged men, women, and children harmonize with the dingy and crumbling buildings. One steps into a church and officious loungers offer their services to hold the gondola to assist in alighting and help up the steps. They then run to raise the sacristan and hold out their dirty

caps for payment. One is everywhere beset by guides, peddlers and beggars.

Though Venice may never regain her former supremacy, she may still have a prosperous and a happy future. Italy has no enemy to fear now, for both France and Germany are friendly; and even Austria is reconciled. The future therefore of Venice is not in war, but in peace. She has had enough of conflicts on land and sea, she can now afford to live in this rich inheritance of gloyr. And may there long weave the proud ensign—the flag of one undivided Italy, with white doves, as the emblem of peace, wrought on its dark ground!

Carrie McCamaway.

A HARROWING EXPERIENCE.

Lucile came slowly up the stairs, and sat down on the landing. She had been walking a good deal that day, and was very tired. She slowly got up, walked to the top step, and sat down again. Finally she managed to get to her room and undress herself. She then crawled into bed and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

After having slept what seemed to her about fifteen minutes, but what in reality was several hours, she was awakened by a slight noise in the room as of someone walking about. Her first impulse was to call her mother.On second thought, however, it occurred to her that if it were a burglar she would be much safer remaining perfectly quiet and motionless.

Then all kinds of horrible thoughts passed through her mind. Suppose this man should go in her mother's room and murder her mother and father. Suppose he were to kidnap her baby sister; or suppose he were to set the house on fire.

Her imagination led her on and on until she wished

to scream aloud, and yet she dared not even move. She could hear the intruder moving stealthily about collecting her jewelry and what money she had. What was that? Was he coming to the bed? He was! He had detected her and was coming to strangle her, fearing she would awaken the household.

She could hear his muffled tread over the carpet What was that bright thing that glistened in his hand? It was a dagger, and he was going to stab her!

Lucile lay perfectly motionless, paralyzed with fear. Just as the murderous dagger point was about to pierce her side and into her very heart, the report of a pistol was heard, and then a loud crash as of a heavy body falling to the floor. The dagger spun high into the air and fell toward the center of the room.

And then—,

Lucile opened her eyes. The sun was streaming in the open window. Her mother was arranging some flowers on the table.

Addie Holland, 1917.

CONCERNING THE ROMANCE OF MR. BINKS.

Mr. Alonzo Aloysius Binks was almost home. The heat being intense, on a certain late afternoon, he removed his straw hat and fanned himself vigorously. He was mopping his bald, and ample brow, when he beheld an unfamiliar, feminine figure, watering geraniums in a window over the sign—

BOARD AND LODGING
(*Either one or both.*)

Mr. Binks raised his eyes, and like King Arthur, loved. Straightway the smoke-blackened, murky tenement became a palace, and th lady in faded black, no less than a princess in brocade.

He quickened his step, and hat in one hand, handkerchief in the other, puffed hastily up the narrow stairs, humming softly under his breath:

"Oh, don't you remember
Sweet Alice Ben Bolt?"

Once gaining his room, he tip-toed over to the window, making as if to take a careless glance up the street, to ascertain the state of the elements, he satisfied himself incidentally, that the new lodger (his next door neighbor) had retreated. Then he spent the rest of the afternoon until dark digging in his window box and removing imaginary dead leaves; flower growing was but one of the multifarious hobbies of the versatile Mr. Binks.

Dark once come, he brought out his piccolo, and played many brisk jaunty tunes; so many, indeed, that he quite forgot to prepare his evening meal until a late hour.

After watering her flowers, Miss Bangs (for that was the new lodger's name) heated some canned soup over an oil stove, which, with bread, comprised her evening repast. She was too tired to untie the bundle of coats from the Nufit Company; for which, when she had sewed on all the buttons, "whipped" in all the linings of that bundle and another equal in size; and spent one day in machine work at the shop, her heart was gladdened with five crisp dollar bills when Saturday afternoon rolled around.

II.

Mr. Alonzo Aloysius Binks, clean and brushed, shining no less than his celluloid collar, appeared at his window, next morning simultaneously, with the new lodger.

"Good morning," said Binks in evident embarrassment; for he was not a lady's man," and was fully convinced that his voice was audible at no less distance than Kalamazoo. There was no doubt of Mr. Bink's bashfulness.

"Good morning," she responded cheerily, crushing a dead leaf in her fingers.

