2-1-1915

The Isaqueena - 1915, February

Annie Maude Wilbur

Greenville Woman's College

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The Hand-Clasp

Beloved, from your faith's fair mountain-peak,
Stretch down your hand to lead me as I climb.
Although I may not even hear you speak,—
Nor see you stand upon your rock, sun-crowned,
Because around me mists obscure the higher ground,—
Yet will your hand-clasp help me through earth's strife
And lift me when I stumble by the way,—
Strong hand, that clasps mine through the mists of life!

And when at last my weary journey ends,
And you no more need guide my faltering feet,
I want you still, O best of all my friends!
O then, when glazing eyes no longer see
The love-light yours have ever held for me,
Keep close my hand until my last faint breath,—
Till reach me greetings from the other shore,—
Warm hand, that clasps mine through the mists of death!

E. G. P.
Aunt Caroline's Reformation

HOO!—don't make so much noise in the hall, Lucy, you know Aunt Caroline has nerves and she will whip us if we get on them."

"Let her whip, she isn't anything but a mean old woman anyway. I heard mamma say she treated you worse than anything and she wished you were her little boy; for she loved you just lots. I wouldn't stay with Miss Caroline, Jack, I wouldn't. Ah! look! there is a butterfly in here. Isn't it pretty? I bet I can catch it first!"

The children, forgetting nerves and troubles, raced off after the butterfly, and Lucy screamed with delight as she placed her little plump hand securely over the golden brown butterfly. "I've got it, Jack! I've got it!"

The merry-making was rudely interrupted by the appearance of Aunt Caroline, her countenance foretelling the coming storm:

"Children, have you gone mad? Do you wish to run me crazy with that noise? I will not put up with it! Lucy Granger, go home this minute and don't ever come back here again! Jack is bad enough by himself without you here to make him worse. What are you standing there for? I say go home!"

"I won't go till you promise me that you won't whip Jack."

"It's nothing to you what I do to Jack. He is always into some meanness, and when he needs a whipping he shall get it."
“Jack hasn’t done anything. I was the one who screamed so loud. Please, Miss Caroline, don’t whip Jack,” pleaded Lucy as she gazed earnestly up into Miss Caroline’s stern face. She was a beautiful child and not one that was easily resisted.

Aunt Caroline caught Jack by the coat collar, and shaking him vigorously, said: “That naughty child has saved you from a good whipping, but you go to your room and say your prayers six times, and you shall have only water and bread for dinner. Go on!” she said, pushing him roughly up the stairs. “Don’t walk so heavy, Jack! Are your feet made of lead?”

The child went meekly up to his little room. This was by no means an unusual experience for him, but it was the first time he had been so humiliated before his little sweetheart. This hurt him deeply.

“Oh, I am such a bad boy. Aunt Caroline tells me every day that I am bad and it must be true. I wonder if the devil will come in here and get me? Ah, I am so scared!”

The little eyes grew large with excitement as he glanced uneasily about the room. His eyes fell upon the different placards Aunt Caroline had placed upon this wall. They read something like this:

May 6.—Jack turned over his milk. Punishment—No milk to drink for one week. May 7.—Jack disturbs Aunt Caroline by calling his kitten too loudly. Punishment—Drowned the cat in the pond. May 8.—Jack played with Lucy Granger in back yard without permission. Punishment—One sound whipping and a dose of quinine. May 9.—Jack goes in parlor where company is present. Punishment—Sat on high stool, perfectly still, for two hours.

These placards were the only decoration his little room afforded. The curtains had been taken down because he wiped orange juice on them one day. The picture of his dead
mother, which he kept on his dresser, was taken away because Aunt Caroline had said that he was a bad boy and not worthy of having her picture.

Everywhere he looked he was confronted with something he had done wrong. He wondered if he had ever done anything right. He glanced at the empty place on the dresser where his mother's picture had been, and his little heart was filled with fond recollections. She was so sweet, so kind and gentle, and called him "her own little darling." She had said that he was good. Then he covered his face in shame when he realized how bad he was now. Aunt Caroline said his mother could see all the bad things he did. "Oh, what must mother think of her boy?" he cried, and in his heart he was glad that the picture was gone, for he could never endure the sight of a reproachful look in those soft, brown eyes. "Oh, I will be good; I will begin now and do just like Aunt Caroline wants me to do. Oh, I want my mother to know that I am going to be good. If she knows when I'm bad looks like she will know when I'm good. I will run down and tell Aunt Caroline how sorry I am that I was naughty, and that I will always be good. And I'm going to ask her if mother will know when I'm good."

Following this new impulse, the child ran down the stairs lightly. He felt so much better, for now he was determined to be good. Owing to the excitement and the desire to carry out his purpose without delay, he forgot to knock on Aunt Caroline's door but rushed eagerly in. Aunt Caroline stood before the mirror, tediously curling her hair with the curling irons. This was one of her secret performances, and the thought that this child had broken in upon her privacy quite maddened her. The child stood still in amazement. He had never known the process by which Aunt Caroline produced those curls, although he had noticed that sometimes they were
curls and sometimes they were mere strings of hair. Aunt Caroline's angry voice broke the silence.

"Jack, get out of here this minute; you are the most outrageous piece of humanity I ever had to deal with. Who gave you permission to come in this room?"

"Aunt Caroline, forgive me," the child began, "I wanted to——"

"Oh, stop—stop," she cried, "you wanted to be mean like you always do. Leave here I say!" With this she pushed the boy out of the door and turned the key in the lock.

The child was at a loss to know what to do. His best effort had fallen flat, and now what could he do? He started to his room again, and as he went something, that strange to say he had never felt before, began to work in his brain. It was a consciousness of the fact that he was being treated badly. He had never before tried to excuse himself but meekly submitted to all punishment as being his deserts, but now for the first time he felt that he was right and that Aunt Caroline was wrong. He entered his room and closed the door with a bang, but that did not worry him. The desire to please Aunt Caroline was once and forever gone. He began to call up in his mind the many punishments he had been subjected to, and the offenses sank into oblivion while the punishments rose like a mountain. He recalled the words of his little friend: "Your Aunt is mean to you, you are not a bad boy at all!" Was it possible, could it be true that he was not a bad boy? He also remembered the many kindnesses of Mrs. Granger, Lucy's mother, and how she had folded him in her arms and called him a dear little man. He heard her say to a friend one day: "I am so sorry for Jack. Miss Caroline doesn't understand children, and he is such a good child." All these and many other chance remarks flashed before the child's mind, each adding something to the belief that he was being mistreated. He glanced at
the numerous placards on the wall as he had done only a few minutes before, but this time they had an entirely different meaning to him. What right had she to put those in his room? Jack wondered if it were possible to please Aunt Caroline anyway; he had lived with her one year, and she had never spoken sweetly to him or encouraged him to be good. She had said that he was bad so many times that he had branded himself as hopeless. But now he saw himself in a new light. He seemed to feel his mother’s presence near him, and seemed to hear her say, “Son, I am glad that at last you are awake!”

The child jumped to his feet, a new and determined look in his eyes as he cried, “Oh, mother, I will get even with Aunt Caroline for treating your child like she has; I will pay her for it!” The child’s cry, full of determination and earnestness, seemed to penetrate to the very gates of Heaven.

“I know what I will do. I will leave here and go live with Lucy; and before I go I am determined to do something bad. Oh, I’ll break that pretty vase in the parlor, for I heard Aunt Caroline say she loved it better than anything in the house. I’m going to do it!”

His mind being made up he hastened to carry out his purpose. Reaching the parlor, broom in hand, he never once stopped for deliberation, but quickly brought the lovely vase to the floor with a terrible crash. Aunt Caroline rushed in, ready to inflict some punishment upon the offender, but she was struck dumb by the scene before her. There was her vase broken to pieces, and there stood her once meek, obedient nephew, broom in hand and a look of triumph, gladness and freedom imprinted upon his face. She could not believe her eyes, but the sound of the child’s voice soon proved the reality of it all. The pent-up emotion, the long-crushed anger, all burst forth at once and found expression in every word, look and action that the child made.
"There," he cried, his voice steady and commanding. "There is your vase you love so well. I broke it because I hate you! do you hear? I hate you! You have treated me mean and I will stand it no longer. I am going to leave you! I am going to Lucy's!" He rushed through the door and down the walk.

For several minutes the woman stood, as if petrified, where the boy had left her, and then the meaning of it all dawned upon her. With a great sob Aunt Caroline turned and stumbled to the door in time to see Mrs. Granger fold Jack in her loving arms.

Hattie Boroughs, '15.
The English Bible

The history of the English Bible falls naturally into two periods: the era of manuscripts, and the era following the invention of printing. With each of these periods one great name is inseparably connected: John Wyclif with the first, and William Tyndale with the second. But back of both of these lie at least seven hundred years of the language, and it is possible to find traces in all these centuries of translations from the Scriptures.

The oldest manuscript in existence is an English Psalter, partly in prose and partly in verse, preserved in the National Library at Paris. This translation was made by Aldhelm, bishop of Sherborne in the eighth century. But versions of parts of the Bible had been made even before this. Credmon and Cynewulf are typical of many poets who paraphrased the Bible for popular use. These paraphrases were very different from translations in a specific sense. They made no attempt to reproduce the text with any exactness, and the result was that these works were literary and devotional, but to a very slight extent doctrinal. Their chief importance was that they familiarized the people with the gist of the Bible.

Of all the early translators of the Bible, Bede retains most freshly his charm for the student of to-day. He was our first great scholar and "the father of our English learning." Among the translators before the age of printing he is the only one of whom it can be safely conjectured that he made his translations from the original tongues rather than from the Latin Vulgate. His most noted work, however, was in
Latin and the only translation that he made, namely, "The Gospel of John," was lost, and it is not likely that he ever had the idea of translating the Bible as a whole.

