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## The Isaqueena - 1916, January

Grace Decker Coleman  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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The  
ISAQUEENA



*January, 1916.*

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## W. R. HALE JEWELER

105 N. MAIN STREET

GREENVILLE, S. C.

# The Isaqueena



*January, 1916*

Published each month by the Students of the  
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# The Isaquena

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VOL. X

GREENVILLE, S. C., JANUARY, 1916

NO. 4

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## The Old Year

Tottering along with a burdensome load,  
A sack on his back too heavy to hold,  
A thin, pale face, lips moving in prayer,  
Slowly passed by the sad Old Year.

"'Tis time to die," he gently said  
"Slow is my step, white is my head,  
And yet my way is bright and clear,  
For I have not been such a bad Old Year."

With hope in his heart he was taken away  
To the land where it is always day,  
Leaving behind him a sack full of wear  
Earth's last gift of the parting Old Year.

But lo the sack vanished and in its place  
Was a tiny little babe with an angel's face,  
Forth from his eyes gleamed joy and cheer  
It was the happy and glad New Year.

ELLA MAY SMITH, 16.



### New Leaf



T was nice to be in bed at last, so comfortable and so happy; so tired and so sleepy, but too joyously excited even for sleep. I shut my eyes tightly, but this did not shut out the thoughts of the ball—such a wonderful ball, the bells and the long ride home. Laughingly we had talked of our New Year's Resolutions and had declared that we would turn over new leaves. I was more serious than jesting for the New Year's bells always made me feel solemn, and even if resolutions are old-fashioned and even if people don't keep them, I consider it better to try and fail, than not to try, and I do so love new beginnings. Just to think that this is 1916, a brand new year, not more than an hour old. How queer it makes me feel. I wonder what kind of year it will be. Anyway I am going to turn over a new leaf. I wonder if everybody will turn over a new leaf, and if they do, what a dreadful noise it must make, if they all turn them at once. I wonder—I was growing very drowsy—I wonder how new leaves look anyway.

“Ha! ha! ha! O, ho! ho! ho! Excuse me for laughing, but that was so stupid. Haven't you really ever seen one? He! he! he!”

I sat up in bed suddenly. I was sure there had been no one in the room and I had locked the door. But there he was in the middle of the room, bending almost double in his mirth, and such a strange looking fellow. My heart almost stopped beating with fear, but anger at his con-

tinued mirth overcame my fear ,and I managed to say, as icily as possible.

“I am sure I have never seen *you* before, and what do you mean by intruding in my room and disturbing me in such a rude fashion?”

At that he ceased laughing and looked truly penitent. “I beg your pardon most humbly,” he said making a grand bow and taking off a queer little hat. “I have been here for ever so long but I thought you would never see me. I came especially to thank you for turning me over.”

“For turning you over? I repeat I have never seen you before.” My anger had not all gone.

“Just the same, my dear, you did turn me over, and I am profoundly grateful. You see I was afraid you wouldn’t.” He seemed so truly appreciative that although I was sure that there must be some mistake, I felt that I must say something civil.

“I am sure you are quite welcome, sir, if I have done you a favor.”

I was not sure that he heard me for he was turning around, stretching his arms and legs. He seemed to feel very proud of his appearance, though I could see no reason for it, unless one fancies the whimsical rather than the beautiful. No one could say that his face was handsome. It was small and brown, though his cheeks were quite red. His eyes were very sharp and black and had a most inquisitive look about them; yet they held a merry twinkle which made them rather nice. I had noticed that when he laughed. But the oddest part of his appearance was his clothes. He was dressed all in green, a bright green, and his suit was cut in a most remarkable fashion.

“Why, he looks more like a leaf than a man.”

I was not conscious that I had spoken aloud until he whirled around and fixed on me a scornful look from those beady black eyes.

"Pray, and what do you think I am?"

I blushed in confusion and said nothing.

"I have never seen such stupidity as exists in mortals. Why they expect everybody else to look like themselves, even a New Leaf, as if I would deign to assume such an appearance."

"Oh," I said very timidly, "then you are a New Leaf?"

"I am," he said in a most dignified tone, folding his arms with a great air of self-control.

"I am sorry," I said in my meekest voice, "but you didn't introduce yourself, and you know I said in the beginning that I had never seen a new leaf. Since I am so ignorant, then, won't you please tell me all about yourself?"

He seemed appeased for he answered quite pleasantly, "Well, I suppose ignorance among mortals must be pardoned in youth, and if you really want to know the story of my life, I don't mind telling you. I grew—" he swelled up most pompously—"I grew on the New Year's Tree." He waited impressively for this fact to make sufficient impression on my mind.

"And then," I ventured by way of encouragement, "How did you get off?"

"I fell off, of course; and then you turned me over."

"Were there many other leaves on the tree?" I asked, not wishing to dwell too long on the kindness I had done him.

"O, yes, indeed! Why, there was one for every person in the world."

"And did you all fall off at once?" Really I wished he would go on with his story without needing so much prodding.

"Of course, we all fell off together as soon as the New Year was born. But we all had to lie still and helpless until some one turned us over. Then we become alive and useful as long as we are kept."

"I suppose you were all turned over?" I asked.

"O no, indeed. A great many to be sure, but not all. That's the sad part of it. There are a great many perfectly splendid new leaves, who must remain there and die, because the persons they grew for will not turn them over. If people only knew what a great help we would be to them—that is of course, as long as they keep us! So soon as we are forgotten we must die too, like our brothers." He shook his head sadly and I thought he looked at me a little queerly. Presently he continued more brightly. "You see we are gardeners and we help people take care of their resolutions. I suppose you have never seen a resolution garden either?" his voice had a touch of scorn.

"No," I confessed, "I haven't."

"That explains the condition they are in, I suppose. Come with me if you would like to see it, and I will show you the New Year's Palace and gardens."

I agreed delightedly and soon we were hurrying along a road that led to a walled city on a hill whose towers could be seen in the distance. We had barely started when we saw a procession moving slowly toward us. We stepped to one side to let it pass.

"It is Old Year's funeral procession," New Leaf explained.

I knew without asking that it was Father Time with his bent figure, white flowing hair, and indentifying scythe, who was leading the procession. However, I had to be told that the four pompous gentlemen on black horses who followed next were the seasons. Next came the hearse, bearing the remains of the Old Year. Behind were twelve ladies, the months, and then followed the weeks, days, hours, and minutes—quite a long procession and all of them were clothed in black. I was greatly affected at the sight of this sombre procession and when the last had passed, I turned in tearful silence to my companion who, to my surprise and indignation, was laughing outright.

“A good riddance,” he chuckled, “I for one, am glad the old fellow’s done for.”

Such fiendish mirth was too much for me. I walked away in scorn, saying, “Mr. New Leaf, I grieve to say that I am very much surprised. I expected more feeling of you, to say the least.”

“Oh, come now, I’ll bet you he, himself, was glad enough to go. One year of you earth people is enough for any year. The way you kill Time, lose Hours, waste Minutes, and then knock the Year for everything that goes wrong is enough to make any year old before his time. I can tell you I am glad enough to be only a Leaf. Then we need a change; it is always a help to have new things and start over with everything new, take a new leaf, for instance.” He gave me a sly wink.

“Yes, I know, but just the same I hate to see Old Year go. He was such a nice year.”

