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The Isaqueena - 1917, December

Ruth Scott
Greenville Woman's College

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December, 1917

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The Isaqueena



December, 1917

Published each month by the students of the
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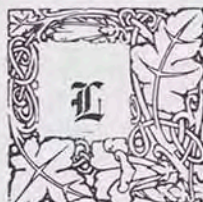
The Isaqueena

VOL. XII.

GREENVILLE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1917

NO. 2

LIFE.



LIFE'S a vastly deeper meaning
Than the mere existence role;
'Tis a space of time that's teeming
With the acts of young and old.

'Tis a link of endless chains,
That binds one age unto the next;
'Tis a space of joys and pains
That lift us up or sorely vex.

'Tis a bridge that spans the chasms
Between the unborn babe and death,
'Tis a human cataclysum
Struggling for the needed breath.

God created, yet creators
Come from whence we know not, now;
Actors in God-built theatres
Staged by God, we know not how.

DOLLYE BROCKMAN, '18.

THE MODERN PIECE OF STRING.



QUIRREL Island is an ideal place for a camping party. It is delightfully pleasant in climate and company. We could not be happy in a place where wild raspberries and strawberries greet one, and lovely sunsets and landscapes are free to the artists, who throng to the island.

Camp "Linger Longer" was almost entirely hid in the tall spruces; two tents made up the camp. There were ten girls, but of course five girls could easily stay in one tent, the boys had built themselves small bunks in the trees nearby.

The originator and leader of the camp was Harris Lodge. This tall, athletic boy let nothing out do him. He could make the best coffee and fry the brownest meat of any one there. But Harris was happiest when he was playing on the guitar. He never studied music, but it came from his very soul as he picked the guttar and poured out his thoughts in rich tenor tones. At present all his thoughts were centered around Alice Lawson. And everyone believed that Alice bestowed her affection on Harris. Alice was a splendid type of girl. In fact every girl in the camp was. But they all had one failing. The agreement on the first night had been that they should rise early and take a swim in the sound before breakfast. This was the third morning the girls had failed to wake until the boys were coming triumphantly from the sound.

"You girls are such sleepy heads," said Jack Young, "don't any of you wake up?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Harris, "I'll tie a string to my big toe, if any of you will tie it to yours. When we wake, I'll pull the string and wake you, and then you can wake the others.

"Splendid," shouted the boys. But no such response came from the girls. They looked at each other, but no one seemed willing to officiate as the feminine, "Big Ben."

Harris turned as Kitty Stone spoke. Her merry, blue eyes

looked straight into his large grey ones. The little yellow curls across her forehead seemed to dance with joy. Her face was a little flushed with the excitement, and when she spoke, Harris noticed her mouth was well shaped, and filled with pearly, white teeth. She was dressed in white from her dainty collar to her spotless tennis shoes.

"I'll tie the string to my toe, and wake the girls," she said in a calm, gentle voice.

Harris had met Miss Stone the day they arrived, but had not noticed her particularly as his whole attention was devoted to Alice. But it was settled. They were to get up at seven and be at the sound at seven-thirty.

The boys tried various pranks to tease Kitty, and often pulled the string too early, but Kitty was on her guard. She kept her watch with her and refused to wake the girls until the appointed time.

The following week was a delightfully blissful one. They swam, sang, rode horse-back, and did every thing possible for a jolly time. On Saturday morning Harris Lodge felt it was all over for him. Alice had been called home on account of the arrival of a rich old Aunt from whom Alice expected to receive a large sum of money. But he decided to stay and fight *it* out a while. The next morning he went with Kitty to the sound. He was surprised at what a splendid swimmer she was. He remembered that Alice did not swim much. But Kitty could keep up with him, and go equally as far. Soon it became a regular thing for them to be the first in swimming. Often they took long horse--back rides together, and occasionally long strolls thru the woods. Kitty loved to roam in the forest and sometimes Harris would bring his guitar and they sang as they walked.

Gradually the memory of Alice faded from Harris' mind, and more and more he thought of Kitty. But how useless for had not Alice told him of the rich young lawyer to whom Kitty was engaged. How he adored her and kept her supplied in flowers, candy, books and special delivery letters. Harris did not blame the old chap one bit, but rather considered him the luckiest fellow on earth.

Kitty too was doing a little thinking. Mercy, but was Alice Lawson not fortunate in having the love of such a man as Harris Lodge. Why can't Henry Cecil be like that? She often said to herself that of course Harris was only passing the time with her, but that he was truly a fine fellow with whom to pass the time.

The camp lasted until the boys had to go back to their respective places of business. Not that any of the youngsters were business men, but some had business. So they were to break camp on Friday. Kitty decided to remain on the island with her mother who was coming the next week. So all left Saturday morning, and Kitty moved in the heart of the busy islanders.

