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## The Isaqueena - 1914, May

Cleo Ward  
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The **I**saqueena

May, 1914





# The Isaqueena

FOR

May

1914



PEACE PRINTING COMPANY  
PRINTERS AND BINDERS  
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

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# The Isaqueena

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GREENVILLE, S. C., MAY, 1914.

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## VACATION DAYS.

(Tune, "John Brown's Body".)

### I.

**V**ACATION days are coming fast  
The year is almost done;  
Examinations all are passed—  
The victory we have won.  
We've packed our trunks; we're glad in chunks  
To think the time is here  
When we'll go marching home.

(Chorus.)

### II.

For three sweet months we'll eat, and play,  
And talk to boys—perhaps.  
We'll go down town 'most every day  
And never wear our caps.  
No bells we'll hear; no rules severe  
Will fill our souls with fright,  
As we go marching home.

(Chorus.)

### III.

We will not hear "Arise and shine"  
In any history class;  
We'll not be told "Behave in line,"



Or "No, you did not pass."  
The wicked cease from troubling and  
The weary are at rest,  
As we go marching home.

(*Chorus.*)

IV.

We'll take no notes and write no themes  
And stay in bed till eight.  
No "marks" will haunt our happy dreams  
If we should come in late;  
No French disturb—an *active* verb,  
All *regular* we'll learn,  
As we go marching home.

(*Chorus.*)

V.

We'll tell our doting dads "Indeed,  
I did my very best,  
And now the things that I most need  
Are peace, and mental rest,  
A daily ride, much chicken fried,  
And pleasure trips galore,"  
As we go marching home.

## HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

“I GUESS I'm through with that fellow” said Gordon Black as he came calmly down the steps of the court house, “and it hasn't been a bit of trouble either. I'm beginning to find myself an expert in accusing other people of crimes.”

He was coming from the trial of Marshall Hamilton where he had appeared as chief witness against a man who had at one time been his best friend. The jury had found Marshall guilty of murder in the first degree and the judge had condemned him to die within three weeks. He had been the chief witness and had told the story of the horrible murder most calmly. He had been afraid that he would become excited and give himself away, but with the help of a little whiskey he had steeled himself to go through with the affair, without the least suspicion's being aroused. He had to get Marshall out of the way, and this had been an exceedingly easy way to do it. Marshall might not find the journey so pleasant but what difference did that make to him? He had to die sometime and now was as good a time as ever. Then, when he was dead, Helena would consent to marry him and he would have achieved all he wished in life, by just telling a lengthened lie. He had already grown rich, no matter how. The public thought the wretch who was now drudging his days out in the penitentiary had stolen the money; yes, he was good at getting himself out of trouble; all that was needed was a little lie managed cleverly. He wondered if he would ever regret any of these things he was now doing so bravely. No, why should he? He had too strong a will for that; then, it wasn't hurting him a bit, it was rather helping him. People thought him to be a fine man, always on the side of right, and they should always think so, for he would never feel sorry for anything he had done; and the public would have no way of find-

ing out that he was a liar, thief, and murderer; he had so skilfully covered every trace of them—ah, he had sent one old fellow to the “pen,” another preacher had climbed the ladder to heaven with his assistance, and soon an honest gentleman would go to his reward through his intercession.

Truly, he was helping the world along. He did wonder that his evidence should have been so readily accepted by the court, as the whole former life of Marshall had been pictured as honorable. But the chief virtues was a man of such honor and truth that they dared not doubt a word he had said. Marshall had never before been accused of a thing that would have reflected on his good character. But had not the Brute won Helena’s love? He had, but what good would that do him now? In three weeks he would be dead, but before that time came there would be a wedding in Madison, and he and his wife, Helena, would call on the prisoner. Probably he would allow Helena to take him some flowers. Yes, they would visit him the day before he died and they would take some flowers which would be placed on his coffin the next day. Of course Marshall would appreciate his kindness, any wretch would; and then, too, it would be such a comfort to his mother and sister to know that he still had a friend, altho that friend had to do the sad duty of sending him to his death. But it was his duty to do it. What greater duty has any man than to take care of himself, no matter what the cost to others. Thus reasoned Gordon as he walked to his room after the trial.

Three weeks passed rapidly and not a day or an hour passed that Gordon Black did not think of the poor prisoner in the jail. He wondered if Marshall hated to die; if he had any suspicions of the real murderer? He believed that he did. Was he beginning to grow nervous? No. Neither was he relenting. He was still glad that he had accused Marshall, tho’ Helena would not yet consent to the marriage. But this was be-



cause she did not wish to hurt Marshall, and he admired her more for it. In one more day there would be no one to stand between him and his love. With these thoughts filling his brain, Gordon went to bed but found it impossible to sleep. He arose, took a decanter from the table and filled a glass with the whiskey into which he mixed the contents of a small package. "Guess that will do the work," he said as he returned to his bed where he soon lost consciousness.

He was awakened the next morning by the loud talking of the people in the street. What could all this commotion mean? Ah! he remembered now, this was the day of Marshall Hamilton's death. He glanced at the clock on the mantle; it was nine o'clock. In another hour the fatal button would be pressed, and Marshall would be with his God. He arose, dressed himself, and sat down by the window to inhale the fresh morning air, but it was hot and depressing. The perfumes brought in from the rose garden seemed poisonous and made it difficult to breathe.

He arose and taking a drink of the whiskey, without the powder, sat down at his desk and drew out some papers; among them was a small picture of his mother. His mother's picture! he had not seen it since her death; he had even forgotten that he had it. It was the one she had given to him and Marshall together while they were still little boys. Then they were the best of friends, snaring each others troubles and pleasures, but now—well, things had changed. His mother had loved Marshall as much as she did him, yes, even better he believed. Everybody loved Marshall better, but that would not last much longer for in thirty minutes he would be dead. But it does seem hard to die for nothing, when here is the guilty one, free from every suspicion. He couldn't let that man die, he must save him; he must tell the authorities that it was he who met the preacher that night, and becoming infuriated at the kind advice of the good



man, struck him down. He could somewhat excuse himself however, for he had been drinking, and the accursed liquor had taken away his reason.

He took his hat went to the door, and then stopped saying to himself "I'm going to my own death, I cannot do it." He resumed his seat by the table and gazed into the face of his mother's picture. What would she say if she knew what kind of a life he had been leading since her death, if she knew of the crime he had committed, and of the lie he had told on Marshall—the lie that was sending him to his death? Would she ever have thought that he could have fallen so low as to accuse one of the murder he had committed. He remembered the talk she had given him when he, only a school boy, had caused a classmate to be punished for the rule he had broken. Then, he had promised her never again to lay the blame on a friend. But how often he had broken this promise since, and yielded to the temptation! Now, he was yielding to the greatest one he had ever had, that of letting an innocent man die for the crime he had committed. He must not do it, no matter what the cost, he must yet save Marshall and then he and Helena—ah, Helena! if it were not for Helena he might yet be a man, but he could not give her up. It was too late now. But could he not persuade the judge to give him life imprisonment instead of death? He had only wanted Marshall disgraced; he had not expected the punishment to be so great. He would tell the judge that he might have been mistaken in the man, that it might not have been Marshall. But if he did, then they would be sure to suspect him. It had gone too far. His evidence had been too convincing. One of them must die. The court believed Marshall to be guilty, while he, the criminal, was believed to be an honorable man, respected by everyone. No, it would be certain death, to him, if he interfered now. Marshall must die. He raised his eyes again to those of his mother, and he seemed to hear her whispering

to him to do right always. He must do it come what would. It lacked eight minutes to ten. Probably it was not yet too late, at any rate the effort must be made. He rushed from the house and madly down the crowded street, seeing and speaking to no one, but many were the curious glances cast at him and many were the remarks made by the bystanders. Not a few noticed that his hair had whitened since they last saw him, but they took his actions to be sympathetic rather than remorseful. They interpreted his haggard countenance to be caused from love for his friend rather than from a guilty conscience.

Gordon Black hurried towards the prison, his footsteps keeping time with the flying seconds. Could he make it? Yes, he was almost there. A crowd stood around the steps, but he pushed his way through and entered the gloomy hallway, almost knocking down a preacher who was coming out,

"Ah! my poor friend," he exclaimed grasping the cold clammy hand of Gordon, "he died like a man, but he never confessed."

A. LUCILE ALVERSON, '14.



## DEVELOPMENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATURGY.

**T**O combine and carry out various distinct lines of thought; to draw and paint a number of characters through a diversified course of action; to preserve organic unity, each character making the entrances and exits in such a way that each will do his part and nothing more, to knit them altogether in a consistent and harmonious whole, nothing overdone or underdone—this is a task open to every writer, but one which only a limited few ever achieve. Without a doubt this work is extremely difficult, and when we study and analyze such plays as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Othello*, we give to Shakespeare the first place among the small number who have mastered both dramaturgy and character delineation.

Shakespeare's career as an author may be divided into three periods—apprenticeship, maturity, and relaxed effort; or early, middle and later periods. It is interesting to note how his old form developed into one of great strength, then declined becoming weaker, as he passed from one period into the other.

There are four principles of dramaturgic perfection which it is necessary for every good dramatist to follow. In the first place, in any good drama the scenes should be so related that each is to prepare for what is to follow and the threads should be so closely woven together that there will be no looseness of structure. The second principle is originality. This does not refer to the plot or material used in the play, but to the author's own method and process of making the drama. Any drama to be original must be produced from what the workman has inside of him, and from his own interpretation of nature and humanity around him, and not by direct imitation of his predecessors. The third great principle is completeness—that is every drama must have within it-

self all that is necessary for the clear understanding of it. The audience should never go outside or beyond the play to know what it means. The play should be so complete that the rendition in pantomime would tell the story without outside aid. The last and probably the most fundamental principle is disinterestedness. The sole reason that so many plays have failed to get over the foot-lights, is that the authors have not been willing to lay aside personal taste and show things as they really are. The great dramatist always abandons his own marks of peculiarity and his personal aims in his work. These four are the essential and necessary principles in dramaturgy.

Shakespeare's drama—not all of them, but those written during what may be called his period of mastery embodies to the full all four principles. Thru out his long life Shakespeare kept before him a certain company, a certain theatre, and a certain audience. As he passed from the period of apprenticeship to the period of maturity he grew broader and threw himself more into the heart of things, thereby raising himself upon the heights, or in other words he became a man of the world—a man who knew and understood men about him, and as a result of this we have the creation of that perfect, glorious drama which has not yet been excelled. In his accomplishment of organizing the English Drama his greatness consisted very much in his ability to reproduce in an artistic manner old plots, and give a fresh original story. He put his own vitality into these old stories and made a drama such as the nation wanted.

