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The Isaqueena - 1916, November

Rebecca Furman

Greenville Woman's College

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To Alma Mater

Remembering thine eyes were limpid pools
Of truth, in whose cool depths who would might see
Thy soul; thy brow bespake a mind which rules
Lips that with a vast solemnity
Speak law; the deed of every day thy fair
Strong hands did never scorn, however low,
It was, despite the star dust in thy hair—
Remembering, thy children stronger grow.

Ah, thou hast held us close against thy heart,
'Till, warmer, ours have caught its mother-throb
Of tenderness, which bids us do a part
In silencing a world’s deep, sin-born sob;
And though our feet may tread the common sod,
Their goal shall be the shining hills of God.

Marie Padgett, ’16.
(Class Poem).
HE car sped toward the city. Richard Everette from behind the steering-wheel looked at his watch. Nine o'clock, and the doctor had said the boy could not live unless he could reach the hospital in an hour. He had fifteen minutes more. He hurriedly glanced around at the boy lying limp upon the rear seat and throwing wide the throttle he sped on faster.

The lad was unknown to Everette. Just forty-five minutes before he had been brought to the house by a man who had found him in the woods wounded and unconscious. He had been hunting, for his game bag and gun were lying by his side. The breach blown out of the gun and the horrible wound in his chest told the story.

As he glanced back at the limp figure something in the helpless attitude of the boy called up a vivid image of the clinging, dependent little Richard, Junior. The father-heart in him contracted. This boy—who was he? His father? His mother? In a flash he saw Richard Junior's mother smiling at her boy's merry pranks—and almost instantly with this,—the last sight that had met his eyes before this unexpected summons from a stranger,—was pictured another mother anxiously awaiting the return of her son. The road was rough; as the car sped on, in his feverish excitement, it seemed as though this picture were held before his physical eye, and the jolting of the car accounted for the kaleidoscopic effect. It blinded him. Sometimes the picture shifted into one and then his blood ran cold. What had they to do with one another?

The car had reached the edge of town now and still Everette kept up his speed—the last mile to the hospital. It was a moonless night, but every star in heaven seem-
ed to shine as if trying to replace their absent sister. Everette's eyes were fixed on the road before him. Everywhere was darkness, save the white path cast by the lights and a shining round ring cast on the pavement by an arc light a block ahead. That light meant the corner of Sumpter street and Ashley Avenue. In this bright glare the kaleidoscope assumed fantastic shapes. The terror that he should be too late overcoming him; his eyes were strained from staring ahead; else, why could he not banish this illusion? He shifted his eyes to the side—nothing but blackness, even in this fever of suspense, his subconscious mind was coolly philosophizing: this limited area of physical vision somehow started him musing on the blindness of human actions; so little light; so little guidance; one act can be traced to one effect; but what of the enveloping darkness? What unpremeditated effect does this act produce out there? So he ran on in his mind for what seemed like hours. It was one of those moments when the mind is released from the confines of Time, for as he pulled himself together he saw that he had not yet come directly under the arc-light. Was it another illusion?—a figure hovering on the edge of the street? The first sound escaped from the lips of the boy in the car. Everette turned quickly, involuntarily releasing his grasp of the steering-wheel, the car swerved slightly. The boy stirred restlessly, and made an effort to speak. Everette strained to hear him. His brain was in a whirl, and it seemed to him a scream broke the stillness of the night.

Another illusion? Why could he not calm his nerves to hear the boy? But the boy lay motionless again.

In two minutes more Everette had reached the hospital and Doctors were taking the wounded boy in. He waited until the examination had been made. Then one of the Doctors came to him.

"Man, you've done something tonight. If the boy
had been brought here ten minutes later I'm afraid it would have been all up with him," the Doctor said, slapping Everette on the back.

"I'm so glad he's going to get well," returned Everette as he climbed into his car, his nerves steadied again. "But did you find out his name?"

"Yes, Judson Peters—so he whispered to me when he regained consciousness for a moment."

"Did he speak again?"

"Only to ask for his mother."

A happy light came into Everette's face. That really isn't so bad," he mused to himself, "to know that you have helped save one life in this world. It's strange how good it makes a fellow feel though."

Before he had time for further analyzing Everette was at home and asleep in bed, sleeping the sleep of the just.

"Good morning, daddy," said Richard, Jr., running out on the porch. "See I brought the paper to you. Read me the funnies before mother calls us to breakfast."

"That's fine, sonny. Thank you." With an indulgent smile in his face, he took the paper, and casually turned the pages, surreptitiously glancing at the headlines. Richard, Jr., must never suspect him of any lack of interest in the "funnies!"

"Daddy, hurry, mother's coming."

But Everette's eyes were glued to the headlines on the second page.

"Woman run over and killed while auto speeds on."

"Accident happened last night about nine o'clock on Sumpter Street near Ashley Avenue. Mrs. J. C. Peters, of 121 Sumpter Street, was returning from the home of a neighbor, where she had been to make inquiry about her son, when a passing auto struck her, causing instant death. The auto sped on, and as Mrs. Peters was not discovered immediately, and no one saw the acci-
dent, there is no clue to the owner of the car. She is survived by one son, Judson, aged 17, who has not yet been located by the authorities."

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.
Huxley's Method of Writing

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, the man of science had but one message to bring to the world, the necessity of the knowledge of the laws of nature. He used various means of attracting his audiences so that he might discuss this message. At that time war, figuratively speaking, was being waged between the clergy, and the scientists because the scientists seemed to be disproving the Bible in proving the theory of evolution. He had more tact than to state to his audience that he would speak on evolution; in fact the word evolution was rarely mentioned, but it was the underlying and hidden theme of all his essays. But because he was a scientist of this kind he was in no way irreligious; he did not oppose Christianity but he did oppose blind faith.

