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The Isaqueena - 1913, October

Ann Orr Brock
Greenville Woman's College

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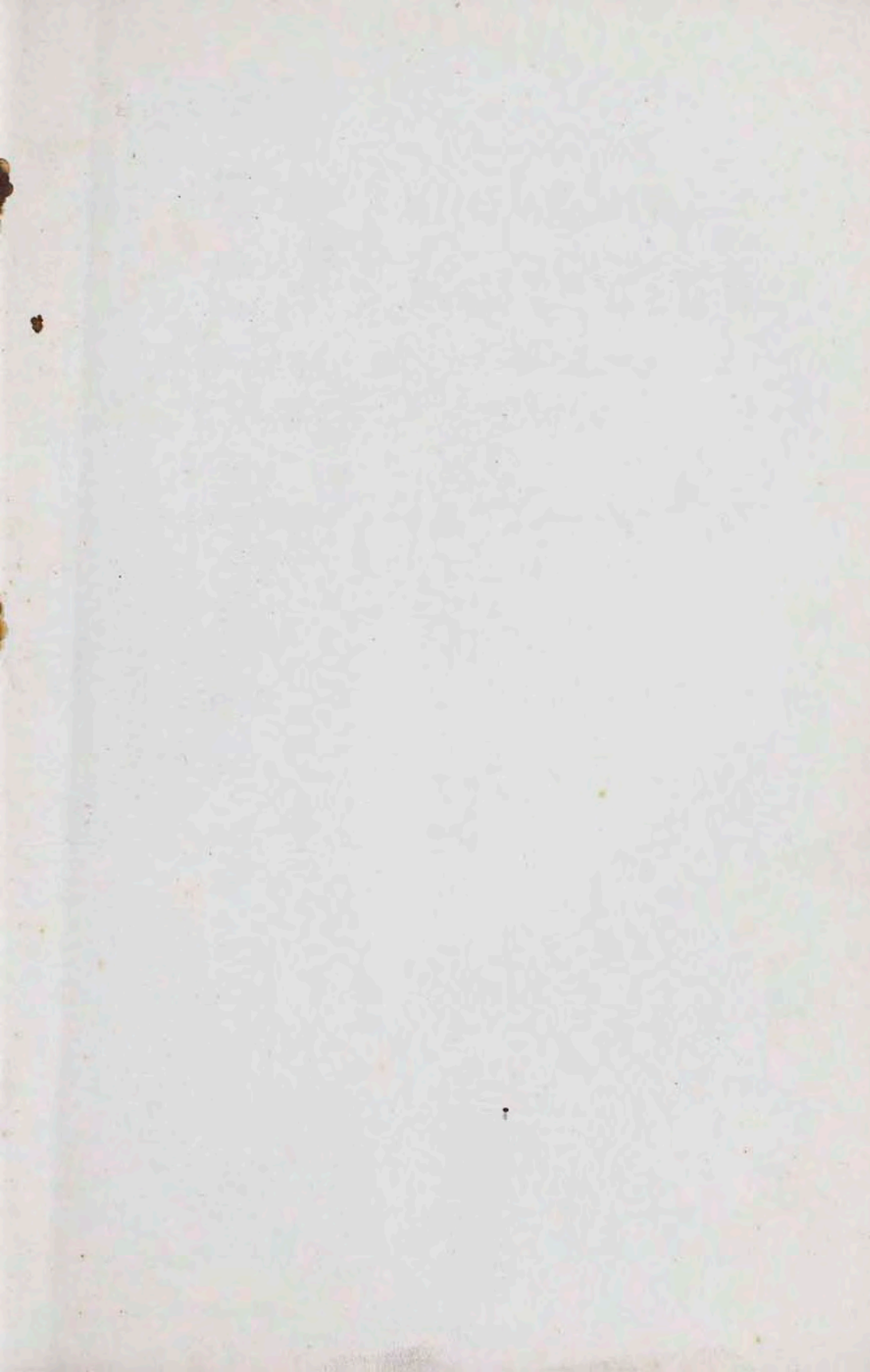
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The Isaqueena

October
1913

MISSISSIPPI





The Isaqueena

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

Students of the Greenville
Female College

AT

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.



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The Isaqueena

Vol. VIII.

GREENVILLE, S. C., October, 1913.

No. 1

TO ISAQUEENA.

I SAQUEENA, on our honor,
We'll be kind and true,
We'll take care of you.
We can write and work and win
Crowning thee the literary queen.
For Alma Mater's fame,
We'll put those other schools to shame.
G. F. C. girls for you!

Edith Brooker, '14.



THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.

LILLIAN BLACKWELL, *President.*

THE POLICY of the G. F. C. student body, as well as of the administration, has always been to conserve the best traditions that have gathered about the College throughout its sixty years of history, and at the same time to be thoroughly modern in its management and methods. The institution of Student Government at G. F. C. is the result of a sentiment, springing up in the student body, which has grown, during the three years of President Ramsay's administration, with the strengthening of material equipment and the raising of college standards. Realizing that self-control, self-dependence, and the fitness for community life, depends largely on a student's attitude towards the discipline and administration of the college, the student body voluntarily asked for some responsibility in the general regulation of the college home.

As the time was ripe for action last spring, a committee, consisting of representatives from each class, with a committee of the Faculty, drew up a provisional constitution and submitted it to the student body. It was adopted with slight modifications. A careful study had been made of the organization of other Student Government Associations, but of course every regulation was adapted to our special needs. Officers were elected, and it was given a trial for the few weeks preceding Commencement. Its real test, however, has been this fall. The hearty way in which the girls have responded proves that the time was ripe for action.