Another thing which might appear to be a weakness in dramaturgic development, but which was a source of vast strength for Shakespeare, was the bareness of the Elizabethan stage. It called forth Shakespeare's genius, making it necessary for him to play upon the moral, patriotic and imaginative forces of his audience. And for this very reason Shakespeare has given us the most ex-



quisite word-painting in literature—the moonlight scene and Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, the description of Cleopatra and her barge in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Shakespeare's line of development is brought out more clearly by comparing his earlier works with those written when he was at his best. During the period of apprenticeship the dramas were not closely connected; the characters and incidents do not stand knit closely together as they later do. In some of the early plays as *Titus Andronicus* and *Comedy of Errors* there is hardly anything that can be termed dramatic composition. Imitation is stronger than the author's own original ideas; for just as Shakespeare is the most original just so he is the greatest borrower in literature. He began by imitating the prevailing theatrical plays of his time, writing very much in the same way as those before and about him did; but by experience, for he had no helpful criticism, he found and adopted a better way of his own. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love Labour's Lost*, and *King John*, we have but the beginning and first stages of his development; but in later plays as *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, we find that technique is well nigh perfect. Shakespeare was not born a great playwright as many of us are apt to think, but he perfected his art thru gradual development from better to best. Taking an early play, *Comedy of Errors*, we fail to find anything of the Shakesperian style we have in the later plays. Likewise in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, imitation holds the uppermost place. However, in such plays as *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, written at the time when he was at his height of plot-making, the characters and situations are clearly woven together, and they all move along single lines. But in *King Lear* and *Cymbeline*, written during the period of relaxed effort, the plot is not very well sustained. It was during this period that he had so much poetry,

so much philosophy—so much to say, that these plays are hard to understand.

We can more readily understand Shakespeare's method of improvement, and why his plays hold such an important place in our literature, if we will contrast his early comedy with his later comedy, and his early tragedy with his later tragedy. First let us look at *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the first comedies in which he began to show traces of development. In this play we have no strong characters. The heroine, Julia, is only a dim foreshadowing of the great Portia. It is in Julia that Shakespeare first records the tender and passionate history of a woman's heart, and the adventures to which love may lead her. Love, in its double form of sexual love and friendship, is too seriously and strongly emphasized for a comedy. And Shakespeare fails to give human nature that serious treatment of which he later becomes past-master. This play has many droll mistakes, the plot not being well worked out. There is too great a variety of incidents. We also notice that Shakespeare fails to use blank verse in this play with the freedom which distinguishes his later manner. He was just beginning to use his tools; therefore his pencil runs galloping along in a fantastic way.

Upon studying *The Merchant of Venice*, a comedy which stands midway between the earlier and later periods, though there is a striking resemblance to *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we notice in the later play a decided advance over the earlier. The theme of these two plays runs along the same lines. It is interesting to see how Shakespeare through experience and development could work out his ideas a second time without precisely repeating them. This play centers the interest of the drama in the development of characterization—and no person depicted in any preceding comedy can be compared to Shylock who is one of the most clearly portrayed characters in literature. Portia, the heroine,



is the first of Shakespeare's women who unites in beautiful proportion intellectual power, high and refined, with unrestrained womanly sweetness. Under the disguise of male attire she accomplishes her purpose, all the time preserving her modesty. She is not coquettish on anything, but she forms her own opinions and sticks to them. Portia expresses Shakespeare's ideal of womanhood at this period, and he has equipped her with a bright and vivacious temperment, which was lacking in his former heroines. The relation of friendship and love which Shakespeare weakly treated in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, reappears treated in a deeper and more refined manner. The style and composition of the play is freer and more pleasing. Shakespeare had learned how to use his tools, therefore he gives us a drama which is a good acting play upon the stage as well as a charming one to read.

During the period of relaxed effort Shakespeare does not continue his dramaturgic development but instead the dramas become technically weaker; and for this reason we do not have the equality between thought and expression as in *The Merchant of Venice*. This is noticed in one of the last comedies, *All's Well That Ends Well*. It is earnest and serious in parts, yet it is not a bright and interesting play. The strong-willed heroine, Helena, has not the romantic charm and broad intellectual power of Portia. The other characters of the play are rather stupid. The plot has no motive at all, and the incidents have no sequence. The play is in no way uplifting, and why Shakespeare wrote such a play is puzzling. Probably, he did it to satisfy his audience, and again he was probably writing comedies when he should have been engaged in writing tragedies. Moreover, the composition and style of the play is faulty. According to Professor Brandew Matthews it is the feeblest play Shakespeare ever wrote.

Shakespeare used the same line of dramaturgic development in writing his tragedies, which also may be divided into early, middle and later tragedy. In *Romeo*

and *Juliet*, one of the earliest tragedies, there are many proofs showing that Shakespeare was merely experimenting upon this kind of drama. Parts of scenes could easily be left out without effecting unity of plot. Romeo is not a great thinker and philosopher as Hamlet. Juliet is a very good character, yet she does not come up to his later women. Tragic and comic incidents are mingled. Punning, the lowest form of wit, is prominent throughout the play. The style of the play is faulty, for he used certain conceits and devices of his contemporaries. Again, the tragedy or catastrophe at the end hinges upon mere accident—the late arrival of the letter directed to Romeo—which according to the technique of the drama is a great error. However, the play is so good and so delightful, that we overlook the faults and term it one of the most romantic and most interesting dramas Shakespeare ever wrote. It stands as the permanent tragedy of young love—

“From forth the fatal loins of two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventurous vows piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parent's strife.”

However, when we compare it with *Hamlet*, written during the middle period, we readily see that Shakespeare had passed thru his period of apprenticeship and become a master dramatist. Tennyson says, “*Hamlet* is the finest creation in literature although there may be finer passages of poetry and more beautiful scenes elsewhere.” And we who have made a critical study of the plot can say it is the finest sermon that was ever preached against the vanities of life. Shakespeare proves that he has better control of his thought, and that he has a better understanding of men and human nature. In the great character of Hamlet he seems to be working out the moral necessity of a due balance between the real and the imaginary world. In this play we do not have the mingling of the comic and tragic scenes—it is well named a tragedy



of thought. Every character stands out and holds a necessary part in the working of the plot. We do not find those melodramatic qualities that we have in *Romeo and Juliet*. Each character needs the incident, each incident needs the character, nothing stands alone, nothing exists merely for itself—everything is connected in mutual membership. Indeed, his genius lies in the fact that he had power to put a multitude of things so that they exactly fit into one another. Professor Edward Dowden says: "Shakespeare could never have produced another masterpiece as *Hamlet*." In this great tragedy he no longer wrote as a youthful lover, but wrote as a man of mature powers and as a deep thinker. In this play as well as in *Julius Caesar* everything is thought out.

The predominant thoughts of the last tragedies, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, are passion and crime. During the last period as in the development of the comedy, Shakespeare again makes a slight decline. The plot in *King Lear* is not as well sustained as in *Hamlet*. Our interest falls somewhat because we have two different stories tied up together—Edmund trying through intrigue to overcome his brother Edgar, and the story of King Lear and his daughters. Various have been the judgments of this drama. Shelley says, "*King Lear* is the greatest piece of dramatic literature in existence." On the other hand Thackeray says, "I saw the play and thought it a bore." However, the plot does not seem plausible. The daughters of King Lear seem to be inhuman. In *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, the incidents and characters are closely interwoven, and for this reason these plays are more interesting than *King Lear*. It is not a pure blood tragedy as *Hamlet*, for there is too much philosophy and poetry. *Hamlet* is a good acting play; while *King Lear* is not, for the author puts more in the play than could be put upon the stage—especially upon the picture frame stage of today. At the time Shakespeare wrote this play the Elizabethan stage was still bare

and Shakespeare had to use words that would work upon the imagination of his audience. This tragedy has not any great women characters. Cordelia is the only one we admire; and we see too little of her to appreciate her beauty and sweetness. However, the poetry and philosophy of this play is good; and for this reason it ranks among the best of Shakespeare's plays.

A division of Shakespeare's authorship into three periods, helps us to understand more readily the development of Shakespeare's dramaturgy. First, we have our great dramatist in the workshop learning his trade as a dramatic craftsman. The words of the gay young industrious workman are nothing more than experiments along various lines. They show a small knowledge of human life, and they are slight and fanciful rather than real. But as he passed from a workman to a master in the great art of making dramas, his imagination began to lay hold of real life, and his plays began to deal in an original way with the matter of history. His works are strong and robust. It was during this period that Shakespeare had become the master dramatist—he had learned how to use his tools with a master hand. Before it closed Shakespeare had known sorrow; his son was dead, his father had died, and his great friend whom he had addressed his *Sonnets* to had done him wrong. Whatever the trouble might have been the great maker of dramas seems to have ceased to care for tales of mirth and love; he was now using his imagination to inquire into the darkest and saddest parts of human life and study the great mystery of evil. He strongly preaches against sin and the wrong—and holds up truth and virtue—in *King Lear* there is Cordelia and in *Macbeth* there is Banguo. The impression left upon the readers by Shakespeare's last plays is whatever sorrows and trials he may have had he had come forth from them large-hearted and very calm—he seems to have learned the great mysteries of life.

M. CLEO WARD, '14.



## THE CLIMAX.

“**M**ARY is a delightful girl,” thought Dr. Robert Jones as he accompanied Mary Hunter to his home after the last ball game of the season. He readily acknowledged to himself that she had to be extremely nice and attractive to be such a dear friend of his sister’s, whom she was visiting for a couple of weeks. The game had been particularly interesting, for Mary, unlike many girls, understood every part of the game. The walk home was broken by a visit to his drugstore. As they neared home Robert was somewhat shocked at the tone of her conversation.

“Bob!” she said, for that is what all of his friends were forced to call him, “What do you think of the use of stimulants, of narcotics in other words, by druggists?”

“I—exactly what do you mean, Mary?” asked Bob in reply.

“Why, it is a common thing to hear of the frequent use of narcotics by men who handle drugs all the time, and I want you to tell me what you believe to be the reason for it.”

“Oh! I’ll tell you all I can about it, but I don’t see why a girl like you should have such an interest in it.” He paused a second before he continued, “Some men are not strong enough to resist the temptation to try these things, and after they’ve once begun to use them they can’t stop. Others inherit the weakness for drugs, and use the position in a drugstore as a means of securing them. But by far the largest class of the sufferers among druggists take stimulants to brace them up after from fifteen to eighteen hours work the day before. Believe me, it is somewhat tiring to remain on one’s feet for that length of time behind the same counter.”

“Did you—did you ever feel the necessity of using them?” hesitatingly asked Mary, yet in a tone demanding an honest answer.