“No reason why New Year shouldn’t be nicer.”

"I hope it will. I did so many things wrong last year; if it had only lived longer, I might have been better. Still, I suppose it's easier to be good with a New Year. But then, each time a year dies it means that I am a year older and I don't want to get old. O, I wish Time wouldn't hurry so."

"I, for one, would be glad if I could be a year old, to to say nothing of a year *older*. They say that age teaches wisdom and if I were as young and foolish as some mortals I know—I should count each added year a blessing."

Of course, I could say nothing to that, so we journeyed on quietly until we reached the gate at the top of the hill. Everything was quiet within the beautiful gardens and no person was to be seen, though there were signs of recent festivities.

"We are too late for the coronation—you came home so late," New Leaf reproached, but I will show you the gardens, and you may look at the palaces, and perhaps we may look in at the New Year's ball, and possibly get a peep of his Majesty, the infant New Year.

"O, do let's try," I cried delightedly.

"This," he said, ignoring my last remark, and pointing to a magnificent castle of snow, resplendent with turrets of ice, "is Lord Winter's castle. He holds the rule now with his three daughters, Ladies December, January and February. Lady January is in power now. It is said that her reign is usually successful, for you see, she has us to help her out. Most of us last during her reign."

Passing through beautiful gardens we had reached a most lovely palace. It was a veritable fairy bower, covered with roses which clambored riotously over each other in a perfect tumult of beauty, the perfumed air was

sweeter yet with most wonderful melodies sung by the little birds which I could see fluttering about. I didn't need to be told that this was Lord Spring's home.

"Well, have you taken root?" I realized that New Leaf was pulling at my sleeve. "I brought you principally to see your garden of resolutions. We can't stay here all day."

So we hurried on past Lord Summer's Palace, which was beautiful and sunny, and surrounded by green lawns and lovely flowers. Then came Lord Autumn's stone castle, on which a glow as of a setting sun cast bronze and ruddy lights. The trees which stood around the castle burned with golden and scarlet leaves.

Suddenly we came upon the most wonderful palace of all, which really stood in the center of the garden. Curiously wrought in its architecture were suggestions of the splendor of winter, the sweetness of spring, the beauty of summer, and the grandeur of autumn." This was the king's palace and that was where the little New Year lay. I reminded New Leaf of his promise, so he carried me up the steps of the palace and into an outer court where through open doors, I could see within the royal court where there *was* music and dancing.

"Who are all those fine ladies and gentlemen, I asked?" in wonder.

"Do you forget your acquaintances so soon? They are the lords and ladies we saw when we were coming, and whose palaces I have just showed you."

"Why I thought they had gone to Old Year's funeral, and they were dressed all in black."

"Sure, but they have returned now for the fun. Life's too short for woe. 'Be merry' that's my motto."

While I was pondering the sentiments of this last remark, he pulled me into a small, lovely, pink rose bud of a room. "Take a peep at his Majesty, if you like but don't make any noise. His youth does not permit of late hours, and he has retired from the festivities."

There in a pink, lacy basket, lay the dearest little baby fast asleep. On the pillows by his golden curls lay a jeweled crown. Mother Nature sat nodding in her chair at his side. I held my breath in ecstasy at the lovely picture.

"O, the little darling," I breathed softly. "If only he would stay so."

"He won't though, but I am not saying that he might not grow more beautiful. Have you ever heard that the year is what we make it? Come on," he pulled me away roughly. "You are too much impressed with outside beauty. I am going to show you something which isn't beautiful, though you could make it so if you'd try."

I knew that he spoke of my garden of resolutions. Somehow I dreaded to see it, even while I was curious to know how it looked.

But New Leaf had stopped and was pointing impressively at a large bare tree. In a magnificent and pompous voice, he proclaimed:

"First, I am going to show you the tree on which I, your most humble servant (bowing grandly) was pleased to hang and from which I so lately fell."

The tree was tall and black and bare. Around on the ground lay leaves, beautiful leaves, but which were even now withering.

"And all of these," I asked, "are new leaves?"



"Yes, but they were not turned over—poor fellows," he said sadly.

"Then I will turn them over," I said impulsively.

"O no!" he drew me back roughly. "Each leaf grew for one special person and no one else has the power to turn it over, or receive the gift it brings."

He led me away to a distant part of the garden. In the distance it resembled an uncultivated field of stubbles, but on approaching nearer, I noticed that it was marked off into plots, in which peculiar plants of some sort were growing.

"Why don't they keep up this part of the garden as they do the other part. The gardener who has charge of this has poor taste, I think.

"That's what I am thinking myself." Leaf answered. "I hated to say so since you are one of the gardeners."

"Then these are the resolution gardens?"

I walked among them with curious feelings of apprehension, embarrassment, mingled with hope and fear. Every plot was different. Some were quite barren, showing no effort of cultivation. In others the flowers were making efforts to grow but were being smothered with weeds. Some few blossom with sweet and fragrant flowers. I hoped we might stop by some of these, but no—mine was one of the neglected gardens. How ashamed I felt when New Leaf told me it was mine. It had been planted, to be sure, it was overflowing with plants but all of them small, stunted, and twisted.

"You planted too thickly and didn't cultivate them enough," New Leaf said, a little kindly.

I stood silent, ashamed, and alone with my thoughts.

Then New Leaf spoke, "I will help you if you will let

me," he spoke gently. His face was kind, indeed it seemed transformed, beautiful.

Somewhere in the distance a bell was ringing—growing louder and nearer. "I must go now," New Leaf said, "but don't forget me."

I watched him fade slowly from sight. The bell rang on and on, loud, clamorous.

"Mercy, why doesn't it stop?" I opened my eyes; daylight streamed through my window, the bell rang insistently; some one knocked peremptorily at my door.

"Won't you ever wake up?" the voice demanded, "and don't you hear the breakfast bell?"

F. M., '16.

### Three Ideals of Womanhood as Presented in the Princess



BEFORE attempting to see the three ideals of womanhood presented by Tennyson in *The Princess*, let us glance for a moment at the poem itself. This poem is not Tennyson's masterpiece. In fact it has been said by Van Dyke that "*The Princess* is one of the minor poems of a major poet." The poem was published in 1847, several years after *In Memoriam*. Taine says, "*The Princess* is a fairy tale as sentimental as those of Shakespeare. Tennyson here thought and felt like a young knight of the Renaissance. The author then gives a synopsis of the poem in the light and emotional expression of his native language.

Van Dyke says that *The Princess* "has for its theme the emancipation of woman—a great question certainly, but also a vexed question, and one which is better adapted to prose than to poetry, at least in the present stage of its discussion." The poet seems to feel this difficulty and says himself in the conclusion:

"I moved as in a strange diagonal,  
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them."

However, it is rather unusual that this poem should be the first of Tennyson's poems to become widely known in America, and that the most extensive and most favorable criticisms have come from this side of the Atlantic. This may be the result of the increasing interest in the higher education and greater development of American women.