This transition to student government does not mean that the students are passing from under faculty control. The aim is for each student to co-operate earnestly with the faculty in the interest of perfect discipline. It is only one step towards self government.

Now, girls, since this movement is ours, the duty of each member is to see that it is a success. We believe in the College—in her noble history, her purpose, and in a Greater Future for G. F. C.; and we, the students of 1913-'14, can contribute our part in its development by seeing that this conservative form of Student Government is left on a firm basis for the work of the generations of girls who will follow us here. The practical working of the system depends largely on the conscientious work of the House Presidents and Proctors. Let us not have a mistaken idea of the true meaning of Student Government. It is not to grant the individual more *privileges*—for true liberty is not license, but self-control.

Lillian Blackwell, '14.

TO THE FRESHMAN.

HERE'S to the incoming Freshman Class
 Here's to the whole inscrutable mass.
 Here's to the best of you,
 Here's to the rest of you,
 Here's to your teachers,
 Here's to your preachers.
 My Sympathy!
 My sorrowing, silent, sagacious Senior sympathy!
Annie Maude Wilbur, '14

WHEN I WAS A FRESHY.

DURING MY first night at College, after crying myself to sleep, I was awakened by a loud rapping at our door and voices yelling, "Open this door. Let us in."

Afraid not to, I crept to the door and unlocked it. Then about a dozen girls, armed with hair brushes, brooms, trunk-ropes, slippers, dust-pans, dumb bells, and tennis rackets, poured into the room. By this time my room-mate and I, terribly frightened, were crouched down in a corner of the room as far from the mob as we could get.

"Any rats in here," asked the leader of the crowd.

Grabbing our skirts and jumping up on chairs we protested, "No, no." Then my green room-mate added, "At least we just came this morning, and we haven't heard any in here yet."

At that a roar of laughter went up from the crowd, and coming over to where we were, they made us get up and pay homage to them; give a one minute sketch of our lives, bark at the moon, croak, like frogs

get down and scramble like eggs, tell about our best beau, propose to the man in the moon, and get out all the eatables we had brought from home, to which they helped themselves.

All this time we were striving to keep back the tears, for we wanted them to think we did not mind it, but we could not resist telling them how heartless they were.

Next we were blindfolded, grabbed by the arms and told to climb the wall. I could not imagine then what composed the wall; but afterwards learned that a trunk, table, and chairs were piled on top of each other. After climbing higher and higher, we at last reached the top and were told to conjugate *amo* to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

After beginning with *amo, amas, amat* and continuing through the whole conjugation, even including the *gerund* and *supine*, we were then commanded to make a speech. My room-mate was clever enough to recall the little quotation, "Kind hearts, shun the pleasure that give others pain." At this cheers went up from the crowd. After which the leader said, "Come on, girls. These rats have proven themselves alright. Let's hunt up some more freshies."

Fannie Gray Wright, '15.

FRESHMAN DIALOGUES.

I.

LEATA AIKEN, '15.

*A Freshie before the Classification Committee.**Scene—Class Room.**Discovered, seated at a table, one of the Classification Committee.**Enter Sarah Jones.**Miss Shouse*—Good morning.*Sarah Jones*—Ah—good morning, Miss Shouse. I—I—ah—are you the classification committee?*Miss Shouse (Smiling)*—I am chairman of the committee. Do you wish to be classified this morning?*Sarah*—Yes'm, if it won't be too much trouble.*Miss Shouse*—Certainly not. Have you been before the committee on entrance requirements?*Sarah*—Oh, yes, ma'am, long ago! Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay, and nearly all of the teachers told me on my arrival that they were glad to welcome me to the G. F. C. college. I'm sure, Miss Shouse, it will be all right for you to go ahead and put me in my classes. Don't you think so?*Miss Shouse (Amused)*—But, my dear, you misunderstand me. Have you been questioned as to the studies you completed before you came here?*Sarah (More and more confused)*—Pardon me, Miss Shouse. I can't remember just now, but I will try to find out just as soon as possible and let you know.*Miss Shouse*—Suppose you tell me what studies you finished in the high school. Have you had any Latin?*Sarah*—Yes, ma'am.

Miss Shouse—How much?

Sarah—I have studied it several years.

Miss Shouse—Have you read Cicero or Virgil?

Sarah—No, ma'am. We didn't have a very large library in our school. Are they interesting?

Miss Shouse (In despair)—Very interesting, indeed. Suppose you get from your former professors a statement including the studies that you completed before you came here. Then we shall know exactly in what class to place you.

Sarah (relieved and happy)—All right, ma'am! I will be sure to do it for I've had so many studies that it would have been impossible for me to recall them all. Thank you so much for your kindness.

(Exit Sarah confident that she will enter Sophomore Class),

FRESHMAN DIALOGUE.

II.

BEULAH HARRIS, '14.

Scene I.

Place—Sarah Dupre's room. Time—September 18, 1913
Scene opens with Sarah lazily reclining in a chair, alone
in her room, homesick and crying.

Someone knocks. Enter Mary Reese, Rose Smith and
Elizabeth Harrell.

Three girls—Hello there, new one.

Sarah—Goo—good morning.

Mary—This is Sarah Dupre, isn't it?

Sarah (between her sobs)—Ye—s—s, yes.

Mary—I'm Mary Reese; this Rose Smith, and this,
Elizabeth Harrell.

Elizabeth—Sarah, we are so glad to meet you. But
pray! What are you crying about?

Sarah—O I—er—don—O nothing.

