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## The Isaqueena - 1917, April

John Anthony  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# The ISAQUEENA

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*April, 1917.*



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# The Isaqueena



*April, 1917*

Published each month by the Students of the  
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## Contents

Sunset (Poem) <i>Leora Perry</i> , '19 .....	241
The Old China and the New (Drama) <i>Aileen Cog-</i> <i>gins</i> , '20 .....	242
Leaflets (Poem) <i>Leora Perry</i> , '19 .....	250
The Sinner to the Song (Story) <i>Ella May Smith</i> , '17 .....	251
The Novel of Purpose (Essay) <i>Flora Manship</i> , '17 .....	254
On the Party Line (Story) <i>Ruth Martin</i> , '18.....	258
Rags and Tatters:	
Class of '18 (Poem) <i>Helen Morgan</i> , '18 .....	260
But Bugs is Bugs (Sketch) <i>Dorothy Waddell</i> , '20	260
Her Best (Story) <i>Mary Anderson</i> , '19 .....	263
Snipe Hunting <i>Elizabeth Ragsdale</i> , '20 .....	264
Editorials .....	266
Exchanges .....	270
In and Around College .....	272
Locals .....	275
The Point System of Honors .....	278



# The Isaqueena

VOL. XI.

GREENVILLE, S. C., APRIL, 1917

NO. 6

## Sunset



EEP blue west of darksome hue  
Mystery strange, alluring  
End of a golden day and blue  
A morrow of gold assuring  
Bright is the rose tint lighting the deep  
Mystery seems not too dark;

Rather inviting my fancy to stay  
Where yesterday's gloom left no mark.

Thus would I be at the close of life's day  
Cheerful and bright and courageous  
Leaving to some one a memory of gold,  
Or a hope bright and gold as the evening,  
May the veiled future now so alluring,  
A fairer day still be assuring.

LEORA PERRY, '19.



## The Old China and the New

### *Dramatis Personae:*

Wu Tzu, eldest daughter of a Chinese family, who is to attend one of the mission schools.

Fellakin, a sister of Wu Tzu, fourteen years old.

Hii King Eng, father of Wu Tzu.

Lee Chau, mother of the family, an educated woman.

Yuan, a brother of Wu Tzu.

Mrs. Ahok, the grandmother, who has just arrived to pay her son a short visit.

Yunas Singh, a young man interested in Wu Tzu.

Lilavate, a poor girl whose feet are bound.

Marguerite Wang, of an aristocratic family. Gaily dressed.

Ida Kahn.

### ACT I.

*(The night before Wu Tzu leaves for the mission school, Mrs. Ahok and Hii King Eng are conversing together.)*

*Mrs. Ahok* (sighing): Since I was born I never have heard of such outlandish notions. I never dreamed that a grand-child of mine would be disgraced in this way. It almost broke my heart when I saw you, my own son, drifting from the teachings of your ancestors, and taking up these new notions that you persuade yourself are decent. When you married that little uppish Lei Chan, against my will, because she was pretty and was educated, I thought my family was forever disgraced. But, my! whoever would have thought that my family would have come to this?

*Hii King Eng*: Mother, be sensible. Do not dwell on the old ideas and customs that have kept China from growing to an enlightened nation. Through all these years, with our numbers of inhabitants, we have been a slave to the little country of Japan, and why? Within

my heart I long to see our people educated and to find in our wives companions, instead of slaves.

*Mrs. Ahok: (rising in disgust):* There you go again with those new notions of yours. What will this family come to? I had rather be a slave to Japan, than to see Wu Tzu, your eldest daughter, sent to this mission school to have her innocent mind filled with those notions that are low, degrading, and indecent.

*(Fallakin enters) sadly:* Oh, grandmother! Wu Tzu is going to leave tomorrow, we will not see her again in four years, but mother says we should be glad. *(Brightening)* I am going to play I am glad, and when Wu Tzu comes home she is going to teach me to write, and to do things that white children do, who live across the water. Mother said she would.

*Mrs. Ahok (addressing her son angrily):* I see right now that that wife of your is going to have every child in this family saturated with those high-flown notions of hers. I tell you, you had better put a stop to it.

*Hii King Eng (doubtfully):* Really, I had not considered this question very seriously. My wife is very anxious that Wu Tzu be sent to school, and would not for one moment listen to her not going. She says the time is rapidly drawing near when our girls will be mistresses of their homes, instead of being treated as servants by their mothers-in-law. But I do not know—

*Mrs. Ahok (drawing her chair nearer):* You know, when I was a girl of Wu Tzu's age, I never dreamed of a mission school. This idea that woman is equal to man is an idea that will soon pass away as a feather on the wings of the wind. Confucius, our great reformer, said man was supreme in all things; therefore, woman should be obedient to him. I am thankful that I am not a girl of the present age.

*(Lee Chan enters):* Well, at last I have Wu Tzu's wardrobe completed. It is a relief to know that she is ready to depart. I trust the one great desire of my



heart is soon to be a reality. I am praying that Wu Tzu will be a great instrument in raising the oppressed women of China. How I long to see the women of our nation stand in their right places!

(*Enter Wu Tzu very excitedly*): Oh, mother! I caught my beautiful new string of beads on my arm and have broken the string. The beads are scattered all over the floor. Please come and help me string them again. It will soon be time to retire, and I must string them to-night, because I will have to wear them tomorrow in order to look my very best. Come quickly, mother.

*Lu Chan*: My dear child! (*Both leave the room with long strides*).

*Mrs. Ahok*: It is awful to see a young girl with such huge feet. To my notion small feet are more ladylike. But it is useless to say anything to that wife of yours. Just as well talk to a tree. Wu Tzu talks about looking pretty. When I was a girl, we were not allowed to think about ourselves.