"That's a beautiful vine growing in your box there. I suppose it's yours?"

"Y-e-e-e-s, would you like a 'cutting?' " asked he, and scarcely waited for assent or thanks, but darted across the room in such hot haste for a knife that he tripped over a chair. The "cutting" once bestowed, the conversation ended abruptly. Nevertheless, as one rolled barrels of flour and molasses in the back of a grocery store, and the other stitched away in the busy hum of a hundred machines, neither thought the above brief colloquy quite a failure.

The intimacy of the two grew apace. That very afternoon Miss Bangs found an apple of phenomenal proportions in her flower box,—the reddest, most delectable apple she had beheld in all her forty years. Her heart warmed as she looked at its rosy cheek, and she thought of the donor's own and blushed guiltily.

Miss Bangs had been banished from her last boarding house on account of lack of punctuality in paying her bills. She had lived for many years quite alone; most of her waking hours being spent in toil she had little time or inclination to make friends. She had never known a mother and had grown to womanhood among brothers and father, who had, one by one, gone to heaven by the alcohol route. As a result of early experience, therefore, she had come to hate this habit above all things, if indeed hates of any kind were possible to such a nature.

Miss Bangs, this afternoon, after smoothing her iron-gray hair, thought to go down to see the landlady. She had not released the door-knob, when Mr. Binks appeared upon his threshold across the hall.

"Aint it warm?" he exploded, though his damp and rosy brow bespoke the fact obvious.

"Thank you very kind, Mr. Binks, for the apple. You was the one what sent it, wasn't you?" And she turned and hastily sat down on her trunk by the door, to make it close, then locked it. Mr. Binks, beamed and likewise sat down on his trunk.

"You are very welcome mum. Er, I suppose you didn't like your last boardin' house?" asked Mr. Alonzo Aloysius Binks looking severely down, pulling so hard at a trunk strap that Miss Bangs feared he might injure his arms.

"No, the people were not genteel, that's the reason I come away." And she went on to tell of her grievances against her former abode; he of his arrogant over-lord, the grocer, until reserve melted away like snow in May sunshine.

By an ingenius movement the latter found himself standing by Miss Bang's trunk instead of his own, and having quite forgotten the original reason for quitting his apartment, found also that his lips were moving and himself actually saying: "I have some fresh sliced ham and crackers from the store. Can't you come over and have supper?" So, thus Mr. Binks went for Miss Bang's can of soup and they enjoyed together a meal that made them think of their childhood. Mr. Binks sat enthroned on a soap box and helped the ham, wielding the sole fork of his stablishment like a sceptre, feeling himself truly a king.

III.

The next afternoon Miss Bangs had hardly removed her dusty little hat when she descried a something, pale green, in her flour box. An excellent, tender cabbage it proved to be.

Meanwhile Mr. Binks entertained a friend in his apartment in a perfect transport of bliss. Why not? Was not his friend right there; the harbinger of glad tidings which proclaimed him. Alonzo Aloysius Binks advanced to the tinned department of the grocery store? No more barrels to roll. He was quite overcome. Often had he cast longing eyes from the stairway into the enchanting tinnid department, with its neat rows of cans, embellished with luscious and geometrically perfect fruits and vegetables. No more flour-daubed overalls. This was to be a gentleman's work.

"Wot's the matter with you al' here lately? Go 'round grinnin' like a chessy cat," said his friend. Then Mr. Binks revealed his passion, its object, her beauty and attainments. He expressed doubt as to his ability to charm, being at the meridian of life and of scant talents and attractions, but his friend assured him of success and placed his powers at Mr. Bink's disposal. But Mr. Bink's heart continued to sink when he thought of his extreme baldness and general lack of manly beauty.

They had sat in silence, as good friends are sometimes wont to do, when Mr. Binks rattled the newspaper he had been glancing over, reading aloud in a voice freighted with emotion: *Be careful! Is your hair falling out? Gentlemen, are you ashamed of your bald head? Use Danderine and watch results.*"

"The very thing, Ah!" exclaimed his friend; and

told him of dying his own singular locks so successfully with a fluid purchased of this same establishment. Mr. Binks had not noted the dusky aspect of his friend's neck one warm Sunday in the park, when the raven of his tresses had been disposed to liquify and seek asylum in the depths of his collar; or why he suddenly resolved afterward to promenade in the park during the cool of the evening.

