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## The Isaqueena - 1916, April

Ella May Smith  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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The  
ISAQUEENA



*April, 1916.*

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# The Isaqueena



*April, 1916*

Published each month by the Students of the  
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# The Isaqueena

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VOL. X

GREENVILLE, S. C., APRIL, 1916

NO. 7

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## Time

How fleet thou art of foot, O Time, thou Robber,  
Thou Thief-Winthin-the-Night that tarriest not,  
That tak'st from us our choicest, happiest treasures,  
And reck'st not 'though ambition's hopes thou blot.

Care'st not how much, thou heedless, spiteful spoiler,  
Thou tramplest in thy mad, careening flight,  
The structures of our dreams and ideals started,  
We meant to rear and, had'st thou tarried, might!

O must thou haste so swift, grim, tireless, Runner?  
Pause in the glade where laughing June holds sway,  
Rest here with us amidst her wondrous beauty,  
Nor from us all her riches snatch away.

Wilt thou not stay? Then go, relentless Tyrant!  
Go now! for sure thy power must some day wane;  
Eternity where we go thou cans't not enter,  
And there we'll hold our treasures safe again.

FRANCES MARSHALL, '16.



## Fever



PRING in Florida had been unusually lavish in perfume, riotous in color, and vibrant with the song of many mocking birds. Maria Weathering had gloried in it with all the intensity of her Spanish nature, but especially had she loved it because she had seen it with her son—her beautiful boy, grown to manhood, but still her little son. She had seen dreams in the eyes that were like his father's, and had marvelled that the Virgin should have chosen her as the mother of this radiant boy with his artist soul.

But waves of sultriness had crept into the air, destroying its freshness and bringing contagion, so that today as Maria sat on her vine-covered side porch there was everywhere an impression of sullen brooding. She had thought that she had all she could bear with fearing that he might come down with the fever, but now—! She gave a little nervous laugh, and the coldness of its ring made her draw her black lace shawl more closely about her shoulders.

"Ah," she murmured, "I knew not then of that fever of the mind which is now a burning, now a clutching of icy fingers on the heart."

She started, fearing that she had been overheard by the servants within, but was reassured to find that they were too deeply absorbed in their own conversation to notice that she was near.

"No, sirree," came the voice of her faithful black mammy, "I aint nuvver thought Marse Luccio done right by Miss M'reea when he kep 'er all housed up like a hot

house flower; but he thought he wuz a doin' right. Yes, de Lawd bless 'im, he sholy thought he wuz."

"Why must Anne tell my life history to the new maid?" sighed Maria.

"You see it wuz dis a way," continued Anne, "Her maw died when she wuz a teenchy baby, an' her paw an' me, we fotch her up. He just thought de sun riz an' sot in dat chile, dat he did! Law sakes! I 'bout made up my min' dat dat's de way er Spanish men, to pomper up dey women an' keep 'em fum de worl'—but hit don' degree wid 'em, lemme tell yer, hit don' degree wid 'em."

"Maybe it doesn't 'degree' with us," Maria smiled to herself wearily.

"Miss M'reeo wuz a cuis little thing—one minute lak a streak o' sunshine, and den, quick as a flash, she wuz lak a storm. She wushopped her paw to destruction! Law, I 'member jes lak hit wuz yisterday how she useter hab tantrums if he even tuck on over her maw's picter. But Marse Luccio he'd jes pet her up an' think ever'thing she done wuz smart. But I couldn' blame 'em—de chile wuz dat wa'm-hearted an' had sich wheedlin' ways. De Lawd knows whut she'd a done ef Marse Luccio had er wanted to mah'y agin. But us jes lived on by ourselves. She had a guvness to larn her embrawdry an' Music, an' she wuz quick, lemme tell yer. She could natchelly sing lak a bird." There was a touch of vast family pride in the old mammy's voice.

"But she don' nuvver sing no mo' do she? I ain' nuvver heard er."

"No, po' chile, not since Mr. Weatherin' died. Hit wuz her singin' dat made him notice her at de fust."

Maria made an impetuous movement as if to stop Anne, but settled down again as suddenly.

"He called her 'little Spanish copreece,' an' say he love her case she so powerful diffunt fum de women in England. Maybe she wuz. She hadn' nuvver soshated wid no women 'cep' me an' de guvness. I min' she useter git in dem jealous fits wid Mr. Weatherin' too, an' ax 'im 'bout de women he painted 'fo he come to Fluridy dat winter, but he'd jes poke fun at 'er, and pet 'er more'n ever."

"The picture, the picture," groaned Maria, "Will it never down?"

"Hit looked lak she couldn't live thoo it when Mr. Weatherin' died wid de fever de nex' year atter dey wuz mah'd. Den atter while she tuck ter prayin' to de Virgin Mary to let her baby be lak its paw. Well, he sho' is. He wuz de putties' white chile I ebber seed, an' de ol'er he gits de mo' he's lak Mr. Weatherin'. Her paw an' her sot in to fotchin him up, but atter her paw died, she got so she don' go nowhar and wants to keep Henry as close as her paw kep' her."

"I wonder? I wonder?" Maria asked herself, becoming suddenly alert and thoughtful.

"She thinks dat boy's a gol' mine, an' she's plum happy when she's settin' in dar lettin' im paint 'er pieter."

"Pears lak she aint been wid' im much since I been hyar," said the maid.

"She ain't," and Anne added in a hushed voice, "Dey's trouble betwixt 'em."

Maria shuddered, "Is it so plain?"

"Law, gal ain't you heard 'bout dat Miss Mary, what's stayin' at de Allen's. He met up wid 'er when he wuz out

'er paintin'." Reveling in the luxury of a listener, Anne expanded with importance.

"Ter-morrow wuz a week ago, I wuz dustin' in Marse Henry's studio, when turreckly in comes Miss M'reea. She looks at de picter he wuz paintin' an' sees a young slip uv a gal, wid blue eyes an' yallow hair, an' a mouth as red as a hibiscus flower, an' she says, says she, a breathin' short-lak, 'An' whut's this'?"

"I think, mother, I'll call it *Spring*," he says.

"But dis is *somebody!*" lows Miss M'reea.

"An' wid dat Marse Henry ups an' tells 'er all 'bout Miss Mary, how he loves 'er, and how he wants his maw to know 'er. All dis time Miss M'reea stood dar jes' as stiff an' cold as one 'er dem dar stone figgers in de graveyard, an' when he got thoo, she hol' on ter de do' jam' an' say wid her voice all hard,

"Dey wuz a time when you wont tired er' paintin' pic-ters o' your mother," and wid dat she flung herself outen de room, leavin' Marse Henry lookin' lak somebody had slapped 'im in de face. Atter dat I heard her saying to herse'f in de lookin' glass, 'M'reea Weatherin',' she sez, 'you're a gittin' ole an' you're a fool to think a boy lak him's gwine want to paint de autumn when he don' had a glimpse o' de spring.'

"An' sho nuff he tuk to gwine over to de Allens more'n ever, but now fur two days he's adoin' mighty quair. He jes rides off an' den comes ridin' back wid his head hangin' down an' his eyes—Lawd knows whut's comin' over 'im!"

Too tormented to bear more, Maria rose suddenly and started blindly in the direction of the pines. She knew not where she was going but only that she must be alone

—alone where she might cool the throbbing of her temples and find ease for the chaos of her mind. *Had* she kept her boy too much to herself? *Had* she been forgetful of his future? No, she had been robbed of everything else. Why shouldn't she be allowed to keep *him* for herself? But was she not robbing him of that which had been most precious to her?

It was dusk when she returned. Going straight to Anne, she began, "Anne when you *knew*, why did you help to spoil me and make such a selfish woman of me?"

"Law, Honey, we wanted you to be happy."

"Yes, you wanted me to be happy, and I am—*miserable!*"

"Now Miss M'reea, don' take on so. 'T'aint so bad dat it couldn't be wuss. I jes heard dat Miss Mary over at de Allens is monstrous low wid de fever."

"Fever? Mary?" repeated Maria mechanically. Then, eyes staring ahead of her, face white she choked, "And *that* was what troubled him so."

"Yas'm dat's hit. She wuz tuk day befo' yistiddy, and dey don' think she kin live."

Suddenly a tide of red flooded Maria's face. "Anne! My poor boy! Where is my boy?"

But before Anne could answer her she had rushed out the door and was running with all her might towards the Allen house. She felt grateful that the breeze against her hot cheeks had become cool with the night-fall, but nothing mattered much except that her feet refused to go as fast as the beating of her heart. Thus she sped on, impatient, yet dreading what she might hear at the end of her journey. Swift breaths of fragrance from the blossoming trees filled her with a sense of the dearness of

life and youth, so she kept saying to the sound of her feet and the beat of her heart, "She must live! she must live!"

Arrived at the door she knocked and stood breathless, waiting, but the old house was dead silent except for the passing and repassing of muffled footsteps upstairs. Again she knocked louder than before, and waiting, prayed with every fiber of her being. This time an old negro man came tiptoeing out to her.

"How, oh *how* is Miss Mary?" she asked hoarsely.

"She done pass de tunnin pint, and we b'lieve she gwine git well."

"Oh, are you sure, *sure*?"

"Yas'm ma'am—Leastways dat's whut de Doctor jes now say, bless de Lawd."

As Maria bowed her head, it was not to the old darky that she murmured fervently,

"Yes, bless the Lord."

*Julia Marlowe*

OME one has said of Julia Marlowe, "She made love and hope blend." This summarizes the essential spirit and substantial achievement of her career. The actress of whom that can truthfully be said might willingly rest content without any other tribute to the excellence and beauty of her art.