The following week when her mother came, Henry Cecil came too. Many perfect days of swimming, riding, and walking followed, but Kitty was restless. Henry was so tiresome and every thing seemed so dull. One night she and Henry were coming from a concert. Henry had been unusually boring that night and Kitty was tired of him. He began his same old tune of his love and how he wanted her in the same old exasperating way. Instead of the gentle but firm no, Kitty raged.

"No, Henry Cecil, I do not love you—I hate you I will never marry you, so leave me alone." She ran into the house feeling as if she had murdered Henry and was glad of it.

The next morning she decided to go to the mainland. It was only ten miles, and she would go alone. She wanted to be alone for one day, but most of all she did not want to see Henry Cecil. She set out early. The clouds looked threatening, but Kitty was sure it would not rain for an hour yet, and by that time she would be safe.

She rowed for about six miles when suddenly the clouds opened and the rain poured. She saw a little island and hurried to it. There were foot prints on the sand, but not a soul was in sight. It kept on raining, and Kitty was becoming tired, and frightened at being alone. Even Henry would have been welcomed. She waited what seemed an age to her before she heard anything. She was sure she had heard a

noise and it was coming nearer. She hid herself in a clump of bushes, her heart beating fast, and her whole body shivering from her wet clothes. The noise was coming closer and closer. She was sure it was some one walking. Yes, there he was in front of her. She peered out and who should she see but Harris Lodge. She gave a cry of joy and jumped from the bushes. He turned quickly.

"Why—why Kitty Stone, what are you doing here—and alone?"

Kitty was so relieved and happy that she could not talk at first. Then she told Harris how Henry had worried her and how she slipped off to be rid of him one day. "But why are you here," she asked.

"Oh, I came over with a bunch of Surveyors to see this island. Don't you think it is about as nice as Squirrel Island?—But Kitty—Aren't you engaged to Henry Cecil?"

"No," said Kitty emphatically.

The rushing rain could not rout young Love. By the time home was reached Henry and Alice belonged to some shadowy unreality far beyond the rainbow forming across the horizon.

"And, Harris, the bridal bouquet must be of wild flowers from Squirrel Island," ecstatically breathed Kitty.

"Yes," and with a mischievous glance at Kitty—"tied with a piece of string, with the whole camp sitting on 'the strings'"

RUTH MARTIN, '18.

“WORDSWORTH, THE UNIQUE.”



T seems that the kind of person one is determines what he sees in another, and his attitude toward things in general. Great minded and big-hearted people recognize in others those same qualities, though unconscious of it in themselves sometimes great-souled persons see in others more than is there; as in the case of Othello and Irago. However we hope the end is not often so tragic.

Wordsworth is essentially a nature poet. Perhaps not the only one of note, since others have excelled in that line, but the one poet uniquely himself. To him nature is not an object to be talked about objectively, but an existing spirit that feels and makes itself felt. To him nature is a breathing soul that is everywhere in existence. He feels that the spirit is good, and kind, and inevitable; that it is a great, all-enveloping, fact not to be avoided. I hardly think this belief, as a material fact, is held by enough people to make it an ordinary established fact. Since that is true, the poets interpretation of nature came from his own great personality.

His verse is strong and powerful, almost commanding at times, majestic, and dignified, and never lirts with the joy of living. Yet he isn't the long-faced preaching sort of a person one would expect. He sees always a moral lesson, and yet the reader never tires. The lesson just fits.

Feel the power in this stanza taken from his first poem to 'A Skylark.'

“Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, lark, is strong.
 Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, Singing.
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing
 Lift me, guide me till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind.”

And the majesty in this second poem to 'A Skylark:'
 "Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou can'st drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!"

One cannot imagine Wordsworth carroling like Shelby, or making use of dazzling phrases like Bryon, or satirizing like Swift. His style is too dignified to carol, and too true to dazzle, and too kind to satirize. And how else could it be when the subject matter is always nature; the serene, unvarnished, all-healing nature. However, he does not leave out entirely the expression of gladness. This theme:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

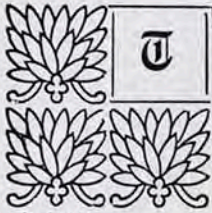
expresses a deep feeling of joy which we all recognize immediately. For who is there who does not feel his heart leap up when a rainbow appears?

The theme of Wordsworth's poetry is confined not by nature in all her moods and seasons, but alone by tranquil nature in happy spring. He does not feel an inspiration in the power and fury of a storm, nor does he see the fairy elves, which the cruel winter has imprisoned in the icicles. Snow and hail do not challenge his domesticated spirit but they make him feel more comfortable by the fire; nor do the March winds hold for him a call of Romance, but cause him to draw tight about him his great cloak.