This view of woman's emancipation was published over fifty years ago and since then there has been a steady advancement in the education and individuality of women. To-day as Stafford A. Brooke suggests we have gained a wider view and certainly hope to continue widening our horizon. However, again quoting we can say that "*The Princess* holds a noble argument, but the main problem which it attacks cannot be finally solved by any individual; only in the lapse of ages will the divine purpose be revealed. The poem is thoroughly delightful, sometimes humorous, sometimes satirical, and of the pathetic. The song scattered here and there are little gems. The whole atmosphere shows Tennyson's wonderful ability in portraying the details of nature. The characters themselves are not very strongly drawn, but the three types of womanhood are easily seen.

Throughout the whole poem the various men express their views of the place of woman and the women also make known their opinions. These various views can be condensed into three ideals. First, the rather extreme and unreal type presented in the Princess herself. We hear her father say of her beliefs:

"Maintaining that with equal husbandry."

The woman were an equal to the man."

The king continues his description satirically:

"Then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,

Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,

But all she is and does is awful."

The father was unaccustomed to this kind of woman, one with intellect. He was unused to the theories of equality and therefore despised his daughter's thoughts and beliefs. As he says he was conquered by her merely

because, "I sought but peace." His ideal of woman is the second type. However, it is hardly fair to present the Princess' type and ideal merely from the king's standpoint. Let us see what the Princess herself thinks and says of her beliefs. In speaking to the three youths in disguise entering her college she says :

"O lift your natures up :

Embrace our aims ; work out your freedom. Girls,  
 Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed ;  
 Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
 The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite and slander,  
 die. Better not be at all  
 Than not be noble."

Such inspiring words could only be felt and spoken by an understanding woman. Her thoughts resembled those of the modern woman to-day but her actions were not well balanced. She dashed madly into her scheme of education not once stopping to consider the impractical side. She goes from one extreme to the other, placing her followers in an unreal position.

Now we come to the second ideal of woman, that of the old kings. We feel the ideal of the Princess' father in his attitude towards his daughter and we have the Prince's father expressing himself thus to his son :

"Look you Sir!

Man is the hunter, woman is his game :  
 The sleek and shining creatures of the chase  
 We hunt them for the beauty of their skins ;  
 They love us for it, and we ride them down."  
 Then he continues :

"Thus I won

Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,  
 Worth winning ; but this firebrand."

He then speaks slightly of the Princess. This is the ideal very typical of the old kings, who see merely the maiden of the Middle Ages. The maiden, who concealed herself in the feudal towers and dreamed of her knight. After the knight comes, she is borne away to become the submissive wife. This maiden had very little intellect.

The last and true ideal is that of the Prince. One which holds all that is best in his father's ideal and the best in his Princess' ideal. He sees the two extremes and hopes by winning Ida's love to combine the two. Thus he aims to realize his true ideal. Part of his hoped for realization is shown in his beautiful tribute to his mother :

“Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one  
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,  
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,  
Interpreter between the Gods and Men.”

The Prince wants his mother's traits to be combined with Ida's knowledge and thought. This is the true ideal presented in *The Princess*—a combination of the intellectual and domestic characteristics of woman. A woman in whom dwell all the best attributes of womankind. The Prince's ideal is best expressed in his own words spoken to the Princess in the last part of the poem.

“For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
Till at the last she set herself to man  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time  
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other ev'n as those who love,  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:  
Then reign the world's great bridals chaste and calm;  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind,  
May these things!"

LAURA EBAUGH.

## Sonnet, No. Seven



MISS PENELOPE always wore white, except on those rare occasions when she made a journey to the near-by city, or when in cold weather she found it necessary to don her gray chinchilla coat. This preference in the matter of raiment

was a source of mystery to those who knew Miss Penelope's passion for color, portrayed in her favorite room with the rose color scheme, and in her garden of bright-hued posies.

But there was no accounting for Miss Penelope any way. At least such was the verdict of the village of Matherston, which Miss Penelope Poindexter distinguished by her presence. In the first place, she insisted upon living alone. In the second place, she didn't like cats, nor parrots, nor canaries, nor any of the pets that a properly organized spinster is supposed to cherish, her sole indulgence in this line being a large mastiff named "Mikado." Furthermore she had the irritating habit of having her meals out of doors in a frivolous little vine-covered house in her garden. Here she would sit for hours, reading books by some men named Thackeray and Eliot and a woman named Jane Austin. Besides she often read long articles about music, though no one had ever heard her play a note on the old piano in her sitting room. In fact no one had ever seen her sew or knit or crochet or engage in any proper female occupation. She spent much valuable time in taking walks accompanied solely by that



dog with the heathenish name. But above all, she was a Catholic, and, since Matherston had no church of this faith, Miss Penelope Poindexter had never been seen at meeting!

These facts, added to the knowledge of her unfailing kindness to the poor and otherwise afflicted, were all that Matherston knew of Miss Penelope. The servants, who had come with their beloved Mistress forty years before, considered her above the idle gossip of the village and refused to gratify its curiosity concerning her past.

As for me I found Miss Penelope an oasis in the desert, when I came to be the "school marm" at Matherston. I was unable to find anything alarming in the fact that she wore white, for it matched her hair and her soul, and afforded a chaste contrast to the rich color surrounding her. The so-called "peculiarity" of the lady was nothing more nor less than an unobtrusive freedom which is the heritage of the truly great. What ever of sorrow she had had, she had borne it so that it had seasoned rather than marked her character. There was in her nothing weak nor pathetic, but withal an appealing impression of unfulfillment.

I rejoiced in her Thackeray, her Eliot and her Austin, which often obtruded themselves into the chats we had over our rolls and coffee in the "frivolous vine-covered house."

One pleasure, her musical literature, she never once mentioned to me, so I was somewhat surprised when she told me one day that she wished me to go with her to the nearby city to hear an Anthem that her friend Mr. Nelson had composed and invited her to hear. I was glad of the chance to hear Mr. Nelson, whom I had known

by repute to be an eccentric old gentleman, who had nothing to do with women, and who had some fame in musical circles.

The Anthem had a peculiarly disturbing effect upon me. In it there was the peace which comes from resignation rather than realization, the perfection whose very soul is barrenness. Here was the same note of non-fruit that I had found in Miss Penelope.

The next morning Miss Penelope no longer in the mood of quiet meditateness that had dominated her on our return the night before made me to come with her and Mikado for a brisk walk. Upon our return she sent me to the library while she made some preparation for our dinner. After brousing around for some time I chanced upon a volume of Persion Love Sonnets, on the fly-leaf of which was written "to Penelope Poindexter from Theodore Nelson March 18, 1875." From the pages fell a yellowed card on which I read, "Read first sonnet number seven T. H. N." Sonnet number seven proved to be a most passionate lover's lament for his lost lady. And now dear White Miss Penelope seemed so far removed from passion! What had happened? Had their destinies been changed by the fact that she was a Catholic and he a Protestant?

But my reverie was disturbed by Miss Penelope's step in the hall, "Come, dear," she called, "Our dinner is ready."

MARIE PADGETT, '16.

**New Year's Day**

Hear the bells ringing,  
Hear the voices singing,  
    May there be good will everywhere  
May the friends we greet  
May the friends we meet  
    Help the world to be bright and fair,  
May the vows well meant,  
With a good intent,  
    Help to keep pledges true and gay,  
May the eyes alight,  
Show the faces bright,  
    On this the brightest New Year's Day.