Rose—O never mind, Sarah, we are all glad to wel-
come you to our college. We are going to have such a
lovely time this year.

Elizabeth—And we want all of you cute new girls to
join with us.

Mary—Yes, we can have so much fun.

Sarah (brightening up)—That will be so nice. I shall
write home today and tell mother how nice college life
really is.

Elizabeth—Yes, we are old girls and have many things
planned for the new ones. And, Sarah, anything you do
not know or feel uncertain about, do not hesitate to ask
us. We were new girls once and now will be glad to
help you in anyway we can. Come on, Rose and Mary,
we must be going. (They rise and start towards door).
We will see you again, Sarah.

Rose—O, by the way, I will tell you before we leave,

the next bell is for chapel. Don't forget to carry a dollar to pay for your chapel seat.

Sarah—No, I won't. But what must I do with it?

Rose—Just give it to the President whom you will see on the stage when you first go in. Tell him it is for your chapel seat for the year.

All three girls—So long, Mary. Come to see us. Room 417.

(They all leave and door closes).

Sarah—O, I feel so much better now that I have found some *real* friends. And they seem to be such nice girls too. I shall sit down right now and write mother all about it.

(She sits down to write. Bell rings. Sarah gets dollar bill and starts to chapel).

Scene II.

Place—School Auditorium—*Time*—Chapel.

Sarah Dupre enters and nervously walks up to President.

Sarah—He—e—he—here is my dollar for my chapel seat.

President—For your chapel seat!

Sarah—Yes, isn't th—that enough. They told me it was just a dollar. I—I—I—

President—My child, the chapel seats are free. Who told you they were to be paid for?

(Sarah looks silently at her REAL friends on the front seats.)

FRESHMAN DIALOGUE. III.
THE CLOCK AND THE MIRROR.
ELLA MAY SMITH.

*The Opinions of the Clock and the Mirror on the
Opening of School.*

*Scene—Front Hall, Greenville Female College. Clock
and Mirror facing each other.*

Clock—What a trial it is to be wound up again and to have to keep time for all the girls! My, what a happy vacation I have spent!

Mirror—Pray, what are you grumbling about? If you think that you have a bad job, kindly look at my side of the affair. Here I am, immovable, and day after day the same faces come and peer into my depth, trying to seek beauty. Really, it is unbearable!

Clock—Oh, now, it isn't quite as bad at that. Once in a while a girl comes along that makes your heart thump fast and sends a thrill all over you—Look, here comes a girl now. What do you think of her?

Mirror—That thing! Why she's that same frivolous little girl that tormented me all last year. Here she comes now—laughing, chatting, and chewing gum. She was my most faithful friend. Why, she is always slipping out here to discover whether the last two minutes has transformed her into a raving beauty.

Clock—Hump, Pretty poor opinion you have of her. Well, here comes the girl I like—that neat, independent girl. Look what a fine carriage she has and what an ambitious look she wears on her face. It's enough to inspire the whole world.

Mirror—Yes, everybody likes her. Look who comes now! A shark. Just see those dark rings under her eyes. Watch her study as though her life depended upon it. Well, maybe her's does!

Clock—Good! Now behold what appears, a Special! See how neatly she is dressed and how unconcerned she looks. She carries nothing but a marvelous accumulation of music books. By the way, I've noticed that she usually wastes a good deal of time on you. Why is it?

Mirror—Oh, can't you understand? Don't you know whom she is going to see?

Clock—Ah, I did not run Swift enough to see.

(And darkness fell on the mirror and the clock).

SEPTEMBER MOURN.

ANNIE MAY BRYANT, '14.

ALAS! WE meet you, old September,
Grimmest nightmare of the year,
Why, oh why did you remember
Thus to wake us from our cheer?


Basking in our dreams of pleasure,
All vexation was forgot,
Elf, with hours of joyous leisure,
Chased away the care we fought.

Stern and quick your call to duty,
"Wake, oh wake, my slothful band,
From your dreams of idle beauty—
Up, there's work on every hand."

So from mirth we must emerge,
And forth to toil now driven be—
Would this were the funeral dirge
Of September, or of me!

THE JOKE PLAYERS.

SARAH CALLAHAM, '14.

 H YE GODS! Mary Ann Stone has been appointed proctor for our hall. The house President has just whispered it in my ear." The speaker, a bright, vivacious girl, stood with dilated nostrils and frowning brow.

"That means an end to midnight feasts, for 'Like an Arab we must fold our tents and as silently steal away.' Mary Ann not only knows what you *are* doing, but also what you are *thinking* of doing; moreover, sometimes what you wouldn't think of doing—the things that in reality she would like to do herself if she had the courage," a voice half jestingly, half resignedly replied.

"I'll never forgive her for reporting us to the faculty for alleged cheating on our final History examination. Those little half-closed eyes of hers are always peering around for trouble. Fate certainly mixed things up a bit when she made Mary Ann the niece of our own dear Dean," continued the stormy voice.

The troubled curly head, buried in two plump arms, went down on the table. There were a few minutes of silent thought, then a merry voice cried, "Eureka! Eureka!" Nan looked up in mild astonishment, she could never quite accustom herself to the April-like disposition of her room-mate.

"Well, Marion, what is it?" she queried.

"Listen!" Rosy cheeked and bright eyed Marion bent over her companion and whispered something in her ear. "I dare you to do it, Nan! I double dare you to do it!"

Roused at last from her apathy, Nan jumped up crying, "Your dare is accepted, here's my hand on it. Come, let's away and to work. What shall I do first?"

