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The Isaqueena - 1917, January

Rebecca Furman

Greenville Woman's College

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New Year Resolutions

On New Year's day,
So people say,
We begin what we do
The whole year through.

Just suppose that it were true
That we could do what we should do
Would we always do the right
And a tiny bit more, too?

Would little boys all wash their ears
Each morning before breakfast?
Would little girls put away their toys
When mother said 'twas time to?

All careless things we do or don't
We'd change to good I'm sure so
We'd all be scrupulously polite
To all people that we ought to.

Why, the world, as I should say
Would be perfect for a day,
And we'd have More's Utopia
For twenty-four hours' long sway.

Leora Perry, '19.
The Unbalanced Scales

HE California Limited was winding its way thru the snow-covered hills of Kansas. For forty-eight hours it had had as one of its numerous occupants a restless and somewhat disturbed young gentleman of the true college boy type. Most of the forty-eight hours since leaving Sacramento had been spent on the observation car but upon reaching the snow-covered hills he decided to try to settle himself in the smoker for the afternoon of his third day. With his feet on the seat in front, a good cigar in his mouth and a "Cosmopolitan" in hand, he thought he was fixed. Five minutes had not passed however, before the book was closed. For the twentieth time since leaving the hotel, Douglass Graham drew from his pocket the now tattered bit of yellow paper—the kind that always means more than it says. He knew it by heart now, but once more he scanned the message.

"Uncle died to-day. Left you one thousand dollars. Report to lawyers as soon as you spend it.
Morris & Fairbanks, Atty's at Law."

The same heart-sick feeling came over him; not entirely from grief for his deceased uncle, but from the responsibility of the thousand dollars. The truth was that Douglass, so unaccustomed to consider the cost of things, hardly knew the value of this amount. If that was all he was to have he decided he'd better get some advice as soon as he could to spend it.

After folding the telegram and replacing it in his pocket, he took the cigar from his mouth, cocked his head on one side as he sent a cloud of smoke circling through the car, and addressed the young man of his own type, who sat across the aisle. "Say, chap, what
would you do if one thousand dollars suddenly fell to you and you knew no more was coming for the rest of your life?"

"More or no more," came the quick reply, "every cent would go on the Georgetown races. Dad fixed it for me so there's no more coming for a month. That with three hundred from this month has already gone on Princess May; she's sure to win."

"Gee, but it's a temptation. There's not a cent more in sight so I can risk it. Don't tempt now."

"That's bad, old fellow. I'd like to take you up on your thousand tho, paying back in two months and going halves on all your thousand wins."

"Agreed!" shouted Douglass coming suddenly to his feet and slapping his partner on the back. He stopped short tho. "Drat it," he muttered, "I haven't the cash yet and won't have until after my uncle's will is executed, and the races are only two days off."

The deal was drawn off and Douglass went back to the observation car. Here he found an acquaintance of the first part of his journey, an elderly gentleman who seemed to take a kind of fatherly interest in Douglass. The same question was put to this friend for solution.

"My boy," he advised, "put it in the bank and begin work for yourself. You're able to support yourself, and let the money keep for a rainy day."

Douglass thought this a noble plan but he did not accept it, or the fifteen others that had been submitted before he reached the New York Central Station two days later. He had not come to any kind of a decision when he called for a taxi, but as he stepped in it and slammed the door an idea struck him—he would go to his uncle's home first. This would give him his bearings and give the lawyers less chance to trap him if that was what they sought. He gave the driver the number and leaned back in the car. He paid no attention to the crowd that surged in the streets at this,
the noon lunch hour. His mind was filled with the possibilities or impossibilities the future held for him.

He reached the deserted looking house. He began to think that no one was there for his knock was at first unanswered and he found the door locked. Presently, however, a trim little maid appeared. Douglass explained that he was the nephew of the late Mr. Princeton, and was just returning after four years in the West. The maid seemed a little disturbed but ushered him in. "Miss Sarah is taking her lunch now, but perhaps would care to have yours with her."

"Miss Sarah!" Who in the world was she? Had he come to the wrong place? No there was the stool with the horse-hair cover and the picture his mother had painted of him. These he was taking in when Bob, the faithful old butler appeared. His eyes filled when his "Little Mister Doug" gave him a hearty and sympathetic handshake.

"Mr Princeton is gone", he said slowly, "but he never forgot me." Here he drew out a ten dollar gold piece, the sight of which dried the rising tears.

Douglass was shown to his own room and there with a chokey feeling he made his toilet. His mind turned constantly from his predicament concerning the future to that concerning his present. He had forgotten to ask Bob who this Miss Sarah was. Most probably she was the far-away cousin of whom his uncle had so often spoken; an old maid; an usurper of his rights. It was she who had caused him to get only one thousand dollars. The rest she had cunningly worked out for herself. Douglass gave his tie a jerk by way of completing his toilet, then descended the stairs. He was ready to face her, to hold his will against hers, for he felt that something out of the ordinary was going to happen. The maid met him at the foot of the stairs. "Miss Sarah says lunch is ready for you," she announced as Douglass followed her down the hall.
The door was open and Douglass stopped still in amazement. There sat quite the opposite of his vision, one arm on the table in a restful attitude. A face of delicately formed features, surmounted by a crown of smoothly braided black hair, appeared above the cup that she held to her lips. Upon seeing Douglass she replaced the cup in its saucer and arose. One glance from those tear-stained eyes melted that stubborn and self-willed feeling in his heart. She extended her hand, saying as she did, “This is Mr. Graham, I believe.”

“Yes, Douglass,” he blurted out. “But I don’t believe I have the pleasure of knowing you except thru your maid, as Miss Sarah.”

She did not seem to understand. “Why, er—I’m Sarah Hayden. Your uncle took me, an orphan, as a ward more than three years ago. Surely he wrote you of his affairs during your absence.”

