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The Isaqueena - 1914, April

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The Tsaqueena

April, 1914





The Isaqueena

FOR

April

1914



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MISS EUDORA WOOLFORK RAMSAY

IN HONOR OF
MISS EUDORA WOOLFORK RAMSAY

We dedicate this issue of our
ISAQUEENA
to express in an insufficient way our appre-
ciation of the inestimable help she
has given us in the successful
editing of our magazine
during the present
semester.

The Isaqueena

GREENVILLE, S. C., April, 1914.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

(Translated from the German of Goethe.)

THOU who from the heaven art,
Every pang and sorrow stillest,
Him who doubly wretched is
Doubly with thy quickening fillest,
Ah! I am of striving weary,
Worn with joy and pain of quest.
Sweet peace!
Come, oh come unto my breast.

GRACE COLEMAN, '16.

THE TRICK OF THE LITTLE GODS.

THE BACK of the North Georgian mountains had been crossed, and the hot August sun had almost set as the Southern Limited neared the small station of Waytesville. Stretching out the end of a mighty yarn, the fat drummer groaned as he accepted a chip of tobacco from the plug proffered by the grizzly farmer across the aisle. The old lady with the wispy gray hair and sunken mouth adjusted her bonnet, and proceeded once more to count her parcels. Helen Willowsby's face brightened, and in her eyes flickered the merry light which for the past two weeks had all but made Harold Calvin forget that other girls were living still in other climes.

"You are almost at home Miss Helen," said Harold Calvin.

"Yes, here's the station," she replied, smiling at the man sitting at her side.

"This has been awfully jolly—knowing you so well while at Kitty's. 'Twon't be easy to forget those moonlight nights and the walks by the river. I'll see you again some day, Miss Helen, I hope."

"Thank you, Mr. Calvin, I hope so too! Good bye!"

Helen did not find it easy during the days that followed to banish from her thoughts the image of Harold. While at the house party she had seen him constantly, each conversation having unfolded something in the man that seemed to her entirely admirable. Helen had always lived in small towns and had never been with young people much. She had never attended a house party before; so this had been a novel occasion to her, and one she had enjoyed very much indeed.

A month later Helen's parents moved to Kingstone, a town in the northern part of South Carolina, where her father accepted the position of financial secretary of the Woman's College. The hot summer months had not yet ended, and most of the people were still away on vacations. Kingstone was just large enough for the society circles to be selfish and not to take new comers into its ranks quickly. So Helen found her life dull. She missed the friends and companions which such a nature as hers craved. She had always known everybody in the small towns where she lived, and she could not make herself become accustomed to her new home.

From her home she looked upon the lonesome campus of the college and longed for school to open when the girls would brighten up the place. She dreamed of the happy days she had spent just a month ago. What a delightful time it had been! Sometimes she wondered if the people she met there ever thought of her. Did Harold! She was tired of going to picture shows, tired

of going down town—tired of everything! She wanted companions.

One Saturday morning Helen received a letter, from one of her friends, Ruth Hard, which delighted her. As she read it her face grew brighter, but suddenly she stopped reading, and running into the sitting room she cried, "Oh! mother, Ruth is coming this afternoon. Isn't it terrible?"

"Terrible! why no. I am glad Ruth is coming, It will be nice for you." Mrs. Willlowsby answered placidly.

"No, mother, don't be glad! I don't want her to come."

"My child, what is the matter? You don't want Ruth to come! I am surprised at you," said the mother.

"But don't you see I have no way of entertaining her? I don't know a soul!"

"You can carry her to the show."

"Mother I just can't! Ruth is used to having such a good time. She is coming this afternoon—I don't know how long she will stay. She is on her way to school."

"Cheer up, Helen. We'll get on all right I know. Ruth will understand," her mother comforted her.

"Any way, there's nothing to do but to get ready for her," Helen said.

Ruth came in due time, and the girls were so happy that Helen forgot about her trouble of entertaining Ruth. She enjoyed being with her friend again, and the evening soon passed by.

Next morning the two girls set out early to church. They had been seated only a few minutes when Helen whispered to Ruth.

"Oh! Ruth, there's Harold Calvin across the aisle. Isn't he fine looking?"

"Who is Harold Calvin?" Ruth replied, trying to figure out which of the dozen men seated across the aisle from her was Harold.

"He's that nice man I told you about last night. I met him at the house party."

Helen was delighted at seeing Harold. It was so nice to have him, of all people, come to town at this time. She would have no more trouble trying to entertain Ruth. Harold was well known and would be nice to them. Her mind ran on and on, making plans of which Harold was the center. She would speak to him after services and invite him to come to see Ruth. It seemed as if the sermon was unusually long. At last the benediction was pronounced. Helen hurried to speak to Harold.

"How do you do, Mr. Calvin? I am so glad to see you," she greeted him.

"Why, Miss Willowsby! What a pleasant surprise! I didn't expect to find you here." Then turning to the lady at his side, whom Helen had not seen, he said, "Miss Willowsby meet my bride."

EDITH BOOKER, '14.

MODERN DANCES.

AMONG the dances of today we have the Turkey Trot, the Tango, the Envelope Flop, the Boston Glide, the High Jinks, the One Step, and the Hesitation. There are numerous others not worthy of mention; yet the whole world is talking about them and doing them every day. While society is not giving dances at private residences, it is taking advantage of the opportunity to keep up these pastimes at the various dinners and suppers, which various clubs hold at hotels. Tea dances are thronged, and hardly a week passes now but that some new subscription dance looms up on the social horizon. Some say that the dance is the only subject of serious conversation among the white race. It is true that the nation is showing much more individuality in the heel than in the head; for instance, when a professor wishes to interest his class in zoology he begins by doing the Lame Duck for them.

There are numbers of men who spend a large part of their time in the zoological gardens of the Bronx, observing the movements of the various animals in order that they may find ideas for new steps. As a matter of fact nearly all of the twentieth century dances have their origins in the realm of the lower animals.

The Tango, the Turkey Trot, and later developments of these lay stress upon the accomplishment of the individual rather than upon the beauty of the movement; and we find them popular, not because of their grace, but because of their appeal to our lower natures. It is demoralizing to look upon these indecent dances that are sweeping over the country like an epidemic. If one were to enter a New York ball-room today, for the first time after ten years absence, he would be struck speechless with disgust and astonishment at the degeneration which has come to pass within so short a time. Then when he enters the restaurant to discuss politics with a

friend, he is no more than seated when a man at the next table seizes a lady and goes reeling over the floor knocking over chairs, and children too if they happen to be near. All of the fashionable restaurants have the band ready, so that the people may dance between the courses. The tables are arranged so that there is an open space in the middle of the floor for the dancers. These restaurants, as a rule, are not very well regulated. Hard drinks of every kind are sold there; and of course there are no chaperons.

All of the well regulated business houses have a customer's ball-room; it is said that if a man wishes to sell a bill of goods he has to dance for the customers. The dances not only affect the public places, but also the churches. Mr. Dooley told of a church in Indiana where the choir instead of singing the long meter Doxology, do the "Gibby Glide" down the center aisle. He said: "In my own church last Sunday when the altar boy made a genuflection, I heard a lady behind me say, 'How gracefully he does the dip.'" He also said: "I've heard of the sleepin' sickness caused by the bite of a fly, but what pizenous grasshoper has stung the American people on the heel so that they are all after reelin' aroun' the floor and seeing other people do the same?"

Some argue that these dances lead to matrimony, but they more frequently lead to divorce. In almost every *New York Times* we read of husbands and wives who have separated on account of these sins that are creeping into our civilization. Every decent home should be on its guard against what the Pope calls "The New Paganism." It is surprising to note how many approve of these new dances as a genuine expression of the life of the day. At American resorts people who have not danced before in twenty years have been dancing during the afternoons and evenings.

When a southern girl returns from a short stay in New York the first thing that she does is to establish a

dancing school. As a rule the older people are more interested in these schools, and join them before the younger people do.

Cicero said: "As a rule no one dances when sober unless he is, for the moment, out of his mind."

Even the sculptors have caught the American rhythm. Some of the best figures are of dancing children, or of rag-time in bronze. Berlin has forbidden "American dance" in all public places, and has arrested proprietors of resorts which violated this regulation. The University of Wisconsin purposes to expel any student guilty of "Turkey-Trotting."