Marion gave orders in a quick, crisp voice. "Go to Lucile's room and borrow her tin bucket, then go to the supply room and get a ball of twine. I believe that is all. I'll find the spring. Remember, keep your lips sealed."

The two girls parted company, Nan gliding gracefully down the hall, Marion, with athletic swing, striding off in the opposite direction. Finding the Domestic Science department open and Miss Brown at leisure, she quietly stated her errand, explaining that she wanted to perform an experiment. Quickly tucking the package in her blouse, she walked swiftly back to her room where Nan was awaiting her.

"Look," cried Marion, "I have the spring. See how nicely it works." She pulled it out to its fullest limit then released her hand, letting the spring fly back to its original position.

"Good," laughed Nan, tying a piece of twine to the bucket handle. "I believe this knot would resist even Sampson. Here, hand me the spring."

While Nan tied the spring to the twine already attached to the bucket, Marion, hammer in hand, gaily dragged a chair up to the door and about three inches from the bottom of the facing drove a small nail.

"Now, jump down, Marion, I'm going to fasten the spring to the nail, then we'll see how it works. Hand me a glass of water, please. I'll pour just a tiny bit in the bucket now, and later we'll add more. There, how does that look?"

Marion viewed the apparatus critically, inclining her head bird like, first on one side, then on the other. Finally she slowly replied, "I believe the bucket hangs down a little too much. Fix it so the bottom will barely fall below the top of the door. Yes, that's all right. Now for the experiment. I told Miss Brown we were going to perform one."

Nan carefully held up the bucket while Marion went out of the room. After dropping it back to its original position she softly called, "Come in." As Marion came in the door, a shower of water fell right on the top of her curly head. She clapped her hands gleefully and all but shouted, "Nothing could be more charming. Isn't it great?"

"The deed is done, at last we can rest at ease until study bell rings," breathed Nan, with a sigh of relief. "My, but Mary Ann will be mad as a hornet."

"What of that," flashed Marion. "Isn't she always making somebody mad, hasn't she told on us and other girls too, when we were not doing a thing? Serves her right to have some one get the best of her. The madder she gets the better I shall like it. Now, if she only had charms to soothe the savage ear as our darling Dean has, I would think twice before suggesting such a joke."

Gradually the talking ceased and the room was silent about five minutes, except for an occasional echo of a merry laugh or the arguing voice of some girl too long delayed in reaching her room.

Marion groaned aloud, "The stillness is oppressive. Nan, I'm afraid this will be the survival of the fittest."

"There's but to live and wait," replied Nan. "The law of the Medes and Persians applies admirably to Mary Ann. In her rounds to see that the girls are in their rooms, she invariably strikes us at eight twenty, no sooner, no later."

Marion glanced at her watch. "It now lacks two minutes of being twenty past," she said. "Come, let's see that there's a place for everything and everything is in its place."

When their apparatus was tested and found to be in order, both girls began to get their faces in readiness for the coming laugh. At first the laughter was subdued, gradually it swelled louder and louder until merry peals were rippling forth and floating down the hall. There was a pause—silence everywhere. Again the merry laugh. A footstep was heard in the distance, nearer, yet nearer it came.

"She's coming," murmured Nan.

The laughter continued. The door opened suddenly. Then there was a splash and two terrified joke players looked up into the face of their beloved, dignified Dean.

THE OTHER GIRL.

G. R., '14.

YES, DEAR CHILD, think of it! I have been asked to write a theme on, "How to make myself popular." Me of all people! Now if I were magnetic it would be a different proposition, but I suppose you remember me of old.

How shall I begin? What must I say? "A girl must be"—No, that doesn't sound, right—"But really, girls there must be many ways a girl can make herself popular in school. Since I have been considering the matter we *could* be a little more popular than we are. Yes, we could, and I am going to try some of that deep thinking on myself as an experiment.

You know that Jones girl who I told you was liked so much by all the girls? Well, I have been noticing her manners lately, and I believe I can see the secret of her success. Wait until I make myself over!

She always has a pleasant face and a smile for everybody, and she doesn't always have a lesson worrying her to death—at least she doesn't tell everybody about it. But the queer part about it is she makes such brilliant recitations and gets such splendid marks.

It seems to come natural with Helen to make people feel at ease around her. She never tries to make any one feel small like most of us girls do. The other day one of the new girls came down a little late for dinner and didn't know where to find her table. She enquired from several of the girls, but all of them shook their heads and gripped the back of their chairs for dear life. She was looking around so bewildered and embarrassed when Helen offered her her place and went in search of another for herself. I thought it was so sweet and considerate of her. And the very next time I see any one looking ill at ease, I'm going to help him out if I can.

There is another girl—a girl from Ohio, who rooms just across the hall from me, and she is so entirely different from Helen that I can't help but draw a comparison. I never saw her in my life that her face wasn't a mile long. She can't even be nice to a body because she has such a long lesson hanging over her head. To hear her talk you would think she had more work than any girl in school, and some one is forever imposing upon her. Poor child, I wish I could tell her to watch *My Ideal* and surmise that before many days she would even have a changed expression. Honest, Rose, she looks bored all the time.

I meant to finish this way last week, Rose, dear, but I have been busy watching Helen Jones and the "other girl." I told the "other girl" my plan to imitate Helen and she was interested and wanted to join me. So we have been watching together. You should see her—she is more and more pleasant every day. And I know before the year is out she will be one of the most popular girls in school. Several of the girls have been to her lately to get help with their difficulties. And what is more—a girl came to *me* last night for advice, and Rose, I believe I did help her. It made me feel so good and happy! The "other girl" and I have started smiling and having pleasant things to say to every one. Can you conceive of me as being so changed? And the "other girl"—I mean Eleanor—is quite lovely. She is coming to visit me this summer and I know you will like her. We feel so close since we have been trying the experiment together, and really I believe it is working wonderfully well.

