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## The Isaqueena - 1915, October

Grace Decker Coleman  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# The ISAQUEENA



*October, 1915.*

## Nobody's "Hard to Please" With Our Jewelry

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¶For your own personal adornment or for "GIFTS" there isn't anything so pleasing as a piece of HALE'S JEWELRY.

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### W. R. HALE JEWELER

105 N. MAIN STREET

GREENVILLE, S. C.

# The Isaqueena



*October, 1915*

Published each month by the Students of the  
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# The Isaqueena

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VOL. X

GREENVILLE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1915

NO. 1

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## School Days Again

The long, bright summer days are past;  
Vacation time is o'er;  
We college girls and boys, at last  
Are back at work once more.

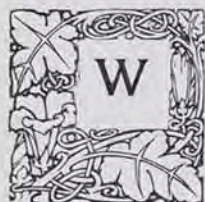
From home they write how still it is  
And lonesome; without us  
To sweep the floors and hang the doors  
And make all kinds of fuss.

Father writes 'tis a great joy to see  
The love of studious strife—  
Which molds he says unconsciously  
Our work for after-life.

SEABRONA PARKS, '17.



### Waggles' Day



WAGGLES stood in a secluded corner of the sidewalk and looked hopeful and wagged his tail. This was no unusual state for Waggles for always he had looked hopeful and always he had wagged his tail; this latter characteristic having won for him in his infancy the fitting cognomen which he bore.

Just now, however, as great a grief as can come to a little dog filled his heart with sadness. He had just seen his master carried away in a wagon by some men. He did not know that this wagon was a patrol; he only knew that the men were rough, that they had kicked him when he had tried to follow, and that they had gone away so quickly that he could not catch them. He sought refuge then between two dry goods boxes that stood near together in front of a store, which afforded a retreat from the cruelty of the world as well as from the September gale, that forerunner of the winter which swept down the street. But Waggles still looked hopeful. Perhaps his master would return or perhaps there would be some one else.

Since his earliest remembrance, Waggles had tried to make friends. When he was a little round puppy tumbling with his brothers in the box, Waggles had evinced a decided friendliness toward the world. But his most amicable advances were unnoticed or else repulsed by the twins, who were his earliest acquaintances. When they first came to view their new possessions, each of the twins had seized upon a puppy which he considered prettiest to keep

as his own. The others must be given away. One by one his brothers left to make their abode with admiring friends, but in spite of his manifest sociableness and playfulness, Waggles was not chosen. Finally, however, he was bestowed upon the washer-woman's son who took him because he was the only one left.

Waggles followed his small dark master away joyfully, but he soon found that life on the dirty back alley was far from pleasant. Mandy did not share her son's fondness for dogs and he missed many a daily meal; in fact he was obliged to forage for all that he did get. Added to this discomfort were the injuries he suffered at the hands of the boys. He was rocked; he had cans tied to his tail; but through it all, he stuck to his little master, supplying in his own affection, the love his master lacked for him; until one day the family suddenly moved away and left him.

It was while searching for his old master that he came across his next and latest one. Old John was a kindly fellow at heart in spite of his rags and drunkenness and he had stopped to snap his finger at the forlorn little yellow dog who was looking so wistfully at him. Just that was enough to make a life long friend of the little beast who needed only a word of encouragement for the affection of a faithful heart. From that instant Waggles tagged at his new master's heels. Old John could not have lost him. He waited for his master outside the saloon doors; he slept near him at night, for a bench in the park was their bed and the world at large their home. Sometimes old John would curse him and kick him; he was seldom kind to him, but whether good or bad he was his master. Often Waggles would bring him aid when John



would fall in the street overcome by drink. After such times as these John would buy Waggles beef steak, but most often Waggles went hungry or was obliged to seek for food where he could. During this time, his hopefulness had not flagged but his faith in humanity had suffered some relapses. From the experience of several narrow escapes, he had learned that the men who went around in the queer closed wagons and who chased dogs with nets were never good friends to make. He had learned also to wait for, instead of making the first friendly advance; but always he was ready to respond and always he was ready to forgive and forget any injury or insult. Nothing could dampen his ardor for human companionship.

Even now, he looked hopefully into the mass of moving people from his place of retreat. A cold rain had settled down and the crowd hurried on. Suddenly something dropped toward him. Waggles jumped up. Was some one throwing at him or did some one want to play? No one was looking toward him. The people moved on. Waggles ventured out to pick up the curious thing. It was big and black and hard. He took it back to his retreat to examine it more closely. He shook it, he bit it, he pawed at it. It was nothing to eat, it was not alive, but it was nice to gnaw. After a while, the interest wore off and Waggles dropped it behind one of the boxes and started off to look for John.

For a while, he lay in his accustomed place in front of the saloon until a drunken fellow stumbled over him. Then he yelped piteously at the door of the saloon but the bar-keeper came and drove him away. Up and down the street he wandered to all the old haunts of his master, looking in vain for old John; until discouraged and cold



he thought of the only possession left him, the black thing he had found in the street, and he returned to the boxes where he had left it. His treasure was still there undisturbed. For a while he gnawed it and played with it, then returned it to its hiding place. So cozy and warm was his retreat, for the boxes cut off the wind and the awning above the store kept off the rain, that the little dog lay down and slept.

It was nearly dark when he was awakened by voices talking excitedly near him. A big limousine stood in the street at the curbing. One of the voices belonged to a big policeman, the other to a nice man. A beautiful lady was at the door of the limousine. Waggles would have liked to appear friendly but he knew to keep quiet until he was invited, and besides he had learned to regard policemen with a feeling somewhat akin to that which he held for dog-catchers.

The voices continued—

"It was in a plain black leather pocket-book with a rubber band around it. The sides were bulged out for I had just drawn the money out of the bank and fixed it up for my wife to bring home. She carried it in her muff. I believe, and she remembers positively having it when she left the department store next door. She got into the car at this corner so she must have dropped it between here and there." It was the nice man who was speaking.

"Faith, an' ye don't expect it to be still lyin' on the side walk where she dropped it, do ye? It ain't the custom for people to step over money and lave it lyin' in the strate."

"I know it sounds foolish," the man said, "but we have searched everywhere else; and there's always a chance, you know."

"Oh, please, officer," the beautiful lady plead, "help us to find it. Oh, why didn't I go straight home with the money?" The lady began weeping softly.

"Shure now, mum, don't ye be worryin' mum. Oi'll soich in every crack of the strate if twill do any good mum. But little is the use Oi can see in it," the big man muttered as he walked off.

The chauffeur joined the two men as they went toward the department store. The lady, left alone, stepped out of the car and came toward the boxes. Peering between them she saw the little yellow figure watching her with bright and interested eyes.

"Oh, little doggie," she exclaimed in surprise.

That was quite enough for Waggles who sprang from his retreat and jumped in ecstacies about the lady's feet. She looked in consternation at the muddy marks his feet left on her skirt; but moved with grief at her loss and with a sort of gratitude for his dumb sympathy, she stooped and patted the quivering little head. Waggles' cup of joy was over-brimming. Running back to his retreat, he scratched out from its hiding place his only possession to lay at the feet of his mistress.

At the startled cry the lady gave, the little dog ran fearfully back. The three men returned running. For a minute all was confusion. The voices all talked at once. Then the nice man and the beautiful lady and the chauffeur entered the car and the policeman walked away.

As he saw them about to go, the hopefulness for the first time waned in the yellow-brown eyes. All the coldness and hunger returned. The car started slowly, then stopped. The door burst open; the beautiful lady jumped out and ran toward the boxes. Before he could think, she



had snatched Waggles up in her arms, close to the warm furs about her neck.

"You darling, darling little doggie. I almost forgot you but I shall never forget you again."

