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The Isaqueena - 1914, March

Cleo Ward
Greenville Woman's College

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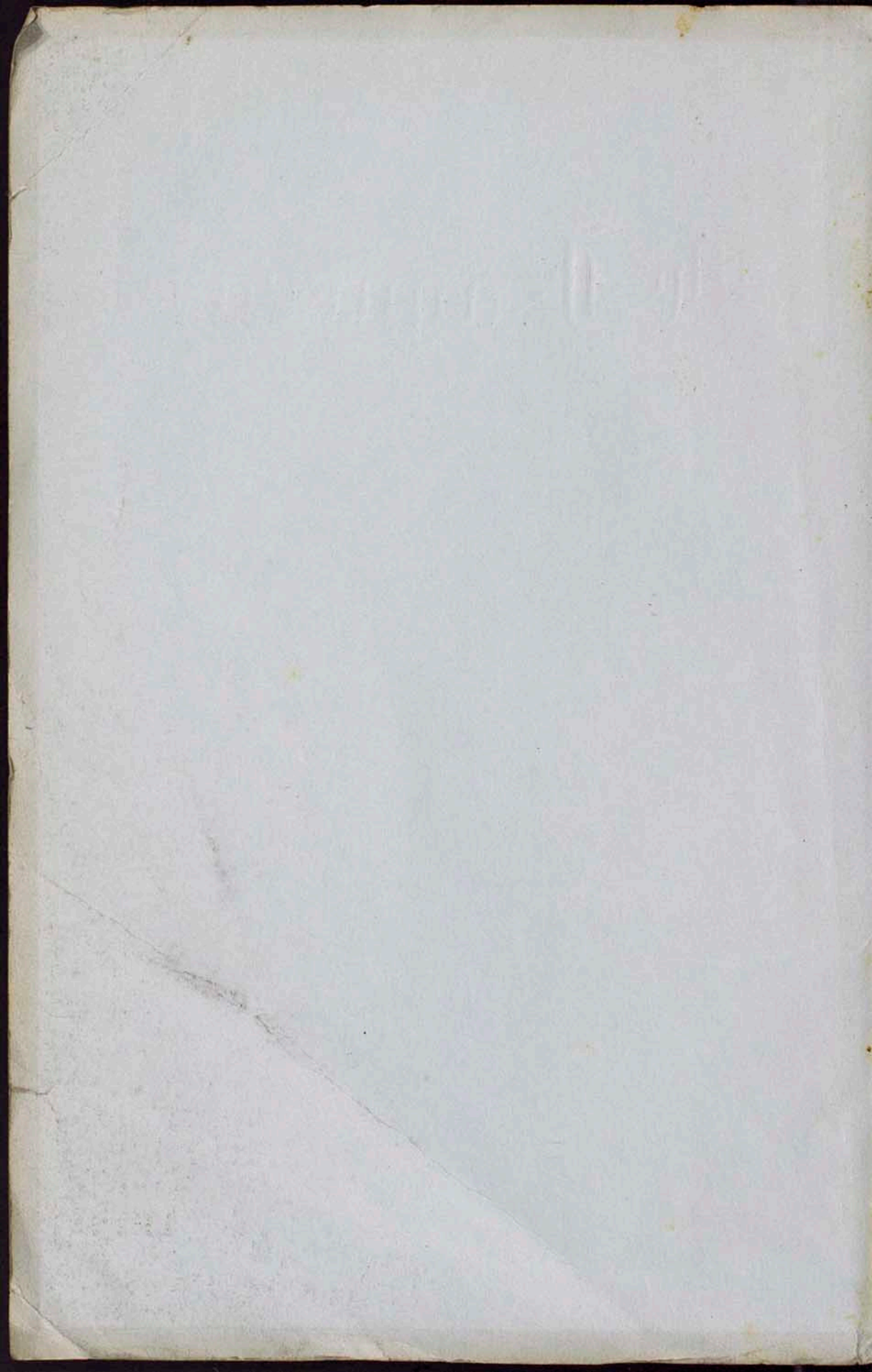
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The Isaqueena



March
1914





The Isaqueena

FOR

February

1914



PEACE PRINTING COMPANY
PRINTERS AND BINDERS
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

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Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT	PAGE
Spring (Poem)	5
When Margaret Decides (Story)	6
The South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Blind (Essay)	12
Crushing the Flowers (Poem)	17
The Victor Vanquished	18
Preservation of Forest (Essay)	22
A case of Fever (Story)	26
Rags and Tatters:	
Math	37
The Last Letter	38
Signs of the Times	41
The Mountain Excursion	43
Florida Sponges and Florida Sponge Divers . . .	46
Editorials	49
In and Around College	53
Exchange Department	58
Y. W. C. A. Department	60
Alpha Department	62
Beta Department	63

The Isaqueena

GREENVILLE, S. C., March, 1914.

SPRING.

ILA DIXON, '14.

I DO NOT mean to be selfish,
When I roam in the woods alone,
'Tis only to study nature,
And bow at nature's throne.

'Tis the sweetest joy I remember,
To have sat by a beautiful brook,
To have watched the tiny sunbeams,
As they danced from nook to nook.

I do not count the hours wasted,
Spent in woods so wild and free,
Where the great mother-heart of nature,
Revealed her glories to me.

Soon in all her mysterious beauty,
Spring will move from land to land,
Transforming both mountains and meadows,
At the nature God's command.

And again I'll steal to the woodland,
Alone, with soft, silent tread,
To watch the wonderful colors,
Which Spring by her magic will spread.

There I'll see each tiny bud quickened,
Feel life leap to the brooding air,
Until song birds will be singing,
On my own life's boughs so bare.

WHEN MARGARET DECIDES.

IRIS PERRY.

IT WAS the day before Commencement, and all over the college dormitory the packing of trunks was going on. In Margaret Lawson's room the walls were stripped of pictures and pennants, while the floor was covered with so much debris that there was scarcely room to breathe, as Margaret remarked to her roommate, Belle Randall.

"I am so tired," said Margaret "I believe I'll go downstairs and see if we have received any mail this morning."

"Do go," assented Belle "and bring me a letter."

Belle was left to her packing, humming all the while the consolatory strains of "Home Sweet Home." The last "Home" had scarcely died away before Margaret returned. She burst into the room, slamming the door nervously.

"Belle," she cried "Stop that packing this minute, and come let's clear room enough to sit down so that you can help me decide."

"Decide what?" asked Belle in blank astonishment, but as the answer was not forthcoming, she tilted her chair to land some books on the floor and sat down. "Well, what's the trouble now? Out with it. I'm ready."

"I've got to decide today, now, what I will do next year, what I will make my life work, and I need your sound judgment to balance me so that my decision will not be rash. You remember I said something about receiving a letter from Aunt Meg yesterday, didn't I?"

"Yes," assented Belle "But what has that to do with the question?"

"It has about as much to do with it as I have, or at least it seems so now. But let me state the full case to you. Aunt Meg wants me to come out next year as a society butterfly; Mother wants me to spend the winter as her companion; Father wants me to do whatever suits

me, as long as it is conventional; and Professor Bacon wants”

“Wait a minute, Margaret. Don’t finish his wants at present, for the list is long enough, and you have left me out altogether. Since it is so serious, let us go over it carefully, and consider one thing at a time. To be a society butterfly, I suppose you realize that you would violate the highest principle of our “Independence Club.”

“Yes, I realize that, and on account of it, I have not considered Aunt Meg’s letter seriously until now, when the time has come to decide, I must consider the wishes of so many in making my decision, as well as the desires of my friends and teachers. Aunt Meg’s offer is so evidently a violation of our club principles that it naturally came up first to be settled, since it is the easiest to get rid of.”

“Maybe you would care to discard our laws, now that you are to be tested?” commenced Belle.

“No, I wouldn’t. Believe me! I’ve been treated as having no brains and independence long enough, so there! It is not the laws of that club that makes me scorn even to consider Aunt Meg’s offer of making my debut in her city next winter. I mean it when I say that I will not sit back and accept life in that way. I want to deserve and earn for myself whatever I get in life. Now, you have got me so wrought up against it that I shan’t attempt to picture to you that fascination of the prominence given to a society belle, But, keep quiet and help me to weigh fairly the other places that are open for my acceptance.

“Now, Mother wants me to be a little home-body next winter, staying with her at least one year. You know sister got married shortly after her graduation, and since I have literally grown up in college, mother has not had a grown daughter at home with her one winter. I know her wishes ought to be considered carefully, and I should enjoy being at home for a year if I could find enough to

keep me busy. But I want to begin my life work next year."

"That offer also violates our club rules, for the simple reason that you will not be independent at all," said Belle.

"That is an unquestionable truth, but guess what mother added as an inducement to her offer. Now that I remember it, I am determined to reject her offer at once. She said I could remain at home with her until Prince Charming came along to carry me to another home. That made me so provoked with mother! As if the exalted ambition of a woman's life should be to procure for herself a suitable man! Bosh! But I forgot that she is a nineteenth, and not a twentieth, century woman."

"Well, offer number two discarded. What is the next one? But before you begin, calm yourself so that you can do justice to it," was Belle's suggestion.

"Oh, I'm all right. Besides, I could not get provoked at dear old dad. He says that I may do just as I want to, but contradicts himself by adding that I might enter the already overcrowded list of teachers. That is the conventional thing for young women to do who wish to become independent, to his way of thinking. If I suggest office work to him, the old dear just says 'All right, daughter, I'll be glad to have a new stenographer.' He forgets—if he ever did know—that our southern colleges do not give a girl practical training for a business life when she takes the degree that is purely cultural. What could I do at a typewriter with all the A. B. work that I have had?"

"No, I cannot be a school teacher. I am just not made that way. I suppose that is why I do not look with much favor upon the suggestion Professor Baker made."

"Why, how's that?" interrupted Belle at just the right time, for Margaret was again working her voice up to a high nervous pitch.