Sarah Frances Frost, that being her true name, was the second of four children and was born in Coldbeck, Cumberland, England. She is purely English. All of her ancestors were born and raised in the same section of the country. When she was a year or two old, her parents came to America, bringing her with them. They made their home in Cincinnati. Here she attended school and received the best education her parents could provide. No member of her family had ever been connected with the theater, and no relative or teacher could have guessed that acting would be her calling.

Julia Marlowe's introduction to the stage was purely an accident. A theatrical manager in Cincinnati, having planned to produce a popular comic opera with a chorus composed of pupils from the public schools, selected her. She was then about twelve years of age. The manager saw her theatrical ability and provided for its development. Under this same man's direction she made her first appearance on the stage.

As a child, Miss Marlowe performed in many plays with success and was thought quite interesting and talented. Soon she left the stage and during the next three years vigorously devoted herself to study under the

guidance and instruction of an experienced actress from whom she drew much benefit.

Her professional career really began in the autumn of 1887, when at New London, Connecticut, she first appeared as a star acting *Parthenia* in the old romantic play of *Ingomar*, a poetic fable. The part is simple and she very easily supplied all the requirements. Then she went on a short tour and in October of the same year at the Bijou Opera House she appeared for the first time in New York in the character of *Parthenia*. Her talent which she then displayed combined with her charming personality gave much pleasure. A little later she secured an engagement for one week at the old Star Theater where she appeared in December, 1887, as *Juliet*. Two days later she played *Viola*, these being her first performances of those exacting parts. More than two years passed during which she suffered a dangerous attack of typhoid fever, before she again acted in New York, and it was not until about 1894 that she succeeded in establishing herself in general public recognition. Since then because of continued persistent work she has advanced to distinction.

The main part of Miss Marlowe's labors is shown by mention of the parts that she has played. In Shakespeare she has acted *Rosalind*, *Juliet*, *Viola*, *Beatrice*, *Prince of Wales*, *Ophelia*, *Katherine*, *Portia*, *Cleopatra*, and *Lady Macbeth*. She has acted *Mary Tudor* in *When Knighthood was in Flower*, *Charlotte Oliver* in *The Cavalier*, *Colombe* in a play based on Browning's poem of *Colombe's Birthday*, *Romola* based on George Eliot's novel and many others too numerous to mention.

For many seasons she made her way alone. Then in



1894 she became the wife of Robert Taber who had been the leading man in her dramatic company. In 1896 she and Taber were for a short time members of Jefferson's distinguished "All Star Company" acting in *The Rivals*. Their marriage was not a happy one. In 1900 she obtained a divorce and in 1911 in London she was married to Edward Sothorn.

The most notable charm of Miss Marlowe's acting is womanly loveliness. Her attempt to portray parts which require hard, cruel, fierce, or wicked attributes possible to woman were never successful. For this reason she never could truly play *Lady Macbeth* or *Cleopatra*. Her performance of *Viola* on the contrary was very winning. *Viola* was gentle, tender, and resolute. This Miss Marlowe acted very easily. In the same way she acted as *Highland Mary*, *Barbara*, *Frietchi*, and *Mary Tudor*. As Goldsmith's *Kate Harcastle* and Knowles *Constance* she could show clearly a thoroughly feminine tendency for innocent coquetry, but in no performance did she portray the vain, shallow, and insincere woman. One of the best impersonations Julia Marlowe ever gave that illustrates the real charm of her personality was that of *Countess Valeska* which she produced in the season of 1897-'98.

As we expect a writer to put himself into his writings and a musician to put himself into his composition, so we expect the same thing of an actor. We would not care to see a performance by Julia Marlowe that was not brightened with her individuality. In taking the part of *Viola* it is *Viola's* love, longing, and sweetly patient spirit the representative of *Viola* must show, not her own; but it is with her own person, heart, and mind, she must show them and with her knowledge of human nature and

experience—of love, hope, joy, and sorrow—that she must make them real and true.

Miss Marlowe is a woman of independent mind and great force of character. Her nature is uncommonly self-possessed and poised. She is a born actress and her devotion to her art has been continuous and sincere. She is a good listener whether off the stage or on it. A friend of hers says one thing he especially likes about Miss Marlowe is that when she is engaged in conversation she pays as much attention to what is said to her as to what she has to say. She has a high temper and has been known to "speak her mind," yet she possesses a kind and generous heart. On the outside she is flighty and impulsive, but deeper down she is possessed of sound good common sense. She has been well acquainted with sorrow and suffering, both spiritual and physical and has borne them bravely. She likes to mingle with people in every day life not so sympathetically as just an observer. She has comparatively few friends, but is sincerely attached to them.

We all know now that Miss Marlowe has left the stage. She might for years have continued to repeat her best performances with profit to herself and pleasure to her audience, but she has done her share. She has widely scattered an influence of sweet and lovely womanhood, obtained an abiding place in the affections of the American theatrical public, and among the actresses of the day is the leader in legitimate and particularly romantic drama.

FLORENCE SHAW, '17.

### The Mysterious Date



Mr Watson, I've found a new hen's nest," cried Jake Brown as he came running around the barn with his old felt hat full of eggs.

Jake, a lad of fifteen, was the son of Hezekeah Brown, one of Mr. Watson's renters. His face was so bright, always covered with smiles and freckles and illumined by his red hair, that Mr. Watson said it reminded him of the full moon.

Mr. Watson, a wise, kindhearted old farmer, was still as jolly and ready for fun as when a boy; and so he always found good natured Jake a very agreeable companion. As they walked toward the house, Mr. Watson picked up one of the eggs; and while looking at it happened to remember how he used to make raised letters on them.

"Jake," he said, "did you ever see your name written on an egg?"

"No sir."

"Then come into the house and I'll show you how it is done." Mr. Watson then got a straw, some lard, and a bowl of vinegar. He dipped the straw in the lard and wrote "Jake" on the egg. Then he dropped it into the vinegar which ate the shell very thin except where the grease was, and thereafter made it look as if the name had really grown there.

"That beats all," cried Jake.

"Yes," said Mr. Watson, "if one didn't know how it was done, I suspect it would puzzle him a little." Then a happy thought struck him, and he chuckled softly, "Jake, suppose we fix up one with something like this on it, 'Be

ready this year,' and you slip and put it in one of your ma's hen nests."

"All right," said Jake, "spose we date it just two or three days off."

"Well, let me see, this is the 12th. We'll put it October the 15th."

They soon had it ready and Jake put it in his pocket and went whistling on his way home. It was a beautiful evening. The air was laden with the sweet perfume of Autumn flowers. As he passed through the big apple orchard ripe with the fragrant odor of late fruit, Jake could close his eyes and taste the most delicious cider. On every side the golden rod nodded and beckoned, and the sweet-gum waved its bright red banners. Jake's heart grew lighter and happier with every step. "Won't Ma wonder how it got there," he thought.

He did not stop at the house, but stole cautiously up to the barn, and carefully put the egg in one of the nests. When he reached the house, Mrs. Brown was standing on the doorsteps with a basket in her hand.

"Jake, you go start a fire in the stove while I get up the eggs."

"Yes'm, I believe its going to be cold to-night," replied Jake.

The fire was burning cheerfully and Jake was busy getting the flour for the pan-cakes when Mrs. Brown returned.

"Come here quick. It's the strangest thing I ever saw," she cried, holding the egg up so that Jake could see it.

"Well that beats all," declared Jake. "Ma, how do you reckon it ever got on there?"

Mrs. Brown shook her head. "As long as I've lived I never saw anything like it," she said.

"We'd better show it to your pa, maybe he can tell us something about it."

Jake's spirits sank a degree when this suggestion was made. He had not intended playing the trick on Mr. Brown, for he was not a very good hand to take a joke. But his mother was already looking so serious over it that to save his life, he could not think of any way to begin his explanation; so he decided to wait in hopes that Mr. Brown already knew the trick.

When they were seated at supper, Mrs. Brown produced the egg. "Hezekeah," she said calmly, "here's an egg I found in one of my hen nests. It has some writing on it that I don't understand." Mr. Brown took it and held it up to the light. After a few minutes of hard study he read it in a slow solemn voice, "Be ready, October the 15th," then he turned to his wife. "Malindy," he said, "where d'ye say ye got this?"

"Out of one of my hen nests."

"Where's my hat? Jake, can't ye move? Git my hat quick. The jidgment day's a comin'!"

Jake was only too glad of the opportunity to leave the room, for to use his own words he was about to die with laughter.

Mr. Brown took the egg and hurried across the cotton fields and over fences to his nearest neighbor, Ezekiel Dodd. "Zeke," he called as he came in sight of the house, "Air ye ready? The jidgment day's comin'."

"What?" cried Mr. Dodd.

"Look at this if ye don't b'lieve it," and Mr. Brown, the perspiration streaming from his face in spite of the chilly

night, ran up the steps and placed the egg in Mr. Dodd's hand.

William Perkins, another neighbor, happened to be at Mr. Dodd's that night. He was a very religious man, and declared it to be a message from heaven. "The Lord has chosen us as he did Abraham, and it is our duty to go forth and let it be known. I'm goin' to tell my wife and children, and then I'll git on my horse and go to Pumpkintown this very night and have it put in the paper." Mr. Dodd's maiden sisters now began to faint and Mr. Brown concluded he had better go and see if Mrs. Brown was all right.

In the meantime, Jake had told his mother the whole story, and when Mr. Brown entered the room he found her sitting in one corner of the fireplace quietly knitting while Jake, still giggling occupied the other.

