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## The Isaqueena - 1914, December

Annie Maude Wilbur  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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The  
ISAQUEENA



*December, 1914*

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105 N. MAIN STREET

GREENVILLE, S. C.

# The Isaquena



*December, 1914*

*Published each month by the Students of the  
Greenville Woman's College*

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# The Isaquena

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Vol. IX

GREENVILLE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1914

No. 3

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## The Music of Yule

Magical Yule with lyrical sound  
Gladdens and quickens the air,  
Lilting in rhythm, festively gowned,  
Free from the minor of care;

But lo! I hear beneath it all, in muffled undertone,  
The throb of drum, the rhythmic sound of marching men,  
the mad,  
The wild, sweet music screaming hatred, and the angry  
groan  
Of War! So ring, ye joyous bells, ring clear, and ring more  
glad,

Quicken the music—loud let it be—  
Drown out this death song from over the sea.

MARIE PADGETT, '16.



## Lou



R-r-r, Lou! Lou-oo! Hain't yer up yit? Dontchew know they's gotter be some grub in this here house?"

This four-o'clock-in-the-morning eruption of Mr. Isaac Williams, which took place as he lay in his bed, was unnecessary, for the girl was already on her way to the dingy little combination kitchen and dining-room.

This morning even the red-flowered tablecloth did not grate upon her, nor did the smoking stove annoy her, for she was radiantly joyous. She sang in a voice comparatively free from the proverbial whang which characterizes the singing of the mill people, a voice that might have been rich and sweet had it been trained. But be that as it may, Lou was deliriously unconscious of the fact. To be exact, she was oblivious of everything save one outstanding event.

Breakfast over, she, with a pamphlet under her arm, walked lightly to the mill where she was to do her day's work at the spindle. People who noticed the glad light in her eyes, the elasticity of her step, and the manner in which she carried herself, probably said, "She has Christmas in her bones," for Christmas was only two days away. To be sure, Christmas was welcome, as it would give her a day off to make a few last improvements to her pitiful wardrobe, and to make some hasty preparations for the one great event of her life. Christmas, then, was just something that must come before the time of realization.

Was it then any wonder that she gazed with pitying eyes on those other girls of the mill? How poor they were, without being conscious of any poverty, and how wealthy was

she! She wondered whether or not it were better for them to be ignorant of this poverty, and she decided that they were poorer in their ignorance.

But here her reflections were interrupted. It was one of those "poverty-stricken" creatures speaking:

"Lize Abernathy sez that Hat Laney sez you wuz goin' off to the 'cademy after Chris'mus."

"Yes, I am."

Lou tried to keep her exultation out of her voice. She hated to flaunt her happiness before them. However, the thought came that perhaps by telling them she might excite in them a desire to go also, so she added:

"You know Miss Lane found out how wild I wuz fer goin' to school, so she tol' Mr. Hall—you know he is the principal of the 'cademy. Well, one day las' spring he come ter see me an' brought me this here book tellin' all about the school. He sed I could work in the dinin'-room an' sweep halls ter pay my way. So now I've got my wages saved up in my pocket-book—ter buy books an' sich like, yer know."

Whether her words were formed in order of climax or not, her emphasis and her excitement were certainly crescendo. The girls gazed at her in wonderment. When they had been at "the free school," before they were old enough to begin mill work, Lou had been good in "readin', writin', an' cipherin'," and they knew that she had studied at night by herself ever since. So it was that they had never felt that she was one of them. Some were jealous; the more pleasantly disposed of them admired her from a distance. But now in the eyes of all there was about her an additional glory. She, of the Watertown Mill, was going to school away from the village, a feat never having been accomplished by any girls there save the boss's pretty daughter.

Lou, as we have noticed, did not tell her companions how averse her father had been to this plan, how he was wont to

look greedily upon the money she was saving, and how he had remarked, "I never could see no use nohow of young uns a-tryin' to git above ther old daddy an' ther raisin'." But the invalid mother had interceded for her child, and at last he had consented, with the hope that she would be better able to make more money with some "edication." It was the mother, too, who, flat on her back, managed the business affairs of the family. It was she who had bequeathed to Lou her understanding grey eyes and her black, black hair. From Mrs. Williams she inherited also a patience and a thirst for a bigger and better life. Rumor said that Mrs. Williams' mother had not been of the mill people. Certain it was that Mrs. Williams was different from them. She had the appearance of one who had had all the exuberance and fire of her daughter, but who had been tamed and subdued by long-suffering.

She had planned so that the earnings of the three younger daughters would support the family in the absence of Lou, and then she thought perhaps Ab, her twelve-year-old son, would be able to work again soon. It was true that his pneumonia had left him very weak and his cough was steadily growing worse. For this reason there came, in the sunshine of this day, a cloud continually before Lou. She loved her brother next to her mother, whom they both resembled. So when Mrs. Williams had said to Lou while she was at home for dinner, "Lou, honey, I'm bothered 'bout Abner. His cough don't sound to suit me. I'm a-goin' to get the doctor to 'tend on him," Lou had answered, "Ma, I wisht you would."

During the afternoon there were in the mill whisperings and prophecies, and about the house that atmosphere that carries with it a premonition that something unusual is going to happen. True enough, when quitting time came the fears of the operatives were realized. In a few words

the boss told them that, owing to the financial depression, the mill would run only two-thirds time after Christmas, with two-thirds pay. At first there was a deathly silence, then followed a babel of voices as the people filed out of the Watertown Mill.

On her way home Lou, passing the "company store," saw her father seated on his accustomed nail keg whittling endless nothings and spitting tobacco juice. At that moment Alex Cale was entering the store.

"I never could figger out how some folks don't never have no work to do," insinuated he.

And Ike Williams, sandy hair, sandy eyes, and sandy personality, gave him a self-satisfied guffaw and:

"Wall, look here, Alex Cale, you wouldn't work neither if you had four head er gals in the mill."

Lou could never quite see the logic in this argument which her father found so satisfying, though she knew that it is the custom of the mill town for few middle-aged married men to work.

When the girl hurried home she had not the courage to tell her mother of the change in the mill, for she found her paler than ever. After some time she said slowly:

"The doctor he saw Abner. He sez he is pretty sick. He sez—he sez that his lung is diseased." Here she stopped for a time. In the silence which intervened neither looked at the other. Then the mother went on: "He sez that Abner'll get well if he is 'tended to proper, but he sez it's goin' ter take money, and—well, you know they ain't none." The entrance at this juncture of Mr. Isaac Williams gave Lou an opportunity to slip quietly away.

The next morning, earlier than ever, the girl was up about her work, for she had not slept. She kindled the fire with something that looked suspiciously like a school catalogue, put on the pot of hominy, and set the odd pieces of china on

the table. The lines of her mouth were drawn; the face looked pinched and tired, and she no longer hummed her joyous little song.

Breakfast over, she went quietly to her mother and handed her an old black pocket-book.

"Here is the money for Ab," she said.

Outside there was the sound of an automobile. It was the boss's pretty daughter come home from college for Christmas.

MARIE PADGETT, '16.

\* \*

A mother crooned to the babe that lay  
In her fair, soft arms at dawn of day.  
The angels sang, so glad were they  
That this was Christmas morning.

I., '19.

