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The Isaqueena - 1917, February

John Anthony
Greenville Woman's College

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The Isaquena

VOL. XI.

GREENVILLE, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 4

Our Seniors



WITH a thrill of expectation
Stand the Seniors, seemingly serene,
With all their anticipation
Mixed with mystic unforeseen.

Looking out so far before them
See the mountains glistening up!
Beneath as if to allure them
Lovely valley,—like a cup!

O, the bridges and the tunnels
Must be passed by drearily they dream!
All things seem to point like funnels
To the mountain top, they ween!

Then with greatest delectation—
Like sweet music circling round the sky—
Step out towards the elevation!
They can climb on, if they try!

On! with this intoxication,
Clouds so blurry, mistily between,
Only see their dissipation
As they pass thru glimmering sheen.

When beyond they meet temptation
To glance backwards, longingly, we trow,
And in their deep contemplation
Wonder what they really know!

'Tis somewhat more than yesterday,
Now we reason—fearfully, perhaps;
Onward, then upward, quickly;
They've learned to use their thinking caps!

On, all obstacles surmounting,
March the Seniors, nevermore to stop
Until gaining, all undoubting,
Their dream mountains, Utopian tops!

KATHERINE HARRIS, '18.

The Amateur Sherlock

LOST—Diamond ring, Subway Station; Liberal reward. Mrs. T. A. McGuire, 436 Fourth Washington Ave.



RS. MCGUIRE sat with the morning paper before her. She had just read her own advertisement. She felt she never would see her ring again. She had lost it the day before at the Subway Station and of course some one going away had found it and would never see her advertisement. She had worn the ring for three years. She thought of the first day she wore it. How surprised all the girls had been! She was the center of attraction because she was really going to marry a "true-true" man.

As she sat thinking, the door-bell rang. She went to answer it, and standing there before her was a shabbily dressed woman; her clothes were thin and worn; her shoes nearly past wearing. Around her head was a soiled white scarf. Her face was sad but bore traces of past beauty.

"Good morning, is this Mrs. McGuire?"

"Yes."

"I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I'm returning your ring which I found on my way home from my work."

Mrs. McGuire's heart leaped for joy. Was it true or was she dreaming? Suddenly she remembered that she could identify her ring by an initial close to the stone. No one would notice it without the closest examination, for it was almost under the stone.

"Yes, yes, come in by the fire and let me see the ring." The woman followed her into the room and handed her the ring.

Mrs. McGuire walked to the window and examined it

thoroughly. Yes, it was her ring. How wonderful it was that she had found it!

"Is it yours?" asked the woman anxiously.

"Yes, I will go to get your reward. Did you find it at the Subway Station?"

"I was coming home from my work and found it just outside the gates. I couldn't believe my own eyes, I thought that it surely must be paste. I picked it up and carried it to a nearby jeweler and had it examined. He assured me that it was genuine. I asked him what he would give me for it. He said three hundred dollars. I said, "All right." I thought of my five children and was so happy because we could have a square meal once more, and I could buy Anne a coat and Joe some shoes, they all needed clothes. I was happy over my luck. The man had gone to get the money. I got to thinking that maybe somebody had advertised for the ring, and it wouldn't be right for me to sell what might be claimed; so when the man returned I told him that I had decided not to sell it. Then I went home. That night one of the neighbors sent me some meat wrapped in the night's paper. I looked over it and found your advertisement. I tore it out and decided to come to you this morning."

"Your poor dear," said Mrs. McGuire, walking over by the table and laying the ring on it." I will get your reward at once, you are a noble woman to return what you could have so easily kept. I will pay you well for your honesty."

She hurried to her room and emptied her purse. She had fifty dollars. She would give it all to the woman.

She returned and gave the money to her.

"Thank you my dear lady. Honesty always pays," and with that she was gone.

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. McGuire were sitting before the fire.

"She was so poor and sad looking I felt sorry for her. I am sure she once had money. She talked well,

and seemed so nice. I gave her all my month's allowance," said Mrs. McGuire.

"You certainly were fortunate to find it. I did not believe that we would ever see it again. Let me look at it."

She handed him the ring. "I know it's mine by the initial."

He looked hard at it, turning pale, "My dear, did you see the initial yourself?"

"Why certainly, what's the matter?"

"Let's go to the jeweler and have it tested. There is no initial in it."

They hurried to the jeweler and had the ring tested. It was found to be paste.

"How did she deceive you so?"

"I put the ring on the table and went to get the money. When I came back, I picked it up and put it on. She must have exchanged while I was gone," sobbed Mrs. McGuire, "and I don't even know her name."

RUTH MARTIN, '18.

Whittier and Burns as Poets of the Soil



HITTIER and Burns! Their names alone call to mind instantly many similarities besides that of being poets. Tread slowly and thoughtfully thru the literature of any nation, study carefully the literary characters of any period, and with hardly a doubt, I venture to assert, that one will find no two poets of different countries expressing more thoroughly and completely, the ideals, hopes, aims, aspirations and eventually the very existence and life of their own people better than Whittier does for America and Burns does for Scotland. True it is, that sectionalism enters rather prominently into the works of at least one of these poets, but of the mass of the best things of each, the ideals and emotions are common, and have been so since time began, to men of every clime and nation. The only dependable element in the the universe on which the writer may safely place his works is the sorrows, joys, loves, hatreds and in short, all the ideals of one people. If he does this well, he has made literature regardless of what people he has portrayed, for the one common meeting ground of the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, the cultured and the uncultured is that indefinable something which makes each and all feel the same response towards the great issues of life.

A love of justice, a heart full of sympathy for those oppressed with cares either physical or mental, a particular interest in plain man, and a belief in the universal equality of men that defies being extinguished or put down are a few of the most important similarities of the two poets. Whittier is probably indebted to Burns for some of his ideals of poetry but in no manner is he to be accused of imitating so worthy a master if so, however, he has cleverly hidden his tracks leading to

and from Burn's storehouse that we are not able to detect them.

In Whittier's tips! Clouted knee and ragged coat

A man's a man today.

and in Burns The honest tho e'er sae poor,

Is king o' men for a' that.

We find almost an exact repetition of the same idea held by both poets. No better criticism or comment on their beliefs in universal brotherhood and equality of mankind could be found than these two quotations coming from the heart and lips of each. Burn's expression of this view made after a long and fruitless search for true fame in the midst of the higher class of society at Edinburgh, came from the depths of a bitter experience and in which as he wrote almost at the end of his life he realized that altho he had been welcomed into Edinburgh society where he had been the lion of the day, it was not true friendship on the part of those whom he came in contact with but their wonder and awe at such a novelty coming from the country, that made them move over and give him standing room. Could not such a one in spite of all the realization of his weakness and sins so boldly manifest, know that the God-given power which lay within him made him fully the equal of the fops and butterflies of Edinburg with their well-concealed evil-doings.

Whittier's virtual repetition of Burn's statement of equality of man came from an inward knowledge which neither extensive travel nor deep study had added to, that man's birthright in what-so-ever stage he existed was at least an equality with all who were born as babes.

But back to my theme again of Whittier and Burns as typical poets of the soil. Someone has expressed it beautifully of Whittier that, "he smacks of the soil." We would echo the criticism and emphasize it doubly in reference to Burns. Spending as he did his entire life on, or near the farm, it is very much to his credit that he chose instead of the classic lore, the homely, sim-

ple subjects, so near to nature and so close to God—the subjects which the poets before him had thought hardly worthy of being put into verse. Fair ladies, brave knights and court scenes were subjects for flowers to be thrown at, and for charming things to be said about, but plain simple country folk who lived on the farm, what about them? Why certainly not; they were crude, uncultured and uninteresting, and anyway could anything be said about them that anyone would care to read. Herbert Donne, or Pope would have solemnly shaken their heads over a hopeless case. Burns as proof to the contrary gave his charming, wholesome "Cotter's Saturday Night", and Whittier his "Snow-Bound", our loveliest winter idyl and the poem on which more than on any other the poets fame rests. In these two poems which sing clearly and distinctly of the good, old-fashioned life, back on the farm with a freedom of thought and action, yet with a clear rigid observance of the laws of God and man, we find repeatedly emphasized not only are all proper subjects for literature not to be found in the higher social circles where lords and ladies reign supreme, but that many of the finest subjects yet remain hidden where the king in overalls and the queen in gingham gown and checked bonnet hold their sway.

