

12-1-1915

The Isaqueena - 1915, December

Grace Decker Coleman
Greenville Woman's College

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The Isaqueena



December, 1915

Published each month by the Students of the
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The Isaquena

VOL. X

GREENVILLE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1915

NO. 3

The Christmas Bells

Yet once again, at Christmas time,
The bells ring out their wondrous chime,
Across the snow;
They seem to tell in accents mild,
The story of the Holy Child,
Who in a lowly manger smiled,
So long ago.

Then clearer, louder, yet more sweet,
Their tones the angel's song repeat
Of peace to all;
Their joyous notes swell wild and high
In rapturous beauty mount the sky;
Then burst in splendor, melt, and die,
And earthward fall.

But soft, there comes a minor strain
Plaintive, that fills the heart with pain
To hear it sung;
Sweet memories bring us, tender, sad,
Of loved ones gone, of friends we've had
Whose hearts the Christmas bells made glad,
When last they rung.

But gentle, purer, holier still,
They tell us, "think no grief nor ill;
From sorrows cease.
The ones we loved are happier far,
Their Christmas joy no pain can mar,
They wait us now, beyond the bar,
Where all is peace.

The bells have hushed, a holy calm
Wraps heaven and earth; a peaceful balm
Fills hearts with light.
From the earth in its snowy blanket furled,
My soul looks up to the sky star-pearled,
And humbly breathes, "God bless thy world
This Christmas night."

F. M.

A Convert to Santa Claus



IMMIE kicked viciously the stones that lay in his pathway as he stalked home from school. Although Christmas was only two days off, and already the air held that quiet, tingling, expectant feeling that promises snow, there was no joy in Jimmie's heart. He ignored the gay calls of his little friends and trudged gloomingly on. For the world had turned its back to Jimmie and all at once the bottom seemed to have dropped out of things. There could be no doubt about it now; he had it from indisputable authority that there was no Santa Claus. He had heard many rumors to this effect lately among his little friends. Then Bill had said to him only yesterday:

"Cose dey ain't no Santa Claus, yo' big enuf to hab no sense n' dat. D'yaint nobody b'lieves dat foolishness ceptin girls an' sissies. G'wan! don't yo' reckon I knows w'ut I'm talkin' about! Ain't I done seed yo' Pa w'en he bought yo' dat Irish Mail las' Christmas? Ah reckon I did, I'se de berry Santy Claus whut brung it home fo' yo'".

Jimmie had indignantly ordered Bill to hush up for he reckoned his mother and daddy knew lots more than any old niggers, and they had said there was a Santa Claus. But, in spite of this valiant refutation, doubt was not banished from Jimmie's heart, nor did his father that night quite dispel Jimmie's fears.

At Jimmie's earnest query, his father had looked from his paper.

"Is there a Santa Claus!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Well you had better not let him hear you say that, if you want him to bring you anything for Christmas."

Then his mother had whispered softly as she tucked him in bed, "Good night, dear, and pleasant dreams. Pleasant dreams of Santa Claus, for soon he will be coming to see all the little children who believe in him." Jimmie had kissed his mother and had tried to believe.

In the morning his doubts were all forgotten until just after school was out. Miss Edith had let him stay to erase the boards and then he had waited to walk home with her. It was just as they were leaving that Miss Edith had spoken to the Janitor. She seemed to have forgotten Jimmie's presence.

"John, be sure to get the Santa Claus outfit from Mr. Thomson. You will have to be Santa Claus for the children."

Jimmie gasped, was John to be Santa Claus and Bill had been his Santa Claus. He must find out the truth about it.

"Miss Edith," he had asked anxiously and determinedly, "Isn't there any Santa Claus?"

"Oh, I had forgotten about you, Jimmie, I— perhaps—" Miss Edith looked tired. "No, I think not, Jimmie. There isn't any Santa Claus for me. He is one of the first of those childish illusions to die, then the others follow. There are none left for me now, Jimmie. But dear me! What did I mean by telling you that! Still you would have found out some day. Forget what I said though, Jimmie Boy. I hope Christmas will be happy for you dear, and good-bye." She had kissed him hastily as she

turned in at her gate, and Jimmie saw that there were tears in her eyes.

There were tears in his own eyes, too, but he winked hard to keep them back. He kicked viciously at the stones and threw one with all his might at a bird on a telephone post. So there wasn't any Santa Claus, after all. It was all a lie, and it had hurt Miss Edith as much as him to find it out. He wondered who had fooled her; he hated to think that it had been his own father and mother who had fooled him. He felt there was nothing good left in the world.

In the hall way, he had banged his books down and had slammed the door shut. He forgot to kiss his mother and had to be forced to eat dinner. "No'm I'm not sick," he had answered to his mother's solicitious inquiry.

"Then you're a naughty boy and Santa Claus will not come to see you."

"There isn't any Santa Claus, anyhow," Jimmie had muttered as he stalked out of the room, unheedful of his mother's surprised exclamation and the hurt look that came to her face.

Out in the fresh air Jimmie wondered what he could do. He would go to see the Man and tell him all about it. He wondered why he hadn't thought of the Man before.

The Man lived across the street from Jimmie and was one of his best friends. The Man's name was Mr. Courtney but Jimmie had known him long before he knew his name, so he still called him just the Man. The Man had not lived there very long and Jimmie's mother had said he was good-looking and fascinating but peculiar; but to Jimmie he was the best man in the world next to daddy.

Jimmie was perhaps the first acquaintance the Man had made in the little town, and Jimmie had remained a fast and firm friend. The Man knew most everything there was, so Jimmie thought, and he told wonderful stories. He wrote them too, and some of them were in books but Jimmie had never read any. He liked to hear them best. Of course, the Man could explain everything about Santa Claus. So Jimmie ran briskly over to the Man's house. He didn't knock; that was against the rules; he went to the side door that opened on the porte-cochere. He opened the door softly to see if the Man was busy. When he was busy, Jimmie would shut the door softly and leave, but if he was not, the Man would invite him in. Jimmie was not sure whether the Man was busy or not. He sat at his desk, frowning rather darkly at a picture he held in his hand, but presently he looked up startled, then laughed.

"Why come in, old man, I'm glad to see you. It's good to see an old friend when a fellow is feeling down."

He drew two big chairs before the fire, and Jimmie settled back comfortably in one. The Man chatted on about the prospects of snow and the approaching holiday and, as Jimmie remained silent, he asked:

"Why so silent, old fellow, what problem is burdening your mind now?"

"I was just thinking," Jimmie said slowly, "about how there isn't any Santa Claus."

"So you've reached that conclusion, eh! Why, you're all off. Who put such a notion as that in your head?"

"Lots of people say so. Bill says so! He says he saw Dad buy my Irish Mail and other things and he brought 'em home. He says nobody believes in him but girls and

sissies, an—and Santa Claus is an illusion, the first childish illusion that goes, and then the rest go, until there's nothing left."

Jimmie stopped quite breathless at the completion of this last statement.

The Man smiled, "Did Bill say that too?" As the boy hesitated, embarrassed, the Man went on. "Well, old man, that's a question that has puzzled many far older heads than yours. You see, there are two sides of the question and you'll find advocates of both sides. That is, you see, Bill says there isn't a Santa Claus and lots of other people will say so too, but your father and mother and I say that there is, and we are all right in a way. But I think the happiest hearts are those who believe in the old Saint. Why, I am just as sure that old Santa is living as I am that you are there. You see there is something about the old fellow, just as it is true of all the sweetest things in life. If you believe in them, they are there hard and fast, but the minute you doubt them, they are gone. Now what difference does it make whether Santa Claus is the little fat, rosy-cheeked, long-whiskered, fellow that we think, all wrapped up in furs for his cold, polar home. We know he is somebody we love, don't we, and he is somebody who loves us? That's the point of the whole thing, old man. Santa Claus is somebody who loves you, and so long as there is love in the world and men's hearts are young, there'll be a Santa Claus, just remember that always. As long as you can keep that in your heart along with your other illusions, life will be worth while. Some illusions do fail, I suppose sometimes—but we won't give up the game, will we, old sport? We know there's a Santa Claus anyway, so we'll hang our stocking for him."

"But John doesn't love Miss Edith, I heard him say he liked Miss Jones better, because Miss Edith started too many frills, and gave him more work. He doesn't like us either, so how could he be Santa Claus?"

"What's that?" the man asked, puzzled.

"Didn't you know, we are going to have a Christmas tree and John is going to be Santa Claus. Miss Edith told him to. I guess that's the reason she doesn't believe in him, don't you?"

"Precisely," the man answered. "Then it is Miss Edith who has lost her illusion, is it."

