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The Isaqueena - 1913, November

Ann Orr Brock
Greenville Woman's College

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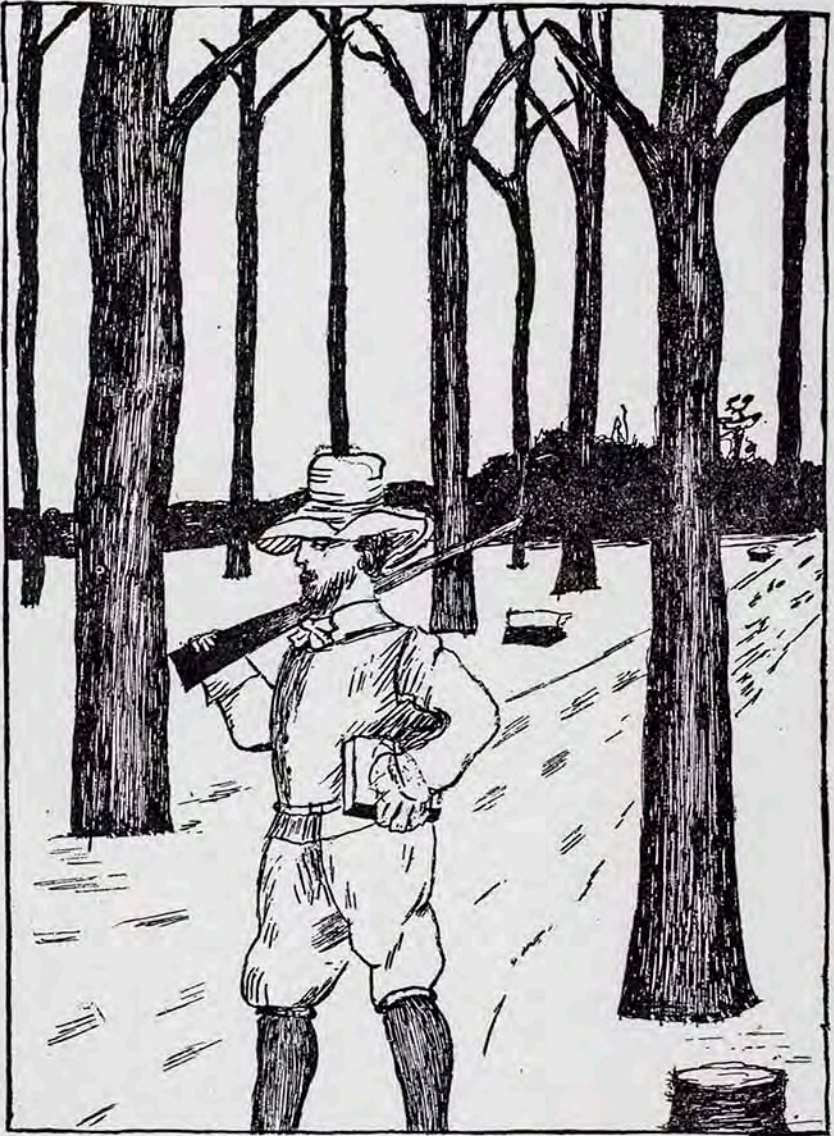
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The Isaqueena

November
1913

1511





The Isaqueena

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

Students of the Greenville
Female College

AT

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.



PEACE PRINTING COMPANY
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GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA



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No. 2

ISAUQUEENA.

JOSE McMANAWAY

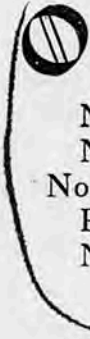
THERE was many and many a year ago
In a city far from the sea,
A magazine which you may know
Was edit'd by girls of G. F. C. ;
And this was done with no other thought,
Than to please other girls and me.

But our paper was better by far than the ones
From the schools that are older than we,
And from girls far wiser than we,
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Could ever improve this paper of ours
Issued by girls of G. F. C.

For the moon never beams,
Without bringing us dreams
Of what the Isaqueena can be,
And the stars never rise but I feel a surprise
That they never shine brighter than she ;
And all our spare time should be spent in ryhme,
For the pride of G. F. C.

THE LIFE OF A TEACHER.

Teachee teachee


 Teachee, teachee,
 All day teachee; *sies*
 At night, markee ~~papers,~~
 Nerves all creepy;
 No one kissee
 No one huggee
 Poor old maidee
 No one lovee.

—Exchange.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

LOUISE JONES.

3 ANE LEE, cheeks aglow, eyes sparkling, her whole being radiant with the joy of Thanksgiving, stood on the crest of a hill, facing the rising sun. The scene which stretched out before her was one of beauty. Snow-spread fields rolled back from the untrodden road, motionless, awed to silence by their own purity. Even the sun recoiled, and poured his beams limply through the jagged rent in the thick gray pall that overspread the heavens; for, wherever he laid his finger, there arose a host of dancing, sparkling, mocking elves, that shot their tiny rainbow beams back into his face, 'till the whole landscape twinkled with tiny mirrors, each reflecting his own ruddy countenance. Every house had its furry hood, every blade of grass its diamond sheath, each evergreen was tucked into its warm, soft coat, and each wire fence was one jewelled strip of rarest lace. Only the trees were bare. Like a band of black-robed monks they stood hautily aloof from the beauty around them, scornfully shaking off each clinging flake that sought refuge upon their boughs. To the east all was light and sparkle; to the west sullen clouds stubbornly

withstood the light, ominous little gusts that flitted nervously through the gloomy grove. But Jane faced ever the East. She stood there struggling with the teasing wind, defying the biting air. Her left arm, from which a basket swung jauntily, was plunged deep into a muff, while her right encircled a great mass of late crysanthemums. Her eyes sparkled with all the deep blue the sky lacked; her lips rivalled the flaming red the trees no longer wore, and her glowing cheeks paled the lifeless snow. Yet Nature envied her not, for she was its finished product. For her the spring had shed its fragrance, the summer had robed the world in richness, the autumn had brought forth its fruits. And she had absorbed it all, the beauty of the summer, the richness of the autumn—had taken them as raw material, and now returned the products, refined and finished. Nature was satisfied, and gave way before her as she turned and resolutely faced the ominous clouds—the first strong sunbeam to pierce the gloom and shatter the loneliness of the West.

HIS "THANKS."

CARRIE McMANAWAY, '14.