Settled in the warm limousine in the beautiful lady's lap and with the nice man patting his head, Waggles' paradise was complete.

"One wouldn't think him pretty, just at first," the beautiful lady was saying, "but we shall keep him always for saving our fortune, shan't we Phil?"

The fulfillment of hope was shining in his eyes, the tail was wagging ecstatically, Waggles' day had come.

F. M.



### Matthew Arnold's Doctrine of Culture



ATTHEW ARNOLD has been called the "apostle of culture," and it is he, who someone has said, set the goal for culture in America. Writing during a period when men's minds were bent on materialistic things, he appears almost as a revolutionary force in his efforts to rouse men from their apathy of thought. "In his own way he was a prophet and preacher striving whole-heartedly to release his countrymen from bondage to mean things and pointing their gaze to that symmetry and balance of character which has seemed to many noble minds the one goal of human endeavor." His exact influence, however, can hardly be estimated yet, though Long says he seems destined to occupy a high place among the masters of literary criticism.

In order to understand intelligently Arnold's writings and his ideas of culture, it is necessary to have a brief outline of the man's life. He was born in the valley of the Thames in 1822 and lived in a period torn with the agitation between science and religion. Under the guidance of his father who was the famous head-master at Rugby, he enjoyed unusual educational advantages, first at his father's school and later at Oxford where he distinguished himself for his excellence in the classics. After leaving the university he was teacher, private secretary, and in 1847 was appointed Inspector of Schools holding this position until his death in 1888, making three trips on the continent to study school systems there, and devoting

much of his time and energy to his work. In the meantime he was professor of poetry at Oxford from 1857 to 1867. Arnold has been called the poet of transition coming from 1840 to 1850 between the first and second outbursts of creative energy in the nineteenth century. He was happily married in 1851 and loved his home and children. The deep effect the scientific movement had on Arnold is portrayed in his poetry in which he shows the struggle between his religious faith taught him by his parents, and his intellectual interest in the scientific movement. His cool reason refused him the solace of an unquestioning faith. His poetry portrays a dejection and doubt combined with a stoical endurance and is of an intellectual rather than emotional quality. Arnold attempted poetry first, but won recognition as a prose writer before he was widely known as a poet. Outer circumstances turned his energies from poetry to prose criticism and he surpasses all great contemporaries as a critic of literature, holding the position of leader and almost dictator for the last twenty years of his life. His prose falls in to two classes, the critical and the practical and has little of the qualities of his verse being rather light-hearted, vivacious, refined, and classical.

*Culture and Anarchy*, the most characteristic of Arnold's practical works, appeared in 1869. In this essay he sets forth his doctrine of culture which he defines as "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world." With this definition of culture, Arnold prefaces his work by recommending culture as a help out of the then present difficulties. He urges men to turn fresh thoughts upon



their staid notions, for this culture or pursuit of perfection, as he calls it, is an inward operation. In later chapters he develops fully the point: that since culture is the study of perfection, it leads us to consider true human perfection as a harmonious perfection, developing all sides of our humanity; and as a general perfection developing all parts of our society. He urges us to see the reasons for things, and argues that we have over-valued doing at the expense of thinking.

With these general statements Arnold outlines his essay, and in taking it up in detail proves how his doctrine holds. In his first chapter which he calls *Sweetness and Light*, he points out how Puritanism has developed one side of man's nature at the expense of all other sides. It was too narrow. While he affirms that religion was "the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made," he believed that it had been pursued with a rather fanatic zeal. Religion coincides with culture in trying to find what perfection is and make it prevail, but he declares that culture goes beyond religion because it "is a harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of one power at the expense of the rest." Arnold goes to the Greeks for examples of beauty and perfection of human nature on all sides, although he admits that they lacked moral fibre. We lack beauty and harmony, however, which deficiency appears almost the worse of the two evils to him. Culture seeks to do away with classes and make the best that has been thought and said current everywhere; thus enabling men to live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light where they may use ideas freely. For this reason he



calls men of culture the true apostles of equality because they humanize and spread the best knowledge. The ideal of human perfection as he puts it is "an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased sympathy." The pursuit of perfection is the pursuit of sweetness and light which was so much more needed than the middle class liberalism of his day. Arnold bemoans the fact that men have come to place such a high regard on external things as wealth, things which are merely mechanical. Throughout the essay he repeats the theme developed in his first chapter: "To make reason and the will of God prevail," and the need of increased sweetness and light.

In his next chapter Arnold tries to correct the doing of things without thought and restraint. He notices the great tendency of Englishmen particularly, to worship freedom in and for itself, and their superstitious faith in mere machinery. As practical benefits of culture he says it is really a blessed thing to like what right reason ordains, to follow her authority. Culture helps us to determine by reading, observing, and thinking who shall have authority. We have no idea of choosing high standards to go by, and without culture we give authority to wrong things. Our best self which culture seeks to develop in us suggests the idea of the State as the hands into which authority should be placed. He insists that we need to rely more upon the nation.

Arnold shows the sloth of the intellect of his countrymen (for it is they whom he uses as examples) by dividing them into three classes: the Philistines or large middle class which is opposed to new ideas and is decidedly materialistic; the Barbarians or aristocratic class, self-

satisfied and caring only for external pleasures and pursuits; and the Populace or rough working class. Pointing out the characteristics of each and their similarities, he shows how the doing as one likes and asserting of personal liberty tends to prevent the erection of any very strict standards of excellence. Our habits make it hard to come at an idea of our best self whether in religion or politics. For this reason Arnold insists that the panacea for the evil is culture, which will bring individual reason in harmony with right reason. The tendency of man has been to Hebrase, to do, rather than to Hellenise, to think. The subordination of thinking to doing has led to a mistaken and misleading treatment of things evidenced by the Puritanical, narrow interpretation of the scriptures. Hebraism has tended to make religion the basis for thought and conduct, yet Arnold seeing the good in both, urges that we Hellenise more, meaning by this to see things as they really are; to find the intelligible law of things; and seeing things as they are in their true nature, to see them as beautiful. While each is a valuable contribution to human development, by Hellenising more Arnold thinks a more perfect balance can be obtained. He insists that men have been too much occupied with narrow mechanical conceptions: the making of money or saving of souls, and these duties have been mechanical because they lacked the ideal of perfection. He attributes the confusion of that age to the result of the habits of unintelligent routine and one-sided growth. This development of one side of us tells injuriously on our thinking and acting, he observes, and urges that we want a "fuller harmonious development of our humanity, a free play of thought upon our routine notions, spontaneity of consciousness, sweet-



ness and light" which culture generates and fosters.

Arnold sticks to the realm of fact and his illustrations are striking. He is a decided individualist as is evidenced by the frequent repetition of the idea that thought and knowledge are eminently something individual, and the more we possess it as strictly our own, the more power it has over us. He meets the complaints of his Liberal friends who find fault with him for his inactivity in modern reforms, by insisting on the free play of thought and consciousness upon the questions agitated; so that by the disinterested and active pursuit of reading, reflection and observation, new schemes may be found out of which true reforms may grow. And as an exponent of culture he urges right thinking and strong doing. How truly does he observe that by thinking more clearly, we act less confusedly. Arnold defends his doctrine upon all sides and urges men to be careful in their disparagement of his teaching lest they confuse the frivolous with true culture. His style is simple and very lucid. His keen analyses are carried to the last degree. By his delicate irony, subtle wit, humor and clever illustrations, we are irresistibly forced to agree with him or admit we are uncultured, so conclusive and convincing are his arguments. By dint of much repetition, he makes his points clear, and by stating them so pithily makes them stick. His ridicule of America's sad lack of culture can not give offense because he proves obvious facts. He fearlessly shows how Americans are blinded by their conceit in believing they are an intellectual people, whereas, "In the things of the mind, and in culture and totality America falls short, fails in the true conception of culture."