"Yes, she said Santa Claus was the first. She doesn't know that he has to be some one we love, and I guess that's the reason she cried."

"And she cried?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir. You see it makes you feel awful if you don't believe in Santa Claus."

The man didn't answer, he looked into the fire, with a thoughtful smile.

Jimmie waited for a long time, then he rose— "I guess I'll go now. I wish we could get Miss Edith a Santa Claus, some one who loved her instead of John. I love her but I am not big enough."

"I imagine it would not be so hard to find a person who loved her. It might be harder to find one whom she loved."

"She loves you," the boy declared, then stopped embarrassed. "She told me not to tell and I forgot." His eyes filled with tears, he seemed heart-broken over his mistake.

"Oh, don't worry, old fellow, I think you've done the best thing by telling me. You see," he smiled confiden-

tially, "I love her myself. But tell me, how do you know she likes me?"

"She said so one day when we were walking home. I said I thought you were a nice man and she said she thought so too."

"You little rascal. Why didn't you tell me sooner? But how do you think I would do for Santa Claus? Do you think John would let me?"

"Oh, yes, he doesn't like it anyway. Why you'd be a really true Santa Claus, wouldn't you?"

"I think so," he smiled. Then as Jimmie was leaving, "We'll fix it up all right, but perhaps, just this once you'd better not tell anyone, not even mother and daddy—and not Miss Edith, of course."

The next night was Christmas eve and no one could have mistaken the season, had he looked in the little school house. The lights shone gaily through festoons of holly. Evergreens, bells, were everywhere, but the center of attraction for the bright-eyed audience was a huge Christmas tree, gleaming with candles and tinsels and boarded with gifts. Little attention was paid to the recitations and songs, for all eyes were fixed expectantly on the tree. Then Santa Claus arrived and all was hilarious. Jimmie waited until all the other children had gone for Miss Edith was going to his house to spend the night. The lights had to be put out and things made ready to close for the night. Jimmie's mother and father had gone out to the carriage. Santa Claus was putting out the last candle on the tree. Miss Edith was putting on her hat and wraps. Jimmie thought she had never looked prettier. He smiled at her and said:

"You believe in Santa Claus now, don't you Miss

Edith? You see he is a real Santa Claus and not an illusion, because he loves you."

Miss Edith looked quickly at the tall figure of Santa Claus who was removing his false face while a well-known voice said:

"Jimmie's right, Edith. I do love you."

Then a very strange thing happened. Miss Edith must have believed for she looked very happy.

Jimmie saw that he was forgotten, so he ran out to the carriage where his father and mother were waiting.

"Say, mother, I do believe in Santa Claus now, and Miss Edith does too."

FRANCES MARSHALL, '16.

The Evils of War



P to a few months ago the world thought itself on the brink of the Millennium. Through the Hague Conferences it was thought that a way had been found for preventing war. And yet, by the violation of a mere scrap of paper an awful war was brought on; one by one the nations were drawn in until now nearly all of Europe is engaged in the terrible struggle. No other war in the history of the world has been so far reaching, so destructive, and so wide in human suffering.

If the world thought itself good enough to be near the Millennium it sadly over-estimated itself. War is an enemy of the Christian Religion. It is contrary to the laws set forth in the New Testament. It denies the brotherhood of man and the love of one's neighbor. And yet that is what is going on now among nations that thought they were Christians.

We, of the present day have boasted that the last fifty years have seen more progress than the whole century before. But when we look at Europe now can we maintain our boast? Rather we are sliding backward. Lately wonderful discoveries have been made in the scientific world, but now nothing but war, war, occupies the minds and souls of the people.

David Lloyd George says in an article in the New York Times on, "A Warning to British Labor", that unless the Unions will allow unskilled laborers in the factories of

England the country will be led to disaster. It seems that many of the best skilled workmen have joined the army. The men of the Union are strict in their rules. They refuse to work with untrained laborers. This is sadly retarding English trade. So, the death of hundreds of skilled workmen not only presents a hard problem to-day, but it means many years must elapse before other men can be trained to take the place of those lost in battle.

The *cowardly* nature of this war is one of its saddest features. Years ago he was a hero who fought face to face with his enemy. But this war has changed the whole aspect of fighting. To-day the motto for belligerents seems to be, "When you see a fellow down or with his back turned, hit him." From airships bombs are dropped into sleeping towns; submarines sink vessels unexpectedly. The whole mode of warfare seems to be underhanded and clandestine.

In his report of the Zeppelin raids on London, made for publication in the New York Times, Sir John Simon, England's Home Secretary, says that most of the unfortunate ones who have suffered as a result of these raids were not only non-combatants, but non-combatants of such a kind that honorable warfare would exempt from attack, the defenseless women and children. These German airships sail over the city at night and drop bombs over the sleeping town. Not in a single instance have they done any military harm; not a single powder magazine or a public building has been destroyed. Somewhere in the suburbs of London is a block of houses divided into flats. On the ground floor slept a widow and her eighteen-year old daughter and a young man lodger.

On the next floor was a family with three children. On the second floor was a working man, his wife, and five children. A bomb from a hovering Zeppelin hit squarely on the roof. It made a wide break through the middle of the house. The bodies of the children on the second floor were pulled out from the debris a few days later. Of those on the first floor, two were missing and all that was found of the lodgers on the ground floor was part of the man's body one hundred and fifty yards away. There are numbers and numbers of just such cases as this.

Albert Bushnell Hart, a professor at Harvard, in his book, "The War in Europe" thinks that we Americans cannot seem to realize how other countries are suffering. To-day the muddy, unsanitary trenches are packed with soldiers. There is nothing to do, they are only waiting until it comes their time to be shot. Still others, half dead from exhaustion are marching, toiling after their human prey.

But that which has touched America closest is, the barbaric cruelty inflicted upon the non-combatants of Belgium. Even Christian soldiers do *curious* things when the women and children of the enemy come under their power. It must have been a pitiful sight to see the women, toddling children, and old men fleeing before the invading army—leaving their little all, their savings of a life time behind—all to go up in smoke. The Germans seem to have lost all sympathy for humanity. "Life," represents their cruelty in a cartoon that would be funny if it were not so tragic. A general is making a report to the Kaiser. He says: "I have the honor to report to your

Majesty that a nursery has been blown up, killing twenty-five babies."

"Good," the Kaiser replies, "report them as operating machine guns against us."

G. K. Chesterton in the "New York Times" very graphically describes Belgium as "The nation that Died for Europe." Many women and children were forever robbed of all reason by seeing their loved ones murdered before their eyes. If you can imagine all the wild animals escaping from the circus and eating up everybody in Greenville you have a tiny vision of the horror of the situation.

All through France, Belgium, and England are many beautiful old cathedrals and castles. To say how many will be standing when the war is over would be impossible. They seem to be regarded as nothing of value. Arnold Bennett describes very vividly in the "Saturday Evening Post," the city of Ypres in Belgium before and after its bombardment by the Germans. It was a lovely little city before the war. The chief edifices dated back to the thirteenth century. But they all showed the common fate. One very old Gothic Cathedral was the pride of the citizens. Now it lies in ruins. The wonderful old tower is a mere skeleton. Only part of the walls remain. Of the beautiful old rose window not a trace is left. Rubbish and fragments of architecture are heaped in masses in the old churchyard. Many of the other old public buildings are destroyed. The streets are deserted. Even in the few small residences that escaped the shells, there is a feeling of desertion. The doors stand open. Clothes litter the floor as if tossed about in a panic by the refugees, trying to decide what they had rather leave behind.

A feeling of desolation has settled over the whole city, in which a few days ago all had been thrift and peace.

If already there have been 2,000,000 men killed in the war there are 4,000,000 women that suffer in consequence. All that is left of the father or son is a little brass tag sent by the officials from the front when the men are killed. In some armies the soldiers wear identification tags around the necks. After the battle these are gathered from the dead and sent home to their families. A short time ago this little verse appeared in one of the New York papers.

All that is left of her wonderful son
Is a little brass tag;
All of her baby that shouldered a gun
Is a little brass tag;
He that so proudly marched off to the line
Clear-eyed and smiling and splendid and fine,
Is home once again on the banks of the Rhine
Just a little brass tag.

There are many physical hardships the women have to bear as well as anguish of the mind. In many localities food stuffs have soared so high that it is impossible for the poor to get enough to eat. What they can get is so impure with adulterations that they are not only unpalatable but ruinous to the health. Then with the hospitals overflowing with wounded soldiers, sick women and children cannot be cared for. Many have had to die for the lack of medical aid.

All these horrible circumstances are bound to have a bad effect on the morals of the people.

