

4-1-1915

The Isaqueena - 1915, April

Janie Gilreath
Greenville Woman's College

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The
ISAQUEENA

A decorative flourish consisting of a blue and gold ribbon-like shape that loops and swirls, positioned below the title. Below the flourish is a circular seal with a gold border. The seal contains the text "GREENVILLE WOMANS COLLEGE" at the top and "GREENVILLE SC" at the bottom. In the center of the seal is an illustration of a large, multi-story building with a central tower.

April, 1915

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GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Isaqueena



April, 1915

*Published each month by the Students of the
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Contents

	PAGE
THE FIRST EASTER (Poem). <i>Seabrona Parks, '16</i>	305
THE MORTGAGE (Story). <i>José McManaway, '16</i>	307
A DEFENSE OF THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION'S PHILIP- PINE POLICY (Debate). <i>Marie Padgett, '16</i>	313
GENEROUS FOES (Story). <i>Ruth Martin, '18</i>	319
IMMIGRATION (Essay). <i>Carol Herndon, '15</i>	324
AN INCIDENT OF THE MORNING (Sketch). <i>Clayte Bailey, '16</i>	330
RAGS AND TATTERS:	
Easter Observances Old and New (Sketch). <i>Sea- brona Parks, '16</i>	333
The Bargain (Sketch). <i>Rosa Payne, '18</i>	334
Spring Fashions (Poem). <i>Marie Padgett, '16</i>	336
A Soul's Resurrection (Sketch). <i>Sadie Holcombe</i>	337
Two Cross-Eyed Lovers (Sketch). <i>Seabrona Parks, '16</i>	337
EDITORIALS	340
EXCHANGES	344
IN AND AROUND COLLEGE	348
LOCALS	351
ATHLETICS	354

The Isaqueena

Vol. IX

GREENVILLE, S. C., APRIL, 1915

No. 6

The First Easter

The night was giving place to day,
The clouds had rolled apart,
When Mary came with silent haste,—
With grieved and yearning heart—
Laden with spices sweet to grace
Her Master's sacred resting place.

And then another woman came,
Who, on like mission bent,
Bore frankincense and oil and myrrh—
A tender sacrament.
But none they found to need such grace—
An angel stood there in the place.

What had happened, none could tell.
Strange things were shown that day:
E'en their dear Lord, whom all thought dead,
Appeared upon the way,
And said, "All hail! Go forth and say,
That I have conquered Death to-day."

To some their words were idle tales,
And they believed them not;
And e'en when Jesus walked with them,
Their eyes beheld him not
Until he said, "Peace be to you";
And then their risen Lord they knew.

And when the throng stood rapt in fear,
 "Be not afraid," he said,
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 Neither be thou amazed:
Tell my disciples they shall see
 My very self in Galilee."

How could the people be too swift
 To bear such wondrous word?
How manifest the holy joy
 With which their hearts were stirred?
Who would believe when they should say,
 "We've seen the dead alive to-day"?

Oh, wonder past all wonder known!
 We think of it to-day,
We see the stars in misty paths,
 We see the sun's first ray:
We fairly see the lovely face
 Of Him who rose from Death's embrace.

SEABRONA PARKS, '16.

The Mortgage



OW really, I don't approve of this—"

"Well, you see, your approval is not only not wanted but unnecessary in this case."

"That is just where you are mistaken. If not wanted, it is certainly necessary."

"I don't see why?" flashed the girl.

His air of proprietorship maddened her.

"I will try to show you then. I have been trying very hard to have a long talk with you, but each time you have frustrated all my attempts."

"I am very busy to-day, and really, I—er, haven't the time to waste——"

"Oh! I know you think it is time wasted to talk to me, but you shall hear what I have to say. Suppose we turn off on this side street, where we can talk without being interrupted." She did not want to, but for once he was master, and she felt she must obey. To-day of all days for this interview which she had so successfully parried for such a long time! She was quaking in her boots as she looked up, asking saucily and mockingly:

"And why don't you approve, my dear, or don't you like to tell?"

He laughed to himself at her light-heartedness, but did not alter his determination to have it "out" at once and for all. Little did he dream how hard it would be, for she would remember nothing, and he had to go over it step by step.

"Have you forgotten the mortgage I hold on you, that you question my right of approval?"

"Mortgage? Why, er—er, what mortgage? What do you mean?"

Without heeding or answering her, he continued: "You are working too hard. I have been watching you and lately I have observed that you walk to and fro from your work. Rain or snow, it has been the same. You——"

"I guess that is my business, if I choose to walk. I don't see why I am not able to do as I please."

"But you are not. The law gives me the right to protect or look after my mortgaged property. You can not stand this strain long, and if you break down with nervous prostration, how will I be able to collect my money?"

"I will try to pay you your old money in a few days."

"Gently, child. That is what I am driving at. You are working too hard, but I am willing to give you an extension of time on the mortgage, if you need it. But in the power the law gives me, I forbid your overworking yourself."

"You forbid my overworking myself! You forbid it, you say!" She was so angry at his manifested superiority that she didn't know what to do. Perhaps he divined her feelings, and realized he was pursuing the wrong tactics. Anyhow, when he spoke again, his tone was softer and more tender.

"Dorothy, dear, don't you see I can't stand to have you wearing yourself out for nothing? You are working hard, even overtime; and I expect, having a hard time to make both ends meet. Haven't you had enough of the world and of woman's rights? Darling, are you not ready to give it all up and come to me?"

"No, I am not. I might have known, though, this would be the way you would do, when I borrowed the money on such terms. I know you will be a hard and selfish task-master and foreclose that hateful mortgage next week."

"Not without your consent. If you are not able to pay just now I will gladly give you an extension of time. Let's say no more about it. Only when you want a friend, come to me. Good-bye," and he was gone.

She saw again his face, how noble, how unselfish, even how sad and hopeless it had seemed when he said good-bye and left. It seemed as though that conversation were burned on her memory, so distinctly did she recall every word and tone. She realized how truly he had kept his word; not only saying no more about that matter, but not even about any other. He had also ceased his former attentions to which she was so accustomed and which, though she would not acknowledge it to herself at the time, counted for so much in her life. She met him now and then in a business way, but that was all. He was always kind, considerate, and polite, but she missed something, something indefinable in his manner, and the loss hurt her. A fear had sprung up within her heart, which haunted her night and day. Had he ceased to care? She had never thought but that he would be her constant slave; a thought of anything else pained her. Her head ached and the words, like figures, played hide-and-seek over her numb brain. Had he ceased to care? Had he ceased to care? This dismal Sunday night, to get rid of that torturing game of hide-and-go-seek she let her thoughts wander back over the last four years. How long they seemed, and hard, as compared with her four brief yet happy years of college life. She saw again that college girl with her soul stirred to the depths for woman's rights. She saw that ideal of a great life, to do something worth while in the world. What a dreamer she had been. She felt to-night that she had failed, but she knew it was not the dreams but herself that had caused the failure. She thought of that mortgage, and strangely it seemed a giant holding her down, and she knew if the giant were killed she would be free and—successful.

She remembered the night the giant had bound her, hands and feet, in his close grasp. She had told Harry all her plans, ambitions, and disappointments; also of her foster parents'

disapproval, and of her great desire to raise the necessary amount of money to start her work. How she longed with all her heart to do something worth while in the world! Instead of laughing at her, he had shown to her the innermost depths of his heart. She had seen there the unselfish love of a true man, but she brushed it aside impatiently in order to have her career. Realizing that she cared more for her career than for him, he made her a business proposition. She signed a contract whereby she could borrow from him \$2,000, lending herself as security. If the money were not paid in two years, he could foreclose the note and marry her. Again his voice rang in her ears, as on that night. "At the end of two years, if you are not able to pay the money, I can foreclose the mortgage and call you mine." But the two years had passed, and she was unable to pay. The time was extended another year. Then her business was worse than before; yet Harry had gladly given her another year, and to-night the time was up. She wondered if he would really foreclose, since he had ceased to care, or if he would keep on extending the time until she would be able to pay that mortgage. Mortgage! How she hated the word.

"Still dreaming of doing something worth while?" Her thoughts were dashed quickly back to earth by the sarcastic note in her aunt's tone. She craved sympathy to-night, so she answered quietly, "Well, Auntie, don't you think a woman has the right to dream of doing something worth while, and of a career?"

But she had unconsciously lighted the powder. "Woman's rights! Well, I should say so. It is a woman's place to stay at home, caring for her house and children. Let her do her duty instead of running round trying to meddle with man's work. Woman's rights, indeed! Humph!"

