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The Isaqueena - 1916, March

Ella May Smith
Greenville Woman's College

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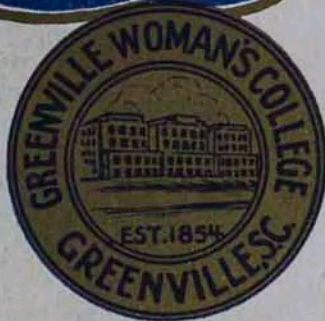
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The
ISAQUEENA



March, 1916.

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GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Isaquena



March, 1916

Published each month by the Students of the
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The Isaqueena

VOL. X

GREENVILLE, S. C., MARCH, 1916

NO. 6

Trifles

I thought that I had forgotten, " 'Twas only a myth," I
said
And I laughed at the wan white ghost of that which my
heart called dead.

But now I wander again where the petals fell all white,
And the ghost mocks me—because of a song that I heard
last night.

I thought that I had forgotten, but how can a body tell
When a trifle may enthrall you in the old enchanting
spell?

We think that we have forgotten, until some stray wind
blows
From out of the blossoming past the fragrance of one
white rose.

MARIE PADGETT, '16.

"The Winner"



O the newsboys, his most intimate friends, he was just "Joe," a good fellow and a square friend; to the people who passed by on the street, he was the little man on wheels; to some a creature of abhorrence; to others an object of pity, to whom they occasionally cast a few coins, as a means to strengthen their own chances of salvation; to himself, Joe was a dreamer, and in his poor half of a body he harbored and tenderly nourished the two most powerful of human passions: hate and love. His trade was ostensibly the sale of pencils and he displayed his wares on a little rack which he wore around his neck and which bore a placard "5c and 2 for 5c." This outward part of his life, however was but a means of existence; to him, the inner life was the real. He hated the commiserating glances cast upon him; he hated too, the heedless, unobserving throng, he loathed even while he accepted the few coins which were sometimes tossed without exchange for his wares; but he cherished and fed the fierce passions which burned hotter within him every day.

He had not always been thus a wretched cripple. Once he had been tall and strong, yes as tall as Dudley McHarding. How he loathed his name. He and Dudley had been school-mates, but Dudley had always stood a little ahead. Good things seemed to have come to him easily. Then had come the accident that had cost Joe his two limbs, an accident that was caused through

carelessness of a rich man. Dudley had taken the case for the rich man, it was his first case, and through his eloquence, he had won a great victory—a victory that saved the rich man much money and possibly imprisonment, a victory that won for himself great fame, but a victory that had brought hate and bitterness to the life already made wretched. Joe had received some money, enough to pay for his treatment in the hospital and to buy the wheels that served him for legs. Joe had left Philadelphia but with the vow that he would some day have a reckoning with Dudley, against whom the whole of his resentment had turned.

His love had begun the previous Christmas. He called her the violet lady because she nearly always wore a bunch of violets on her furs, and he had noticed too that her eyes were the same color. It was on Christmas eve that she had stopped to buy ten of his five cent pencils. She was already loaded with Christmas parcels and wreaths but she exclaimed to him cheerily, "I have room for a few more, and these nice pencils are just what I need to complete my Christmas shopping." She had selected them of assorted colors, paid him the shining fifty cents, and then with a smiling "thank you," she had disappeared in the jostling throng, but she had left behind her a radiance that had lasted until the next time he saw her. She was beautiful and she had treated him like folks. She had not seemed to notice the wheels where the legs should have been, and then somehow Joe forgot them too. He imagined that he was tall and handsome, and he dreamed that he was a whole man, one that perhaps—, but here reality would intervene and his dream castle would topple down, but in its ruins hate would rise

up stronger than before and love would fan the flame. The lady passed every morning and afternoon. He didn't know her name or where she was going, but he watched for her eagerly, fearfully, lest she should fail to see him; then after her friendly "good morning," the sun would rise in his heart brighter than the one in the sky, and its light would endure longer for its rays were rekindled by the sight of her again in the afternoon. Joe's ardor was not dampened by the knowledge that the sunshine of her smile embraced also his younger but larger friends, the newsboys.

Tommy, his best friend, had confided to him one day on displaying a new pencil that it was a present from a "swell friend" of his. It was the blue pencil that she had bought from him.

"I know her—the violet lady—and she bought it from men."

"Huh? de violet lady? Won't you listen to dat. Say she's a real swell—lives down on the avenoo, yer know, and gee! she can sing. She sung down at the News Boys Club the other day. She teaches something at the Y. M. C. A. She does it for charity, they say, but gee, she ain't like none of them other charity dames." Then looking at the flushed face of his friend, he said, "Hey! what are you all fired up about? Anybody'd think you wuz spoony over her. T'aint no use, you know, cause she's done affin-awnced."

"What?" Joe's embarrassment was relieved by a laugh.

"Aw! go buy yerself a dictionary! De lady I remarked is goin' to get married. Get that? Didn't you see it in the paper? He's a classy guy, too," Tommy swelled with importance, "a friend of mine too. They

were riding down the avenoo the other day and he called me to flag down the kid what sells violets, to get a booquet for the lady. It was rainin' an' he didn't want to get his silk lid damp. You can bet I scooted and when I brought back his two bits change, he said 'O, just keep it sonny and buy yourself some chewing gum.' And the lady smiled and looked at him so— Well you can take it from me, she's some dippy over him. He didn't give me his card but his name is Hon. Dudley McRae McHarding. Some class to that, eh?

"Paper sir," and the versatile Tommy darted off without noticing the peculiar effect this name had produced on his friend.

Joe's hands were clinched, his face was ashen. Hate and love were clashing.

Later Tommy returned. "Hey, wake up and git onto yer job. "Say," he leaned over confidentially, "if yer want ter see yer violet lady all dolled up in her fine clothes, drop by the opera house with me to-night. I've got inside dope that they're goin', and deir ain't no charge fer watchin' the swell folks go in."

Joe went and saw her, marvelously beautiful. He saw Dudley also, proud, handsome. He knew of course that the lady could never have been for him but why should Dudley have her. Why must he have all the good things. His hate almost convulsed him, he clutched his knife in his hand, then wheeled around and dashed off blindly into the night.

Oblivious both of place and time, he only went on and on. Somewhere, at some time, he ran up against a dark object lying across the sidewalk. It was a man who moaned. Joe called and shook the figure, then struck a

match and looked on the face of Dudley McHarding. His hand felt for his knife again and vengeance burned hot in his heart. The man had evidently been knocked down and robbed. He was still unconscious, no one would ever know that his knife had completed the work; no one would ever suspect the little cripple; and his vow would be fulfilled. Vengeance seemed sweet. He struck another match to look once more on the hated face. This time his eye fell on the outstretched hand which clutched a picture. He stared dazedly at the sweet face portrayed, whose eyes seemed to look into his beseechingly. Tommie's words rang in his ears, "She's some dippy about him, you can take it from me." The match went out, the open knife fell from his other hand, and Joe darted off for help. Love was bruised but she had conquered.

FRANCES MARSHALL, '16.

Milton, the Blind Poet



LED about the street near his Bunhill house, a slender man, slightly under middle height, dressed in a grey cloak and wearing sometimes a small silver-hilted sword, looking in feeble health but with his fair complexion and light hair, younger than he was, one would have found Milton about 1660. Often he could be seen sitting in his garden near the door in warm weather, wearing a grey overcoat. He was in the habit of rising early, giving his mornings to study and writing. Music was his chief afternoon and evening pleasure, whether he was by himself or when friends were present. Milton had scores of admirers, many of whom visited him. He was always very courteous to his visitors, with just a shade of stateliness. In his speech he seemed to have a tendency to be sarcastic which was connected with a peculiarity of his voice or pronunciation.

In 1644, just before he became blind, he was Latin secretary to the Council of State. His special duty was that of replying to assaults made in the interest of the monarchy. It was while in this service that he lost his eyesight. It is characteristic of Milton that tho' he knew it would cost him his eyesight, he felt that he must do his duty to his country. At the age of forty he was totally blind.

In 1663 Milton married his third wife, a woman thirty years younger than himself, a marriage which proved

fortunate for the blind man. At the time of this third marriage, his household consisted of himself and his three daughters, on whom he ought now to have been able to depend. They were however his most serious domestic trouble. These motherless girls, who had grown up in their father's blindness and too great self-absorption, ill-looked after and but poorly educated, made nothing of mistreating and neglecting their father. It is said that they made way with some of his books and would have sold the rest to keep from having to read to him.

It was in this condition of affairs that his third wife found his household, but she proved to be a real companion to him. Milton had always dreamed of writing a great epic poem, but he had considered that his country had first claims upon him. After the Restoration, blind and too insignificant for the new king to worry about, he at last had time to realize the dream of his earlier years. He made his dream come true by writing "Paradise Lost." He showed it to his friend Ellwood, and it was he who suggested a "Paradise Regained," which Milton wrote afterwards. "Paradise Regained" has great beauties and is an especially correct poem with scarcely any adornment.

"Samson Agonistes" the concluding poem of Milton's life, has a sad autobiographical interest as the poem of his old age. To that old age many elements of sadness contributed. Blind and ill, neglected by his daughters at home, he was witnessing without the triumph of the enemies of all he held sacred. The poem is a good picture of such an old age. Yet Milton in this sad condition had that characteristic, which is so common to all blind peo-

ple—the love for music. He enriched his poetry with it. One can well understand his feelings about his blindness by a few lines taken from his poem, "On Blindness."—"God doth not need either man's work or his own gifts, Who best bears his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state is kingly.—They also serve who only stand and wait."

