The Isaqueena - 1914, October

Annie Maude Wilbur

Greenville Woman's College

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Indian Summer

Isaqueena! Isaqueena!
Once a regal Indian maid
Revoling in the Indian summer,
Dancing 'neath the checkered shade.

If to spirits there is given
Power on earth to grant a boon—
Stay, oh, stay, departing summer;
Winter's blast will come too soon.

Come and reign o'er days warm, golden,
Lengthen out the moments rare;
Steep our nights with mystic moonlight,
With soft fragrance fill the air.

Now, we feel thy radiant presence
In each crimsoning leaf and flower:
All earth's tints—rich brown, warm golden,
Deep-tinted colors—are thy dower.

Gracious presence, deign to linger;
Indian summer days prolong;
Stay each falling leaf and flower.
IIsaqueena, hear my song!

Annie Maude Wilbur, '15.
SILVER BELL was a true combination of French-Norman blood; her desire to roam did not at all mar the gentleness and purity of her soul. Ere this, she knew every spot, flower, and inhabitant of the forest for miles around Fairyland. She felt herself quite large enough now to go out and see the world for herself. Queen Althaea protested that she was too young. But Silver Bell wept and plead until the Queen, who loved her dearly, consented to let her go.

The next morning, Silver Bell was out the minute Aurora had passed the gates of dawn. Her soul was all expectation and excitement, as her swift feet carried her—she knew not where. The minute she left the forest, even the road was alien to her. So panting and blowing, she sat down to rest. A strange sound, that was more like Puck’s voice than any one’s else, was heard. Also, she saw two very strange creatures coming down the road. Silver Bell hid under a leaf, and, for fear that they might see or hear her, hardly dared breathe. She longed to go back to her Queen and playmates; but how they would tease her! Besides, almost all of the other fairies had seen the world and told her wonderful stories about it. She must go on; so, deciding, she threw her determined little head into the air and began her journey. She soon came to what must be a house from
what Puck had told her, so hiding in a safe place, she watched the huge thing. She had never seen anything so large before. She saw and learned so many strange things that her head began to ache, and she wondered how she could ever tell the Queen and Puck about them.

"My," exclaimed Silver Bell, as she almost fell over the most wonderful creature lying on the grass, "you must be a little girl!" she said almost out of breath. "How beautiful you are! I am glad the Queen can't see you, for she would never love me any more!" All Silver Bell's fear left her, and she forgot everything in admiration of this most wonderful being. She perched herself on the little girl's soft, white hand.

"What an odd little creature!" cried the girl, spying the little being on her hand, with curly hair and dressed in flowing white. "Who are you?" she continued.

"Why, haven't you ever heard of me? I am the Queen's favorite fairy. Almost all the fairies envy me; but Puck and the Brownies just adore me. Haven't you ever heard of Silver Bell?"

"And where did you come from?" asked the girl in delight.

"Why, I came from Fairyland, of course. I know all about things there. Queen Althæa shows me things herself and says that I am the wisest little fairy she has. Now, I am going out to see the world; but, oh, I am so afraid!" she sobbed, remembering her awful experiences.

"Don't cry, Little Butterfly, I'll take care of you," comforted the girl, who told Silver Bell that her name was Margy.

"Oh, there's the prettiest little butterfly in Fairyland, all yellow and black velvet," cried Silver Bell. "I wish you could see it."
"You dear thing, if you will go and get the butterfly and show it to me, I'll take you all around the world and show you everything," boasted the seven-year-old Margy, with pride.

"All right," agreed Silver Bell; "for I could never go any further in this huge, awful world alone. I'll be back before you know it."

Silver Bell was very happy and had hardly gotten to the border of Fairyland, when the very little butterfly that she wanted came flying by. Every flower and animal in the forest knew Silver Bell, so she had no trouble catching it. She whispered her story to Butterfly, who was only too glad to go with the Queen's favorite. The journey did not seem nearly so long, because Silver Bell had Butterfly to talk to. Yet lots of times they met giant creatures who had loud voices. Finally they reached Margy. She was in the same place, but paid no attention to them.

"She must be asleep," sighed Silver Bell, stamping Margy's hand with her foot. Then she climbed up close to Margy's ear and cried, "Oh, most beautiful little girl, please wake up! Some terrible man may come along and spy me."

"Oh," cried Margy, "you terrible, wicked fairy, you have made me blind. My papa will kill you. I haven't seen a wink since you left, and have cried myself nearly to death. Oh, I can't even get home to my mama! Oh, mama, mama!"

Poor, broken-hearted Silver Bell was so astonished that she didn't know what to say or do. Soon a great, big, beautiful creature just like Margy appeared, calling:

"Marchy! Oh, Margy!"

When she heard Margy crying, she ran to her and hugged her up tight, imploring Margy to tell her her troubles. When she found that her daughter could not see, she wrung her hands and carried the little girl to the house, leaving Silver Bell, trembling from head to foot, hidden behind a rock.
Silver Bell forgot all about the butterfly and ran every step of the way home to the Queen. All the fairies crowded around the tired little Silver Bell, who could hardly get her breath.

"Oh, oh, my most beau—beautiful Queen, I met a most wonderful little girl whose name is Margy. She promised to show me everything in the world, and I came to get our butterfly for her."

The Queen sent for a stool for Silver Bell to sit on; but Silver Bell never stopped talking one second.

"My dearest Queen, when I went back the precious little girl was blind, and she blames it all on me. Oh, I didn't do it; how could I? What shall I do, wonderful Queen?"

All of the fairies wept except Fleet-Foot, who said:

"Forget her, most gracious Queen, she talks out of her head."

"That can not be, Queen of the Forest," challenged Puck; "and you know that Fleet-Foot hath no more love for Silver Bell than your honorable dog for a house cat."

"Tut, tut, who listens to what the wise Mr. Puck has to say?" taunted Fleet-Foot.

Queen Althæa went out, comforting Silver Bell as she left:

"Never fear, dearest Silver Bell, Queen Althæa will avenge your wrongs; and, before this day is over, Margy shall see."

The fairies tried to comfort Silver Bell; but her tears could not be stopped. Even Puck was unnoticed when he said:

"Now, now, baby Silver Bell, your heart is like a chicken. I suppose your love for me hath made it soft."

At this moment Queen Althæa entered screaming:

"Who has done this terrible thing? Some wicked fairy—for my blinding drugs have been stolen. Ah, Silver Bell's wrongs shall be avenged. Curly Locks, go fetch me some
roots of Faith, and you, my Green Cap, bring me a spray of Hope. Puck, set you to work and tell me before the day is over who has done this dreadful thing."

The Queen then made a healing drug of the Faith and Hope. She called Fleet-Foot to her to take the drug quickly to Margy. For a former Queen had given swift sandals to Fleet-Foot’s mother, and now Fleet-Foot had them. She could go anywhere in almost no time. But Fleet-Foot was nowhere to be found. So the impatient Silver Bell took the healing drug and started. So anxious was she to cure Margy that she forgot about her weariness. When she reached the place where she had seen Margy, she went on to the nearest house and crept in. There, in a lovely little room, all white and clean, she saw Margy lying on a little bed. Lots of men were standing around. Nothing was heard but the mother’s sohs, as Silver Bell crept up on the bed. When no one was looking, she poured the drug into Margy’s eyes. She then hid between the two pillows, as best she could. She was just hidden, when Margy gave a scream and sat up in the bed.

“She can see,” all said in concord. And the happy little Silver Bell slipped out, starting to the forest to tell the Queen.

When she reached the edge of Fairyland, she saw Mary-Fairy coming towards her saying:

“Oh, here you are, sad Silver Bell; how is it now?”

“She really can see, as the Queen promised. Oh, how happy I am!” answered Silver Bell.

“If we reach home before dark we must hustle,” advised Mary-Fairy. “We will go to the river and sail down.”

It was not only the cool of the day, but summer was fast turning to autumn, and the air was chilled. So Mary-Fairy sat down on the river bank and wove a coat of grass just large enough to cover them both. She then placed a large leaf on the water, and she and Silver Bell got on it, hugging each other closely under their new coat.
"Dear Silver Bell, the Queen is very angry at Fleet-Foot because she hath done this awful thing," said Mary-Fairy sadly.

"Fleet-Foot has caused all this? It can not be!" the sympathetic soul of Silver Bell replied.

"Indeed, it is so, Silver Bell. Puck found her burying the Queen's drugs, which she stole," assured Mary-Fairy.

"Why has she done this awful thing to Margy and me?"

"She will not open her mouth to say, but the Queen has her chained, and to-night will throw her out into the forest for wild turkeys to eat up," said Mary-Fairy. 

"The Queen must not do that. I know she will not," promised Silver Bell.

That night, a fresh couch was awaiting Silver Bell, and the Queen had prepared a festival in honor of her weary favorite. As the fairies played their pipes, Pan, himself, joined them. Not only the fairies, but every living thing of the forest danced under the moonlight. In the midst of the festivities, Queen Althea ordered Fleet-Foot to be brought before her. At the sight of her playmate in chains, Silver Bell began to cry. The fairy tried to comfort her, as the Queen had Beauty strip Fleet-Foot of her swift sandals and place them on Silver Bell.

"Now," said the Queen, "throw her out into the wild."

"No," wept Silver Bell; "I shall never be happy again. She must not die and yet she has harmed Margy. Oh, I am very unhappy!"

"She must die and she must not," said Puck. "Tell us how that can be, Mr. Wise Fairy."