We could wish Arnold's ideal were realized, that Heb-



raism and Hellenism were rightly balanced and man's nature developed on all sides. We hardly dare believe his confident statement which not only sums up his doctrine of culture, but shows the desire of man to establish it: "But we are sure that the endeavor to reach through culture, the firm intelligible law of things, we are sure that the detaching ourselves from our stock notions and habits, that a more free play of consciousness, an increased desire for sweetness and light, and all the best which we call Hellenising, is the master impulse even now of the life of our nation and of humanity—somewhat obscurely perhaps for this actual moment, but decisively and certainly for the immediate future; and that those who work for this are the sovereign educators.

GRACE D. COLEMAN, '16.

### The Lady Next Door

I wondered why the Lady next door was so gay,  
For folks all said that her life had been sad,  
"How heartless," thought I, "to be always so  
glad,"

And I wondered why the lady next door was so gay.

From her house came the echoes of mirth all the day,  
And yet in her festive laughter and glee  
Was a nameless something which baffled me,  
And I wondered why this lady next door was so gay.

Though it seemed that she lived in perpetual fray,  
In her eyes there was ever a haunting light.  
It seemed that her smile was a trifle too bright,  
And I wondered why this lady next door was so gay.

And still she danced on in feverish play,  
But while she laughed with the crowds all  
around,  
In her laughter was always a hollow sound,  
And I wondered why the lady next door was so gay.

Something was done to my heart one day,  
(And still days come and still days go),  
Perhaps it broke, I do not know,  
But I know why the lady next door was so gay.

MARIE PADGETT, '16.



### Carolyn's Habit



N CAROLYN'S home town it was the common habit of all street car conductors to tenderly assist all passengers aboard and to wait respectfully until all were comfortably seated before starting the car on its leisurely way.

In New York, however, Carolyn found out to her dismay that things were done *et* out to her dismay that things were done differently. It took her some six weeks to learn which car passed her boarding place; but even time did not accustom her to the unexpected back breaking jolt with which the cars of Manhattan always start. With Carolyn the result of this jolt was ever the same; invariably it landed her unexpectedly in some other passenger's lap.

"Oh, my dear friend, I sincerely *beg* your pardon," Carolyn would murmur greatly embarrassed. "This seems to be a habit of mine. I shall sit in the lap of all New York before I learn how not to."

If Carolyn had been born in Manhattan she wouldn't have explained; but in the little Western city it was customary to speak pleasantly to strangers—and as you see Carolyn had not acquired the habit of Eastern unsociableness.

As long as she landed in a different lap each time, she did not particularly mind picking herself up from strange knees and offering apologies—but when she had landed for the fifth time in the same masculine lap, had looked for

the fifth time into the same pair of pleasant masculine eyes, and had made for the fifth time the same absurd little plea for pardon, she suddenly became very much confused.

"Oh, sir, I—I am so sorry," stammered Carolyn, her face turning a lovely pink. When Nickson had assisted her gently from his knees for the fifth time in two weeks. "I really can not get accustomed to these fast—"

"Yes, they are a nuisance. You take this same car every day, do you not?" He hastened to ask to prolong the conversation.

"Yes, I go four times a week to White Anchor."

"And I every day to Mabelton. My train leaves at 4.45."

"So does mine," said Carolyn. "But this is my last trip."

"Oh, Miss——er I'm so sorry," he stammered out. "but since we're to take the same train——"

Carolyn stiffened, sat up very straight, she remembered suddenly that Nickson was a stranger.

The next moment there was an accident. A fat, jolly looking old lady dropped a large paper sack of oranges. By the time Nickson had restored the fruit the car had stopped and Carolyn had vanished in the crowd. Nickson did not approach her in the train, his courage failed him, but he sat where he could see the lovely profile.

About a week later Carolyn happened to meet Nickson in a perfectly proper and conventional manner, at the home of a girl friend. In the course of time, both being young and attractive, they fell in love and became engaged. They had been betrothed for three months when, as lovers always have done and probably always will do,



they quarreled. The bone of contention was so slight an affair that they both forgot it in two days, but the quarrel itself was a bigger matter. In that terrible moment one had said unforgivable things while the other's words had remained unforgettable.

The boy and girl were sitting out in the swing late one afternoon laughing and talking when Nickson began teasing Carolyn about a man he saw her with a few days before. He was teasing her in order to hide his jealousy.

"I'd give all the world if I could be young, strong, and handsome like your friend. It was good of him—yes good of him to pick you up, you had a jolly good ride I suppose. I guess he is a new acquaintance of yours since he is a friend of your aunt?"

"No, he isn't," was the sharp reply, "nor do I wish him to be."

"Indeed! why not?" asked Nickson in some surprise for the young man was really handsome and would have gained a second glance from most any girl. He was truly happy however that Carolyn had denied the fact.

"It's sufficient that I don't like him, he is nothing to me and never will be, so there! why do you tease me so? "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she added with a toss of her head as she left him.

As Nickson reached for his cap he realized that this was the the first quarrel and murmured under his breath:

"Act first, scene first, and it does not close like a comedy either."

Love and romance for Carolyn no longer made interesting a heaven on earth. She realized that she had been existing in a dream world and that no *man* is perfect. Heartbroken, she returned at once to her Western home.

For the next five years Nickson attended so strictly to his work that his salary was several times increased. This, however, did not make him happy; at times he wore a preoccupied air, and his expression was sad, his closest friends knew that he still mourned for the obstinate Carolyn.

His jolly old pal tried to cheer him up by saying, "What's the use in grieving yourself to death over one girl when the world is full of them just as pretty and sweet too, as Carolyn. Why Nick, old boy, I've survived a dozen broken engagements and am as happy as a June-bug. Buck up, old, man, you're losing your good looks frowning so much. Let a fellow see you smile once in awhile."

"Oh, cut it, I'm not grieving. Hush up, I'd rather not discuss the matter," returned Nickson sternly. "The affair was ended long ago!" banging the door as he left the club.

One hot, dusty Saturday afternoon about a month after his exasperation at being guyed by his friends, Nickson, seated in his usual corner on the crowded street-car, suddenly felt his evening paper torn roughly from his hands and crumpled under the weight of a descending body. The car had started with its usual jolt and an unprepared passenger had unexpectedly landed in his lap.

"I sincerely *beg* your pardon," said a voice that made Nickson's heart stand still, then begin throbbing like the engine of a Ford automobile, "this seems to be a habit—oh!"

"Carolyn, you—er darling," said Nickson in her ear.

"I've returned to—to New York," stammered Carolyn



brokenly as she slipped down in the vacant seat he made for her by his side.

"And to me, Carolyn?" demanded Nickson his heart still beating so loud he could almost hear it above the rumbling of the street car.

"Straight to you, it seems to me, in the same old way," breathed out the blushing, radiant, happy Carolyn.

"Yes, dearest, in the same old heavenly way," smiled Nickson, still holding her fingers safely in his under the ever accommodating *Evening Post*.

SEABRONA PARKS, '17.

### Robert Browning's Obscurity



IT WAS long the fashion and still is with skimming readers and with mechanical critics to charge Mr. Browning with being wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, and stubbornly harsh. But there are two classes of readers who read Mr. Browning's works. One class reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests; the other has a habit of loose and indiscriminate reading and is unequal to the sustained concentration of mind demanded by higher poetry, the language of which is characterized by a severe economy of expression. Then too, we are tempted to-day by the great number of books and magazines, to gobble up all we can, and from the want of all digestive and assimilating power, we are famished and deadened. For most readers books are, as Montaigne says, "a languid pleasure," and so they must be unless we assimilate them and let them become a challenge for our spirits. It is just for this reason that nine-tenths of the people do not like Browning and think him difficult.