Alfred the Great saw the need of a Bible for his people, and it was his ambition that all freeborn men in his kingdom should be able to read the English tongue. He himself added to the body of Laws a translation of the Ten Commandments and parts of the three following chapters of Exodus, and was at work on a version of the Psalms at the time of his death. In addition to his own work there are two manuscripts, the Cuthbert, and the Rushworth versions. These were written originally in Latin in the seventh century, and in the tenth century interlinear Anglo-Saxon glosses were added. Other translations were made at this time, among them Ælfric's translation of parts of the Old Testament and some translations in West Saxon, the authors being unknown.

However, there was no attempt made to translate the whole of the Bible, and no evidences that such translations as were made were meant for popular use. Few could read and the manuscripts were very expensive. Furthermore, the clergy was afraid that if the Bible was translated and read too much, the ignorant would be misled.

The Norman Conquest affected English scholarships very much as the victories of Alaric had affected the scholarships of southern Europe six centuries earlier. The work of translating the Scriptures, although it did not stop, was checked. A new language had to be imposed on the people. There was a conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French which was not to be settled in a day. Both tongues can be traced in parts of translations which we still have, and in the end the language which came out of the struggle was the language of Chaucer and Wyclif. The day came when a translation of the whole Bible, which would be of permanent value, could be made. The English Bible, as imperfect as it
was, had laid hold of the people many years before Wyclif was born. There must have been an unauthorized version of the Bible which to them carried all authority. "It was while the language of England was being molded and made ready for Chaucer and Wyclif that the Bible received the name by which we know it to-day. For a time it seemed as if Jerome's title, 'The Divine Library,' would win its way to general acceptance, but in the thirteenth century the Greek term 'The Book' passing into the vocabulary of the West became, by a slight misapprehension, no longer plural but singular; and 'The Books' in popular use was transformed into 'The Book.'"

In the latter half of the fourteenth century, Europe and England were in a state of great agitation. England was suffering from famine and plague, and the best men of the country had been killed in her numerous wars. Many people thought that the world would soon come to an end. To this country Wyclif addressed himself. From his peaceful mastership at Balliol College, Oxford, he "leaned out his soul and listened." He saw his country in the midst of civil commotion and ecclesiastical change. In 1356 he began the work that has made him famous, by translating the apocalypse. This was followed by the Gospels with a commentary, and by 1380 he had translated the whole of the New Testament, and had revised the apocalypse. In 1384 the Old Testament was added to the new. Apparently this was begun by Wyclif's friend and disciple, Nicholas de Hereford, whose work was interrupted in 1382 because of his excommunication. However, that may have been, the translation of the Bible finished in 1384 was substantially the work of Wyclif. Wyclif died soon after, and within a few years of his death his followers became so conscious of the defects of his work that John Purvey, one of the foremost, prepared a complete revision which was issued in 1388. "A simple
creature," he says of himself, "has translated the Bible out of Latin into English." We are attracted to Purvey by the simplicity of his nature and by his scholarly modesty. The "simple creature" lived an unsettled life, was imprisoned for his opinions, and in 1400 recanted at Paul's Cross. The popularity of his work is shown by the great number of manuscripts that still survive. Of the one hundred and fifty known to us, all seem to have been written before 1430, by which time Purvey had died. There must have been many later manuscripts because the book was circulated widely; more than any other until Tyndale's translation in the next century. "The work of Wyclif and Purvey was done at a time when the thought of the nation, as well as its speech, was in a state of transition." They translated not from the original, but from the Vulgate, and hence there are signs of ecclesiastical dominance and theological error. But there is often music in the sentences which, once heard, can not easily be forgotten, and there is a tenderness that is wanting in the later translations. It is of course not to be wondered at that this translation should be inferior to our authorized version. We must consider under what disadvantages the translators worked, and the opposition that their work met. However, the book met the needs of the time and within thirty years of its publication it had been read by multitudes of people, and that to hear and read it, well-disposed hearts sat up all night. To obtain it in England "some gave five marks (almost two hundred dollars), some more, some less for a book; and some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or of St. Paul."

Wyclif's work was all done between 1356 and 1384, and probably no Englishman in so short a time has made such a lasting impression on his land and age. He stands at the fountain head of the Protestant Reformation and takes his beliefs directly from the pages which he translates. His wide
scholarship taught him to reverence human reason, and his temperament taught him equally to reverence authority. He possessed a restless energy, an indomitable will and an impetuous spirit. At the same time he had popular gifts, geniality, humor, audacity, love of right, and a wealth of persuasion which bespoke his English blood. His influence on his own country and even upon all Europe was very great, and John Huss gave utterance to the feelings of thousands of people when he said, in refusing to condemn Wyclif: "I am content that my soul should be where his soul is."

In 1524 a scholarly Englishman came to the busy German city of Hamburg, which was already famous as a stronghold of Protestantism. His name was William Tyndale. He was born in 1484 in Gloucestershire and very likely was descended from German stock. He was literally "brought up in the University of Oxford." From his childhood he was very fond of the study of the Scriptures, and in the manor-house of Little Sodbury, where he acted as a tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, his enthusiasm for the Bible often brought him into trouble in the dining hall. He was even then possessed of the ambition to give England a Bible which could be read by peasants as well as by ecclesiastics. He had come under the influence of Erasmus while at Cambridge and had become interested in his Greek Testament just completed. Leaving Little Sodbury, he went to London, where he hoped to get the support of Tunstall for his work. Tunstall disappointed him however; so in 1524 he moved to Hamburg. He calls this "Mine exile out of mine natural country and bitter absence from my friends." During the time he spent there he published separately the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. In 1525 he printed part of his New Testament at Cologne, but was interrupted in this by Cochlæm, and had to escape to Worms with as much of the printed copy as he could hurriedly gather together. At
Worms he completed and published two editions of the New Testament.

Bearing no translator's name the two editions were smuggled into England in the spring of 1526, where they met with great opposition. Many attempts were made to buy all the copies and destroy them. Sir Thomas More attacked Tyndale for the Protestantism which was shown in the translation, and Tunstall announced at Paul's Cross that he alone had found 3,000 errors in it. He and the Archbishop of Canterbury ordered that all copies should be at once given up, and the books were burned by the basketful. But the work of printing went on and Tyndale's New Testament was reprinted three times before 1528.

In 1530 Tyndale published his English Pentateuch. In this he was probably assisted by friends and also used Purvey's manuscript version. The Book of Jonah appeared in 1534, and this closed his work on the English Bible with the exception of a revision of Genesis and the revised New Testament which he sent out in the same year. Two years later he was imprisoned at Vilvoorden, and was soon afterwards executed by the order of the King. At that very time, and perhaps not without his knowledge, the first volume of the Holy Scriptures was passing through the press.

Tyndale was emphatically a man of one idea. To put the Bible into the English tongue was the one great ambition of his life. He was not like Wyclif, a man of affairs, an organizer, but rather he represented the scholar pure and simple. His bitterest foe could hardly draw a less flattering picture of him than he himself drew when he said that he was "evil favoured in this world and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow-witted." However, Tyndale's translation marks a distinct advance in the history of the English Bible, not only because it had the advantage of the printing press, but because of its own ex-
cellencies. His style is simple and idiomatic for the most part, and yet he avoids extremes of popular style. He strikes a happy medium between simplicity and scholarship; his purpose was not to set forth doctrine, but to make the meaning clear. His translation is not only the first in acceptable English, but also the first scholarly, exact translation.

Tyndale's Bible did not meet with the approval of a great many on account of the fact that it was written in the language of the people. Many thought that the Bible ought to be more learned and exclusive. Accordingly in 1534 a petition was made by the clergy that certain men be appointed to translate an orthodox Bible. They wished to keep certain Latin words that would have been unintelligible to the average reader. There were several editions of this kind made, but, though they are interesting, they exerted no influence on the authorized version.

Tyndale was martyred, but the work so dear to his heart went on. On the fourth of October, 1535, the first complete Bible printed in the English language was published. This was the work of King Henry's "humble subject and daylye ovatour, Myles Coverdale." It was this version which formed the basis of the revised translation which appeared under Archbishop Cranmer's sanction in 1540, usually called Cranmer's Bible, or from its size, The Great Bible. This was prefaced by a dedication to the King by Cromwell, but was as a work the achievement of Coverdale. Much to Coverdale's regret no comments were permitted to be printed with this great Bible, which by a specified day was to be set up in every church throughout the kingdom. This version is of note because it was the first authorized English Bible.

The famous Geneva Bible, beloved by the Puritans, in the preparation of which Miles Coverdale had assisted, was published in 1560; and several translations less noted were in use during the reign of Elizabeth. It was, however, in the
time of her successor that the authorized or King James' version was produced. The Puritans sent a representative to the King asking that a complete revision of the Scriptures be made. The King for once favored the Puritans and agreed that a uniform translation be made. "Let the universities prepare it, the church dignitaries revise it, the Privy Council approve it, and then he himself would give to it his royal authority, so that the church would be bound to it and to none other." This happened in 1604, but it was 1607 before the scholars, fifty in number, that he had called together, assembled to begin work. The scholars were divided into six parties, and met at Westminster, Cambridge, and Oxford. They did not want to make a new translation but wished to make a good one better. Using all needful help, not caring for the time it took, nor coveting praise, they concluded by saying, "We have at length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you now see."

This revised version appeared in 1611, and was then appointed to be read in the churches. It is sufficient to say that before fifty years had passed it had won its way to the hearts of the English people, because it was intrinsically superior to the others. Designed for public reading, it still answers its end admirably, and for majesty and sweetness will never be rivalled, certainly never surpassed.

"The hundred years which lie between 1550 and 1650 gave birth to more men who were destined to great literary distinction than has any other period of equal length in English history." We can realize the importance of this century if we drop it out of literature. It was when this century was at its full tide of literary splendor that the authorized version of the Bible was produced. At once it put itself into a place where it challenged comparison with the masterpieces of our
tongue, and has triumphantly stood the test since. Its influence on English literature is untold.