(*Yuan enters*): I guess when sister goes off to school and gets knowledge, she will not know us when she comes home, not even know Yuan Singh, who is dead in love with her now, will you, Wu Tzu? (*who has just entered*)

*Wu Tzu*: Folly, of course I shall, Yuan. I am going to school so that I may be able to teach other Chinese girls. I am going to teach them how miserable it is to bind their feet. Also teach them how to read, write, and sing. When they are educated they will not want to marry when they are little girls.

*Yuan*: Grandmother says you will be disgraced, that those schools are indecent for young girls.

*Wu Tzu*: Time will tell.

(*Lu Chan enters*): As it is getting late, we had better retire. We will have to arise early in the morning in order for Wu Tzu to leave for the mission school.



Come, Mrs. Ahok, I will show you to your room.

(*All say good-night*).

## ACT II.

First night at the mission school. Several girls gathered in Wu Tzu's room, which is furnished like an American room. Girls are seated on mats on the floor in Chinese fashion, instead of sitting in the chairs.

*Wu Tzu (clapping her hands)*: I have never been so happy in my life.

*Lilovate (with a sigh)*: I wish I were happy.

*Wu Tzu (surprised)*: You are not happy, Lilavate! Why? I thought everybody that went to the mission school was happy.

*Lilavate (holding her tiny feet)*: My feet are miserable. If your feet had been bound and broken when you were a tiny little baby you could not be happy either when you saw other girls running gaily about. I wish my mother could have come to this school when she was a girl, then she would not have bound my feet, and I could have *walked* as you do.

*Wu Tzu, (sympathizingly)*: Did your parents want you to come to this school?

*Lilavate*: No, the missionary teacher had to come and beg and beg them to let me come. At first they drove her away and called her a foreign devil, who had come to harm the Chinese people. Finally, they consented for they were getting tired of that missionary's preaching those new ideas to them. They said as I was determined to go, to go on. If they killed me there would be one less around the rice bowl, and they hoped I would die satisfied.

*All the girls (horrified)*: How cruel!

*Lilavate (earnestly)*: I have been praying that these missionaries will not kill me, but will love me. (*Aside*) Nobody has ever loved me. Then when I know all about Jesus, and about other things I will go home and tell

my people about them. (*A shadow comes over her face*). How can I ever tell other people about things I learn? I cannot walk, and they would not come to me to be taught.

*Marguerite Wang*: Poor child! My parents were very anxious that I come. When I learn all I can here, they are going to send me to America to study. My brother told me all about the white people.

*Wu Tzu*: My mother and father have been educated and also wanted me to be educated. But my grandmother thought I should be disgraced by coming to this school. I think it will be fun when I return home and let her see I am not disgraced, but that I am a sure enough lady.

*Enter Ida Kahn (excited)*: Oh girls! One of the missionaries has been showing me how they do things in America. I think it is so interesting.

*Lilavate (forgetting her tired feet)*: Please, tell us about it.

*Ida*: I could not begin to tell you all the interesting things (*tossing her head*). In fact, it would take me ages to tell you all I have learned in a single afternoon. She took me into a room where she said we were going to eat in the morning. I know I can never eat. There was a long table in the center of the room covered with a white cloth, and around the edge were placed the funniest looking things that she said we were going to eat with. She also showed me her room. It was very pretty. She does not sit on the floor as we do, but sits in a chair and looks like a lady. Here are some chairs. Suppose we sit in them. (*All the girls hurriedly pull the chairs near each other. They look around to find Lilavate crying.*)

*Wu Tzu*: What is the trouble, Lilavate?

*Lilavate (crying aloud)* Please, help me, I want to sit in a chair, but I can't walk.

*Wu Tzu*: We will help you. (*They all gather around*



*Lilavate and place her in a chair. She wipes her eyes and seems pleased.)*

*Wu Tzu (mischievously):* Just what grandmother would think if she could see me now, I cannot imagine. She would be horrified, and say these chairs were the most vulgar, most indecent things she had ever laid her eyes upon. As for myself, I really like them.

*Marguerite:* Chairs are not anything new here. I visited my brother, who lives in one of our largest cities, not very long ago. He had recently furnished his home in American style. He was educated in America, and now holds a high position.

*Lilavate:* My people never heard of such things. When I go home they will not let me tell them about the pretty things I have seen. They may drive me away from home and tell me they despise those old sayings of the foreign devil. I am going to work all I can tho. (*Falling back in her chair.*) My miserable little feet! Why were they bound?

(*At this instance the bell rings. They all leave the room.*)

### ACT III.

*In a room of Wu Tzu's home. Four years have elapsed since the first scene. The family with the exception of Wu Tzu are seated at breakfast.*

*Mrs. Ahok (who had retired before Wu Tzu's arrival the night before, yawning):* Well, Lu Chan. I suppose you are beside yourself with joy because Wu Tzu has come home, and, as you say, has knowledge.

*Lu Chan:* To be sure, I am very glad to have Wu Tzu at home again.

*Mrs. Ahok (to her son):* Hii King Eng I want you to see that I am carried home today. I know I will be in Wu Tzu's way. She will go around here with her head filled with those new notions about binding the feet, and those other American ideas that are indecent and



disgraceful for any Chinese girl of your family. I wish these foreign devils had stayed where they came from. I thank my gods that I shall not live very much longer. I feel in my bones that the end of time is coming.

*Hii King Eng:* Mother, do not be so rash. Wait until you see Wu Tzu. She is not as bad as you imagine. Let her grow from the old ideas and customs and stand in a woman's place. She is a girl after my own heart; tall, healthy, and speaks English beautifully. (*Footsteps are heard on the stairway.*)

*Mrs. Ahok (scornfully):* Late to breakfast. I suppose you call that beautiful.