We notice that all of the skirts and dresses of the season are made to suit the dancers. It seems that the dress and dance under the present conditions are destroying the very sense of womanly reserve and decency.

It is said that we are adopting the principle of the primitive savage; and it seems that there is quite a rivalry of this savagery in the modern dancing. Evolution proves that whatever qualities charm the female will be transmitted by the male to his descendants. In the light of the most modern form of the dance, it is to be expected that the next few generations will exhibit many of the qualities of the savage.

Professor M. U. O'Shea said that: "Students of human development are universally agreed that when the relation between the sexes which the ball-room encourages becomes prominent early in adolescence, the result will not be beneficial to either mind or body." Cardinal Basilo Pompili, characterized these new dances as "the unpardonable sin."

Some man tells us that "The real objection is to what is done in the One-step. There is no objection to the step itself, which is practically just a promenade, but simply to the manner of holding partners. The young dance it nowadays so close together that it would be impossible to get even a sheet of paper between them."

Mr. George Dodworth, a Tango teacher, said: "The dance itself is not to be blamed but simply this immodest and immoral fashion of holding. That method of holding does not belong to any of these dances. The young dancers simply take advantage of the dances to embrace."

Mr. Filson Young expressed the opinion of many when he said: "My chief reflection, as I observe various graceful and good-looking people performing these antics on the ball-room floor is that if they could see what they themselves looked like, especially from behind, they would instantly and forever abstain from the Tango and all kindred dances."

We do not know where dancing originated; but we do know that it was a custom when the book of Exodus was written, because in the fifteenth chapter and twentieth verse we are told that Miriam led the people in a dance, after they had crossed the Red Sea safely.

Among the model dance halls in New York there is one especially well conducted, the *Danse d' Hiver*. In this dance hall there are men that go through the crowd and stop all dances that are not considered decent. There are also several chaperones in each part of the hall. Only soft drinks are sold there; and as a whole it is a very creditable place for young people to spend their evenings.

It is rather a pity that we can't abide by precept laid down in Ecclesiastes for us—"There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and time to dance."

NET WALLACE, '14'

THE MESSAGE.

ALL THE baby clouds that swim
O'er the purple mountain-rim;
Every whisper of the breeze,
Stealing softly thro' the trees;
Every joyous note that's heard
From each nestward-flitting bird;
Every ripple of the stream;
All the fish, that dart and gleam;
Every seed that dreams of bloom,
Where it sleeps in earthly gloom;
Buds that struggle to be free
From their cradles on the tree;
All the same glad message bring:
It is spring! spring! spring!

POLITICS AND THE GIRL.

RALPH buried himself deeper and deeper into the interesting article.

Special to the Chronicle:

"The bill providing for a rural police force in this county with a chief at its head exploded a bombshell in the camps of the force now in power. The Jackson clan is now charging the present sheriff and his friends with an attempt to influence the governor in killing the appropriation for a new police system. The bill for a rural police force is now a law, and those opposed to Governor Smith have circulated a report that Sheriff Michell and his friends are making a concerted effort to have Governor Smith veto the appropriation for the new police system. . . . Sheriff Mitchell issued for publication on his return from Columbia a statement bitterly denouncing the 'dirty work' of the Jackson clan and defying that faction to do its worst. He branded as an 'in-

famous lie' the report that he had held a caucus with the Blind Tigers in his private office."

Ralph was unconscious of his own smile, but strangely aware that an amused eye was watching him. The girl across the aisle would have given a fortune to have seen the newspaper that so interested a young man and once made him smile. The boy was riding backwards, with his two brown feet propped up on the seat directly opposite to where Dorothy sat. It was not long, however, before he folded his paper, very precisely, and not very much longer before he raised the window for the girl across the way.

The fat smiling porter came through the car calling "Waycross, Waycross." The old lady whose curls Ralph had noticed bought a "Saturday Evening Post" from the little boy who had tried in vain until now to rid himself of his wares. He had not had half a chance to sell even fruit in this small crowd of travelers.

"It's awfully good of you to let me intrude, it's so tiresome to travel alone, you know how it is—"

"I shouldn't think that one would mind, if he had an interesting paper to read," Dorothy talked on, not even giving Ralph a chance to find out her name.

"Oh, did you notice the newspaper," stammered Ralph, with a little hypocrisy, "Well, I'll just tell you that's one of the most interesting of the many papers that I have read. It has a rather good article in it. Why, actually I have read it and reread it, and it's still a puzzle. One of these political fights."

"Oh, how interesting!" put in Dorothy.

"And I have just enough curiosity and interest in that kind of a thing to wonder what's what. There's a sheriff on one side, accusing some clan, Jackson I believe, of an 'infamous lie.' The clan accuses him of some connection with blind tigers. Now how's a fellow to tell! But gee, isn't this a nice way to entertain a young lady?" Ralph finished.

"Don't think that for one minute. I like it," Dorothy replied, her blue eye radiating strange steely lights. "Did you say Jackson? The name certainly is famaliar."

"Then, maybe, you can give me some facts that will clear up the matter. I am really at sea," begged Ralph.

There was something about the haughty poise of the head, something in the steady gaze that gave the boy a strange assurance that when she spoke it would be from the depth of her conviction.

"You are interested in politics?" she asked. The slight rise of implection implied that this admission was scarcely necessary. Ralph felt that he understood and he was conscious of being queerly happy.

"Yes, somewhat a hobby of mine, politics and law, but altogether against Dad's wishes. But who would be a banker with all those interesting political fights going on? I always did bother my head about these two-sided affairs, I always side with the one that appears in the wrong and often he is altogether right," said Ralph.

"The Jackson clan happen to be in the right this time," Dorothy asserted confidently.

"See, there's the old ghost again! You look terribly honest—you see you evidently were brought up on the Jackson side and naturally—"

"Somewhat," sighed Dorothy.

"You see, it's just as possible that I shall meet a girl born and reared on the other side, and what a different tale I shall hear. That's just what bothers me, Miss—"

Ralph felt as if the earth were slipping from under him, for the girl had turned away and was aimlessly gazing upon the pink and white expanse of cotton fields.

"I just don't know," he stammered, "I just want to understand. Do explain! If you were a Chinese Boxer, I'd swear your cause was bully. Honest I would!"

"But I'm afraid you wouldn't really be permanently convinced that my friends were right in their persecution of the missionaries. It would be a man convinced against

his will. Would you mind handing me my hat please?" Her smile was provokingly indifferent, and her blue eyes became insistent in their scrutiny of the curls beneath the old maid's bonnet.

"What! you aren't going to get off, surely!" Ralph exclaimed in genuine concern.

"In just about five minutes—Thank you, I certainly am glad to have met you," Dorothy said. There was no time for explanations, however, for he was introduced to "my uncle" and in a twinkling, Dorothy was hurried from the train.

"Hey, Porter, one minute please. Do you know the young lady that got off just then?" The Porter laughed as only fat little men can and said,

"Her name is Miss Jackson. You have evidently seen the name in the papers often?"

Ralph needed no further detail.

"Jackson, Dorothy Jackson! what an idiot I have made of myself. Yes—a rather familiar name! If it hadn't been for that blamed newspaper, I could have found out something about her. About twenty. Never saw a more attractive, inconspicuous dimple," mused Ralph.

He reached into his pocket and took out a little silver mirror that "Sister Sue" insisted on his carrying.

"Thank goodness it's straight for once in a life time," he said, pulling his blue tie out of place. He rubbed his hands through his soft hair and watched the telegraph poles fly by.

"What an interesting clan this Jackson one must be! I guess I'll have to inform myself further. The girl likes politics, but—gee whiz! I like the girl!"

The train was beastly hot; the fat drummer would snore; and minute by minute Ralph grew more miserable. Fields were uninteresting things anyway. He consoled himself by coming to the definite conclusion that he detested drummers, old maids, and trains; but it was rather disconcerting to be forced to realize that above all else at

that moment he hated himself. Possibly it would not be a bad plan to write her a note explaining. Acting quickly upon the impulse, he drew from his pocket a stubby pencil which he chewed for the next thirty minutes. Then he scribbled earnestly and sighed in relief.