Some of the staunchest believers in blind faith were the working class, and it was to them that Huxley lectured most often. They were seeking education and, for this reason, Huxley was always at his best in speaking to them. His purpose for giving these lectures should be expressed in his own words: "I want the working class to understand that science and her ways are great facts for them." His lectures were always based on education and science; and to an illiterate audience, these subjects had to be approached in a way that would arouse their interest. They were very skeptical as well as uneducated and for this reason he had to adopt his material to his audience. In his "Essay on a Piece of Chalk," he approaches his real subject of evolution by shocking his audience into attention and then relating some interesting facts, both chemical and historical, concerning chalk. He often digresses, but this is to hold the attention of his audience. Then, by the use of simple, every day words, illustrations and
figures of speech, he leads his audience up to the point and wins them to believe on him. Then he advances some astounding truth of science. In his "Essay on Improving Natural Knowledge," he wins them first by relating the horrors of the fire and plague of 1666. The prevention of horrors like these, illustrates the practical benefits of natural knowledge and leads up to his main theme: that the spiritual benefits make us happier than we would be without natural knowledge.

It is true that Huxley does not conform to every rule of rhetoric; but, as he himself said of these essays to workingmen, "I only wish I had had the sense to anticipate the run these have had here and abroad and I would have revised them properly. As they stand they are terribly in the rough from a literary point of view." Although this may be true, he took great pains to make his message perfectly clear, for he saw that that was the only way to win men to believe on science and education. His essays are splendid illustrations of good exposition and emphasis; and these, together with unity, make up his chief characteristic, perfect clearness. By this means, he can make the dryest subjects interesting.

In him is a rare illustration of the combination of science and literature; and he has greatly benefited literature by adding these scientific essays. Huxley's writing is, then, something more than a combination of science and literature; for it has helped man to be more useful and to live a better and a happier life here on earth.

ELEANOR BASS, '20.
HE soldiers are coming!" was the thrilling cry that ran from mouth to mouth in the bustling crowd, a crowd whose destination seemed to be the little station at the edge of the village. From the time, half an hour before, when it had been heralded that this certain company of soldiers would proceed to the Mexican border by way of Pine Edge, the little town had been in a flurry of excitement. Now it was dusk, the time that the long-looked-for train was due, an old woman could be seen a few blocks out from the village, tripping down the steps of an humble little cottage. Under her arm was a large basket which she occasionally glanced at, the weary lines of her face relaxing in a sweet smile. She wended her way through the irregular streets, now quickening her steps as if some sudden thought hurried her, now shifting her basket from one arm to the other, as if delightfully conscious of its contents.

Reaching the station, she soon became a part of the merry, chattering crowd. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts were there, laden with baskets and parcels for their loved ones. Suddenly a little boy waving his cap frantically yelled that the train was coming. Everyone crowded around the tracks as the engine puffed into the station. Such hugging and kissing as went on when the khaki-clad boys piled off!

The old woman who had been holding, tenaciously to her basket, now pressed close to the train. She stepped on the platform and peered into the car. Sitting on one of the seats was a young boy gazing wistfully out of the window at a mother fondly greeting her son and loading him down with baskets. Perhaps the boy had taken part himself in such scenes; for now his face took on a dreamy look, as if the gracious phantom of mem-
ory, were leaning close to him. There is ever a subtle pathos about the thoughts that find us at dusk. Then is the time we miss old friends, old days, old dreams.

"Boy," the old woman whispered to the young man, "I thought maybe there might be some of youuns as didn’t have no maw to bring you anything, so I just brought this little taste of my own makings. I’d be mighty proud if you’d take it; I onc’t had a boy who went away in his khaki-suit"—here her voice trembled—"I’ve always liked to think that folks was kind to him. He wrote me onc’t about somebody’s mother in Alabama." Here the whistle blew, and the seething mass of khaki streamed to the steps. "Good-bye, boy, be brave, and always remember your maw loves you wherever she is and always expects the best of you."

The boy impulsively seized the hands of the woman resting lightly on his shoulders, and murmured something about "Mother in Alabama," but the soldier boys crowded the passage, and the woman with a parting smile, slipped hurriedly away, every khaki-clad figure pressing into the seats, cap in hand, to let her pass.

Ruth Owens, ’20.
Fear Death

Fear Death? Shall I whose whole of life
Was longing to be free
Regret to mingle with the sands
Whose scope is sea to sea?
Or I who ever loved the night
Be loath to lay my head
Where all the stars through utmost space
May watch above my bed?
Shall I who loved the smell of rain,
And found its touches sweet
Resent if it should wrap me round
Within a soft grey sheet?
Shall I who ever worshipped beauty,
Nor found it in my face,
Be grieved if daffodils should grow
From out my resting place?
Or mayhaps in some flaming maple,
I might somehow shake
The souls of men like strains of music
That I love, but cannot make?
Or, better still, some wanderer
Weary with many a mile
May find it sweet some day to rest
Upon my grave awhile.

MARIÉ PADGETT, ’16.
Huxley as a Lecturer

FTER a day of hard work in the office, as I walked, thinking over the work of the day and not noticing where I was going, I soon found myself in that part of London in which the working men live. Usually at this time in the evening the streets were deserted; but now they were full of groups of men, laughing and talking, but all going slowly in the same direction. Filled with curiosity, I stopped one of the groups to ask: “Can you tell me why so many men are going in this direction tonight?”

“Why, yes,” said a jolly looking one, and smiled, “Mr. Huxley is going to tell us all about ‘A Piece of Chalk’ tonight.”

“Well, I am curious to know what he can find to say about this little piece of chalk” another one said, looking at a small piece of chalk he had taken out of his pocket.

I was curious, too, and decided to follow the crowd and find out. We soon came to the place, and following a crowd of men up a rather rickety and dark stairway, we entered a large room. I found a seat near the back and began looking around the crowded room. The crowd was composed mostly of the working class, “the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker.” They were all talking; some seriously discussing the lecture and wondering about it; others laughing and taking it as a joke. None seemed to know what to expect; nor did I.

Suddenly everything became quiet, and turning to see the reason for this, I saw a very masculine looking man, with his long hair swept back from his broad forehead, enter the door. I recognized Mr. Huxley, for I had seen him several times. He came down to a little platform in one end of the room, and standing there he slowly looked over his audience with his deep,
flashing, dark eyes, as if he wondered just what would appeal to them. And then, without gesture or raised voice, he began talking to them.

Beginning with the chalk cliffs all around them, he told them their history. He told them how ages and ages ago, even before the "Cave Dwellers" lived on this earth, these cliffs were on the bottom of the sea; how the little globigerinal which formed them are found living in the sea bottom today. He not only told them this story entertainingly, but by his proof and illustrations convinced this crowd of skeptical men that he was not telling them a fairy story for their amusement, but a wonderful truth which he wanted them to know.