## Kipling as an Apostle of Imperialism



IMPERIALISM is the term applied to the policy used by most nations in establishing world powers. In England it means closer union between the mother country and her colonies. At first, so to speak, there was no such word as Imperialism in England's history. However, Imperialism was not a new idea for the aristocracy, even though it was for the lower classes. Spenser addressed Queen Elizabeth as "The High and Mighty Empress," which seems to indicate that he thought of an empire long before any one else dreamed of one. In early history Italy was the center of commerce, then Spain, and finally England gained control of the seas when she defeated the Spanish Armada. This was the first step made by England towards her enormous world-wide power. By the end of the nineteenth century the people realized they had come into the possession of a vast empire. But some thought the burden cumbersome and were desirous of selling part of the territory—India, for instance. However, a change soon came about and almost all England began to realize the advantage of territory. Several things happened to bring this change about. First, Victoria was made Empress of India. Then Disraeli, the prime minister, acquired shares in the Suez Canal and lived almost *for* Imperialism. The Prince of Wales traveled around the world, and after seeing the vast amount of territory England owned, came back filled with new ideas of Imperialism. Mr. Chamberlain, a wealthy business man, gave his money and helped make the colonies self-supporting. Professor John Seeley, at Cambridge University, preached to his young men in history classes the expansion of England. All these men had wonderful influence over the English people. But the man who did more for English Imperialism than

Victoria, who was only declared Empress of India; than Disraeli, who had many enemies because he was a Jew; than the Prince of Wales because he only saw; than Chamberlain, whose money could not help all; and than Seeley because he preached only to a limited number; the man who almost made English Imperialism was Rudyard Kipling. He appealed in his poems and short stories to the higher nature in the English people, to their sympathy, their love of liberty, of justice, and of loyalty. Paradoxically speaking, this man, though an Englishman, was a native of India. In this way he was able to reach a certain cavity in England's public spirit that had not yet been filled. How he aided England in her advancement toward one perfect unit I shall now try to show you.

Rudyard Kipling, as I have already said, had his home in India; therefore, he knew all about the country, customs, peculiarities, and good as well as evil traits of the Hindu life. He appealed to the Englishman's pride in his empire first by telling him what a lovely country India was; of the beautiful valleys and foliage-covered hills; of its hot climate under the tropical sun, and its clear, cool waters and lonely deserts; of its wild waste country and wilder natives. He loved this country so much himself that in one of his poems he said:

"If you've ever 'eard the East a-callin'  
You won't never 'eed naught else."

Do you not wonder the English were awakened at the calling of such a country? Just listen:

"Ship me somewheres east of Suez  
Where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments  
An' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple bells are calling,  
An' it's there that I would be—  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda  
Looking lazy at the sea."

Then he portrayed the home life of this country. The neat, clean little brown houses with their tiny roof-gardens on top, and fenced in with high wooden fences; the beautiful rich furnishings of the East in some, while in others the bare necessities for the home—all had a place in Kipling's song and story. What beautiful housekeepers these Indian women were, and how happy they seemed to be in it all, content just to while away the time mostly in idleness, making the house comfortable, playing on a banjo in the evening, sitting out under the moon, just as sweet and winning as they could be! Who would not be interested in such a country?

England, however, the country of practical business interests, was more interested, I should think, in the soldier life of the natives, in these strong men who knew little about fighting in an orderly, systematized way, but who could fight bravely, nevertheless, for in "Fuzzy Wuzzy" Kipling describes them:

"An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, with  
Your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air,  
You big black bounding beggar,  
For you broke the British square."

These men even broke through the British lines, so brave and stalwart they were. Do you not think it appealed to the Englishman's pride to own such a country of soldiers?

But the thing which appealed to England most was the people themselves. Kipling shows the character of the Indian men as men when in "Gunga Din," at the death of this Indian servant, the English soldier whose life he had saved exclaimed:

"By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

However, all Indian men were not like poor Gunga Din, for some beat their poor wives when they did not do all the



work or do anything to suit them. Then, too, some were always uprising against the soldiers in the post and causing trouble or planning some mischief. Some, of course, were lazy and thriftless, but, as a whole, Kipling is fairer to men than women. The women of India were usually quiet, thrifty, neat housekeepers, but in India, as in every land where idols are worshiped and superstitions prevail, they were mistreated. However, they seemed happy and content under it all. The marriage laws in India were horrible. A wife was simply a bought piece of property to be used like any other piece, just as long as the man wished, then she was sent back to her father. Even sometimes these women were mistreated by the Englishmen at the posts. How forcibly Kipling portrays to England these little details of Indian life!

But not only did Kipling arouse the loyalty of Englishmen to their country and their colonies by his portrayal of the Indian country, life, and customs, but also by his portrayal of English life in India. Instead of the dreary life at the posts, as most Englishmen thought, for the man who was fond of social life there was all the gaiety in balls, sports, and card games he wanted, while on the other hand there was the daily routine of soldier life at the barracks, the training of native soldiers, and now and then an uprising for the soldier who was there to make something of himself, as did George Catter in the "Brushwood Bay," one of Kipling's masterpieces. Then, too, there were women at these posts who kept things moving and made it more like the old England, a part of which India was.

Kipling did another great thing for England: he interested her in her common soldier. Hitherto, the officers had been the only men in the army who were given any praise, but now he brings up the common soldier—the man who has done the hard work without a murmur.

"Poor beggars, they're sent to say, 'Stop'!" to everything, and at all times, and it's "Poor beggars, they'll never see 'ome!" for most of them.

In fact, they are the men who have made England what it is, for

"They called us out of the barrack yard  
To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,  
And you can't refuse when you get the card,  
And the Widow gives the party."

This is an illustration of the common soldier's situation:

"For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
'Chuck him out, the brute!  
But it's 'Savior of 'is country' when the  
Guns begin to shoot."

Now, thanks to Kipling, England realizes the credit and honor due her private soldier.

However, the thing which made Kipling an Apostle of Imperialism was his poems: "The Song of the Sons," "The Song of the Cities and England's Answer." In these poems he shows England what her colonies are and how they should be treated. He expresses the feeling of these colonies in this poem:

"One from the ends of the earth—gifts at thy open door—  
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons, have more.  
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf  
pack freed  
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy  
seed;  
Count, are we feeble or few?  
Hear, is our speech so rude?  
Look, are we poor in the land?  
Judge, are we men of 'The Blood'?  
Those that have stayed at thy knees,  
Mother, go call them in—

We that were bred over the seas wait and would speak  
with our kin—

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe,  
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe—  
Gifts have we only to-day,  
Love without promise or fee,  
Hear, for thy children speak from the uttermost parts of  
the sea!"

After this he wrote an appeal from the cities, but then an answer from England accepting their sacrifice with gratitude. Do you not think this was enough to call forth the best in any nation?

The versatility and human touch, the catchy jingle of his verse and admirable style all conspired to give Kipling, not only English popularity, but world-wide fame. However, royal favor was denied him on account of two poems he wrote which made the queen angry and caused her to make Robert Bridges Poet Laureate of England. Naturally these stories he wrote, so full of the native life in India, the description of the common soldier as well as the officer, warmed the hearts of the Englishmen to the new idea of *Imperialism*. They believed now that this gospel Disraeli and the former disciples had preached was true. And what did Kipling do for Imperialism? He practically made it. And what does this Imperialism that Kipling forwarded mean to England? Now the sun never sets on English territory, while if England had gotten rid of some of her vast possessions she would never have progressed as she has. Look at the present war. Germany now has the biggest army in the field, but she must know that she is using all her resources; while, on the other hand, England has India, Canada, Australia, and still other smaller countries, from which she can demand recruits. This growth in Imperialism may mean England's victory, and it is only fair to remember

that it is due materially to Rudyard Kipling, who indirectly has done this wonderful work. In his last poem he makes a final appeal to the Englishman's loyalty:

“No easy hopes or lies  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul.  
There's but one task for all:  
For each one life to give.  
Who stands if Freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?”