Browning had nothing of the attitude of the recluse, but while healthily social and a man of the world about him, he was not one of whom people tell reminiscences of consequence, and he was in no sense a public personality. His sympathy had left him free to choose his life work, and although he was known as an artist and musician rather than as a writer, evidently he had long felt a stronger inclination in the direction of author-



ship; and an early desire to produce a series of monodramatic epics, illustrating souls, now urged itself upon him. As I have said before, higher poetry demands concentration and we must admit that Browning never makes a little go a great way, for he has so much material, and such a large thought. Browning's poetry produces its effect by suggestion rather than by elaboration; by stimulating thought, emotion, and the aesthetic sense, instead of seeking to satisfy any one of these—especially instead of contenting itself with only soothing the last.

Another trait of Browning that makes him obscure is his extreme compactness and concentration. Generally he crowds idea upon idea; even in his lyrics, each thought is pressed down to its very essence. Each thought has that power that makes the reading of him one of the most stimulating things to be had from literature. His characters are apt and he uses the very least number of words possible; they express it all, and the more you think of them, the more you see that not a word could be added or taken away. For instance, here are two lines from *A Toccato of Galuppi's*:

“Dear dead women—with such hair, too; what's become  
of all the gold  
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?—I feel chilly and  
grown old.”

By this we can see that the motions of Browning's mind are rapid and leaping and often the connecting links have to be supplied by an analytic reader whose mind is not up to the required tension to spring over the chasm, and careless sometimes of making these connections. The effort, however, which is necessary to apprehend him, is not only a valuable mental tonic, but is frequently re-

warded by the discovery of real and satisfying thought. The vast scholarship of the poet, and his wide reading, also contribute to the impression of obscurity; but these difficulties are not sufficient to prevent his recognition as one of the most powerful influences on the spiritual and mental life of our age. Browning has great faith in his readers and leaves out the details. For instance, in *Sordello* there is the historical background from the Guelf and Ghibelline struggles in Italy, but he leaves his readers to find out about these historical events and characters while he goes on telling their characteristics. *Sordello* carries out that design of his that lays stress on the incidents in the development of a soul. With its inexhaustible wealth of psychological suggestion, its interwoven discussion of the most complex problems of life and thought, it may well make the reader pause who makes his first approach to Browning through it, and send him back, if he begins with the feeling of one challenged to an intellectual task, baffled by the intricacy of its ways, without a comprehension of what it contains or leads to. Mr. Augustine Birrel says of it: "We have all heard of the young architect who forgot to put a staircase to his house, which contained five rooms, but no way of getting into them. 'Sordello' is a poem without a staircase." This is not the only one of his poems that has an historical background, however, for most of his art and music poems are laid in times overteeming with historical events.

It was the 'life of typical souls' that Browning set himself to write; and always it is these typical souls that interest him—whether struggling to emerge from the confining bonds of mediaeval system, or expanding amidst



all the intricate complexities of modern life, which he loved precisely because it made the game harder to play, and thus more of an intellectual exercise. Although he chose his subjects frequently from the bygone centuries, partly won by their picturesque quality and partly obeying the fashion of the time, even when taken from mediæval age, it was always the character he sought to reproduce rather than the environment. For instance in *Pippa Passes* and *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, it is the characters that he is portraying. *Pippa Passes* is especially a character study, and in nearly all of his other poems and plays it is the characters he is dealing with.

A truly original writer like Browning, I mean, in his spiritual attitudes, is always more or less difficult to the uninitiated, for the reason that he demands of his reader new standpoints, new habits of thought and feeling, and until these new stand-points are taken, these new habits of thought and feeling induced, the difficulty, while appearing to the reader at the outset, to be altogether with Browning, will really to a great extent be in himself.

Another trait of Browning is his difficult construction of the language. But after all, the difficulties resulting from his construction are not the main difficulties, as has been generally supposed. The main difficulties are quite independent of the construction of the language. Readers, especially those who take an intellectual attitude toward all things, suppose that they are prepared to understand anything which is understandable if it is only put right. This is a most extraordinary mistake especially in respect to the subtle and complex spiritual experience which the more deeply subjective poetry embodies. And what may be obscurity for some people in this kind

of poetry may be due to the fact that they have the wrong attitude or that their spiritual experiences are limited. A new attitude may be demanded before they can understand it, and in many cases it may require a long time to change their attitude. "In that case," Mr. Carson says, "the patient must minister to himself."

As I have mentioned before, Browning lets the speaker in the poem or play reveal his own character, or sometimes suggest the character of someone else. This is one of the difficulties that the reader first experiences in his study of Browning's poetry. Sometimes the reader has to read most of the poem before he even finds out what Browning is talking about. For example look at *Fra Lippo Lippi*. Browning does not introduce the character, neither is there a reply made to the speaker by the person or persons addressed, but a look, a gesture, or a remark, must be supposed on the part of the one addressed which brings about a reply from the speaker. Then too, in *My Last Duchess* is illustrated again that art of the poet. After the messenger had looked at the portrait the Duke says,

"Will't it please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then."

We get the picture of the Duke and messenger rising, still looking at the portrait, and beginning to descend to the company below. His next speech which indicates what he has been talking about during the study of the portrait, must be understood to have been spoken while they were going from the portrait to the stairway, for he says:

"Nay we'll go,  
Together down, sir."



This shows that they have reached the head of the stairway and that the messenger had motioned politely for the Duke to lead the way down. We know this is what took place for the Duke said, "Nay." Then the next speech shows them passing a window on the stairway where they can see outside because the Duke calls attention to the bronze statue of Neptune taming a sea-horse. We see the character of the Duke revealed by what he says about the portrait and statue, for he always tells who the artist was and has to comment on him to show that he was a great artist; from that we see that he values the portrait and statue, especially the portrait, wholly as works of art. He does not think of it as the remainder of a lovely and sweet woman who might have blessed his life if she could have. So from these examples we see that the reader must imply the picture for each speech, for if he does not he cannot get the connection of the story.

It is admitted to-day by many of Browning's warmest admirers that the early Browning Societies claimed too much for him, and created a wide impression that he was difficult. He had certain obscurities of style, it is true, but these were magnified by the idea that they could be understood only by the intellectually elect. Now it is beginning to be understood that Browning's message was simple and direct, and to all mankind that strives after moral good. Undoubtedly a large number of intelligent persons still suspect a note of affectation in the man who declares not only his admiration, but his intense enjoyment of Browning. This not only shows that the "Sordello-born" tradition still lives, but that there is harm being done by those who approach him as a problem. Not all his readers share this reproach, for as Browning

makes Bishop Blougram say: "Even your prime men who appraise their kind are men still, catch a wheel within a wheel, see more truth in a truth than the truth's simple self—confuse themselves—". Mr. Warner says that it is beyond question that such persons are responsible largely for the fact that for some time to come, every one who speaks of Browning to a general audience will feel that he has some cant to clear away, but if he can make them read some of his intensely human, essentially simple and direct dramatic and lyrical works, he will be in their favor and people will see wherein their former attitude was wrong.

RUBY COLEMAN, '15.



### The Old House and the New



HOMASTON and I were riding down the hot and dusty August road. We were getting the benefit of a great deal of dust, as buggies and cars from all over the County were en route to a political meeting. Consequently I pulled up the reins and dropped behind some travelers more impatient than we. Strange to relate, I soon grew tired of our detailed political discussion. It seemed that my friend was becoming weary too, so I stopped to ask so trivial a question as:

"Who lives there?"