Now, looking over this sea of upturned, attentive faces, Mr. Huxley told them this more wonderful truth; this truth which he had proved to them all through the history of the chalk. Lucidly, accurately, without causing any confusion or obscurity in their thoughts, he had told them of his theory that the earth and its inhabitants have all undergone a gradual change, brought about by the natural process of Nature. By his homely illustrations and phrases he had so adapted himself to their uneducated minds that they now understood Evolution, not as some high-sounding theory, for the discussion only of the wise and intellectual men of the day, but as something closely connected with their own lives.

The lecture was over. Slowly the men arose and went out, not boisterously laughing and talking, but seriously thinking of this wonderful thing they had learned. By clothing these scientific facts, which otherwise would have been a very dry subject for such men, in everyday and homely dress, he had given them something to think of. The carpenter, as he drove nails, instead of singing an accompaniment, would think and reason over these things and improve his mind. Many an hour spent by these men before in aimless wanderings in
the streets would now be spent in reading, and searching for more knowledge of this wonderful theory.

Mr. Huxley had helped the world wonderfully by his scientific knowledge; but because of his ability to combine science and literature and clearly and entertainingly telling these men of the wonders of Science, he had also helped individuals.

Ethel Smith, '20.
The Faith that Removeth Mountains

AMMY, don't they have fairies?" There was genuine distress on the tiny face uplifted so earnestly to mammy's.

"Go 'long, honey, go 'long, what you talking 'bout?"

"Why," said the child, a slight quaver creeping into her voice, "Bill told me that there wasn't any fairies, and he said my book daddy gave me was just a big, big, old whackery tale. But it's not so, is it mammy? Aren't there some fairies?"

"Honey chile, yo ole mammy's busy now. I done promised Miss 'Liza I have dese clothes done dis morn-ing. Yo jist go 'long and don' pay no censaun to what dat old bad boy Bill say. He don' know nufing. Yer gw'an and read dat dere book yo' pa git yer."

Mammy mused a moment and then began, as if talking to herself.

"As fer dem fairies—Lawd knows dey mus' be some fairies in dis world, else hit'd be a mighty bad place wid all de witches what seems to hab got loose on de las' lec tion day."

Little Sarah, who had been listening with great at-tention to this soliloquy of mammy, brightened visibly at the mention of fairies; and not bothering her head about the witches she said, gleefully, "So there are some fairies, aren't they, mammy?"

Mammy, still thinking of the election day in which her "old man, Tom, had done gone and played the fool," answered with her usual reply, "Cose dey is, honey."

"And can't they do anything they want to?"

"Yas, honey."

"Could they mend my doll I broke last night, mammy?"

"Cose chile."
Sarah, quite satisfied ran to the nursery for her doll, her thoughts flying swiftly. The book had said that fairies lived in the woods, around the branch, and played and danced over the green moss. She knew where the woods were. She had been there many times before with mammy. And one day she and Bill had slipped off and had gone on to the branch and gone in wading, so she knew where the branch was. She couldn’t remember any moss, but, of course, the moss was there. She could find it easily enough.

She snatched up her doll. The head was sadly smashed and an arm and one foot were missing, but Sarah gave her an affectionate shake as she said, “Now, my Annette, you’ll soon be as good as new.”

Down the stairs and out of the door she dashed, dragging her beloved Annette. Not one moment did she hesitate but ran straight for the woods, and on to the branch. And then she thought of the moss. Yes, the moss seemed to be everywhere. She looked at it thoughtfully, wondering if these green banks of moss didn’t look like huge mountains to the dainty creatures. But the fairies—where were the fairies? She couldn’t see any. Why weren’t they playing in the moss as her book had said they did? She would sit down and wait for them. Of course, they would come and mend her doll. Fairies knew everything and could do everything. She wondered what time it was—it must be getting late, she had waited so long; but she would wait longer. They would surely come. Mammy had said so.

And mammy, all unconscious of the confidence reposed in her, was still busy with the clothes, when “that bad, old boy, Bill,” came flying out of the door and yelled at her.

“Mammy, where is Sarah? We can’t find her anywhere. When we got ready for dinner we went to call her, and we have been looking for her now about an hour and can’t find her anywhere.”
Old mammy dropped the clothes she was scrubbing and considered a moment. Then she cocked her head to one side, put her arms akimbo, and laughed.

"Lawdy, Lawdy, chile! Bless my soul if I don' think I know where da baby done gone to."

Then she sobered. "Bless my soul, bless my soul," she said shaking her head, "who'd a thunk'd it? Yas, sur, I'll go rite ater dat baby dis very minute."

* * * * *

Just after sunset mammy emerged from the house, carrying a basket and the doll once more in its right proportions. She hurried down the path that led to the woods; and hunting the spot where she had found "her baby" in tears, waiting for the fairies to mend her doll, she uncovered the basket, took out the mended doll and put it down on the moss.

"Dar, now, my baby'll find out I don' tell no stories. I done told her she had to go way and leave de place, so's de fairies could come out in de night time and do de wuk. Den when she come in de morning, she'd fin' her doll all mended. De good Lawd knows dis ole nigger don' intend to shake dat baby's faith, dat's why I has to make out so.

DOROTHY WADDELL, '20.
Bacchus

(Aristophanes' "Frogs.")

Bacchus is that type of a comic character who, because he is ignorant of the fact that he is funny, appears all the more ridiculous.

Several of his characteristics are brought out in his relations with Xanthius. First of all he is the master of Xanthius, but what an insignificant figure-head the master is compared with the servant! He boasts very much of his lordship, and pretends he is master of every situation but in his very boastings and pretensions he shows off his insignificance, for in every tight place they come to, it is to Xanthius. Bacchus fairly clings for guidance. He thinks, too, that he has so much sense, much more than Xanthius ever dreamed of, and the fact that he shows so little, makes him all the more ridiculous. It is always Xanthius' brains that he makes use of, though he has not the sense to realize it long enough to stop boasting of his own.