CAROLINE ROPER, '19.

✦ ✦

### Christmas Cheer

Again the sweet old story  
Thrills through the frosty air;  
Again the heavenly message  
Floats o'er the world of care;  
Again the bells are ringing,  
And may they never cease  
To echo back the tidings—  
On earth good-will and peace!

SEABRONA PARKS, '16.

## The Crime of the Street of Perseguida

BY DON ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS

*Translation from Spanish by Eula Barton and Lillian Hendrix*



ERE where you see me I am an assassin."

"How is that, Don Elías?" I asked, laughing, while I filled his cup with beer.

Don Elías is the kindest, the most patient, and the best-disciplined individual that the Bureau of Telegraphs can boast, incapable of striking, even though the manager should ask him to brush his trousers.

"Yes, Señor . . . there are circumstances in life . . . there comes a moment when the most peaceful man . . ."

"Out with it, out with it; tell me about that," I said, pricked with curiosity.

"It was in the winter of '78. I was temporarily laid off and went to live at O—— with a married daughter which I have there. My life was too good: eat, promenade, sleep. Sometimes I helped my son-in-law, who is employed in the city council, to copy the reports of the secretary. We dined invariably at eight. After putting to bed my granddaughter, who was then three years old and to-day is a graceful girl, fair, plump, of the kind which *you* like [I lowered my eyes modestly and took a swallow of beer], I would go to spend the evening with Doña Nieves, a widow who lives alone in the street of Perseguida, and to whom my son-in-law owes his position. She lives in a house of her own, large, old, of only two stories, with an obscure portal and stairway of stone. Don Gerardo Piquero, who had been director of the Custom House of Porto Rico and was then retired on a

pension, was accustomed to go there also. He died two years ago, poor fellow. He would go at nine; I never arrived until half-past. On the other hand, at ten-thirty sharp he pulled up stakes, while I was accustomed to remain until eleven or later.

“A certain night I took leave, as usual, at this hour. Doña Nieves is very economical, and lives like a poor woman, although she possesses sufficient property to live sumptuously as a great lady. She placed no candle to light up the stair or portal. When Don Gerardo or I departed the servant would hold the kitchen lamp from above. As soon as we closed the lower door she closed the upper and left us almost in darkness, because the light which entered from the street was very meager.

“At the first step I felt what is commonly called a *cale*, that is, some one pulled my hat down on my nose with a strong jerk. Fear paralyzed me, and I let myself fall against the wall. I believed I heard laughter, and, a little recovered from fright, I took off my hat.

“‘Who goes there?’ I said, giving my voice a formidable and threatening accent.

“No one responded. Various suspicions passed rapidly through my imagination. Were they trying to rob me? Were some young scamps trying to amuse themselves at my expense? Could it be some friend trying to play a joke? I took the resolution to leave immediately, because the portal was still free.

“When I had arrived half-way through the entry they gave me a strong blow . . . with the palm of the hand, and at the same a crowd of five or six men blockaded the opening. ‘Help!’ I cried with a weakened voice, retreating again towards the wall. The men began to jump before me, gesticulating in an extravagant manner. My terror had reached a climax.

“Where are you going at this hour, thief?’ said one of them.

“He is probably going to rob some dead person. He is a doctor,’ said another.

“Then there passed through my mind the suspicion that they were intoxicated, and recovering myself, I exclaimed with force:

“‘Begone, scoundrels! Let me pass or I’ll kill one of you.’

“At the same time I raised high an iron stick which the master of the factory of arms had given me and which I was accustomed to carry with me at night.

“The men, without paying any attention, continued dancing before me and executing the same foolish gestures. I could observe by the faint light which entered from the street that they always placed in front one as the strongest or most determined, behind whom all the others took refuge.

“‘Away!’ I shouted again, making a mill wheel with my stick.

“‘Surrender, dog!’ they responded, without ceasing their fantastic dance.

“I no longer doubted. They were inebriate. For this reason, and because in their hands there shone no arms whatever, I grew relatively tranquil. I lowered the stick, and trying to give to my words an accent of authority, I said to them:

“‘Away, away; this is no joke! We shall see if you do not clear the way.’

“‘Surrender, dog! Are you going to suck the blood of dead men? Are you going to cut off a leg? Snatch off his ear! Pluck out his eye! Pull him by his nose!’

“Such were the outcries which came from the group in answer to my demand. At the same time they advanced nearer to me. One of them, not the one who was in front,

but another, extended his arm across the first man, seized my nose and gave it a strong pull, which caused me to utter a cry of pain. I gave a leap sideways, because my shoulders were almost touching the wall, and succeeded in separating myself a little from them. And raising the stick, I brought it down, blind with wrath, upon the one who was coming forward. He fell heavily to the ground without even gasping. The others fled.

I remained alone and waited breathlessly for the wounded man to complain or move. Nothing; not a groan; not the slightest movement. Then there occurred to me the idea that I might have killed him. The stick was really heavy and I had always had the habit of gymnastics. I hastened, with trembling hand, to draw out a box of matches and to strike one.

"I can not describe what passed through my mind at that instant. Stretched on the ground, mouth wide open, lay a dead man. Dead, yes, indeed! Clearly I saw death painted on his pallid face. The match fell from my fingers and I remained again in the darkness. I saw him only a moment, but that vision was so intense that not a detail escaped me.

"He was stout, his beard black and tangled, his nose large and aquiline; he wore a blue blouse, colored trousers, and sandals made of hemp; on his head he wore a black cap. Apparently he was a workman in the factory of arms, an *armero*, as it is usually called there.

"I can affirm, without exaggeration, that the things which I thought in one second there in the obscurity I would not have time to think now in an entire day. I saw with perfect clearness what was going to follow. The death of that man published at once throughout the city; the police laying hands on me, the consternation of my son-in-law, the dismay of my daughter, the cries of my granddaughter; then the prison, the trial dragging through months and perhaps years;



the difficulty of proving that it had been in self-defence; the accusation of the prosecuting attorney calling me an assassin, as always happens in those cases; the defence of my lawyer alleging my honorable antecedents; then the sentence of the court, acquitting me perhaps . . . perhaps condemning me to the penitentiary.

"I planted myself in the street and ran as far as the corner; then, realizing that I had come without my hat, I returned. I penetrated again the portal, with great repugnance and fear. I struck another match and cast an oblique glance at my victim with the hope of seeing him breathe. Nothing; there he was in the same place, rigid, yellow, with a drop of blood on his face, which caused me to think that he had died of concussion of the brain. I sought my hat, put in it my clenched hand to push out the wrinkles, put it on, and left.

But this time I guarded against running. The instinct of preservation had taken complete possession of me, and suggested to me every means of evading justice. I kept close to the dark side of the wall, and making the least possible noise with my steps, I soon turned the corner of the street of Perseguida, entered that of San Joaquin, and proceeded to my house. I tried to give to my steps all the deliberation and composure possible. But here in the street of Altaville, as I was growing more calm, approaches, unexpectedly, a civil guard.

