10-1-1916

The Isaqueena - 1916, October

Rebecca Furman
Greenville Woman's College

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena

Part of the Literature in English, North America Commons

Recommended Citation
Furman, Rebecca, "The Isaqueena - 1916, October" (1916). Isaqueena. 56.
http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena/56

This Magazines (Periodicals) is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Isaqueena by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines. For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.
The ISAQUEENA

October, 1916.
Nobody's "Hard to Please" with Our Jewelry

What "HALE'S GIFT SHOP" contains for you is everything that is new and beautiful in jewelry.

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

Sterling silver seal pins, with safety catch... $ .50
Sterling silver seal rings................................. .50
10K gold seal rings.................................... 2.75
Sterling silver letter seals, with wax.................... .75

W. R. HALE
Jeweler

105 NORTH MAIN STREET       GREENVILLE, S. C.

C. D. Kenny Company

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, BAKING POWDER, RICE, COCOA, CHOCOLATE.

Phone 856       107 N. Main St.       Phone 855

Rogers Sisters

The exclusive Millinery and Waist house.

We invite your inspection.

114 West Washington Street
The Isaqueena

October, 1916
Published each month by the Students of the
Greenville Womans College
BUSINESS MANAGER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Greenville Womans College Magazine, which is conducted by the student body of Greenville Womans College, is students, to the firms who advertise with us and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that in return the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ...........$1.25 Per Year.
Our Advertising Rates are, per year:
One Page ..........................$20.00
Half Page ................................12.00
Quarter Page ..........................8.00
Eighth Page ................................5.00

All subscriptions must be paid in advance. Address all business communications to
CASANDRA ASBURY, Bus. Mgr.
Greenville Womans College,
Greenville, S. C.

Directory

David Marshall Ramsay, D. D. ...............President
Miss Bernice Brown .........................President's Assistant
Mrs. D. M. Ramsay ........................Lady Principal
Mrs. Kate Hyde Sloan ......................Acting Dean

ISAQUEENA STAFF.

Rebecca Furman ............................Editor-in-Chief
John Anthony ................................Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Cassandra Asbury .........................Business Manager
Eliza Woodside ............................Advertising Manager
Mary Frances Kibler ......................Advertising Manager
Helen Davis ..............................Literary Editor (Essay)
Carrie Easley .............................Literary Editor (Short-Story)
Annette Robertson .........................Exchange Editor
Ruth Cannon ..............................Local Editor
Ethel Simpson .............................Local Editor
Alice Callaham ............................Local Editor
Helen Morgan ..............................Local Editor

JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY

Alethean Division

Marion Smith ...............................President
Ella Mae Smith ............................Vice-President
Mary Frances Kibler ....................Secretary
Mable Byrd ................................Treasurer
Carol Koper ...............................Senior Critic
Amy Loadholt ..............................Censor
Philotean Division

Jennie Sue Way ........................................ President
Willie Bryan ............................................... Vice-President
Mamie Bryan ............................................... Secretary
Flora Manship ............................................ Treasurer
Rebecca Furman ......................................... Senior Critic
Florence Shaw ........................................... Censor

Y. W. C. A.

Helen Davis ............................................ President
Ethel Simpson ........................................... Vice-President
Willie Bryan ............................................ Recording Secretary
Florence Shaw .......................................... Corresponding Secretary
Ruth Cannon ............................................. Treasurer

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Sarah Owens ............................................ President
Mary Gambrell .......................................... Vice-President
Mary Frances Kibler .................................. Secretary and Treasurer

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.

Ethel Simpson .......................................... President
Mary Jane King ......................................... Vice-President
Florence Shaw .......................................... Secretary
Ellen Newton ............................................ Treasurer

ANNUAL STAFF.

Carol Roper ........................................... Editor-in-Chief
Willie Bryan ........................................... Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Mary Gambrell ......................................... Business Manager
Florence Shaw .......................................... Assistant Business Manager
Alice Callaham ........................................ Advertising Manager
Rebecca Furman ........................................ Advertising Manager
Eula Barton ............................................. Literary Editor
Ellen Newton ........................................... Club Editor
Mamie Field ............................................. Club Editor

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

Ella Mae Smith ........................................ President
Mary Kilgo .............................................. Vice-President
Helen Davis ............................................ Secretary
Mamie Bryan ........................................... Treasurer
John Anthony .......................................... Historian
Carol Roper ........................................... Prophet
Vinita Cureton ......................................... Poet
Mary Gambrell ......................................... Lawyer
Contents

"To a Butterfly" (Poem) Ella Mae Smith, '17 .... 1

"Jack of the White Cloud" (Story) Ella Mae Smith, '17 ........................................ 2

"Latin Atmosphere in Hawthorne's Marble Fawn" (Essay) Isabel Poteat, '19 .................... 5

"A Message to the Winds" (Poem) Leora Perry, '19 ....................................................... 10

"The Hopeless Tomboy," (Story) Mildred Costner, '19 ................................................ 11

"Ballads" (Essay) Ruth Cannon, '17 ..................... 15

"Letters" (Edited by) Ella Mae Smith, '17
Ruth Tarkington,
Agnes Jenkins, '18 .................................................. 21

Rags and Tatters:
"Extracts from Old G. W. C. Files, Annette Robertson, '19 ........................................ 26

"The Penalty" (Story) Willie Mae Nix, '19........ 28

"Bill Tomkins and the Circus," (Poem) Minnie Rick .................................................... 30

Editorials ........................................................................ 32

Exchanges ..................................................................... 36

In and Around College .................................................. 37

Socials ......................................................................... 40

The Point System of Honors ......................................... 44
To A Butterfly

Ethereal creature, as you soar
Hither and thither, here and yon,
Going in your course the wild world o’er,
Tell me, tell me what you think ’pon?

Beautiful creature, when you pause
Upon a lovely sun kissed rose
Do you reflect your wings of gauze,
The beauty the roses disclose?

Innocent creature, as you go
Emblem of happy purity,
Take from the world its weight of woe,
And make good cheer a surety.

Wonderful creature, come again
Across Life’s sorrowful pathway;
Bring the sunshine, chase away the rain,
Make joy o’er all hearts have full sway.

Ella May Smith, ’17.
ILLY MARTIN, a youth dreamer, had just escaped from his playmates and had seated himself upon a high, rocky cliff, where he could view heaven and earth for miles around. For awhile he was interested in earthly things, but after a time his eyes lifted toward the sky and he was attracted by a soft white cloud floating around amidst the blue. How pretty and fluffy and snowy it was! Billy, who was not proficient in his knowledge of the heavenly bodies, wondered what was inside of that beautiful cloud. Often his mother had quoted to him, “Every cloud has a silver lining.” If that were true this wonderfully snowy cloud must have an exquisite lining. If he could only soar into the air and examine the cloud. Dreamily he watched it and wondered.

Presently the cloud seemed to be disentangling itself from the skies and coming toward the earth. Closer and closer it came. Billy’s heart was fluttering with joy at his half realized desire to examine the cloud. Now it was within Billy’s reach and the next moment it had enveloped him in its mysterious mistiness.

“Why, hello there! How are you?” said a pleasant little voice in Billy’s ear.

Startled, Billy looked up and beheld sitting very near him a handsome little boy with white skin and sky blue eyes. He wore a suit of sky blue trimmed in white with hat and shoes to correspond. He was handsomer than any little boy of Billy’s acquaintance. Why really he was prettier than Billy’s best girl chum. After staring at the little fellow for some time Billy finally managed to blurt out, “Why, why, hello, back—I’m f-fine—But who are you?”

The Blue and White boy gently laughed and said, “Why I’m Jack of the White Cloud and I saw you look-
ing up at me so wistfully that I decided to pay you a
shirt visit.”

Billy was dumfounded. “Did you really see me and
know that I was longing to examine you?”

“Yes, and now that I’m here, what do you want to
ask me?” said Jack of the White Cloud.

“Oh,” said Billy eagerly, “tell me what you do all the
time.”

“Well,” began Jack, “most of the time I just sail
around all thru the sky and look down at the people on
earth. I have a mother—she’s that big white cloud over
yonder—and she’s just as sweet as can be. My father—
he is called storm cloud—is very severe. He is very
strict with us when his power is in full sway. On sun-
shiny days tho’ we do just as we please. I have several
sisters and brothers and just lots of playmates—see all
the other little white clouds and gray clouds?”

“What do you play up there?” asked Billy interestedly.