Douglass confessed that he had heard nothing of her. So she was the possessor of the fortune. He, after twenty-three years of luxury and ease was thrown on his own resources, while this ward, probably taken from the slums, had inherited what was rightfully his! He was furious but with that first glance a secret admiration for her had arisen. This overshadowed his fury, so he began in a careless yet information seeking tone, “I suppose you’ll live on here, won’t you?”

With this she burst into tears. “Yes, just as long as I can—until the estate is settled, then—” but a choking sob finished it, as she sank into a chair.

“Angels and ministers of grace,” muttered Douglass, pacing the floor. At last he stopped in front of her. “Miss Hayden,” he said, “it may be rather personal but in order to get at things, I’d like to know how much Uncle Dick left you.”

She held out her hand, on the fourth finger of which was a plain gold band. “This,” she said, “and ten dollars.”
“Douglass was amazed but he said nothing. What had become of the rest? He could not understand.

“I’ll move my things as soon as I find a boarding house. I know of a job but I’ve had no experience in supporting myself.”

The man across the table felt like shaking hands with her on that last statement, but he refrained. Yes, he had decided she was to have his thousand. He was more able to face the world than she. He would start off exactly even. For himself it was a hard fight to come to this, but for her—well, he had decided.

“Miss Hayden, may I see the ring?”

She held out her hand and he slipped it from her slender finger. At a glance he recognized it as one of his mother’s. He was satisfied tho, that this woman a new acquaintance, yet not a stranger, should have it. Somehow it seemed natural that she should. As he replaced the ring he caught her hand in both of his. Leaning forward he said in a pleading voice, “Miss Sarah, I cannot see you thrown out like this. A thousand dollars are at your disposal. This will give you a start.”

She drew her hand away and sat erect. “I cannot accept it, thank you.”

“Accept it as a business loan.”

“I do not mean to begin my work with borrowing. No matter how humble the work I may get, it will at least be honest and being honest it cannot degrade me.”

Her straightforward manner increased his admiration but he knew she could not face the world. Strong arguing won her to the degree that she took the thousand dollars. If she had not paid it in two years the ring was his.

Lunch was eaten rather informally and not much even that way. As soon as the money settlement had been reached Douglass retired to his room to write his report to the lawyers. He had spent the money “for the relief
of a destitute orphan girl." Sealing it he started with it himself. A kind of stubborn, yet satisfied feeling filled his soul. He would give his report then face the world for her. He would not tell her yet that he was penniless; that would spoil the pleasure of his work.

The two lawyers met him cordially. Mr. Fairbanks, the elder partner, began without preliminaries, "Home so soon and all the money spent? Quick work, quick work. Well, the will states that if you've spent it wisely you'll get $50,000 more and your uncle's home. Otherwise it all goes to Miss Hayden, your uncle's ward."

With one bound his attitude toward life changed. He became the old care-free boy, unmindful of the throngs on the street below, those that worked. For a moment he gazed down upon them, apparently disinterested. Turning to the lawyer he drew the report out of his pocket. "You wouldn't understand the itemized statements. I lost it all on the Georgetown races," he said tearing it into bits.

ELIZA WOODSIDE, '17.

(Plot-scenario: O Henry).
The Mother in Public Life

HERE was a time when a woman was made happy by one little voice piping "Mother," and she felt a queen if she sat before the fire, her little ones playing around her feet. But to-day woman's soul yearns to hear those magical, mystical words, 'Madame President.' And why shouldn't she hear them? A few mothers think they do not want such a privilege, many do want it and they are willing to work for it and pay the price.

The Governor of Colorado has recently created a new State office, "Assistant Governor." Governor Carlson is so big a man that he was able to appoint his wife to help fill his office. A man less strong might not have dared. But there are no rumbles, grumbles or roars coming from Colorado; for she is not a State that sits serene and secure, saying, "I'm perfect; my government is complete." She has had good cause to know that she has legislative problems—call them paternal problems, if you will—in which she needs help. Also she has maternal problems. There are many mothers like Mrs. Carlson—mothers with hopes, aspirations, dreams. And mothers have because of their motherhood, wisdom and power to protect those who need protection.

This mother has three children, but because she is a mother, Mrs. Carlson has not ceased to be a human being. Because of this woman's experience as a mother she has wider and larger sympathies than ever before. Will there be a loss to the three little Carlsons because their mother spends a part of her time in the interests of the great big family which makes the State of Colorado? Or do they have the love, care, and wise guidance of a growing, evolving mother, whose wisdom increases daily, whose interests are so large that
she is not petty, petulant, and terrified by the confining cares of one little home?

Does a woman cease to be a human being when she becomes a mother? Does a mother cease to have human desires when the unpremeditated cares of a family have stolen softly over her? She cannot be less a woman. She should be more.

Conditions of our country must be bettered. Perhaps you say that “man can do this”. My answer is, he has not. Again you will say, “The mother is no better, neither will she do it.” But I reply that those institutions which are worst in our country affect mothers more than they do men. Do you think that thousands of babies would be killed annually from the use of food which has been manufactured under impure conditions if mothers could have a direct voice in determining these conditions? Do you think that thousands of children would be deprived of their only heritage, a sound body and mind in the eternal grind of the factory if mothers could vote? Would women, who work in the factories of our big cities, making clothes, canning the food for the world, be forced to exist merely on starvation wages, when men for the same amount of work receive respectable wages?

A century or even half a century ago, all this work, the spinning and weaving of cloth, the making of all kinds of food was done in the home by the mother, who was in truth, “Queen of the Home.” Now this work has been taken out into the big world outside and shouldn’t she follow her work and see that it is done in such a way that it will be fit for her home?