Thus on the impulse of the moment these two kindred and bouyant spirits made their way that night arm in arm, to the shop which one knew so well.

After making the all-important purchase, they parted at a street corner. The last Mr. Bink's friend saw of him, that gentleman was standing on the same corner where they had parted, meditatively smelling the hair restorer which he afterward declared smelled wonderfully like ''four ply,'' the alcohol being so strong.

Miss Bangs, after finishing supper next evening, began to think of her friend and was fearing some mishap, when the Irish landlady's daughter appeared. Skinny-Legged-Sairey, as she was known in the neighbrohood, gave out the intelligence that ''Misther Binks wants ter know if you'll be a-givin' of him the pleasure of kapin' comp'ny with yez the avenin.'

Miss Bangs donned a jabot she had never worn before, a Christmas gift from one of the girls at the Nufit Company, arranged her hair as she had not worn it since her twentieth birthday, and carefully brushed her old faded alpaca.

A knock at the door. She arose with one of the Nufit Company's coats under her arm to admit one who bore little resemblance to the erstwhile Mr. Binks. This was a person in elaborate suit of checked tweed (she was quite unacquainted as yet, with the splendour

of Mr. Binks' Sunday attire); jaunty, if somewhat passee, Alpine hat, from the scarlet depths of an ample cravat shone a lustrous gem, while his shoes creaked plaintively in the initial wearing. But Mr. Bink's inner man left more to be desired than did the outer. His honest heart alternately hammered and sunk within him, and his hand grew calmy as he crossed the threshold. He knew Miss Bangs must have noticed it when she greeted him.

"Good evenin," she said in a flutter. (To him her voice sounded many miles away.) She was not accustomed to entertaining such personages, so offered him a chair in some perturbation. He made as if to sit down. Miss Bangs saw he was going to fall on the floor in his agitation, barely touching the chair's edge, so she quietly pushed the chair under him.

She could not understand his deportment. True, he had often had these fits of bashfulness, but she thought all reserve gone between them. Now she began to fear for his reason.

Soon she began to note an unusual odor about him. Then she was convinced she detected an odor of alcohol about him. *He was intoxicated.* His behaviour might have told her that. In the silence which followed she looked down at the little white bow on her alpaca waist and wondered what she should do.

"It is awful warm—no, cold—no, warm, this evenin'," he observed, brokenly.

Miss Bangs seeing him slowly drawing the runner off her center table, in his agitation, clutched a china vase as he brought a large book heavily to floor, which had rested on it, and gasped, "Yes."

After most profuse apologies on his part, deep silence once more reigned, during which Miss Bangs meditated escape. He tried frantically to recall the

wording of his proposal, for he had committed it scrupulously to memory from *The Complete Letter Writer*. Beads of moisture stood out on his bald, fat brow.

"I'm in the tinned goods now," he faltered on. (This remark was the "last straw" to Miss Bangs. He was truly becoming inbecilic.)

"Miss Bangs, I have loved you ever since I first saw you in winder," gulped Mr. Binks, mechanically, eyes glued on a small skillet hanging by the window.

Miss Bangs arose.

"And will you be my beloved wife?" he exploded. The last two words were deliverd as a shot from a gun. The door opened. She was gone.

Miss Bangs sat on the dark back stairs and wept softly. To what depths her dear friend had fallen! Oh, the odor of alcohol! She could smell it yet. And she had loved him, never acknowledged it until now. What was she to do. She saw no reason for awakening any of the other lodgers to his faults, and decided to stay where she was for the night if she could get a pillow. He would get over the "spree" by morning; her father always used to. She peeked stealthily around the corner and started for the front stairs to request a pillow of the landlady. She saw her room door standing ajar and heard a noise of moving furniture in the room across the hall, all of which proved to her that Mr. Binks must have gone home and grown more violent.

V.

The Summer days came and went. Each seemingly hotter than the last at the Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding houseby the tracks. Mr. Bink's piccalo all but cracked for want of oil and playing.

One Sunday afternoon, for the first time in weeks, Miss Bangs realized that her flowers were almost dried up. She had quite neglected them. She glanced covertly at those in the next window; they were hardly aught but brown stubble—the flowers he loved so well! Could he be sick? She had not heard him lately in the hallway. A tear rolled down her cheek.

There was a knock at the door. She hastily arose to admit a spare, shrimped little woman of most acid aspect whom she had never seen before, who requested the loan of a can opener.