Bacchus never tires of petty argument. He must carry his point, and apparently without consciousness, goes over and over it, not understanding any other. Like a child he demands to be humored many times, until Xanthius disgusted, lets him have his way. He is a lover of big words, too, which sound like something wonderful, but which one can only laugh at, knowing it is no more than "hot air."

The most marked characteristic, however, that Bacchus shows on all occasions is his cowardice. Altho' he determines he will not let any one frighten him he becomes convulsed with fear and falls in a faint when Pluto utters that terrible speech about Hades. Then, too, when he reaches Hades, he straightens up and thinks he is conqueror of any adventure, and the next moment he is slouching behind Xanthius because he
has heard a noise. Coward-like he is not going to stay on the side from which the noise comes, but puts Xanthius there. Because Bacchus thinks he is so brave, while in reality he is such a coward, he becomes a comic character.

WILLIE BRYAN, '17.

Xanthius

(Aristophanes' "Frogs."

Altogether, Xanthius is one of the most delightful characters in "The Frogs". He is one of the most good-natured, humorous and human characters in the play. Throughout the whole of the play, Bacchus, his ridiculous master, wants to put the difficult deeds on him, and he accepts cheerfully, always seeing something to be gained in his role. No matter how wild the scheme he is willing to do his part. His anger is never aroused. Even when he had to give up the clothes of Hercules and become Xanthius, the servant again, he did it good-naturedly, in spite of the fact that he had done the same thing before. We feel that Xanthius is laughing up his sleeve at all the happenings. He sees fun in it all.

The way in which Xanthius plays with Bacchus shows us what a delightful sense of humor he had. Knowing that his master was easily frightened he conjures all sorts of plans to arouse his fear and then enjoys a good laugh at his expense.

The manner in which Xanthius enjoys seeing Bacchus flogged especially shows us his human side. To get even with his master was a great feat. What servant does not delight in seeing his master suffer, if his master has attempted to take advantage of him? He has an abundance of curiosity and likes to keep up with his master in order to overhear his secrets and babble them around afterwards. Isn't this typical of
human kind? Xanthius is bringing forth the faults of his master and he revels in doing so. He knows that in this deed he is making himself funny also.

Etel Simpson, '17.

Bacchus

(Aristophanes' "Frogs."

If conclusion concerning Bacchus' character could be rightly drawn from his own opinion of himself, he would indeed be a wonder. Bravest of the brave, he marches resolutely toward perils of which he has been forewarned, only to fail ignominously when the real test for courage comes. Of this failure, however, he is completely and happily ignorant. Wisest of the wise, he stands as judge and mediator between the two great tragic poets, Aeschylus and Euripides, not once realizing that every word he utters makes him seem infinitely more insignificant and ridiculous in comparison with the strong intellects beside him. To be confident of one's abilities is, of course, necessary to success, but to be cognizant of inequalities is just as necessary, else there is no chance for improvement. And in this last requirement, Bacchus was sadly wanting.

Another characteristic which may or may not be admired, is his delightfully politic manner, which is a very modern trait, to say the least. He agrees thoroughly with everything Euripides says, and then just as fully with Aeschylus when this father of Greek tragedy presents his side of the question. But, in order that Bacchus may not be shown in an entirely uncomplimentary light, we may consider this neutrality as coming from a kind desire to please everyone, and not from fear or ignorance. Another very noticeable trait of his character is his complete reliance on words of others without inquiry for himself, or his unusual susceptibility to suggestion. He cowered wth fear when Xanthias point-
ed out a ghost head, although he himself saw absolutely nothing.

In the end, the one occurrence which shows him better than all others in his repeated change of costume with Xanthias that he might thereby avoid prospective dangers to his own, lovely person. He shirked and avoided responsibility, but sought credit and praise.

EULA BARTON, '17.

Medea
(Euripides' Medea)

In Medea we have a character which at once excites our admiration, and, as strongly, our contempt. If we think only of the horrible deeds she committed she seems altogether repulsive, but if we judge the motives, not the deeds, we find ourselves prone to excuse. She was not a person who could be indifferent toward any important matter. If she loved, she loved passionately; if she hated, she hated desperately. In the beginning she loved Jason to such an extent that she was veritably his slave, using any means in her power to obtain his ends. But, when, by his desertion, he turned her love to hatred she enjoyed nothing so much as the sight of his suffering, even taunting him by displaying the dead bodies of their children. Humble in love, she was defiant and invincible in hatred. In her grief, even her servants feared to approach her, knowing in the words of the nurse, that she had a heart of fire, an unbowed will, an uncontrollable, tempestous spirit.

One of the most admirable traits of Medea's character was her great mother-love. She loved her children so passionately that she was able to kill them with her own hands rather than see them suffer death or mockery at the hands of another. The modern woman will doubtless admire also her independent spirit which caused her to scorn aid from Jason. Also her fearlessness in de-
riding him, although she knew he could overpower her. In fact, though Media's faults may at first loom up into the foreground, they certainly seem of less importance, the more seriously we study her. Two things alone prove her a lovable character: the devotion of her children, and of her servants.

EULA BARTON, '17.
Huxley as a Man

In careful and thoughtful study of Huxley's lectures, we find ourselves unconsciously gripped by his giant intellect. With his keen insight into human nature, he understands how to get the individual attention of his hearers, and then with wonderful skill, holds their interest. He has undoubtedly a clear, logical and orderly mind, coupled with the ability to express his thoughts with ease and forcefulness. Huxley's mind is like "the clear, cold, logic, Engine," about which he writes. He does not consider a question from one standpoint merely, but looking at it from all sides, in a fair, just way, draws his conclusions. And this genius, in whose mind were always dwelling great and new ideas, would not leave it to chance as to "which should be first or last", but with great skill arranged them in their proper order; thus deeply impressing and magnifying in the minds of his hearers, the great and important truths they were destined to teach.

It is with equal respect I regard Huxley as a scientist. He shows us that from his knowledge of Nature's laws, he obtains that happiness which he recommends to all. In his complete understanding of Nature, of the wonders and beauties of this universe, I think he found the Beneficent Mother who is always giving untold blessings to all who will partake thereof.

