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Janie Gilreath

Greenville Woman’s College

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<td>Sterling silver seal pins, with safety catch</td>
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Reconciliation

Over the sea the wild news comes,
Borne on the wings of invention rare,
That death and hate and envy live
In hearts of men once free from care.
A country graced by castles grand
A "slaughter pen" has now become;
Learning, science, art decay.
Men see the night! Where is the day?

The fields that nature would have green
Are now by human blood made red.
Children meant just for life and love
Are orphans now, and cry for bread.
Oh, why this hatred! Why this woe!
Why thirsts mankind for brother's blood!
When will this cruel carnage cease
Swept fast and far by Time's swift flood?

In vain we send our cry to Heaven
To calm the fury, stay the strife,
And in their stead send faith and love,
And stay man's hand with fury rife.
But why should we another judge,
And in our hearts mankind upbraid,
When God a whole has planned,
And said, "Trust Me, nor be afraid?"

HATTIE BOROUGH S, '15.
The Misogynist and the Girl

It had been Dick Warren's custom, since he had graduated, to revive and continue his college friendships by camping each summer in the Blue Ridge Mountains with five of his best chums, whose different interests had scattered them over all parts of the continent. This year they were exploring in unknown regions, though they had believed themselves familiar with every ridge.

At the close of a day, which had been one of contented tramping and fishing, the group was gathered around a fire built as much for the pleasure of seeing each other as to drive off the evening chill. Warren had been unusually quiet, while one and another of the boys would revive an old prank of their college days, or tell his latest joke for the merriment of the jolly crowd. Breaking a silence, and ending his own musings, Dick spoke:

"You know, it's a funny thing, but since we've been in this section, I've had a feeling that I've been here before; I can't remember when, but several paths and that last hill we did seemed awfully familiar."

"Must 'ave dreamed it," broke in Billy, the most inconsequent member of the party. "We've never been here sure."

The conversation turned into other channels, and Dick continued his absorbed musing until Harry, his former roommate, interrupted it again.

"Can't you even smile at Billy's jokes? What's the matter? Worrying over a kid's dream, are you, Dick?"

"Um-huh, I'm trying to remember, for sure as I live I've been here before, for no mountains ever looked exactly like
those, or . . . Oh! I have it, I bet this is the God-
forsaken spot I got left in once on my way to Cincinnati."

"Harken, boys! An adventure from the modest Dick!" announced Harry. Each boy turned expectantly, and Dick began.

"Well, you remember that time Father sent me to Cin-
cinnati for him. I'd just finished Junior, and was mighty
struck on the job. It was beastly lonesome on the train, and
I was standing on the observation platform 'looking at the
gorgeous scenery,' which I believe was those very hills. The
train had stopped, and while I was standing, off blew my cap.
Well, I got out to chase it, and of course it blew a little
farther each step. When I grabbed it and started back, the
train was moving, and instead of speeding up gradually as
they always do, it shot off all at once, and as hard as I could
run I couldn't catch it to save my life—and not a soul was
on the platform, so all my frantic yelling didn't do any good."

"Bet you felt like a fool," smiled Billy.

"Well, I did—mad as the dickens, too, but I got to laugh-
ing in a few minutes. It was funny, you know. There I
was in some 'beautiful scenery;' and not a sign of house or
human could I see. After I'd walked along the track for a
solid hour, I came across one miserable cabin, which I guessed
was the station, but there wasn't a living person anywhere
near, so I moved on until I struck a decent-looking house. A
rather good-looking girl answered the door, and, after I had
told my predicament, she called her father, who nearly split
his sides when he heard what a mess I was in. Made me
more cussing mad every minute, too. I 'politely inquired'
where I might find the nearest hotel; when sobering down he
told me I was twelve miles from a hotel, and eight from the
nearest station. Well, I must have showed my feelings
pretty plainly, for in an instant he was urging me to spend
the night with them. I couldn't see anything else to do, as it
was nearly dark then, so I stayed. They were mighty nice people, especially the girl—she was fine. They let me stay until noon the next day when my next train came. The girl and I had a jolly good time that morning. We climbed some of the nearest hills, and she showed me her favorite view, which I now know is that first ridge yonder. See? Wonder if the house is still there?”

“Guess you made your adieu, and made a desperate effort to lose your lid in the same spot?” queried Billy, although he well knew Dick’s aversion to girls.

“No, I got off with my hat all right the next day, and the girl—”

“Why don’t you give her a name?” asked Harry curiously.

“I wasn’t sure I remembered,” evaded Dick flushing, “but I think it was Eleanor;” he finished in some trepidation, of which his mates were fortunately unaware. “Well, I was going to tell you the girl—Eleanor—came to the place I lost my hat and waved a good-bye. I declare, she was a trump all right. I got along better with her than any of your flossy butterflies.”

“Look out there, we consider ourselves better judges than you, a woman hater,” declared Billy.

“If you were so struck on her, why didn’t you see her again?” asked Robert.

“See her again? Why should I have done so? I enjoyed her company, but I wasn’t in love with her, and never expect to be, with her or any other girl.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Billy, “you watch, boys, I bet Dick’ll be the first fellow to try matrimony yet.”

“No danger there,” denied Dick.

“Oh, he’ll wake up some day and be raving mad over one of our ‘flossy butterflies’ as he calls them. When he does get hit, it’ll be hard,” prophesied Robert.
"Oh, pshaw! you have to keep your hand in, and Dick's never had any practice—never tried, for that matter," said Harry with a worldly wisdom.

"I tell you what, fellows like Dick get a hard bump sometimes, too. You'd better not dislike 'em too generally, Dick. You'll sure be sorry some day," advised George.

"No, sir, give me freedom, give me bachelorhood every time," replied Dick with a dramatic gesture.

He truly meant what he said, too, for he never expected to be in love and, most decidedly, never to marry. When only sixteen Dick had, for some reason known only to himself, decided not to marry, and with this firm resolution his experience with girls had never approached anything more than an indifferent friendship. He was never swayed by the flattering advances of many a beauty who had regarded him as her ideal, for Dick's good looks and athletic fame made him a hero to be sought after and captured. No teasing of his chums or reprovings of his mother and sisters could make him treat girls with more than a cool politeness, and his manner often seemed to indicate that a girl's company was a necessary evil rather than a pleasure. When questioned he would say that all the girls were so flippant and uninteresting, and what in the world was the use of wasting your time with them? He won a reputation for bashfulness and general horridness among the girls in his home town, but nothing altered his manner. The boys knew Dick's characteristic indifference to girls, and his mountain episode interested them not a little, but when he met their questions with silence or curt answers, they let the matter drop.

The next day the party went five miles distant for their mail. On entering the post-office a girl in a riding-suit was coming out. She glanced at the boys indifferent, and continued reading her mail until she reached the steps. Dick
was coming up, and as they passed each other both stopped hesitatingly, and suddenly he extended his hand.

"Miss Randolph!"

"Why, it's Mr. Warren! how do you do? This is a surprise—to meet you here, Mr. Warren. I suppose you are camping this time instead of chasing a flying hat," she ended laughing.

"Yes, we are camping. I want you to meet my friends who are with me," answered Dick.

As he turned the boys started guiltily, for they had been taking in Eleanor's beauty and grace, from her trim sailor hat to her brown boots, with evident approval.

"I was right, fellows. We're in the same spot I was telling you about, and it was at Miss Randolph's home I was rescued. I never dreamed of your being here again," he said, turning to Eleanor. "I knew I had been here some time, but you'd never recognize the place."

"Oh, Pineview is quite a resort now. We still spend our summers here," she replied.

When Dick left her riding away, he promised upon her invitation to call to see her father and mother. On going back to the post-office he was met by a chorus of exclamations.

"By George! Dick, how under the sun did you keep from loving her? She's a good looker all right!"

"Guess you'll respect my judgment hereafter, when it concerns women," he laughingly replied.