"Why, Auntie, think what the women are going to do! They are going to do things that the men have never done

yet. First of all, they want to purify politics, beautify the cities, get compulsory education for their children, and ——”

“Purify politics! Oh! Oh! What will women come to! As if they could go out in the world and take a man’s place! Some women are not content with running after a man, but now they want to usurp his place in the world, his business—everything!”

“No, indeed! Auntie, you are mistaken. The women do not want to take the man’s place from him. They only want to fill their own place as it should be filled. To do this they must have their rights and those are——”

“There you go again, rights! rights! rights! You’ve had your rights the last four years. What good have you done? ’Pears like it would have done more good for you to have married Harry and——”

“Auntie!”

“—— and stayed at home; doing your work there, making the home pleasant for him. A woman’s place is in the home; let her stay there, I say.”

There is no telling what might have happened if a caller had not been announced. Although it was nearly nine o’clock, Dorothy, her heart in her mouth, went down to the parlor. A man was pacing up and down on the rug before the fireplace, arms folded and head bent. She took a peek before entering and realized that the crisis had come. He placed a chair for her, but he remained standing, leaning on the mantel and looking into the fire. At last he spoke:

“Dorothy, four years ago I lent you money to start your business. You were confident then of your success, vowed you could pay it back in one year, but knowing something of business, I gave you two. It is not yet paid. I have extended the time twice. To-night it is necessary to do something. Are you able to pay?”

"No." Her face was very pale, but her voice did not tremble.

"Do you want me to keep on extending the time indefinitely?"

"Of course, if you need the money, I suppose I could borrow it somewhere. Only give me a few days."

"Borrow more money on the same terms?"

"Never. I realize I was duped. You took an unfair advantage of a young girl, making her sign such a contract, and when she is unable to pay, threaten to foreclose the mortgage thus ——"

"Never will I call you mine, if I have to do it by foreclosing the mortgage against your will." His voice sounded cold and hard. After a few minutes of silence he turned to her, his face alight and eyes glowing.

"Dorothy, so great is my love for you that I would do anything on earth to see you happy. Suppose we cancel the mortgage and call it quits. I can give you freedom, and maybe your freedom will give you your desired success."

Now at this plan, Dorothy found her voice, and the ardent defender of woman's rights, realizing that the crisis had truly come, murmured softly:

"But I don't want it cancelled, I want it foreclosed."

JOSÉ McMANAWAY, '16.

A Defense of the Present Administration's Philippine Policy

(DEBATE)



RESOLVED, that the policy of the present administration in regard to the Philippines is wise. This question seems scarcely debatable since the wisdom of the present administration upon this subject is perfectly obvious. However, since protests from the Republicans have come up, I am glad to appear to-night on the side of the Democratic party, which is guided in its attitude upon this question by justice and expediency, a combination which is invincible.

First, let us review briefly the history of American occupation of the Philippines. The United States emerged from the Spanish-American War possessed of these islands. Her reasons for buying them were the same which actuated her in aiding Cuba. She could not leave the islands to despotic Spain, nor could she, so she contended, allow them to be gobbled up by greedy nations. There are some historians who affirm that we were not wholly without selfish motives in acquiring this territory. They hold that in addition to these more worthy motives we were lured by the gleam of gold to be gained from the natural resources of the islands and their nearness to the rich commerce of the East. If, however, the United States Government ever had any such motives we are now ashamed to confess it, and even the expansionist Republicans declare that we had none but altruistic intentions.

Be that as it may, the United States took possession of these islands in 1898. Because the Filipinos, under Aguin-

also, had revolted from Spain and set up an independent republic, we were obliged to govern the islands by military force until 1901, when President McKinley appointed Judge William H. Taft as civil governor of the Philippines, with a commission of four Americans to administer the departments of Commerce, Public Works, Justice, Finance and Education. Native Filipinos were given a share in the local governments, and soon three Filipinos were added to the Commission. In 1907 the next step towards self-government was taken when we established the Philippine National Assembly to serve as lower house under the Commission. So from 1907 to 1913 the government of the Philippines was as follows: an American Governor-General, a Commission of American majority, an Assembly composed of Filipinos elected by Filipinos, and local government entirely in the hands of Filipinos.

In 1913, what then was the next logical step? Naturally, it was to put a majority of natives in the Commission. Can there be any doubt of this, Honorable Judges? And can there be any doubt of the wisdom of this step, since any possible danger from such a step is offset by the other change which was made, namely, that of placing the final veto power with the President of the United States?

In putting two more natives in the Commission, the present administration is merely carrying out very conservatively the original plan of the Republican government under Mr. McKinley. To quote from Mr. Taft's report of the status of the Philippines in 1908: "The national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit, welfare and uplifting of the people of the islands, and gradually to extend to them, as they shall show themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of self-government." In submitting this report to Congress, Mr. Roosevelt made the following comment: "It is most gratifying that such substantial progress towards independence as a goal has already been accomplished. For

the sake of the Filipinos, and for our own good we desire that it be reached as soon as possible." Could there be any stronger statement of the policy which the present administration is carrying out? And yet the Republicans are now wheeling around, calling their own plan "unwise, extreme, radical!" There could be no more telling proof that the criticism from the Republican party is mere campaign material, trumped up in the effort to prevent the reelection of Mr. Woodrow Wilson!

In regard to Philippine autonomy, there are two extreme classes. The class which bases its arguments on the theory that all men are created free and equal, and that the right of self-government is God-given, says that the Philippine Islands should be granted immediate autonomy. They maintain as another reason for granting them immediate independence that the United States is violating one of the fundamental principles of her government in holding dependencies and in governing without the consent of the governed. The members of the other class disregard entirely the arguments of the former class, and declare that expediency is the only method of handling, expediency to their minds meaning to hold on to the islands for countless generations until by some magic the government there shall have been transformed into a perfect and Utopian state.

As is usually the case, truth and safety lie on middle ground. One of the reasons for Mr. Wilson's success in administration is his ability to avoid extremes. His sane, sound judgment, his splendid statesmanship, his accurate knowledge of history and economics are all shown in his idea of Philippine management. While he adheres to the old democratic principles of our government, he is not swept off his feet by sentiment, nor is he blind to the practical side of a situation. While he realizes that expediency should be considered, he sees still further and realizes that it is neither

upright nor expedient for a nation to stray too far from its ideals. Therefore, he believes in combining the two, and says "Let us not desert these people until they are capable of governing themselves, but let us get busy to make them capable." This, in a word, is the policy of the present administration. This is why two more Filipinos have been put in the Commission. This is why the masses of Filipinos have been protected from any danger of an oligarchy by placing the final veto power in the hands of the President of the United States.

The Republicans and the Democrats agree that the Philippines should be granted autonomy when they are capable of exercising it. Moreover, they agree that that time has not yet arrived. The only real difference is that the Democrats are proving the sincerity of their purpose by carrying it out, and by giving the natives a practical test which at the same time will give them practice in governing themselves.

This brings us to the next important consideration. Mr. Wilson knows two great principles and these principles he must reckon with. He realizes that the way to learn to do a thing is to do it, and that the way for a people to learn government is to govern. How should we in America ever have learned to manage our affairs if we had not had a voice in the Representative Assemblies of the colonies. Mr. Wilson knows that paternalism retards the growth of a colony. A man who has written volumes on American History does not easily forget that a reason for France's failure in colonization in the New World was her "benevolent despot" attitude towards the colonies; while the English colonies flourished because they were left to shift for themselves.

For this we may find many striking analogies. The home may run with more system and smoothness where the parent controls every detail, but the children do not develop as they would if they were given a share in the responsibility. The reason for introducing student government into our own

school was the development of the students. The way to learn to swim is to plunge into the water. Water-wings are a great help until one has learned the stroke, but they soon become a hindrance. Let us not propose to impose our water-wings for too long a time on a people who before American occupation had plunged into the waters of a Republican government and were getting along exceedingly well.

The other question which Mr. Wilson must consider is this. Strange as it may seem, the opinion of the Filipino himself must be reckoned with. Mr. Jones, member of the Committee on Insular Affairs, makes the following report: "The only political party in the Islands which ever favored permanent annexation to the United States has ceased to exist, and its successor, the Progresista party, is quite as outspoken in its advocacy of independence as the Nacionalista, which has always stood for self-government. There is, therefore, practically no division of sentiment among the civilized Christian nations of the Philippines in regard to independence. Their highest aspiration, their one great overmastering desire is to see their country free. The fact that they had revolted from Spain and set up a republic of their own, testifies to their former longing for independence, and in recent years the phenomenal spread of education, a larger participation in governmental affairs, the valuable practice gained in government have not only contributed greatly towards preparing the Filipino for autonomy, but have at the same time intensified his desire for it. Mr. Quezon, the esteemed delegate to our Congress, testifies eloquently to this burning desire of his people.