Already the soldiers are so hardened to crime that they watch, without a shudder, their comrades butcher-

ed. The whole world was stirred at the Titanic disaster. But much worse happenings are going on to-day almost without arousing the sympathy of the more fortunate ones. Men are shot down as so many sticks. Like sticks they are thrown aside. In many cases the soldier has lost all respect for the dead and all sympathy for human suffering.

Many generations will be fighting the effects of this war. Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at New York tells us in the "Atlantic Monthly" that Immigration after the War will be America's greatest problem. To escape heavy burdens of taxation, foreigners will flock to the "Land of the Free." They look on America as the Seventh Heaven. If moved by pity, we open our gates our population will become degenerate.

This next generation will be illiterate. Children who should be going to school will have to work to support crippled fathers who have been made useless for this world by this awful war. Bitter hatred has sprung up among the warring nations that will take years and years to subdue.

It is a depressing subject to dwell on—"The Evils of War," but because our brothers and sisters in the Eastern world are suffering we should familiarize ourselves with it that we may sympathize. We want peace at any price, but like Patrick Henry said, "We may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." This is a war for endurance. He is the victor who can give the most human lives for the cause. How long before the supply will be exhausted no one is prepared to say.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

The Stars

The very first Christmas, they say,
Over the little town
Where calmly the Christ-Child did lay,
A bright, new star shown down.

But who could read the sign aright,
Or who could understand
One of a million stars, when night
Had settled on the land.

Since then hundreds of years have fled—
Hundreds of lights have set—
The Christmas Light o'er earth has spread—
The star is shining yet.

F. S. PARKS, '17

His Happiest "Cris'mus"



T was Christmas eve. In a dilapidated plantation cabin a fire burned brightly, casting flickering gleams upon an old negro man gently rocking to and fro. As he rocked "Ole Uncl' Silas" soliloquized:

"Wall, who'd er thot thet dis here old carcas' wud still be on dis airth. Jis see, do I 'member dat fust Crismus? Sho I do. Ole Marsar he gib me er stockin' jis fill' chock full o' good things. My, but I hed a good time dat day er eatin' candy en er shootin' ob fire crackers! I wuz jis' erbout knee-high ter er guinea-pig 'n hed ez li'l sense! I 'mos' shot my finger off dat day wid all my tom-foolin' 'n cu'iosity!

"Den I member er nother moughty happy Cris'mus w'en I wuz er gittin' to be er young saplin. How ez Marse Jon 'n me went er huntin' 'n hed such er nother time. We sho' brought in big game dat day. Marse Jo'n he wuz one more good shot. But he don dead. Yes, Marse Jo'n he done dead 'n lef old Silas—"

Here a sad wistful light shone in the old negro's eyes and a tear or two slowly traced each other down his wrinkled cheeks.

"But Marse Jo'n, he is up in Heben er singin' wid de angels 'n don't need no botherin' 'bout.

"Wall, 'n den dere wuz lots more good Cris'mus celebrations eben dough good ole Marse wuz dead. But doan't I 'member de year I wuz er courtin' ob Salindy

Jane! Why seems twuz like yestiddy when I kissed her under dat piece ob mistletoe. My, but she acted queer arter dat!

“Den de nex’ year she ’n me wuz married jis at Cris’-mus time. How scairt we wuz dat night ’n how much fun all de niggers hed er teasin’ ob us. But, huh, keer! We neber keer. Salindy Jane ’n me wuz dat happy—my! I ’spect dat wuz ’bout de happiest Chris’mus ob all. Doan’ know dough.

“Twuz mighty pleasant ebery year arter dat w’en Salinday Jane ’n me watched de li’l piccanninies wid dey toys wut Santa don’ brought ’em. Yes, dey wuz all moughty happy times!

“Till, till,— Here the old man’s voice dropped to a hoarse whisper, “till de time w’en all de chilluns hed all growed up ’n lef us—Some hed died, ’n de others jes lef, ’n me ’n Salindy Jane we jes cried ’n cried on Cris’mus, for de lack ob dem chillun. We sho wuz sad, but arter all we’d had ought ter er bin happy caze we wuz tergeth, me ’n Selindy Jane. For de nex’ year, yes the nex’ year Selindy she hed done gone too, ’n I, ’n I,”

The old man’s tones could hardly be heard—his voice shook as he continued—“ ’N I wuz all erlone. Twuz er hard ’n sad Cris’mus fer me ’n it’s been dat way eber sence. But termorry I’ll jes tink erbourt Selindy Jane ’n all de chillun ’n be happy ’n try not to wish, but oh, Lord, yes I do wish—I wish I wuz with ’em.”

Completely overcome with sorrow the old man gave vent to his feelings and allowed the tears to flow unchecked. The fire now burned very low and scarcely anything could be discerned in the old cabin. The low and heart-rending sobs of the negro echoed and re-echoed

within the cabin walls. After a long time he began again in a broken voice.

“Lord—forgive me—forgive me—yes Lord, I doan’ mean no harm—no harm, Lord—but I’s—I’s—yes Lord—I’s er—er—lone—lone—lonesome old—ol—nigger—’n Lord please—please— take me—yes—take—me me—take me—h-o-m-e.”

The fire had gone out, so had the soul of Ole Uncle Silas. His happiest “Cris’mus” had come.

SMITZ, '16.

Anticipation

I'se des as happy as I kin be
'Cause it's Crismas, don't you see?
Santy's coming with lots of toys
For all the dood li'l dirls 'n boys.

Mama says I'se been awful dood
Always kind and never rude
Jes a perfect li'l dear
Fruout dis past lib long year.

So up my stockin' goes
'N I'll jes take a doze
So's to let old Santy in
Out f'om de cold 'n snow 'n wind.

'N in the mornin' when I'm awake
I'll give my stockin' one big shake
'N out will come heaps of pretty fings
Candy, 'n nuts 'n angels wif wings.

'N in de top Ill see a horn
'N den des lots of pink pop-corn
'N in de very tip of the toe
I'll find five pennies—maybe more.

So doodnight stockin' doodnight dear
Old Santy Claus will soon be here
'N I'se des as happy as I can be
'Cause it's Crismas, doan' you see?

SMITZ, '16.

Anne Bradstreet and "Notes for Women"



ONE of the most vital political questions which confronts the American nation to-day is, "Whether the ballot should be granted to women." At what period in American history did this problem arise, and by whom was it first advocated?

This credit doubtless falls to Anne Bradstreet of the colonial period, the first poetess of America.

Anne Bradstreet was born and educated in England. As a member of a prominent family she was surrounded with wealth and luxuries. Later she moved to America and settled in the Massachusetts colony, of which her father was governor. Here, amid the colonists she found life very quiet and uneventful. That she was blue and homesick for England, and that she often longed for the social gaities in her old home is needless to say. Indeed, the hardships which the colonists underwent were many. While great political and religious principles were being established, and the life of the colony regulated, there was absolutely no amusement to break the monotony. Especially was the life hard upon the young people. Anne Bradstreet's gloomy and downcast spirit is well brought out in her following poem:

"Twice ten years old not fully told since
 Nature gave me breath,
 My race is run, my thread is spun, lo!
 Here is fatal Death."

We are somewhat relieved to know that Anne Bradstreet later became reconciled to her new home. At the age of sixteen she married Governor Bradstreet. It was in her leisure from household duties that Mrs. Bradstreet wrote her poems. While she was in no sense of the word a poetic genius, her works were vastly superior to any of the American writers of her time. The great Cotton Mather asserted that her verses "would outlast the state-liest marble"; and another writer declared in a "Dirge for the tenth muse" that were Virgil to hear her lively strain, he would condemn his works to fire again." She was greatly influenced by older English writers, and the settings of her poems belonged entirely to England. The scenery of the new world seemed not to have made the slightest impression upon her poetic mind.

In briefly reviewing the woman of the colonial period we are doubtless surprised to learn of the important position which she held socially and economically. Progressiveness among women, particularly in business matters, is generally thought to have been introduced in the nineteenth century. A large amount of the business was carried on by the women. For example, we find Madame Mary Ferree of Pennsylvania directing a tract of twenty-five hundred acres for cultivation, and Mrs. De Vries carrying on one of the largest trading businesses in the colony.

The women were also most accomplished in domestic work. Industry was the fashion in colonial days. So, all women were skilful in the use of the needle, in embroidery, lace-making, and all fine needle-work. In the preparation of meals the housewife always superintended the work if she did not actually do it.

Very little literary education was considered necessary for a girl, however. "She must learn the accomplishments of the day, to play upon the harpsichord or spinet, and to work impossible dragons and roses on canvas."