“Sometimes we run races—sometimes we play peek-a-
boo with the sun or moon—whichever happens to be
shining. It’s lots of fun to play with the moon on sum-
mer nights. Sometimes when you are not very busy,
watch us and you can imagine what a fine time we are
having. Sometimes all of us clouds gather together—
that’s when you don’t see much of the sky—and, catch-
ing hands, play lots of funny games. But tell me, what
do you do down here? What was that you were playing
awhile ago with little tiny round balls?”

“Oh, we were just playing a game of marbles. I
didn’t know that you could see us,” answered Billy.

“Oh, yes,” said Jack, “we often peep thru our cloud,
and see what’s going on beneath us. That’s when you
see little bits of blue among the clouds. But tell me
what else you do to amuse yourself.”

Billy then expatiated at great length upon the various
games in which he and his playmates indulged. When
he mentioned books, Jack of the White cloud seemed very interested indeed.

"Why," said Jack, "I wish I could see one of your books. You know I've never seen a book. Mother cloud tells us stories but I'd just love to read a book."

Billy was all eagerness now. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll meet you at this same spot to-morrow and bring you my very best book. How about it?"

Jack's face beamed with joy, but for a second only. He sadly said, "Oh, I wish I could, but you know we're not allowed to come down to earth. I just slipped off to-day, because you looked so wistful. Now I must be going or Father Storm Cloud will find me and punish me. But how would you like to ride around with me for a bit?"

Delightedly Billy felt himself rising into the air and floating towards the heavens. How wonderful this was! Why this beat far finer than being a bird! Why this beat Ted Morgan's had-made aeroplane all to splinters! What a delicious feeling it was to be sailing thru the sky and hearing Jack's pleasant little voice telling so many interesting things! How he would love to live with Jack always!

Suddenly a fearful roar was heard behind them. Knocking a peep-hole thru the cloud Jack showed Billy that the kind sun had disappeared and Father Storm Cloud was fast overtaking them. Thundering and threatening he came. Billy was all a-tremble with fright. Now he was thinking how pleasant it would be to have his dear mother's arms around him again when biff—on his ears came a blow followed by the laughing voice of one of his play-mates. "Wake up, old Toppie—caught you napping again—what you dreaming about this time?"

ELLA MAY SMITH, '17.
Latin Atmosphere in Hawthorne’s Marble Farm

It occurred to me while reading “The Marble Farm,” that Hawthorne must have chosen his characters as artists so that he might make them tell us of art, literature and architecture, from an appreciated and appreciative viewpoint.

Nowadays, a visitor to Rome probably finds in architecture, more than anything else, the connecting link between this age and the olden ages. Hawthorne says:

“To a spectator on the spot, it is remarkable that the events of Roman History and Roman life itself appear . . . not far distant. We stand in the Forum, or on the height of the Capitol and see the Roman epoch close at hand. We forget that a chasm extends between it and ourselves.”

The Italian climate robs age of its reverence and makes things newer than they really are. Whenever—in Italy—a man shapes a stone, Nature leaves it alone; age after age finds it bare. The climate has done its best to ruin the ruins, stealing away the marble, leaving the yellow bricks which never can look old.

The Romans transformed Greek architecture by adding the arch and dome. This made their buildings more massive and ornate than the Greek’s. It seems that originality and bizarre effects were striven for. A particular chapel is described as having a circular shape, and, tho’ hewn out of the solid mass of red sand stone, had pillars, a carved roof, and other tokens of some remote design.

“What a strange idea—a needless labor—to construct artificial ruins in Rome—the native soil of ruins.

A description of a wood in Rome says that fountains, with antique designs of dancing nymphs, are everywhere. Here and there with a careless art, stand old altars, bearing Roman inscriptions. Statues gray with age,
half hide and half reveal themselves, high on pedestals or perhaps fallen to earth.

The first thing, along architectural lines, and the oldest thing in Rome, which the traveler sees immediately after entering the stately Flaminian gate is the red granite obelisk, which rises in the center piazza, with a four fold fountain at its base. The most ancient Romans, the most familiar ones, the favorite ones, seems nearer when this is seen for they have wondered at it also.

St. Peter's, that "World Cathedral," tho' built in somewhat more modern days, must get at least a part of our attention; St. Peter's, with its vast dome, its seemingly multitudinous magnificent part, adequate to hold the worship of more people than the population of Rome.

Hawthorne gives considerable amount of time and space to the "Fountain of Treve" with its absurd design, where some sculptor of Benini's school seemed to "go mad in marble." It is a great palace front, with many base-reliefs and niches, out of which at one point gazes Agrippa's legendary Virgins. At the base appears Neptune, with his floundering steeds, and Tritons blowing their horns about him. "It is as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived." Now, mosses cover it, and slime slips over it, for Nature has adopted the Fountain of Treve for her own.

In modern days, the Coliseum is a place for youthful mirth and song. Children run races over the green spaces. Elder groups sit on the fragments of pillars and blocks of marble that lie around the edge of the arena. It is a strange place for song and mirth, that place which is stained with the blood of so many, who died to please Roman audiences.

Then thru' the arch of Titus, where Roman armies have made this street gay, Cicero's foot may have stepped on this particular stone, or that. Horace perhaps
strolled along this very road. The chasm of time is hardly noted when we think thus.

Next to architecture, perhaps, we get the Latin atmosphere in Hawthorne's book by the art discussions therein. Art forms the second link in the chain which connects us with the Roman and Latin past. Latin masters have been many; Latin pictures, many statues form a large part of Latin Art. Hawthorne gives a full and vivid description of the statue from which his book takes its name.

"The Fawn is the marble image of a young man leaning his right arm on the stump of a tree. One hand hangs limply by his side. In the other he holds the fragment of a pipe. The Fawn is marvelously graceful, but has a more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle than is wont to be assigned to ideal types of masculine beauty. The face corresponds with the figure, agreeable in outline and feature. . . . The whole statue, unlike anything else that was ever wrought in marble, conveys the idea of an amiable creature easy, jolly, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos.

Italy can count even lifeless towns which four or five hundred years ago, were each the birthplace of its own school of art, nor have they forgotten to be proud of the dusky old pictures, the faded frescos, the beauty of which was the light and gladness of the world.

However interested we may be in this link of the connecting chain, Hawthorne says that there is a deficiency of earnestness and absolute truth in Italian pictures. It seems that only "Beatrice" satisfies. This picture presents a female head, a very young, girlish, but perfectly beautiful, enveloped in a white drapery. The eyes were large and brown, with a slight redness around them which showed that the girl . . . . . Not only do pictures, but painters claim Hawthorne's attention. He says, "Fra Angelica must have breathed an humble prayer between the strokes of his brush. Thro' all
these dusky centuries his works may still help a struggling heart to prayer."

The Roman gallaries are the first spots to which we would go for Roman impressions.

Italian religion now has very little to do as a link in our chain because it is very different in Italy from what it was in the time of our Latin acquaintances. Hawthorne says, "For, like the English drumbeat round the globe, there is a chain of convent bells from end to end, and cross wise, in all possible directions over priest ridden Italy." Of course there was nothing of this in olden days, when the different schools of philosophy held sway and Stoics, Epicureans, etc., made up the religion of the Roman people.

I suppose the people of Italy and Rome of today cannot be so very different from the people in "The Golden Days." So, as a final link, we will mention some things "The Marble Faun" brings out about them.

Hawthorne gives the impression that the Italians of today are irresponsible in everything. In homes, in business, in art, and in literature. "The Italians appear to possess none of that pride which we see in our New England villages, where every householder endeavors to make his home an ornament." The Italians stay out on the streets as much as possible and pay little attention to homes. Perhaps there were not so many beggars and worthless people in the time of Cicero as now. We hope not; perhaps that tendency was not cultivated then. Street musicians swarm the paths, beggars are at every corner today.

Italians are very superstitious. In that they are not unlike their ancestors. We have read in Latin of the omens and signs in which they believed. But if we consider the present city of Rome as at all connected with the famous one of old, it is only because we find it built over its grave. Though art, architecture and people form a chain between our minds and the minds
of old, we cannot see Rome in its olden glory. A depth of thirty feet of soil has covered up the Rome of ancient days, so that it lies like the dead corpse of a giant, decaying for centuries with no survivor mighty enough to bury it, until the dust of all those years has gathered slowly over its reclining form and made a casual sepulchre.