"Dear Miss Jackson:

The train will jolt, nevertheless, I will write. I certainly enjoyed the short little ride with you. You evidently think that I am nothing but hobbies all the way thought. I am on my way home from just a little skirmish, the most interesting part of which was at the very end. The conductor came to me just after you left and said, 'you certainly have good taste.' Maybe he saw the curls, too. Did you? Please answer this note.

Your new friend,

Ralph Martin."

The steely look must have gleamed from Dorothy's eyes as she read the straggling lines, for Ralph did not have to wait long for a reply. He was glad she had not forgotten the political issue that had been their topic that hot August afternoon. She inclosed a clipping to the effect that Governor Smith had vetoed the appropriation for the newly elected officers of the rural police force.

Ralph has been watching the fight with interest, becoming convinced that the Jackson clan was right in its opposition to Sheriff Mitchell. When the bill had been passed, Ralph had thrown up his hat and declared that retribution was being visited upon the sheriff. But since he had heard of the veto he was sorry and, boylike, his letter was profusely sympathetic.

When the time came for Dorothy to write again, wonderful things had happened, and she enclosed another piece of news. The appropriation had been passed in the house over the governor's veto. There was a satisfied twinkle in Ralph's eye as he handed the clipping to his father.

"Well, Dad, you've been sort of skeptical," he said, "but the Jackson clan has old Sheriff Mitchell up a tree."

"I'm afraid there's dirty work somewhere," the man persisted. "Can't tell who's right, but it seems to me that all a sheriff's prerogatives should not be handed over to rural policemen."

Ralph shook his head dolefully, "I can't help but lean towards the Jackson clan and politics," he said.

Though his father's smile was sinister, he replied only with a contemptuous grunt.

At first, merely to find out something of the family standing of a girl, in whom his son was so interested, Burke Martin began to buy a *Lakeview Daily News* every day. He read it all very impartially except that concerning an influential lawyer. To Ralph's statement concerning the lawyers "chance," he replied:

"Nothing but hypocrites! Nothing else! Have I raised you through all these twenty one years to no better ambition than this? Never a lawyer in my family, sir."

"Never," sighed Ralph.

"Why, just the other day a lawyer who is considered very influential and conscientious cleared a man, who is guilty beyond doubt, and simply on account of his ability to turn the laws and play on people's feelings. Yes, a lawyer and a pickpocket; They are synonymous terms," Mr. Martin argued.

"Every man is innocent, Dad, until his guilt has been proved, at least in the sight of the law. Someone must uphold his side."

Again Mr. Martin grunted and made no reply. The next day, however, he was seen in a lawyer's office and that night Ralph thought that he saw his father reading a pamphlet written in defence of the policy of lawyers.

Ralph seemed strangely puzzled, as he scanned the columns of the morning paper, the next day.

"It's too much for me, Dad. Just look here," he said; "I guess it's a good thing that I have to settle down and

be a lawyer. I can't solve these political issues. Here Sheriff Mitchell has seized nine gallons of liquor, and that's what they have accused him of not doing. Here's a fellow to know what's what and who's who?"

"Well, the mischief!" Mr. Martin exploded, "I almost believe that fellow's just playing to the galleries."

"Why, Dad," Ralph cried, "you can't be siding with the Jackson's."

"Oh! I don't know, I don't know, Ralph. If you like, jump into the game and straighten things out. I guess I'm willing."

It was hardly a dignified college graduate who slapped his father on the back, declaring that there never was anywhere such a corking old Dad.

"And what about a little trip to Lakeview to get to the bottom of the thing?" he continued.

As Mr. Martin filled out a check, Ralph cried:

"Oh, politics, politics, and the Jackson clan for me."

"You mean Dorothy Jackson." Mr. Martin corrected.

JANIE GILREATH, '15.

THE LAKE.

(*Translation from the French of Alphonse de Lamartine*)



TIME, suspend thy flight! O precious hours,
Deign thy course to stay,
Permit us to enjoy the swift delight
Of this our fairest day.

For those unhappy ones who you implore
Too fast you cannot be:

For them pass by! Take with their days their cares;
Forget my love and me.

But I beseech in vain some moments more;
Time rushes past in flight.

I bid this night "Oh linger yet!" but dawn
Does come and scatter night.

Hasten, let us love then! let us love!

The hours scorn delay:

Man has no harbor here, nor time a shore;

It flows, we pass away.

SNOW JEFFRIES AND ANN ORR BROCK, '14.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN VIRGINIA
DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THROUGHOUT the seventeenth century the entire system of Virginian life rested, not upon a civil division—the township, as in New England, but upon an economic division—the plantation. A just conception of its economic framework, either as a whole or in part, may be obtained by studying the character of a single large plantation in any section of the colony. The community was simply a series of plantations, differing one from the other only in size; in all, the same staple crop was produced, the same kind of labor was employed. Practically, the cultivation of tobacco was the only occupation. There were no towns, no organized manufactures, few trained artizans. A perfect simplicity, an almost complete monotony, was the universal keynote.

Taking the plantation as the center of the economic life, it is easy to follow the growth of one of these communities from its very birth. The pressure of the advancing land owners against the barrier of the frontier forest was from the start like the pressure of an army besieging a town; the progress was step by step, but ever forward, irresistible, though slow. A public grant of one little corner in the wilderness was followed by a grant of another corner and so on, until what was wild land today became tilled and habitable land tomorrow. There were two physical conditions of importance; first, the soil must be rich in the elements suitable for tobacco; second, the land must lie upon the banks of a stream navigable, either by ships or shallops, so as to give access to the great highway of the ocean and thereby to the markets of the world. There were two grounds upon which the public lands were conveyed upon individuals: first, the performance of public services which were thought to be of some reward, but by far the most important basis of conferring title was *head right*. Every

person who came out to the colony or paid the expenses of some other persons transportation could be a claimant for fifty acres of public domain.

There were two classes of laborers employed by the planters to cultivate their land, white servants bound by indentures for a term of years, and African slaves.

During the whole of the seventeenth century the first class, by its superior numbers, was the more important of the two. "About the last of August (1619) came in a Dutch man of Warre, that sold us twenty Negars." During the ninth and tenth decades the proportion of negroes rose higher still, but the white servants continued to hold the economic supremacy as between the two classes of laborers. There were throughout the century, two influences at play to swell the number of white servants in the colony—the one in operation in England, the other in Virginia. The great bulk of the lower classes in England at this time were compelled by the rigid trade laws to earn a livelihood as laborers in fields; but the opportunity to do so fluctuated with the prosperity or depression in agriculture. The wages of these people were fixed at regular intervals by the land owners. When the price of food was so high, as so often occurred, the agricultural laborer's straits were deplorable. Was it surprising that he looked upon immigration to Virginia as a providential opening for improving his condition after a term of years had been served? Powerful as was the pressure forcing him out of England, the inducements drawing him to Virginia were more powerful still. There was great demand for agricultural servants. The soil needed to be cleared up, and the crops needed cultivation.

It is doubtful whether a single convict was imported into Virginia during the seventeenth century whose case, when tried in the English courts, was not marked by circumstances heinous and revolting. There are many proofs that all attempts by the English government to impose on

the colony utterly abandoned jail birds met with strong and generally successful opposition by the authorities at Jamestown. A large proportion of the servants who came in as convicts were simply men who had taken part in various rebellious movements, a class of population which, so far from always belonging to a low station in their native country, frequently represented the most useful and respectable elements in the kingdom. It was the men who loved their homes and were devoted to their church that led these movements; and their followers shared their courage, their steadfastness, and their patriotism. The youthfulness of the great majority of the laborers—an additional proof of comparative smallness of the criminal element in that class is revealed in a number of ways: by the reports of merchantmen, and by the entries in the country records. It is probable that the average age did not exceed nineteen.

A serious drawback to indentured labor was the frequency of the change distinguishing this form of service. In a few years the servant's time ended, and another servant would take his place. A planter might introduce a hundred workingmen who would prove invaluable to him while their covenants lasted, but at the end of five years, when they had become skillful and accustomed to the climate they received their freedom and almost invariably settled in homes of their own.