(*Enter Wu Tzu smiling.*) She runs to her grandmother, throws her arms around her neck and kisses her. Oh grandmother! I am so glad to see you. It has been four long years since I have seen you. I hope you are feeling well this morning.

*Mrs. A. (drawing back in her chair):* Where are your manners? I never saw anything so rude in my life. Taking hold of me in such a way, and actually kissing me. I don't think there is any hope for a girl when she has absolutely no respect for old age.

*Wu Tzu (astounded):* Grandmother!

*Lu Chan:* Come, Wu Tzu, and sit down. We are so glad that you have grown to be such a beautiful lady, and we are delighted to have you at home once more. Do you know that father has been given a high position in the city, and that we are soon to live there. You will have to assist me in furnishing our new home.

*Wu Tzu (throwing her arms around her mother.)* How wonderful? That is too good really to be true. I shall be delighted to help in furnishing our new home.

*Yuan:* Grandmother, you will come to see us, won't you?

*Mrs Ahok (angrily):* Me! No, indeed. Your father ought to stay right here and bring these children of

his up in the right way. He ought to punish you now by making you memorize five or six sayings of Confucius, for your impertinence. I am praying that the gods will not bring shame and disgrace upon this family.

*Wu Tzu:* There is but one God, grandmother.

*Mrs. A. (falling back as if exhausted):* I could bear these other things, but to think, a daughter of my son, has been led to believe in another God. Oh! *(She is caught by her arm as she falls over. Hii King Eng and Yuan carry her from the room.)*

*Wu Tzu:* Mother, I have learned so many new things since I have been gone. My Missionary Teacher told me all about this new God, who can really hear you when you pray to him. I know Lai Le, who is a cripple and cannot get out of doors to see the pretty flowers and birds, will be so glad to hear about Him. I am going to see her today and carry my Bible. I will leave it with her so she can read it when she is tired and lonely. She also said it was not right for us to bind our feet. That God gave them to us so that we might walk, and make other people happy by doing nice things for them. I was so sorry for Lilavate a girl in school whose feet had been bound. She would often sit and cry because she could not walk as we did.

*Lu Chan:* I am so glad that you have received such splendid instruction. I wish that many of our girls could receive the same instruction. Then I could entertain the thought that in a few years China would have passed from the old to the new. My child, I want you to do all you can to bring woman to her rightful place. Through all these years she has been looked upon as a mere servant, not capable of training her own children, or even of superintending her house work. If we only had more missionaries to tell our people about this true God, who is able to save.

AILEEN COGGINS, '20.



## Leaflets



HY here are little strangers  
That I never saw before,  
So young and red and tender,  
Just a few days old, I know!

So drab in your baby colors,  
But in beauty of youth you shine,  
Vigorous and strong you're growing,  
You'll be green in a very short time.

Grow, and die, and fall,  
And leave a scar if you will.  
'Tis a sign that next year there'll be more  
For you're only leaves you know.

LEORA PERRY, '19.



### The Sinner to the Song



BOB'S profession. His was to take and his last crime. Yes, he had won a million and pocketed it all but in the evening he had committed murder, cold-blooded murder and that was not Bob's profession. His was to take but not to kill. What should he do now? He, himself, would be killed for murdering the most influential man of Farva. Cautiously Bob ran along the streets sneaking this way and that dodging everyone he saw. The officers of the law were close upon him, but Bob well knew that they would never find him. Why he was slick Bob, the crack thief of his territory, and that extended far! With a menacing grin at all who examined him closely he managed to make his way thru the crowds. As Bob was in the thick of the crowd, however, he heard a voice close behind him saying: "Yes, we'll get slick Bob this time sure". Realizing his great danger slick Bob hurried thru the crowd to a side street and hid behind the nearest building. Safe now once again. Closely hid between the crevices of the wall Bob stood and waited.

As he waited, faint notes of organ were heard nearby—Bob pricked his ear and looking at the painted windows muttered low:

"Ye gods! A church." Then as an afterthought he said with a scowling grin, "Closest I've been to one in many a day."

Not daring to move from his safe retreat Bob stood silently and listened. The notes of the pealing organ became now distinct and soon there came the sound of a voice sweetly singing,

*"Jesus, lover of my soul  
Let me to thy bosom fly."*

Bob started, then grinned his usual grin, and settled back into his hiding place again. Then came the

*"While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high."*

With a suddenness of realization Bob thought that the singer must be singing to him. The waters of retribution were certainly rolling nearer to him—the officers of the law were seeking him now to demand payment from him. The tempest of sin was high in his soul, so high heretofore that he had never stopped to analyze his wrong doings—sin had become his god. His God, who was the great and good God that his mother had once told him of. But, what was the singer now saying:

*"Hide me oh my Saviour hide  
Till the storm of life is past."*

His God, his Saviour—That was whom his mother had believed in and that was why she had always been so happy. Oh, he could remember now how his mother used to ask him, "What is love, my son?" and how his childish lips had sweetly lisped, "God is love." God is love—but could that God have enough love to forgive a hardened sinner? Here he was hiding, hiding between cold, cold stones yet the singer was asking the Saviour to hide him, a living being—Oh thought Bob, how wonderful it would be to hide in the arms of someone till the storm of life had passed, to hide first as he had done in his mother's arms when he was little. But there comes again the voice of the singer:

*"Safe into the Haven guide"*

Bob realized that he was too sinful a man to enter that Haven, that Haven of rest and gladness. Why, he had sinned so much, that now he could never undo anything. But, yes there was one way, one hard, yet



the first and only way. He must confess his crime. With this thought Bob was overcome with the working of God and consciousness within him and as tho looking for divine guidance from one above (to give him power to confess) he, a hardened criminal, was softened and fell to his knees in prayer just as the words of the singer came to him

*"Oh receive my soul at last".*

ELLA MAY SMITH, '17.