May sorrows pass by,  
May a cloudless sky  
    Smile all over this waiting world,  
May bright rosy dreams,  
Of a hundred themes,  
    With love, joy be to you unfurled.  
With a courage new,  
And a purpose true,  
    May all dark shadows pass away,  
May your faith in prayers,  
And your soul that dares,  
    Keep happy on this New Year's Day.

SEABRONA PARKS '17.

### My Travels



AS I sat holding a book in my hand, thinking about the wonderful art of novel development and story writing in general, and recalling to mind the many, many novels of the modern age, I felt the book move, turn over in my hand, and I heard a whispering voice which seemed to draw nearer and nearer. I was not a little bit surprised, but managed to compose myself sufficiently to bend my head and listen to the faint sounds which seemed to come from the book. Bending more closely, I heard these words:

“My name, as you know, is ‘The Dreams,’ and I am an exceedingly popular novel. I was once new and well bound, but now I am old and worn. I have had some very interesting experiences, and I have seen some curious sights.

“When I was taken from the publisher’s, I was placed in the public library here. I had been resting cozily on my shelf only a short time when, one day, a young and beautiful girl, accompanied by the librarian, came to see me. She took me down from my shelf and looked thru me. On seeing that I contained some very pretty illustrations and that I was written by the popular authoress, J. McManaway, she decided that she would take me home. In her home, I saw rows and rows of comfortable looking shelves, and hoped that I might try these as I rested. But rest seemed not to be for me, for as soon as I was put down on the table, in walked one of the girl’s brothers and picked me up.

“‘Ho-Ho!’ cried he, ‘So Sis has brought me a book to read, has she? How kind——’

“‘Indeed! It’s not kindness at all, for I brought it to read, myself, and not for you.’”

“And at these words, I was handed over to Sis. As the days went by, I was continually in some one’s hands, my leaves being turned and my back being broken. Sis soon finished reading me, and as she was allowed to keep me for two weeks, she lent me to all of her college friends and her relatives. (You see, I am so interesting that it takes only a day or so to read me.) Finally, on the last day of the second week, I was carried back to my home, to rest on my shelf, I hoped.

“When I was set down on the desk, I heard a voice ask, ‘Has *The Dreamers* come back yet?’ and out I went again. This time I took a long journey, and, accompanied by some of my library neighbors, I traveled by train. How carefully were my leaves turned! How firmly was my ever-aching back held! And how lovingly and tenderly was I handled on this journey! My new mistress seemed to be a lover of books and seemed to realize that I had feelings. Even if I did not have my comfortable shelf to lie on, and to nod and nap on, I had a comfortable and roomy lap to rest upon. On this trip, I met a great many people, but I was not allowed to leave my lady’s hands. ‘For,’ she said, ‘this is a borrowed book, and I must be very careful of it.’ At the end of our train journey I was carried to a cozy little cottage, to help an elderly invalid lady while away the hours. Here, too, I was treated with great care. I was read carefully, put down on a strong table when not in use, and always handled with

affection. Such love and respect for books is hard to find! However, all happy days must end, and at length I was carried back to the library.

"As I had been newly bound, my pretty new back attracted the attention of a little girl from the slums. It seems that she had wandered into the library, by accident, and was lured on up to the desk by the attractive books. She picked me up, registered for me, and took me away. On our arrival at the tenement house in which she lived, my heart fell; for everything was dirty and unkept. Here were shelves, but I shuddered when I saw them, fearing lest I might be laid down on one of them. But there was little choice between the untidy and ill-kept room and the dirty and worse-kept child who had brought me to such a place. Fortunately, I was kept only a short while. In about a week's time, I was carried to my home.

"And so I have been battered and knocked around, have been bound and re-bound, and have been put away and laid aside. In my various experiences and travels I have seen many of the comedies of life and the tragedies of death; I have been carefully used and badly treated. But reviewing my numerous hosts and hostesses, I find myself thinking that I would not change places with any other book of my acquaintance."

With a start, I sat up and rubbed my eyes. The door had opened and closed with a bang, awakening me, for I had really fallen asleep and dreamed the message of the book. As I arose I made this resolution—that from that moment each and every book which passed thru my hands should be treated as an individual guest, with great regard for its comfort and well being

S. MARIAN BABCOCK

### A Coal Experience



HARLES bounced into the house one bright day in February with a large package neatly tied but of mysterious shape. He called loudly to his little brother who was five years younger than he.

"Come here, Johnnie, look what the postman brought you: I bet it's a valentine, I wonder who sent it. Say, have you got a girl, kid?"

Jack's eyes twinkled. How he loved to tease his small brother about little Mary his first love. Little Johnnie turned awfully red and said, "Oh, you hush up, you—er," he paused, he was about to say a Sunday school word, but bit his tongue just in time.

He grabbed the mysteriously done up package from his brother, turned it over two or three times, pulled the string until it broke, sending him backward against the door. As his head hit the door he yelled out a loud "oh!" When the package was unwrapped, Johnnie gave three more oh's but they were somewhat different in tone from the preceding one. "Oh! oh! oh! I want 'em right on, this minute!"

"How about going down to the pond Bud," said Charles. "I am going and you can go along if mother will let you. The ice is safe, uncle Murphy said a horse could walk across. How about it?"

Of course his mother had to consent and away they went, Johnnie thinking himself the happiest boy in crea-

tion. His brother walked so fast he could hardly keep up with him, but he managed to do so and still have enough breath to sing lustily, "It's a Long Way To Tipperary." He, like most little boys when very happy, sang the latest rag.

When they arrived at the pond Johnnie was breathless, but exceedingly happy. He saw his chum, Tom, a little negro boy his own age, on the bank. He loved Tom dearly, so much so that one day finding a box of *Old Dutch Cleanser* he led him to the wash-pan and diligently rubbed the poor little black face and hands to see if he could make Tom white like himself. Tom would have stuck his head in the fire most for his playmate, but the face washing was too much. When his face began to feel raw he immediately sat up a howl, putting an end to the performance, much to Johnnie's disappointment. Tom was a very black little boy, with wooly hair, and eyes, which, when he laughed seemed to be nothing but white. His name was *Thomas Udidimus Henry U. Jones Peter A. Oliver Christopher Holmes*. They called him Tom for short. He lived in a little cabin in Johnnie's back yard, he had many brothers and sisters; so had no hopes of getting a pair of skates, but my—how he wanted a bright red pair.

Poor Tom, heartbroken because he was left on the bank alone, always tried to amuse himself dancing, standing on his head or turning somersaults.

"Hello!" called Charles to Tom as they came up.

"Howdy!" returned Tom.

"Where are your skates?" asked Charles.

"T'ah ain't got none," said Tom forcing the tears back



as he went down on his poor little patched knees to buckle on Johnnie's skates.

"Johnnie you stay here near Tom," said Charles, "I want to go over where the crowd is for a few minutes, I'll be back directly. Tom, keep an eye on my little brother," he called as he darted away like an arrow.

How easy it looked to Johnnie; he just knew he could skate after all.

"Who-o-op! Just watch me Tom!" he cried, trying to get up.

But he had to call on Tom, with his ever ready assistance. As soon as he was up he immediately sat down again.

Determined to succeed, he took hold of Tom to steady himself, and for quite a while he tipped and tumbled about, almost every time falling on top of poor Tom who was as patient as Job. Skating wasn't what it was cracked up to be after all. Johnnie's head ached dreadfully from so many hard bumps and sometimes the tears would come.