She proved to be most garrulous for before she left she had related to her hostess the fact that she had just come from the country to visit her brother who lived across the hall. He had been "sumwhat grumpy" of late, she said, because some vixen, whom she had not yet seen, had refused him in marriage for no reason at all, as far as she could ascertain. Here she sat down waxing more and more confidential.

"You know he's kind o' bald like, and he thought he'd approve his looks by a head o' hair, so he buys a bottle o' hair restorer. He put it on that very night afore he went to see her. I seen the stuff—alful smellin'. I told Aloysius it smelled like spirituous liquors. Any way alcohol's sure in it. *All for her.*" Here Miss Binks sighed deeply, arose and said with arms a-kimbo and vengeance in her tone: "The imputent hussy!" And the door closed after her.

"A most impudent hussy," said Miss Bangs, softly smiling to herself.

* * *

Now reader, if you are at all clever you will know whether "they lived happily ever after" or no, when you are told that scarce a month passed by before flowers blossomed luxuriously from two certain win-

dows in Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house by the tracks; and passers-by heard often the note of the piccalo of a late afternoon.

E. D. Watson.

Editorials

EDITOR, STELLA BOMAR

Christmas, one of the happiest seasons of the year is fast approaching; and how shall we as college girls spend it? We think now of how perfectly happy we will be, just to get home, to be free from our school duties for a while and to be with those whom we have not seen for months. This will all be well. We should go for rest from our work, and not even think of carrying a book home, but let our minds be free from anything that we have to do in our college work during the Christmas holidays. But when we have been there for a while, and have left behind the excitement of the happy reunion, we certainly shall not be happy unless those around us are happy too, not only our immediate families, but probably some who are not so fortunate as we, and whom it is within our reach to help. How easy it would be to plan something to do for them, or to remember them in some way. And we may do this without the hope of receiving something in return. Our giving at Christmas has almost become of a selsfih nature; we know it is expected of us, and that we shall be given something in return. How often have we given in the spirit that prompted him who gave his Son for us, and thus instituted the Christmas season? The most beautiful example of self-sacrificing love and devotion! Would he have us regard this season as a time for selfish pleasures and enjoyments? It is nothing but right that we should enjoy every minute of the holidays, but we should try also to make others enjoy themselves too, in unselfish pleasures. Among others we might remember the poor tired clerk that we keep

working late at night, by waiting until the last day before Christmas to begin to buy our gifts; and the mail carrier, to whom the holiday does not mean happiness and joy, but, instead, one of the hardest day's work he has through the whole year.

Can not we think of these little things? How small an effort for each of us, yet how much it might mean to those whom it may concern.

When we think of studying hygeine in school, especially in college, we almost always think of some big rule or law that we have heard of and probably know something about, and which we would not dare think of violating. Then, of course, we know the common rules and do not see the necessity of studying them, or what is more important, of observing them. The little rules, if carefully observed would almost do away with the big rules that we do have to battle with because of the neglect of these common rules. How necessary and yet how simple these are: that we keep our rooms well ventilated; and when we go out in the cold air that we wear a proper amount of clothing as a protection against sudden chills. These rules are so familiar that they seem unnecessary, and yet may it not be due to the neglect of these that the present influenza in our schools and town has been spread? Many women are now studying hygiene from an advanced standpoint, and advanced courses are being taught in many women's colleges.

Exchanges

EDITOR, THERESA SANDERS

The Yellow Jacket. TheYellow Jacket is decidedly the best magazine that comes to us. It is really interesting, and we congratulate the editors on the progress made toward their goal,—that of making their magazine interesting to anyone, anywhere. The articles deserving special mention are "The Oversea Railroad" and "Power Development and Distribution in Western Georgia." They are written in a clear and forceful style. No attempt is made at "high flown" English, but the authors give facts in a clear, concise manner. Certainly these articles are of interest to any one any where. The story "Signals Change," is well told, but does not the title tell too much, thereby weakening the effect of the denouement? "Jaunita" is a charming story which has an atmosphere of romance about it that makes it a pleasure to the reader. The departments are good, showing that the editors are wide awake. So much has been said about co-operation of students and staff that we hesitate to add anything to this already hard worked subject, but we will say that the editors of The Yellow Jacket seem to have secured this co-operation in a remarkable degree. Enthusiasm and determination have worked wonders in the case of this magazine.