The three wise fairies were called together and they questioned Fleet-Foot. This sad, penitent fairy now confessed all:

"I followed Silver Bell, whom I hated, because the Queen loves her so well and grants her so many favors, out into the world. She was so beautiful that my hatred grew
stronger. Forgive me, mighty Queen; do not cast me out. I hated her, and when I saw that Margy loved her, I put on my wonderful sandals and came back to steal your poisonous drug. Oh, please forgive me; I'll serve you always, mighty Queen! I did poison the maiden, but I could not help envying your love."

"Wicked, envious fairy, were it not for Silver Bell's pleading for you, you should be thrown out. What have the wise fairies to say?"

Mr. Wise Fairy came forward and said:
"Most beautiful Queen, both wise in your words and deeds, for upholding your honor and avenging the wrong done to your most beloved Silver Bell, we would advise that you throw this haughty Fleet-Foot into the wilderness—"

"Oh," cried Fleet-Foot, "have mercy on me!"

"—but," continued the Wise Fairy, "as Silver Bell weeps and will not have it so, we advise you, the most worthy of queens, to throw her out into the wilderness, but—"

He was again interrupted, as Puck expressed the horror of the thought in pantomime.

"Yes, throw her into the wilderness, but give her some chance to defend herself—merely that Silver Bell may be happy."

"'Tis well said, faithful counselors; my heart is sore for Fleet-Foot, but we can have none such here. I will give her a coat of green to hide in the grass from her enemies; but her feet shall be swift no longer, and she will only be able to hop."

"And faith, fair Queen, she will be a Grasshopper," suggested the witty Puck.

Then all the brownies and fairies clapped and laughed. Silver Bell, also, stopped crying. Fleet-Foot was cast out with her green coat. But the music and dancing went on until the moon shone no longer, and Silver Bell fell fast asleep.

Janie W. Gilreath, '14.
Benjamin Disraeli

It seems strange that the foremost conservative statesman of the latter half of the nineteenth century should have been a novelist of Jewish descent; with marked Jewish name and features. This statesman was Benjamin Disraeli, a man who was intensely proud of his race, and who was a great favorite with his sovereign.

About the end of the fifteenth century a Jewish family, named Lara, was forced by the Spanish Inquisition to leave Cordova. The family settled in Geneva. The name Lara was changed to D'Israeli, that is, Sons of Israeli. The family prospered greatly.

During the eighteenth century one branch moved to England. The head of this branch was a financier. He made a fortune on the Stock Exchange of London and retired. His son was named Isaac Disraeli, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature."

Benjamin Disraeli was the son of Isaac Disraeli and Maria Basevi. He was born in London, on December 21, 1804. He was duly circumcised as a Jew. His father finally withdrew from the synagogue. The son, at the age of twelve or thirteen, was baptized into the Church of England, in the Parish St. Andrew's, Holborn. As a Jew, he was debarred by the laws of England from Parliament and from all participation in the government of England. This rite of baptism gave him all the privileges of any other Christian subject.

As a child, Disraeli showed an intense interest in reading. He read a great deal in the vast library of his father. He
showed rare talents, which his parents wished to have cultivated. They wanted to give him an exact education, to send him to one of the large schools where he should have many advantages, and where he should have the opportunity of making desirable friendships. But this was impossible, because of the hatred with which the English people looked upon the Jews. He was a member of the despised race. Jews were prohibited by law from entering Parliament, and from participating in the government. It was fifty-three years after the birth of Disraeli before a Jew was ever seated in the House of Parliament. Baron Lionel De Rothschild was the first Jew to enter the House.

Disraeli was never a member of any college, university, or public school. The boys would have made life almost unbearable for him. Though he was a member of the Church of England, he was still a Jew in name, in appearance, and, also, one at heart. He never wholly renounced his Jewish religious views. A profound reverence for the Old Testament was inherent in his Hebrew blood. He greatly disliked the new doctrines of creation and evolution.

He attended for a short while a private school near London. Even there he was taunted and pointed out with scorn as “the Jew.” He left the school and completed his studies at his home under his father’s and tutor’s guidance. He was a hard student, often spending twelve hours a day over his studies. His education was not literary, but scientific.

He was apprenticed to the law, and, at the age of seventeen, entered a lawyer’s office in London. Here, too, he was pointed out as a Jew. He did not like law, and he was permitted to leave it at the end of three years. He now turned his attention to literature. At about the age of twenty he wrote “Vivian Grey,” a political novel. It is clear that during his whole career he used literature “as a stepping-stone to political power.” “Vivian Grey” is simply
a forecast of his own achievements. He considered the maker of history superior to the best writer of history.

After a tour of Europe he spent several years at Bradenham, near High Wycombe. This was his father’s country home. Then he traveled for two years through southern Europe and the East. He visited the homes of his ancestors in Spain and in Italy.

On his return he offered himself as a Radical candidate for Parliament to the electors of High Wycombe. He was defeated twice. In 1837, the death of King William made necessary a new election. Disraeli's views had gradually changed, and he now became the Tory candidate for Parliament from Maidstone. He was elected to the first Parliament of Queen Victoria. He was now thirty-three years old.

Many people have condemned Disraeli because of the fact that after two defeats as a Radical candidate he became a Tory, and in 1837 was elected as the Tory member for Maidstone. At that time a Radical was simply one who would state his principles and hold firmly to them; who would not make any agreements or promises with any party that would be apt to lessen his independence. A Radical could ally himself with either the Tory or Whig Party. The Tory Party contained fewer brilliant men than the Whig Party. It would be easier for a new man to rise rapidly in the Tory Party than in the other one; Disraeli realized this. This fact, of course, made him desire to become a Tory, but he had other reasons as well. His sympathies were naturally with the principles which he thought were historically associated with the Tory Party. These principles were decaying when Disraeli came forward and put new life into them. His acceptance of Toryism was the beginning of his successful political career.

Disraeli’s first speech in the House of Commons was a dismal failure. He was forced to sit down because of the
“insulting interruptions, derisive cheers, and mocking laughter.” It was then that he uttered the well-known words: “I have begun several things many times and have often succeeded at last. Ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me.” Lord Granville, who heard the speech, said that Disraeli’s peculiar manner and foppery in dress did much to cause the derision which greeted his speech. But it is true that a certain set had determined beforehand to make him sit down. The reputation he had made before entering Parliament was not such as to help his advancement. He was looked upon as an eccentric, audacious adventurer. He was considered a rather clever writer. He was greatly petted by fashionable women, but had almost no friends at court. He dressed in the most extreme styles. His manners were theatrical, his gestures wild and extravagant. He boasted much, and was famous for his rhetorical abuse.

But Disraeli brought with him into Parliament coolness, courage, wit, and eloquence. He possessed a far-seeing sagacity that enabled him to make the most of his opportunities. He was not discouraged by his first failure, but spoke again.

His political opinions, if he had any, were not definitely fixed. He was rather forming his opinions. Disraeli was affected and theatrical in his manner. Macaulay’s description of Lord Chatham might well be applied to Disraeli at this period. He says: “He was an actor in the closet, an actor in Parliament, and even in private society he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes.”

Yet, Disraeli was a man of undoubted genius. His spirit never quailed under any circumstances. He made his first successful speech in the debates over the Chartist Petition, in 1839; he favored it. During his first years in Parliament, Disraeli supported Peele.
He first rose to the fame of a great debater and powerful Parliamentary orator during the debates over the abolition of the Corn Laws; this was during his tenth session. He had spoken in every session, but he was not recognized as a great orator or debater in Parliament until he made his famous speech attacking Peele, whom he had previously supported. Peele supported the Bill and Disraeli opposed it.

Disraeli's attack on Peele was due both to personal enmity and to the desire of stepping into his place as leader of the Tories, or Conservatives as they are now called, as well as to his convictions. He naturally advocated protection, because he aimed at the leadership of the landowners. The desire for leadership was based on the conviction, as Disraeli often expressed it, that the agricultural classes are of more importance to the welfare of the nation than the industrial class. Disraeli believed that the entire removal of the duty was unwise.

From the hour of Disraeli's speech against Peele his career was "one long, unbroken success"; from this time on Disraeli was the leader of the Tory squires. The immediate effect of his attack was the formation in Parliament of the Protectionist Party, a branch of the Tory Party, with Sir George Bentinck at their head nominally—but Disraeli in reality.

Soon after the passage of the Bill, the Protectionists joined those opposing the Irish Coercion Bill and secured its defeat. The government was forced to resign, and a new ministry was formed. Lord John Russell was made Prime Minister.

Lord Bentinck died, and Disraeli became the acknowledged leader of the most conservative section in Parliament, the Protectionists Party. Gladstone was now the leader of the followers of Peele.
In 1852, Lord Derby became Prime Minister. Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. He became at the same time the leader of a tolerated ministry in the House of Commons. It is a very rare thing that any one ever undertakes the leadership of the House of Commons who has not previously held office. Disraeli entered upon both at the same moment and for the first time. Disraeli was no longer a Protectionist, and had no desire to revive the laws repealed in 1846, which he knew would be unpopular with the country.

There was much agricultural distress in the country. Disraeli attempted to relieve the farmers by extending the income tax; this caused the defeat of the ministry. Here we find the beginning of the Parliamentary duel between Gladstone and Disraeli, which lasted for twenty-four years.

In 1858, Lord Derby and Disraeli came again into power. They were soon defeated, and were succeeded by the Liberals under Palmerston, and by Gladstone, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Disraeli was then for seven years the leader of the Opposition, but he was never an obstructionist. The Liberals were at last defeated on the Reform Bill of 1866, and went out of office.