He did feel the call of Spring. It was not this call however. "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." He saw the beauty of the world, the sunsets, flowers, trees, and birds; but he saw more. It was always with wonder that he saw the evolution of Spring from bleak Winter. Indeed he saw and enjoyed the beauty, but he felt the kindness that permitted beauty to come in so wonderful a manner. It was always the Omnipresent love that he appreciated to the greatest power of his being and tried to express in poetry. He felt the call of Spring and responded nobly and we are accordingly indebted to him for his contribution to the world's treasure of verse.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

THE CRUSHED DANDELION.



THE girl held the delicate flower stalk tenderly in her hand. Her brow was wrinkled, and the first wind of a May morning loosed the curls on her forehead.

"I wish—I wish—"

"I—er—beg your pardon. What *do* you wish?"

The girl turned, a look half indignation, half-amusement on her face.

"That strange people would not frighten harmless maidens to death." In spite of herself she smiled as she gazed into the deep brown eyes that twinkled with such a strange light.

"My name is Gray, Duncan Gray. And you are Miss Angeline Sterling—staying at the Bordens' for the week, I believe. I live next door when I am not out searching the landscape."

"Then you are an artist? Oh, how wonderful! Are you painting these dandelions? I was just—"

"Wishing you could paint them? Then you may help me. Won't you?" He placed his easel as he spoke.

"But I don't paint!"

"No? But you have lovely hair, and your pose a moment ago is just what I want." He gazed appealingly at the golden brown curls.

"Well, I don't have to wish out loud do I?"

"No, the stranger will not beg for secrets, also." He smiled, and she thought his teeth very white and well-formed.

Every morning Angeline posed, and every morning she grew more radiant. This was the last morning, the picture was nearly finished.

Suddenly a light breath of wind blew a gust of last winter leaves across the canvas, and what had been a glorious field of dandelions now was a shapeless mass of yellowish-green, a freakish background for the girlish figure of a beautiful woman.

"Came here, Angel!" A sigh escaped his lips. His eyes seemed more wonderful; his teeth flashed brighter.

"Is it finished?" Laying one tingling hand on the man's arm, the girl gazed in wonderment at the picture on the easel.

"Let's leave it just as it is to call to mind these times together. Take it and keep it. It's—er strange looking, isn't it? The immutability of nature—yes, a strange subject, isn't it, Angel? Why, what's the matter? You are trembling!"

"Nothing, Duncan. I'm not feeling—yes, yes, of course, very strange, almost uncanny."

Taking her hand, and looking into her face he saw that her smooth forehead was wrinkled, and her lips drawn and trembling. But it was only for a moment, and the next she smiled up at him just a little wistfully, as he drew her into his arms.

It was five minutes before the Baltimore train was due. The rough, plank platform of the small station of Elksport, Virginia, was deserted except for the station agent, and two others. A tall, dark-haired man, with a broad smile, and flashing teeth was trying in vain to keep step with a dainty golden-haired girl in a blue dress, and turn-up hat of the same color. As he watched them, the depot-agent grinned, and winked knowingly at his faithful companion, a bob-tailed cat. The whistle of a locomotive broke the silence, and the man looked at the girl.

"Next May! How long it seems!" His great brown eyes were dreamy.

It was a busy day in the law-office. Just ten months had passed since Angeline Sterling told Duncan Gray goodbye, months of hard work in the law office for Angeline, months of unrest, and irregular work for Duncan. Then came that fated day in April when Congress declared a state of war existing between the United States and Germany. Angel stared unseeingly at the type writer keys before her. Duncan is going to France with the boys!" sang the type-writer. Angeline slept but little that night, and dreamed of bursting shells, and mangled arms. When two months from this

she received a letter from a hospital "Somewhere in France," saying that Duncan had been wounded, and would be sent home as soon as possible, she lived again that terrible night—more of mangled limbs and shrieking shells. For three weeks she rested not, but tossed on her bed in the delirium of fever.

Finally the fever abated, and once again she was up. It was a changed Angeline that entered the law office of Cobb & Erwin this first day of June. Mr. Cobb smiled kindly, and said that she didn't look as if she'd been sick, but the Angel felt his eyes on her hair. She realized that her once beautiful curls were old now; knew they had lost what most enriched them; their youth, their gold-brown lustre.

"A letter for you, Miss Sterling."

Angel waited until the door closed behind Mr. Cobb. Then trembling she opened the letter. There were tears in her eyes, when she had read it. She glanced in the office mirror at her drawn white countenance, and then at her hair.

"I can't, I can't let him see me like this! Duncan—coming! Coming June the first! Why this is the first, and my birthday!"

That afternoon as she placed a bunch of dandelions, her birthday present, in a vase on the office table, she made her decision. It was unbearable that he should see her just yet; she must have time to think. The office force was asked to tell any one inquiring for her that she was sick, and had gone home. Duncan's train was due at five o'clock. But she could not see him—no, not yet!