### The Novel of Purpose



THE Novel of Purpose is a novel in which all the actions, incidents, and motives, which are grouped into a plot, are so fashioned, that the story as a whole, tends toward the accomplishment of some definite result, such as the establishment of an educational method or the reformation of a social abuse."

In early English Literature there were few novels of purpose. In fact, none scarcely until about the middle of the eighteenth century. We have "Yeast" written in 1848, "Alton Locke," in 1849 and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1852. The list of novels of purpose is not very long. Other later ones are: by Charles Reade, "Put Yourself in His Place," "Hard Cash", and "Never too Late to Mend"; by Charles Dickens, "Nicholas Nickleby" and several others; Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife", George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" and Mrs. Wards "Marcella". This almost completes the list unless we might put in a few moral essays of Maria Edgeworth.

There are other novels that we cannot brand as novels of purpose for they have no definite sermon to preach but yet they are so saturated with purposefulness that they move and inspire us." We find more of this element in novels as the years go on. We notice this more from 1890 on up to the present time." Purpose is involved in the very idea of the serious novel."

The first and most complete example of the novel of purpose is "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It helped to effect a greater work and it still lives. It notably advanced the cause of the freedom of the slaves. It roused a Nation, it gave a picture of a unique civilization. "The power came from the intensity of its emotion and from

the breath of its human interest." It did not become a great novel because it helped the reform but it helped the reform because it was a great novel. In the picturing of that unique civilization Mrs. Stowe also created unique characters as: Topsy, Harris, Eva, and Uncle Tom. "It was a novel of purpose because it was written by a purposeful woman." "Annals of a Sportsman" by Turgenieff, was one of the influences that led to the freeing of the slaves in Russia.

We find that purposefulness in so many of Dickens' novels. It is true that Dickens exaggerates but any novel of purpose must be exaggerated more or less. He did this to make conditions more vivid to us. He has done a great deal, through his novels, toward bringing about reform in the slum districts.

In Charles Kingsley's novels of purpose we have the questions of the relation of the employed to employer, of the laborer to proprietor, of the apprentice to the master, of the land-tiller to the land-owner. He could depict no such unique civilization as we find in "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Nevertheless his novels "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" were written by one who was quite as much in earnest as was the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." These stories are of intense earnestness. Just as chartism as a movement in England ended, but chartism as an influence endured, so it has been with Kingsley's novels of purpose. He was an ardent chartist and the best contribution to this cause was his two novels. The stories in both of them is the story of the social and industrial agitation of the day. "Yeast" is the story of the wrongs of agricultural labor. "Alton Locke" is a tragedy of the wrongs of the apprentice. These two novels certainly advanced the cause of the freedom of the slave in England. England owes much to these two novels for her social and political enlightenment.

George Eliot has some novels of purpose. She was



a great preacher we might say. In "Daniel Deronda" she attempts to answer the question, "What makes life worth living"? She has three types of characters in this novel. A perfectly selfish man in Mr. Grandcourt, a repentant woman in Gwendolin Harleth, a man with a mission in Daniel Deronda. She gives suggestions of nobler methods, and a hint at a larger philosophy of life.

Charles Reade's, "Never too Late to Mend" is a distinctively purpose novel. It is a union of three tales, "A story of love; a story of the adventures of two Australian gold diggers, and a story of a mismanaged prison. We cannot point out just the part it played toward the reform of the English prisons but it is certain that we know that the English prisons were reformed. This novel was the first attack on them and the first presentation of their evils in literature. Another of his is: "The Cloister and the Hearth". There has been a question as to whether this is a novel of purpose. But we at least feel that Reade wrote it, inspired by a purpose. "Hard Cash" had influence over the treatment of the insane in England. It was very severe in accusation of the treatment in private asylums. In "Put Yourself in His Place" the fighter of a generation pleads for sympathy of capital with labor. It deals with English trade unions.

Another book that deals with unions and strikes, is "The Weavers" by Haupman.

There are two groups of novels of purpose that fall in the later period. The first deals with suggestions for the reforms of boys schools, of courts of law, of asylums and of social abuses. In this belongs Dickens' "Bleak House", "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Martin Chuzzlewit."

To the second group belongs Wilkie Collin's "Man and Wife" and "Hannah" by Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik. These works are clearly intended to set forth the diffi-

culties of the marriage laws. These had little influence upon the public sentiment in regard to the evils of which they treated.

A recent novel which we believe has had great influence over reform in orphan asylums is Jean Webster's "Daddy Longlegs."

There is a third class which is of great importance. This is made up of novels of date, dealing with vexed theological questions or making studies of racial, political, or sociological conditions. These may be classed more as novels of problem rather than novels of purpose. They are more inquiries than sermons. We have studied them little because of recency. They are more studies in search for a remedy than are any of the earlier works.

In studying the novels of the middle eighteenth century we notice three characteristics about them. Almost in every instance these novels have been surpassed by later novels of the same author. They seem to be compelled by great emotional amusements. The aroused American people caused Mrs. Stowe to write hers; an aroused working class caused Kingsley to write his. They are also written, not only thru hot emotions of the day but out of the hot emotion of the writer.

"To-day is a day of purpose in action." The novel of purpose will not disappear but will continue to grow. "The novel of purpose has not passed but is with us in complete form in the novel of problem, in the novel which does not set forth a specific remedy but which searches for the hidden disease." The interest in the difficulties of life is still present in us but we are learning that a specific form of cure is near impossible and we wish to further investigate the problems of life.