Although Huxley may not be what we in this day term "a religious man", I think he is profoundly religious. He understood his religion more than he really felt it; it was outward more than inward. Huxley has been, and if he were living at the present time, doubtless would be called "a moralist"; this he is, but deep in his inmost soul is rooted the firm belief in Him, as the Creator and the ever just and kind ruler of this universe, about which he wrote.

ELIZABETH PINKERTON, '20.
Rags and Tatters

AN AWFUL WHIPPING.

Come yuh, nigger and get your beatin',
I don' tole you forty time,
Not to play wid dat ole rooster,
Nor stick your hands into dat lime.

Yow done gone and hurt de pig,
Yow tied a rope around her feet,
And yow done give dat red calf pison,
Now how can anybody eat de meat.

How many times yow want me to tell yer,
To quit teassin' pa's black mule ?
And don' throw'd rocks and tin cans at 'em
Ain't yow shame yow silly fool.

Come into dis house dis minute,
And set down till I come,
And when I git thru beatin' yow,
Yow sho' will be cryin' some.

Lay across your black ma's knee,
And take it like a man,
You can bet dat on dis day,
Yow go git all yow kin stand.

And when yow ma, she talks to yow,
Hear me, yow better listen,
Cause if yow don't do what I say,
Dar'll be a nigger missin'.

MINNIE RICH.
SUNSET ON MT. G—.

One day I sat in my comfortable, velvet-backed seat in the rear end of a north-bound train, looking out on the enchanting scenery which we were passing. The train was going up Mount G—, making slow progress. Most of the occupants of the train were either sitting with faces and noses pressed against window panes, or were leaning half-way out of the window—drinking in all of the wonders of an autumn, half green, half burnished gold, half mountain, half plain. Never before had I seen such harmony of color—the yellow of the leaves blending into the azure of the sky overhead, while with the same harmony blending into the damp, green grass below.

 Everywhere could be heard the lazy buzz of myriads of insects; everywhere could be seen small flocks of birds flying overhead, for Indian summer had scarcely been ushered in and summer proper had only recently departed.

 As we slowly ascended the mountains, the sun and the train seemed to be running a race. For now as we glided smoothly along some level section, the sun came into view in all its golden splendor; and then, as down some small ravine we plunged, lost to all was it, and into darkness we rode. Up and down, in and out, and at unequal intervals, guided by our ever-shining sun, and lost in darkness.

 As we approached the summit of the mountain each and every one on board, man, woman and child stood or sat in awful silence.

 First the whole western sky seemed bathed in gold, while the heavens surrounding made a gorgeous flame of fiery red. Slowly, down went the sun, and slowly, slowly up went the train, until we felt as though we were diving straight into the golden ball so far ahead. Gradually as time flew on, the horizon faded from the golden yellow into a mellow and glowing orange: from
the glowing orange into a rich red; then as if penetrating and mixing with the surrounding blue of the sky, became a deep purple. By this time, the sun was nearly gone and gray twilight was falling fast. Suddenly, as if wakened from a dream, we found ourselves enveloped in a soft lavender mist for night had descended upon us, and with it the cool, Autumn dew.

MARION BABCOCK.

——

IRVING PARAGRAPHS.

(Washington Irving, the Father of American Letters).

Washington Irving was the first American to regard literature as worthy of existence for itself only. All before him had written with some practical purpose in view. He thought of literature as an art, sufficient in itself and not a means to an end. He has laid the foundations for all artistic writing in America. Others in America had written of her history, her achievements, and even of her beauty—but all from a practical viewpoint—his was the task of revealing the legend and romance of the country.

Washington Irving was loved for his stories’ sake. They reached the hearts of people—not so much to reform them or make them reform others, but to make them happy.

Perhaps most important of all is the fact that he was recognized by England as a man of letters. From woman, in the eyes of the English, by virtue of her having produced Washington Irving, America receives consideration in literary affairs.

Finally, by his attention to style, to artistic form, to the development of the essay and the short story he may justly claim the title of the “Father of American Letters.”

SARAH OWENS, '18.
IRVING'S MESSAGE.

Washington Irving is indeed one man that saw the doughnut and not the hole. "Count only the sunny hours," is a life motto that seems to fit perfectly the man who named his home, "Sunnyside." Ever does he strive to teach us how to claim and take away this motto for our very own. His writings are all so cheerful and sunny that everyone enjoys them, for when a man seeks only to give and add pleasure to the world he usually succeeds. This was the one purpose of all of Irving's writings and many a happy hour has indeed been passed by both young and old in reading his delightful "Sleepy Hollow," "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Knickerbocker History," in which he never once loses his keen sense of humor. Irving, unlike the writers of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods wrote to please and entertain and not to instruct; in this perhaps lies his world wide popularity, for everyone loves pleasure while it is only some who like to be taught. When the world asked her question, "Whoever reads an American Book?" it was Irving that answered. He saw and realized that right on his own land, even at his very door, were unknown or unthought of subjects to write about, those that would appeal to man. America was, too, a land of romance and legend and this Irving realized, first sowing the seeds for American literature and reaping many of them himself in his world-known writings.

   CLAIRE SMITH, '18.

A GREAT SOUTHERNER.

Among all the generals of late years, a Southerner stands pre-eminent. He is the greatest general the South has ever produced and ranks among the seven greatest generals of the world. All of us are justly proud of Robert E. Lee and pay tribute to him every year.
This man was always quiet and unobtrusive; when he spoke everyone listened, for they knew that he could and would say something worth listening to. Lee's dress was as unostentatious as was his speech. He never wore decorations which he thought would be the least showy. During the war many of the officers wore big plumes on their caps and decorations on their coats, but the general's hat was an old gray, which he pulled far down over his brows, without a plume and his coat was without adornment. This great man always wore a neat gray uniform, and at the surrender at Appomatox he wore his dress uniform and was immaculately attired. In his neat clothes he presented a striking difference between Grant, who was dirty and dusty, and wore his every day clothes. Those who were present then said Lee looked more like the conqueror and the one to make the terms of the capitulation than like the vanquished, who should agree to the terms made by Grant. During the war, many of the high officers would drink and smoke. 'Tis said that Grant, in one day when he was having alternate successes and reverses, smoked twenty large, strong Havana cigars to lessen the nervous strain. Lee, on the other hand, never drank or smoked. No matter under how great a nervous strain he was laboring he never resorted to smoking cigars or drinking as did many of the high officers on both sides.