The achievements of art, science, literature, and all other departments of knowledge have been inseparably connected with the Bible. No book has ever been found comparable with it and when we remember its vast influence, it is not surprising to find that men have been tempted to offer to the Book an homage which rightfully belongs only to its author. While other things are forgotten, the Bible remains; while other things grow old, this book carries in its heart the secret of perpetual youth. Even those who, like George Eliot, abandon their early faith, go on reading the Scriptures for the sake of their intellectual charm. The future of the book is the future of the language, and our English Bible will share an earthly immortality to which more largely than any other one work in our language it has itself contributed. "As a mere literary monument, the English of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it from the instant of it appearance the standard of our language."  

Priscilla Poteat, '17.
ACK FROST had held sway over the earth for at least two days, when his friend Mr. Snow dethroned him and named himself King. It demanded all the energy of Evelyn's young and vigorous body to keep her from slipping as she moved farewell to a crowd of "snow-ballers" and started to her home. At the gate, she saw Keith, her brother, coming. Unobserved by him, she jumped behind a large tree just inside of the yard and patiently awaited his arrival. He was a tall fellow, about five feet seven, and rather stout. To Evelyn's eyes he appeared exceptionally handsome. She was proud of his dark hair and eyes, very proud of his pearly-white teeth, and most proud of the jolly good fellow himself. Having been left orphans at a very young age, the boy and girl had made their home with Aunt Gertrude. Mrs. Castleton had only one child—a daughter, who was at least five years older than Evelyn. But Florence had loved the little orphan in a most sisterly fashion, so that the two became adoring companions. No brotherhood had ever been stronger, however, than that to which Evelyn and Keith daily vowed themselves. A big snowball did hit him as he came whistling through the gate, but it was only a love lick.

A big white sweater and toboggan seemed a sufficient protection for the rosy-cheeked girl, but Keith's hard snowball drove her frantically indoors. Both the victorious and the conquered were glad to warm their fingers by a roaring fire. A little grey-headed woman with sharp, black eyes came into the room. She received her two kisses and grieved openly
that her "darlings" would have pneumonia. She directed
Evelyn to the parlor table and left the room, pulling a black
shawl which one saw, whenever Aunt Gertrude was around,
well over her shoulders.

"Ah! Look, Keith! Look!" cried Evelyn, as she ran back
into the room with a long, narrow box.

"So you expect to be the belle of the dance to-night, do
you?" Keith questioned, as he was seized frantically by his
sister and danced around and around on Aunt Gertrude's
green carpet. Breathlessly the box was opened, a significant
little white card seized by Evelyn, and two ends of a sheet of
green tissue paper turned back.

"Buds," exclaimed Evelyn.

"Pink rose buds," echoed a brother just as delighted as
she.

While Evelyn admired the flowers, Keith approached
nearer and nearer the hand that held that "significant card."
But he was not quite quick enough. So, humbly, he re-
treated, with no other word than—

"Please?"

Evelyn shook her head, with a teasing look in her eye.

"Carl sent them."

This accusation of Keith's was strong, but a weak little
rising inflection attached to "them" gave him away. He
added in self-defense—

"Or Jim—or Ralph."

When his curiosity was sufficiently aroused, she handed
him the card, as she always did in the end.

"Hurrah for Carl!" was the almost spontaneous remark.
"And, Evelyn," he continued, "what's the matter with you
anyway?"

Two dark, thick brows were raised in question, and from
beneath them two large, very expressive dark eyes seemed to
say—
"What, dear? I'm sorry if you are not pleased."

Her hair was golden and the contrast made the eyes seem very rich and dark indeed. The flashing red roses in her cheeks, caused by the violent exercise of the afternoon, had faded now into a delicate pink. Keith would liked to have said that of course she would be the belle that night, but he managed to keep on with his lecture.

"Carl tells me that he gets absolutely no encouragement. Honestly, dear, you ought not to be so indifferent. He's a wonderful chap. He's handsome, you'll admit, and has a bit of money. I can't understand why you aren't in love with him. I am."

"I have a brother to love me and to love," Evelyn challenged proudly.

"Why of course" he laughed. "But seriously speaking, there isn't a boy I know who has a better rep than old Carl."

"You seem rather anxious that I get some one besides yourself to love me and to love," she taunted mischievously.

Keith could find no fit word. But not willing to stand defeat, he took her hand in his big muscular one and moved a little finger backwards and then forward. Nor was he partial to one finger. Something in the manner of his sport reminded her of days before Florence was married. Florence, who used to tell her the story of the little pigs on her fingers, very, very often.

"Yes," she granted, "Carl is a fine old fellow, as you say. He's exceptionally kind and handsome, too. And he's your chum, but honest, Keith, I find him just like most men."

"Honest, my pretty maid, you certainly are rough on us. But how about Jim? I'll stamp him next best, for of course I can't go back on old Carl," urged Keith.

"Yes, I like Jim, too," Evelyn replied as she got up out of her chair.
"But where's your enthusiasm, Little Miss? With a little encouragement you would be the most popular girl in the wide world. Why, there's Ralph. He's a bit conceited, I'll grant, but a fine fellow in the long run," added Keith, vexed by her indifference.

"Yes, Ralph's fine too," she said in a matter of fact way. "But he doesn't exactly appeal to me."

"Doesn't appeal to you?" asked Keith. "No! I guess you have your wagon hitched to a star."

In disgust, he decided to change the subject of conversation. Evelyn was now standing or leaning against the back of a chair.

"They tell me Harry Randolph is to be at the dance tonight," he began.

"You don't mean it, really?" gasped Evelyn.

"Remember how he used to worship Florence? We were just kids then," said Keith.

"Yes," said Evelyn slowly. "I heard this morning that he was in town."

At the sound of Aunt Gertrude's favorite chimes, they both hastened out of the room. Before Keith's mind arose a vision of creamed chicken on toast and Aunt Gertrude's wonderful peach pickles.

Upstairs in her room, Evelyn stepped around as if in the best of spirits. To-night for the first time in many years she was to see Harry. She slipped on a light pink negligee and sat down before a small dressing table. Her hair was carefully unbraided and brushed. On the left end of the table was a large photograph of Carl, at the other end in a neat, little silver frame a picture of Jim. They were unobserved, however. Evelyn gazed straight into the glass, between the two, though not at herself. In the depth of that mirror she saw a young man, very young, whose broad and winning smile challenged the charm of light hair and rich blue eyes.
He was a boy through and through, in spite of a little hole in one cheek. Evelyn's two hands grasped very tightly the edges of the little mahogany stool on which she sat. With a thought of Harry came a thought of Florence, for the two had grown up together. They had always been sweethearts. Evelyn, though very much younger, had worshiped the two. When Florence was married to another, this little "third man" naturally considered as her own the one that was left—Harry.

Very often and always when the other fellows would guy him about Florence, Harry would chat with Evelyn. He filled her mind with many tales of this old world—comedies and tragedies. The tragedies were usually of the same nature and always ended thus—

"Well, anyway, Florence doesn't care!"

Evelyn remembered with a blush, now that her dresses were long and her hair up, that her encouragement had been a pat on his hand. The mysteries of the mirror made one night very dear to her now. She saw Aunt Gertrude's well-kept lawn bewitchingly lighted with fancy Japanese lanterns, among the shadows of which many light-hearted young folks chatted and laughed. She saw herself as she was then. She saw her knee frocks and a long golden curl down her back. Now, as then, she seemed to feel Harry steal her away from her duties at the punch bowl and lead her to the mystic atmosphere of a little fountain at the end of the yard.

On this occasion, there was another tragedy to be told. In two weeks, he was away to begin his first year at West Point.

His ideal of life was that of a soldier; he was distressed to leave all the folks—especially Florence and—

"Listen, Evelyn," he said, "won't you let me think of you when I'm away up yonder, as my little sweetheart, 'cause——"
At this critical point, a crowd of jolly fun-makers found them and the conversation fell to a plain far more trivial and light. That was their last conversation—and one unfinished. Evelyn remembered how confident she had been that some day he would come to her. After, she had caught these little white kisses that float through the air and blown them on to Harry. Then there came a stage of doubt, then one in which cold, cold facts reigned. Apparently she was always her happy, happy self, but in her own thoughts she seemed a very victim of fate. She was angry because of her own groundless desires. Time slowly healed the wound and of necessity the ardent infatuation cooled. Also, other men came into her life, one by one. But always a little shrine had been kept to his memory; at first, because she wanted it there, finally because she could not tear it away from her. With the knowledge that she would see him to-night, all of the old love rushed up madly in her, and she went with Carl to the dance—all radiant and expectant. Again she was sure that he would come. This was a crisis—a crisis in which she must win. She realized then that no other man had lived up to the ideal she had seen in Harry, and to-night she must win!

A large crowd had gathered when Evelyn arrived at the dance. In fact, some were dancing as she came down from the dressing-room. At the foot of the stairs, she heard one say,

"Let me meet this young lady, please!"

"Miss Smyth, you remember Mr. Randolph, do you not?"

"Yes indeed," was the answer, accompanied by, "How are you both?"

She also smiled at Carl, who had been waiting, but now passed on.

A little stare from Harry for a few seconds seemed hours to Evelyn, as he assured her that he was glad to see her again—and then suddenly he stepped back and exclaimed:
"Well, if this isn’t Evelyn."

This time he took both of her hands and shook them cordially. Then he led her to a little settee and asked for the second dance. She was radiant; one dance and then he would finish that long, unended sentence. But that dance and others passed, with no word of old times, not even of Florence. She had several chats with him between dances and they had refreshments together, also. She longed to mention some of these things that were in her mind. But for some reason she could not. He told her she danced exceptionally gracefully; he chatted about the West Point “hops” and he asked the name of this charming young lady and of that. Not once did he become confidential, not once did he give a hint of the past. Still he was interesting. Evelyn was expectant, at first, then amazed, then stunned. The dance became very, very boring. The moments spent with Harry himself were mysteriously unpleasant, although she could see that the other girls were envious of his attentions. She felt ill. Soon she found a wrap and spent one dance on the veranda with Carl. The air did not help, as she had expected. Carl talked for a while, but as his answers were only “yes” and “no” they sat there in silence.