"The novel of the future will be toward a purpose because it be to the work of a purposeful man."

FLORA MANSHIP, '17.



### On the Party Line



ENTRAL I want No. 4128. Busy? Oh goodness I must speak to Mr. Jones at once! Why do people phone so much? Central, try 4128 again please. Line still busy? Well, I'll just listen and see whose doing so much talking. Oh, so its Miss Lucy Carter! Mother's away! oh yes, something afoot. I'll just see what the young Miss is a doing while her mother's gone. I know Jane will appreciate my helping her with Lucy. Let me see, that must be Alex Groce. He hangs around Lucy the most. I never saw a girl that had so many boys around her all the time. Eh, what's that? She says, "all right" dear, you come at eight and we'll give them the slip. Have everything ready.

Mrs. Fowler hung up the receiver and dropped in a chair overcome with the statement she had just heard. So Lucy and Alex meant to elope! Well Jane must know this and put a stop to it at once, for Lucy was not eighteen until next September.

"Central, I want 325 please. Hello! is that you Lucy? How are you, my dear? I want to speak to your mother. Not at home! Mercy, when did she leave? Did you say she was at Alice's? I believe she lives in Roeville. Yes, that's a splendid place for her to rest. So you are keeping house. Well my child, you see how much trouble it is and I hope it will teach you the lesson not to marry too young. You love it! Well it wouldn't last long—goodbye."

She loved keeping house, of course she was going to elope. Mrs. Fowler looked at the clock as she passed to the other room. It was twelve o'clock. If she sent Jane a telegram now, she'd get it in time to catch the 2 P. M. train and would get here at 7:30. And Alex was to come at eight, that certainly was the best plan.

She put on her hat and coat and hurried to the little telegraph office. Now what must she say, for she didn't want to frighten poor Jane.

"I want you to send this telegram to Mrs. A. S. Carter, Roeville, Va.

If you can reach here by 7:30 you can prevent Lucy eloping.

Maggie Fowler.

She had done her duty. She would meet Jane and tell her how she had caught up with the young culprit.

When the 7:30 train rolled in Mrs. F. was waiting. She saw Mrs. Carter, pale and excited and rushed to her. "Oh, Jane, I knew you'd want me to help you."

"Yes, Maggie, you have always been a friend to me."

They drove home quickly. Lucy was much surprised and agitated to see her mother home so soon. Why mother, of course I'm glad to see you, but you needed the rest so badly and everything was going on so well. But mother, let me tell you something exciting, to-night is the boat race on the river. You know Alex has a dandy boat and I am going to race with him to-night."

"And you are not going to elope?" gasped poor Mrs. Fowler.

RUTH MARTIN, '18.



## Rags and Tatters

CLASS OF '18.

Come, comrades, classmates, teachers, all  
And sound the echoes thru the hall!  
There's not another class, I ween,  
That's half so fair as old '18!

She's good and strong; she's just and wise,  
Indeed she'd take the highest prize!  
Such spirit true, you've never seen,  
As in the class of dear '18.

There are no girls in all the land  
That could with her take any stand.  
They're loyal, royal as a queen,  
These girls of hers, of class '18.

Then raise your voices in a shout,  
Make known your feelings—sing them out!  
There's not another class I ween,  
That can compare with our '18!

HELEN MORGAN, '18.

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### BUT BUGS ARE BUGS.

If there's one thing on this earth I have an aversion  
for its bugs. Yet its worse than that—I have an un-  
bounded horror of them. If I see one, though it still  
be flying in unlimited space, it sends a series of creeps  
down my back-bone. If one comes in my direction while

I am peacefully walking along, I fight the air wildly and dodge a number of imaginary bugs while in reality it's only one. I had rather face a whole regiment of Germans.

Just the other night a little black streak flew around the corner of my hearth and established itself behind the coal scuttle. I jumped into a chair, feet and all; I grabbed my hearth broom and began pounding away in the direction of the coal scuttle. A harmless little black mouse scrambled out and I once more put my feet on the floor with a feeling of safety. I had thought it was a centipede. Another time I was picking violets, and just as I was reaching for a big, dark one that seemed designed as a model for all violets, there came apparently out of a clear sky—and perched itself on that very violet, a whirring creature. I jumped and drew back as if I had seen a ghost. Certainly he could be monarch of all he surveyed. A neighbor who had seen a part of the pantomime only called to me very kindly to know if it was a snake. He killed one himself that very morning he said. After I had retreated twenty yards or so from the scene of horror, I stopped to answer his question. "No," I flung at him, "it's a wasp."

One incident in particular do I recall among my experiences with bugs. I was seated in the library on a hot night in August. That the bugs, attracted by the light, continually hit against the screen outside was not so terrifying. I was safely inside and was reading the "Rose of Old St. Louis," Indeed, I had just reached that amusing point, where the hero, determined to see Napoleon, has concealed himself in that general's apartments, and circumstances being against him he soon finds himself in for more than he bargained. I was so hugely enjoying that predicament he had got himself into, that I threw back my head to laugh—but I never laughed. There on the window curtain not two