"Where is Charles?" he cried after the hardest fall of all. He looked across the pond and saw his big brother, playing "Sheep and Wolf" with the crowd.

"Yer purty tired, ain't yer Johnnie?" asked Tom in a very sympathetic voice.

"Yes," replied Johnnie somewhat downcast. "I wish Charles would come on."

"Don't yer reckon yer could lemme put 'em on fer a minute," said Tom gazing hungrily down at Johnnie's feet, his poor little heart beating double.

"No" replied Johnnie crossly, "I don't want to."

Tom grinned altho greatly disappointed. "Go up on the bank," said Johnnie crossly provoked with himself for being so stingy, "I can go by myself now."

So Tom turned and sat down on the bank, to watch Johnnie's efforts. A little way from the bank there was a big hole cut in the ice, thru which Tom's mother got water to wash her clothes. Tom had just told Johnnie it was there, but alas Johnnie's memory was about as long as are the memories of most little boys. He had forgotten. He remembered quite distinctly though when he was up to his ears in ice-cold water.

"O-o-h! O-o-h!" he yelled at the top of his voice, he was soaked, and was trying to clamber out but his hands slipped.

Tom saw his play-mate's hands waving wildly about.

"Bress my eyes!" he said, starting off in a run. "De boy am sho in de water-hole! gosh-ding—Uh" he shivered as he ran, he knew exactly how Johnnie felt, he had experience the same thing only a year ago.

He pulled Johnnie safely out and held him steady on the ice.

"I want to go home to my ma—ma," Johnnie cried with eyes filling with tears. "Where is Charles?"

"I'll go wid yer, Charles he dun gone," replied Tom as he stooped to unstrap the skates.

When they reached home Johnnie's mother ran to her poor little boy crying, "Son, where *have* you been?"

He was crying so he could not answer; so Tom had to tell.

"He'm ben in de water-hole, Ma'am," he replied rolling his eyes until only the whites were visible.

Just look at the lessons we have to get  
And classes galore which have to be met,  
Who, pray, has time to think about fun  
When we work and work and our work's never  
done?

So here's to our dear old Alma Mater,  
May she be spattered all over with water,  
And here's to the troublesome college days  
Everlastingly impressed in a hundred ways.

ELLA MAY SMITH, '16.

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#### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The custom of celebrating New Year's day by some religious observance, generally accompanied by gay festivities, prevailed among most of the ancient nations. The Jews, Egyptians, the Chinese, the Romans, and the Mohammedans differed in their observances only in the time which each considered as the beginning of the New Year. The Romans began their new year in March. On New Year's day the god of that particular month was supposed to turn his back upon the old year and to face the new.

With the establishment of Christianity the religious inauguration of the New Year was retained, but there was still a difference of opinion regarding the time and manner of celebration. It was not until the latter part of the sixteenth century that most of the countries accepted the first day of January as the beginning of a new year. In order to abolish the pagan festivities of the new year, Augustine with other early Fathers of the Church pro-

hibited all festive celebrations by the Christians. They sent forth an order that the Christian new year should be opened with a day of prayer, fasting, and humiliation; but the decree was only partially obeyed.

The social observances of the first day of the new year have been practically the same in all ages. From the earliest records we find accounts of fasting and giving of presents. The Romans, even as early as 747 B. C., always presented to their gods such gifts as palm and olive branches, and sweet meats made from honey and figs, in order to receive from them many blessings of joy and happiness during the new year. The people also went in crowds to present their gifts to the Emperor and to wish him a happy new year. In many countries to-day, according to ancient Scottish custom, the night before New Year's is celebrated with festivities which are prolonged 'till after midnight when the new year is ushered in. In many places is observed the practice of tolling bells at midnight to ring out the old year and ring in the new.

OLIVE BUSBEE, '16.

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### MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS.

The holidays are over. But what a flood of happy memories comes back to us as we think of those happy days! We live them over and over in our minds, but they will never grow old to us. We love those days and the recollections they bring back. There are three distinct periods in a pleasant experience. There is the anticipation of it, the wild joy of living through it, and best of all, the memories that linger after it has passed. An-

ticipation ends, the reality ends, but memories live on forever.

We have started back to school and we are ready—so the teachers say—for hard work. We hear it in every class we meet. We must pick up the loose ends of our work where we let them go. We must begin the new year with new strength, with greater earnestness and with greater zeal. But this is more easily said than done; for while we are deep in Latin translations and up to our necks in Geometry originals, we suddenly find queer little thrills running up and down our backs. We find ourselves staring off into space, thinking of what we were doing a few days before at that hour and even at that very minute. This recollection brings back scores of others just as dear to us; our thoughts wander on. I can feel those thrills running down my spine now, for I am not writing as I thought I was a few moments before. I am living over a very delightful event that came to me this Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve and a beautiful Christmas Eve it was too. It was my happy lot to be one of the girls who were to play Santa Claus that afternoon to a few unfortunate youngsters. There were four of us in the surrey along with many boxes of toys and lots of fruit that would attract the childish eye. We wended our way through the crowded streets, always turning up the narrowest and roughest we came to. We came at last to our destination. There were rows and rows of houses uniform in size, shape and color. At some of the windows a faded bell or a sprig of holly showed that in a feeble way, here too, they were celebrating the happy Christmastide. We stopped at one house and called to

a woman who was standing in the door. She came out, followed by all her flock. They were children of all ages and sizes, ragged and dirty. I shall never forget one girl I saw there. She was about sixteen, thin and pale, her clothes in tatters, her face not the cleanest. She held a baby in her arms who was also pale and sickly. She looked at us with such a pitiful expression, one so hopeless and forlorn, that I shall never forget it. We gave the woman some things and told her to tell the children that Santa Claus had asked us to leave them for him. She thanked us gratefully and we continued on our way up the narrow, muddy street.

At another place we stopped there were four little boys and one little girl. They were the dirtiest, raggedest set I have ever beheld. One boy had on clothes about three sizes too large for him. Another had on clothes about three sizes too small. But they all had bright faces and became quite excited when they learned that Santa Claus was paying them a visit. They poked their dirty little fingers in the bundles and their faces beamed. It is the happiest feeling in the world when we see others made happy, because of some little thought of ours. Then it is we wish that we were veritable Croesus, and that we could distribute our wealth where it would bring the greatest joy. We could wish no greater payment than that of seeing the childish faces light up with joy and ecstasy.

Many other touching instances, come back to me as I write. In one house there was a lame girl. She lay there day in and day out, pale and suffering, but cheerful and hopeful. She could give you or me many a lesson in patience. We grumble and moan when the least trouble

comes to us, but what about the girl who suffers all the time.

You, who read this would scarcely call these happy memories. This is depressing, I admit, but when I recall these things to my mind, I see only for a while this depressing side. Then the picture gives way to quite another. Instead of faces with this pained expression, I see faces lighted up with happiness and joy. This is what sends the thrills.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

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### THE BOARDING STUDENT'S TRAGEDY.

(Getting to Breakfast at 7:30).

"Clang! clang! clang! clang!" A hundred times or more sounds the bell upon the hazy morning air.

"Br-rr-r-r" the alarm clocks echo and reecho along the gloomy hall.