Society was not entirely ignored in the colonies. All girls, except in the home of the Puritan and the Quaker, were taught to dance. Dancing was thought by some to be one of the most important items in a girl's education. For instance, Mr. Jefferson insisted that Martha, his daughter, should dance three days in the week, from eleven to one.

But not only did women take interest in the business and social affairs; but out in her country home, with deserted and isolated surroundings, Anne Bradstreet first wrote, advocating "Woman's Rights." In the poem below we can readily see that she tries to remove all reflections on the abilities of her sex.

"Obnoxious to each carping tongue,
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits."

Thinking the political treatment of woman most unjust, Mrs. Bradstreet set about correcting conditions, as best she could, by writing. Quite true, Anne Bradstreet brought about no great political reforms but she at least presented to the public a question which has come down to present times, a question which has occupied the time and thoughts of many men and women.

The business and social position of the colonial woman has been passed down from generation to generation. Instead of becoming more indifferent to the conditions which concern the world or nations at large, the modern

woman is taking more and more interest in them. Truly, she is now better educated and is more fit to decide problems for herself than in former times.

There are many arguments pro and con on the subject of granting the ballot to women. Leading statesmen vary widely in their views. Just whether allowing this privilege to the women would be wise each individual has a right to decide for himself. But let us not entirely forget the little woman, commonly known as the "tenth muse," who first introduced the subject into America.

MARY KILGO, '17

Love and Politics

"A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."—Tennyson.
Dedicated to Rebecca and Robert.



HE man, entering, hung his hat in its place, then without glancing at anyone in the room turned towards a door marked, "Private Office. R. V. Denning, Attorney at Law." with his hand upon the knob he turned and spoke sternly to the boy, who was sorting the mail which had just arrived. "If anyone comes, I am busy, I am not to be disturbed on any account." Then slowly opening the door he passed in as one going to his doom.

"What's troubling the boss this morning?" the boy shot the question at a figure bending over the typewriter. For a few minutes the hands speeding over the keys did not stop, so while waiting a reply the boy studied the face of the woman before him. She was not pretty, nor was she young, yet there was something in her face and eyes that gave the impression of character and power. Somehow the boy felt that she could untangle affairs and smooth them out. Just now she looked up to meet his worried look with a smile, "Don't worry! my boy," she said. "Some little private affair is troubling Mr. Denning. The campaign seems to be going nicely now and he must win.

The boy went back to his work, but he was thinking very, very hard, and now and then a frown wrinkled his smooth forehead. Something was troubling his beloved boss, his idol, whom he would die to save. Seldom had

the lawyer ever shut the door upon his two faithful helpers, and unconsciously it affected them both. There was silence in the office a long time. Each, busy with his work, was thinking of their employer's trouble, and planning a way to bring the smile back to his face.

On the other side of the barred door the man was sitting, his head in his hands; too miserable even to think, so great was the agony of his spirit. After a while he raised his head, threw back his shoulders, and with a pitiful attempt of a smile, gazed long at a picture he was holding in his hands. Unconsciously he contrasted the face in the picture with that he had seen the night before. It had been three years since he said "good-bye" to Rebecca Chestney, who was then leaving to take up the work of a Red Cross nurse in Europe. During her absence he had kept in as close communication with her as possible. Overjoyed at her return, he knocked at her door only a few hours after her arrival. He remembered now the slight chill that seemed to run up his spinal cord, and the premonition that something was wrong, when he first saw her. As the evening wore on he could detect this indifference in her manner more and more plainly; especially was this so when he spoke of his work. He had gone with the intention of telling her all about his plans, of the campaign for United States Senator, how he had worked day and night overcoming all difficulties and obstacles for her. How he would tell her of his love and ask her to be his wife, and if success came to go with him to Washington on their bridal tour. But her manner was so cold and so unresponsive that he felt rebuked and soon left. This disappointment, together with his hard

work of the summer, so told on him that he felt 'down and out' and almost wished he were dead.

After a sleepless night he called Rebecca up to make an engagement with her for the evening. He felt he must see her and have an understanding with her. But evidently she did not agree on this subject for very coolly, she told him she had another engagement for that night and it was impossible to see him at all. The fact that she utterly refused him permission to call was worrying him sick. He ransacked his mind for some cause for her behavior, while outside in the other office his two staunch friends decided upon a course which was destined to end happily for their master.

Thus, while the clouds, all unknown to him, were beginning to grow brighter for Robert Denning; they seemed to be growing darker and darker to Rebecca Chestney. An orphan, without a mother to comfort and cheer her, she lay on her bed weeping out her woe to the pillow. Ever since they were in high school she and Robert had been sweet-hearts; and he had always seemed the soul of honesty itself and now—— Oh! she just couldn't stand it.

It was with a heavy heart indeed that she went to the large masquerade ball that evening. In spite of all she could do her thoughts were with Robert and, it was with a sigh of relief that, having sent her partner away on some trivial excuse, she sank down on a sofa in a corner cleverly hidden by ferns. She suddenly sat up straight as she caught the sound of a familiar name, and peeped through the ferns. Two of the persons had found this secluded corner also, and were talking very earnestly together. Who they were she could not tell on account of

their disguise, but by the voice she knew the one who was doing the most talking, was a woman. She was dully conscious that they had been speaking of bribes, politics, campaigns, etc., but until the name of Robert Denning was mentioned she had paid little attention. She had no intention of eaves-dropping but she wanted to hear what he had to do with their earnest conversation. But just then her partner came up and she left with this sentence ringing in her ears. "It was all a mistake about that bribe, his enemies"—

That night she lay awake a long time and her heart was singing a happy song, the words of which were, "it was all a mistake about that bribe, his enemies"— She understood it all now. She had wronged Denning, and not that Denning had wronged her, by believing the false reports his enemies had spread, about a bribe and dishonest dealings in the campaign. Now that she thought of it, her Denning could never do anything of that nature. Before she fell asleep she wrote Robert a note begging his forgiveness for her conduct and asking him to call. But by the time Denning got the note things had happened which made him think she wrote from pity and he would not go. For the morning papers carried the results of the election, and his rival had won by a large majority. Denning never could stand pity.

But if the morning papers had made two people miserable, the afternoon papers made many people sit up and take notice. There Rebecca read the whole of the conversation, a part of which she had overheard at the ball. According to their plan, Denning's stenographer and his office boy had gone to the ball in disguise. There they had started the ball of public favor rolling in Denning's di-

rection. Then, singling out the reporter for the evening paper they had told him of the foul play, of the false reports and the fraud used by Denning's rivals to get the other man elected. They had even gone so far as to bribe the tellers to give out the wrong result and declare the other man elected. The story had gone to the officials who had investigated the matter, the result of which was that Denning was elected, and his enemies were arrested, but they were all out on bail. Thus had Denning's two faithful friends fulfilled their duty. Rebecca put down the paper she had been reading; her head was in a whirl, Robert had been cleared and had also won. How proud she was of him. Then the realization came that he had entirely neglected to answer her note, that he had taken no notice of it, and burying her face in her hands she wept. Suddenly she was startled when she felt her hands taken in a firm hold and heard a cherry voice saying, "Still repenting? my angel." Then as she did not answer he said, "I ought to be the penitent one, and ask your forgiveness but I am not." At this she drew her hands away, a little startled, whereby he only laughed and said, "No, I am not going to ask your forgiveness but I am going farther and ask your love, will you give me that?" Then bending over and reading his answer in her eyes he murmured as his arms closed around her: "Be ready for our honey-moon trip to Washington next week."

JOSE MCMANAWAY, '17.

Christmastide

Now in the silent night,
 Sounds of the day are still,
The new snow glistens white,
 The air is cold and chill,
And the moonbeam's golden light
 Falls soft on town and hill.

Oh, glad time of the year—
 Thru out the land and clime,
From church towers sweet and clear—
 The weird bell tones chime.
The earth in all Christmas cheer
 Looks back to a far-off time.

To the night so long ago,
 When all thru the valleys wild,
Led by a light unknown,
 A new star soft and mild,
Wise-men from the East toiled on
 And found the dear Christ-Child.

F. S. PARKS, '17

What Happened to the Gift



CHRISTMAS! Doesn't the very thought give you a mysterious feeling, visions of queer, interesting packages, and miles of red ribbon and tissue swimming before your eyes? Jane was full of excited anticipations just a week before

Christmas.

"I'm the happiest mortal alive," she exclaimed, running in with her cheeks rosy and her hands and feet regular icicles. I've gotten every one of my packages off that had to be mailed. I know it's a little early but I feel so relieved. And to think," she continued in the jumbled way of every girl, "I spent two whole weeks on that pillow for that horrid Frances. But I just had to give her something because I did have a good time at her house-party, and nobody can ever call me cheap."