"Well, to play truth with you, I must confess that I have. But what is a fellow to do when there is a bunch of work before him, and instead of feeling freshest, he feels like he has not slept for a month? Besides, if one has any manhood at all, he can control himself to keep from developing the habit of using them freely."

"I am wondering whether it is at all like the cococola habit with some people," pursued Mary, intensely interested in what she had been told.

"Precisely," agreed Bob, "save that it is more liable to become worse in a shorter time. But, why all this intense curiosity in the matter?"

"Oh, I'm not curious but peculiarly interested in the habits that are becoming prominent among the younger circles of today," answered Mary, with a far away look in her eyes, but she added immediately, "I wish you did not use it!"

"Chuck it!" returned Bob, who really preferred other topics for conversation. "Let's talk about the ball that is to be given in your honor next Thursday evening."

"Well, I'll please you awhile then! What must I say about it!" she questioned, provokingly, he thought.

"Say you'll honor the president of the club with a couple of dances, anyway," readily responded Bob.

"Suppose I say I will? How will John Tate like it? He doesn't appreciate the fact that you are to take me to the club house anyway!"

"Well, let him wait until he becomes the President of the club, and then he can have the pleasure of attending the guest of honor," answered Bob in an assuring tone.

With other pleasanties exchanged, they ended their walk. No further mention was made of the ball, which all of the younger set in Cranton looked forward to with much pleasure.

On Thursday morning Bob came down to his breakfast, really much later than he knew. His sister, whom he called Nan, superintended the replacing of hot food for

him, and then sat down to have a little chat before he went to his business. He was complaining of a severe headache when she interrupted him.

"You certainly slept heavily last night, you woke me up by your heavy snoring. I believe you've been indulging in too many stimulants lately."

"Oh! cut it out! a fellow that has to be at his business all day, and is up late at night has to take something to keep him going," answered Bob.

"So you have been indulging, eh?" persisted Nan, directly.

"Nan, you certainly can get the whole truth out of a fellow. I'll admit that I've been a little too free with the drugs for the last two weeks. But don't you want me to help you give Mary a good time?" he added, petulantly.

"Yes, I want her to enjoy her visit, but I also want you to stop using drugs before you form the habit. I know she doesn't like you to use it any more than I do. Go slow with it today! you remember what a fool it has made of you on another occasion," reminded Nan again.

"Yes! I know she doesn't like it, and I'll be careful today, although I must be primed for tonight. But you must be good today, also, so that John will be proud of my sis tonight. Don't primp too much!" he added teasingly as he left the house.

Thursday night had come. Mary and Nan were looking their best, and Bob seemed to be feeling almost too vivacious. They waited for John Tate, who was to go with them in Bob's car. About nine o'clock they left for the club house, and as they went spinning through the the main street Nan said to John, with whom she occupied the back seat.

"Please keep an eye on Bob tonight. I'm afraid he is going to disgrace the family again."

"Huh! Been dopin' up?" asked John, who was like a brother to both Nan and Bob.



Nan did not have an opportunity for reply amid the cheers that greeted them as they turned into the club house drive.

Mary and Bob led the first dance as guest of honor and president of the club. Mary perceived that Bob was in a very jolly good humor, and that he laughed more than he ordinarily did. The dance passed off successfully, and she was claimed for the second by John who told her during the dance that Bob had boasted among his friends of having a number of dances promised with her. Mary merely nodded assent, and he followed her eyes to a place on the floor where Bob was reeling and almost falling as he danced.

As the evening passed Bob became more and more unable to control either his feelings or his body. His gay humor continued, but during the last dance which he was attempting to go through with in a very incapable way, with Mary as his partner, he suddenly relaxed and fell to the floor in a quick loss of consciousness. Almost as quickly he revived, and as John bore him to his car he heard him mutter,

"Take me to my drug store. The habit was formed before I knew it. It is too late now, I cannot break it."

IRIS PERRY, '14.



## THE LOST FAIRY.

'T WAS many, many years ago,  
That all the world was fairyland,  
And everywhere 'twas pure as snow,  
And all the year was springtime then.  
From every tree top sang the birds;  
On every bough there bloomed a flower;  
Soft, gentle breezes cooled the land—  
And brimmed with happiness each hour.  
One night when all the fairies slept,  
A wind blew strong from out the East.  
And blew a Fay from Fairyland,  
A wee, wee sprite—one of the least.  
Through all the land the fairies searched,  
In every buttercup, violet, rose,  
But the Fairy was lost from the land of Fay.  
And no one knows until this day  
Where the tiny creature fell that night.

'Twas a whole long year since the fairy had gone;  
And her companions were sad always.  
No flowers bloomed; the song birds hushed,  
And the sky was changed from blue to gray.  
When suddenly one dewy night  
There stole a Boy, with drooping head  
Who placed the lost Fay in a buttercup  
Then out from Fairyland he fled.  
And once again the flowers bloomed,  
The sky was changed from grey to blue.  
The birds caroled gaily. The fairies laughed—  
And a boy's heart was happier too.

CARRIE MCMANAWAY, '14.

## THE GLASS OF FATE.

“IS THERE no hope at all?” the anguished voice of the father broke forth.

The old gray-haired family physician slowly shook his head, not trusting himself to speak. Then he rallied his sinking spirit, as one gathers courage who goes forth to battle, and spoke sadly,

“We can do no more. Dr. Blair, the great nerve specialist, has also given her up. Richard,” his voice faltered as his slender, delicate hand touched his friend’s bowed head, “you have my deepest sympathy. I know what it means to give up one’s only child. William Jr—,” but his voice failed, and he finished brokenly, “Let us be glad that the Father has seen fit to take her while her beauty and loveliness were in full bloom.”

“Twenty two today,” murmured the father, “so young, so beautiful, and how she did love life!”

Slowly he rose from his chair and, stumbled across the hall to his daughter’s room. Even in his grief he noticed the radiant beauty of her golden hair caressed by a lingering sunbeam, the blue of her eyes once so sparkling and bright. Hearing his step, she turned her head languidly, then, seeing his white, drawn face, raised herself and extending her arms appealingly cried,

“Oh, father, tell me it isn’t true. I can’t bear to leave you. Life is so dear. I had not dreamed death could be so cruel.”

The nurse gently forced her back while her father sprang with a quick step toward her.

“My child, dear Vivian,” he murmured, touching her falteringly, as the weak voice sobbed, “Life is so sweet. I don’t want to die.”

But the shock was too great; the nerves keyed up to the highest pitch gave way. There was one last tired sigh, and another soul had flown into the opened gates of heaven. Saint Peter, with radiant robes, stood near,

receiving the weary souls into their well earned heaven of rest.

"Ah," he murmured sorrowfully, as Vivian's spirit wafted in the portals, "poor broken spirit! How bravely it clung to the earth, but how bruised and torn it is with its long uneven fight! Perhaps it will be soothed and healed and the earthly conflict forgotten."

Day after day passed, while millions of souls floated peacefully through the balmy air. One only was restless and ill at ease. Earth would not loose it's hold. Again and yet again it had sought St. Peter for freedom and always it had received the answer, "Wait a little longer." Finally, the conflict could be endured no longer. Life, sweet life, on the earth was calling, and so again Vivian's spirit approached Saint Peter. Slowly, haltingly, the words throbbed out:

"Is there no way, oh, St. Peter, for me to get back to the earth. You don't know how life there is ever calling, drawing me. I was so young to be snatched thus rudely away. Take, oh, take me back to earth," the voice ended in a doleful wail.

A long drawn out shudder passed through the assemblage at this weary cry. Finally, the keeper of the portals replied,

"Oh, restless one, harken unto me. There is a way in which you may return to your noisy, sinful world, but listen!" and he spoke in a slow, stern voice. "When once you have decided to leave seek not to retrace your steps, for after once leaving these doors one may never enter again until an allotted time shall have passed."

Again a shudder passed over the gathered crowd, and a low moan as of wind soughing through the pine tops swept round the air. But the restless one was undaunted.

"Speak, kind saint, and tell me this day how I may return to the world of my heart. Never will I regret my decision?"



As St. Peter began to speak again, a hush fell over the crowd of waiting souls. "Into the world this day and every day are born thousands of babies. Tonight you may enter the soul of an unborn babe and tomorrow make your appearance into the world of sin and sorrow."

The longing spirit then eagerly exclaimed, "And can I choose the child in which I am to pass my second life?"

"Yes," St. Peter spoke in a low, tired voice, "you are allowed three choices, the loves of three different people being passed in full review before you. Come, I shall now lead you to the glass where you may look and behold your future life."

With a great fluttering and murmuring the entire body of spirits floated after St. Peter and Vivian. Some, more bold than others, followed closely; a few timid ones skirted the edge; but all with one accord waited and listened eagerly for the word of doom to be pronounced on the wayward spirit. With pale and affrighted looks they gazed at one another, occasionally breaking the silence with hoarse murmurings.

"Here is the place," St. Peter spoke abruptly and stopped.

The onlooking spirits softly fluttered into groups about the central figures. With a slowly yielding hand and a last questioning glance, St. Peter pulled back the golden drapery, disclosing to view the wonderful instrument by which the spirit Vivian was to know her fate.

When the curtain was dropped slowly, softly, hiding St. Peter and Vivian from the staring friendly-curious eyes of the bystanders, carefully he turned a small wheel while she placed her eye to the long tube. For a few minutes all was dark and confused, but finally there came into space a tiny fair-haired beauty, skipping her way gaily along. Through childhood she sang her merrily way, and then too through young girlhood. At last a smiling young man danced his way into her life. They knelt at her parents' feet for their blessing before going

out into the busy world to live their own lives. Money they had and social position. What more could they want? Of course he was a little given to the social glass, but then that was no serious fault. Her father said he would soon get over that and sober down to business.

"Ah," Vivian sighed happily, "how perfect this life is to be! No sorrow, no tears, but joy, pure joy, always and forever."

Again she bent her head to the glass. A tiny gray cloud appeared on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand at first, but gradually looming larger until its size became ominous. More frequently than ever before the social glass was in demand, at the club. at a friend's house, always there was the excuse, "It's just a social glass." The decline was slow at first, then rapid. Business failed, no other position could be secured, and piece after piece of their furniture was sold in order that they might live. Each time they changed residence, a more sordid place fell to their lot, until at last the delicate beauty of the once fair bride had faded, a dirty calico dress hung on the figure before so tastefully clad. Around her scrambled and shrieked, dirty, emaciated children. While in a corner of the room a man sprawled over a much littered table, his hands grasping a whiskey bottle. Now, as in his more prosperous days, the social glass was always the excuse.

Vivian lifted a pale face from the machine, but made no sound other than a hoarse, "Turn on."