"Malindy, ye don't seem to realize what a serious time it is," he said. Mrs. Brown laid down her knitting and looked at her son. Jake after twisting around in his chair awhile, finally began.

"Pap—er—er I—er done that."

"Done what?" thundered Mr. Brown.

"Er—er put that egg in Ma's nest. Me and Mr. Watson fixed it up this evenin' jist for fun."

"Jacob" but he could not find words to express his feelings.

"It's pretty cool out to-night ain't it? You'd better sit down and warm," said Mrs. Brown.

"I din't know but I'm warm enough jist now," responded Mr. Brown.

"Jacob," but again he stopped short, for just then the clatter of horses hoofs coming down the road reached his

ear. "There goes Will Perkins to the newspaper with the stuff, Jake go stop him afore it goes any further, and I'll advise ye to be more perticular about playing tricks on folks after this."

The next morning as Jake came by on his way to the cotton field, Mr. Watson hailed him.

"I heard you had a little fun up that way last night, how about it?" But Jake only said, as he slowly picked up his sack and basket, "That egg shore did beat all," and went on down the road merrily whistling Dixie.

GRACE CARPENTER, '16.

### The Season of New Life

The wind is blowing round the eaves,  
The raindrops patter on the sill;  
There's a swish and flutter of the leaves,  
Then all again is still.

The tender blades of grass are seen  
Just above the soft brown earth,  
Which, with swords so bright and keen,  
Cut their way to light and mirth.

The baby flowers show their heads  
With eyes of different hues;  
The little mosses leave their beds  
To hear the glad spring news.

Then all the hearts are light and gay,  
And troubles seem to pass;  
Joy and gladness lead the way,  
And gloom is gone at last.

MARY HOLLIDAY, '19.



### The Rise and Development of Polish Nationality.



THE conclusion of the eighteenth century saw the country of Poland taken from the list of European nations; yet these hundred and twenty years have not sufficed to quench the national spirit of the Polish people, or to end their dream of a rehabilitated and reunited Poland. Generations of the sternest repression ever practiced upon any people have still left the Pole with his heart set on the one desire—Poland restored. In spite of the efforts of three of the world's most powerful governments to assimilate them, twenty million Poles have hoped and longed for the day when their country shall resurrect itself. At the beginning of the present war they stood hoping in the face of despair that somehow, some way, they might see their beloved land again united.

At one time Poland was the greatest power of Eastern Europe. This was during the reign of Stephen Batory. Let us glance at the geographic boundaries at this time. On the east she was bounded by Russia, on the west by what is now the Austrian Empire. On the north she extended to the Baltic, on the south her territory touched the Black Sea. Even now Russia alone of the European nations is larger than Poland was at her greatest. In population she stood at the forefront of Europe. Only Russia and Germany to-day have greater populations than are to be found in the lands that once were Poland.

For our knowledge of early Poland and its people we have only a confused mass of legends. After examining these stories, historians have agreed in regarding every-

thing as more or less fabulous till we come to the reign of Mieczyslan I. (962-992). The first Polish chronicles have treated these stories as genuine history. We find many of these quaint narratives in the legendary history of other nations.

The task of discovering the origin of the Poles has been a difficult one for the ethnologist. The name implies dwellers of the plains, pole meaning a field. In the sixth or seventh century settlers located along the banks of the Vistula. These people were called Lekhs. The name Lekh was gradually changed to Polaki. Hence we have Poland. Some historians have attempted to prove that the Polish race began from colonies of Norse settlers. They endeavor to support their opinions by the interpretation of some of the names. Here and there we come upon what seems to be a version of the Scandinavian sagas, but by far the greater number of the legends are shown to be based upon old Bohemian myths. This view is further strengthened when we find that the Polish hymn to the Virgin has its Bohemian prototype, and the early translations of the Bible were modelled upon the Bohemian.

The first date in Polish history of which we are certain is 963. It was in this year that Markgraf Geron conquered the heathen prince, Mieczyplan, who ruled over the Poles. Mieczyslan then had to pay tribute to the German Emperor, Otto I. In 965 Mieczyplan became a Christian in order that he might marry the daughter of the Bohemian kind. It was by this marriage that he united the power of the Slavonic tribes against the encroaching Germans. Mieczyplan was succeeded by his son, Boleslas Otto III. of Germany visited Prince Boleslas, and was so

favorably impressed with the Prince that he raised his duchy into a kingdom. He declared Baleslas free from all tribute and imperial jurisdiction, and placed the diadem upon his head. But at the death of Otto III. these friendly relations came to an end. In the wars which followed Boleslas gained some of the German land. The ambition of the king was to make of Poland a powerful state in opposition to Germany. Boleslas was one of the few vigorous monarchs of Poland, and his reign was marked by great progress.

We see that it was during the reign of Boleslas that Poland gained her nationality. Under the rule of the succeeding kings she grew to be the greatest power of Eastern Europe. Soon after the reign of Stephen Batory Poland began to decline, but it was not until the Saxon kings came to the throne in 1698, that she reached the period of great deterioration, which was ended only by the complete annihilation of her independence.

Instead of having a strong monarchy as had her neighbors Poland remained in a state of feudal anarchy. The nobles prevented the king from having any power. The king could not declare war, make peace, impose taxes, or pass any law without the consent of the diet. The diet was composed of nobles, and a single noble could set at naught the will of all the others. Unanimous consent could seldom be obtained for any vital question, and so Poland grew weak while Russia and Prussia grew strong.

The year 1772 marks the first step in the work of destroying the independence of Poland. This plan of dismembering Poland had been agreed upon by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The idea is said to have originated with Frederic the Great. On the pretense that this disorderly

country was a menace to their welfare, these neighboring countries agreed to decrease the danger by each helping itself to a slice of this most unfortunate kingdom. By this first partition Prussia took the district adjoining the sea, Austria received Galacia, and Russia the land east of the Dwina.

For a time Poland seemed to have learned a great lesson by this disaster. During the twenty years which followed schools and universities were established. Literature and art were revived. But best of all the old constitution was abolished and an entirely new one worked out. The new constitution made the crown hereditary, gave the king more power, and established a parliament not unlike that of England.

But how was this constitution to be received by the neighboring powers? The Russians openly protested. Frederic William II. made plans to invade Poland. At this time Austria was fully occupied with France, and had no time for Polish affairs. In 1793 Frederic William sent his forces into the country. Danzig was taken and soon became completely a Prussian town. In this same year a treaty was signed between Prussia and Russia. The Russian boundry was advanced to the center of Lithuania and Valhynia. Prussia acquired the remainder of Great Poland.

The people, maddened by the national dishonor and the great loss of territory, now revolted under Koscinsco. But Catherine of Russia stood ready to put down their rebellion. After the defeat of Koscinsco the country was paralysed. The loss of their hero seemed the ruin of Poland. And in 1795 we have the final division of Poland. Prussia received the territory as far as the Niemen.

Austria had Cracow and the country between the Pilica, the Vistula, and the Bug. Russia received the remaining territory. Such was the fate of the proud Republic of Poland.

The three partitionings were readjusted by the congress of Vienna in 1815. Russia was given a much larger territory. The plan of the Congress was to let Prussia have the districts of East and West Prussia that were Polish, and to give to Austria Galacia and Bukonina. The kingdom of Poland was to be continued, and the Russian Czar was to be its king. The two governments were to be entirely separated, but revolts in Poland led to the complete absorption of the kingdom into the Russian Empire. And if Russia got the bulk of the Polish territory she also got by far the greater part of the Polish problem.

Poland became a thorn in the side of Russia, causing the Empire no end of trouble. This in turn brought upon the Poles sternest repression. For a long time the Poles were forbidden the use of their own language. In one town street car conductors were fined because they answered questions asked in Polish. No letters could be addressed in Polish. The national dress was forbidden. The coat of arms had to be taken from every old house and from the frame of every picture. The singing of the national songs was a great offense.

Austria has never treated her Poles as the Prussians and Russians have treated theirs. Those countries have sought to destroy the spirit of Polish nationalism, while Austria has carefully directed this loyal spirit. She believes it will become a source of strength to the Austrian government. Austria allows her Poles self-government, and also gives them a place in the Austrian Reichsrath.

The result of this has been a comparative degree of satisfactory relations between Poles and Austrians. Indeed so well satisfied have been the Poles of Austria, that the German and Russian Poles claim that they are too neglectful of their brethren who are less fortunately situated.

We can but admire the loyalty of the Poles, for during all these years of repression not for a moment have they forgotten the cause of Poland. "Four ladies do not meet me on a charity committee without promoting the national cause under its cover," so one writer tells us. There is an old proverb that while there is a single Polish woman left the cause of Poland is not lost. Yet how these poor women have suffered during the present war!

This war may bring about what every Pole has hoped and longed for. Should the Teutonic powers win, Poland might be restored as a Buffer State, while if the Allies win the old Polish Kingdom will be reborn under Russian control.

SADIE HOLCOMBE, '18.

### “Brotherly Love”



BRIGHT red car drew up in front of a lovely, Main street home. There was no disorder among the works, but the will of the driver caused it to stop. Immediately there stepped upon the pavement a trim, well built young man, who proceeded up the long walk with a familiar air.

“Miss Wiley, please,” he said to the maid at the door, and was at once ushered into the parlor to wait.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Really, you do look swell Sis,” said Bobby patronizingly as Mary Ellen departed for the parlor. “Wonder where Mr. James Stuart Lattimer was tailored for the occasion of tonight.”