"Now, Belle," began Margaret "You know perfectly well that Professor Baker has been continually after me

since my Sophomore year to go off and take a higher degree at another college. You know that a degree like that will mean little more than increased ability to teach, and I have already discussed that enough. Of course, when I think of this I want to decide for it. He says that I can make a name for myself, and will not show up badly in comparison with girls from the North and West. Although I should love to succeed in things like that, still the work will not give me direct preparation for something that I could do and enjoy doing. This is the only result, a good recommendation, that I see from days of poring over Chaucer and Marlowe. Next time I graduate, I am not going to work so hard on English." Margaret sat looking into space after this, and was aroused by Belle.

"You haven't said a word about what I want you to do, Margaret."

"Well, what do you want me to do, Belle?" Margaret questioned.

"Oh, haven't I told you that I had an offer for you and myself of a position on *The Journal*? Well I just have, and I was so sure you would accept with me that I neglected to ask you, although I fully intended to do so last night. You will accept, won't you? We'll have just lots of fun being at work together, and will get enough salary to make us independent. There is an excellent chance for promotion. Please say yes, immediately, Margaret dear."

"Why, Belle, I never guessed such a thing! I can't take in any of it, save that we should be together. Let me think of it just a minute. I don't promise you any hope, but your offer is certainly grand. Dear me, what makes me so set in my idea of what I want to do? Go ahead and tell me all the advantages attached to that journal proposition, and try to persuade me to see the honor in such an office."

"I'm not going to believe you are not going to accept it until I have told you all about it. Mr. Davis, the

editor of the Journal has known me all my life, and has promised me a position almost ever since I started to college. Now he writes that he has two vacancies, and would like for me to fill them for him with myself and a friend. Of course she must be as capable as I am. Margaret dear, you just must excuse me. I was thinking of those beautiful Latin marks I made last year."

Here the girls laughed, and Belle went on with her details as to the worthiness of the offer with, "Nevertheless, you must see what it will mean to you, to me, and to The Journal to have you on the staff. I'd like to know who has served better on our college magazine than you have."

"Oh, yes I served in some way, but you remember, Belle, that I did the criticism, and did not write a line that the other editors could accept."

"Why, Margaret, you could criticize what I write. Now isn't that a brilliant idea?"

"Quite brilliant, but I am afraid hardly one that would be satisfactory to the editor. Now that I have had time to see how absurd such a thing would be for me, in spite of all your talking, I have reached the conclusion for three reasons. First, I am not capable of holding down the job; secondly, I don't enjoy writing; thirdly, I'd have to depend upon you—a violation to Rule Number one of the club. Besides you know I have always said that I want to be a doctor, and despite all the conventional wishes of my father, I am going to try it. This discussion has made me perfectly sure that I shall only mar my usefulness if I decide upon something for which I have no real liking. I have just received a letter from a friend of my father to whom I wrote to ask if I could get a partial time position in his city and attend the Medical College there."

"To be a real sure enough doctor!" Belle exclaimed in wide eyed amazement. "Bully for you, Margaret! The Club ought to be proud of you."

"Maybe it is not right for me to go against every es-

tablished southern tradition of what a girl ought to do. But I have only one life to live, only one woman to make, and it seems to me that I should do that thing that suits me best. Everyone has told me from childhood up that if I were a boy medicine would be my calling. I'm not a boy, but I am certainly an individual. Why shouldn't I follow my own bent?"

Belle remained quite silent as she contemplated the possibilities of the twentieth century woman. It would hardly have seemed proper for her to say just then that the club that she had started had been entirely gratifying to her, but Maragret must have divined her thoughts.

Shall our aim be only level
With the plans of ancient sages?
In the light of bygone ages
Shall we idly rest and revel?
Beams of knowledge, pure and glowing,
Down the centuries are streaming—
Product of no idle dreaming,
Fruit of toiling genius growing.
From us now this debt is owing:
To amass the golden grains
That has grown from others sowing,
And to sow it all again.
Thus, with usage, we shall render
This great loan to that Great Lender

THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTION FOR
THE DEAF AND BLIND.

GRACE D. COLEMAN. '16.

IT IS remarkable how little the majority of people in South Carolina know about the State Institution for the Deaf and Blind and its work. Cedar Spring, a small place about four miles from the city of Spartanburg, is the historical location of this school which is maintained by the state. Free admittance is granted to all who are either deaf, blind or deaf and blind. There are a number of buildings which comprise it. Of the two main buildings, one is used as a dormitory the other for classrooms. In the latter building is a large well equipped auditorium. Besides these, there is a shopbuilding containing the printing, carpentry, and broom making rooms, and some distance from this an entirely separate building in which the colored deaf and blind are taught.

The school term begins the first Wednesday in October and continues until the last Wednesday in June with one day's holiday at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and in May. The enrollment has increased year by year and in this present term the buildings are taxed to their capacity, the enrollment being about two hundred. The present superintendent, a son of the founder of the school, has with him for the administration of affairs an able faculty of some twenty men and women interested in the work and equipped for it. There are three departments of pupils: the deaf, the blind, and those both deaf and blind. The work of the school is well systematized. There are five school days, Saturday being given as a holiday. The morning hours are given to the teaching of the regular school subjects, while a part of the afternoons is spent by each pupil in some kind of industrial and artistic work. The other part is spent generally in recreation. Preceding the morning work and at the close of day there

are short prayer services conducted by the superintendent or a member of the faculty. On Sundays appropriate religious services are held.

For each department there is of course a different method used to meet the particular needs of the students. The teaching of the deaf falls under two heads: the *manual* system and the *oral* system. By the manual method the pupils are taught by means of spelling with their fingers and by written work. In the oral department they are taught to *speak* by learning symbols which stand for certain sounds and by placing their hands on the teacher's throat, nose or lips feeling the sound, watching the movements of his mouth and imitating as nearly as possible the sound. While it is not every pupil who can learn to do this, there are a number of totally deaf children who learn to speak quite plainly. The most difficult task for those who are entirely deaf and have been since infancy is the use of the English language. To a normal person it is inconceivable what struggles the deaf child has in mastering language. He has never spoken or heard a word and has no idea of the correct uses of grammar. The general use of the signs by beginners especially, has a tendency to lead them astray in their use of language, as a single sign can stand for a whole sentence. A few signs may give a clear meaning of any subject, but the deaf pupil has difficulty in writing or spelling a correct meaning of these signs. To aid these pupils the teachers have various methods. For beginners action work is used a great deal. Some one in the room walks to the door, rolls a ball across the floor, or does some similar action while the pupils write on blackboards what this person has done. Conversation is also taught the deaf pupils. They talk to the teacher or to one another by spelling with their fingers. The deaf learn chiefly through observation, and by cultivating the habit of writing what they see their English is improved. The more advanced pupils are required to give all their work in correctly spelled or written English. A good number

learn to do this well. These are only a few of the practical ways in which they are taught.

Though the blind are not hampered by an ignorance of the language, learning to read and write the point print is extremely difficult. For writing this print each pupil has his slate and stylus with which he makes the dots which stand for our letters. Then when the paper is turned, the dots are raised, and by following them with their fingers the pupil learns to distinguish a certain group from another and thus to read. The books used for the blind are written either in this print or the raised letter print. It will probably sound preposterous when it is told that there are pupils whose fingers have acquired such an acute sense of touch that they can read this print through thirty two folds of a silk handkerchief. The blind pupil, as can be readily seen, has to do most of his work by the use of his fingers and memory. In mathematics there are slates with raised letters, numbers, and figures which he arranges as the problem demands. In this branch of study much memory work is necessary. It would perhaps astonish normal college students to see a pupil take a difficult proposition and work it through without the aid of paper and pencil. In the study of history and geography the students have maps so made that places, countries and bodies of water may be distinguished by touching them. The system of grades, carried through the tenth, obtains in this school. Whether this corresponds to the graded systems in other state schools or is more or less advanced I do not know. At the completion of the work required in the tenth grade the pupil receives a diploma.

There is still the blind-deaf pupil who is taught. The institution has only two pupils who have neither sight, hearing nor speech. A special teacher is employed who devotes her whole time and attention to training them not only in the classroom but outside as well. In the schoolroom she has various ways of teaching. The pupil's sense of touch is cultivated by feeling various

objects and learning the names by the teacher's spelling the words, the pupil feeling the letters and imitating her by spelling after her with his fingers. Thus step by step the pupil grasps words; then with actions he grasps sentences, and so on until he is able to speak for himself by spelling with his fingers. As he gets more advanced he is taught to read and write the point system already referred to. It is marvelous to see the way these pupils learn and the rapidity with which they grasp new ideas. They are taught almost entirely everything through their sense of touch.

There are among both the blind and deaf pupils organized literary societies which meet regularly. At these students learn to speak or perform in other ways before audiences.

But it must not be thought that the pupils of this institution are taught only along literary lines, for their industrial and artistic powers are also developed. The deaf girls are taught china, oil, and water-color painting as well as other artistic work. They have a course in plain sewing, fancy needlework, crocheting, and tatting. The deaf boys have courses in carpentry shoemaking, and printing. They print all matter for the school including programs, stationery, and a weekly paper. This training is invaluable to them, as many boys after leaving school make a successful living as printers. The blind girls are taught beadwork, basket-making of all kinds, weaving, crocheting, and sewing both with a needle and by a machine. They use their fingers altogether for this, as many are totally blind. The blind boys learn broom, mat, and mattress making. This training is helpful to them also after they leave school. Both girls and boys of the blind department learn to use the typewriter, and both are taught music—vocal and instrumental.