The loveliest scenes in the whole of the two poems to my mind are the groups around the fireside. With Burns we feel the impressiveness of "Let us worship and
"Wi' serious face around the ingle

Form a circle wide";

We bow our heads, too, as kneeling before "Heaven's Eternal King," we listen to the prayers of the father as he offers his thanks to God for His care and protecting hand over himself and his family. No subject for poetry indeed! With a simple unaffected air, unworldly wise, probably uncultured as some critics count culture, but withal, infinitely pure, such groups of honest God-worshippers are a storehouse from whose granary, the richest flow of nation builders, history makers and

poets, comes as an offering to humanity and the world.

Fortunate indeed would be the guest in such a home and amid such scenes as Whittier paints for us in "Snow-bound." Even the most skeptical after hearing the wonderful tales of the cold winter wanderings in Canada as told by Whittier's father; of the Indian stories, the attack on the village at midnight, the wonderful magic of the conjuring-book and the autumn scenes with the nutting expeditions told in a simple way by the mother; and intermingled with stories told by the family around the great open fireplace, those of the

"Brisk wielder of the birch and rule

The Master of the district school,"

and entwined still more by the terse and quick arguments of the "half-welcomed guest" who rebuked

"With her cultured phrase,

Our homeliness of words and ways."

Surely no one spending such a night of happy hours around the glowing fire with its apples sputtering in a row could help wishing—probably rather selfishly and wickedly—that the snow would continue for an indefinite length of time.

It is in such scenes as these that Burns and Whittier, our most human poets, have excelled. For expressing the ideals of the great masses, picturing anew to us the old scenes which seem to be fast disappearing into the whirl of city and town life, and finally in saying for us our thoughts, too deep for expression, when our better natures are stirred at the injustice of sham affectation and false pride, or our senses are thrilled by nature in her various moods, or our souls uplifted by love, fidelity and finally by the goodness of God—for all these things we hold Burns and Whittier, our poets of the soil, dear to our hearts. They have not been surpassed as poets of the people thus far. That is certain. Whether they will in the ages to come, be surpassed by greater poets remains to be seen. This is doubtful.

RUTH CANNON, '17.

The Hold-up

JUST at the stroke of twelve John Martin walked out of his office welcoming the fresh air. Whether it was due to the extreme darkness of the night or to his overworked nerves, Martin was startled to hear five shrill whistles in rapid succession followed by the command, "Strike!"

And with tremendous force they *struck*. Martin found himself being enveloped in something far darker than the night. And being commanded to hustle by muffled voices. With many a shove he was landed in a car and dashed to the seat.

"Speed to the limit," a voice commanded. With a tremendous jerk Martin found himself bidding a hasty farewell to the familiar grounds of his manhood.

When he was unmasked he began to take in the nature of his new-found comrades. They were three in number. The one standing over him, evidently the leader of the crowd, was a wondrous mixture of all Stygian monsters combined with midnight's darkest mysteries. With a diabolic grin he pointed his pistol at Martin saying, "Hand us over yer li'le pile, 'thout any kickin *Wa knows*—don't try ter play the cutey—the worse yer act the worse t' es be fer ye. Com' on now—don't be a tight-wad wid yer rocks."

Martin gave the leader a cool look in answer and then turned to view the other inhabitants of the crew. "Quirk" stood on his left griping his arm like a vice and glaring continually at him with gleaming eyes and never uttering a word. The third member was the chauffeur having no striking characteristic except his oft repeated phrase to the leader, "Go easy on him, Bert."

Martin appreciated his thoughtfulness but had no time just then to meditate upon altruism. His mind was

at present engaged in a psychological study. He realized that his position was dangerous, being surrounded as he was by three demons, each awful in his own way. Yet the happy thought that cheered him was that he had left the company's bank roll at the office. Every month for the past year after having balanced his accounts, Martin had carried the company's money home with him. He now thought of his present possessions. He had an insignificant watch, a gold stick-pin, and a small amount of loose change. Surely he was lucky in this hapless hour. He might—

Martin's meditations were brought to a swift close by Bert beginning his search always, always holding his pistol right over Martin's heart. Quirk clinched his hand harder in Martin's sleeve. Bert searched more diligently, and "Bud" speeded more swiftly. Now was Martin's chance, his only chance. By a swift movement he pulled out his stick-pin, gave the driver a few pricks thus upsetting his equilibrium, attracted the attention of the group to some vehicles ahead and then in a trice grabbed Bert's pistol, jumped to the front seat and yelled, "Hands up!"

And the interesting part about it was *six hands went up*. Then commanding the driver to slow down and turn around he made him speed back to the city. At about two o'clock the four drove up in front of the guard house and Martin ushered the midnight adventurers in. The chief of police entered and handcuffed them. With a smile he said to Martin:

"Wait a moment, please. Be back in a minute. Here," to the three hefty policemen standing nearby, "Guard these three men."

In a moment the chief came back bringing a placard. Walking over to Martin he said, "Well, young man, do you recognize your three stalwart friends. They are the three crack rogues of the United States. Congratulate yourself upon your detective ability, and here,"

reaching into his pocket and bringing forth a roll of bills, "is your reward, \$1,050—the \$1,000 is for the job—the \$50 for promptness. Good morning."

With a puzzled grin Martin leisurely walked homeward.

ELLA MAY SMITH, '17.

Echoes of the Revolution



OWN among the stately pines of southern South Carolina is the beautiful old town of Camden, so very old, some people say, that it stopped growing long, long ago. If one should follow the rambling old paths along through the pines, and if it were Spring, through the woods covered with blooming crab-apple trees and yellow jessamine, here and there he would find lovely old houses, weather-beaten and covered with ivy, but still reflecting some of the dignity of the "Old Colonial Days."

In the lower part of the town stood the old Kershaw house many years ago. When Lord Cornwallis marched into South Carolina he thought this an ideal place for headquarters; and from that time on it was known as Cornwallis' House. Thus from the quiet dignity of an old Southern home it was changed into the hurry and bustle of a soldier's camp. The loud laughter of soldiers, tramp of horses and sharp commands drowned out the song of the mocking-bird in the tall poplars and far into the night the sound of their Bacchanalian festivities sent chills of fear, yet distrust, over the town people. Many tragic and wicked things happened during Cornwallis' stay on Magazine Hill. Prisoners were hung on beams from the second and third story windows. Old blood stains from the wounds of a British officer, shot by some hot-headed patriot, were visible on the floor of one of the upper rooms for a long time. From this time the house was said to be haunted. Children would not dare pass it after dark and after sundown a negro could not be made to go within a hundred yards of the place.

There is no building on Magazine Hill today, only an old plowed field. Cornwallis House was burned on a day in February, 1865, on the very day that Sherman's men

marched through Camden. Its basement was then used as a store-room for Confederate supplies. And rather than have them fall into Sherman's hands one of our own men burned it; yet it lives in the minds of those who have never seen it even today.

Just a little distance from Magazine Hill and a little beyond the old Presbyterian cemetery can be seen now a long earthen mound on the edge of a pine forest. And this is the breast works hastily thrown up by the British soldiers in 1780. On hot summer days little boys love to rest on this moss covered bank beneath the shady pines or in their play wars dodge pine-burr cannon balls behind it.

In Cornwallis' army, so the story is told, was a brave young Scotch lad, who, after bidding his sweet-heart farewell, had set sail for America. Months passed, then years, and finally letters ceased altogether. Crazed with grief and fear the little Scotch lassie secretly set sail for the Colonies, and after many hardships traced her lover to the banks of the Wateree River which lazily flows along the southern part of Camden. On the banks of this river, Haiglar, the noble old chief of the Catawbas, lived with his people, and he gladly took the beautiful pale-face in his little birch canoe down to Cornwallis' camp. She arrived there weary, sick, but full of hope, only to find the newly made grave of her lover. After a few days she died also and was buried behind the old Presbyterian cemetery. Here one can see her grave today with its little gray stone, covered with vines and overgrown with tall grasses, on which some soldiers rudely carved—perhaps with a broken bayonet—this inscription:

“Here lies the body of Agnes of Glasgow, who departed this life, Feb. 12, 1781, aged 20.”