Noiselessly the glass revolved until St. Peter placed a restraining hand on it and motioned Vivian to her place. A shadow rested on her features, but as she bent toward the glass and her eyes caught sight of the little figure within, a smile of delight chased the frown away. Care-free, the child led a merry life and grew up into a jolly, companionable girl, surrounded by a troupe of devoted brothers and sisters. Vivian noticed that the girl stood first in the eyes of admiring friends and suitors, that she



led in athletics as well as in the social games, and Vivian longed to be in her place to receive the pettings and gifts of others. As was natural, in due time her knight came riding by; they tarried for a short while only, then rode away. A married life never dawned happier; fairer and sweeter children never graced a home. The husband was still the lover, and many were the admiring glances cast toward the pair. But the girl-wife, so fond of parties, dancing and theatres, found it hard to give up these things and tie herself down to children and the love of one man. She failed to respond to the homemaking instinct in her husband, consequently they drifted farther and farther apart, neither realizing just to what extent they had gone. Too late she came to herself and realized the meaning of glances and whisperings. She recalled her marriage vows and tried to regain the confidence of her husband, but his faith in her was shattered, never to be reinstated. The blow came when he did not come home one night, but sent a note instead, saying that he and his stenographer, in whom he had found the qualities lacking in his wife, had left the city for a far Western town and would never return. Then the poor, heart-broken wife turned to her children for consolation, and vowed to live for them only, so that they too might not find her wanting in sympathy and understanding.

For several minutes after the glass ceased moving silence reigned; then slowly Vivian lifted her hand and motioned for the glass to turn on. Somewhat sadly, yet with a lingering ray of hope, she beheld the dawn of this new life—perhaps her own!

Breathlessly she watched the tiny figure pass through childhood into young maidenhood. "How sweet and dignified she is," said Vivian softly, "always the center of attraction, yet apparently bringing forward others while keeping herself in the back-ground. Suddenly the spirit looked more closely into the long tube, and muttered an involuntary gasp of delight. A ball room scene was



before her eyes. The brilliant lights dazzled her, the music intoxicated her, while the earth called as it had never called before. She held out her hands beseechingly, then remembering where she was dropped them pitifully. She noticed a stranger amid the joyous guests, a chance visitor. The glitter of buttons caught her eye, and noticing the uniform carefully she realized that he was a surgeon in the U. S. navy. Presently he was presented to the most popular girl of the night. Several dances followed; dances, thrilling and full of delight. Finally, however, the evening came to a close, but there were promises of calls, parties, and many future good times. The friendship gradually ripened and at last wedding bells tolled. Then followed happy, blissful days, stretching far into the future. Vivian watched, fascinated, drinking in gleefully every happy moment. The years came and went and the happy couple traveled—always cheerful, always sympathetic: The gods could have desired no better match. Another six months on sea rolled around and away they sailed for India. Peacefully the days glided by, leaving nothing to be desired. Then one evening after dark had fallen and all had smilingly said goodnight and retired, a storm, like a wolf in the night, crept down and tore open the ship's side. No danger was thought of, and sleeping passengers were not awakened. The surgeon hearing the tumult above was one of the first to arrive on deck. In a few minutes people, wakened by intuition and by raps on their doors, began pouring out on the deck. Most of them were clad in negligee; a few had blankets pulled around their shoulders, and two or three had waited to dress. All gazed with blanched faces on the whirling waves. Life boats were hurriedly let down, and they were immediately filled—women and children first.

“Push away,” the captain cried, “it is death to receive more.”

As the surgeon stepped forward to a place beside his

wife, a tremendous wave washed over the ship. An awful groaning was heard and the boat parted, the side on which the surgeon was standing instantly sinking.

The wife uttered a piercing shriek and knew no more. When the survivors were picked up and carried to the states, she was tenderly cared for, but to no avail. She spent the rest of her life in an asylum for the insane.

At last Vivian looked up, her eyes beseechingly and dark with misery, "Will I know beforehand what is coming to me?" The words were parched and broken.

"No," the Patron Saint replied, "only, occasionally you may have a dim idea of having seen a face or heard a voice as if in another world."

Then mournfully, his eyes full of sympathy and compassion, St. Peter gazed afar, and Vivian bowed her head in sorrow.

SARAH CALAHAM, 1914.

## CHILD LABOR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

IT WAS not until after 1880 that there was any very great amount of cotton manufactured in the South. South Carolina was one of the foremost Southern States in the development of this industry, and at the present time she is leading the South in manufacture of cotton goods, standing second only to Massachusetts in the whole United States. In the last thirty years her number of employes in this one industry alone has increased more than thirty-fold. In most of the larger factories here there have been established kindergartens for the purpose of educating the younger children, and help is provided for the mother while these children are away. Also many mill schools have been instituted, so that the older children who have to work in the day time may have the opportunity of getting an education too.

But, in spite of these provisions, we can not blind ourselves to the fact that at certain stages in the development of this industry the proportion of children in the mills has been very much larger than it should have been. There are two reasons, however, why this has been the case. In the first place, when families moved to the mill village, the older members were not fit for skillful operatives; most of the fathers and mothers were from the country, and their fingers were so stiff and gnarled from work on the farm that they could not use them nimbly enough to become spinners or weavers and, consequently, could earn only wages of common laborers, and this was often insufficient for their needs. The younger members of the family were the only ones whose fingers were quick and active enough to supply the places in the factories which required these, and, naturally, they began to be drawn into the work. Again, these children could be secured at a low wage, and manufacturers were led in the false belief that a low wage



was necessary to low cost of production. In the progress of the industry and in the succession of years, however, a new generation has grown up and the mills are finding that it is practical and advisable to replace these young children by adults and older children. They are coming to realize more and more that a child is the most expensive employee a mill can have. His carelessness and incompetence leads to a waste of time and material. Furthermore, so long as cheap labor, as represented by the child can be secured, the introduction of labor-saving devices and machinery of all kinds will be delayed. Again, the results of a day's work of an adult are much better and much more satisfactory than those of a child. These facts in themselves are doing much to reduce the number of child laborers more and more in our state.

It was found, however, that this reduction was a rather slow process, consequently in 1903 the Legislature of South Carolina enacted a child labor law providing for a sixty-six hour week, and permitting employees to work eleven hours daily. According to this law, no child under twelve years of age could be employed. In 1907 this bill was amended, providing for a sixty-hour week, permitting laborers to work only ten hours a day instead of eleven. It was not until 1909, however, that we took the lead in the south and put in a complete system of factory inspection. This act still retains the sixty-hour week, but permits the child to work eleven hours a day. No child under twelve years of age can be employed unless he is "an orphan," or the child of a "widowed-mother" or a "totally disabled father."

This system of factory inspection has been in operation for about four years now with most beneficial results. In speaking of this, Mr. A. J. McKelway, Secretary for the Southern States National Child Labor Committee, says, "The most hopeful sign of an end to child labor in the Southern cotton mills is the activity of the factory inspection department in South Carolina where commis-

sioner Watson has two efficient inspectors under his direction."

During the past year, quite a number of the mill managements in our state, although they have the right under certain conditions of the law to employ the children of a widowed-mother, or a totally disabled father, or an orphan child under twelve years of age, voluntarily notified the authorities that they had issued orders to their subordinates in the factories never again to employ children so young as that, no matter what the circumstances were.

The very first year after the installation of the system of inspection there was a very decided increase in the work done by the factories of South Carolina. The total number of employees was greatly increased also; yet there was a marked decrease in female labor and an improvement in child labor conditions that could scarcely have been expected in so short a time. One prominent authority on labor conditions of this and other states says that "nowhere in this country or in any other country in the same length of time has there been such a speedy adoption of legal restriction and safeguard for woman and child labor in textiles as has occurred in South Carolina." Commissioner Watson of the Department of Agriculture, Commerce, and Industries of our state, shows in a report to the American Academy of Political and Social Science that "we have put into operation in South Carolina a system by which child labor is as completely checked up, as complete in the details of its operation as can be found in this country. An inspector upon going to the plant can examine the complete papers of every child and check them up." In spite of these facts, we find many Sociological tourists of the South taking photographs of the worst cases in our states and displaying them as typical existing conditions. Although these people are honestly working for the prohibition of child labor, we can not help feeling that in order to do this,



it is unnecessary to exaggerate its present evils. As instances of this, we might cite two cases where such has occurred. In the first place, these tourists have created a general impression that it is unusual in all of the Southern states to work children at night. This is probably true in some of the states, but the incorrectness of the statement in regard to South Carolina is apparent, when it is known that practically no mills of any consequence in the whole state are operated at night. Mr. Lewis Parker says in his report to the American Academy of Political and Social Science that he knows only two mills in South Carolina that are operated at night and they are small ones. Again, there appeared sometime ago in *Harper's Weekly* a picture of a small child accompanied by the statement that this boy was working twelve hours a day in South Carolina. This also is evidently false, as it is a prison offense for any manufacturer to work a child twelve hours a day, as well as a prison offense for a parent to allow his child to work that long.

South Carolina was the very first strictly Southern state to establish a full department of its government under a state labor commissioner, and to undertake to enforce actually all the laws upon its statute books concerning child labor. If this had not been the case, these laws would probably have been dead letters long ago, for the simple reason that the law if is not followed and enforced, would soon find the dishonest mill managers taking the labor by families when he refused to employ the children of these families illegally. Then the very fact that the law is not enforced will cause even the honest manufacturer to violate it and, consequently, it becomes a dead letter. When the authorities first undertook to enforce these laws, it was found that the employees, not knowing the conditions of them, caused more trouble than the manufacturers themselves, although it was they whom the law was intended to benefit. Now it can be readily seen that complete enforcement could best be



accomplished with the co-operation of both the factory employer and employe—rather than with the antagonism of either or both; consequently, from the very first the authorities of our Labor Department decided to move conservately, yet with firmness, first informing all parties concerned as to the provisions of the law, and then acting deliberately in order that there might not be too violent or sudden a change. The result of this, according to Commissioner Watson, is that “today we are enjoying an enforcement of our laws that is complete and that is being conducted without antagonism of the parties concerned.”

On explaining a record of the proceedings of the Special Commission of the International Association for Labor Legislation at Basel, Switzerland, we find that practically all of the chief provisions which they recommended for the control of child labor are either included in our state laws or in the recommendations which have recently been made by the Labor Department of our state to the general assembly.

What has been said thus far relates chiefly to the textiles employing child labor, as the other industries of our state employing children are relatively small, although a few permits have been issued by our State Department during the past year to boys and girls under fourteen years of age in cigar factories, mattress factories and telegraph offices. Some permits have even been granted to children under twelve upon the special legal exceptions, but it is doubtful if at the present time there are more than six hundred of these children out of a total population of about one hundred and twenty thousand operating workers. One very gratifying fact is that there are five factories in the state that have this year refused absolutely to employ any child under sixteen years of age, and one of these does not employ any under eighteen.