It has been said that the last part of Milton's life is a picture of solitary grandeur unequalled in literary history. "For years, until the end, he was silent, dreaming who shall say what dreams in his darkness and saying cheerfully to his friend 'Still guides the heavenly vision.' He died peacefully in 1674, the most sublime and the most lonely figure in our literature."

..... AGNES JENKINS, '18.

The Chrysanthemum People (A Fairy Story).



UCY HELEN came raging down the front steps of the pretty town bungalow, with her jet curls bobbing her very indignation. Her mouth was set in a straight line, her brown eyes, usually so pretty, were blazing, and there were red spots in her cheeks as she crossed the lawn, with her fists stuffed into her sweater pockets, and her feet treading on the stray jonquils which had braved the struggle for existence, uncared for.

She saw them not, or if she saw them she didn't care. What was a mere flower? Without knowing where she was going, she turned her steps towards the flower garden, here plucking a lovely rose from its stem, and there crushing a modest violet under her toe. At last she came to the chrysanthemum bed, but for some reason she failed to play havoc with their pretty blooms.

The first two or three balls of color she ignored entirely, but as she went farther she began to notice them more, and while she was silently remarking on the variety of color, she suddenly beheld a tremendous pink one, which stood out from the rest. Its form was perfect and shading beautiful, and something in the way in which the head was poised on the slender neck held her attention. She looked it all over and just as she was turning to go, she thought she saw something like two eyes in the very heart of the flower.

She looked again and as she stood there the flower slowly began to grow larger, and the stem seemed to sink into the ground. The rose pink center became a tiny rose window, out of which could be seen a lovely maiden with two eyes gazing at her intently. The lower petals of the flower became a smooth veranda and the top petals folded over into a roof, just high enough to allow the little flower girl to stand without bumping her head. The main part of the chrysanthemum began to elongate and extend backwards, while the stem, by this time very thick and short, divided into pillars for the house.

Lucy Helen stood rooted to the spot, not in the least startled, only surprised, so slowly had the transformation been accomplished. Slowly the front door opened and there on the threshold stood a little wizened old woman, with hollow eyes, hooked nose and toothless mouth. She leaned heavily on her cane, and with a skinny forefinger beckoned to Lucy Helen. The sight was astonishing, especially since it came from such a lovely covering, but the little girl felt impelled to go, so she mounted the tiny steps into the veranda.

"My name is Selfishness," said the old woman, in a high cracked voice, "and this is how you will look if you continue to want everything for yourself, as you did this afternoon. You should be glad when your little sister is invited to a pretty party, and not grow angry as you have done."

The glint of the old woman's eyes was terrifying and the little girl moved to the other side and slipped nimbly by, as the old woman began to hobble towards her. Once inside the hall, Lucy Helen saw no one, and she began to walk down its rose velvet carpet, her footsteps making

no sound. On each side she saw vases of rose colored chrysanthemums which seemed to nod and whisper to each other, as she passed. She was wondering where to go next, when at the end she beheld another door, and joyfully determined to go within since she did not care to pass the little old woman again.

Just as she came to the door, it was opened for her, and on its threshold she beheld a little old crippled man, with claw like finger nails, white shaggy hair, and wandering covetous eyes, who leaned on the door-knob with both hands, in his attempt to hold himself up.

"My name is Jealousy," he proclaimed in a thin, high pitched voice. "Such traits of character always cripple you, and such behavior as yours this afternoon, if you persist in it, will ultimately render you in my position. You should not covet your sister's friends."

He hobbled back further, still holding the door, and the little girl passed through to a lavender-tinted room. It was draped on all sides with thick lavender curtains, which swayed gently, and every now and then, the little girl had glimpses of chrysanthemum heads and lavender eyes that peeped at her from its folds. There was a peculiar voice behind her in the doorway and Lucy Helen turned to find in the old man's place a lovely maiden, the same whom she had seen at the window, and who had lured her in when the little old woman opened the door.

"My name is Unselfishness," she said in a sweet voice, "and I have been trying to catch you all the way down the hall, because you seemed not to see me as you passed."

"I wondered if they were all like the little old woman

and man," returned the little girl. "I saw you at the window and I loved you—I want to be like you."

She started towards Unselfishness to embrace her, but with a graceful wave of her white arm and a swish of her rose colored dress the apparition was gone. The little girl turned again, and there in the fold of lavender curtains opposite, stood another maiden, who seemed to be Unselfishness in a different frock.

"I am Magnamimity," she smiled, "and I am twin sister to Unselfishness. Don't you think we look alike? Except for our coloring and hair even father Jealousy couldn't tell us apart."

"You are so pretty," breathed the little girl. "Don't you want to go back home with me? My mother would be so glad to have you."

"You have to live on food there and I am much happier here. Come to see us again if you can. We open our doors once a year, and if you should happen to be in precisely the spot at precisely the minute, you may always come in."

"Thanks," said the little girl, but she had time to say no more, when Magnamimity disappeared behind the curtain. The little girl hastened to the place where she had been and hastily pulled back the curtains on each side, but there was nothing there save an opening into another room.

This room was all in white, with a tall white throne at one end, on which sat what at first seemed to be a beautiful woman in the prime of life. All around her knelt her subjects in white livery, and they seemed to be all doing her will. Ah, but what was that will? In her hand she held a scepter, and before here were figures at

her feet, with their heads bent to the floor, imploring her mercy. Blind passion disfigured what would have been a beautiful face, and at her angry words, the slender necks of the flowers—like subjects were cut by the sword of an attendant. The heads which rolled off were again turned to poor withering chrysanthemums.

"She is Rage, the queen of this home," said Sweet Temper by her side, "made queen through a mistake. She will soon be dethroned."

The little girl turned to look at Sweet Temper and beheld a lovely girl all in white.

"I would much rather be like you, and not be queen," she said. "You are a queen without trying to be."

"Yes, she never minded her mother," confided Obedience as she accompanied Lucy Helen to the door. "They used to call her Disobedience also, but she would have it changed to Rage."

"I don't think she has bettered her name much."

"No, I don't know that she has. You must never even think of running away and disobeying your mother again, as you did this afternoon, when you started to go to the party in spite of her. It doesn't pay."

By this time they were in the open again, and the little girl turned to look once again, long and lovingly at the beautiful form in the doorway. Even as she looked, the house began slowly to dwindle, and to take on once again the form of the lovely large chrysanthemum. The little girl rubbed her eyes and gazed again, vainly endeavoring to see again in the center of the flower the lovely eyes of the rose girl. There was nothing there, however, and so the little girl put out her hand to touch softly the petals of the flower, as she passed, saying to herself, "I

shall watch every time I come into the garden and perhaps I can see the door open again and may go to pay them another visit."

As she mounted the steps of her own home she was thinking of "Unselfishness," "Magnanimity," "Sweet Temper," and "Obedience," and she contrasted them, to herself, with the other characters which she had seen.

Her last words as she disappeared into the door were, "I will never again be selfish, or angry, or jealous, or disobedient. I see how ugly they are."

GLADYS CAMPBELL, '19.

The Evolution of a Senior

A soft little, wee little, fluffy thing,
Just flown from under her mother's wing,
A dear little, sweet little, simple child—
A timid Freshman, so gentle and mild.

A big and bold, a knowing thing,
Not needing the refuge of any one's wing,
A commanding person, no longer a child—
A bold Sophomore, knowing but wild.

A humble and studious, an eager thing,
Seeking the haven of every one's wing,
A person who knows she doesn't know all—
A hard working Junior, who answers the call.

A learned and polished, a dignified thing,
Ready now to receive others under her wing,
A person most gracious, and looked up to now—
Behold a Senior has evolved somehow!

OLIVE BUSBEE, '16.

The Evils of War



LWAYS when there is a war, the devil makes hell larger."—A German Proverb.

The people of this day and time do not agree with Thomas Jefferson that a revolution every twenty years or so, does more good for a nation than anything else that could happen. He claimed that a revolution stirs up a nation's patriotism, and prohibits the formation of ruts. But there have been many wars, and at every war civilization loses something of its power; barbarism gains a forward step.

In times when the world was far less civilized, war was surrounded by praise; the heroes of war were crowned with glory. But the world was not a deeply thinking world then. It was a world of chivalry and knighthood. A Romance, as it were, of love and war.

The "Interests" of the present day are far different. The betterment of the world at large is man's chief interest now. Modern science in medicine, machinery and skill has explored the depths, scaled the heights, and conquered all difficulties. There have been more inventions in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries than in all other times added together. The world is in flower, in the field of art and literature. Marvelous and vast enterprises are going forward with rapid strides. Does the world need war to keep it awake?

The most horrible war in the history of the world, the war of the present day, has called a halt. People must

take their thoughts and eyes off of the forwarding of civilization, and turn them toward the forwarding of barbarism. Inventors must quit their important work and go to the front. The Science of Medicine must be left while its workers are engaged in the fray. The world must turn its attention away from art and literature and go to the more important work of knitting socks for soldiers. The string of civilized ideas must be snapped for a while.

War tears down the standard of morals of a nation, for it intensifies all passions, good and bad. "The milk of human kindness," which nourishes good, and keeps alive good deeds, is crushed out of man's soul. Conscience is hushed, and the voice of cruelty is harkened to. How can a nation's morals be kept while its soldiers are committing enumerable atrocities. The killing spirit predominates everything. Man kills his fellow for his country. Drunkenness is magnified. When a soldier is terribly exhausted from fighting, and has only the prospect of a dirty trench for a bed, drink is welcome. Many a clean young man has gone to war, to come back a hopeless drunkard. It is said that since the beginning of the present war, drink among women has increased three fold, for the soldiers are receiving pay, and it goes to their wives, who in the hopeless attempt to drown their sorrows, resort to drink.