Leaving the office, she quickened her steps, and walked blindly thru the streets in a vain effort to run away from her thoughts, away from the throbbing of her heart. When she had reached the boarding-house, and was alone in her own little room she removed her hat, and taking one of the dandelions from her coat, sat down by the window. A half-sob escaped her, as she held up in the fading, half-light the poor little dandelion, crushed, and dying, with here and there a feathery seed showing among the golden-brown flowerrets.

Down in the centre of the big city a man, tall, dark-haired, and gaunt, was enquiring for Miss Angeline Sterling, the

stenographer. He was directed by a gray-haired officer to the law office of Cobb & Erwin, in the Swanley Building. In answer to his inquiry he was told that Miss Sterling, not feeling well, had gone home early. They did not know her address; she had moved recently. His steps were heavy, and his shoulders bent as he wearily closed the office door behind him. Then a bright bit of yellow in the hallway caught his eye. The next moment he was clutching convulsively in his hand three or four half-withered dandelions, and an absurdly small, limp little handkerchief with "Angeline Sterling, 108, Maroon Flats" written in ink on the border.

Fifteen minutes later "The Angel" was roused from her reverie by a step on the stair. The throbbing of her heart deafened her! The next moment Duncan Gray was at her side.

"Duncan!" And the Angel's lip quivered as she clutched at his empty left sleeve.

"Angel! I've come—oh, how beautiful your hair is. It's the same soft gray my mother's was."

As though from common impulse each looked at the picture on the wall before them, where a youthful face looked out from a tangled field of dandelions.

The gray head nestled contentedly on the strong right arm, as the Angel held up the poor, crushed dandelion, and together they blew the last feather-winged seed out thru the window into the silent blackness beyond.

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

MY PHYLOSOPHY.



DOU think it strange that I love to live?
 Then let me tell thee why:
 It's for the rosy, blood-red dawn
 That paints up all the sky.
 The dawn of flame and amber hue
 That makes the little violets gleam
 Like diamonds of dew.

It's for the songs of awakened birds
 Sweet promises of the day
 And the beauty of a golden sun
 Clearing the morning mists away.

It's for the joy of roaming the woods
 Where little brooks murmur and sing
 Where dainty blue forget-me-nots
 Cluster round the spring.

It's for a lake all green and blue,
 For a breeze and a little boat;
 And an hour all mine in the merry sunshine
 Just to dream and drift and float.

As I idle the waters all redden
 For a sun so daring and bold
 Has set the blue mountains to blushing
 And retires in coral and gold.

For the new moon venturing forth
 As fades the last rosy light,
 For the stars that one by one peep out—
 For earth in her cloak of night.

Then why shouldn't I love to live,
 Yea lift mine eyes up above,
 And praise the Creator of every good thing—
 For the wonderful gifts of His love.

CAROLINE SLOAN EASLEY, '20.

ADDISON AND LAMB.



It is strange but true that we never appreciate and love the beautiful, the calm, and the old-fashioned, until the bold, stormy, and daring, plays its part in our fancies and on our minds.

Thus it was with Addison in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was the quiet that came after the raging wind that blew through Swift's Works and kept them fluttering. Addison is the simple, the true author. We can imagine that he just detested shams because in his works, we find the simple unstained truth. He does not misrepresent conditions and ideas, but dishonors vice and exalts virtue. He covered up neither one to please his readers.

The peacefulness of his disposition shows itself in his works. His language flows along in one quiet steady stream that is permeated with humor and with quaint little ways of expression. The quietness and peace of every selection can be *felt* and one can just enter that peace and follow right behind his thought that wanders in and out in the cool shady calm.

Addison does not have to come right out and say something funny to make one see that he is humorous, but carefully interwoven in the make-up of his works or even between the lines, the bright funny element shows itself and one realizes that he is enjoying the reading immensely.

About one hundred years later, Charles Lamb, with his great brother-hood love, gives us some of the finest literature of the age. This may seem to some a rather broad statement to make, but to me, the quality of his works is the purest of any literature that I have ever enjoyed. Perhaps it is Lamb's sad life that makes me enjoy his writings so much and helps me to feel every motion and understand every passion. His style is so simple and unpretentious! It is just its dignified, old-fashioned self, and nothing more! This is what I love in any writer.

We know that in a hundred years, great progress could be

made and this is one reason why we find Lamb's works more polished and of a finer quality than Addison's were. Although Addison lived in the classic age and Lamb in the romantic age, they are very much alike. They both loved society, loved the very life that was reflected in a crowd. They both were gentle and appreciative. In his satires, Addison makes one think better of his fellow men, and Lamb reflects his own gentle personality in his frank but appreciative expression of criticisms.

I believe it is natural that one should love Lamb, with the lovable disposition and delicate old-fashioned style and humor, better than Addison, but we could not spare either one from our literature.

MARY HOLLIDAY, '19.

SHADOWS.