The Virginians did not desire merely to bring in men who would soon become landowning citizens, but in the majority of cases they wished to obtain laborers to take the places of those whose terms were expiring. This was the reason that the planters preferred youths to adults, for while the physical strength was doubtless less, the time for which they were bound was longer.

It can easily be seen that from this economic point of view the slave was a far more deservable form of property than the indentured servant. There was no need of solicitude as to how his place would be filled because his

term was for life. He not only belonged to his master until death, but he usually left behind him a family who were old enough to be of assistance in the tobacco fields. The slave had an equal amount of physical strength as the white laborer, and he was superior in power of endurance. The slave was easier to control, was satisfied with humble lodgings, and lived on plainer fare than the white man. The slave could not demand the grain and clothing which by the custom of the country were allowed to the white servants at the end of their terms.

During the first years following the foundation of Jamestown there were spasmodic efforts to produce a variety of commodities. Experiments were made in the use of cotton, hemp, and flax, mulberry trees for silk worms, and vines for wines. Wheat also was sown in small quantities. But the really profitable crops were only maize and tobacco. The irresistible disposition was to produce tobacco alone. Not only was it to the colony what the potato has been to Ireland, the coffee berry to Brazil, the grape to France, and corn to Egypt, but it was more, for it was the currency by which all debts were paid. Moreover, the whole system of large plantations was directly attributable to the recurring need of virgin soil, in tobacco culture, and from that arose those social characteristics of the higher planting class which gave Virginia such unique distinction in the colonial age.

Such in brief outline was the economic history of each plantation in those early times. The entire community was made up of plantations and of only plantations—with this slight modification that, as years passed, the ownerships of new estates changed hands either by purchase or descent. Long before the end of the century all the lands in the older parts of the colony had been taken up, many substantial mansions erected, influential families founded, and all the varied interests of our organized social life created and cemented. The social framework

of the community was more complex than the economic. This was due to the existence of several distinct social classes—first the African slaves on the lowest footing, next the indentured white servants, and finally, the large landowners. The white servants occupied a very insubordinate place for awhile; yet it was from this class that the small land owners came. Many men who had been servants accumulated after the close of their terms good estates, exercised wide influence, and filled important offices. The emigration of the yeomanry from England filled the ranks of the small land owners.

The class of large planters was necessarily small in comparison with that of the yeomen, but it was they who gave charm and elevation to the colony's social life. It was the large planters who, with their families, constituted the highest social body of the colony and reflected all that was most attractive in its social character.

The social life of Virginia, like the political life, was fully organized from the beginning. The people, when they came over, did not desire to leave the old privileges and customs behind. Groups of social divisions to the Englishman, often his arrival in the colony, were as conspicuous as they had been before he left England.

Nowhere was there a more formal recognition of class distinction than in legal documents. All terms showing such distinctions were in use as "yeoman," "gentleman", "esquire," and "honorable." "Mister" was applied equally to gentlemen and yeoman, but in documents it seems to have been reserved for gentlemen. The most valued of all titles was that of "esquire." The term was used only in speaking to members of the assembly. The term "honorable" was used in speaking to the Secretary, Auditor, or Treasurer.

One could see numerous musical instruments in the homes. Among the slaves and servants there were some who were valued for their skill in playing the fiddle. This skill was often called into use at private entertainments

The game of nine pins was played at all taverns and in many private residences. Equally popular was the game known as "Pret." These games, as well as dice throwing, led to much gambling. The people hunted very much. Much diversion was also derived by the people from such public occasions as funerals, weddings, the assemblage at churches, court and muster days. Before and after church the people had an opportunity to mingle in the closest social intercourse.

Nowhere were the characteristic features of the social life of the colony more faithfully presented than in its homes. The principal residences had already acquired some of the dignity of the English manor houses. The tables of the wealthy citizens were loaded with a most varied abundance of food. The people were very hospitable. By 1675 negroes had become sufficient to furnish all the principal households with trained servants for life. This domestic service made the entertainment of guests very little trouble. The spirit of hospitality was further encouraged by the easy way in which people went from one house to another. The traveler was received everywhere with distinction: "The only recommendation needed by a stranger was that he was a stranger."

In studying the spirit of the people, one is very much struck with the vigor of the social tie which in those times bound the Virginians to the mother country. They clung with tenacity to the habits and customs, the moral ideas and standards that prevailed and governed there. This was due chiefly, to the fact that a large part of the population had not left their native land over sea until after the age of their earliest and most graphic representations. The parents told the children so many stories of England that they felt as if they knew the mother land. Members of all classes spoke of England as "home." many people went to the mother country, some to visit relatives, some for curiosity to see what had so often been described to them, and some on business.

Although the seventeenth century life had its evils which slavery always brings, the good forces were at work also. It was this life that brought forth the men that have done so much in the making of our history. It was this life that gave us our Washington, Jefferson, and Lee.

EDITH BROOKER, '14.

FAREWELL OF MARY STUART.

(Translation from the French of Beranger.)

FAREWELL to thee, fair land of France,
The land I love and cherish;
Dear guardian of my happy youth,
To leave thee is to perish.

Farewell, adopted fatherland,
I go, an exile from thy shore,
But though I leave, my heart remains
With thee, dear France, forevermore.
The ship departs the cold wind blows,
And God in heaven heeds not my plea
To turn the tide or raise the waves
That I be borne again to thee.

My happy days of youth were filled
With glory, yes, and more—with love!
But now, drear Scotland is my fate,
Yet God heeds not, in heaven above.
Alas! my heart is filled with fear,
For in a dream I seemed to see
A sight which was an omen dire,
A scaffold tall, prepared for me.

Dear France, to thee my heart will turn,
To thee in midst of all these fears;
I'll think again of all thy joys
Upon that day which sees my tears.
But, God! the ship, alas, too swift,
Already sails 'neath other skies,
And night's damp veil which falls so fast
Conceals thy borders from my eyes.

EVA HOLDER, '16.

THE TIME AND PLACE—

GRACIOUS me! In Carsonville for three hours," muttered Moreland Blake as he turned away from the benign ticket agent. "What on earth can a business man do to amuse himself in a dull little place like this?"

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. There was a girl in that town whom he knew. As Moreland thought of this girl, a smile spread over his face, and he at once decided to call up Sarah Evans and see if he could come around to see her.

Sarah was an attractive, sunny tempered girl who lived with her aunt whose name she had. To Moreland she was an ideal girl. In fact she was the first he had ever met with whom he was at ease, for Moreland was extremely bashful and very much afraid of women.

When Moreland called up Sarah's home, a small childish voice answered the telephone, informing him that Sarah would be glad for him to call.

Sarah Evans had a little sister of only twelve years. She like Sarah was unusually witty and very mischievous. Her chief desire was to find fun in everything, and on account of this her jokes and pranks threw her aunt and sister into many embarrassing positions.

"You certainly have all the meanness that belongs with your red hair and freckles," her aunt had often said to her, after giving her a sound scolding for some mischievous prank she had played.

When the telephone rang, she was at the most interesting part of her favorite book. She heard her aunt call out.

"Flossie, dearie, please answer the phone."

"Oh, goodness, that makes me mad I always have to stop right at the most interesting part and do something for Aunt Sarah. I don't see why she doesn't do something herself," said Flossie peevishly.

"Yes, wait just one minute and I will see," answered Flossie in response to a question at the other end of the line.

The little mischief-maker flew upstairs and said with a twinkle in her eyes that almost betrayed her thoughts, "Aunt Sarah the new preacher has just called to know if he can come around and see you for a little while, since you were unable to attend services last Sunday."

Yes, yes, that is our new preacher, Mr. Dover. Yes, Flossie, go tell him I will be delighted for him to come," replied her aunt.

Flossie sprang down the steps in high glee, losing no time in delivering the message to Moreland. Then she went back to her book with a big smile on her face, saying to herself.

"Aunt Sarah has had her time, now I guess I will have mine. Anyway, I am getting tired of being the maid and I am anxious to put a stop to it."

Moreland Blake went up the large stone steps of Sarah's house with a peculiar feeling of fear. He was overwhelmed with the idea of seeing and talking to the attractive Sarah Evans, yet he could not make up his mind what he would say first.