Then this big outside world-home must be made a better place to live in. It is not possible for the home to exert the influence it once did. Then the child was taught in the home and was not brought into contact with the world until he was grown. Now he early enters school and there begins his life in the world-family.
“Let woman do woman’s work and man do man’s”—is the cry of some. But I reply who is to determine woman’s sphere? Then comes the world-wide, time-honored “Woman’s sphere is the home.” Granted, but surely the home is not bounded by four walls. Woman’s sphere is in the home and the boundaries of that home are the four corners of the earth and its ceiling is the blue canopy of Heaven.

No doubt many say, “coming into contact with the world will mar the mother. She will cease to be the sweet, home-loving creature we have loved through ages past. She will be unfitted as a moral force through contamination with the sordid in life.” But the day has passed when those who are sheltered and cloistered are deemed the pure. If politics is sordid, if life is sordid is it not high time that woman was about the business of correcting these evils? There was a day when the so-called virtuous woman lifted her skirts, held her head high, passing in disdain her more unfortunate fellow-creatures. Now that day is passing and there is no place too sordid to be entered and cleaned up by good mothers. The dependent, frail, delicate female has gone out of fashion—the clinging vines are not running as much to the acre as formerly—the innocents of ignorance and the independence of helplessness no longer attract. However there are some men who want only this type of a creature. Let her be a good house-keeper, good-looking; not too stupid, so as to understand him; not too clever, so that he may understand her; such that he may like her as well as other men’s wives, and he is satisfied. But while he forgets her, the modern mother grows every day more attractive, more intellectually vivid. She demands of her partner that he shall give her stimulants, she asks him for, far too much, she is cruel, she is unjust and she is—magnificent!

The philosopher who said, “Feed the brute” was not entirely wrong, but it is quite easy for a woman to
ignore the emotional role that many a man requires. It is quite true that "the lover in the husband may be lost" but very few women realize that the comrade can blot out the wife. However, there are some, who taking a wife, discover a friend, many who develop agreeable acquaintanceship. They must or they will fail. For whereas in the beginning foolish lips may be kissed, a little later they must learn to speak wisdom. And this may be accomplished only by woman's educating herself along all important lines—not merely domestic, but political as well.

And man is growing more enlightened. At least he is infinitely more educated than he was, for he has begun to recognize that woman is to a certain extent, a human being, a savage, a barbarian, but entitled to the consideration generally given to the cannibal. But he is forced to admit that woman will not always be savage, in fact she is already turning into his clear-eyed, weather-beaten mate. She has come to look upon man as a mathematical equation that she thinks some day she will be able to solve. He too, in a sense, and both are to-day much more inclined than they were fifty years ago to be equals in everything.

And, if we wish to know the political and moral conditions of a nation we must find out what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A woman—a mother!—two wonderful words. Theirs is the reign of beauty, of love, of intellect—always a reign! They are the glory of the world, as the stars are the glory of heaven. Beautiful, radiant, light-giving they are the terrestrial stars that will rule the body, mind, and soul of mankind!

RUTH OWENS, '20.
H Annie, listen to this,” laughed Ella Gaynor deep in the Garville Gazette.

WANTED—A WIFE.

Young man of 25, wealthy, brunette, 5 ft., 9½ inches tall, weight 160 lbs., wants a wife. She must be between 18 and 20, a blonde, pretty and talented. Enclose a portrait to Box XYZ, San Francisco, Cal.

“I believe I'll answer it, for the description fits me and I want a little fun. What do you say to your doing it too?”

“But, Ella, will you send your own picture,” questioned her chum, Annie Edwards. “I tell you, let's both of us send our pictures but exchange them first. Nobody will ever know the difference and now that we are going to stay in town all summer it will give us something to do.”

With this, the two girls copied the address and slipped away to get their respective pictures. As they parted Ella said:

“You come over to my house tonight, Annie, and we'll fix up two cute letters.”

That night the two girls locked Ella's door and for several hours worked on their letters, until they at last produced something which seemed to satisfy them. They could hardly wait until morning came when they could hurry to the post office to mail the letters. Every day following the girls visited the post office four or five times each day asking for mail though they knew that they could not possibly get answers for ten days or two weeks.

At last came the eventful day when both Ella and Annie received stylish looking, lavender envelopes, addressed in a large-flowing handwriting. They were very anxious to open them immediately but were afraid
as some of their friends who were standing near might wish to read the contents. It seemed to them that everybody in town had something to say to them on their way home, but at last they reached the shelter of their rendezvous, Ella's room, and very carefully opened their letters. Each was different from the other but both were very encouraging. Annie's was answered by Mr. Whitney himself (for that was his name); and Ella's was from a Mr. Hall, a very good friend of Mr. Whitney. The girls sat down and answered the letters immediately, and almost before they realized it, received thicker ones in return. For several months, a brisk correspondence was kept up between the two girls and their friends in San Francisco.

In a nearby town was situated Sherwood College for Boys. One day about a week after this college had reopened for the winter, Ella called Annie up over the telephone and in an excited voice said: "Listen, come over as fast as you can," and that was all she would tell the curious girl. When Annie rushed in a few minutes later breathless from her quick run, Ella greeted her with: "Annie, do you remember Billy Meares who was a "rat" at Sherwood last year? Well, he's just sent me an invitation to their first informal dance and I wish you would take a look at the envelope!"

"Why Ella, that's my Mr. Whitney's handwriting! What do you reckon—Oh!" she finished as the meaning dawned on her.

"Yes, and I bet you his room-mate Harry Goodwin was my Mr. Hall. We sure are a couple of nuts and I'll never again answer another "want ad." How in the world are we ever going to straighten things out with those boys?" moaned Ella.

"'Fess up, I guess," sighed Annie in return, but I'm like the old darkey who was condemned to be hanged, this sure will teach me a lesson."