“You sinful boy,” reproved Mary Ellen. “Now Bobby if you don’t behave tonight, you know what comes to you.”

“What do you suppose he would do if sister were to see him with a hair out of place,” thought Bobby, when Mary Ellen had gone. Behind his Geography, evidently he was plotting mischief, for when the plot was finally completed he clapped a hand on his knee and hugged himself with delight. Then he carelessly got up and sauntered out of the room. He took a pail along, and when he had arrived at the waiting car he deftly unscrewed the cap on the gasoline tank; drained all into the pail, except about a quart, and as carelessly returned to the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blissfully unconscious of what was transpiring Mary Ellen had descended to the drawing room. As her slim,

graceful figure appeared between the portieres, James rose to meet her with outstretched hands.

"The vanity of those flowers," indicating a lovely florist corsage of his own selection. "One would think they sought to rival, or dared to think that beauty could be excelled by beauty's reflection."

She laughed in flushed confusion at his gallantry and hastened past him to her seat on the couch. Soon all attempts at merriment proved futile and a spirit of gloom settled down on the pair.

With a little sigh, which the subsequent smile did not cover, Mary Ellen had said, "Only think, this time to-morrow I shall be far on my westward journey. Father wrote for Mother, Bobby and me to meet him to-morrow in Atlanta, and then we start immediately for San Francisco."

"And while you are having a lovely time in that flower-garden country, you'll have no thought for a poor fellow digging away at business down in South America."

"Then you are really going?" she asked, ignoring the first part of his remark.

"Orders are to leave next Tuesday," he answered gloomily; then with an effort at cheerfulness, he said, "But why spoil our last night together with foolish regret. What do you say to a spin down to the river and back?"

"Lovely!" she responded gaily. "We mustn't waste such a beautiful night, either. I wonder if they have such perfect moons in California."

In a blissfully enchanted atmosphere they sped on past the suburbs, two, three, and four miles into the country. Suddenly the car stopped. What could be wrong? Latimer grumbled with the running gear, got out and crank-



ed the machine again and again, but all in vain. In desperation he now pulled off his coat and investigated the under side of the car. His lovely new Stetson lay in the dust, and oil and grime covered his perfectly manicured hands.

It was at this critical and blissful (?) moment that Bobby came up.

"Been chasing you for two miles," he announced to Mary Ellen. "Mother just had a telegram from father, that we must leave tonight to meet him at Atlanta tomorrow." Fortunately for Bobby's plans the telegram had come a few moments after their departure. Then, surprised at sight of Lattimer's heels emerging from beneath the car, "Why what is the matter?"

"Not a drop of gasoline in the tank," came from Lattimer's besmirched visage.

"O Bobby can you help us," wailed Mary Ellen.

"Well, I'll take a look," Bobby majestically replied, and pretty soon came the verdict of his Honor.

"You simply have to apply gasoline."

"And pray, Wise Comforter, what is the process under present conditions?" Lattimer humbly inquired.

Bobby took in a deep draught of triumph before replying.

"Well, I might run upon some in the neighborhood."

And presently he did return with the missing gasoline, with which in all brotherly kindness he supplied Lattimer's car.

MARGARET MCWHIRTER, '19.

### Maude Adams



AUDE ADAMS' place on the stage is that of America's most popular actress as well as the most beloved and artistic. A brief sketch of her career will show what success she has met with. She was born in Salt Lake City about forty-four years ago. Her mother, Mrs. Annie Adams, has also played leading parts in many plays. An amusing story is told of Maude Adams' debut at a very early age. The story runs that one night Mrs. Adams was in a play called "The Lost Child," which required a baby to be rushed on and off the stage several times. During the process of the play, Mrs. Adams saw her maid coming down the aisle with Maude in her arms. Just about this time, the baby in the play, set up a howl. The manager was in despair, but looking about him he caught a glimpse of the baby just entering. Running off the stage, he snatched Maude from the nurse and rushed her on the stage just at the time she should be brought in. This brought the audience down with laughter, and her debut as a baby was a grand success. When she was only nine years old, she wanted to go on the stage with her mother, but her father protested, so it was not until later years that she took up her career. This demure little girl made her way from a child actress to a star that is unique in the annals of the American stage. Her success is due largely to her associating with Charles Frohman and James Barrie. Before she came under the influence of these two men, she worked with other companies, but the plays were of little importance, with the exception of Parker's "Rosemary." It

was about this time that Barrie thro' Frohman's influence began to dramatize "The Little Minister." He was looking for some one to play the part of "Bobbie." Having come from seeing "The Rosemary" one afternoon he announced to Frohman that he had found the woman to play the part. "It is that little Miss Adams," he said. So after careful equipment she was launched in "The Little Minister," which was played in Washington and then in New York with more success. This was the determining point in her career. After this, she played "Romeo and Juliet," "Quality Street" and others, but it was not until she played in "Peter Pan," that her conquest of the American heart was completed. Her success up to this time had been great, but now it was brilliant. "The Jesters" by Raphael followed this, but she considered this a failure, so she turned again to interpret one of Barrie's plays, "What Every Woman Knows." This was considered her third great triumph. In 1910, while playing this in Chicago, she learned that Frohman had purchased "Chanticleer" in which she was to play the leading role. Altho criticized she considered this her highest piece of art, and played in it for several years, but finally on account of public opinion she dropt it entirely from her role. The last production Mr. Frohman made for her was "The Legend of Lenora." Just after this he became one of the victims of the Titanic, and it is said that the night Maude Adams heard he was dead, she refused to play. Also, her wreath of white roses was the only one accepted by the family. Since that time she has played in several roles, but during this winter season she has been playing at the Empire in New York in "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan," with similar success.

Altho' Maude Adams' career is wonderful and aspiring, it is Maude Adams, the woman, that we love. The one thing that has given Maude Adams the great position she now holds in the hearts of the people, is the fact that she has been able to maintain her character and her beautiful simplicity of home life all thru her career on the stage. To understand better the character of Maude Adams, let us glance for a moment at this home life. There, we can see three pictures, for Maude Adams has three homes, one in the city, one in the mountains and one on the farm. Her city home is in New York, and there her mode of life is very simple. Her house is small, but excellently located between Fifth and Madison Avenues. Everything in it is comfortable and lovely, but nothing elaborate. We connect with her city house, a fine St. Bernard dog which she keeps both as a pet and in a measure for protection, because there are only women in the family—her mother and grandmother who live with her. This dog seems to be a kind of companion to her, and every night when she comes in late from the theatre, the dog's friendly look and wagging greet her. She spends her time, when not working, reading and studying music. However she allows nothing outside her profession to absorb her too much.

The same simplicity which prevails in her New York house characterizes her cottage in the Catskill Mountains, where she usually goes for a few weeks' seclusion before the opening of the season.

The third picture, the most attractive of all and the one dearest to her heart, is that of her farm life on Long Island. The woman that we see there selling wood, pigs, and poultry is no other than Maude Adams. If she were

not an actress doubtless she would be a farmer, for she fairly revels in country life. She said once, "She would like nothing better than to pass the rest of her life there." Every spare minute when Maude Adams is not working, she spends on her farm. When here during her vacation, she rides all about the place, personally superintending the making of new roads, putting up fences, and looking after all the odds and ends of that kind of establishment. She is devoted to everything about the farm, and everything seems to rejoice in her. It is said at her farm that when a Maude Adams' pig is to be sold, it sheds real tears and the fowls droop their wings in sorrow. She enjoys freedom here, and at the same time privacy. For even more than farming, Maude Adams loves privacy.

There are many tales concerning her poor health. True, she is not robust, but her physical weakness gives to her a certain charm. She has never, though, missed a performance on account of illness, and does not find it necessary to "rest up" between performances, but instead takes healthy outdoor exercises. Horse-back riding is her favorite sport and every opportunity she gets, she rides. She is also fond of swimming and for this reason she wants to extend her farm so she can have a beach on her own place. A friend of hers says she is an excellent shot, scarcely ever missing a target. These healthful, vigorous exercises show that Maude Adams has vitality under her weakness.

Behind all this, Maude Adams has a character which is worthy of study, and which as we have said, has stood the test of stage life. The very key-note to her character is her charming, appealing personality. It is said that this very personality earns for her an income of exactly

half a million dollars a year. Her strength of personality seems to be the cause of her captivating influence. After every performance, she holds a meeting of all her stage managers, which she calls her cabinet meeting. This delicate looking woman stands before them, and comments upon all the things that were not done well. These suggestions are not made with any petty spirit of fault-finding but with perfect sincerity and strength. They never contradict her, for they have perfect faith in her, knowing she is right. "Lights," sincerity," and "co-operation" are her three hobbies behind the scenes. The electrician is held responsible for the lighting effects, while she demands sincerity and co-operation of every one. Work is the foundation upon which her wonderful personality rests securely. It is the secret of her success. Her work in preparing a play is not to memorize lines, but to live the part of the role. The situation of the play becomes the background of her daily life. She has intimate knowledge of the customs and character of the play. She reads every book on the subject until she feels she is in the atmosphere herself. She makes her imagination practical, something she can live out every day. A friend of hers made this remark that "Imagination may be the gift of God, but Miss Adams has capitalized it by work, which few people could stand up under."

Maude Adams is reserved to a certain extent, hating publicity and flattery. She never compares herself to the great stars who have preceded her. If anyone should class her with certain stage beauties, she would call it unpardonable flattery. One of the most trying and distasteful tasks for her, is that of being photographed. On one occasion a vaudeville actress, waiting on Maude

Adams for her turn, remarked, "Don't worry, she won't be in our way long! Maude Adams will be photographed and off while I'm having my hair done. She's an awful indifferent subject. I don't see why they bother with her at all." She was once offered a big sum if she would write some of her experiences, but she refused it, saying, "Under no circumstances would she write of herself." She abhors the putting forth of self, for it is her art and not herself she is interested in.