"I would like to go home early, Carl, if you do not mind," Evelyn said as she went indoors again. She saw Harry coming to her. It was then that she understood her feelings. As a result, she admitted to herself that he was different. This was a different Harry; his walk, his manner, his smile, and his compliments. After that dance, Carl took her home.

There was a big old mahogany chair in Aunt Florence’s sitting-room. It was this chair with its low seat and its high back that was known as “Evelyn’s chair,” throughout the household; no one else dared sit in it when the young “lady of the house” was around. It was in this favorite chair that Keith found her when he reached home. One bare elbow
rested on the arm of the chair and a hand holding a delicate lavender handkerchief covered the eyes.

"Asleep" thought Keith, as he tiptoed in. Evelyn stirred unwillingly and said:

“How’s my brother? Wasn’t the dance wonderful?”

These words were spoken in a lively voice, which seemed sadly unsuited to her present mood. Keith’s guess that they were hypocritical was confirmed by a tear stain on her cheek.

"Are you ill, Little Sister? Where did you go?"

“No, I just got weary of dancing—that’s all,” Evelyn answered.

“That’s strange,” added Keith, in a thoughtful way, adding, “Oh, I see! I see! I see!”

There was a strange emphasis on each “see.”

“You say Carl brought you home?” he continued. “Ha, ha! The old sport must be making progress. By the way, Little One, you must have seen quite a good deal of Harry. He’s just the same old fellow. I can’t see any change, unless he’s a bit finer.”

“Why, Keith, he seems very different to me—not the same fellow at all. But then, you see, it’s been quite a while since I’ve seen him and I may not remember distinctly,” she managed to say, in a rather cold and very indifferent way.

She bit her lips, squeezed the arm of the chair, and said, carelessly:

“I was somewhat disappointed in him.”

This confession ended in a desperate little laugh, which Keith, evidently, did not observe.

“Carl didn’t look well to-night, did he?” This was Keith’s question. He was apparently changing his manner of approach.
Evelyn smiled a wise little smile, paused, and said, as she sat up in the chair, and rested her chin in the palm of her two hands:

"Keith, I've been such a goose all these years—such a silly little goose! Why, nobody could ever compare Harry and Carl. Dear old Carl!"

The little sister half sobbed and half laughed, as the comforting arm of a big brother stole around her.

Janie Gilreath, '15.
A Picture as Seen by Two Men

"What an effect this painter produced! What is his name you say?
Such color, such glow, such boldness of line. Truly those Japs have a way
Of making a world of us gasp at their art. Look at that contrast, I pray,
That bird and his mate—how bold they move, black 'gainst that sky of rose
Which deepens, grows richer, more warm, till red as the lips of June it glows!"
Thus a youth sees the picture, and forth with firm step and high head he goes.

And next comes a man who has left youth behind. On his forehead the scar
Of life is deep-marked. "Those birds—how fearless they sail straight to the unproved far,
Such strong-winged poise! What calm and undaunted assurance that nothing can bar
The course of their flight till the goal shall be reached. And ah, that sky is as red
As the blood of youth. That signifies courage and purpose and hope," he said,
"'Tis only we men that are doubters and cowards," and noiseless slips out with bowed head.

Marie Padgett, '16.
The Rise of the English Theater

In our study of the drama this year we have seen there are three things which influence a playwright. First, it is well for him to have a definite company, certainly an actor or actress in mind for the leading rôle. J. M. Barrie has chosen Maude Adams for his heroine, for whom he writes his plays, and it is admitted that her interpretations have done much to assure Barrie's success. Second, he must consider the kind of theater he has, and this is no secondary matter. And last, he must consider his audience. The verdict of an audience is final; a play has failed if it can't get over the footlights, even though critics and literary men stamp it with their approval. The history of the English drama can not be rightly understood without the survey of the theaters in which the plays were exhibited, of the actors who performed them, and of the audience for which they were performed.

It was inevitable that the drama should feel the force of the same quickening touch that belongs to the movement called the Renaissance. In fact, the drama was not only the most popular form of literature of the time, but, also, it was the most powerful and spontaneous. But the literature of the stage was not so much the result of intellectual forces as the determining factor was of a material kind—the condition of the theater. To trace the drama from the beginning it is necessary to go back as far as the Norman Conquest. The Normans had a great love for show and splendor; so after they conquered the English throne they gratified their taste for splendid pageantry. On great occasions as at a royal
wedding, or the return of a victorious monarch, London became a scene of festivity. Great booths, representing some mythical or allegorical scene—the gods grouped upon Olympus, an armed St. George giving combat to a golden dragon, and so on—were built at the entrance gate and along the streets to the church or palace. These gorgeous pageants created in the people the craving for the spectacular and the dramatic.

But the great source of the drama was in the church. The liturgical plays were acted in the church with the clergy as actors. The miracle plays were acted by amateurs in the streets and public squares, which were crowded with the motley population of a medieval city. The spectators of rank sat on scaffolds erected for the purpose, or looked out from the windows of a neighboring house; but humbler people jostled each other in the streets. The stage was a great box mounted on four wheels and drawn by the apprentices of some guild. The box had two stories, the lower served as dressing-room, while the upper was the stage proper.

In the infancy of the stage there were no permanent buildings set apart for theatrical exhibitions; nor did play-acting constitute a recognized profession. The moralities and interludes were played by roving companies, at first in open spaces but later in the banqueting-room of lords and gentry. The Lords, not satisfied with the occasional service of these strolling troupes, as early as the reign of Henry VII had attached permanent companies of actors to their households and maintained a musical establishment for the service of their chapels. When not required by their masters, they strolled the country, calling themselves the “Servants” of the magnate, whose pay they took and whose badge they wore. Often the claim was granted, but there were many pretenders; and vagabonds under the name of My Lord’s Players roamed the country at will. So during the reign of
Edward VI it was found necessary to place theatrical establishments of noble houses under the special control of the Privy Council. Licenses were granted to the aristocracy to maintain troops of players, but the performances were limited to the master’s residence. Thus a professional class of performers was gradually developed.

As there were no newspapers, the stage, next to the pulpit, formed the most popular and powerful engine for disseminating opinions on matters of debate. During the reign of Mary, the Protestant reaction having been worked by means of moral plays, the crown endeavored to silence secular-acting in public. But it was impossible by any repressive measures of the Privy Council to check a custom which had gained so strong a hold upon the manners of a nation. The noblemen refused to be interfered with, and the public had no intention of being deprived of their amusements. Soon after Elizabeth’s accession it was decreed that no players should perform without a license from the mayor of the town; also plays on the matter of religion or government were strictly forbidden. If companies, professing to be servants of some noble and not being able to prove their title, were found, they were to be treated as rogues and vagrants under the rigorous acts in force against such persons.

In the earlier years of Elizabeth’s reign, the principal companies belonged to Lords Leicester, Warwick, Clinton, and Charles Howard. The membership was limited, four or five players being sufficient to produce such simple pieces as were then available; each of the performers assuming more than one character if necessary. A slim youth usually impersonated all the female characters, and here the English were more medieval than the Spanish, who had already admitted women upon the stage. These roving companies carried no scenery with them, for scenery had not then been invented. They carried with them only the most obvious
properties, perhaps a crown for the king, or a couple of swords for a combat. They wore as rich apparel as they could get, with no thought of its propriety to the time and place of the play itself.

In addition to these men-actors, there were troupes of boy-performers, composed of school boys of Westminster and Merchant Taylors, or of choir boys of Chapel Royal and of St. Pauls. When these were not playing at the court, or at the house of patrons, they used the inn yards, such as The Bell in Grace Church Street, The Bull mentioned by Gosson, in Bishopsgate, and The Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill. The English Inn then was often a hollow square, with a central courtyard girt with galleries; here, with the permission of the inn-keeper the strollers would put up a hasty platform, around which the country folk might stand while persons of quality could look down from the galleries. In London the performances, in places of public entertainment, drew such a concourse of people that the city authorities were scandalized and strove to forbid them. The corporation of London was the determined enemy of the stage on the double ground of the immorality of many of the performances and of the peril of contagion in time of plague. In fifteen hundred and seventy-four Leicester's influence with the queen enabled him to secure for his servants a royal patent, empowering them to perform within the city of London and throughout the realm of England, provided that their plays were licensed by the Master of the Revels. But in the year fifteen hundred and seventy-six there was an order issued that no theatrical performances in public were to be given within the city limits. This led to a prolonged contest between the Corporation and the Privy Council, which had a highly important result.

Players, relying on the favor of the court, yet not daring openly to defy the authority of the mayor—though they had
been wanderers hitherto—established themselves in permanent buildings just outside of the boundaries of the city. Here, they were outside of the jurisdiction of the corporation, and yet near enough to the town to permit both the common crowd and the court gallants being present at their performances. In this way regular theaters sprung into existence and took the place of inns and of temporary erections which had hitherto sufficed for dramatic shows. Thus the stage passed from a nomadic to a settled condition.

In the year fifteen hundred and fifty-six Leicester's men, of whom James Burbage was head, built the first theater. It was called The Theater, and was situated in Shoreditch. In planning and in building this theater, they had no models to go by, and gave no thought to the sumptuous edifices that had adorned the chief towns of Greece and Rome. As they were used to performing in courtyards of inns, their first theater, which they built for themselves, was apparently no more and no less than the courtyard of an inn—without the inn itself. The new building was a hollow square, about eighty feet on each side; the center open to the sky, and consisting of little more than a quadrangle of galleries, divided into "rooms," boxes now, for the accommodation of the more particular spectators; the whole ground floor was the yard wherein the solid body of more vulgar spectators stood. Also in this yard was the stage, the platform being about forty feet square. Where the rear gallery ran across the stage there hung an arras, a heavy tapestry curtain cutting off the space behind which might be used as the dressing-rooms. The rear gallery, being just over the platform, was also useful, serving as balcony, pulpit, or whatever upper chamber might be called for in the progress of the play. There were no curtains to pull up or aside, and absolutely no scenery of any kind. The plays were given in daylight at about three in the afternoon. The stage was so spacious that the more-favored
members of the audience were allowed to sit to the right and to the left of the stage itself on hired stools. During the progress of the play and in intervals, it was customary to eat apples and nuts as freely as in a modern concert garden. There was little to restrain an audience from expressing sentiments towards a play or player, either by applause, or by open criticism, or disapproval. The play was announced by three blasts of a trumpet. As there was no scenery to shift and few properties to arrange, the pauses between the acts, if any, were short and easily passed in conversation or chattering for fruit.