HELEN MORGAN, '18.
Minimum Wage Legislation

ERICA, to be more specific, the United States, is no longer a young Republic minus important industries. Our nation is one of the greatest of the world in power, and in manufacturing industries. There has come the time when we need a standard wage law. For three-fourths of the workers in the United States are living below the standard of normal American life.

Now, we ask ourselves, just what does this proposed minimum wage standard mean? Its purpose is not to compel the payment of wages in excess of actual earnings, but to check the tendency of wages to be much less than actual earnings. In one sense this legislation would not differ from that which limits an employee's hours of work.

It is a question of Social Reform. We must admit that the present condition needs to be improved. Therefore this legislation would be an effective means of embetterment. There are eight million women in America who are in industry. Is it not an astounding fact to know that their average wage is six dollars a week?

This legislation would benefit not only the employees but society as a whole. But first, as for the wage earning man, it would prevent underbidding. In our big cities the tenements are crowded with women and children working and existing for a miserably small amount. The department stores let out work to these people because the cost of making an article would be much less than the price the factory would charge. In one of our New York tenements a woman is paid three dollars and fifty cents to embroider twelve pairs of silk hose. Traveling cases that we buy for eighty-five cents or a dollar are made for five cents. A worker is paid seventy-five cents a dozen pairs to crochet bed
room slippers. It takes one and one-half hours to make one. A beautiful lace collar sells for ten dollars. The maker is paid one dollar and twenty-five cents. It took seventy hours’ work and the maker was paid one and seven-tenths cent per hour.

This long list of things affects us another way. Are all our tenements sanitary? If the worker is diseased, perhaps the wearer will become diseased also. The benefit of this law in giving a living wage to employees has already been considered.

Then it would be beneficial to the employers. First, it would secure better work. If a person is paid well naturally he will work more efficiently. Second, by their working better it would increase the output of a higher grade of goods. Third, it would prevent strikes to a large extent, for there would be a better feeling between employers and employees.

If this movement is one of social reform then surely it would materially benefit society. And such a benefit we know it is. It would regulate immigration by making underbidding impossible.

Then again let me tell you a story. A girl working in a factory situated in a small town in a Western State, from seven in the morning till six at night, sews twenty-one seams in every pair of corsets, for which she receives a wage varying from five to nine cents a dozen pairs. Is there not a connection between this low-wage and the fact that that town sends a larger number of girls to the State Reform School than any other town in the commonwealth?

Society in the end must pay the bill. For if any girls are forced into immoral lives, or if they become a drain upon private and State relief organizations, or if they are eventually the mothers of under-nourished and defective children is it not society that pays the bill?

Such a legislation has been secured in twenty States limiting the number of hours a girl may be permitted
to work. And at least in one State there has been a commission appointed to consider the feasibility of a minimum wage standard. Minimum wage boards are as yet practically new to America, although such legislation has been in successful operation in Victoria, Australia, since 1896, and in Great Britain since January, 1910.

Surely if such is the case in other countries our own nation which is beginning to be one of the leading will no longer let such an important step go unmounted.

MARY ANDERSON, '19.
The Strong Arm

AY, Mister, lemme ride?" yelled a seeming blur of rags as it thrust itself in front of my car.

Fearing that I would be convicted of murder to the tenth degree if I did not stop I threw the brake into emergency and made a good short stop.

Then I realized that the blur of rags enclosed a living personality—the most disreputable that I had ever seen. Dressed in ragged clothes and wearing the inevitable slouched hat, the stranger sprang into my car without further approval. My peculiar feelings upon his uninvited assent need no description.

"Where are you going?" I asked gruffly, for I was what is generally considered peeved.

"To Tucapaw," he as gruffly replied.

"What for?" was my next interrogation.

"Business," was the curt response.

Very silent and reserved was this hitherto brazen person. My suspicions were being aroused but I had no sure signs of conviction. We were on an isolated country road so the only plan that I could devise in my dire extremity was to speed up the car.

This I quickly did, and we were soon sailing into the suburbs of Tucapaw. My blood was now running a little more calmly thru my veins. As we neared the National Bank of Tucapaw to which I was bound I suggested gently to the stranger that I was almost at my destination and that just whenever he chose to dismount would suit me perfectly. You see, being no longer in isolation I was becoming quite bold.

"Where are you goin'?" asked the stranger.

"To the bank."

"What for?"

"On business," was my reply.
"That's where I'm bound, so we'll go in together. Again my veins were slightly overloaded with a fresh supply of fright-blood. But fearing no immediate danger, I drew up the car in front of the bank.

The stranger followed me closely into the bank. I deposited my meager savings of five hundred dollars and was rapidly making my exit when I heard the stranger say, "Huh, I guess I needn't fear him."

Thoroughly alarmed I now slackened my pace and perceived that the stranger was depositing thirty thousand dollars.

I dashed to the street, looked wildly around for assistance, finally two corpulent figures attracted my attention. My final thought was that they were employees of the Ladies' Civic Club, since at that moment they seemed to be engaged chiefly in furnishing two welcome shadows to the streets of Tucapaw. A scrutiny of their buttons, and the willow switches gracefully twirled by each, reassured me that here were two good men and true—tried representatives of that Strong Arm of the Law. In a trice, they had responded to my call. "There he is!" was my excited cry.

Then my cunning Machiavelli knew the length and strength of that mighty arm, as he felt his own upper limbs pinioned. I stood by gloating, already I could see myself hailed by posterity as a peer of Sherlock, Craig Kennedy, and Ruth Gray.

The stranger was a little startled at first and cringed under the strong hold of his captors. Soon, however, his face beamed with an amused smile. This latter behavior made him all the more guilty in my anguish opinion.

"Where did you get all the money that you deposited?" inquired one Arm.

"Oh, one of my friends gave me that the other day for a little kindness I rendered him," answered the stranger, obviously amused.
What a composed culprit I had convicted!