The destruction of property is one of war's greatest evils. We see, one day, a prosperous village; neighborly houses surrounded by mossy lawns; happy faces of people who go about attending to their own business. But the enemy comes in the night, and we see, the next day, only a few smouldering ruins to mark the place. We see

no people, only perhaps a tottering old man, who has failed to escape. Whole villages are destroyed and sacked during a single night, and thousands left homeless. Some of the wealthiest lands of all Europe have been ruined in the last few months. Belgium is utterly destroyed. France in a large measure is ruined. Cities known as the treasure houses of art and literature are no more. Think of the terrible loss in the ruins of the University Lowvain. The destruction of many wonderful cathedrals is irreparable. The great art collections of the globe are gone. The land marks of a nation seems as nothing in the time of war. We of the peaceful nation have no idea of the havoc wrought, but witnesses tell us that it seems that hell has been at work. "Buildings destroyed, highways torn up, growing things trampled under foot, cattle and horses taken away. Millions of people bankrupt and homeless.* Business in the warring countries is at a standstill, of course. There are professional men who have not gone to the war, and the livelihood of many a professional woman is wrecked.

But the destruction of property is of very little consequence beside the terrible loss of life. The war at the present time has exacted a terrible toll of men. No less than ten millions have been lost in the last thirteen months, some injured for life, many killed and many more taken prisoners. Many of these lives were taken out of mere cruelty. General von Buelow says: "It was with my consent that the general had the whole place burned and about one hundred men shot." And most of the men are young, able-minded and energetic.

*Review of Reviews, November, Page 598.

Seen from the outside, from a nation who is not at war, one of its greatest horrors is the terrible suffering of the people left at home; the terrible anxiety of the home folks, for the fatal message of death may come at any moment. History will not recount the suffering of a mother who has sent five stalwart sons to fight for the country. Yet that suffering will be there, too excruciating for words. Neither will the suffering of a broken-hearted sweetheart go into the annals of history, but it is going on every day*. "Every man, woman and child of the four hundred millions living in the warring countries has suffered, not only from heart strings snapped, but from poverty. With the destruction of life comes sorrow. With the destruction of property comes sorrow, and with the destruction of morals comes sorrow. War seems so needless, its gains so insignificant.

If war was war, only while the fighting goes on, it would be bad enough, but it takes years of struggle to get over a war. It was noticed that the French soldiers are fully two inches shorter than the other soldiers, and the reason is that Napoleon's wars took the lives of the best men, physically and morally, while the feeble minded, feeble bodied ones stayed at home to make the future generations. War needs strength, feebleness is thrown away. The affairs of the country will suffer for many years after the war is ended, for there will return and carry on the great work of the nation the weakened, and enfeebled men, those who have been unbalanced, possibly crazed by their experiences at the front. There will be millions of diseased, crippled, wounded, who will have

*Scribner's Magazine, November.

to be pensioned and supported by the country. The people will suffer more than ever. The majority were poor before the war, and they have been suffering untold horrors during it. The years which follow will be even worse, because of the devastation, which has been wrought. Agriculture is destroyed for years to come. Taxation will be unsupportable *for future generations, debt. Millions upon millions will never take up their work again.

These are the results and evils of war. Yes, and when at the end of this most terrible one of all times we again

*Collier's Weekly, Nov. 6.

take up the string of civilized ideas, the frayed and broken ends will fail to meet.

ISABELLA POTEAT, '19.

The First Quarrel



ANDOLPH WILLIAMS and Beatrice Sterling had been married about three weeks.

They sat at breakfast in their cozy dining room one fine morning in the early spring, totally infatuated with each other. Never such happiness as theirs before.

Just now they were talking of family quarrels. The married couple next door had fallen out and refused to fall in again.

"We will never disagree, will we Randolph?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"Disagree! may we die the next minute," returned Randolph.

"I sincerely hope not, but if I thought we should ever quarrel and have mean thoughts towards each other, I should—"

"My precious Beatrice!" cried Randolph, springing up and upsetting the dish of eggs on the carpet, of which accident he took no notice, in his eagerness to get his arms around Beatrice.—"My darling little love! as if we should ever be so silly. May I die in agony if I ever speak one word that shall cause a tear to fill those heavenly eyes."

"Stop! you crazy idiot, just look what your absurd awkwardness has done, oh, you hateful man to turn over those nasty eggs on our perfectly good new rug, oh! oh! oh!"

"Well—I must say you have certainly changed your

tune young lady. I never thought such ugly words would ever pass thru those lips, no—not even if I poured syrup on your wedding gown.

He had lost his temper entirely and the more he said the angrier he grew.

“How I do detest, above all things, a *two sided woman*.”

Beatrice was thoroughly ashamed of her sudden outburst and was weeping bitterly, thinking how much she would give to blot out those hasty words. But, as her sobbing ceased and she caught the harsh words of her husband, her whole soul rebelled at such treatment, and she secretly wished she had said more.

“Oh,” she thought to herself, “how could he be so cruel as to think me two-faced. How could he say such harsh cruel things to me. Oh! the hatefulness of man.”

She could not and would not stand it any longer, so gathering up her skirts she rushed from the room to lock herself up in her own room, and weep bitterly all the morning.

When Randolph realized what had happened and remembered the unreasonable remarks he had made, he became thoroughly disgusted with himself and the whole world. He walked up and down the dining room, swearing and calling himself names and acting altogether like a crazy person. “Of course, he didn’t mean a word he had said, and it was mean of him to spill the eggs all over the new carpet. But, why! oh, why! had he uttered such words; what on earth possessed him to do so he knew not. What in the world could he do to make her respect him again? He raked his brain, would she ever love him again? Would she ever put her dear arms around his neck and whisper to him softly that he was the

dearest, most wonderful man in all creation? Tears came into his eyes. "Lord! what a beast I am," he burst out, "to hurt such a pure, innocent little soul. I could kill myself." And rushing out into the hall he grabbed his hat, and broken-hearted left the house.

Beatrice hearing his hasty footsteps on the carpet thought perhaps he was coming to her. She had truly forgiven him already, but he just must be the first to apologise for his hasty words. But when she heard the door slam she knew he had gone away angry and a terror seized her aching heart.

"Would he, oh, would he ever come back to her—" a fresh burst of tears, shook her frail body, as she remembered again the harsh words spoken only a few minutes before. She was the most miserable woman in the world. All her air castles fell crushed to the ground. Her married life was a complete failure. Oh! why had she ever been born."

Randolph rushed into his down town office breathless. He sat down, looked thru his morning mail, glanced over the most important letters and tried to dictate a few answers to his stenographers—but it was useless; he couldn't even give her a correct grammatical sentence. So telling her she might have the day off, he dismissed her, and in his utter misery, placing his head in his arms he wept. In a few minutes he reached for the phone and ordered enough flowers for a wedding, and more candy than they two might eat in a year, sent up immediately to his wife.

He thought he would tough it out all day at the office, but alas—he could not; so snatching his hat from the

chair he rushed from the building, motioned for a cab and was home in five minutes.

Tiptoeing up the steps at the same time reaching for his night key, he was suddenly startled by being seized by two warm adorable arms. Catching Beatrice up bodily he carried her into the house.

She was weeping softly on his fresh collar, already content and happy. He wearing a rather moist grin was patting her head repeating over and over, words of endearment. How they did love each other and how foolishly they had both acted at breakfast.

Randolph was the first to speak. "My darling, can you forgive me," he asked in a shaking voice. "Can you love me as you did before—er—before this sad occurrence?"

She, sighing happily, snuggled up closer to him and between laughs and sobs assured him again and again that he was forgiven.

SEABRONA PARKS, '17.

Resolved: That Henry Ford's Expedition Was Not a Failure



HONORABLE JUDGE, in the face of great opposition, I contend that Henry Ford's recent and much-talked of expedition was not a failure. I might begin by speaking of Ford's honesty and generosity in being willing to set before the whole world—belligerent and neutral nations—the great ideal of peace; I might show how his expedition will cause the minds of the people to think more upon peace than they ever have before. I might and really should stop to make much of the fact that one individual has been willing to do so much for humanity. But all of these points, important as they are, pale into insignificance and become matters of minor importance, when we really begin to discuss the larger issues of the question. We do Ford's expedition an injustice not to bring before the public those points, which, I fear, have been too little regarded.

There is absolutely nothing to indicate that Henry Ford in spending \$400,000.00 on the great peace movement, spent it with any thought of money advantage that might result indirectly for himself. He generously gave this much, but if it should result in material gain for himself, has he not a right to it? Perhaps he may sell twice as many beautiful little Fords next year as he sold this year because of having made himself better known, but has he not the right to do this?

This expedition has made Ford famous and, if for no other reason than this, we cannot say that the Ford expedition was a failure. Many men have worked and worked and spent their whole lives working for a reputation but Mr. Henry Ford has gained a national and still greater, an international reputation by his expedition (Be the reputation what it may). He has even been nominated for the presidency of the United States. Can we call this expedition a failure, when on account of it, Henry Ford has gained in three months, reputation—a thing for which many men have worked all their lives.

This expedition has shown to the world an example of an ideal capitalist—one who knows how to amass money and also how to spend it lavishly, on society. This should be an example to other great American capitalists.