"Don Elías, will you please have the kindness to tell me . . . ?"

"I heard no more. The leap which I gave was so broad that I removed myself some yards from the officer. Then, without looking at him, I started on a wild and desperate race through the streets. I arrived at the suburbs of the city and there I stopped, panting and covered with perspiration. I began to reflect. What a stupid thing I had done! That

guard recognized me. It is more probable that he had come to ask me something with reference to my son-in-law. My extraordinary conduct had filled him with amazement. He would doubtless think me mad. But on the following day, when he should have had notice of the crime, he would certainly suspect me and inform the judge of the act. A sudden chill swept over me.

“Terrified, I again took the road to my house, and did not delay in arriving. Upon entering, a happy idea occurred to me. I went straight to my room, put the iron stick in the closet, took another of cane which I possessed, and went out again. My daughter, surprised, hastened to the door. I invented an appointment with a friend at the Casino, and, in actuality, directed myself, with long strides, towards that place. There were still collected in the hall adjoining the billiard room some few of those who compose the gathering of the last hour. I seated myself at their side, feigned good humor, was excessively merry, and tried in every way to fix their attention on the light little cane which I was carrying in my hand. I doubled it into a bow, I lashed my trousers, I brandished it like a foil, I touched with it the shoulders of the guests to ask them anything whatever, I let it fall to the floor. In short, nothing was left undone.

“When the party at last dispersed, and I separated in the street from my companions, I was a little more composed. But on arriving at the house and remaining alone in my room, mortal sadness overpowered me. I realized that this trick would serve only to aggravate my situation in case suspicion should fall upon me. I undressed mechanically and remained seated on the edge of the bed for an extremely long time absorbed in my gloomy thoughts. Finally the cold forced me to go to bed.

“I could not close my eyes. I turned a thousand times between the sheets, a prey to fatal uneasiness, to a terror

which silence and solitude make more cruel. Every moment I expected to hear knocks at the door and steps of the police on the stairs. At daybreak, nevertheless, sleep overcame me, or rather a heavy lethargy, from which the voice of my daughter recalled me:

“‘Why, it is already ten o’clock, father! What dark rings you have under your eyes! Have you passed a bad night?’

“‘On the contrary, I have slept divinely,’ I hastened to reply. I did not confide even in my daughter. Then I added, affecting naturalness: ‘Has the *Echo of Commerce* come yet?’

“‘Indeed, I believe so.’

“‘Bring it to me.’

“I waited until my daughter went out and unfolded the journal with tremulous hand. I ran through everything, anxiously, without seeing anything. Suddenly I read in large type: ‘*The Crime of the Street of Perseguida*,’ and became icy with terror. I concentrated my glance. It had been a hallucination. It was an article entitled: ‘*The Criterion of the Provincial Fathers*.’ At last, making a supreme effort to calm myself, I was able to read the sections of the news columns, where I found one which said:

“‘Extraordinary Event.—The nurses of the Provincial Hospital have the censurable custom of making use of the pacific inmates of the asylum for various tasks, among them, the transporting of the corpses to the hall of autopsies.

“‘Last night four of the demented, performing this service, found open the door of the *patio* which gives access to the park of San Ildefonso, and escaped through it, carrying the body with them. As soon as the manager of the hospital received notice of this fact he despatched various emissaries in search of them. But his efforts were useless. At one o’clock in the morning the same madmen presented themselves

at the hospital, but without the corpse. This was found by the night watchman of the street of Perseguida in the portal of Señora Doña Nieves Menendez. We ask the director of the Provincial Hospital that he take measures that the scandalous act be not repeated.'

"I let the newspaper fall from my hands and succumbed to convulsive laughter which resulted in a nervous attack."

"So then you killed a dead man?"

"Exactly so."

## The Position of the Anglo-Saxon Woman



FROM the beginning of the world down to the present time women gain respect when civilization is introduced; indeed, there can be no civilization where there is no respect for woman. But the rapid advance made by the women in the early Anglo-Saxon period is very striking. The people were semi-barbarous, adoring bloodshed, superstitious, intemperate in eating and drinking; yet, despite all this, the women were loved, honored, and respected by all men.

The men looked upon woman as something sacred, given them to protect. There has never before, nor since, been a stronger loyalty to women than that shown by the Anglo-Saxon husband. A man had one wife, to whom he gave his life. Loyalty was his strongest virtue, and the man who failed to live up to his vow of constancy was publicly executed. Chastity was instinctive with the model husband. To him, love and marriage was not a thing for pleasure and amusement, but a solemn vow and bond. The Anglo-Saxon man allowed his judgment to rule his love affairs and not his passions. His love did not, it is true, make life brighter and happier, only in the sense that he was doing God's will by being true to his woman.

The fact that the Anglo-Saxons had little of the light and beautiful in their nature can be easily seen in their literature. There is such a marked contrast between the literature of the Anglo-Saxon and that of the French and Greeks. That sad, gloomy, duty-bound note is predominant in all the early Anglo-Saxon poetry, while the French poetry abounds

with life and love. The Anglo-Saxons had no real love poetry. Love to them was too sacred to write about; it was something to exercise in stern loyalty. They proved their love by deeds rather than in sonnets. The French poetry consists often of slushy lines full of light, beautiful compliments to the poet's lady love, yet the feeling of truth and constancy is not felt. In the Anglo-Saxon poetry the simple words suggest truth, loyalty, and sacredness. "Thrown back upon himself by the gloom and severity of his climate, he discovered moral beauties while others discovered sensuous beauties."

The woman of the time seemed to have been master of the domestic and social life. She attended to all the household duties, cooked the food, and took care of the garden, while the husband was either hunting or at war. She had the control of the children, and no account is given of the husband's interference. Socially, woman held first place; men looked up to her as their social superior. At the famous feast in *Beowulf* it is the queen who graced the occasion.

The lover not only had to ask for his lady but often had to face great dangers for her. She could demand of him brave deeds before she consented to be his wife. It was sometimes true that the lady contested with her lover in some game. If he won she would marry him; if he lost his life was often the ransom. Bravery was demanded of every man. A woman could more easily forgive anything else in a man than cowardice. The woman who had the strongest and bravest husband had the best one, for might and bravery made everything right.

In the Anglo-Saxon poetry we find religion personified as a woman, which seems to prove that she was held in high esteem. In one place the sun, which brings so much light and beauty to the world, is personified as a girl, while the

moon, which is far inferior in radiance, is personified as a boy.

The picture of the woman's devotion to her husband or lover is the most striking one in all Anglo-Saxon literature. While we do not care for the extremities to which they carried their grief for a lost lover, yet in it we get a most perfect model of loyalty. Alfred gives a lovely picture of the devotion of the wife. Although modern culture is lacking, we find him expressing modern ideals of family relationship: "The wife lives for thee—for thee alone. She has enough of all kinds of wealth of this life but she scorns them all for thy sake alone. She has forsaken them all because she has not thee with her. Thy absence makes her think that all she possesses is wasted away, and she is near death for tears and grief."

The maidens took a fierce delight in dying on the graves of their lovers, as in the "Legend of Edda" Sigren died at the tomb of Helgi. "Her devotion was stronger than life or death and her grief too deep for tears." On entering her husband's home the wife was aware that she had given her life to him; that they were one in spirit; that she was to be a companion to him in trials and joys, and suffer and dare in peace and war.