As I asked this, I pointed to a handsome white house, which was tastefully located in a grove. But on the whole, the place lacked the appearance of a real home. There were no flowers, and weed had outgrown the grass. Too, the house sadly needed a new coat of paint. In fact, a small two room cottage across the road afforded a more pleasing and lifelike scene, although I could see from passing that it needed a flower here and there and a few curtains. It seemed all out of keeping with a new and large barn which stood a few yards down the road and also with the prosperous looking surrounding fields of cotton and corn.

"Does no one live there?" I questioned once more, as I glanced at the big white house.

"Why," said my friend, "no one has ever lived there, and the rain has been beating against it now for five

years. Evidently you have not heard the sad story of Bachelor Brown," he continued, laughing heartily.

"No," I answered, longing for some light gossip or at least thinking it more pleasing now than politics, the sad conditions of which put me in rather a dejected mood.

"Well," said Thomaston, still laughing and shaking his head slightly, "Brown's a mighty fine old fellow and wealthy too; but luck seemed to be against him—ha-ha! He seems to be getting fatter and fatter tho and I can't see that he's any less jolly. But some think that he really did love the girl!"

"Oh, the girl?" I questioned interestedly.

"Well, yes, the girl, or what do you think the man built a house like that for?" continued Thomaston, evidently amused.

I remember his words distinctly as he continued:

"Well, old Brown had hung around so long that we thought it almost impossible for him to get off—but he began to go away for a day or two every month; so that our curiosity was aroused. And really he had fallen in love, the neighbors said, with some wealthy and aristocratic girl. They say she was awfully young, but old man Johnson's wife said she'd seen her and she wasn't very pretty. But Brown wouldn't have cared about that, not a bit; just so she was rich and could do things, ha, ha. Why see that house he built! Now I'd have built the little thing a snug bungalow; but Brown don't stand for foolishness; he's after the things that pay.

"Well, didn't the child like the house or what happened, pray?" I awkwardly asked. "When an independent kind of a chap falls, he usually falls hard. Tell me what happened?"



"Well, well," mused Thomaston, "it's quite a joke, knowing Brown, and now that he's come to see the funny side of it, it's the laugh of the country!"

"I suppose some young and handsome Prince Charming came in and beat him out, eh," I curiously urged him on.

"No, not at all, but," Thomaston affirmed, "that old characteristic materialism had to leak out and that little romantic Southern girl who, I presume, had been reared on novels, wouldn't stand for it. He went down to see her and his curiosity got the best of him. He went into the registrar's office and found out exactly how much the heiress was or would be worth and she found it out."

"How fierce!" I ejaculated. "And he still lives in the little house across the road, does he?"

Thomaston must have seen that I was taking the situation entirely too seriously for he began to argue earnestly.

"Well, I guess the old man's ambitions were played with rather roughly but he was used to living in the little cottage and he's got more money than he can use anyway. But it really was Thomaston's sense of humor that saved him. He looked at the new house rather demurely for a while; but since he's seen the joke, he can't look you straight in the face without laughing about it."

By the time I had shaken off the feeling of tragedy, for the story affected me oddly, and begun to laugh also, we had left the new house and the old far behind us.

JANIE GILREATH, '15.



## Rags and Tatters



### THE RAT AND THE OLD GIRL.

"The Rat" having paid her tribulation fee, inquired for the price of a mail-box, and finding that they were given free for the purpose of distributing student-government warning, walked into the room feeling as if her heart was sinking forty fathoms.

"Oh—h—h— I—I— w—wish —I w—was at h—ho—home!" she wailed.

"Cheer up honey—the worst is yet to come," said The Old Girl, comfortingly. "Bathe your eyes and let's go on the campus."

"Campus nothing! I'm tired to death—I've walked about ninety miles to-day. Oh, why on earth will they have those towel-racks—so far from the lavatory?" pointing to the radiator.

The Old Girl suppressed a giggle, and carefully explained that this was a radiator put there to hang "washed-out clothes—at—night" on in the winter time, and placed there for the express purpose of waking you up in the morning.

"Oh," exclaimed the Rat knowingly. I wondered what that large one was doing in the auditorium."

"Well, I'm so hungry", growled the Rat—determined to be home-sick.



"It's a shame," said the Old Girl, "I think we might be allowed to have a chafing-dish."

"What's that?" asked the Rat with open eyes, and the Old Girl answered with an "Oh—you—don't know that?"—air—"Why that's a frying-pan that's gotten into society, goosie."

"My, but they do have funny things here. You know I've seen carriages drawn by all kinds of animals—but—pointing to a passing street-car, "I've never before seen one run by a fishing-pole."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the other Rat, who ran hastily in the room asking for a clock at once.

"Oh, honey, I want to take some pictures."

"Well, what on earth do you want, a clock? There it is," pointed Old Girl.

"Oh, where—I want to take a time exposure", she called back.

The conversation continued and the Rat wondered why on earth you had to have "Meditation Hour" on Sunday afternoon. She got tired of the thing, sitting there for two hours with your hands folded, thinking—thinking!

Here the Old Girl explained, with a surprised look that this was by no means a hardship, but was two hours set apart by the kindness of Mrs. Sloan, to give the girls time to wash their hair, clean up their rooms, and write their love-letters.

"Oh!" enquired the Rat, "Are there any real cute Furmanites to write to?" She had met with one and he was awfully stupid!

"Oh you don't know him yet. He has a lot in him when you know him."

"Has he?" asked the Rat. "Well then, I'm sure it's a vacant lot."

With this the Old Girl departed, wondering who on earth that little "Fresh Rat" was, anyway.

A. L. R.

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### A SHELF OF OLD BOOKS.

On the top shelf of my closet is a row of old books. Most of them are worn and soiled from much handling, and dog-eared corners are their characteristic feature. But each of these books stands for something in my life. Something very dear and lovingly remembered. They seem twice as dear to-day, worn though they be, as they did years ago when they were new. My childhood is all wrapped up in that shelf of old books.

As I fondly run my hand over them it falls on *Mother Goose Rhymes and Stories for Children*. Oh! the memories that well up at the thought of it. It was the first real book I ever had. The first book I could call my own. How proud I was of it. Of course I had had picture books, but they were not real books. They had no reading in them. My *Mother Goose* was read to me until I knew all the rhymes and most of the stories. Then I began to take it off to some place where I was sure I was alone and where I could pretend I was reading them. Many a happy hour I spent thus engaged. If only I could find a book to-day that could hold me enthralled as *Mother Goose* did. I place this childhood token on the shelf and go to another.

The next title that catches my eye is Grim's *Fairy Tales*. A smile comes to my lips as I open it. Some of the pages



are more worn than others, thus marking my favorite stories. Some are splashed with tears. These tell of the troubles of the fair maid and brave hero. My eighth birthday comes back to me when my aunt gave me this book. *Fairy Tales* now reigned in my life and pushed *Mother Goose* to a second place. I read the whole book through several times and some stories, my favorites, I read and reread until I could almost recite them word for word. I had a very vivid imagination and Grim's *Fairy Tales* did much to cultivate it. I would sit for some time lost to my surroundings while I traveled in fancy with the fairies. Now, as I look at it I let my fancy roam once more. But with a sigh I return to earth and reverently place *Fairy Tales* back on the shelf.

On the end of my shelf is a book larger than the rest. When the dust is brushed away I find it is *Pilgrim's Progress*. As I read it, I would stop to think of the things in my own life represented in *Pilgrim's Progress*. I imagined myself in as trying places as Christian ever entered and, queer though it now seems to my grown-up mind, I always had just the same troubles as Christian. I was glad of this because, I said, I could better sympathize with poor Christian. While this book held sway in my life, I became more sober minded than usual. My parents discovered this and attributed it to ill health and I was not allowed to read much. How I longed for my books. And how slow the hours I was to spend in the fresh air dragged themselves out. This is very vivid to me now. But I must hasten: there are still other books on my shelf.