feet from me was a terrible green looking thing—All eyes and legs. I threw my book at it, my man and his fight forgotten. I dashed across the room, but that monster took to itself wings and from one end of the room to the other it flew. I flew from one end to the other also in a vain endeavor to keep the distance of the room between me and that horrid green thing. It had just entered my head that the thing to do was to wait until the creature left the door on which he had now established himself and then to make for that door myself and hence away from that frightful thing, when that door opened and my kid brother came in. I hailed him as a deliverer and, to be sure, he did take the situation in hand. He picked that monstrous thing up by the tail, enclosed him in both hands, grinned, and started at me. I jumped behind a big leather chair and entreated. On he came. I dodged around the library table. I threw books at him, I threw a paper weight. He seemed invulnerable. I dashed into the parlor and my wildly flying arms knocked the bust of Wagner from the piano, which fell to the floor with a terrific crash, but still was that grinning kid and his bug pursuing me. Down the hall and up the stairs, three or four at a time, I went. I flew to my room determined to lock myself in to loneliness and peace. I flashed on the light and slammed at the door, but that incorrigible youngster put one foot in the way, poked his grinning face in, and then his hands! And in terror lest he open them and let that creature escape I abandoned my hold of the door, and rushed into my closet. I succeeded in getting the door shut, and though my small brother pulled and banged it did no good. I held on with a terrific force. Finally he ceased his pulling and quietly took up his position on the outside to wait till I came out. I begged, I pleaded, and I threatened; and lastly I began to call loudly for "Mamma." She, I knew, would make him quit his foolishness quick

enough. Finally, mamma came, and taking courage I poked my head out of the door in order to enjoy my triumph.

Mother said, and her tones were crisp enough, but I declare she was dying to laugh, "Son, where is that bug?"

He grinned again—O, that impish grin! He opened his dirty hands—they were empty—and said, "I don't no'm. It got away just after I caught it."

DOROTHY WADDELL, '20.

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### HER BEST.

Madam Bolova smiled at the stage manager and said, "Yes, Monseieur, everything has been going wonderfully. There seems to be the warmth of a great success hanging over the whole house. You are sorry that Gray could not be here, so am I and yet—I thank God that I have this chance. Something I have fought for and have never before been able to attain until Gray wired me to fill her engagement."

"Do I think I will carry the house?" she continued. "Well no, not exactly. I only intend to do my best and just at present I feel that I want to sing—and the stars begin. Good-by Monsieur, wish me good luck and that I will do my best; one can wish for nothing more."

When Madam Bolova stepped upon the stage she expected to see just what she saw. The enthusiastic audience, disappointed in that Gray could not be there, was beginning to sink back in their chairs to rest during Bolova's part. Bolova saw it all. With a quiet smile she stepped to the front and acknowledged the feeble applause. Then came her part.

She stepped back and began. At first there came a soft appealing melody then she burst into song that brought the whole house to the edges of their seats. Could any human have a voice so surpassingly glorious? At times it seemed as if the birds had come down to



sing with her there. While again deep throbbing notes floated out across the house.

Madam Bolova was not singing, it was her soul singing. With a grand final she vanished from the stage. For a full minute the audience was tense then such a roar of applause filled the air as had never been heard there before. Bolova stood trembling and smiling before them again; then she was gone but would not return yet.

The Opera went on. Behind the scenes Bolova was surrounded by a group of many admiring and some jealous friends. She seemed dazed but they all insisted that she had made the biggest hit of the season. Even Gray could not have won such a victory.

At last Lucia's sextette stood upon the stage. The applause was not feeble this time. Bolova had won her admirers. Again the song went through in one glorious swell that brought down the house. Bolova, Bolova, over again were the cries of the wild people. At first the stage manager said, no! But the roar went on and for the first time in the history of the Waycross Grand Opera—a part was repeated.

Madam Bolova was in her rooms. A reporter must have a word with her, **was the message**. Again Bolova's quite smile, "Tell him, no—tell him I did my best."

MARY ANDERSON, '19.

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### SNIPES HUNTING.

It had been raining all that day, a constant rain that makes you drowsy, but now the rain had ceased.

It was still dark and dreary with the exception of a streak of lightning now and then. There was nothing to do that night. Half of the girls were too scared to dance, so we were all lying around pretending to read. Some one broached the subject of snipe hunting. Eight of the ten girls were wise but Mary and I had yet to go snipe hunting. One of our dignified chaperones

objected, arguing that a storm might come up, but we agreed not to go far. They took us seemingly miles to a stream and gave us a large bag to hold, while they went down the stream and ran the snipe up. We objected at first at being left alone, but finally they persuaded us to stay, saying it was such fun. We waited and waited for the snipe but no such thing came. It grew darker and darker, the lightning increased, it began to thunder and then to rain. We took the wrong road home, and of course lost our way in the forest. We came to a large space covered with white objects and supposed it to be a cemetery. Neither of us would go first; finally I got up nerve and made a dash. Mary came behind me and we followed a path for miles, suddenly I heard a shriek. Not thinking of Mary I quickened my run. The rain was pouring, lightening was flashing everywhere, thunder was crashing. In my imagination I could see ghosts popping up everywhere out of each grave, darting behind monuments. I finally got out of the cemetery and called to Mary, but she was nowhere to be found. Then I realized that it was she who had shrieked. I turned and fled into the cemetery, no thought of ghosts coming to me, but only of Mary. I found her lying in a faint with her foot caught in a vine. She soon revived but was dreadfully weak. I heard my name called and answered; soon a light appeared, then eight figures appeared, we joined them and went home. They had left us, thinking that we had seen the joke and had gone home, but finding that we weren't there, had come to find us.

ELIZABETH RAGSDALE, '20.



# The Isaqueena

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## Editorial

### THE HONOR SYSTEM.

This intricate system of self-government that has grown out of the numerous needs and multifarious demands of the college girl like all successful, workable plans of government has had no mushroom growth but has naturally evolved slowly, broadened down from precedent to precedent," and has been bought with the beauty sleep and premature wrinkles

of our worthy predecessors, commonly called the catty proctors. However despite discouragement and adverse criticism our republican form of government has struggled thru two years and we, as do the patiently progressive Chinese, can hope to preserve and foster the liberal system until the clam-like conservatives leave our borders. Then it can triumphantly prove that it is the best and most efficient means toward an Elysian existence. This democratic institution is going to live, for who wants to censure and condemn that which is the very vertebral of college life?