Grandmother sitting by the grate thinking of the days when she gave Christmas presents, raised up in utter astonishment at the last remark.

"But, my dear! When I was a girl, we never thought of giving a gift to anyone unless love could honestly go along with it."

"Well, Grandmother you must remember that things have changed in the last fifty years," and Jane hurried from the room lest she say something she knew she oughtn't to and yet just couldn't help.

Two days later the maid brought Frances Norton's breakfast to her and along with it a package. Frances

leisurely opened the package and pulled out Jane's pillow she had spent "two whole weeks" on.

"That was rather sweet of that child to send me this and I'm rather glad to get it too because I hadn't a thing to give that crazy Adams girl and now I'll just send her this," she said and rang for the maid to have her send the pillow to Miss Mary Adams, 601 North 31st St., New York City. After writing a gushy little note of thanks, characteristic of her, she entirely forgot the matter.

Miss Adams met the mail man herself and was especially delighted when he brought such a huge package with her name on it. She hurried into the dining room where the rest of the family waited expectantly and tore open the package.

"Oh! it's another pillow," she wailed rather than said. "This is the third one and I did so want loads of other things. But it is awfully good looking and I guess I oughtn't to fuss, but Frances Norton has loads of money and could have sent me most anything else just as well."

"Let me see it dear," said Mrs. Adams. "It is pretty," she observed, as she carefully examined the article.

"You were fussing about the present for your cousin not being nice enough, as you are going to visit her, so why not take her the pillow instead? You don't need it with so many others and I'm sure Frances will never know you gave it away, for I fear she sent it merely as a courtesy."

"Mother you are a trump," exclaimed Mary this time. "I'd never have thought of it and she is such a dear I do like to give her something nice. That's just what I'll do. I'll go and put it in my trunk now before the man comes for it."

That afternoon as the 6:20 pulled into Houston an excited girl hung out of the window and another stood on the station platform. As soon as the train stopped there was the usual collision between two girls who are very fond of one another and have not met in a long time.

"Oh! I never was so glad to get anywhere," Mary raved for the hundredth time as the car stopped before the door and she and her cousin got off and hurried home. Enthusiastic greetings were exchanged there and the rest of the evening proved a very interesting one for there were little folks in the family and the girls helped play Santa Claus. But at about eleven they had finished and had gone to bed but not to sleep because like all girls they would never have rested well unless they had talked an hour first. Nevertheless they were both on hand early the next morning for it was Christmas morning and the family custom was to exchange presents before breakfast.

Everything was going well, with everybody just a little more interested in his own things than anybody's else, (though trying hard not to show it), when Jane was noticed sitting in a corner looking rather queer.

Mary started to rush to her but checked herself when she saw that it was her gift, the pillow she had thought so beautiful, that Jane was staring at so peculiarly. Instead she threw herself on the sofa and burst out crying wishing she were at home where she would be sure of being happy.

At this instant Jane began laughing and seeing Mary crying, ran to her begging her to listen just one minute and then she might resume her crying if she wished.

Mary's cousin was our Jane! I need not tell you the

rest of the story. Jane told Mary a tale which set the whole family laughing with the exception of Grandmother.

She shook her head and said, "I told you no good would ever come of giving a gift without love. In my day——," but she got no farther for the others only laughed the louder and the old lady had to content herself with shaking her head and wondering at the strange ways of today.

RUTH SCOTT, '18.



Rags and Tatters



ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.

Reveling in our own joys and pleasures of Christmas time, I doubt if very many of us have ever stopped and asked ourselves when and by whom the custom of celebrating Christmas was instituted. Of course we know that Christmas is the day on which we celebrate the birth of Christ. It is not known exactly when it originated, but certainly December the twenty-fifth was not generally observed as the day prior to Chrysostom's time in the fourth century, in the Eastern Church at Rome. altho it was observed much earlier in the Western Church. But there was no uniformity in the period of observing the Nativity among the early churches, some observing it in May or April, others in January. There is little certainty that December the twenty-fifth was Christ's birthday as it is a rainy season in Judea and the shepherds could hardly have been watching their flocks at that time, under beautiful stars.

Christmas became parent of many later festivals, but from the fifth to the eighth century there gathered around it several other festivals, so that what was termed as the Christmas Cycle sprang up. In richness, this surpassed all other groups of Christian holidays.

December the twenty-fifth was not casually or arbi-

trarily set aside for the festival of the Nativity. One of the most influential causes for fixing that particular date was the fact that almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as the most important period of the year and as the beginning of the renewal of life and activity of the powers of nature and of their gods. The Celts and Germans from the oldest times celebrated this season with the greatest festivities, with their well known Yule feast which was to commemorate the return of the fiery sun-wheel. We have record also of their belief that during twelve nights from December the twenty-fifth to January the sixth, they were able to trace the personal movements and interferences of their great deities on earth. So many of these beliefs and customs of the old Germans and Romans regarding this matter, passed over from heathenism to Christianity and have partly survived to the present day.

The church sought to banish the deep-rooted heathen feeling by adding its grandly devised liturgy along with dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of His life. Hence sprang the manger songs and Christmas carols as well as Christmas dramas. Hence also originated the custom of the Christ or Christmas trees adorned with lights, bright decorations, and gifts. Thus Christmas became a universal social festival for young and old, high and low, as no other festival has ever become.

OLIVE BUSBEE, '16.

Listen and I will tell
 Of somebody you know well,
 Nice and big and low and fat
 With a bandanna instead of a hat,
 With nice white teeth and big broad grin
 A way that reminds you of an old mother hen.

A dress with big black polk-a-dots
 A clean white apron tied in the hardest knot,
 With a heart as good and as true
 As the one that beats inside you
 By this time you ought to know
 That this is my old Mammy Chloe.

NADA GREEN, '19.

* * *

A NEGRO MAMMY.

A smile could always be seen playing over the black and shiny countenance of Mammy Jane. She was continually administering, with everlasting patience, to the stumped toes, the fire-cracker-burnt fingers, and the fistic-blacked eyes of her small charges. Every hurt was met by a "Honey let me kiss dat" look. Her roomy lap was always used by the "little missus" as a place of refuge from impending danger. She could transform the most marvellous brown cookies and crisp tarts from bits of snowy white dough before the very eyes of her open-mouthed audience. Neither in making sponge cake, nor fruit cake could any one on the entire plantation surpass her.

From early dawn 'till the rising of the moon, Mammy Jane toiled continually. She performed the household

duties in the big white house of Marse John faithfully. Then, after the last dish was carefully dried and put away, she retired to her cabin to do the weekly washing. Sometimes, late at night, she could be seen shuffling up the path to the house of her Missus carrying some forgotten garment of the wash, or coming from the spring balancing a pail of cool water on her head, or faithfully administering to the needs of her sick "neighbors." After her own little "picaninnies" were safely tucked away in bed, she would sit by the open fire and peacefully smoke her pipe.

Despite her numerous interruptions by the little ones for various needs, she never neglected a single duty. Every night, before retiring, her gray hair was plaited and neatly concealed under a spotless, starched cap. And in her spare moments, she not only served as a "Rock of Gibraltar" for the smaller members of the family, but she even aided and consoled the youthful lovers in their trials and tribulations. She was kind, patient, and, indeed, everything else that an old motherly negro mammy of the ante-bellum days should be.

WILLIE MAY NIX, '19.

* * *

THE BEWITCHING SMILE.

It was Christmas Eve, Nickson stood on the back platform of a street car filled and overflowing with Christmas shoppers. He gazed first out across the numerous snow covered houses they were passing, then his eyes wandered thru the glass doors. As he looked earnestly at each passenger, his heart gave a sudden throb. He saw *her* face. It was visible at times over the shoulder of

a German frau. He looked longingly at her again, he felt vaguely that he had seen her before, but where he could not think to save his life.

It was such a dear, attractive face, with just a touch of sad sweetness about it that went thru his fiery heart. Of course in his travels he had seen far more beautiful women, but in this dear one there was something rather winning and charming in the frank, direct, though impersonal manner in which she returned his admiring, longing, interested gaze. He hoped with all his ardent boyish heart that she did not think him rude or ill-bred, in staring at her so continually, but he could not prevent his eyes from wandering in that direction. For a moment only, he commanded himself to look away, then immediately looked back again, fearing to lose those dear bewitching eyes. He wondered to himself—was she flirting with him? Was she laughing at him? Was she leading him on as so many girls delight in doing, that is, making one man happy and another miserable. He was sure that there was at least a faint hint of amusement in her elusive smile.