“So may the pitying tear ever fall on the humble mound, in its picturesque isolation amid entangled wild-

wood, and may the little feathered choristers never cease waiting over the unknown but not neglected dead?"

In those days when the people of the neighboring towns were afraid to sleep without having guards posted to watch for the coming of the British soldiers and for hostile and treacherous Indians, the people of Camden slept peacefully. They had nothing to fear; for was not Haiglar with his brave warriors always watching and ever ready to protect his white friends? Haiglar has been dead many years, but on the steeple of the old City Hall is a bronze statue of the Indian chieftain, posed with drawn bow and arrow and for almost a century he has been watching night and day over the homes of his white friends.

Down on the banks of the Wateree is the burial mound of the Catawbas. In the Spring it is covered with a purple carpet of wild violets and trailing green vines. Then you forget about the brave warriors, now in their "Happy Hunting Ground," who were buried there so many years ago. But the freshet comes; the river overflows its banks and "Indian mound" is covered by the rushing waters. When the water goes down old broken tommy-hawks, arrow-heads and pieces of pottery which have been washed up are found and they bring before our minds the funeral of some old chieftain with the wierd music, fantastic dances and procession of his warrior friends, each carrying something for his comrade to use in his new home.

In the northern part of the town, Kirkwood is Hobkirk Hill, the old battlefield of the battle of Hobkirk. Many old muskets, broken bayonets, gunbarrels, cannon balls, and bullets have been plowed up on a peaceful sunshiney day in the fields and gardens which are now on Hobkirk Hill. As late as nineteen hundred a little boy was playing out in the vegetable garden and seeing a shiny point sticking out of the ground tried to pick it up. It was a beautiful old sword, still bright, with

handsomely carved handle braided with silver wires. It has been kept until this day as a relic of olden times.

When the ground of "Pine Flat," now "Hobkirk Inn" were being cleared off a few years ago, the gardener found old bullets embedded in almost every tree. On every side reminders of the past are constantly found.

Battlefields now covered by waving corn, old houses almost in ruins, grass-grown breast works, lonely and forgotten graves, are now only echoes of the Revolution.

ETHEL SMITH, '20.

Found

IT was an old fashioned little church with high back pews, scarcely possible of being seen over by even the tallest members of the congregation. They were not too high, however, to hide a pair of dancing eyes that appeared, beneath a broad brim hat, each time the owner turned her head. To an observer, farther back and across the aisle from these bewitching orbs, each turn of her head was eagerly watched for, at least this was the case with Donald Franks who was finding the sermon rather boring on such a warm spring morning.

Since his arrival in Brenton three weeks before, Donald had made many boy friends and he enjoyed being with them, but somehow that morning in early spring carried him back to his country home farther south, and he preferred being alone for a while. After a long walk in the park he wandered into this quaint little church. It was not long before he caught sight of those enchanting eyes and the twinge of home-sickness was forgotten. He was sure the girl, who was trying so hard to fixate those eyes on the minister, would be the best kind of a friend. Thru what seemed to Donald an age, he watched her, waiting for the benediction to be pronounced and hoping that by some means he could meet her.

Alas for Donald! His hoping was in vain. As soon as the benediction was pronounced he saw her rise and leave the church, accompanied by two prim and sedate old people, whom he supposed to be her grand parents. They stepped into the carriage that was waiting and sitting between the two old people, she was driven out of sight.

The following morning Don sought help from his

friend and confidant who occupied the desk next to his. "Jim Lewis, there's a girl in this town I've got to meet." Jim looked up, surprised at such a statement from Don. "Well, how did you come to that? Who's the fair damsel?" he inquired.

"Fair she is indeed," said Donald, "but who she is I don't know. Saw her at the little Trinity Church yesterday. She sat between two old people that watched her like a hawk. I don't blame them tho."

"Just what I thought," laughed Jim. "You're not the first fellow to fall for that girl. She's Alice Foster, richest girl in Brenton. You know the big house on the hill just beyond the library? Well, that's where she lives with her grand parents. They never let her out of their sight they are so afraid she'll marry. Not many boys know her and those who do can't get up nerve to face her sedate old guardians. They know they'd get ordered out if they went there. It's a pity to keep such a girl so penned up. I guarantee you'll never meet her. We boys have promised ten dollars to the first one of our bunch who'll go up there and get to talk to Miss Foster. Want to join in?"

Donald was rather downcast at the prospects but hoping that he might profit by another's success he took a share in the scheme.

The following Sunday the three people were in their accustomed place when Donald slipped into the pew opposite. Now he had a better view and her eyes seemed lovelier since he perceived them set beneath the high arched brows. Her mouth was rather serious looking until her eyes began to dance, then the lips parted, producing simultaneously a pair of bewitching dimples. With his eyes on the minister and his thoughts on the girl across, Donald sat thru the sermon. The service over, he saw her take up her fan and look and leave the church as before. This time he followed the carriage for some distance but stopped when he saw a

small black object in the street. "Oh, may it be something of hers," he wished in his heart. Before stooping he saw it was a prayer book. He felt sure it was hers. He had found the key that would unlock his future for a little while any way, for he would take it to her himself. With unutterable joy he picked it up and turned to the fly leaf. All hope vanished. It was not hers! There written in a heavy masculine hand was "R. P. Meade, Dec. 1848."

For three days he carried the book in his pocket but on the fourth day the following notice appeared in the "Brenton Gazette:"

LOST—*Sunday, prayer book with name of R.
P. Meade. Return to 615 Lexington Street.*

It was past time for the office to be closed and the other boys were on the street below. Donald picked up his hat and hurried down. He did not stop with the fellows but hastened by, not too quickly however, to fail to catch Jim's remark that, "Frank wants to enter our scheme," and to hear the joking laugh of the others. It did not take Donald long to find a hack and start on his way to the address he gave the driver. Donald was confused for he seemed to be going in the opposite direction from what he thought was Lexington Street.

"No, boss, dis here's the way to Lexington Street. You must be thinkin' 'bout Leighton Street. It's way out the other direction, but Lexington it's right here," explained the negro.

Donald leaned back but soon sat upright; the driver was turning down the street toward Miss Foster's home. Was it a dream? No, he was riding up the drive to the house. The driver stopped.

"This here's 615, Mister."

Before Donald had time to think he had rung the bell, told his errand to the butler and was sitting in the spacious reception room. He dared not cherish the slightest hope of seeing Miss Foster but to his amaze-

ment she was descending the broad stairs. She was dressed to go out and was alone. The moment she entered the room she began her appreciation "Oh, Mr. Franks, you don't know how glad I am to get the prayer book. You see, it was given to my grandmother when she was confirmed and she promised me it should be mine. It is so kind of you to bring it so promptly. Grandmother has been quite grieved."

Donald made some polite reply, but Miss Foster continued, "Grandmother and I are going for a ride and we'll be very glad to have you go with us. May we have the pleasure?"

"Thank you," replied Donald, "I shall be glad to ride into town, but I have an important business matter to attend to so will have to leave you at the corner where the gentlemen are waiting for me.

ELIZA WOODSIDE, '17.

Hannibal



NE of the most interesting and inspiring characters of ancient times is Hannibal of Carthage. This strong, well built, and well developed man has been ranked among the greatest heroes and warriors and one of the foremost military organizers in the world's history. We know very little of him as a man because most of his life was spent in military training and service. But as a general and tactician, some historians have compared his greatness with that of Alexander, Napoleon, and Caesar. When Alexander became ruler, he took the reins of a strong empire founded upon the good will of the people. The greatness of Caesar and of Napoleon was founded upon the law of their countries. But Hannibal was chosen by men whose wills were not directed by moral force of patriotism and whose spirits were not inspired with the desire for freedom. They were brought together by a common desire for loot. By his own force of character, he gave a moral turn to this motiveless mass by imbuing them with the spirit of military pride. The way in which he conducted his men over the perilous journey from New Carthage into Italy is not matched by any military exploit in ancient or modern history. He led this army of men of so many different nationalities across rivers, over wretched roads, through hostile nations, and, above all, across the Alps, and we are told that not one discontented murmur was made. His ability to force men of so many types to acknowledge one authority and to yield obedience to one commander has won the admiration of all historians.