JOHN Bingham's last trial was at hand. For ten long years he had known no other home than his meagre prison cell. Ten years ago he had been brought thither upon the accusation of murdering his dearest friend. His trials had been many, sometimes hopeful, most often, desperate, all evidence was against him. His means for fighting the Law were exhausted; the friends that had rallied around him in his first trial, had gradually forsaken him, and were now only a dim association of that outside world that had condemned John Bingham, whose condemnation contained infinitely more terror for him than could any condemnation of the world-made Law. Today's trial would mean life or death. Life! Death! Death! Life! John realized duly that the intonation of these words *should* open the flood-gates of his emotions, but no response.

His mind only went back mechanically over the whole affair. Ten years ago it was that it had happened. Ten Years: What an eternity! because somewhere back there he was a happy man; a man of twenty-five, he loved and was loved. Oh, yes, he was surely loved. Prosperous, respected, all the adjectives usually applied to a brilliant young man, with a "sure future;" even this reflection could not call forth the ironic emotions of five years ago. But life *was* worth living to John then. Then came the Night. He was sitting beside the fire dreaming of Elsie, his beloved, his life, his hope, his all, when out of the Darkness came the sound of heavy footsteps, the door was rudely flung wide; he, an innocent man, was seized, handcuffed, and rushed to the jail. But all along he knew that everything would be all right in the morning when he explained it all. He could still smile bitterly at the thought of his youthful hopefulness. Hope! there was no such word.

Then the numerous trials, a mistrial, an appeal, deferred until the next court, the loss of his friends came gradually. Then came that letter of Elsie's, one of kindly sympathy, but

with-drawing her promises, her love. In the nights following her letter, John had turned stone-gray, an old man. He wondered where Elsie was, his once betrothed. He thought not bitterly of her. Was she happy? He hoped so Elsie! What magic that name had once held for him. What a marvel of beauty, grace, purity, and loveliness she had been to him, and how she had loved him! Oh, yes, she had loved him tenderly. *His* Elsie! He could feel the soft touch of her hand on his brow; he now held her in his arms again, and was just beginning to press her lips to his, when his momentary passion vanished, and he realized that he clutched the prison bars. Desperately he released his grasp and sank back upon his cot, only to think again of Elsie! Elsie! a flood of banished memories overcame him. Why would she not come to him for a moment, just one short moment, then he'd welcome death. She need not come as his. She must surely be another's now. But, no, she could not be another's. clearly over the ten long years came her voice as she said: "John, I will never love any one but you!" She could not have forgotten. With a groan he fell to his knees and moaned: "Elsie, Elsie, my beloved, come back to me. Come, let me touch you, my dearest, my life, my all."

His delirium passed. Then returned the memory of that morning long ago, the receipt of her letter, which had meant to him the dissolution of all Reality. But Love, Love! he could not let it, too, go. With this unquenched thirst in his soul, the realization of the only lasting Love overcame him, and his soul melted in prayer.

Walking through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he had met a Shadow of Substance. He was revitalized by his contact with this Shadowy Presence. He confidently waited what must this time surely be the death-sentence.

He heard foot-steps approaching; two shadows fell across the corridor in front of his cell, the guard and who else? Could it be Elsie? He had not even prayed for her; his was not a prayer of petition. The door was flung wide. The guard entered, and with him, Elsie. John did not move nor speak. He stared, always at Elsie. The guard departed. Elsie spoke:

"John, you have been declared innocent by the court—you are not guilty—you *live*."

John remained unmoved.

Elsie put her hand on his shoulder and said brokenly :

"John, dear, don't you understand, you are to live, to leave these prison walls, to be free, and, John I—I—"

John's lips worked convulsively, but not one word escaped them. Elsie grasped both his hands in hers :

"Dear, I love you still; always I have loved you, even when—when my faith was shaken, — — Oh, John!" she groaned.

John gently removed her hands and looked at her without recognition. Slowly he began to formulate a few words :

"Elsie, is it you? Have you come back to me? my once-beloved? But, no, she's not Elsie; *My* Elsie was so young, so fair, so sweet." Life? Life: what can life be like now? I know it not; the shadow of my Elsie comes too late."

John had seated himself on the cot; Elsie standing, leaning against the prison bars, as though a prisoner on the stand.

"John, John, can you repudiate me? I, I, too, have suffered, Oh, the anguish, after all these years." Her sentence ended in a sob.

John's speech was labored and slow.

"After all these years, Elsie, yes, *that* explains it. You told me that you did not love me; I thought of you after that only as a Shadow, to me you were only memory, without form or substance. I can not now care for the reality. Oh, my shadowy Elsie, return to me"—and his eyes roved round the cell, every corner except where the Reality stood—"My senses are now dulled; Life? but without the Elsie of my dreams? The lonesome years have been too cruel without my Elsie, even with her shadow." His eyes clung to her face: but life is departing from me; I go to the only real, Lasting, Love, the Love that will not let me go"—his breath came in gasps—"Receive me, oh, My—Saviour!"