The conviction that he had seen her, had met her, had even spoken to her became stronger. She was merely waiting for him to remember who she was and he was racking his brain to do so. She read his thoughts. Heavens! Great Stars! Who in the devil was she, where in this lonely universe had he met her? How could he have met such a girl and forgotten her name? Impossible! Where had he seen her before—oh—oh—he was utterly miserable. "Why are we men so darn stupid," he exclaimed gritting his teeth. "If I only could think, oh, if I only could think."

On an impulse, he winked. Immediately he was confused even burning with shame. Her glance had changed to one of reproof, to pained surprise, even to bitter hatred and scorn.

The car had carried him several blocks beyond his destination and out into the suburbs. Still he stood and looked at the charming girl. Suddenly he regained his senses and realized that the crowd had thinned out till only a scant dozen were left. Oh! glory he could now easily reach her.

He drew a long breath, mustered his courage up to the point of throwing open the door and striding down the aisle. She did not flee. Her smile was now even more welcoming. But where was the rest of her?

She was only a face—the artist hadn't drawn any more. Above her wavy, golden locks and dancing blue eyes were the words: "She uses Colgate's Talcum Powder."

F. S. PARKS, '17.

* * *

TWO PORTRAITS OF A COLLEGE BOY.

While standing on a street corner I see some one coming, stepping as if he owned the whole world and looking in every direction. Even though anxious to know what he is looking for, my eyes are unable to leave his own startling person long enough to discover. He has on tan shoes with his trousers rolled up quite a distance above his shoes, displaying a goodly view of silk hose; his suit is the newest cut, his tie is flowing over his shoulder as his eyes are roving from one side of the street to the other. Still waiting I see a broad grin come on his face. Wondering, I look around, to see nothing but a very

meek G. W. C. girl. Then it all dawns on me— this is the Furman University boy.

NADA GREEN, '19.

* * *

That Freshmen were made to show the women a part of their vastly accumulated knowledge would seem apparent by their untiring efforts to do so. It is said that they can be recognized by a blind man. So by this we see that the Freshman considers his mouth the heavenly gift with which to accomplish his great mission of enlightening the world on certain subjects. For of course a blind man couldn't see that tiny thing on his head that he calls his new hat, or his extremely English cut suit, bought for the grand occasion of his entrance to college upon his special mission; nor yet his glowing, new, tan shoes that look as if even a blind man could see them. The Chesterfield cigarette that hangs limply from his teeth is only one of many that will perform the same duty to-day. His bulging hip pocket shows that he recognizes his mission not to be a heavenly one. Pity him! He knows no better. Think how far he is from his mother's lap.

At the art of winning and holding the hearts of the numerous girls he has met "since his college life began," he thinks himself excelling all insipid humans who call themselves his classmates.

Oh! who could be so cruel as to prohibit hazing, the only way for a fellow to protect himself against the views of a missionary that he doesn't wish to accept.

WILLIE MAY NIX, '16.

A GREAT WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

The present age is honored by women who are just as broad-minded, brave and truthful as those of other ages. It is true, that sometimes the circumstances under which their noble qualities are tried are not as critical as those in the period of the War Between the States, for instance, but in the case of Miss Edith Cavell we see that the circumstances under which her frankness and her love for truth were tried were just as critical as those in any of the past ages.

Miss Edith Cavell was a young woman who loved humanity. For its cause she made many sacrifices which have been appreciated by the great nations of Europe. This great woman gave up her life of pleasure, left her home in England, and became the head nurse of a surgical institute in Brussels. She administered treatment to hundreds of soldiers who were wounded in the great European struggle, and by her loving kindness, made the lot of these suffering men easier. She cared for the German soldiers with the same tenderness with which she cared for the others, but it was through the German authorities that her life was doomed.

Several days ago, Miss Cavell was arrested by the German military authorities and charged with helping some of her cured patients to escape to Holland. The punishment for this act would have been only a term of imprisonment. When questioned, this woman with her great love for honesty, admitted that she had helped some escape to Holland and told that she had helped some escape to England also. Her frankness caused the loss of her life. Rather than hide anything that should be

known she laid down her life. This woman with her love for nothing but the truth, was shot a few hours later, regardless of the earnest appeals of the American and Spanish ministers.

MARY HOLLIDAY, '19.

* * *

TONY'S CHRISTMAS.

It was a week before Christmas, and Tony lay propped up among his pillows, thinking of the first Christmas day nineteen hundred and fifteen years ago. Tony was a poor crippled boy who had to stay in a wheel chair all day long. His parents loved him tenderly, and did their best to make life pleasant for him.

"Mamma," he said suddenly, "will Santa Claus bring me anything I want for Christmas?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"And will he bring it to me tomorrow night instead of Christmas eve?"

"If you tell him why you want it then, I think he would."

"Then I want a hundred dollars and a great big tree full of things that boys like," declared Tony eagerly.

"What on earth do you want them for?" asked his mother, wonderingly.

"Tell me if I may, then I'll tell you why, Mamma dear."

"If it's alright, you have my permission, Tony."

"Well, I want the money to buy warm clothing and a wheel-chair and a Christmas dinner for some poor little boy with legs like mine that won't go. And I want the tree to be full of things he can play with. Now, may I, may I, Mamma dear?"

"Yes, sweetheart," replied his mother, stooping to kiss his pale little face.

Immediately Tony began to search for the lad he was so anxious to help. His nurse rolled him every day thru the poorer sections of the city. On the day before Christmas eve he found him. He was only a poor little cripple who had to stay in bed all day while his mother worked hard for their bare sustenance. Tony set to work to make this boy happy on Christmas morning.

In his poor home, Jimmie lay in a rickety bed on Christmas eve, his thin little hands clasped together in prayer. "O, Lord, please don't let Santa Claus forget poor little me. Dear Jesus I want a wheel-chair so's I can sit up, and a good Christmas dinner for my mother. And, O Lord, help her not to work so hard and *please* remind Santa Claus of us. For Jesus' sake, Amen."

By the window stood Jimmie's mother trying to catch the last rays of daylight to finish her work. As she sewed the tears ran down her cheeks. Well she knew Jimmie was going to be disappointed. She knew no Santa Claus and only five cents did she have. Finally, when it grew so dark she could no longer see she folded her work and went to bed because she could not afford a fire.

Presently, when Jimmie and his mother were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, the door was opened silently and first came Tony in a brand new wheel chair. Then came a great tree full of the things that make a boy's heart glad. After this a tray full of goodies appeared with a bill hidden on the tray. When all had been arranged to suit Tony, they carried him away and softly closed the door.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. The sun sparkled on the snow and made of it myriads of diamonds. Jimmie awoke with the chickens. When he saw his tree and chair, he shouted:

"Oh, mother, Jesus didn't let Santa Claus forget. Come, look, look at my tree!"

And two little boys with legs that wouldn't go, were made happy that Christmas day.

AGNES JENKINS.

The Isaqueena

VOL. X.

Number 3.

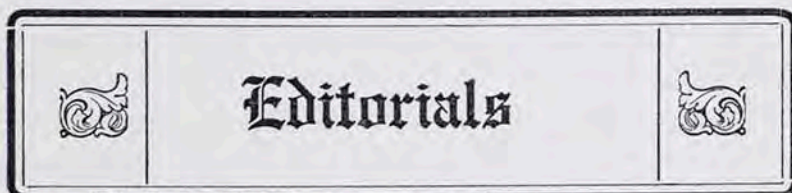
GREENVILLE, S. C., December, 1915.

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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CLAIRE SMITH.....Local Editor



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION.

As a result of the efforts of Mr. Moerner, Secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, a local organization has been effected. We are proud of our membership which is the largest in any woman's college in the state. Seventeen of the twenty-four colleges in South Carolina have allied themselves with this movement,

which is a branch of the National league for Prohibition. The purpose of the Intercollegiate Association is stated as follows:

"1. To know the liquor problem more thoroughly in its civic, economic and social relations.

"2. To prepare for service in its settlement."

By thoroughly acquainting themselves with the liquor question and creating a sentiment for National Prohibition, college students can make their influence important. Since the college men and women of to-day are to be our leaders of to-morrow, they are showing good judgment in studying this big problem now in order to be able to combat efficiently the terrible liquor evil in the future, and to be able to use all their powers to eradicate it entirely.

* * *

STUDENT HONOR.