The greatness of the general is shown also by his wonderful genius for military tactics and by his foresight. He showed the Romans, who were accustomed to

fighting openly and on open plains, what ambush warfare was. By the masterly movements of his cavalry, as well as by his rapid marching, he surprised and enveigled the Romans in several traps.

He showed his great generalship again by the care that he took of his soldiers. The great and famous man thought not only of his military duties but attended patiently and carefully to the welfare of his soldiers. Before they left the camp on a cold morning to face a journey in the snow and biting wind, Hannibal saw that they had something hot to drink and a good meal to eat. He had their bodies well oiled before starting on a long and toilsome march, and the result of this careful attention showed itself in the success at Trebia. These were some of the reasons why his soldiers loved him so.

We know only a few things that suggest the appearance or the wonderful personality of the man himself. We are told of his personal bravery; how he had the greatest boldness in meeting dangers and the greatest wisdom in the midst of them; how he was the first to go into battle and the last to come out; how he was willing to live the common life of his soldier and to dress almost as a soldier did. Hannibal was humorous at times and often said little bright cheerful things when the out-look was dark and discouraging. Once he laughed out in the senate chamber because he saw the funny side of some serious question that was being debated.

Hannibal was well versed in Greek literature, which training attracted men of learning to him. In fact, men of all classes thought well of him.

We get just a glimpse of his religious character when, led by his father to the altar, he swore eternal hatred to the Romans. He never forgot his oath and when grown, he felt it to be his duty to make war on the Romans. Before he set out on his expedition, he sacrificed to the gods. He had a dream while crossing the Alps which

did much to encourage him and make him believe that the gods were guiding him. He offered a sacrifice to the unseen powers when he had made his journey over into Italy.

The strongest force of his life was his patriotism. After his defeat at Zama, he did all within his power to help his native city with the tremendous war debt. He strengthened the system of finance when Rome demanded that Hannibal be given up, in order to save his city from trouble and embarrassment, he fled to the east, and still tried to carry on war against the Romans. He had to roam from kingdom to kingdom in order to insure his safety. He was a homeless, friendless exile far from Carthage, the city for which he had labored all his life and which did not seem to appreciate his efforts or understand the greatness of her son. Hannibal, by taking poison, ended his sad life and as he says, "relieved the Romans of a great worry."

Enemies in trying to call his wisdom cunning and his strong measures—which were caused by war—cruelty, can not cast down or blacken the great and noble figure.

"Clouds may envelope the contour of a great mountain, but its summit shows its height."

MARY HOLLIDAY, 19.

The Accused



"H, Blanche, have you heard the news?" Violet Drayton burst clamorously into Mrs. Smith's living room and threw herself on a divan. "Isn't it dreadful, perfectly dreadful?"

"What's dreadful now?" Mrs. Smith smiled up calmly from her novel. "Another moonlight picnic unchaperoned or an elopement?"

"Don't be silly, Blanche?" This is perfectly dreadful." Haven't you seen the evening paper? Arthur Quinn has been arrested as an accomplice in the Lake Shore Robberies." "You don't mean the politician's son."

"Yes, Arthur Quinn has been arrested, and his trial is to be tomorrow."

"But, Violet, think of Mrs. Block's party, the whole thing will have to be called off, Vera couldn't bear facing all that crowd after Arthur's arrest."

Two hours later as Mrs. Smith entered the ballroom Violet beckoned her. "Oh do come over! I have been sitting here alone ten minutes and there are so many things I want to talk to you about. Who is that handsome man with Vera?"

"Oh, it's Arthur Quinn. How can he bear to face Vera and this crowd?"

Never had society been so stirred as when Vera Black entered leaning on the arm of her fiance, Arthur Quinn, who had been arrested that day.

Vera's smile was as brilliant as ever; but a sad look crept momentarily into her eyes that caused Arthur to whisper: "Come out into the conservatory, won't you?"

She hesitated a moment, then went on with him. He told her of the police finding some bank notes in his room and of his arrest. She listened to his story and then said, "Oh, Arthur you didn't steal them."

"No, Vera, but I don't know how they happened to be in my room."

Vera paused a moment, then without any change in her voice, she went on: "Oh, I knew you were not guilty."

They finally returned to the ball room and began to dance. At two o'clock the crowd went home.

The next morning Quinn's telephone rang every other minute, never had society been so interested.

The court room was filled with people when James Quinn lay Arthur Quinn's case before the jury. Many laughed at the story; none believed it. The printed details were too complete, too convincing. It was a question of motives behind fabrication.

For ten days Arthur's fate hung in a balance, then Saturday night, Fries stepped out before the crowd and cleared his throat nervously. "Look here," he said, "I have got something I want to say. This week I have been thinking about you know whom. I put the box in Arthur Quinn's room to break his engagement; it did not succeed, now punish me."

META DOWLING, '17.

A Crucial Moment in the Garden of Eden



IN approaching a study of this fourth book of *Paradise Lost* one is at a loss to know which route to take. It is a very large book and filled with many and important issues. The argument, in brief, opens at the point of Satan's recent arrival upon the outskirts of the Garden of Eden, where, unknown to himself, he betrays to Uriel the true nature of the spirit he is. He enters the Garden and sits on the Tree of Life, watching Adam and Eve. From their conversation he learns of the tree of the forbidden fruit and decides to use this to cause the fall of man. Meanwhile Uriel warns Gabriel of Satan's presence, and Gabriel at once sends out two guards. Adam and Eve, worn out from the day's toils, retire early to the bower and here the two guards find Satan at Eve's ear tempting her in a dream. They take him to Gabriel, but Satan, seeing a sign from heaven, escapes. Here the narrative closes just at a most exciting moment, when we wonder how and when Satan will return to the Garden.

In observing closely this book we are struck with the remarkable number of first things considered here. It is the first time we see the Garden of Eden; also the first time we see Adam and Eve. It is the first time we see the true Satan. We find here not Satan, the magnificent, all powerful politician and leader of the fallen spirits, that has dominated the first books of the great epic, but Satan, the lonely, doubtful, remorseful, suffering spirit who, for the first time since his fall, contemplates at a distance the seat of his former happiness. He really does suffer when he sees the pure earth he is going to defile and realizes that if it were not for him all the misery that is to come would never have been. The fact that this is Satan's first opportunity to speak the

truth adds to the misery of the picture. How bitter is that fall which we ourselves have caused! Too late, Satan realizes this; too late, he realizes that

“His service was not hard;” even
“Myself one Hell.”

cries his tortured soul. Yet he could not repent. What would the fallen angels in hell say? This thought causes him to regain mastery over himself. But in spite of the fact that he makes a bold front,

“Farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost,
Evil be thou my Good,”

he is not sure of himself. Even later on when brought before Gabriel, Satan stood abashed

“And felt how awful good is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely—saw and pined
His loss.”

Yet another misery is added to this picture. The only time that Satan, thinking he is alone, is true to himself, and gives way to grief, he is seen, Uriel the watcher of the sun spies him in his true light. How true to life—no man can ever let go! What an utterly miserable picture this is!

In contrast to this picture of misery, embodied in the Satan we have just seen, is the glorious, wondrous garden he enters. In the richness and beauty of the scenery here shown, Milton almost surpasses himself. The very fullness and luxuriance of the garden could well be a setting of Shelley's *This little touch,*

‘And all amid them stood the Tree of Life
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.’”

shows Milton's art in contrast. That the best is so near the good, that Satan should sit on the very Tree of Life, and plan man's downfall using the Tree of Knowledge as a bait: that the wonder, quiet, and peace of the garden should be shown as "the calm before the storm," are but small details which help to make *Paradise Lost* the great epic, and Milton the fascinating and superlative artist.