In the interest of the movies, the Ford expedition can not be called a failure. We are all asking for new moving pictures and to be sure we would not call anything a failure that would in any way help to give us new pictures, Ford took three photographers with his party and the pictures which they made will probably some day be shown down at the Garing in our own thriving city. I know that every G. W. C. girl would grasp the opportunity of seeing them and I dare say that not one of our girls would call the expedition a failure, if for no other reason than this one. Even if these "Ford pictures" do not come to the Garing right away, some other girls will be enjoying them, because we know that pictures for the movies were made while the Ford party was abroad.

Neither is this all, for forty-three newspaper reporters, who were probably working on starvation wages, were given jobs and an opportunity of crossing the deep blue

sea. They were given the opportunity of experience also—of experiencing sea-sickness, for one thing.

There are other things also. The magazines and papers have always been clamoring for news. The Ford party has helped to stop this clamoring by giving them something to write about. Just consider how many columns of news papers it has filled! It helped the publishers by taking up space and by giving them news that would sell.

Even the hotel keepers in Europe, whose business was partly destroyed by the war, profited by the Ford expedition. They received enormous sums from this large peace party—hotel bills are quite an item in European travel.

Some of the ladies who were members of the party were enabled by the wonderful generosity of Mr. Ford to purchase evening gowns. These beautiful dresses will enhance their beauty and perhaps strengthen their prospects for matrimony. Not one of us girls would dare call anything a failure that would offer such wonderful and pleasing prospects to us.

This expedition has afforded a great opportunity for several of the university students, whose work was heavy and who were tired of school to take a long-desired recreation. They were taken from under the care of their grim professors, they were given a grand sea ride and an opportunity of meeting some of the prominent people of Europe. But best of all, they were detained long enough in Europe to miss their mid-year examinations.

Last but not least, a greater lesson has been taught by this peace-seeking adventure. It has taught Henry Ford that his plan is to oversee the sticking together of little

Ford runabouts and to leave diplomacy to the great diplomats of the world.

Thus we see that this expedition accomplished something, and that it benefitted many, therefore we can not call it a failure.

MARY HOLLIDAY, '19.

When Life's Worth Living

As you journey through life from day to day,
'Midst the cares and toils of your busy way,
Do you ever stop to say or do,
Something for him less fortunate than you?

Do you ever do a loving deed
For your next-door neighbor so sorely in need?
Do you ever cast a loving smile
Upon one who feels he's not worth while?

Do you ever lend a helping hand
To your brother on the desert sand?
Do you ever reach down and help him up
By letting him drink from your own cup?

If you never have done it, then try to-day,
To scatter sunshine upon your way;
You'll help yourself as well as another,
If you lighten the load of your burdened brother.

Do you remember the words of One so mild
As He uttered them almost in a plea,
"If ye do it unto a little child,
Ye do it unto me?"

If you put into practice these words so kind,
And keep them foremost in your mind,
You'll better mankind by helping and giving,
And it will make you feel that life's worth living.

OLIVE BUSBEE, '16.

Exploits of the Blood Splitters Gang



AY, fellows, did you-all hear about Old Man Thompson?" Bob excitedly exclaimed after the members of the Blood Splitters gang had congregated in the loft of the old stable. It was their usual meeting place and one that belonged strictly to the boys. The rough board walls were decorated with grotesque figures scrawled in charcoal, meant to represent the fiercest villians. On one side of the room, suspended from nails in the wall, were bread knives, carving knives and kitchen knives, collected from the families of the members. Mothers wondered why they continually had to buy new knives. Each member of the gang possessed a black mask, dagger, popgun and make-up. This last named effect was their proudest possession. It was a long beard and a ferocious looking mustache made from the tails of the neighbors cows. These things were kept hidden in the old loft.

"Naw. What about old Thompson, Bob?" Sam asked.

"It seems like to me, Wall-eyed Pete that you could remember that my name is Cussing Joe, when we meet in the Club rooms," Bob returned savagely.

"I heard something about it but not much," Dick asserted.

"There you go again. Dead-Sure Dick, you are always having to hear about what I have to tell. The rest of the gang ain't so smart. Anyway you all know that folks say that the old man had stacks and stacks of money hidden

away somewhere, though you'd never think he'd have a cent. Well, you know they found him murdered the other day and they never could tell who did it. Yesterday they found a letter in his house and it was written the very day before he died. It said that if he didn't put \$5,000 in the old hollow sycamore by the creek that they'd kill him stiff. It was signed by the black hand society. Old Thompson's got powerful lot of nerve and he wouldn't turn over the money and so they reckon that's what became of the old man."

The boys were speechless. This surpassed anything they had ever read or heard of. Worse still, it happened in their own town and to someone they had known.

"Do they always do what they say they're going to do", Shorty questioned. He was a fat little boy, freckled-faced and red headed.

"You bet they do," Cussing Joe responded.

"Fellows, let's send a blackhand letter to somebody. We needn't kill 'em but just scare 'em to death."

"Let's do, sure enough. How about Percy Middleton. It would scare his cussed old Sunday school sense clean out of him," drawled Tom, a boy who seldom spoke in this weighty council, but when he did he had something to say that appealed to the rest.

"That's the ticket," Bob excitedly exclaimed. All the boys were enthusiastic and so he assumed command. "Secretary Wall-eyed Pete will you get the materials ready and take dictation."

Much argument ensued this order as to the proper words to use. Finally after much labor this letter was written:

Percy Middleton,

Dear Sir:- Put \$5,000 in the hollow sycamore down by the creek. If this ain't done by Friday night, October 13, midnight, you will be dragged from your bed, your house will be sacked and your body brained.

(Signed) Black Hand.

P. S.—Remember Old Thompson.

This was mailed so that Percy would receive it Friday morning, the day of the threatened murder. But here a new difficulty arose. No one was rich enough to buy a stamp. The contents of all pockets were turned out for inspection. Out of the mixtures of whistles, strings and apple cores a dirty postage stamp was resurrected, but it belonged to Dick and although the sticker was gone from it, he refused to donate it to the cause, gratis. He was finally pacified with a dead rat to swing on a string, a piece of bees-wax and a slate pencil with no date. The letter was mailed and five excited little boys nervously awaited the outcome.

* * * * *

Percy Middleton, Sr. Banker, Broker and Dealer in Bonds, strolled leisurely into his office Friday morning, October 13. He drew his gloves off carefully and after hanging his hat and coat on the rack and straightening his tie, he patted himself lovingly all round and carefully took a chair and proceeded to examine his mail.

One of the letters particularly struck his eye. The rather uncertain handwriting of the address, the tan shade of the envelope and the sad looking stamp seemed rather peculiar for one of his station in life to be receiving. He cut it open and read. His face turned paper-

white and he nervously glanced at the safe. Was he to be subjected to this? Could a band of villains make him pay them a cent? Then the Post Script caught his eye and a shudder involuntarily ran over him. He turned to the phone and called up John Bushman, private detective to come to see him at once.

Fate is kind to us at times and John Bushman had struck one of those times. For years he had nursed a grudge against Middleton and no opportunity had come to him, as yet, to pay it off. Possibly this would offer the hoped for chance. He quickly arrived at Middleton's office. He scrutinized the letter carefully. "I'll see what I can do," he remarked, but he knew what he could do. There was something about the childish scrawl that looked a little fakery. Something about the whole situation that his experienced mind thought impossible.

As he was passing down the street, wondering what his first step in the case would be, turning a corner he suddenly collided with a little boy. He picked him up and saw that he wasn't hurt, he also recognized him as Middleton's young hopeful, Percy.

"Whats' the matter, kid," he inquired when the astonished lad had regained his breath.

"I am running from some boys. I was walking from downtown where I bought mother some thread when some boys started rocking me from behind some trees. I had to run and now I've lost the thread and mother's going to whip me, "Boo-hoo! They-re always pestering me." And Percy wailed out his grievances pathetically.

"That's too bad, Sonny. But where do those boys live?" John Bushman was beginning to see into this joke.

"They live on the street most of the time pestering

folks. But their meeting place is in Bob Dickson's back yard." And Percy still with an injured air pointed the place out to him.

Bushman following directions soon spied out the boys, congregated in their usual meeting place.

"Say, boys, do you know anything about this?" he yelled to them waving the letter.

"No, sir; I ain't ever seen it", Bob finally blurted out. Though the scared expression on his and the faces of his companions seemed to deny it.

"Now look here, it'll be better for all of you if you tell me the truth about this thing. I'm not going to hurt you and I'll promise you I'll never mention it to a soul."

"Cross your heart and hope to die?" Bob demanded.

The detective obediently crossed his heart and repeated as Bob requested him, "Paint me black and paint me blue, if I ever breathe what's told by you."

After the Blood Spillers had consulted together and decided what was best to be done, Bob said, "That little smart Alec of a Percy Middleton is just getting too smart around here, and we just wanted to scare him to death. Honest injun, we didn't mean it but I bet he's scared to leave his mammy."

"Thank you fellows, it was a good joke. I won't mention it. Come on there's a soda fountain around the corner."

The look of apprehension that had been on the faces of the boys immediately changed to one of delight. They started to bolt at once for the drug store, but Bob's "Aw hold on fellows, where's your manners?" made them walk a little more slowly.

"Look here, boys, there's one more thing, I want you all

to be down at the old hollow sycamore at midnight just the same as if you were real Black Hand gentlemen. There is a little surprise I want to pull off for Percy's father and I want you to help me. Two drinks all round if you promise me. If you can just slip off from home this one night. It's not hard when you have a back shed and a snoring daddy."

This idea rather appealed to the Blood Spillers and they promised to be on hand. So leaving the delighted boys at the soda fountain Bushman went down the street destined for Percy Middleton's offices. He was admitted to his private office.

"Mr. Middleton, I think I have found the clue but we cannot catch the villians until tonight. That is, if you will follow my suggestion."