AN ODE TO THE SENIOR.

Apologies to Wm. Collins.

CLARA LUCILE WINGO, '14.

WHEN the Senior, heavenly maid, first came
Singing in early Autumn, of knowledge and
Fame.

The "Rats" did oft, with heated zest,
Throng gaily round her magic nest,
Whining, talking, laughing, crying,
With no limit to styles of sighing;
At length, by turns, their wants were known,
Poor Senior—disturb'd, dazed, and all alone—
Gave words of comfort, counsel, cheer,
To many a weary, homesick, dear!
Till once, 'tis said, so frequently address'd,
Dear Senior, so tired, so worn, so oppress'd,
Uttered despairingly, in tones very grave,
"Alas, you've got my goat! I'll rave!"

THE WRITTEN WORD.

ISBELL BEACHAM, '14.

PART I.

IN THE three years since Hartley Marnham's father had married Mrs. Deane, mother of Margie and Jimmy, many things had happened. One of the most important was that Margie and Hartley had grown to be the best of chums. Although Jimmie was a perfect little terror and a trial to the entire household, Hartley had grown to like the dear and lovable little fellow. One could almost forget and forgive the awful things he did in admiration of this ten year old's original and daring methods. Moreover, Hartley had become fond of his step-mother, for she was bright and sweet, and under her gentle charm of manner lay a broad and tender understanding of boyish thoughts and aspirations.

On the morning after the party—for Hartley and Margie always celebrated their birthdays together, because they came on the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Marnham were seated at the breakfast table when there came a shout from the head of the stairs. Jimmy was beginning his haphazard descent to breakfast.

"Mother," he called, as he came down the first flight, four steps at a time, "I washed behind *both* ears, and," from the landing, "Margie's not up yet," and he clattered down the remaining flight with, "Can't I have two oranges because she's not here?" He bounded into the room, every freckle on his beaming little face shining. At this early hour he looked wonderfully fresh in his stiff, white little blouse, as he slipped into his chair, and chattered happily while he devoured his oat-meal, eggs and toast.

Soon Hartley drifted in, rather sleepy and dull after the gaiety and late hours of the night before, and began eating his breakfast with a kind of languid haste decidedly

at variance with his usual brisk but unhurried method. Although one of the most practical and matter-of-fact of people, he had the romantic features and delightful manner which in his father had so attracted Mrs. Deane.

"Mother, you certainly looked stunning last night," he said laughingly, "You were the prettiest girl there." Mrs. Marnham dimpled, her cheeks pink. He added a moment later, as he heard a step on the stair, "Except Margie, of course."

Jimmy had heard, too, and a strange change came over him. Since Hartley's entrance he had been devoting himself to eating everything in sight, but now he glanced brightly around the table, and started making conversation at a rapid rate. When Jimmy felt guilty he became unusually versatile; so now he began, "Isn't it funny about a feller eatin'? You start all crouched over, and then you keep getting straighter and straighter, and then you have to stop, 'cause there's the back of your chair!"

But this dull family of his did not appreciate Jimmy. They were accustomed to him, and when he began talking in that tone of voice, they knew that he was hiding some dark sin, and was trying to stave off justice with piquant conversation and pretended innocence.

Jimmy was just concluding some further remarks on general subjects when Margie came into the room—a sweet and attractive girl, though far from being a beautiful one. The first feeling that one had about Margie was this: that she was made to be loved; and the second was, that she possessed a mischevious, teasing, quality, which utterly contradicted your first idea, and laughed at you for entertaining it for a moment.

This morning her cheeks were flushed and her eyes cast down. She came quietly to her place, managing to pinch Jimmy severely as she passed. For a wonder he took it meekly, and went on discussing his rabbits with Mr. Marnham.

Margie's mother glanced at her quickly. "What's the

matter, dear? How does it feel to be eighteen—at last?" she smiled, after a pause.

Margie flushed and bit her lip. "Mother," she burst out with an angry glare at her little brother, "I just wish you'd speak to Jimmy!"

As Jimmy looked up in shocked surprise, with a virtuous expression on his face, she gave him a murderous look and declared, with a quiver in her voice, "You needn't try to look so innocent! You know you did. Mother," she went on, turning tearful eyes in that direction, "he sneaked into my room last night, ate nearly all my candy, took all the cards off my presents, and now I don't know *who* to thank for *what*!" She buried her face in her napkin, pushed back her chair, and with a smothered sob headed for the stairs. All the others laughed—except Jimmy; but Hartley's voice had a vexed note in it, and he looked at Jimmy with vengeance in his eye. Sometimes, he reflected, this bad small boy goes too far. Anyway, Hartley resolved to do something to make Margie forget her annoyance.

As he collected his books preparatory to dashing off to school, his thoughts ran in this way: "This afternoon, now—No, that date with Peggie—oh, bother! But some other time—"

Hartley was nineteen and a senior at High School; Margie was just a year younger and a junior. This morning as they started off to school they made a jolly pair.

"Hart," said Margie as they started down the broad and pleasant street, their eyes brightened by the feeling of spring in the air, "Don't you want to play tennis this afternoon?"

He glanced at her quickly, "I'm sorry, Margie—I was just thinking of that, but I've promised Peggie I'd play with her—but maybe we can get Jack and make it doubles."