Disraeli, the chief opponent of the Bill, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House. He felt that some reform was necessary. The first thing he did was to bring the ministry around to his way of thinking. He showed consummate skill and tact in accomplishing his purpose. He succeeded in securing the passage through the Tory, or Conservative Parliament, of 1867, a Reform Bill more radical and more democratic than the bill of the previous year, which he had opposed so strongly. This shows a marvelous generalship on the part of Disraeli. The Bill gave the householders the right to the franchise, a thing which Disraeli had long desired.
This seems inconsistent with Disraeli's attitude to the Reform Bill of 1866. Mr. Hellman says, "Disraeli's insincerity, if it is to be proved by his actions, must be found in his willingness to make his followers shift their traditional position in order to further the success of his individual ideas and personal plans. He himself gave up no fundamental principle or belief."

Disraeli's action in regard to the Reform Bill of 1867 led to his appointment as Prime Minister on the retirement of Lord Derby in 1868. Disraeli was soon succeeded by the Liberals, with Gladstone as Prime Minister. They stayed in power until 1874, when Disraeli came in again. He was then seventy years old.

For two years he turned his attention to home affairs. He did much for the sanitary conditions of London. He reduced the hours of child labor. He lent his aid to the protection of factory children, and to the improvement of the homes of the poor.

In 1875, he purchased from the Khedive of Egypt one-half the ownership of the Suez Canal for England, thus gaining control of the new highway to India. This has been the means of keeping Russia from becoming supreme in the approaches to India. Disraeli looked ahead and saw how dangerous Russian aggrandizement would be to the development of England's imperial policy. He contributed to the strengthening of the hold of the English government upon India by conferring the title of Empress of India upon Queen Victoria. "His most important act as a Jew was his successful advocacy of the right of the Jew to enter Parliament. His most important act as an Englishman was the restoration of English prestige among European nations by means of the vigorous policy from which he returned to England 'bringing peace with honor'." Disraeli regarded the Treaty of Berlin as the crowning glory of his life. He
was immensely popular on his return. The Queen decorated him with the ancient "Order of the Garter."

In 1876, Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield and entered the House of Lords. Four years later he resigned the premiership and henceforth took little part in public affairs. He died at his London residence, April 19, 1881. A place was offered in Westminster Abbey for his body, but he was buried by the side of his wife, at Hughendon, as he had wished.

Disraeli was a devoted husband and a generous friend. He was brave, courteous, grateful. He was not mean or malignant. He kept away from the dissipated pleasures of his companions. Though he did not hesitate to use men for personal purposes, we do not hear of his cheating any one. He has been called the great individualist of English politics. He failed to reach the truest development as a man because his will was selfish, and because he worked for his own advancement. His will covered before no obstacles.

Disraeli possessed many rhetorical gifts, which made him one of the most effective debaters in the House of Commons in modern times; but that does not mean that he is an orator of the greatest rank. An excellent debater in Parliament is not necessarily an excellent orator. Disraeli is not considered as great a statesman to-day as he was considered during his lifetime. He far outranked most of his contemporaries in the breadth of his statesmanship.

Mattie James, '14.
The Toilers

The evil that is greatest
In our mighty land to-day
Springs from lives of useless women—
Scorning work and loving play.
Then come ye idle maidens,
Who are wasting lives in ease;
I'll point you to an altar
At which virtue bends her knees.

The happiest woman living
Is the one who works and strives
To make conditions better
By uplifting human lives.
She lives for those around her,
Always scattering golden deeds;
Her harvest is most bounteous,
Growing out of others' needs.

Oh, sisters, why sit idle?
We should strive, count cheap the strain,
Forget our silks and satins,
All laces, plumes, and beads disdain.
Our time on earth is limited,
No moment we should waste.
Let "Forward" be our battle cry;
March to the front in haste.

Hattie Boroughs, '15.
The Artist

ohn Clayton was more of a father than an artist, and more of an artist than a man. Possibly his daughter, Antonia, was aware of this when she bade her chauffeur drive her to the studio. To-day the mission was urgent, and, as she told herself many times, entirely altruistic. She desired neither to supplement her allowance nor to persuade her father to intervene between her and the formidable man-of-affairs, her mother.

"Afternoon tea to-day, Miss Antonia," said the awful porter, as he closed the door and drew himself up to the height of his liveried dignity; "many visitors in the studio."

Antonia stamped her pretty foot in disgust. Why, oh, why, could she never remember when the second Tuesday came around? Yes, she would have tea, she told the porter, and wait to take Mr. Clayton home. Of course it was a bore to talk to Monsieur Lorancors Javert, the rising young sculptor, and compliment David Maverick upon the success of his latest picture, or chat with that contemptible Jane Payton, who always made her feel that her knowledge of present-day art was somewhere deficient. All of this was unbearable when one has a serious purpose for her afternoon. But Antonia sipped tea and smiled more and more radiantly as the guests began to bow their straggling adieux. John Clayton’s overdeveloped paternalism felt the presence of his daughter, and similar occasions when such visits had boded no good for him caused a familiar shiver to run along his backbone. But John Clayton was more fatherly than cowardly; so he, too, smiled no reluctant good-byes, and
turned no baffling countenance to Antonia when he asked her to “out with the request or command.”

“I don’t need anything for myself.” (Clayton wondered why the little laugh was nervous, and why the top of the vanity box kept clicking in such an annoying way.) “You are going to have a caller at six, and I came to prepare the way for him.”

“Nobody wants to marry the girlie, I hope?” he asked with a kindly twinkle in his irresolute gray eyes.

Antonia laughed outright, and dropped the vanity box that it might dangle from the length of its pendant chain.

“Well, now, I don’t know,” she said archly, “but the girlie doesn’t want to marry any one. This is a business call of a less personal nature. Do you remember my telling you of the youth I met last winter in Paris—the deep-eyed artist, all temperament and no common sense?”

Clayton thought that he did, and Antonia proceeded.

“I never knew his name, and don’t yet. Our common interest was art, and we met occasionally in the Louvre. He was copying in order to keep the pot boiling, and I was engaged in appreciating only. He told me then that he hated his slavish task, and that if he were not so utterly afraid of starvation, he would paint from his soul instead of from copies. One day he brought some of his work; and, Father, it is wonderful, all soul but so little technique. You see, he has not had a lesson since childhood. To-day I met him in The Metropolitan. He was wandering among the Morgan collection, looking lost and miserable. When he saw me, he behaved so badly that I was afraid the guard would eject him on the spot. I don’t believe he knows why he came to America. At any rate, he is not doing a thing but spending his little earnings. When I asked him what I could do to help him, he pulled from his pocket a dirty piece of paper, and asked me to find the man whose name was written
there. It was your name, Father. It seems that his mother
or somebody used to know you, and he thinks you can help
him. Do, for heaven's sake, or he'll wear out the perfectly
good planks at the Museum. The guard says that for a
week he has shuffled around aimlessly. Of course he hasn't
any common sense, or he would have looked you up in a
directory."

"All right, little lady," said the artist, giving Antonia's
cheek a caressing pat. "If you say so, we'll give this
Raphael some of Andrea del Sartos' finish. He is coming
at six, you say? Why, girlie, it's that now."

"I know it," Antonia said somewhat nervously, "and he'll
be on time. If you don't mind, Father, I'll go home and
send the car right back for you."

And before John Clayton had time to bid her wait until
the call was over, the girl had made her escape from the
studio, and, with a bright, careless smile, had sped past the
unkempt youth who was eyeing the number upon the polished
glass above the door.

It was with no especial curiosity that John Clayton awaited
the entrance of the young Frenchman. Since he had moved
from the garret in McDougal's Alley to the spacious Fifth
Avenue studio, such visits had been frequent. Having
arrived in Paris, some former student whom he had helped
to find his genius, or to develop it, as the case might be, had
told another struggling aspirant where guidance might be
had. This, Clayton told himself, was the explanation of
the dirty slip of paper upon which his name had been
scribbled. The hesitating step in the hall was that of the
temperamental youth—this step so in keeping with Antonia's
description of the lad who wandered for hours through the
Museum, purposeless, anchorless; so Clayton flung open the
inner door, and beamed a welcome.

"It is M'sieur; for much have I heard of M'sieur," he
cried.
The boy, though somewhat irresolute, betrayed little shyness in his manner and bearing. He was not of the bourgeois, Clayton decided, for the robust solidity of the class was lacking; and yet the frank, open eye, and erect carriage marked him no child of the Latin Quarter or Montmartre district. There was something almost American about him. His English, though clinging to the French idiom, contained no trace of accent. As Clayton eyed his visitor, kindly indifference gave way to mild curiosity.

"I came to America," the boy began abruptly, "because in Paris there is no room for one that paints only a little. But, ah, M'sieur, I love it! It is in the soul, but the brush knows not how to interpret."

"A common complaint—this of the wing-clipped muse. Have you had any lessons, my boy? My daughter, whose criticisms of art I value, tells me that your work has merit."

"Some lessons, M'sieur, but too few, and my master had more soul than technique. He told me often that with your technique he could have been greater even than you. Pardon, M'sieur! My master was my father—now dead since six years. My mother was a child of the great city—the child of a grisette, but none herself. But her soul was all art. She taught me to feel the great passions and bade me paint them, but she knew not skill, and could teach me none. Ah, it is here," he cried ardently, striking his breast, "here, but I can not paint without a master, and my master is now dead! I come to you for help. Here are some sketches, M'sieur—poor efforts, but see for yourself."