"What is that?" Middleton demanded rather nervously.

"Put the money in the stump. Then we will go down and hide in the bushes and watch for who comes for the money," Bushman said.

"It seems to me like five thousand is a pretty large sum to be trifled with but I suppose it the only thing to do. I hope the villians hang for this!"

"Then it is settled. I'll see you at Bull's Corner at 11:30," and Bushman went out.

11:30. Middleton waited patiently for the detective to join him. He felt as though every passer-by was gazing down into his pockets and even down into his very soul and reading aloud what he saw there. But he felt a little more comfortable when Bushman joined him and they started out to the creek. The stars made him feel terribly lonesome as they walked down the deserted path. The moanful croakings of the frogs and the hum of the katy-

did give him a queer sensation round his heart. They squatted down behind some bushes near the old hollow sycamore—an action not very good for Middleton's carefully pressed pants. Never had the minutes dragged themselves by so slowly before. Soon they could hear someone coming down the path. It grew nearer and louder. It seemed like an army. Through the darkness they could make out a dense blackness moving around the hollow tree.

"By gum, it's the whole gang. Let's run." And Percy Middleton, Banker, Broker and Dealer in Bonds, lit out, though he was somewhat hampered by the briars which plucked his pants. And of all things, his shoestrings were untied. He never could even walk if his shoestrings came untied. It seemed as if there were yards around his ankles and yards more under his feet. He said a few words concerning them and with one final desperate effort to keep his balance he plunged and splashed into the creek.

"Hold on, you fool, no use to kill yourself. Take a look at the villians." He yelled at Middleton who was dragging his dripping self from the creek. Then Bushman chuckled as he looked at the miserable man and back to the boys as revealed by his flashlight.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.



Rags and Tatters



A LESSON IN RESPONSIBILITIES.

One afternoon last summer Mother left me to take care of the children while she was out riding with Dad.. Being fond of reading, I was soon curled up in the big chair engrossed in my favorite book. I forgot the children and their mischievous natures, when all of a sudden for some psychological reason I remembered them and started up. I went to the door and looked about but did not see them. I then went to the window which looks toward the barn. I caught the sound of Morton's baby voice calling.

"Byne, Lolly." A little relieved since the baby was all right, I walked casually to the place where he was playing; I found him trying to strike some matches. He is very fond of that sport. Seeking to learn where Charlie and Bryan were I asked,

"Baby dimples, where are 'bubber Byne and Lolly'?" He looked at me showing his first baby teeth and dimples and lisped sweetly:

"Dey doned up de——"

I looked where he pointed and on the top of the barn roof were Charlie and Bryan, sitting astride and making their way, unconscious of danger, to the end of the roof.

I became dizzy with fright for I knew should their feet slip just a little there was scarcely any hope for life.

"Boys," I called softly, trying not to cause a shock that would make them lose balance, "come down."

They saw me and laughed with glee making their danger more eminent. Then I stopped, for I realized that I couldn't force them to, and they might get angry, for one doesn't know what little boys are likely to do at any time; and in anger might slip. I couldn't beg for that would let them know that I was helpless and that would never do. They must never know of my incompetence, so I took the only open course.

"Boys," I warned, "you know mother doesn't allow you to climb up there and if she finds this out she will punish you severely."

That arrested their attention so I took advantage of it and urged them to hasten down, threatening to tell mother if they did not. They did not suspect that I wanted them down before mother came for if mother should find out about the escapade I myself would be blamed. They turned around to make their way back, and what a suspense I was in for now the danger of slipping was far greater. I stood frightened stiff, yet prayerfully hoping against hope that they would get down safely. I could see their broken bodies on the ground before me. I shuddered and became sick. Then I saw most dreadful of all, my mother's face reproaching my carelessness. I felt this more keenly. Mother is very fond of her boys; to her nobody can equal them, not even her daughters. But sometimes I didn't see why for they were exasperating. They were that now, for they had stopped in their course and were discussing the 'crack shot' they could have at

the sparrows in a nearby tree, if they had only brought the rifle. Bryan had a thought and expressed it.

"Sister," he yelled down to me, "bring me the rifle." He saw me hesitate, then seeing what he termed the reason said, "Aw! you're a girl, why don't you learn to be useful, learn how to climb."

"Boys," I again warned, trying not to show impatience, "Mother may come at any moment, then what would you do?" I was very much afraid that I spoke the truth, and they wouldn't hurry. What if mother should come and find them up there. Then into my mind came the thought "what if one should fall." I gripped my hands tightly and set my teeth grimly to keep from crying in my despair. My eyes were cast down. I stood rigid, expecting any moment to hear a scream. But I didn't, I heard a laugh instead. Looking up I saw Charlie and Bryan safely standing on the ground. Charlie remarked:

"Well you do look like a statue. Who are you posing for? You have been in that position ever since we came down."

I wanted to kiss the blessed things, then I wanted equally bad to spank them, but I could do neither, so I calmly told them to feed the pigs.

It was necessary to keep them busy for the rest of the afternoon, and as there was no more reading for me, I took baby "dimples" and went with them. I knew there was danger of their harnessing the pigs to the goat wagon which danger would hardly materialize in my oppressing presence.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

THE RACE.

On starting home from Sarah's house little Mary suddenly discovered that it was dark; it was the first time that she had thought about her mother's telling her to come before dark so she wouldn't be afraid.

Mary started on a run. With every step her brain said, "I am not afraid," while her little feet said, "Run, run or something will get you." She was running almost as fast as she could when she took a glance over her shoulder. She saw something white coming along behind her slowly, dodging from bush to bush, stopping behind each one for a little while, then coming out again. Mary ran faster while the tears began to make little rivers down her dirty face.

"Oh, Mamma, mamma, I did not know it was so late. We were playing in the sand." Looking behind her again she still saw the little white thing creeping along slowly. She could now see her home with a bright light burning in one room. She knew that her mother was sitting by the light sewing. "Why doesn't she come to get me, before It gets me," thought Mary. Her mother suddenly came out on the piazza; Mary gave one frantic yell, "Mamma," and ran on faster. Reaching the piazza she fell into her mother's arms crying, "Mamma—we were—playing, the thing—followed me home; in the sand and I had a good time—and I was scared."

"Why, child, stop crying and tell me all about it." Gradually Mary grew quieter and continued her story. "I was running along and looked behind me: It was running along jumping behind bushes and watching me all the time. Mama, It had a club to kill me if It could catch me, but I ran so hard It couldn't."

"Where is It now, honey?" "See, it is behind that big thorn bush waiting."

The mother grew alarmed so she decided to wait until daddy came and they would all go see It. They stood at the window and watched the It to see that it did not escape. When the father came they started to see It. They went creeping up to the big bush. Through the leaves they could see the terrible It; mother went around one side and daddy went around the other. When they met there lay the It in a little heap. Father punched it with a stick and began to laugh. He called Mary and she came to look at the awful thing.

It was only an innocent little piece of ragged newspaper.

NADA GREEN, '19.

* * *

Be wise, be cheerful, bright and gay,
 Leave to the fool his folly,
 And let your motto be, "cheer up"
 Your rule of life—"Be jolly."

—*Selected.*

* * *

WHEN I DIDN'T GO TO CHURCH.

They were having a protracted meeting at our little country church and for four days I had been going morning and night. I was tired of going and to tell the truth, I had been tired ever since the meeting began. I only went because grandmother thought I was so terribly wicked not to and she didn't fail to tell me so either, when I didn't go to hear such good sermons as "Old Uncle Jack-

son" was preaching. But this morning I was resolved I wouldn't go and listen to Uncle Jackson preach for two hours. All of his sermons seemed pretty much alike to me anyway. I couldn't see why grandmother thought they were so fine.

I slipped to the telephone and called up my dearest friend, Bertha Dane, and asked her how she would like to go after wild grapes.

"Oh, I'll be delighted to go," she responded.

"Alright, I'll be by in the buggy in about an hour," I replied as softly as possible, for I didn't want grandmother to hear me talking. I hung up the receiver and started to my room to dress suitably for rambling in the woods, when I heard a paper rattle and, looking over towards the window, I saw grandmother calmly reading. "My dear," she said, "You had better go to church, you may never have the opportunity again.

"Yes, and I may never have the chance again to go after wild grapes," I replied carelessly.

"Very well, go on. I hope you'll enjoy yourself," but there was a pained expression in her eyes.

"Thank you, I know I shall."

I went to my room feeling a little ashamed of myself for having talked to grandmother so carelessly and unconcernedly but this feeling did not linger long, and I was soon thinking of what a glorious morning Bertha and I were going to have.

When we were well on our way, Bertha asked if I really knew where any grapes were.

"Oh, yes, there are some splendid ones in Black woods, Jack told me about them yesterday, and if we don't find

them we will get a stalk of sugar cane out of "Old Uncle Jack Simmons cane patch."

Bertha laughed and asked what I supposed grandmother would think of my stealing cane.

"Oh, she'd quote a verse from the Bible," I answered.

We found our grapes, and such splendid ones you never saw. I was enjoying them immensely, when I suddenly realized that I was sinking into the ground. Then the terrible thought came to me, this was the quicksand of which father had warned us so often. I tried to move but could not; I screamed to Bertha, who had not noticed me, to go and tell father to come to my aid at once, for I knew alone she could do nothing.