When he called, Dick found Eleanor more charming and interesting than ever, and, staying till a late hour the first time, he was met on his return by the taunts of his companions, who were not a little jealous of his advantage.

"Decided you're in love with her?" asked Billy with great concern.

"No, can't you understand I don't go 'round falling in love with every girl I meet?" said Dick impatiently.
"He's coming, boys. You just watch. When they get touchy you may look out. Let's cut him out ourselves," teased Harry.

"All right, let's do," came in a chorus. "Everybody be mighty nice to Miss Randolph, and let's do everything to keep her from seeing much of Dick. Make her fall in love with one of us, or all of us, it doesn't matter," continued the conspirators, chief among whom was Billy, who was ever ready for any fun going.

"Be funny, if some of us did fall in love with her sure enough," mused Robert.

"Cut out your sentimentality," commanded Billy.

Upon the Randolphs' invitation the boys were frequent visitors, and although the camp had formerly been the sole attraction, nothing could now keep them from the small town. Their desire to see the pretty Miss Randolph for herself was increased by the desire to have a little fun at Dick's expense. Billy was exceedingly attentive, and a casual observer would have taken him for the lucky man in Eleanor's favor. Dick had thought to monopolize Eleanor, but he found this was impossible, for all the boys were equally anxious to be with her. Her apparent impartiality of treatment roused an intense jealousy within him, and though he swore he didn't care a rip, it didn't ease his feelings to see her with his chums, nor to observe Billy's painstaking attentions. Eleanor grew more and more attractive to him each day, and apparently more and more indifferent, for at first he could notice a trace of intimacy between them, based on their previous friendship. This had raised him in his own estimation as well as in that of his friends, for he did care for this unusual girl's friendship. It was not until one night near the end of their trip, however, that the realization grew upon Dick that he was truly in love with her. He had noticed the absence of Billy and Eleanor from the crowd, and
growing intolerably impatient had rushed out to find them, and get Eleanor to himself. Bursting upon them in the swing, he blurted out impetuously:

"Get out, Billy. I've something I've got to say to Eleanor—Miss Randolph, I mean."

"Get out, will I? When did you become major-general of this concern?"

"Oh, the dickens! Will you go? If you won't, Miss Randolph, will you come with me? I must see you," stammered Dick, more flustered than ever.

His mission was evident to the couple, but both seemed reluctant to quit their places.

"No, I won't go, and neither will Eleanor. Dick, you are the first to hear of our engagement. Eleanor and I love each other, and she's promised to marry me in November. Am I not the luckiest mortal alive? Congratulations are in order, old fellow!"

Dick stopped suddenly, surveying the pair, anger and fear beating in his breast. At last he said: "Billy, your've carried your nonsense far enough. I'll not believe a word you've said unless Miss Randolph confirms it." Turning to her he said wistfully and tremblingly, for he had noted with fear Billy's unusual earnestness, "El—Miss Randolph, this is not true is it?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren, it is. Aren't you going to congratulate us?" she asked perplexedly.

Upon hearing her affirmation, Dick turned and, without a word, left the happy couple.

"Dick's going to take it hard, Eleanor," said Billy. "You know he's always been a woman hater, and I guess you're the first and only girl he's ever loved. Gee, whiz! what if I were in his place? But I'm sorry for him all right!"

"But how could I make it any easier for him, Billy? We had just——" asked Eleanor.
"You couldn't have, my dear. He'll just have to take it. Thank goodness I have you," reassured Billy.

When Dick left Billy and Eleanor, he went straight to the camp, and, without waiting for his chums to return, left that night for his home. Two days later Billy received the following telegram:

"My best wishes for you both. Am leaving on exploring trip to Africa. No women.

"Dick."

Grace Coleman, '16.
The Development of the Preservative Art

ALL inquirers into the origin and history of the most prodigious art and mystery of printing seem to arrive at this conclusion. It is difficult to say at what period of time printing first existed, but it must have been at a very early date, for the simplest and most natural mode of conveying an idea was by the reproduction of similar appearances of the same surface, whether by hand or foot upon snow; by pressure of wood or metal upon paper or vellum—it was like printing. Accounts have been found that give evidence, proving that it was nearly four thousand years ago that this rude and imperfect method was practiced. At first the early ancients impressed seals on plastic material; the next advance was the stamping of symbols and characters in clay, in the forming of bricks for walls and edifices, cylinders having been used in Babylon. Of this art Wilkinson and others brought examples from Egypt. Rawlinson and Layard found in the ruins of several buried cities of Asia, not only the inscribed bricks, but also the wooden stamps with which they were impressed. In the British Museum may be seen several instruments presenting a singular instance of how nearly we may approach an important discovery and yet miss it. These instruments are brass and bronze stamps, having on their faces inscriptions in raised characters reversed. To the back has been fastened a handle loop, boss, or ring. One use of these stamps has evidently been to print the inscriptions by the aid of color upon papyrus, linen, and parchment; and the inscriptions show these stamps to have been of a period when literature
had not become one of the pursuits of the great, and the copying of books was a slow and expensive process. It seems strange that the Romans, by whom these signets were first used, should not have improved upon them by engraving whole sentences and compositions on blocks and, thence, transferring them upon paper. The Chinese printing from blocks, at the present time, resembles the old Roman method, and they assert that it was used by them several centuries before it was known in Europe—50 B. C. The Chinese originated the method of printing ink on paper by engraved blocks. However, it was not until nearly a thousand years afterwards that this printing was extensively practiced. The method of producing printing from blocks was as follows: the work intended to be printed was first written upon thin, transparent paper. Each sheet was then pasted downward upon a block of wood, and an engraver, with suitable tools, cut away the portion of paper and block on which nothing was traced. Thus the characters were left in relief, and a printed block was produced. To print from these blocks, they had to be inked; then, a sheet of paper was carefully laid on, and a brush was passed over the paper, pressing it upon the inked surface; thus a printed impression was secured. By this process a separate engraved block had to be prepared for each printed sheet or page. The Chinese have the credit of having used movable type as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To-day, the native Chinese printer, uninfluenced by European teaching, uses the primitive printing blocks.

There was a vast interval between the above attempt at printing, and the next advance—the engraved pictures on wooden blocks, invented toward the end of the thirteenth century by the twin brother and sister of an illustrious family, Cunio, lords of Italy. These pictures consisted of nine engravings of the "Heroic Actions," of Alexander the Great, "first reduced, imagined, attempted to be executed in
relief with a small knife on blocks of wood. All this was
done and finished by us when we were sixteen years of age.”
This title, if genuine, presents us with the origin, execution,
and designs of the first attempts at block printing. The next
earliest evidence was a decree found among the archives at
Venice, relating to playing cards printed from wooden blocks.
The impression was taken by means of a burnisher. Then,
instead of a single block, a series was employed in the engraving
of the “Biblia Pauperum,” a text printed by movable
types.

During the Middle Ages, the monasteries played a most im-
portant part as centers for the transmission of learning and
civilization. The monasteries became the home of learning,
and the monks became the teachers of the world. The in-
fluence of the monks upon the preservative art and on learn-
ing in general is inestimable. The copying of books at a great
deal of cost, labor, and delay was the natural occupation of
the monks. But, with the great loss of manuscripts due to
the destruction of libraries, accidental fire, desolation of some
of the provinces, unsparing ravages of the illiterate bar-
barians, and the indifference of individual book-owners, it
was most essential that new copies should be made. Even
poor and incorrect ones were better than none; for during the
tenth century the darkest ignorance prevailed. To sum up
the illiteracy in a word, it was rare for a layman, of what-
ever rank, to be able to sign his name. All contracts were
made verbally, for the want of notaries capable of drawing
up charters; and there was scarcely a person in Rome
familiar with the art of letters. However, during this period
of universal ignorance, the monasteries were secure reposi-
tories for books. All of our manuscripts were preserved in
this manner, and could have scarcely descended to us through
any other channel.
The invention of movable types has been disputed by many cities, but only three—Haarlem, Strasburg, and Mentz—have the slightest claim. Haarlem for Lawrence Koster, who began first to fashion beech bark into letters, which being impressed upon paper, reversed in the manner of a seal, produced one verse, then another. Next he, with his son-in-law, devised a more glutinous species of writing ink. Afterward he changed beech blocks for lead, and then, for tin. Tradition adds that an unfaithful servant, having fled with the secret, set up a printing shop for himself at Strasburg or Mentz.