While millions of people have seen Maude Adams, only a very few know her. Her friendships though very close are few. The "real Maude Adams" has been a quantity missing from the stock of general information.

It might be interesting to know that she has never married, altho' she has received much attention. Her mother says, "Maude will never marry, she is too devoted to her art ever to think of such."

Some of her most noted performances and the ones in which she has been more popular are "The Little Minister," "Peter Pan" and "Chanticleer." In "The Little Minister," she took the part of Lady "Babbie." To the mastery of this character, she devoted many weeks to a study of the Scotch dialect, fairly living in Scotch atmosphere. In this character, she finds full play for her talent, and she captures the audience almost with her first speech. "The Little Minister" in its first appearance ran at the "Empire" in New York for three hundred consecutive performances with hardly standing room.

In "Peter Pan," she played the part of a boy for the second time, this time the irresistible Peter Pan. No other character before made such a swift appeal to Miss Adams. It is interesting to know how she became Peter

Pan. She took her manuscript and went to her mountain cottage where she isolated herself, walking, riding, and communing with nature. In this way she got the real interpretation of the heart of a wondrous boy. "Peter Pan" has become a nation wide vogue. He has become a real friend to the American people and especially to the children who have even been named after the fascinating lad. "Peter Pan" records the longest single engagement in the history of the "Empire" in New York.

"Chanticleer" altho' unpopular with some has meant so much to Maude Adams. It has been criticized by those who say that Maude Adams attempted to do the impossible, that she was too delicate and effeminate to take the part of "Chanticleer." Those who have seen the play, tho' say that after once seeing it, it is impossible to criticize it. The story of the play is something like the nun's priest tale, a kind of analogue of Chaucer's barnyard story, in which the plain barnyard cock believes that his crowing actually causes the sun to rise, and in the end, his despair, when one morning, the sun appears, without his assistance. On one of the first nights of the play, she came out before the audience in a plain evening dress, in all her simplicity, and said she thought there was nothing unwomanly or unartistic in her part, that she loved it and was sure she could do it well if the audience would cooperate with her. This created the right atmosphere, and the play was a wonderful success. In connection with this play, Maude Adams gave this answer to a woman who was trying to learn just where she stood in the woman's movement. "The women who are doing the biggest things in the world today are those who are doing a man's work in a womanly way."

WILLIE BRYAN, '17.



**Your Song**

You sent me late a song  
That to my spirit, Sweet,  
Was balmy, blessed rain  
To soothe the summer heat.

I know not if that song  
A perfect one may be,  
I cannot judge its art  
So mixt it is with thee.

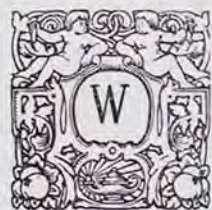
I only know that it  
Is dearer than all art  
To me who proudly hold it  
Sacred in my heart.

I know not if that song  
A perfect one may be.  
To me there is no art  
That is not mixt with thee.

MARIE PADGETT, '16.

### The Old Hatred

(A Legend of Old Mexico.)



WHEN Cortez was making his wonderful explorations in search of gold in the rich mines of Mexico and the West, he was accompanied by two men named Lopez and Pablo, unprepossessing creatures, to found a nation. These two men were first-cousins, they were always fussing about something; such disputes as which should have the most gold of the last mine discovered or which one should name the last city founded were frequent. Perhaps it would have been fortunate if we could have had some city, river, or mountain named for them instead of their hatred coming to a climax in the year 1915 to destroy Uncle Sam's peaceful rest, arousing him from his pleasant sleep when he least expected the outbreak.

Lopez was a man full of deceit and ambition, selfish and grasping; what he wanted no one dared deny him in those days, because there was no great nation to the North to check him. On the other hand Pablo was always depending on Cortez as his leader, someone who was stronger and full of thought for his little crowd; he never asserted himself unpleasantly, had more respect for authority. Yet they were cousins.

Unfortunate conditions forced Lopez and Pablo to remain in Mexico instead of returning to their old homes with all their precious gold, to marry the girls they had left behind. They were left by Cortez to make Mexico. After ten years of lonesome life however they sent for these two girls. At the same time many other men who

had decided to make their homes in Mexico were sending home for wives. Amorita's and Estrella's fathers had died in Mexico and this bond made it easier for the girls to come over to this savage land.

Lopez and Pablo patiently waited for the vessel which was bringing their future wives. Month after month went by, but no vessel was seen. One morning in April Pablo got word that he was needed at a gold mine about a hundred miles to the West; he thought over the journey for several days grieved at being absent when the ship should come. Another message urging him to come at once decided him. So he told Lopez he thought he had better go and would have to ask him to look after Amorita in case the ship came before he could get back. Lopez was willing under the condition of things, so Pablo set out on his dreaded trip. He had been gone only about two days when the vessel bringing only Pablo's desired treasure landed. Lopez was told that the woman he was searching for was drowned one night when a great storm was on. Lopez was a hard-hearted man, so he decided he could not be disappointed in his marriage, but would tell Amorita that Pablo was killed sometime ago. With his carefully planned speech he went to her with a long face telling her about Pablo's death and at the end offered himself to her in marriage. He knew Pablo would be back, but after he had married her, what did that matter? So he made plans for the wedding then and there.

When Pablo had settled his men and had put them back to work, he started back. He heard about the arrival of the vessel before he reached home. So he hastened his horse to reach Amorita as soon as he could.

But when he heard about Amorita's marriage to Lopez you can imagine his feelings and the hatred stirred up in his heart against Lopez. He thought about how foolish he had been to trust his cousin, knowing how Lopez had always treated him. But after all it was too late and there was no use to worry over it, but he would spite him after all. He was married several years after that and seemed to enjoy life the same as Lopez. But all the time he was storing hatred in his heart, which was given to his children, grand children, great, great, great grand children and so on down causing continual strife for generations. Now we are the witnesses of its outburst.

LULA STEWART, '19.



## Rags and Tatters



### SPRING.

Spring the youngest season of the year,  
Come quickly and with thee bring  
Sunny April with her smile and tear;  
Oh! the best season is Spring.

Yes, old windy March before thee flies,  
Gloomy Winter banishing  
Clearing for thy path the pale blue skies.  
Oh! the best season is Spring.

SEAB. PARKS.

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### "THE WOLF."

I had dressed up in my best Sunday suit, hat and shoes, and had planned to go to the circus. You know, circus day in "Pumpkin Center" is *the* event of the year. Everybody turns out, including the Rev. Makeumsleep, Dr. Cutumopen, the Misses Primsticks, and even old Mrs. Gotapain hobbles along on her crutch.

But to my horror, (you may imagine what a sick-at-the-stomach-feeling I had in my throat), I was informed by my ever-loving-mother that *I*, a boy of *twelve* long winters and short summers and in the third grade at school, could not go to the circus this year. She said that she had

taken a sick-headache and was feeling very poorly, so she could not accompany me to the circus. No, she would not *think* of letting me go by myself! Why, I might eat too much pop-corn, or the monkey might snatch at my hat,—or the tiger might stare at me too hard,—or the elephant might blow his breath in my face,—or——I ran from the room into the back yard and took my anger out on the little red ants by beheading them with my knife.

Presently, my mother came out to me with a hot bun in one hand, and a yellow slip in the other, and told me that she had just heard from Daddy telling her that he was sending a big dog to look after Bobby while he was away. I had always wanted a companion dog, but how I detested the thought of having a regular governess tagging after me all the time.

I decided that I would slip off while mother was gone to the Express Office and go to see my little sweet-heart, Sally-Anne-Maria Jones. I called her Sally-Anne-Maria, for short. So I slipped into the house and filled my pockets with more hot buns and scampered away.

I had gone about three miles—Sally-Anne-Maria lived six miles from “Pumpkin Center”—when I came to Dark-unink Woods. I cringed at the thought of having to go through these woods, but I knew I had to establish a reputation for myself, and wouldn’t Mother be proud when she heard of her little man’s bravery? So I plunged into the dark depths and imagined myself a brave knight going after a maiden in dire distress—and who knows but what the tabby-cat might be chasing Sally-Anne-Maria around the old apple tree at the trysting place?

In my Uncle Remus stories I had seen various pictures of tabby-cats, and Brer Rabbits, and Brer Foxes, and

Brer Wolves—that reminded me, Sammy Smith told me that morning that the circus had a wolf in it this year. At this thought, I glanced around, and saw it—the wolf! There it was, stealthily sneaking along behind me. What was I to do? If I ran, the wolf would run, too,—and what was the use,—when I remembered that little Red-Riding-Hood had chatted pleasantly with the wolf she met. I stopped still, and resolved to try this manner of agreeability, but the beast sniffed the ground, gave a low yelp, and bounded towards me. Even in the dark, I could see his gleaming white eyes, and vicious teeth. My courage utterly forsook me and I too, took to running. I ran as I had never run before. My legs no longer shook, and were in vast danger of outrunning my body. I could hear the wolf's feet hitting the ground close behind me. What if he jumped on me and tore me to pieces? The thought made shiver after shiver chase each other up and down my spine.

Weeks after, my scattered bones would be found among the leaves, and my best Sunday suit, hat, and shoes, torn to shreds.

I could hear the wolf panting now!