I was sinking rapidly. Father would not get here in time. Oh! my whole life came up before me. Things that I had not thought of for years. I thought of the way I had spoken to grandmother. Her words rang in my ears: "You may never have the opportunity again." Never had Uncle Jackson seemed so precious to me. I could feel his kind warm hand shake. If I could just see grandmother to apologize to her for the many things I had done which grieved her, especially for my flippant remarks about going to church. I thought one thing I could say was that I had never told an untruth, but now times rushed into my mind when I had acted the untruth whether I had told one or not. I even thought of four hair pins I had picked up off of Bertha's dresser that afternoon. I didn't know whether this was wrong or not. I thought of a girl at school that I had slighted terribly. I could see father and the others digging me out of the sand, or maybe they couldn't get me out. Oh—what a terrible death I would have. Suddenly I ceased to think. I

had gone down, down, I suppose to the bottom, and Preacher Jackson's finger pointed at me until I ceased to sink.

The next thing I knew I was lying in my own bed at home and grandmother was bending over me, tenderly.

"Has Uncle Jackson closed his meeting, grandmother?" I asked anxiously.

"No, dear; it will not close until next week."

"Grandmother, how soon may I go to hear him?"

SALLIE MAY WISE, '19.

* * *

"GIRLS, BEWARE."

I could have squealed when dear old dad, told me I could go to the great "Greenville Woman's College." I thought all I had to do was to go, and when I got there I would be a brilliant woman.

I started walking up the dusty road to the little runty station thinking about how all the girls would be so glad to welcome the daughter of such a great man as my dad, and trying hard to keep back the tears. I felt so big and fine I could nearly fly.

I arrived at the college and walked up the white walk to the front door and opened it with a brave heart. It did not stay brave long. Girls were standing in groups all around the hall whispering to each other. I took great strides through them all, thinking I was some big pete, but my pride soon took a fall. On all sides I could hear the little giggles and whispers; I knew I was the attraction. Through fear I kept my eyes glued to the floor and behold I began to see the other girl's shoes. I could see myself in them; they looked so nice and shiney; I then

looked at my all dilapidated, dusty brogans. Tears began to come in great rivers at the back of my eyes, but I kept on.

I got to the dean's office and scribbled my name down on the big book and walked out on my way to my room.

At every step I heard little sarcastic remarks, "Isn't she pretty, look at her shoes."

I knew about my shoes but I had never considered my looks. So on reaching my room I peered into the glass. What I saw gave even me a shock—red hair as straight as a polka, freckles to sell and upon this a big pug nose. I fell upon the bed and wept till my eyes couldn't stay open any longer. I fell asleep with the queerest feeling I ever hope to have again.

The next morning bright and early I got up, cleaned my shoes, combed my straight locks, and sat down to wait to be called to breakfast. I sat and sat, heard two bells, but kept on sitting. After awhile I heard a scramble in the halls, and meekly walked out to see if anything was being done which I ought to do too. A very fat lady asked me why I didn't come to breakfast.

"Nobody called me," I replied; whereupon she bewildered me with a rapid recital about bells for this and bells for that.

Classes began to meet by that everlasting bell. We stayed a whole hour in one class. For me who had been used to thirty minute periods, it seemed that a whole day was passing during one lesson.

After many weeks I myself could see the changes in the little country freshie. I began to curl my straight locks and to switch down the hall like the other girls, and I soon learned that somewhere in the state was a "Furman

University." Before many months had passed I was waiting impatiently for the receptions.

I was in for anything except downright hard studying. This I just couldn't seem to do as I had done in the olden times. One day, though, with a start I wondered what my old dad would say of his great ugly educated daughter, and I turned over a new leaf.

NADA GREEN, '19.

* * *

FORSAKEN.

Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken am I;
Like a zero on a note-book, neglected I lie;
To the study-hall yonder, so sadly I go;
And there with a pen I solve math in my woe.

I see in a note-book that teacher hangs o'er;
That I've made an old sixty and positively no more;
She points out my errors, makes me feel like a reed;
And I turn from her weeping, forsaken indeed.

SEAB. PARKS, '17.

* * *

A FLETCHER LESSON.

In a class of small boys and girls the music teacher was drilling the pupils on the lives and peculiar incidents of some of the musicians. The stories had been told to them the week before, and the pictures had been given to them to put in their music books, so most of the children were prepared.

"Johnnie," questioned Miss May, "who was it that taught school when he wanted to write music? And who always saw notes instead of words?"

"I dunno, Miss May, 'less it's—it's, an, some Shoeman."

At this, there was a turmoil in the room as all the children giggled and made fun of Johnnie, for he was always making mistakes and getting things twisted.

"Yes," answered Miss May, "but what kind of a Shoeman was he? Was he plain Schumann, or was he Shu-bert?"

"That's it! Schubert!" cried Johnnie. "But how c'n I 'member which shoe 'tis? Sometimes its Shoeman and sometimes its Shoebert!"

So Miss May began again, and tried to teach Johnnie along with the others, the correct pronunciation. Finally, they learned the foreign and funny words well enough to avoid making any mistakes as that of Johnnie.

The review lesson having ended, the children waited eagerly until Miss May began another story.

"Now, since Johnnie has mentioned Schumann, we shall hear about him, and learn some things which he did.

"Robert Schumann was born in Saxony, and was educated for a lawyer. He played pieces on the piano, describing his friends. They were so easily recognized by his pieces that his friends called them picture pieces. When he was real young, he wrote for his future wife. And brilliant music it was, too. He afterward married her, and a good match it proved to be for she was a famous musician, too. But, best of all, he composed children's music. His is the sweetest, merriest and loveliest of all children's music; and that is what I want to have you remember—Schumann was a noted writer of children's pieces."

When Miss May finished, the little girls were very en-

thusiastic, but one girl seemed to be in doubt about something, and held up her hand.

"What is it, Ruth?" asked Miss May.

"Miss May, aren't there any lady musicians? We don't study about anybody 'cept men."

"Huh! 'Jever see any shoeladies? I never did, and I don't b'lieve there's any such thing!" piped Dick from the other end of the room.

"Oh, yes!" smilingly answered Miss May, "there are lady composers, and lady musicians, I'll tell you the name of some of them, and spell them for you so that you may write them in your note-books."

"Now see what you did! We won't have no more stories. Jest gotta take ole notes!" and Jack looked as angry as he could, in the direction of Ruth and the other girls.

Out came note-books, pencils, and erasers, and the teacher went to the board.

"You may take these two, and then I'll tell you another story—about a man. Some other day we'll spend in learning some stories about the women. This is the first one: Madame Chaminade. Next, Madame Schumann.

Put all of these in the back of your books and don't lose them. You may learn them one by one, so next week remember the first lady composer I have given you, and remember how to spell her name. Now, put all of your things away, and I'll tell you a story about Bach, the great German composer.

Bach, as I said, was born in Germany. When he was quite young his father and his mother died, and he was left to an older brother. This older brother did not love music as much as little Sebastain Bach did. Sebastian lov-

ed it so much that he would get up on a chair and play for hours at a time, and even compose little pieces all by himself. His brother wanted him to be a lawyer, but he wanted to study music. Finally, all of his music was taken from him, and Sebastain was not allowed to touch a piano or to see any music. However, so great was his love for his art that he would go up to his room at night when the moon was shining and would write pieces of music, hide them when it became light, and go back to them again at night. This he kept up for a good while until some kind friend asked his brother to allow him to take up music as his profession and to assist him in his pursuit. Seeing how anxious Sebastain was, and also finding out that he would be of no use in any other walk of life, the brother consented to let him study music.

"Are there any questions you would like answered, before the bell rings? If not, we shall remember the two stories and one lady composer. Johnnie, who was it that saw notes instead of words?" ended Miss May.

"Shu—bert!" answered Johnnie promptly. "I won't forget, see 'f I do!"

Just then the bell rang, and the pupils went scampering out of the room, teasing Johnnie, and calling him Shoeman! Shoeman!"

MARION BABCOCK, '17.

The Isaqueena

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Editorials



REFLEX IMITATION AS APPLIED TO COLLEGE GIRLS.

Reflex imitation is a physiological tendency to do an act by perceiving that act performed by another. This tendency is usually applied to children, but, as a matter of fact, it is a life-long tendency. We are all like "mir-

rors reflecting back what we observe." The personality and mood of each person is manifested in some degree in his face, voice, and actions, and each person reproduces reflexly to a greater or less extent every such manifestation and is himself modified by it. It's just the same old case of "smile and the world smiles with you."

This tendency to imitate reflexly is well demonstrated in college girls. A girl comes down to breakfast—at the last minute—sullenly takes her seat and as sullenly eats her breakfast. A queer and indefinable emotion is then stirred within the hearts of all present at the table. The conversation is more or less abrupt—the facial expression of all unconsciously becomes downcast in a more or less proportion to the facial expression of that one sullen girl—the result is: "the food has lost its savour;" the morning meal is spoiled, all on account of reflex imitation.

Let us now enter a class room. One girl doesn't know her lesson and is vexed about it. She guiltily hangs her head and slips down into her chair. The teacher casually asks her a question. In dull, heavy tones comes the answer, "I don't know." Nothing is said the first time. Two more times (the fatal moment is always the third) that girl is questioned with the same answer, "I don't know." The teacher then demands an explanation, the girl becomes unruly and so does the teacher. In less than a moment the whole class is upset and no material benefit is derived for that day. This is another case of reflex imitation.

A girl comes down the hall with sprightly step and happy face. To every one she meets she smiles and says, "Good-morning," "Hello," or some such cheerful salutation. *And every time her greeting is returned no matter*

to whom she speaks. Her benefit is two-fold: she benefits the other girl in that she shows an interest in her and she benefits herself in that smiling makes one happy. A third case of reflex imitation.