But the greater contrast to our picture of utter misery is that picture of our parents, Adam and Eve. It is the most beautiful picture in the whole book. Satan is overwhelmed with the loveliness thereof. Milton however very characteristically loses no chance to get a dig at women,

"For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
 She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils—which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentler sway
 And by her yielded, by him best received
 Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

Ah! if Milton could only see our soft, sweet, yielding women of the twentieth century! But the love lyric Eve sings to Adam at the close of day is exquisite. Women can sing, even if she cannot reason.

"With thee conversing, I forget all time
 All seasons and their change; all please alike."

Thus it begins and after showing him all in nature which is pleasing to her she ends with, "none without thee is sweet."

Do you wonder that Satan seeing and hearing all he did was sad when he remembered his task? Yet in the end Satan shows how truly evil his every thought is, in daring to withstand the angels and only fleeing when he sees that God is going to interfere.

This book may well have been called "An Epic of Misery" had we studied only Satan, but the richness and beauty of the Garden, the happiness and purity of Adam and Eve are in such contrast to the misery that such a title must be modified and correlated with that of the "Epic of Supreme Happiness." It is their tragic nearness, the one to the other, that makes this book the immortal part of an immortal whole.

CAROLINE ROPER, '17.

Rags and Tatters

THE PSALM OF EXAMS.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Exams are but an empty dream!—
For the soul is flunked that slumbers,
And teachers are not what they seem.

Exams are real! Exams are earnest!
And the pass-mark is not their goal;
Dunce thou art to dunce returnest,
Lest thou "diggest" out thy soul.

Not enjoyment, but much sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
Lest we cram that each tomorrow
Find us wiser than today.

Exams are long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
To marks that make us grave.

Trust no teacher, howe'er pleasant!
Let past failures bury their dead!
Cram,—cram, in the living Present!
Locked in, and busying your head!

Marks of great men all remind us
We can make our marks sublime,
And graduating, leave behind us
Cramming for the rest of time.

Cramming that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er exam's solemn main,
A forlorn and flunked out brother,
Seeing, shall start to cram again.

Let us, then, be up and cramming,
Ready now for any fate;
Still a-cramming, still a-cramming
Learn to labor and to hate.

X. Y. Z.

JILTED.

"Confiding in her promise I have always since remained ready and willing to marry Rose at any time," Samuel confided to his pal as we leaned over the coat and suit counter of one of New York's department stores. "Her broken engagement has caused me much suffering and anguish, not to mention the expenses I have been compelled to incur," he added further to his pal in the suit and coat department.

"You Samuel had you done a thing like that to that girl why she would be suing you this very minute for breach of promise. Old chap what about turning the tables and have the suing originate on your side, suggested the Pal.

"Excellent idea, old man, of course you know were I in love with the girl I'd never think of doing this thing. But her father being the rich old chap that he is might well afford to hand me over \$5,000 without missing it."

The case was called for December 20. The court room was thronged with people, being the first case of its kind in the history of New York since Ruzziel Abel's. Rose Wakssehal was ushered in on the arm of her father feeling rather confident that she would win.

Up in the opposite side Samuel Youngswick was crouched. His face a garland of smiles sent forth as a symbol of the innermost feelings of the great fun he

was having at the expense of his wealthy young friend.

Her lawyer expounded, his lawyer expounded. Samuel Youngswick, the little clerk from the clothing store, enjoying unto the uttermost the little farce he had caused to be played.

The jurors adjourned to debate the matter before them. The smiling, confident plaintiff went out to smoke a cigar while the few jurors whom he thought were against him detained the majority who were for him.

The jurors re-assembled. The plaintiff re-entered. The judge read as follows: "The plaintiff is insane and is advised by this court to adjourn to an insane asylum."

The smile no longer lingered on the face of Samuel Youngswick.

PHEBE OSWALD, '18.

CULTURE AND HOUSEKEEPING.

In this day when women, especially American women, are emerging more and more from their age-old chrysalis, and are beginning to take part in the big things of the world, there is a greater conception and practice of the cultural aspect toward housekeeping. The mother is beginning to realize that she must be intellectual, broad-minded, and abreast of the times if she would keep the pace that her husband has set, and would be looked up to and admired by her children. In other words Mother does not now spend much time on sugar-plums, cookies, and lemon pies, but rather on music, art, and poetry. The delicacies are fine, and she sees that John and Mary have their cookies for lunch, and that Dad gets his lemon pie once a week, but she does not make these her being's end and aim. She realizes that cookies do not always produce excellent lessons, and that lemon pie is bad for the digestion.

And yet there are a great many women who have not secured the "cultural aspect" toward housekeeping; wo-

men who look upon housework as a task and a drudgery; who make machines of themselves, and bring discontent and disorder to the home by attaching too much importance, and by giving much unnecessary thought and time to the menial duties of the home. I have in mind a woman who is always in a bad humor because she cannot keep the dust off the piano, or because John will not keep the flowers watered, and Mary will not straighten the rugs, This mother would be happier, her six children, would be more obedient and more content if she would think less of her housekeeping and more of the atmosphere and spirit of her home.

The mother should be the light, the candle of the home. This mother's candle is almost snuffed out by worries and cares of the house, and her whole home shows the lack of the dim light. If the candle is hidden under a "bushel," the light is gone and the home is dark. There is an atmosphere of depression and gloom throughout the house. But when the candle, burning brightly, is sending forth its pure golden rays, there is sunshine and happiness in the hearts of the rest of the family.

I know of another home which is fortunate enough to be beautiful and sweet. There is beauty, perfect harmony, and an atmosphere of love in this home. The mother is a truly cultured woman. Her house is orderly, but this is not what strikes to the heart of a stranger as he enters her door. Her children are bright and responsive; their manners are beautiful.

I enjoy visiting this cultured woman, I am sure of love, of peace, and beauty. I am never wholly at ease at the home of the other woman, for there is a feeling of disquiet and unrest over everyone. The difference between these women is that the cultured woman labors more for happiness, for beauty, for harmony in the home, and does the dishwashing merely by the way, as something that must be done if happiness and harmony

are to prevail in her home; while the other woman, possessing, perhaps, all too little culture, performs the menial duties of the home because they have to be done and not because she feels that out of them will come beauty, and sweetness, and light.

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

“TO THE FAMILY SKELETON.”

Skeleton could'st thou talk, what would'st thou say?
 In those nooks and crannies of thy shame
 Lie hidden tragedies no one dare name,
 Of lives that started out the hardest way.

Oh tell me what attempts that in thy sight
 Were made by souls to win a losing fight,
 What strifes and woes have thine existence caused,
 Nor in thy work of havoc ever paused.
 And if from me thou swearest to depart,
 Thou may'st, nor scace leave sorrow in my heart,
 Thou college family skeleton of gloom,
 Thou art no ghost, but th' eternal Math room.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

ACTS.

It was a hot day in July. Groups of cattle stood around lazily chewing their cuds and lazier brushing flies, horses here and there rolled in the grass to cool themselves; restless hogs wandered from one mud puddle to another, noisy hens scratched in the moist sand for cooler spots for their feathered breasts. Just beyond the barn yard flowed a stream in which, beneath the shadow of an overhanging old gum tree floated a flock of ducks. On the grassy bank a fat negro mammy stood before a row of tubs, up to her elbows in suds. Beyond the branch, just in sight, perched upon the top rail of a worn fence sat Acts.

Out in the full glare of the sun he was, bare-headed. His sleek face ordinarily would have been a rival for the sun, but today it was indeed a study in brown—of a very dark shade.

The day was very warm. One of the kind that July loves to test our metal with.

Acts mopped his face with what was once a red bandanna. Both the bandanna and his face growing a trifle shadier. He was thinking of those cool, luscious watermelons that lay under the tangled grass in the Judge's patch. Not more than 500 yards away from this very spot. His mouth watered and he squirmed on the fence.

As a rule Acts would have immediately satisfied this desire but today he felt that his duty lay on that top rail, guarding the line of clothes from possible attacks from a cow or horse with a nature for investigation—not that things of this sort usually bothered him, but because of a certain event that had forced itself into his unwilling life. Psychologists tell us that vividness has a great deal to do with the impression of an incident but I think recency held sway here.