Taking the sketches, Clayton turned on the droplight that hung above the shrouded easel. After a moment of silence, he turned to the boy.

"They are crude," he said kindly, "but there is power here. I am a busy man, but my daughter and I will find time to help you—she with criticism, I with a line here and
there. Come to-morrow at ten; come prepared to work over these sketches. I shall keep them, and show them to Antonia to-night. But tell me, boy, who sent you to me?"

"Ah, M'sieur is kind, good and kind. This letter will tell you all. It is from my mother; the mother now dead, M'sieur. I know not what is said. Read when I am gone. May the holy Mother bless you, M'sieur! It is as she said—you will help me. It is the kind father of the beautiful Mademoiselle. Au revoir, M'sieur; it will be to-morrow at ten."

It occurred to Clayton as the youth bowed himself out of the room that neither his name nor any information regarding his mother had been given. Possibly the letter would clear up the matter. Just as he was about to break the seal, however, the formidable porter appeared to announce the return of the car, and to remind Mr. Clayton that it was already past six-thirty.

"You may bring my coat and hat, Dayton. Connections for dinner will be pretty close," he said, and hurried from the studio into the crisp, February night.

When Clayton reached home, his wife was standing in the library door.

"You are late, John. Antonia insisted that we wait dinner. I was for beginning without you. We are to sit at opera in the Hagens' box, and John Kendrick is to meet Antonia. Didn't I tell you of this last night?"

"Possibly," Clayton acquiesced indifferently, "but there is time. Antonia seemed to be more interested in my seeing a certain young artist, and rather unconcerned about the box for the opera. Absurdly false valuations, I know! I shall come to dinner without dressing; so very little time has been lost."

It was not until Clayton had closed the limousine door upon the ladies and directed the chauffeur to drive to the
opera that he had a moment to read the letter that lay in his
closet pocket half forgotten. Sinking into the morris chair
with a sigh of mingled weariness and relief, he fingered the
soiled envelope. His name had been written unmistakably
by the trembling hand of a French woman. "M. John
Clayton, New York." There was nothing individual about
the writing. Any one of a number of artists' models or
grisettes whom he had known in his student days in Paris
might be sending her son to him, counting upon the early
friendship to gain for the boy his good will. The envelope
with its thousands of vague associations brought to his mind
one face that was more distinct than any other—that of a
quaint little grisette with eyes black and lustrous, with a
steadfast look not unlike that of the boy who had stood
before him not two hours before, appealing for help. An
old, bitter hatred swelled into Clayton's heart.

"How I hate her! And how I hate him! God!" he
muttered, tearing open the letter.

The lines were few and written in French that was almost
childish. As he read his face grew haggard, and the
creases in his forehead deepened. It was from the little
grisette in the Latin Quarter, written to him after these
twenty-two years.

"Je vous envoie Louis, mon fils. Il a l'âme de l'artiste,
mais il n'a pas eu de maître. C'était votre bonté de coeur
qui m'a fait vous aimer autrefois. Quoique vous m'ayez
failli quand j'avais le plus grand besoin de vous, je suis
bien sûre que vous désirerez faire réparation. Je l'ai aimé,
je l'ai épousé, j'ai souffert, mais j'étais heureuse. Pardonnez-
Dieu vous bénisse!—Annette."

When Clayton had scanned the page, the paper dropped
from an inert hand, while the man sat gazing blankly at the
wall before him, suffocating memories oppressing him.
Those years in Paris seemed so far away now, those years of privation and hardship, when he was mastering the difficulties of his art. First, bitterly he recalled the dreadful scene when he had parted from Annette, and then his mind ran back to the day when he saw her for the first time. She was posing for Antoine Lassalle, and her beauty and innocence attracted him at once. Antoine had told him that she was in reality untainted by the student life around her, despite the fact that her mother had been a grisette and her father an artist who had spent his four years in Paris, having left the child unprovided. Of course, no one harmed her, John Clayton told himself. No man could be low enough to take advantage of the sweet innocence of Annette. From that day in Lassalle’s studio dated John Clayton’s love for this child of the city. He would marry her and bring her to America, he had told her, but first she must learn to be a real lady. Annette had listened, scarce understandingly, but it seemed good to her to be with Clayton; he was big and kind, and in her simple way she had loved his manhood, living, as he had arranged, with Madame Derieux, the landlady of the pension. But it chanced that Clayton had a friend, Henry Carlisle, whom he urged to come abroad and study. At first, means were lacking, but at last arrangements were made, and Carlisle came. When he met Annette, friendship for Clayton sank into oblivion, and he knew only that he loved her. Though Annette had loved Clayton, the grande passion had not come into her life before she met Carlisle. Impractical and thoughtless for the future, Carlisle and Annette were married. When news came to Clayton, he swore that the man who had been his friend would answer with his life for this rash act. But when he found the man and the trembling Annette, courage failed him; and calling down curses upon them, he left, never to see friend or sweetheart again. Returning soon to America, Clayton married
the cold heiress who was now his wife. Since those sunny
days in Paris, he had known no love save that for his little
daughter, upon whom he had lavished all the pent-up
emotions of his soul. When word came to him that Carlisle
and Annette needed help, that Carlisle’s genius was at a
standstill because of his inability to have the lessons for
which he had gone to Paris, Clayton had closed his heart
and mind, trying not to love the woman and to forget every-
thing save that the man had injured him and was receiving
his punishment. Thus his life had gone on, days bringing
him failures and successes, and finally triumphs that should
have satisfied his craving. Though master of technique, he
was no great painter; the soul was absent from his work—
that soul that leaped from the eyes of Carlisle to those of
Annette.

Now, across all the years came the voice of Annette, the
woman who had wronged him, the woman who had taken
from him the spark of soul she had kindled in his breast,
and she was asking him to make reparation to her—repara-
tion for not killing the man who had taken her from him?
This was his only wrong surely; otherwise he had been
sinned against, not sinning.

“Good God!” he muttered, as he tore into shreds the little
note that had been lying crumpled before him. “She asks
me to do this, she whom I asked merely to leave me and let
me hear no more of her. From the dead she has come
accusing me of neglecting her and that man. Was I
responsible for him after—after that?”

Clayton’s head fell into his hands, and his body trembled
in its tenseness. In his mind’s eye there loomed more clearly
than ever before in all those years since he left Paris the
face of Carlisle, beautiful in its naïve faith. Always deep
down in his heart Clayton had known that his friend did not
mean to wound him, but on the other hand had been swept
on by the only great love he had ever known. He remembered the agonized look in Carlisle’s mild blue eyes the day of his marriage to Annette, and the look haunted him—that look that seemed to justify and yet condemn his act. When the boy, with enduring faith in the final understanding of his friend, had written asking help, Clayton had pushed aside the impulse struggling for expression, and had let the letter go unanswered. Then the question, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” had haunted him. To-night it was ringing in his ears, and his soul cried loudly, “No, I am the sufferer. My usefulness has been impaired. Am I to take this child of falsehood and aid him?”

“Thy brother’s keeper; thy brother’s keeper.” Why would the words not leave his mind? Why did the eyes of the girl Annette haunt him, those eyes he had seen that afternoon from beneath the arched brows and placid forehead of the lad who had borne tidings from Annette? The thought of seeing those eyes day after day filled his soul with an unspeakable terror. The thought did not occur to him then that should he banish the lad, the accusation that the eyes held for him might not be banished also. No, he could think quite clearly now; and he was resolved to tell the lad that there was no time to be given him. There the matter would end. With this resolution a feverish calmness came upon him, and in a half-comatose state he lay there in the comfortable depths of the morris chair, glad that his conscience had once more been stilled. At twelve the voice of his wife aroused him.

“Come straight to your room, Antonia,” she was saying. “If your father cares to spend the night in the library, I am sure it is no concern of yours.”

There was silence for a moment. Then the library door opened softly, and Antonia slipped into the room.

“So glad to find you up, Father,” she began tactfully, “because I want to tell you about the opera.”
THE ISAQUEENA

Dropping down upon the fur rug, the girl rested her head against the man's knee, and sighed comfortably.

"Victor Herbert's new opera Madeleine came first, followed by Pagliacci. Caruso sings the rôle better every day, I know, and Borri's voice was wonderfully clear. Father, it just makes me downright mad to sit in a box with people who come to opera to show their clothes to those in the orchestra. I ought to be a poverty-stricken highbrow, for I like the high seats at the low prices. Intellectual aristocracy, after all, is the only kind that counts."

"Look out, little girl," Clayton interrupted, "don't let your mother hear you utter such heresy."

"Oh, bother mother and heresy," was the inelegant and unfilial reply. "It all makes me sick, and I've stood the sham about long enough. Here I was dragged to-night to meet John Kendrick, because he is the empty-headed son of a millionaire. I am in disgrace with mother, now, because I wouldn't pay court to his moneyed highness. Father, why didn't I have a solid education? Why wasn't I allowed to make myself an economic unit and not a parasite in society?" John Clayton smiled tolerantly.

"Why, where on earth did you study economics? Your mother wanted you to have an ornamental education."

With a quick little movement, Antonia was on her knees, elbows resting upon her father's lap.

"Come, now," she said earnestly, two bright red spots coming into her cheeks, "let's leave Mother out of the discussion. She and I just differ, and there is no way to find community of interests. I want to begin my painting again. I have inherited some of your talent, and I must try my wings."

"All right," came the ready response. "When?"