Moreover, the Filipinos had gained the impression that they would be given complete autonomy as soon as the Democrats should come into power. Consequently, when the Democratic victory was announced, the Filipinos crowded around their public places, restless, eager to hear the news

they craved. Suffice it to say, that they went away sadly disappointed that they were given *merely two more delegates in the Commission*. And this is that "unwise, extreme, radical, step!" Think how unfortunate it would have been if they had not been given this concession! The result would have been a dangerous antagonism to the United States, and a complete destruction of our influence over them. Suffice it to say, Honorable Judges, if we are to have the power to do the utmost good to these people *we must have their confidence and good will*. These the present administration undeniably possesses. Listen to Mr. Quezon: "Despite our anxiety to receive our independence without delay, because of our confidence in the sincerity of purpose of your great President, whom we all love and admire, we have resolved to abide patiently by the results of his decision and give him time to observe the outcome of the practical test to which he has put us."

Other nations have let selfish interests govern their foreign policies. As a result they are now involved in ruin which will cast its black shadow far across future generations. To the nations of Europe the United States is standing out as a rebuke and an object lesson. In view of this, I demand of you, Honorable Judges and everybody, can the United States afford to be less than just?

MARIE PADGETT, '16.

Generous Foes



THE battle near the little village of Bretigny had been won. The soldiers were tired, but were rejoicing over their victory. All the country around belonged to the enemy, and the thought of plunder was uppermost in the minds of several of the men; but to their dismay Lieutenant Kausmann called them and commanded no plundering.

In spite of the command, fifteen or twenty half-intoxicated men secretly slipped out at nightfall to seek booty or adventure. On the outskirts of the village they came upon a gay little cottage. They approached the house cautiously and peered in through a low window. A dim light revealed an old woman and a beautiful young girl. They knocked. The girl arose and went timidly, hesitatingly toward the door. She opened it, and fell back trembling. The men rushed in, and one big fellow stood over her, calling her by endearing names, and attempting to kiss her.

"Take anything, all we have," pleaded the helpless old grandmother, "but spare my child."

In the meantime Lieutenant Kausmann called his men and discovered that some were missing. He immediately sent scouts on their trail. He himself accompanied one party. He was young, handsome, and restless, and went more for the night air than anything else. He left the men and rode slowly to the left, thinking of a dear one at home. Suddenly he came upon the little French cottage. Several shadowy figures were moving among the trees. As he approached the building all was silence, then a sharp, terrified

cry rang out on the night air. Dismounting, he hurried to the door, threw it open, and stood on the threshold. The men fell back, cowering in a corner of the room.

“Out, you cowards! Back to the camp, and await my orders,” he commanded.

The ruffians slunk out like whipped dogs, and a moment later the clatter of horsehoofs was heard.

Marie fell at the feet of her deliverer and tried, between sobs, to thank him. Very gently Lieutenant Kausmann lifted her to her feet, and with reassuring words told her and her grandmother that the soldiers had left the camp against his orders, and that he could promise them that nothing of the kind would happen again.

From time to time during those early autumn days Lieutenant Kausmann found occasion to return to the little cottage, to assure himself that all was well with the inmates, and to pass an hour of idle conversation with the little Marie, whose piquant face, vivacious manner, and merry laughter half made him forget his longing for home and for the sight of a fair face, luring him back ever and anon. And because this young officer had saved her child, Madame Lamertine welcomed him. Though a foe to her country, he was noble and generous, and worthy of friendship.

He talked to them of his home, and of the little sister about Marie’s age, who so adored her big brother; of the aged father and mother, who, with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes, saw their only son go forth into grim war. And then he spoke of a brave German girl, who was waiting for him in the Fatherland. It was sweet to rest in the quiet cottage and unburden his heart to two sympathetic listeners—friendly foes. He hated war and deplored its horrors and suffering.

To Lieutenant Kausmann, Marie was but an innocent child. To the yet unawakened child he was a hero—great, good, and handsome. That he had stirred the depths of her

child-nature, he did not dream—and she was as yet all unaware.

One day several weeks later as she was riding home on her little black pony, Mazeppa, she met Lieutenant Kausmann. He reined up his horse to speak to her. The army, he told her, was now encamped on the other side of the village, about five miles from Bretigny. He pointed in the direction. And then taking a small, square paper from his pocket he said:

“I think you will like this.”

The paper showed a sketch of a soldier's tent. A camp-fire without lighted up the interior. In the wide-looped opening stood a soldier, looking out and beyond the stars. Underneath the sketch was written:

“Von See zu See, von Land zu Land,
Gott schultz der Menschen Bruderschaft.”

It was signed: “G. Kausmann.”

She clasped the paper to her bosom with childish delight, and her eyes danced with pleasure as she turned to wave him a good-bye.

As they parted Lieutenant Kausmann saw the figure of a German soldier walking rapidly through the woods. He gave no thought to the incident, although he recognized the man as an inferior officer whom he had several times had occasion to rebuke for neglect of duty.

Two days later, as Marie sat by a little spring at the foot of the hill near the cottage, holding a book idly and dreaming hazily, she heard the clatter of hoofs, and drew back quickly behind the low hanging branches. As the two riders checked their horses at the spring to let them drink, Marie overheard their conversation:

“Tell me about this trial of Kausmann. Of what was he found guilty?” asked one.

"Why, it seems," said his companion, "that Sergeant Reinhard saw Kausmann in conversation with a French girl en route from Bretigny. Kausmann, after pointing out several directions, handed her a paper. Reinhard at once reported the facts, and Lieutenant Kausmann was arrested as a traitor, and is to be tried at eleven o'clock this morning."

And then the clatter of hoofs died on the air. The same autumn stillness, the same dreamy haze, the same mellowing distances; but the girl was no longer dreaming. She was standing, one hand clutching her heart to still its beating, her breath coming fast, her eyes wild and dilated. "Oh, why couldn't she think! What had happened! Lieutenant Kausmann was in danger. He was innocent. She alone could clear him. She must get that paper to him. That would prove him guiltless. Five miles! It was now ten o'clock. She could make it by eleven on Mazeppa. Quick as thought, almost, she was on Mazeppa's back, bareheaded, riding rapidly westward.

Three miles were covered without an adventure. She looked at her watch: she could make it. Urging Mazeppa on, she turned a curve in the road. At that instant a pistol shot rang on the air; a fierce pang, and a ball had pierced her breast. For a moment she reeled, and almost lost her balance; but hope, courage, and fierce determination impelled her to continue. Breathless, weak from loss of blood, urging her horse to the utmost speed, she rode into camp.

Where the crowd had gathered thickest the trial must be in progress, she thought, and with dizzy, blinded eyes she made her way through this crowd just as Lieutenant Kausmann was saying:

"I am no traitor. I was talking to a little French girl, whom I had the privilege of saving from the brutality of some of your drunken soldiers a few weeks ago. She had frequently asked about my life in camp, and to please her I sketched

for her my tent. That was the paper Sergeant Reinhard saw me hand to her. That is all of which I am guilty."

A low murmur of dissatisfaction was heard from several quarters. And then Marie, one hand pressed tightly to her wounded breast, hurried forward. She began speaking rapidly; a deadly pallor crept over her face, but she spoke unflinching:

"Lieutenant Kausmann is guiltless. He is no traitor. He saved my life and honor. Take this, it will prove his innocence." And she handed to the commander-in-chief the little sketch. "If this will not satisfy you, take my life, and spare him. He is great—and good—and generous—and—he—is—a true—patriot."

With the last words she sank helpless. Lieutenant Kausmann caught her in his arms. A crimson stain was spreading over the front of her dress, where her hand clutched it.

"My God, she has been shot, she is dying!" he exclaimed.

For a moment Marie's dark head rested on Lieutenant Kausmann's shoulder. A sweet smile played about her lips. As the word "saved" escaped like a faint sigh, her brave little spirit took its flight.

The blonde head of the Lieutenant bent over the jetty ringlets as he looked into the fair face and kissed the white brow. And then with bowed head, he paid a last tribute to the child of France:

"Because of thy love, Little One, I shall be a better man, a braver patriot, and a more generous foe."

RUTH MARTIN, '18.

Immigration



QUESTION that is causing much concern on the part of statesmen and thoughtful citizens is that of immigration. In dealing with this subject, I have tried to look at it from every standpoint, remembering, "As goes America, so goes the world."