Of course there have been violations of these laws all the way along; yet we find that the number of violations

this year was a great deal less than that of last year, and in most of these cases, these violations could be explained. One chief reason for these violations is that, while the inspectors are almost certain that children possessing papers to show that they are over twelve years of age, were under that age. The only way in which this evil can be remedied is by the passage of a law requiring the registration of births.

We can readily see that in instances like that cited above, the manufacturer is not to blame for the violations of our child labor law. Furthermore, that these employers are sincere in their desire and intention of keeping young children out of their mills is shown by the fact that no persons in the whole state have been more persistent in trying to get a compulsory education law passed than the manufacturers. They believe that such a law would be the most effective child labor law which could be passed as stated before. The child labor law in South Carolina at present prohibits only the employment of children under twelve. The manufacturers have expressed themselves as willing to have this age limit raised to fourteen, if legislation of this kind is accompanied by a compulsory school law.

Would it not be better for South Carolina to probe to the root of this evil and pass a law compelling children under fourteen to attend school? Then and only then would the child labor problem near solution.

ANN ORR BROCK, '14.



## BETWEEN TWO ACTS.

**N**OW to decide!" Margaret Melton, leading lady of the Christy Company, left the stage by a side door, and escaping the managers, hurried to her dressing room. After barring the door securely, she drew from her dress a crumpled letter, which she spread on the dressing table before her.

A sharp rap sounded at the door and a boy called, "Bouquets for the Leading Lady, Flowers! Flowers!" but Margaret paid no heed. She heard the voice of the manager and the excited, exulting voices of the other actors calling to her, but she had no time for them tonight. She did not have to appear until the fourth scene now, and this was her only chance to think. She stared hard at the letter before her and tried to collect her thoughts. Why had the letter come just now, she wondered. Why had it come tonight, of all nights? Had she not lived down long before the memory of those unpleasant days? Did she want to be reminded of that past on this her first night of success? No! She caught up the letter from the table and held it ready to tear—yet she knew she would not decide that way. Smoothing out the letter she slowly read it again. Into her eyes there came a cold, hard expression. What right had this to be asked of her? Had she not endured enough? Was it right, was it fair, after all the hardships and unending labor to give up her work at the very moment of success, in response to another's wish? No! She could not, she would not go back! Think as she might she had not forgotten those old bitter days! How often, then, had her stepmother wished her to be near? How often, indeed, had she even wished her there at all! And Margaret remembered now, with burning cheeks, the many days that would pass when no word would be spoken between them. She remembered



how any small request, any girlish fancy or puzzling decision, had been met with either coldness or sarcasm. She remembered the thwarted plans, the disappointments, the denied pleasures, all of which she had been forced to submit to. Suddenly resting her head on the table unmindful of her actress' make up, she sobbed again, as she had many times long ago, sobbed out her grief alone, hungering and longing for companionship, happiness, and love.

But there had been a day of decision in the past, also, when she had voluntarily chosen a work to be henceforth in new surroundings, as far from the old life as possible. Then had come the bitter fight for life in a strange new world, with no friends, and with all hope and claim of an inheritance forfeited to another.

And to-night, in the first happiness of success, was it necessary to surrender it all? Was it right for another to ask that? Was it right to those whom she represented, to those who had become her friends? Was it right to herself? Was success so easily obtained that it be disregarded and then reclaimed at one's leisure? And too, had she not offered once, all she had to offer to this other one, and had it not been rejected? Then again Margaret remembered how often in the old days she had even prayed that her stepmother's heart might be reached and won. And now were her own work and even herself to be used as the instrument by which that reconciliation was to be effected in answer to her prayer? Now since her stepmother was ill would it be any easier to reach her or to win her love than it had been before? Was it worth the trial? That was the question that Margaret had to decide. That was the question that, ever since she had received the letter two days before from her stepmother, had occupied Margaret's mind.

But to-night, it must be answered. She wondered why she had waited until to-night. Was it not harder to decide now after she had experienced success? Was

that why she waited? Would that disarm her?

There was a soft knock at the door. Margaret knew at once it was Mrs. Lewis, Madame Coville she was to every one, and 'mother' to the whole company. Madame Coville had never been denied admittance at Margaret's door, and she rose now to answer the knock.

"My dear," began Madame Coville, but she stopped when she saw Margaret's face. But Margaret said nothing to Madame Coville after inviting her to come in. Too wise to remark on Margaret's tearful expression, Madame Coville carefully arranged the flowers she had brought, at the same time making random, complimentary remarks.

"I just wanted to remind you, Margaret dear, you must not forget the little fete we are planning in your honor; you're our 'star' guest you know to-night," laughed Madame Coville as she left the room and started to close the door behind her. "Ah!" She exclaimed, as she turned back, "Here are other flowers, just look! Dozens of them! And those suggestive looking packages and notes! Invitations no doubt, my dear. It pays to be a successful actress doesn't it?"

Margaret straightened up after Madame Coville had gone, and looked about her keenly. Did not everything express companionship and happiness? What need to give it up? She was happy here. They were all good to her, careful and considerate of her. Indeed, did she not belong to them now? Would her stepmother replace all this if it was sacrificed for her? True, she was ill now, and perhaps, suffering had changed her. Perhaps—ah! the thought struck home—perhaps she was lonely. Margaret covered her eyes with her hand. As she thought there came back to her an incident that had happened long ago, when she was very small. It was when her stepmother had first come. Margaret, had been very ill for several days. And during all that time there had been a figure that had never left her bed-

side. She remembered one night, far into the night it was, when she had awakened. Everything was still and dark, and in some way it impressed her strangely and calling out in a frightened voice some one had answered immediately in a soft, soothing voice. A light had been brought at once, and Margaret saw again plainly the anxious, tired face bending over her, the same face that had watched over her for four successive nights. How comforted she had felt, and in a few moments she had fallen asleep again.

One incident recalled another. Margaret remembered an afternoon when she had been forced to wear a dress, which was faded and patched. A thoughtless, taunting remark had sent her flying to her stepmother's arms, where again she had been comforted.

But how strange all the past could not be like that, Margaret reflected. What had happened in those intervening years, which seemed like a blank in her memory, to change her stepmother in such a way to take away that loving expression from her face and replace it with one of coldness and indifference. Why could not all the years that had gone be as happy as those first ones? How Margaret had longed for her own mother, who, if she had lived, would have made life, oh! so different for Margaret. It was foolish, she knew, but Margaret, tired and worn out, covered her face and sobbed again for the one whom she had lost two dozen years before. How she had needed her! Perhaps it was her face that Margaret remembered bending above her that night; perhaps her comforting arms to which she had fled when angry and hurt. Why had she never thought of that? But no, it was the face of her stepmother, after all. There was no mistake. A sudden thought made Margaret wonder how her stepmother looked now. Would the hard look still be there? And if so, how was she to meet it? Perhaps, as she thought before, suffering had changed all that, for she had sent a message, with a



simple request to "come back." Had she written because she really wanted Margaret? Was it real loneliness? But that thought was surely impossible. No, after glancing through the letter again, Margaret was sure her stepmother wanted her. There was no proud note in the letter; it was just a simple request, after all, and made in hopeful anticipation. Gradually the realization came to Margaret. Her stepmother was ill, perhaps lonely, and she needed her, Margaret, and wanted her home again.

But what had caused her to do this? Ah! Surely it was because she would have liked for Margaret to go back. And it was for the sake of those other happy days, long ago. "Yes, I shall go." Margaret was quiet now, and she rose to redress for the last scene. A call sounded through the halls. 'Twas the last scene now. A minute later, Margaret Melton, leading lady of the Christy Company, had taken her cue and gone in for the last scene in her first and last representation.

CARRIE MCMANAWAY.



### ON ONE SIDE OF THE COUNTER.

“**G**OOD MORNING, Mr. Long. Yes, I want to see some dress goods, please. Some silk crepe, if you have it.

“What color? Why I want it in blue. Dark blue? No, I prefer a lighter shade than that. What is the price of this piece, Mr. Long? Oh, two ninety-five? But I didn't care for anything that expensive, just something simple. This I think is too light weight, I wouldn't want a dress of such sheer material. Mr. Long, let me see that piece just above your head, there, yes that figured piece, but no, I don't believe I care for the figured, especially in pink. Have you this in another color? Pink? Green? Oh, do let me see the green.

“Why, Mrs. Darlington, is that you? How delighted I am to see you this morning. Yes, it certainly is warm. No. I'm just trying to do a little shopping. Yes? Well do tell me all about Mrs. Casper's reception and Dolly's wedding. You know I've been away so long, I feel—Oh, what is the price of this green, Mr. Long? Isn't this a beautiful shade? But I could never wear green in the world. I couldn't think of buying a green dress. What is this tan material, Mr. Long? Mercerized cotton?



You say you have this in blue? Yes, I believe I will look at it.

"I was going to say, Mrs. Darlington, that I've been away so long I feel quite like a stranger. Do tell me, were the Hunter girls at the wedding? Yes? Now who would have dreamed that after the quarrel between Ralph and Alice—No, Mr. Long, I told you a minute ago, I don't want anything so expensive as this. It is pretty though. Wouldn't a dress of this in cream or old rose be just a dream! I believe I will look at the cream. Cream cotton? No, the cream messaline.

"Mrs. Darlington, did Miss Aster get off last week? I certainly am surprised, for I thought as long as Arthur Summers remained—

"No, I don't believe I care for this piece at all. No, Mr. Long, I don't believe I will get anything this morning. But what is the price of that linen?

"You know, Mrs. Darlington, it's such a hard matter to make up one's mind as to what one really wants. Anyway I wasn't going to get any dress this morning. My sister Alice just wanted me to get some prices for her. Did you know Mrs. Hall and her daughter have taken the Gale house? And you know they say she's only heard three times from Mr. Hall since he's been in Europe this last time. You know I think—

"No, Mr. Long, I don't believe I want this dress, I don't like a red and brown combination in a dress. If you had this in tan or white and blue—Oh, but I really don't care for it this morning. I just wanted to see how the tan and blue looked. No, I don't suppose you need get any more, Mr. Long. Anything else? Why I really forgot the handkerchiefs, have you any real linen ones? How much is this? And those lace trimmed ones? Oh, aren't they pretty?

"Do you know, Mrs. Darlington, I have never decided whether it is cheaper to make handkerchiefs or to buy them already made. Every time I go to Helen's we al-



ways argue that question. She makes all her handkerchiefs, and therefore maintains that it is cheaper, while, really I don't know, I'll confess to you—

“Oh, do you mean this is one dollar and a quarter? How many? Why I won't take any of those, Mr. Long. Just give me one of these please, five cents, didn't you say?”