Isabelle Poteat, ’19.
A Message to the Winds

Winds, aged winds, old, yet ever young,
Winds of strength and purity,
Winds of experienced surety,
Winds from the mountain tops, high flung;
Winds from the broad blue ocean,
Winds from the wide open plain,
Winds with the dew from the meadows,
Winds with refreshing rain;
Winds who have swept the city
And fanned the poor and the rich,
Winds blow o'er my spirit
And make me, oh make me this:
Make me as wise as the sages,
Wise to keep youth ever-more;
To be pure as a pure white lily,
To gain strength as the waters that flow,
Make me deep as a deep still valley
Guarded by high blue hills
As true as the blue of the ocean
Cheerful as clear rippling rills
As sweet as the dew from the meadows
Honest as the wide open plain,
Give me pity for the tired and despairing,
Make me kind as refreshing rain.
Make me large and still larger grow
To do all I can for the weary in this big world of woe
To help make a better world as along its paths I go,
Do this as you, oh winds, o'er my spirit blow.

LEORA PERRY, '19.
OULD Margaret ever like society and be like other girls? This was the question Mrs. Delaney had continually on her mind. She had been trying for five long years to make a society girl out of her and to cure her of her country-fied and tom-boyish ways. But all in vain. Mrs. Delaney was very proud of her other two daughters and of her son, all of whom were very fond of entertaining and being entertained.

When Mr. Delaney’s bachelor brother died five years ago he left all of his property to his only sister. She moved into the city, and ever since had been skillfully maneuvering to be the queen of society. The Delaneys were not the richest of the “set” by any means; they merely had enough to “keep up”—as Mrs. Delaney called it. It wouldn’t last so very much longer, and that was the reason she was so desirous of marrying her daughters into wealthy families. Prospects seemed very bright indeed for Dorothy and Emily accomplishing this end. But as for Margaret!—she dared not think.

“Mother, what in the world will we do with Peg? You know she can’t stay here during Mr. Merrell’s visit, she would be sure to do something to disgrace the family,” said Emily one morning as she and her mother and sister were returning from a shopping expedition.

“No, of course nothing embarrassing must happen, for one of you simply must make a hit with him. I could wish for nothing better than a match with Charles Merrell, worth such a fortune, and such a good friend of your brother’s too,” answered Mrs. Delaney as she descended from her automobile and betook her stout figure up the steps.

“I know what we’ll do,” suddenly exclaimed Dorothy. “Peg can go to the country to see Aunt Molly. You
know she has been wanting to go for so long and here is a good chance.

"The very thing," acquiesced Emily. "I'll pack her things and she can take the five o'clock train."

"Yes, she must take that train for Jack and Mr. Merrell will be here at seven," added Dorothy.

Margaret was delighted with the idea of a visit to Aunt Molly and was soon off. Mother and daughters were elegantly dressed and eagerly awaiting the arrival of their brother and Charles Merrell. Presently the door opened. The girls rushed to the mirror to take a last look at their hair and dab a little more powder on their noses. Then they stepped out to meet the wonderful millionaire.

When they saw Jack standing in the hall alone, they almost collapsed.

"Where is Mr. Merrell?" they demanded all at the same time.

"I'm sorry I disappointed you," began Jack, "but just after I sent that telegram Charles got a telegram from his father asking him to stop by his home."

"Where does he live?" Dorothy asked.

"Oh, he went to their country home about ten miles from Overbrook. The family is spending the summer there. I should have telegraphed you but I didn't. Anyway he will be here Monday and this is Friday. By the way, where is little sister, Peggy? "She is at Aunt Molly's at Overbrook. I told her you were coming with your chum but she would not stay," answered Mrs. Delaney.

"I'm sorry she's not here. I wanted her to meet Charles especially. He is such a fine boy. He is not like these little dudes around here. I am sure she would like him. His home is not far from Overbrook, but there is hardly any chance that she would meet him at Aunt Molly's," said Jack, who instead of sharing their
feelings about Peggy, was very proud of her for her real self.

"Oh no, none hastily added Mrs. Delaney.

On Saturday Jack received this telegram from his chum: "Can't possibly come Monday. Will come some time following week.

Charles Merrell."

Margaret wrote often to her mother and sisters. She always enjoyed a visit to Aunt Molly but this time she was having an especially good visit. She wrote that a boy from one of the neighboring farms had been "grand" to her.

The next week Jack received a letter from Charles. He was not coming that week. He didn't know exactly when he could come. Mrs. Delaney was terribly wrought up and decided to write for Margaret as she did not think he was coming at all.

Margaret regretted very much having to leave Aunt Molly's; she had had such a delightful visit and she did not like her city home, anyway.

Margaret had been at home several days when Jack received a letter from Charles. At last he was able to get off and he would be there the next day.

"Mother, please let me go back to Aunt Molly's while Mr. Merrell is here. My ways might disgrace you, and I should be so afraid I should come between my sisters and him in some way." said Margaret, when she heard the news.

"No, that is impossible. I couldn't impose you on Aunt Molly any longer. You'll have to stay."

At last the time came for the arrival of Charles Merrell. Dorothy and Emily had spent fully three hours dressing and wondering which one of them was to be the future Mrs. Merrell. Margaret refused to see him at all that day.

After Charles had been introduced to Mrs. Delaney, Dorothy and Emily, he turned to Jack and asked,
"Where is your little sister you used to talk about so much at school?"

"I don't know where she is, but very likely she is running a race with the dog, or climbing the one apple tree we have," laughed Jack. "Those are her favorite pastimes."

"I wish you would go and find her; I would like to see her."

"You will see enough of her tomorrow without having to bother about seeing her today," Mrs. Delaney hastily put in.

"Oh, it won't take you long to find her, Old Boy. I'm crazy to see her this minute, so run along." Charles slapped Jack heartily upon the back.

Jack did not tell Margaret who it was that wanted to see her. In a few minutes she came bouncing into the room, looking up suddenly to see Charles Merrell standing there, the next instant she was in his arms.

"Mrs. Delaney, here's the little girl I'm going to marry," said Charles Merrell.

"And mother, this is the boy from the neighboring farm, who was so grand to me," confessed Margaret, pink to the very tips of her ears.

MILDRED COSTNER, '19.
Ballads

The name of ballads in at least three languages, Greek, Italian and French, means either to dance or a dancing song. Thus it is found that in its earliest existence, it was undoubtedly meant to be sung, or if too long for that, to be chanted to a few strains of the harp or fiddle. In definite words, the ballad is a “versified narrative in simple, popular and often rude style of some valourous exploit or some tragic or touching incident.”

Unmistakably, the earliest poetry of all nations has been in the form of ballads. When men were uncultured, unlettered, and lived on an equal basis in the social and intellectual life, then it was that ballards were in the making. And as a silent assenter to the truth of the fact, we have in them even a better picture of the simple and unadorned of these people depicted than history in its fullest sense can give, not a picture that one man could have sat down and portrayed, but one that bears unmistakable signs of being influenced by the lives of countless people. Two of the greatest authorities, Svend Greijdvig and Ferdinand Wolf, on the question of ballad making, regardless of the ways they disagreed concerning other characteristics of the ballad, they were thoroughly joined as to the fact that ballads were the “outcome and expression of an entire community,” where everyone was ignorant so far as book-learning extended, and where such an evenness of sociality and intellectuality existed that “one habit of that and one standard of action animated every member from prince to plough-boy.”

But gradually culture and learning come in and ballads are cast into the literary highways and hedges where simple and glorious freedom from knowledge
and education are still held dear to the hearts of the primitive people. But again they are pushed back and so far this time they seem all but lost. But is this strange and to be wondered at? Surely not, for it is not the same old story of a restless longing for something new, always new—and not always best. Yet it is thru experience that one gains knowledge and so, years later, when the old ballads were again revised and brought to light from the dark recesses of the minds of the old people, who lived back in the hills and dales, the ballads were all the more beautiful and dear to us because of our long separation.

If one makes a complete study of the ballads, the limited amount of subject matter will necessarily force itself upon one. The themes for the ballads might possibly be counted on one hand. It appears from this that they would of a necessity grow monotonous and uninteresting, but far from it! Each ballad is teeming with new life. Some quaint phase or perhaps a mere bit of superstition which is interesting in its manifestation of the general belief of the times, makes each selection different from the others in spite of their similarity. In Sir Patrick Spens an excellent example is found. The sailors hesitate to take the voyage because,

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arme."

One of the best historical ballads, the Battle of Otterburn, probably had its origin based on an incident of the Scottish invasion of England in 1388. From the great resemblance in many ways of ballads similar to it is highly probable that our greatest epics as the Nibelungenlied had its origin in just such an humble beginning. Many of the ballads which have come down to the present age have almost every characteristic of the real epic except probably the length, and of course a certain lack in depth and greatness of form.