Now I am at a loss to know just which one to choose next. I shall close my eyes and select one. What a treat!

It is my beloved Lamb's *Tales*. Ah, the happy hours I spent with this book! Here again my fancy was allowed full play. How I would imagine myself in the place of every character, army or nation. When I was told these *Tales* were only a condensed form of Shakespeare's plays, how I longed to grow old enough to read the real book. To my childish mind the "real book" seemed far in the future. It is now among my treasures. But I can never enjoy it more than I did my Lamb's *Tales*.

Among the others I see my Alcott books. The one I take down is — Can't you guess, reader? It is *Little Women*. My mind travels back over the interesting years and rests with delight on the day *Little Women* came into my life. *Mother Goose*, Grim's *Fairy Tales*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and even Lamb's *Tales* lost their charm when this book was given me. I had a real "novel" at last. Such a treasure! I devoured its pages word by word with an eagerness rarely ever excited by any author to-day. I put myself in the place of Jo, for I admired her most, and when she wept I wept, when she laughed I laughed, her failures were my failures, her triumphs my triumphs. After I read *Little Women*, I wanted to do something great. I felt sure I could, but when I casually mentioned the fact to my family, it was greeted with such a hearty burst of laughter, I resigned my purpose.

This was the last book that stands out alone and marks a distinct period in my life. I was growing older and other things crowded in and gave less time for me to be alone with my treasured books. I look back with sadness on my fast changing ideas. Oh, if I could have kept my mind and heart as pure as it was in my childhood! But things unknown to childhood creep in as we grow older



and the plot thickens while the mystery grows darker.

A few of my old school books and others of less importance are on my shelf also. They are covered with dust and are seemingly forgotten. But I will never forget the happy hours I spent alone with my books. And I am sure my childhood was sweeter because of them. Whatever shall come into my life, I am sure my shelf of old books will always have a corner in my heart.

RUTH SCOTT, '18.

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### A MILL SKETCH.

In traveling thru different sections of the country, one is continually coming in contact with people of every description; educated, uneducated, cultured, uncultured, plain, simple, refined, and in fact, every extreme which it is possible for man to be placed in. Among them all we find interesting characteristics, habits and peculiarities. And not without its share in these interesting habits and peculiarities is the simple life of the cotton mill people.

Late one afternoon, upon my arrival at a little out-of-the-way mill village in the upper section of South Carolina, I was met by a tousle-haired, very-much out-of-breath little boy who came running up to me and blurted out:

"Be you the new teacher?"

I told him I was. He answered back quickly. "I 'lowed as how you would be, as you's the only lady 'at got offen the cars."

He walked by my side talking as fast as he could, and

giving me the history, I think of every teacher who had been there before me. In his excitement he forgot even to offer to carry my suitcase, but I didn't mind. I was enjoying hearing him talk so much that I forgot that I had traveled all day and was very tired.

We soon came in sight of long rows of houses, all built alike and also painted the same color. I supposed that I would stay in one of them, but wondered how I'd ever remember in which one I belonged. When we drew a little nearer my companion broke into a run and started down one of the streets. I followed as fast as I could with my suitcase. He was far down the street by this time and soon I heard him yell.

"Pa, you an' Ma come out here, she's come."

As I passed on down the street, I saw many people peering out the windows, thru the cracks of the doors and around the corners of the houses at me, but I only laughed to myself as I passed on down the street. Soon a man and a woman, whom I judged to be the parents of my little friend, came out the door of one of the cottages, and following them came three or four small children. The woman came running to me and said:

"Now ain't that jest lak Jake to forgit to carry your valise fer ye? And the last thing I tole him wuz to help you bring yer things."

I assured her that it was all right, but she seemed very much worried over her son's neglect of the new "teecher."

"This is my ole man, Mis' Teecher, and these air our children," she said, when we reached the front yard. "Come right on in, Miss, have off your hat en coat an' you'll find some water and the pan out on the back porch



shelf. But," she added quickly, as I hesitated for a moment, "maybe you'd rather wash in here."

"Jake, go git the pan and the bucket o' water an' bring it here to the teecher."

The room which she had ushered me into was a large, somewhat bare-looking, but immaculately clean one. The floor looked as if it had just been scrubbed, and that sweet, delightful odor which always remains after recent scrubbing pervaded the entire room. A large portrait of a man and woman hung over the mantel. From the resemblance, I judged it to be the "Pa" and "Ma" of the boy who met me at the train. On the opposite side of the room hung a reproduction of the Last Supper. Scattered here and there were religious mottoes in fancy frames, hung on the wall. Numbers of vases, shells, pine-cones and gaudy trinkets were on the mantel-piece. In the corner of the room stood a large wooden bed which was almost as high as my head. It looked so clean and inviting that in spite of myself I longed to sink far into its airy-like softness and lose myself to the world in slumber.

I was awakened from my dreaming by a call to come to supper. I felt greatly refreshed after bathing my face in the clear, cool water, and when I found myself seated at a long table with a shining new oil-cloth on it, I felt that I was indeed fortunate in getting into such a nice and clean, though simple home. But since that time I have found that the majority of the homes were similar to that one. Some were even better. The untidy ones were the exceptions, not the rule. It was all so different from what it had been represented to me by prejudiced inspectors, and officials and other folks who had "heard all about those horrible, heathenish mill people," that

my sympathy went out to these people in whose veins runs the bluest blood of our country; the people, many of whom facing misfortune and poverty had been forced to leave their mountain homes, and come down to the so-called "factory hill" in order to live.

RUTH CANNON.



# The Isaquena

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## Editorials



### OUR STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

The appointment of the State Board of Charities and Corrections last spring by Governor Manning, and its recent meeting in Columbia shows South Carolina's realization that not only must we have compulsory education

and prohibition, but improved conditions in our penal, charitable and reformatory institutions. This Board is a strictly legal organization with authority to advise upon the control, education and environment of the defective, delinquent and dependent of our state. While its function is merely advisory, as an influential body the benefit to be gained from it cannot be overestimated.

The members of this organization visit and inspect all penal, charitable and reformatory institutions in our state; study individual cases and gather statistics for examination and publication. Their aim is to try to influence the treatment of the inmates of such institutions and stir up sentiment for better ideals and the improvement of this class. This is accomplished largely through the newspapers. Official efforts to suppress facts concerning some particular phase of administration, which if known would reflect on the persons in charge, is absolutely of no avail, as all facts and statistics are published not only in newspapers, but in the quarterly reports of the Board. This Board has authority to visit jails and decide upon the erection of such jails as have been recommended by town officials. It also makes reports and recommendations to the Governor concerning any phase of the work. By the study of conditions, advice can be given as to the proper distribution of funds which will insure more efficient service and prevent the corruption which has so often prevailed in such institutions. In case of the discovery of corruption this Board becomes a court with power to make a legal examination and report its findings.

Our people are thoroughly in sympathy with this progressive step which our state has taken. A striking ex-



ample is the recent addition to the faculty of Winthrop College of an experienced woman psychologist in feeble-mindedness. By teaching normal students how to detect feeble-mindedness in their schools, not only schools but general educational conditions in South Carolina will be greatly improved.

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### THE POINT SYSTEM.