"Why do you go thru the country holding up automobiles and acting so suspicious?" queried the representative of the Strong Arm of the Law.

"Oh, I'm just looking for an auto friend of mine who is touring this country in a car.

"Well," said the exasperated Strong Arm as he loosened his grip on the stranger, "Why are you dressed so disreputably?"

At this the stranger opened his ragged coat and revealed a badge nestling thereon.

"You see," he said, pointing at the badge, "I'm in the Secret Service."

ELLMAE SMITH, '17.
Rags and Tatters

SUFFRAGETTES AND SUFFRAGISTS.

The woman of to-day is perhaps the most discussed creature in the universe. This is probably because there has been such a marked change in this woman over the woman that lived fifty years ago. Now the women are realizing that they have equal rights with men, that they as citizens should be given the right and the advantage of voting. She wants this right not only because man has it but she wants it because she truly wants to help in the things around her.

Of these persons who want the ballot there are two classes although some of us think them the same. Suffragettes and suffragists. Call a suffragette a suffragist and possibly she will not notice the difference, but call a suffragist a suffragette and you are in deep water. Not being militant she will not use violent means against you but very firmly she will show you that there is a difference. Tell a suffragette that you are not in favor of women voting, that it is not ladylike, that her place is in the home, and your life is in danger. She brandishes her banner, knocks you down and most likely sets fire to your house. Then she joins in a procession with other masculinely dressed women, who bear such signs as these: “Votes for Women,” “Give us the Ballot,” “Down with the Men.” They will swing down the street eagerly watching for the next victim. There is your ideal suffragette. We wonder she is being discussed.

Now put up your arguments to a suffragist against Equal Rights. In spite of yourself she will convince you
not by her banner, but by her well directed arguments. She will show you that real women want the vote for the good they can do with it and because they had the right to have it they are interested in the affairs going on around them. They believe with woman suffrage many more beneficial laws can be passed.

Could anything possibly be as different as Lydia Parkhurst and Jane Addams? Yet they are both advocates of Equal Suffrage. Lydia Parkhurst is a fair example of our Militant Suffragette, who is willing to destroy anything and everybody that stands in the way of her Rights. She imagines that by throwing bombs into houses belonging to Anti-Suffragettes she is showing force of character. But how differently does the world look on Jane Addams. Hers is a name that will always be remembered. With her sympathy and help for the poor in the slums of Chicago, she is able to do a great work! There is no suggestion of the militant about Jane Addams, yet she is recognized all over the world for her force of character.

Of these two similar but also widely differing types which do you think will obtain the vote quicker? Certainly there can be no doubt in your mind that right will get there before might. But woman has a big price to pay for Equal Suffrage. Along with this equality will come an equality she does not seek. No more will man look on her as a being to be respected, protected and shielded from all the vulgarities of the world which they meet with in Life’s Daily Race. Will she gain anything after all?

CAROLINE EASLEY, ’19.
WHY I LIKE THIS POEM.
A PSALM OF LIFE.

I like "A Psalm of Life," first, for its poetic merit of rhythm and movement. It is beautiful if we just listen to it, not thinking of its meaning; it "sings" and never misses a "note." I feel when I have finished reading it, "How broadminded and sympathetic Longfellow must have been!" and I have the impression that it just flowed from his heart, with no effort on his part.

However, in its depth of meaning lies its true worth. The ideas embodied in it are lofty ideals; and yet they are not so lofty that we cannot reach them. They are simple, every-day truths, the kind we read in every-day life.

Longfellow’s ideal conception of life gives me an incentive to make mine "toe the mark," which he had drawn. And since they are not so ideal that they prove to be high-sounding theories which can not be worked, I feel that it is not a hopeless task, but one that ordinary mortals have and may attain. Life is not a fantastic dream; but as Longfellow says: "Life is real! Life is earnest!" We do not live each day that we may be one nearer death and the grave—our destination; "but that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day." We each have a mission, a purpose by which our lives are shaped. The "why" of this purpose is left only to Him; the "how" is left to us. Then, "let us be up and doing"; for "our lives are what we make them"! And the poet also says, "Learn to labor and to wait!" When we shall have done this, we shall have achieved dignity of character.

Since the right is ours to make our lives what we will, let us make them what they should be! We are always leaving foot-prints behind us, "foot-prints on the sands of time." And if perchance another is in search of a guide, would we be willing to have him
walk in our footsteps, in the paths which we have trod? Is the light of our lives bright enough to guide in his harbor, some poor sailor, who, through the darkness of the night, has lost his way?

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MOONLIGHT.

Moonlight! Just this word brings before us a glimmering an enchanting picture. Mr. Longfellow paints a word—picture for us in his poem, "Moonlight". He personifies the moon, making her first a weird, pale phantom gliding slowly and mysteriously through the air, "now hidden in cloud, now revealed." The very words he uses have the same effect as a half cloudy, half moonlight night, when one expects the goblin to be abroad.

And then she bursts through the clouds! What a change! The every-day sober things have been transformed into things of beauty. Now we are still, listening for the fairies to come out to dance and sing.

Besides the beauty of this picture we learn also a lesson. Just as the light of the moon breaks through the dark clouds and changes the world into a fairy palace, our spirit and thoughts can with a bright and cheery smile put frowns to flight and change the grayest day into a bright one.

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THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

I like the Forsaken Merman for the beautiful pathos which underlies all of the poem. There is a mournful tenderness for the little mermaid, which it seems to me, she surely should hear in her heart, from her place in the little gray church on the hill. The Merman lives again, in memory, when it was yesterday, and the mermaid was at home, sitting on a red, gold throne in the heart of the sea, with the children around her. Although they
call to her, she does not hear. But at last she remembers her children and her home in the sea, and

"Anon there breaks a sigh
And anon there drops a tear."