"Oh, no," said Margie decidedly, "I couldn't think of

breaking in like that. So Peggie's got you, too, has she?" She laughed up at him, her blue eyes merry. "She's a darling girl, though, and I'm glad that you're friends."

"Well, I wish that you'd come," said Hartley. "Oh, say, Margie, Peggie is just the jolliest ever, isn't she? When she looks at a fellow with those big brown eyes of hers, something certainly happens to his heart." He looked at Margie, afraid that she would laugh at this frank revelation of his innermost thoughts.

"I've noticed it," responded Margie sweetly, "and I've also noticed that she manages to make a good many hearts flip at the same time."

"That's the one thing that I don't like about her," said Hartley, "she always has a gang of the fellows chasing after her."

"Oh, no, Hart, that's the very thing you do like," and Margie vanished into her class-room with a teasing glance and laugh.

That afternoon, as Margie stood at the window and watched Hartley and Peggie go up the street, no one could have detected any mischief in the unhappy blue eyes that gazed after them. Peggie's golden curls were tied up with a big red bow that matched the sweater she wore. Margie looked contemptuously at a strand of her own fluffy brown locks, and sighed. The boy and girl were laughing gaily—Hartley had forgotten that Margie had suggested herself as his partner that morning, but the girl had not, and her heart ached dully.

The pleasant days went on. In June, Hartley graduated; in July and August they took a cottage at a summer resort, where Margie became a decidedly popular girl. Hartley was as great a favorite with the girls as Margie was with their brothers, and they both had a wonderful time. In September, however, they returned home, for Hartley was to go to college.

Jimmy was as bad as ever. All summer long he had furnished excitement for the family. He kept Margie

especially nerve-racked by a series of persecutions of the boys who came to see her. One night when it was raining he slipped into the hall, got the boys' raincoats, and filling the pockets full of paper, buttoned them tightly to each other. One of his favorite stunts was to put pins in the boys' hats. One boy, whose lank blonde pompadour Jimmy particularly despised, once greeted him with "Hello, Buster," and Jimmy vowed revenge. Craftily he learned when Margie was expecting that particular boy; and then he laid his plans with cunning. He fixed the door-knob so that it would give an electric shock to all who touched it; he put an electric buzzer under the carpet, where it buzzed at intervals in the conversation until the unhappy Margie discovered it. And then, as a final stroke of genius, he put molasses in the boy's cap—and wiggled with joy when he thought of the lovely condition of that smooth yellow pompadour when his devilish work was finished!

The twentieth came; Hartley was to leave that night. As it was so rainy and windy, he was going to the station alone. He had told every one good-bye except Margie; she had disappeared. After much searching, he discovered her in the library, with her head buried in the cushions of the window seat.

"This," he thought, "is Jimmy's work. Margie," he exclaimed, "aren't you going to tell me good-bye?"

Her shoulders shook, but she did not answer. One cheek appeared, with a wavering dimple in it.

Hartley sighed with relief. "Oh, you're laughing, are you? I thought for a minute—say Sis, do you think that's any way to treat a brother of yours who's going away for ages and ages and may never come back? In his voice there was a melo-dramatic indignation.

Margie hadn't raised her head, so now he sat down by her, and putting an arm around her, pulled her over by him. Her head was bent, her eyes lowered, and something in the quiver of her lips told him that she had not

been laughing. So it was Jimmy, after all. Hartley put his hand under her chin and forced her to look at him. She slowly raised her tear-filled eyes to his. "Why, Margie," he cried, in an effort to divert her thoughts from Jimmy, and to cheer her up. "Aren't you sorry I'm going. But it won't be long," he added hastily, as he saw that the tears were about to brim over, "and we'll be the same old chums when I come back. You'll write to me, won't you? And please make Peggie keep her promise about writing. She's such a flirt that I'm afraid she'll forget.'

Margie rallied bravely. Blinking hard, she managed, she hoped, to laugh gaily as she assured him, "Oh, sure, Hart! I'll prod her every time I see her, until she writes in self-defense!"

Charmed with his success, Hartley patted her soothingly on the shoulder, kissed her cheek, and gave her hands one last hard squeeze; then he was gone.

She flew to the window in time to receive a laughing, farewell wave as he rode away. Then she ran up to her room, feeling that if Jimmy should begin teasing her, she should murder him. Throwing herself down in abandonment, she cried until her throat was dry and her head aching. Towards morning she fell asleep, her last waking thought wringing from her a broken, quivering sob. It was this, "Why do I *care*, when *he* thinks only of Peggie? *Peggie!* If it were any one else but that silly, empty-headed, little *thing!* !

(*To be continued*).

The Isaqueena

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Editorial Department

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: ANN ORR BROCK

ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CLEO WARD

At last! Vacation has passed and we find ourselves busy with the daily routine of College life again.

* * * *

We welcome with pleasure the new department of Domestic Science into our college curriculum. And we hope that every girl in college will realize the essential value of knowing how to perform the different domestic duties, and become deeply interested in them. The most highly cultured woman of today does not content herself with knowledge of History, English or Mathematics, but she wishes to know household administration in a scientific way as well.

* * * *

It is the desire of the Editors and others closely connected with the magazine to make it far better than it has ever been. We hope that the entire student body will become interested in it, and that every girl will feel that it is her own magazine. We now have a committee from the staff and faculty, who will look over the literary work presented from the English classes and select that which

is best. In this way the very best literary work of the College will go into the magazine, and at the same time an opportunity to contribute something will be given to every girl.

This should make every girl anxious to subscribe for her magazine; for no matter how hard the efforts of the staff and the committee may be, we cannot succeed without your co-operation.