While the intellectual, industrial, and artistic interests of the pupils are attended to, no less attention is given to the care of the body. Every pupil has a period of exercise in the classroom during the morning. Besides this,

there are regular hours in which a group of pupils go to the gymnasium or athletic field for training under a special instructor. The deaf boys have baseball and other sports. During the baseball season, they have frequent contests with neighboring schools and colleges, often coming out victorious. With the deaf girls there are tennis and basketball games. For the blind there are exercises and sports suited to meet their needs. There is no day that passes without exercise of some nature.

While this article may give some idea of the working of this important institution, it is hard for one entirely ignorant of its methods to get a thorough conception of it without a personal visit. To one who has never visited a deaf or blind school a visit of this kind is extremely interesting. While this may not be practicable for all, a great many people get a fairly good conception of its work from attending the annual Commencements held the last Wednesday in June. At these Commencements the work of the pupils in the various departments is exhibited. By this means one may gain some idea of the efforts of the institution to develop men and women who in spite of their handicaps may lead happy and useful lives.

CRUSHING THE FLOWERS.

THE trees were filled with blossoms,
The meadows were green and fair,
And the mocking-birds made music
For the children that froliced there.

But a miser had need of the meadows;
His walls and chimneys sprang
From amongst the waving branches
Where the thrush and robin sang.

And the miser had need of the children;
He gathered them in like sheep,
And he set them to gainful toiling,
For children are many and cheap.

They sit all day by the spindles,
Weakened and worn and old;
They have given their youth to the Master
Who has minted it into gold.

No longer they idly listen
To a warbler's futile song;
No longer their joyful laughter
Makes melody all the day long.

No longer they roam the meadows
Like idle gipsy bands;
For the work is growing richer
In the grasp of their puny hands.

And the man who had found them idling
Among the glorious blooms,
Transmutes into gold their life blood
Beside two chattering looms.

He gloats o'er the golden riches
That his enterprise has won,
Nor recks of the sad-faced children
Shut in from their Father's sun.

Elizabeth Allen, '14.

A VICTOR VANQUISHED.

LILLIAN BLACKWELL, '14.

"Where is she," Clay asked his friend eagerly, "this girl who stays in the big house alone?"

"Oh, you mean Jane Roberts," Ralph replied, "That's she across the room, the girl in the yellow gown with that shimmering stuff all over it. She's not absolutely alone. Half-invalid aunt in the next room I believe—there as official chaperon and sham protector. Sort of feminine looking for a girl who sleeps with a pistol under her pillow. Pretty shoulders and a wonderful chin."

Clay nodded absently. He was watching the young Amazon, and wondering if she were really brave as well as beautiful.

"Wait until she is tested," he interposed skeptically, "Say, old man, I like the fair one. Let's meet her. What about easing over that way?"

"All right, but don't mention burglars to her. She's sensitive about the subject. Friends too solicitous at first, you know, and she's got a bad case of pique. Made a whole lot of boasts about what she would do. If I were not afraid of marring the serenity of the village, I should almost wish that a dime novel hero would spring from our midst."

Clay laughed as he and Ralph made their way across the ball room floor. When a girl has connected with the charm that comes of a dainty chin, curved shoulders, and a tilted nose, a story a trifle different from any possessed by her sisters in coquetry, a man claiming to disapprove greatly enjoys her. Jane Roberts was undeniably charming and delightfully independent, though feminine from the top of her well poised head to the tips of her gilt-slippered toes. There was nothing more delicious than a ball she insisted, unless it was a horse back ride or an evening with Browning. Occasionally, of course, she preferred Schopenhauer, and she read

Neitche, though she hardly approved. Tonight she had talked of them all—dances, horses, poets and philosophers. Clay was introduced as an ex-New Yorker, and in two minutes he and she were launched into a discussion of grand opera with here and there a reference to Pavlowa's dancing, Gaby Desly's new song, or the justice of Emma Trentine's claim to supremacy in musical comedy.

"What a girl!" James Clay said half-aloud as he and Ralph Turner left the hall that night."

"What's that?" asked Ralph "Smitten? Yes, she's all right, but I'm inclined to think rather on the surface—maybe a poser. How would she meet a crisis? Maybe badly. Hope not but dunno."

"That's girl's true gold. I'd like to prove it to you, fair means or foul."

"Bosh!" Ralph seemed rather disgusted, "she's put it all over you too."

And the discussion went on, rather futilely it would seem, for the young woman in question had reached her home, dismissed her escort, locked her door, and forgotten the dance and them, finding infinite comfort beneath the billowy eider down.

Possibly it was three, possibly later that she awoke with a start, realizing that someone was fumbling with the latch that fastened a dining-room window in place. In a moment the latch had given way, and she was certain that the burglar was in the house. Then the chestnut curls went beneath the eider down, and Jane lay quite still, a mass of trembling femininity.

"That family silver, my mother's!" the thought flashed through her mind. In a moment two clammy little feet had been thrust into the blue bed room slippers, and the flowing Japanese brocade had been caught close around her. Still trembling, but clutching the little ivory handled pistol, Jane crept down the broad stairway and noiselessly to the dining-room door.

Near the buffet stood the burglar, rather a self-pos-

sessed burglar, calmly taking in the situation, standing irresolutely as though he were wondering where to begin his theft. A well dressed burglar, a burglar in evening clothes! Jane was more conscious of fear than she was of the man himself with the bearing and dress of a gentleman, and the mask indicative of his profession. Possibly it was only a moment that the girl stood frozen in the doorway, possibly it was longer—she was hardly in a state of mind to know. Finally, however, a small voice endeavoring to be commanding trembled a "Hands up," and immediately light flooded the dining room. The man wheeled about, facing the pistol. Obedience seemed his only course, and being a wise burglar, he adopted it.

"W—walk to the t—telephone, and c—call up p—p—police headquarters. T—tell them to come to 501 Franklin street im-im-im-right now."

The man obeyed. How slowly the next few minutes passed! How weary Jane's arm grew, and how uneasy the burglar seemed as he shifted from one foot to the other. The awful silence was broken only by the ticking of the great clock on the stairway. Tick—tock—tick—tock. Surely Jane would go mad! Why didn't the man say something? Did one ever see such a morose burglar? It did seem that she was losing an opportunity to impress a lesson of honesty. She ought to say something, but what? Finally, the obvious presented itself, and she faltered,

"Why do you steal? Don't you know it's wrong?"

"I've heard that line of talk in Sunday school. Don't be handing it to me now."

The voice was very gruff, and Jane's teeth chattered. It was just a day ago that she had declared that no degenerate ever fell so low that he could not be reclaimed. Should she despair—lay down all her theories merely because this burglar wore an impenetrable coat? She would see if he had a heart.

"Didn't you have a mother once that you loved? Wouldn't she be grieved to know that you gained your livelihood this way?"

"This or starve," he growled. "Mother as bad as they get to be. Stole herself."

"Oh," sighed Jane, deeply sorry for this child conceived in iniquity and born in sin. "Can't I help you some? I'm so sorry. Do try to steal no more. If I let you go, will you never break into a house again?"

The man smiled, and answered less gruffly, "I ain't likely to steal again, Miss. You're so good and kind. This has been a pleasant night, and I'll never forget the goodness of you, Miss—nor the bravery, and beauty."

Jane was embarrassed. The lovemaking of the men of her class could now pass almost unnoticed, so accustomed to it had she grown during the last few years; but there was something grotesque about these words when they came from lips that lay immediately beneath a black mask.

"Here comes the police," the man said calmly.

"Do run away," the girl cried in genuine alarm, but the burglar himself opened the front door and admitted the men who stood upon the porch without. Ralph Turner and three policemen entered.

"Well, Clay," said the biggest man in uniform. "This is dangerous business, but Turner here say it's a bet. Found him waiting outside to keep you from getting pinched. Seems to me it's hardly fair to the young lady, but she's a brave'n."

James Clay pulled off his mask, and revealed frank eyes that must have kept their merry twinkle even while he stood at the telephone ordering his own arrest.

"She's brave as well as beautiful and good in addition, Ralph," he exclaimed warmly, "and I've won my bet."

A really frightened girl screamed hysterically as she gathered up folds of blue silk brocade, and fled to her aunt's room to sob out her chagrin.

THE PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.

TOMMYE LEIGH ATKINSON.

THE DEVASTATION of our forests began when the first colonists came to America. They proceeded to clear the land by felling the trees and burning the timber because the forests kept them from cultivating the soil. Since timber was abundant, there was very little use for it; hence they adopted the most wasteful methods of disposing of it. For nearly two centuries the destroying of the forests was continued. But in 1897, during the presidency of Cleveland, the Forest Service, a branch of the Department of Agriculture, was originated and has done much toward the preservation of our national forests.

Before telling of the work of the forest service, let us cite some of the reasons for this movement.

Our forests were disappearing so rapidly that it was calculated they would be exhausted in twenty years. Secondly, the water supply and the soil depend upon forests. Thirdly, the beetle had aided in great measure in the destruction of thousands of trees. Fourthly, one of the greatest devastators is the forest fire which rages over great areas and does untold damage, and the fifth reason, if no other, should lead to the preservation of forests—their great value to man.

How do the water supply and the soil depend on forests? First, forests have a great deal to do with the enriching of the soil. The thick matting of dead leaves and branches, which covers all forest areas, prevents rapid evaporation. This enables the water which the ground receives from rain and snow to flow out gradually through springs and riverlets. This makes the soil of the surrounding country produce the largest and most useful agricultural crops by supplying it with a steady flow of water for irrigation. Where forests have been cut away the rain falls irregularly and flows away in

floods at once, carrying the soil and thus causing great loss. It is estimated that a billion tons of earth are taken to the sea every year by our rivers. So the saving of water on which agriculture, irrigation, the making of electricity, inland irrigation, mining, and even manufacturing so largely depend is a chief aim of the forest service, as well as the preservation of a permanent supply of timber. Efficient protection of forests has already increased the flow of the streams twenty-five per cent.

The beetle and other insect pests have done an untold amount of work in their attack on trees. They eat through the bark and into the trunks of the trees killing them eventually. The trees are then useless for any thing except burning.