I wondered if Sally-Anne-Maria would be sorry, and if she would go in mourning. She would look awfully nice in one of those black and white dresses. My hat flew off, and I gained a pace, as the wolf stopped to sniffle at it. If I could only find some potato-bugs, I would eat a few so as to taste bad at the first bite of the wolf. But no potato-bugs could I see, as the trees passed me, like pickets in a fence.

The wolf was nearing me again!

I remembered the hot buns in my pockets, and hastily

threw them behind me, directly in the path of the oncoming wolf. He stopped just long enough to gobble them up and was off again. My breath was becoming short, and I could scarcely wag, I was so tired. I looked back once more at the wolf—and stumbled over a rock. The wolf gave a leap and landed squarely on me.

He was licking my face and hands, getting the dirt off, I supposed, to prepare me for the feast. While this unpleasant process was going on, I clutched the rock, over which I had fallen, and hit the beast in the head with all my strength. He reeled and rolled over to one side, stunned. I fairly flew home, never taking time to look behind me, burst into the house and found my mother.

“Mother! mother! I chased a wolf and killed him!”

But at the next moment, in walked the “wolf” into the room, and lay down at my feet.

“There’s the wolf, Mother; Hide me! Hide me!”

“My son, that is only the Newfoundland dog I sent after you to *protect* you.”

WILLIE MAY NIX, '19.

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#### A NEEDLESS CONCLUSION.

Well, Jack and Dot has had a fight,  
A fight for good, 'twas sure,  
Not him again inside her house,  
She said—could she endure.

Jack went his way and Dot went hers,  
And ne'er these ways did cross,  
But to forget and to forgive,  
Each one was at a loss.



One night as Jack with love sick eyes  
Perchance (?) her home did pass,  
He looked, and horrified, beheld  
A dull glare thro' the glass.

He hesitated only once  
And then with courage high,  
He burst into the firm locked door,  
Right loudly did he cry.

Of course the fire department flew,  
And quenched the ugly flame,  
And needless now to tell, Dot has,  
Acquired Jack's last name!

ISABELLE POTEAT, '19.

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#### UNCLE JAKE'S EXPERIENCE.

"Well, Uncle Jake, you come for some more feed?" I asked, as the old white headed negro came in the door. "What you want to feed, a horse or a mule?"

"A hoss, hoss, sah, don't want no mule in mine," he replied, shaking his head vigorously.

"What's the matter with a mule, Uncle Jake?" I asked curiously.

"Huh, de debel drives mules."

"Why, how do you know that Uncle Jake?"

"Done been dar, sah, yes sah, done been dar, been to heaven an hell both."

"What's that Uncle Jake?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, sah, I died once. I went straight to heaven too, sah," he answered, still shaking his head.

"How did it look, Uncle Jake?" I questioned, now anxious to draw him on.

"Wall sah, I tell you, its de finest place I eber saw. De sun shines all de time up dar, boss, and de weather, it ain't too cold an it ain't too hot, its just right, just nice and warm all de time. And de streets up dar, sah, I wish you could see dem streets, deys de purtiest streets, all bright an shining like gold an sparklin like dimonds, and great big tres, sah, purty trees, green all de time, jus full of birds, asingin to beat de band, and great big houses, de tallest houses, dis here nigger hab eber saw. De houses was made out of gold too, just like de streets, an flowers all abloomin everwhar. And, O sah, I most forgot de people was all white, de niggers all turned white jus as soon as dey gits dar, an dey don't hab to work no more, jus walk around, lazylike, an do as dey please. Wall, sar, I was a-strollin up one of dem beautiful streets, when I commence to feel kind of quare, an I looked down, an I was a meltin! I tell you, boss, I was skeered most to death. I kep on a-meltin an a-meltin and a-gettin smaller an smaller till I melted clear away. I shore didn't live right for dat country. An what do you think, sah, when I come to again, dar I was in hell. De weather was cool an it was a-rainin, and a-sleetin an a-snowin all de time an de wind was a-blowin so hard dat you couldn't hardly stand up. Yes, sah, all de people down dar wuz niggers, de blackest, ugliest ole niggers you eber saw. Dey was all a-workin as hard as dey could work, a-shovelin, an a-diggin, and dey didn't hab no houses a-tall, didn't need no houses, I reckon, cause dey had to work all de time. Yes, sah, boss, I tell you somethin else too, all dem niggers was a-drivin mules! Dar wasn't a hoss nowhar to

be seed, an when I got out of dat place I went home an took my ole mule and swapped him off for dis hoss. No, sah, don't catch me drivin no more mules!"

"Well Jake, that was a wonderful experience," I said as he started to the door.

"Yes, sah," he called back, "an its de truth, boss, eber word of its de truth, shore as ole Jake's alive, its de truth."

EDITH HART, '19.

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### THE CHARGE.

Percy wearily closed his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The men were in the trenches, waiting for the enemy to appear. Every one seemed tranquilly peaceful, just calmly awaiting their fate; except Percy. He glanced timidly at the two big rough Corinshmen on either side of him, and shuddered. He crouched farther down in the blood-soaked soil and wondered if *he* would ever become hardened to such a mode of living as this.

He had thought when he ran away from college to escape the hazing processes that war would be far more agreeable—but he was mistaken. His fond parents had rushed him off to college at the outbreak of the war, and had kept all news of the horrors from their little Percy. He had read of the overwhelming victories by victorious generals, but this—this was far different.

Presently he saw the enemy advancing step by step, away in the distance. The brave soldiers around him cocked their guns and waited. Percy's face whitened, and his eyes bulged. Dancing a jig on a spiked rolling barrel

was easier than this. Oh, why had he been such a dunce as to leave school? He struck a match and looked at his watch, it was nine-thirty o'clock. He would have been puzzling over Geometry, in room No. 13, if he had only thought a second time.

The Germans had advanced now to their entrenchments and were ready for the charge. Their guns were cleverly masked behind the high mounds of earth. They were beginning to pop—and shells whizzed past him like a regular hail storm. Percy literally shook all over. A ripple of preparation swept over the line. Rifles were held forward and hats were pulled down over the brows. He tried to cock his gun but gave up the attempt at the first feeble and palsied trial.

The earth was trembling now under the heavy roar of the cannons. The viperish little machine guns, popping incessantly, sounded like a shrill whistle amid the deafening thunderings of the heavy guns.

This was only the prelude to the terror that was to follow. The Germans were steadily advancing, and were mowing down the men like blades of grass.

He could see, as the bright flashes of the guns illuminated the strained countenances of his fellow comrades, how the men were being butchered and slaughtered. The man on his right had his left leg shattered, and the one on the other side had both arms torn from their sockets. They groaned. Blood was flowing freely everywhere. The shrapnel felt for them, found them. Men were spinning and falling everywhere under the thresh of the bullets. Percy saw himself unstrung by his fear of pain, and turning tail and scuttling away to safety before the

eyes of all the army. He feared that act above all other things.

As the bodies of men came together, in a great worrying tangle of battling, he received a stab in the side and felt himself going down—down—

With a thud he hit the floor.

“Say, Percy,” said his room-mate, “I didn’t mean to knock you off of the bed when I punched you in the ribs, but why is it that two parallel lines can never meet?”

WILLIE MAY NIX, '19.

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#### AN ELEGY ON MATH.

When Maths’ last problem is solved,  
And the pencils bereft of their lead,  
When the fair dreams of youth are faded and,  
Life-long ambition is dead,  
We shall pass, and faith, we’ll deserve it,  
Lie down for a night or two,  
Till the teacher of mathematics shall  
Set us to work anew.

And those that were dull shall continue,  
They shall sit in the dunces chair;  
They shall work at new originals  
With thought and sorrow and care;  
They shall find no inspiration—  
In Peter, James or Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting,  
And never advance at all.

And nobody on earth shall praise us,  
And everybody shall blame.  
And all shall work for a pass-mark  
And no one shall work for fame,  
But each for the hope of finishing,  
And each in her separate sphere,  
Shall be called a num-skull and  
Leave College with heart full of despair.

ELLA MAY SMITH, '16.

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“TIT FOR TAT.”

Mr. Earth Worm was about twice eight and he was getting to be somewhat of an old bachelor. He had courted every worm he knew, but none would have him. He saw that all the rest of the worms had paired off and he hated to think of being left alone. He must be looking around. He took a survey of the whole country of worms one morning and the only single one that he thought was at all attractive was Miss Thousand legs. Ah! he would try her and see if she would love him.

“Good morning, Miss Thousand Legs, it’s a fine day for walking isn’t it?” remarked Mr. Earth Worm.

“Yes, very, but how do you know for you can only crawl. I only know what it means to walk on a thousand feet.”

“Very true Miss Thousand Legs,” replied Mr. Earth Worm politely, “But I only said it was a fine morning for walking for your benefit. I wanted to be very unselfish in my remarks. I was not thinking of myself, but of you. You whom I admire more than anyone in the village. You whom I have chosen for my bride.”

"Oh! You are so sudden you shock me!" exclaimed Miss Thousand Legs.

"Will you give me your answer now?"

"Impossible! I must be given more time to deliberate over the matter."

"No, to-day or never."

"Then my answer is yes."

"Goodbye Miss Thousand Legs now I know you love me. Oh! before I go what date shall we have?"

"Oh, next Tuesday will do."

But to-day was only Wednesday and Miss Thousand Legs had plenty of time to deliberate over the answer she had so hastily given.

She did not need to do any sewing, for her trousseau was ready in the hope box, she had been keeping for just such an occasion. She knew it was coming.