All attempts to exclude healthful and honest immigrants are inconsistent with our principles of freedom. The present people of the United States have themselves been immigrants into this continent within generations still recent, and they ought to shrink from imposing hard conditions of admission to the country on the newer immigrants who are ambitious to follow their example in seeking freedom, those whose conditions of labor are less favorable and who are ambitious to improve their environment by coming to America. It is the mission of the United States to spread freedom and democracy throughout the world by teaching as many men and women as possible in freedom's largest home how to use freedom rightly through practice in liberty under law. From the beginning our history has in a large measure been determined by the migratory movements of larger and smaller groups from the old world; and unless we have idealized these movements too much, those groups which come for conscience's sake have affected our history most fundamentally, if not most permanently. Pilgrims, Puritans, Huguenots, Germans certainly made history. They sailed the treacherous seas and marched into the pathless wilderness, driven by something higher than the mere necessity to sustain life; and many groups came because they were dreamers of dreams, and sought "a city whose builder and maker is God." It is

said that they are driven by economic pressure from their village homes to our cities, or from their quiet poppy fields to our noisy shops. But they are no poorer to-day than they were fifty years ago. They are simply obeying an impulse which is extending to the very edge of civilization. Everywhere, men and women are beginning to believe that God meant them to enjoy the good things of life and that all men, not merely a privileged class, should be allowed to enjoy them. We should welcome these people and interpret to them the supreme gift of all gifts, which most of them never possessed—the right of citizenship. For after all we are brothers; for although they may speak a different language and have different customs from our own, the blood that flows in their veins is the same as ours, for our forefathers came from these countries. Were they not patriotic and God-fearing men who under many trying circumstances bought our American freedom with their blood?

Immigration is necessary to our national progress. The common, almost universal fact in our country is the scarcity of labor. The United States has outgrown her labor supply. Why do we have so many strikes in our great industries? Because laborers are so scarce they can demand their own price for what they do. The Labor Problem arises from the lack of a good class of laborers. I quote from two prominent mill men of the South, namely, Thomas F. Parker and Ellison A. Smythe. Mr. Parker says: "I have experimented with foreign labor and have demonstrated beyond question the fact that foreign labor *can* be brought to cotton mills in South Carolina and that foreigners can work successfully side by side with the already established help." Mr. Smythe says: "I am convinced that the time is coming when foreign labor will be more generally used, and I believe that the possibility for this is splendid."

Consider the condition our country would be in if all the immigrants now here were driven out. Dr. Chamberlain, who is a recognized authority on immigration, says that "if all the foreign-born and their descendants of the first generation were driven out, we would lose, according to the last census report, nearly one-half of the farmers and ranchmen; more than one-half of the learned professors; not far from one-half of our merchants, barbers and manufacturers; two-thirds of our mine and quarry employees; more than two-fifths of all our soldiers and sailors; nearly one-half of the salesmen and clerks. The total population of the country would be diminished by almost one-third; and eight of our principal cities would be diminished by more than three-fifths."

Consider the precautions taken by the Bureau of Immigration to prevent undesirable foreigners from entering. At Ellis Island, where the immigrants enter America (and also at Charleston) they must undergo a very rigid examination. If the foreigner applying for admission is found to have any contagious disease, or is unable to support himself, or has a criminal record behind him, he is not given admission. The coöperation of other nations, at least Government authorities, assist in this selection. "Therefore," says Dr. Chamberlain, "it is an exception that a criminal or diseased person ever enters."

Immigration promotes civilization. "It would be a reflection upon the intelligence of this day's people," writes Dr. Chamberlain, "to try and make clear that the people who come to us are not barbarians, or semi-barbarians, even though as a rule they are uncultivated and not yet in harmony with many of our ideals. The commonly accepted idea is that we are dealing with the offscouring of Europe. Let me illustrate. We are told the following incident by a gentleman of note, which took place as he sat in the car of an outgoing

train from Pittsburgh. He says: 'A number of foreigners entered the car from a wayside station. Every man and woman on board moved defiantly toward the outer edge of the seat, determining that not one of the intruders should share it. Later I said to a fellow traveler, "why did you refuse to share your seat with one of those men." His only reply to that was, "Dagos." The conversation was continued. I had great trouble in making him believe that there are cities in Italy more beautiful than Pittsburgh, but when I told him that a "Dago" built the largest church in the world, his materialistic sense was touched, and he began to listen respectfully to what I said. Then I told him that a "Dago" had painted a ceiling which is one of the great art wonders of the world. His name was Michael Angelo. Then I asked him if he knew who the first "Dago" was, to come to this country. He said he didn't, and was rather puzzled to learn that it was Christopher Columbus.' "

Let us see who these people are who come to us. They come from the oldest countries in the world, the cradle of civilization. Need I question whether the Latin has in him the qualities which will enable him to appreciate our culture? The Italian who built Florence, whose sons built St. Peter's, painted the ceiling of the Sistine chapel and carved out of Carrara marble the statue of Moses? Need I mention Giotto the builder, Raphael the painter, Dante, Savonarola, a hundred masters of the chisel and brush, or rhythmic rhyme and stately prose, all reared in the Garden of Europe—Italy? Will the Jew learn to appreciate that culture, the best of which was created by his sires? The glory of American culture lies in her manhood and womanhood, and at its best is patterned after men and women who love the names, Moses, Amos, Isaiah, Mary and John. Perhaps we need to realize that as Americans, we have neither invented nor discovered education, liberty, or religion. What we have accom-

plished is that we have made gifts to the many of some of those things and blessings which in the immigrant's country are the possession only of the few. The problem, the *real* problem is—how to feed these people on truly vital knowledge, how to make common to all, the beautiful, the harmonious, the ethical, how to bring to all the knowledge of that religion which indeed makes free from tribal pride and racial hate, and leads men into the freedom of the sons of God.

Immigration is the supreme opportunity of Christianity. So long as these people are with us in the sphere of foreign missions or in "Greenland's Icy Mountains" or in some other remote and romantic place, they are the subject of prayer, and the recipients of gifts of men and money; but when drawn into the radius of one's immediate neighborhood, they become a peril which threatens everything from the price of real estate to the foundation upon which the church rests. There are a few short-sighted people who fear that the Roman Catholic Church will become unduly powerful in the United States if races which have long been Roman Catholic are permitted to come at will into this country. Whatever gains the Catholic Church may make in this way under a regime of religious toleration, that church is entitled to. When in Europe the Roman Catholic Church is being steadily deprived of the control it once exercised and when in the United States the effects of democracy on the Catholic Church are much wider and deeper than the effects of the church on American government or American society, to restrict immigration unduly because for the time being immigration is more Catholic than Protestant would be a public confession of lack of faith in the efficacy of religious toleration, and the independence of church and state as a bulwark of political freedom. That the Protestant church has endured thus far, that its ideals are still dominant, is direct evidence that somewhere her foundations rest upon bed-rock, and that the

Christian faith and practice will wean him from his ancient enemies.

At Ellis Island many million Bibles have been given to the newcomers written in their own language, and when they settle down in their homes, missionaries go among them and organize them into Sunday schools and churches.

Finally, what we teach the immigrant by precept or example, he will become. He will bequeath our virtues or our vices to all generations, and through thousands of invisible channels he will send these blessings or curses to the end of the earth. Dr. Santon closed his "Address to the Citizens of America" with these words: "The issues of the Kingdom of God in this generation are with America."

CAROL HERNDON, '15.

An Incident of the Morning



WELL, sir, do you think I have the patience of Job, or all the time of Methuselah? You said an hour ago that you wanted to take a walk. Probably you have changed your mind while I was upstairs," and Grayson slapped the broad shoulders bending over

the desk.

"Oh, go along! Can't you let a fellow work when he has a notion? That's the trouble. I've frolicked too much already! This report must be sent to the boss to-morrow, or it'll be good-bye Jimmy," growled Jim Woodbury.

Grayson gave Woodbury's coat a pull. "Come on, I say. You need a walk. You have furrows in your brow deep enough to plant rye. You can finish that to-night in double-quick time."

"All right! My brain *is* getting a little fuzzled. So, so long, old account. Will see you later."

Grayson and Woodbury passed out of the door and into the street. They walked rapidly through the business section of the town, and out into the shady street. Here they strolled more slowly, and rather aimlessly, noticing this lawn or that house, and unconsciously enjoying the day. A soft breeze rustled the dying leaves, and birds twittered ever and anon over their heads.