Another source of great loss in timber is forest fires, as has already been mentioned. An area many miles square may become a non-productive waste on account of a forest fire. A glance from a car window in Michigan, Wisconsin, or Minnesota will show areas of land which are now absolutely ruined. This land but a short time ago produced magnificent stands of white pine. Think of the great wealth which the people of the United States might have made permanent by using these forest wisely! It is estimated that since the settlement of the United States more timber has been destroyed by fire than by the axe.

The Forest Service has taken up the matter of the devastation of our forests and is doing much toward their preservation.

The reforestation work of the Forest Service is continuing, and tentative plans have been adopted for the direct seeding or planting of thirty thousand acres in the different national forests each year. Extensive operation in seed collection and nursery work have been carried on to supply the necessary materials. Flood distillation and tapping experiments with western pines have been extensively carried on, and it has been found that the yellow pines of Arizona and California yeild a product

that readily serves the purposes for which ordinary turpentine is used.

The cost of administration, protection, and permanent improvements in the national forests for 1912 was \$5,217,827, or a trifle over two and a half cents per acre. The receipts were: timber sold, \$1,089,702, grazing \$968,842, and special uses, \$98,812, with a total of \$2,109,256.91, an increase of \$140,263 over 1911. The free use of timber on national forests to the value of \$196,335 was permitted. The expenditure may have been more than the receipts, and notice the increase in the receipts of 1912 over 1911. Does it not pay to preserve forests?

The enormous value that the forests are to us gives sufficient reason for preserving them. Stop for a moment and think of the many, many uses we make of wood! From where would come our fuel, furniture, houses, paper, and innumerable other things which we could not live without? And if the supply would be exhausted in twenty years if something isn't done. is it not time for us to be busy? "*The Independent*" cites an interesting little incident which does not seem of much importance and yet in the long run would prove so. It says, "The Forest Service studies men as well as trees. It noticed that near one another in a Michigan town were a manufacturer of desks of maple wood, who was throwing away as waste great quantities of pieces of wood; and a maker of backs of hair brushes, who bought and sawed maple planks for his material. Now the brush man uses, instead, the blocks discarded by the desk maker.."

This same "*Independent*" for February 1914 says: "The small extent of fire loss during the past summer is a subject for great rejoicing among the officers of the United States Forest Service, and it is regarded as mainly the result of the organization of the force grading the forests, aided by the favorable weather. The number of fires reported in the national forests was nearly

as great as heretofore, but only sixty thousand acres were burnt over, whereas the burnt area in 1911 was seven hundred and eighty thousand acres and in 1912, two hundred and thirty thousand acres."

The government has stationed entomologists over the country for the purpose of destroying the beetle as far as possible. These entomologists must be fully prepared for their work and undergo critical examinations before they are given positions. For this reason twenty-four of our institutions in this country give courses leading to a degree in forestry and about forty others include forestry in their courses of instruction.

May we not see the great importance of the preservation of our forests, and do all that we can to aid those who are undertaking this great work!

A CASE OF FEVER.

CARRIE McMANAWAY, '14.

CAN'T finish the dress! Why, you are mad, she must finish it!" Louise's face expressed real consternation as she turned toward her maid.

"Yes, but miss, she tells as how she is almost give way to the fever herself, abeing up of nights so, with the children, and them so much worse off. An' she says as how it seems she can't—"

"But she can, I say, and she must. Do you suppose I am going to allow my wedding to be ruined for lack of a dress? On account of Mrs. O'Brien' troubles? And laziness, too, I have no doubt. She agreed to make the dress in time, and she can't afford not to do it, or she'll find herself without work soon." Louise turned away, freeing her mind as carelessly as her hands, of any personal obligation toward Mrs. O'Brien and her troubles.

"But, Miss, she as how she can't work with the children so much worse off and her up night, and how she hasn't got hardly enough in the house to last her a week, and she says as how she would like the payment on that last sewing, as how you—"

"I shall settle my accounts when I choose. See that my dress is finished on time. And that will do for this morning."

"But Mrs. O'Brien says as how she needs the money—"

"We shall not discuss that further." Louise's voice was coldly even as she turned away, and picked up a new magazine. "You may go, Nora."

Nora obediently left, but as she descended the back stairway, she remarked to herself, with a flash in her eye, and two red spots on her cheeks, "She'll live to regret this. Not one spec' o' pity for nobody, an' pore ole Mrs. 'Brien sewing her head off for her. I wonder if it 'ud made any difference if I'ud tole her they had

the small pox!" And Nora flung up her head with a malacious jerk.

"This is too beautiful a night to spend all indoors. Would you like to take a—'business run' with me?" Louise Farrow and Harold Sannes stood on the steps a moment as they came out from the theatre.

"A 'buisness run'?" Louise repeated lightly.

Harold looked down at the dainty girl beside him, and laughed a low, pleasant laugh—

"That was just my name for it."

In a few moments a big car was running smoothly down one of the gayly lighted streets, carrying along two very happy people. For as Nora reported in the servants' hall, "Miss Louise changed not only her dress, but her face and manners too, when anybody's 'round," and no one could be more delightful than Louise Farrow when she tried.

After a few short delays at various places Harold gave an order for the car to go at once to Fourth Street, one of the poorest at a factory community on the outskirts of the city. Louise was much surprised when the car came to a standstill with a sudden jerk, in front of a poor little cottage, dimly lighted. Harold peered out a moment, then exclaimed, under her breath "This is the place!" and stepped quickly out with a low murmur of apology to Louise, and entered the cottage.

"Why, I wonder what he wants here," Louise thought to herself, and she wondered still more when ten, fifteen, thirty, thirty-five minutes passed, and still he did not return.

At last Harold came out hurriedly, and Louise saw as he stood for a moment in the light that he looked tired and worried. Moreover, she was not less tired herself and in no mood to bestow pity on any one. Harold re-entered the car, and offered an earnest apology for being detained longer than he expected, adding, in a lighter tone, "I am playing Doctor tonight."

But his remarks met no reply, save a chilly, "Certainly," and thinking Louise was justly tired, he attempted to let conversation make amends for his absence. He was beginning to wonder at her silence when she turned toward him impatiently, "If it is so important that your affairs be kept secret, please don't try to make excuses."

Surprised, Harold was quiet a moment, then laughingly assured Louise that though he did not catch the drift of her words, he was willing to tell her anything she wished to know.

"Oh, well! It's of no consequence of course! And it's not of that much importance that I would force you to tell me." Louise turned abruptly away; her manner implied that further words would be useless.

"Force me? Why, dearest girl, there is never any need for that, you know it. And if you really are interested I will gladly tell you why I came out here tonight, insignificant as my part is."

Harold waited a moment for her reply, but none come; so he continued.

"It began some time ago with the strike at the mill. I guess you remember the time they had out here last winter; the strike was for better pay, ten per cent, I think. And you remember, too, I guess, how many hands were thrown out of work, and the suffering that naturally followed. Very few people seemed to realize the state of affairs out there, the suffering those people went through with, and fewer still cared to know, much less to offer aid, personal or otherwise."

"And how many do you include among those?"

Harold winced at her tone but answered unfalteringly, "Oh, I am ashamed enough of myself now after one person opened my eyes. And I guess you know him, Fielder, Pratt Fielder. It's quite by accident that we found out, some of us at the club, what a missionary Pratt really was. But I tell you he really impressed us with some of his recitals and made a few of us long to 'go and do likewise,' But sure enough I never was so sur-

prised as when I got out here and saw things for myself. And this fever epidemic, for I'll tell you frankly, that's what it is; I didn't know how fast it was spreading until yesterday we counted twenty eight cases! But it's not only dangerous for them but for the city too, for you know, Louise, on account of such close proximity, and well, our folks kinder depend on them—washing and sewing and cooking and so on, you know." (At the word sewing Louise started but said nothing.) "But really we had better be careful for this fever seems to be fatal, and an epidemic in the city could not be stamped out with any less effort than here. But I don't want to frighten you; so I'll tell you what I started to. Back yonder where we stopped there lies a family, a man, his wife and five children. The man himself is an invalid, but he manages to work enough to help out the family income. Things run none too smoothly any time, but now four of the children and the father have this fever. It's a pitiful case. Next door to them lies a widow with four children and practically all of them have it, but the mother persists in doing her work. She sews; of course she doesn't have any alternative. They haven't such a bad attack that they won't get over it in a couple of weeks, but it'll be tough on them for a while. That woman can't be persuaded not to give up her sewing though, I secured some funds for her."

"I suppose it was a mere point of honor with this woman—what did you say her name was,—that she sew under such circumstances."

"Would that every one would make it a special point concerning honor!" quickly replied Harold before he realized almost what he was saying. But Louise's words and light careless tone revealed no sympathy, and he wondering if there really were no interest in her heart or if lack of appropriate words had failed to bring up the picture he wished, which was vividly impressed upon his own mind. But Harold blushed at the thought of

doubting, and turned again towards Louise with an apologetic air.

"Her name?", he replied. "Why Mrs. O'Brien."
"Oh!"

That hateful name! Louise's face grew hot and uncomfortable. Twice that day she had listened to an account of Mrs. O'Brien and her troubles. She grew resentful, for in what way, she wondered, was she to blame?

"Mrs. O'Brien, indeed! Perhaps you didn't know that she is my dressmaker too."

"Louise!" There was reproach mingled with surprise in Harold's tone.

"Yes. I engaged her for some weeks ahead. She is making my wedding dress."

"Do you really expect me to believe that? Of course if you—I suppose you were too busy, and being so accustomed to let Nora attend to things like that—but still I don't understand, it's not a matter of knowing or not, I don't understand. It's not a matter that counts, and I don't see. Louise you certainly don't mean that. Why hardly anyone could fail to see the opportunity for a kind act in this case, anyway to express some sympathy for those poor people."