Some of the most interesting of the ballads, which
however, as a rule end in tragedy, are those having some domestic relation for a theme. In the Cruel Brothers, a maid on being proposed to, bade her lover knight ask the consent of her father, mother, sister and by all means, her brother John. On the wedding day, all bade the bride and groom farewell, but the Cruel Brother as he helps his sister to her steed, stabs her. She rides on a piece, but presently overcome, she stops and makes her will. Some possession dear to her is left to each save her brother to whom she leaves a gallows to be hung upon.

In Fair Annie, the result is not so tragic. The husband of Annie decides to take him another wife. He goes after her, brings her back where Annie welcomes her to the home. In the night however the new bride hears Annie crying and comforts her by telling her that each of Annie's sons shall have a ship, and she herself goes home tomorrow a "mayde".

No clearer insight could be obtained into a peoples' views of life and even super-natural life than is to be found in some of the old ballads. The wife of Usher's Well for instance, has the "Carline wife" making a wish that the wind would never cease its blowing until her "three stout and stalwart sons," "her sons she'd never see" should return from the depths of the ocean back to her. They return one night, but at the ill-fated crowing of the cock they bid their mother and her maid good-bye.

But of all intensely human traits to be found in the ballads, those depicted in the ballads of outlawry seem to come nearer to all human nature than any strong, bold and undaunted robbers, holding up the rich at every nook and corner, taking from them all they desire, threaten to torture them and in the end let them go or kill them outright, and then with the proceeds of the haul, help some poor person who has seen more unfortunate. One finds a big, strong admiration within himself
for such characters as these. Cruel? Yes, perhaps in a
sense, but so utterly tender in their treatment of worthy
ones and holding in such high regard their woman-hood,
that one forgets the few wicked traits when they are
compared to the numberless good ones. The Robin
Hood ballads are the most important ones of this
theme. The reality of Hood’s existence has oft been
tried to be proven, but never with any success.
The freshness of the day as portrayed in Robin
Hood and the Monk makes one feel almost as if he
were there enjoying it all “under the green wood tree.”
In somer when the shade be sheyne
And leaves be large and long,
H’it is full mery in beyre foreste
To her the foulys song,
To see the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hills lee,
And shadow here in the leves grene
Under the grene-wode tree.

In the form and style of the ballads a sameness and
striking similarity is found in each to the other. All
students of this poetry agree as to the ballads being en-
tirely free from subjective matter, thus proving that
they could not possibly have been written by one man,
but as they came down orally thru the ages, caught up
the spirit and emotions of numbers of people and in-
fused it into themselves. It is interesting to note just
how many similar characteristics one can find in the
poems. For instance, there are verbal repetitions which
will occur perhaps again in one poem, as in the wife
of Usher’s Well.

They (her-sons) hadna beena went from her,
A week but barely one,
When word came to the Carline wife
That her three sons were gone.
They, hadna been a week from her
A week but barely three
When word came to the Carline wife
That her three sons she'd never see.
And then those quaint oldstock phrases of which
many express our thoughts so well, that we use them
even to-day.

The king has written a hard letter
And signed it with his hand.

— or —

The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

Ceratin refrains, too, are found in many of the ballads. These seem to have been as the other characteristics were common property among all the singers or promoters of the ballad. Indeed the whole of the ballad materials was common property of all the Indo-European nations.

Perhaps one feature of the ballads making them so appealing and interesting is their lack of unnecessary decorations and flowery ornaments.

Wilbelen Grimm says of the difference in ballads and poems of art, that the ballad knows no deserts but thinks of the world as all green and alive with poetry, with Heaven above and all the hairs counted on the head; therefore it says nothing but what is needed; what corresponds to reality—it despises external splendor F. Wolf says the ballad has "the art of making with few strokes a vigorous sketch of events and situations." They show a simplicity of thought and speech, and a naturalness that borders on savagery.

Thru the ages since ballads were made, there have come down to the present age only about three hundred, possibly a few more. Handed down orally, these have necessarily been changed by the people, different setting, and the minstrels who often changed them to suit the occasion.

Of the British ballads, most are of recent date, usually being accounted as starting at the first of the
fifteenth century. The Robbin Hood ballads were started some fifty years before, however, and according to Child, they are said to have taken from as early as the thirteenth century.

A revival of interest in the ballad poetry took place in 1765 when Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry was published, and many efforts at ballad making were called forth from some of the best poets; Burger's "Lenore," Collridge's "Ancient Mariner," and Tennyson's "Revenge," were all splendid productions, but of the true ballads they were duly imitations.

The art of making ballads is dead and can never be revived again. But possibly this is better after all, for as a rule, the lesser quantity, the better quality, and should ballads be easily written to-day, our minds would probably be withdrawn from those pure, true songs of our ancient ancestors and become more entangled with those probably less worth while, and we do not want to forget the others, for in spite of all their limitations we love their freshness, simplicity, nearness to nature, and the real bigness they express when great needs call it forth.

RUTH CANNON, '17.
Dear Jest:

I'm planning a house party for next week and I want you to come very, very much. I'm inviting all of our mirthful crowd: the Quyp girls and their fond friends the Cranks. You very well know what exquisite amusements their numerous love pranks will afford us. Wanton Wiles will come "if business permits"—imagine Wanton of all persons speaking of business! Nods and Becks, the dear girls, will come if they have the assurance that they will meet each other here. Charming Smiles will come, I think, and you can understand who will arrive just in time to meet her train, because wherever Smiles is, there is Sport also. Irresistible Laughter will arrive, I am almost certain, and will be, as usual, holding both his sides. Now Jest, you are the only one to complete our jolly dozen, so don't fail me, because you know that we can't possibly get along without your jokes and fun.

The very first night of your arrival we are going to be honored by a dance and, Jest, it is universally known that no one, absolutely no one, can trip it on the light fantastic toe as gracefully as you. I'm just longing to see you dancing around and poking fun at everybody.

Very early the next morning we all want to arise in time to hear the lark begin his flight. I'm counting on everybody to be up and about that morning, except lazy old Laughter, and you know he won't budge an inch unless you are there to get him started to laughing early. When we are all ready and have heard the lark startle the dull night with its singing, we'll take a walk before the early morning dews have dis-
appeared. We'll go by the barn and watch you mimic the proud cock strutting before his dames. Then over the hills and far away will come the distant sounds of the hound and horns. Then, as if awakened by those cheerful sounds, we'll see the sun begin to rise to his regal state from the side of some hoar hill.

After having witnessed the birth of a new day we will then turn our eyes and thoughts earthward to look at the nibbling flocks straying along the russet lawns, and there in the distance watch the laboring clouds resting on the barren-breasted mountains, and the towers bosomed high in the tufted trees. Then the meadows filled with daisies of every hue will catch our eyes—of course you will have to run and pick the very brightest daisy all washed with dew, and considering yourself Puck, convey the love-juice to someone's eyes just for the sake of experiment. By the way, why not stir lazy old Laughter to action and start an affair between him and Nods? Of course that's merely a suggestion but it does look as tho' out of our jolly crowd you ought to make at least one good match. But, Jest, as always I forget my immediate subject altogether when I think of your naughty mischievousnes.

Later in the morning we will go to the upland hamlets to join in the celebration of one of their many holidays. There the ringing bells, sweet lovers, gay young folks and happy old folks, you will be in your sphere. Instead of the villages having to recount their proverbial fairy stories, I'll vouch for it that you will give them a taste of the real thing. You will be a shining light besides Fairy Mab! And oh, Jest, I almost forgot to tell you about the spicy nut-brown ale that is so generously distributed to all. I am very certain that that will be a great inducement for you.

That evening after the strenuous excitement of the day we will all taste of the delicacies bread in a book. "We will read about towered cities filled with busy men; about
triumphant knights moved on to victory by smiling glances from bright-eyed maidens; about pomp, feast, and revelry—and oh, just all of our favorites.

Then in the cool, still night, with the summer breeze gently stirring around us, we'll go down to a haunted stream such as the poets of old sang about, and there away from eating cares, we'll listen to the sweet strains of music wafted to us from the distance and realize that we have indeed come to the end of a perfect day.

I've told you of the happening of only one short day, and perhaps I've offered more pleasure than I can really give you, but you see, Jest, when I think of all of our merry crowd being together again, everything always seems so wonderfully delightful to me that I often exaggerate.

Trusting that you will be here Jest—on—the—Spot brimming over with fun and jollity, I am,

Your mirthful friend,

L. ALLEGRO.

The Country.
October 3, 1630.

Dear Jest:

You have neglected of late to tell me of any change in your address, but I am going to send this letter to your home in "Heart Valley," so there will be no chance of it not reaching you soon.