“Well, Mrs. Darlington, I hope we shall soon be neighbors again. It doesn't seem like home till you get back. Why, you don't tell me it's half past eleven! One hour and a half gone? Isn't shopping dreadful.”

CARRIE MCMANAWAY, '14.

## THE SENIORS' FAREWELL.

CAN YOU realize, O Seniors, that the time has come to say "Farewell"? Yes, at last, after four years of battle with them we close for the last time the *Atlases*, whose broad, red faces must hurt after the siege we've laid to them. Our last maps are filled in, the last *Atlantic* and *Pacific* have been printed by fingers which have repeated the process so often that they do it unbiddenly at last. We know that the backs of our black, all including note books, the remainders of four years of war with fingers in black and blue, must have met with sighs of relief when we laid them tenderly down after the last exam. Did we not feel a pang of sorrow when we noticed that their joints and back-bones were clearly revealed by the wearing away of their covering? Though filled many times over with our notes, sometimes voluminous, often outlined, we hope you regret just a little the rest that you have deserved and obtained in the end.

To our classrooms we bid a "Good-bye." Your back seats were even more comfortable than your front, but we must leave them, still unenjoyed, as a legacy to the class of '15.

Our halls, where we've laughed, planned jokes, and executed them too, which have reechoed with the clang of mail box doors, and the "never-forever" ring of the period bells, fill a neat little place in the pigeon-holes of our memory.

We give up our seats in the dining room too! We've been down a row, up the next one, and across the room in the times we have drawn to change tables. We may say we are glad that the last time has passed, if we dare, yet who out of all of our many observers will believe us?

To our successors we add a word of warning to the one of farewell. We've worked—some people may doubt it—and we've had a good time to be sure. Yet we can

tell you, the work is not all of joy! So to heap up your measure of learning, we advise you to take the pleasure, when the work and the pleasure conflict.

Our teachers, we know you bid us good-bye with sorrow. You will miss our rushing" and the cutting" of classes which we practiced so frequently that we got ourselves into trouble thereby. No! we do not know you will miss us, but may we hope that you will? Can you doubt that after four years of Math, French, English and History we could fail to love those, whose guidance has led us through sunshine and showers, through smiles and tears, up to the night of our commencement of life? To you, we owe our ideals, our aspirations which though we may never reach, yet we will cherish as the magnets which draw us back to the re-enjoyment of the scenes of our college life. Will you take this as a small tributary to the Lethe of life to help you forget the worries and wrinkles we've brought you? We forget all the tests, the written lessons and examinations, and we remember only the smiles we've received, sometimes undeserved we admit, that have helped us up and on through the years of our college life.

IRIS PERRY, '14.



## AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

*(Translation of an early French song.)*

**I**N THE light of the moon,  
 My friend Pierrot,  
 Send me your pen  
 To write a word or so.  
 My candle is out,  
 And I have no more light,  
 Open your door  
 That I may get a mite.

In the light of the moon  
 Pierrot then said,  
 "I have no pen  
 I am in my bed:  
 Go to the neighbor,  
 With her you may deal,  
 For within her kitchen  
 They are beating flint and steel."

FLORA BARRETT, '18.

## TIM'S ANSWER.

“**A**ND why are you not to sing the Easter solo  
 this year, Timothy?”

Tim wriggled in his chair, looked at his mother appealingly, scowled at his brother, but there was just one thing to do when one's father looked one straight in the eyes and called one by one's full name; so Tim answered, in short, concise statements. "Why the other night when Sam's quartette I mean the cats he owns—began to meow and squall and squeal when we were practicing, everybody laughed and got so tickled they couldn't sing any more. All 'cept Lady James—I mean

Milton James—he didn't even stop singing, just stood up there solemn as old widow Hale's cow—I mean—I mean, solemn—quiet as he could, and went on singing that crazy,—er—that—er—Easter song and Mr. Barker said he could sing it on Easter too. That's all."

Strange to say Tim's hair almost touched his plate, but, he was not eating. Everything was so quiet Tim looked up. His father was still looking him straight in the eye.

"And," Tim went on, "a whole lot o' cows went to mooing at the same time, and couldn't none of the boys sing 'cept Lady—er—I mean Milton."

Tim's father looked steadily at him. Though there was a strange brightness in his eyes, they never left Tim's face.

Tim coughed.

"And Miss Hamah's four old dogs were barking at the same time." Tim picked up his spoon and drank a spoonful of coffee, but it must have been hot, for he choked.

"And Mrs. Harris' twin babies," Tim's lips almost quivered, "they tuned up—er I mean cried out. They wanted to go home; they were afraid in that dark church."

Not only Tim's lips, but his hands trembled. He put sugar in his gravy and salt in his coffee, and didn't even notice when he swallowed it. He ate a muffin hurriedly and glanced at his father.

"And Mrs. Ellis' canaries were singing too. And old Jake's music box and Mr. Hoke's graphophone."

Tim's sister finished her supper and asked to be excused from the table.

"And Sam and Charlie Thompson were beating drums, and Elsie played a harp, just outside the window."

No one seemed to wish to interrupt Tim; so he was forced to continue—

“And the boys were laughing so, none of them could sing, and some of them had to run out doors to get their breath and old—er—I mean—Mr. Barker got red in the face and he didn’t say anything but just picked up his book and started to help Lady—And when he sang he just went “The Lord—er ker—chu—oo, Lord—rd—choo—ker chu The—er—chu—chu—kerchu - The Lord is risen— en— n— chu— ker— ker— ker-chu—chu—oo—o’—And that just nearly finished the boys and when I looked in his book there was snuff in there.” Silence greeted this remark of Tim’s, as it had all the preceding ones.

“And, and—er—I was chairman of the committee to get up the things and—er—er—I helped—er—I got Jack and Sandy to help me, and—er—er—Mr.—Barker—er—said—I couldn’t sing on Easter. And—er—we’ve been expelled from choir for a month.”

“I am glad you answered my question truthfully, Timothy. I shall wait for you in the library after supper.”

It was the first time Tim’s father had spoken in reply, and if Tim had felt nervous in the least before he now felt actually weak in anticipation.



## THE MISSION OF FAITH.

THE THIRD patient had died; the drugs and knives were locked away and the name on the door of the sign of the office door was obliterated. Donald Alden, three months ago the daring graduate of a large medical school, with genius tingling in his finger tips and eloquence quivering on his tongue, now a daunted young M. D., mute and self-distrustful, sauntered moodily through the southern grove. His hopes had sunk farther in black despair than they had risen in dreams of glory. His plans to follow the footsteps of a distinguished father without depending entirely upon paternal fame were now shattered. Death seemed to haunt his knife, and after his third patient died, he grimly took down his sign, determined to sink it in the deepest pool in the neighborhood. As he walked he broke off several sprays of jasimine that hung across his path, but seeing that they too, drooped and withered in his hands he flung them away with a shudder and stumbled on to the brink of a pool surrounded by dense shrubbery.

"Here goes, and I wish I dared hurl myself with it," he muttered, pitching the sign-board afar out into the water.

The solemn stillness of the woods was broken not simply by the splash but by a sonorous bass voice that rose, accompanied by a strong, flushed face and broad shoulders, from the thicket.

"Plague take you, sir, you have driven away the fish I have been waiting all the morning to catch," it shouted.

Another form emerged from the thicket, and Don was soon grasping the hand of Mr. Roberts, his father's old chum, who had come fishing with his little son Jack, and his irascible partner.

In his kindly manner Mr. Roberts soon found out

all Donald's professional troubles, but would not hear of his giving up practicing.

"Don, old boy, you must succeed you can; it's in the family, you must bring it out. Just think of how you could doctor up my dogs. Why, when you were just a kid you set old Fido's leg perfectly."

And so the old Gentleman talked on, telling of Don's father and his skill, and of Donald's own ability, until the boy half-promised to resume his practice. Their conversation was interrupted by an agonized shriek from little Jack, who had been asleep.

A poisonous snake was coiled around the leg of the child, who having lost his balance had slipped down the bank and lay cut and bruised, among the rocks.

"There's your first case, Dr. Alden" said the child's father quietly.

Donald shrank back, faltered,

"Three have d—"

"Attend to your patient sir, no words, no words," ordered the red faced gentleman, sharply.

Mr. Roberts was quite firm.

"Sir, you will begin immediately and cure my son."

Donald took the case, which turned out to be more than mere bruises. Night and day he worked with the child determined to succeed. This case would decide his future career. Sometimes he almost became despondent again, and remarked gloomily that his fated

But Mr. Roberts would have no other physician with unwavering faith and almost childish confidence in the young doctor, he keyed up Donald's courage and steadied his self-confidence.

All went well until Donald found that an operation would be absolutely necessary. For a long time he refused to perform it. But the irresistible calm light in the elder man's eyes stirred his ambition and sent thrills of conscious power coursing through his finger tips.

Mr. Roberts was sitting on the piazza awaiting the result of the operation. An exultant step roused him. One look into Donald's smiling face told the story. "Donald, my boy, I owe my son's life to you."

"Still I am the debtor, sir; I could save your son's body because you first saved my soul."

LOUISE JONES, '17.



# The Tsaqueena

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EDITOR—CLEO WARD

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At last peace has been restored in Colorado, distracted and torn on the one hand by riotous miners demanding a voice in labor legislation, and the riotous capitalists, on the other hand, denying such representation. This peace which they have been struggling for during the past five years was brought about by Federal troops, not Colorado citizens. It now remains for the Colorado citizens to make this peace permanent. In order to do this they must strike out all the causes that have led up to this destructive strike. From the miner's point of view justice and peaceful conditions must be brought to the workers, who think they have a perfect right to join any Union that will promote their interests. On the hand, John D. Rockefeller, who voices the operatives side says permanent peace cannot be

brought about by labor unions. Every miner whether, he be a union or a non union man, should be treated with justice and should have equal rights according to the Constitution of the United States. To us this is a sane solution of the problem: extend industrial justice to all, regardless of what organization or race, he may belong to. For as we know, the race question has had a great deal to do in bringing about this riot. The American workman has been eliminated and many low class immigrants have been brought from Europe and Asia to take his place. They do not understand the English language; therefore they could not be expected to understand our customs and the justice of our laws. Then to bring permanent peace, we must strive to enlighten the miners, to make them familiar with our constitution, and the justice of our laws. This is the only way anarchy, discontent, and suspicion can be done away with. The United States must take more interest in ignorant immigrants who are helping us to utilize our resources, or else we must keep them from coming to our shores. We hope that this Colorado strike, although it has been destructive, will have a nation-wide influence, by showing not only Colorado its duty but also the United States.