"Pshaw, I will leave all that to Sarah. She will help me out," thought Moreland as he rang the door-bell. Flossie met him and ushered him into the parlor saying, "Come in and sit down. Sister will be down in a minute. I know she will be glad to see you."

Moreland sat in the parlor nervously dangling his watch fob. Finally, he heard a light step in the hall. Certainly that was Sarah. Moreland rose to meet the woman who entered the door, but he stood dumbfounded, for it was not the pretty Sarah Evans who stood before him, but her aunt, who was about forty years of age.

"I—I beg yo- your par- pardon, but I—I wish to see Miss Sarah Evans," spoke up Moreland trembling from head to foot.

"I am Miss Sarah Evans, and I am delighted to see you, Mr. Dover. Do sit down," put in Miss Evans, shaking hands with Moreland.

It was quite evident that some mistake had been made, but Moreland could think of no way to have the mystery cleared. The blood rushed to his head, and his tongue clove helplessly to the roof of his mouth.

"Mr. Dover, I am so sorry I could not hear your first sermon last Sunday morning, but my rheumatism will not allow me to go out on damp days," said the lady taking a seat opposite Moreland.

As the pictures and furniture began to whirl by him, Moreland had a desperate sense of falling through space with nothing he might clutch for aid.

"Yes, I—I a—am sor—sorry," faltered Moreland hopelessly. But Miss Evans proceeded undisturbed,

"However, I am very glad that you said what you did concerning card playing and dancing. Those two things are simply ruining our little town, Mr. Dover, and right here you have a broad opportunity for good work."

"I sup—suppose s—so. That is I—I hope s—so," he stammered.

"Now, Mr. Dover, that is exactly the kind of preacher Carsonville needs. Our young people have gotten to the point where they waste half of their time learning the latest dances. And, of course, they must take a part in every card party they hear of. I am quite sure that your talk and influence will have a great effect upon them," continued Miss Evans piously.

"Why, I—I hope so. But is there a sa—saloon?" Moreland asked quite anxious to turn the conversation towards a subject he could discuss more readily.

"Oh, Mr. Dover, have you not yet learned that Carsonville has not even got a saloon? And I hope that we will never have one." returned Miss Evans not at all interrupted by Moreland's mistake.

"Goodness, you do—don't say s—so," replied Moreland red to the collar.

"Well, people here are too selfish to let anyone know anything. That is the one fault of Carsonville; you always have to find out things for yourself or else you will stay in a confused state of mind," went on Miss Evans in her usual stiff tone of voice.

"And I—I be—believe it," said Moreland, wishing for some way to disappear from the eyes of this woman, who seemed as if she would never stop talking long enough to give him time to make some explanation.

"But don't get discouraged. The longer you stay here, the better you will like it. If the people of Carsonville once get a hold upon anyone, they refuse to give him up," spoke Miss Evans smiling.

"Oh," groaned Moreland almost desperate.

All the time Moreland was making these statements that had no meaning to him he was thinking of the girl Sarah. How could he have made this dreadful mistake and got himself into such an embarrassing position? Anyway had not the little girl told him that her sister would be glad to see him? But what must he do? He could not stand it another minute. Just at this opportune time, Flossie, quite anxious to keep the joke going, entered the parlor and said,

"Aunt Sarah, the Smith's little baby that was christened last Sunday is very sick. Clara has just told me."

"Dear me, isn't that dreadful, Mr. Dover? You remember the little girl you baptised last Sunday afternoon?" replied the Aunt.

"But—but real—really you don't understand and Miss E—Evans," answered Moreland in a jerky voice, trying to give some explanation.

"Oh, certainly I understand. The baby is a girl—probably you have it mixed up with the oldest child who is a boy. Indeed, the baby you christened Sunday

afternoon is a little girl. I think they are to call it Christina," interrupted Miss Evans.

"No, no, I—I mean that you are—are mistaken about in—" stammered Moreland.

"No, Mr. Dover, I beg your pardon, but I know positively well that the child is a girl. Now, I know—you are thinking about the Clark's baby. It is a boy. You know Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Smith are sisters, and they have always looked very much alike. People often mistake one for the other. I never will forget the time I made a mistake," laughed Miss Evans.

"And I-I wo-wont ever forget the—the one I—" started Moreland, seeing that it was absolutely useless to try to explain to Miss Evans.

"Well, it is a good thing that it has been baptised in case it should die," chirped in Flossie, throwing a mischievous glance toward Moreland which seemed to say, "Don't give up yet, I will help you."

"Well—well may—may b—be I had bet—better go over and see the chi—child for a few min—minutes," Moreland said, rising and feeling sure that an opportunity had at last relieved him.

"Dear me, this is the afternoon my missionary circle meets here. They will be here in a little while. Do stay and have a few words to say to them. Then you may go right over to the Smiths," insisted Miss Evans.

Flossie entered again and said, "Aunt Sarah, yes, they are coming now. I see Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Bension right here."

"Why, then of course you will stay," said the old lady getting ready to receive her visitors.

Moreland could say nothing more. He only wished that he had never heard of Carsonville.

In a few minutes the parlor was full of missionary members. Miss Evans thinking that Moreland was the new preacher and that all the ladies had met him the Sunday before, failed to give any introduction. Moreland

stood there in a frantic state of mind not knowing what to do. Finally, he could stand it no longer. He looked at his watch, in fifteen minutes his train would leave.

"Now, ladies Mr. Dover is going to talk to us for a little while," announced Miss Evans as all eyes turned toward Moreland in astonishment.

"Gracious, Miss Evans, that is not Mr. Dover," spoke up one of the ladies, giving Moreland a quick look of suspicion.

"I beg par—pardon, but I—I am not—not—."

Flossie saw that Moreland was really giving way, so she said,

"Mr. Blake, my sister Sarah will be at home in two weeks, and you must be sure to come to see her then. I know she will be sorry that she could not get to see you this time."

Miss Evans looked first at Flossie then at Moreland who stood there blushing unable to say a word. Then she said in a harsh voice,

"Again, Flossie."

However, the little Flossie was not bewildered at all. She only answered with a big smile on her little face,

"I want all of you to meet Mr. Moreland Blake. I am sure you have heard sister speak of him."

But Moreland had no time for handshaking. The ladies in dismay saw his broad shoulders as he swung through the gate trainwards.

M. CLEO WARD, '14.



MR. ALFRED NOYES.

MR. ALFRED NOYES is thirty-three years old, and has been writing poetry for more than twenty years. One morning when he was nine years old he awoke with an impulse to write a poem, and he has been following the same impulse practically ever since. And now, Mr. Noyes is being acclaimed the greatest English poet of the day. At his sequestered home at Rottingdean in Sussex, Alfred Noyes has written verse with the same admirable industry that characterizes the literary career of the indefatigable Anthony Trollope. It is interesting to know, especially in the light of his having written "*Drake*," a masterpiece of the sea, that he has never traveled until recently. His visit to America about a year ago was his first journey outside the limits of the islands of Great Britain. Mr. Noyes came to this country first on February 23, 1913, partly to lecture for world peace and disarmament, and partly to satisfy the desire of his wife, Miss Garrett Daniels of Washington, that he should gather fresh experience in her beautiful home land. Mr. Noyes first lecture-tour lasted six weeks, and extended as far west as Chicago. Every one was so pleased with Mr. Noyes, and his trips proved so profitable that he

decided to make a second trip to this country in October last, and to stay six months. This time he visited the principal universities of the country, including Princeton. At this time he was the guest of President Hibben of Princeton and the impression he made upon the faculty and under-graduates was so favorable that the suggestion was made that he be asked to join the staff of the university. Later he was offered a visiting professorship which he accepted, and he will give lectures each year upon Modern English Literature.