"Why, when our dreamy-eyed youth comes for his lesson. Couldn't we sort of work together? Won't it be wonderful, wonderful to be doing something for some one? I can help
him, he me, and you both of us. Father, I've been thinking a great deal lately about life, and I have decided that most of us are failures because we are not helping some one else to achieve success. Whenever I stop thinking of myself, and begin to give out to others, I find that there is so much more within my soul than I ever dreamed of."

Clayton passed a numb hand over his forehead to wipe away the beads of perspiration. Could this child have been sent to him in his hour of need, and did she know the struggle through which he had been passing, and was she aware of his victory over conscience? Her eyes were upon him, and she was awaiting his answer.

"Yes, yes, you are right," he said lamely, and she proceeded.

"I knew that boy last winter, Father, and I know that he has power, truth, and manhood, and I want to see him succeed. Don't you?"

"Why, I hardly know him, girlie!"

"Oh, yes, I can't expect you to take the same interest that I do, but I am so glad that you are my father. I am so glad that you are big and kind and willing to help him."

She stood before him, radiant in her pale green evening gown, her eyes bright with joyous anticipation of deeds to be done.

"Good night, Father," she said, kissing him. "To-morrow we shall begin our work, this French lad and I."

The man smiled and nodded, murmuring as the door closed, "Yes, to-morrow I shall teach Antonia, my own, and Louis, the child of Annette. I, too, am thinking strange things about the complexity of life, and the composition of happiness."

Eva English, '14.
The Humor of Shakespeare in Sir John Falstaff

In his delineation of Prince Henry, Shakespeare followed the historians as far as they gave him any solid ground to go upon, where they failed him he supplied the matter from his own stories. It was natural, of course, for Shakespeare to create comic characters associated with Prince Henry, because the prince must have had companions in the merry-makings which are related for him; and as there was nothing known of the particular persons, "unlettered, rude, and shallow," with whom he had "his hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports," the poet has no way to set forth that part of the man's life but by creating one or more representative characters, "concentrating in them such a fund of mental attractions as might overcome the natural repugnance of an upright and noble mind to their vices." Here, then, is a sort of dramatic necessity for the character of Falstaff. To answer the purpose it was imperative that he should be just such a marvelous congregation of charms and vices as he is.

In the original form of the play, Falstaff's name was Sir John Oldcastle. A trace of this remains in the second scene of the first act (Part I) where the Prince calls the "fat knight," "my old lad of the castle." Under the name of Falstaff he became, after the lapse of half a century, the most popular of Shakespeare's creations. Between 1642 and 1694 he is more frequently mentioned than any other of Shakespeare's characters. But it is noteworthy that in his own time, although popular enough, he was not alluded to nearly so often as Hamlet, who, up to 1642, is mentioned forty-five times to Falstaff's twenty. The element of low comedy in
his figure made it, according to the notions of the day, ob-
viously less distinguished, and people stood too near to Fal-
staff to appreciate him fully.

He was, as it were, the wine-god of merry England at the
meeting of the centuries. Among all the famous wines none
was so famous as Falstaff's favorite sherrie-sack. But Fal-
staff is infinitely more than a wine-knower and wine-lover.
He is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has
ever produced, and one of the most glorious creations that
ever sprang from a poet's brain. He is an old man, but none
but an old man could be at once so loosed from moral re-
straints and so full of keen insight, or to appear to think so
much like a wise man even when talking most unwisely; and
he must have a world of wit and sense to reconcile a mind
like Prince Hal's to his profligate courses. In the qualities
of Sir John it is not hard to see how the Prince might be the
madcap reveller that history gives him out, and yet be all the
while laying in choice preparation of wisdom and virtue, so
as to heed no other conversion than the calls of duty and the
opportunity of noble enterprise.

Falstaff's character is more complex than can be well
digested in the forms of logical statements. He has so much,
or is so much, that one can not easily tell what he is. Diverse
and even opposite qualities meet in him; yet they stand so
evenly, blend so happily, and work together so smoothly that
no generalities can set him off; if one undertakes to grasp
him in a formal conclusion, one loses the best part of "plump
Jack," so that almost the only way to get the whole of the
man is to take him along and show him, and often this is
impossible.

In summing up Sir John's character in adjectives it is
almost a necessity to be paradoxical, for he is one of the
wittiest of men, yet he is not a wit; one of the most sensual
of men, still he can not with strict justice he called a
sensualist; he has a strong sense of danger and a lively regard for his own safety, a peculiar vein, indeed, of cowardice, or something very like it, yet he is not a coward; he lies and brags cheerfully, still he is not liar nor a braggart. The one special characteristic of Falstaff that could be relied upon was his amazing fund of good sense. His stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted in the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant overpeers and outshines the master. Then, too, his thinking has such agility, and is at the same time so pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such a way as to give the impression of something much larger and stronger than wit. For nothing but wit is apt to bore, and has to be used with judgment. But no one ever wearies of Falstaff's talk; "his speech is like pure, fresh, cold water, which always tastes good because it is tasteless." And Falstaff is well aware of his power in this respect. He is immensely proud of it too; yet his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape, his good sense having a certain instinctive delicacy that keeps him from everything like that. In this proud consciousness of his resources he is always at ease; hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation. Never at a loss and never fearful that he shall be at a loss, he, therefore, never exerts himself, nor takes any concern for the result, so that nothing is strained or farfetched; relying calmly on his strength, he invites the toughest trials, knowing that his powers will bring him off merely by giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into tight places and predicaments; he thus makes or seeks occasions to exercise his richness and alertness of thought, being well assured that he shall still come off uncornered, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph, which explains the purpose of
his incomprehensible lies; he tells them, surely not expect-
ing them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes
in the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he
causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging.
Such is his story about how "three misbegotten knaves in
Kendall green came at my back, and let drive at me—for it
was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand"; lies
which, as himself knows well enough, are "gross as a
mountain, open, palpable." He evidently exposes himself
thus simply to invite an attack, otherwise he would not tell
you in the same breath the color of the men's clothes and the
darkness of the night. The whole thing is clearly a scheme
to provoke his hearers into pouncing down upon him so that
he can display his skill in extricating himself.

In all his replies Sir John ends with nothing at all left
to be said. And thus, throughout, no occasion demanding
immediate aid or action turns up but that he is ready with
a word that exactly fits into and fills the place. And his
tactics lie not in turning upon his pursuers and holding them
at bay; but, when the time is ripe, and they seem to have
cought him, he instantaneously diverts them upon another
scent, or else beguiles them into a panse by his easy sallies
and escapes.

Elsewhere the same faculty shows itself in a quick turning
of events to his own advantage; as at the battle of Shrews-
bury, when, being assailed by Douglas, he falls down as if
killed, and in that condition witnesses the fall of Hotspur;
and then snatches up a scheme for appropriating the honor
of his death. Here his action exactly fits into and fills the
place, as his words do in other cases.

Falstaff finds especial matter of self-exultation in that his
agile mind acts as a potent stimulus in generating wit in
others, which, in default of entertainment for his nobler
qualities, attracts the Prince, who evidently takes to Sir
John chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation. And, on the other hand, Falstaff's pride of wit is specially gratified in the fascination he has over the Prince; and he spares no pains, scruples no knavery to work diversions for him.

It is remarkable that Sir John soliloquizes more than any of the poet's characters except Hamlet; thought being equally an everlasting impulse in them both, though, of course, in very different forms. He has as much practical wisdom and penetration as the Prince. Except the Prince, there is no one in the play who sees so far into the characters of those about him, and Sir John hits them off most cleverly. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the theme in soliloquy is indeed almost sublime. Yet in some of his reflections is seen a clear view, though rather brief, of the profound philosopher underlying the profligate humorist and make-sport; for he there discloses a breadth and sharpness of vision, and a depth of practical wisdom, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

Falstaff is altogether the greatest triumph of the comic that the world has to show, and he may be described as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. In his solid and clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, his fullness and quickness of wit and resource, and his infinite humor make plain in the life of Prince Henry what otherwise would have been dark. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the Prince; and if to these attractive qualities had not been added those of an odious and repulsive kind, Sir John would have held the Prince too fast.

Annie Maude Wilbur, '15.
The Inner Voice

THE girl was almost running when she reached the shabby steps of the old brownstone-front house, and, after the front door had closed behind her, she raced up the two flights of stairs to her room, closing that door with a bang.

She removed her plain, black sailor. Then leaning forward, slender fingers pressing on the dresser top until they gleamed white there, she scrutinized her reflection so near to her, and yet she gazed as if she were seeing some one far away and some one she hardly knew.

She was a slender girl with a mass of fair hair and serious brown eyes, which rather belied the softly upcurving, red lips. At the present moment her face was very white, white as the rolled collar of her shirtwaist. As she drew a deep breath, her thoughts, which had apparently been suspended, sent waves of shell-pink from brow to chin.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I am lonesome, lonesome, that's all. I never would have noticed him if I hadn't been, and he never would have dared——"

She stopped speaking, and her hands were outflung in an impotent little gesture as her glance traveled around the bare room. It was just the usual room in the usual city boarding-house. There were one or two pictures on the dresser, evidently of the occupant's family, and the inevitable tick-tock of the alarm-clock was the only sound that broke the bare stillness.

Outside the moon was just rising. One could glimpse it now and then between the tall buildings. A star or two was beginning to shimmer out, and the lilt of music and spring-
time was in the very streets themselves. Down on the street corner a man stood boldly, a half-smile on his knowing lips. For three days now he had taken his lunch at Farley’s Restaurant. It was chance that had taken him there, but the flash of the brown eyes under the upcurling lashes of the little cashier had brought him back. To-night when she had come off duty, leaving the dinner rush to her co-worker, he had been there waiting for her; had raised his hat politely, then joined her as she left the restaurant doorway.