I SURE am thankful it's Thanksgiving Day,
'Cause all the kin come here to stay
And ma don't have no chance to say,
'Now, John, don't eat all you can,
Enough to fill a grown up man!
An' I'm thankful, too, I can lick Tom Black,
'Cause for fightin' I've sure got a knack.
An' I'm thankful for thee million whippings I catch
(Ma's 'bout used up the old briar patch)
For ma says, and ma she knows,
The more a fellow gets, the better he grows.
An' I sure am thankful I've got straight hair
An' don't have to put old curlers up there
An' try to go to sleep every blooming night
With my hair pulled back and wadded up tight.
An' I'm very thankful my hands ain't white,
An' I've got plenty o' freckles and good eyesight—
An' I sure am thankful there's wood to split;
An' I've got a suit—but it don't fit— 1
An' I'm thankful there's no other boy
To share with me this Thanksgivin' joy."

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL
RESOURCES.

EDITH FULTON.

IT MAY BE thought by some of my readers that the subject I shall discuss is not of special interest to this state at the present time, but I do not believe that it is premature to consider seriously the policy of the conservation of our natural resources, and to begin to realize, before it is too late, the necessity of putting some restriction on the reckless and extravagant use and waste of the natural riches of soil, forest, minerals, and water power.

Bountiful nature has given us a heritage great enough to last for all time, if we will but have the wisdom and providence not to plunder her great store house.

Besides, we have not the right to rob posterity of a reasonable expectation to be partakers for a fair share of all things created at the foundation of the world, for the use and benefit of all mankind for all ages. These things should be looked on by all thoughtful people as an inheritance, handed down by foregoing generations to us as a sacred trust, to be enjoyed and passed on to future generations. We are only tenants for a short time, and have only a leasehold on some small part of the great domain. Shall we exploit our portion, and leave it barren and despoiled, and so bequeath to those who follow us an impoverished and impaired possession?

Older nations of the world have been forced to face this question long ago, and to plan to preserve as far as possible, the diminishing resources that private greed and rapacity were laying waste. And our own great republic is beginning to realize that her prodigal extravagance must be checked, for her riches are not inexhaustible. How best to do this is not, of course, easy of solution. Laws passed by the National Government will be adequate only to the extent of conserving for the public, lands, timber, minerals, and streams. The law cannot force a man to

plant a tree where he cuts one down, or prevent his denuding his land of timber.

It is hoped that the recent interest displayed by certain patriotic officials will result in safeguarding our public domain, and effectually bar the further exploitation of our reservation by the great moneyed interests. But this will only be a part of the great work; there must be a universal awakening of the public at large, including states, counties, towns, and citizens. State Legislatures must pass conservation laws as stringent as constitutions will permit; counties put into effect all measures possible to enforce such laws; and every private citizen should study this question carefully, work for its right solution with other workers under organized leadership, vote wisely on it, and practice what he preaches in anything that involves the use of forests, minerals, soils, streams.

What, let us ask, are the things to conserve? It is a well known fact that the forests of the South will be completely exhausted inside of fifteen years, at the present rate of cutting. However, though it is sad to see these magnificent forests denuded, we must remember that the trees are ripe and full grown, and should be utilized to the best advantage. Where we deserve censure is in failing to enforce reforestation on lands chiefly valuable for timber culture. The yearly damage by floods has increased in the last decade from \$50,000,000 to \$250,000,000 and the chief causes of this appalling increase are destructive logging, the cutting of forests near the big streams, and forest fires.

The streams of our nation should be conserved. Why? Developed water power means electricity, and electricity means lights in our streets and in our houses, swift moving street cars, humming factories, progress, ease, comfort and development, as well as money for the men who produce it. Those of us who live to be old will see much of this power harnessed and used. The time will come when our material success will depend largely on the attitude of the men who control water powers; we

will need their product, and we may be forced to pay an unfair price for it. Indeed, this time has already arrived in some parts of our country, as in California and in the Southeastern states.

A great struggle is going on, and is not yet fully won, to get laws passed and honestly enforced which will insure that the water powers still owned by the people in the public domains shall be developed and used in their interest instead of in the interest of a few individuals and a few corporations. The struggle between the American people and those men, or groups of men, who seek to get control of the water powers which belong to the people, is the kind of struggle in which every good American man or boy should take an interest; I say "man or boy," indeed I might get in a word for my own sex just here, and say man, woman, boy or girl; for in the states where women have influence they are giving valuable aid to this cause. For instance, the California Federation of Women's Clubs stands behind a movement for the protection of the natural resources in that state, and for the increase of the forestry appropriation.

Realizing that nearest and dearest to the heart of every South Carolinian are the conditions in his own State, let us discuss briefly the conditions in this State. South Carolina ranks among the first states in the raising of cotton, and of many farm products. The soil here is rich, and well adapted to growing almost anything to be grown in the South. But be it remembered that all rich gifts should be guarded with care. Therefore strenuous measures should be taken to preserve the forests of the state, because they temper the atmosphere and afford sufficient moisture to support vegetation. When the trees are gone our land will resemble a barren desert, and our climate will no longer be the mild climate it is today.

South Carolina is rapidly coming to the front, and on her own merits. But the question is a vital one, and it is not fair for her progress and advancement to be materially checked by a condition which could be remedied.

THE ISAQUEENA

SUNSHINE

ILA DIXON, '14.

THERE is sunshine here for every one,
 When the clouds have rolled away;
 The only thing we have to do,
 Is to look for it every day.

There's nobody perfectly wise or good,
 There's nothing amiss with the best;
 We all are too mortal and human to sneer
 At the weakness and faults of the rest.

Why can't we always be thankful and glad
 And let life go gently along;
 And smile at the darkness as well as the light?
 Then things wouldn't always go wrong.

 A DAMSEL AT THE CHURCH'S FAIR

M. P., '16.

A DAMSEL at the church fair,
 A sellin' costly fruit,
 Both hearts and dollars did ensnare—
 The maiden was so cute!

But what's the matter with a pate
 That can't tell peach from 'simmon?
 For when I asked her for a "date"
 She "handed be a lemon."

EXCLUSIVENESS

JOHN ANTHONY, '17.

YOU poor little creature, during the entire half hour for lunch, you have sat admiring your well polished nails and beautifully kept hands; while those who would gladly have entertained you have been kept away by your singularly noticeable air of exclusiveness.

Are you disposed to limit your social relations, thereby hoping to seem more aristocratic, or to gain an air of unapproachable dignity? Indeed, you are worthy of compassion! Taught while you were being reared; cautioned after you were grown; charged before you left home, that under no consideration must you be amiable to those whose pedigree was not given in "who is who"—you do not know the art of being lovely.