For it was only the week before that Acts having been caught in a watermelon patch other than the Judge's, was taken to court. He was completely floored, for the Judge had always taken his anger out in words for Mammy's sake. And this was an entirely new experience. Acts' turn had come and he was called up before the Judge and given the Bible to swear on, which he immediately dropped, in his confusion. When he picked it up he stared at the open page. His eyes grew as large as saucers, showing the whites as a shy mule does when he crosses a bridge.

"Lord habe mussy on me, ef the Lord ain't done teck and writ my name in de Holy Book. An he gwine make de debil get me fur dis," he wailed.

"Lordy, Judge do sor lemme off dis time, an please

sar boss don't let de debil git me. I swar I ain't neber gwine do it no more Jedge, case de Lord done writ my name in de Holy Book."

This continued for about five or ten minutes before the Judge could recover sufficiently from laughing and become his natural self. Then he grew stern, (not without a twinkle in his eye however) and after delivering Acts a lecture, which we find still holding its effect after a week's time, dismissed him.

This accounted for the unsatisfied desire of Acts for a watermelon, and for his seemingly commendable vigilance in watching the clothes line.

SUSAN JONES, '17

SOCIAL ASPECT OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST STUDENTS MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The trip, both going and coming, was favorable and pleasant. The scenery was most picturesque in nature. One night as we were journeying towards our destination, Miss Entzminger awoke from her slumbers—just as we crossed a stream, and said, "Miss Norris, look out at the Mississippi." Said Miss Norris, "Nina, don't you wish it were daylight so we could see it plainly?" Just before we reached our destination the delegates gathered on the train and had a song service and a prayer lead by Dr. Moore of North Carolina.

We were beautifully entertained at the Y. W. C. A., a place where the spirit of the Christ and of service prevailed.

Despite the fact that we made most strenuous efforts to prove ourselves dignified, and thus reflect honor and credit upon our noble "Alma Mater," at times, when the excitement was very great, our efforts apparently failed. Miss Entzminger, upon our arrival in Louisville, interested in the sights and, I presume, the moderate weather, which was only eight degrees below zero, fail-

ed to remove her suit case from the street car, thus necessitating a chase of a few blocks by her attendant (a Seminary student). Being quite disturbed and distracted because of her loss, and, on the other hand rejoiced because of her regain, lost her purse after reaching the Y. W. C. A. After a search of quite a while and the decision to phone "the chief of police," she discovered that she had concealed it under the mattress. Being unaccustomed to such a snow-storm as we happened upon in Indiana, Miss Norris lost two valuable articles, viz., her shoe heel from her pet grey shoes and her attendant's muffler, which he had so kindly offered her as a protection for her new spring bonnet.

Coming in touch with some of the greatest men and speakers of the day means much to a life. I am sure that every delegate will vouchsafe me in saying that we got out of the Convention what we expected and an additional lot.

Throughout the Convention congeniality was the prerequisite, and service was the ruling motive and spirit.

The Isaqueena

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Editorials

THE SENIOR CROOK.

The recent events in the European war, the vital turn of affairs between Germany and the United States, and the questions of woman's suffrage in the Senate have all faded into insignificance since the beginning of the class conflict between the Juniors and Seniors. The cause of this conflict which has resulted in much loss of hair, sleep, and even a lack of cramming for the intermin-

ably long siege of exams is due to the fact that there is a "Senior Crook." "Who is she," is murmured by those not engaged in the contest? It is a magnificent bit of architecture, Gothic most likely, since the salient characteristics: "tall, thin and spiral," are combined in this interesting piece of workmanship, which is in the form of a shepherd's crook. Senior supremacy is incarnated in this masterpiece and no wonder is it that the jealousy for this beloved bit of wood far surpasses even that of the German Emperor for world-wide sovereignty. Major John Gaines, like the Servian anarchist, caused the beginning of the ferocious fight, for it was he who presented the bone of contention to G. W. C. None but the Juniors and Seniors were to participate in this struggle, so according to the custom of all big struggles a set of rules was drawn up and immediately the collision commenced.

As is usual in most wars there have already been favorable results from the numerous battles: a stronger class spirit; a great economic value is shown in the vast amount of laborers, working long with small stipend; a marked spiritual change, for now on Sundays, instead of voraciously devouring the *Cosmopolitan* or Tuesday's lessons, one wanders aimlessly over the college—ever looking; an unthinkable mental improvement, for even geometry and trig. are employed to work out distances in rat holes; there has been a great physical development due to high climbing and the displacement of heavy furniture; but most marvelous of all, a scientific discovery has been made for every girl has adequately proven the fact that her ancient ancestor was the *pithecanthropus erectus*, for the agility and ease with which she swings from the wobbly step ladder could come from no other

The court of arbitration says this ruthless warfare, which not only involves the two classes, but also causes insufferable confusion throughout the college must come source.

to a close on Class Day and the possessor of the Crook will be the supreme school sovereign.

* * *

A COLLEGE NECESSITY.

To the students of history the fact, that Simon Stylites seeking to acquire the acme of aceticism sat on a pedestal and allowed himself to be unmoved and uninfluenced by his surroundings, seems all that is narrow, little, and ludicrous and yet there are many vapid girls in college, in this keenly active age—the age of woman—who live the same sort of senseless existence. To them a poignant attraction for athletics is masculine, to them an interest in intellectual matters is prudish, to them a vital concern for spiritual questions savors too strongly of the goody-good and thus all of the college activities are slighted—no ignored by this indifferent attitude which seems malignantly contagious. Truly in the college world one may say, “Indifference is the root of evil.” For nothing can so completely quench the life of the various associations, societies, and organizations; nothing can so thoroughly demoralize the school standards; and nothing can so genuinely repress all that tends toward onward, upward, higher movement.

For Simon Stylites one has some degree of admiration for he was not entirely devoid of enthusiasm even though his environment and the curious customs of his age led him to show it in such an absurd way. However for the student, endowed with an invaluable inheritance of marvelous capacities, with a priceless social heredity, and prodigious possibilities it is quite inexcusable to be an impressionless individual. The college has no need for such inartistic ornaments; for even the smallest bit of bric-a-brac must elevate before it is of value and can be considered art. How much more then should be expected of a strong personality! If every student could realize that “How long we live, actions,

not words tell," then each would endeavor to live a life so full of interest in her surroundings and of ardor for a true expansion policy that she could more fully realize just what Admiral Dewey meant when he said, that sometimes in his career, he lived "five years in one day."

* * *

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

It seems there is no more obvious excuse for "inward ferment" than an Intercollegiate Debate. What could command more unprecedented prestige abroad and enthusiasm at home than a hard won victory in the South Carolina Intercollegiate Debater's Association? In nineteen and fifteen our college won the distinction of having the best debate ever heard in Greenville, is there any excuse for nineteen seventeen, not finding our college giving the best in the state, with all the progress in which women now participate—Why so much recognition have they gained that only last week in South Carolina were they discussed by sarcastic Senators and sympathetic law makers. The very fact that we do not join this Association will show too strongly a "tragedy of the unprepared and after holding our own in other phases of intercollegiate competition we cannot, must not, afford to fall behind in this innovation in clashes. Not only shall we fail to command the respect of other institutions of learning if we do not take part in this new activity but from a selfish motive one sees what a priceless asset is public debating to a college course. From high school days we have known that debates were the tonic that ever stimulated apathetic dispositions and generated vigorous, healthy rivalry. In this marvelous age when woman's capabilities are being tested more and more it is quite fitting that the college girl be trained in logic and public speaking. For otherwise, she cannot hope to adjust herself adequately to the new conditions of a woman calling century. The first requi-

site or preliminary preparation of the modern woman to meet urgent needs in various fields should be training in thoughtful, forceful expression—without it breadth of mind and power of intellect have little opportunity for effective service. Let every girl realize the importance of this vital question and labor more earnestly to support the new movement.