No desire was unfulfilled. He had been granted Life—and Life Eternal. His Last Trial was over.

ELLA MAY SMITH, '17.

WHY WE SHOULD EDUCATE THE NEGRO.



IN the Bible the negro or servant is mentioned as household property, but having certain freedom. As years pass they still remain servants, but become more and more an individual race. Now we do not look upon our colored brother merely as a slave, but as a human being with a soul and heart filled with desires.

The first cargo of negro slaves to land on American soil came over in the year sixteen hundred and nineteen, and from that time up until the Civil War, cargoes were constantly being sent over. The negro himself, the Englishman, the native white man, and the Southern man who found much labor for the negro, are all responsible for the slave trade.

During the time of slavery, the average white man thought it best to keep the negro in ignorance for protection, and did not realize that he was also keeping paupers and criminals within his limits.

The effect of slavery in our country was to create two classes among the white people, one which learned during the time of slavery to hate the negro and the other to sympathize with and respect him. The former was that of the "poorer class," the latter that of "Southern Aristocracy." There was in slavery time, (and there is in the South today) a kind of Aristocracy which is not confined to men who own slaves any more than it is confined to those who have money and social position. It is an Aristocracy which is based on the possession of a fine feeling of self respect and broad and generous sympathies.

The slave-owners looked for the good qualities in their slaves and were seldom disappointed in finding at least something worthy of note. Often when a family was in doubt about the standard of a new family that had just moved into the neighborhood, it always relied on old "Aunt Jenny," the old fashioned house-servant, who had a keen sense for what was called "de quality" and she always brought the correct description.

It is true that just after the Civil War, it was easier for the Northern white man and Northern negro to emancipate himself from racial and sectional narrowness, than it was for the Southern white man and negro. The negro knows the feelings of both the north and South towards him and works to gain his rights with as little disturbance as possible. We have an interesting instance of a well-educated negro farmer, who, after paying up his debts had twenty dollars left. He divided this sum equally; giving ten to the Tuskegee Institute for negro children, and returning home gave the other ten to a teacher of a white school in his community. Here we see that the negro has love for his country, as well as for his fellow-being.

The negro does not want social equality with the white, but greatly desires the betterment of his race, which fact we learn from Booker T. Washington and his experience with his race.

At the time of the "Emancipation Proclamation," there was perhaps three, certainly not more than five per cent of the freedmen, who were almost wholly illiterate. In nineteen hundred, there was still forty-four per cent illiterate and now there remains only a little more than thirty per cent. In the United States from nineteen hundred until nineteen hundred and ten, the white people's illiteracy was reduced over 1.6 per cent; that in the South three per cent; that of foreign white immigrants was only one tenth of one per cent; that of the negro fourteen per cent. It is noticed that the negro's illiteracy decreases more where he has less opportunity.

Many people think that the negro will not put his education to the best advantage. What if some few do not? There are also some white people who make very little use of theirs. We must remember, since there are many different classes among our race, to look upon our inferior race as being composed of different classes also. The natural tendency of the negro race is toward courtesy and patience. The white help employed cannot come up to that of the negro. They do not seek to please and are very careless and slack in their manners and work.

Booker T. Washington started his work of educating the negro with knowledge of the North's favor and with the South's doubt as to the undertaking; but he felt that the South had a feeling of gratitude toward the negro race and would give her support. He attempted to show all three classes, the Northern man, the Southern man and the negro his point of view. He did not tell the South one thing and the North another. He dealt in the whole truth, which was the surest and only way of gaining the respect and aid of all the people.

The negro race now has over two hundred newspapers, public schools probably in all the districts and many Colleges and Universities. They are very loyal to their churches and will worship with long services. In nineteen hundred and probably now, there are Superintendents of Education, who do not even know where the colored schools in their districts are located. In this case we see that the small amount of money invested in a good purpose is not put to the best advantages. Though the negro has not the same ability to learn as the white child, after he finishes the fourth grade, his industrial and vocational traits may be given more attention.

Emphasis should be laid on the education first, and then the political view should be taken up. In almost all of our Southern States, the white child and the white school teacher receive about three times as much as the negro child and teacher. The South is very wise in providing separate schools for the white and colored, otherwise there would arise great prejudices. But we should demand that the State Superintendents of Education see that each colored school received its dues.

In another instance Booker T. Washington presents to us the fact that some poor people have some opportunities that the rich do not have. We say the negro has an opportunity of knowing real hardships, which the white cannot feel. On the other hand, the white has the great opportunity to raise up, strengthen and civilize the weaker race, thus making itself better and stronger.