A crowd of girls are gathered in a room cheerfully talking and are having a surpassingly fine time, when in comes another friend—long-faced and with tear-stained eyes. Her doleful greeting is "I've got the blues." What an effect! Like a flash all the other girls develop the blues and in less than fifteen minutes there is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth"; all on account of the physiological tendency to imitate reflexly what is said or done.

Another scene: A crowd of "all in down and outs" are together. In rushes a friend with beaming face and exclaims, "Oh, I'm happy, happy, oh so happy." No sooner is this said than smiles begin to play upon the faces of all the erstwhile sad girls. They begin to imitate reflexly.

Hundreds of cases of reflex imitation could be quoted—desirable or undesirable, as the case may be. Girls reflex their feelings to other girls, teachers to girls, and girls to teachers—all may be a joyful or a joyless group. Each girl should try to appear so as to cause a happy response. Just think if every single girl tried to smile all the time the whole college full of girls would smile, and perhaps we should pass on these smiles to people outside of college and they would pass them on to other people until there would be a world of smiles and happiness—for it is always true that smiles betoken happiness. The "passing on" process would be a perfect example of reflex imitation.

ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE.

Dr. Hartwell has said concerning the educational value of athletics: "Bodily exercise constitutes so considerable and necessary an element in all human training that it is entitled to be recognized and provided for as an integral and indispensable factor in the education of all youths and children. It is at once a means and an end of mental and moral as well as physical training." As the years go by the verity of this remark is becoming more obvious. In the ages long past man's education was concerned chiefly in developing his mental powers with little or no heed to his physical powers. Perhaps it is to these ages that the so-called "dry and seedy" old pedagogue belonged. We attribute his behaviour, it is certain, to his lack of a physical education. In his day he was the true type of a teacher—learned and strict. In these advanced times a new pedagogue has evolved—the true type of a teacher of to-day is one who excels in health of body as well as in wealth of brain.

When physical training was first introduced men, of course, were the sole participants. As time passed by, however, women were allowed the rare privilege of indulging in the art of athletics. At the present time it is sometimes a question of great import as to which now excels in the pursuance of physical education—men's colleges or women's colleges.

At first athletics was treated mildly; races and games were played in the calmest possible manner. All sports were confined to the soil of the home college. Until the intercollegiate contests were introduced little enthusiasm or college spirit was derived. With this introduction a

new era in the evolution of athletics took place. This is just another case of the enchantment of competition. Competition has a two-fold purpose: it shows the bad points allowing the bettering of those points, and it shows the good points allowing the excelling of those points.

As in the usual case, things mean more to us when they are in relation to something with which we are familiar.

As an example of what athletics can do for a college our own G. W. C. will suffice. For years we mildly participated in meager sports with little or no competition. It was with the greatest possible effort that girls were enticed upon the play-ground. Finally a little enthusiasm was aroused and a basket-ball team was organized. Soon games of basket ball were played between the different classes of this college—excellent players were noticed and picked out. Two college teams were formed: the "blue" and the "gold." Just for the "fun of it" a match-game was played on one Thanksgiving day not so long ago. The whole college was aroused and appeared in colors for one of the two sides. An exciting game was witnessed by the two divisions in the college. The girls played so well that it was decided to choose a varsity team from the two conflicting teams. Just as soon as our sister colleges heard of our advance along athletic lines challenges were sent in from all sides. The same year that the "Female" gave place to the "Woman" in our college name discouragement and defeat gave place to enthusiasm and victory in athletic sports. Our Thanksgiving celebration has now become a yearly inauguration. As to the work of our Varsity team all accounts prove that we are most successful along that line having lost only two games in

the two years that we have been upon the competitive field.

All of our Athletic sports are not included in basket-ball, however. Besides this we have numerous tennis clubs. Some of our girls are so zealous over playing tennis that they can't bear the idea of losing a single day—even though that day be rainy.

Once a year at our May Day celebration a track meet is observed featuring our prize runners, jumpers and disk throwers. Possibly the most ludicrous and fascinating race is the annual rooster race. Last year the representatives from the Freshman class and her rooster won the race. If these two succeed as well in the following three years as they then did, they will be the world's champions in the art of rooster-racing.

This is merely a survey of what the Greenville Woman's College has achieved in athletics. One of the provisions of our student government is that every girl shall take at least forty-five minutes of exercise every day. Our idea is to balance equally the two kinds of education—physical and mental. So far we have done exceedingly well but greater benefits may yet be derived. Girls, let's all try out our talents along some line of athletics—tennis, racing, basket-ball, jumping, anything—and let our education in the Greenville Woman's College mean something to us physically as well as mentally.

Exchanges

PRISCILLA POTEAT, Editor.

THE PEASANT.

They gave him a rifle and made him a pawn
That moved in the mighty game.
They made him an atom that stumbled on,
Where souls went up to the blood-red dawn,
Like sparks from a thatch-roof flame.

They buried him on a shell-scarred hill
Where the feet of death had trod.
The lords of war had done their will,
But the angels in Heaven are writing still
In the judgment book of God.

—*The Carolinian.*

—x—

The Aurora.

The "Highbrow Number" of the *Aurora* is very pleasing. The material is excellent, and is well gotten together.

We think that "Cinderella" is the best poem in this issue, although the others are good. "The Contrrolling Law" is notable for the good management of the conversations throughout, a thing which many of our college story writers need to learn. "United at the Altar" is also very good, and is full of real humor. We commend to other college magazines the plan which *Aurora* is carrying out

—that of having Book Reviews. We think this is an excellent plan for other colleges to adopt.

—x—

The Furman Echo.

We are greatly disappointed in *The Echo* for January. The poetry is mediocre, the stories show a lack of thought, and the one essay cannot really be called an essay, as it is very short and poorly written.

“The Trials of a College Boy Book Agent” and “The Prodigal’s Mother” are more like high school attempts than college work. “Mike” is not much of an improvement. The only thing really interesting and showing literary taste, are “Cin fu,” a sketch, and “The Secret of Maitre Corneille”. The latter is only a translation from the French, but the translating is well done.

The poem “Duck” is fair, but the flowery language too far outweighs the thought. “Mother” is poor, and the “Waterlily” shows faulty meter and not a very good choice of words.

—x—

The Carolinian.

The January issue of the *Carolinian* would be much improved by the addition of some good stories. The only story in the whole magazine is “Captain Kidd’s Treasure”, and it is childish and poorly written. “The Peasant” and “Viramus, Wea Lesbia atque amemus” are very good poems, and the other two are fairly good. We think it a good plan to publish the debate, but it looks like it was published to fill up space in this case.

"OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

The Isaqueena.

Our sister college always sends out a magazine worthy of praise. The best story in the November issue is "The Name of Falcon." Here several plots are successfully woven into an interesting story. The poems are well written, but rather short. "Our Day of Praise" is the best. *The Isaqueena* always contains quite a number of sketches—sketches that are readable and enjoyable. "The Farmer's Club" is the best one in November's issue.

—*The Furman Echo.*

—x—

The October number of the *Isaqueena* presents a very attractive appearance both externally and internally. It is well balanced. There is nothing unusual in the opening poem. It is exactly the same in sentiment as every opening poem of every College magazine. "The Lady Next Door" is a pleasing little rhyme; there is a depth of thought in the last stanza.

The essays are splendid. Both are well written and well thought out.

The story "Carolyn's Habit" starts off in such an original way, but this cannot be said for the middle of the story. It ends happily, however. "Waggle's Day" is an ordinary story. It would be excellent for a child's story book.

The magazine is to be commended for its large number of sketches. "The Shelf of Old Books" is decidedly the best. It takes us back to "Days in Babyland."

The editorials are of wide scope. They are all good.

—*Woman's College Journal, Due West.*

The Isaqueena.

The Christmas number of the *Isaqueena* was rather late in reaching us. The jingle of "Christmas Bells" had grown faint before we had the pleasure of reading the beautiful poem by that title. The essay on "The Evils of War" is well written and brings a live question of today to all thoughtful readers. The poems are all good. As a whole the *Isaqueena* is better than usual.

—*The Limestone Star.*

—x—

Isaqueena, Greenville Woman's College.

We read with pleasure the January *Isaqueena*, and think it is a good issue. The introductory poem, a very pretty comment on the passing of the old year and the entrance of the new, and the story "New Leaf" are two attractive features. The editorials and campus items are well arranged and instructive.

—*The Wofford College Journal.*

In and Around College

HELEN DAVIS
SEABRONA PARKS
MARY FRANCES KIBLER

} Editors.

Y. W. C. A.

The months of February and March are being celebrated by the Y. W. C. A. as the Jubilee months, or the fiftieth anniversary of the Young Woman's Christian Association. In celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of our Association in America, we wish to make the Jubilee a time for new undertakings and for becoming acquainted with the aims of the Association; a time to look beyond ourselves, out to what other women are doing, both here and in foreign countries; and a time for emphasizing the fundamental purpose of the Association, the deepening of the spiritual life.

* * *

Sunday, February 20, was the day set aside by the students Christian Federation as a Day of Prayer for the Christian Associations all over our land. A very impressive service was held on that day in the G. W. C. auditorium, by the members of the Furman and G. W. C. Associations. Probably the most interesting feature of the program was a talk by Mr. Holmes of the City Y. M. C. A.

SOCIETIES.

The Inter Society debate is the most interesting feature before the two societies.

The debaters were elected last Saturday night. From the Philothean Society Annette Robertson and Leta White. From the Alethean Caroline Roper and Marie Padgett.

A joint meeting of the societies has been planned for the last Saturday in every month. It is hoped that this meeting will be beneficial to both.

* * *

MISS ENTZMINGER'S RECITAL.

A beautiful piano recital was given in the college auditorium Monday evening, February the twenty-first by Miss Nina Entzminger, who is a member of the music faculty of the college. Miss Entzminger is a pianist of unusual ability; her program included selections from Chopin, Saint Saens, Lizst and McDowell. Miss Entzminger is a pianist of unusual talent, she is a graduate of the piano department of the Greenville Woman's College. She spent two years studying in Europe, and is now a member of the musical faculty of G. W. C.

* * *

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON'S PARTY.

The celebration of George Washington's birthday has become an annual event at G. W. C. This year's party was thought the most attractive and delightful of all. The dining room was very beautiful and attractive, decorated with the national colors. In the center of each table was George Washington's cherry tree and beside

each plate lay his hatchet. The room was illuminated with candle-light, which lent a quaint and charming effect on the powdered and dignified Marthas and the gallant and stately Georges. After a delightful course dinner an appropriate program was rendered in the college auditorium before the court of George and Martha, Mrs. Ramsay as Martha, who was extremely lovely in her wedding gown of satin; Miss Caroline Broadwell as George. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the butterfly dance by Miss Lottie May Vaughan, but perhaps the most unique and delightful feature was the group of plantation darkies who sang the old Southern negro songs that all enjoy. A Virginia Reel in the long dining room brought the lovely colonial party to a close.

* * *

The Special class of the G. W. C. held its annual reception in the college parlors Monday, March 6th. The decorations were beautiful, the music splendid, the boys attractive, the girls pretty—all of which was conducive to an enjoyable evening.

Locals

Misses Louise O'Farrell and Margaret Sellers spent last week-end at Davidson.

Miss Frances McKenzie has returned after spending a few days at her home in Honea Path, S. C.

Misses Rose Jeffries and Aime Sloan spent several days at the home of the latter in Piedmont, S. C.

We were all mighty glad to see the snow, but sorry that we could not challenge our Furman friends to a "snow-fight."

Miss La Hentz Bramlett was called home on February 29, on account of the very sad death of her grandfather. The entire student body extends to Miss Bramlett their deepest sympathy in her sad bereavement.

Misses Marie Harris and Virgia Britt are spending several days with friends in North Carolina.

Mrs. McKenzie, of Honea Path, spent one night of last week with her daughter, Miss Frances.

We are glad to know that Miss Eva Steedly, who has been in the City Hospital for the past week, as the result

of an operation for appendicitis, is getting along so nicely, and we hope that it will not be long before she can be with us again.

Misses Bell Barton and Lottie May Vaughan spent several days in Spartanburg week before last.

Miss Virginia Barksdale spent several days at her home in Laurens, S. C.

We are very sorry to give up Miss Nellie Thompson, who has gone home to stay.

JOKES.

Miss Margaret Sellers (contemplating entering Bible Class).—"Well, Dr. Taylor, I don't know much about the Bible, but I do know one thing. I know all about Juliet at the well."

Mrs. Padgett was rapidly developing the history of the English race.

"Now Miss Wakefield," she inquired," through what channel did the Roman element come into England?"

For a moment Miss Wakefield looked puzzled, and then with the assurance of an inspiration she answered triumphantly, "Why, the English Channel, of course."

"Well, Miss Dulin, I have at last found the limit," triumphantly exclaimed one of the stars of Math. A.

"You have?" exclaimed Miss Dulin, brightening visibly. "That's good! Now can you explain it to me?"

"Yes," said the brilliant one, "It was that written lesson you gave us yesterday."

M. Smith.—“I declare, I am worried to death. I haven't heard from Tom for a whole day!”

N. Best.—“Well, I'll tell you, you can't depend on these *mails* anyway.”

N. Smith.—Oh, I can depend on Tom!”

Beth Herndon.—“Marion, what are you going to do about the algebra?”

Marion Hurt.—“Oh, I do not mind algebra, but I just naturally despise math.”

Florence Shaw (counting up the number of hours “Kib” practised yesterday) said, “Oh, Kib, you practised 3 hrs. and 60 min.”

“Kib.”—“Goodness—*almost* four hours.”

Miss Dawson (in Education class)—“Miss Davidson, explain the inheritance of an acquired characteristic.”

Joella Davidson.—“Well children do not inherit parent's acquired characteristic; for instance if a man had a wooden leg, his son would not inherit it.”

He carried his last dime in his pocket. Suddenly he stopped and stooped.

She—“Did you find something?”

He.—“Yes; a hole.”—*Selected.*

Epidemic.

“Yes, every fraternity in school has it.”

“What?”

“The grip?”

—*Selected.*

How is "Put Me to Sleep" with an old fashion melody published?

"In Sheet Form."—*Selected.*

Mary had a little waist
Where Nature made it grow,
And every where the fashion went
The waist was sure to go.

—*Selected.*



Athletics



One of the most exciting events of the season, was the basket-ball game played with the Due West Woman's College basket-ball team Monday afternoon, February twenty-first, on the college court. Both teams were determined to win the victory and throughout the game great interest and excitement prevailed. The teams were well matched and at the close of the first half, G. W. C. was just a point ahead, at the end of the game, the score stood 40 to 11 in favor of the Greenville team. The game was greatly enjoyed by all. Quite a number of visitors enjoyed the game thoroughly, and remarked on the splendid work of both teams. This is the last game that will be played on the G. W. C. court this season.

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Other Athletic Association Officers.
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By Action of Faculty, 1915.

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Greenville Womans College

Greenville, S. C.

The Greenville Womans College (Greenville Female College) is an institution of higher learning established, controlled and supported by the Baptist Convention of South Carolina. It has to its credit sixty years of successful experience in educating young women. The College has nearly one thousand alumnae in this and other states.

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.

In order to meet the needs of the local students and the boarding students not prepared for entering the Freshman Class, a high grade academy is maintained by the College, well equipped, with instructors of the same character and grade as the teachers in the College.

David M. Ramsay, D. D., President

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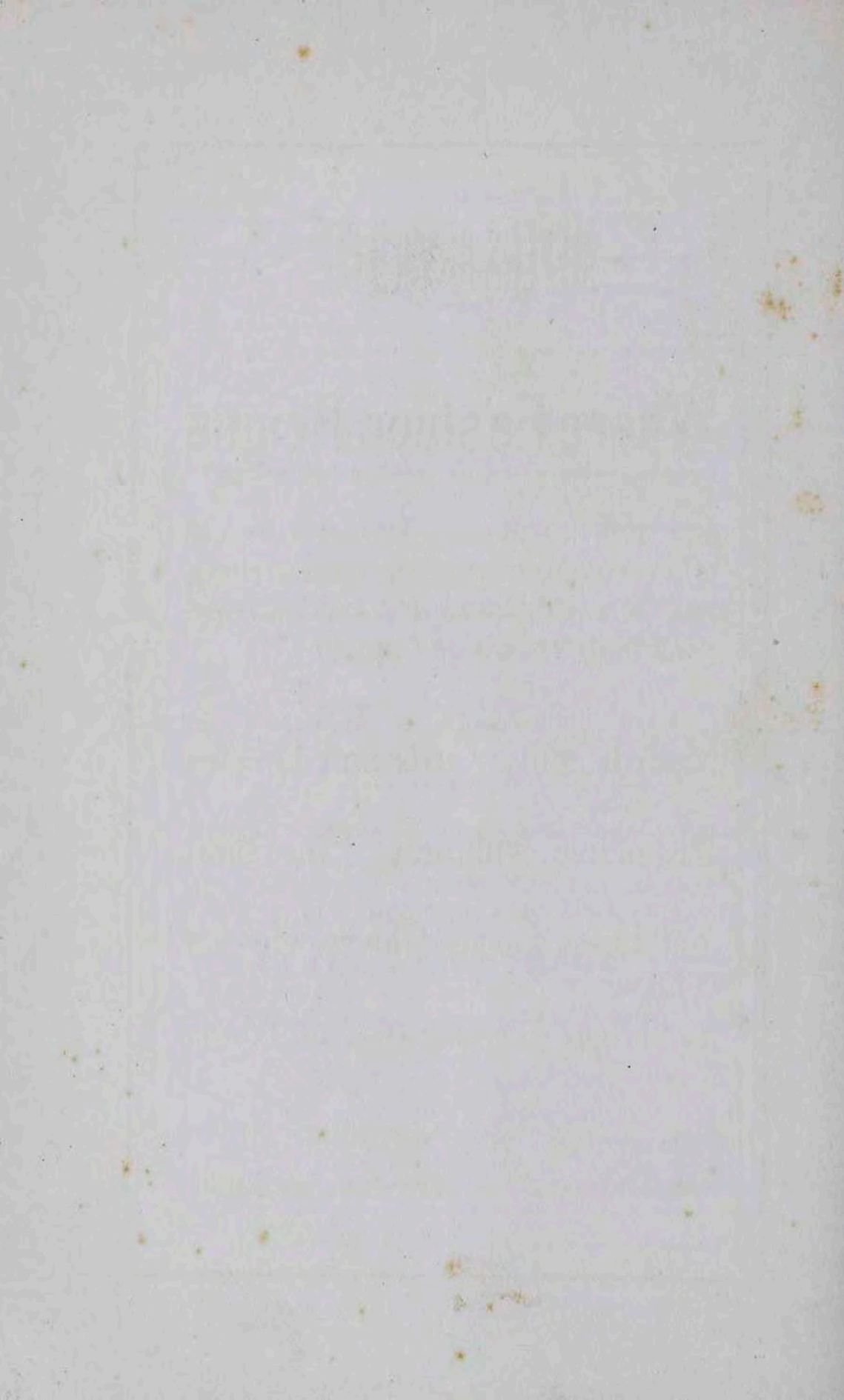
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