The evidence from a legal document, dated 1439, proved that Gutenberg was engaged in a wonderful and unknown art. It seems that some sort of presses were now used, and that transfers were no longer taken by a burnisher or a roller, and that the art was a great secret when Koster died. Hence, it is manifest that the ingenuity of Gutenberg made a vast advance from the rude methods of the time, and in fact, invented a new and hitherto unknown art. John Fust, a wealthy goldsmith, associated himself with Gutenberg; and, with the agreement of being taught the secrets of the art and a partner in the profits, advanced the necessary funds. They took Peter Schoeffer and others into their employ. It is hard to apportion the share of honor to which each partner is entitled in advancing the new art. Gutenberg would readily suggest new and expeditious methods for manufacturing types. The practice skill of Fust, as a worker in metals, and his larger pecuniary resources would provide means and appliances; and the entire conception and execution of casting type was given to Schoeffer. The only evidence shows that the partners had for some time taken casts of types in moulds of plastic material, for the types of Gutenberg's earlier efforts were cut out of single pieces of wood or metal. Schoeffer has, therefore, an undoubted claim to be considered one of the
three inventors of printing, for he first suggested the cutting of punches, whereby beautiful forms could be stamped upon the matrix, and the highest sharpness and finish given to the face. This suggestion entitles Schoeffer to a place on the right hand of Gutenberg. There is no book which bore the conjoint names of Gutenberg, Schoeffer, and Fust, nor any which has the imprint of Gutenberg alone; but there are several books which from internal evidence are unanimously attributed by the literati of all nations to Gutenberg's press.

It is curious that war was the means of quickening the growth and extension of printing. In 1462, the storming of Mentz dispersed workmen and gave the secret of printing to the world. In 1465, it appeared in Italy; 1469, in France; 1477, in Spain; and in 1474, Caxton carried the art of printing to England. William Caxton was a traveling agent in the Low Countries, and there bought manuscripts and books. There he also learned the art of printing, and, securing one of Fust and Schoeffer's workmen from Mentz, he established a printing-office at Cologne. He afterwards transferred his materials to England, and set up an establishment at Westminster, where the first book was printed in England.

It appears that Gutenberg felt the need of a machine of sufficient power to take impressions of the types or blocks which he employed. Nor is it supposed that with cutting type, forming screws, and making and inventing ink, he could have had time to construct a press, even had he possessed the requisite mechanical skill. The presses used by Fust and Schoeffer are believed to have differed in no essential from the above, until improvements in the details were made by Blew, a printer in Amsterdam, in 1620. Other improvements were from time to time introduced, but all were superseded about the beginning of the present century when the old wooden press gave way to Earl Stanhope's invention of the iron press, which bears his name. Its novelty
consisted of an improved application of the power to the spindle and the screw, whereby its speed was greatly increased. Lord Stanhope also made some improvements in the process of stereotyping. The principle of the Stanhope press has been followed out by several subsequent inventors, and improvements of mechanical detail introduced, all tending to the economy of time, of labor, and to the precision of workmanship. In 1790, before the Stanhope press was generally known, Mr. W. Nicholson patented a printing-machine. It was never brought into use, however, although most of Nicholson's plans were, when modified, adopted by later constructors. The improvements can not be adequately described briefly. Every one knows something of the wonderful typesetting-machines, by which one operator, sitting before what looks like an enlarged typewriter, does the labor of five hand compositors. By tapping the keys, he causes molten metal to come out in the form of a line of solid type ready to be inked and printed from—hence, the name Linotype. One of the most recent developments of this principle is the Lanston machine, which is at work producing magazines and books. A man sits at a keyboard, much like a typewriter in appearance, containing every character in common use (two hundred and twenty-five in all), and at a speed limited only by his dexterity he plays on the keys exactly as a typewriter does his machine, this being the sum total of human effort expended. The machine does all the rest of the work; furnishes brains, and delivers the product in clean, shining, new type, each piece perfect, each in its place, each line exactly the right length, and each space between the words mathematically equal. It is practically hand composition with the human possibility of error, weariness, inattention, and ignorance eliminated, accomplished with an astounding celerity. The Lanston is a typesetting-machine as well as a typesetter. It casts the type, which it sets, per-
feet in face and body, and capable of being used in hand composition.

The art of printing has revolutionized the world. In fact, the printing-press has been far more potent than any other civilizing influence. The value of printed books can not be overestimated. They prove companions in sorrow and solitude; they assuage the pangs of physical pain, and they enable one to commune with the master minds of ages bygone. “To be without books is the abyss of penury, do not endure it.”

John Anthony, '17.
Evolution

In a time long distant now—
'Twas eighteen-sixty-three—
A society was founded
In the halls of G. F. C.
By the noble name of Judson
In those days 'twas known.
And for their skill in classic lore
Its maidens brightly shone.

As the years passed, one by one,
And this society grew,
It seemed both wise and good and just
To sever it in two.
One member then was Alpha called,
The other Beta hight,
And then began proud rivalry,
Which called forth all their might.

Soon, children wiser grown,
For other names they sought;
They scanned long words from ancient Greek,
With deeper meaning fraught.
“No longer Alphas,” then they cried,
“But Aletheans we!
Nor Betas will we now be called,
But proud Philoteans be.”

Now Alethean stands for Truth,
Which all these maidens seek.
Philotean means, I’ll be your Help
Whenever you are weak.
Their Alma Mater, stately dame,
    To please her daughters more,
The Female in her former name,
    Then promised to give o'er;
For fragile Female never yet
    Was known for Truth to seek,
She always needs another's aid,
    She is so very weak.

But Woman made in stronger mould
    A mighty force can stand,
To help, to cheer, "to guide, to warn,
    To comfort, or command."
Worthy of her, Philoteans,
    By Aletheans' side,
Are sisters true and helpful—
    Their queenly mother's pride.

Mary Green, '15.
OME over here, Pete," called Dorothy from the window, out of which for the last ten minutes she had been trying to see how far she could lean without actually falling.

"Can't do it," yelled back Pete.

"Muvver's busy and won't have me, an' my rompers an' face an' hands is all dirty and soiled."

"Well, you 'es don't love me if you don't come an' I'm not goin' to mawy you when I gets big, and say, Pete, w'at you always gettin' soiled fer anyway?"

"Dot, you know that jam what Muvver puts on biscuits for me and you when she ain't mad, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I loves you better 'n 'at, but I done gone an' been wicked again, an' Muvver put me up here to punish me for it."

"Pete Jenkins, w'at you done now? You certainly must be a lot o' trouble to your muvver. You know, I believes that's w'at makes your muvver so gray-headed. I guess I ought to be fankful I'm ain't a boy. My muvver'd be 'stracted by 'is time, I spec. But you ain't tole me w'at you done yet; I 'es bet it uz somethin' orful."

"Well, it wasn't so bad eever, Dot Kifton. You needn't fink you a angel yo'self, what you needn't. But say, does being a girl make you good?"

"You bet it does, Pete, that's why I'm one. But, Pete, what'd you do to make your muvver mad?"