The criticism has been made that our Self-Government system is not working right. What is the matter, girls? Is it possible that we are not taking the matter seriously enough. We believe the trouble may lie in a wrong conception of the basis of our honor system and of student honor in general. Isn't it true that a college is a community on a small scale? Granting this, have we not a right to exact honest practice in a college as we do in a community? The student body is responsible for the sentiment against dishonest practices in college and students band themselves together in what is known as the honor system to see that dishonest actions are not tolerated. If anyone thinks that Self-Government is merely another form of faculty supervision, and that to break

rules without detection is no breach of trust, but a clever art, she has a mistaken idea of the system. They do not seem to realize that the honor system has for its foundation individual ideals and when one girl breaks over it is a broken link in a strong chain of co-operative, individual government. Another wrong viewpoint is the idea that it rests with the Honor Board alone to report girls. Membership in the association implies obligations as great one way as another. For a girl to be cognizant of a wrong practice and fail to report it is an indication that she has not the right conception of her duty in this matter, and it might not be putting it too strongly to say that this is as much a wrong as it would be if the girl were breaking the rule herself. Get it out of your heads, girls, that the honor system is a tell tale arrangement, and that as long as you have friends outside the Honor Board you are safe in breaking rules and others around you are. Just imagine what sort of college one would have if every student had this attitude: "I wouldn't report a girl for anything on earth." We had better not have a code of honor if we can't live up to it.

Another breach of honor of which nearly all students are guilty, is that of bluffing classes. It seems an irresistible temptation to get around a professor, but if we think what bluffing indicates, perhaps the fault would be corrected. Is not bluffing an index to some weak characteristic and does it not show that one's tendency to deceive here could lead to falsehood outside the class room? By pretending to what we are not, we lose self-respect and in the end failure results, for bluffing furnishes an unstable foundation for examinations. We believe our girls have the right attitude toward cheating in examinations. We

need a new conception of our duty as members of the Self-Governing association. Honor and duty must come before other considerations, even though it may break a friendship. In the future the satisfaction of knowing you followed the right path outweighs whatever sacrifices were made. Your President trusts you, girls, the faculty and Honor Board believe in you. Do you believe in each other? Self-Government is a progressive step and unless we want to take a step backward, we must have a right attitude toward our duty and follow the path of honor—that path which marks the true gentleman or gentlewoman.

* * *

THE ANNUAL.

The needs and purpose of various college activities have been presented, but the propitious moment for acquainting the new girls with our college annual arrived only the other day. Old girls have felt the joys of an annual and graduates testify that annuals are a "fountain of eternal youth." What is the annual? A book of remembrance? Nay, more, a book of experience, a memento of your happiest days, an artistic and literary production. Girls, you may think you will remember everything, but you won't and as a test of your college loyalty, class spirit, your friendships, and your interest in yourself, you are under obligations to subscribe for the annual. And not only to subscribe, but to help in every way possible to make the work of the annual *Staff* lighter, for the editing of a college annual is no small task. When the time is announced to have your picture made, don't throw things back and overwork the photographer by

waiting until the last minute. Pay your subscription when it is due and respond to all calls that are made, for the return will be doubled, as you have heard many experienced people tell you. Let every student do her part to make the 1916 annual the very best that our college has ever had.

* * *

OBLIGATIONS.

Someone has said, "Money is an ever present problem with the undergraduate." And true it is, that so many luxuries come in the guise of college necessities that it is difficult to determine which to receive and which to refuse. Each student, however, has some method or standard for determining just how much he will spend. As a member of the student body he has an interest in various college activities and wishes to ally himself with one or another. To some he has no right to exclude himself in order to receive a well balanced education. Each of these organizations has to have more or less financial backing and a student has no right to refuse to give his share towards its support, although some students think they belong to a special privilege class and are exempt from supporting any of these, though they may boast and highly approve of them. In some colleges dues for various associations are sent in with tuition and board accounts. This deprives a student of any individuality or choice in joining, and he loses a valuable experience in the handling of money. College life is training for community life, and as the citizen who refuses to support any enterprise is considered selfish and narrow, so the student who fails to help the college organizations. Penurious-

ness might become as serious a fault as extravagance. What we need is to develop a sane, thoughtful method of spending. Many are wont to excuse their lack of support by referring to the sacrifice of parents. Although sacrifice is made by practically all parents, they allow their children some money. It is up to the children to see that this money is correctly and wisely expended. Girls, since coming to G. W. C. you have joined something. You have a hazy notion of fees, but regard this as a minor consideration. The dues should be paid immediately upon joining unless otherwise specified, but owing to a kind of laxity, there are none paid until some special occasion calls forth great effort to raise the amount. As a general thing the last few weeks of school are taken up by treasurers who try madly to collect nine months' dues and often the books have to go unbalanced. The treasurer has other duties and it is unfair to her to make her chase up an amount that we would not hesitate to spend down town at any time. If you have not paid your magazine subscription, when your next check comes don't stop until you have seen the business manager. If your literary society, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association or any other dues are unpaid see the treasurers at once, and let us have no hitches in the successful working of any of these organizations because of the lack of financial means. *Pay your dues at once!*

Exchanges

PRISCILLA POTEAT, Editor.

A goodly number of exchanges have come to our desk this month, and we are pleased at the increase, as well as at the average high grade.

Davidson College Magazine.

It is true that "Variety is the spice of life," and it is good to make changes once in a while; so we are interested to see how the Davidson College plan of a quarterly instead of a monthly magazine will work. Time alone will tell whether the magazine will make as good an impression at the end of this year as it has heretofore. We wish the editors success in their venture, and it seems to us that if each magazine is as good as the first one the plan will prove worthy of followers.

The material in this first issue is well divided. The first poem *An Even Song* is good, and we are sorry that we cannot say as much of *To Her*, which savors too much of what might be called "college sentimentality." *Footprints on the Sands* is rather disappointing because of the writer's too evident haste in finishing. *The Failure of the Hague* is a good and timely sketch. We are glad to see the winning Junior oration published. We think the plan of publishing orations is one which might work well in all college magazines.

The Limestone Star.

The *Star* is rather disappointing in appearance this month. In the first place, the cover is too flimsy, and then the printing could be improved upon. The magazine could be made more artistic with these improvements.

The material could also be better. *The Link* is poor, while *Mammy's Version of 'How it is'* is interesting but poorly told. The essays or sketches, however, are better, the one on *Play as a Means of Education* being quite good. The magazine would be better if there were more poems, and we would suggest that the editor should talk of things pertaining more particularly to college life and interests in the editorials.

The Woman's College Magazine.

The sketch on Dickens is good. *The Devastation of the Present War*, although well written, shows no new thought, but just what we are reading over and over again in current magazines. *When A Cat Is Not A Cat* is a clever little story. *The Philosophy of Life* is poorly written, and would have been better if the writer had been more careful in managing the conversation. The poems in this issue are mediocre, and could be improved upon.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Winthrop Journal*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Centralian*, *The Sweet Briar Magazine*, *The Criterion*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Acorn*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Erothesian*, *Woman's College Journal*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Collegian* and *The Clemson Chronicle*.

In and Around College

CAROLINE ROPER, CLAIRE SMITH,
Editors.

Y. W. C. A.

Even our Freshmen are taking not only a great interest, but an active part in our Y. W. C. A. as can be seen by the following program, which is only a sample of the many good ones which were enjoyed during the month.

* * *

THROUGH RAT SPECTACLES.

What they were disappointed in when they came to G. W. C. because it did not come up to their ideals.

Mary Corpening,
Frances McKenzie,
Mary Jane King.

What we are willing to do to help bring college up to our ideals.

Ruth Scott.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A., being the common ground upon which all girls can meet, has enrolled a great number of the new girls.

Mrs. Davis of Orangeburg, spoke to the Y. W. C. A. one Sunday afternoon during the month. She has been with us before, in the interest of the Y. W. C. A., and we were all glad to see her here again.

The Day Students, Y. W. C. A. held its first separate meeting November the 24th. This meeting was interesting, as the subject was practical. It was "Being Square." Misses Woodside, Coleman, and Asbury gave interesting talks on the different ways of being square, and Misses Alice and Elizabeth Callaham sang a duet. The effort to interest day students in all phases of college life is meeting with success.

* * *

We were indeed glad to have Miss Eudora Ramsay with us again for a few days during the month. She was returning from a five months' suffrage campaign in Pennsylvania, where she met with great success.

Miss Ramsay is a friend of every G. W. C. girl, and particularly a friend of the *Isaqueena*. Her presence is always welcomed. While here, Miss Ramsay gave two very interesting talks relative to her work; one in chapel and the other in the Philotean Literary Society. Miss Ramsay will be engaged in suffrage work in Virginia until the Christmas holidays.