Exchanges

ANNETTE L. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

The editorial department and the tribute to Robert Gonzales, with the reprinted poems, in the *Carolinian*, are to be especially commended. The editor has the gift of writing constructive and effective editorials on well chosen topics. Did the poems published in this issue of the *Carolinian* come up to the standard of the reprinted poems by Gonzales, we could say of them that they far excel anything done in any other college magazine. The poem "The Little Woman" expresses a beautiful sentiment, and is written in a pleasing rythm. "Dear," however, is the same as is written by every gallant gentleman to the lady. While there is nothing new or original in the plot of the story, "Playmates and Moonlight", the old plot has been handled readily and cleverly by the author. The story is full of atmosphere, and the little dialogue used is exceedingly well managed. The essay "Stonewall Jackson" is a carefully written biographical paper, showing research work, thought and study on the part of the author.

The literary department of the January issue of the *Clemson Chronicle* has the desired quantity for the college magazine, containing two stories, three poems and three articles. The story "Circumstantial Evidence," altogether picturing situations, and being decidedly overdrawn, is poorly written. "Joe" has no unified plot, decidedly too amateurish, is awkwardly done. The play, "The Missing Link," dug from the past 1910, lacks all the unities of plot and actions demanded of a play. The theme is trite and poorly handled. We fear for its

ability to "get over the footlights" were it staged. In the articles, however, we get the best material of the magazine. "Duty, The Keynote of Robert E. Lee's Life," is a well prepared biographical sketch and defence of Lee. "Democracy and Its Relation of American Nationality" is developed well, showing a thorough knowledge of the subject, and, as is its purpose, clearly defining the relation of democracy to American nationality.

In and Around College

GREEN STOCKINGS.

On the evening of February 8th, the Senior class gave the three-act comedy "Green Stockings" at the Grand Opera House.

Miss Carol Roper was splendid in the leading part of "Miss Celia Farady." Miss Ellen Newton showed genuine theatrical ability as an empty headed English swell and "Colonel Smith" was admirably portrayed by Miss LaHentz Bramlett, while Miss Julia Jay took the part of the attractive younger "Phyllis."

This was the second presentation of the play, and that its popularity had not diminished was shown by the large crowd in attendance at the Opera House. It was said by some to be the best that has been given at the college for five or six years. Great praise is due Miss Caroline Broadwell, the head of the Expression Department, for the valuable aid she gave the girls.

The cast is as follows:

William Faraday	Ethel Simpson
Celia	Carol Roper
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham)	Mamie Felder
Evelyn (Lady Trenchord)	Ammye Loadholt
Phyllis	Julia Jay

His daughters.

Mrs. Chisolm Faraday of Chicago (Aunt Ida)	Marian Smith
Robert Tarver, an empty headed swell	Ellen Newton
Admiral Grice	Flora Manship

James Raleigh	Alicia Phillips
Henry Steele	Helen Davis
Friends of the Family.	
Colonel Smith	La Hentz Bramlette
Martin, the butler	Eula Barton

The mid-term examinations were held from Jan. 22, thru Jan. 31. The students are rejoicing that this dreadful task is completed and that they are able to return to daily recitations again. Dr. Ramsay, however, does not seem quite so gleeful over the matter since the regular subject for his chapel talks "Preparation for Exams." does not seem quite so appropriate at present.

At the recent Baptist Students' Missionary Movement, held in Louisville, Ky., from Jan. 31, to Feb. 4, the Greenville Womans College was represented by a delegation of eight students and teachers. Namely, Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Ramsay, Miss Georgia Norris, Miss Nina Entzminger, teachers; Misses Clarice Dill, Ruth Scott, Mabel Byrd and Katherine Harris, students. We were gratified to note that our delegation proved to be among the largest in proportion to distance. Upon the day appointed to recognize the colleges, Miss Katherine Harris brought credit to the college by giving one of the most favorable reports heard.

The delegates came back filled with enthusiasm, inspiration, and a desire to serve. Indeed service was the keynote of the Convention. In their reports to the members of the college family the delegates endeavored to impart this spirit.

The movement is a new one but so far as the delegates were able to discern it is meeting with general approval and will mean much in the future to the Baptist students.

FURMAN ENTERTAINMENT.

One of the interesting events to occur in the college auditorium the past month was the burlesque on Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and on "Hamlet" which was given by the Furman students.

ATTENDED PADEREWSKI CONCERT.

The Paderewski Concert at Spartanburg was enjoyed by quite a number of the teachers and students in the college. Mr. and Mrs. Schaeffer chaperoned a party composed of Misses Carol Roper, Florence Shaw, Annie Trammel, Gladys Padgett, Frances McKenzie, Kathleen Thompson, Beatrice Byrd, Entzminger and Elva Goodhue.

BASKETBALL.

One of the hardest athletic fights of the season was waged at the Central Y. M. C. A., when the G. W. C. team played the Woman's Auxiliary. Our girls finally defeated by the Ladies. Our girls are whipped, but not conquered, and they look forward to another clash in the near future.

AILEEN CASTLES CONCERTS.

The two concerts given in the auditorium by Aileen Castles, prima donna, and assisting artists were greatly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to hear this gifted singer. The concerts were given through the Fort Sumter Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy.

On February 7, 1917, Thuel Burnham, an American pianist of international fame, gave a recital in the auditorium. He began his program with several numbers

from the old classic school of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. A group from Chopin represented the romantic school of composers. He also played several pieces from the modern Russian and French school and he closed this wonderful program with a brilliant Polonaise by our own McDowell.

Y. W. C. A.

On January 19, the Y. W. C. A. held its annual election of officers. The following were elected: President, Ruth Martin; Vice-President, Mary Holliday; Secretary, Mabel Byrd; and Treasurer, Christobel Mayfield.

These officers have chosen a very competent cabinet to help them in this work. But, all Y. W. C. A. members, we must all co-operate with the cabinet to make our association a success. Let us help them to make it count for something in the lives of the girls.

Miss Katherine Harris has been elected president of the Y. W. A.

Upon the return of the delegates from the Louisville convention we were very fortunate in securing Dr. Vickard of Colgate University to talk to us in chapel Tuesday. The theme of his talk was that we should not be satisfied by doing merely our duty, but should count it a privilege to do more than our duty to make our lives count for something in making the world better.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The two Literary Societies held their regular mid-term elections Saturday night January 19. The following officers were elected:

ALETHEAN.

President	Ethel Simpson
Vice-President	Lillian Hendricks
Secretary	Mary Jane King
Treasurer	Pearla Hester
Senior Critic	Myrtle Whatley
Junior Critic	Mary Frances Kibler
First Censor	Ethel Kingman
Second Censor	Ruth Head
Chaplain	Clarice Dill

PHILOTEAN.

President	Willie Bryan
Vice-President	Rebecca Furman
Secretary	Mary Holliday
Treasurer	Mary Belle White
Senior Critic	Helen Davis
Senior Censor	John Anthony
Junior Critic	Claire Smith
Junior Censor	Sarah Owens
Chaplain	Flora Wingo

Locals

Mrs. Martin of Spartanburg, spent a day recently with her daughter, Miss Ruth.

Miss Cox of Anderson, visited Miss Jennie Cox for a few days.

Misses Virginia Hudgens and Virginia Borksedale spent last weekend in Anderson with friends.

Miss Rose Jeffries of Spartanburg and Miss Maude Martin of Fountain Inn, graduates of the college, visited friends here recently.

The following girls visited at their homes lately: Misses Gwendolyn Condor, Columbia; Willard Lander, Ridge Crest, N. C.; Ethel Smith, Camden; Eula Barton, Easley; Ethel Simpson, Inman; Ruth Cannon, Fountain Inn; Ruth Tarkington, Greenwood; and Frances McKenzie, Honea Path.

Mrs. Robert Roper of Laurens, visited Miss Carol Roper recently.

Mr. Schaeffer and Mr. and Mrs. Swift are on a trip this week through the lower part of the State with the Furman Glee Club.

JOKES.

Inez Lever to Senior—"What are those seniors talking so about?"

Senior—"The senior crook."