"Say, I wonder if that building over yonder is old Mr. Pelzer's place? I heard some fellows discussing his mansion the other night. From all accounts he must be a pretty big 'loon,'" exclaimed Woodbury.

"Pelzer? Why, yes, I used to know him. He is a little queer; kind of miser, isn't he?" asked Grayson.

"In a way, I think he is, so far as collecting money counts; but when it comes to spending it, why he's not in it,"

responded Woodbury. "Why, could you believe it, but that man has worked for thirty years, not wasting one penny, and then he up and built a house, using the very last cent he had? And, mind you, he has no family. In a fit of anger one day, he sent his wife away from town and has been living alone ever since. Suppose something were to happen to that house!"

Before Grayson had time to speak, a shrill whistle pierced the morning air. A heavy rumble sounded and then another whistle. Turning around, the two strollers saw the fire department wagons sweeping down the street. In an instant the clang and clash rushed by, leaving in its wake a trail of dust.

"Old man Pelzer's house!" was heard in the confusion.

Grayson and Woodbury followed quickly in the direction of the smoke, now blackening the western sky. Not a word was spoken until they were leaning over the torn wall, and watching the torrents of water pouring down upon the burning roof. Every few minutes a crash was heard, and then a devouring flame licked up the water. Men were working and watching. The fire seemed beyond their grasp. Each effort was almost futile. The terrible demon went on with its work of destruction.

Grayson shivered and cleared his throat. "That's perfectly horrible! I wonder where Pelzer is? I guess this will just about finish him, because he has never been the same since he flew into that rage. His wife is a sweet person, and he really loved her very much. Poor fellow, he has had no home associations since then. He seemed to think that if he built this house he would be all right. But he did not seem satisfied the other day when he told me he had finished his dream, his million-dollar mansion."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Woodbury, looking across the débris to a figure leaning against an old apple tree. His head was down, his arms folded across his breast—failure

written in every line of his attitude, thought Woodbury. "Just think what it must mean to put all your money, everything you care for, in a building, and then to have it go in two hours. I'm sorry for the old man. Look at him now! It's going pretty hard with him. I hope for the best."

As the two men stood there and gazed at the bent form, they saw coming across the field beyond the tree, a woman. She walked slowly and cautiously. When within a few yards of the tree she paused as if to gain control. Then she stepped out before the startled man and placed her hands on his shoulders. For a moment they stood staring at each other, and then Woodbury heard a murmur, and he knew they were talking. It was Mrs. Pelzer. She had returned at the beginning of the fire. Mr. Pelzer dropped his head and stood waiting. Mrs. Pelzer's arms came around his neck and she kissed his brow. Woodbury whirled away. They were staring upon holy ground. They knew that with Pelzer all was well. What matter if all his dollars had been lost? They had not satisfied him. Were they to be compared with the love which had just returned to him? The house would have been so empty without his heart's dearest treasure. It would not have been home.

Woodbury pulled his hat over his eyes and thrust his hands into his pocket, and caught step with Grayson. He felt new strength in his soul. Had he not been despondent because he could not build a home he had pictured, and had he not closed his eyes rebelliously against many opportunities? Now, how utterly foolish it seemed to him. If a man whose best labors had been lost could show him that home was not in the mansion, could he not accept the truth? He had love, and strength. He must work patiently and perseveringly until the time came, and in the meanwhile not waste his joys and life. He looked into Grayson's face to see if he, too, had wakened in this new light, and saw there a peace he had not seen before.

C. BAILEY, '16.



Rags and Tatters



EASTER OBSERVANCES OLD AND NEW

To-day in nearly all Christian countries, Easter is celebrated by the observance of various customs, some of which have been handed down for generations. Indeed, in France it has been considered the queen of festivals from as far back as the twelfth century, and there the Christian Passover, the anniversary of our Lord's Resurrection, is observed with great pomp and solemnity: Since early days special devotional services have been characteristic of Easter Sunday. A quaint old custom existed among Christians of greeting one another on Easter morning with a kiss and the words, "Christ has risen," to which the response was made, "Christ has risen indeed." The practice has become obsolete in most places, but is still carried out in parts of Russia and wherever the Greek Church is recognized.

Just as the customary Easter music, sermons and the beautiful floral decorations found in our churches to-day are, in all probability, simply a further development of the early services, so the present custom of entertaining with games and parties during Easter week is but the outgrowth of the old sports which took place at that time. Among the Easter pastimes in vogue for many years in the northern districts of England was that of "lifting," as it was commonly known. On the Monday directly following the Easter the men of the village claimed the privilege of lifting every woman whom

they chanced to meet three times, and demanding either a kiss or a sixpence before setting her down. On Tuesday the tables were turned, and the women were allowed to "lift" the men, collecting a sixpence from each victim.

The making and giving of decorated Easter eggs is one of the old customs that has survived until the present day. As early as the days of King Edward I of England, these eggs were popular as Easter gifts. Now an even greater degree of popularity is manifested by the increased demand for Easter eggs. Candy eggs, china eggs, velvet eggs, paper eggs, and eggs of every size and description are to be found in abundance in the stores at Easter time, proving that they have in no way lost favor with Easter shoppers.

There is nothing quite so delightful as the spirit of Spring time. It is the resurrection of hope and life. All creation rejoices in the glad new morning when Nature, after her long winter sleep, awakes and decks herself with most entrancing robes. The coming of Easter tells us to lay aside our clothes of doubt, of gloom, of despair, and bids us look on the brighter side of life.

We human beings hear the call of Spring and feel its inspiration, and so do the slumbering seeds which have been held in Winter's grip. In the Spring we feel the warming presence of new life, new cheer, of higher and nobler impulses. When Spring comes there awakes within us new promises, new hopes, new expectations, new joys, new beauty in Nature. Easter also brings to us a message of a new, happier and freer life.

SEABRONA PARKS, '16.



THE BARGAIN

Jack Browne and Bob Andrew were playmates. Where you saw Jack you saw Bob also. They played together very

nicely and never had many real fights. Jack was five years old and Bob a few months younger. The back fence divided their yards, and this was their favorite place for relating the most exciting things that happened to them.

One day Bob called so loudly for Jack that he almost split his throat.

"Come, thee phat I done got," he exclaimed excitedly.

"Whut you got?" asked Jack as he scrambled upon the fence.

"A puppy; he's a sure 'nough puppy, too, 'cause him's got toophees for to bite wid, and he kin bark like ev'ything."

"Whatcha gointer do wid it?" said Jack as he looked at it longingly.

"Gointer buy a wagin and hitch 'im up, dat's phat," said Bob.

"Oh, Bob," said Jack, "tell yer whut I'll do."

"Phat?" asked Bob shortly.

"I'll gib yer Mudder's old hen, whut don wun a prize, fer yer pup."

This hen was Mrs. Browne's best hen. It was considered a very fine hen. Bob had long wished for one like it so he could brag about their prize-winning hen as Jack did. He looked at the hen, then at the dog, then back at the hen, and finally said slowly:

"Well, I weckon you kin hab it den, but dis thore am a dood puppy, 'cause Daddy done thay tho."

Jack climbed down off the fence as fast as his short little legs would allow him, and ran to catch the hen. Finally, after many scratches and pecks, he caught it.

"Now den, I got yer," he said proudly. He gave the hen to Bob and took the dog himself. Each walked to his home, seemingly very much pleased with the bargain.

That night at supper, there was a sudden yelping and scratching at the Brownes' door. Jack's face reddened. Then his father asked, "What is that, Jack?"

"Er, er, er puppy," he mumbled.

"Where did you get it, Jack?" asked Mrs. Browne.

"Me an Bob done swapped," said Jack slowly, his face reddening deeper.

"What did you give Bob for the dog?" asked Mr. Browne, curiously.

"Mudder's old hen."

"Why, Jack," exclaimed Mrs. Browne, "you surely don't mean my prize hen?"

Jack nodded.

"My boy, don't you know that is wrong, for you to give away my hen without my consent? That is stealing."

Jack looked very serious, then he said thoughtfully:

"Well, Mudder, I neber knowed it was stealing, and ennyhow I knowed the old hen ud fly ober de fence and come home, and den I'd hab de puppy."

ROSA PAYNE, '18.



SPRING FASHIONS

The quaint little maiden of yesterday
 Is back with her flowered dresses,
 Poke-bonnets pert, her crinolines gay,
 A veil to conceal her tresses.

Pray, what do you think of us, maiden most rare,
 Do you pine for a life that is slower,
 Will you cling to the minuet, maiden most fair?
 Or will you attempt the Pavlowa?