But she does not return, and the Merman dwells forever alone in his beautiful home whose ceiling is of amber, and whose pavement is of pearl.

I think the descriptions in the poem are very good indeed. I can see the wild white horses play around the sand-strewn caverns of amber and pearl where the winds are asleep, and the places where the lights quiver and gleam.

ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.

Although I like many poems, there are a few which I especially like; of these, one is Keat's Ode on a Grecian Urn. I like this poem because it is old, mysterious and expressive of the author's quest for beauty. When I read the poem I think of the old Urn, about which it was written. It is old, no one knows how old, and because of this fact alone it seems to have a certain beauty. I think of the old artist who worked day after day on the Urn, and how proud he was when he finished it. Then, as old things always are, it is mysterious. There are thoughts of the old gods, the priest, the people coming to sacrifice, a mountain town beside a river, wrought in wonderful art on the old Urn. Keats puts these thoughts into his poem. It will always remain the same. There is something about it that makes me wonder and imagine. Lastly, I like it, as I said before, because in it is shown Keats' love for beauty. I can imagine Keats standing before the Urn, admiring it. He loved anything beautiful. His life, which was short, was spent in a quest for beauty. He wrote as the opening lines of Endymion:
THE ISAQUEENA

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever; Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness, but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing."

Beauty is the key to all Keats' poetry. I like the whole poem, but the first three stanzas are very pretty, I think. Then, the last two lines of the last stanza are pretty, although I do not think they mean just as much, in the same way, to everybody as they did to Keats.

ELIZABETH PINKERTON, '20.
ETHEL SMITH, '20.
MYRTLE LOFTIS, '20.
AGNES PARKER, '21.

THE CHARGE OF THE CRAM BRIGADE.
(With Apologies to Tennyson.)

Half a book, half a book,
Half a book onward,
All in the valley of Flunk
Rode the one hundred.
"Forward the Cram Brigade!
Make for that Math," they said;
Into the valley of Flunk
Rode the one hundred.

Forward the Cram Brigade!
Was there a girl dismayed?
Yea, tho' each student knew
Every one blunder'd.
Theirs, not to make reply,
Theirs, not to reason why,
Theirs, but to flunk, not cry,
As into the valley of Flunk
Rode the one hundred.
Books to the right of them,  
Ponies to left of them,  
Tablets in front of them,  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Stormed at with History,  
Balked by Psychology  
Into the jaws of Flunk  
Into the mouth of "D"  
Rode the one hundred.

Pencils to right of them,  
Grammars to left of them,  
Note-books behind them,  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Struggling with Chemistry,  
Tired out tho' each one be,  
They that had crammed so full  
Came thro' the jaws of Flunk,  
Back from the mouth of "D",  
All that was left of them,  
Left of one hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild answers made!  
All the school wonder'd,  
Honour the marks they made,  
Honour the Cram Brigade,  
Noble one hundred!

HELEN MORGAN, '18.
VITALIZING THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

The first duty of a college is to equip a woman with some general notions that can be applied to a large number of instances and emergencies. Specialization is not the object of the under-graduate college of liberal arts and sciences; but it is rather to raise the general average of public intelligence. Students should be stimu-
lated to obtain a broader conception of national life so that they may be the center of an intelligent public opinion.

It is for this reason that we find no educators to-day who do not insist on connecting all events of the past with those of the present; whether it be in English, History, Education, Economics, Psychology, Physics, or any other course found in a college curriculum. Although there are such courses offered as Modern, American, and European History, this does not necessitate the abolishment of the daily discussions of current topics in Western European history or in the history of the United States, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. In an education course we absorb something concerning the teachings and theories of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Plato, and Spenser; only to enable us to progress further in the field of education; and by so doing to become familiar with the great educators of to-day, such as McMurray, Thorndike and Dewey. Our attention is not continually focused on Shelley and Browning in our English course, but we delight in finding that we have men of letters in the twentieth century, who will rank along with Milton and Shakespeare in the literature of the future. We now revel in and wonder at the works of Rabindranath Tagore; the dramatist, short-story writer, essayist, philosopher, and the great poet of to-day.

It is natural then, since these facts are true, that the world should look to the college as the most dependable source of timely information. Hence it is unfortunate that many colleges are in persistent danger of holding aloof from actual conditions outside the campus, and thereby failing to have much influence in public issues until they are no longer issues. "Both teachers and students need vital contact with the non-academic life."
STANDARDIZATION IN EDUCATION.

Speaking as the president of Princeton University, addressing the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale, Woodrow Wilson condemned the false standard of efficiency of the modern age in these words: "Efficiency with us is accomplishment, whether the accomplishment be by just and well-considered means or not; and this standard of achievement it is that is debasing the morals of our age,—the intellectual morals."

PROBLEMS OF STANDARDIZATION.

Real efficiency we seek; standardization we must have in our educational institutions to attain efficiency. Any standardization not based on the soundest conception of the function of education and the educative process, is debasing the intellectual morals of our age, is a perversion of the meaning of education. North, East, South or West, there is a positive and static need for certain "Touch-Stones" for organization, curriculum, entrance, equipment, etc. Many such associations for standardizing the High School, the College, the University exist—with principles so well formulated that "he who runs may read." The only point at issue with such organizations is the nature of these principles of standardization: Shall these be real scientific measures for determining the efficiency of a school, or, shall they be concerned merely with externals? The purpose of education is the same in any locality, but shall these principles be cast-iron, in-elastic, rather than "Touch-Stones", with no regard for the peculiarities of the community? Such organizations with constituted authority have the sympathy and co-operation of every thoughtful educator in working out these problems.

One menace to our intellectual morals in this day of standardization comes clearly from the pedants,—to use President Wilson's definition of pedantry: "Knowledge so closeted, so stripped of the significances of life
itself, that it is a thing apart and not connected with the vital processes in the world about us."