As the theaters early obtained a bad reputation for brawling, low company, and disreputable entertainments, there were few women in the audience at any time. Though sometimes great ladies would come masked, and some of the huskers who sold fruit and flowers were girls, yet the theater was hardly a fit place for reputable women except on special occasions. This helps us excuse some of the coarseness of the drama, and diminishes our wonder that loose talk in the comedies could be tolerated.

The growth of permanent theaters guaranteed that the drama should have as its patrons and inspirers, not a clique or coterie, but the nation at large. The growing popularity of the drama in Elizabeth's reign was tested by the growth of the theaters. In fifteen hundred and seventy-five there was but one, called The Theater, in the open field outside of the city limits to the north. Soon it was followed by the second, called the Curtain from the name of the field upon which it was situated, in the same neighborhood. Later there were houses put up also to the south of the city, and across London Bridge: the Rose, Hope, and Swan, all outside the city limits, until before the death of Elizabeth there were sixteen or eighteen theaters in London. The servants of Leicester built a theater at Blackfriars on land that was
bought by Burbage. It enjoyed a high reputation under the name of Blackfriars.

The theater was a wooden structure and was rebuilt in fifteen hundred and ninety-six, Shakspere’s name occurring among the company. These Blackfriars were the first to build a theater inside the city walls, but this found place only because it stood upon privileged land, land set apart for the churchmen whose name it bore.

To James Burbage, actor and manager, is due the growth of the theatrical profession, and its establishment as a recognized form of public amusement; against the opposition of the city authorities, Puritan preachers, laymen, and attacks of other enemies the theater had been raised from vagabondage to respectability, all this having taken place within Shakspere’s lifetime. The building of the Blackfriars theater enabled performances to be given under a roof, thus lengthening the theatrical season into winter, giving occupation to actors throughout the year, thereby still more tending to constitute theirs a self-supporting profession. In the past three centuries the theater has been greatly modified; and circumstances and playhouse itself have so materially changed that an Elizabethan play is now almost as remote as an Athenian. No one of Shakspere’s tragedies or comedies can be acted on the modern stage without a thorough readjustment to suit the later conditions of representation. After Shakspere’s death there flourished a school of dramatists, under the influence of Ben Jonson. This influence came to an end by a great Puritan movement that gathered force soon after the death of Shakspere; and soon swept away every trace of the Elizabethan stage, until in sixteen hundred and forty-two the theaters closed, not to reopen for seventeen or eighteen years.

José McManaway, ’16.
An Interview

Several weeks ago the hospitality of Greenville was for the first time extended to a Hindu woman of the high caste, Mrs. Bauerjee, from Calcutta. It was the privilege of the editor to have a most charming interview with Mrs. Bauerjee; charming chiefly because of the attractive personality of the gracious Hindu woman.

"Come," she said, in answer to my knock at her door.

I went in, but for some minutes was disconcerted by being left to stand in the middle of the floor, disliking to sit down, uninvited. However, Mrs. Bauerjee quickly recalled her newly adopted American customs and exclaimed:

"What is it you say? Sit down? Take a chair?"

We were seated, Mrs. Bauerjee lifting a great burden from my shoulders by promptly taking up the conversation in an impulsive manner.

"You don't know how spell my name," she said with conviction. "I will make you understand. First, I have very beautiful name, given to me by priest. Priest? You think that strange? I make you understand. In all India every family have two priests. One priest come around to your house. He worship your idol—your family idols. Then when little baby is born in your home this priest visit you and choose a name for little baby. The priest gave me the name, beautiful name, Lukhodo. Lukhodo! I make you understand. In my language Lukhodo mean comfort to others."
Here Mrs. Bauerjee stopped. She seemed to be gazing not into the future, but back into the time, when it had not been strange to hear her given name. For some minutes we sat without speaking, then I broke the silence by asking her to tell me about the temples of India.

"The temples?" she said, "Oh, yes! our beautiful, beautiful temples—and yet so wicked! We have over sixty of these temples, who have walls set with ruby and precious stones, and the floors all made of money. Every part of India have these temple to keep their idols there. I will make you understand. In India, see, we have states just like your United State here. My state is Bangole, but each state have its own king."

"The marriages, Mrs. Bauerjee——"

"Oh, yes!" she interrupted me, "that's what I am in your United State for, because of those marriages; to help the little widows in India, to give them a home, to give them a chance for living. I will make you understand. The marriage—Oh, my! the marriage is such a fine ceremony," she sighed, "much finer than your marriage, and oh! it takes so much money. Everything fall right on girl's father. Poor man! He have to provide money, jewelry, silk dress—cost so much! The girl have to fast whole day. Hindu marriage never come by daytime. What do you call it? Stamka——no astronomers, yes, we have those. He go to bride's home and watch to see her fortunate star. He wait and wait—so long, sometimes. Then when he see the star the groom come and bring all the crowd of wedding peoples—so many! Well-dressed, too. You could distinguish the wedding crowd, oh, my! so easily. Before he enter the house a big light is held up by five person to aid him. I will make you understand. This is according to the Bible, you see, and the ten virgins. How they get it, I don't know. Another point, this light must be held by virgins—five virgins. They have
already fix a place outside in the yard for marriage ceremony. Takes very large ceremony. When groom enter, have a beautiful painted board. He will sit there until the bride come. She is all dress up, but you can’t see her, because she wears a veil. Bride, on another beautiful board, is carried to groom by four men. She sit by him. Uncover her face seven times to show her to him first time. She, poor child, has to shut her eyes! She can’t see thing! Then father pays so much money and gives up child, and priest gives ceremony. Costs thousands of dollars to fix place alone. Groom stay all night. Next morning they have another ceremony. Groom has to, worship by gods, then have another ceremony, and then they can eat. Whole time groom has fasted and bride is fasting! Then groom and crowd take off bride to her new home. She will have to stay there for eight days, then they take her back to her father’s till she will be eight year old.

"Why," I said, "how old was the bride when she married?"

"Oh, my! bride is three, four, anywhere up to nine years, but husband is grown man. When bride get eight years some relative come to her and carry her off to her husband. The house is controlled by husband’s side, either the bride’s mother-in-law or sister-in-law. Oh, my! Wife not even eating with her husband! The husband own all money and support his wife. You understand? This is high caste and middle class. The women are kept inside of walls. Not allowed to be seen! Given no liberty! Oh! it is wicked, wicked. And oh, my! this has not always been!" she exclaimed:

"Eight hundred years ago our Indian women were quite free; they even fought, so history say. But when the Mohammedans came and took India it was ruled by Turkish people. So bad people! Then it was Indian men had keep their women shut up away from bad people. From genera-
tion to generation the custom grew stronger, now strongest custom we have. They make it their religion. They say, woman's freedom is a great sin. They put it that way. But I make you understand. Indian women not like Chinese or African women. We are—oh, my! intelligent—so intelligent! We are the Aryan race, you see."

"What hope is there for the Indian women?" I inquired. "Can they get together to plan a way by which to better their condition?"

"Oh, my! they can't see each other. They all in different house and can't get out.

"But," she sighed, "we must be patient. If man get enough education, if all Indian men get educated, they will see. The educated men in India now don't like child marriage. They want the women free! If missionaries could only educate the men and the women at the same time it would be changed!"

"And you've come to America to plead the cause of the women of India, Mrs. Bauerjee?" I asked, rising.

"My opinion and desire to rescue the child widows of India, give them education, Christian education; and send them where missionaries can't go—— into the interior of India, where people are oh! so ignorant."

A. M. W.
The Price

WAS the night before Washington’s birthday, and all through the hotel not a creature was stirring, but George W. Canley and the little negro, Mouse. As the two stepped from the piazza, the tall pines whispered softly above them and an owl hooted in the distance. They crept across the yard and crawled over the gate, which had been locked for the night. Then feeling safe, they began running rapidly down the sandy road.

"Mous-ie, are you—sur-e it—’s to—ni—ght?" shouted George to the little darky as he ran.

"Yes—sar—y—e—s, I’s su—re" came the returning shout.

George suddenly halted at the cross-road and looked inquiringly at Mouse.

"Which way now?" he asked.

"Right dis way through de bushes, ’cause my mammy went dis path jes’ ’fore I come fo’ you." Of course the negro took a path rather than the wide road.

"Well, hurry ahead, Mousie, ’cause you know I have never been to ‘a settin’ up’ before and I am just a teeny bit afraid of these big woods."

"All right, Master George, but there ain’t no bears or tigers in dis woods. Yere de singin’?"

There was no need for Mousie to ask George this question, for he already stood trembling in the path listening to the moaning sounds coming through the trees. He looked above, through the tall, long-leafed pines at the full moon and
wondered at the haunting sounds, but he was a brave lad and dared not show his fright before this darky leader.

"Master George, you ain't anxious to see de corpse itself, is you?" 'Cause you know I's skeered to go too near de house." The little negro had been worrying his small mind for some time to find a way in which he could keep George from the sight of his mammy, who was among the mourners. He fully realized the punishment he would receive, if he were caught; so he pretended fear.

"Well, Monsie, I never have seen a corpse, but I guess I will just listen to the 'singin' and look at the house," George answered, slightly disappointed.

"Dere's de house! Sh—i—i. See de rom wid de light. Dat's where de corpse is. What's dat?"

A night breeze stirred the trees above.

"Run quick, dey is comin'!" Mousie flew. He dared not go nearer and did not wish George to be seen, so he wisely directed his attention to the noises of the forest. After this the two were soon out of harm's way and on the clear road again.

"Now, Mister George, you has seed de house of de corpse and heered de singin', so gimme my quarter."

"All right, Monsie, but first take me back to the hotel."

Thus Mousie was forced to return to the hotel with George. They walked slowly back, and, after some time, were again within the hotel yard. Mouse was then presented with his quarter and was ready to return to his home.

"Mousie, don't you dare tell now. Promise!"

"I's already promis'd, so lemme go. Good-bye."

So Monsie departed, and George crept back to his room and was soon asleep.

It seemed only a few minutes to George, before he was awakened by his mother's call, but he did not heed the call.
"George!! Dress quickly or you will not have any break-
fast," he heard his father shout waringly as he slammed the door, but he still wished to sleep.

George did not wish any breakfast because he was tired. Anyway, Mousie would slip him something to eat from the hotel kitchen. Thus having reassured himself that he would not starve, he returned to slumbers.

Downstairs his mother was enjoying herself to the utmost.

Having just finished a refreshing breakfast, she was now enjoying the japonicas and other early flowers in the hotel yard. As she wandered about, she wondered if her friends in Jersey were enjoying the February snows. She and her husband had come south for their health, and had brought their small son, George, with them. Mrs. Cauley was just about to sit down under one of the tall pines when she heard a step behind her and turned inquiringly.

"Good morning, Mr. McCall. Isn't it a beautiful morn-
ing?" she greeted one of the hotel guests.

"Where's that boy of yours? I want him to go golfing with me."

Mr. McCall seemed dressed for golf, and not far away Mrs. Cauley saw his caddie holding his sticks.

"He is around the hotel somewhere, and I know he is ready to go, even to the quarter for his caddie. You know he is too small to carry his own sticks."

"Yes, yes, but he plays well for a youngster. Please call him."

Mrs. Cauley went to call her son who was still enjoying his dreams. Finally, after many efforts on her part and a great many protests on the part of her son, she brought him to Mr. McCall.

"Ready, boy?" inquired Mr. McCall.

"You bet, all 'cept my quarter," George replied.

"But, George, what did you do with the quarter I gave you last night?" asked his mother.
"Why, mother, I lost it," George fibbed with a smiling face.

"Why, George, when?" asked his mother, believing him.

"Here, you little rascal! Come here this minute!" Mr. McCall interrupted the serious conversation between mother and son by shouting to the passing Mouse. Mouse came forward gleefully, for he had just been displaying his newly-earned quarter to his little darky companions.

"Yes, sar. Wat's it, sar?"

"What do you mean by waking me early this morning with your shouts? I certainly will tell your mammy when she brings my clothes." Mr. McCall took great pleasure in frightening the little negroes around the hotel.

"Why, sar, I was jest showing them little niggers my shiny quarter." Mouse was certainly telling the truth on Washington's birthday.

"Where did you get so much money? Tell me or I will report you." Mr. McCall knew that Mouse seldom had more than five cents and wondered amusingly where he received so much wealth.

"Oh, come on, Mr. McCall, I want to go." George had a fear of his fib being revealed to his truth-loving mother, so tried to end Mouse's conversation.

"All right, as soon as Mouse answers my question, replied Mr. McCall, now truly curious, for he foresaw a good laugh for himself.

"Look out, Mousie, or I'll hit you." George had raised a golf club and was quite ready to murder the unsuspecting Mouse, but Mr. McCall caught both boys in time to save Mouse and yet detain him.

"Now, Mouse, tell me the truth and I will give you a nickel. You know Mouse would not tell a lie on the birthday of the father of your country, would you?" Mr. McCall was very impressive and had wisely displayed a new nickel.
"No, sar—I never lies, sar."

"I knew it. You would no more tell an untruth than George here," he pointed to the frightened name-sake of the truthful Washington.

"No—o, sar, I got my quarter from Master George, 'cause I showed him the house where a dead corpse was, last night. Mouse had forgotten his sacred promise of the previous night in the presence of the shiny nickel.

Mr. McCall roared! Here was a laugh quite suitable to the morning! Here his desired laugh. Wasn't it funny? He looked inquiringly at the mother of the untruthful George, the George who had not lived up to his title. Mrs. Cauley did not enjoy the joke. She sank limply on a bench and searched the ground for a suitable stick.

"Oh, George, how could you?" she inquired feebly of her fleeing son.

Laura Ebaugh, '16.
WAITING

The fire was slowly dying away; only the bright, red coals cast their long rays of light toward the dark shadows of a dreary, almost empty room. Only the shining top of a table, the front of a rickety sideboard, and an old wooden bed were visible, beside the figure of an old man in a chair drawn close to the few dying embers. His hair was long and white; his hands, which shook from age, were clasped tightly over the top of a gold-handled cane, the relic of better days; his clothes were worn and threadbare, entirely too thin for the cold, piercing air of February; his eyes, of the darkest brown, looked longingly at the dying embers as if bidding them to hold their light—while he waited. Waited for what?

Ah! long ago his dreams had been shattered, too long ago; yet, not so long as to be forgotten. Why was he here? Why could not he go to Anne? She had said she would be waiting and now nothing held him to the world. “No, nothing,” he muttered fiercely, “some day I shall cheat you as you did me.”

Suddenly in the firelight glow he saw a room; their old drawing-room where he and Anne loved to spend the long winter evenings side by side. Then, he stood by the coffin of their only child. What anguish they had experienced; yet, he had Anne—little else mattered. Yet, another picture flashed through the now fading embers: he saw a room,
poverty ridden like the one he was in now,—but Anne was there. Ah! how long. He was cheated out of home, wealth, and pride, and Anne lay dying in poverty and need. "O God! where are you?" was his anguished cry. Now he stood by a lonely grave, an old man haggard and bent. No, nothing else mattered, she had gone. The world was a cheat, why live longer? The last ember flickered and went out. His last ray of hope had faded just like that, bright for one minute, then gone forever. Could he stand it? Yes, as long as Anne waited he would wait, and, with a smile on his face, he tottered to his bed and fell into sweet dreamless sleep.

CAROLINE ROPER, '18.

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BILLY'S IDEA

Billy and Caroline had always played together, ever since they were old enough to fight over each other's rattles. When they were three and four years old the quarrels became less frequent, and now at six and seven they were almost inseparable.

On this particular day Caroline had crawled through the hole in the back fence, and she and Billy had gone to "the forest." "The forest" was a vacant lot behind the two houses that had three or four trees in one clump. This among themselves was called "the forest." Billy had gotten some planks from under the house, and with his new tool chest started for the trees. The children had planned to make a house in the low limbs of one of the trees.

Caroline, trudging behind the little boy, inquired:
"What' in ve box, Billy?"
"Tools my uncle brung me."
"Oh, how nice of him to bring us tools, and is we goin' to make a house with them?"
When they arrived at "the forest," Billy took from the box a tiny saw.

"Oh, ain't it cute?" exclaimed his companion in glee, and they set to work to saw the plank to fit the branches. This operation took nearly an hour on account of the dullness of the miniature saw.

Together they climbed the tree and nailed the board in place. The top and sides were made of the small branches they broke off the limbs near them.

When their work had been completed they climbed down to look at it, and were so delighted they caught hands and danced around the trunk of the tree a kind of Indian war-dance they had composed.

"Now you climb up and sit in it for five minutes, then you come down, and I'll go up," the boy offered gallantly.

Caroline ascended and crawled out on the limb, not without much fear. She sat on the board, and immediately it began to bend in the middle.

"Billy, catch me! It's doin' funny, and I wish I was down." But the young man of the party only stood by and thought to himself:

"Just like any girl. I think that's a lovely idea."

Just at this minute the board cracked and Caroline slid between the pieces, onto the ground. For a minute she lay perfectly still and white. Billy was horrified. Suppose she was dead! He tried hard to keep back the tears while he pulled her over on the grass.

By this time she began to rub her eyes, while Billy experienced the great relief of his young life.

"Oh, Ca'line, I fought you was dead! Do you feel better now? Why, don't cry, Ca'line, I'm so sorry. It was all my fault, too."

He was very near weeping himself, but he comforted her as best he could. Then picking up his box, Billy led Caroline to the house. The box was put in the cellar and Billy said:
"I guess we won’t try that again soon. But it was a lovely idea. Do you feel much shook up? Don’t cry, I’ll go to the back door with you. It was my fault."

On his way home he looked again at the tree with the two pieces of plank hanging from the lowest limb and murmured, "It was a lovely idea, but she surely did fall hard. I wish it had been me, but I sure was scared. She was so white I fought she was dead.”

Nan Easley, '18.

* * *

EVENING

The sun sinks down to his rest at last
    Behind the clouds of purple and gold;
While the breezes play in the tall tree tops,
    And the whippoorwill’s song is loud and bold.

Swayed by soft zephyrs the nestlings sleep,
    The will-o-the-wisp floats up from the bog,
And the bull-frog’s voice is low and deep
    As he hops to his old seat on the log.

Seabrona Parks, '17.

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THE ELUSIVENESS OF POE’S POETRY

By elusiveness we mean that quality in Poe’s poetry which causes it forever to escape our grasp, either when we try to define or imitate it.

In searching for the source of this elusory element we are fain to believe that a large part of it grows out of the personality of the man. One of Poe’s most striking characteristics was his aloofness; he was “no mixer with men”; he lived in a dream-world in which he was the chief character. Some
one has described Poe in the following stanza from Byron's Manfred:

"From my youth upward my spirit walked not with the
souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh."

And so living in a dream-world, surrounding himself with other worldliness, we find a near approach difficult. When we reach out he is not there.

Some attribute this vague, indefinable element which permeates both his poetry and his prose, to the fact that he drank, and may have written at times in a frenzy, or delirium. But we find nothing to substantiate this theory. We know that for weeks and months at a time Poe was perfectly sober.

It is probable that Poe's idea of what constitutes poetry may be largely responsible for its elusive quality. According to his theory poetry must be the creation of rhythmical beauty. It must concern itself not with life, or truth, or nature, but with unattainable beauty—beauty supernal. The most beautiful thing in the world he believed to be a beautiful woman; the most poetic subject the death of a beautiful woman. Consequently most of his poems are a dirge, or lament for some "lost Lenore" "within the distant Ayden," who eludes him, just as his poetry slips away from us when we search for its meaning. The personnel of his poems is made up of demons and angels; his scenes exist only in the realm of the imagination:

"Oh, nothing of the dross of ours—
Yet all the beauty—all the flowers
That list our love, and deck our bowers—
Adorn yon world afar, afar."
There was never such a region as this “Lolling on the golden air.” And it is thus that he reaches these regions:

“In thought that can alone
Ascend thy empire and so be
A partner of thy throne—
By winged fantasy
My embassy is given,
Till secrecy shall knowledge be
In the environs of Heaven.”

Here “even ideal things flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings.”

Then there was Poe’s passion for the antique, the odd, the gloomy, the marvelous, the weird, and the mysterious. What can be more weird and mysterious than his “Ulalume,”

“Down by the dank tarn of Anber
In the Ghoul-haunted Woodland of Weir”;

Or what more gloomy, grotesque and horrible than the idea conveyed in these lines from the “Haunted Palace,”

“A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more?”

Even his raven must be of “the saintly days of yore,” “a ghastly, grim and ancient Raven.” The mournful funeral bells must be tolled by Ghouls, the king of whom “dances and yells as he rolls a paean from the bells.”

At first glance it may seem to students who understand his many mechanical devices that Poe would be easy of imitation. Surely almost any of us might use skillfully the repetend; acquire certain poetic effects through the onomatopoetic power of words; or manufacture beautifully alliterated lines. These are some of his methods, but Poe baffles all attempt at imitation. Where is the music, the fire, the shaping imagina-
tion? These things are not of rule or recipe, but a creation of true poetic frenzy. The haunting music of his poetry takes possession of us; we feel the weird enchantment; at times we almost cry out: but the beauty which he has created is as unattainable as his own "lost Lenore"—

"Like the murmur of a shell,
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell."

Ella Mae Smith, '16.

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WHO'S AFRAID OF BURGLARS?

Such a ghostly stillness hung over the shadowy depths of the spacious old sitting-room, that one could almost hear the flickering fire-shadows as they chased each other over the cold white walls. Not a human sound broke the silence, although five figures were revealed by the lurid glow of the coals. The Bennet cousins were sitting with bated breath, still under the spell of Joe's horror-haunted ghost story, when Beth gasped, in a terror-inspired whisper:

"There—there it goes!" pointing up the staircase which melted away into the twilight gloom.

The startled look that sprang into the young faces turned into sheepish smiles when Joe asked, with his incredulous laugh:

"What vision are you seeing now, Beth, the ghost of my story?"

"I saw it," asserted Beth confidently—"a black thing that glided right up the steps."

"That," said Joe, in his know-it-all way, "was a fire-shadow. I've been watching whole troops of them mount those steps."

"Well, I never saw a shadow walk up step by step," challenged Beth, with unshaken faith.
“You said it ‘glided,’” was Joe’s retort.
“It did, that’s the way it walked.”

The smile provoked by this remark froze on their faces when a sharp sound, followed by the slow creaking of a door, was heard upstairs.

Beth flashed her triumph over to Joe, who, however, was quite-undaunted.

“Now that,” he proceeded to explain, “was the wind flapping the window shades and doors.”

“Convince me of that if you can, Joe, but remember that ‘a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still.’”

“Well, then, suppose that you really saw something, and suppose that one of you should meet a burglar in your room to-night—my, wouldn’t you be scared!”

“Why, no, I wouldn’t,” said Ada, “burglars are just as human as I am; I don’t see why I should be afraid of them.”

“That’s right, show them more hospitality than Ruth did,” agreed Joe, casting a teasing glance at his sister.

“That sounds nice, Joe, but just you wait ’til Ada comes within ten feet of a real burglar, then talk!” snapped Ruth.

“You’ll have a chance to do that to-night,” said Beth significantly, “if Ada sleeps upstairs by herself.”

“Maybe you will,” said Ada, in a may-be-you-won’t tone, “for that’s what I’m going to do.”

And so when bedtime came, Ada went up to her room alone. On the threshold she paused and laughed to herself:

“I do believe those tales have made me nervous. I certainly heard something move in here. My! but that was a big rat.”

Ada flashed on the light and tried to shake off her fear, but in vain. The feeling that there was another human presence in her room grew stronger every moment. The very air seemed to vibrate with it, and the gaze of unseen eyes seemed
to penetrate her soul. Yet there was no sight nor sound to justify the feeling.

Still the feeling was so insistent that although she would not acknowledge it to herself, Ada turned the lights on brilliantly, in a vain effort to "enlighten the superstitious," and began to take down her long, wavy hair. Just opposite the mirror before which she stood there was a life-sized picture of an Indian maiden upon a large screen. As Ada glanced into the mirror, her eyes met those of this picture, and slowly, deliberately, the Indian girl winked at her. Unvoluntarily she started, but the tremor that passed through her frame was concealed by the thick shawl of hair that enshrouded her face and shoulders.

After the first fright had passed, she began brushing her hair, always so as to conceal her face, and watching the screen closely. Its eyes were moving, there was no doubt about that. They followed her in every move that she made. There was no longer any doubt about where that feeling of a presence came from: it all centered upon the Indian and reached her as certainly as if there had been connecting wires between them.

As Ada brushed her hair she began humming to herself then talking to herself.

"Here's my watch," she said, overturning the jewelry case, "and my bracelets, and there's my chain, all right, but—Oh, my gold thimble! Downstairs on the sewing-machine! I'll have to get that!"

So saying she left the room, closing and softly locking the door behind her.

Two minutes later the trembling family procession crept up the steps and paused before the door. Mr. Bennet opened it. As he entered the room there was a rustling sound behind the screen, and before he could aim his pistol it toppled over, and there sat—Ruth! weak with laughter.
For the second time that evening, a sheepish grin passed over the faces of the group, and Joe expressed the general feeling when he muttered, "Stung."
But Ruth was elated.
"Well, Joe, who's the laugh on now?" she asked.

Louise Jones, '17.
Editorials

Annie Maude Wilbur, Editor-in-Chief

THE INTERSOCIETY DEBATE

A short time ago the second annual intersociety debate was held. As usual this deadly clash of arms generated the most fiery society spirit, and this year it was generally conceded that the enthusiasm had no precedent. Each society put up its best representatives and awaited the conflict with the most sanguine expectations. Although the decision of the
judges was in favor of the Alethean Society, an exceedingly creditable argument was presented by both sides. The judges declared that the debate was the best that they had ever heard in Greenville. For quite a number of reasons we feel that public debates are invaluable to college courses. As has been demonstrated, debates are the keenest incentives to society rivalry—the vigorous, friendly rivalry inspiring the most tremendous efforts on the part of each for superiority. In this the twentieth century when woman's responsibilities are yearly growing greater and greater, we have come to realize that our colleges for women should afford training in logic and public speaking similar to that given in colleges for men. The idea that a girl is incapable of taking up a problem and handling it as efficiently as a boy could is absurdly unreasonable, and in addition is being gradually relegated to the past. We feel now that we have convinced a great many skeptical souls of the ability of girls along this line. Since the success of public debates has been tested, we are sorry that we do not have more of them. We regret also that as yet we have been unable to have intercollegiate debates with our sister colleges in the state. We trust, however, that in time others will come to recognize the splendid opportunity for training afforded by a debate. At any rate, we should welcome a challenge.

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THE NEW SEMESTER

Unexpectedly examination weeks did not prove interminable, as was the general belief at the outset. As the last examination is finished, and one meets the "harassed boner" face to face in the hall, almost invariably one hears a tremendously heavy sigh, coming from the depths of a weary heart. Why such a sigh? Relieved, because the last examination is over and alarm clocks may be allowed to run
down once again? Possibly so, but then others might interpret that sigh differently. Isn’t it rather a what-might-have-been sigh—a sigh for the countless minutes wasted when one might have put them to good use learning a little more and having had to bone a little less? A sigh for the scattered, bumpy places skinned over, instead of leveling the whole course? A sigh for the lessons missed and valuable class discussions, hopelessly beyond one’s ability to bring to life again? Now at the beginning of the new semester we would put in a plea for more earnest and more thorough work. Open this new semester with whole-hearted interest in every subject you take up. Do each day’s work that day, not saving a lofty stack of empty notebooks to be dashed off some rainy afternoon, in case there is nothing else to do. Remember that in your college days you are building character, the character that will be yours when you take your place in the world. Remember that as you spend your college life, either making or not making of every moment valuable use, so will you spend your after-life, being an aggressive member of a community, or a parasite as the case may be. In short remember that there is an end to accomplish and like Olivia let “the clock upbraid you with the waste of time.”

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THE ANNUAL

We, of the magazine staff, are in very keen sympathy with those of the annual staff in their heroic efforts to make up a publication. Only the upper-classmen have a conception of the responsibilities of such an undertaking. There is no reason, however, why all should not cooperate with those upon whom the responsibility rests—no reason why every girl in college should not feel it her personal obligation to be punctilious in obeying the suggestions of the editors. “Now
is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.” Let each girl lend her invaluable efforts towards making the way of the annual staff less rough.

Let each girl come to the support of the staff, as in a few years she will want her sister to come to her support. It is confidently expected that this year’s staff will produce an exceptionally creditable annual. Nevertheless, the very best of us needs, at times, enthusiastic backing. Now especially is the critical time when the staff is bending every effort towards getting the material off to press at a specified time. Let us all assist the editors to the best of our ability! Only in that event may we expect to have a record-breaking yearbook.

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MISS YOUNG

Miss Willie Young, Student-Secretary of the South Atlantic Field Committee of the Young Women’s Christian Association, spent several days with us this month for the purpose of enlisting leaders of “Eight-Week Clubs.” Because Miss Young was no stranger to G. W. C. girls it was most pleasant to have her back. We always feel that the atmosphere of college life is fresher and brighter after Miss Young has spent some time with us. We feel that this “Eight-Week Club” plan is a most admirable one. The clubs are organized by leaders from various colleges for the benefit of those who possibly have not had the advantages of college life; and for the purpose of spending the summer months in a profitable manner, both to yourself and your community. This “Eight-Week” plan is a national movement and certainly one that is worthy our consideration. We trust that many of the girls will join the training class organized in behalf of this movement.
The same instinct which prompted us in our childhood to eat the crust of the pie first, now warns us to take the poetry first and get over with it.

After reading the poetry in our magazines the questions come, "Where does America get her great poets? If they are not being trained in the colleges, where?" If we are to judge the future poetry of our lords by our school publications, we tremble for it. But haply there remains the saving power of optimism, and the feeling persists that there are in the schools throughout our land many "mute inglorious Miltons." But why "mute?"

It is true that college life is not conducive to poetic expression. The life there is so hurried that we feel that we scarcely have time to even read poetry. We have all had the disconcerting experience of hurrying over the assigned parallel reading in Literature when we were to have a test on Math. the following day. Never before was the "elusiveness" of Poe so noticeable, and the "imageries" of Keats were curiously intermingled with cones and cylinders. While on this unfortunate subject, one word more. Let us not narrow ourselves down to college in our themes for poetry, but surely there is hidden poetry there, worthy of a more dignified expression than comic doggerel and parodies. Who will be the first to find this hidden poetry and express it?

Please do not think that there is in these remarks any personal allusion to the three magazines to be discussed. They had not been read when the above was written, and indeed the poetry in them in some instances was a grateful surprise.
POETRY

“A Plain Tramp Glorified” is the best poem in The University Magazine. The thesis is beautiful and unique, while its expression is eloquently simple. The rhyme, a minor consideration, is imperfect. “The Southland’s Call” is not bad.

In the January Tennessee College Magazine there is an unusually large number of poems. It is gratifying to note that there is here an attempt at being “grand, gloomy, and peculiar” or “deep.” “Your Eyes, Your Smile, Your Heart” is an especially good lyric, though the title is too long.

And now we come to a magazine which is never lacking in creditable poetry, and that magazine is The Furman Echo. In the January issue we find “The Sage’s Redemption,” noble in theme and couched in fitting words. The best of the poetry of this long poem is contained in the Prologue, the Postlogue and in the lyrics interspersed at intervals. In the Postlogue we get the thesis of the poem which ends thus:

“And men shall worship in this great Cathedral,
That long down darkling ways of doubt have trod;
They shall return to hear the Galilean,
And stand among the lilies praising God.”

FICTION

“Cholly” in The University Magazine has an ingenious and interesting plot, but the author has not learned the rare grace of when to stop. “The Noisome Pest” is redeemed from being a “prank story” by strong character delineation. The “Sketches” department is a good thing and contains some of the best material in the magazine.
The best story in The Tennessee College Magazine is "The Defeat of Cousin Deborah." It has real flavor and charm. Next to this the best-done thing is the sketch "One Christmas Eve." This magazine is to be complimented upon the number of its stories. It is good to see a student body taking such active interest in the magazine.

In The Furman Echo the fiction hardly measures up to the poetry, but the main trouble with the fiction is that there is not enough of it. "The Valley of the Gods" is unusual, though certainly not out of place. When reading it along with the usual college magazine plots one must feel that one has left the hurry of school duties and gone for a while to drink from some spring of pure water. There are two other stories, both of which are creditable. "Old Jim's Word" would be more effective if the tragedy at the end were told more by suggestion; but the story has good action and the interest never lags. "My Fairy Queen" is somewhat rambling, but since the events take place in a dream the rambling is permissible.

ESSAYS AND EDITORIALS

"Traveling with Variations" in The University Magazine" is quite clever. The editorials are purposeful and well adapted to a college publication.

In The Tennessee College Magazine we have a very readable essay "Shelley, the Poet of Reform." The editorial department might be improved.

For its logical treatment, its compactness of thought and correctness of form, "The Germany of the Future" in The Furman Echo is fine. It betrays serious and careful work.
That editorial, "The Decadence of the Song," is certainly timely, and contains good thought. It is good to find that some people have originality of thought. After reading this we could not repress a fervent "Amen." When we consider the degeneration of the popular song, the decadence of the dance can be explained.
In and Around College

Ellen May Smith and Ellen B. Newton, Editors

A large proportion of the students returned after the holidays. The mid-year examinations are over with very favorable results, and the last half of the session has begun in earnest. We are glad that we have some new girls to join the student body.

On February second, many of the students attended an interesting and very convincing lecture on Equal Suffrage, by Mrs. Valentine of Richmond, Virginia.

On Sunday afternoon, the twenty-fourth, Mrs. Bauerje, of India, lectured in the college auditorium, upon the customs and conditions of India.

Miss Fay Eskew of Knoxville, Tenn., has been visiting Miss Nellie Thompson at the college.

On the night of the twenty-ninth of January a large audience enjoyed the reading of "David Copperfield" by Mr. Frank Speaight. This was a lyceum attraction in the Chicora Auditorium.

A most pleasing concert was given on February nineteenth in the college auditorium by the faculty of Conservatory of Music: Miss Wineow, soprano, Mr. Schafer, pianist, and Mr. Swift, violinist, Mr. Poston accompanying.
Miss Willie Young, Student-Secretary of the South Atlantic Field Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, was a visitor at the college during the week of the fifteenth.

On Monday evening, February 15th, the second annual intersociety debate took place between the two literary societies, Alethean and Philotean. Both sides debated most excellently, but the affirmative won, represented by Misses Paule Chapman and Marie Padgett of the Alethean Society. The debaters of the Philotean Society were: Miss Ruth Altman and Grace Coleman.

Miss Smith of Easley was the guest of Miss Margaret Sellers for a few days this month.

The most enjoyable event of the month was the George Washington party on the twenty-second. Many were the winsome Marthas escorted to the Colonial Dinner by dashing Georges. The dinner was followed by a play in the college auditorium. The play, "A Colonial Dream," was given by the Expression Department, in a most charming fashion.

Tuesday evening, February 23d, the Davidson Glee Club and Orchestra gave a concert in the auditorium. The Davidson club was the first to appear here during the year 1914-15, and naturally called forth much appreciation. However, the highly creditable performance given by the Davidson men was, of course, the real cause of the enjoyment of the large audience present. We trust that the other clubs, that usually visit us, will measure up to this one.

On Friday evening, February 12th, a Mock Faculty Meeting was given. The performance was witnessed, naturally,
by the entire faculty and every girl in college. Quite a num-
ber of town people were present also, making a large audience.
The girls taking part, however, were so well-chosen and did
such admirable acting, that they had no trouble in entertain-
ing the house, and all agreed that the “Faculty Meeting” was
a distinct success—even the Faculty.

Janie Ward (at a midnight (?) feast): “Say, girls, let’s
have a song! Which one of you can sing?”
Ruth White (eagerly): “Why, Janie, I can try.”
Janie Ward: “All right, Ruth, you sing and the rest of
us will eat chicken. We are one piece shy.”

Myrtle Whatley: “What do you think of the scheme we
had for our Christmas decoration: holly-leaves over laurel?”
Furman Soph.: “Well, I should have preferred mistletoe
over yew.”

Senior Wilbur: “I just adore caviar!”
Senior Gibreath (enthusiastically): “Isn’t he a swell
singer!”

G. Coleman: “Girls, I had a dreadful fall yesterday.”
Girls: “Do tell us about it, Grace.”
G. Coleman: “Miss Jordan was reading a story; I hung
on every word, and then, and then——”
Girls: “Yes, yes, and then?!”
“Her voice broke!”

“The lightning-bug is a beautiful bird,
But hasn’t any mind.
He dashes through this world of ours,
His headlight on behind.”

—Selected.
“Say, have you forgotten that you owe me a quarter?”
H. Boroughs: “No, not yet; give me time.”

Marie Harris (upon receiving red carnations to wear to the oratorical contest): “Now, Elizabeth, which society do I belong to—the Philosophic or the Adoption?”

Miranda Waters (cramming for English examination): “Say, Hick, don’t you hope she gives us an oppositional question?”

P. Wingate (arranging pictures on the dresser): “Say, I believe I’ll put these out on prohibition.”

Some one please explain to Rat Loadholdt that Judas Iscariot is one and the same man.

Miss Dulin (in Plane Geometry): “Miss Dodson, what Latin word does tangent come from?”
Miss Dodson: “Why—er—tango, Miss Dulin.”
Miss Dulin: “But what does tango mean?”
Small voice in back of room: “Tango, why it’s one of the new dances, of course. I’ll show you, Miss Dulin.”

Senior J. Ward: “Oh! Annie Laurie, what do you know about Barmore Gambrell’s being President of the Alethean Society?”

Dr. Ramsay (in Chapel): “Girls, you must stop using slang; it not only ruins your vocabulary, but demoralizes the teachers. And it is very unpleasant for them to have to hear your slangy phrases.”
Mrs. Padgett (after Chapel): “Dr. Ramsay, that was some talk you made this morning!”
Miss Watson: “Yes, put it to ’em!”
Senior Rast: "Oh! Seabrona, I sure starred to-day in Biology."

Junior Parks: "What did you do, little one?"
Senior Rast: "Why, I bisected a star-fish!"

Wanted: To know why Ellen Newton wears a bracelet (?) on her finger.

Wanted: To know why Hazel Prickett walks, looks, and talks in the direction of Paris Mountain.
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