\* \* \* \*

During the past few weeks we have had a great educational treat in the lectures of Edward Howard Griggs on "The Poetry and Philosophy of Browning." Dr. Griggs in his charming manner discussed those poems which enabled us to see and understand the personal side of Browning—to get a clear insight into the life of the poet. In this series of lectures he pointed out the fact that Browning loved to praise the deeds of the pathmakers of history. He would take some great man as abt Vogler, Rabbi Ben Ezra, Paracelsus, and Andrea Del Sarto, who had lived in unnecessary obscurity, and in his beautiful poetic way, show to the world what he



really was. "To Browning the men who did things were nothing more than tiny organ pipes in the immensity of eternity." Again, Dr. Griggs emphasized the fact that a man is the resultant of all past experiences—the net results of all his yesterdays. What we possess now, the ideals and ideas that we have now, we saw afar off; but our past accomplishments stand out as real. Even today when we as college girls look back over our lives there are only a few things which stand out as high-water marks—but these few things have caused us to be what we now are. This should encourage us to live each day nobly, and do those things which will help us to make our life useful. Evil is self-destructive, and only the good or that which really enters into life is lasting. We feel sure that these lectures were helpful to every student who heard them—We learned that Browning was a hard fighter all of his life; and if we ever wish to accomplish anything worthy of note we must fight against the many obstacles and difficulties that are around us.

Probably, we fail more than we succeed. But we must not give up—it is only in aspiring that we ever reach the goal.

"Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:  
What I aspire to be,  
And was not, comforts me."

\* \* \* \*

In a few weeks a number of us will bid the old classroom farewell. Four years ago we would not have minded this very much, but somehow now we have already begun to dread it. Few of us have at last realized that college days are our happiest and that we have had the best opportunity we will ever have for making life-long friends. In the life that will come to us after we leave college we shall doubtless make many other friends. But can they ever seem to us like those girls who have shared joys and sorrows with us, who have loved us



and helped us thru all our trials and temptations? These girls will always stand out to us as faithful. To have a true friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts life can offer. Let us make the most of college friends, for they are the most vital part of college life. We hope that the classes that come after us will promote class spirit and enthusiasm, and in this way exert an influence which will have a decided effect upon the spirit of the entire student body.

\* \* \* \*

In this closing issue of our magazine we wish to extend our sincere thanks to Miss Eudora Woolfolk Ramsay, who has so willingly given us her aid in the getting out of our magazine. We feel sure that we are greatly indebted to her for our present success. Her sane advice and help has enabled us to solve many difficulties that have come up during our connection with the staff. It has been a great pleasure for the staff to work with her, for we have not only received help with our magazine but ideas and suggestions which have helped us in our college life, and will still influence us in the future. Although she may be glad to see us go, our hearts are sad when we ask for the last time her advice. However, we say with all sincerity that her inestimable help will always be remembered and appreciated by us. Likewise we appreciate what all other teachers have done for us. We are indebted to them for the selection of articles which have brought our magazine praise.

\* \* \* \*

Some of us will be on the staff of *The Isaqueena* next year, but over half of us must bid the magazine farewell. Probably, our departure will not be looked upon as a loss at all, but we feel as if we have lost something when we have performed our last duty. We know that the new staff is anxious to take the magazine in hand; and for this reason we shall not part in tears. Although it has meant much hard work and the sacrifice of some

## THE ISAQUEENA

pleasure on our part; it is with a heavy heart that we correct the last sheet of proof and write our last editorial. And for the sake of our readers we will say there are others who can do it far better than we, even though we do wonder secretly to ourselves how *Isaqueena* will really get along without us, and if there is just one who feels sorry to see us go. But as we have already said we must not find an occasion for brooding, for next year when we are all separated things will continue to move just as well as they have ever done, and our places will not sigh for us. However, in parting we wish to express our sincere thanks to those who have read our magazine and given us criticisms. We have tried to profit by your praises and reproofs, and we can only hope that the future staff will do likewise.

We wish the new staff all success. We hope you have planned to make *Isaqueena* better than she has ever been. If you succeed in making it better we shall not be offended at all; for we remember with pride how we resolved to make such improvements when we first took up our work. As all great statesmen say, every successor should show a decided advance along the line of improvement over his predecessors. We have made many errors, and we hope the new staff will profit by them. Every member of this retiring staff is anxious to see you push off and make next year's *Isaqueena* the best magazine in the south. With this we bid our readers, friends, helpers, and dear old *Isaqueena* a fond farewell.



## Exchange Department

EDITOR—GRACE COLEMAN

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*The Furman Echo.* In the last issue of this magazine there are two very creditable translations, the poems, "Two Leaves from German Laurels," and a story, "Fear." The latter is an unusually good prose translation. We have noticed that the Editorial department of this magazine has been strong. The exchange department has also been good showing that the author has taken time to read thoroughly his exchanges before criticising them.

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*The Limestone Star.* The one poem, "Easter Thoughts," in the April issue of this magazine is creditable. The unusual turn in "How Ellen and Billy Boy Won," makes it quite an interesting story. The essay, "Our Appreciation of Some of Burn's Songs" is creditable. The other departments of this magazine are good.

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*The Criterion.* *The Criterion* for April contains two good stories, "What Arizona Held for Catherine," and, "What Mother McSween Accomplished." This issue could have been improved by another essay or two, "Manfred," the one essay is more of a synopsis than a critical estimate. The arrangement is somewhat faulty. The other departments of this magazine are creditable. We were particularly interested in the Music Department.



The March issue of the *Wofford Journal*, the last which has come to our desk, has some excellent essays on present day topics of interest. "Selfishness or Safety," is a good treatment of the immigrant question presenting forcefully the need of having immigration restricted. "Our Negro Problem," shows how the negro, by receiving an industrial education can become an asset to the South. "Woman's Sphere," is an argument against woman's leaving the sphere of her home. With the exception of "Lives", the poetry of this issue is slushy. In "The College Student," the author evidently attempted something funny but to our mind he missed his point. "The Adventures of Two Friends," is a detective story fairly well handled.

## As Others See Us

**W**E ARE giving in this issue of our magazine a few of the criticisms we have received during the year from our exchanges. We appreciate the commendation that has been given us and have profited by the advice. The merits and demerits of our past issues have been pointed out, and while the present staff realizes wherein it has fallen short, we hope the staff for the coming year will avoid our mistakes and profit by these criticisms and be able to produce a magazine that will be recognized everywhere for its high standard of literary work.

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THE PALMETTO says of us:

*The Isaqueena* for March is an unusually good issue. "Crushing the Flowers" is the best poem, and is truly good. It deals with the question of child labor in a delicate yet striking way. The subjects of the two essays are well chosen, and the essays well developed. But especially should *The Isaqueena* be commended for having such an instructive essay as that dealing with "The South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Blind." It is especially valuable since it represents knowledge gained by personal investigation. "A Case of Fever" is the best story. We like the idea of the "Rags and Tatters Department," and believe the editors will find it an addition worth while.

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From THE MERCERIAN comes the following:

*The Isaqueena* for October is an attractively bound magazine, and this number is "touchy, testy and pleasant." There is evidence of loyalty from the varied contributions

covering so many subjects. The spirit of the poem "Isaqueena" is worthy of commendation and recommendation to every supporter of a school publication. The department of "Personal Experiences" as the title implies, is a few of the comical incidents of the lives of those who were bold enough to "testify." The stories do not conform very accurately to the fundamentals of a short story; most of them are lacking in plot. A collection of incidents is not a short story. "The Written Word" redeems this deficiency considerably and is the best story of this issue.

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THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE (N. C.) says  
of us:

"The Return of the Muse," in the February number of *The Isaqueena* is one of the most delightfully refreshing stories we have read recently. Besides the charming manner in which the plot is handled, the story affords a good character study of three individuals,—first, the impulsive, enthusiastic Margaret, full of wit and determination; second, the dainty and gentle little housewife, Clare; and last, but not least, the much-adored Phoebe, beautiful, talented, and with an indomitable will-power. In these girls we find portrayed the strong and lasting bonds of friendship formed during college days. "Much Ado"—something between a story and a sketch—is entertaining. We cannot help but admire Arthur for his truthfulness which triumphed in the most difficult circumstances. The sketch, "Mammy," gives us a good example of the love and fidelity of the old ante-bellum darkey. The poetry in this magazine is all of the lighter vein, and is, therefore, disappointing. There are two good articles, "The Background of the Elizabethan Drama" and "Louisiana at the Time of the Purchase."



From THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER we get the following:

*The Isaqueena* has a good essay in the March issue on "The South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Blind." We are given a clear idea of the methods used in teaching students in such schools. "A Case of Fever" needs revising. Some of the dialogue seems unreal, and the plot, while good, would be better if more pains had been taken in working it out. The sudden change in the heroine's attitude towards the poor does not seem consistent. "A Victor Vanquished" is also a little weak in plot. As a whole, the magazine is very creditable.



We have received these remarks from THE CRITERION:

*The Isaqueena*. On first opening this magazine we are struck by the beautiful sentiments expressed in the poem "A New Year's Resolve." The sentiments are well worth our adoption. "The Beginning of the Drama" is an excellent article. It shows deep study as well as clearness and brevity. "The Rise of Mediæval Towns" is rather long, but has a large amount of historical matter, however the principal theme deals with economical ideas. We should take great interest in an article of this kind for the economical problems are foremost in the present day problems. The stories in this number are fairly good. I wish to call special attention to the thought expressed in the one entitled "Her Better Self." Selfishness is a characteristic we all need to overcome. The Editorial Department is indeed praiseworthy. I heartily agree with you as to the ability of our girls to do good work. Enthusiasm is our greatest need, therefore let us strive with all our might to develop it.

THE FURMAN ECHO expresses the following opinion of a recent issue:

Quite an interesting number is the March *Isaqueena*. It begins with a simple but charming poem on "Spring," and we are introduced to characters of interest in each of the three stories, "When Margaret Decides," "A Victor Vanquished," and "A Case of Fever." Both, the essay on Forest Preservation and that on Cedar Springs Institute, contain points of interest. The author of the last deserves commendation for bringing before us in so full a manner one of the most unique institutions in the State. If "Rags and Tatters," the newly added department, continues as it has started, it bids fair to be a success. "Math," under that department, we think especially good.

---

We feel that THE ISAQUEENA has improved steadily from the criticisms of The Carolinian.