STANDARDIZATION VS. "CLASSIFICATION—"LABELING."

If this is a menace, what shall we say of those monomaniacs of classification who ruthlessly trample upon all principles of standardization and avail themselves and their institutions of any benefits accruing from sleight-of-hand tricks with the magic words: "standardization," "approximation"—and their name is Legion—who arbitrarily label this or that institution "standard", "not standard", "unclassifiable", abusing the confidence of the public given as a trust to educators, assuming the gullibility of the "prospective student"—conclusions given out to the public without adequate grounds for substantiation, a labelling not "by just and well-considered means."

A POINT IN QUESTION.

Even our own Southland, where the educators of girls and young women for the past seventy-five years have had problems many and complex in "tearing down and building up," must meet this issue squarely to-day. An audacious effort of this nature is one of the 1916 publications of the Southern Association of College Women, issued under the name of the President of that organization. We are not assuming that it has the stamp of approval of all those high- and fair-minded college women in the South, whether or not affiliated with that organization. It is a blind strike to "label" all the institutions in the Southern States outside of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the South, there being only six colleges for women in this organization.

Seven or eight colleges are selected from a large number of similar institutions and ranked as "Approximate," commended for this or that, each one seemingly
for its peculiarly strong point, while other institutions of the same grade and in many respects superior to the "Approximate" list in exactly the points for which they are commended! are labelled "unclassifiable", "imitation". It is confessedly addressed to "Prospective Students"; its purpose is too evident, without this frank acknowledgment. The colleges commended are those with which the agitators are personally acquainted. No information was sought from officials of other institutions. Were the bases of classification information contained in the catalog, and were this organization, with its head, a constituted authority, the penalty for misrepresentation of a college should fall upon the authors of the catalogs.

The "data" claims to be based "mainly on 1915-16" catalogs. One institution has the written statement of the President that the information was gained from 1913-14 catalogs. One College,—a college the second largest in the State, recognized by the State Board of Education, with more graduates engaged in educational work than any other institution save one, whose graduates are accepted by widely recognized institutions,—is labelled as "finishing", and, according to the acknowledgement of this authority on a numerical basis, said institution having more students matriculated for "special" work than for a liberal arts course. Examination of some institutions listed as "Approximate" shows this proportion: 80-234; 89-428; 63-150. This is a reductio ad absurdum. Other facts obtainable from catalogs are man-handled. For instance, two institutions are lauded as being the only colleges for women in the South that accept no substitution for the two foreign language requirement.

"Labelling" this is,—not classification, for that implies some standard of judgment. One institution labelled "Approximate" is apparently given this rank, because or its "laboratory equipment"; another could not stand up
under this test, since it is known that the specialist in Higher Education reported its laboratory equipment as "merely elementary", and it takes pre-eminence as an educational institution, presumably, because it keeps accurate records of entrance requirements and college work! Mention is made in two or three instances of graduates who have been accredited by widely recognized institutions,—the same being true of many of the other institutions.

Officials of the institutions concerned had no intimation that such a compilation was in process of construction. After the publication and circulation, information concerning the misrepresented institutions of the nature listed under the selected institutions was sent to the head of this organization in an effort to co-operate with her in any worthy work. Passing inquiries have been made as to her standards of classification, but no information can be obtained from her as to her canons of judgment. This is a perversion of all our educational ideals,—this stab in the dark, at a time when every educator should stand shoulder to shoulder in working out these problems.

Our educational institutions have not regarded open and above-board advertising as incongruous with their purpose. But this pyro-technic display of "Roman-numerals,—standardization,—unclassifiable", etc., to befuddle and confuse the public is another thing. Every recognized and worthy standard of efficiency in education, applied to all institutions alike, in the judicious hands of constituted authority, should be familiar to laymen. Doubtless, not one person in a thousand in the South will accept this "labelling of institutions" as having the stamp of authority, but, if we permit such misrepresentations to pass unchallenged, we are giving protection in the name of Education to practices barred from professional life in the commercial world by our new school of economic leaders.
In The Chimes, Shorter College, we have something altogether new and original in the form for a college magazine. The magazine is cleverly put together, and illustrated throughout with appropriate and attractive pen and ink sketches. We read such a promising looking publication with high hopes of finding something unusual. Nor were we disappointed in the reading thereof. The Magazine this month is to be commended especially for its poetry and essays. Poetry is not only present, but possesses as much merit as the other material. Twilight and A Christmas Carol deserve special mention. In the short but well written articles, Christianity and Socialism, and Tenement House Regulations the authors give us two clear and well worked out ideas of socialism, original in viewpoint, and formed after careful study of the subject. The essays were written with a reason not merely for filling space. The stories on the whole are rather amateurish. However, The Charge, is well plotted, and if written with more care, giving more attention to conversation and the action of the characters, could be made a good short story.

Somehow we were expecting something better from the Hollins Magazine than we received in the December issue. The story, An “Ad” Venture is good direct character delineation, and is cleverly written. The plot is placed secondary to the characters, which, however, is permissible when there is apt character portrayal. A Christmas Much-Ado is the usual love story, written in diary form of somewhat obvious plotting. The essay
Charles Dickens—the Child Champion, is sadly lacking in originality of subject matter, although very interesting and appreciative. The Contributor’s Club, which is much above the average standing of this department in the various college magazines, along with the other departments, editorial, exchange, etc., really make up the magazine for December. The Exchange Department of this publication contains the best and most intelligent reviews and criticisms of any magazine that we receive.
PUPILS' RECITAL.

On January 8, 1917, the first pupils' recital of this school year was given in the auditorium. Besides a large attendance from the boarding students, quite a number of our town friends were present.