You know you have not been in my neighborhood in many days, and I have missed you, too. Can't you come in that tripping, dancing way of yours to enjoy with me this red and gold season in my country home? Of course you have vested in the country millions and millions of times, but, Jest, have you ever been awakened in the middle of a still, solemn night by the notes of the lark, just beginning his flight straight into
the blue of heaven; or has there ever been a time in your life when you were aroused just at dawn by the horns of the huntsmen, as they came echoing and re-echoing from the sides of our frosty hills? Don't you think these sound inviting, or are you a sleepy head? Come, whether sleepy or wakeful, and I'll show you.'

"Just such sights as poets dream
On summer eves, by haunted stream."

Sincerely,

L, Allegro

On the banks of the Severn,
May 5, 1632.

Dear Friend Jest:

What a long time it has been since I have had a visit from you! My soul is sated with mirth that is stale, and your companionship is just what I need. Melancholy and her followers, it is rumored, are about to lay siege to this lovely place, and that will never do you know; so pack your Quips and Cranks and come on the wings of the wind.

We shall be early-risers that we may get the full benefit of the lark's native-song. Oh, if you have never heard it, I have untold joy in store for you.

I love to walk, and you will, too, along by the hedge-rows and to watch the great sun flood the earth with his glory. No matter how often you have seen a sunrise, you have never seen them like those you will see here, for they are never twice the same.

We may hear the cock's din, as he calls his wives about him, and at their head, struts with lordly grace about the barnyard. We may hear the plowman whistling as he goes to his daily task, and may see the shepherd counting his sheep under the hawthorne in the dale—and over all this idyllic beauty the sun will peep over the mountain and gradually begin his stately progress through the skies.
On a village holiday, the people will ask us to share in their fun. We'll dance in the shades of the great oak trees, or lie on the grass watching the lovers and the lassies tell that old, old story, or maybe just dream, our souls in fancy floating away on the clouds. When dark comes, a great bonfire is built, around which we tell tales and drink the spicy nut-brown ale. You hear the tales of fairies and goblins told with such fervor that you are almost persuaded to believe in their existence.

Home again, we will read those old romances of Spencer and Gower, and live again in the time of brave knights and fair ladies. Some evening, we will see a comedy given by some band of strolling players—a comedy that will make you laugh until the tears run down your cheeks; or better still, we will listen to a woodland concert until our minds are lulled to sleep, to the sweet strains of divine music.

Jest, do not these delights entice you to come to me, even more quickly than Puck made a girdle 'round the earth? It can't be otherwise, so I shall expect you at any second.

Yours in felicity,

The Joyful One.

The letters are edited by:

Ella Mae Smith, '17.
Ruth Tarkington, '17.
Agnes Jenkins, '18.
Rags and Tatters

Extracts From Old G. W. C. Files

NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE.

"The College Mirror,"
May, 1879.

In Sabbath last the young ladies of the Greenville Female College made their appearance in their new and exceedingly pretty summer uniforms. The dress is composed of a mixed silk and wool fabric of a steel gray color, made in the latest and most fashionable style, and tastefully trimmed with brocade silk of a lighter shade of color, forming a striking and beautiful contrast, and arranged with that exquisite taste and skill which is the perfection of the mantua maker's art. The kid gloves are of the same color as the dress, and the whole crowned by grey. Byron turbans trimmed with grey satin and straw rosettes. The uniform is peculiarly becoming to the fair young wearers, and while neat, is serviceable and far from extravagant in price, costing complete about $15.00. The suitings were furnished by Messrs. Hovey and Townes, the trimmings by Messrs. J. H. Morgan & Co., and the hats by Miss M. A. McKay. It is no compliment to the young ladies to say that they looked beautiful. They always do, and their lady-like deportment is such as to merit universal praise. We have been assured that the president has never yet had oc-
occasion to complain to the parents or guardians of the conduct of any of his pupils, and but very seldom to bestow a personal reprimand.—New South.

“The College Mirror,”
February, 1881.

“The ‘College Girls’ return many thanks for the charming serenade with which they were favored on Tuesday night, January 11th. We would at the same time compliment the musicians on their skillful rendition of the pieces selected. We have enjoyed several serenades this term, but this was one of the sweetest we ever heard. Again we would thank the unknown friends to whom we are indebted for relieving so delightfully the monotony of school week.”

“What does it signify when two of the sterner sex will sit on the top plank of a fence in the rain on Saturday night and sing touching little melodies? They draw their coat collars closer around their necks, but continue to sing. Can the room of ‘F.F.S.’ explain?”

MINUTES OF TRUSTEES, JULY 7TH, 1840.

“The Board met. President Maj. Wm. Turpin, Col. Durham, Maj. E. O. Earle, F. F. Battin, Col. Tandy Walder reported that they had engaged the castles work on the land at the female academy and that the work was to be done this week.

“Maj. E. D. Earle reported from the visiting committee. Said the male department was going on to his entire satisfaction. Spoke in high terms of the new teachers, of the new teacher Wm. Stewart. Said the female department appeared to be well conducted so far as the recitations were concerned but thought there might be some improvement in the arrangement, orderly deportment, and personal neatness of the pupils. After consultation and deliberation on the report of the visit-
ing committee the Board instructed Maj. Turpin to address a kind and respectful note to Mr. Hallonquist inviting his attention to the importance of strict discipline and particular regard to the personal neatness of the pupils."

(Signed) A. B. Crook, President,
H. T. B. T.
"The College Mirror,"
October, 1882.

"The young ladies of the Judson Literary Society return thanks to the business houses of Greenville for their polite and liberal response in advertisements. We hope all our subscribers will read carefully each advertisement and bestow custom and patronage on the merchants who have kindly advertised."

THE PENALTY.

"Won't Dad be surprised when he finds me home from the Navy so soon?" thought John Smith, as he walked rapidly up the cross-street to his father's home.

"Hullo, what's this I've stumbled over? It must be a tramp taking a nap on the way."

John called to a group of officers, talking under the street light on the corner, to come and remove the offending one.

"It's Superintendent Freeman!" exclaimed Officer Robinson, revealing the man's ghostly countenance by his search light.

"He's dead, too! Look at the blood all over him! No, he's barely breathing! Freeman! Freeman! What's the matter?" exclaimed the excited Officer Martin.

"Smith—has—killed—me!" gasped the dying man, as he drew his last breath.

"You'd better come along with us, young man;" commanded the officers, as they grasped John roughly by the arm.
“Why—I didn’t kill him! I stumbled over him in the dark! I have just arrived home! You are mistaken!” cried John.

“But here is a bloody cane with the name Smith carved on it, and here’s a handkerchief with the initials J. S. in the corner, and the dying man, himself, asserted that you killed him. Sorry—but the evidence is too strong.”

* * * * * *

“What’s the outcome of the Freeman murder case?” anxiously inquired John Smith, Sr., of the warden of the prison.

“Tut, tut, old man, be quiet, you have been sick from a stroke of apoplexy ever since the night of the murder, and excitement might cause another stroke and death. Some young, hard-hearted thug has been sentenced to die on the first of next month. But why bother over it?” asked the doctor.

“Who—is—the—young fellow?” nervously inquired the warden.

“Oh, just a boy by the name of Smith—John Smith, I believe. He stoutly affirms his innocence, though; and says that there are lots and lots of John Smith’s. He explained that he hadn’t been home for four years and was on his way to see his father. But this fellow was found with Freeman when the crime was committed and Freeman declared before he died that Smith had killed him. Why, no more circumstantial evidence is necessary!”

“You must get well, Warden, in time for the electrocution. You know you are the one to manage,” continued the doctor.

“Yes—I—know,” whispered the warden very weakly, as he sank back upon his pillow.

* * * * * *

On the day of the electrocution, the Warden appeared agitated and fumbled as he strapped the wasted young
man into the chair. He looked at him intently for a moment. He snatched off the mask and uttered a hoarse cry as he sank to the floor.

"My—son—my—son—for—give—me—I—killed Freeman—. Read—the—letter—in—my—pocket," gasped the warden, struggling in the throes of death.

The letter ran thus:
To the finder:-

I, Warden John Smith, do assert that I killed Superintendent Freeman on the night of January third. We had hot words over the fairness of the recent election, and I struck him a blow over the head with my cane. He fell to the ground. I fled, because I thought him dead. I did not mean to kill him, and I am afraid—so afraid—to die.

Warden John Smith.

But before the letter was finished, Warden Smith had paid the penalty.

WILLIE MAE NIX, '19.

BILL TOMKINS AND THE CIRCUS.

(Inspiration received on Oct. 13.)

One bright morning, Master Bill
Was seated on the window sill,
Watching the workmen pitch their tent,
And wondering what a circus meant.

Bill saw the folks pass to and fro,
And he asked his ma if he could go.
"Your father will be home real soon,
And he will carry you at noon."