TheCriterion. The Criterion for October is not so good as it might be. The plots used in all of the stories have become so familiar to the average person that unless an author can treat them in a new manner she should not attempt

to use them. The Editorial Department is rather weak. Perhaps the size of the magazine and treatment of the subject matter contained therein is due to the fact that this is the first issue. For some unexplained reason most magazines seem to consider this an excuse for such a conidtion.

The Hollins Magazine. The Hollins magazine for November is well arranged and well-balanced. The two stories are very good. The author of ''The Test'' should pay more attention to sentence unity. The essays are long and well worked out. ''A Wise Bird,'' is a clever piece of verse. The Contributor's Club is a new feature in the college magazine. ''Hollins in the Fall,'' is the best article contained therein this month. As a whole the magazine is a credit to the college.

Locals.

Editor, WINONA WAY.

One of the rarest treats we have had this month was the chapel talk which came as a sequel to the lyceum number by Mr. Irving Bachelor. In his lecture on "The Cheerful Yankee," Mr. Bachelor vividly portrayed the life of the New Englander in the 18th century, accenting the place of the wife in the home and her part in the upbuilding of the nation. The whimsical half-humorous, half serious philosophy of Mr. Bachelor charmed his large audience completely. Next morning his talk was a short "sermon" on truth and kindness as essentials in the character of an educated woman.

Miss Marguerite Nelson, Miss Mary Welborn, Miss Ruth White, Miss Beulah Smith, Miss Annie Belle Brown and Miss Callie Roe spent the week end with their college mate, Miss Mary Welborn, of Williamston, S. C.

Miss Loulie Collum and Stella Bomar have returned from the State Woman's Missionary Convention which met in Columbia.

Miss Cullum has also recently spent a few days at her home in Batesburg.

Among those who had the privilege of eating turkey at home on November 28th are: Miss Mary Hendrix, Greenville; Miss Rosela Parker, Edgefield; Miss Lois Monroe and Miss Ann Orr Brock, Honea Path; Miss Lucile Marchant and Miss Mildred Thomson, Greer; Miss Callie Roe, Travelers Rest.

Miss Louise Cunningham and Miss Nona Way recently spent the week end with Miss Leta Poore of Belton.

Miss Merle Bates has been visiting her aunt of Greer, S. C.

Miss Adline McComb has returned from a short visit with relatives at Due West.

Miss Laura Featherstone, of Lime Stone College, was the guest ofMiss Irene Workman recently.

Miss Hattie West Harris recently spent the week end at her home in Spartanburg.

* * * *

E-p-a D-p-t, returning from the Greenville Hospital said, "Oh I have been working with a human skeleton all the afternoon.

R-th W-p-u-n. Oh yes, you do take *Biology*, why I saw you trisecting a crayfish the other day.

* * * *

M-y-t-m. "Annie did you know Virgil is going to 'Othello' tonight?"

A-n-e T-n-y. Well, I declare I hear of places every day that I haven't the least idea where they are. How long will she be away?"

* * * *

C-e-o-W-rd. "Gee, aint Shakespeare's plays full of quotations."

* * * *

As Miss Rhodes has asked one of her English classes to write a short biography of some man, E-h-l-g-i-s wants to know if George Eliot will do.

Our Serious Side

Y. W. C. A.

EDITOR, ALPHA DURHAM.

In our study of Bible women, we have come to the women in public life, Miriam and Deborah. These were discussed by Elizabeth Jeter and Leta White. We would like to suggest to the Bible study committee that they post the names of the women for study before each meeting so more girls could be prepared for discussion of the lives of these women.

The interest of the whole College has been centered on the woman's meeting in Columbia, which met November 19-22. The delegates appointed by the Association were Loulie Cullum and Stella Bomar. Mrs. Ramsay and Miss Jessie Bryant also attended. All these have come back full of enthusiasm and with interesting reports. Especially interesting to us was the report of the G. F. C. meeting held Thursday afternoon of the Convention. Mrs. Maud Earle, president of the Alumnae Association presided. The meeting was opened by the singing of the G. F. C. song by four alumnae. Mrs. Ramsay gave a message from our College, followed by a few words by Miss Bryant. Our beloved Mrs. Lake told of the "G. F. C." she has been building up in China. She suggested that the alumnae and friends of the College take the time after service on Sunday night as a time of prayer for the College. This suggestion met with the approval of those present, and we feel that our College cannot help but be greatly blessed by these united prayers. Why can not the girls join with the alumnae in praying for our College?