"Whew—just 6:45. Believe I'll take a doze and get up at 7:00. Poor Uncle Murphy! What a life he leads—Early to," soliloquizing thus upon the old negro's pitiful condition the girl again returns to happy slumberland with tinkling remembrances of bells in her ears. Will they never cease ringing?—ah, now, they've ceased and all is bliss when—"Blang!" goes the bell for morning watch.

Scarcely looking at the clock she murmurs—"My, me! But I did mean to go to watch. But guess I'll just sleep thru this morning." Strang thought! Now why doesn't she arise when fair warning is given? Oh, the breezes are so cold, it's too dark—must be mistaken—it can't be

7:15—Wonder if I'll get to breakfast. What can I slip on quick. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" What is the matter with Uncle Murphy this morning? Intuition relieves her—

"The breakfast bell! Impossible!" But yes it is. Up she gets and scrambles around. Can she possibly make it?

Tap, tap, tap, tap. Leisurely strides the one girl who is always ready down towards the breakfast room. For three minutes silence reigns along the halls. Screams, however, dart forth from various rooms to relieve that monotonous silence.

A wild rush is heard without. "I believe I'll get there! Let's hurry! Lots of people just as late as I!"

Meanwhile the Girl is rapidly dressing as the last foot-fall dies upon the way and she realizes that she is now the only delinquent. She dashes from the room, buttoning as she runs. Will she get there? Will that door be open? Closer, closer she comes. Yes, she'll make it? All within her is one wild hope—Yes, the door's open. She'll get in. Will she—but no— Gently the door shuts and she is without that alluring room. With sad heart she faints away. She is too late for breakfast!

ELLA MAY SMITH, '16.

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### IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

One afternoon this summer my friend and I decided to take a walk through the woods. It was a beautiful afternoon for a walk of this kind. I should have felt very happy, for Nature had on her loveliest dress and my friend was a very dear one. Yet unexplainable as it was



everything made me feel rather lonesome, the flowers had a very pathetic nod, each little leaf had a deserted flutter as if the big tree had by some means sent it out to shift for itself, and it could not see any possible way of doing so.

The beauty of the afternoon was enhanced by the rays of the sunset, which softened the twilight as darkness came on. Above the trees the moon was slowly drifting out upon the dark blue sea. We turned our step backward and as we trudged on toward the house a silence seemed to fall on everything. Half afraid at the rustle of the leaves we hurried on. When we reached the edge of the woods to our surprise the tolling of the church bell was heard in the distance as if it were calling for the weary and heartbroken. Hush! it was the cry of the whip-poor-will in yonder tree telling us that he would like to have the stillness of the night to himself.

It was not until after each tiny little star had begun its work that we reached the house. We had nothing to say but all the while I was wondering what they were doing at home and wishing I was there. I think that was the reason everything made me feel so dreary. I went to bed early to get rid of this uneasy feeling, but was kept awake for an hour or more by the lonesome croaking of the frogs.

LULA STUART, '19.

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#### AUNT POLLY GOSSET.

Looking back over the pleasures of my childhood, there is one which stands out before all others and that is going to see Aunt Polly Gosset in her little cottage down

by the woods. One of the things which I liked best of all about Aunt Polly's little home was her tiny front yard which was always blooming with lovely, cheerful-colored flowers, which the simple poor are so fond of. And Aunt Polly never failed to give you a large bouquet of her flowers.

Aunt Polly, like her flowers, was always cheerful. You never saw her angry or cross. She had a cheery and bright smile for every one and still has for Aunt Polly is living yet, although she is very old. I can hear her say now, as I walk up the steps of her little home, "Why howdy little girl, I'm so glad to see you, walk right in, pull off your hat and have a seat."

If you go to see her with a frown on your face I promise you that you won't come away from Aunt Polly's with that frown, for Aunt Polly is witty and she is an excellent joker. So if you are around her you must not only smile, but you have just got to laugh at some of the expressions she uses and the funny jokes she tells.

If a stranger goes to see Aunt Polly, she had just as well expect to be asked which church she is a member of. If she happens to be a Baptist Aunt Polly will pat her on the shoulders and say, "Honey that's right, be sure and stick to the Baptist." If you are not a Baptist Aunt Polly had just as soon tell you as not that you were on the wrong side, but if she did, she would tell you in such a funny way and with her little bright smile, that you could not feel badly about it.

If you should give Aunt Polly a handkerchief or any little gift she wouldn't use it for the world, but she would put it with many other similar gifts in her old-fashioned chest, and save them all to show to the people who visit

her. If she thinks a great deal of you, maybe she will tell you which one she wants you to have when she is dead.

Aunt Polly's hobby is her little front yard, which she keeps spotlessly clean. Just to show you how awfully particular she is, I will tell you a little joke on the dear old lady which is absolutely true. My brother, when hunting one afternoon, passed by her little cottage and his dog happened to run into Aunt Polly's yard. Aunt Polly came to the door and with her most cheerful manner said, "Why Vernon, I wish you'd get that dog out of my yard, I've just swept it and I don't want him to make tracks in it."

The people in the community bought Aunt Polly a stove sometime ago. They thought it would be a great help to her as she didn't have any and had to cook on the fire in her large stone fire-place. She cooked one meal on that stove. Ever since then Aunt Polly has been cooking on the fire. She says, "It eats better cooked on the fire."

Aunt Polly likes to knit very much and to be around her reminds one of ante-bellum days, when knitting was the occupation of almost every lady when sitting down. Aunt Polly knits gloves and sells them for twenty-five cents a pair.

Her greatest fault is that she always tells you of every little pain she has, and sometimes you can't keep from thinking that Aunt Polly just imagines she has a good many of these aches. Everybody sympathizes with her though, and hopes she will feel better by tomorrow.

Every day or two Aunt Polly goes to her neighbor's for milk. One day when Aunt Polly went to Mrs. Bodie's for milk, Mrs. Bodie told her just to follow her down to

the cellar and she would give her some. When they got down there Mrs. Bodie told the old lady to tell her when she had poured her enough. Mrs. Bodie poured and poured, but still Aunt Polly didn't say she had enough. finally when this kind neighbor asked her if she had given her enough, Aunt Polly's reply was: "I'll take all I can get."

Whatever Aunt Polly's faults and peculiarities may be, we all love her for her genial, happy disposition and hope she may live for many years to come.

SALLY MAE WISE, '19.

# The Isaquena

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## Editorials



### HIGHER EDUCATION.

It is rather strange that students in secondary colleges persist in the belief that with an A. B. degree from their particular college, the highest aim in education has been realized. This applies more particularly to students in colleges for women. Each Senior is usually satisfied to step from the Commencement hall and assume the role

of the community belle or that of a rural or mill school-teacher, until the particular Prince Charming happens along. Rarely is she fortunate enough with this limited training to obtain a bigger position. Far be it from us to discredit rural or mill schools, two of the most important influences in our life to-day; it is rather the unpreparedness of the fresh graduate to fill positions in such schools that we wish to criticise. Perhaps the root of the trouble lies in the fact that school Boards are willing and necessitated by small appropriations to take whatever comes along, without demanding a higher training course for each applicant.

In our own state it is gratifying to see that more university-trained men and women are being employed on the faculties of colleges and of some High Schools. Overcrowded as the teaching profession is, there is a great demand in Southern institutions for Southern teachers who have had advantages of higher education. Slowly, but surely our Southern girls are realizing this, and the numbers of students matriculating each year in the larger schools of our land is steadily increasing.