Politically, the Anglo-Saxon woman occupied much the same position that the women occupy in politics to-day. She could inherit, possess, bequeath, appear in court and in the assembly of the great congress of the elders. Frequently, the name of the queen or some other lady was inscribed in the proceedings of the Witenagemot. She could vote in some instances when her individual rights were considered. She maintained her integrity and engaged in the same work that men did. Many of the laws of the time showed favor to the women; even the smallest offence against a woman was a grave crime.

As a whole, the position occupied by the Anglo-Saxon woman was an admirable one, and remarkable indeed is the picture of the queenly Wealtheow and her compeers, who rise head and shoulders above the crudeness of their age.

HATTIE BOROUGHS, '15.

\* \*

### The Star

I saw a star—a shooting star—  
It fell before the cold moon's face.  
I looked from whence it came, so far,  
And lo! another held its place.

'Mid myriads, winking, twinkling there,  
Was one, a wondrous, flashing gem,  
That brought to mind the Christ-child fair,  
And the guiding star of Bethlehem.

I., '19.



✱	<b>Rags and Tatters</b>	✱
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MERELY A COUNTRY GIRL

The bonnet was not so different from other bonnets, and I boast the power of discrimination among frocks and frills. Perhaps my manners triumphed over my romantic spirit. At any rate, I should have passed on had not a rustling among the leaves where she sat demanded my attention. One quick, alert movement of her body changed her instantly, almost fantastically, from the wearer of a sun-bonnet to a radiant nymph. She rested the weight of her splendid body on one hand. Suddenly her head was thrown upward into the air as if she feared to lose the whispered message of some distant echo. What she heard I knew not. To me the earth seemed unusually still and calm. My eyes followed her glance down the road. Mine met the horizon and came back to her lighted face. Her watch became more tense, more clear, and even more glorious as it pierced the skies. What woodland creature could have charmed this rare maiden I could not tell; I only knew that a wonderfully wistful smile came over her face. She could not be mortal. Had her beautiful life carried her to realms that were too, too far beyond my worldly understanding? I was reverent. Each breath came with a repentance, lest it should startle her. But my intense excitement slowly turned to wondrous enjoyment. The somebody she wanted or the something she longed for, whatever her dreams, they were coming true. The day was too bright, the eyes too sure, for ill-fortune.

A little dog, unobserved till now, yawned and stretched his sleepy little body in the recently fallen leaves. A slender,

slightly tanned hand comforted him, while two large, sleepy eyes left the distant heavens and regretfully, slowly came back to earth. Green leaves do not turn red half so quickly as those radiant eyes became sad, joyless, and frightfully matter of fact. She picked up a small stick and began to scatter the leaves hither and thither. While my eyes carefully, painfully scrutinized her face my heart ached. How changed she was! Where was the expectant, confident smile? Where were those mystic eyes; from whence had they come? Ah, yes! my divine being had surely vanished, leaving in her stead a sad little broken-hearted nobody. At least that is what she seemed to scribble on the ground.

For the first time I noticed her ill-made frock—for the first time her numerous freckles. Again she was the owner of a sunbonnet, merely an uncultured country maid, as I guessed she would always be. She whistled a soft, low song as she walked away with her little white guardian. Some odd bewilderment seized me. I noticed that her song grew louder and more joyful as the road became more and more narrow. She turned a corner, and I thought I heard a rather happy, at least a contented, whistle.

JANIE GILREATH, '15.

✦ ✦

## ROSEMONT

About five miles south of Waterloo and on the left bank of the Saluda River stands the old Colonial home of the Cunninghams, called Rosemont.

The Cunninghams of Rosemont descended from the Cunninghames, who were descendants of the Craighends, a family belonging to the Scotch nobility.

About the year 1681 the Cunninghames settled in Virginia. Some years later, descendants of the Virginia family came to South Carolina, where they called themselves

Cunninghams. Among these came Patric Cunningham, who was later a colonel in the British army.

Immediately after coming to South Carolina Patric Cunningham founded Rosemont Manor on land granted to him by King George III of England for services rendered the crown. This grant is said to have comprised ninety thousand acres.

Rosemont house was built about the year 1735 from timber cut from the Rosemont estate. Great pains were taken in the selection of this timber, no trees being cut except in the months of November and December to insure its lasting qualities. The logs were rafted to the coast and carried to England in sailing vessels, where it was sawed into lumber. This lumber was cut and fitted together, each piece being numbered before being re-shipped to South Carolina.

All of the material used in building the house was carried to England and brought back, except the sills and sleepers, which were hewed from the hearts of great oaks. The nails used in building the house were handmade from wrought iron, and they, as well as the timber, are in a perfect state of preservation, though about one hundred and fifty years old.

The flooring, which is almost two inches in thickness, is put down with wooden pegs instead of nails. The roof, only recently re-covered, was of cypress shingles, and the valleys of the roof were made of solid sheet copper.

The house contains about ten rooms and is filled with many interesting and valuable articles. The drawing-room contains three magnificent gilt-framed mirrors, each about four feet in width and ten in length, several beautiful cut-glass chandeliers, and a velvet carpet, in color, grey and crimson. This carpet, tradition says, was woven for the palace of the Duke of Wellington, but being too small was bought by the Cunninghams for their South Carolina home.

The dining table, carved from solid mahogany and capable of being extended the entire length of the room, is said to have cost five hundred dollars. In this room some of their rare old cut glass and fine old English china is still in evidence.

In the bedrooms will be found furniture carved by hand from mahogany and other costly woods.

At one time the park and flower garden, consisting of about fifteen acres, must have been interesting and beautiful. Avenues, hedged in with magnificent boxwood, led in many directions.

At the death of Colonel Patric Cunningham, Rosemont Manor descended to his eldest son, Robert, who was a captain in the United States army and also a veteran of the war of 1812. The next heir to Rosemont was John Cunningham. At the death of Captain John Cunningham the property fell into the hands of the late Major Robert Cunningham, who, at his death, willed the property to his nephew, the present owner, Mr. Charles H. Banks of Savannah, Ga. The house, though a century and a half old, is being repaired in such a way as to last another century and a half.

Perhaps before closing this narrative we should consider one noble and illustrious woman, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, who was an aunt of the present Cunningham, and who rescued Mt. Vernon, the home of General George Washington, from speculators and factory fiends, thus making it public property of the United States. She was born at Rosemont, and though an invalid, she performed a work that will never be forgotten. Her portrait hangs in the dining-room at Mt. Vernon, and each year on the anniversary of her birth a tribute of flowers from a beautiful garden which she planted at Mt. Vernon is sent to her grave at Columbia, S. C., to show that the work which she so faithfully performed is still remembered.

MINNIE WINN, '18.

## CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS

Ain't this world a fierce old joint,  
 With Europe's row in every call  
 An' Christmas near the crucial point!

All I see—

Turn up your toes and end it all.

When you get to thinking 'bout 'em  
 Popcorn, guns—and rubber ball—  
 Why, how you goin' to do without 'em?

All I see—

Turn up your toes and end it all.

Folks what usually gives to you  
 Won't hear this year no Christmas call,  
 An' you'll be feeling powerful blue.

All I see—

Turn up your toes and end it all.

Then there's Alice, your best girl,  
 To say nothin' of something for Paul;  
 Can't get 'em a thing in the worl'!

All I see—

Turn up your toes and end it all.