A new feature was added to the program by the Glee Club rendering one number. The different solos, vocal, piano and violin were very good and the climax was reached when with a well-rendered selection the orchestra brought the recital to a close.

The following program was rendered:

Chorus—“Morn Rise” .............................................. Czibulka
Glee Club
Piano Solo—“The Echo” ........................................... Leibetz
Josephine Goodyear
Vocal Solo—“My Little Love” ...................................... Hawley
Myrtle Brown
Violin Solo—“Fifth Concerto” Op. 22 ......................... Leitz
Mary Frances Kibler
Vocal Solo—“Were I a Star” ...................................... Hawley
Louise Ridgell
Piano Solo—“Swinging” ............................................ Barrett
Louise Chiles
Violin Solo—“By the Brook” ...................................... Boisdeffre
Charles Strawn
Piano Solo—“Impromptu” Op. 66 ................................. Chopin
Carol Roper
Vocal Solo—"An Open Secret" ....................... Woodman
               Isabelle Poteat
Piano Solo—"Waltz" Op. 17—No. 3 ................. Moszkowski
               Florence Shaw
Vocal Solo—"Were I a Rose" ....................... Hesselberg
               Gertrude Thompson
Piano Solo—"Rigoletto Paraphrase" .............. Verdi-Liszt
               Gladys Padgett
Orchestra—"Coronation March" (7th Prophet) .... Meyerbeer
               College Orchestra.

Y. W. C. A.

On Sunday before Christmas at 7:30 A. M., the Y.
W. C. A. held its Christmas meeting. Christmas Carols
were sung by a selected choir. Miss Ruth Martin read
Henry Van Dyke's "Other Wise Men". The meeting
was indeed inspiring to those who attended.

Plans are being laid for the equipment of the Y. W.
C. A. reading room. The leaders of this movement hope
to make this one of the most attractive spots about the
college. Every girl is cordially invited to spend her
spare time there, and to offer any suggestions that might
aid in furnishing it.

MISS SIMMS' VISIT.

Miss Simms, the Traveling Secretary of the Student
Volunteer Movement of North America, paid us a visit
last week. She gave us a very helpful talk in the chapel,
on last Sunday afternoon. Love was her theme. She
stressed the need of seeing people with the eyes of
Christ, and loving them. This is needed in a life such
as we lead. "Love never faileth." It is the greatest of
all things, and a thing to be used in school to such
great advantage. All the pleasure of the world is
attained through love. Let love be the ruling motive of your life!

LITERARY SOCieties.

BIG PEACE MOVEMENT IN SOCIETIES.

Probably the biggest peace movement ever known in the history of the Alethean and Philotean divisions of the Judson Literary Societies of the Greenville Women's College is now existing. Untold quiet reigns at the firing line. For some time before the Christmas holidays not even a call to arms was heard and since this memorable two weeks, it has been the same. It was reported that one of the divisions was preparing for a short skirmish on last Saturday night in which volunteers would be called upon for special service, however, the report seems to have been false as the usual quiet remained unbroken. The aforesaid movement was ushered in by no Ford Peace Party or Convention of authorized officials, it just seemed to appear. And the one exciting question is, will the approaching climax of the year's first term have any influence in furthering this movement or will the skirmish which was probably planned for the last Saturday evening take place on the coming Saturday?
School opened at 8:30, January 3rd. Most of the girls were back with reports of a jolly Christmas. Some few of our number were detained on account of sickness. These however, are coming in every day, and it will not be a great while until we are all here. We are here for work now! The mid-term examinations begin soon, and it behooves us to get ready for them. Let us all work with a vim and be ready to meet them squarely, doing ourselves credit.

We are sorry to lose the following girls from our student body: Misses Nannie May Jones, Louise Ridgell, Tryphena Kelly, Frances Turner. We hope that they may be able to join us again soon.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Miss Lucile McLendon is again in our midst.

Miss Willis has returned to the college after spending the holidays at her home in Charlotte. Her return was delayed on account of the serious illness of her father. We wish for him an early and complete recovery.

Mrs. A. B. Carson, of Goldsboro, N. C., was the guest of Miss Eleanor Bass at dinner, January 8. Mrs. Carson, as Miss Annie Rutledge attended the College several years ago.

Judge M. L. Smith, of Camden, S. C., has been visiting his daughter, Miss Ethel, here this week.
Miss Martha Bull, of Chick Springs, S. C., visited friends in the College last Monday.

Miss Carol Roper attended a reception in Laurens last Friday, given to Mrs. Robert Roper, who was formerly Miss Ruth Altman. Mrs. Roper is a former G. W. C. student.

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JOKES.

Will some one ask Gweedolyn Conder, who the young man was, who asked her if the girls at G. W. C. were required to take "Chapel", as a part of their course.

Kib, holding a vase in her hand—"This is Miss Dawson's bud vase."

H. Prickett—"Is Budd her beau?"

Claire Smith, to Mabel Byrd—"Do you know that Sarah Bernhardt is coming Wednesday?"

Mabel—"Is she one of the old girls?"

M. C. to G. C., who was calmly holding a copy of When a Man's a Man:—"Do you have to study that?"

Will some one please tell Mamie Allen what kind of water faucet water is.

Mary Jane King tells us that Easter comes on Sunday this year.

Miss Goodhue (in Chemistry)—"Miss Green, what is an electrolyte?"

N. G.—"An electric light? Why, that is an electric current!"

Alice Tolbert, seeing the drums on the platform in the auditorium exclaimed: "Oh, what are they going to do with those tin tubs?"
Miss Byrd, exploring down in the basement, paused to play with some dumb-bells. A girl coming from one of the practice rooms said: "Miss Byrd were you looking for a piano?"

"No," replied Miss Byrd, "I was only looking for an exit."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, pointing to the dumb-bells, is that what you call those things?"
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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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.

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