With every student there is a possibility of higher education. The fact greatly to be deplored is the lack of ambition. Perhaps this is due often to an ignorance of manifold advantages in the educational world. With some, financial barriers seem an insuperable obstacle, but in nearly every institution there are means for working one's way, and thousands of students have made and are now making their own way. It is the determination that opens up fields of hidden resources and provides the means where there is a true earnest desire for higher education. There are few real reasons why a girl should

If "each follows *their* own inclination," we protest in vain. And we fancy we hear echoing and re-echoing in these old walls many years hence the "and-ers" and "ers" that one hears day after day, and that professors strive in vain to prohibit. And also the rising inflexions that punctuates our sentences, whether for dramatic effect or as an invitation to the audience to rise up and refute all statements made, we have never found out. If "he *begun* to study in Berlin," it will not be easy for us to find an employer, even for the position of proof-reader on the *Oakland News*. We're *risin'* and *sleepin'*, *eatin'*, *playin'*, *watin'*, and *dyin'*, and never do we make a good *beginnin'* to improve our *thinkin'*. And in the future when we are miles and miles away from South Carolina we hear, "She can't be much, why she doesn't even add g to her ings." We give a start and wonder if our last ings went amiss, resolving then and there to forever sound the g's to our -ings.

These are just a few samples of college speech—the daily talk of inhabitants of a highly intellectual atmosphere. How easily habits are formed and how hard to eradicate the bad ones. "A word to the wise" is sufficient. Watch your words and your grammar!

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#### DEVELOPMENT OF ARTISTIC APPRECIATION IN COLLEGE.

We are weary of the half-deserved criticism that America lacks culture, is callous and entirely mercenary. Since this has been her place in European thought for many years, is there any ground upon which they may well make this criticism? Americans are slow to admit

that we have as much as we have, and have endured ridicule and scorn silently when knowing of the superb collections of art we have in our museums, and the musicians and artists of our land who have gained world renown. Is not the criticism merited because of the fact that a large majority of our people are unappreciative and pervaded by a ragtime spirit which prevents mature thinking and discriminating appreciation? In what particular does this ridicule apply to college students? Except for those students who are in the Fine Arts Department of a college, the existence of such a department is a mere fact brought to mind only when attendance upon recitals or art exhibits is required. If one cannot take a course in the practical or historical phase of art, he would well utilize his time by spending his spare moments in acquainting himself with the best in the field of painting, sculpture and architecture. We have some good books and collections of copies in our own library. A visit to your own art department is illuminating. Perhaps with the aid of the art teacher one can increase his knowledge by making a collection of good copies of the best works for himself.

In the field of music and expression how few students really appreciate what is done, or try to learn to recognize the best. The recitals given from time to time bring before you a vision of the best in each sphere. Our Lyceum course offers splendid opportunities for developing the discriminating ear of one who truly appreciates. The ability to distinguish between the good and the bad and a speaking knowledge of the art you see and the music you hear goes a tremendously long way in creating an atmosphere of culture, establishing your own ease

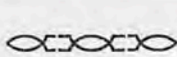


in intellectual circles, and furnishing you much real pleasure. How much more we enjoy a thing when it is familiar. This is presupposing one has no time nor inclination for a closer study. Where the latter is possible, by all means seek a more intimate acquaintance with a little of the best that has been done.

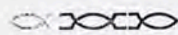
With this splendid atmosphere right around us, let us become a little more sympathetic in attitude to the work of the departments in our own college, and a little more appreciative both of this and other opportunities and true ability influence our voting or patronism?

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The election of officers for the second semester in the various organizations takes place shortly. Will fairness and true ability influence our voting or patriotism?



# Exchanges



PRISCILLA POTEAT, Editor.

## SUMMER.

Oh, ye Sun, look down upon him and bless him and warm him with thy radiant rays of light. Show him the beauty and life of the world.

Oh, ye Moon, in the deep blue heavens, with thy pale, passionate beams, illumine the ways of the night that my beloved may heed his steps lest he stumble.

Oh, ye little Stars, with your sparkling brilliance, hide your faces from the wealth of our love that ye may not know your poverty.

Oh, ye Clouds, in turquoise sky, float gently white, that my love may not be parched with the heat of the sun.

Oh, ye cool Winds, fan the cheek of my beloved and whisper that I wait his presence.

Oh, ye Growing Things of the Earth and Air, touch him tenderly with your green fingers, that he may know my love is fresh and vernal.

For I love, and my beloved returns my love; wherefore, the whole world rejoices and is made glad.

—*Converse Concept*, November, 1915.

## ST. MARY'S MUSE.

The Christmas number of *The Muse* is rather disappointing. It may be that the girls had too much "Christmas in their bones" to put much time on it, and if this is the case we will have to be lenient in our judgment, but it is so lacking in material, that we think it could surely be improved upon, even at Christmas.

The first two stories in it, "From an Accident" and "A Christmas Story" are too much on the order of the regular moving-picture show plot—plots which are old, and in these cases rather poorly handled. The poems also are all poor, with the exception of "The Raid of the Rat," which is an interesting and original one, and very much more suitable for college magazines than high-sounding ones on the sunset, and other such "poetic" subjects.

The best story in this magazine is "How It Happened," a clever little fairy story, and rather an unusual one for a college girl to write.

We think that "School News" might better be put in a department by itself instead of being mixed up with the Literary Department. The Exchange Department would add a great deal to the magazine, if it were properly developed.

\* \* \*

## THE CONCEPT.

The December number of *The Concept* makes a good impression at first sight. The cover is neat, the printing good, and the departments are well-arranged.

The literary department is excellent, but a few more essays would not be amiss. The one essay on Alfred

Noyes, is very good and very interesting. We are glad to see that it is written about a man who is of much interest to the literary world to-day, in preference to some antiquated gentleman dug up from the past.

The stories are all interesting, and for the most part are well written. We are glad to see that this magazine seems to have no trouble getting stories, as so many magazines do. "Did I Lose" is an unusual but captivating one, the author of which evidently shares the modern craze for the problematic story which ends by asking "What would *you* have done?" We found the two war-stories, "The Christmas Stars Keep Watch," and "Damaris—Traitor to the King," quite interesting, although the plots are a trifle old.

The poetry, however, is not up to the general standard of the magazine. "The Heart of a Song" has very faulty meter, and while "Day Dreaming" is better, it is not extraordinarily good. Moreover, both were written by the same author, and we think it would be better if there could be more poetry contributors.

\* \* \*

#### "OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

The Commencement number of *The Isaqueena* was not up to its usual good standing. Probably it was the rush of the season, or the spring fever, or something else. One of the stories, *The Isaqueena*. "The Losing Case," dealt with a rather unique circumstance—that of a young man just starting out in his work as a lawyer, who finds himself face to face in his first case with the "young lady of his dreams," as the popular expression is, who is also a law-

yer. She wins the case, but he wins too—only something different. The essays could be better. They are rather dry chronicles of encyclopedia matter. The valedictory of 1883 was interesting and helpful. It is sometimes well to look back on what our mothers did, and compare it with ours. Are we doing as well?

