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The Isaqueena - 1917, November

Ruth Scott
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA



November, 1917

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The Isaqueena



October, 1917

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The Isaqueena

VOL. XII.

GREENVILLE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1917

No. 1

Adulgence



JOE was hitching up old Job and that staid creature blinked his one good eye sadly, and slowly shook his head.

"Why it ain't so bad as that, is it, pardner?"

"Oh, Joe, Joe—e—ey!" come from the back porch. Aunt Cynthy hobbled down the path holding in her hand a pasteboard box with a bright pink ribbon.

"Here's a bit o' lunch I tied up for you. It ain't much, but you can jest take it along. It might come in handy in case of emergencies."

"Now, Aunt Cynthy, 'twa'n't no use for you to go and do any such thing. I'll be back afore dinner."

"Well, you jis' take it along, and Joey, don't forget to stop by Jane Benson's and give her that pickle recipe."

"Sure I won't. I'll put it right in this pocket where I can see it. Don't yer worry, Aunt Cynthy. I won't forget it."

With a wave of his hand and a crack of the whip he was gone.

"Bless his sunny heart, but he's the best boy I ever seed. I'm agoin' to make him some doughnuts for dinner, and surprise him. Um, I do believe them turnips is burnin'."

Shortly after, Joe whistled softly, and old Job stopped in front of the Benson cottage.

"Mis' Janie, oh, Mis' Janie!"

Miss Jane sticking her head out the window said, "Why landsakes if there ain't Joe Norvell!"

"Mis' Jaine, Aunt Cynthy said to give you this receipt."

"Oh, thank ye, Joe. You're jis' the one I was wisin' for. But maybe you're in a hurry?"

"No, I always have time, ef nothin' else. What is't Mis' Jane?"

"Well, now you be awful kind, Joe. I broke my churn-dasher this mornin', and Jim he jes' can't eat without butter, and they's not a speck in the house."

"Sure I'll fix it for ye, and gladly. How's Jim's rheumatiz comin'?"

"Pore Jim has been sufferin' right smartly this morin'."

"I've got some homemade salve at home what I believe will cure any pain. I'll jis bring him over a bit ternight. There, that handle ain't the best ever, but it'll serve. Tell Jim I'll drop in ternight, I believe that salve will help him."

"Now, ain't you kind. But don't you go an' walk over here jis fer that."

As he joggled along the road in his rickety wagon Joe was thinking, and, as seems to be the, inclination under such circumstances, he was thinking aloud.

"Huh, fifteen of elev, and just half-way. I reckon Dad's right. Guss I'm a fool to always be a doin' somebody else's work 'stead o' my own, but I jis' natural-born can't help it. They say my mother was that way; guess I get it from her. I wonder—"

At this point Joe's deep brown eyes took on a dreamy look and as he joggled along through a shady stretch of woodland, his black, curly hair blew in wisps across his forehead. He was a big agular fellow with honest eyes, and a firm full mouth. His thoughts now were too sacred to speak aloud even to the trees and old Job.

As he reached a bend in the road, a sad sight met his eyes. There in the middle of the road sat "Slim T'om" Manly, an old negro man for whom Joe always had a pleasant word and on Saturday nights a plug of Brown Mule tobacco.

"Hi, there, uncle Tome, wagon broken?"

"Yas, sir, yah de ole wheel jis' dat minnit bruk, an' I'se fearful 'tain't gwin' fix agan'. It's rolled a long ways, suh."

"Let's see what we can do with it," said Joe, as he climbed from his wagon.

"Why, I think we can fix that Uncle Tom. May take a good while though. Where you takin' that wood?"

"Down to Mr. Martins' place, Mis' Martin' sayed she couldn' cook 'till I fotch de wodd, and now my ole wagin done bruk."

"Well, I guess it won't take more'n an hour."

But it was two hours later when Joe finally gave old Job rein, and they started again. Joe was thinking of Uncle Tom's, "Well, now ain't you smart!" and he chuskled softly to himself. It was 5:45 by the clock in Smellers' window when Joe drove up to the Potoffice and lifted a big package out of his wagon. Miss Maria Meadows fixed her glasses firmly on her sharp nose and rolled her eyes in anticipation as Joe entered the door. As she counted out stamps for him she told him the latest bits of gossip. Mis' Maria loved to talk.

"Seen Mary Merley's new ring? Lands, but they say its' a beauty. Susan Cox said a young man from the city give it to her."

"I haven't been roun' to Mary's in a week. What kind is 't?"

"A ruby and a beuty, too. Must 'ave cost several hundred. Now, Joey, don't you tell me you haven't seen it. They's tellin' me you go roun' to Aunt Becky's perty reg'lar these days.

Joe's answer was a broad grin' as he started out the door.

"Wait a minnit. Maybe you'd like to be goin' over't Aunt Becky's now. They's a letter here for Mary, if you'd like to take it."

Sticking a long bony finger in a box Mis' Maria brought forth a large official-looking envelope, and passed it over to Joe, who grinned sheepishly as he looked into Mis' Marias twinkly eyes. As he climbed into his wagon and started joggling down Main Street to the corner where Aunt Becky lived, Joe placed the large city-stamped envelope in his pocket without a single glance.

"Law, bless my soul, ef yonder ain't Joey. Now Mary, honey you jes' go fix up yer hair a bit and take that kitchen aprin off, and I'll go tell him h'dye."

"Hello, Aunt Becky, I've just been to the Post Office, and Mis' Maria asked me to bring this letter to Mary."

"Now, how obleegin' you are, Joey. Jes' come right in and rest a bit. Me and Mary's been makin' lemon pies."