Harold blundered on, hardly knowing what to say, surprised no less than annoyed at the turn the conversation had taken and the information Louise's words disclosed.

"Why, Mrs. O'Brien does not lack for champions. She seems to be well provided, two very enthusiastic ones, for Nora is as competent as you judge her, and she not only knew Mrs. O'Brien's domestic worries but felt called upon to deliver, in person, a lecture to me, only this morning, on this same interesting subject. If Mrs. O'Brien should be present, I am of the opinion she would be greatly appreciative."

"I am sure there is more thought and feeling in your heart than those words imply. For 'neath that laughing

tone I know, also, there is the power to feel and sympathize to a degree unsuspected. At least I feel that you are merely disguising your sympathy, and now that we are discussing this case, for laying aside this banter, and talking facts—”

“Banter? Is that the only name you have for it? Oh you need not try to preach to me. What do I gain by pretending there is sympathy for those people in my heart when there is none?”

“Forgive my hasty words, Louise. But I am so confident that you care as much for the welfare of these poor, stricken people as any of us out here. You have simply been so guarded all your life against every trouble and sorrow that now when you are thrown in contact with those who suffer and are dependent, you are not wholly prepared for it, and instead of expressing your sympathy you seek unconsciously to hide it. Am I not right? Oh, Louise you know you care about these things. Could you wilfully let this woman suffer that it bring you a momentary happiness?”

There was an eager note in Harold's voice that Louise did not fail to notice.

“Really, I should think one lecture a day would be sufficient. And when I conclude an arrangement with my dressmaker, I hardly deem it necessary for anyone to interfere. At least Mrs. O'Brien said she would finish the dress, and that's her affair. If she will, why, let her.”

Louise finished rather lamely, for Harold's words were true enough, and Louise realized it. She had been brought up in luxury, shielded from every care and worry, and though she had those qualities for unselfish service, as Harold suggested, a crisis would be needful to awaken and develop them.

“At any rate I don't intend to be lectured by you for my short comings, or for Mrs. O'Brien's troubles, either,” Louise exclaimed hotly. “And it's only in the last few moments that I have ever heard of your being so interes-

ted in this slum work; that's what it is. I never heard before of such benevolence."

Louise was thoroughly roused, and her voice was sarcastic enough had there not been the additional force of her words.

"I am ashamed of my former selfishness, but I am too thankful that I have had my eyes opened at last. And I certainly am going to try and make up for lost time in the future." Harold's voice was as warm and enthusiastic as Louise's had been cold and unfeeling.

"And while you are arranging your future perhaps it would be better to leave me out. We seem to differ so widely on such vital points that agreements could never be affected, and it seems to me it would be best all around. If Mrs. O'Brien could then be relieved of any further obligation to me, there would be no call whatever for her to suffer."

Though her lips curved into a sarcastic smile, it seemed to indicate that her heart did not feel as light as her words sounded. Indeed she did regret them the moment they were spoken, for all the real interests life had held for her so far were centered in Harold. Though she would have given anything to recall those words a few moments later, they were said, and to her inward chagrin, she only made matters worse instead of improving them.

"You do not mean that. You are not in earnest? This is not final?" Harold's voice was anxious, for he really loved this girl by his side, and he regretted no less than she, the preceding remarks.

"Final? Of course it is. Am I in the habit of recalling my words?"

Earnest entreaties and tender declarations on the part of Harold availed nothing with Louise. They only evoked further sarcasm and finality from her.

As they were now at Louise's home, brief goodnights were said and Harold found himself going away hurt and grieved.

"Consider it! There was no call for that," he murmured as he left. Straight to his own home he drove, and locking himself in his room, buried his face on his arms. But after he began to think, he arose hastily, and over his face came a look of determination. How selfish he was! Was there not plenty of work for him to do that night? There were some, he reflected, who did need his help and sympathy. Once again that night he drove to the mill district, not to be distracted by any conflicting thoughts or opinions of duty, but to work faithfully the long night through.

Two nights later, a doctor stood in the hall at the Farrow's mansion.

"What do you think, doctor? Is it very serious?" The man's voice was anxious.

"Well I can't say yet. Of course it may be nothing serious, and again, you never can tell."

"You don't think it's the fever, do you?"

"Well I don't know. I wouldn't be much surprised though. I've said all along there'd be an epidemic in the city tha's what I've been looking for. And I'm afraid we're going to have to make a fight. But I have other patients to see today. Louise will probably be all right in a day or two. No use to worry. I'll drop in again tonight."

With this assurance the Doctor left the Farrow's home. But her father's fears were justified, for Louise grew steadily worse in the three weeks which followed. Then a crisis came. For two days and nights the Doctor labored untiringly. But on the third morning Louise awoke with a natural expression in her eyes, then fell asleep, a long refreshing sleep.

In another week Louise was out of danger, and then, the Doctor thought it would be only a matter of time before she would be herself again. But she did not recuperate as rapidly as the Doctor expected, so he suggested a change for her. That was the reason that about the first week in July Louise left the hot, dusty, stricken

city and took refuge in a pleasant little retreat, hidden away among the mountains.

At first the silence of the hills was almost oppressive to Louise. For the past fifteen years she had been accustomed to nothing but one excitement after another, rarely taking time for reflection at all, one pleasure and excitement calling forth another until she could hardly be satisfied. Reared in a home of luxury, shielded from every care and worry, meeting no resistance nor opposition in her life, for her lightest wish was as a command to her father, there had not been fully developed in Louise those qualities which are more the result of personal knowledge of suffering, hardships, and disappointments. But after the wasting fever from which she was recovering, it was as if that passion for excitement, which tended toward selfishness, had spent itself. It was as if a crisis had come into her life, an incident after which her thoughts and actions would be changed. Long, quiet rambles through woods, and over meadows, by little babbling brooks, or quiet talks in the old summer house, or a day spent simply among the trees, by the lakeside—all brought a restful, joyous happiness to Louise. Her thoughts were guided unconsciously toward higher things, in a direction which would ultimately be of infinite importance to her.

Louise's father grew tired of the silence of the big house in the city, and wrote for her to return. Thus the long delightful days in the country came to an end.

Louise did not enter society that winter. She found no compensation in it; it did not satisfy the energy which she seemed to possess; she longed for something to do which would prove more alive, more progressive, more akin to philanthropic movements, than society had ever proved. She thought often of the past winter and of those things which had so engrossed her time, but were now so distasteful to her. Especially did she think of the few weeks preceding her illness, and the night when she had quarreled with Harold. She wondered how she

could have been as narrow minded as she had shown herself. If she had regretted her hasty words so soon after they were uttered, how much more did she regret them now, after months of deliberation!

One night her father told her that the superb strength Harold had shown in his work at the factory could not possibly endure always, that even now he was suffering from a slight breakdown.

"I thought you would be more interested," her father remarked, nothing that she said nothing.

"No more than a friendly interest, I presume" she replied quickly.

"Did that not blow over, that little affair? I thought that was just, oh, well, a lover's quarrel. Surely all those kind messages and anxious inquiries when you were ill, and those fragrant boquets do not, are not utterly wasted?" Her father laughed but he was really anxious.

"No, father, there was some misunderstanding at first, but—it's been for the best."

Though her words were decisive enough, her tone betrayed her, and her father's quick eye did not fail to see the bent, flushed face, half-averted.

One day the next spring Louise was busy with an early housecleaning. Singing blithely over her work she was happier than she had been for a long time. But suddenly the cheerful voice ceased and the face so bravely bright grew pale. For Louise's hand drew forth tremblingly her wedding gown—the dress that had caused so much trouble. For a moment she looked at it, then a thought occurred to her—was it too late to make amends? Why not try? Acting on an impulse she started as soon as possible for a certain little home at the mill village.

"It must not be too late," she thought as she hurried on. But it had taken six months of an aching heart to send Louise, submissive and self-reproachful, voluntarily to Mrs. O'Brien's home.

That was the first of many other visits. All that spring and summer Louise worked and hoped and prayed among the tiny cottages at the mill. But she was rewarded, for she had worked earnestly and unselfishly; she had been eager to help. At the end of a year a change was visible among the homes. Under her kindly suggestions they had become cleaner and brighter and more cheerful.

Louise sat by the fire one night late in spring and mentally reviewed the past year's work. It had been hard, and at times almost discouraging but she had not given up; she had persisted, and the result was happiness.

But when she planned the work for the coming year her face flushed rosily. There would be another to help, to counsel and to cheer. Harold had not forgotten; he had merely waited.



MATH.

E. ALLEN, '14.

THERE is beauty in the ocean,
There is beauty in the skies;
There is beauty in misfortune,
If we know just where it lies.

Classic Greek may show it's beauty,
And old English, if he tries;
But when Math proclaims its beauty,
Well, I know just where it—lies.

THE LAST LETTER.

CARRIE MCMANAWAY, '14.

IT WAS the last night of her girlhood. Tomorrow, Doris Rand would be married to Harold Lestrangle.

But tonight—she leaned back contentedly in the big old armchair before an open grate and closed her eyes.

A coal fell upon the hearth; Doris looked up quickly and her eyes fell on a worn, leather book on the table beside her. For a minute she looked at it steadily, then resolutely picked it up and loosened the cord that bound the covers. The book fell open where a folded, crumpled letter parted the pages. Doris slowly drew the closely written sheets from the envelope, as she had done many times long ago. Tonight she would do it for the last time. Dear old Jack! He had really been in earnest that night, and Doris remembered with a thankful heart that she had not been angry only firm. For only a little after, Jack Courtney, the handsome dashing Jack Courtney, had gone away, had gone away forever! And Doris had realized with an aching heart how large a place in her life she thought Jack had filled. But just as surely as he had passed from earthly scenes, just so surely, but gradually, he had passed out of Doris Rands' life, and another, just a friend at first, had usurped her hearts' throne. Doris folded the sheets while her eyes suddenly grew blurred. Together with the page on which was written the name "Jack Courtney" in a dashing style, she placed them on the flaming coals and watched them disappear. There was no regret in Doris' mind, for tonight—she could remember Jack as she had last seen him, so peaceful and quiet—indeed, quite forever.