"He'll show you all the wonderful things,
The elephants' dance and the parrot's wings
The Bengal tigers, the grizzly bears
And the horrid lions that have no fears."
Just then Mr. Tomkins gave a call,
And Bill hurried thro the spacious hall,
He took his father by the hand
And led him over to the circus land.

At first Master Bill entered the tent,
And everywhere his eyes they went;
First up above, then down below,
And oh! the things he wanted to know.

Why all giraffs have large black dots,
And why the leopards wear big spots,
Why the white bears sleep all during the day
And why the monkeys always play.

Why camels have humps and why tigers leap,
Why the lions are always eating raw meat,
Why hyenas always have a grin,
And why goats wear whiskers on their chins.

If elephants carry clothes in their trunks,
And if camels have water in their humps,
How much does an elephant weigh,
And if every horse knows how to neigh.

Mr. Tomkins grew quite vexed,
And wondered what Bill could ask next;
He took the small lad by the arm,
And carried him back straight to his farm.

Bill hardly slept a wink that night,
He said, "That was a sight 'bout right,"
I'll tell you one thing that Bill said,
Those things work like wheels in my head.

MINNIE RICH.
The Isaqueena

Vol. XI. Number 1.

GREENVILLE, S. C., October, 1916.

Published each month by the students of the Greenville Woman's College.

Entered at the Post-Office, Greenville, S. C., as Second-Class Matter.

Staff

REBECCA FURMAN .................................. Editor-in-Chief
JOHN ANTHONY .................................. Assistant Editor-in-Chief
CASSANDRA ASBURY ............................... Business Manager
ELIZA WOODSIDE ................................ Advertising Manager
MARY FRANCES KIBLER ........................... Advertising Manager
HELEN DAVIS ................................... Literary Editor (Essay)
CARRIE EASLEY .............................. Literary Editor (Short-Story)
ANNETTE ROBERTSON ............................ Exchange Editor
RUTH CANNON .................................. Local Editor
ETHYL SIMPSON ................................ Local Editor
ALICE CALLAHAM ................................ Local Editor
HELEN MORGAN ................................ Local Editor

Editorials

We, the new staff of the College Magazine, wish to take the present opportunity of welcoming the new girls of Greenville Woman's College. We are ever glad to make friends; and hope that in some way our magazine will benefit you. May we ask for a hearty co-operation; by this not only making the Isaqueena prove more beneficial to us as individuals, but to the student body as a whole, and to the College.
OCTOBER.

This has come to be almost a magic word. How often do we hear, “wait until October,” or “I’ll do that when October comes.” It is peculiarly associated with “beginnings” for it is now that business opens up after a dull season, that we begin to plan and provide new clothes, that the home-makers get the houses in order, and last but not least that school begins. There is a mental and spiritual exhilaration that comes to one who enters upon a new school year, even though we “enter with reluctant feet.” In spite of ourselves we catch the inspiration that comes from contact with teachers, with fellow pupils, with new subject-matter; and so we resolve “to do or die.”

That is, those of us who are in earnest make good resolutions to have this new school year count, to do the worth-while things. Is it not feasible for us all to take stock at this time to go ahead and determine now, that we will not lose valuable time, that these first few weeks shall be the index to the future? Why wait until January—the traditional month of resolutions? It is a big thing to know what your “job” is and then stay on it. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

* * *

ADAPTIBILITY.

“Oh! the joy
Of young Ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm glorious colors fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely.”

It is at this time of the year that Nature seems to be the epitome of hope and joy and happiness, to be the very embodiment of beauty; and to inspire us to revel in the very “newness of things.” The most valuable
discoveries have been the result of chance, rather than of contemplation, and of accident, rather than of design. "Adaptability" is a big word that confronts us and which is included in the curriculum of our school life.

Would it not be wonderful if we could say, "My crown is called content?" Content, not in the sense of laziness and unresponsiveness, but rather in the sense of being pleased with one’s surroundings. Have not we been a little prone to judge hastily or criticize a new project or scheme without deep enough consideration? Let us remember that authority "hath a kind of medicine in itself." It has been aptly said, "he alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all the contingencies of life, but the fool contends and is struggling, like a swimmer against the stream."

* * *

FRIENDSHIPS.

One of the biggest assets that we have in connection with our school life is the chance that it gives us to make friends, friends for life, for those are the ones that we "grapple to our souls with hooks of steel." We wonder if all of us realize sufficiently what these friendships will signify in our after-school life! Would it not be a good thing to ask ourselves just what it means to be a friend? How much of loyalty, sincerity, charity, and generosity is implied by that word! Do we ever attain our own ideal in making and holding friends? Then again are we not prone to be too exclusive in our friendships—to narrow ourselves down to only a few; and thereby miss golden opportunities of being with girls well worth knowing.

If we have close friends, let us not be too eager to unfold their secrets to others. But above all be dependable, attentive and more confidential.
If we would gain a broad view of life, we must choose as our friends not only those whose ideas and tastes coincide with our own, but those who differ from ourselves in temperament and in social as well as religious views. Therein lies the golden key to all friendships. Along with our studies, let us study the art, the fine art of friendship.
Exchanges
ANNETTE L. ROBERTSON, Editor.

Up to the date on which the Isaqueena goes to press no magazines have reached our desks, but we are awaiting their arrival with much interest.

The Isaqueena wishes for all our exchanges a year of unprecedented success. We desire to make our magazine one of the best published, and will appreciate criticism, favorable and adverse, given in a constructive spirit.
In and Around College

Y. W. C. A.

As proof to the fact that our Y. W. C. A. will do this year its best work in the history of the college, a larger percent of girls have handed in their names for membership than has been known before.

The Y. W. C. A. is really the only democratic organization and the one common meeting ground on which each girl in school can join in working, study, and play with every other girl. We can not all belong to the Philotean Society or the Aethean Society, and we can not all belong to the same club or clique, but we can all be members of the Y. W. C. A. so let's join our efforts and do our best to make this year the most truly great in every sense, in the history of the Young Woman's Christian Association at G. W. C.

***

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION

Quite the most enjoyable occasion of the kind was the annual reception given on Monday evening, Sept. 25, by the Y. W. C. A. in honor of both the Freshmen of the G. W. C. and Furman. The "rats" of both colleges were allowed the privileges of wearing lovely little hand-painted cards tied with a delicate bow of green ribbon. Throughout the evening delicious punch was served from a delightful little nook on the piazza.
On Sunday, Sept. 24, Dr. Spillman gave an intensely interesting talk concerning the successful Sunday School teacher of today. Dr. Spillman has made an extensive study of his subject and presents his truths in a most attractive and helpful way. In the discourse of his subject he brought out the point that of all the psychological facts lying behind teaching today, not one has been found that the Master in his teaching did not make use of. This lead to his higher and greatest truth that the Sunday School teacher of today is successful just to the extent that she follows the Master Teacher of all ages, Jesus Christ.

* * *

During the second week of the college session, the school was fortunate in having as our speaker of the morning chapel exercise, Dr. Davis, of Orangeburg. Dr. Davis gave a most interesting talk on The Art of Living Together, a subject which is practically new to some of us, who are entering college for the first time. Much that was good and helpful can be derived from this discourse if only we strive to realize that, after all, the main thing in life is to live joyful, happy lives, forgetting our own troubles and cares, in the effort to help others who have deeper sorrows than our own.

* * *

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Alethean and Philotean—, of course every girl in school knows the meaning of these words now. Since the opening of school, the old time rivalry between the two societies has been enthusiastically resumed. Girls have been besieged on every side, by the question, “which Society are you going to join?”

Girls, start off right, connect yourself with one of these organizations and work for it. Unless you add your time and labor to the society you cannot expect to get anything from it. “We get out of life just what
we put into it.” The societies need you and you need them. In the Literary Societies you get training for life that is not given elsewhere in school. Don’t let a month pass by, before you are enrolled with one or the other society.

The Societies have extended to the girls a warm welcome into our college and its activities. On Thursday evening, September 14, the Aletheans gave a “Get-Acquainted-party,” and on Friday evening, September 15, the Philoteans gave their “Stunt Night.” The faculty and entire student body participated in the pleasures of both evenings. On Saturday evening, September 23, each Society held its first meeting. The interesting programs that were rendered were indicative of the fact that the Societies mean business.
Locals

On Wednesday, September 13, the Greenville Women's College held its formal opening. Quite a number of friends and patrons of the College were present. The students were welcomed to the G. W. C., to Greenville, and to the Greenville churches, by the trustees of the college, and pastors of the city. Each girl was made to feel that she was welcome to anything that Greenville might offer her.