You act as you act because your mother so taught you; look as you look because your father admired you; believe as you believe because you are too foolish to see your mistaken conception of the true way to be regarded as something worth while.

A little seed of friendliness once grew in you and developed into a frail, sickly flower; with no fragrance; with no beauty; and then for want of proper sustenance it finally died, leaving a soulless beauty.

Oh, I confess your appearance is faultless; your eyes beautiful; your teeth wonderfully pretty; your complexion perfect; your hair lovely. It is in one's mind to express you as charming, when lo, horrible, dreadful, intolerant Indifference comes into your being. You are hopeless. There is no way to reach you. Exclusiveness, the extirpator of love and loveliness, has already completed his work.

A THANKSGIVING SOLILOQUY.

ESTHER TODD, '14.

AND this is Thanksgiving day! Now let's see, what have I to be thankful for. Our minister said last Sunday we should be thankful for our brain, hands, eyes, ears, tongue, and most a thousand other things, I'm sure I'd never thought of.

What's the brain anyway? The dictionary says it is composed of the cerebrum and the cerebellum; and the cerebellum controls all our actions. I'm sure I can't see why we should be thankful for it, because it's always getting us into trouble. Almost any Sunday afternoon when we look out of the window, and see the boys passing, before we have time to realize there's honor in student government, our hands will be waving. And think of the result!

Then I'm sure I've never seen anything in the cerebrum to be thankful for. Just as sure as Miss S—— asks a question in Woodbridge the cerebellum positively refuses to make the cerebrum act at all. And of course I get a goose egg. But surely it's good for something. Maybe for a vacuum, vacuum! Let me see—Oh, yes, vacuum cleaner. Surely nothing could be cleaner.

I don't see why he said we should be thankful for our ears. Surely he's never spent many nights in a girl's boarding hall and heard them bustling around calling from one end of the building to the other, and slamming doors just when one is trying hardest to go to sleep. Then after I've slept only a short while I am disturbed by a puffing and blowing which might be an Atlantic liner; but it's only the radiator showing signs of heat.

And there are our feet which are always taking us the wrong way. When we start out only for a little walk they'll carry us right to the corner store in spite of all our strenuous efforts to follow the straight and prescribed path. As a result we are invited to attend a meeting of the faculty; and for at least two weeks are permitted to

stay on the inside of the hedge. I wonder what the minister sees in that to be thankful for.

Well I *can* be thankful for my tongue. I'd like to see a school girl who wouldn't be; for when the teacher gives us the very hardest examination questions she can find, and then after all our work and worry, flunks us out, we can go to our rooms and simply tear her to pieces, and tell our room-mate just what we think about her. Of course it was her fault that we flunked. She asked the very questions she knew we didn't know. Yes, my tongue! What woman would not be thankful for her tongue.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

I.

SPEAKING FOR ONE'S SELF.

J. E., '14.

(A Page From a College Girl's Diary).

IT'S NOT as nice to speak for one's self as one might think. I had to do it today and I found it most unpleasant. I'll tell you how it happened.

My room-mate and I gave a feast last night for a few of the new girls. We were so busy, after classes, collecting the "eats" and getting our room arranged, that we didn't have time to think about getting caught. Any way, we were not going to tell anyone about it but those whom we invited, and we were sure no one would find out. And so at the stroke of twelve the girls, bedecked in the daintiest of caps and kimonas, slipped noiselessly, one by one, to our room.

Kate and I had spread a sheet on the floor and thereupon had put down the various cans, bottles, and boxes. The girls had no sooner gotten in the room before they started eating. The first thing that everybody noticed was the butter. I had bought it in the afternoon, because I thought it would be grand to have something so unusual at our feast. But after we had all tasted it, I agreed with the rest of the girls that the feast would have been better, far better, without it. It had passed its stage of usefulness. I picked it up and started to throw it out of the window. Instead of following my aim it landed north by north-east right on the wall, and stuck there. At this, the girls became hilarious and for the moment we forgot where we were and the time of night.

Suddenly we heard some one coming, and then a sharp rap, rap, rap! It must be a teacher! (Knocking without). Like Macbeth fresh from the murder of Duncan

I was ready to cry: "How is't with me that every noise appals me?" But as there was no time for further mental soliloquy, we decided to leave the spread where it was and invite the teacher in, hoping that the courtesy would keep her from reporting us. (More knocking without.) One of the girls hastened to turn the key, and behold! Mrs. Wells, the dean! Nobody could speak for what seemed hours to us. Then something unusual about the wall caught her eye.

"Who threw that butter on the wall?" she demanded.

I was too abashed for words, but the girls were smothering giggles in their sleeves and looking at me expectantly. With a sudden inspiration I cried:

"Let the butter speak for itself. It's old enough."

She saw the girls to their respective rooms and this morning in each of our mail boxes was a notice which read: "After breakfast you are requested to come to the dean's office and speak for yourself. You are old enough."

II.

A CURE FOR WALKING BACKWARDS.

INEZ NELSON, '14.

WHEN I was quite small, I had the very bad habit of walking backwards, instead of forwards, when anyone was talking. In this way, it seemed to me, I could best understand the subject under discussion. And thus, as we school girls would be on our way home from school, it was always my habit to walk facing them.

On this particular afternoon, a warm, balmy day it was, I was walking backwards in front of the others listening and occasionally contributing my views on the topic that was then so eagerly being discussed. We were loudly expressing ourselves on the merits of our new teachers; to

us, that was a most vital subject. Voices were pitched high; every one was in a state of excitement and high spirits—I was disdainfully mocking my new teacher's qualities when—lo—my youthful presumption changed into doleful laments.

In my small home town there are public artesian wells, to which a cement tub usually filled with water is attached and it was the cause of my sudden disaster. Neither seeing nor knowing what was approaching, I had sat down into a tub, splashing water from one side to another.

Fortunately, when the accident occurred, my home was near. Thither, amid jeers and taunts, I—a forlorn, water-soaked little thing—made my way to be comforted and assisted into dry clothing by my ever resourceful mother.

III.

WHEN I FIRST CAME.

ALICE CALLAHAM.

WES, in spite of the fact that we "freshies" were often the sophomore's instruments for making fun, we had a jolly good time that first session at college. But occasionally we were much humiliated. I shall never forget the morning I rang the bell outside my door—supposedly for the maid, for my room-mate said that was the way to summon her. But when such a commotion followed I knew that I had done the wrong thing—for over two hundred girls were answering the call of the fire alarm!