In nineteen hundred and thirteen a most un-Christian law

was enacted in the State of Florida, which prevented the white teachers from teaching in the negro schools, and thus depressed the negro race, which greatly needs our encouragement and aid. This law endangered those that might have had a call to missionary work. If the States and nation would pass laws in favor of uplifting and enlightening our disadvantaged race; how glad the individuals would be to lend a helping hand.

Our pleasure will not end in helping a disadvantaged race but will grow at the sight of it in turn helping the less fortunate of its own.

DOLLYE BROCKMAN, '18.

Rags and Tatters

TO A FERN.

By the cool massy depths of a spring
Grew a fern, such a beautiful thing
So dainty and graceful it grew
Of a soft and vendant hue.

'Twas more lovely each day but perished at last
'Neath the cold of winter's chilling blast,
Each year it grows at the Spring's return
Just a slender, graceful, beautiful fern.

IRENE ERWIN, '19.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN UNCLASSIFIED MAN AND G. W. C. GIRL.

It was to be my first reception at G. W. C. All day long I had been making up speeches and planning with infinite care just how I should open the attack on my companion, who ever he might be. With Furman boys I was going to discuss the flag that I was to help make and with the soldiers I had finally decided to begin on their prospects of leaving for France.

Everybody, I mean the girls, were in a flutter of excitement, but I felt strangely calm. Hadn't I planned from beginning to end the conversations that I was to share in.

Oh! here they come. We all lined up to receive a man in turn as he came down the receiving line. Two soldiers, a Furman boy; five soldiers and then—alas! what was he? I saw I was doomed to get him and so tried to put some one else in my place, but she saw my game. I was in a trance

when the introduction took place. His name came from none of the Furman catalogues that I had studied and of course he was not from camp as he was not in uniform.

He must have seen my confusion. Anyway he took advantage of me, beginning conversation with this:

"Ah, a Freshman, I suppose, Ah—But where are your pigtails?"

I then decided to carry through the game.

"Pigtails," I said. "Oh, yes, I left them upstairs. Did you want to see them?"

"No, no thank you," he replied in haste. "I only thought that Freshman always wore them."

"Well you see we wear them only when we wear our uniforms."

"Uniform? What is that? I thought that only policemen and soldiers wore them."

"Uniforms shall be worn to church or wherever the students attend in a body," I said quoting from the rules that I had copied from the wall, the second day I came. They had taken two hours to copy and five hours to memorize and I had to get up at three o'clock in order to do the task. "Uniforms are suits," I explained, "blue suits or black suits and caps made of cardboard with strings hanging off the left (?) side."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I see those things sometimes on Sunday. You take up the whole street when you wear them and won't let any body pass. One day I was going to Spartanburg and a line of your uniforms blocked the street and made me miss my train."

"Well that was too bad," I said trying to sympathize with him.

"Bad, what's bad? Spartanburg? Sure is. Why Greenville has 43,000 people, 80 per cent of them white. It is remarkable for health and climate. The average temperature for 12 months is 59.0. It is said to be the most sanitary city in America. In the last 8 months there has been no typhoid of local origin."

What was this creature beside me? On and on he rambled.

I was tired—nay bored, for he gave me no chance to chime in. Finally I decided to resort to strategy and adopted some of Mark Twain for the purpose.

as he was bragging of the good character of the sewerage and water-works, I began chanting very low
“Punch, brother, punch, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenger.”

He answered, “There are eighteen miles of asphalt pavement and 80 miles of concrete sidewalk in corporate limits.”

So I said a little louder, “Punch, brother punch with care; punch in the presence of the passenger.”

We were now talking in concert, he saying, “Nine thousand dollars is being spent for permanent roads.” Louder and faster I went, repeating again and again, “Punch, brother, punch, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenger. Punch, brother punch—”

At the end of this “punch” something stopped me, I was being introduced to a uniform. I saw my unclassifiable friend floating away on the arm of my room-mate and I could hear him still talking about Greenville roads.

Peace and happiness came with this introduction even if I forget to ask him when he thought he would have to leave for France.

VIRGINIA QUICK, '19.

TAGORE.

We enjoy studying Tagore, for his works are typical of all Oriental teachings. He opens up to us the beliefs and customs of the East. We read these stores wondering at what they contain, and yet recognizing that the flow of human hopes and desires is the same in them as it is in our stories.

When I think of Tagore I think first of his style. It seems that in a few words full of meaning, he brings you into the depths of the story. You begin to feel and see as he does. Perhaps one reason why he is able to do this is on account of his power in suggestive description. In most beautiful words

and phrases he pours out to us wonderfully impressive descriptions.

In considering the plot value of Tagore's stories, we find his only faults and yet that is hardly a fault either for his motives are so big and broad that he cannot follow the set rules of developing a plot and plot interest. In his stories of Oriental life, he uses the purest form of narration.

On the whole his words are so different from any of our own American writers that perhaps we do not fully appreciate their value. And yet there is something in them, the tone perhaps, that makes us all thoroughly enjoy reading them.