It gives us great pleasure to welcome several new members of the faculty to our school; Miss Ehlers, Professor of Mathematics; Miss Kalberer, Professor of Modern Languages; Miss Robertson, Professor of English; Miss McComb, instructor of Science; Mr. Kraft, director of Music; Miss Byrd, professor of Voice and Piano.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on Saturday the following officers were elected for the first term: Sarah Owens, President; Mary Gambrell, Vice-President; Mary Francis Kibler, Secretary and Treasurer.

Misses Mabel Garrison, Nannie Burns, Clara Todd and Ellie Thompson, former students here, spent the first few days of school here with their sisters, who are entering the G. W. C. this fall.

Mr. Holliday of Kingsburg spent a while with his daughter, Miss Mary, recently.

Mr. Gough Thomas of Chicks Springs Military Academy spent Monday afternoon with his sister, Miss Isabel.
Miss Meda Boggs, '15, who is a member of the faculty of Spartan Academy visited Miss Florence Shaw recently.

Miss Marguerite Marshall, '13 now has charge of the Grammar School of the College.

Miss Esther Todd, '14, Miss Paule Chapman '15, Miss Laurie Best, '16 and Miss Martha Bull '16 were recent visitors on the campus.

Miss Aimie Sloan, accompanied by Miss Gladys Padgette spent last week end at her home in Piedmont, S.C.

Misses Leta White, Marie Padgette, and Effie Scarborough of the class of 1916, spent a few days with friends in the college, during the first days of school.

Miss Marian Smith was a recent visitor in Chick Springs, S. C.

The following young ladies spent last week-end at their respective homes; Misses Gertrude Thompson, Mildred Thompson, Lucile Marchant, Hazel Sally, Lucy Sally, Eula Barton, Lillian Hendrix, Juanita Thackston, Fannie Grace Hughes, Marie Freeman, and Nora Woodside.

Miss Robertson of Alabama spent some time here with her sisters, Misses Elizabeth and Annette, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis of Orangeburg came to see their daughter during the first days of school.

Mr. I. M. Smith, of Kinards, S. C., was a recent visitor here.

The greatest step forward among the town pupils is the formation of a Student Government Association. At a meeting of the Association, the following officers were elected:
President ...................... Nan Easley
Vice-President ............ Rebecca Furman
Secretary .................. Cassandra Asbury

Proctors—Mary Anderson, Mildred Anderson, Alice Callaham, Jean Dodson, Helen Morgan, Ella Mae Smith, Willie May West, Eliza Woodside.

Mr. Harry Gray, the field secretary of the Inter-collegiate Prohibition Association, spoke to the students in chapel recently. He is a very enthusiastic worker in the interest of Prohibition.

Mr. Saddler, a returned missionary, gave an interesting talk in Chapel a few days ago, on the importance of Mission Study. He represents the Foreign Mission Board in this line of study.

Misses Floride Watkins, Nan Easley, and Isabel Potteat attended the Furman-Clemson foot-ball game at Clemson September 30.

Miss Mary Anderson recently spent a week-end in Atlanta.

Miss Lavinia Keys who was with her brother in Panama, during the summer, has returned to the college.

Jokes

Miss Goodhue (expounding Malarial germs in Biology): “Miss T—what happens when a mosquito bites you?”

Miss T—“A whelp rises.”

Miss Davidson (in Physiology): “Miss S-l-y, how is the spinal column fitted to the hip bone?”

Miss S-l-y:—“Fitted by ball and socket.”

S. H. to her roommate K. H-r-r-s who was putting on her “gym” suit: “Are you going down to take agriculture?”
Miss Ehlers: “Do you know where I can find a waste basket?”
E. W.: “No, but yonder is Miss Bryant.”
Miss Goodhue (in Geology): “What is the average height of land?”
R. P. (dreaming of Furman) About five feet, eight inches.”
Miss Goodhue: “What! Of land?”
R. P. (blushing): “Oh, I thought you said of man.”

For the benefit of Miss Ehlers we beg to announce that the faculty of the G. W. C. is not required to wear uniforms.

Rat Fant, to her roommate, after assiduously trying to deposit books in her radiator, “Mabel this is the funniest book-case I’ve ever seen. The books simply won’t stay in.”

Miss Norris, to one of “the children”: “Katherine, spell fur.”
K: “f-u-r fur”!
Miss N: “Good, can you tell me what it means?”
K: “Yesum, fur’s a mighty long piece.”

Theo. Tyler, desperately to a Furman Rat: “Are you taking an A. B. degree?”
F. Rat: “No ma’am, I’m taking a B. A. degree.”

Rat Woodside, timidly to an honor board member: “Would you mind telling me if you have to register to use the telephone.”

Hallie Cuttino: “O Mary, do tell me what Transcendentalism means. I heard some girls talking about it.”
Mary Corpening: “What is the word?”
Hallie C.: “Transcendentalism—Dentalism—”
Mary C. (Triumphantly): “Dentalism? Why you goose, you know it has something to do with teeth, of course”.
Point System of Honors

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.
President 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 Committees.
Council Members.

ONE POINT HONORS.
Other Class Officers.
Other Society Officers.
Other Y. W. C. A. Officers.
Other Athletic Association Officers.
Other Society Officers.

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

Miss Annie Addison ........................................ Greenville, S. C.
Ashmore and McDavid ...................................... Greenville, S. C.
J. A. Bull Co. ............................................... Greenville, S. C.
Carpenter Bros. ............................................ Greenville, S. C.
Childers Shoe Co. .......................................... Greenville, S. C.
City National Bank ........................................ Greenville, S. C.
Coca-Cola Bot. Co. ........................................ Greenville, S. C.
Chero-Cola .................................................. Greenville, S. C.
J. P. Carlisle .............................................. Greenville, S. C.
Domestic Laundry ........................................... Greenville, S. C.
M. Erwin .................................................... Greenville, S. C.
Flynn Bros. ................................................ Greenville, S. C.
Furman University ......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Fowler-Armstrong Co. ..................................... Greenville, S. C.
Greenville Woman's College .............................. Greenville, S. C.
Greenville Floral Co. ..................................... Greenville, S. C.
Gilreath-Durham Co. ....................................... Greenville, S. C.
W. R. Hale ................................................ Greenville, S. C.
Hobb-Henderson Co ....................................... Greenville, S. C.
L. P. Hartley ............................................. Greenville, S. C.
Hudson & Jordan .......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Johnson Co. ............................................... Greenville, S. C.
C. D. Kenny Co. .......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Ladies Quality Shop ....................................... Greenville, S. C.
Meyers-Arnold Co. ....................................... Greenville, S. C.
Norwood National Bank ................................... Greenville, S. C.
Ottaray Dry Goods Company .............................. Greenville, S. C.
Mr. & Mrs. Orr ........................................... Greenville, S. C.
A. H. Pyron ............................................... Greenville, S. C.
Pride, Patton & Tilman ................................... Greenville, S. C.
Peace Pkg. Co. ........................................... Greenville, S. C.
Piedmont Shoe Co. ........................................ Greenville, S. C.
Piedmont & Northern Ry Co. ............................ Greenville, S. C.
Rogers Sisters ............................................ Greenville, S. C.
Rogers Bros. ............................................... Greenville, S. C.
Rogers Ice Cream Co. ..................................... Greenville, S. C.
Reynolds & Earle ......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Southern Public Utilities Co. .......................... Greenville, S. C.
Southeastern Life Insurance Co. ........................ Greenville, S. C.
Sullivan-Markley ......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Stewart & Merritt ......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Sample Shoe Co. .......................................... Greenville, S. C.
Seyht & Carter ........................................... Greenville, S. C.
C. D. Stradley Co. ....................................... Greenville, S. C.
Vaughan & Marcey ........................................ Greenville, S. C.
Robert M. Varnon Co. .................................. Greenville, S. C.
Piedmont Shoe Co.
GOOD SHOES FOR EVERYBODY

Main Street and McBee Ave.

On the Corner "Where The Big Shoe Hangs Out"

OUR SHOWING OF THE NEWEST OF THE NEW SHOE MODELS WILL WIN THE ADMIRATION OF EVERY YOUNG LADY THAT APPRECIATES BEAUTIFUL FOOTWEAR.

Women's High Grade Shoes

If you want style, quality and service you will find it at ROGERS BROTHERS.

We carry a very high grade line of footwear at reasonable prices. Also a special line of Bed Room Slippers, at a special price 75c, $1.00, $1.25.

We also carry a special line of Waists in all the newest styles and materials at $1.00. We ask you to see them.

Big line of Dry Goods, Silks, Hosiery and Notions and Tennis Shoes especially.