Nor were the "old girls" content with having one or two such pranks answer for the whole session. Every few days they had fun at the expense of the freshmen. On the first Monday morning after school opened, I, with about forty-five other "freshies" tripped innocently

down the stairs and deposited my laundry bag on the pile already collected at the front door. The dean came bustling out of her office and politely told us to go to our rooms and wait for the maid, accordingly, amid the laughter of the mischief makers—they were there to make our embarrassment complete—we shouldered our burden and started up the stairs, not so gaily, however, as we had come down.

IV.

THAT "SOMETHIN'."

BENA LOADHOLDT, '14.

E AT ALL you can today, girls,' said Mrs. Fairchilds, trying to make the four of us who had come to eat Thanksgiving dinner feel comfortable.

"Yes," cried fourteen year old Jack, "eat all the turkey you can, for I have *somethin'* to show the one that eats the most turkey."

Mrs. Fairchilds never knew what the boy was going to do or say, but she did not reprove this time; she knew the insatiable school-girl hunger, and felt like adding any inducement to get them satisfied for once anyway.

We had a real Thanksgiving dinner, consisting of a colossal turkey with cranberry sauce, asparagus on toast, baked irish potatoes, spaghetti, sliced tomatoes with mayonnaise dressing, hot rolls, rich milk, English peas, pumpkin and apple pies, transparent and plum pudding, fruit cake, Philadelphia cream cheese with guava paste, black coffee—Oh, but this tale would be as full as we were, if I should name all we had!

Jack ate as only a boy of fourteen can, but he managed to furnish a good share of the amusement, by punctuating every sentence with, "Have some more turkey, ladies."

Once he burst out, "You know it's funny about eatin' on Thanksgiving; a feller eats all he can taste, then he

eats all he can hold. Have some more turkey," he added, placing the ——nth slice on my plate.

There was no end to his exhaltation in urging us to eat more. Even his study of American History came to his aid; he declared, "I am as hungry as the Pilgrim Fathers at their first feast, after they had lived on John Bull's cold storage for a whole year."

Hunger, like laughing, is catching, the more we talked, the more we ate. Almost satisfied we began talking about the hungriest we had ever been in our lives. I had lived one whole day once on a gum drop; but Jack swore when he had measles, he had gained three pounds on nothing but promises and smiles.

As we arose from the table, we had forgotten Jack's promise until he, looking at me, reminded, "You won the prize, now I am going to show you that somethin'."

With that he led me, with the visitors following, through the double parlors into the reception hall, in which stood an old fashioned mirror. Excitedly pushing me in front of it, he cried, "Ladies, behold my prize turkey gobbler."



THE TURKEY GOBBLER

GOING TO SCHOOL.

ELLA MAY SMITH, '16.

WHERE is my hat? My other over shoe?
 Where is my pencil? Give me that too.
 Hurry with breakfast—No, I'm not too cool,
 My, what a time I have going to school!

Where is my car-fare? Give me a dime
 Don't look for a nickle, it takes too much time;
 I can't go down street—it's against the rule—
 My, what a time I have going to school!

Why, I don't know it. I'll miss, I guess.
 There! I have spilt some tea on my dress,
 The water in the oatmeal is just like a pool.
 My, what a time I have going to school!"

 JACK'S THANKSGIVING.

S. C., '14.

THE DESK was shut with a bang and John Hartman, familiarly known as Jack, exclaimed, "My, but I'm thankful that my cares can be so easily shaken. Not another thought of business until Monday." Then he laughed, "I'm just a great big school boy, the blood is fairly racing through my veins at the thought of a holiday, the first since my summer vacation."

He whistled cheerily while putting on his coat and hat. Fastening his gloves, he strode down the hall humming softly the exquisite strains of "Humoresque." Her favorite! He remembered vividly the last time he had played it for her. It was a dreamy night in August, the last before his vacation ended, the moon was piercing the fleecy tissue of the clouds; and impelled by the witchery

of the night, he played as he had never played before. As the breeze wafted the last notes of the violin away, she had let her hand rest for an instant on his, and thus, for several minutes, they had sat in silence. The thought of that night made him catch his breath quickly, then he whistled the familiar strain again.

"Best Thanksgiving wishes, old man! Give her my love," boomed the hearty voice of Dick McCrary, Jack's sworn friend. "Wish I were ging too. Lucky dog." He turned away, sighing, "Why couldn't the boss have let me off also," then, quickly recovering, "but I'm glad 'tis Jack, she will be so surprised."

After leaving the great throbbing building, Jack quickened his pace toward his boarding house, where he hastily packed a suitcase. Then he pulled out a small gold watch, noted the time and for the fraction of a second let his gaze rest on a picture. "Good! A whole hour before the train is due," he ejaculated. "One can do wonders in an hour, I believe I'll walk down to the station and make some purchases on the way."

With a cheery good bye to his landlady and a smile for the toddling baby at her side, he swung briskly down the street. "I pity people riding in stuffy cars this glorious morning. They don't know what they are missing," he breathed while drinking in the cold fresh air.

Buoyantly he walked along, blissfully unconscious of this world's care. His thoughts wandered far away to the little country villiage, and unconsciously his feet quickened to keep step with his thoughts. Visions of turkey, cranberry sauce, and golden pies, together with the other inevitable goodies of Thanksgiving floated through his mind. So real was the illusion that his coming back to earth was occasioned with something of a start. A young girl, wearing an immense bouquet of violets, passed, leaving a trail of sweet perfume in the air. The flowers caught Jack's eye. "The deuce!" he exclaimed, "I nearly forgot those violets! Gee, but that

girl's passing was a fortunate reminder." He darted into a florist's, where he waited impatiently for other Thanksgiving shoppers to have orders filled, until finally his turn came.

"I want a big bunch of violets," he blurted out.

The sales girl held up a bouquet of enormous purple violets, then a cluster of two toned blue ones; both beautiful in coloring, but lacking the essence of perfume. "Either of these makes a handsome gift," she said.

But Jack shook his head and looked about him helplessly. He had never dreamed there could be so many kinds of violets. At last the girl held up a box of old fashioned English violets, the kind the old gardens used to grow. Immediately the air was filled with an exquisite fragrance.

"Ah, that is what I want," exclaimed Jack quickly. "Let me have a large bunch." The girl noticed the happy light in his eyes and smiled understandingly while she tied up the flowers with unusual care.