One of the most distinct characteristics in an unsympathetic attitude toward the honor system is the fact that many individuals have a fallacious conception of what being on one's honor really signifies. That is in adhering to James's definition of conception they have made a mistake in that function "to mark off discriminate draw a line around." For instance it is no unusual occurrence to have some girl jubilantly announce that she will sleep thru breakfast to-morrow morning since her table proctor is away for the week end. Thus she is senselessly shifting her moral responsibility; certainly she has not "marked off" and "discriminated" in her obligation to the honor system. It is as incumbent upon her to obey and report a non-observance of the rules as it is for the proctor to perform her duty in reporting any violation of student government laws.

One of the greatest benefits derived from student government is the splendid moral training which alone makes it as valuable as any course in college. So it must be the earnest endeavor of each girl to see that she absorbs enough of this ever practical preparation that will enable her to pass any moral board of censors. And yet it must not be supposed that one is to be a believer in Formal Discipline to the extent that she will not apply the honor plan in all problems upon which



she must ventilate her views and call upon her judgment; use it as an aid when there is an insane desire to cut chapel, call upon it when there is a temptation not to pay for the college publications, the very subscription lists of which have your name in your own hand writing, resort to it when a big, strong nature wishes to shrivel to a parasite and voraciously feed on the production of another's mentality. Try the plan and your self-respect will increase a hundred fold.

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### THE OUIJA BOARD.

Since the advent of the Ouija Board in college, things have reached a chaotic uncertain state such as resulted from the recent bloodless Revolution in Russia—the equilibrium of the monotonous passing of prosaic events has been greatly disturbed. Now one can say with Sir Thomas Browne, "I have ever believed and now know that there are Spirits" and "Those that to confute their incredulity desire to see apparision shall questionless never behold any." This is one case in which believing is seeing because for the agnostic, there is no message dictated by this bit of board embellished with the alphabet, the numerals up to ten, and manipulated by a miniature tripod table—how significant is the last named essential for it was on just such an unattractive piece of furniture the priests or priestesses in ancient times were placed to obtain inspiration to utter oracles! With such apparatus it is not surprising that the Ouija, after being coaxed and cajoled in affectionate endearing tones gives forth to its fanciful followers most reliable and accurate information which is quite beyond the capability of any clairvoyant or necromancer; while to those, incredulous of its omnipotence, in its message-giving it balks as no Mexican burro ever dared, or else it hurls out horrible imprecations and maledictions.

The prophetic declarations of the Ouija Board differ from those of the Oracle at Delphi in that it never answers in ambiguous terms; it is thoroughly gratifying to all consuming curiosity for after having told one her rival is a beautiful blonde it even ventures to spell her name. Naturally this causes a distressing state of disorder for now one can very readily pass the blonde who rooms across the hall with an upturned nose. If it is learned an affinity resides in Charleston, immediately plans are made to summer there regardless of the father's need of financial recuperation. Then if one gets inside information that she will be married next year, why tackle trig. and cry over chemistry? These authoritative answers excite wide spread envy and malice; crushes move around sorely afflicted with melancholia for the Ouija has positively declared it is the other girl her favorite teacher prefers. There is no incentive to study when the Oracle stoutly says: "Thou shall flunk." Truly a perfect state of pandemonium prevails where this method of mysticism is maintained.

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#### THE NEW CHAPEL FEATURE.

The President has presented a variation in the regular plan of chapel exercises by having a day when one of the classes has charge of the program. Not only are interest, educational results, and pleasure derived from these features but they also furnish remarkable practice in bringing out the initiative and ingenuity of the girls. In nearly every field of endeavor one is called upon at some time to arrange a public program and surely this is a splendid opportunity to learn the art of speaking in a dignified manner, of seeking to entertain and instruct an audience, of striving to bring credit to one's class, and of supporting the President.



## Exchanges

ANNETTE L. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

We most heartily congratulate *The Orion*, Anderson College, which is practically in its infancy, on its great success. The April number abounds in good stories, poems and essays. The story, *Cupid or Fate?* while lacking real plot and having no real theme was we suppose written as a innovation for the summer campers. *What the Gold Girl Did* is usually attractively written. In the essay, *The Function of Expression in Education* we have something new for the college magazine. These subjects which are becoming more and more to be placed in the curriculum for good and thorough education should be discussed to a greater extent in the college publications. This essay is instructive and easily proves the purpose for which it was written. In the various departments we have the life of Anderson College clearly portrayed. We are pleased and gratified to welcome *The Orion* among our exchanges, and predict for it the greatest success.

The April number of *The Acorn*, Meredith College, is up to the magazine's usual high standard. In the make up and general appearance the *Acorn* is one of the most attractive magazines which comes to the Exchange desk. The one short poem in this number *Night Echoes*, is far above the average college magazine poetry, expressing one stirring, gripping thought which we college poets more often than not fail to do. The story, *The Purple Staircase*, is perfectly plotted.

full of the dreamy, hazy atmosphere required, and shows no signs of being handled by an amateur. The Acorn's sketch department is always well worth the reader's time. *Sambo*, humorous, yet with a touch of pathos, is an unusually vivid picture of a perfect specimen of our cotton picking population of the Sunny South.