At the close of school last session the faculty introduced into our college the point system of honors. By this we mean that no girl can hold more than a certain number of offices. Each office counts so many points and no student can have more than six of these points. On another page is given a list of the college offices held by girls and their values. That such a system was needed was obvious from the number of offices held by a limited number of girls. This was an injustice not only to the girl herself, who was so taken up with the outside duties incumbent upon her as an officer in the various organizations, that her regular class work had to be neglected or pursued at the expense of health, but more important still, it debarred a number of equally capable girls. The aspiration of every girl is to be connected with as many things as possible could hardly be called selfish in the light of existing conditions. The popular or prominent girl had offices thrust upon her simply because she was popular or had shown her ability in handling other positions. Other girls were not tested. If college directories, where the point system is not in force, are noticed carefully it will be seen that all important offices usually

devolve upon a small group of people. This instance of responsibility falling to only the chosen few is not limited to college spheres, but happens in every activity of life.

The point system will remedy the prevailing evil in college. After the prominent students have their limited number of points, organizations will be compelled to turn to other students who heretofore have never been considered as capable of holding offices. In nearly every instance the student will prove a success. She has never had a chance and no one knows of the hidden ability latent in her. By developing initiative in naturally timid and untried girls, this system will do untold service, for without some experience in an executive capacity a student loses what is rightfully her heritage. She is incapable of making any mark of distinction in later life simply from the fact that the deterring reticence and lack of opportunity in her college days, now holds her back. That the point system will make all of our college organizations more democratic is undoubtedly true also, for with the large number of offices to be filled, every girl has an equal chance to make a certain number of points, and the holding of one or two offices will be considered as great an honor as the holding of a majority of offices has formerly been.

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#### THE NEW STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

Since the opening of the Greenville Woman's College, the faculty has put into force a different system of student administration. The evolution of Student Government to Self-Government is perhaps the most progressive and important step ever taken by our college officials.



Since Student Government has been in effect at G. W. C. a decided improvement in conduct has resulted. So remarkably have our girls shown their fine sense of honor and willingness to co-operate, that we feel sure the advanced step which has so recently been taken will be a decided success. With Student Government the administration of the conduct of the girls has been left largely in their own hands. Membership in the association was compulsory and there was no particular incentive to better scholarship or better behavior. With Self-Government affairs are still left in the hands of the girls, but with all privileges based on personal behavior and scholarship, individual effort and conduct will necessarily be better. There are five divisions in the present system, each with a few more privileges than the next lowest. A general average of 82, and immunity from a certain prescribed number of major and minor offenses entitles a girl to a rise each quarter. By committing a certain number of offenses, or failing to make the required average she is subjected to faculty chaperonage of groups of girls. The Honor Board elected quarterly has the executive powers which formerly rested with the Student Government Council. The responsibility of the former, however, is greatly diminished as the penalty for every offense is known and the duty of fixing just punishment, which heretofore occupied Council members for hours, is abolished. Self-Government places as much stress upon personal honor as did Self-Government, but offers a wider scope for individual improvement. If a girl has the determination she can increase her privileges each quarter. With the opportunity to rise the incentive to better study will inevitably result in an improved scholarship in the college.

## THE ISAQUEENA.

"What the college publications are, people believe the college to be." Thus has some one stated the importance of college magazines. For this reason, if for no other, girls, it behooves you to use all your powers to make your magazine the best possible standard of your college. You are not willing for people to under-rate your alma mater, but you do not realize that the severest criticism can come from people hundreds of miles away who have never seen our college, but who read our magazine. The popular fancy that a magazine is created by is discredited by the reckless, hopeless hunt for modest, unknown literary geniuses made by the members of the staff each month. Since the *Isaqueena* is your magazine you owe it to yourself to do something to help perpetuate the memory of the noble Indian maid for whom our magazine is named. Send in something for publication and if it does not get in the first time keep trying until you have the exquisite pleasure of seeing something of your own in print. There is no reason why every girl in school can not have something in her magazine during the year. Do not be afraid of your productions! The student who is interested in his magazine comes into the notice not only of people outside the college, but of the local student body and very often it is the means of his promotion to offices of honor in his college. You have helped loyally in the past. Stand by your college and let the *Isaqueena* be an expression of real true G. W. C. atmosphere which can be realized only by the co-operation of *every* girl in school!





# Exchanges



PRISCILLA POTEAT, Editor.

No magazines have yet come to our desk, but we are interestedly waiting for them. In greeting our exchanges we would like to wish every magazine a year of unprecedented success.

The *Isaqueena* has always tried to make its exchange department one of the strongest in the magazine. It does not advocate the policy so often pursued in college magazines, of merely saying a commendatory line or two about a few articles in a few magazines. The function of the Exchange department is to help make all publications better. All criticisms, whether adverse or complimentary made by our magazine of other college magazines, is given in an absolutely impartial and impersonal spirit, and we welcome criticism of the *Isaqueena*, given in the same spirit. Only by having our faults and good points brought out can our magazine standards be raised.

# In and Around College

CAROLINE ROPER,      CLAIRE SMITH,  
Editors.

## WHAT THE Y. W. C. A. HAS DONE FOR THE NEW GIRLS.

It hardly seems possible that several weeks have passed since the first few days when we were thrilled with meeting old friends and welcoming new girls. The large part the Y. W. C. A. played at the opening of school can best be told by new girls who were made to feel at home immediately upon reaching Greenville. The Young Woman's Christian Association stands ready to help the new girls at any time and in any way. The Cabinet members spent the first two days meeting all trains and bringing girls to the college to show them their future "homes."

It has been the custom of the Y. W. C. A. to entertain the new girls the first Saturday with what is known as "College Night." The event this year was carried off with great success. On Saturday night, September 18, all girls were urged to go down to the kindergarten department. The rooms had been beautifully decorated. The new girls bringing pillows were seated in a circle on the floor in the middle of the room. In a few minutes members of the Philotean and Alethean societies marched in singing their respective songs and giving their yells. After they were seated the president of the Y. W. C. A.



called the meeting to order. Addresses of welcome were made by the presidents of both literary societies, the Athletic Association, and Student Volunteer Band and the Y. W. C. A. Novel refreshments were served in the form of ice-cream cones, while each old girl was forbidden to talk to anyone except a new girl. Mrs. Ramsay concluded the delightful evening with a talk in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. At the close of "College Night" each new girl felt that she was no longer a home-sick freshman but truly a part of the student body. She departed for her room with a stronger feeling of friendship for G. W. C. girls.

\* \* \*

### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Alethean and Philotean—surely these words explain what societies mean to our college. What new girl has not been urged to join one or the other by hearing the qualities and good work of both divisions told by enthusiastic members?

Freshmen, new girls, all start right by joining a society; do your part; cultivate society spirit and help inspire those who have it not, with some of your zeal and zest. Literary societies are one of the biggest things in a college girl's life and she gets as much good from them as from books. Both societies need your help, you need all they have to give. Both are anxious to have you. Don't let a month pass before you have become enrolled with one or the other.

Social rivalry has been keen since the opening of school and each division has vied with the other in entertaining

the new girls and inducing them to join their respective division. The Aletheans entertained the new girls with an ice-cream party one afternoon. The same night the Philoteans gave a "Get-Acquainted-Party" to which all girls were invited.

On Saturday evening, September 25, each society held its first meeting. Very interesting programmes were given and while not following any special plan, included readings, piano, vocal, and violin solos and travel talks.



## Locals

On September 15th, the Greenville Woman's College held its formal opening. There was an exceedingly large body of new students present who were all welcomed by friends and trustees of the college. With such a splendid opening and such a body of earnest workers we expect to have one of the best years in the history of the college.

We are delighted to welcome several new teachers to our school: Miss Snodgrass, professor of English; Miss Kellogg, professor of History; Miss Willis, professor of Latin; Miss Goodhue, professor of Science, and Miss Entzminger, a former student of the G. W. C., who has been added to the faculty of the music department.