Next he went into a confectioners and asked for a five pound box of Huylers. While waiting for the package, he recalled the merry times they had had making candies in the roomy old kitchen with its rows of shining pots and pans, and time worn rafters, from which hung bundles of dried sage, pepper, bay leaves and mint. The recollection made his mouth water; he lowered his head to keep the smile which came to his lips from being seen by the ever curious, staring public.

"Now," he sighed happily, "just one more store and I'll be through. But," he reflected, "I'd gladly visit a dozen stores just to show how thankful I am that God has given me *her*."

This time he went into a jewelers, where he was not so easily pleased; but fingered first one bit of jewelry, then another. This was too heavy, another too simple, still another too expensive. His fastidious taste refused to be pleased; yet the jeweler was infinitely patient, as he

displayed his goods with a politician's smile. Finally he chose a dear little cameo brooch set with pearls.

"A dainty gift for a dainty person," Jack commented. He dimly remembered hearing her say that all her life, she had longed for a cameo brooch. Quickly tucking the newly acquired package in his left breast pocket, he looked at his watch and found that he had only five minutes to make the train. Gladly he hailed a passing car and in a short time, which seemed to him hours, he arrived at the station with only a half minute to spare. He did not wait to purchase a ticket, but snatching his suitcase, made a dash for the train.

"A close shave that—but when I was always noted for catching trains on the 'fly,' " he chuckled. "Of course she doesn't know I'm coming, still—there would have been disappointment at my end of the line."

Even the rapid rate of fifty miles an hour seemed a snail's pace to Jack's excited mind. Thinking that time would pass more quickly if he had something to read, he purchased a *Saturday Evening Post*. He turned only a few pages, however, then cast the magazine aside. He found more consolation in gazing out the window at the flying landscape. "Dame Nature has surely done a good job on those trees," he observed, as they whirled past a brilliant cluster near the track. "But she must have been in a hurry; for, though some are carefully tinted, I believe she overturned her paint on others and did not wait to smooth it out.

"And the leaves, brown, yellow, gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed."

Having become so absorbed in the outdoor moving pictures, Jack failed to note the passing of time, until the familiar land marks of his home town came into view.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I had about forgotten how my own country looks." Simultaneously as the colored porter opened the door and called Glensbury,

Jack was on the platform. He dimly wondered later why people looked at one another and smiled. As he walked down the hard frozen road, with proudly lifted head, a few old friends called cheerily to him or waved a hand; but he did not stop to talk, he nodded brightly in return and hurried as a man hurries who is looking forward to something.

Despite the cold, Jack puckered up his lips and whistled softly the haunting bars of "Humoresque." Finally the house loomed above the horizon; at the sight of it, a flutter of memories throbbled through his brain. Though the light was fading, he could see the outline of the flower beds so primly laid out, and there flashed into his mind the picture of their brilliant colors in the spring and summer. As he came closer, the living room, with blinds undrawn, invited his eager gaze. The lamps had not been brought, but the room was lighted by the soft glow from burning hickory logs. The flames flickered brightly for a second, then died away. Not, however, before he had seen the sweet, delicate face gazing dreamily into the fire. He quietly sprang up the steps two at a time, and silently opened the outside door; then softly crossed the hall to the living room. Gently he pushed aside the portiers, a face of wonderous sweetness, with cheeks faintly tinged with pink, looked his way. There was a swish of soft, clinging skirts, and two arms were thrown around his neck. As his arms encircled her, he stooped to kiss the upturned face and softly murmured "Mother."



THE WRITTEN WORD.

Part II.

ISABEL BEACHAM, '14.

MARGIE stirred sleepily. Then she snuggled down luxuriously—No school today! Then a vague feeling that something wonderful was going to happen, something to which she had long looked forward, made her blue eyes fly open. For several minutes she gazed up at the ceiling, her eyes slowly brightening. Suddenly she sat up—Thanksgiving! The foot-ball game! Hartley on the visiting team!

Hartley! She doubled her hands into tight little fists, and hid her burning face in the pillow. In spite of all the will power that she could summon, a wave of joy surged over her at the thought of seeing him again.

All morning Margie flew around happily, longing for the time to come to dress for the game. Long before,

she had planned exactly what she would wear; and she had a vivid mental picture of how she would look walking demurely down the street. Her coat was all that one could wish for—and that dear hat! Would Hartley like it? But of course he would! Who could help loving its curly blue feathers and its tipped up side?

She glanced at the clock again. If she didn't hurry, possibly it was not too soon to begin dressing. Accordingly she ran up stairs, her eyes shining in joyful anticipation. Flinging open the door, she entered—then stopped, horrified, the smile frozen on her lips. "Good heavens!" she gasped. "How did that horrid little thing get up here?"

On the foot of her bed, snuggled in the crown of her new hat, was the scrawniest, most moth-eaten, sickliest looking little kitten that she had ever seen—and it was dead! Jimmy, in a moment of benevolence, had placed it there, and the kitten, overwhelmed by the unusual kindness, had ungratefully chosen this inopportune moment to die. While she gazed at it in growing anger and disgust, Margie heard Jimmy's step behind her. She turned on him furiously. "Jimmy Deane," she cried, "how *dared* you put that hateful dead kitten in my hat?"

"Yes, blame it on me," said Jimmy hotly, "Just like you always do. How was I goin' ter know it would die? It was awful sick, and I brought it up to find out what was the matter. Then Bill called me, and I had to have some where to put it, didn't I?" The defiance in his voice changed to injury. "And now you've gone and let it die!" Tenderly he lifted the dilapidated little bundle of bones and fur; then a forgiving light came into his eyes, and he said generously, "Well, anyway, we can stuff it, like Joe Todd did theirs."

Margie was too angry and disappointed to say anything more. Gingerly she picked up the hat, and flung it far from her. Then, with half the happiness blotted out of her face, she dressed hurriedly.

Soon she found herself at the game. Jimmy, very eager and excited, was explaining the principles of advanced foot-ball playing with delightful condescension. He did not notice Margie's silence; the incident of the morning had entirely faded into the past. Suddenly the gay crowd grew still; the game was beginning. The first quarter was half over before Jimmy discovered Hartley. Soon Margie saw him too, and eagerly they watched his every move. Then came the exciting moment when Hartley got the ball and made a glorious run around right end—and then was crushed to the ground by a struggling mass of players. The referee's whistle sounded; slowly the boys disentangled themselves and walked away, leaving one limp figure lying on the ground. A moment of sickening suspense followed. Surely that could not be Hartley—so silent and so still! Jimmy realized it first, and was half way across the field before the players nearest Hartley had discovered that he was badly hurt.