M. PADGETT, '16.

A SOUL'S RESURRECTION

John was such a young boy to have joined the ranks of fighting men, thought the plain, hard-working, old woman as she knit the socks which would go to one of her boy's comrades.

When dusk began to draw its wings closer about the earth, she put away the knitting, and sat there by the open window, thinking of the letter which came that morning with its story. She was dumb with grief. Deep in her heart there was a strong hatred—hatred for this unfriended life. As she remembered how tenderly he had placed the last kiss on her brow, she realized there had been taken from her the one treasure, the one comfort of this hard life. The storm of grief was raging in her soul. Unsoftened by the simple words of sympathy her neighbors offered, the mother grieved alone.

Into the village church across the street children were going, laughing and chattering as they went to practice for the last time the Easter carols. It would not be Easter as of old, because brothers and fathers would not fill the pews on this Easter Sunday.

To the troubled soul weeping bitterest tears, there floated out on the soft spring air a sound of childish voices. Sweetly they sang the carol which was reaching an aching heart. The heart heard and responded. As the children sang on, there crept over the old woman a profound peace and humble resignation. Her eyes closed, and still she sat by the window, her soul flooded with the light of the Resurrection Morn.

SADIE HOLCOMBE.



TWO CROSS-EYED LOVERS

It was one day in early spring. The suburban car from Washington to Baltimore was crowded with the usual Saturday afternoon crowd.

Two very interesting young people sat across the aisle from one another. They were cross-eyed, as could easily be seen. As I glanced up from my afternoon paper I caught what I thought a glassy look as her eyeball shied over to me. I am perfectly sure the young man thought she was looking at him; and she thought all the time he was looking at her. The fat, good-natured, jolly conductor who was collecting fares thought for a moment that he was the object of her attention, and was about to call out the name of the street, when observing a little more closely he saw the crook in her eye; then he laughed and laughed until he almost cried. He started forward to collect a fare, and on turning around he saw the same stare in the eye of her lover. As he gazed at the cross-eyed pair he seemed a little dazed, and he reached up and gave his bell a double ring. The driver turned his brake as quickly as he could, the car stopping in the middle of the block. This of course attracted the passengers' attention. They immediately began to take interest in the queer-looking couple.

An old man next to me whispered, "The more she strives to look with one eye at her lover, the harder she looks at me with the other. I wouldn't claim a cross-eyed girl, for all the time I would be looking at her trying to tell of my love for her, some ignoramus of a fellow might think it was he she was looking at."

Another passenger remarked, "I'd give a dime to see them try to walk a bee-line, for the more they tried to toe the mark, 'twould be like walking in the dark."

A richly gowned woman at the end of the car remarked to her neighbor, "If they should attempt to read a book, don't you suppose the lines would be mixed, and the words so jumbled that all the sense would be lost?"

Her neighbor, a young newspaper reporter, who was very proud of his quick wit, expressed always in verse, answered:

“Why to them the book of Common Prayer
Would be no more sacred than Vanity Fair;
And a divine command of ‘Thus saith the Lord,’
Might read like the jokes of Artemus Ward;
While Webster’s Unabridged to them would be
As senseless as it is to a heathen Chinee.”

At the next station, a foreigner boarded the car, and the young lovers at once caught his eye.

“Vat’s dis dat I zee, four eyes wrongside out? Do dese beople on der heads schtand ven dey vant to zee sdraight, or do dey turn round ven dey undertake to zee somedings right like oder folks do?”

As I sat listening to all that the passengers said, I called on the muses to come and teach me a moral worth learning. This is what they said to me:

“The cross in our own eye we never can see,
When the cross in our neighbor’s is plain as can be;
And the cross in ourselves may be oftentimes worse
Than that which in others we’re ready to curse.”

SEABRONA PARKS, '16.

The Isaqueena

Vol. IX

Number 6

GREENVILLE, S. C., APRIL, 1915

Published each month by the students of the Greenville Woman's College.

Entered at the Post-office, Greenville, S. C., as Second-Class Matter.

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Editorials



OUR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

It is not without some hesitancy that the present issue of the ISAQUEENA is being sent to press. In the absence of our Editor-in-Chief, who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis, the Staff has endeavored, in accordance with her wishes, to issue the magazine on time. Miss Gilreath is sorely missed by the other staff members, who fully realize their inability to edit successfully the magazine without the direction and aid of its capable Editor. It is hoped by the student-

body, as well as by the magazine Staff, that Miss Gilreath may soon be able to resume her duties.

* *

STUDY OF THE WAR

Questions are being raised in magazine discussions as to the wisdom of allowing the present war to be discussed among students, particularly among younger students. To us who have heard the war discussed ably by lecturers, and who have discussed it among ourselves, in and out of the classroom, such a question seems rather absurd. Yet, it is not unwise to pause a moment and see just what arguments we have for studying the war and what arguments are now being raised against this study.

In a recent magazine an article cited several instances where the study of the present war had been forbidden because it cultivates callousness and predisposes to cruelty; on account of the strict censorship of the press we do not get authentic accounts; teachers are hardly non-partisan enough to teach it with a spirit of real neutrality; the topic is so absorbing it kills interest in regular subjects. To our minds, however, the study of the war is of real educative value, for never have students had a better chance to see history in the making. The study vitalizes geography and history, and since the war has great bearing on economic, social and political questions, to students these topics are made more pertinent. Then, too, a study of this war cultivates a judicial rather than partisan attitude, teaching the destructiveness of racial animosities that have torn Old World countries for centuries. Furthermore, a critical study teaches American students appreciation of their land and its relation to other countries. But perhaps the strongest plea for students to study this war, is that it impresses children with the barbarity and destruc-

tiveness of war and emphasizes the need and blessings of peace, making of every student an ardent advocate for peace. As the college graduate of to-day is the man in the world to-morrow, the ideas of peace he carries with him can be of great effectiveness in promoting world-wide peace.

G. D. C., '16.



INFLUENCE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

Our President has recently introduced a new feature in the daily chapel exercises, that of having some girl give a two or three minutes' discussion of current topics of interest. This feature has met with a very sympathetic response from the student body. Aside from the novelty, pleasure and instruction afforded to the audience by these talks, which are given by girls from the History department, the person taking part is greatly benefited. Everywhere there is a need for women who can talk on their feet with some degree of poise, and nowhere can such poise be better developed than in college, and we believe the habit of speaking before even the student body and faculty of our own college will be of inestimable benefit to girls who expect to take an active part in the world's work.

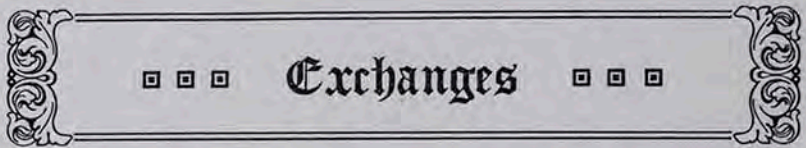
The topics which are daily discussed bear on foreign, international, national, state and local questions of interest or of importance. The few minutes' time limit in which to present her topics develops a critical, judicial attitude in the student in her selection of those questions which are of most interest and in the arrangement of her thoughts so that the news can be presented in a clear and forcible manner. At the end of each talk, those of the audience who have had too many pressing duties to see the morning papers, have a general idea of the previous days' happenings in the world.

G. D. C., '16.

ATHLETICS

Several strangers visiting us lately have inquired why athletics were not stressed more in our college. This question was asked only for information and not in a spirit of criticism. We were unable to answer it satisfactorily. Girls, why do we not stress athletics more? It is not because we have no interest in out-of-door sports, for we all realize that a college education means more than mere facts found between the covers of a book. We all wish to represent a college that is proud of its well-rounded alumnæ. Our principal weakness lies in the lack of personal interest. We do not take an individual part in out-of-door games. We are apt to think that the basket-ball team represents our college athletics. This is true to a certain extent, for our team represents us in intercollegiate games; but we must not neglect the athletic games played on our *own* campus among ourselves. We are proud of our basket-ball team, and are always delighted to yell for it. However, we would like to encourage other games also. Girls, we have tennis courts. Go out and play! We hope to have a volley-ball court. Learn the rules! Our croquet ground will soon be ready. Choose your color! Spring is here. Go into the air. Get a racket or a mallet! *Play a game!*