Another part of the Convention of special interest to us was the Y. W. A. meeting. At this meeting were heard the reports of the colleges and high schools of the State. Mission Study classes on the latest books have been organized in all the colleges and high schools. Fifty-three dollars were raised for the North Greenville Academy and the Six Mile Academy. Miss Lide, a South Carolina girl at the Training School, made a talk on the Training School. There are thirty-seven girls there this year. She urged the importance of training our girls for work at home as well as for work abroad. The total amount given by the Y. W. A. this past year was $2,289. Fifty-four new auxiliaries were organized. The resolutions for the next year are:

That the kingdom of God might reign in the hearts of the South Carolina Y. W. A's.

That they adopt the colors blue and gold.

That a Y. W. A. be organized in every place possible during this year.

That the Y. W. A. pay the running expenses of the Training School.

That the college students keep in touch with the Y. W. A. at home while they are in college.

The great need is for trained young women as leaders of children and young people. The opportunity will come to the college girl when she goes back home. The training may be had in our Y. W. C. A. Let every girl put forth her best efforts in the work of the Association, and so prepare herself for greater fields of usefulness.

Judson Literary Society Notes

ALPHA DIVISION.

EDITOR. IRENE WORKMAN.

The past month has seen quite a change in the Alpha Society. The programs have been very well prepared indeed and unusually well rendered. Marked improvement has been made in the giving of quotations. At our last meeting we pledged ourselves to give fifty dollars each year for five years towards the G. F. C. endowment fund. The following program was well rendered:

Reading—selected.. ....Miss Cunningham
Violin Solo ....David Ramsay
Vocal Solo.... ....Miss Hair
Current Events.... ....Miss Loadholt
Criticism of Mark Twain.... .... ..Miss Whitmarsh
Reading from Mark Twain.. .. ..Miss Lucia Watson

BETA DIVISION.

EDINOR, ANNIE BURNS.

The following program rendered on November the sixteenth, was especially interesting. The debate, as might be expected from the query, was very exciting. Both the affirmative and the negative sides brought forth some very strong points; but the judges decided in favor of the negative.

Piano Solo.... ....Meda Boggs.

Debate—Resolved: That Governor Blease's character is not as Black as Painted by the Newspapers.

Affirmative. *Negative.*

Leta White Mozelle Skinner.
Vocal Solo.... .. ..Blanche Seymour.
College Items.. .. ..Miranda Waters.

Our next program was short. The original story was especially enjoyed by all, and its author showed a marked talent in that line. The following is the program rendered:

Reading from Mark Twain ....Nannie Burns.
Vocal Solo.. .. ..Maranda Waters
Original story.. ....Mabel Wichman
Cornet Solo.. .. ..Merle Swift

The next program was as follows:

Piano Solo.... ... ...Lydia Green.
Reading.. ....Gladys Rives
Vocal Quartette

Miranda Waters.
Stella Bomar.
Mary Timmerman.
Merle Swift.

College Items ....Ruth Wilburn.
Piano Solo ....Florence Shaw.

Fine Arts

EDITOR, KATHLEEN EVANS.

The Davidson Orchestra and Glee Club gave a concert in the College Auditorium November, 1912. The entertainment was one of the best of its kind ever given here. Their Orchestra was especially good. The following is the program:

PROGRAM.

PART I.

1. Poet and Peasant.......................*Suppe*
Orchestra
2. Plant a Watermelon...... .. ..*Dumont-Lily*
Glee Club
3. Skeleton Rag.......................*Wenrick*
Orchestra
4. Poor Ned...........................*Koerner*
Guartette
5. Trombone Solo.......................*Selected*
Mr. Hamilton
6. Baby Rose....................*Weslyn-Christie*
Glee Club
7. Skipper Susie Green..................*Ramsay*
Orchestra

PART II.

1. A Little Chat.......................*Noakee*
Orchestra
2. Moonlight Bay..........................*Reed*
Glee Club

3. Ciribiribin Waltz.. ... .*Pastalozza*

Orchestra

4. Selected .. ..

Quartette

5. Violin Solo.. ... ...*Selected*

Mr. Brown

6. Indian Summer.... ....*Moret*

Orchestra

7. Medly.... ... ...

Glee Club

8. Military Hero.. .. ..*Kenneth*

Orchestra

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