They carried him home; and Margie, anxious to relieve her mother of this heavy responsibility, managed everything. She even insisted upon being installed as trained nurse.

At first Hartley was unconscious; but when his shoulder had been set and his head bandaged, and two days had passed, he awoke to a realization of the pain that he was enduring. His shoulder was getting along all right. It was only the injury on his head that seemed serious. The doctor feared concussion of the brain. Hartley recognized no one. He even stared vacantly at Margie as though she suggested no more to him than the purple flowers on the wall paper. For long hours he would lie in a stupor, only half conscious of his surroundings. This lethargy was the chief danger. The doctor told Margie to encourage him to talk, in order to awaken an interest in things about him. Hartley seldom spoke when awake; but when he fell into half-delirious sleep, he talked constantly of his life at school, and always he called for Mar-

gie, begging her to come to stay with him. He seemed to think that he had not come home, but realized that he had been hurt in a foot-ball game. When the trained nurse relieved Margie at night, he always wanted, "The other one," to come back right away.

One day, two weeks after the Thanksgiving game, he turned his head, and looked about the pleasant room in which he lay. In a bowl on the table were some big golden chrysanthemums. Seeing them he smiled. "How nice. Who sent them?"

Surely this was hopeful. Margie, looking anxiously at his eyes, came and stood near him. The boy looked up at her, but no recognition still was in his eyes—only a pleasant friendliness appeared. Before she could answer, she heard her name whispered from the door. It was Jimmy, his face solemn, and ridiculously woe-begone. "Say, Margie," he began in a stage-whisper, "ask him about Peggie—I bet *that'll* bring him 'round!" he tip-toed off down the hall, his little shoes squeaking from the strain of his cautious steps. Margie laughed and turned back to Hartley.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he asked, "I'm sorry, but I've forgotten."

"Margie," she answered distinctly, hoping to make him remember, "Margie Deane."

"Well, Miss Deane," he said brightly, a whimsical smile on his face, "won't you please talk to me? What time is it?" Then he caught sight of a clock on the table. He seemed to recognize the clock's face, at any rate, "Oh, I guess the fellows are out practicing now. Would you mind," he questioned eagerly, "going to that window over there—you can see the field—and telling me all about it?"

"Of course not," answered Margie in a calmly professional tone. But she was really in a panic. How was she to describe an imaginary foot-ball game to a boy who knew the game from start to finish? However, Jimmy

saved the situation. At that moment he came rushing in, and soon convulsed them both with a description of how he had been stealing pies from the cook. But when he attempted to draw forth the pies from his blouse, where he had thrust them for safe keeping, he found that they had lost all attachment for their insides, and came out bald and empty. The three of them became so hilarious that Margie drove Jimmy out of the room with awful threats of what she would do if he were not more quiet.

Hartley steadily improved physically, but his mental condition was unchanged. Margie had grown accustomed to hearing her name called in every tone of voice imaginable, for in his delirious moments Hartley protested again and again that he loved her.

One night, soon after she had come up from supper, Hartley called her. He was more feverish than usual; his face was flushed and his eyes bright. "Miss Deane," he said clearly, an excited note in his voice, "come here, please." He caught her hand with his own hot one, and drew her down to a seat near his head. "I can't stand it any longer," he went on swiftly. "You see, I know that I ought not to use this arm of mine for some time yet," and he looked ruefully at his bandaged shoulder and motionless right arm, "but it's impossible for me to wait; there is a letter that I *must* write."

Margie shook her head decidedly. Hartley looked at her appealingly, a queer light in his eyes. "You see," he said, "it is to the girl I love."

"The girl you—love?" repeated Margie slowly. Suddenly her face paled—there was no mistaking the seriousness in his voice.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Margie brought him her fountain pen and some paper, and Hartley set to work painfully and laboriously.

To Margie, cuddled out of sight in a big arm chair, anxiously waiting, it seemed that he would never stop. He wrote on and on, his cheeks flushed, his eyes burning

brilliantly under the bandage on his forehead. Finally he sighed, his task finished, and relaxed his strained position. The light had gone out of his eyes; slowly the lids drooped. The old lethargy was coming back. Desperately Margie knelt by him, trying to rouse him. "Won't you tell me her name?" she asked, "so that I can send off the letter for you?"

Before he could answer, they were both startled by a queer sound on the stairs. Thump, thump, thump, it came; then a voice called, "Open the door—*quick!* They're slipping!"

Margie flew to the door, and in stalked Jimmy, his height increased about four feet by a pair of slim and shaky stilts. Majestically he walked across the room. At Hartley's hearty laugh Margie's frown changed to irrepressible laughter.

"Oh, Jimmy, watch out for the light," she cried. "You certainly haven't got much control over your legs. Good gracious—the table!"

She clutched it frantically, but could not save the chrysanthemums and their bowl. Horrified by the damage he had wrought, Jimmy hung in mid-air for a moment. Then the inevitable happened, and with wildly waving arms and legs he came to the floor. One stilt followed Jimmy to earth. The other, falling in the opposite direction, overturned the small table at Hartley's head, drenching him with ice water, and whacking his head sharply as it fell.

Margie ran for help, and Mrs. Marnham carried Jimmy off in disgrace. Then Margie turned to Hartley. His eyes were bright.

"For goodness sake, Margie, who's been trying to drown me?" he queried. "And what's this?" holding out the crumpled paper in his hand.

"Why," stammered Margie, "you said you were going to write to your sweetheart—to Peggie," she amended hastily.

"*Peggie?*" said Hartley. "Peggie the devil! It's you!"

"Oh, Hartley, you know you've never cared for me in that way—"

"But I do!" said Hartley. "It's always been there, in my sub-conscious mind, but it took a good many hard knocks to bring it out!"

(End)

The Tsaqueena

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Editorial Department

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: ANN ORR BROCK

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Sulzer is still planning more trouble by encouraging his friends to send him to the New York legislature. At all events, he has grit to try it again even if he has been burnt once.

* * * *

If we hear of a train being wrecked, property destroyed, cities burned, and windows smashed, we must just remember that Mrs. Pankhurst, the famous militant suffragette of England, is lecturing in the United States.

* * * *

Why is it that many people are condemning Woodrow Wilson's attitude towards Mexico? Because he is the one man out of a thousand who keeps his mouth shut, and does not let everybody know his business. Watch and see if this plan will work.

* * * *

Anxiously we watch the daily papers, wondering what will be the outcome of the dreadful state of affairs in Mexico. More than ever the two questions stand out be-

fore us: What will Mexico do? What will the foreign countries do?