One of the greatest additions to our Magazine is that of the Alumnae Department. This will enable us to keep up with those girls who have graduated from the College in former years.

* * * *

This session brought with it another new feature, student government, which is fully discussed in this issue. So far it has been most encouraging. Everyone is delighted with it. Our President remarked that during all his experience he had never known anything to work more smoothly. We hope that it will continue this way; for it will develop in every girl a spirit of independence and a more profound respect for truth and honor.

* * * *

Recently the Athletic Association has been organized into basket ball teams, tennis and walking clubs. What we want to do now is to get up true college spirit and enter into all the athletic sports with enthusiasm. No girl can be a well rounded woman unless she develops herself physically, as well as mentally.

Y. W. C. A. Department

EDITOR: FLORENCE SHAW.

On Friday evening, September 17th, the annual Y. W. C. A. reception was given in the college parlors for the new girls to meet the old ones. During the first part of the evening Misses Broadwell, Waters, Martin, and White delightfully entertained us with readings, instrumental and vocal solos. Mrs. Ramsay gave us a talk which was much enjoyed by everyone as usual. Punch and wafers were then served, after which we spent the remainder of the evening getting acquainted with each other.

Every morning ten minutes watch is held with good attendance. The first meetings were led by the teachers, but now the girls are leading each meeting themselves. Many helpful thoughts are given us by the leaders.

On Wednesday evening, September 24, the first regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held. Being the first for this session, it was a welcome meeting. Every girl was given a hearty welcome into the Association, and into every phase of its work. The Chatauqua service was used and Mrs. Chapman made a very interesting and helpful talk. The Y. W. C. A. room was crowded and we hope to have as good attendance during the whole year. Every girl has a part in the Y. W. C. A. work and we need the help of each individual.

On Sunday afternoon, September 28, a joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Furman University, and the Y. W. C. A. of G. F. C., was held in our auditorium. Mr. Frank Moody Percer, of the Editorial Staff of the Southern Baptist Convention at Richmond, gave a very interesting talk on Mission Study.

Ten Mission Study Classes have been organized in our Y. W. C. A. with the following girls as leaders: Misses Bernice Brown, Elizabeth Robertson, Katie Wingo, Leta White, Merle Gray, Sadie Kate Hunter, Net Wallace, Iris Perry, Marie Padgett, and Florence Shaw.

At the third meeting of the Y. W. C. A. each leader of a Mission Study Class gave a two minute talk on the subject she was going to teach and the work she had planned for her class.

At the meeting last Wednesday evening, Mrs. Padgett, one of our new teachers, gave us a beautiful talk about tuning our lives by Christ's life.

Exchange Department

EDITOR: CARRIE McMANAWAY.

*Davidson College
Magazine.*

We congratulate the Davidson College Magazine on being the first to reach our desk this year. It is not only an early number but an especially good one. The arrangement of the subject-matter is good. The first poem, "The Death of Summer," while the sentiment is an old one, is expressed in an original manner. The style is free and graceful. "Morning" is a delicious bit of real poetry, in which the author shows a keen appreciation of nature. "The Story of Kaghar," is the best short story in the magazine. The development of the plot, characterization, and coherence of time are all in keeping. The story is interesting, which is the best test of short stories. We notice with delight there is a full supply of essays, literary criticism, and editorials, which are arranged with good taste. The criticism on "William Gilmore Simms" is especially interesting, and we have reason to hope that it will not be much longer, that "His laurels will be denied him." "As You Like It," while a new feature in some of our magazines, has proven to be both helpful and an interesting department in others. But, either way, it's just "as you like it." The other departments are well written up and in keeping with the rest of the magazine.

Local Department

SALLIE T. CADE

EDITORS:

FANNIE GRAY WRIGHT

The G. F. C. was formally opened for the session 1913-'14, on Wednesday, September 17th, in the presence of a large body of students, trustees, patrons and friends. Dr. Ramsay, our beloved president, in a very cordial speech welcomed both faculty and students to the College home. Several pastors of the city and other friends of the college then gave short, but impressive talks.

* * * *

It was a very pleasant surprise for the old girls, when, on our return we found so many improvements had been made. We are now enjoying the new lobby, new parlors, and a domestic science department.

* * * *

After spending the first few days in classification, arranging of schedules, and the uniting of the many new girls of our College family, we then began real work, and by now have forgotten—it if be possible—that there ever was such a thing as a vacation.

* * * *

We regret not having all the members of the 1912-'13 faculty with us again this session. Nevertheless, we are delighted with the new members on our efficient faculty, who are Misses Kolb, Wineow, Broadwell and Fleetwood of the Fine Arts Department; Misses Shouse and Jordan, of the English Department; Miss Dulin, Professor of Mathematics; Miss Sydnor, Professor of Latin; Miss Finlay, Professor of French and German; Miss Ramsay, of the Domestic Science Department; Mrs. Pad-

gett, Principal of the Academic Department; and Miss Sanders, Assistant Primary teacher.

* * * *

The first social function tendered us was the Y. W. C. A. reception, which we all greatly enjoyed.

A few evenings ago Misses Kolb, Wineow and Broadwell, our new piano, voice and expression teachers, gave a very attractive recital, after which a short reception was held in the parlors.

* * * *

The first Lyceum attraction was given in the Chicora auditorium Tuesday evening, September 30th. The musical numbers, which were charmingly rendered, were especially appreciated by the music lovers.