The Athletic Association met Friday to elect officers. The following girls were chosen: Miss Rose Jeffries, Pres.; Miss Sarah Owens, Vice-Pres.; Miss Ellen Newton, Sec.; Miss Cassie Asbury, Treas.

Miss Popie Webb, a graduate of last year, visited the college for a few days, trying to arrange a special course in "French" and "Math."

Miss Lucy Brockman spent a few days with friends in the college last week.

Misses Iris Perry and Anna Bell Aiken of the class of 1913, returned for a few days to place their sisters in the G. W. C.

Miss Brucie Owings spent a day with friends on her way to Anderson College.

Dr. M. D. Jeffries of Spartanburg, spent a while with his daughter, Miss Rose Jeffries, recently.

Mrs. Ramsay entertained in honor of the new members of the faculty on Monday evening, September 20th.

Mrs. Dunhambundy, better known to G. W. C. girls as Miss Elizabeth Barksdale, spent a few days with friends in the college.

Mrs. Miles Fleming of Cedar Spring, spent a day with her grand daughter, Miss Rosa Fleming.

#### WHY SHE OBJECTED.

"Now," said the History teacher at the close of class, after touching on the horrors of war.

"Do you object to war?"

Mildred Thompson, feverently. "Yes, I do."

Teacher—"And why, Miss Thompson?"

Miss Thompson—"Because it makes history and I just hate history."

Miss Bryant—"Miss Hackney, are you talking?"

Miss Hackney—"No, ma'am; I was just saying something."

Miss Goodhue in physics—discussing organic and inorganic kingdoms—

"Now, if I shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run, then what do you call me?"

Marie Padgett—"A clodhopper."



Mrs. Padget—"What do you know of John Bunyan?"

Rat Wakefield—"The name is familiar—oh yes! I saw him in the moving pictures this summer.

An old girl showing a "Rat" around the building came to Mr. Poston's harmony room, "and this is the harmony room."

Rat—Oh! do they make hominy here?"

Advice to Latin Students:

You can lead a horse to water

But you cannot make him drink;

You can write a Latin pony;

But you cannot make him think.

Rat to old girl—"Can you tell me where I must pay my tribulation fee?"

Girl to Mrs. Sloan after the Furman-Clemson game—"Won't you go to Society, Mrs. Sloan?"

Mrs. S.—"No, I am expecting company to-night."

Girl—"Why, who's coming?"

Mrs. S.—"I'm looking for the Clemson boys!"



## Athletics



If there is a phase of life which we all need to develop it is certainly the athletic side of our college life. You new girls cannot imagine how much real good it will do you to get out of the building in the afternoons. Join some tennis club, or rake up somebody and have a few sets every afternoon. Better still, come out and help us make another varsity basket ball team, which will be even better than the team of the previous year. We need your help. You need our advantages for the development of well rounded womanhood. Don't pore over your books! You can study to a greater advantage after an afternoon of exercise and we guarantee your time will not be wasted.



# Point System of Honors

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## FOUR POINT HONORS.

Editor of ISAQUEENA.  
Business Manager of ISAQUEENA.  
Editor of Annual.  
Business Manager of Annual.  
President of Y. W. C. A.  
President of Student Government.

## THREE POINT HONORS.

President of Athletic Association.  
Presidents of Classes.  
Presidents of Societies.

## TWO POINT HONORS.

Secretary and Treasurer of Societies.  
Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.  
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.  
Secretary and Treasurer of Student Government.  
Departmental Editors.  
Chairman of Program Committee.  
Council Members.

## ONE POINT HONORS.

Other Class Officers.  
Other Society Officers.  
Other Y. W. C. A. Officers.  
Other Athletic Association Officers.  
Other Society Officers.

No girl may hold offices amounting to more than six points.  
By Action of Faculty, 1915.

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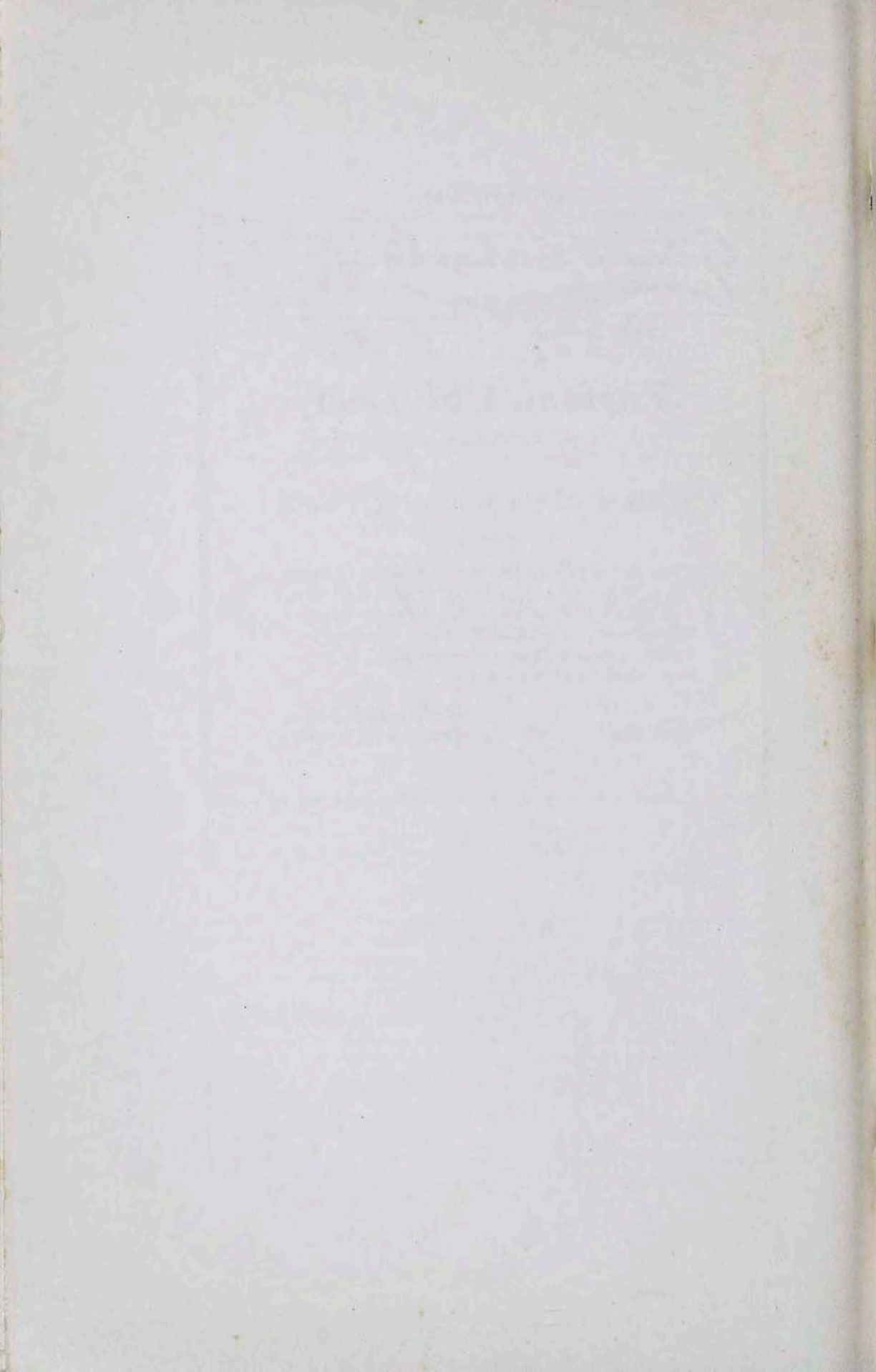
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