Well, hard times is all I hear,  
 And "Wait until the prices fall";  
 But bet your life 'twon't be this year!

All I see—

Turn up your toes and end it all.

W., '15.

## ASSURANCE + ROYAL

We think of France and the United States as two great republics, but when we consider the two countries individually the difference is striking. Before the French Revolution the French people were completely under the control of their kings. Afterwards, it was difficult for those who were long used to worshipping royalty to discard their points of view of centuries and remember that each one had equal rights and privileges. Now the prosperous American, with his air of assurance, sees no reason why he should not do, at all times and places, as he chooses. This assurance he has inherited from his ancestors of the American Revolution. The average American thinks that in France, as in his own country, it is a simple matter to see the law-making body in session. He knows that his Congress is open to the public at all times, unless it is in secret sessions. In France it is quite different. When one arrives in Paris he is at once told that no one is allowed to enter the famous "Chambre des Deputés" while it is in session without special permission either from a member of the house or from the United States ambassador. Several months ago an American decided to see the "Chambre des Deputés," which was in session, *without* special permission. He took a nice-looking cab, crossed the "Place de la Concorde" to the Chambre, and instead of stopping at the gate, as is the custom, he ordered the cabman to enter. He then entered the door with dignity, having first given the cabman a generous tip. Once inside, he was met by many Frenchmen glittering in bright uniforms, but our friend was not in the least dismayed. He stopped a moment and watched the people ahead of him. They seemed to be presenting cards, so he extracted one of his cards from his pocket and presented it in an ambassadorial manner. The little officials bowed low before taking the card, because they

had been quite impressed by the American's manner. He waited impatiently for their return, for he was certain that his assurance would get him his desired permission. The brass buttons of the returning official soon appeared, and with elegance the official asked our friend to enter. He then escorted the American to the balcony, after first relieving him of his heavy coat and hat. It was evident that he was considered an ambassador, or at least a person with a title. Our friend tried to live up to his title, and thought joyfully of his helpful air of assurance. In thinking of this he had entirely forgotten that in the corner of his card was his address at home: 2 *Royal Ave.*, Annapolis, Md. The French officials must have been impressed by his manner, but his permission of entrance had been granted on account of that one word, *Royal*, in the corner of his card. The Frenchmen could not forget their ancient customs, so our friend, with his American assurance and *Royal* card, was able to see the "Chambre des Deputés" in session without a special card from the ambassador.

L. E., '17.

# The Isaqueena

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## Editorials



ANNIE MAUDE WILBUR, '15, Editor-in-Chief

### GREENVILLE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

At the annual meeting of the South Carolina Baptist Convention a motion was made and carried that the name of the college should be changed from Greenville Female College to Greenville Woman's College. The matter is now pending the action of the legislature. For a number of years the word *female* has been distasteful to the faculty, students, and



alumnæ—not that the connotation implied anything disagreeable, but merely because the word stood for the past and seemed to indicate an attitude hostile to progress. Fearing, however that ties would be ruptured, and that alumnæ might feel that the college from which they received their diplomas had ceased to exist, the board was slow to pass upon another name, many insisting that the crisp G. F. C. contained nothing objectionable. Discussions, however, at the last two annual meetings of the Alumnæ Association, when the former graduates of the college expressed themselves unanimously, as opposed to the name of the college, made it well-nigh impossible to continue without a change. In reality, the new name is only a modern translation of the old, and need not be considered as a change in any sense. In polite society a hundred years ago it was altogether proper to speak of the *fair females*; it was also customary to eat with one's knife; and many a word that has now sunk into disrepute was heard pronounced by ladies of culture and refinement. In abandoning the old and taking up the new we are not disloyal to the memory of honored ancestors. After all, what's in a name, when all for which the college stood exists as a living monument to those who have gone before and as a beacon light to lead on through years to come?



### THE BELGIAN FUND

We heartily endorse the commendable spirit shown by the girls of G. W. C. in regard to a Belgian Fund. As soon as some conception of the keen sufferings of the Belgians dawned upon us, the four classes, the Specials, and the Academic Department held meetings and formulated some plan of procedure to aid the sufferers. The result was that the members of the classes decided to refrain from the pleasure of giving Christmas presents in college, taking that

money, and sending it to Belgium. We can only feel that this offering will make each girl's Christmas far happier than it would have been otherwise. It is difficult for us, who have warmth and comfort, to picture the hunger and want of those across the sea, but when we do we realize that the reward comes in the expansion of our own natures, for "All men are great in proportion to their ability to get outside of themselves."



### THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Three of our editors had the delightful pleasure of attending the State College Press Association held at the University of South Carolina on December 3 and 4. Not only was it our privilege to hear addresses made by the delegates from the different colleges represented, but also others made by prominent men of the capital city. Another phase of the meetings that proved most comforting, and we shall hope most beneficial, was the discussions. These discussed the many difficulties encountered by magazine editors. The altruistic spirit portrayed in the endeavors of the various delegates to adjust each problem as it was presented was truly inspiring. After attending this association we feel that the other magazines in the State are interested in the welfare of our magazine as we are intensely concerned with the progress of theirs. Being united in a body that stands for what the S. C. C. P. A. stands for, we also feel that we can put our magazine on a higher pinnacle of excellence than it has ever reached before, and that each editor has, much better now, the courage to stand for his convictions in the editing of his magazine. Most forcibly was it brought out that a magazine was the expression of the student body—of its college, and not the single interpretation of its editors. Each editor

should feel it his personal responsibility to impress upon the students the paramount importance and *ineffable pleasure* of contributing to their magazines. The tendency of our present-day student body is to accept its magazine as one accepts a modern invention—push a button and out the magazine comes, “ready-made” and ready to read. We who burn the midnight oil, however, know differently, and out of the fulness of our hearts—and hands—beseech coöperation of faculty, students, and all.

## In and Around College

ELLA MAY SMITH and ELLEN B. NEWTON, Editors

Miss Crime, from Converse College, visited Miss Helen Davis at the college.

Miss Mildred Hudson, from Converse College, visited the Misses Boatwright the last week.

Miss Mary Welborn, former student of the G. W. C., visited her sister here the past week.

Misses Retta Wilson, Sarah Owings, Florence Boatwright, Marion Boatwright, and Ruth Altman visited Misses Brucie Owens and Carolyn Roper in Laurens.

Dr. Davis Furman, Superintendent of the Board of Health of Greenville, lectured here during one of chapel hours.

Dr. Hahn, who came in behalf of the Y. W. C. A., also lectured at one of the services.

Rev. Watts, Sunday School Superintendent of the State Mission Board, Mr. Gordon Poteat, and Dr. Weatherford, National Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., were visitors at the college.

The last lyceum attraction before Christmas was given at Chicora College: Mr. Orisoni, a tenor, and Mr. Briebl, pianist.

A splendid gymnastic exhibition was given at the college by some of the Wofford students on the 30th of November.

Some of Miss Broadwell's Gymnastic and Expression classes gave a pleasing entertainment Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving was a strenuous, happy day—something doing each hour. The basket-ball game played that morning, between the Golds and Blues of G. W. C., was extremely exciting, even up to the last minute. The score was a tie until near the end, when, after a hard struggle, time was up and the Golds won by a score of 19 to 22.

The Senior Class presented a play that evening, "Miss Fearless and Company." The comedy was quite a success. Each of the actors played their part exceedingly well.

Mrs. Padgett (to Belle Barton): "Belle, give me a sentence using the word melancholy."