* * * *

The Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes have elected their officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: Senior Class—President, Janie Earle; Vice-President, Lillian Blackwell; Secretary, Mattie James; Treasurer, Pauline Walker. Junior Class—President, Paule Chapman; Vice-President, Ruth White; Secretary, Hattie West Harris; Treasurer, Fannie Gray Wright. Sophomore Class—President, Adelyn McComb; Vice-President, Ella Mae Smith; Secretary, Eliza Byars; Treasurer, Miranda Waters.

* * * *

Miss Gladys Rives is with us again, after having been called home on account of the death of her father. She has our deepest sympathy in her great sorrow.

Miss Irene Workman, of the class of 1913, spent last Friday night and Saturday here with her sister, Miss Frances Workman.

Misses Lucile Marchant, Mildred Thompson, and Erline Cunningham, of Greer, Lenora Stroud, of Tay-

lors, and Clara Wingo, of Fair Forest, spent the last week-end at their respective homes.

Mr. I. M. Smith, of Newberry, spent last Friday here with his daughters, Misses Gertrude and Marion Smith.

Miss Louise Cunningham, a former graduate of G. F. C., was on the campus last Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Rhea Truluck spent several days of last week with friends in Easley.

Rat Sp—a—l—y on entering her room exclaimed, "What did they put that shiny thing in here for,"—meaning the radiator.

Miss S.—"What is your greatest fault in oral composition."

Freshman Alexander—"Spelling."

A kiss is like a bottle of olives—after you get the first one the others come easy.

Freshmans N. D—nc—n to M. Sm—th—"I'd like to know how we are going to get our trunks way up on third floor."

M. Sm—th—"You goose, you, they will be carried up on the radiator."—Meaning elevator.

Will some one please inform Rat Todd that the members of the two societies at Furman are known as Adelpians and Philosophians and not as Adelpians and Fidos.

P. Webb (gazing at the sun, going down in a flame of color)—"O, isn't the moon the loveliest thing tonight?"

Miss Finlay—"Did you see Orion last night?"

Miss Sidnor—"O'Ryan? No! Who's he?"

Junior Watkins (horrified)—“Why, Gladys Padgett, that man didn’t go to the lunatic asylum; he’s in a private sanctuary.”

Sleepy Rat in church—“Look at the moon rising.”

Soph. Jeter—“Wake up, child, that’s always been there. It’s just Mr. Poston’s bald spot.

R. White—“Look at Marion Hurt’s striped blouse.”

L. Smith—“She looks like a convent, doesn’t she?”

Place—Near open window in Prof. Schaefer’s studio.

Time—9:45 P. M.

Miss Harris (After a pause in the conversation)—
“Ain’t the stars numerous tonight?”

Truluck (absent-mindedly)—“Yes, lots of ’em, too.”

Alpha Department

EDITOR: BENA LOADHOLDT.

THE YEAR 1913-'14 opened full of promise for the success of the Alpha Society. Under the excellent supervision of our new President, we are determined to make our Society better than it has ever been.

The first meeting of the Society showed that the Alphas have been working; both by the good program rendered and by the large number of new members enrolled. We want these new members to take up the work of the Society, and feel their part of responsibility for its success. We urge upon the members that they attend regularly and serve on the program readily. We have already had five splendid meetings this session.

Now, while the new members are so enthused over our society, let them give vent to their feelings by singing our "Society Song."

Oh, haven't you heard of the Alpha gay,
The great and glorious throng?
Oh, can't you see how great are we,
How full of fun and song?
We crown thee, queen, O Alpha, gay,
Oh, thou can'st never fail.
You come first in the alphabet,
You're first of any we've met,
So now to thee we say,
Oh, Alpha, hail, hail, hail.

Chorus.

Sure, I'm an Alpha, an Alpha so gay,
There's no one can touch us
For we surely lead the way.
Who else but Alphas
Could e'er do so fine?
Oh, Alphas, Alphas, leave them
All behind—behind!"

Beta Division

EDITOR: GLADYS RIVES.

THE BETA division of the Judson Literary Society has been holding its regular weekly meetings in the new society hall. Our meetings have been unusually bright and interesting. It is our aim to make this the most successful year the society has ever known, and with the help of our enthusiastic members we are expecting great things.

It gives us great pleasure to add so many new names to our list, and we hope they, as well as the society, will be benefited.

We have a splendid president who shows her genuine value by the manner in which she conducts our meetings.

Our other officers are earnest workers and capable girls. The Beta officers for the fall term are as follows: Misses Anna Sanders, President; Anna Orr Brock, Vice-President; Florence Shaw, Secretary; Sallie T. Cade, Treasurer; Clara Wingo, Senior Critic; Lucile Marchant, Junior Critic; Cleo Ward, Censor; Hattie West Harris, Chaplain.



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Something About Printing.

MR. THOMAS EDISON says: "No one knows one seven-billionth part of one per cent about anything." Mr. Edison was talking about knowledge in general, the idea being that the more we learn, the more we learn how little we know. Yet with this open confession from Mr. Edison, there are few, if any, that would not be glad to have his aid or advice on almost any enterprise or any subject. Mr. Edison, in the early stages of his career, dabbled a little in printing, and it might have been well for the art if he had dabbled a little more. Printing is becoming more and more complex. There are new ways and new ideas to improve old ways and old ideas; and sometimes the old ways are best, and it takes experience and judgment to determine this before the work is done. The idea the printer should hold to when called in consultation is, therefore, to give the customer the benefit of an open mind to get the best possible results by the best possible means. A large initial outlay may mean a saving and greater efficiency in the gross. Sometimes cost is no object and effect everything. Sometimes the reverse is true.

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