* * * *

We were pleased to have the opportunity of hearing Dr. Lamar, one of the leading college evangelists, in a revival meeting held here in our auditorium. In a very simple and interesting way, he gave us many ideas which will help us in our college life, if we will only put them into practice. It was the first revival that has ever been conducted during the administration of Dr. Ramsay, but from the result, we are sure that it will not be the last.

* * * *

There are still some girls who have not subscribed to the *Isaqueena*. Now, girls, please consider this matter seriously and give us your co-operation; for it is only through your aid that we are able to succeed.

* * * *

Soon another Thanksgiving Day will roll around. On this busy time, many of us forget why this day was set apart by our Pilgrim Fathers, and use it as a day for selfish pleasure. Let us be more considerate, and instead of planning for the pleasure we might have on that day, try not only to be thankful ourselves, but give someone else something to be thankful for.

* * * *

We were glad to see that a number of our girls attended the Annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Union, which was held in Anderson. This alone speaks well for the influence and work of our Y. W. C. A.

* * * *

We admire and appreciate the benevolent act of the late Benjamin Altman, a rich merchant of New York, who willed a collection of valuable pictures to the Metropolitan Art Museum. This will make it rank among the finest art museums of the world. In this collection

there are some notable works by Rembrandt, Hals Van Dyck, Vermeer, Rysdael, Hubbena, De Hoigh, and Maes. Three of the pictures deserve special mention: *Federigo Lozaga* by Fraveia, *Holy Family* by Mauteгна, and the *Last Communion of St. Jerome* by Bothicelli.

It is a fine thing for a busy merchant to notice the beautiful and artistic in life; yet it is still finer for him to share with other people his priceless works of art.

Y. W. C. A. Department

EDITOR: FLORENCE SHAW.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. is going ahead with unusual interest and zeal. Most of the girls in school have joined and now we have an enrollment of one hundred and eighty-six members. The attendance is still good and we hope that it will not decrease in the coming meetings. It is very gratifying and helpful to see so many of the girls willing to help in the work and taking a real interest in the Y. W. C. A. The programs are becoming very much more interesting and attractive.

The meeting on October 22nd was given over to the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. The chairman of each committee made a short talk on the work she had planned for her committee. That sounds like the committees are going to be very busy and there is going to be some real work.

Dr. Lamar, the evangelist, was with us for a week the last part of October. During that week we had two services a day, and each time his talks were very interesting, as well as helpful. We are sure all the girls will ever remember that pleasant week.

On November 5th, Mrs. Chapman gave a very helpful talk based on the twelfth chapter of Romans. We are always glad to have Mrs. Chapman with us and we always enjoy her talks and feel better after we have heard them.

This week, from November 11th to 14th, the convention of the state Woman's Missionary Union is being held in Anderson. We have two delegates over there as representatives of our Y. W. A. Thursday of the meeting being given over to education, quite a number of the girls went over for the day. We hope to have excellent reports of the convention on their return.

Exchange Department

EDITOR: CARRIE McMANAWAY.

Winthrop College Journal. We admire the literary standard of this magazine; even the jokes are above the ordinary, being fresh and original. The opening poem, "A Cry from the Mills," has some thought, and the rythm is very good. The story, "If I had Aladdin's Lamp," conforms to the first requisite of a good short story—it is short. The plot is trite, but there are no unnecessary details in the development of it. "Fifty Years After" is an essay, clearly written. The writer has handled the subject very well in so short a space, simply mentioning facts. "When the Knight Came" is a love story, very simply written, but the interest holds fairly well to the close. "The Quest for the Unknown" is an essay, or, if you please, a treatise on a small scale. It shows some depth of thought, and the style is very attractive. The story, "Her Boy—and His" is decidedly the best short story in the magazine. The underlying theme is beautiful, the plot is well developed, and the style and diction contribute towards a charming effect. Such articles as "The Historical Sketch of Ninety Six, S. C.," are always appreciated. This sketch is written very simply and briefly. The editorial "Appreciation of Art," is very interesting and has some thoughtful advice.

* * * *

The Furman Echo. "Sunset" and "Twilight" seem to be favorite subjects for poetry among college students, judging from the opening poems in many magazines. "The Sunset's Touch" reveals a truly poetic thought, and is charm-

ingly expressed. In "The Call of the Hills," the theme is good, and the final decision of the principal character gives quality and character to the story. In the essay, "Wordsworth's Attitude Towards Man and Nature," the author treats a subject which demands intimate knowledge of the great poet and his works. The essay is written in a very attractive manner. "The New Statesmanship" is a concise, forcible presentation of a very broad subject. The excellent diction contributes much to the oration. "The Schoolmaster Goes Calling" contains a ridiculous situation, but this ludicrous element is well kept up throughout the story and furnishes the interest. "The Tattooed Wrist," contains a very trite plot. The writer presents a very good situation at the beginning, but this is not well developed, and loses interest.

* * * *

The Palmetto. The opening poem, "Gentian Flowers," presents a familiar thought in an unique manner. "The Little Blind Fish" is a clever adaptation. "The Puritan Influence on Literature" is a very good essay, well developed. The author could have gone a little more deeply into the subject and made it more interesting. "A Red and White Spot," is a ridiculous little sketch, but effective. In "The Substitute," each of the two boys is rather overdrawn, but the story is very well written. "The Village of Grand Pre" is very interesting, but rather brief. The thought in "Just Trees" is rather worn out. The description, choice of words, and style of the story, "The Passing of the Master," are very good indeed. The plot is interesting, and this interest is fairly well sustained to the close.

* * * *

The Mercerian. "Duty or Ducats" is a short story, attractively written. The technical grasps of the story add much. "Autumn Time" is a clever poem; the even, swinging rhythm making it attractive. "The Question" has rather abrupt

stages in the development of the plot. But the story is interesting, being written in an unusually attractive manner, and the surprise at the end adds great interest. "The Melting of the Iceburg" has a rather worn out plot. The close of the story, though an usual one, is well presented and helps to retain the interest to the last. "The Secret of the Universe" is a most delightful, original story. The surprise at the close is unusually clever; character sketches are excellent; dialogue always lends attractiveness to short stories. Editorials are good. But where are the essays and other poems?

Local Department

SALLIE T. CADE

EDITORS:

FANNIE GRAY WRIGHT

The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. were beautifully entertained a few nights ago in our college parlors. During the evening, punch was served. When the gong rang, which was a signal to say good-night, everyone declared that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

Last Saturday evening Miss Finlay entertained her German classes in her apartments in the west building. The main feature of the evening was the singing of German songs. Light refreshments were served during the evening. When the meeting was over, everyone declared Miss Finlay the best of hostesses.