We thank you for your kindness in looking whether you buy or not.

Rogers Brothers
THE BUSY CASH STORE
Next to Sloan's Drug Store Telephone 2341
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 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. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of M. A., B. A., B. L., are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Department 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 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
Johnson’s Specialty Shop

Is exceptionally well prepared at all times to fill every want of the college girl in the Ready-to-Wear apparel most suited to her needs, with a stock of suitable garments designed exclusively for school and college wear.

M. Erwin Millinery

(At Johnson’s Specialty Shop)

FEATURING A MOST COMPLETE LINE OF CLEVER MILLINERY FOR THE COLLEGE GIRL AT VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

Ashmore & McDavid

SHOES

THE NEW SHOE STORE FOR UP-TO-DATE FOOTWEAR.

“LADIES FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY”

216 South Main Street.

EAT “ROGERS” PURE FOOD SPECIALTIES
Rogers Quality Creams, Golden Potato Chips, Peanut Brittle, Salted Peanuts Pop-Corn Crispettes

Rogers Ice Cream Co.

Phone 132
The worth while Ready-to-Wear apparel with distinctive style features, real individuality and durable service combined, will always be found in abundant variety at the most moderate prices, consistent with true quality at

Hobbs-Henderson Co.

Special attention given to the personal needs and requirements of school and college students.

L. P. HARTLEY
DENTIST
Over Bank of Commerce Greenville, S. C.

We always show the newest and most up-to-date Footwear for young ladies at the most reasonable prices.

Childers Shoe Co.
Phone 167
COLLEGE GIRLS
WILL FIND THIS A GOOD PLACE TO
TRADE.
Kid Gloves, Fownes, Centimeri,
Chanut Brand, Three of the Best

HOSIERY
GOOD VALUES IN BOTH SILK AND
LISLE, GOOD QUALITY, BOOT SILK HOSE.

CORSETS
C-B A LA SPIRITÉ CORSETS.
For the Woman of Fashion

FROLASET CORSETS
The ideal front laced corsets

HUDSON & JORDAN
GROCERS.
Phones: East End 400, 410
West End 98

J. P. CARLISLE, Dentist
Corner Main and Washington Sts.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Greenville Floral Co.
FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
Phone 1631
GREENVILLE, S. C.
Mr. & Mrs. Orr

Artistic Photographers

216 1-2 North Main Street

Phone 1210

GREENVILLE, S. C.

A. H. Pyron Company
COFFEE ROASTERS
COFFEE, TEAS, SPICES, SUGAR, ETC.
Phone 174.

317 S. Main Street

Ottaray Dry Goods Company
INCORPORATED
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR,
GENT'S FURNISHINGS

120 N. Main Street.

PHONE 291

Flynn Bros.

HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO EAT
THE CORNER STORE
EQUAL SUFFRAGE

THE SOUTHEASTEN LIFE CONSIDERS APPLICATIONS ON LIMITED PAYMENT AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES FROM BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, ON EQUAL TERMS. LET THE SOUTHEASTERN HELP YOU TO SAVE YOUR MONEY

Southeastern Life Insurance Co.
GREENVILLE, S. C.
We carry a complete assortment of Athletic Goods for out door and indoor games. The goods we handle are made by dependable manufacturers such as are used by the leading athletics all over the country. Let us show them to you.

Sullivan-Markley Hardware Company
113 North Main Street Phone 77 and 78

Reynolds & Earle
FOR DRUGS and MEDICINES
Tooth Powders, Talcum Powder, Tooth Brushes, Nail Powder, Toilet Cream, Combs and Brushes, Vaseline and Cold Cream
Agents for GUTH'S Fine Candies
Soda Water and Ice Cream 111 Main St.
663—Phones—664.

Furman University
GREENVILLE, S. C.

EDWIN M. POTEAT, D. D., LL. D., President.

A Standard College of Liberal Arts maintained by the South Carolina Baptist State Convention. Courses are offered leading to degrees of Bachelor of Science (B. S.), Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) and Master of Arts (M. A.). Large, comfortable Dormitories. For catalog, special announcement folder, giving entrance requirements, or admission blank, Address

THE PRESIDENT.
NOTHING CAN DO

More to complete your costume than a pair of stylish Boots, lace or button. For all wear we are now showing FALL STYLES in all the new and fashionable models; in all popular leathers.

POPULAR PRICED

Pride-Patton & Tilman

The Domestic Laundry
LAUNDERERS AND FRENCH DRY CLEANERS
Phone 826
East McBee Avenue

SEE US FOR ALL KINDS OF
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Southern Public Utilities Company

DRINK

Chero-Cola
THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

The Best There is to EAT.
Crackers and Candies Especially.

J. A. Bull Company
GREENVILLE, S. C.

CUT FLOWERS

Miss Annie Addison

530 North Street
Phone 577

1303—ONE THREE O THREE—1303
IS THE PHONE NUMBER OF GREENVILLE'S
LEADING SHOE SHOP.

Campbell's Up-to-Date Shoe Repairing
208 N. Main St., Next to Bijou.
Piedmont & Northern
RAILWAY COMPANY

OPERATING THROUGH THE
TEXTILE CENTER OF THE SOUTH

Freight & Passenger Service Unexcelled

Package cars operated in connection with the Seaboard Air Line Railway from and to Atlanta, Savannah, Richmond and Norfolk, connecting with all lines South and West of Atlanta and with Steamship Lines at Norfolk.

Sixteen Electric Passenger Trains Daily
Between
Anderson, Greenville, Greenwood and Spartanburg, S. C.

Five Dollar Penny Script Books sold on Basis Two Cents per Mile.
Commuters Books Containing 54 Tickets and School Books containing 46 Tickets, sold on basis One Cent per Mile Traveled.

TICKETS SOLD TO ALL IMPORTANT POINTS. BAGGAGE CHECKED ON ALL TRAINS.

For further information call on your agent or write
C. S. ALLEN, Traffic Manager, Greenville, S. C.
D. W. MORRAH, Commercial Agent, Greenville, S. C.
R. B. MORRIS, Commercial Agent, Greenwood, S. C.
W. K. THOM, Commercial Agent, Anderson, S. C.
J. P. KING, Commercial Agent, Spartanburg, S. C.
THE SAVOY
FOR CANDIES AND LUNCHES
Phone 1899

Stewart & Merritt
CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS
Phone 915
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Amply able to care for all Banking matters.
The Norwood National Bank
J. W. NORWOOD, President     S. A. MOORE, Cashier
Capital $125,000.00           Surplus and Profits $232,600.00

FOR GOOD STYLISH SHOES AT LESS MONEY
Get them at the
Sample Shoe Store

EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE
SEYBT & CARTER
BOOK STORE AND OFFICE SUPPLIES.
Phone 504.

We invite you to call and inspect our line of
SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, and WAISTS

Ladies’ Quality Shop
Phone 424.
GREENVILLE, S. C.  208 S. Main St.

The City National Bank of Greenville, S. C.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $275,000.00
Henry P. McGee, President; H. J. Haynsworth, Vice-Pres.
Chas. M. McGee, Cashier
PRINTERS-ENGRAVERS
BLANK BOOK MAKERS

LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS AND
ALL KINDS SPECIAL FORMS
AND SYSTEMS, INDEX
CARDS, STEEL CABINETS &
FILING DEVICES.
Greenville's Favorite Shopping Place

The House of Service

DEPARTMENT STORE

YEATS-ARNOLD

(INCORPORATED)

211-213 N. MAIN ST.

GREENVILLE, S.C.

The House of Quality

EACH DAY BRINGS NEWER, BETTER, MORE INTERESTING AUTUMN FASHIONS TO YOUR STORE

You don't have to pay any more at the M. A. Store.

Robert M. Varnon Co.

Where beauty and Quality Meet

Corner Main and North Streets

WEIGH YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

Sentiment in business is founded upon facts and figures. A store deserves your patronage just in so far as it serves you to your best advantage—Qualities, Assortments and Prices.

We know you cannot find qualities superior to those shown here; we are sure no better variety can be assembled; no store can afford to quote you lower prices than ours, and we seal every purchase with a guarantee of satisfaction.
Fowler-Armstrong Co.
Druggists

Toilet Articles, Stationery, Sundries, Etc.
Mary Garden and Norris Candies
Soda, Ice Cream and Sandwiches
daily. All popular winter
drinks.

Fowler-Armstrong Co.
217 North Main Street

Vaughan & Marcy, Inc.
JEWELERS
118 South Main Street

Agents
J. P. Stevens Engraving Company
ATLANTA

RELIABLE GOODS ONLY
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA