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## The Isaqueena - 1917, May

John Anthony  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# The Isaqueena



*May, 1917*

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GREENVILLE, S. C., MAY, 1917

NO. 7

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### Twilight in the Forest



THROUGH the trees is the last pink  
glow of day

Left by the sun's soft dying ray  
As it sank to sleep in the West,

Overhead is the faintest rustling of  
leaves

As stirred by the gentle evening breeze  
It soothes the flowers to rest.

A star ventures forth thru the twilight gloom  
And near the horizon, the crescent moon

Is shining its brave youngbest,

And then thru the soft calm evening still  
Comes the clear, sweet call of the whip-o-will

As it sings to it's young in the nest.

Oh, Lord, God, Creator of each perfect thing

Teach us to worship, and praises to sing

To Thee, who hath everything blest.

CAROLINE EASLEY '19.

### The Impetus Invincible



HESTER Garfield threw his palette on the table with a slam, got up from his chair and surveyed the canvass with impatience "Oh, what's the use? I've been studying and painting long enough to have done something worth while—if I'm ever going to" and he scowled at the pictures that lined the walls of the handsome studio.

"But I must get the prize," he was thinking. "I don't care for the \$10,000 I'd give it as an endowment fund for poor students, anything I've got all I want. But Ferris and Richardson and that bunch think I can't paint, Oh, I wish I could show them something. I wish that I could contribute something to the world's art. Just look at that face! It hasn't one spark of life. Damm it! I *will* make you live." He seized his brush, then suddenly dropped it and turning walked toward a closet door. He took out a little brown bottle with a small skull and crossbones in the corner of the label. "I have never done this before, but they say it will steady you for hard work. So here goes." He put two drops into a glass and filled it with water, then drank the contents down with one gulp.

It was six o'clock and still Chester Garfield painted on. The lunch hour had passed by unnoticed. His imagination fired by the magical drops had led him to paint as he had never painted before. Presently the lengthening shadows stirred him and with a sigh he arose, staggering somewhat and looked dazedly about him. Surely not sundown! Why it was just about eleven when I started painting—But I didn't do that! Oh, I will get the prize with the help of that little brown bottle!"

The days passed on and still Chester Garfield stuck to his painting closely within his studio. His sister

Dorothy, with whom he lived, grew worried about him. He was utterly regardless of eating and sleeping. Each day he had increased the number of drops from the bottle, until now a month after that day in the studio which seemed to be the beginning of his career the two drops were now a tablespoonful. But the picture was at last finished. Chester Garfield was exuberant. He was as sure of getting that prize as he was of dying some day. He loved his picture and he delayed sending it off, hating to part with it as a mother hates to part with her child.

The picture was called "Beauty" and beautiful it was. The features were perfect, the grace charming but the expression was rather irresponsible as if the troubles of life had not touched her.

At last it was sent off and along with the \$10,000 it brought him the admiration of men he honored, and something of fame. For awhile Garfield felt unbounded happiness in his success. Then an unrest came to him and he longed for greater things. He tried to paint but found that without the aid of a stimulant, he was helpless. He couldn't even paint as well as he could before he had started the habit. Now he was dependent upon it. His long study and his unutterable desire to paint wrought wonders from his brush when his imagination was under the influence of the drug. Loving liberty as he did he naturally hated the slavery of the habit. But he loved his art more than anything, more than he hated slavery—and what sacrifice is too great for something so loved.

"Chester," his sister Dorothy said to him one day, "Alice Kennedy is coming tomorrow to see me for two weeks. I want you to be especially nice to her. She says she is crazy to meet my famous brother," she slipped her arm through his, "Won't you Ches?"

"Oh, I guess so—there, run along I must get to my work."

The next day Chester went with his sister to meet her friend. (Alice was a beautiful girl and this made her very appealing to Garfield.) He made good his promise to Dorothy, finding it about the pleasantest duty he had ever had to perform. His painting lagged those two weeks of Alice Kennedy's stay. He found it more pleasant riding and walking and dancing with Alice than painting in the studio. When Alice went away he found himself in love with her, (positively unable to live without her.) He wanted to marry her but he couldn't ask her when he was dependent on the opiate for the only other thing he loved, his art. He couldn't give up his art, the thing for which he had slaved all his life and now just as he was becoming known, Oh, that was impossible. But was there any other way? He loved her, he must marry her but how could a dope fiend marry a beautiful girl. If he stopped taking the opiate his art would be gone certainly. Could he give up his art? But could he give up Alice? "My painting is the dearest possession I own but I'll sacrifice it to try to gain a dearer."

The days passed on and unknowing to Alice her letter helped Chester Garfield to fight his battle. How easily is a habit formed but how very, very difficult it is to break up. His friends wondered at the idle paint brush. Since he could not paint now like he had before, Garfield resolved never to paint again. How glad he was that he had contributed his little bit to the world even if it had cost him so dearly.

It was six months now since Garfield had first met Alice Kennedy. His sole confidant, the Doctor said that he was cured. He asked Alice's hand and was happily rewarded with her consent. They were married and their happiness knew no bounds. Chester Garfield was a different man since these last six

months. The cynical expression had gone from his face and instead was one full of sympathy and the sheer joy of living. Now that his sacrifice was over he felt that he had given up something that could not have given him perfect happiness. Nothing could be as perfect as his happiness now.

"Chester, dear" said Alice one day, "You haven't painted a thing since we were married. Why don't you paint any now?"

"Oh, some day—maybe I'll paint you."

"Oh, please do."

Garfield because he was so happy, one day started to paint. He became engrossed. He painted, and painted and he realized his mastery. He called it the "Joyful Madonna" the face was the face of his beautiful Alice but in it was a shadow of some great sacrifice. Not the shadow of grief but that which is seen in one who has reached happiness thru trial. And just as Garfield loved it the whole world grew to love it.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

### To Our Flag



AY stranger, won't you tell me  
 What flag that yonder waves,  
 Floating gently in the breezes,  
 O'er the free and brave,  
 With colors brightly beaming  
 As it waves above the land,  
 With broad-stripes and field of blue,  
 With a look so proud and grand.

Why yes, I'll tell you gladly,  
 With a heart all bright and gay,  
 It is our flag, our glorious flag,  
 The flag of the U. S. A.  
 To me there is none like it,  
 Though you search the great world wide  
 And as my eyes upon it gaze,  
 My heart, is filled with pride.

It is the flag we love so dear,  
 With a love that is strong and true,  
 And dearer yet, than all the world,  
 Is the Red, White, and Blue.  
 I've said there is none like it,  
 None like that flag on high,  
 Through battle field for it I'd go,  
*To save it, I would die.*

Wave on, dear flag, dear flag of mine,  
 Send all your colors flying,  
 To have thee ever waving there,  
 Would be well worth the dying  
 My life, my all, for thee I'd give,  
 And have the feeling ever,  
 To be slain in battle, would be gain,  
 That you might stand forever.

MINNIE RICH.

## Windows



HERE are windows and windows: stained church windows through which the mellow sun shines softly on luxuriant carpets, elegant furnishings, beautiful formalities, and worshipping people; windows in palatial homes where petted children look through and wish; windows where lonely children look through and long for happiness; dirty windows where poor little children peer out and ask for—happiness? No, to be sure not, only something to eat is the anguishing request of their starved bodies.

I know a bleak bare window on which the sun never deigns to cast its glow and its life-giving warmth. Flowers on that sill plead in vain for some straggling beams to dance thither and warm their souls; for flowers have souls. Yes, it is when our deepest feeling for them is called forth that they try hardest to tell us of the aspirations for beauty and service which strive like souls. It is not an idle fancy; Wordsworth agrees with me. But that window—it is so like some lives. Never yet has anything beautiful looked on it. The barn, squatting low to the earth in its huddling ugliness, has given it in all its existence never a thought. The steam plant is no better. It puffs its uncertain steam withering and twisting into the air, and with it goes our heart's trouble, vanishing with the disappearing vapor into space and nothingness. Would that all troubles were so easily loosed from us! The black smoke comes blustering down, suffocating and squelching any stray bits of fresh air which may have lost its way, and got itself entangled in the meshes of the dismal and solitary fumes which roam unmolested in every nook and cranny. Through the dead and scraggy arms of a gnarled and misformed



growth—it couldnt be called a tree, it would be an injustice to the name—comes an opportunity for one clear view, one semblance of what the outside world could be. Yet the mountain grand and majestic in the distance has never seen that opening, or if it did it turned with a shudder to more tranquil and less peace-disturbing scenes. No one would ever care to look through that opening, and indeed why should one? Because a bleak, insignificant window could be seen through it was no reason one should ever take the trouble to find the opening. Was that window any more or less inviting than the numbers and numbers of others hovering so closely around it? No, in truth it was not, either to the mountain in its grandeur and majesty, to the steam plant in the gaining of its self-centered plans, to the gushing, belching, smoke on its apparent life destroying errand, or to the dark deformed soul of the tree in its solemn and irresponsible indifference.

But to the girl to whom the window was joy, a never-tiring friend, and even life itself, every object and being had a glowing personal glamour over it. But that was after she had discovered the window. She knew every one of the things was ugly, sordid, and commonplace and that they would remain so externally. They were like that to her also, before she found the window. Yes, the barn would never have a mission high enough to rear it from its ugliness, and the steam plant would repeat day after day in self-complacency its incessant chugging so long as the seasons changed; the smoke could never learn to go any other way except downward, just the way it ought not to go, and the poor old tree—she pitied it more than any—well, it had done its work and like many other speechless beings had failed to gain its reward from the world. Yes, to the girl it was the window that did it all. She was sensible, and knew

there was to the majority of people no real living beauty in any object near her. She had become too intimately acquainted with them in her lonely hours to deceive herself.

She discovered the window on a high noon, that should have been warm but wasn't, when it would have been much more pleasant in the cheerless room, with no pictures on the walls, had it been warmer. But perchance this had been the key to the window after all. Anyway, she had been looking a long, long time on everything to be seen, barn, steam-plant, smoke and tree, when she discovered the window. Suddenly she knew that she loved every commonplace object in the landscape. She did not stir, she hardly breathed; she thought, she meditated, she worshipped. Why not? She had found something for which men learn not to offer gold. A window through which she could look and have thoughts, thoughts, real thoughts! A window which none other than herself could ever be—would ever care to be—the wealthy owner!

A clanging bell brought her back. She rose, pinned on her hat before a grizzling mirror, looked out the window, gave a little nod, smiled, and left the room.

And to every window, except one, the miserable barn squatted lower in its desolation, the steam-plant puffed away more self-satisfied than ever, the black belching smoke came down in more suffocating and puffing whirls, and the ragged and lonely old tree looked blacker and more twisted than ever, to all the windows except one—the window of her soul.

RUTH CANNON, '17

## Ode to a Squirrel



LITTLE gray bundle so saucy and glad,  
Yet do you chatter as if you were mad,  
What is that you are trying to say;  
Are you begging of me that I go away?  
Sitting there fussing with all your  
might;

Then, in an instant you have taken flight.  
Up in that tree you may think you're secure,  
Silently treading and manners demure,  
But you never will cease me to allure.

I watch you swinging from limb to limb,  
When, in the distance, my vision grows dim.  
Then back you come to the big oak tree  
Nibbling your nuts while you laugh down at me.  
Are you indifferent to March and to May  
That you continue so cherry and gay?  
Chattering bravely in winter so bare  
Yet in the spring time still you are there,  
Is it that life itself is so rare  
That you do not notice or seem to care?

DOROTHY WADDELL, '21.

### The Infinite Scale



UELDA Monroe wasn't altogether to blame that she had sent Walter Leighton away from her angry. He had gone without saying good bye, maybe never to return, and now Guelda, this queen of Society's Pinnacle, she who had been ingrained with the poison of social superiority from infancy, was facing the first problem of her life. Things sometimes went wrong, it is true—but errors, mistakes, and misfortunes, constitute no problem; so long as one's personal opinions on these accidents are static. And the highbred Guelda's were always static, since her careful rearing had seen to it that she had only one standard for judgments, for opinions. Now that standard told her that a Private in Company A. was immensely removed from her. Well and good: but, why, pray, should her scale vacillate now? She was sorely perplexed over her own judgment—unprecedented, in her career.

If she hadn't gone in for that foolish Patriotic Dance the poise of her life would never have been so disturbed. Mrs. Van Twiller had placed her at the head of the committee as a brilliant thought, and society had looked to this beautiful leader for that—she had conceived the novel and clever idea of going out into the highways and hedges and compelling the "real thing" to come in, in short, Colonel Marvais was prevailed upon to march out Company A to add the finishing touches to Mrs. Van Twiller's Patriotic Dance the same Mrs. Van Twiller who had spent thousands of dollars on her Relief Dances for the Belgians, before that silly von Bernstoff and Gerard—or was it van Dyke had some dispute about ships; as though there wasn't enough water in the good old Atlantic and Pacific for all without this hurrah. Anybody of refined tastes

should be content with Atlantic City in the summer and Palm Beach in the winter, though to be sure, there had been some talk of either submarines or sharks disturbing the New Jersey bathers, and if it came to that, of course Mrs. Van Twiller stood for Protection. This first of the brilliant society patriotic dances would give her photograph a place in the Sunday Times—as a patriotic leader. Popular Guelda Monroe had actually thought of something entirely new.

“The soldiers are to mingle with us, dance with us—be one of us, in part, for the evening,” Mrs. Van Twiller had given out to the reporter.

So these brave boys waiting to be transported to the front came, some as a lark, some for curiosity, some cynically, some as those of the “Six Hundred”—theirs not to reason why. But one came, naively touched in his idealism, with the wonderful spirit of solidarity of the human race evinced in the efforts of these women whom he had hitherto branded as parasitic, to show their patriotism and to cheer the boys on their way.

This Walter Leighton’s idealism transformed the beautiful Guelda Monroe into a ministering angel. She, too was fascinated by this man, so different from her other acquaintances. The Beauty of Chivalry of Society smiled that evening, “Guelda Monroe is seeing this through to an artistic finish, count on her,” they laughed.

They watched her lead this handsome private of Company A to an Alcove, and then—on with the dance while Walter and Guelda cemented their friendship.

“What a wonderful example you women are setting the thoughtless women of New York. A man is a glorious privilege in this time of peace—but, you, you women—ah! what you have before you!” and Walter locked the adoration in his heart.

“Yes, father says it is a wonderful opportunity, all

his forces are turned to making ammunition. He says he will make millions out of it."

Walter looked at her curiously, some sense of the Great Divide came over him, but in the few days that followed his infatuation deepened. Society still smiled whimsically. Guelda could have ridden over open opposition—but this only deepened her instinctive knowledge, born of her static standard. "The chasm is too wide."

So here she sat today, sorely perplexed. She had let him leave her the last time, withholding even an avowal of love. He was "somewhere in France." Father had made his millions; only today he had been enthusiastic over a new submarine chaser, on which he could secure the patent.

"It will be profitable, if we can get by the government regulations on war materials," enthusiastically explained father.

Guelda must surely be ill—else why should there come into her mind the disturbing accounts careless people had told her of famine right in New York, of terror and distress on the Southern and Eastern coasts?

But month after month, she frittered away the precious days in a fashion that wrought no good things to distressed humanity, until one day the press heralded a new hero: "In all history there has not been seen such heroism," cried the press, while numberless men were proud to say that anywhere along the way they had touched the life of Walter Leighton. Guelda read the account with new life.

Walter Leighton, the private of Company A who has been promoted gradually to Colonel was taken prisoner by the Germans after freeing the Belgian peasant girl from the German prison in Berlin.

In her exquisitely appointed home Guelda Monroe, whose life had shrunk to infinitesimal proportions in the comparison of its worth to the world, huddled in

the misery of humanity, the superficialities of life so stripped away that at last she saw the thing she had done in all its unworthiness.

"And this is the man whom I called 'common,'" she cried aloud in the tragic bitterness of life real values.

META DOWLING, '17.

### To Sergeant Jasper and Our Men



EN, now that ye are called to defend  
our land

Defend it, men, with a brave, brave  
hand,

Let not the enemy your courage quail,  
Never think such a word as fail

Your country's honor and freedom at stake  
Oh, let not the enemy, these, from ye, take;  
And, (although it is as noble to live, as to die)  
Give your life, if necessity be  
To make your country a home for the free.

Our fathers fought for our liberty,  
Fought, that to-day we all might be free,  
Free from an Emperor, Czar, or King  
To have a republic, where the people reign.

Ye are Americans, be brave and true  
Defend this land, saved, and given to you,  
If ye have to fight, fight as this man  
Who fought so bravely to help free our land.

Sergeant Jasper, 'tis a heroe's name,  
Surely 'twill go in the ranks of fame,  
For when our dear flag was torn from its pole  
Sergeant Jasper played the heroe's role.

He left from the fort of the Palmetto tree  
And seized the flag of liberty  
And put it again on the pole, to wave  
O'er our beautiful land, the home of the brave.

Ye are Americans, be brave and true  
Defend this land, inherited by you,  
If ye have to fight, fight as this man  
Who fought so bravely to help free our land.

AGNES PARKER, '21.



### Woman in the "Pillars of Society"



AMONG the many things which Henri Ibsen could do surprisingly well, we find prominent his art of character portrayal, which makes us feel always that he is telling us of real people, in actual situations. And, strange to say, this is true of his women as well as his men, a fact which cannot be said of most authors, who are prone to picture the conventional mechanical doll.

In one play, *The Pillars of Society*, Ibsen gives us as many distinct types as he gives us women, each unmistakably characterized, with the exception, of course, of the dear moral gossips, as old as time itself, and, without whom any collection would be incomplete.

Those in this play are simply the old type, but delightfully done.

We hear much today of the old woman as opposed to the new, whose life is an expression of her ideals of freedom, independence, and individuality. But, in truth, many of these seemingly new women are new only in externals, and at heart have the same old spirit of self-effacement. These three women of the new, the old and the middle type are very aptly portrayed for us in the persons of Dina Dorf, Martha Bernick, and Lona Hassel.

To begin with, Dina tells us that she was born with a headstrong disposition, and we are glad that such is the case, else she would never have resented, openly at least, the "pure atmosphere" in which she was forced to live. As it is, she refuses to pattern her deeds after those of her exemplary, proper, and moral companions, whose fond mothers keep them intact from any harmful worldly ideas by not allowing them to hear or take part in any intelligent conversation, should they be so inclined. Nor was Dina considered

a fit associate for these carefully hedged about youths of this town. On the contrary, she hates innocent goodness, and she dares to express this antipathy to the Rector. So when she finds that America is a land where people are simply their natural selves, it becomes to her a land of ideals, which are possible of attainment. And what plans she has for a life in the new country! She will be dependent on no one. She is young, she is strong, she has already learned something, and she is willing to work. Of course she can support herself. What truly modern woman cannot? And then comes her crowning triumph over herself and others, when she is resolutely faithful to the man she loves, in spite of the fact, that as far as her knowledge is concerned, he wrecked her mother's life, and consequently placed her own under a shadow. She goes with him because she sees that, for all he may have done in the past, he is a man, besides whom the good Rector shrinking from any contamination, is a weakling. We are glad to know, for our own satisfaction as well as for hers, that the man she chooses is the only one among her associates whose life is truly pure and noble.

But however strongly we may admire Dina, our feeling becomes one of almost sympathetic reverence when Martha comes into view. For she typifies all the self-sacrifice of ages past, about which books have been written, and songs have been sung. Yet none of us envy her praise, for we must needs first envy her life, and that it is not our nature to do. Nor was it the life she most desired. Doubtless the hopes of her youth time had been for self-improvement, just as we dream of the future when we shall be something worthy of notice. But the idea of sacrifice of woman was a part of her inherited environment, and consequently a part of her very self. And thus she lives, refusing offers of marriage that might allow her

a life to her own liking, and devoting her time to ex-  
peating, as she thinks, the sins of a man who has been  
her friend, that he may escape reproach. And, be-  
cause she is still too much of an individual to be  
wholly dependent, she earns the money to clothe her-  
self by teaching school, living in the meantime, with  
a brother who feeds her and does not see what more  
a single woman could want. Yet she never admits  
that her life has been wasted, nor would we. But al-  
ways she is disturbed by a vague feeling of discontent  
that she "sits in the cool shadow and watches the  
toilers in the sun," and she resents the tyranny of  
custom and convention which prevents her from show-  
ing a helpful interest in the life which is rushing and  
roaring outside. However, she seldom expresses this  
unrest to others, taking the advice of the stronger in-  
tellects—namely, the good men about her—that women  
should be seen when desired, and heard only on re-  
quest. This advice is just what Lona does not take,  
and therein is the difference between the two. For  
Lona not only asserts her independence by saying and  
doing what she wishes, but probably does more than  
she naturally pleases to do, simply to assert her in-  
dependence. But back of the freakish personality  
evidenced by the man's shoes which she wears and  
the short hair, is the same old woman, planning her  
whole life with the welfare of another in view. And  
while she dares boldly strike one man in the face for  
perfidious conduct, she dares stand by another, whom  
she trusts, through any trouble, subjecting herself  
thereby to adverse and sarcastic criticism. In fact,  
this criticism only makes her the more defiant and  
regardless of the opinions of others. She knowingly  
enters a hostile company, and is purposely, but bliss-  
fully oblivious of any ill-feeling, although the at-  
mosphere is actually heavy with it. She dislikes, as  
she says, the tainted smell of moral linen, and sees

the need in the "Society of the Lapsed and Lost" of the fresh air of the prairies to which she is accustomed. Indeed, she comes into their midst as a breath of this fresh air, clean, wholesome, strong, and independent, but with a woman's intuition to guide her actions, and a hearty and sympathetic response to any need.

And these are the women we see in the Pillars of Society, admirable, all of them, and worthy of any praise. We recognize the debt of gratitude which we owe to the Martha's of generations past, but we are thankful for the Lona's who first saw that sacrifice is not everything, but that the one who has a right to exist, has a right to live. And, lastly, here's to the Dinas, new woman, the woman of today, who knows that she, as well as her brother, has an individual mission to fulfill, which must be accomplished not by self-effacement alone but by self-advancement, and that this will not be at the expense of, but for the betterment of mankind.

EULA BARTON, '17.

### War



wonder when I read the news  
 Of battles far away,  
 If ever this old world of ours  
 Will see a better day.

When I hear of nations conquered,  
 By the enemy's shot and shell  
 I recall the words of Sherman  
 When he said that war was "hell."

Think of the thousands of hardy soldiers  
 Who daily strive to crush  
 The long lines of marching armies  
 And to trample them in the dust.

'Tis with tear dimm'd eyes I read  
 Of the mothers far away  
 Who send their sons to battle  
 And to slaughter in the fray.

I trust that e'er many months are past  
 The battles will be o'er,  
 And over the homes of all the people  
 Peace will come once more.

VERA JACKSON, '21.

### Memories of Paris Mountain



PARIS Mountain is completely cut off from the long and nearby chain of the Blue Ridge. She stands guardian to the north of Greenville, a royal crown for the rolling hills and wooded hollows of the surrounding country. I have seen our mountain in all of her gowns, and always, with one exception, she caters to blues, azure, smoky, Titian, and to purples and grays. Many are the times I have hopped out of bed on a bright spring morning and have caught my breath in sheer delight at the beauty of the distant peaks, for I have been blessed in that I have always so lived that at some window, or on some porch I could gaze without restraint upon the hills I love so well. On such a spring morning the mountain is a deep blue, studded with fleecy specks that seem to waft about lazily as though disgusted at the busy awakening and stir of new life below them. Then in the quiet beauty of a spring evening, when the shadows are lengthening and the sun, a brilliant ruby, is sinking behind the clouds, Paris Mountain is a brilliant mass of gold, and orange, and lavender, and purple. I am glad when I look at it and realize that those peaks belong to me as much as to any millionaire alive.

In mid-winter Paris Mountain is a deep purple, oftentimes crowned with glistening white. The big, bare outline of the mountain is more noticeable in winter than in any other season, and it is at this time that I feel the bigness, the strength of our mountain. In the autumn the purple and blues are exchanged for brown, yellow, orange, and flaming red, and this "coat of many colors" is a thing of exquisite beauty which delights the eyes to look at. But I love Paris Mountain in June best of all, when it varies from azure blue to

topaz, or gray; when the clouds hang low in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon; when at times you feel you can almost touch it, and again it seems far away.

When I was a little girl ten years old back in the jolly fourth at the old graded school, I did not think very seriously of many things, and least of all of the artistic and beautiful. But one thing stands out in my memory above the common mass of things, and this I have always loved to believe I thought of in just a little different way, with just a little more sincerity than was my custom in thinking of apples and lemon-pies. I believe, even at that age, I loved Paris Mountain with a sincerity that was perhaps a trifle unnatural, and this great love was nourished and fed by the daily words of my teacher. She loved our mountain as I have never seen any one love it before or since, and she daily drilled it into our heads; every lesson had its connection with Paris mountain: in arithmetic we calculated its height, and in geography its origin, in English we described it, or perhaps told of a favorite spot, and in Spelling we spelled it. As I think of this teacher the spirit of the mountain, from its purple peaks, seems to me to have wrapped itself in a mystic cloak about her.

Of course the boys often grew tired of the oft-repeated assignments to bring in a sketch of Paris Mountain from life, and one time I remember they revolted. Bill was the "leader" of the class, and Bill decided that he was tired of Paris Mountain. As a result of this decision teacher received sixteen varied and thoroughly original caricatures of herself instead of the looked-for sketches of Paris Mountain, the next morning. I found Bill's in the waste-paper basket at recess: in it, teacher had a rule in her hand, and was pointing out the important places on the globe, and touching the rule were the words "Paris Mountain"—

covering all the northern part of Florida and the southern part of Georgia!

Fate was kind to me and gave me, in the seventh grade the same teacher who had influenced me so much three years before. At this time Greenville was planning an Exposition and all of the schools were to contribute exhibitions. Our grade was busy for two or three weeks before the opening painting landscapes, flowers, and maps, and to prove that "love never dies" our teacher timidly announced one day that she would like for someone to paint a little scene with Paris Mountain in the background. That afternoon I went up to the top of a hill near home where I could get a clear view of the mountain, and, seated on a rock, I sketched the purple peaks as I saw them. The next day my teacher said that the sketch was more like the real Paris Mountain than anything she had ever seen. I had simply put a little of my hidden love of the mountain on paper. Since I am not and have never been an artist, it was a poor attempt, but it came from the heart.

We "sandlappers" have not many mountains, but we love and appreciate the few we have. Especially is this true of the young people of Greenville. Early in the spring when the weather begins to get warm, picnic crowds, hiking parties, Botany classes, kodak parties, and joy-riders flock to Paris Mountain daily. Last summer my brother and I would pack our automobile with neighborhood boys and girls, the boys in khaki trousers, the girls in middy suits, prepared to spend a delightful afternoon of rambling, and then to eat a *real* picnic lunch of bacon and slap-jacks cooked over the camp-fire.

We liked to go in a car, but I think we enjoyed the tramps best of all. The trail is about two miles long, and is very rocky and rough. It is little more than a gully, or washout along the mountain side, but I had



much rather go this way than by the road. The trail is very steep and slippery in places, and one has to climb hard as though working toward some goal. The goal is indeed great, and you feel fully repaid for the climb when the top is reached and the glorious scene of hills and valleys is laid out before your eyes. I sometimes sit down to rest on the trail, or stop to pull huckle-berries, or chase a stray rabbit; sometimes I walk half-way without a stop, but this is very hard to do because there are new things to arouse my curiosity at every step, and I must confess I am a direct descendant of Pandora,, "My Lady of Curiosity."

One time twenty boys and girls chaperoned by two or three teachers went up to spend the night. We reached the cottage in which we were to stay just at twilight. I can close my eyes now and see the long wide hall which stretched from one end of the house to the other, and I can see, just half-way down the hall, the great open fire-place, with huge logs crackling and sputtering, themselves the sturdy emblem of the mountain. I shall never forget this, my first night on Paris Mountain, nor shall I forget the glowing sunset, nor the queer night noises, nor the twinkling lights of Greenville in the valley below me.

If I ever find anyone who for some reason or other does not feel a kindred spirit with the mountains, and does not know Paris Mountain, I should love to show him a little glen, very narrow and deep, on Paris Mountain that lies between two peaks. A little stream clear as crystal trickles through the center; on either side in spring are masses of honeysuckle, red, and yellow, and orange, clusters of browneyed Susans and field daises, soft lavender Iris, and just myriads of mountain laurel. The banks are verdant in a luxuriant growth of ferns and mosses, and galax leaves. The entire scene spells life, beauty, joy! I remember the first time I was shown the mystic loveliness of this

spot. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, a May morning; the dew covered every daisy, and the birds sang for pure joy of singing; the water played a fairy waltz on the pebbles and the honeysuckle filled the air with that dreamy, old-time fragrance that makes you wonder perhaps if Diana and Endymion possessed such a spot in all their wonderful kingdom in the moon.

Perhaps I am too enthusiastic about Paris Mountain; perhaps a man would say that these are only the silly ideas of a flippant school-girl. But to me our mountain is so real, so beautiful, so full of hidden delight that I just had to tell you about its purpled peaks, and sunsets, and about the little glen that makes me think of "Paradise Regained."

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

## Rags and Tatters

### OFF TO WAR.

Ah, the Butler Guards, may they ever increase  
Started off Monday morning in a great state of peace.  
One saw within the station sadness and gloom  
And his best little girl about to swoon.  
Why weepest thou, my best little girl?  
Little girl raised her head and brushed back her curl,  
And with a voice choaked with sobs she whispered to  
him,  
Because you are leaving me Jim.

ELZABETH RAGSDALE, '20.

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### SUSAN, JANE, AND THE AGENTS

"No," Susan explained to her afternoon caller, "I never let in no agents. They's getting so troublesome nowadays nobody can't. This here town is full of 'em this very minute. I's talking to Mrs. White just this morning, and she says most a dozen stopped at her house yesterday and like as not they'd reach here this even! Now Mrs. White she don't no more let a agent in the door than she'd fly."

"I reckon she don't," agreed Jane. "I set out on my front piazza all day yesterday, and I saw the last one she turned away. I was a setting out there sewing on a new dress for Marcella. Mrs. Craig, from over at Sanderstown wrote Marcella to come up and visit her a week or ten days, and I thought I'd better fix a dress or two for her 'fore she went. In case they's

more youn folk's there than Marcella . I didn't aim they'd look no better'n she. Anyhow, I was setting there and I saw the whole thing. She didnt no more let one of them agents in than nothing. The last one of 'em left the door as quick as they came. 'Course, I never heard what she told 'em, 'ceptin' the last two. She was agoing out, all diked out in that blue silk, what her rich cousins from somewhere out West sent her. She must a been going down to call on the new preacher's wife—she had such a sanctified look on her face and there I set on that porch when she came out. They was an agent came right to the door then, and he stopped, took off his hat, and put down his satchel. And he said nice as you please, 'Good morning.'

And "Good morning," says Mrs. White and she didn't so much as turn her head. She just marched on past. When she got to the end of the walk another one turned in at the gate.

"Are you the lady of the house?" he says.

"O-h, yes," says she and she sailed on past him leaving him a standing there in the street staring after her."

"Well I don't blame her one minute. You just plain have to treat 'em like that or you'll never get shed of 'em.'

"Sure you do," said her caller, "here comes one up here now. Do you go to the door Susan, and tell him he can pass on to the next house."

Susan arose and started to the door in her most dignified manner. A short smiling-faced little Jew held up a piece of embroidery.

"See lady," he said, "want to buy a nice center-piece for the table?"

"No," snapped Susan, her eyes on the center-piece. She turned her back and walked in the direction of the chair.

"I wonder," mused Jane, "if he ain't got a dresser

scarf? I been hunting everywhere for one to give Lucia Ross when she gets married."

The little peddler had started down the steps, but he heard her and came back.

"Yes lady," he said, digging in his satchel. "One long scarf—fit any dresser. Only seventy-five cents, too; and look at all that hand work."

Jane shut one eye and looked at it, mentally she was calculating her bank account. "Susan," she said, "won't you lend me that seventy-five cents?"

Some minutes later Jane carefully folded up the dresser scarf and observed, "Course now on ordinary occasions I wouldn't pay no attention to an agent, but he just happened to have the very scarf I been hunting for."

Conversation started again briskly, but was soon interrupted by the appearance at the door of a man selling carpet vaccuum cleaners.

"No," said Susan, "I can't buy no carpet sweeper to-day. But I guess it must be an awful good thing to have."

"Just let me show you," said the man, "Watch the difference in this carpet." The man came into the room unhindered and began his almost magic treatment of the rug.

"There," said Susan "Who'd a thought it? I just believe I'll have one."

Just about dusk Jane arose to go.

"Well, Susan, I'll be getting along. Time I get home and get supper, Tom'll be in. This town is the beatinest for agents I ever saw. Here I am trailing 'long home with a dresser scarf, a carpet sweeper ordered, and a man engaged to come and tune my 'pianny. And there you set richer by a carpet sweeper, besides all that kitchen ware and the mouse trap you bought. But it ain't every agent takes such wears along as those

did this evening. 'Pears to me they were kinder out of the common run, but still I say I aint got no use for agents—least-away, ordinary ones.

DOROTHY WADDELL, '20

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### LITTLE BIRD

Little bird upon my window singing soft and low,  
Tell me what you think upon while flitting to and fro,  
Have you any cares and sorrows, thru the days so  
    bright  
Or is your heart just as it seems, so easy, free, and  
    light?

MIRIAM JOHNSTON, '18.

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### MAN'S EYEGLASSES

Since the days of Roger Bacon man has been helped or hindered by the aid of glasses. Certainly he has been hindering his appearance, but perchance he has helped his vanity. At any rate, he unconsciously, has in mind "according to your faith be it unto you." He has a headache; he has a toe-ache; or, maybe, a heart-ache. He must go to the oculist and have his eyes examined. The oculist must choose the lens, but he is powerless to prevent the individual from selecting his own style of glasses.

Lord Algy will choose a monocle, which he most pains-takingly puts over his right when he begins to talk, thereby engaging the attention of the listener by gestures and expressions not wholly demonstrative of what he is saying.

Mrs. Smythe of Boston prefers a lorgnette. When she is presented to Mrs. Browne of New York she holds up her lorgnette by the tip end of the handle, a foot or

so from her eyes, and in carefully modulated tones is "charmed."

Prof. Fibble D. D., Ph. D. must have rimless nose-glasses, attached to the end of a long, narrow ribbon, the other end of which is hidden in the pocket of the waist-coat. He puts on his glasses and begins his lecture. Soon he must refer to the text. He takes off his glasses; reads the reference; puts them on again and proceeds with the lecture.

The business woman must also have rimless nose-glasses with the difference that they are attached to a gold chain which is securely fastened in the hair by means of a hair pin. The little dude just setting up in business wears the glasses with the rim of tortoise shell. He believes in publicity and that "it pays to advertise."

Mr. Green, the sheriff of Pike County, wears gold-rimmed glasses (or an imitation). He looks over them scrutinizingly at any one "aiming to go again' the law;" untiringly deciphers the Pike County Tribune with them on; and conscientiously removes them, puts them into the case and then into his pocket before going out.

Grandma wears "spectacles" which are continually getting lost. You come into the room and grandma says; "Dearie, I've misplaced my glasses." The work basket is searched; the chair cushion is shaken, and the foot-stool turned over. The whole room is torn up and then grandma's glasses are found pushed back on her forehead.

That the eyeglasses may be useful I do not deny. Certainly it is a habit; it has grown to be man's second nature. To fidget with his glasses in moments of excitement is a very convenient way of calming the nerves. It gives one's hands, and mind as well, an occupation. Indeed, it has gotten to be almost fashionable. Again, it gives a rather imposing effect, and some are even able to flatter themselves to the extent

of thinking it betters their looks. Some people are able to carry out their bluff very well and they wobble and strut around in much the same fashion as the "spectacled duck" of the Alaskan sea-shore. Others, however, carry it off with very bad grace—are continuously forgetting to use them when they need them and put them on when they do not. They could just as well substitute a pair of Eskimo snow-glasses for all the good it does them.

Notwithstanding all that, man's glasses are a constant source of care and anxiety. If they are lost creation is turned wrong side out until they are found; if they are broken, there is neither rest, food, nor sleep for him until he gets another pair. Every time he takes his glasses off, he puts them in a case as carefully as one would place the family jewels in a safety vault. They are his and his alone. A man may borrow his neighbor's dress coat, and his wife may borrow her neighbors potato-masher, but their glasses—never!

Why all this worry about such a simple thing as a pair of glasses? Why indeed! The person who has once worn them considers them indispensable. It reminds one of ladies' gloves. The weather seems too hot for gloves; she may not need them; indeed she may not wear them, but take them along she must.

And those glasses, whether they be Lord Algernon's monocle, or grannies' spectacles, serve the purpose—of helping or hindering.

DOROTHY WADDELL, '20.



## "A FAIRY STORY"

Spring

The Sun is shining  
All the birds sing,  
Every one is happy  
Because it is Spring

One Spring morning long years ago when I was only six years old, I was down by a little stream picking some wild flowers. All of a sudden I heard something behind me say, "Hello little girl, what are you doing away down here in the woods by your self?" I stood up, turned around, and right in front of me stood one of the funniest little creatures I have ever seen. He had on a pair of little black slippers, a pair of little blue trousers, a blue coat with white pockets, a white vest, tie, and a white hat. I guess I must have looked awfully frightened for he said, "please little girl do not be afraid of me, I am not going to hurt you, I love little children. My name is Mr. Jay Bird but my friends call me Jimmie Little; you may call me that too if you want to. Won't you sit down here on this big rock and talk to me a little while?" I sat down and he asked me all about where I lived and if I had any big gray cats and black dogs at my house. I told him that I had a pretty little black and white spotted kitty, but did not have any dogs. Then he told me that he had a little wife and two little sons. I said, "Oh I wish I could see them." Then he took a little piece of bread and a bottle out of his pocket and told me to eat the bread and drink some of the water out of the bottle. I did as he told me to do and all of a sudden I felt so funny, just as if I wanted to fly. Jimmie Little took out a little mirror and told me to look at myself; when I looked, I saw that I had turned into a little Jay bird. Then

Jimmie Little said, "Now come on I will carry you home with me and let you see my family."

We flew over a deep forest of beautiful trees, over wide fields where the farmers were plowing their land, over beautiful green meadows where herds of cows, flocks of sheep and goats were picking the grass or lying down in the shade chewing their cuds, over cities with crowded streets and beautiful houses with little children playing in the yards. Then we came to a large evergreen tree, on the campus of a college for girls. There is where Jimmie Little introduced me to his beautiful little wife, Mrs. Jay Bird and her two little sons. I do not think that I have ever enjoyed a day more than that day I spent at the home of Jimmie Little. We played jumpete jump from limb to limb and sang songs all the day. Then that afternoon we watched the girls come out on the campus and scatter off into little groups laughing and talking. Two girls brought their books and a box of candy and sat down under the evergreen tree. They would study a while then stop and eat candy. Once while they were studying I flew down and stole a piece of the candy for the two little baby birds. One of the girls said, "Mary what time is it please?" The other said, "It is five thirty and my beau hasn't passed yet."

I turned to Jimmie Little and asked him if he wouldn't take me home as it was getting late, then I bade mother Jay Bird and her two little babies farewell, and Jimmie Little and I flew back to the big rock by the little stream. Here he gave me a piece of bread and some water and told me to eat and drink it, I did as he told me to do and I was changed back into the same naughty little girl who had run away and had gone to pick flowers that morning.

NITA PRUITT, 1920.

# The Isaqueena

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## Editorial

### TAKING STOCK.

Now that we are completing the Spring Session it seems that in accord with all logical laws of business one should make a thorough, an all inclusive list of the assets and liabilities that come in the inventory of our make up. Just how much have I gained from this college year? If my mental ability does not show an improvement over that of last year then surely there

is something wrong in the method employed in handling this line of goods. Immediately begin a searching investigation and if the trouble cannot be located, employ an auditor in the person of some sympathetic teacher to help balance the intellectual accounts. After the trouble is found the successful business man will discontinue the unprofitable way and discharge all that impedes the highest efficiency. If one has not put forth concentrated effort then she should decide that more genuine application will be given to the work of next session; if the numerous week ends spent away from college have been distracting, eliminate them from the schedule; and garnish both work and play with such assiduous diligence that the inexplicable ailment of vapors will have no time to waste needed energy and vitality.

However in view of the fact that it is good management to search not one, but all lines of a business enterprise it is needful to consider the importance of an expansion in the moral self. Have you a deeper spiritual life? Has it made you realize the value of the personality of the girl next door and the fact that she can help you and that you can help her? If there has been no increase over the stock used last year, give this line a more prominent place in the most attractive counter and as demand and consumption are correlated, there will soon be an increasing call for this supply.

The physical branch of business is one of the most significant as the success of all other departments is related to it. The fact that a girl made "varsity" last year and missed it this session should cause serious consideration of her athletic defects, and renewed determination not to dress up this department with fads and novelties that cannot be staple. The wares in this line fail in their usefulness to the possessor if they are to be used only on Thanksgiving, their

ephemeral existence causes one of the most noticeable deficits in the college girl's business. The new movement, which calls for the training of girls in agriculture, advances and augments the stability of this nation-needing asset.

One of the lines that must be thoughtfully calculated in order to determine any increment is the one against which an inexorable war has been waged—the natural gregarious instinct. Conservatism and conceit have done their utmost to form a trade union which can bring about a boycott of this efficacious necessity known as the "social me." The inability to be agreeable to various types of personalities means a lamentable mishandling of this stock which is constantly desired by customers of all classes and which, after all, solicits a most lucrative trade.

After the inventory has been conscientiously completed one will have an intelligent idea of how the business of next session must be carried on, of the transactions that pay; of the stock that needs replenishing and side lines that should be eliminated, and, in short, what the needs are for a well rounded individual.

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### BLUE RIDGE

There is no more wide awake institution, keenly alive to all the demands and desires of a college girl than is the Y. W. C. A. One wonders where this abundant supply of sympathetic understanding and helpfulness originates. Unimpeachable is the manner in which it holds the office of a college aid. It seems to emanate most noticeably from those persons or their associates who have attended the Student Conference at Blue Ridge, N. C. This indescribably magnetic spirit is so attractive that it leads one to

ascertain just what kind of life will send forth such earnest, thoughtful girls.

The primary purpose of the Conference is to renew the spiritual life and to teach spicy attractive plans for carrying on the work of the local associations. Questions on internationalism and social problems are to be decidedly emphasized during the 1917 Conference—subjects that are intensely alive and vital to all students.

In view of the fact that the Conference furnishes rest, recreation, and inspiration, it has happily embraced the advantageous aspects of the summer resort and university. Some of the best intellectual leaders of the country have been secured to lead the study courses and one evening in the week will be given to musical concerts conducted by artists of remarkable repute. The facilities provided for recreation are complete and include everything delightful from a splendid tennis court to natural, unique mountain trails.

Ten days that can brighten a whole year of hard work and transform character is certainly invaluable to any college girl, so why not go to Blue Ridge and have an ideal time in an ideal place?

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### COMMENCEMENT

The fact that neither threats nor pleadings can prevail to move one unless they touch one of his potential selves is sufficient to show the home-saturated-girl who hurriedly leaves college as soon as the last examination is over that this plan is thoroughly detrimental to the important principle of self regard—that significant term in the equation making up success. Commencement is the grand climax of the year's work and how secondary are the characters which fail to figure in the climax! Every girl is an integral part of this insti-

tution and if she fails it in this last hour she cannot show the proper regard for a self that is untrue. The Fun at Commencement is just the play-zest that is needed to make the work of the year symmetrical. It shows the visiting alumnae that with our hearty enthusiasm for a pleasing finale we are not less loyal than they. Do not be obsessed with one idea of home and exclude all deference and devotion due the seniors at this gala time. Just to enjoy perfect rest and continued play at college for a week is a rare sensation one cannot afford to forego. Remain until the last and try it.

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### THE FINAL DAY

To read of the excruciating drills and the shot and shelled existence of men in trenches excites an unusual spirit of sympathy among the students who have been conscripted and detailed for the purpose of seizing diplomas from an implacable faculty, strong in numbers, unsurpassed in perfect methods of warfare, and protected by impenetrable fortifications. The attacks made by the weaker army engaged in the offensive struggle involve unspeakable effort; volley after volley of essays deeply dynamited with thought must be hurled from the small guns; the machine guns send heavily charged tests each hour; and in every field are great magazines of parallel reading. The defensive power is allied with various foreign forces that aid in a constant bombarding with fatal gases inclosed in long lectures, and even aeroplanes come from afar and drop innumerable associations, conferences, and chautauquas in our camps. Every day brings news of retreat in the offensive lives and with only three more weeks of warfare it seems impossible for for the brain shaking losses to be regained.

# Exchanges

ANNETTE L. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

We were interested in reading the March issue of the Newberry Stylus, published by the Freshman Class. They were indeed an adventurous and aspiring freshmen to attempt editing a magazine. Though there is a sad lack of essays and poetry we feel certain that by the time this class has become Juniors they will have developed into some unusual editors.

The magazine contains three stories, of which *The Detective's 'Letters'* is the best. This story contains good material for short-story work, having a real plot, though managed rather poorly. The "get well and live happy ever afterwards" touch, though certainly better for the criminal hero, weakens the story.

The two stories, "Jack," and "Dead, But Still Alive" are mere accounts of bold dashing youths bravely facing death for the sake of love and country, with nothing original introduced. We commend the editor for his editorial "Is our Pessimism Justified." The plan of the publication of the Stylus is a new and interesting one, and we should be pleased to just how it works.

The February issue of the Winthrop Journal abounds in interesting stories, sketches, essays and department writ-ups. This issue of the Journal contains, in our opinion, the best poem, "What Matters?" that has come to our desk this session in any college magazine. In typical verse the author tells us that "The life that we live that others may live" is all that matters. Of the stories, "A House Divided Against Itself Cannot



Stand" deserves mention. The story is full of civil war atmosphere. The pathetic picture of Mammy Lou's devotion to the mistress is unusually well done. The author in the tragic close has done successfully what the author of "The Detective's Letter" in the Newberry Stylus failed to do, and does not ruin an otherwise good story to save her hero suffering. "Imitation—The Sincerest Flattery" is a clever character sketch.

Every girl might profit by the one editorial, "The Value of Reading." This is a timely plea for girls to visit the library more frequently than required, and with less reluctance when required.

# In and Around College

## MUSIC LECTURE.

Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp gave a very interesting lecture on music at 4:00 o'clock Monday afternoon in the auditorium. She explained in detail the Fletcher Music Method. She is known as "The Groebel of Music."

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## JOINT RECITAL—LAST LYCEUM ATTRACTION.

The lyceum goers were delightfully entertained at a joint song recital given by Miss Myrtle Moses, the well-known mezzosoprano, and Mr. Kriedler, baritone. This number was one of the best, of the season. It was a fitting close for this most successful year, and a packed house heard the artists.

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## GLEE CLUB.

The G. W. C. Glee Club gave a recital in the auditorium Friday night, May 4. The Club is decidedly the best we have ever had, and is building quite a reputation for itself. This reputation was certainly strengthened the other night, and the College felt credited by her representatives.

Saturday night the Club went to Clemson where a concert was given at Clemson College auditorium. This proved fully as successful as the one at home.

## EXPRESSION RECITAL.

Miss Flora Manship gave her expression recital Monday night, May 7. Miss Manship gave Ed. Booth's "Don Caesar de Brajan." Throughout she portrayed the characters with remarkable vividness and ease. She was assisted by Miss Florence Shaw who gave a piano selection from McDowell, and also by Miss Emmie Stanton who sang a selection from Lok.

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THE ALETHEAN AND PHILOTEAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Should the two literary societies be allowed to insert an "ad" in the Greenville Daily News, there is no doubt but that "Wanted: time!" Would appear in the next few papers. The last months of school are passing so rapidly that we have been unable to have our annual inter-society debate. "Experience is the best teacher," therefore allow us to make an earnest appeal for the members who will return next year to take advantage of "Old Father Time" and begin work early enough so that this feature shall not be neglected. Aside from this fact however, the societies are making rapid progress. The new halls are indeed inspiring and seem to have added interest to the meetings.

Return in September, girls, with your hearts full of love and ambition for your society and be ready at any moment to do anything you can for it! The societies mean so much to us and we wish to extend to every new girl next year a most cordial invitation. May our relations be helpful and our helpfulness mutual!

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Y. W. C. A.

As school draws to a close, and many things need time, the Y. W. C. A. too is wasting none. We are expecting a good delegation to represent us at Blue

Ridge, and who will come back next year to enliven and help the work. This year we have done only a small part of what we want to do, but with our new room and a spirit from Blue Ridge we are planning to do great things. In order to do this each of you must come back and do your part. Don't you remember how you felt when you were a Freshman? We must make our Y. W. C. A. the biggest power in school and we can.

Misses Willie and Mamie Bryan attended Grand Opera in Atlanta.

Miss Belle Tomlinson spent last week-end at Clemson.

Miss Mary Gambrell spent a week-end recently with her brother in Pelzer.

Mrs. Bethea of McCall attended the expression recital last Monday evening given by her sister Miss Flora Manship.

Miss Isabella Thomas spent a few days recently at her home in Manning.

Miss Elise Hook spent a week-end recently at her home in Eastover.

Mrs. Ramsay went with the Glee Club to Clemson last week.

## Locals

### JOKES.

Annette prayerfully enters the dining room, late for breakfast.

Miss Kingman: Miss Robertson, how are we going to know who is living and who dead in working up this paper on "Living American Novelists?"

Miss Robertson: Wh ynot get the latest report of the Amercan Undertakers' Association, and check off their applicants?

Miss K.: Will you give us that address again?

Miss Robertson: Animals have no consciousness; there can not be a Known without a Pnower; so a cat can have no *Me*.

S. Owens: But they *can* have a Me-ow!

Essie Mears on taking some kodak films to the photographers was asked: "Are they for a Junior (kodak)?"

E. Mears: "No, we are specials."

Ethel Simpson one rainy morning in church looking around and seeing the electric lights shining exclaimed, "Oh, Florence, look! The sun is shining."

Flora Manship after turning confusedly through a four hundred page volume of Oliver Wendell Holmes asks Miss Snodgrass: "Will you plase find *The Poet of the Breakfast Table* for me in this book? I have hunted for twenty minutes and can't find it."

Miss S: "It is all of it, Flora; just begin at the begining and read through to the end."

Leize Gelzer: "Well, I don't see where killing the Kaiser would do any good. His preachers (ministers) would carry on the war."

Mary Gambrell: "Who is that fellow Duma in Russia you hear so much about? He must be the power behind the throne."

Ruth Cannon coming upon Ruth Martin singing at the top of her voice: "Ruth! you sing like Paderewski."

We would like to say for the benefit of Virginia Hudgens that it is only a mile between mile posts.

Belle Barton had just finished talking to a certain young man over the phone. Upon being asked his occupation she replied, "Why, he's an architecture."

Theo Tyler: "Will some one *please* tell me what time the 3:30 bell rings?"

Miss Robertson in English: "Miss Kingman, will you interpret *The Chatahooche*?"

E. Kingman rather slowly: "Well, it's a river and it flows."

Miss R: "Yes, rivers are in the habit of flowing unless they are artificially dammed."

Mary Corpening: "I hear the Junior Class is going to give one of Isben's (Ibsen) plays at the Chapel hour next Tuesday."

Lucille Pitts: "Isabel, why don't you learn to swim, you go to the sea coast so much?"

Dit Way: "It would be hard for her to learn down there. The tide would knock her down."

# 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.  
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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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