As a poet Mr. Noyes has no grievances against his contemporaries. It is a happy state, thinks the New York Times, that has been brought about by the "seriousness, at once wise and modest," with which Mr. Noyes has taken his art. Mr. Noyes is the poet favored by newspapers as an excellent business man. Kipling, Swinburne, and others have pronounced him the foremost writer of lyric verse in English language today, and he is known also as one of the very few men who have contrived to make a living and a very good living out of poetry. Indeed, it has been said that he was the only man who relied on his verse alone for actual support and was not disappointed by the muse. He has upset many traditions of the art of poetry. He dresses fashionably, looks like an athlete, and insists on giving a commercial status and making it pay. A great many people have bought Mr. Noyes' published poems, and a great many more have parted with the wanted box-office tribute in order that they might hear him read from his own works and talk about those of other lands. Mr. Noyes is a poet when he writes, he is distinctly the competent man of business when he sells his verse, and that he possesses humor is shown by his grave advice to other poets—that they maintain the humor of the profession by insisting on higher prices than they now get.

"Mr. Noyes breathes the air of freedom and vision—eternal things that are yet to come. Over them nature

slings her panoply of light and shade, dawn and twilight, sun, moon and stars." "He is the master—mariner—thus the mystery the marvel, the mighty presence of the unchanging sea." Noyes work is a composition of Tennyson and Swinburne, with a dash of Stevenson and flavoring of Calvalier lyricism. At times it seems artificial, but at least it is good artificiality. Mr. Noyes' greatest epic the *Drake* was dedicated to his former rowing crew, and not to any of his celebrated literary friends. Following close upon the publication of Alfred Noyes' *Drake*, that masterpiece of the sea (noticed in last March Review) comes *The Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, the famous gathering place of the Elizabethian wits among them Raleigh, Johnson, Fletcher, Beaumont and Kit Marlowe; the tales and stories the author imagines to have been told at the Mermaid Tavern over the wine. The lyrics are but loosely strung together by the narrative verse, and there are places where the rough energy of the poetry does not cover the encasing mechanicism, but the animation and single spiritedness of the whole carries the reader along with fine zest. The London Times declares that this is the best work Noyes has done so far. In unity and evenness of poetical expression, however, it hardly rivals *Drake*.

In *The Sculptor*, Noyes says the world might flout his hopes and fears, but the lips of stone would still speak for him. He says the dream that he loses on earth, he shall come with face aglow and find and claim for his own before God's throne.

In *the Heart of the Wood* Noyes reveals to us how much can be learned about nature by staying in the heart of the woods. He says by communion with nature one can understand its mysteries. One can even see what the stars have seen, and can know the secret of spring in the heart of the woods.

In *The Loom of Years*, he expresses this thought, under the breath of laughter, deep in the tide of tears,

and even in the weary cry of the wind and the whisper of flowers and trees the loom of the weaver that weaves the web of years can be heard.

“The leaves of the winter wither
And sink in the forest mould
To colour flowers of April with
Purple and white and gold!
Light and scent and music die
And are born again
In the heart of a gray-haired
Woman who walses in world of pain.”
JANIE WARD, '15.

THE WRECK AVERTED.

“**H**OUR wife’s done gone, suh”, quavered the old servant’s voice over the ’phone, “She’s gone to Reno,—I seen dat on hur trunk, su, and she done take lil’ Miss Evelyn wif her, suh.”

“Executed her threat at last,” muttered Jack Hilton between his clenched teeth, as he slung the receiver down with a bang, only to seize it up again and call up the station agent.

Yes, Mrs. Hilton had bought a ticket to Reno, and had left on the 10:25. Yes, another train would go there in fifteen minutes.

Mr. Hilton snatched up his hat, and, thrusting his head in the junior partner’s office just long enough to say, “Take care of things ’til I return, Charlie,” bolted, and after a breathless dash reached the station just in time to swing on the last moving car.

He sank into a seat and closed his eyes to the racing landscape, that seemed only to make his confused thoughts swirl round faster than ever. Amid the maddening babble in his head remained the memory of their morning quarrel. Her snapping, gleaming, eyes, his angry retorts, her defiant, “I will not indure this another day, Jack Hilton,” whirled his brain into a strange, mad dizziness, but through it all shot one burning determination, “I will have Evelyn—she shall not have my darling.” And there arose before him the vision of his fairy child, the one bond that for five years had bound his high-spirited wife to him, had made her endure his stubborn selfishness.

Just about twilight the train came to a sudden stop. The porter announced that the train ahead of them had skidded off the snow covered curve and that they must wait till the wreck was cleared away. Most of the men went out to see if they could be of some assistance, but Jack Hilton, screening himself with his opened news-

paper, struggled with vision of laws and lawyers, courts and fees.

He was not even roused when they began to bring the injured into the car, until a woman's voice pierced his ears, and his heart.

"Bring me a doctor, Oh, get a doctor quick, my jewels,—money, anything, only get my child a doctor!" came the strained earnest appeal.

Mr. Hilton glanced up and shuddered. A slim familiar figure, with a delicate, drawn face bent over the crushed form of a child, trying to suppress her own emotion, to soothe the pain with the flood of her love and caresses. For a moment he stared at the rich mass of bright curls, clotted with blood, and at the pale face bent over them, and with one vindictive surge his love burst through the dam of selfishness and swept away the goblin band of thoughts that had filled his brain; and yielded to his longing, he stepped across the aisle, and threw his strong arm across the trembling shoulders. She yielded to his touch, and closing their eyes to the wreck before them, together they knelt beside their unconscious darling.

LOUISE JONES, '17.

COUSIN NELLIE AND I.

"Rulliford, next stop!" the shrill voice of the conductor sounded through the car, but shrill as it was, it sounded like music to my ears; for I had grown sick of the crowded passenger train and longed to be out in the open air once more.

In a few minutes I looked out and saw we were in the yard of Rulliford. There was a rush for the platform and in the rush I was the last to get out. As I stepped off of the train the "all aboard" sounded above the city noises. The train puffed and moved off, and I found myself standing in the yard of a strange town, traveling case in hand, looking uneasily around for my aunt, who had written me to come on this train and she would meet me. There I was alone, what would I do?

"Carriage lady" the numerous negro voices blended together until the "carriage lady" sounded like a song they had been taught to sing with an accompaniment. The thought struck me, "Oh, I will get a carriage," but my heart had scarcely leaped for joy before it fell in despair. I didn't even know what street my aunt lived on, and I had left her letter at home.

Despair filled my heart and made visible marks upon my countenance. At this tense moment a touring car with two girls and a young man in it drove into the yard. My attention was called to it, because the occupants of the car were waving their handkerchiefs furiously and seemed to be looking directly at me. I looked around to see whom they could be waving at, but no one returned the salutation.

"Hello!" they cried as they jumped from the car and ran toward me. Relief spread over my face, for I at once thought that my aunt had sent these people to meet me, being unable to come herself. They rushed madly up to me, the girls throwing their arms around my neck, covering my face with kisses, and uttering many endearing phrases.

"Oh we are so glad to see you, you dear thing."

"So sorry we were not here when the train came, but we really thought you were coming on the F & R road."

Charlie, I told you she might come this way and you didn't want to come," said one girl.

Charlie then walked up pushing the girls away from me as he said, "Get away, Ruth! you and Jennie will make Cousin Nellie sick, and besides I think it is high time I am getting my kiss." With this the boy grasped my hand and reached forward as if to plant a kiss on my cheek. I screamed outright and drew back in horror.

"Well, I must say you have gotten mighty stuck up since you have been abroad, Cousin Nellie. I well remember the time when you would run down to kiss me. I was shy then, but it's vice verse now, eh?"

I tried to tell them they were mistaken but my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth. I wanted to run, but my feet were rooted to the ground.

"Come let's hurry home. Mother will be wild to see Cousin Nellie," said the girls as they each took an arm and pushed me to the car, as if I were a little stubborn boy. They started to help me into the front seat but I drew back once more, hoping that I might be able to explain the situation, and at least save myself the embarrassment of being carried, goodness only knows where, by strangers. But when I hesitated one of the girls said, "Oh you don't want to sit with Charlie? Well I don't blame you, he is a mean old thing and teases us incessantly, so get back here with us. I can't stand to be two inches from you anyway." The girls pushed me into the back seat and they seated themselves on either side of me. Charlie took the front seat, and in a few minutes we were speeding down the street.

My mind, for I still had one, in spite of the exciting circumstances, was at work. I thought to myself, "Well, this isn't so bad after all. This is really nicer than

standing alone on the platform at the station. I will act Cousin Nellie and make the best of the situation."

Therefore I became a very attentive listener to the girls' chatter of how they had spent the vacation, when their school would begin again, and I even found courage to put in a word now and then by way of being agreeable.

"Tell us all about your voyage, Cousin Nellie," said one of the girls. "I know you had a glorious time."

"Yes, I did. But—"

"Did you bring us a model for our autumn hat or an evening dress from Paris?" eagerly interrupted the other girl.

"Y-yes, I-I have some lovely models in my steamer trunk which will be here soon," I replied.

"Oh, how perfectly grand!" they cried in one breath.

"Well here we are. Doesn't it look natural Cousin Nellie? Only the large mulberry tree is gone, the lightning struck it last summer and Dad had it taken up," said Jennie as the car drew up in front of a beautiful brick residence in the fashionable part of the city.

"That is too bad," I said with an artificial tremor in my voice. "That was such a lovely tree."

"I hope you will at least permit me to assist you in lighting," said Charlie as he opened the car door.

The two girls rushed up the walk, each one anxious to break the news of Cousin Nellie's arrival, but when we had reached the step, an old lady came to the door and said in an excited manner, "Why children how on earth, did you miss Cousin Nellie? She has been here several hours. You know she came by the F. & R. road." At this the real Cousin Nellie walked out on the porch. With all due respect to the lady, I must say she bore a strong resemblance to me. My new friends were dumfounded. They looked at me and then at Cousin Nellie, then back at me.

Charlie, seeing and understanding the state of affairs, and not wishing us to appear ridiculous before the whole

family, advanced and introduced me to them as Lillian Jameson, an old school mate whom he had brought home to tea. Then with a shy wink at me, he turned to his sisters and said, "Cute joke we played on you kids too wasn't it Lillian?"

HATTIE BOROUGHS, '15.

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

I.

JOHN ALDEN was a handsome lad,
Of twenty summers, truly told,
His hair was fair, his eyes were blue
His heart was worth its weight in gold.

II.

He loved a maid who lived hard by,
Whose lovely name was known afar.
He loved in silence, undismayed.
Deep in his soul, where none could mar.

III.

Miles Standish, now, had lost his wife,
Who too was tho't so fair of face,
He'd buried her on Plymouth's shore,
And yearned for one to take her place.

IV.

Miles Standish was a warlike man,
Whose nature was for blood and strife.
He only had a warrior's words'
And not the words to woo a wife.

V.

He thought to send this handsome John,
Who lovers' words and phrases knew,
To send him to the winsome maid,
Himself to win, tho' Alden woo.

VI.

John Alden went, with heavy heart,
Determined not his grief to show,
To woo her for another man,
His own love, she should never know!

How e'er, the maid, tho' meek and fair,
Did say to John when he was done,
Tho' you for another come,
"Tho' you for another come,

(*Academic Department.*)

The Tsaqueena

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EDITOR—CLEO WARD

We noticed in the editorial department of one of our exchanges a tendency to condemn the twentieth century woman. This editor seemed to imply that the woman of today is very much below the standard set by our mothers and grand mothers. It is quite evident that she does not spend most of her time quietly sitting at home spinning, weaving, and moulding tallow candles, but on the other hand, it seems to us that the twentieth century woman is finding fields of farreaching usefulness. That the woman of today is broader and more intellectual cannot be denied by the most reactionary of her critics. As life becomes more complete, difficult problems are arising for solution. Is she not developing a social conscience and looking towards the betterment of the nation? Thousands of women today, as teachers, missionaries, and social workers, are endeavoring to promote health and education

in the slum districts; women are waging the fight against impure foods; women are becoming interested in the conditions of the working classes, laying special emphasis upon the great evil of child labor; and women missionaries are doing noble work in the foreign field. This editor seemed to think that the desire on the part of women to better the political conditions of her country tends to lower her moral standard. We do not agree with this. The woman suffrage movement is endeavoring to impress upon woman the importance of her position and the part she is to play in the uplift of humanity. Woman suffrage is not a sentimental and sensational question, but one that vitally concerns all thinking men and women of today—a question which will give to the woman of today the most important place in history she has ever held. There may be a few exceptions, but the majority of the women are lining up in the ranks of every movement that sways toward a progressive and upward march.

It was our great privilege during the month to have with us Miss Oolooah Burner, one of the national Y. W. C. A. secretaries. The charm of Miss Burner's personality left its inevitable impress upon all who came within range of her influence, in chapel or gathered around her in the social hour. We could not help but think of her as the type of the broad-minded twentieth century woman—a woman who has achieved that joy which comes from consecrating her life to a work which is worth while. Today many of our school girls are afraid to line themselves up with any kind of Christian association in college, because they are afraid they will be dubbed "pious" or held up as examples to the rest of the college. Miss Burner, on the other hand, was insistent in her warnings against long faced piety, showing how a girl can find just as much fun and far more happiness in life by allying herself with

those movements which stand for the promotion of Christianity. Let us put aside the old idea that religion is being good and "putting on a long sad face." Let us throw ourselves into our Y. W. C. A. and make it better, and worth more to us than it has ever been before. If we put our whole soul into it, we should find it interesting, and soon we shall learn that nothing else can help us so much in developing a strong and beautiful character.

* * * *

The statement that all life is reciprocity has been made. What meaning has this statement? There should be something in it for everyone of us. It simply means that all life is equal mutual rights and benefits granted and enjoyed. Help those who help you and need your help—be willing to give something in return for every favor, kindness and opportunity given to you. Never allow yourself to miss the chance of helping someone who has helped you. If you make this your main object in life, you will find that life is worth living—and that there is joy and pleasure for everyone to look for; and you will not have time to become discouraged and disheartened. Reciprocity is also protection. If we are willing to help those who help us we can make ourselves popular. And what greater protection is there anywhere than friends? When we are in trouble, money and personal possessions do not offer us any consolation whatever, but if we have friends we are better prepared to stand the many hard things that we are called upon to bear. We are told that duty is the sublimest word in the English language; we wonder if we should be asserting too much should we say that friend is one of the sublimest and the strongest words in our language. The word friend in its true sense carries a meaning which no other word carries. Again, reciprocity means that we should pass on to some one else everything good that we receive. We, as college girls, can put this into effective practice. Let us us go out from

this college and strive to pass on to others less fortunate than we the ideas that we have gained here—give them something that will make life more enjoyable to them.

Only six more weeks and the seniors will have seen for the last time the feats of the valiant baseball players upon the old Furman Athletic ground; and sported for the last time their new Easter College bonnets!

In and Around College

EDITORS.

ETHEL LANHAM

MARIE PADGETT

The atmosphere is noticeably blue with occasional streaks of tango and green.

The Rogers and Grilley Company gave a very pleasing entertainment in our auditorium April the seventh, the program consisting of harp solos and impersonations.

On April the ninth Miss Gladys Rives gave a graduating expression recital which reflected great credit upon that department.

We very much enjoyed a Dicken's Recital given by Mr. Frank Speight on April the fourteenth in the Chicora College auditorium.

We were glad to have with us for several days Miss Blanch Hair who came up to attend the recital of Miss Rives.

Mrs. Rives, of Edgefield, and her daughter, Miss Maude, were also visitors of Miss Gladys Rives.

We were very glad to have with us a few days ago Mrs. Boatwright who was visiting her daughters, Misses Marion and Florence.

Several instructive and interesting lectures have been attended by the girls on "Landscape Gardening." We are very much pleased to see that they are being applied to our own campus, and it is being greatly improved.

Our annual Junior-Senior Reception, held on the evening of March 30, was a grand and glorious success. The parlors and dining room were artistically decorated in green and white, the same color scheme being carried out in the refreshments.

Miss Louise Cunningham, a graduate of '13, has been with us for a few days.

The College has enjoyed very much the Wofford and Davidson Glee Clubs, which have given concerts in our auditorium recently.

The Greenville County Public Schools held a very interesting and lively contest in our auditorium on the 17th.

The Annual Oratoical Contest in which ten schools of this section were represented, was held on the night of April 3, in the auditorium.

Lost by Blanche Seymour one Senior Class Ring. Finder will return and receive reward.

Miss Bryant, in French class, "Miss Garrison, what is the French word for *Miller*?"

Mary Garrison, "Why-er-er, he's an American, not a Frenchman."