Doris turned the leaves of the book idly, pausing now and then at some well-remembered, and still familiar, name, until she came to a tiny valentine with pink and white lace frills, and heavy black lines underscoring the words of the verses. Doris smiled as she held the tiny

card in her hand a moment, though her cheeks flushed hotly, for—yes, he was the first that had ever dared! She had not even liked to remember his name, but tonight—she glanced at it carelessly, and then the tiny valentine, with pink and white lace frills, was soon a little mass of soft ashes.

Doris tore out a few more pages and placed them one by one on the coals, with only a glimpse at the names. Then a tiny bow of ribbon and a bunch of pressed violets stayed her hand. She stared at them, seeing not them but visions of the long forgotten past, which they recalled. As a certain face came into her mind with startling clearness, she wondered what had made her so undecided then. She remembered it had been hard to decide, and that it had only been a trifling incident that had determined her answer after all. She shrank from the memory, as she had once shrunk from the person. Try as she would to forget she still remembered the disappointment, the few passionate words of protest, that had been uttered so vehemently, and her own indecision for days afterwards. But, what mattered now? She was glad—she had waited.

A Christmas card, long forgotten, brought a rush of memories to Doris' mind. Once again she was idly strewing leaves on the water and watching them float away, as she leaned lazily against the side of the little canoe. Once again, as such things happen only once in a lifetime, she had leaned too far, and the Professor, dropping his oars and with one great stride across the canoe had caught her in his arms. Words were said, which needed explanation and then had followed a question, a question of infinite moment. But of the question Doris, trembling with fright and excitement, heard only the words "and together, we might row on forever." She laughed now, as she had laughed then, at the accidental rhyme, and the Professor—but he had been irrevocably hurt; and Doris had never heard again until the card brought a message that another had consented to "row on forever" at the Professor's side, and the wound, so deep at first, had healed at last.

There was still a smile on Doris' face when she tore, rather suddenly, another page from the book. She glanced at the note folded on the page, and an angry light came into her eyes. The Philosopher had been making a study of human nature that summer "and was merely anxious to perform some little personal experiments, to see how far will power could triumph over the affections," in the case of girls, provided money, on the one hand, and love on the other, were offered. But he was really sorry that "the affections had been the stronger, for, there is always an exception, and—"

But the Philosopher's note was flung into the fire without any ceremony, and with the aid of the tongs was reduced to ashes more quickly than any of its predecessors.

The expression on Doris' face changed entirely as she read the remaining pages of the little worn, leather book. She read them slowly and then looked for a long time at the little mound of soft ashes on top of the live coals. At last, with a decisive, yet confident, and tender light in her eyes and on her face, she drew the last letter from its page and read again:

"My dear Miss Rand:

You will not be surprised at what I am going to tell you, for you have surely seen in every act and word of mine, the truth that I wish you to know. That friendship of which I was so proud, has gradually changed into something warmer, and richer, and sweeter, and now—will you accept that which I offer? All I am, and all I hope to be, is yours. I shall not fail in the contest for strength, but I shall need you to help me reach the heights.

Yours most sincerely,

Harold Lestrangle."

And Doris softly whispered "yes" as she had whispered it two months before, and closed the book.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SEABRONA PARKS, '16.

“**S**HOO! Shoo! get away from there! Don't you crow on that doorstep! Shoo!”

There was an old lady with whom I was spending a few hours one summer afternoon who made such a violent onslaught on the big red rooster on her doorstep that he fled with uplifted wings. Returning to her chair the old lady said, “No rooster crows on my doorstep if I know it. It's a sure sign of death in the family within a year. You believe in signs, don't you?”

“I don't feel sure that I do,” I said.

“Well, I do,” the old lady replied, with decision. “I've watched a good many of 'em, and I've known 'em to come true over and over. You take that sign of the rooster crowing on the doorstep. I know that there's something in it. I was visiting a cousin of mine last summer, an' one summer afternoon we were sitting talking just as you an' me are now, an' a big yellow rooster run right up on the doorstep an' crowed there, an' my cousin's husband died before the year was out.

“Is that so?” I asked.

“Yes. An you take this sign of thirteen at table. Old Susan White had a birthday dinner for her husband last fall, an' I was there, an' there was thirteen at the table, an' no one noticed it until dinner was over an' old Simon died the next March in his ninety-first year, an' he was one of the thirteen at that table. An' yet some folks say there isn't anything in signs. I ain't ashamed to say that I had all of my six babies carried upstairs before they were carried down.”

“Why did you do that?”

“Why, don't you know that it will bring bad luck to a child if it is carried down stairs before he is carried up? You must always carry it up a flight of stairs before you carry it down.”

"I never knew that before."

And again she said: "If two persons wipe on a towel at the same time they will have a des'prit quarrel. I know two girls this minute that won't speak or even look at each other, an' I know it's because they wiped on that towel together. There's my old cat scratchin' wood an' I'm glad of it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's a sure sign of rain, an' we need rain bad. You see if it doesn't rain soon. My! I must be goin' to take a journey before long."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the bottom of my right foot itches so. That's a sure sign of a journey."

"What if it were your left foot that itched?"

"Then it would be a sign that someone was comin' from a distance to see me."

I sat listening intently for this "Believer in Signs" was telling me many things I had not known before.

"Of course," she went on, you know that if you spill salt it is a sign that someone is coming?" I spilled salt this very mornin' at the breakfast table, an' here you are," she added laughing. "You can't make me believe that there isn't anything in signs, I know better."

There are many intelligent men and women who are far more superstitious, than they like to admit. There is no number thirteen in some of the most famous hotels, because of the large number of persons who fear to occupy a room with that number on it.

The conviction that Friday is an "unlucky day" obtains to such a degree among people of intelligence that they will not begin any important undertaking on that day, and it is something more than mere custom that has made Friday a tabooed day for weddings or the beginnings of journeys. We are a wonderfully superstitious people in spite of our boasted intelligence and common sense.

THE MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

“JOSEPHINE,” a soft voice from indoors awoke the girl reclining on the upstairs veranda. She jumped, but remembering where she was, arose quietly and walked erectly through the French window. She had forgotten that eleven o'clock was the hour every day for all the residents of the town to have a small lunch. When I say residents I mean those whose father, grandfathers, and great grandfathers had lived and died in the old town.

Josephine was a young girl from the “up-country” who was visiting her aunt Caroline in an old town on the coast. She had been there one month and understood the conventionalities of the place rather well.

When she entered the upstairs sitting room, she saw her aunt sitting by the small daintily set tea table pouring the tea into the little cups. There were several other ladies there who had been talking, but the talking ceased when Josephine came in, for she was from the “up country” and was not in their exclusive circle. The old ladies seemed to have been discussing a trip and after a little while continued.

“Dear, I am too busy preparing for my trip!” Miss Simons declared.

“Is that so, the advertisement appeared yesterday for the first time and I have been planning the lunch.” Josephine’s aunt was speaking. Josephine wondered, but kept silent for it was ill bred for children to talk among their elders.

“I am so disappointed,” Mrs. Jenkins spoke in a low voice, “I was looking forward to having my little granddaughter with me.”

“Why Maria, you are not going?”

“My dear Jane, I have not missed the mountain excursion for eighteen years, and I hope to go every year.”

Josephine had been greatly amused and interested by her aunt’s preparations for the trip of two weeks to the

mountain. The old lady had taken out her bonnets and her black dresses and thoroughly cleaned them. Then she had carefully packed all of her belongings into her old fashioned trunk.

During the rest of the morning, all conversation was the Mountain Excursion. The ladies looked forward to this yearly trip more than they did to a trip to Europe.

Josephine was to go home on the Excursion with her Aunt. The time had at last arrived. That morning she was awakened by the familiar fish-man calling: "Fish-e-es, fish-es."

Her Aunt had been stirring since five o'clock and was all ready when Josephine appeared. She had her little bonnet and black silk dress on. Her lunch basket, which she had carried many times before, was beside her. They took the car to the station where a general reception was held. The little men all wore the same linen dusters and had rather small straw hats perched jauntily on their heads. The old ladies had on black dresses and bonnets and many of them had either their neices and nephews or grand-children with them.

They were going into the train now, and were putting their hats in front of them. The Excursion was on its way, and the first station passed. When the second station was reached many of the men went outside to welcome their friends. "Howdy do Susy, where's your Aunt Sally?"

"She had to stay with the children."

"There is Henry."

"How are you Henry?"

The Excursion was on its way again and the little gentlemen had to hurry to their seats where their wives were gossiping. Many times during the day the children walked up and down the aisle for water.

At last it was time for lunch. Every one was taking out her lunch basket. Josephine looked around and saw the lunch baskets filled with fried chicken, crackers, and other good things to eat. Of course all were extremely

polite, and asked Mary and Martha, Henry and John to share their lunches. The train had by now passed the country of gray moss and tall pines and had reached the flat country. Josephine was getting weary hearing about the trip of the year before and was delighted to welcome hills and mountains of home.

She was home at last where her mother and father welcomed her. Where Aunt Caroline left to go farther into the mountains to stay in the same boarding house she had stayed for eighteen years, and where she would gladly stay for eighteen more if the lunch basket, black silk dress, and little bonnet would only go with her.

LAURA EBAUGH, '16.

FLORIDA SPONGES AND GREEK SPONGE
DIVERS.

TARPON Springs, Florida, though only a small city of about three thousand inhabitants, is one of the important cities of the United States, as it is the greatest sponge center of our country. It is located about the center of the west coast of Florida.