L. S. E., '16.



Exchanges

THE MERCERIAN

Lack of quantity does not insure quality. *The Mercерian*, however, has quality, though it needs a greater quantity of this quality. Two seems to be the magical number at Mercer, for there are in the February *Mercерian* two essays, two stories and two poems. These are good, as college-journal literature goes. The magazine might have been improved by placing the poem "Midwinter" on the first page. This does not mean that the essay "Thomas Hardy" is not deserving of such a place of honor. First the author deserves a vote of thanks for taking this subject rather than "The Development of the Drama" or "The Rise and Fall of Feudalism," and aside from the subject, the treatment shows insight and literary ability. The other essay, "Chasing the Shadow," which is clever and original, has for its thesis the ubiquity of the advertising art. The poetry is easy in expression—so much so, in fact, as to be at times almost jingly. The stories have strong, gripping plots. "The Man and the Woman" violates one of the unities of the short story in having the time to extend over a month. The plot is of a young society girl and her strong, uneducated guide imprisoned for a week in an old cabin on account of a snow-storm. The inevitable happens, and finally in a moment of weakness the man confesses his love, which is reciprocated by the girl. At this crucial moment the girl's father comes in, and, upon learning of their love, is angry. Realizing more than ever the helplessness of the situation, the guide mechanically takes his gun and stum-

bles away. Here the story should have ended, but the author spoils an artistic story by leaving nothing to the reader's imagination and tagging on a scene describing the thoughts and surroundings of each a month later. Another requirement of the short story is a thesis which must be proved. If this writer has a thesis he does not make it clear, though we suppose it is the hopelessness of love between the stratas of society. "His Red Right Hand" is an atmosphere story dealing with the supernatural. Though this story has a rather indistinct thesis, probably the Indian love for revenge, this is excusable since the purpose of the story is to create a single effect and not to prove a thesis. The single effect is one of weird, horrible tragedy, and is certainly effective though somewhat overdone. A sure guide to the literary atmosphere of a school is the quality of the books which the students elect to read. The book reviews in the *Mercerian* are good. By the way, this department of book reviews in an excellent addition to a college magazine, and is fine training for the writer, but it is painful to see some magazines use their pages for review of such books as "The Eyes of the World."



THE AURORA

We had never seen a copy of *The Aurora* until we received the January issue, which, by the way, came to us very late, and somehow we had expected something better from Agnes Scott. The above statement is meant for a compliment for Agnes Scott rather than a "slam" on *The Aurora*. Indeed, to return to our text, we still expect something better from Agnes Scott, for this magazine shows promise of better things, and we feel sure that the trouble is lack of interest from the students. The magazine under discussion contains one poem, one story and one essay, all of which are fairly

creditable, especially the essay. The poem, "Amico," would be improved if condensed into three stanzas. "All On Account of Kismet" proves its thesis in a clever way, but the plot stretches over an unnecessarily long time. It is doubtful whether an amateur writer should take the liberty of coining words as this author does in having her heroine smile "superiorly." "A Comparison Between Hamlet and the Spanish Tragedy" is well worked out as to detail and shows some insight into the subtle meaning of these plays. "The Awful Fate of Desdemona the Deceitful" is a drama cleverly done in mock-heroic style. It must have been delightfully ridiculous when pantomimed. The Contributors' Club contains an imaginative and artistic sketch called "The Bleeding Heart." The editorials are fair, while the locals are especially good, showing an interesting college life.



THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER

In a fairly recent issue of *The Messenger*, the editor expressed a regret that the magazine had fallen far below the former standard. Perhaps this is true, but it was a high standard indeed to improve upon the March issue. We confess that the poetry of this issue is not so good as has been published in *The Messenger*, but it is anything but commonplace. Surely the magazine has rarely published a story more artistic than "Without Suspicion," which carries out admirably the unities of the short story, and proves very conclusively, if not shockingly, its cynical thesis. Indeed the technic is so perfect as to seem almost too obvious. In striking contrast is "Zazelle," in which the art of the author is proved by his concealment of art. Indeed, this writer has too great a disregard of technic, with the result that he gives us a rambling character study rather than a short story. As a

character study and an example of real literary style it is worthy of praise. In this story the plot is secondary to the characters, which is permissible when there is apt character portrayal; in "Without Suspicion" the characters are not individuals like those of "Zazelle," but mere types, though this is permissible when the psychological interest is of first importance. And when, pray, has *The Messenger* given us a piece of work more charming than "Sheep Dog Trials?" "The Cowboy of Fact and Fiction" is an interesting and live—indeed the first is—subject, well worked up. Passing over "The Would-Be Suicide" as unworthy, we find "Glimpses of An Unusual Writer," which is necessarily lacking in originality of subject matter, being a sketch on Goldsmith, though it is interesting and appreciative. "Vacant Hearts" is an effective piece of work. However, one can hardly read *The Messenger* without being struck with the fact that every story in the March issue reflects a cynical attitude towards woman. This seems to be a requisite for being a man of letters at some of the colleges. Indeed without this superior attitude towards "the female of the species" no would-be highbrow would be within the pale.

In and Around College

RUTH RAST AND BIRDIE CLARK, *Editors*

Y. W. C. A.

TO OTHER EDITORS

What do you consider that a college magazine should contain in the Y. W. C. A. department? We have noticed that some editors give only the news and happenings of the Associations. There are many things that would be of interest to other members and other schools. Too frequently, we fear, the Y. W. C. A. department is considered merely a space filler, a useless necessity, and interesting to only secretaries and presidents. Other editors discuss the various problems of the school. Why can not the Y. W. C. A. editors discuss the problems of the Association, and make their department as interesting as the others?

Again, when one sees interesting articles relating to Association work, let her put it in print for the benefit of those who have not read it. Some leaders may have difficulties in one line, whereas, another leader has found an effective remedy for this difficulty. The Y. W. C. A. should stand for help to those who need, and thus each institution should help others.

* *

MRS. G. E. DAVIS'S TALK

At a recent Thursday Y. W. C. A. meeting the girls had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. G. E. Davis give a very impressive

and helpful talk on "Auxiliary Work in the Church." Mrs. Davis is the State Y. W. A. secretary. She compared the schoolgirl's life to a grain of wheat which might be sown in good ground and bring forth much fruit, or which might be sown on the trodden path, and be blown away by the wind. She pointed out some of the evils which confront us, and the importance of fighting them. She also pointed out to us the opportunities that we have of training now so that we may be leaders in the church work at home. There is the need also for doing Christian service among our own students, and the necessity of being on our guard against besetting sins. Girls, be on your guard lest you be not like the grain of wheat planted in good ground.

At all of our recent lectures the keynote has been, "Now, while in school, is the best time for being of service to our fellow-man." As one seriously thinks about this, she realizes what a great demand is being made upon the college girl. Often, oh, how often we ask the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and the answer comes back always, "Yes." There is a girl you can help. It is not only an opportunity, it is a duty. Can you neglect it?



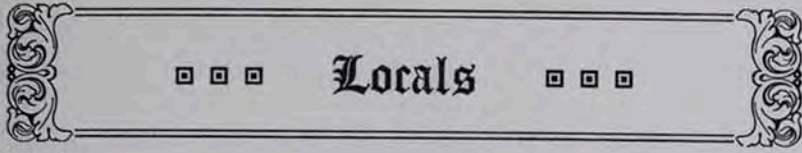
LITERARY SOCIETIES

Our literary societies are steadily mounting, round by round, the ladder which leads to greater perfection. The society spirit which was so deeply aroused by the inter-society debate has not been allowed to subside. The girls are still playing "tug of war" to win laurels for their society. It is conceded that the enthusiasm in the societies this year has no precedent.

In the Alethean Society the first two programs in March were memorials to Southern statesmen and literary men.

These were very interesting as well as educational. We hope to make a further study of these men, for our appreciation is the only recompense we can make for their deeds of valor. The last programs were pertaining to the universal peace movement. The subjects were very interesting indeed, and presented in such a way that Sarah Bernhardt, had she heard, would have trembled with fear lest a rival claimant should arise and dethrone her.

In the Philotean Society the March programs have been of unusual interest. A Wilson program consisted of several papers showing in an excellent manner the wonderful versatility of our President. Several musical selections and papers giving the life and works of Chopin, and showing the condition of the country in which he lived, constituted an enjoyable study of this wonderful composer. On March twentieth, how the War began in the various European countries and its reception in America was told by several students and members of the faculty who were in the respective countries at the time of the outbreak. The vivid presentation of the war by those who were on the spot made it very interesting, and the singing of each country's national hymn truly roused our spirits to a greater love for America.



LECTURES

It was the great pleasure of the girls to hear Mr. Levermore, of Boston, talk in chapel a few days ago. Mr. Levermore is connected with the National Universal Peace Movement, and gave a talk on his work. He pointed out step by step the causes which led to the Great War, and showed clearly the ground on which each nation justifies herself for fighting. He made a few statements also as to the stand that should be taken by America in this affair.