But what about Mr. Earth Worm? He was an ugly old thing, but then he was so good natured. But how would she ever get his clothes made? Ah, there's the rub. They would have to be so long. It would take her endless ages to make one suit for him. Then she would have no time for sewing for herself. No she would never marry him for that sole reason. So, let him know she would to-morrow.

Mr. Earth Worm was very disappointed at this change of mind and at the fact that he had been jilted again. But, he had the one compensation in the fact that buying shoes for Miss Thousand Legs would have broken him up, so he would live contentedly alone.

Ever since, Miss Thousand Legs has gone without shoes and Mr. Earth Worm without clothes.

MORAL:

Miss Thousand Legs was unable to see her own defects and could only see the defects in others.

MAMIE ALLEN, '19.

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### SPRING.

Oh, Spring! Spring!  
Is there anything  
That can play such havoc as you?  
With your scandalous flirts,  
And ridiculous skirts,  
And really absurd hats too.

Oh, Spring! Spring!  
Nothing else can bring  
Such great poverty to the males  
For hats are so high  
And skirts!—Oh, my!  
They tell very pathetic tales.

Oh, Spring! Spring!  
Then to you we'll sing;  
To your sailors and turbans and pokes,  
To the feathers that furl  
To the siders that curl,  
And the bonnets, creations and toques.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

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### WHEN MOTHER TELLS US "NOT TO."

I guess it all happened because my mother told me not to! "It" invariably happens and gets us all into trouble when our mothers tell us not to, and our inclinations tell us to.



One glorious July day we set out in high spirits. Our destination was the picnic ground. (Picnics were our meat and drink in those days). There was, on the particular picnic ground which was our destination, a big pond, with a most tempting boat on it, and this very boat, on this particular pond, was the reason that my mother told me not to! I doubt not, but what each cautious mother had given the very same injunction to each incautious child on his or her departure. Of course not one mentioned that fact!—prissy people are detestable, a set of smart alecks are more desirable—among themselves—!

The day wore on with the picnic festivities, the same festivities which have been practiced ever since picnics were invented. The stuffing of good things till each was at the “caving out” point! The frolics and the fights!

Then one of the larger boys spied the inviting boat upon the inviting pond, and made headlong for it. Prissys weren’t allowed and even if our mothers had given us parting injunctions concerning that very boat, now that the crowd had started, these injunctions were thrown to the sighing winds.

We all packed into the boat (none of us knew the first principle of rowing) and got safely, in cackling glee, to a small island in the middle of the pond.

After all, mothers know so little about real things!

Of course we had to clamber out on the island and explore every nook and corner, and as all were climbing back into our creaking craft, I happened to be the last one in! I planted one foot firmly in the boat, but before I had time to put the other foot in its rightful place, the boat, without the slightest warning, floated gently away,

leaving half of me behind. Unhappy consequence—I splashed in! There! What now could I tell my mother? How could I go the four miles home in my dripping clothes (if I ever got out)? How could they ever bring me to if I got nearly drowned? Wouldn't somebody help me?

Then I felt myself being lifted up, and by chokingly clinging to the overhanging bushes of the little island, I got out, and saw to my horror, the others *laughing!*

I had to go home in borrowed clothes and got a due and just punishment besides!

ISABELLE GRAVES POTEAT, '19.

# The Isaqueena

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## Editorials



### "APRIL FOOL"!

What greater pleasure in the world is there than to "catch somebody napping" on April the first and have the privilege of yelling "April Fool" to them? Doubtless everyone, old and young, large and small, delight in this day of days—April Fool's Day. How often on this day we have been fooled by biting into enticing fritters only

to find them stuffed with cotton! Or by nibbling delicate candies and discovering within a nice proportion of octagon soap! Or perhaps we discover the fallacy in one's "You dropped something" all too late and find that one laughing hilariously. Do we always humor the joke or do we become vexed? Well, I should say that most of us, at least, have a big enough sense of humor to enjoy an "April Fool!" This is the day to discover the absent-minded and recall them to their present mind. This is the day to discover the witty as well as the sullen. This day, like Christmas, is the day to let children hold sway and to enjoy their tricky pranks. Though some "April Fools" are boisterous and unsympathetic and should be done away with, yet let us never entirely abolish the pleasure and privilege of playing pranks and catching our neighbor, "April Fool!"

\* \* \*

#### OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

There is an old, old story of the optimistic and the pessimistic frog with which we are very familiar. Two frogs, seemingly of about the same age, size, and temperament fell into a churn of nice, rich, cream. Soon, however, it was discovered that the personalities of the two frogs were entirely different. Froggie Number One was a pessimist—a hard—crusted pessimist; no sooner was he in the cream than he languidly swam around and around and as languidly fell to the bottom of the jug and was consequently drowned. Thus was a sad life ended. Froggie Number Two, however, was made of finer metal. Soliloquizing in the following manner:

"This is quite an adventure for a change, I'm out of

my depth, but I'll never say die," he began paddling vivaciously around and around in the cream until lo, after a few minutes a large island of butter had formed.

"Tired out he rested on this a while. Then out of the jug he jumped with a smile." Thus was a glad life begun.

Sibley has kindly derived for us a moral from this story which may be expressed in the following words:

"The pessimist quits with hardly a try,  
But the optimist sticks, for he never says 'die'."

Thus you have presented to you optimism and pessimism: To which class do you belong?

There are two kinds of pessimism: honest and dishonest pessimism. Possibly the most despicable character to be found on the surface of the earth is a dishonest pessimist. Dishonest pessimism is complaint without justifiable cause. When referring to pessimism we usually mean dishonest pessimism. The dishonest pessimist is he who moans and groans ceaselessly. It is he who scoffs and scorns when deserved punishments and misfortunes come his way. The dishonest pessimists are the earth's grumblers. On the other hand, however, there are the honest pessimists, they complain with good and righteous cause. They are the ones who are grieved when undeserved disasters befall them. They are, to a certain degree, justifiable in their complaints. Dr. Griggs, lecturer, puts Job in this class because he is a righteous grumbler. So you now see the two kinds of pessimists—dishonest and honest—to which class do you belong?

Just as there are two kinds of pessimism so also there are two kinds of optimism,—honest optimism and dishonest optimism. Dishonest optimism is almost as bad

as dishonest pessimism. This means surface goodness. Just merely for pleasing others one may try to be good and see the good in things while at heart he is detestable. Dishonest optimism is outside polish and outside grandness. Honest optimism is appearing good, being good, seeing good, feeling good, and acting good. Its just natural happiness within yourself as well as without and making other people happy. Thus you have two kinds of optimism presented to you—dishonest and honest—to which class do you belong?

From this we see what an example so small and insignificant an animal as the frog may set. Which frog do you admire most—pessimistic or optimistic? Optimism seems to be a life-saving element in one case, at least, so let us all aspire to be like Froggie Number Two and “stick and *never* say die!”

\* \* \*

#### EXEMPTION FROM EXAMINATIONS.

Possibly one of the most vital questions confronting the schools and colleges today is: Should students making a required average be exempted from examinations? Of course there are distinct and plausible arguments for both sides of the question. Examinations are a time-honored and established institution and their exemption should be carefully considered. On the other hand, however, variations from the usual have often proved beneficial to all concerned. Let us now consider impartially both sides of the question.

First, the average on daily recitations should be established. Some authorities think that the average should be the same on all studies. Others, however, realizing

the greater difficulty in mastering some studies, think that the required average should depend upon the study concerned even though the average on one study may be less than on another. Either of these plans may be beneficially carried out. The average generally accepted is ninety or above. A few schools have the average as low as eighty-five.

Having considered the average let us now proceed with the discussion of whether examinations are a plausible institution or not. Those who do not wish examinations to be abolished defend their side with the argument that it is always a good plan to give the student a final test. That is, let the student see what he has studied as a whole, and thus be tested. The argument for exemption is that nearly every teacher gives at least two tests during each quarter and in this way estimates the ability of her pupils.

An argument often put forward in favor of examinations is that examinations often raise the student's average to a pass-mark. On the other hand however, it may as truly be said that examinations lower the student's average considerably. Often a student makes ninety on his daily recitations and occasional tests but when examinations come that student flunks outright. Now just wherein does the trouble lie? Possibly this failure is due to nervousness on the part of the pupil or severity on the part of the teacher. Examinations are not always a fair test of a student's knowledge. To command "all at once" is sometimes an impossibility and "all or none" is what some teachers demand.

Examinations are often considered as a means to an end. It is said that if a pupil knows that he is later to

be examined on a subject he will carefully prepare his daily lessons, and thus store his mind with the proper resources when the test comes—all of which may be true but listen to just as plausible an argument for exemption from examinations. If a pupil knows that he will be exempted from examinations by having good daily recitations and quarterly averages he will just as readily, if not more readily prepare his daily recitations as in the case of future examination.

When "cramming" is introduced into the discussion there is scarcely any argument whatsoever for examinations. Just as old as the word "Exam" is, so old is the word "cram". It seems that the two words are inseparable. Invariably students will "cram" for "exams." Even the very best students will be found guilty of this talent. "Cramming" is, of course, (as everyone knows) injurious to health of mind as well as health of body. As long as "exams" are in vogue so will "crams" be also. If for no other reason than this, the exemption from examinations by those making a required average should be carefully considered.

From this we see that there are practical and plausible arguments for exemption and non-exemption. We all honor the custom, yet gladly wish for its abolition. It is for the next decade to absolutely decide the question.



# Exchanges

PRISCILLA POTEAT, Editor.