*Isaqueena* for Christmas has the same fault that it had for a long time, too short articles. We are glad to see, however, that it is beginning to depart from this custom. There are two short pieces in it, both of which are sketches and should be short, that are extremely good. These are "Coldness" and "Mr. Squareness." The latter is especially well written. The essay on "The Huguenots in South Carolina" is the best thing in the book. The author exhibits a minute historical knowledge that is rarely found in college publications and treats her subject in a refreshing and interesting manner. The story "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" is also good.

of the February issue the editor writes the following:

We are glad to see that this magazine is beginning to get out longer articles. This was the only fault that we could find heretofore in it and now that it has corrected this evil it will take the place to which it is en-



titled in the ranks of college publications in the State. The story in the last issue was well written and interesting. The dialogue was the best that has appeared in it this year and was, in fact, the best of many magazines. The essay on the Background of Shakespeare's plays was well written.

---

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL expresses the following opinion of the *Isaqueena*:

Well has old Edward young said "procrastination is the thief of time." This has been our experience in connection with *The Isaqueena*. We have intended expressing our appreciation of it several times previous to this, but, manifesting a great human weakness, we have procrastinated, even until now. With the exception of the poem, "A New Year's Resolve," which is in itself an ambitious attempt in the style of Walt Whitman, we find nothing in the verse line worth mentioning. "*We sure hate that,*" for when women do write poetry there is ever a tenderness about it that is foreign to men. "I Forgive You" is a good story, worthy to be mentioned highly among the stories of *The Isaqueena*. "Masques at Court" is a very instructive article, well wrought and indicative of clever scholarship. We appreciate such compositions as this, for they are not too plentiful in our exchanges. How much better, we consider, would it be if instead of so many worthless stories our exchanges were more fully composed of such essays as this. Another similar type of writing, entitled "The Rise of the Mediæval Towns," is worthy of our praise. Undoubtedly there are some thorough scholars in G. F. C. Such it is, both male and female, for whom the higher, loftier situations of the world are extending their arms and grasping. And even another, "The Beginning of the Drama," is likewise appreciated by us. These are three scholarly essays, and we believe will be beneficial to the readers of *The Isaqueena*.



# In and Around College

EDITORS.

ETHEL LANHAM

MARIE PADGETT

---

Miss Annie Maude Wilbur gave her graduate expression recital on the 15th. She gave selections from "Mary Carey." The child dialect was handled in a pleasing manner. Miss Wilbur should be congratulated on the originality shown in her selections and also in the skilful manner in which they were carried out.

Misses Ann Orr Brock, Marian Hurt, Sallie T. Cade, Lura Cade were guests of the Misses Todd for the past week end.

Waiter—Miss Robertson, the butcher forgot to send the beef steak today.

Miss Robertson—Tough luck.

The survival of the first may be seen in the modern dressmakers' art.

What verse in the Bible best describes the college student?

"They toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Miss Bryant—"Miss Gambrel, who was Cyclops?"

Miss Gambrel—"Let me see. Oh! yes, he was the man who wrote the encyclopedia."

Recitals are now coming "thick as leaves in Valom-brose." Since our April issue Miss Sallie Thomas Cade, expression, Miss Maud Martin, piano, Miss

Lucile Goodwin, piano, and Miss Virgil Sellers, violin, have given their graduation recitals. Each young lady did credit to her teacher and delighted her audience. After each recital the guests were given a short recital.

If a guest should attend a recital, and talk aloud each number through, would it be too severe a requital to ask that he kindly "skidoo"?

Since the Lyceum and Chautauqua courses are now over we have settled down to the usual steady grind, working on the Shakespeare play, the choruses, more recitals, and—final examinations.

Miss Eudora Ramsay, was the representative of her club at the Federation of Women's Clubs in Spartanburg.

Dr. Ramsay attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Nashville.

Mrs. Sloan and Misses Holmes and Finlay have just returned from a pleasant week end at Mrs. Sloan's cottage on Cedar Mountain, bringing back as souvenirs shrubs for the campus and specimens for the Biology and Botany classes.

A shadow has been cast over our school on account of the recent death of the mother of Miss Hiden, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. Smith of Saluda and Miss Hollie White of Johnston spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Estelle Smith.

Mrs. Sellers of Easley is visiting her daughter Miss Virgil Sellers.

A number of our girls and teachers attended the Spartanburg festival.

Miss Annie Gaskin of Columbia visited Miss Gladys Rives last week.

Miss Alexima Sauls visited Miss Ethel Sauls.

Miss Wilbur—Mrs. Sloan, is there any mail for mama today.”

Mrs. Sloan—“No Annie Maude, not today.”

Miss Wilbur (absently)—“Do you know when there will be any?”

Dr. Gertrude Smith after studying a United States' map in Sheppard's Atlas looked up and asked Dr. Sanders.

“Say, Anna, do you know why all the rivers flow by the big cities—just look at this map if you don't believe it.”

Sr. Net Wallace talking to one of her favorite teacher's said, “You know I can never thank you for what you have done for me. You have taught me all I know.”

The teacher smiling answered.

“Oh, please don't mention such a trifle.”

Will someone please inform Pearl Martin that *Mona Lisa* is a famous painting, and not a beautiful Parisian girl.

Miss Hiden (on Bible class)—Miss Boroughs what did Christ say to the evil spirit in the man in the Synagogue?”

Hattie Boroughs—“Take up thy bed and walk.”



Please inform Hazel Salley that wild strawberries are not poisonous.

Mrs. Padgett had carefully explained to her class the difference between polygamy, bigamy, and monogamy, and began asking different ones to give her the distinctions between them.

"Belle," said she, "what do you call it when a man has just one wife?"

Belle Barton—"Monopoly."

Pholia Wingate—"No *monotony*."

Mr. Poston to harmony class, "Now children dear, you must not be so late for class. You must bear in mind that this is a class and not an afternoon tea."

Three days later, the girls again come in late to class and "Uncle Charlie" becomes very impatient. Upon the very tardy arrival of Ruth White he says sarcastically, "Well, how you wish your tea, Miss White?"

Ruth W.—"Without the lemon, please."

Why should Mr. Earle Owings according to the Bible be classified as wicked?

Ans. He "swaureth to his own Hurt and changeth not."



#### FACULTY WANTS.

Prof. Watson: Seniors to learn how to use the maps in Shepperd's Atlas.

Prof. Fleetwood: Girls to wear more clothes.

Prof. Poston: Students to respect his powerful authority.

Prof. Wineow: A girl to attend to her telephone messages.

Prof. Ramsay: Girls who are staunch advocates of Woman's Rights.

Prof. Swift: Someone to help him decide between six.

Prof. Kolb: Some more dignity.

Prof. Holmes: Girls who take her class not to have company on Thursday afternoon.

Prof. Schaefer: To conduct chapel services only once.

Prof. Finlay: Girls who can read French sentences written in phonetic symbols perfectly.

Prof. Atkinson: Some one to love.

Prof. Dulin: Longer hours and more work.

Prof. Jordan: Girls to know that she will not pass them for candy and flowers.

Prof. Hiden: Seniors to know how to apply for a school and get it.

Prof. Padgett: Girls with more determination.

Prof. Broadwell: Seniors to stand up straight and be natural.

Prof. Bryant: People to appreciate thoroughly her attitude toward life.

Prof. Sydnor: Student body to appreciate the superiority of Richmond College.

## Beta Division

EDITOR ADELYN McCOMB

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For the past month the members of the Beta Society, though ever on the alert, have been especially interested in preparing for an unusually prosperous era next term opening September, 1914. The girls are being urged to continue in loyalty to the Society and all it stands for.

Saturday night May 16th the Betas met for the last time this term, and the meeting was left open for the discussion of several important matters of business, and for the election of active officers for next year. The following elections were recorded: President, Annie Gentry; Vice President, Leta Aiken; Secretary, Ruth Altman; Treasurer, Adelyn McComb; Senior Critic, Florence Shaw; Junior Critic, Miranda Waters; First Censor, Hattie Weste Harris; Second Censor, Karon Traynham.

This choice of officers speaks well for the future of our Society, and we feel sure that next year will be a bright and prosperous one under their supervision and direction.

And now we joyfully, tho' regretfully, bid our members farewell, wishing for all a happy vacation, and hoping to greet each one next fall when we gladly resume our work at G. F. C.



# Alethean Department

*Editor—Lorce Smith.*

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The members of the Alethean Division have been wide awake to the work that has been set before us this year. We feel that it has been a successful one. Not only have we had a large number of members in our Society, but we have the ones that have clung to it in everything that we have undertaken to accomplish.

The Society is on the right road, and as the old members are about to depart there is no fear that the ones left will not carry on the work in an excellent manner, and with the ambition to be forever successful we feel that we shall be *The Star* of all Societies.

The Aletheans met May 8th, to elect officers for next year. The following were elected: Annie Maude Wilbur, President; Vice President, Popie Webb; Secretary, Clayte Bailey; Treasurer, Marion Smith; Senior Critic, Hattie Burroughs; Junior Critic, Marie Padgett; First Censor, Paul Chapman; Second Censor, Clara Todd, and Chaplain, Ethel Simpson.

On the 16th of May our Society held the last meeting. The evening was given up entirely to install the officers. The old President, Miss Gertrude Smith, gave her valedictory address, stating the importance of securing new girls of 1915 to become Aletheans. She gave the farewell words to the members and wished them much success. As she gave the Society robe and cap over to the new President, two thrills sprang into the hearts of each Alethean, first the thought of losing the old President and second, the joy of having elected such a capable one to hold up the Society for new President.

As she was given the Presidential chair, Miss Wilbur gave the members of the Society one of the best inaugural addresses that has been made in some time. The following statements are some of the things she planted into the hearts of the Aletheans: "We must have a definite ideal for the coming year and with all our spirits work toward the achievement of that ideal. Especially tonight I want to make a plea to the Aletheans of 1915 for more earnest work, and every little thing we do to do it with our whole interest, and life and vigor. Our programs next year must not be each one in itself an end, for therein they would fail, but each one must be a ring of the ladder by which we may climb to heights above. Thus, Aletheans, let us work next year to accomplish a result and remember that,

Thus like the shadow of a tree  
That to and fro did sway upon  
Our shadow selves, our influences  
May fall where we can never be."

The solemn vows of each officer to be faithful workers of the Society was indeed impressive. We heartily congratulate the old officers for their splendid work rendered during their term of office, and to the new officers we also extend a hearty hand of congratulation, for we feel that better ones could not have been secured for the work.

Now as commencement is approaching the Seniors of our Society think not with joy of leaving it. We begin to think over that part of our life so near its close. How much our Society training has meant to us and how sadly we leave it! It will be with sad hearts that we shall depart from our Society and turn our eyes forever away from the happy meeting of it to the broad fields that lie before us.

As Seniors we wish to influence each girl with whom we come in contact the following summer who is anticipating coming to G. F. C. to become a link in the golden Alethean chain.

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