Belle: "Melancholy is a vegetable."

Laura Jenkins (to Pholia Wingate): "Do get your expression book, I want to get a quotation from standard."

A. L. Welborn: "Say, have you saw Janie?"

Ruth White: "I don't knew if I have or no."

Dr. Bradshaw (in Sunday school class to Miss Wilbur): "What do we call a person who dies willingly for his religion?"

Miss Wilbur: "I don't know, Dr. Bradshaw."

Dr. B.: "Well, it starts with an *m*."

Miss W.: "Oh, I know! Mutts."

Rat Wakefield (down street Monday afternoon, seeing some grapefruit): "Oh, do look at those big oranges! It wouldn't take many of those to make a dozen, would it?"

Dr. Ramsay (in Bible B): "Miss Padgett, who were the five Epistles?"

Junior Padgett: "The wives of the five Apostles."

"Why, Ruth, what has become of your watch that had such a handsome gold case?"

Ruth Rucker: "Why—er—a—circumstances alter cases."

Pholia Wingate to Helen Davis: "Guess how many apples I got and I'll give them both to you."

Some one please inform Junior Leta White that there are forty-eight states in the Union, and not only twenty-six.

Anne Gentry: "Marguerite, get your *cameo* and let's take some pictures while the sun's shining!"

Rose Jeffries: "I see a Furman boy across the street."

Aimée Sloan: "How do you know one when you see him?"

Rose Jeffries: "Oh, the very minute you speak to a Furman boy you can tell him from a 'town girl'!"



## Exchanges

MARIE PADGETT, Editor

*The Mercerian.*—In order to be completely balanced, the December *Mercerian* needs one formal essay. The poetry measures up to the magazine, which is a rare occurrence. Especially praiseworthy is "A Song of Life," though the meter might be improved by prefixing "yet" or "still" before the fourth verse of the first stanza, and substituting "before" for "ere" in the fourth verse of the second stanza. Though we may not be in sympathy with the cynical attitude assumed in "War," it is a good poem. The stories, too, are creditable, though we could but gasp at the manner in which the heroine of "Don't Die on Third" glibly transferred her affections from Tim Brown to the hero of the hour all in a few minutes. We could wish, also, that she had not thrown "her white arms about his neck" right then and there on the ball ground. But it is not for us to frown upon the conduct of heroines. "The Shell" is artistic, but instead of having a period of ten years elapse between the first and second instalments of the story it would have been better to have opened with the scenes of the last, letting the events of the first instalment be told by suggestion. "Two Ramblers in Europe" is humorous and entertaining.

✦ ✦

*The College of Charleston Magazine.*—Though *The College of Charleston Magazine* is thin, it is, on the whole, well done. "Without You," the only original poem, is a genuine lyric. To say more about it would spoil it. The translations

of Horace's Odes, while being technically correct, also preserve the spirit of the original author, which is a difficult thing to do. Among the stories, "A Vision of Violet" is clever and attractive. No doubt we have all placed an interrogation point after the expression "violet eyes," so we are glad for this explanation. The article, "An Opportunity," and the editorials, are pertinent. Far be it from us to criticize exchange editors, but with the hope of receiving suggestions from fellow-editors, we venture to suggest that, while the criticism of *The Wake Forest Student* is discerning and comprehensive, it would be a better plan to write up several briefer criticisms.



*The Sweet Briar Magazine*.—No magazine that has come to us this session is better balanced than *The Sweet Briar Magazine*. The essay, "The Element of Purpose in Fiction," though somewhat loose in construction, is quite readable, but we should suggest that a poem would be better for the first page. "The Close of the Gates of Paradise" is a truly artistic story. The author of "Spirits of the Past" has the ability to write a good story, but her introduction is entirely too long and the ending somewhat flat. "The Phantom Life of a Child Who Had Died" is tender in conception and delicate in technic, except that it deserves a more artistic ending. In keeping with the stories, the poetry has an impressionistic quality and that subtle, elusive something that we call "atmosphere," which is unusual for a college magazine. Listen to these lines in "A Sonnet":

"A figure, resting on his bending knees  
In light canoe, is seen against the sky;"



and in "From a Manson Window at Night," a poem in blank verse:

"Grey mist creeps through the dell, and light of moon  
Soft lingers on those shadowy shapes, the trees,  
And when the watchman goes his nightly round,  
His flick'ring lamp, a red star on the earth,  
Shines fitfully."

✦ ✦

*The Centralian*.—*The Centralian* has but two contributions that could be considered stories, "The Turkey Suffragette" and "Squiggles." The former is a rather clever satire, while the latter has a good, though clumsily handled, plot and apt character delineation. "A Modern Thanksgiving" is interesting and refreshing, though it is rather a mere narrative of interesting events than a story.

✦ ✦

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Furman Echo*, *The Woman's College Journal*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Chronicle*, *The Wofford College Magazine*, *The Carolinian*, *The Criterion*, *The Erothesian*, *The Yellow Jacket*, *The Columbian*, *The Habit*, *The Tennessee College Magazine*, *The Tattler*, *The Reveille*, and *The Chisel*.



## Athletics



MEDA BOGGS, Editor

The athletic spirit at the college has been greatly strengthened by the victory in basket-ball won from the Memminger Normal School of Charleston. The game was played at the Central Y. M. C. A. on Saturday evening, December the twelfth. Miss Ella DuPont, a 1913 graduate of the college, who is now teaching Expression and Gymnastics at the Memminger, brought to Greenville a well-trained team, who, until the night that they met the G. W. C. six, had never known defeat. The players, however, were well matched, and the game was hard fought. At the close of the second half the score stood 27 to 33 in favor of the Greenville team. The G. W. C. line-up was as follows:

Forwards, Ruth Altman, Vashti Cox; guards, Sarah Owens, Annie Von Lehe; centers, Claire Smith, Carol Roper; substitutes, Mary Gambrell, Annie Donald, and Cassandra Asbury; Ruth Altman, Captain; Miss Eudora Ramsay, Coach.

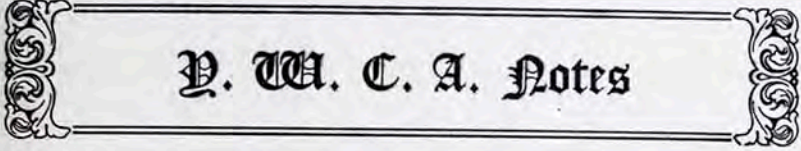
The preliminary athletic contest took place on Thanksgiving day, when the two college teams, the Golds and the Blues, met in a match game. Feeling was high on the campus, all of the girls having become supporters of one of the teams. Colors were stretched from tree to tree, posts were wrapped in blue and gold bunting, and friendships threatened to be ruptured permanently. The game was very

close, the Gold team having been victorious. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

Golds—Vashti Cox, Captain; Annie Donald, Cassandra Asbury, Joella Davidson, Annie Von Lehe, and Sarah Owens; Miss Eudora Ramsay, Coach.

Blues—Ruth Altman, Coach; Effie Scarborough, Hattie Boroughs, Carol Roper, Mary Gambrell, Claire Smith, Captain; Eliza Byars.

It is hoped that immediately after Christmas the team will be able to play a number of interscholastic games.



## Y. W. C. A. Notes

HATTIE BOROUGHS, Editor

The true spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas has inspired every member of the Y. W. C. A. with new and noble thoughts.