* * *

News of the unfortunate accident of Miss Sarah Watson came as a great grief to the student body. Miss Watson, a former teacher, is greatly beloved by G. W. C. girls and it is hoped that she will soon be able to resume her duties as History Professor at Coker College.

* * *

"What Happened to Jones" given by the Senior Class on Thanksgiving night, was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

LYCEUM ATTRACTIONS.

The Metropolitan Grand Quartet gave a concert on the evening of November 22.

Dr. Claxton, Commissioner of the Bureau of Education gave a very interesting and scholarly lecture on December 3. His subject was the "Cost of War and the Price of Peace."

* * *

The first quarterly pupils' recital was given on the evening of December 6. The following programme was rendered:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Elfentanz: Op. 46 | Mac Dowell |
| Miss Frances Marshall | |
| Serenade | Moszkowski |
| Charles Strawn | |
| Nocturne: Op. 55, No. 1 | Chopin |
| Miss Vinita Cureton | |
| Marchioness, your dancing gives delight..... | Gaston Lemaire |
| Miss Virgia Britt | |
| Rhapsodie, No. 11 | Liszt |
| Miss Grace Coleman | |
| Inter Nos | Mac Fadyen |
| Mrs. Hampton Burbage | |
| Nocturne: Op. 15, No. 2 | Chopin |
| Miss Caroline Roper | |
| Zueinung | Richard Strauss |
| Damon | Stange |
| Miss Jeanne Perry | |
| Etude in D flat | Liszt |
| Miss Annie Mae Bryant | |
| War March from "Athalia" | Mendelssohn |
| College Orchestra | |

Locals

The Thanksgiving game between the Blues and the Golds was a thrilling and well played game. Victory was with the Golds again this year but the Blues have high hopes of winning next year.

Quite a large number of girls, chaperoned by Mrs. Ramsay attended the Y. W. A. Conference which was held in Spartanburg.

The Students attended an open meeting of the Philosphian Literary Society, at Furman University, on the evening of December second.

Misses Roper, Asbury, Poteat, Coleman, and Ella Mae Smith attended the State College Press Association which was held at Spartanburg, November 17-19.

Miss Brucie Owings, a former student of G. W. C., spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Miss Gladys Campbell.

Misses Mamie and Willie Bryan were called home during the month owing to the illness and death of their grandmother.

Miss Margaret Sellers accompanied Miss Louise O'Farrell to her home at King's Mountain, N. C., for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. Holliday spent a few days with his daughter Mary, during the month.

Miss Mildred Hackney spent a week-end at her home in Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Claire Smith left during the Thanksgiving holidays for her home and Camden to take part in her brother's wedding.

Miss Effie Scarborough spent a week-end at Reidville with her brother, who is teaching there.

In the Domestic Science Department:

Ruth Tarkington, reading a label aloud—"Pocahontas Canned Tomatoes." Turning to her companion, "I don't believe that, do you?"

"Miss Good-hue is gifted with a sixth sense."

"And what is it—pray?"

"Inexhaustibility!"

I'd rather be a Could Be,
 If I could not be an Are;
 For a Could Be is a May Be
 With a chance of reaching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
 Than a Might Have Been by far,
 For a Might Have Been has never been
 But a Has Been was once an Are.

—*Selected.*

Where was the Magna Charta signed?
At the Bottom!

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Gladys Padgett in distress—"I haven't even got a calendar to tell the time of day by!"

Aimee Sloan translating Caesar.—"And Caesar crossed in the Ford."



Athletics



The most exciting and thrilling event of the month was the basket ball game between the Blues and the Golds on Thanksgiving day. In fact a large part of the "athletics" began Wednesday in the form of climbing May poles, ladders, trees and towers to plant banners of each color. The "stunts" pulled by each side before the game were thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators. The score at the end of the exciting first half was 5 to 5. The terrible suspense was broken during the next half which was not fought as hard as the First. At the end the Gold's had doubled on the Blues, the score being 18 to 9 in their favor. The playing on both sides was splendid and we are sure that this year's varsity will make a basket ball record worthy of G. W. C.

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President of Student Government.

THREE POINT HONORS.

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

TWO POINT HONORS.

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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.

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Other Society Officers.
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The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than any other college save one.

The work of the College is strongly endorsed at home and abroad. For many years the number of boarding students has been limited by the capacity of the dormitories, and the annual income from college fees for local students alone is equal to the income of the endowment of any college in the State, which enables the College to give the best education at reasonable prices.

Believing that the aim of all training should be the development of heart, mind and body, the College seeks to give the product of symmetrical womanhood.

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The College in all of its sixty years of history has never lost a student by death and it has enjoyed singular freedom from epidemics of every form.

The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted, to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diplomas are accepted for graduate work at the best universities. The degrees of M.A., B.A., B.L. are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Departments of Art, Expression, Kindergarten and Domestic Science.

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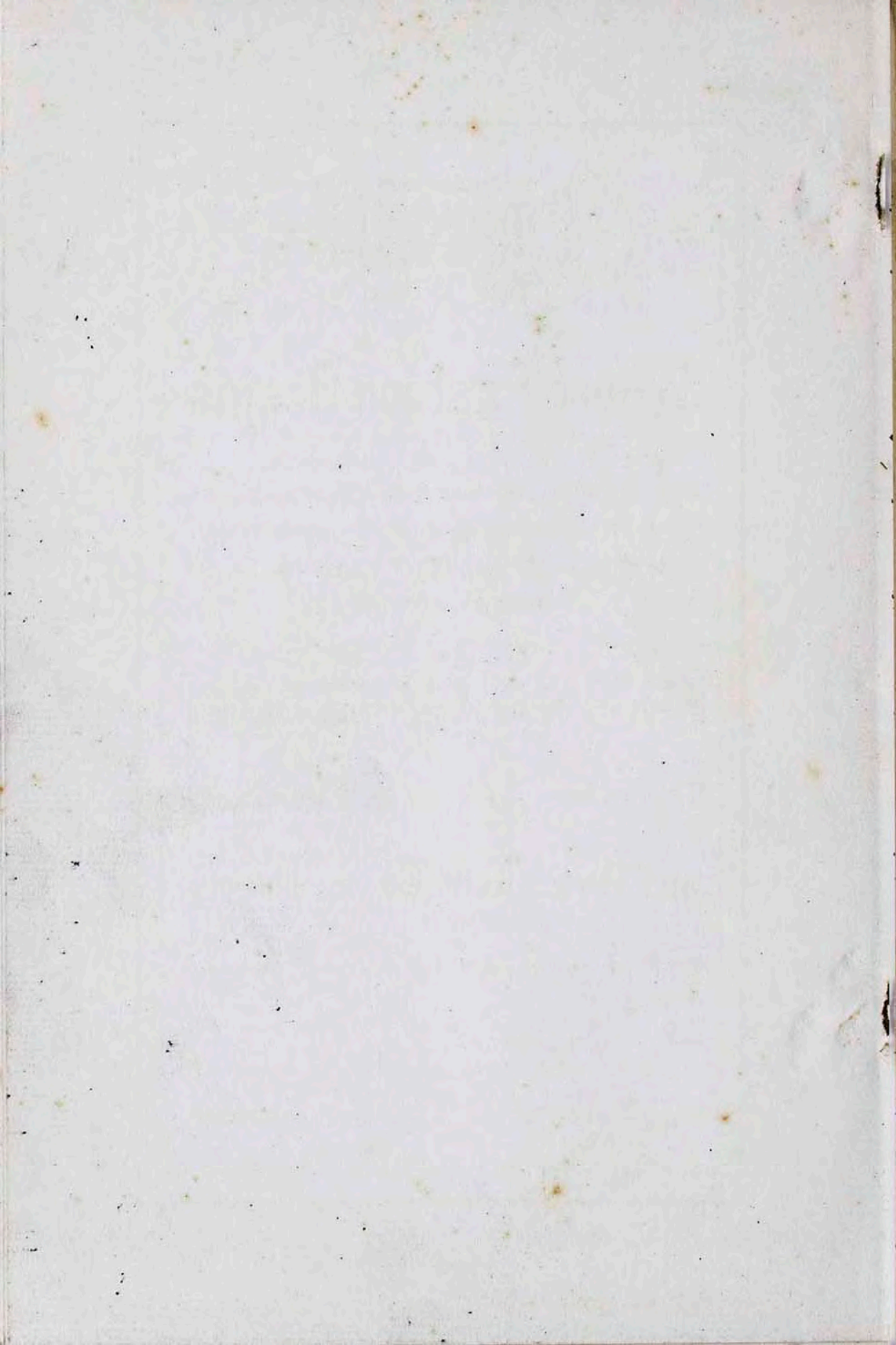
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