—*Richmond College Messenger.*

\* \* \*

The first thing that strikes us about *The Isaqueena* is its good outward appearance. "The apparel oft proclaims the man," and when we look at the neat white cover, good paper and type of this magazine we expect something of it. You have also added to the weight and literary value of your book by publishing some serious essays. "Matthew Arnold's Doctrine of Culture," while being a concise, well-studied paper, leaves us with the impression that the author has an altogether too intimate acquaintance with "Long's Literature," and that the essay was required work. The author of the essay "Robert Browning's Obscurity" may not be so well informed on her subject as the author of "Mathew Arnold," still here we get a more independent judgment. It seems to us that an essay on a man's works should have in it something of the spirit of the man himself, and we feel this as we read "Robert Browning's Obscurity." It gives one a glimpse into the spirit of Browning, and is very well written.

Of the stories, "Waggle's Day" impresses us the most. The plot is not original; we have seen it applied to little boys and girls innumerable times, but not very often to dogs. The canine point of view is well described, and

the explanation of how he came into his unhappy state is more interesting than the conclusion.

The best part of your magazine, as usual, is Rags and Tatters. We like the first article—"The Rat and the Old Girl." It illustrates the point that intimate glimpses into our own college life are interesting to all other college girls.

—*The Aurora.*

\* \* \*

We are glad to welcome the October number of *The Isaqueena* to our desk. The stories are most interesting in this issue, and we call especial attention to the essay on "Browning's Obscurity." It is certainly a good subject for college students to think about. We also call attention to "Mathew Arnold's Doctrine of Culture." His definition and regard for culture should make us have new and higher ideals.

We as college students have taken much interest in looking over the "Point System" now at G. W. C., and hope that in the future more colleges will adopt this plan.

—*The Criterion.*

\* \* \*

#### THE ISAQUEENA.

Among our exchanges this month *The Isaqueena* is one of the best. The three stories are good, "The Name of Falcon" being particular interesting; and also "When Marjorie Smiled," which portrays a very common trait of human nature—that of not appreciating people for their own true worth. Of the two essays, we would mention especially "An Afternoon in My Friend's Library." It is well written and shows the author's own apprecia-

tion of good literature. There are only a few poems, but all are short and written in simple meter. Each contains a beautiful thought. It is difficult to say which of the five clever little sketches is best, because all are very readable, even though they are light. The editorials are good, and show that the editor gave them time and thought, not waiting until the eleventh hour to write them. We notice also in this issue that G. W. C. has adopted the point system of honors, which is exceedingly commendable, and we wish that more of our Southern colleges would use this system.

—*The Concept.*

\* \* \*

From the *Newberry Stylus* comes the following statement prefacing a detailed and critical review of our October issue: "Upon a close perusal. *The Isaqueena*, from G. W. C., Greenville, S. C., we find it measuring up to the best magazines in this State."

\* \* \*

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Chimes*, *The Bashaba*, *The Woman's College Journal*, *Tennessee College Magazine*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Woman's College Bulletin* (Alabama), *The Yellow Jacket*, *The Mercerian*, *The Cameo*, *The Criterion*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Record*, *The Hollins Magazine*, *The Chronicle*, *The Aurora*, *The Columbian*, *The Carolinian*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Habit*, *The Hampton Chronicle*, *The College Message*, *The Collegian*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *Newberry Stylus*.

# In and Around College

CAROLINE ROPER,      CLAIRE SMITH,  
Editors.

## Y. W. C. A.

"6500 students will celebrate in February the *Y. W. C. A. Jubilee*. Are you getting in line?"

March 3, 1916, the Association work in the United States will be fifty years old and to celebrate this anniversary, from February 1 to March 3, the girls and women from city, country, and student communities will join in one immense birthday party.

The Cabinet is now working on this celebration with a determination to make it count for something in our Association—the programs being the items of special interest. And what do we hope to gain from this Jubilee? As one member said, "that every member of us may realize that just as the women of the past fifty years have given us our present organization, by their loyalty to the deepest purposes, by their sacrificial spirit and by their consecration to the Master, so we in turn are responsible for giving to the girls of the future our Association grown even more wonderful because of our devotion to its brightest ideals!"

\* \* \*

## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The matter of greatest importance before both of our Literary Societies this month is the choosing of the In-



ter-Society debaters. The public debate is one of the most exciting events of the whole year as both societies are well divided. For several years the Aletheans have been successful in winning, but the Philoteans will continue to make the winning hard.

Then too, the question of the Literary Societies helping to support the *Isaqueena* has been brought up and we hope that some plan will be fallen upon whereby the magazine will be benefitted.

#### LYCEUM NUMBER.

One of the best numbers in the lyceum course was the lecture on "The University of Hard Knocks", delivered by Ralph Parlette, in the college auditorium Thursday evening, January 6. If any one had a tendency to feel homesick or lonely, having returned from home so recently, this famous humorist succeeded in dissipating every such feeling. The lecture was altogether clever, bright and sane.

## Locals

Mrs. Ramsay's mother, Mrs. Woolfolk and sister, Mrs. Blakemore, both of Kentucky, have been her guests during the holidays.

Mrs. Davis and daughter, of Spartanburg, spent a few days at the college with friends during the holidays.

Miss Louise O'Farrell had as her guest during the month, her mother of King's Mountain.

Miss Eudora Ramsay has returned to West Virginia where she will again resume her duties in the interest of Woman Suffrage.

Miss Louise Simmons spent a few hours with Miss Caroline Roper on her way to Randolph-Macon.

Miss Frances McKenzie spent a week-end with relatives in Piedmont.

As it is Leap Year, the G. W. C. girls began January 3 to canvass Greenville, and so far the returns have been greatly in their favor.

Miss Carrie Wineow had as her guest during the holidays her sister, Miss Gladys Wineow of Washington, D. C.

## JOKES.

Eliza Byars, giving current events in Chapel—A French Cotillion (batallion) on the Belgium frontier was completely annihilated December 27, 1915.

Mamie Bryan, after a long sleep on Sunday afternoon—“Goodness me, I feel as though I am parallel all over.

Hazel Prickett giving quotations—“The first shall be last and the last first.”

Mamie Felder to her companion, “Who said that anyway, Shakespeare?”

“Why can’t you find any better jokes than these,” asked the editor.

Local editor sadly, “No indeed, this coming back to work and exams. isn’t any joke to me, it’s too big a sad reality.”

Too Good—“Well, Dinah, I hear you are married.”

“Yassum,” said the former cook, “I’se done got me a man now.”

“Is he a good providor?”

“Yassum, he’s a mighty good pervider, but I’se powerful skeered he’s gwine ter git kotched at it.”

—*Birmingham Age Herald.*



## Athletics



The basket-ball team is working very hard. The players have been able to get in a large number of really fine practices. They are preparing to play Anderson, Monday, 17. This is expected to be one of the biggest games of the season, as it is to be played in the Greenville Y. M. C. A. that night. Then, too for several years the Blue and Gold team has not lost a game on its local field and only one on a visiting field. Of course this year it will break the record by not losing one on any field!

Immediately after exams., they are to play Due West and Limestone here, and return games later. In all, this basket-ball season is to be one of the biggest and most exciting we've ever had.

# 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.

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Other Society Officers.  
Other Y. W. C. A. Officers.  
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By Action of Faculty, 1915.

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