At the meeting on November 19 Dr. Hahn, of the Pendleton Street Baptist Church, gave a most impressive talk, pointing out with earnestness and conviction that Sorrow is the gateway to happiness; Death, the beginning of life, and Sacrifice the means for emancipation.

The Thanksgiving exercise was held on Wednesday, November 25. Several members of the association gave a specific reason for being thankful at this particular time. Miss Grace Coleman was leader on this occasion.

The Students' Prayer Week was observed by the morning watch during the first week in December.

"I wish myself could talk to myself  
As I left him a year ago;  
I could tell him a lot that would save him a lot  
On the things he ought to know."

The above quotation from Kipling expresses the true thought brought out in the program for December 3, "Choose Ye." A girl was chosen from the Alumnae Association, Senior, and Junior classes to tell her actual experiences at college and the mistakes made, so that others might take warning and not stumble over the same block. Miss Sanders, Miss White, and Miss McComb were the speakers. Miss Ella Mae Smith was leader.

Miss Annie Gentry was leader on the Mission Day, December 10. The needs of different countries were most impressively represented by nine academic girls. The desire to do something to better conditions was infused in every one present.

The Y. W. C. A. choir should be congratulated upon the splendid music furnished.

## Alethean Department

MARGUERITE HALSALL, Editor

The Alethean Society has spent a most profitable month, and has been doing good work, despite the fact that the holidays are coming and our minds are turned in that direction.

In anticipation of our intersociety debate we have been having debates at our regular weekly meetings for the past few weeks. Our program committee has chosen live, wide-awake queries, and the arguments for and against have been live and wide-awake also. It was with great difficulty that the committee finally decided upon our debaters, Miss Paule Chapman and Miss Marie Padgett, to whom we pledge our loyalty and support.

As we leave for the holidays we, the Alethean Society, wish for our fellow-students, teachers, and all our friends, the happiest of happy Christmases and the brightest and best of all New Years.

## Philotean Department

At a call meeting of the Beta Literary Society on the night of December 10th, the name of the society was changed to Philotean.

Years ago, when the college was much smaller, a literary society was established by Miss Mary C. Judson, and became known as the Judson Literary Society. For a time there was but one meeting place. At length, however, that the increasing membership might be better utilized, and in order that competition might lend spirit to the work, two sections of the society were made, the one having been designated by the Greek letter Alpha, and the other by the letter Beta. Desiring a name more meaningful, the society some weeks ago appointed a committee to find a number of names which were to be brought before the body. Philotean was unanimously chosen as the name of the society. The stem, meaning *friend*, represents the spirit of the Philoteans, whose aim it is to carry out all that is best in friendship—charity, brotherly love, sacrifice, and devotion to an ideal.

As the year progresses the work of the society is becoming more and more serious. Gratifying to the old members has been the number of "town" girls who have recently added their names to the roll and their hearty coöperation to society enthusiasm.

A series of debates preliminary to the electing of the intersociety speakers has made the programs during November and December of special interest. The subjects chosen have covered considerable range, having been concerned with affairs of national, political, and local import. Debates

upon the following queries have evidenced the diversified talents of the society members:

*Resolved that the railroads of the United States should be owned and operated by the government. Resolved that the General Assembly was justifiable in passing the bill for the reduction of the cotton acreage for 1915. Resolved that B. A. Seniors should be required to take one point in Fine Arts in addition to the one point required in Domestic Science and Expression.*

After hearing the various speakers, the society elected Misses Grace Coleman and Ruth Altman to represent the Philoteans on the intersociety debate.





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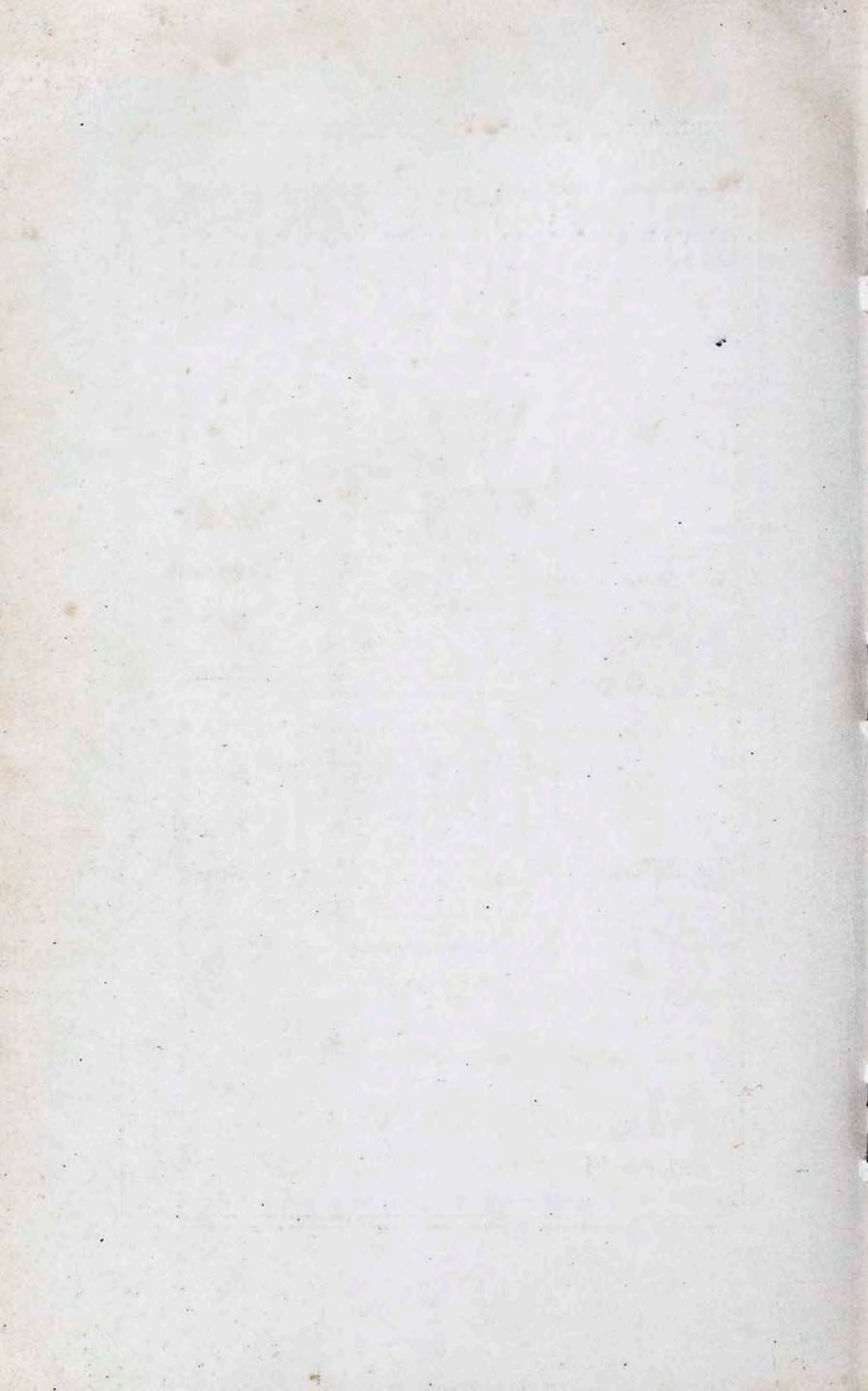
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