“How about a dinner in a real place, girlie?” he had insinuated; “and a dance or two, or anything you like afterwards?”

She had listened; had listened, and even said “Perhaps,” breathlessly. So the man waited on the corner, and in the little third-floor room the girl trembled and loathed herself. Her clock tick-tocked incessantly, and she was lonely, so very lonely. With hands pressed lightly against her glowing cheeks, she visualized the place to which he would take her—the flowers, the music, the soft carpets, and the deferential waiters; then last, but not least, the good things to eat. Almost mechanically she began to arrange her soft coils of hair.

“Life is so short,” her chaotic thoughts ran faster than her slim fingers; “and life is so good. Why waste a moment of it? Besides, it is springtime!”

Then her brows knit in still deeper thought. Her mind flew back to another spring evening not quite one short year before. She could hear the far-off tinkle of a cow-bell, and nearer at hand her mother’s low croon as she washed the supper dishes. The feathery trees tried in vain to hide the tender new moon, and all about was the odor of newly turned earth mingled with that of the violets and jessamine. She could see herself as she had stood leaning rather wearily against the sagging old gate, and could hear a voice dominating the whole, the quiet voice of a young man.
"Well, if you must go," he was saying in low, tense tones, "if you must go, I guess it's best; and, anyway, there's one thing I know, and I want you to feel that I do know it: that is, that if you ever come back, or if you never come back at all, still I'll know that you are still the girl who left home—my girl."

The girl flung her head up as a deer does when he scents the danger of a lurking enemy; flung her head up and looked once more at the frank young eyes in the mirror. Slowly they began to dim. The red lips quivered, then made one more little speech to that other self.

"I guess if I'm lonesome," she sobbed, "the right sort of lonesome, I'd better go home."

Down on the street corner a man paced back and forth impatiently. The knowing smile had left the thin lips. Once he went up the boarding-house steps, put his hand on the bell, then withdrew it, and muttering something about "D——d little chicken," he strolled nonchalantly, and withal somewhat lonesomely, toward a gay cabaret sign glistening far down the still gayer street.

F.

* * *

Our Baby

Little baby feet dancing o'er the ground;
Sparkly baby eyes, glancing round and round;
Dimply baby hands, grasping for life's joy,
May you find it always, and without alloy.

Keep your feet a-dancing down each unknown path;
Keep your eyes a-glancing, ready for a laugh;
And your heart will find it, find life's treasure-trove,
For your journey will be love-lit, and the prize of life is Love.

ELEANOR FURMAN.
UNCLE MIMS' HANT

“Good morning, Uncle Mims, how are you?” asked five-year-old Bobby cheerily, as he came up to the cabin of the old darky and perched himself on the chair.

“Mawnin’, Marse Bob, I’se only tol’ble dis mawnin’. De rheumatiz done kotched me in my knee so’se I kin scarcely walk.”

“I’m sorry, Uncle Mims,” sympathized Bobby; “and now won’t you tell me a story?” he ended impetuously.

Uncle Mims was distinctly a relic of the old régime, and, as the story-teller of the neighborhood, he enjoyed an enviable position. He was sitting just outside of the cabin, clad in a faded blue-checked shirt and trousers, the numerous patches of which showed the wear of many seasons. He had tilted his cane-bottomed chair, and was resting his white, woolly head on the foot of a hippopotamus, painted in bold colors upon a circus poster hanging behind him. At Bobby’s request he removed his cornel pipe, cleared his throat, and began slowly and importantly:

“Wall, now, I recollect de time I seed a hant in the ‘Pistoble grabeyard. It wuz one o’ dem cold nights seberal winters ago, an’ I bin to de meetin’ at de Medolist church, an’ Brudder Sims an’ me wuz a-walkin’ along talkin’ ober our religus experiments ‘til we got to de crossroads whar he lef’ me. I come along by mysef a-thinkin’ ’bout ole Sam
Mills gittin' religun, when all ob a sudden I heared some kin' o' funny noise, an' I stop right still an' listen; an' it sounded like it come from de grabeyard dat I wuz a-fixin' to pass. I shore wuz skeered, honey, but I se thought to mystef, 'Who'se gwinehodder 'bout you, John Mims?' so I jes' walk right along 'til I pass by. Den it sounded so close I look' 'round. Dere I seed a great big thing a-comin' to'ads me."

"O Uncle Mims, didn't you run?" asked the wide-eyed, credulous Bobby.

"You'se bet I did, honey; I run all de way home, an' when I se got dere, my ole Sally thought I'd gone plum crazy; but I se tole her what I seed, an' we set up all night a-spectin' it, but it neber come."

"Uncle Mims, where do you reckon it went?" asked Bobby.

"I se doan know, honey, but I shore neber pass by dat grabeyard by mystef after dark agin."

Bobby was on the verge of asking for another tale when he saw his father, to whom he related the story just told him. Mr. Thomas laughed, remembering the incident that had caused such a disturbance among the negroes a few winters past, and asked:

"Wasn't that the time an old white horse got loose and spent the night in the Episcopal cemetery, Mims?"

"Na' ser, na' ser. Dis wa'n't no horse dat I seed. It war a shore-nuff hant."

GRACE D. COLEMAN, '16.

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A MAKE-UP

The room was a very pretty country drawing-room—comfortable, bright, full of flowers, sunshine, and fresh air. It had two occupants. Seated in an armchair by the bay
window was a little old lady, very plump and comfortable looking, with soft gray hair, and a placid countenance, with a few very obstinate lines about the mouth. She had some soft, white knitting in her hands, and her needles moved slowly and regularly. Seated by the other window, and back to back with the old lady, was a little old gentleman, small and frail, with scanty white locks and a white moustache. There were certain little lines about the eyes which spoilt the natural kindness of their glance. He was reading a newspaper, when the door opened and a pretty, young girl came in. The little old gentleman looked up from his paper. The little old lady spoke:

"I was just wishing for you, Sally, love," she said. "I want to know whether you have decided on your train for to-morrow. You propose to go by the Great Eastern, from Littleton, of course?"

"If you go by the Great Eastern, Sara," said the little old gentleman, in crisp, incisive tones, "you will be a very foolish girl; you will be about two hours longer over your journey than you need be."

"You will spend rather more time in the train, my love," said her mother, as though no words had been uttered by the old gentleman, "but you must set against that, the long drive to the Aiken station at this end, and the great distance between Aunt Rose's house and the station."

As to the half-hour's drive at this end," interrupted Mr. Garrett, "there is no objection to that, child, of course. You must get a cab at the other end."

Sara did not answer either parent. She had taken a cake from the tea-table, and was munching it, perching on the arm of a chair midway between her father and mother. But when her father finished speaking she said pleasantly:

"I had a note from Aunt Rose this afternoon; she wants me to go rather early, by the ten o'clock from Aiken."
Mr. Garrett took up his paper again with an explosive little gesture of satisfaction.

"I wonder that your Aunt Rose did not remember how much more convenient the Great Eastern is to us," said her mother. "However, you must do as she wishes. I think I will drive over with you and pay some calls, if the horses will be fit after so long a drive. Please ask your father what he thinks."

The newspaper rustled, and Mr. Garrett replied, "If your mother wants the horses to-morrow afternoon she knows that the run to Aiken is nothing to them; and tell her she had better make her calls to-morrow afternoon, as I shall want the carriage myself on Friday afternoon."

"I must go pack my trunk. Mother, don't you want to come with me?" The old woman folded her knitting and started out of the room.

"Has your father given you enough money?"

It was exactly half-past nine the next morning when Sara waved her last farewell to her parents from the front seat of the dog-cart. Both Mr. and Mrs. Garrett had intended going to the station, but Sara in some way had prevented it. She got the coachman on her side, and he told the parents that the roads were "too muddy" for anything but the dog-cart. Sara last saw her father and mother standing side by side, each waving a hand to her, and each, apparently, oblivious of the other's presence.

"Poor dears! I wonder what they'll do?" she said to herself.

The situation was an awkward one. For ten years Mr. and Mrs. Garrett had held no communication with each other of any sort. The original cause of the dispute was unknown. Sara, their only daughter, lived with them and was their "go between." She had never spent a night from home during the past ten years. She had now gone to her
aunt's to spend two weeks, and what her parents would do was an open question.

The first thing they did was distinctly unfortunate—from their point of view. They turned simultaneously to go back into the house, when each, trying to avoid the other's eye, looked directly at each other. They stood still, their hearts stopped beating.

"Mary," said Mr. Garrett.
"John," said his wife.

They stood and held each other close for a moment. Then the silliness of the situation dawned upon them.

"We have been two old fools for ten years, John," said Mary.
"Yes, and missed the best part of our lives. Let's begin again," said her husband.

Arm in arm they walked into the house, a very happy old couple. The next day they decided to go on their second honeymoon, celebrating this "make-up."

Oh! but wouldn't Sara shout if she knew what she had accomplished by making both parents stay at home?

SEABRONA PARKS, '15.

FIRST AID TO THE RATS

1. Avoid looking meek or subdued the first few weeks, lest ye be humbled by that august body of snobs known as Sophomores.

2. Remember that the powers of government are in the hands of the student council; therefore, do not heed the Faculty.

3. Do not buy your books immediately as a second order is often sent, and in the meantime you have the pleasure of
interviews with the teachers after class for unprepared
lessons.