"It was like this, Dot. I didn't know 'ere was hot ashes under that sof' black soot what the cook took out o' the stove,
an' I 'es thought I'd put that kitty of ours in 'ere to show her how sof' and nice it was, an', Dot, I hadn't got that kitty down in 'ere good, when it up an' hollered like 'em lions what's in the show, an' jumped out an' 'es scattered soot an' ashes everywhere. But that wasn't all—you see these 'ere long scratches on my legs?" and Pete, with much pride, displayed the long, red marks on his sturdy, little limbs. "Well, that cat des climbed up me same as if I was a tree, but if she did fink I was a tree she must 'a' fought a storm come up 'bout 'at time, 'cause I 'es bounced 'at cat off in a hurry, and she runned out the do' 'es as fast as she could, an' I ain't seen her since. But Dot, you 'es ought to see all 'em dirty cat tracks what's on my muvver's clean flo'. I guess 'at's what she's so mad 'bout, 'less it's cause that wicked cat hurted my legs so bad. Dot, I spec these scratches 'll be cancers 'fore long, and I guess they'll kill me, an' then I won't worry my muvver any more. Dot, will you come to my grave when——"

"Hush! Pete, you ain't going to die, an' you're gooder 'n I am, an' girls ain't no better 'n boys, an' I'm going to mawy you soon as my muvver can make me some long dresses, and——"

"Dorothy, O Dorothy!" called a voice from below.

"Yes'm, I'm comin'?

"Good-bye, Pete, I hates to leave you, but I guess I've got comp'ny, so I'll have to go, but I'm comin' back soon as they leave."

The homes of Dorothy Kifton, who was "four going on five," and Peter Jenkins, who was six and would "soon be a man," were only about fourteen feet apart, and often the children, when left alone, amused themselves by talking to each other from the windows. The room which Peter occupied at the present was one which his mother confined him to when his behavior became unendurable "downstairs."
However, for the good it did him, he might as well have been urged on by his parents in his misbehavior.

At first Peter dreaded the big, sunny, white room, which had such pretty pictures on the walls, such nice, lovely curtains, soft rugs, and such huge chairs, in which you sank and sank and just kept on sinking, and never seemed to reach the bottom.

During those first days, every picture seemed to reproach Peter as he came walking slowly into the room after pulling the cat's tail once too often, or throwing rocks at the house, or soiling his clothes sooner than was necessary. At such times, even the very carpets seemed to resent being walked on by such a wicked little boy. And once one of the large chairs had seemed as if it were going to swallow him up completely. He had just barely had time enough to get up and run across the room and get in a straight chair before the big chair would have closed in on him, and hidden him forever.

But since he had discovered "Dot," the little girl who stayed with her mother up in the sewing room so much, the room held not so many terrors for him. Instead of coming in with downcast eyes, as he had formerly done, he marched defiantly in, head high, shoulders back, and made straight for the window, where he waited for Dorothy to appear at his call.

After Dot left, it wasn't much fun for Peter to stay in the big room, so he gladly went downstairs at his mother's call to come and be dressed.

After having put on a brand-new pair of rompers, Peter was allowed to go over and help Dorothy entertain her company, having promised faithfully that as long as he lived he'd never put another cat in the ash can. So Peter ran around the back way and crawled through the high board fence which divided his yard from Dorothy's. He found his play-
mate perched astride the chicken coop seemingly waiting for some one.

"What you doin'," asked Pete, "and where's your comp'ny ?"

"I'm waitin' for Harry Leonard to come back. He's off riding on his pony, an' soon's he comes back he's goin' a let me ride. I don't speck he'll want you to ride tho', 'cause he's awful particular 'bout his pony."

"Don't want to ride anyway," returned Pete.

About that time, dashing around the corner of the house came Harry Leonard, "Dot's company," on a beautiful, black, prancing stick-horse.

"Hallo, who's that, Dorothy?" Harry asked, turning to his hostess.

"I'm just Pete," the owner of the name answered before Dorothy had time to speak.

"Well, you needn't think you're going to ride on my horse," snapped Harry.

"Ain't nobody asked to ride on yo' ol' hoss," returned Pete.

"No, but's that's what you came over for," retorted Harry. "Ain't no such, I didn't know you's over here, 'or your old hoss eever——"

"It's my time to ride now," interrupted Dorothy, in order to change the subject.

"All right, come on, Dorothy, you can ride now, but we aren't going to let that mean little old boy ride, are we?" said Master Harry Leonard.

"No, we ain't," acquiesced Dorothy. "Pete, I think I heard your mudder call you."

"I don't think she called me, 'cause she said I could stay until six o'clock, and 'sides, if she wants me much she'll call me again."
Dorothy started off on the stick-horse in a beautiful canter, and returned in a few moments hot and tired.

"Let's sit down an' rest a while on 'at bench down yonder at the barn," suggested Dorothy.

"All right," agreed the other two.

"You comin', too, Pete?" asked Dorothy.

"'Cose I'm a comin'," returned Pete.

The children had been resting for a few moments when Harry remarked that he expected his horse was hungry.

"All right, let's give 'im somethin' to eat," suggested Dorothy. "I'll climb up in the loft and throw down some hay an' fodder an' stuff what the man gives to our big horse."

"Dot, you better not go up in 'at barn, you know your muvver said for you not to go, 'cause you might fall," reminded Pete.

"Pete Jenkins, you hush up! I guess I can go where I want to, an' this ain't none o' your barn, what it ain't."

Dorothy had often been warned by her mother never to attempt going up in the barn, as the ascent had to be made upon a very rickety ladder. But Dorothy, wishing to impress her playmates with her bravery, persisted in saying that it was safe, and that she wouldn't fall.

She started up the ladder and was on the third round.

"Dot, please don't go up there, I don't spec your muvver'd like it if she knew you's going," pleaded Pete.

"Well, Peter Jenkins, if you don't want me to go, come on an' go you'self."

"I—I—I don't want to go," faltered Peter.

"Coward! Coward!" sang out Harry Leonard.

This was too much for Pete, and from his rival, too; so he determined to try it, cost what it may.

"I'll do it," said Pete to Dorothy, "if you'll come down."

"Come on down, Dorothy, and let him try it," mocked Harry.
Pete started fearlessly up the rounds and reached the top in safety. Through the big, square hole in the loft, Pete threw hay, fodder, and other feed stuff. Down below, he saw the other two children dancing around and falling in the big pile of hay he had already thrown down.

"Look out, don't fall fru 'at hole," called the children on the ground.

"I ain't," answered Peter.

"What's up 'ere, Pete?" questioned Dorothy.

"Ain't nothing 'cept lots o' hay an' stuff," answered Peter.

But there were other things which Peter had not reckoned with, things of which a boy is very much afraid. Just as he reached for the last bundle of hay, he tore up a rat's nest, the occupants of it scampering in every direction. Over his feet, up his legs, and down again the rats ran, and Peter, scared almost out of his wits, jumped backwards, forgetting the large open hole, which he had been looking through only a few seconds before. Down—down—down fell Peter, until at last he reached the pile of hay. Only one little, short "Oh!" escaped from his lips as he reached the bottom.

Dorothy leaned over the quiet, huddled, little figure and whispered softly:

"Peter, Peter, Pet—er, you ain't dead, are you?"

No answer came.

"Get up, Pete, and say you ain't dead." Still no answer came.

Dorothy glanced around in search of Harry, but he was nowhere in sight. He had fled by the time Peter had hit the ground. In genuine terror, Dorothy lifted up her voice and wailed so loudly that the next moment her mother, Pete's mother, and the cook over at Peter's house, all came running breathlessly in at the barn gate.

"What's the matter?" asked Peter's and Dorothy's mothers in one breath.
But Dorothy couldn’t speak. She only pointed to the still, little heap lying on the hay. Dinah, the negro cook, under Peter’s mother’s direction picked up the boy carefully and carried him home. Mrs. Kifton and Mrs. Jenkins walked behind, and last of all came Dorothy with downcast head too frightened even to cry. Mrs. Kifton followed Mrs. Jenkins over to the latter’s home in order to be of any service she could. Dorothy went straight to the room, where only two hours before she had talked from her window to Peter. Sobbing she threw herself down in a seat by the window, and one hour later, as the unconscious, little form of Peter was taken to the hospital, she lay dreaming of him and beautiful stick-horses.