This great man was always thoughtful. He thought of his soldiers when he ordered them to go into battle and prayed for them when they were fighting. His estimate of the value of each soldier was so great that he tried to think of means of saving their lives and not of placing them where they would be slaughtered unnecessarily. One example of his great fore-thought was at the surrender. Of course he realized that by dividing his army into several parts and fighting the guerilla warfare the South could last several years longer. Yet,
he also realized the futility of prolonging the struggle and of causing blood to be shed uselessly. So he thought it best to put an end to the fighting by surrendering.

Lee always did what he thought was his duty, and this is what he said once in a letter to his son, "Duty is the sublimest word in our language; you can not do more than your duty; you should never wish to do less." Although he was opposed to secession yet he thought it his duty to go with his native state and use his sword in defense of her. Therefore, he resigned his place in the United States army and rendered his services to Virginia, and he was at once made the leader of the State forces and later of all the Confederate forces. His duty was always clear to him and when he saw it he unflinchingly obeyed.

Robert E. Lee, or "Marse Robert," as he was affectionately called by his devoted soldiers was a descendant of several noted soldiers—"Light-Horse Harry" Lee and General Henry Lee and others. It is no wonder then that he was such a great soldier, as all his ancestors were great fighters. At first he showed his skill in the engineering department of the service when he put jetties in the Mississippi to deepen the channel and kept the river from flooding the land, and he also aided General Winfield Scott in storming many of the cities of Mexico. Later, he laid plans for the fortifications around Richmond. When he was commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies he planned all the great movements which were carried out by his officers. Lee, combining as he did his powerful mind with his Christian attributes proved clearly the falsity of Wellington, the Iron Duke's statement, "A man of fine Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the position of a soldier". Lee was certainly a Christian and none will doubt that he was a good soldier and general.

After the war was over, our renowned general did not put up his sword and go back to his home to remain
in peace during his last days, but he strove to help his poor, ruined Southland in every way that he could. He was elected president of Washington University—now Washington and Lee. While holding this position he helped to teach the youths of the South, whom he had lead in many of the battles. He filled the college with his Christian influence and influenced the students as only good Christians can. In this way he did what he could to help the South—not by governing the people, not aiding in the formation of secret organizations to put down the negro government, but by that which is far nobler, by training and educating the young men.

In whatever he did he showed himself a Christian gentleman. During the war he was always thoughtful of his men under him; when they suffered from hunger and cold, he suffered too; when they were depressed, he cheered them up. Those who knew him said that, although his lips were silent, he breathed prayers in his heart for them when in battle. He never allowed his soldiers to molest the people, who were not in arms against the Southern cause—only those who were actually engaged in fighting against them could they molest. There were orders to punish those who disobeyed this command, with the severest punishments. When our army invaded Maryland, the soldiers did not plunder the country and burn the houses as did Sherman on his famous "March to the Sea and through the Caroina," or Sheridan in the Shenandoah, for such pillaging was strictly against orders. An old Pennsylvanias farmer inquired of one of our soldiers, what army it was, and when he found that it was Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, said that he had never heard of such a polite army that did not molest peaceable citizens. To this, the soldier replied: "General Lee's army is well trained and composed of Southern gentlemen."

By many other examples we can show how the leader
influenced his men and caused them to do better than they would have done otherwise.

Lee was always gentlemanly, incapable of mean acts but full of faults as we all are. As a general he ranks among the world's greatest, and as an educator he did what no other man did in that time. Furthermore, he is a good example of a Christian being a good soldier.

Christabel Mayfield, '18.
The Isaqueena

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Editorials

LIABILITY VERSUS ASSET.

With the opening of the present scholastic term the student body felt that this year would be unprecedented in its all-round college advantages. The joy of returning to Senior responsibilities and Sophomore revenges each fall has, for some four years back, been regularly and systematically increased by added improvements
on campus and buildings; but never before has joy received such a stimulating incentive, and this year our youthful ardor knew no bounds.

It is with whole-hearted appreciation that we, on behalf of the student body, wish to thank Mrs. Ramsay, the alumnæ, the people of Greenville, and all those by whose untiring efforts we have so gloriously gained our invaluable assets of the present year—a library building, society halls and a swimming pool.

With the possession of these assets comes also the knowledge of the liability they mean and we cannot deny that it is incumbent on us, who will derive wondrous benefit therefrom, to manifest an appreciation and in part pay off our liabilities by being all that is finest in both sport and scholarship. We also hope in time when our tribulations have ceased and we ourselves have become alumnae that we shall have just the same undiminishing loyalty which exists there now and which gives wondrous love and work in behalf of the daughters of their Alma Mater.

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THE DAY STUDENTS' GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.

The evolution of student-government to self-government, was said last year, to be the most progressive and important step even taken by our college officia!s: but we have advanced one more round on the ladder of progress this year. Isn't it wonderful, girls, that this system worked so smoothly and beneficially last year among the boarding students that the town girls now have the privilege of having a student-government association of their own.

Student government is one of the great factors which develops the girl as an individual, which stimulates those instincts which make her the ideal woman of to-day. May we hope that the Association in the years to come
THE ISAQUEENA.

will prove as big a success as self-government has thus far to the boarding students. On whom does this responsibility rest? Just each and every one of us, and unless we accept this privilege and support our student-government association it will go down in the history of the institution as a complete failure.

* * *

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

College Spirit! A well worn and over-worked phrase to you perhaps; but one that is ever suggesting some new and aggressive phase to be considered and adopted by every college girl. Each one of us possesses college spirit to a greater or less degree. And do we not all feel a certain exhilaration and sense of pride—unique, yet typical of all college girls—when we hear of the achievements and possibilities of our Alma Mater?

Yes we all experience these same emotions and feelings. Our enthusiasm is expressed by yelling ourselves hoarse over a victory won by our basket-ball team; and we designate it by that broad term College Spirit, having the firm conviction that that is enough in itself. We appreciate this fact and wish to commend rather than condemn those who exhibit this characteristic and almost universal interest in their college. But their is still another phase of college spirit which we realize has been discussed many times before but which we feel can never be reiterated too often—a phase which is the very embodiment of all college spirit and the heart of all college life. This phase is closely brought to bear and in fact manifests itself in the assuming of individual responsibility.