4. Break in teachers gently. Do not shower candy and
flowers too often, but smile lovingly in the halls and appear
receptive and acquiescent in classes.

5. Never enter class on time, lest ye miss a delightful
impromptu lecture inspired by your tardiness.

6. Rise immediately on the ringing of the period bell
and make a precipitous rush for the door, thereby insuring
the good will of the teachers.

7. Chatter incessantly in Modern Language classes.
Practice pronunciation, aided by frequent use of "Petro
Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers" to keep the tongue
supple.

8. While in classes prepare the next lesson, thereby hav-
ing your afternoons free to interrupt other people's study
hour.

9. In chapel sit down on the last word of the hymn,
thereby giving the orchestra and Music Faculty a chance to
pour forth a majestic Amen.

10. Make every excuse possible to hang about the mail
boxes, and thus gain an opportunity for a pleasant chat with
Mrs. Sloan.

11. Never look at a Furman boy, lest ye arouse intense
jealousy among the Faculty.

12. A general safe rule to follow is to do the exact
opposite of what every one else around you is doing.

Passed by the Local Board of Censorship to aid Freshmen
in adjusting themselves to their new surroundings.

Grace D. Coleman, '16.
THE RAPE OF THE WOODEN SHOES

"Are you sure this is the street?"
Of course I was positive, for hadn't I seen the shoes in the window? But I replied meekly, "I am almost certain."
On we walked down the middle of the narrow business street of Amsterdam looking on either side for curiosities, but chiefly for wooden shoes.
"There is the store now. I knew we would find it." I forgot my meekness.
A Hollander, who spoke rather good English, greeted us with a broad smile; for weren't we Americans? Naturally all Americans are millionaires and would buy. He showed us his pictures, delf plates, and dolls, but I was interested in wooden shoes. I wanted something really Hollandish that could not be bought in New York.
"Oh! please, how much are these pretty shoes?" I guess I showed my enthusiasm.
"Four guldens—that equals one dollar and sixty cents American."
"But—" I thought of the few guldens left in my purse, and of the many purchases I had to make.
"Three-fifty." Ah! the shopkeeper wished to sell, but that was still too much.
"I'll buy these little ones."
"No, they are not nice enough," I was being advised.
I wandered around the little shop looking at the dolls and china, trying to see something I wished; but I looked longingly at the shoes. Finally I saw others.
"How much?"
"Two-fifty."
At last within my reach! I chose the largest pair he had, and marched out happy.
We returned to the hotel. I, with my large purchase under my arm, walked into the room, proudly exhibiting my treasures.

"My child, they will not go into your trunk."

Dear me, I had not thought of that! What could I do? Ever inventive, I cut a nice hole in the tray of my trunk, and in they went quite snugly.

The next day we took the train for Rotterdam to sail for home. Oh, the many sights I saw! In the distance were the little windmills and small, low-gabled houses, and nearby many canals fringed with fields of bloom, and dotted with men in wooden shoes. How I enjoyed that sight, and thought of the hole in my tray! At last we arrived, crossed the numerous canals, and reached the hotel where our extra trunk was left. I had forgotten again. My steamer coat had to be packed! There were my beloved shoes so peaceful that I could not disturb them. I carried my heavy coat on my arm to the boat so they could remain peaceful.

The voyage was very pleasant, the only confusion being caused when I removed my tray to take something from the lower part of my trunk, for the shoes were in the way always. At last we were in New York with only the custom official between us and home. I was not worrying, for what had I bought to amount to anything?

"There is my trunk now."

"Yes, that little one."

"What have I in it? Oh, nothing of any value," I answered carelessly.

"Open it? Yes. Excuse me, but I forgot, I have a pair of wooden shoes in here. Here they are!" I exhibited them proudly.

"What? Why, of course, they are stuffed with paper."

I was in for trouble again. The cautious "old" official kept us one hour while he carefully straightened each bit of
the paper that was in the shoes to be sure that I was not smuggling anything.

Now, it was over and I was safely on my way home with my treasures. How should I use them? I puzzled my brain quite a while. For umbrella stands! The thought came suddenly—the very thing! They would hold the water and look attractive too. As soon as I arrived home, our family joyfully placed the shoes on the front piazza for wet umbrellas. But I kept worrying, they were my treasures, and I valued them!

I was very weary, and all through the night my dreams were disturbed by passing vehicles and loud-talking country people tramping by. It was four o'clock! I was startled by a noise directly below. My wooden shoes! Would they attract country people? I dashed downstairs and opened the front door. There I found a small boy, with his face shining and his hair brushed, preparing to leave on his excursion to see the circus unload. For it was circus day! There also were my dear wooden shoes silently resting beside the door, where they still remain.

Laura Ebaugh, ’17.

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Sing a song of dollar bills,
Scarcely as they can be.
Four and twenty kinds of things,
Made in Germanie.

Janie Gilreath.
Editorials

Annie Maude Wilbur, Editor-in-Chief

THE GERMANS AS A CIVILIZED PEOPLE?

There are those who assert that Germany is the supreme example of a highly civilized state, one foremost in the arts and sciences which represent culture; but the outrages committed by the Germans, since they have been participating in war, have obviously contradicted these assertions. To cherish the works of art that have been handed down to us
from the past is one of the first characteristics of a highly civilized nation. As a means toward their ultimate advantage, Germany saw fit to devastate Louvain and the Cathedral of Rheims—one instance where we find a flaw in German culture when it was put to the test. Furthermore, when Germany broke its pledge to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg and of Belgium, the Germans violated the still higher characteristic of a civilized race—that of willingness and determination to stand by a given word at whatever cost it may require. Moreover, the chivalry springing from modern civilization has as its corps a desire on the part of the strong to protect the weak. The action of the Germans in their heartless destruction of the women and the children in the captured towns has robbed us of our faith in the effectiveness of modernity. Of course, Germany may be defended on the grounds of military necessities, but aside from war practices Germany has also been found wanting in culture. Not only in manners are the Germans inferior to the English and French, which fact is illustrated by the failure of German diplomacy, but in intellectual arts as well. The present-day Germans have not succeeded in winning so world-wide a reputation as that which has been awarded to the painters, architects, and sculptors of France, and even to some in America. An especially marked feature of our modern civilization is the power to invent, and here again have the Germans failed to take the lead, for they have contributed almost nothing to such things as the automobile, the aeroplane, the telephone, the moving picture, etc. Though we are not discounting German achievements, we are rather doubting her claim to superiority among the great nations of the world.
YOUR MAGAZINE

As usual, it is the desire of the staff to make this year a record-breaking one in the history of the magazine. We feel that we are in a fair way to see our visions realized, because of the definite steps that have already been taken to accomplish our purpose. Aware of the cotton depression and other effects of the war in our midst, we hesitated to undertake improvements involving additional expenditure; but, our staff completed, these vicissitudes only serve to give us determination to reach our goal. The only thing we want now is the coöperation of every girl in the college. "Come over to Macedonia and help us!" Support your magazine! Subscribe to it! Contribute to it! Be a part of it! This year, more than ever before, we want the magazine to be representative of the student body, and each girl to feel that it is her personal responsibility to aid the staff in producing a magazine worthy of its college.

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OUR COTTON RECEPTION

The upper classmen at the college have taken their place by the side of the women of South Carolina, who are endeavoring to raise the price of cotton, by wearing dresses made from the great Southern staple. At a joint meeting of the Senior and Junior classes a motion was made and carried that the annual Senior-Junior reception in November should be a "cotton reception"; each girl willingly agreeing to wear a dress made of cloth manufactured in her own Southland. We feel that this is one of the very biggest resolutions our girls could make, and that it shows with what earnestness they have taken up their work this fall, determining to get the best from their college life, by identifying themselves with the women who feel their social and economic responsibilities. Though we should not make life
unendurable by going into mourning because our neighbors suffer afflictions, nobody is exempt from loss and sorrow, and neither communities nor individuals may hope to escape the responsibilities of the living. Surely we will be thoughtful enough to do all in our power for the relief of those suffering from the lessening of opportunities at home. For this reason have the women of South Carolina, led by Mrs. M. T. Coleman, of Abbeville, formed cotton clubs, and planned to come to the relief of the farmers and mill men by wearing cotton clothes almost entirely, and buying woolen goods only when wraps become necessary. In like manner, the girls of G. F. C. are doing their part toward making use of cotton. We feel that this plan goes hand in hand with the “buy-a-bale movement,” because it gives needed employment to hundreds of idle mill men, and we are confident that a cotton reception, though much less expensive, will be a huge success, because each girl has discovered the joy of sharing in the efforts to improve the economic condition of South Carolina.

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ATHLETICS

We feel that The Isaqueena is lacking in that it has no athletic department, and we must have one. Girls, get wide-awake this year and accomplish something in athletics. The class teams have organized. Get down to work, and do your best to make the varsity. Since in our modern times physical development is a requisite for well-rounded womanhood, coördination of mind and body entails a lively interest in outdoor sports. Don’t pore over your books all day, girls! Get out in the open every afternoon and develop physically as well as mentally. Your college life will mean more to you; you will be able to study with greater concentration, and you will be better prepared to join the ranks of the twentieth-century women.
The formal opening of the college was held on the 16th of September. A large, earnest body of students was present. Our president, Dr. Ramsay, extended a hearty welcome to both the students and teachers.

The work of the coming session was begun in an unusually short time. Before a week had passed classifications were completed, conflicts arranged and forgotten, with classes meeting regularly.