## In and Around College

### PATRIOTIS PROGRAM

The Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Broadwell, had charge of chapel services Saturday, the 31st. A delightfully rousing program of patriotic recitations was given after the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by the entire school. There was a touch of pathos here, of humor and enthusiasm there, making the entire program varied and entertaining. The services were closed with a patriotic selection by the orchestra.

### A FRESH RECEPTION!

Something unheard of in the annals of the college took place Friday night, the 30th of March. Yes, it was a Freshman reception, and such a reception! The Freshmen classes of G. W. C. and Furman united in giving a reception to the two senior classes. The seniors shouted, Rah for the Freshmen!, and turned out by the dozens at 8:30.

### BASKET-BALL!

The home team played the Anderson College team on Monday afternoon in Anderson. Anderson conquered by a few points, but our girls are dauntless, and are ready for another tussle in which they intend conquering, watch them do it!

## PUPILS' RECITAL

Monday night, April 2, the music pupils of the college gave a recital in the auditorium. All the numbers were short and interesting, and the entire program was greatly enjoyed.

## Y. W. C. A.

The past few meetings of the Y. W. C. A. have indeed been interesting and it appears that the girls are taking unusual interest in the programs.

For the past few weeks the cabinet members have been striving to get the Y. W. C. A. room furnished—and it has not been in vain! Quite a sum of money was taken into the treasury last week—as a result of a whole-hearted, high-spirited campaign that was waged by the “Golds” and “Blues” here about two or three weeks ago. Every device was used by each “Army” to secure more money than its opposing force in order to be crowned “Victorious” in chapel on Monday after the contest closed. We could wish for no better picture of the conquered enemy at the close of this war than we had presented to us that morning in chapel. The “Golds” bowed their necks the stroke to feel while the “Blues” gloriously sang their triumph—because the Blues had won! It was indeed hard for the Golds to have this sentence “We won” inflicted upon them because that was the first time in the history of the two “belligerent forces” that they had lost the battle.

The Cabinet won its cause however, and now we have a very attractive room to sign the “declaration of peace” in!

Our State Secretary of Y. W. A., Mrs. George E. Davis, of Orangeburg and leader of the Sunbeams, Mrs. W. J. Hatcher of Johnston, gave us splendid talks last Friday night at our regular weekly meeting. Their



visit was enjoyed by the entire college family and we are always glad to welcome them back!

### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Literary Societies—both Philotean and Alethean are down at real work now, trying to sift their material and choose the most efficient debaters for the annual Inter-society debate which is to take place within the next few weeks. The programs during the last month have been chiefly concerning the "coming attraction" and we are expecting to reap big educational profits at the expense of the "lucky four" on that memorable night.

Last Saturday night the Aletheans met in the new society hall for the first time. This hall is quite an improvement on the old one but we are planning still greater progress.

As yet, the Philoteans are still meeting in the old hall but we are anticipating a leap soon.

### ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM

One of the most enjoyable numbers on the Lyceum Bulletin was given by Laura Combs, prima donna, and Angelo Cortese, the famous harpist. Miss Combs has a charming personality that always adds greatly to the beauty of her songs. A crowded house heard these talented artists.

## Locals

Miss Essie Meares spent last week end with her sisters at Spartan Academy.

Miss Leize Gelzer visited friends in Taylors recently.

Mr. Ray Smith of Timmons ville visited his sister, Miss Claire, recently.

Miss Gladys Padgett visited Miss Rose Jeffries in Spartanburg last week-end.

Miss Janie Bennett visited her parents in Holly Hill last week.

Miss Jennie Sue Way spent a few days recently at her home in Orangeburg.

Miss Isabel McCullough of Columbia was the guest of Miss Gwen Conder for a few days last week.

Misses Jessie Bryant, Mary Jane King, and Katherine Harris visited Fruitland Institute at Hendersonville this week. Misses Harris and King were students of Fruitland before coming to G. W. C.

Miss Hazel Prickett will spend this week end with her parents in St. Matthews.

Misses Lucy and Hazel Salley spent last week end in Spartanburg with their sister, Mrs. Martin.



Misses Jean Martin and Ellie Dillard of Spartanburg spent a week end recently with Miss Ruth Martin.

Miss Susie Dawson spent Easter with Miss Mary Francis Kibler at her home in Newberry.

Miss Ruth Scott was among those who spent Easter at home.

Miss Willis was at home this week for her sister's wedding.

Sub-Freshman to Mrs. Padgett, "Did you know the Czar of Russia had amputated the throne?"

Miss Perrin to a kindergarten child, "What are a cows' horns for?"

Child, "To blow."

Dorothea Waters giving quotation and author in Society—"It is better to be loved than never to have loved at all"

"Shakespeare"

Dr. Ramsay to primary children after a vocal solo in chapel, "What did the young lady sing?"

Little boy, "A song."

Mary Corpening informed Miss Willis in Latin that Hannibal after crossing the Alps took a train and went on down to Rome.

Miss Willis in Latin to Lilla Howard, "Where were most of Caesar's wars waged?"

L. Howard, "In the Southern part of America."

Alice Todd, "Oh, I know now how to tell when the first day of Spring comes."

Robbie Cohn, "How can you tell?"

A. Todd, "It's when the equinox comes. Mrs. Sloan told me so. She said that was when the sun turned around and started going the other way."



# Point System of Honors

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## FOUR POINT HONORS.

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

## THREE POINT HONORS.

President of Athletic Association.  
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.

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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.

Believing that the aim of all training should be the development of heart, mind and body, the College seeks to give the product of symmetrical womanhood.

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty years of history has never lost a student by death and it has enjoyed singular freedom from epidemics of every form.

The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted, to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of M. A., B. A., B. L., are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Department of Art, Expression, Kindergarten and Domestic Science.

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