The sponges are gathered from the Gulf of Mexico by Greeks, as Americans cannot live under water long enough to get them. The Greeks claim that this is because the Americans eat meat, while they themselves eat very little, especially the divers.

They go for the sponges in large sponge boats, which resemble those used in the time Columbus discovered America..

Each boat has a crew of men and divers. The divers' suits are of rubber and canvas, and their helmets and shoes are of iron. Extending from the helmet and connected with the air-pump on the boat, is a rubber tube long enough to reach the bottom of the water in which they are to dive. The divers don their suits, and descend into the water, where, with a knife suitable for the purpose, they cut the sponges from their foundations.

The lives of the divers are always in danger. Last summer there were a number of divers lost, most of them being eaten by sharks.

One diver had a thrilling experience. He was gathering sponges, when he saw a man-eating shark approaching. Quickly he sent the signal to the men on board to keep pumping air to him, and then he lay perfectly still. The shark came up to him, swam all around him, and then lay down right in front of him to see if he were dead, for these terrible creatures will not touch dead flesh. For hours he lay thus, until the shark, decided that he was really dead, swam away.

As there are many such experiences with monsters of the deep, most divers after a few years of this work seek

a life of less excitement such as keeping fruit-stands, coffee shops, ice-cream parlors, men's clothing stores, or shoe-shops. But in spite of the appalling dangers, thousands of dollars worth of sponges are gathered weekly, and sold all over the world.

The habits of these Greeks are, to us, very interesting. They are very quiet, and peaceful, the only harsh thing about them being their language. They never fight, and though they drink beer incessantly there is never any occasion to arrest them unless they violate some law regarding sponges.

Their festal days are unlike ours. On these occasions the harbor is filled with boats, and the streets thronged with people. Cross Day occurs in the early part of the year. The big dock is decorated lavishly, and small boys swing fragrant censer to and fro. The Priest reads from the book for a while, then throws a large wooden cross into the water. Many of the Greeks are prepared for this, and there is a scramble in the water for its possession. The fortunate one is rewarded by a sum of money, and is believed to be immune from ill luck for a year.

Greek Easter is another festal day. Their religion is Protestant-Catholic. Then the church is massed with flowers, and on Friday night, about eight-thirty, they carry the ark through the streets. They believe that if it can be carried without accident, they will have good luck another year.

Every Greek has a lighted candle, and to one looking down from some high building upon the moving procession, the scene is very beautiful. After this they congregate in the church, where services are held by the Priest. Incense is burned until twelve o'clock, while the Priest chants. The people come and worship for a while, then go outside and shoot fire-works.

Weddings and funerals also are celebrated in an interesting manner. First the bride and groom enter the church, then the relatives and friends.

The ceremony usually lasts from one and a half to two hours. The bride and groom wear garlands of flowers which are changed at intervals during the ceremony. The rings also are changed. After the ceremony some of the people kiss the bride, and put money in the hat on the table to pay for the services of the Priest. Then they are showered with candy instead of rice.

The Priest leads the funeral procession, followed by the boys swinging the incense lamps. The coffin is carried by friends, and at the edge of town the men ride to the cemetery in carriages, and the women walk back, since they are not allowed in cemeteries.

In spite of the many criticisms against them, the Greeks are a help to the United States. They seldom go back to Greece. Many bring their families over, and educate their children in our schools. Although they are like the Jews with their money, they give to the church their largest portion.

They adopt American habits and dress, except the Priest, who wears his black robe all the time; and they obey American laws, and have the greatest respect for the American nation.

FRANCES CLARK,

Academic Department.

The Tsaqueena

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EDITOR—CLEO WARD

It takes more than a passably good humorist to entertain two audiences composed largely of the same people with lectures differing but slightly. This is practically what John Kendrick Bangs has recently shown his ability to do. Two years ago in the G. F. C. Auditorium he spoke for an hour upon "Some Salubrities I have Known." During the past month he returned to Greenville, speaking this occasion upon "Some More Salubrities I have Known." It is safe to say that none but John Kendrick Bangs could have enlisted the interest of the audience. So full is he, however, of genuine feeling for the humorous, so apt is he in description, so rich has been his experience that the lecture afforded infinite delight. So little of times is known of the personalities of our great men that we are continually eager for story or anecdote that reveals the man as a man and not

as a celebrity. It was of cardinal interest to us to learn the way in which many of our literary heroes have both received and administered criticism. Since art seldom approaches perfection without the assistance of constructive criticism, it is both interesting and helpful to note the spirit which the real artist accepts suggestions and corrections. After all, the flattery of our friends, pleasant as it may be at times, does little toward making us the useful women we should be striving to become. It is in reality only the great soul who knows how to bear cheerfully the rebuffs, who know how to welcome them, and to turn this roughness into life lessons that are helpful in the making of character. Though Mr. Bangs is essentially a humorist, though the primary purpose of his address may have been to amuse, he gave here and there thoughts that it would not be a bad plan to take with us through the many days that are to follow.

Dr. Anna Shaw, the great suffrage leader, will not take part in the suffrage campaign which is about to be launched in the South. We suppose a great many anti-suffragists feel relieved.

Lately we have heard much concerning the Panama Canal Toll Question. A number of our leading newspapers have taken different attitudes as to the way this question should be settled. It is hard to say just what would be the best course to take in bringing about a settlement of this great controversy. Still first of all, the United States must protect her honor. If by letting her coast-line vessels pass through the canal free the United States forfeits the respect of foreign powers, then she should repeal the exemption clause at once. Certainly the United States is too proud to do anything that will throw a dark shadow over her banner of truth and honor.

For years we have been able to keep this banner waving, and will we now for the sake of a few dollars be willing to pull it down? We believe that every citizen who has at heart the interest of his country will say truthfully that we should repeal the law granting free tolls to our vessels. We have made the treaty and put our signature thereto, and we cannot break this treaty and uphold in the future the same lofty standard we have upheld in the past. We all realize that it is especially important that we should stand well with the European powers. So far in his wise administration, President Wilson has endeavored to improve the relation of the United States with the European countries. And it is for this very reason that in his message to Congress he advocated the repeal of the exemption clause. We say with all sincerity that the best and wisest course—a course which will benefit most the interest of this country—will be to abide by the terms of the treaty and repeal the exemption clause at once.

At last it seems as if it will be absolutely necessary for the United States to interfere in Mexican affairs. What will be the outcome if we do not? The killing of William Benton by Villa, the leader of the Constitutional party, has completely changed the position of a number of our leading statesmen in regard to the attitude the United States should now take towards Mexico. No longer can we depend upon Villa and his party to bring about reform; therefore the only wise course that is left is immediate interference by the United States. We believe the United States would be justified in putting an end to this civil warfare, and we believe the sooner, the better it will be for both Mexico and the United States.

We admire the courage and grit of the committee appointed to work for a national University. These men

have been working faithfully for a number of years to secure this University, and now for the first time it seems as if they will be able to accomplish this purpose. They have adopted the only active way to success—that is perseverance.

The question arises, would a national University benefit our nation as a whole? It is only necessary to think of this for a moment and we shall answer in the affirmative. A national University would be beneficial and advantageous to all sections of our country. It would draw the East and West closer together, breaking up sectionalism and encouraging nationalism. It will also broaden and extend our scope of educational work. Graduates from this university will be better recognized abroad.

A new department, "Rags and Tatters," has been added to the *Isaqueena*. In this department we are going to have sketches, short poems, and any other articles which are neither essays nor short stories. We are sure every girl in school can give us a contribution for this department. Girls, help us make this part the most interesting in the *Isaqueena*. Right here you can receive training which will help you to become better writers.

In and Around College

EDITORS.

ETHEL LANHAM

MARIE PADGETT

In the college auditorium, Friday evening February the twenty seventh, Dr. Hugh Black gave a charming lecture entitled *America Through Scotch Spectacles*.

On Monday afternoon, March the eighth, the girls had the privilege of hearing the Frank Croxton Quartet in Chicora College College auditorium. The program consisted of selections from grand opera, songs by American and English composers. All of these artists sang surprisingly well.

Some days ago Miss Georgie Norris was called to her home in Columbia on account of the extreme illness of her mother who died Sunday, March 15.

Last week we were glad to have in our midst Mrs. R. L. Bailey of Clinton who was visiting her daughter Clayte.

We were also glad to have Mrs. Brock of Honea Path who was visiting Miss Ann Orr Brock.

Our latest Lyceum took place in the Chicora College auditorium, March 13, when Mr. John Kendrick Bangs kept his audience enthusiastically interested for more than two hours, his subject being *Some Salubrities I Have Met*.

Dr. R. E. Gains of Richmond College was a frequent visitor at the college while in the city as speaker for the Laymen's Movement.

The Student Government Association has held its annual meeting for the election of officers for the year 1914—15. They are: President, Miss Anna Sanders,

Vice-President, Miss Louise Gibson, Secretary, Miss Marie Padgett, Treasurer, Miss Adelyn McComb House Presidents, Misses Hattie Weste Harris, Leta White, Bertie Clark. We congratulate these young women. The best that we can wish for them is that they may be able to carry through this work with as much success as those who preceded them.

The girls were very delightfully entertained several evenings ago by the Carolina Glee Club.

Misses Dorothy and Janette Henry, have been called to Maryland on account of the serious illness of their mother.

Willie Bryan on opening a can of Sardines was lead to remark, "Wonder how all these little fish got in here so systematically?"

Rat Jones intently studying English, "Sadie, what is an epigram?"

Senior Hunter (with Senior dignity) "Silly don't you know an epigram is a little verse you put on tombstones?"

Will some one be so obliging as to inform Catherine Shirer that Columbia University is not at Columbia, South Carolina.

It is quite evident that the gods have been partial to Net Wallace, bestowing upon her gifts which are denied common mortals. She hears the song of nightingales, when to the rest of us the only sound audible is the wail of a whip-poor-will.