Most of the members of the old faculty returned this year. We were glad to welcome the new teachers: Miss Gwin, professor of science; Miss Dawson, professor of philosophy; and Miss Parrot, art.

"College Night," observed by a reception given on Saturday evening, September 20th, to the new students by the old ones, was quite a success. At the close of the evening the new girls felt that they had become a part of the student body, tears having been utterly forgotten.

A tea room has been opened, by the Alumnae Association, in an attractive little cottage on the college campus. Miss Harriett Mitchel has it in charge, and the girls knowing her skill in the culinary art are looking forward to many enjoyable evenings there. The formal opening was held last Saturday afternoon, October 9th, when a very delightful silver tea was given.

When the Freshman Class assembled to organize and elect officers, quite an unusual amount of rivalry was shown
between them and the Sophomores. The elections were finally made amid lively struggles. While some held the doors, which the Sophomores were endeavoring to open, those nominated held their heads out of the windows until the decisions were made. They were as follows: President, Sarah Owens; vice-president, Claire Smith; secretary, Annette Robertson; treasurer, Carolyn Roper.

Other class elections have been held, and the officers are:

Of the Sophomore Class—President, Ethel Simpson; vice-president, Priscilla Poteat; secretary, John Anthony; treasurer, Willie Bryan; historian, Mamie Bryan.

Of the Junior Class—President, Clayte Bailey; vice-president, Adelyn McComb; secretary, Ella May Smith; treasurer, Joella Davidson.

Of the Senior Class—President, Paule Chapman; vice-president, Meda Boggs; secretary, Annie L. Welborn; treasurer, Leonora Stroud; prophet, Ruth White; historian, Annie Maude Wilbur.

Of the Specials—President, Ruth Altman; vice-president, Alma Easterling; secretary, Brucie Owings; treasurer, Eleanor Ezell.

Mr. Houston, a noted tenor, gave a concert in the college auditorium on Friday, October 9th. The large audience was highly pleased with the interesting and very beautiful program rendered.

Misses Clara Wingo and Lucile Alverson, graduates of last year, were in the college for the opening.

Miss Edith Brooker, of the 1914 class, was a visitor at the college during the first few days.

Miss Meda Boggs, of Pickens, spent the past few days at home.
In Education C the problem that every young teacher has of adapting herself to the community in which she teaches was being discussed.

"Some communities are very narrow," said Miss Wilbur; "you get yourself talked about if you read a newspaper on Sunday. In fact, they won't even let the chickens crow on Sunday."

"How do they keep them from crowing?" inquired Miss Traynham.

"Choke 'em," replied the disgusted voice of Miss Wilbur.

Hattie B—: "Say, did you know that Japan has entered the war?"

Nannie M. Morgan: "Oh, is that so? Well, Europe has, too, hasn't she?"
Exchanges

MARIE PADGETT, Editor

In greeting our exchanges for the coming year we feel that perhaps it would not be inappropriate to say a few words in regard to our own magazine, and the magazines we expect to have at our desk.

We earnestly desire a year of unprecedented success for every college magazine, and we hope at the outset that there will be hearty coöperation, and good understanding between the different colleges. We feel that a large and important part of magazine work is done through the Exchange Department. In criticizing our exchanges, we should like to say that there is nothing personal in our commendation or criticism of the various articles. We believe that each editor should bring to his work a detached attitude, determining to examine the magazines impartially, commending where commending is deserved and finding fault in such a way that the magazine may profit thereby. We also advise a careful review of many magazines—not merely the two or three whose covers attract the eye of the editor. It is a great temptation to pick out the magazines that we know are good and read only them. This is hardly the wisest course, for we have found from experience that if a magazine is not the best that could be hoped for, a criticism from another college, whether adverse or complimentary, tends to inspire the editors and students to better efforts—the result being a magazine more worth while.
Among our exchanges of last year we noticed decided improvement in some which we shall not mention here, as this year's work will prove whether the standard is maintained. While it is gratifying to see a magazine where every department contains good work; on the other hand, we have been pleased to see that many magazines have been strengthened here and there, in some cases, new and entirely original departments having been added.

Among the requisites of a good college magazine we should say first that the magazine must have an attractive cover. It is surprising how much a seemingly small matter as this counts, but a "tacky" looking paper is never enjoyed. The arrangement of the articles should be as interesting as possible. While each editor, perhaps, has his own ideas concerning the arrangement of material, it must be conceded that stories, poems, or essays placed consecutively are boring. The stories, we believe, should be interesting, each with a serious plot well developed. We sincerely hope that not a single slushy love story will come to our desk this year. Of these there have been quite a number in the past. Essays on present-day topics prove more interesting and readable than any rehash of the doings of fifteenth-century celebrities. Poetry is probably the hardest problem the college editor has to meet, but it is to be hoped that there are a few geniuses in every college who can save the good name of their magazine. And lastly, the various departments should be written with a view to interesting other colleges as well as their own. If each departmental editor enters heartily into his work, and cooperates with the other staff members, and finds the true feelings of the student body, we sincerely believe that he will give a true reflection of the life and spirit of his college.
The most earnest and enthusiastic organization in college this year is the Y. W. C. A. The spirit of the body is surpassingly fine. Under the leadership of such a strong girl as Miss White the Y. W. C. A. will undoubtedly reach a higher round on the ladder of success. The program committee is furnishing such wide-awake, interesting programs that the girls count it a great loss to miss a meeting.

On "College Night," September 19, 1914, the Y. W. C. A. played a most important part. The new girls were at the crossroad of "indecision" between the Alphahean and Beta societies, but the far-reaching arms of the Y. W. C. A. included everybody.

Early every morning a large number of girls gather in the parlor for a prayer service. These meetings were first conducted by the teachers, but now the girls have taken the responsibility upon themselves.

On Friday evening, September 25th, the first regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held. Miss Watson gave a talk on the meaning of the Y. W. C. A. in its broadest sense. Miss White gave several reasons for joining the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Ramsay followed with a very impressive talk on what Y. W. C. A. membership should mean to college girls. Many new girls were added to our ranks.

Thursday evening, October 1st, was devoted to missions, the object being to get the girls interested in Mission Study.
The different countries of Asia were represented by girls, each dressed in the costume of the country she personated.

Owing to the earnest efforts of Mrs. Ramsay, eight Mission Study classes have been formed. The leaders of the classes are: Misses Annie Maude Wilbur, Eliza Byars, Hattie Boroughs, Leonora Stroud, Lottie Mae Vaughn, Janie Ward, Sara Owens, and Miss Watson. Mrs. Ramsay entertained the Mission Study girls on Saturday evening, October 10th. After a short business meeting delightful sandwiches and punch were served.

At the last meeting of the Y. W. C. A., October 9th, the delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference, held last June, gave their reports. Miss Watson was the chairman of the delegation and Misses Cassie Asberry, Bell Barton, Grace Coleman, Joella Davidson, Leta White, Janie Ward, Lottie Mae Vaughn, Olive Busbee, Marie Padgett, Ruth Rucker, and Sara Owens were the other delegates. Our college made a splendid show at the conference.
Alethean Department

MARGUERITE HALSALL, Editor

Sure, I’m an Alethean,
An Alethean, an Alethean so gay.
Who else can touch us, for
We surely lead the way?
Oh! who else but Aletheans
Could e’er be so fine?
O Aletheans! Aletheans!
The rest are far behind, behind!

What better than our Alethean song can express the feeling of each Alethean as she startled each new girl with “You’re going to be an Alethean, aren’t you?” No one passed through the stately front door until she had heard this or something near it.

Instead of holding society meetings, the Aletheans and Betas held “College Night,” jointly, on the first Saturday night. By a short address the president of each society, and the members by songs and yells, urged the “Rats” to join their side.

The first meeting of the Aletheans showed that they had been working, both by the program and the number of new girls who took the oath of membership. “Rats were what we needed, and Rats were what we got.” Our president, in her welcome address, urged upon each individual girl that she was needed in the society, and that she personally must feel the responsibility for its success.
We have begun a new year under the most brilliant start possible; let our aim be to make our society all that is best in thought, word, and deed—and our motto:

    Razzle, dazzle, never frazzle,
    Not a thread but wool;
    All together,
    All together,
    That's the way we pull.
    Aletheans!
Beta Department

Eloise Montgomery, Editor

Despite the European war, the low price of cotton, and the consequent "hard times" that have come in their wake, our two literary societies enrolled a surprisingly large number for the year 1914-15. There are others who would like to be with us, but, like "The Girl at the Gate," with her ambition, her dreams, her visions, these, too, have to stand and wait until war shall be waged no more, and "peace and plenty" greet "a smiling plain." For "The Girl at the Gate" we as college students and members of literary societies should feel our responsibility; and in order to meet our responsibilities, we must realize all that our society stands for—broader culture, from closer contact with our great literary men and their ideals; the power to express all that this contact with great minds and souls has meant to us.

Freshmen, new girls, all, join a society, perform your duty, cultivate society spirit, and inspire these who have it not with some of your zeal. In the words of Dr. Poteat I urge you to "Start right, aim high," and join the Beta Society.

We have a great society, a society which thrills with enthusiasm and ambition, a society which accomplishes things. Come to our meetings, watch us, see who we are, and what we do.

The first program, on Saturday evening, September 26th, was carefully planned and well executed. Many new members were received into the society.

The following Saturday evening, October 3d, was devoted to a study of the European war.

The Beta Society stands for everything that a good literary society should be. If you still have a doubt, visit us in our new society hall and see.
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