Misses Edith Brooker and Marie Padget spent the week-end with friends in Anderson.

Mr. Cade spent Tuesday here with his daughters, Misses Sallie T. Cade and Lura Cade.

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers for 1913-'14: President, Mary Cullum; Vice-President, Gladys Padgett; Secretary and Treasurer, Ethel Simpson.

We are having very enthusiastic basket ball games between the teams of the different classes.

Misses Elsie Davis and Pholia Wingate spent a few days last week in Spartanburg at Miss Davis' home.

The following girls spent the week-end at their respective homes: Misses Mary Gambrell of Belton, Lucile Woodside of Simpsonville, Leonora Stroud of Taylors, Ruth White and Eleanor Ezell of Spartanburg, Lu-

cile Marchant and Mildred Thompson of Greer, Annie Laurie Welborn of Williamston, and Eunice Weeks of Aiken.

N. Padgett, in drug store—"Oh, I must get some mentholatum this afternoon."

R. Jeffries—"That must be a new drink."

Freshman—"Oh—er—might I be excused from my lectures for a few days? The truth is—er—I want very much to attend the funeral of an old friend."

Dean—"Well, really, Mary—I wonder if that is quite necessary? Now if it were your father or mother, I should, of course, be only too delighted."

Miss S——, in Senior English—"Explain Marlowe's use of homely."

R. Todd—"I will. It means to love to stay at home."

Quoth the book-worm:

"I don't care one bit
If writers have wisdom or wit;
A volume must be
Pretty dull to bore me
As completely as I can bore it."

—*Century Magazine.*

Carrie (on day of bazaar)—"Lucy, have you change for a five dollar bill?"

Lucy—"Yes."

Carrie—"Well, lend it to me. I want to go down and buy some Christmas presents."

One of a party of visitors at an insane asylum noticed that the clock in the hall was several minutes fast.

"That clock isn't right," he said to an attendant.

"Of course it isn't," answered an inmate who overheard, "That's why it's here."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Alpha Department

EDITOR: BENA LOADHOLDT.

The Alpha division of the Judson Literary Society has been well entertained this past month with splendid programs. We are all very glad to see so many of the new members serving on the programs. The string quartet was quite a novelty.

The Alphas were delightfully entertained one evening by a most interesting talk on the Orient by Mrs. Watson. Mrs. Watson, having recently visited the Orient, made the talk very real by illustrations and different articles made in each of the countries through which she traveled.

Each Alpha seems to take a profound interest in the Society and this is the right and only way for our Society to become a success. For the Welfare of the Society does not depend upon the Alpha as a body, but upon each individual. Three new names have been added to our roll recently. We now have 105 members enrolled in the Alpha Society. To be sure the Alphas *are* gaining ground!

Beta Division

EDITOR: GLADYS RIVES.

Thanksgiving is here—and not very long before Christmas! Considering the short time we have been in school the improvement of our society is wonderful. Our girls are a large and enthused body of workers. The Thanksgiving meeting was a great success and enjoyed to the fullest extent by every member.

“BETA.”

Girls, you've heard that in G. F. C.
There is a Beta Society;
And on every Saturday evening we meet
Wondering if any new members we'll greet.

Now this society is for all,
The lean, the lank, the short, the tall,
Each member is expected her duty to do,
And she must join with this in view.

The girls so much enthusiasm show
It would be folly for one not to go;
The programs are well rendered; interesting too,
And all our members have something to do.

Now in the future you're going to see
That the Beta will be “The” Society,
Here's hoping that every girl will be wise,
And join the “Beta” e'er she closes her eyes.

—Oro Grallin.

Alumnae Department

EDITOR: ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

It is of vital importance that the spirit of the alumnae and the student body of the College be sympathetically correlated. This department is to serve a threefold purpose: to keep the students informed about the work of the alumnae; to keep the alumnae in touch with the College spirit; and to be medium of communication among the alumnae themselves. In behalf of the alumnae, we wish to thank the students for the creation of this department.

The Alumnae Association has two departments of work—financial and educational. The great work before the Association at present is the raising of \$25,000 to discharge the obligation they assumed in 1912 in presenting the College with the Orr property. Upon the officers of the Association fall the heavy responsibility—all of them busy women with many other interests—but their intense love for their Alma Mater and a belief in her future, have inspired them with the determination to lead this campaign to success. About half of the amount has been raised. For the furtherance of this work, the *Extension Committee*, composed of one member of each class since 1858, is making an effort to get in touch with every alumnae. The work would be greatly lightened if everyone receiving an appeal would respond promptly.

Last year the educational department of the Association made the first attempt at purchasing a library. All of the books purchased last year treated "The Education of Women." Several of the G. F. C. Clubs had the use of these books last session. All books purchased this year bear on municipal and civic questions, particularly, the modern activities of women. "The Business of Being

a Woman," by Miss Tarbell, was reviewed in the October meetings of the Clubs. The topic for study during November is "Citizenship and the Schools." Every subject for discussion during 1913-14 centers around the general thought: "All life becomes alive when we unite our lives with the life of humanity."

The Bazaar to be held in Greenville on November 26, 27, and 28th, by the Greenville Club is going to be a BIG SUCCESS—the G.F.C. girls and alumnae will make it so. You girls get out that dainty work basket that Mother packed in your trunk in September and see how many "cute, cunning, lovely, exquisite, charming" creations you can give to Mrs. Ramsay for the Bazaar.

The Historian would appreciate it if any one who can make any additions to the Alumnae roll, as published in a supplement to the catalog, would send same to Mrs. T. T. Goldsmith, Box 60, Greenville, S. C. Any items of interest to the Alumnae would be received with pleasure for publication in this Department.

Married:

Miss Leila A. Roe, Art, '08, to Mr. Wm. S. Bradley, of Greenville, S. C.

Miss Vivian Watkins, B. L., '11, to Mr. W. D. Workman, of Greenwood, S. C.

Miss Eleanor Keyes, B. L., '08, to Mr. Henry O. Jones, of Greenville, S. C.

Miss Frances Strader, B. L., '09, to Mr. Jno. K. Culver, of Mt. Washington, Md.

Miss Gladys Corrine Goodlett, Piano, '11, to Mr. B. P. Woodside, of Greenville, S. C.

Miss Mamie Jones, Piano, '12, to Mr. Wallace Webb, of Marion, S. C.

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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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