Anyone desiring the latest fashions may apply to Miss Inez Nelson for her *Pattons*.

Laura Jenkins wishes to know if the Orr House has yet been *Perfumed*.

While informing K. S. as to the whereabouts of Columbia University explain to Miss Eunice Weeks that Pocahuntas was an Indian *Princess*, not a Prince.

U. Sellers—"Reed Miller certainly is an artist."

W. Watkins—"Have you ever seen any of his pictures?"

F. Charles—"Florence, when we go to the circus we will see Mark Antony and Cleopatra."

Florence B.—You don't mean the real ones do you?"

Cayron Trynham—"Mr. Orr, I want my pictures Academy (cabinet) size, please."

The following sentence was found in a love story handed in to Miss Ramsay:

"They were sitting on the beach telling each other *antidotes*."

Since Misses Ruth Herndon and Ruth Altman are taking cornet and clarinet it is a debated question as to which is the "sweetest flower that blows."

A certain inhabitant of Anderson evidently thinks that the college is a hospital for everytime he comes he calls for a certain Ward (Cleo).

G. F. C. DRAMA.

ACT I. SCENE I. DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sallie T. Cade, Ruth White, Snow Jeffries, Edith Brooker and Gertrude Smith.

Scene hallway in front of dining room door.

Sallie T. Cade (as the odor of steak is noticeable)
"Why don't they ring the bell for dinner?"

Ruth White—"You must like beef better than I do."

Sallie T.—"But somebody said we were going to have porterhouse today."

Ruth—"Well, maybe so, but it does smell like *beef* to me."

Curtain.

ACT II. SCENE II. TIME 2 P. M.

Scene Room 486. Edith Brooker discovered reading Harts' Contemporaries.

(*Enter Snow Jeffries, kodak in hand.*) "Edith do lend me your clock. I want to take some pictures."

Edith—"Sure! There it is behind C's picture. But what in creation do you want with it?"

Snow—"Well, Dummy, I want to take a *time exposure*." (*Exit hurriedly*).

Curtain.

ACT III. SCENE SAME AS ACT II. TIME 4:30 P. M.

(*Edith Brooker still reading Harts' Contemporaries.*)

Enter Gertrude Smith—"Hey! you smart child! Say are you going to Mr. Swift's entertainment tonight?"

Edith (sadly)—"No, I guess not? I have *History and Ethics* tomorrow."

Gertrude—"Hush! you'd better go. They say Mr. Osborne is going to give an *impersonality*."

Quick Curtain.

GETTING TO BREAKFAST.

FLORENCE SHAW, '15.

AT QUARTER of seven the rising bell sounds;
Sometimes we really do hear it,
But out of the bed nobody bounds,
Because we just can not bear it.

I always turn over for one more nap,
For a stolen nap is the sweetest,
Then all of a sudden I hear the tap
And out of the bed I'm the fleetest.

"Do any of you know what has become of my shoe?"
Such roving, I declare it is shocking,
"Well, gee whiz!, what in the world will I do?
And good lands! where is my stocking?"

After all of my flurry I somehow get dressed,
Just after the bell ceased ringing;
Then pell mell I rush, after doing my best
To see the door to is swinging.

Exchange Department

EDITOR—GRACE COLEMAN

THE CAROLINIAN.

We are glad to see in the *Carolinian* there is not the usual lack of poetry found in other college magazines. In the last issue there are four poems, with one of considerable length, "Visio Rerum." This is of no particular merit however, as the sentiment is old and rather poorly expressed. "Dawn" is delightful in it's expression. The sketch of Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superhuman" is interesting and well handled. The translation of "The Werwolf" is good, though the strict adherence to the literal prevents smoothness of expression in some place. The essay on "Evolution" shows accurate research and careful study; whether it is convincing or not, it gives food for thought. The other departments of this magazine are good. The Exchange Department contains some severe but helpful criticisms. *The Isaqueena* fared no better than other magazines, but the fact that others find fault with them should be an incentive to renewed effort to produce college periodicals which shall be characterized by the high standard of their material. The *Carolinian* would have been an all round good number had it contained one or two long stories. No college magazine can be complete or wholly interesting if it contains only essays, poems, and sketches.

"The Peanut Man" in the *Palmetto* is a very cleverly written little story. The essay on "The Heroes and Heroines of Hindu Literature" is particularly interesting for its uniqueness. It is rarely that we find in our Exchange,

articles dealing with the literature of the far East and in this article the subject is well handled. The spirit of spring seems to be predominant in this issue as is shown by the number of poems on that time worn theme. Of these "Carpe Diem" is decidedly the best. The editorial department is particularly good. It contains three interesting and helpful articles. The first may be summed up in the words: "The happiest men are those with a purpose—those who have caught hold of an idea and who are joyously working towards its completion." The second shows how characteristic of a girl her room is, and how she expresses herself by her selection of pictures. The last article shows how a girl's character is judged by the manner in which she walks.

The Chronicle The February issue of the *Chronicle* contains several articles which are not very creditable. The sketch of "William Gilmore Simms" is poorly written. The material is badly arranged, and it has choppy sentences and paragraphs. "A Glimpse of Dickens," truly gives nothing more than a bare glimpse. "Washington, the Man and Lover" deals with a phase of this man's life which is not often touched upon. "Their Valentine" has an old plot but is rather interestingly written. "The Scarlet Death" is quite thrilling. We are left after reading it with a shudder and a question as what the "Scarlet Death" really was. "Impatience" is an excellent poem containing beauty and forcefulness of expression.

Y. W. C. A. Department

EDITOR CLAYTE BAILEY

We are very glad indeed to report that the great spirit of enthusiasm aroused in January has continued through February, and gives no symptom of lagging during the coming months.

Who could stay away from the meetings which we have been having? Our President and Program Committee have combined efforts to give us each time something new and attractive.

On Friday evening February 13, Mrs. Padgett, in her beautiful talk "College life for Self-discipline", urged the girls to make the most of their opportunities. She emphasized the fact that book knowledge was not all that may be gained out of a college course. Each girl shall be some day thrown upon her own resources and now is the time for training. Realizing the truth of all these words we left the meeting with a new sense of the responsibility placed upon us. The more we get out of life, the keener is our enjoyment of it.

The next meeting was a Chataqua Vesper Service, led by Mrs. Ramsay. We always appreciate her meeting with us.

Until the twenty-seventh of February very few of the girls knew much about the work of the Y. W. A. On that evening Mrs. Chapman gave us very valuable information concerning the work and object of this association. Our eyes are gradually being opened to the work of young girls in America.

In the following meeting we studied the mountain schools. From these schools came an appeal for help. As so much money had been recently collected for the Y. W. C. A. it was decided that, in order to raise the money for the schools, each member of the Cabinet should have one day to make something to sell among the girls,

the clear money to go to the school contribution. During the past week sandwiches and candies have caused many stray nickels and pennies to fall into the Y. W. C. A. box. On Saturday night we found that by a little work we had cleared \$5.00, which will be sent to the mountain boys and girls. We are glad that we can help even in such a small way.

Last week was also the week of prayer for Home Missions all over the South. Here, each night, the girls met in the parlor for about fifteen minutes and were led in the services by different members of the Y. W. C. A.

Alpha Department

EDITOR—LOREE SMITH

Since the last report of the Alphas we have had our regular weekly meetings.

On February 21, 1914 a joint celebration of the two divisions of the Judson Literary Society was enjoyed, celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Washington. A most interesting account of Washington's love affairs was read by Miss Marie Padgett, and the appropriate reading by Miss Clayte Bailey, of Washington and the cherry tree was enjoyed immensely. After the readings, the most picturesque minuet was witnessed with a great degree of delight. Every girl dressed in her colonial costume entered into the spirit of colonial customs marvellously well. After the minuet, *Mt. Vernon Bells* was sung by the members of both Societies. While singing it, we were made to recount the deeds of Washington, and ponder over his principles and teachings and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

On the 28th of February the Alphas again met in the Society hall and spent a most delightful evening studying the noble girl, Helen Keller.

There is a great deal of rivalry and society spirit in our college, and the Alphas are steadily increasing in loyalty and ability.

Beta Division

EDITOR ADELYN McCOMB

THE splendid programs which have been given by the Betas lately are evidence that the members of this division of the Judson Literary Society are taking an active interest in their work. The new officers, feeling their responsibility in their respective positions strive earnestly to put forth every effort for the welfare and advancement of our society. These officers with the aid of the individual members are endeavoring to make the Beta Society a live wire in our school.

There have been several visitors among our number at the late meetings, and we are always glad to welcome them and to hear their criticisms on our literary efforts.

On Saturday night, March 14th, the question whether or not the state of South Carolina would be benefited by equal suffrage was duly discussed, the pros and cons being presented with convincing arguments. The pros proved more convincing, however, and the affirmatives were victorious in the discussion.

We sincerely hope that each girl will feel a vital interest in her part of the work; and that by combined efforts we may be able to grow stronger than we have ever been before. Girls, let us go to each meeting of our society desirous to learn some one thing that will help us in our life.

Again, girls, we wish to urge upon each one of you your own responsibility in making the programs of our meetings beneficial and interesting. Whenever you are put on the program, feel it your conscientious duty to perform what ever you are put on to do. Right here in this society you can receive training which will help you in your later life. The girl who shirks her duty now, will not fail to do the same in latter life. Come, girls, help us to make the Beta Society the best literary society anywhere.



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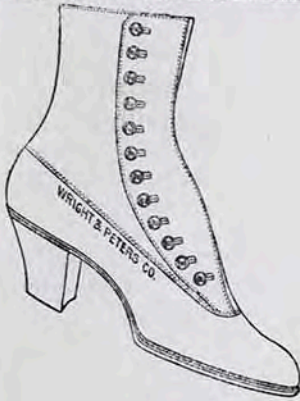
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