I. Lever—"Well, who is she?"

Flora Manship wanting the "Foundations of Speech," calls to her room-mate—"Emmie bring me my foundations quickly!"

The underclassmen, we are sure, will be encouraged to hear that an A. B. senior, after being sent to the board to work an algebra problem laboriously extracted the square root of 1.

Point System of Honors

FOUR POINT HONORS.

Editor of ISAQUEENA.
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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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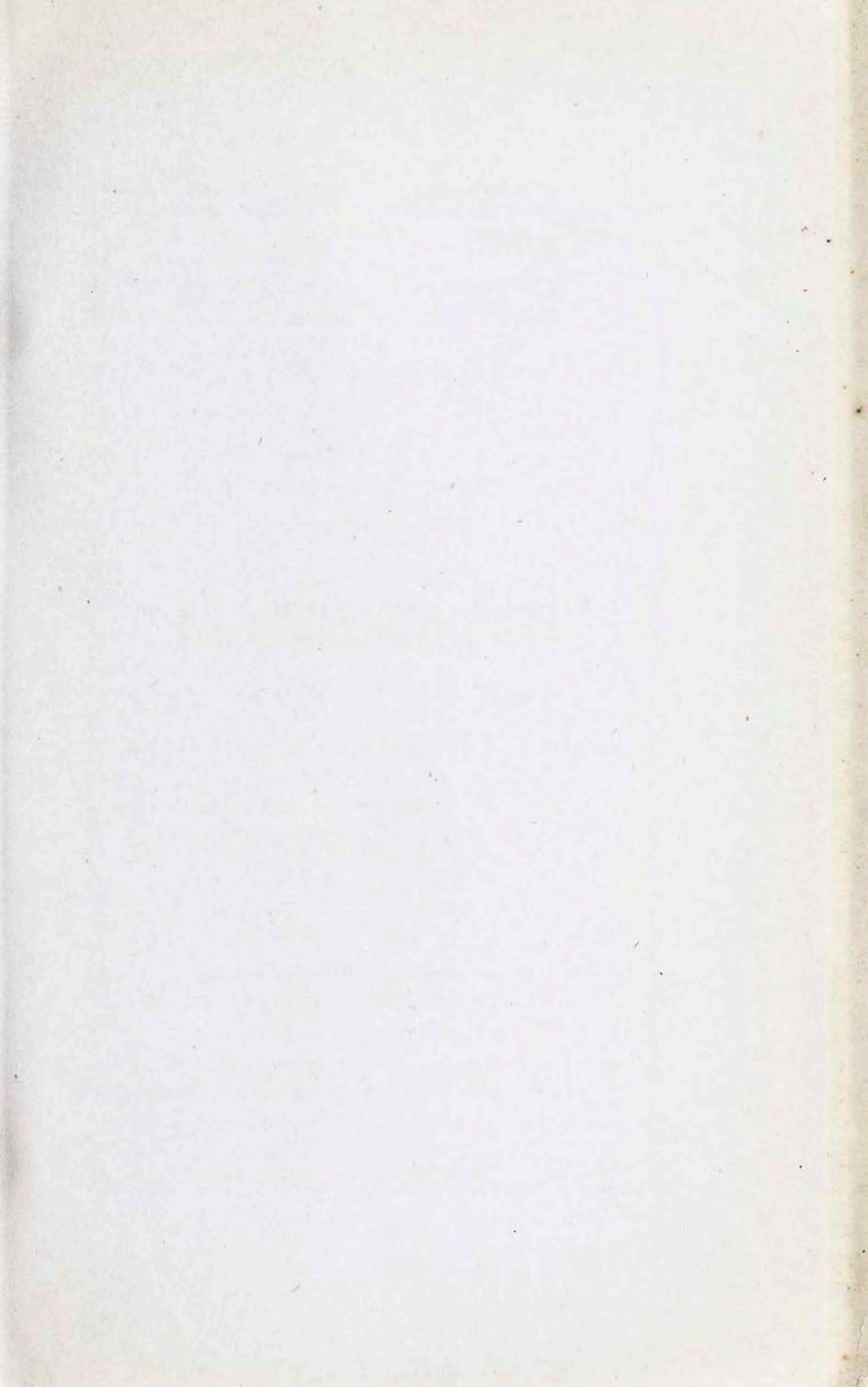
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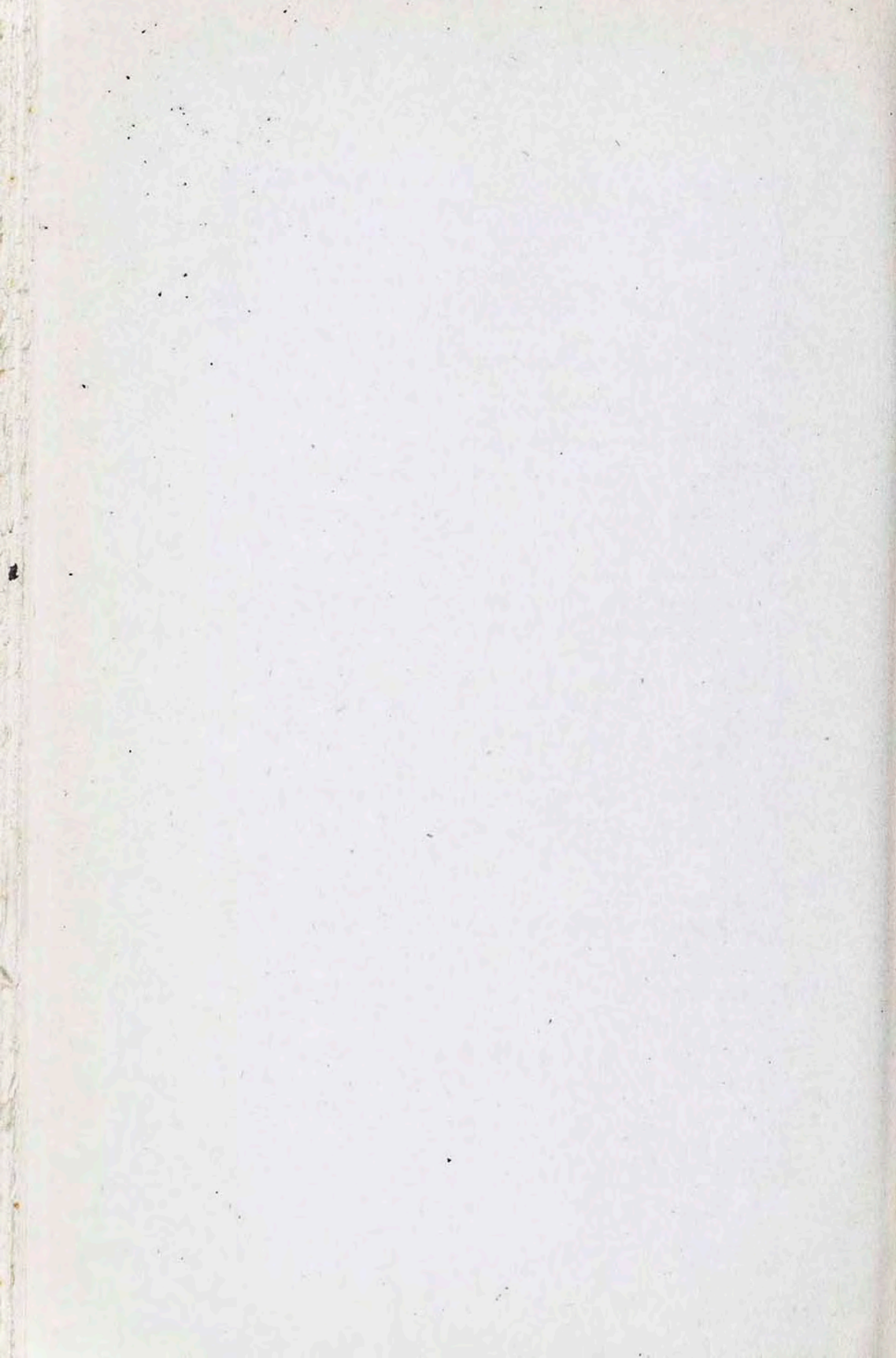
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