The lyceum at Chicora, March seventeenth, was enjoyed very much by a large audience. Dr. S. P. Cadman, whose subject was "Modern Babylon," gave a very interesting and elevating lecture.

* *

THE FURMAN RECEPTION

The reception given for the G. W. C. girls by the Furman boys at Furman, Monday night, March twenty-second, was the most enjoyable event of the year. The reception hall was beautifully decorated, showing the artistic sense of boys. A delightful ice course was served. Each girl spoke of the Furman boys' aptitude for entertaining.

* *

Miss Nellie Thompson has been visiting her sister, Miss Lenora Thompson, at Anderson College.

Mrs. Nunie Hayes Isbell, of Walhalla, a former student of G. W. C., spent a few days recently in college with her friends.

Miss Marguerite Halsall spent the Sunday before Easter with her parents in Charleston.

Miss Alma Easterling has been at home for a few days.

Miss Ruth Martin has just returned from a visit to her home in Spartanburg.

Miss Rose Jeffries is at her home in Spartanburg, where she has had a slight operation.

Miss Pearl Davis is at her home in Newberry for the Easter vacation.

Miss Watson (in History): "Who was Michael Angelo?"
Eliza Byars: "A pioneer missionary in New Zealand."

Teacher: "What is your name?"

Pupil I: "Jule."

Teacher: "You should say Julius."

Teacher (to next pupil): "What is your name?"

Pupil II (promptly): "Billious, sir!"

Janie Ward: "Miss Dawson, have you that fifty cents you owe me?"

Miss Dawson: "Yes, I'm glad you reminded me of it. If I hadn't paid you, you might think that I am a crook."

Janie: "Yes, ma'am, we know it, Miss Dawson!"

Class: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" while Janie tries to establish her innocence.

Prof. O. M. Clark and Cadets Finley, Caughman, Evans, Harris, Dixon, of Clemson College, were guests of their sisters and friends at G. W. C., Saturday, March twenty-seventh.

Miss Gwin (in Chemistry): "No, no one could live without oxygen."

Olive Busbee (eagerly): "Well, Miss Gwin, what did they do before oxygen was discovered?"

Wanted: To know why Hattie Boroughs never locks her door or trunk—She always "Bolts" them.

Miss Watson (in History): "Why was the war of 1860 called the Civil War?"

Senior R. Coleman: "Because it was fought by civilized people."

Bell: "Are the Wofford boys going to debate in our auditorium?"

Laura Jenkins: "No, they can't have the debate because Frank D. has not been able to write since the special reception." (?)

"THE EASIEST WAY"

—For a woman to capture a man's fancy is to let him fancy he has hers.

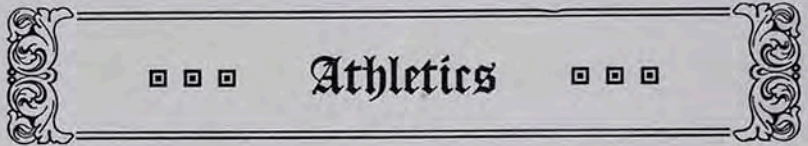
—To procure success is to work for it.

—To keep from boring other people is never to tell them your troubles, but always allow them to tell you theirs.

—To keep from being an old maid is to marry.

—For a woman to fool a man is—just any old way she chooses.

Rat Wakefield (talking excitedly): "Who chaperoned (meaning umpired) the Furman-Charleston game?"



Athletics

Enthusiasm in athletics at G. W. C. at present centers in basket-ball, and in spite of the bad weather the girls have been practicing faithfully under the able coaching of Miss Eudora Ramsay.

This session our team has made a good record for the college, commencing with the great Thanksgiving game played between the "Blues" and "Gold." Evidence of live playing is seen by the victories we have won over our neighboring teams, namely Memminger and Central High School. However, the last game played against Memminger resulted in our defeat. But one defeat does not discourage us, for we do by doing. A game has been scheduled with Due West for April 4th, and here's another chance for our team to shine.

The line-up was as follows:

Memminger games—

Forwards.....	Cox and Altman
Centers.....	Roper and Smith
Guards.....	von Lehe and Owens

Central High School game—

Forwards.....	Donald and Cox
Centers.....	Smith, Asbury and Roper
Guards.....	Easley, von Lehe and Gambrell

The girls have also been taking interest in the great game of tennis. A new court on the back campus has recently been

equipped. We need this fine mountain air; so let us get out and play as well as work!

There is great effort being made by the Athletic Association to organize a volley-ball team. Since we are awake on athletics we feel sure that this will, at an early date, be in good order, and, girls, if you want to be champions, coöperate with us and play.

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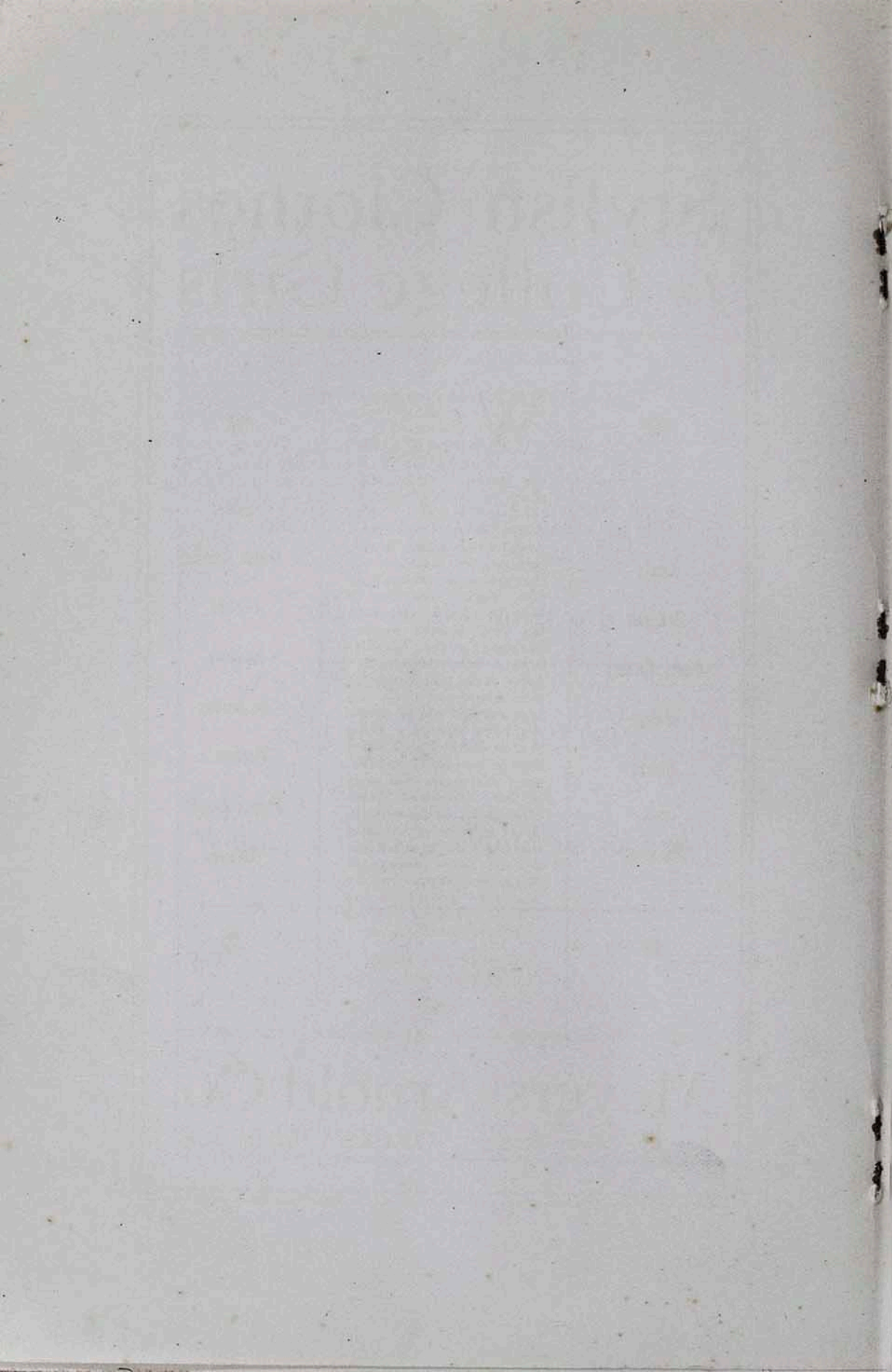
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