The possession of a said love and pride, for our Alma Mater, has no especial or definite valuation, unless they stimulate and encourage a desire on the part of each student to accept her share in bringing about the attainment of what is most inspiring and beneficial to
her college. Let us realize that we are not merely distinct individuals, but an integral part in the great whole—a unit in this institution whose duty it is to feel the responsibility that rests on her to be as influential as she in turn will be influenced. Shall we not from now on deem it the greatest of privileges to be the means of personally maintaining the standards and long standing principals of this, our college?

It has been contended that the majority of girls have not a chance to show or even possess college spirit because they were not fortunate enough to be able to enter athletic sports; but this has long since been proven a fallacy. We now go not only to the basket-ball field and tennis court to find the manifestation of college spirit; but in some cases preferably to the class rooms, Y. W. C. A. and Literary Societies, and in short, to our every-day life with each other.

May we all strive to our fullest ability during this school year and through years to come to cause many others to understand the extreme importance of this ideal college spirit; and in so doing obtain a stronger and more permanent realization of what we owe to our college. May this feeling of individual responsibility become so ingrained into the student body of Greenville Womans College that those standards previously held by the institution shall always be assuredly maintained and esteemed by its students.
Exchanges
ANNETTE L. ROBERTSON, Editor.

The Exchanges are a little slow in coming in, and nearly all the magazines are short on material this first issue, but trust this is due to their being the first issue, as it is very difficult to find poets, essayists and story-writers in so short a time. However, some of the magazines are very promising, containing interesting stories and articles.

The story "The Question," which appears in THE YELLOW JACKET has the germ of a true short story. As the title indicates this is a problem story. The plot is too elaborate a construction, bordering on the melodramatic, for an artistic handling of the problem story; the attention is directed largely to the mechanisms of the plot. The interest is not focused on any situation, or problem involved, but is rent asunder by the plot, the enveloping plot,—political conditions,—and the atmosphere. The attention focused at first on the king, and the dramatic situation presented gives promise of an intense treatment of the theme, "the sins of the father;" but the climax brands this merely a plot-built story. Why stay the hand of the executioner?—It resolves the plot, but weakens this as a problem story. The details of an "automatic revolver" and a "motor car" in the possession of the dashing prince are incongruous with the mediaeval setting and atmosphere of the whole. The labored plot occassions too many characters for a true short story; the sympathy is not centered on any one.

The Cursed City in THE CONCEPT is a good example
of the artistic handling of a narrative tale. The legend is given vitality through the dramatic presentation of the character of the priest, around which all the details center. The writer has given not a lurid, but a vivid picture of the city, the customs, its evolution, and this is a situation which lends itself readily to lurid effects in the hands of amateurs.

The Letters of an Old Maid in the same magazine is clever character delineation through direct representation.

* * *

ESSAYS.

The Clemson Chronicle furnishes an essay that does not bear the earmarks of predigested information; The Six-Six Plan; A Reorganization of the Public School. The essay on political questions, on religious controversies, on literary criticism, etc., we have always with us, but this writer is to be commended, first, for carrying the college essay into the realm of the discussion of educational policies, and administration, a question of much contemporary concern. The essay shows original research and organization, and is, moreover, a lucid explanation of the Six-Six Plan, and a convincing plea for its adoption.

War and Its Aftermath in THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is an unusually thoughtful exposition of the biological aspect of war. An Apology For Lovers in the same magazine is written in a pleasing vein of playful humor, semi-serious observations—carrying a vague suggestion of what a cross between Charles Lamb and Stevenson might have written as a college Sophomore.

Which recalls to our minds a Study of Robert Louis Stevenson in THE HAMPTON CHRONICLE. It is, as it purports to be, a “biographical and critical study.” Had biographical canons of criticism been applied to the discussion of his work, there would have been more
scope for originality, and the essay would have been more unified.

*Pan-Americanism* appearing in *The Furman Echo* is a trite treatment of a theme worn threadbare in magazine, newspaper and tract. We read it in vain for any suggestion of originality in viewpoint.

For time would fail me to tell of poems, editorials, department items, etc., that serve to make the following exchanges worthy of our particular notice this month:

In and Around College

SENIOR-JUNIOR RECEPTION.

On Monday evening, November 6, the Seniors were at home to the Juniors in the college parlors. The receiving line was composed of the Juniors, the officers of the Senior class and several members of the faculty. The parlors were simply, yet artistically decorated. Swift's orchestra furnished music during the evening. An ice course was served in the dining room and punch in the conservatory. The favors, which were given out at the dining room door, consisted of attractive programs. The evening passed by quickly, and it was the concensus of opinion that the evening was one of the most delightful spent in the college in a long time.

Y. W. C. A.

During the last of October Miss Young, the traveling secretary for the Y. W. C. A., made us a visit for several days. While she was here, we were given the opportunity of hearing a very interesting talk in Chapel, Morning Watch being led by her, and a short talk made at the memorial services of a former G. W. C. student. Miss Young always brings us something new and interesting, and of much value to us individually and as a Y. W. C. A. in general. The Y. W. C. A. cabinet feels indebted to Miss Young for her help in putting the business connected with the Association on a more
systematic basis. This will enable the whole Association to do better work.

Miss Young also aided us in putting a new department into our Y. W. C. A., that of Social Service. Great plans are being laid for this work. The prospects of its usefulness to us and to others is bright.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Both Societies are turning their faces toward the crowning event of the year in literary society work.—the inter-society debate. Work has already commenced in preparation for this event. Debates are expected to form the greater part of society work now.

On Monday evening the societies gave a "Trip Around the World" for the benefit of the society halls. America, Japan, Africa, Iceland, Holland, Ireland and Arabia were represented, each in a different room, where decorations, refreshments and costumes of hostesses to the smallest detail bespoke the representative countries. In the large and attractive foyer G. W. C. herself was hostess in the persons of familiar Hafflin-suited girls. Marsh-mellows were served here. Two large fires in the open fire-places were at the disposal of the visitors. The proceeds were generous and everybody had a good time.
A large number of girls, especially those in the Domestic Science Department, attended the Cooking School which was held in the Chicora auditorium. Mrs. Kate Vaughn, the efficient teacher, gave us many points on the art of cooking, especially emphasizing the proper service and preparation of food. She gave an interesting and instructive talk in chapel one morning.