The following days were sad ones for Dorothy. She never looked out of the window towards Pete’s house that she did not think of the last time she had seen him.

Then, one glad day, Dorothy’s mother told her if she’d be real good that she would be allowed to see Peter. That afternoon, just before she started, she ran to the pantry, got a biscuit which she cut into two pieces, spreading on each an ample supply of jam. Hastily she wrapped it in a paper and crammed it in the pocket of her coat. Running out, she joined her mother and Mrs. Jenkins, and walked very thoughtfully to the hospital.

"Now, Dorothy, you must be very quiet and good when you see Peter, because he has been very sick, and the doctor won’t like it if you aren’t very quiet," cautioned Dot’s mother.

The little girl solemnly promised. But alas for promises! When she entered the ward she forgot everything else, "’cept Pete," and, with a cry of delight she skipped to his cot, climbed upon it, threw her arms around him, and kissed him again and again. Putting her hand into her pocket she drew out the biscuit. One piece she gave to Pete, the other she kept herself, saying as she did:
"Pete, I bet you want some o' this jam if you do love me better 'n you do it."

"'Cose I do," asserted Pete.

Pete's mother and Mrs. Kifton had both reached the cot by this time, but so busily engaged were the two children with each other that neither noticed the grown-ups. As the two mothers drew nearer still, they heard Dorothy say in a low tone to Pete:

"Pete, you hurry up an' get well, 'cause I'm going to mawy you soon as you get out o' here. Muvver's finished my clo'es, an' Daddy's going a' give us two sho nuff hosses for our wedding present."

Peter smiled as he realized that Dorothy still loved him and wasn't going to reject him because he had fallen from the barn loft.

"An', Dot," he cried, "you still love me if I did get scared o' them rats, don't you?" asked Peter eagerly.

"'Cose I do," said Dorothy with disgust.

An hour later Dorothy bade Peter good-bye, and went home to wait with much impatience for her wedding day.

R. CANNON, '18.
"The Fall of the House of Usher"

In "The Fall of the House of Usher" we have a short story wrought to perfection: not a word amiss, not a thought astray; but all, even to the minutest detail, selected by a Master Artist's eye. From the title to the terrifying end every step tends to heighten the effect of terror, and produce the climax fore-shadowed in the title.

Poe's aim in this, as in all of his short stories, is to produce a single effect, that of terror, heightened by the superstitious and supernatural fear of being buried alive. Even his nature descriptions were manufactured for producing this single effect.

Ignoring such trifles as facts, Poe at once transports us to a scene created by his distorted imagination. An artist might paint such a scene as Poe has described—paint it from the vivid pen picture—but it is doubtful whether anywhere in nature he would find just such an accumulation of details. Time, evening; the day, dull, dark, soundless; clouds hang low in melancholy brooding over a doomed house; across a dreary moorland a solitary stranger approaches the scene of desolation so vividly portrayed in such expressions as the following: "black walls," "vacant, eye-like windows," "rank sedges," "white trunks of decayed trees," a "black and lurid tarn." Every detail here is calculated to produce an impression of utter desolation and ruin; even the atmosphere has no affinity with the air of Heaven, but reeks from the decayed trunks of trees, the gray moss-clung walls, the silent tarn, "a pestilential and mystic vapor," dull, sluggish, and
leaden-hued. Not a touch of relief; not a bird-note, or a single stray gleam of color. A mystery, all insoluble to Poe, broods over the ancient mansion.

By the same deft artist hand we are prepared to find Roderick Usher a helpless, hopeless, hypochondriac; “nervous agitation,” “acute bodiless illness,” and “mental disorder,” having been mentioned in the letter. In like manner Poe anticipates all his startling effects, and makes them seem not only possibilities, but probabilities. The barely perceptible “fissure,” lost in the silent tarn, prepares us for the final almost supernatural disappearance of the House of Usher. The picture of the rectangular vault, a creation of Usher’s diseased imagination, a vague, pure abstraction, with its mysterious light from No-Where, foreshadows the untimely entombing of the Lady Madelaine. Again, the reading of the story is a preparation for the climax: “A storm”; “blows”; timber that “crashed and ripped and tore asunder”; “sounds that alarumed and reverberated,” accompanied by sounds exactly similar from somewhere in the House of Usher; the dragon—its “shrieks so horrid and harsh”—and then in the pauses of the reading, “low, harsh, protracted screaming, the counterpart of the dragons,” the “mighty, terrible, ringing sound of the shield,” then a pause, followed by a “hollow metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation”; all of these details prepare one for Roderick Usher’s low, tense, awe-stricken, “Hear it!” Thus with anticipatory hints Poe prepares us for every step of the way, and binds us over to belief.

Moreover, by his marvelous choice of words, betraying an unusual range in vocabulary, and by an accumulation of statements that readily find credence in our own superstitious beings, Poe creates an atmosphere of awe and terror, which makes the whole seem terribly real. The “stealthily steps” of the valet; “silence which reigned throughout the gloom”;
"sombre tapestries"; "ebon floors"; "armorial trophies, dimly discernible"; the "filtered light," or "feeble gleams of encrinsoned light" which failed to penetrate to the mysterious corners; "the cunning perplexity" on the physician's face; musical instruments which lacked "life and vitality"; the "trepidancy and nervous agitation of Usher, himself—and a little more, and we, too, should feel like fleeing from that chamber and that mansion aghast.

Yet there is no feeling of human sympathy accompanying the awe produced. The tenants of the lonely mansion seem remote, not of the "earth earthy": we gaze at them as at some vague mystery already enveloped in an ethereal atmosphere. They are here, and they are not here.

Poe not only does not awaken our sympathies, but he fails to point a moral, or to stimulate and inspire. I say he fails; rather he makes no attempt to do more than produce the single effect of terror. There is naught of the spirit of the idealist here or elsewhere in his work. Never does he inspire with hope and courage, or give us an ideal philosophy of life. Perhaps he did not wish to mar the unity of the artistic effect sought. Or, it may be that in the melancholy occupant of the House of Usher Poe has revealed himself as one powerless to inspire, and equally powerless to rise above the shadows himself.

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

L., '16.
"Auld Lang Syne"

I find in the possession of Mrs. E. G. Padgett, a graduate of our college and, at present, a member of the faculty, several papers of decided interest. When Mrs. Padgett attended G. W. C. as a student, *The Mirror* was being published by the Judson Literary Society. It is indeed interesting to compare *The Mirror* and *The Isaqueena*, both in the type of story published, and in style. We feel proud that some of the prophecies made of old have been fulfilled. The following are clippings from issues of 1882 and '83:

**"President’s Reception to Class of 1883."**

"What a restful evening that was to all who attended. The cool, spacious halls of the college were thronged with, and ‘bright shone the lamps o’er, fair women and brave men’—for three hours or more after the public exercises were over, after the last diploma had been given, the last name on the Roll of Honor and the Roll of Honorable Mention had been read.

"Weariness and fatigue for the nonce were forgotten amid quiet talks, pleasant promenades, and sipping of refreshing ices. All were loth to part and, lingering, stayed until the wee small hours of past midnight came. At length, save for now and then a merry laugh in some distant room, all was silent in the dear old halls and assembly rooms. Sleep claimed us for a few brief hours, and the ‘silence was pleased’ and reigned supreme."
"We, the editorial staff, . . . to you, dear readers, can promise no masterly reproduction, but only the feeble efforts of a school girl's pen. Just here let us thank you for the encouragement given in so generously responding to our call for subscribers."—November, 1883.

"We have had several very pleasant meetings of the Judson Society since returning to our Alma Mater in September. At our first meeting the following officers were elected: Miss Lida Byrd, President; Miss Kate Townes, Vice-President; and Miss Annie Douglas, Secretary. Our new girls are beginning to take a deep interest in the society, and we feel sure that it will be, as ever before, a success."
APPRECIATION OF FRANCES WILLARD

Frances Willard was a woman who touched life at almost every point. She had the widest range of interests, the most all-embracing sympathies, and that charity which not only thinketh no evil, but which was so vital in its kindling love as fairly to transform evil into good or negative faults into positive virtues.

Frances Willard was a great leader. *Great* because she held in her hands the hearts of all who followed, and with irresistible charm drew those who lacked the courage to follow. She recognized the best in each, and reached out and up towards things worth while. She had faith in humanity, and humanity believed in Frances Willard. She did not seek her own, but with all her might she sought the greatest good for all.

She had within herself that which awakens the very highest and noblest in others. She was honored by men and loved by women with a fervor and a constancy that is unparalleled in history—not alone in the new world, but around the Globe. Women of the Orient, the Occident, and the islands of the sea lovingly gave allegiance to Frances Willard, and, with willingness, followed where she led. By her heroic righteousness of word and deed, she drew thousands after her who never looked upon her face, or felt the charm of her gentle, gracious presence.

"When the temperance reform shall emerge from the twilight valleys of unpopularity to the sunlit hilltops of as-
sured victory, bright and glorious among all who have dared to achieve for humanity, will stand the name of Frances Willard!" Multitudes will repeat her words, cherish her memory, and follow in her footsteps. In thousands of homes, millions of hearts, she is enshrined forever. "Manhood is nobler, womanhood is truer, and childhood safer because Frances Willard has lived."

PEARLE MARTIN.

* * *

COLLEGE LIFE

What a rumble,
What a tumble,
College life!

What a hustle,
What a tustle,
College girl!

Oh, the mad fight,
Haunts each night,
Is it folly?

Seek the heights,
Take the slights,
College girl!

Dash for the end,
Glory then—
College strife!

Forget your troubles,
Time glory doubles,
College graduate!
Then say with the rest,
"College days are best."
College life!

J. G., '15.

THE DAY-STUDENT’S TRAGEDY—A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r," alarms Big Ben upon the early morning atmosphere.

"Oh-ee, Oh-ee. Deliver me from college, and at 8:30!" a girl exclaims, digging with her fingers into her drowsy eye-balls. "I know it’s time to get up, but I’ll just wait a little, five minutes, then I’ll arise with vigor and be strong and mighty to start forth the day."

The minutes pass—not elapse—simply pass. She stirs nervously, glances at the warning time-piece, then succumbs to the desire to rest a second longer. The second merges into a minute, the minute evolves into two minutes, and so on, until ten more minutes have evaporated. Then, with a bound, she leaves her tranquil resting-place, completes a toilet of fifteen minutes, and silently descends the stairs. Upon reaching the big clock on the lower floor, she carefully scrutinizes it in order to ascertain the exact time, in view of the fact that her own clock is always from twenty to thirty minutes fast. Finding that she has just time to catch her car, she hurriedly searches for her smiling darkness of a page, Ernest, and extracts from him a complacent "Yes’m" to her pleading command.

"Please hitch up quick—quicker than any other morning before."

Then comes that grand and glorious meal, sung by the sages of old—breakfast. With the débris, whether it be
orange, or whether it be banana stolen from the preceding
night’s festivity, she feasts—not mincingly, I assure you.
With this two minutes’ occupation over, she grabs her hat,
picks up her books, and reaches the buggy just as smiling
Ernest is putting the finishing touches to faithful old
Napoleon. Long may his memory be cherished! Then with
an excited palpitation of the heart she bids him start.

The race has begun. Never was a Ben Hur race more
thrilling than that wild rush for the 8:05 car. Furiously
Ernest beats, piteously the girl pleads, unerringly Napoleon
trots, almost gallops. The few enterprising farmers leave
early morning jobs and watch the dashing travelers. Where
now is Paul Revere?

The woods are passed, the half-mile hill is reached, the
crisis is coming. Will she make that half-mile? “Oh,
Napoleon, go, go!” Only a quarter of a mile! She is hope-
ful. But see, see! Around the corner dashes the car. All
is ready to leave. The back door is pulled up. “Oh,
Napoleon, go, go! Ernest, beat him, beat him.” Crack, crack,
sounds the whip. “Won’t you go on, dear old horse?”
Napoleon lopes. The car bell jangled—the last call for the
tardy. Now, now, only a moment more—will she make it?
Will she? Yes—but, no. Oh, disaster beyond all measure!
Is that car moving? Will it leave her? Yes, gone! And
is there a teacher in the world who will excuse a girl for
missing a car?

Ella Mae Smith, ’16.

+ + +

MY FRIEND

I sat and watched him as he softly rocked to and fro. He
was rocking in an old-fashioned chair, before an old fashioned
fireplace. He was an old veteran.
His face was so good, so kind and tender, that it reminded me of one other on this earth—my grandfather's. His hair was as white as snow, his eyes weak, and the shapely hand that rested on the arm of the old-fashioned chair trembled, as a leaf, with the helplessness of age.

The large, brown logs burned brightly on the old, brass andirons, lighting up the old man's face until it looked almost angelic. As he sat and gazed, he must have compared his life to the fire before him. The flames rose and fell, struggled up, then again wavered, fell back, and then, with a great attempt, and rose again, just as men struggle to live the lives they should, while fate at every hand is pulling them back. His face brightened several times as he remembered the pleasures of his early life and manhood, and then again his expression was one of sadness as he recalled the struggles and hardships of his life in his New England home, the evils he had conquered, and the victories he had won. His face wore an unusual sadness as he thought of his sweet little wife who had slept in her grave so many long years.

At length the bright fire burned low; the shadows played about the old room, over the pictures of the dear ones hanging on the walls, raced along the ceiling, and then again ran over the floor. Sometimes the shadows covered the old man's face, leaving it far brighter than ever. Occasionally the shadows were still until some ember, falling from the logs, would send them chasing and dancing again.

How I wished the old man would lift his eyes—those dear, understanding, blue eyes—and tell me some of his life's story, but the flames seemed to have all his attention. I watched his dear face, and the shadows playing over it, until I fell asleep. It was then I dreamed; I dreamed of music, of angels, of clear, blue sky, of angels lifting the weak and erring ones over the rugged places, and at last I saw my
friend as plainly as could be, walking by an angel, who was leading him ever upward towards the very gates of heaven, and when they were so far I could not see them, I suddenly awoke.

The flames had died, the room was full of shadows. My old friend still sat in his old arm-chair. He no longer rocked to and fro, and the hand that always trembled was still. I called him, but he did not answer; I shook him gently, and he did not stir.

My old friend was dead—while I slept my dream came true. The angel had truly led him to the gates of heaven.

Seabrona Parks, '16.

+++

"HANT OR DEBBIL?"

There was a great stir in the negro quarters. Everybody was greatly excited. Mammy, the oracle of the quarters, had seen a ghost last night. In the morning she said to her very black husband:

"Bill, Ah done seen a ghost."

"A ghost! what yo’ talkin' 'bout, 'oman?"

"Ah tell you Ah don' seen a ghost or de debbil one. You jes' hesh up and don' say nuffin. Ah knows whut Ah's talkin' 'bout."

"'Tain't no sech things ez ghosts. Whut did hit look like?"

"Well, it hed a haid wif eyes ez big as saucers and a mouf whut spit fire, and hit wuz all wrropped in a sheet, and hit said: 'Oman, dey's a powerful mean nigger in dese quarters, and I se bounden to git him.' Ah sez:

"'Oh, please, marster, is hit me, or my old man?"

"'Well, hit ain't yo', but dat's all I se sayin'."
"Den wif a pow'ful rush de ting departed. Ah feel hit my duty to warn dese here niggers to change dere ways. Else Ah's not 'sponsible fo' whut happens."

"Does yo' mean to 'sinuate dat hit's me? Ef so, you mought as well change yo' mind, 'case ain't no debbil gwine git me. Ah done been to prayer-meeting ev'y time dis month."

"Well, Ah ain't sayin' nuffin but dat dese here niggers better look hout."

Mammy and her better half belonged to a large and prosperous plantation in the southern part of Virginia. They had a kind master and lived, to a great extent, the lives of free folk. These negroes and their companions were especially superstitious, as all negroes were who lived in "de befo' de wah" times. They lived near a deserted, very ghostly-looking hut that was, according to neighborhood reports, "hanted." So when Mammy told her tale, every one was on tiptoe with excitement and fear.

About dusk their master came to them and said:

"Men, I want one of you to carry a message to Mr. Jones for me."

Their knees began to quake, for they must pass the "hanted place."

"Bill," continued the master, "I think I shall send you."

"Oh, no, marster," pleaded the old man, turning ashy gray. "Ah's don' got de rheumaties so bad Ah can hardly move."

"Nonsense, Bill, that's not the matter, I know. You have been very active to-day. Why don't you want to go?"

"Ah'll tell yo', marster, dey's a ghost over dere in dem woods."

"Oh, ho, so that's it! Haven't you sense enough to know that there are no ghosts? Come now, I command you to go," he said in a voice he seldom used.
Bill went, followed by the fearful looks of all, for no one expected to see him again. On the edge of a dense wood stood the hovel. It was surrounded by tall weeds. The chimney had fallen in, and the door swung on only one hinge. Where the window panes were out, rotting rags took their place. The wind sighing through the trees, and whistling around the dilapidated hut, made weird sounds. In every way it was an ideal place for "hants."

After an interval of about fifteen minutes, Uncle Bill came running back nearly frightened to death. His face was ashy, his knees quaked, and he could hardly stand.

"What on airth am de matter wif you?" Mammy asked solicitously.

"Give me time and Ah’ll tell yo’ ’bout hit. I se purty near all in," said Uncle Bill, fanning himself vigorously. After he had sufficiently recovered he began his story:

"When Ah had got to de path where yo’ turn off to pass de hanted house, Ah stopped. Ah wuz trembling in mah boots, fo’ it wuz dark, and Ah could hear dem ghosts makin’ dere music in de trees. But Ah went on. Ah saw somepin turrible coming towards me. Whut wuz hit? Oh, whut wuz hit? Den Ah saw hit. Hit wuz a man on a hoss dat didn’t hab no haid. Dat is, de hoss didn’t. His eyes wuz big as saucers; his mouf spit fire, and he wore a flaming robe whut civered his body. In his hand he had a pitchfork.

"‘Who am you?’ he sez.

"‘Ah—Ah—Ah am Uncle Bill,’ Ah said at last.

"‘Oh, yo’ am, am yo’? Den yo’ am de ve’y one Ah’se look-ing fo’.’

"He seized me by mah wool and dragged me to de hut. Den he rode into de door straight fu’ de room and out to de shed. Here he stopped and, jerking me to mah feet, he sez, ‘Whut hev yo’ got to say fo’ yo’self?’"
"'Ah—Ah—Ah's a good ni—ni—nigger,' Ah stammered. 'Ah done been to de nigger's prayer-meetin' ev'ry time dis month, and Ah sez mah prayers ev'ry night.'

"'Oh, am dat all? Den Ah'm gwine burn yo' up.' Ez he said dis, he struck the groun' wif his pitchfork, and up come a ve'ry hot fire. Den he seized me and thrust me towards de fire."

Here Uncle Bill stopped, leaving his hearers anxious for the finish, as he well knew. Then he continued:

"Den Ah had a thought. 'Please, mister ghost, or debbil, which eber yo' am, Ah brings wood and water fo' my old 'oman. Please, sir, can't yo' lemme go?' Ah pleaded.

"He 'sidered a while, den said: 'Ve'ry well, on dat merit Ah'll let yo' go. But beware! Ah'll be on de lookout fo' yo' misdeeds. Now be gone, but again, beware!'"

"Den he gabe me sech a sling dat Ah landed on dis side ob de woods. How Ah got here Ah doan know, 'case Ah wuz most scared to deaf. Debbil or hant, Ah doan know which, but de wuz some turrible. Ah ain't got over hit yit.'

Thus the tale is told. Whether Uncle Billy really saw the "hant" is a question I don't pretend to answer. Certainly it was very real to him. And though there was no eye witness to corroborate his story, he still firmly asserts that "hit am de gospel truf!"
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JANIE GILREATH, '15, Editor-in-Chief

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANTS

The new staff stands ready and anxious to aid the girls of the Greenville Woman's College in editing their magazine. A keen sense of responsibility, however, balances the pride in having this opportunity. Listen, busy, worked-to-death college girl! We are not talking to your roommate, your neighbor, or your chum. We are begging for your support. The
Latin, there must be something to talk about. Why not keep up with locals?

Yet every one is charming, no one cross. We merely said what Mary told us. We did not mean any harm. Or just you boost your friend! Call fate the destiny of man if you will. It seems to us that "talk" has dethroned him. Finding no explanation or solution of the situation on our editorial bookshelves, we beseech each girl to help chase the evildoer from our doors.
In and Around College

Ruth Rast and Birdie Clark, Editors

The new officers of The Isaquerna staff were elected February 27, 1915. Already they have begun to show the enthusiasm which is needed to make a success of the work in which they are engaged. They were elected as follows:

Janie Gilreath .......... Editor-in-Chief
Ollie Busbee .......... Business Manager
Ruth Rast ............... Local Editor
Birdie Clark ............. Local Editor
Marie Padgett .......... Exchange Editor
Grace Coleman .......... Essay Editor
Laura Ebaugh .......... Story Editor

* * *

Y. W. C. A.

A new roster of officers has been elected recently, and all have begun work with a determined fervor, which makes us feel safe in saying that we expect better work in our Y. W. C. A. than we have ever had before in the history of the association. Let us remember, however, that the officers can not make the Y. W. C. A. They need each and every member to cooperate with them, and give them her heartiest support. Be on the alert, girls, and take advantage of every opportunity to help the new officers. We know they will meet difficulties, but in spite of these obstacles may each new officer perform her duty successfully and nobly!
Miss Young, our traveling Y. W. C. A. Secretary, spent several days at the college, and gave us very interesting talks on "Eight-Weeks Clubs." Her suggestions proved to be helpful, as the girls are preparing themselves as leaders for "Eight-Weeks Clubs," in different localities, this summer.

We observed the universal day of prayer for students, which was Sunday, February 29th, by having a joint meeting with the Furman Y. M. C. A. After the meeting had been opened by prayer, and the Furman quartet had rendered a very appropriate song, Mr. A. S. Johnstone, a prominent business man of Greenville, addressed the association in a very entertaining manner. His subject was: "The demand of the modern world upon the college man." We feel deeply indebted to Mr. Johnstone for the wholesome inspiration created within the students of both colleges by his talk.

* * *

ATHLETICS

Our athletic organization began at the beginning of the college session with a real, live spirit, and has not let this characteristic "fall by the wayside" or weaken. The basketball team has been doing exceptional playing. The business manager has arranged to challenge the Central High School for the next date. Our team has been under the supervision of a very efficient coach, and is doing its part in making people sit up and take notice of the Greenville Woman's College.

The association is now organizing a volley-ball team, and here is a place for you to shine, whether you are a Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, or Special.
The tennis clubs have been playing daily. The Athletic Association has recently had the courts repaired, and the appreciation for this is shown in that they are never vacant at recreation periods.

* *

IN COLLEGE

The college girls on February 22d gave a very charming George Washington party. The girls attended in costumes, which were quite typical of colonial days. Much amusement was occasioned by the "old time" games. President and Mrs. Ramsay joined the girls in their fun. The evening was indeed delightful, and many wish that Washington had more than one birthday a year.

The last Lyceum number was a lecture by Dr. Steiner on "The Trail of the Immigrant," which was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

Miss Leonora Stroud spent last week-end with her aunt in Marietta, S. C.

Miss Annie Maude Wilbur was called to Easley Friday evening, March 6th, to act as judge in an oratorical contest.

Misses Carol and Beth Herndon spent last week-end with friends at Clemson College.

Miss Meda Boggs spent a few days last week with her parents in Pickens.

Mr. C. P. Smith motored over from Saluda, S. C., to spend last week-end with his sister, Miss Estelle Smith.
The recital given Friday night, March 6, 1915, by the music pupils of G. W. C., was very creditable to themselves and the college.

Miss Elizabeth Jeter is at home for the week-end.

Mr. John Boatwright of Virginia, en route to Florida, stopped for a few days to see his sisters, Misses Florence and Marion Boatwright.

Mr. Stephen Richards, of Clemson College, dined with Miss Wilbur Saturday evening, March 7, 1915.

The recital given by Miss Boroughs, Monday night, March 8, 1915, for the benefit of the Annual, was very humorous and entertaining.

Miss Theresa Sanders, having finished in the business course of the college, has returned home.

Miss Dawson (in History of Education): "Who was Martin Luther?"
Laura Best: "Oh, he was a Lutheran, wasn't he?"

The girls of G. W. C. do not have to write to the Furman boys with a quill to make a goose of themselves.

Mary Gambrel wants to know why Annie Maude Wilbur is so fond of "Watermelon" and "Cantelope."

Annie: "Now that your engagement is broken, are you going to make O. B. send back your letters?"
Janie: "Of course I am. I worked hard over those letters—they are worth using again."
If Eve made a column of figures would Cain be able to Adam?

One morning, Dr. Ramsay explained Professor Schaefer's absence from chapel. The latter was at home training a new member of our music department. "The daughter," said the president, "will be turned over to Mr. Poston for vocal lessons, at present." So, the youngest and most popular young lady in our college is named Frances Schaefer.
The Yellow Jacket for February "hath a lean and hungry look." It contains only one story, four poems, two of which are borrowed—and one near-essay. This so-called "near-essay" is excellent for its clear argument, though it is more an advertisement of a proposed scheme than an essay. We have reference to "The Proposed Student Association," which sets forth an admirable plan. Here's wishing Tech. success in putting it through! The story "We Got Away With It" is rather lacking in plot. It would be improved if it began with interesting conversation, and the characterization of Craxton would be more effective in conversation. The poem "Just Grin" is a rather spicy and original expression of a hackneyed thought. "Letters of an Alumnus" is a clever and interesting addition to the magazine.

Congratulations to The State Normal Magazine! All of its departments are creditable, the poetry, the essay "Robert Ingersoll" and the editorials being especially well done. "The Contributors' Club" is a wise addition, its usefulness being attested by the fact that it contains six sketches. Some poetry would improve this department.

The Chisel for February is disappointing. In the first place, the tone of the material, especially of "The Test," betrays too much reading of cheap literature. In the second place, the poetry and the stories are saturated with the romantic element. The poems, however, have some good points. The essay "Portia" is clear and logical. "Between
Bender and Halley” is the best attempt at fiction, while “The Ideal Roommate” is fair, though we should imagine that rooming with such a paragon would be unspeakably depressing. The department “Present-Day Personalities” is interesting, and the editorials, especially the exchanges, are well done.

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OUR REPUTATION

The Isaqueena for November is a very good magazine. The best of the poems—in fact, the best of any of the articles—is the sonnet “To Rheims.” Sonnets are usually difficult to handle, and artificial. Even when the thought is clear to the writer, it is hard to get it into a set form; but the composer of “To Rheims” has a delicate touch, which softens the stiff form of expression, and her words fall easily into the required mold, with no false or forced rhymes. “Defiance” is also good, but it uses poetic license to the extent of vagueness. The stories, on the whole, are rather amateurish. The theme of “Love and a Jet Setting” is unusual, and decidedly unreal. It is well written, though, if that will atone for the theme. “The Sword of the Marquis” is rather too ambitious a tale to be confined to three pages. It is obliged to sound choppy. The one essay is clear and well written—an interesting subject treated in an interesting manner. The editorials are good, but more than one-fourth of this space should be given to college topics. The main purpose of the editorial page in a college magazine is to deal with college matters, as it is often the only place where such affairs may be discussed.—Richmond College Messenger.

We were most awfully discouraged right in the beginning of The Isaqueena. We survived “Indian Summer” by dint of its sundry reminiscences of Coleridge, only to be almost pros-
trated by "The First Grasshopper," where a failing invention is enlivened by such bits as the description of a dainty fairy "panting and blowing"; the "Dearest Queen" of the same sprite, who, perhaps, was a boarding school girl in a former incarnation; and the Hashimura-Togoesque reference (in fairyland) to "your honorable dog for a house cat." When we came to the essays on Disraeli and Falstaff, we were glad we had persevered. Falstaff had a particularly vigorous and interesting presentation—all the more so because it gives us a chance to disagree on some points!—The Tattler.

The Isaqueena has several excellent things in it this month. The best department is the editorial section. We were glad to see so many subjects treated there, from the "American Attitude on the European War," to the "Athletic Department," and all are handled well. Another unique feature was the article entitled "An Interview," giving a conversation between the staff and a grand opera singer who had favored the college. The interview was well written and intensely interesting—which in itself is quite unique. "Love and a Jet Setting" was an unusually good story, the conversation and characterization being natural and true. "The Sword of the Marquis" failed to sustain the reader's interest, however, and "Uncle Sam's Passport" was too lacking in plot.—The Tattler.

The Isaqueena is a very attractive magazine this month. It begins with a poem appropriately styled, "Isaqueena," which gains the reader's attention from the beginning. "The First Grasshopper" is a bit odd in plot and style, but is all the more interesting and fascinating on account of its peculiarity. The essay, "Benjamin Disraeli," has several commendable points, but of course one can not easily put originality in an historical sketch. "The Toilers" is a little poem
which must be commended for the noble spirit it expresses. We could wish that the spirit of the dignity of labor were more widespread in our land to-day! In "The Human of Shakespeare in Sir John Falstaff" one is impressed with the complete description of Falstaff, which is a good one. "The Artist" has a good plot and is well developed, except for the fact that it is slow. We might suggest that a paragraph in French does not add materially to the enjoyment of the story. We think the department "Rags and Tatters" a good one, and can sincerely congratulate all the editors on their departments. On the whole the magazine shows a marked improvement over former numbers, for it is really one of the best to reach our desk. We suggest, however, that should no advertisements be put on the cover it would add to the already neat appearance of the magazine.—Furman Echo.
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J. P. BELL COMPANY, INC.
The House Progressive
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA
OTTARAY DRY GOODS COMPANY

NEAR MAJESTIC THEATER

The store of reasonably priced merchandise. Everything in ladies' ready-to-wear garments.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND SHOES

Goods especially adapted to the college girl. We invite you to visit us whether or not you desire to buy. We make a specialty of ladies' shoes at $2.50 a pair. Our buyer searches the market for the best to be had and we purpose to sell shoes at that price, the real value of which is $3.50.

The store where it is always cheaper

FLYNN BROTHERS

The Corner Store  -::-  For Lunch
**Stylish Clothes for College Girls**

<table>
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<th>WHAT college or school girl who does not like to wear STYLISH CLOTHES on the street, in the classroom, at club affairs and fraternity balls? She doesn't exist. To girls who wish to keep in touch with fashion, we want to say that this store through its New York connections is able to supply you with the very newest caprices of Dame Fashion. Whether it be a dainty and girlish party dress, a costume for some afternoon affair, or a trim suit for out-of-doors, we have the very thing that is wanted at a price that is invariably moderate. Although this store is the recognized high-class store of Greenville, don't get the impression that anything here is high-priced. Quite the reverse. We merely supply you the best at no more than you will be asked to pay for inferior merchandise.</th>
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Come in, girls, and get acquainted

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**Meyers-Arnold Co.**

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