"Shame on you, Aunt Becky, to so tempt a hungry traveller. Aunt Cynthy fixed me up a fine lunch, and when I told her I'd be back afore dinner she made me bring it anyway. I reckon I'd be plumb starved if it wan't fer that."

"Hello, Joe, did you say you had a letter for me?" said Mary with a self-conscious air.

"H'dye, Mary, Aunt Becky and her lemon tarts are too much for a fellow," Joe replied nonchalantly.

"Mary, honey, you'll have to excuse me. I smell them tarts burnin' right now."

Mary looked at Joe, and smiled blushing as Aunt Becky went into the house, leaving them on the front porch.

"Mis' Maria's atellin' me about your new ring. It must be sorter pretty?"

Mary's hands were in the pockets of her blue gingham dress. With eyes downcast and glowing cheeks, she laughed nervously.

"Oh, its' beautiful. It's more—"

The door opened and Aunt Becky returned with a plate of lemon tarts.

"How's Mis' Wyatt farin' these days?"

"Oh, Aunt Cynthy's doin' fine," said Joe, between bites of lemon tart. "I reckon' she thinks I'm not comin' home. It must be nearly seven o'clock. Guess I'd better start back. Them wuz fine tarts, Aunt Becky."

"Mary made 'em. I allus said she'd make a good cook, an' she's provin' true."

"That's a pretty vine, Aunt Becky, but you need a trellis for it to run on."

"Yes, Joe, I'se jes' atellin' Mary we'd hafter fix something in the mornin'."

"You haven't got any thin strips of wood have you? I could fix it for you in a few minutes."

"Sure I have, but Aunt Cynthy must be worried about ye now."

"It won't take but twenty minutes, and anyway, Aunt Cynthy won't worry much. She knows me."

It was one hour later when Joe finally, after stowing a glass of grape jelly in his pocket for Aunt Cynthy, climbed to the rickety seat in the old wagon and started for home. The stars were out, and the moon peeped above the horizon. For a time all was silent, save the rattle of the wagon, and the fall of old Job's hoofs. The twilight stillness was broken by a low chuckle.

"You're a long ways right, ole boy," said Joe as he thought of old Job's ominous look when he was being hitched up that morning. "I guess I'm a young fool but I can't help liking her."

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

The Doctrine of Truth in Ibsen's Plays



ENRIK IBSEN stands supreme among modern dramatists, and ranks along with that dramatist and poet of older times whose name people speak and know not what they say. Though to say Ibsen ranks with Shakespeare were unfounded praise, still more is his due, because in one thing Ibsen surpasses and leaves far behind all dramatists of all ages and all countries. He is the great genius and playwright of ideas. To him the idea is the important thing. People and situations are created in order that the idea may be shown. But not for a moment are the situations unreal or mere sticks upon which to hang his ideas. On the contrary they are wonderfully human and it is this ability both to create human people and to set forth the idea at one and the same time, that has given Ibsen his place as supreme dramatist of modern times. Perhaps the secret of this ability is the fact that Ibsen never forgot the individual; individualism along with freedom and truth being one of the theories of his life. For him any idea could be modified by the individual, the time, and the place. He teaches that these three things are to be considered first, and then, and only then, if indeed then, let him who can, judge what is right. But more of this anon.

For the present let us consider those plans of Ibsen in which the telling of the truth has been the only right thing to do. Let us take first "The Doll's House." In this play the whole truth had to be told before there could be any sort of understanding between husband and wife before there could be any individualism for man or woman. Mrs. Linden voices Ibsen's belief that true married life must be founded on truth, when she boldly takes matters into her own hands, and even tho she is able to prevent what it seems will end in tragedy, refuse to do this; saying, "This unhappy secret must be disclosed; they must have a complete understanding between them, which is impossible with all this concealment and

falsehood going on." The disclosure, though it brings separation of husband and wife, also brings a true individualism—brings to the woman what she has never had before, the knowledge of a right to live her own life.

In "The Pillars of Society" we find again that the truth must be told. In this play Ibsen pours "delicious irony" on those conventional lies which are embedded so deeply into all social and domestic life. Consul Bernick is a man, a "pillar of society" who has built up a reputation and a whole life both on serious untruths and on conventional lies. The very foundations of his achievements are lies—and the continuance of his chief desire of life—to be a 'pillar of society is made possible only by a perfect web of social and conventional lies. The plot of the play is the working upon the conscience of the man, of many different forces, in the end causing him, by his own free will, however, to confess all to his townsmen who had gathered at his home to do him honor. The lies upon which he started his career and which caused others to suffer in his stead; the lies he had allowed to circulate that he might gain influence, popularity, and money at the same time; the false impressions with regard to his so-considered perfect family life, are all confessed and abandoned—and then it is that peace of conscience and happiness for everybody come, and then it is that Consul Bernick becomes a true pillar of society.

In "Ghosts" we find the dire consequences resulting from a clinging to the conventional doctrine which says that a wife must bear her cross and stay with her husband, no matter to what depths he has sunk. But altho this is the main theory of the play the doctrine of truth may also be found in it. Mrs. Alving is a woman who has been forced to live a lie, the result of which is the bringing into the world of an idiot, whose inheritance of sin from his father is his destruction. The mother believes she is right in surrounding her son's life with lies causing him to believe his father to have been what he was not; and thus robbing him of a knowledge which would have been a weapon in his hand for fighting against the

tendencies which he had inherited. And so this play by showing the tragedies the lies have caused and suggesting what the truth would have done, emphasizes again Ibsen's doctrine of truth.

Next we have "An Enemy of Society" which is a satire upon a political condition in which the truth is kept hidden in order that money and influence may be gained for the town. Doctor Stockmann, one of those very real and very human people who must tell when they have made a discovery of any kind has discovered that the Baths, the pride of the town and its source of gain, are infected. The "pillars" of the town insist that the truth must not be told and it is this desire to keep the truth hidden that Ibsen is satirizing. By telling the truth Doctor Stockmann ruins his and his family's position in the town, but he gains a moral victory, declaring at the end that "the strongest man upon earth is he who stands alone."

But there is another side. We do not find that Ibsen is teaching that the whole truth is necessary or even right under all circumstances. We have seen in many of his plays how the truth has brought peace and happiness in the end; but when Ibsen saw that people were making of this doctrine a kind of formula and were saying that he taught that the whole truth was necessary and right under all circumstances, he in order that he might show people that one formula cannot be right for all occasions turned right around and wrote "The Wild Duck." And in this play we see the tragedy and destruction caused by the truth in the hand of a man who is not big enough to wield it. Here a man, by clinging to the formula of truth, regardless of circumstances or individuals, brings tragedy. He worships a formula and thinks it, his duty to reveal the truth with reference to the birth of the child whose father, as he thought himself to be, had loved her dearly. The revelation causes the father to repulse the child as well as the mother and causes the child to kill herself with the mistaken idea that she will gain her so-called father's love by this sacrifice. Here a truthfulness that admits of no com-

promise wrecks a family's peace, and gains nothing for any one, not even the possibility of greater peace.

The horror of Ibsen's life seems to have been that people should make formulas or rigid rules of his teachings. So we have come to understand that Ibsen's most important theory after all, more important than individualism, truth or freedom, is the theory that what is good and right for one individual and one situation may not be good and right for another—the doctrine that "Circumstances alter cases."

SARAH OWENS, '18.

“A Day in Camp”



CAMP Sevier! Just the words bring to us an indescribable thrill—a picture of something altogether fascinating, attractive and alluring. These two words above all others, “rather to be chosen than riches!”

Despite the wishes of our august President, Dr. Ramsay, that flawless organization, the student government association of the Greenville Womans College, the Faculty at large, some among our number, belonging to the above said organizations, suffering constantly from dreadful cases of conscience, despite the wishes of all these, I spent a day at that desirable spot, Camp Sevier! But 'twas such a short day. Just as it always appears when one is enjoying themselves to the fullest, 'tis then “tempus fugit!”

Pick! Pick! Pick! What's this I see, as I look ahead with wondering astonishment! Have I made a hopeless mistake, and am I making a visit to Sing Sing, where the convicts are thus assigned to their daily tasks? “No!” Some officer kindly assured me, as he explained that it was only the happy dwellers of Camp Sevier, clearing away the remains of the forest which it was when they went there, making a Macadomized road thru the center, thus giving it a decidedly city aspect. Along the sides sat corporals with their squads, idly matching nickels, playing poker or some such occupation. These however were to relieve other squads who were now in the center of the road still pick, pick, picking! The road had been picked and plowed until it was ready for the next step toward completion, that of breaking up the large lumps by harrowing it and pulverizing it as well as possible. The harrows were then brought forth. Three men got upon them, while three more got in front and pulled. Thus they went, up and down, up and down, pulling each other in turn. Somewhat of a “dutch” treat, I thought. This was indeed an amusing sight! There was as much doubt in my mind as to whether this was “playtime at Camp Sevier,” as there seems

to be in the minds of the soldiers who insist upon knowing as they pass here late in the afternoon, "Is this recess in Heaven?"

Then the bugler's notes, this was call to dinner. "Hy dy Sweetheart!" called one, hurrying on his way to Mess Hall, and as I turned around to see just who might be designating me as such, "Hello there, Kid!" as another cordially gave me the high sign. Heavens! what has called forth this sudden outburst of affection, familiarity or whatever you might term it! I was quite demurely dressed, as I thought, and conducting myself in like manner. "No reason to feel flattered," I thought, as I felt my head getting bigger by the minute. "It is only the good fortune which has fallen to my lot of being one of the 'Fair Sex!'"

So on they hurried for their mess pans, and then in line for a little grub. And right here, we G. W. C. institutioners might find a bit of consolation, when the thought comes to us of how we hate to line up of a Sunday morning, and sally forth that uniform brigade. For with this our lining up usually ends. But with the soldier boys, it's line up for mess pans, line up to get a bit of something called grub put into them, line up to get them washed, and so on. Even to taking a bath.

Now for a little sight-seeing, their tents and bunks. "Let's go over there," we suggested, pointing to a section, as the choice had been left to us. "All right," replied the officer, and we started on. But I noticed a slack in his step as we began to near it. "This is wash-day," he said. "There are all their shirts hanging out there on the clothes line. Don't know just how you might find the men!"

So now, for this perfectly good reason, and also because it was time we were leaving, we must "right about face." And tho reluctantly, we retraced our steps to the entrance. The street we now see could hardly be recognized as the one which was in such a primitive state of development at our arrival. In the midst of it, was the whole regiment, some thousand men or so, serving as it seemed as a human rolling

machine. Perhaps not just like the old willapus wollopus we are accustomed to see rolling our streets. But at least with similar results. With "Company Right," and Column Left" the General marched them, stopping however at short intervals with, "Company, Mark Time!" Near the left end of the formation, we noticed a little commotion. "Aw, take it," the corporal said, "Take it like a man!" It had fallen to this man's lot to mark time in a mud puddle. Quite naturally, he was dodging it, in front, behind, or on either side. But at the corporal's command he waded into its midst, and in mud over his shoe-tops, he kept step to, "one, two, three, four!"

I wished for you all that day girls. But we don't mind a few, "Thou shalt nots," and despite this familiar utterance of Dr. Ramsay, the Faculty, and those faithful ones to our student government, we are all going to spend a day at camp, aren't we?

ELIZABETH PINKERTON, '20.

I Wonder

S there no recompense, Life? 'cried
 youth
 For my pains, and burns and, jealous
 heart-breaks,
 Do I swell with importance the tiny
 facts given

Only to find them from great truths not riven?
 Oh! Life is growth; from deception I turn me
 To aged knowledge of life and its kind.
 Is there no trouble that youth won't live under,
 No shadows so dark in old age to find?
 Why is life lived and enjoyed by some men
 Youth's sorrows forgotten long ere apprehended
 And talked of as silly and childish, Oh!—
 Why is life feared, and abhorred by some men
 Youth's heart-breaks, and burns, and pains still unfor-
 gotten,
 Is there a recompense life? Still I wonder.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

"A Fool There Was"



SOFTLY I crept up the stairs to my friend's art-studio and peeped in. Dignified stately, almost gloomy this was a room in which memories dwelt, where the past strode unseen among the portraits and statues of the old philosophers, poets, and painters.

The girl who was leaning toward the picture she was painting seemed to me as I drank in the scene to be in perfect harmony with the sedate and rather grotesque surroundings. Slender figure tense, great dark eyes flashing—she appeared some Greek goddess—so gracefully she stood, scrutinizing her work. Her dark beauty had always seemed touched with something wild and mysterious, but now in the half shadows of the departing day, the fire throwing its fantastic flashes over her, she seemed to repel even while she charmed.

But this artist was not an artist of the old school—all romance and passion—for the June atmosphere, the fragrance of the flowers near-by, even the presence of art could not make this clear-headed American girl forget for a moment the needs of sublunary mortals. And I was cruelly disenchant-ed when she soliloquized in a delightfully, modish voice "Good Night! I'm hungry. I'm going to stop 'til I get me something to eat." Turning around she saw me standing in the door.

But now the picture in front of her was the cynosure of my eyes, a woman, seemingly perfect her glorious beauty enhanced by the magnificent evening gown. Fascinated I made my way across the room and stood gazing at the woman; but for some reason after I had come thus close I could not help but think of the old thread-bare proverb "Surely distance lends enchantment." For although I still insisted she was beautiful, yet there was something lacking. Her cold and clear-cut face was utterly devoid of expression "faultily faultless- icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection, nothing more." With an indescribable feeling of disappointment

I concluded that she was merely a pretty woman and letting my glance wander from her I saw in the background the dim outline of a man kneeling in adoration.

"It is finished!" exclaimed the painter, as turning away from the picture, she began putting away her drawing and painting requisites. "And what is the name of it?" I managed to murmur hoping she would not detect my disappointment.

"Truly this is the first failure Katherine has ever made," I mused. In disgust I impulsively drew my hand over the picture, but just then my eye was attracted by something on the floor—Kipling's "A Fool There Was" and a picture of a woman on the cover which resembled very much the one that had just been painted. I had never read this poem but was under the impression that it was a story of a man's loving a—pretty woman. I felt Katherine's gaze from across the room. In great relief at my supposed discovery I cried out "A Fool There Was!" No answer—I inquiringly looked up. To my utter dismay I saw only a hideous blur where a few minutes before had been the undeniable exquisite face. I saw what I had done and feebly strode into the vista of pardons, but I saw that they availed nothing for drawing closer to me she fairly hissed, "Yes—you—are!"

I stood for a few seconds perfectly motionless, then I had to cover my face with my handkerchief to hide my sence of the ludicrous for try as hard as I could it was impossible to keep back a peel of laughter. Then with a voice in which dismay, amusement and embarrassment were comically blended I hastened to explain the comical side of the scene to her; how I had unconsciously ruined the picture and then thinking she had copied Kipling's "fool" had only voiced the name but she thinking that I had intentionally ruined the picture and then relenting had called myself "the Fool."

For a long time the studio rang with merry laughter over the foolish little joke and then the memorial picture was taken from the easel and given an honored place on the wall where as Katherine, half mockingly, half laughingly says "you can

see your beloved pretty woman anytime you wish." But the label at the bottom of the picture we both insist belongs directly to us; it is no other than, "A Fool There Was."

RUTH OWENS, '20.

Nine Miles Out



ELSIE GLYN read the note just one more time.

"Dearest:

Yes, of course I remember, its tonight at six thirty. I am to look forty in a black veil and coat. You are to look forty also in goggles and with your collar turned up real high. I can hardly wait. Main and Brodway. Till then as ever,
Your Elsie."

With a smile she folded it and laid it to one side. "Bless old George's heart," she mused, "now I must write to him. Its hard to say good-bye and yet not say it either—but Arthur wins." Picking up her pen she wrote slowly.

Dear George:

So sorry to say that your note came too late. Do hope you will enjoy the play.

E. Glyn.

As she signed E. Glyn for the last time she heard the swish of skirts coming down the hall. Snatching up the folded note she thrust it into an envelope and was sealing it as Margaret Smith bounded into the room.

"Oh," she cried, "is Mr. Randolph or Mr. Wilcox the lucky one?" Randolph I see. Oh well, here's another, I'll wager it's for Arthur. Don't be in such a hurry dear, I won't look."

Elsie was indeed hurrying and in her haste Mr. Randolph again was the fortunate one. Then turning to Margaret who had found the candy on the window seat she cried, "Peggy, I just can't go to that thing this morning. You must excuse me to Mrs. Linden. Don't say that, I really am sick maybe the notes do have some effect. I guarantee they are in equal ratio anyway."

For the moment Margaret frowned but getting up she picked up the notes saying, "Oh I know anybody would hate to go if it weren't for the name of it. Therefore I must away.

I'll mail these on my way with some I have." With that and a flying kiss she was gone.

Elsie sank back into her chair with a groan. They were gone now she could not call them back. "Oh, she believed she loved George better anyway but now she could not turn back. Arthur it must be for better or for worse."

George Randolph stepped from the doorway in which he had been standing for quite a while. Not until this moment had he been rewarded for his waiting. A low green roadster had just pulled up at the curb. Its occupant had not turned her head toward him but she wore a heavy black veil and therefore the move on his part. As he stepped upon the running board she moved over for him to take the wheel.

With one glance at the side-walk he threw the car into second speed and instantly into third, for he saw a man closely muffled turning the corner. In his heart he thanked the God of winter for its early darkness. He began to love the busy traffic into which he would soon be lost from ever being followind. Then it came to him like a flash that he was not sure that he was on the right track. He must try something and yet not betray himself. So in a hoarse voice, trying to make it sound like Arthur's he began "Dearest black-veil, you will soon be mine."

"Yes," she laughed "Arthur this is awful, I have not the least idea where we are. This veil is like mid-night itself. And Oh! the awful part it is that Aunty saw me go down the drive. You have simply got to go to Hill-grade by around about way. Oh, couldn't you get a preacher somewhere else for I know we shall be caught."

Randolf had grasped every word as if by it hung his future. Yes he had guessed right, it was an elopement and Hillgrade was the appointed place of ceremony. Oh yes, his plans would work after all, so he said in the same muffled voice, "I suspected that something like this might happen so I wired to Madison. We are on the road there now and there is no car following us. But—drat this voice, caught a cold."

The car was speeding at a reckless gait. The mind of the

driver wasn't on the road it was on a problem. He realized that he must own up that he was George but how to do it and save the situation was somewhat puzzling. The girl beside him had not spoken for miles and when she did he almost lost control of the car in the suddenness of it.

"Arthur," she cried "stop the car." "Now." "Oh this is agony. I must own up that I have always been a flippant butterfly. You infatuated me with your dreamy eyes and flattering words, and made me promise to marry you. But, oh! can't you see I don't really love you."

"George groaned "What must I say" ran through his brain madly, "I can't talk for Arthur. But—"

"Arthur" she broke in "Don't groan and mutter so, forgive me. You are nothing but a boy, there are other girls but there's only one man for me."

Here was his clue and he grasped it, "But who?"

She gasped the one word "George," but no more for he took her in his arms veil and all.

"George," he laughed "I am George. I have both notes here. I took the risk for I knew you had to be mine. Will you say when?"

Elise thought for a moment; then, with a happy laugh, "I think the preacher is waiting at Madison."

MARY ANDERSON, '19.

Rags and Tatters

PEOPLE WHOM I HAVE KNOWN IN BOOKS.

When I begin thinking of the people whom I have known in books, a thousand different characters come before my mind's eye; some in the jungles of South America, and some in the snow-clad Alps. When you hear anyone speak of his friends, you never dream but that they mean sure enough live men or women. But there are other friends, the friends in books. I have some favorites in books whom I admire more than some of my real acquaintances; for instance, who can keep from admiring Lancelot and go with him on his quest without the most heartfelt admiration and rejoice in all his victories?

After I had finished reading "The Round Table," I would lie awake at night and imagine I was with Arthur and his knights and that I could hear them telling of the adventures, victories, and defeats thru which they had been that day. But standing above the rest in books, voice, and courage was Lancelot.

There is one type of person in books that I do not admire in fact, I am sure none of us care for it; it is that type, that has a path of roses that leads him on up to the happy end. We respect the character who has to go thru the same troubles and worries that we do. Then if he overcomes all of the difficulties we revere him all the more.

Bravery, and courage, is another quality we look for in our hero. Milton makes us admire even Satain in his "Paradise Lost."

Another person I like and love to stay with is Robin Hood in "Ivanhoe." Of all the others I like brave Robin most of all; and too his life is so wildly interesting. Just to think

of living in the beautiful green forest of England as king of a brave band of outlaws almost makes me long to have been with them, watched them, dressed in their suits of green, roaming thru the forests, ready always to fly at the first call of their leader's horn. Robin surely was not such a bad man, for he couldn't bear to see one in distress without giving his aid.

Some people think "Cauterburg Tales" are very dull, but I am sure they will have to admit that The Wife of Bath with her red face is very interesting. Although she was considered bold in her day, poor soul, for riding horse-back, just suppose those critics lived today! I blush for them.

Who has read "Pride and Prejudice," and does not respect and admire Elizabeth for her clear and reasonable judgment in spite of all her mother's plots?

In Sliendorous "The Rivals," old Mrs. Malaprop is a most humorous soul and when I hear her talking and trying to use large words (always the wrong one), I can not help laughing at her every sentence, and how I long to help the boy and girl play pranks on her.

I have other friends in books whom I will always love.

NITA PRUITT, '19.

WHOPPERS.

1. A Half Hour With the President.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," said the servant handing a card to the President.

"All right, show him in."

The servant returns with the gentleman.

"Good Morning, your Honor, I have come according to our engagement, you see."

"Delighted to see you General Villa. Now let us discuss the situation thoroly."

"Well, from the reports just received, it seems that you are destined to be President of Germany also. You know I said that if this last raid were successful the Emperor, knowing I suppose, that any other course would be useless, has fled

the country, and Berlin is taken by our soldiers. When I ordered the attack I know the Germans could no longer successfully resist."

"Yes, General, our nation has much to thank you for—you have done much since you became its Military Director. You Mexicans—begging your pardon, I must remember that you are know a United States citizen—know enough about fighting to make us defeat the Germans. However, it is not so much that we wish to claim Germany, as that we are glad the war is about to close—peace, you know, is our supreme object. But it appears that the U. S. is to be continually adding other states; your own Mexico is a great addition to our Union. I have never seen affairs change in one place as they have in Mexico in one year. A year ago there were revolutions and division, and war against the States. Now she's one of our most loyal states, and Carranza is one of the best governors we have. I just this morning received a despatch from him saying that more and more of the men are volunteering for the army in case more men are needed. Thank God they will not now be needed—that twenty German spies were arrested yesterday, and that the coast towns are still carefully guarded. He also says that he has been invited to make the address at a celebration festival in San Antonio, Texas! And finally Gov. Carranza sends congratulations to you, General Villa, for the valuable services you have been rendering 'our' country."

MYRTLE LOFTIS, '20.

2. A Mosquitoless World.

It wuz 'lelen o'clock of de hottes' July day we'd had, and I'd jest finished hoin' de garden, when I seed Josh er comin' down de road at a pert pace fer sech a hot day, and I reckined sumpin wuz up.

"Hi there, Josh, goin' down ter Abe's tought! Yeah, some entertainin, they's er plannin' to do."

"Ain't you heerd de news? Man, everbody's shoutin! They's to be a big meetin' at de town hall and all de country

side is gwine to jine de percession," answered Josh, leanin' gainst de gate-post and wipin' great beads er sweat from his furread with a big red handkercher.

"What's happened Josh? War ended, er Kazzer killed?"

"No, man mosquitoes gone! Nary a one to be scirered on de face ur the earth, not even in Goergy. Didn' hear any las' night, did you?"

"No, but I jes' bought some wire, and tho't I'd screen de house terday."

"Law, you jis' won't ever need that wire. Papers said som' kin' er disease killed ever mosquito that had breath in 'im las' night at midnight. I counted twenty-seven dead ones outside my winder this marrnin'. Didn' know what kilt 'em 'til 'jes' now. Dey jes' got do papers at de big house and Mis' Benson is dat happy she's laughin'."

"Nope, scien'ists am workin' at Washin'ton now to analice de disease. Nobody can jes' figger it out. For m'self I'm satisfied they're gone. Don't keer how, jes' so's I kin sleep without havin' sumpin' er suckin' my blood. I'm er thinkin' of de good old nights ahead, and de days too, for dat matter. Cynthy's been runnin' me crazy er killin' flies and mosquitoes. She says Missus Benson at de big house dun say dey gib ole man Beesley de malady feber and Cynthy's been er killin' sketoes and takin' quinine ever since."

"Well, I'se sho' glad de Lowd dun see fit ter banish dem pests, but say, Josh, what's I gwine to do wid dat wire? Dat wire's 'skito wire, and 'skito wire widout 'skitoes ain't fer no good er tall."

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

DEPENDANCE ON THE DEPENDABLE.

Jane sat at the piano about four o'clock one afternoon, digging doggedly away at her music. This was the third time she had taken the lesson over, and her one determination now was to master the exercise before her next lesson. Over and ovr she played it until at length, though her fingers went on monotonously, her mind was on the sound of footsteps pat-

tering down the tiled walk. All off to the Furman-Wofford game! In spite of her determination, Jane stopped her practising, and sighed disconsolately.

"Still determined not to go, Jane?" The voice of her chum at the door made her jump.

"Still determined not to go!"

"Do come! Let that old lesson go to—! I'll not half enjoy the game without you to help me yell for Furman. And the Furman eleven! You know they can't play without the stimulus of your presence!"

"O' do go on and let me alone!" Jane retorted sullenly. "It's bad enough to stay here and torture this piano, without having you make fun of me!" And Jane began banging out the notes viciously.

Alice fumbled a moment irresolutely at the lock, then, with a mocking laugh, raced out of the basement and down the walk to overtake the line of girls.

Jane swallowed the lump in her throat and practiced steadily for some time. What was it that seemed so unusual? Jane stopped a moment. It was the stillness! Never before had she been in the basement absolutely alone. Always other pianos had made a cheerful din near her. She stopped practising, and rubbed her cramped fingers. How lonely—how positively spooky—was that gloomy basement! What if a burglar—

Presently she heard a footstep outside. Looking nervously about, she saw no one. She wondered if any of the servants were within calling distance. What if—

Again the step sounded—nearer now. By this time Jane had only one thought—instant flight! Slipping to the door, she turned the knob. It was fastened! This, then, was what Alice had done while she hesitated at the door! She had thought it would be a fine joke to make Jane climb out the window when the practising was over; and now there was no escape by either door or window, for those awful steps were coming still closer. What was she to do? Her first impulse was to scream, but on a second thought she knew this

would never do. If the mysterious intruder should hear her, he would possibly suspect her helpless condition, and no doubt come in.

Completely forgetting her music lesson, Jane racked her poor tired mind for some way to escape. Her brain was in a whirl. She could do nothing but imagine that the next minute the horrid creature would come through the window and grab her. Thump! The steps were just outside. Her last resource was to try to break the lock on the door.

Instantly she began fumbling and pulling at the door. Meanwhile, the frightful sounds were heard again. By this time Jane was nearly frantic. Would she never get out? Was there no way of exit except by the window? Did she have the heart to pass this unknown being on the outside? She would make one last effort. With all her force, she caught the knob of the door with both hands, then, thrusting one foot firmly against the wall and balancing herself on the other, she pulled with all the strength of desperation. Crash! The door flew open, and Jane fell to the floor, knocking the piano stool over. As she scrambled frantically to her feet, the window was suddenly raised. Horrors! Could she escape?

"Mis; do 'scuse me, please. I didn't knowed you wus heah. I jes' wanted to see if dese windows wus unlocked—and dey sho' is."

O, joy! It was only "Uncle Murphy," who for forty years has been faithful janitor and loyal friend of G. W. C.

BELLE BARTON, '21.

The Isaquena

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Editorial

MILITARY GREENVILLE.

They are like the poor, "we have them with us alway." In the day-time the work for U. S. and the City of Greenville; they never allow college street to grow cold. This has created a new interest at G. W. C. The scene from the campus was once perfectly stationary while now it is ever moving.

The eventful business of walking down main street has become an engineering feat, a game, as it were. To get to a certain spot before some one else does has become a gamble.

It takes strategy to pilot oneself to the Savoy or even to Armstrong's.

We are now allowed to return to the campus at 5:30 P. M., unless we have a teacher along to detain us.

In case of such a calamity, to hasten back as soon as possible, after said time, is urged, lest you miss something that is said from a passing auto or pedestrian.

And neither are we deserted by night. For at any time after dark a solitary figure, clad in khaki and with M. P. on his arm, may be seen making his way from the front steps down the walk to the gate, guarding us, lest harm come nigh. We sincerely thank him and hope that there is no danger of a flank movement.

The inside of the college has not been passed over or neglected. For everywhere, among both faculty and students, eyes are being put out and fingers made sore by that painful process called knitting. And here we have the law of variation clearly demonstrated, for no two people can exhibit two articles that are at all similar, although we are informed that they have a common end in view.

If you have not been infected, don't be discouraged, you will be. Its catching and, as yet, no remedy has been discovered. However, for the benefit of the rats, we might remark that the young are more susceptible and after affection the case is longer. This maybe a consolation to our faculty also.

THE PERPENDICULAR PEST.

Most of us think perpendiculars are a pest but this one is especially so. She is self sufficient but considers everybody else dependent on her. She has no idea how Dr. Ramsay runs the college without her. No wonder the Isaqueena, Y. W. C. A., Annual, and Societies are total failures to her. She is not complete boss of each and all.

She can always tell you how to work your Math or do your English. Yet she isn't considered brilliant. Funny isn't it?

Prependiculars by themselves are of little use but how many

problems are easier solved by the use of them in the right place and way. Or we might need them and make a circle that is indespicable.

Are you a perpendicular pest? Do you think we can't run without you? If so, you are mistaken. So long as you take that attitude you are absolutely worthless. But when you have changed your aim from perpendicular to proposition, then you are indespicable. We need you in every college activity and enterprise, and we can't do without you.

Its the institutions that count. To show you that the individual is not a head of the institution, will you please answer me quickly the following questions!

Who is president of the Greenville Street Railway?

Who is president of the Greenville Transfer Co.?

Who is president of the Southern Railroad?

Most of us would have to think very hard or investigate to find out. Yet somebody is or the corporation would go to pieces. And these are companies that are practically indespicable to every G. W. C. girl.

If you are a perpendicular pest, don't be so any longer. Don't over work your I. Go to work for us. And you will soon find that it isn't such a big change after all for before long the Isaqueena, Annual, Y. W. C. A., Societies, and the whole college will be as much you as any body else.

Exchange

In this first month of the college year we find our desk rather bare of exchanges. But perhaps you are a little like ourselves—just a wee bit late in getting started. But look out! The tortoise won the race!

The exchange sheet is a very important part of our College magazine. It is very helpful to “see ourselves as others see us” and to see what other colleges are doing. There is something new and different in every publication—or should be if something is not radically wrong. Each editor has lived a different life, full of different experiences. His view point must be different.

So we welcome each magazine. We invite you to exchange with *The Isaqueena*. We invite you to read it and criticize it. But let us all remember the critics motto “To speak the truth in all things.” So we only ask you for justice tempered neither with mercy or prejudice.

The College Message for October, of *Greensboro College for Women* proves to be interesting as well as attractive. Although it is not the thickness of our usual college publication it contains some really good numbers. Two new things has it done: it is featuring an all-story issue and a serial story. Perhaps an all-story number would be a good idea occasionally if we filled the magazine full of excellent short stories. This does not mean just omitting all essays and sketches and calling what is left an all-story issue. What there is in this magazine is good but there is not enough of it. The serial story is also an excellent idea. We shall await with interest the coming instalments. The best story in the issue, however, is “A Strange Dinner Party.” The plot, though not as new as it might be, is cleverly worked out. The atmosphere is usually good, the action clear cut.

College Shadows

Y. W. C. A.

This is the first chance we have had to appear before you in writing, but I feel sure there is no girl in school, old or new, who has not heard of us. I can hear some one ask "why do they feel so sure everyone knows them." Simply because the Y. W. C. A. is the best and biggest thing in school, and no matter how "green" a "rat" maybe, could she miss the biggest and best thing?

It is up to every girl in the college to keep the Y. W. C. A. in the place that it belongs. Suppose when the meetings are announced, or Bible study classes meet, or the Social Service committee calls on you, that you stop and think—"If every member were just like me, what kind of an association would there be?" Face the issue squarely and "do you bit."

Do you feel you can afford to miss a meeting? Suppose you had missed Chaplain Foster's talk, don't you think you would have been the loser? And we must not forget our friend, Mr. Juhan, whose interest is ever with us. Is it not?

Miss Felt who is an M. A. graduate of Chicago University is our new History and Economics Professor. She is the only new member of our faculty.

We are very sorry to lose two of our girls on account of sickness, Misses Winnifred Lever and Kathleen Finch. We hope they will soon be able to join the student body again.

We are always so glad to have our mothers visit us in the college. Mrs. Barksdale is with her daughter at present and

Mesdames Waters, Smith, Parker, White, Walker, and Rembert have recently visited their daughters.

DR. PURSER'S VISIT.

Dr. Purser paid us a visit last week. He gave one of the most interesting talks we have had this year in chapel. Foreign Missions was his subject; and his appeal made us all feel that we were in Africa beholding the women exiled because of superstition, and the smokey huts of the natives. When you help Uncle Sam's boys win the war remember there are other harder battles to fight than the struggle of arms!

LOCAL—COLOR.

On the evening of Oct. 6, a weird procession attired in "full evening dress," was seen winding its way among the trees on G. W. C. campus. An orchestra of an indescribable type, seemed to accompany these figures. After lining up before the young ladies, who had come forth to greet them, the following program was rendered:

1. Selection by the orchestra. (These bashful youths had to be drawn forth from the rear ranks and made to stand in the center.)

2. Cheer which brought us the good news of Furman's victory in football that afternoon.

After "Good-night Ladies" several times over, this curious procession departed as it had come.

"If ye have tears prepare to shed them now," for Clemson was here Saturday and played football! ! ! ! Sore? ? !

One of the soldiers at Camp Sevier hasn't yet decided just which one of our girls is the prettiest. He addresses his mail to the "Best Looking Girl," and Sarah Owens claims it.

They resemble the cherubim. They smile sweetly. Their eyes are alight with innocence. Their mouths open in wonder and awe. They skip about in delight, oh, oh, how happy are they! Nab 'em, Sophs, they're yours.

The Rats broke all of Neuton's laws of gravitation at the receptions this year. They were running in every direction and nothing seemed to bring them down. We have not given up, however, but hope to have them in their respective traps by the next reception.

WANTED TO KNOW:

Who says Poor Butte' fly?

Who "Our Boys" are?

Where Irene Pellum can get a bottle of air?

If a pebble will kill a modern goliath (a soldier)?

Freshmen who can write and will, for the Isaqueena. The editor is notoriously kind to freshmen, having been one herself once upon a time, and is sure to welcome you with open arms.

LOST:

A box of hair pins. If found please return to Carolyn Rogers.

"The point." If found please return same to history classes.

THEY SAY!

They say the student body has a slight antipathy for appearing in uniform. We think this an unworthy sign and wish to remark that we think the uniform a mark of progress, for are not policemen, firemen, conductors, and soldiers each clad similarly in the garb of their respective callings? Why not put college students in the labor class? We hope we will not be mistaken for so many bell hops, however. Having our campus adorned with such prestige indeed adds to the general trend of affairs. We would also add that they (the uniforms) are a mark of distinction at ball games.

They say Alex has been drafted. And after this who shall say biscuit at G. W. C.? Parenthetically we would like to say that this position would be good practice for those members

of the faculty who fail to find two consecutive hours in which to get such practice under the supervision of the domestic science department. But girls save your pennies!! For loaf bread has gone to 6c and may go higher before Alex leaves.

JOKES.

Science Teacher.—What is the highest form of animal life?
Marie Askins.—The giraffe.

Sarah Willis.—I've just got to have my trunk tonight.
Miss Bristow, please have it sent up at once on the radiator.

The G. W. C. student body takes great pleasure in informing Fresh Prothro that the wires to the rear of the college are not "awfully high clothes lines" but merely electric light wires.

Dollye Brockman to Librarian.—"Have you 'Entombed With an Infant' please?"

Librarian (with a puzzled frown). " 'Entombed With an Infant'? Oh; you mean 'In Tune With the Infinite'!"

Miss Kalherer (French teacher) "Miss Jenkins, I shall have to notify your mother that your work is very poor."

A. Jenkins (Town student)—"I wouldn't if I were you. She will be angry."

Miss Kalherer.—"I don't understand."

A. J.—"Well, you see, mother always wrote my French sentences."

"Dot" Starbuck.—"I didn't know they had steam engines in the time of Caesar.

Miss Willis.—"They most certainly did not!"

"Dot."—Shakespeare says "Enter Caesar and train."

Rat Gant.—“Why does Louise Thompson close her eyes when she sings?”

Hallie Cuttino (wise Sophomore.—“She’s so tender hearted, she doesn’t want to see anybody suffer.”

For the benefit of our innocent little Rats:

A lie is an abomination to the Lord, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble.

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The Greenville Womans College (Greenville Female College) is an institution of higher learning established, controlled and supported by the Baptist Convention of South Carolina. It has to its credit sixty years of successful experience in educating young women. The college has nearly one thousand alumnae in this and other states.

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 on 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.

In order to meet the needs of the local students and the boarding students not prepared for entering the Freshman Class, a high grade academy maintained by the College, well equipped, with instructors of the same character and grade as the teachers in the College.

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1918.

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