Among the recent visitors at the college were, Misses Elizabeth Jeter, Effie Scarborough and Margaret Sellers, who finished last June.

Marion Smith, Helen Davis, and Julia Jay spent a week-end in Liberty as the guests of Laurie Best, '16, who has a position in the school there.

Much interest has been manifested by the girls in the Furman football game. A large number of girls have attended all the games and helped to swell the chorus for Furman. A block ticket was sent by the boys to the G. W. C. student body for the game with Davidson and was much appreciated by all who were able to take advantage of it.

Miss Mary Burton, a former student and a loyal alumnae, paid a recent visit to the college and was delighted with the many improvements which have been made in and around the college in the past few years. Miss Burton and Mrs. Eugene Bates, who is another enthusiastic alumnae, were visitors at our
chapel exercises one day last week. We are always glad
to have friends and especially former students with us,
and we wish more would find time to visit the college.

The entire student body extends sympathy to Miss
Cecil Ramsay in her recent bereavement.

Miss Lillian Breazeale spent the week-end in Liberty.

Misses Gladys Campbell, Mildred Hackney, Virginia
Hudgens, Helen Morgan, and Williard Louder spent a
delightful week-end with Miss Virginia Barksdale at
her home in Laurens. Miss Carol Roper was also in
Laurens at the same time.

A new feature has been introduced into our chapel
exercises. Each morning a special number has been
given. This is not only splendid training for the girl
who performs, but adds to the pleasure of the entire
student body. The following numbers have been enjoyed:

Violin Solo .......................... Mary F. Kibler
Vocal Solo .......................... Mary J. King
Piano Solo .......................... Florence Shaw
Reading .............................. Martha Peace
Vocal Solo .......................... Aimee Sloan
Piano Solo .......................... Carol Roper
Piano Solo .......................... Gladys Padgett

Miss Ruth Head's Sister has been visiting her.

Miss Mary Frances Kibler, accompanied by Miss
Dawson, attended the wedding of the former's sister in
Newberry.

Among those who attended the State Fair were:
Misses Claire Smith, Jennie Sue Way, Gwendolyn Cou-
der, Ruth Rucker, Ruth Scott and Frances Dawson.
Misses Katherine Harris and Jessie Bryant attended the W. M. U. in Orangeburg.

Mr. T. D. Padgett, of Clemson College, S. C., visited his mother here recently.

Miss Ruth Tarkington accompanied by Miss Miriam Johnson spent last week-end at her home in Greenwood.

Among the recent alumnae who visited the college were: Misses Leda Poore, '11, Esther Todd, '14, Anna Sanders, '14, and Snow Jeffries, '14.

Mrs. W. M. Waters and Mrs. Blackwell of Florence, were recent visitors in the college.

Friday, November 3rd, was taken for Mountain Day, which has taken its permanent place in the affairs of the college. There were about one hundred and fifty girls and teachers in the party this year, and all were unanimous in voting this one of the "best we've ever had." The autumn woods are wonderful just now and Paris Mountain is one of South Carolina's beauty spots.

Miss Isabell Thomas spent the week-end with Miss Lucile Pitts at her home in Laurens.

Among those who went home for the week-end were: Misses Mary Gambrell, Jennie Cox, Mary Burns, Carol Roper, Florence Clinkscales, Nita Pruitt, Bessie Wilson, Nannie Wilson, Mildred Thompson and Gertrude Thompson.

Miss Marguerete Marshall visited in Belton recently.

Miss Adlyn McComb was a recent visitor in Pelzer, S. C.
JOKES.

E. S.: "Elizabeth, what is the science of biology, anyway?"
E. P.: "Why the science of shopping, of course, pill!"

C. R. (at the foot-ball game): "Is that man in the white sweater the Episcopal rector?"
H. M. (seriously): "Oh, no, he's the Episcopal minister."

One of the teachers who was knitting a sweater remarked: "Knitting a sweater was the thirteenth labor of Hercules."
"O," said a sub-fresh, "was it?"

Will some one please inform Hallie Cuttino that it was altogether useless to write for special permission to attend the reception.

Ida Mae Prothro: "My sister, Cora, is coming up here next year."
Mary Corpening: "You mean if Millenium doesn't come before."
Theo Tyler: "Well, pray, whose sister is she?"

Mamie B: "Hallie what do you think of all this rot they are telling us of Prehistoric man.
Hallie: "Oh, Mamie, I don't know, I haven't seen him.

Miss Dawson, analyzing an experiment in psychology, "And Miss Whitmire did you in falling down the steps see details?"
Carrie L. Whitmire: "No'm I felt them."

Miss D.: "Miss Osborne what is your opinion concerning moving picture shows.
Mattie Osborne, (shyly): "Well, really, I don't go to
movies very often and hence I know little about them.”
Miss D.: “You’d better get busy, Miss Osborne.”
Mattie Osborne: “Yes, ma’am; that’s just why I haven’t been before.

Rat, on finding an official warning from the Student Government Association in her mailbox, joyously, before opening exclaimed: “This must be an invitation from Ethel inviting me to join the Student Government.

Extract from a G. W. C. letter to a college boy:
“I haven’t seen you in such a long time that should I see you I could talk you literary (meaning literally) to death.”

Over-heard at the First Baptist church reception: Furman boy to F. Shaw: “Are you any kin to Shaw over at Furman?”
Florence: “Yes, he is my first cousin.”
Furman boy: “Well, no wonder he is so cute!”
Enthusiasm is beginning to run high in the field of athletics. Basket ball has been the chief sport for the past two weeks. The Blue and Gold teams will soon be chosen for the glorious Thanksgiving game. So girls, come out, and lend your support. If you can’t play, you surely can root. Don’t hang on the fence, join the Golds or the Blues.

Tennis too, has not been neglected. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon, girls are seen with rackets and balls and their faces turned toward the tennis courts. Practice hard and let us have a real tournament in the Spring.

It is with great delight that we learn that the swimming pool is to be opened in a few days, and it is to be hoped that this will become one of the most attractive sports at G. W. C.
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.
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