I saw you coming through the wilderness of my despair,  
when the shadows played across my brow, and in my  
heart was midnight,

Yes, I saw you coming in the radiance of reviving hope;  
And then you stood beside me—

Upon my tangled hair I felt your lovely hand at play,  
and in its touch was sunshine, life, love, and an infinite  
sense of understanding and communion.

Ambition had locked love from my being, and lo! I had  
become a-hungered, while my soul was sickened by an  
indescribable weariness;

But you came—

Rejoice, O ye everlasting hills, and re-echo, O ye reverberating seas!

One came whom I would call a Friend!

—*The Emory Phoenix.*

\* \* \*

*The Clemson College Chronicle* is about the poorest exchange that has come to us this month. In the first place the material is scant, and then what there is, is far below the average. The "love" stories are really very bad; and impress us as having been written on the spur of the moment, when "genius" was very much asleep. The plots of both are old, and although "Love Finds a Way"

is longer and more developed than "A Belated Valentine," it cannot be said to be much better because of its absolutely sickening sentimentality. There is not a good poem in the whole of the magazine, the one called "Thoughts and Deeds" being the poorest, because of family expression and meter.

The sketch on "The Old Stone Church and the Cemetery" is about the only well written, interesting thing in the magazine, excepting, perhaps, the editorials.

We think this magazine would be greatly improved if it didn't run so much to sentimentality, and published at least one good essay a month. A good local department would also be a help, and we are sure that out of the great number of boys at Clemson, some one could surely contribute a few jokes.

\* \* \*

*The University of North Carolina Magazine* for February is well gotten up and is attractive as to outward appearance. The material, however, is a little unbalanced, too much space being given to a long, but interesting and useful statement of the facts connected with the fraternities of the University, to balance the space given to stories and poems. The stories are good, "Cats and Caps" being interesting and unusual, and "The Letters of a Freshman" being full of humor.

We are very much interested in the article called "International Peace and Mutual Understanding." It shows clear thought on a current topic. The poems are fair.

Local, Alumnae, and Exchange Departments would improve this magazine very much.

*The Bashaba* for February, is, taking everything into consideration, about an average college magazine, with the material well balanced, and the departments well developed. Of the poems, the best is "A Song from the Ranks". It expresses what many another might like to express but cannot. The story "The Lucky Chance" is rather too sensational, but "The Land of Sound" is good. The sketches and essays are all interesting and worth reading.

\* \* \*

"OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

*The Isaqueena* is one of our most striking exchanges. The attractive cover is suggestive of the inside. The story, "New Leaf," is well worked out and shows a vivid imagination; although an old theme, is well treated. The editorial on "English Spoken by College Students," enumerates true instances of college carelessness. Why not have a "Watch your word and your grammar" campaign and eradicate some bad habits? The poems, "College Days" and "The Response" truly picture the optimistic and pessimistic view of college life. The only criticism we would like to offer is that your joke department be enlarged.

—*Tennessee College Magazine.*

\* \* \*

"*The Isaqueena*" for January is the largest single issue that was received in our exchange department. The New Year spirit is well brought out in this issue.

—*Winthrop College Journal.*

The tribue to Dr. Ramsay, found on the first pages of *The Isaqueena* for November, should be read by all interested in Greenville Woman's College. The stories are vivid and interesting. More essays, however, would add greatly to the library value of this magazine.

—*The Bashaba-CokerCollege.*

# In and Around College

HELEN DAVIS  
SEABRONA PARKS  
MARY FRANCES KIBLER

} Editors.

## SOCIETIES.

The two divisions of the Judson Literary Society held a joint meeting on Saturday evening, March 18th. This was the first of the series of joint meetings, and the program was in charge of the Philotean division. It is to be hoped that these joint meetings, which are to be held once a month, will prove quite a benefit to both Societies.

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## Y. W. C. A.

The Self-Denial Week of Prayer for Home Missions is being observed, particularly at the morning watch hour. The girls were asked to make a self-denial offering for missions at the end of the week.

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## LYCEUM.

The lyceum course is drawing to a close. One of the last attractions was the reading of "The Lady of the Decoration," by Miss Hettie Jane Dunaway. Miss Dunaway gave this reading in costumes which varied many times during the evening, and was accompanied by music.

The series of six lectures to be delivered by Dr. Edward Howard Griggs of New York on "Dramas of Pro-

test," is being looked forward to with much pleasure. There are six lectures in the course, which will begin on the afternoon of March 30, and will extend thru April 1.

#### LECTURE BY DR. B. D. HAHN.

On Friday evening, March 17 in the auditorium of the G. W. C., Dr. B. D. Hahn, gave a lecture on "Humming Birds."

No doubt very few of those who heard this most entertaining and instructive lecture had ever realized that so many interesting facts could be given concerning this small and seemingly insignificant member of the bird family.

Lovers of nature were given a rare treat in this discussion delivered in so pleasing a style.

Dr. Hahn declared this to be the supreme bird because of its wonderful structure. Its marvelous ability for flight, its unsurpassed beauty and its rare ingenuity. All of these points he illustrated by drawings, by story, or by quotations from bird specialists. He gave many personal observations of the habits and manner of life of these small creatures. He explained this bird's lack of voice by the fact that a genius along any one line must deny himself certain attainments.

Dr. Hahn had with him quite a number of specimens which were exhibited at the close of the lecture.

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#### STUDENTS' RECITAL.

The Conservatory of Music of the Greenville Woman's College, under the able directorship of Charles E. Poston, gave its quarterly pupils' recital Monday evening, March

20, in the auditorium of the college. The following programme was rendered:

Prelude Op. 46, (Schutt) .....	Miss Vinita Cureton
"Polish Dance," (Scharwenka) .....	Miss Annie Bristow.
"The First Primrose," (Grieg) .....	Miss Emmie Stanton.
"Tarantella," (Lomas) .....	Miss Martha Duke.
"Cascade du Chaudron," (Bendel) .....	Miss Grace Coleman
"The Temple Bell," Inrian lyrics (Woodforde-Finden) .....	Miss Isabella Poteat
"March of the Dwarfs," (Grieg) .....	Miss Frances McKenzie
"Rigoletto-Paraphrase," (Verdi-Liszt) .....	.....
.....	Miss Frances Marshall
"Blue Bells of Scotland," (Farmer).....	David Ramsay, Jr.
"Polonaise," a major, (Chopin) .....	Miss Gladys Padgett
"Pastoralle," old English, .....	Miss Jeanne Perry
"Valse," A flat, (Moszkowski) .....	Miss Florence Shaw
Overture, "Felicia," (Greenwald) .....	College orchestra

## Locals

Miss Snodgrass of Converse College spent several days last week at the college with her sister.

Misses Gladys Padgett and Rose Jeffries spent this week-end in Spartanburg at the home of the latter.

April 1st, passed off very quietly at the college, except for a half holiday, which we were mighty glad to get.

We wish to extend our deepest love and heartfelt sympathy to Miss Claire Smith in her recent bereavement.

Miss Marian Smith spent this week-end at Fountain Inn with her sister.

Misses Mae and Laurie Best spent last week-end at the home of Miss Nada Green several miles from the city.

Miss Carol Roper is spending the week-end at Central.

Miss Mary Frances Kibler spent several days at home last week.

Misses Ramsay, Latimer and Dawson and Dr. Ramsay attended the teachers' meeting in Columbia several weeks ago.



## JOKES.

Miss Willis: "Miss Kibler, when was the Fourth Oration of Cicero written?"

Miss Kibler: "In 1864 B. C."

Mable Byrd: "Why that was in my time."

Maggie Tinsley: "No it wasn't—it was in Patrick Henry's time."

Gladys Padgett (whispering to the girl behind her in English class): "Say, what kind of poetry did Milton write? Epidemic poetry, wasn't it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Hazel Prickett, having written to her mother for some new shoes, received a pair of slippers instead. Whereupon she informed her room-mate that her mother must be *color-blind*.

Virginia Barksdale, seeing celery on the table at Sunday dinner, exclaimed about the beautiful *jonquils* on the table.

Ruth Martin—"Gladys, you are on my Hall Committee."

Gladys Campbell—"Goodness! I thought Fannie (maid) cleaned up the hall—which one do we take, ours' or Dr. Ramsay's?"

A. Robertson, reading the morning paper, "Well, I see the Germans have taken Lodz."

Ellen Newton—"I'll bite. Loads of what?"

Dr. Ramsay (in chapel)—"Please let us be quiet while we sing."

Annette Robertson and "pinky" Dawson woke up suddenly Tuesday morning and found themselves on the bulletin board unchaperoned.

M. Hackney—"Marion, what degree are you working for?"

Marion—"I'm working for the Mrs. if I can get it."

#### VEGETABLE TRAGEDY.

The potatoes eyes were filled with tears,  
 The onions drooped their head,  
 There was great sorrow in the kitchen that day,  
 For the vinegar's mother was dead.

—*Selected.*

#### HELPFUL ROOMMATE.

Annie Von Lehe (writing home): "How do you spell 'financially,' Belle?"

Bell Tomlinson—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in "embarrassed."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Willis (in Latin class)—"Miss Barton, what did Caesar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?"

Belle Barton—"Ouch!"

#### LOOK OUT FOR MARY!

Mary had a little man  
 But now he is no more  
 For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
 Was H<sub>2</sub> SO<sub>4</sub>.

—*Selected.*

# Point System of Honors

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## FOUR POINT HONORS.

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

## THREE POINT HONORS.

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

## TWO POINT HONORS.

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

## ONE POINT HONORS.

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Other Society Officers.  
Other Y. W. C. A. Officers.  
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