Anyone desiring information concerning "Rat" Todd's personal affairs may ask the chaperone who accompanied her to the dentist the day she took gas.

Laurie Wilder wishes to know why the boys did not send their cards with the invitations to the Sophomore reception.

Sarah Owens, "You know, Clayte, I heard a girl say

THE ISAQUEENA

that the Quadrupeds were the nicest boys at Furman." Hats off, Quarturnians!

Hearing two American History students discussing the whereabouts of Santiago and the battle fought there during the Spanish-American war, Isabelle Poteat said, "But it's not in Cuba. It's in San Francisco."

At the laugh which followed, Bena Loadholdt, with senior authority and superiority interposed, Oh no! It's in Maine, er-er I mean Georgia."

The following spring limerick was discovered in the note book of the "Charming young maiden," and we feel that it expresses so universal a sentiment that it deserves a place here:

"There's a charming young maiden in town
Who looks at her books with frown,
And says, "I am tempted to quit 'em,

For the birds are all singing their songs,
And the flowers are blooming in throngs,
And I haven't the time to go get 'em."

Janet Henry, walking into our auditorium for the first time, exclaimed, "Dot, that is the largest radiator I ever saw." Her gaze was fixed upon our pipe-organ.

Elsie Davis asked the Librarian if our library had a copy of the *Acrobats of the Breakfast table*.

Marion Hunt entering the dining room door Sunday, said, "Rheta, look what pretty yellow flowers on the tables." She referred to some large bunches of celery.

Gladys R. "Bena, who did you get a letter from in Louisiana?"

Gladys P. looking at the postmark, "Why, it's not from Louisiana, it's from New Orleans.

Why is it that Janie Ward always sits in a certain place at Sunday School? Possibly there is some explanation.

Miss Holmes (in Botany class) "Miss Ezell, please give me the analysis of the "Holly."

Miss Ezell (smiling) "My goodness, I-I don't know him well enough yet."

Exchange Department

EDITOR—GRACE COLEMAN

THE CHIMES.

The Chimes for April is a very attractive issue. Easter and Spring are suggested by the poems and drawings. While the poems for the most part seem to be written by the same person, they are exceptionally good and are not the usual parodies so often found in our exchanges. In "Easter Song," the sentiment is well expressed. "On Oglethorpe Bay," is a poem in which the description is charming. "Napoleon's Relations With the Church," is an essay showing a comprehensive treatment of the subject and careful research. "The Tempest—A Critical Estimate," is well written with fine character delineations. "The Old House," is a good translation and smoother than the majority of translations found in college magazines. "Never Again," is an interesting little story with an unexpected turn at the end. "Music in Two Flats," has a simple plot which is interestingly developed by the admirable way in which the conversation is handled. The numerous departments of this magazine are for the most part well handled and add to its interest.

THE EMORY AND HENRY ERA.

In this magazine, "The Higher Hand," is a well written story. "The Legend of Kiowa," has a rather old plot but the descriptive touches here and there are good. The essay, "Industrial Education," is well written and particularly interesting, as it deals with a modern subject. This is an every day problem confronting the American people

and it is well that students are studying it. This particular article shows the necessity of industrial training in schools. The poems of this issue are rather similar in sentiment with no particularly good one.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE, N. C.

In the March issue of this magazine the essay on "A Visit to Manilla," is very interesting and excellently written. In a direct, simple style the author gives a vivid picture of Manilla and her impressions of the town, its people and customs. The negro dialect is well handled in "Uncle Jeremy's Trouble." "The Call of the Railroad," is an interesting though rather unusual story. In "Faithful to the Cause", the simple plot is well developed and ends with a ludicrous situation. "Sunset," is a creditable poem on a time-worn subject. "Friendship," is a very cleverly written poem. The sketches are for the most part well written. The articles in the "Contributor's Club," while dealing principally with matters of local interest, are good and show the interest the students are taking in their work and in their college.

The usual exchanges from the various colleges of this state were received and read with interest.

Y. W. C. A. Department

EDITOR CLAYTE BAILEY

A red line should be drawn around the month of April on our Y. W. C. A. calendar. Two great treats were in store for the girls.

For two or three days during the first part of this month it was a pleasure, as well as a profit, to have with us Miss Corey, one of our field secretaries. Besides the inspiring address to the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday night, she met with the cabinet and explained more fully the duties of each committee. We sincerely hope that she may come again next year. She will always be welcome to our college.

Still another surprise came during Easter. It is too bad that many of the girls were at home. By a happy accident Miss Burner, a secretary of the National Y. W. C. A. board, came to Greenville. We were indeed very fortunate in having the opportunity to hear her, for she visited only a few of the colleges in the state. By her charming personality she won the hearts of all the girls. They listened gladly when she spoke to them. Each girl was made to see more clearly her own relation to God, and how easy it is to wander astray, even when she thinks that she is following closely in His footstep. If each girl was not benefited, it was her own fault.

Our last meeting was a little unusual. Just after dinner the girls gathered around a bonfire out on the campus. The meeting was devoted to an open discussion of the Blue Ridge Convention. The different phases of the trip were presented by several members of the group, and everyone became quite interested. We are uniting efforts to send as many of our girls as possible to the Convention. We cannot afford to miss it entirely.

Alethean Department

Editor—Lorce Smith.

During the last few weeks there has been a number of changes to take place in the society.

First thing of interest is that we are no longer a division of a society, but we are a WHOLE society, that is independent, and one that instead of being named A— (Alpha) has the name, Alethean. All are proud that we have a name for a society that stands for something. Not only do we think the name one of beauty, but the real meaning of the word itself means so much to us. All hail Aletheans, that stand for truth!

By hard work, our constitution has been revised. It is one that will now come up to any constitution in the societies of the South. And now, girls, since we have this splendid constitution, let us every one do the best that is within us to live up to it, for to have a strong constitution means nothing at all, unless we abide by its laws. It would be best never to have revised the constitution, if just ONE girl, should abuse its laws. We have ever proved loyal to the society and let's continue to do so as long as life is in us.

We have nothing to keep us from having the best society ever, for our officers are of the type to hold up the society and are ones who know how to keep the interest planted into the hearts of each member, and this means that our society is becoming greater and grander, and that we are proud to acknowledge now and in after years that we are Aletheans.

Girls, let's work to make Aletheans even greater and grander. Let's arouse the spirit that sleeps within us, if

we have not yet done so, and stand for our society in everything against all others in literary standard.

The college girl who hasn't any society spirit stand a very poor chance of ever accomplishing anything elsewhere, for the spirit exhibited in college will be exhibited later in life.

Work for Aletheans—it is our society! Add glory to the old garnet and black.

Beta Division

EDITOR ADELYN McCOMB

The Beta programs during the last month have been unusually good. At the last meeting a musical program was rendered, requiring talent, which was not lacking in the girls who played the difficult pieces. On Saturday night, April 11th, the Betas had planned to entertain the Alphas in the auditorium, but the entertainment was postponed through courtesy to Miss Burner, one of the National secretaries to the Y. W. C. A., who was with us last week.

This entertainment was given, however, a week later. It was in a form of a pantomime of *King Robert of Sicily*. It was carried out in a very interesting and proficient manner by the girls. An informal reception was held afterwards in the parlors. We feel that the societies gain many helpful suggestions from each other in this way, and also society spirit is created. By mingling more with each other we shall receive ideas that will be beneficial to both societies. And, too, our literary societies should stand for more pleasure than they do—intellectual and social training should go along hand in hand.

Right now, girls, we have a broader opportunity than we have ever had before for making our society stand for something worth while in this college. Let us heartily enter into all forms of emulation, thereby creating a true society spirit. Come girls, and during the last few weeks of school let us establish the true enthusiasm which will live on and on in our society for the many years to come! Let each member realize her sole responsibility in this, and strive to set forth some principle, or suggest some idea that will enable those girls who come back next year

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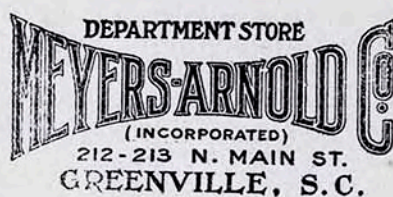
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