MARY ANDERSON, '19.

ALL IS VANITY.

"Yes," Mr. Dixon said, addressing his dog Zip, "I have stayed single long enough. I must get me a nice little wife who will take care of me and my house, Eh, Zip?" The dog in answer to his master's question stretched himself before the fire.

"I wish I could find such a girl," the man went on, "I know there must be plenty of them but they are always looking for some handsome young man or some rich old man. Well, come along Zip, lets take our walk."

Side by side the man and dog left their warmn bachelor den, and hurried out into the cold crisp air. On and on they walked until they came into a strange part of the town. Suddenly as they turned a corner they saw smoke and a great crowd of people.

"A fire Zip—come on" cried the man beginning to run. "What building is it?" he excitedly asked of a spectator.

"A department store" cried the spectator, "And Miss Anne hasn't come down from 3rd floor yet. Oh, my pretty golden-haired Miss Anne," she moaned wringing her hands.

"Why not rescue this girl and then perhaps she will marry you out of gratitude" whispered a small voice in him.

"Yes, I will rescue her," Mr. Dixon told himself, "here is my opportunity to find my wife."

So after a time he finally succeeded in getting past the firemen. Into the burning store he rushed—blindly he groped his way up the long flight of steps until he came to a large open room, Ah, this must be the place!

He stumbled upon something soft and fluffy, and opening his eyes for a few seconds he caught a glimpse of a golden haired girl standing with her face toward the wall.

"This must be the girl." He strangled as he caught her up and stumblingly started down the stairs. "Poor little girl she is scared stiff."

Gracious how could he ever get out again in all this heat and smoke. Half suffocated and trembling from excitement, Mr. Dixon stumbled out into the air. Some one steadied him and relieved him of his light burden.

"Will the girl revive," he asked tensely.

"My heavens, man, this is no girl" cried the man who stood near him.

"No what—gasped Mr. Dixon, opening his eyes for the first time since he had left the burning building.

"Why it's a dummy you've rescued, old top," explained the man.

"A dummy—my Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Dixon and sank back in a faint.

ELIZABETH WHITE, '20.

EXERCISE.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life." Health means everything to us. We want to keep healthy because through health we are free. It is not only hard for a sick person to get along with himself but it is hard for him to get along with other people. He has to cater to his feelings. If he had only realized in the beginning how important it was to keep physically strong, it would have added much to his happiness and to the happiness of those around him.

God gave us the power of moving around just as all nature is able to move. Are not the colors in the sunset forever changing, forever forming new combinations? Do not the

trees and the flowers grow? Do not the stars and planets move? He gave us this power and He means us to use it. And to make us use it He made it necessary for our health that we do so. Things not used become rusty and unfit for use. If we let a gun stay in the cover too long unused it soon gets rusty. So it is with our bodies. With no exercise our mind becomes inactive and our body becomes stiff. We should give ourselves physical, mental, and spiritual exercise. If we do not our bodies will go to ruin.

We should exercise regularly and moderately. To walk a mile one day, stay at home the next, and walk around the block the next is almost as useless as no exercise at all. It should be as regular as our meals. Just as variation from the regularity of eating gives us indigestion, so variation from the regularity of exercising makes us lazy. To walk ten miles one day and twenty the next will do us as much harm as eating too much. But by spending an hour or two each day in skating, riding horse-back, basket-ball, or tennis you will soon notice a great change in yourself. You will find study much easier and quicker. You will get rid of that tired feeling. You will develop a much happier disposition.

Now since all living things move it is necessary for us to move. Without motion we become rusty. With regular and moderate motion we become healthier, brighter and happier. Therefore exercise should be a vital part of our life.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

A STRONG MAN'S WEAKNESS.

It was on one of those hot, sultry days in midsummer, when folk's thoughts tried to dwell on the worst part of their life lot.

Mr. Powe was called from his paper by Mrs. Powe's renewal of their worst worry. "David, do you not feel that we are sacrificing the welfare of our daughter for wealth?"

The man sat up in his chair and removed his glasses before he spoke. "Here's the situation, Madge. If I remain here at the mill business, I stand some chance of making money,

while if I don't remain, there's no telling what might become of us. Although Christine does associate with Dick, he's a pretty good kind of little chap. Perhaps in the end it will come out all right. Poverty doesn't always signify wickedness."

Cries were heard from the next room. The man and woman rushed to the place from whence the cries had come. In one corner of the room Dick and Christine were cuddled down, weeping on each other's shoulders because of fright.

Oaths as coarse as those used at Versailles so many years ago echoed thru the walls of the wealthy mill owner's home. The inmates stared at each other, their faces as white as the scarfs on the rich mahogoney furnishings.

The little boy, who had been cuddled snugly in the corner, jumped to his feet. He had caught a familiar note in spite of the unearthly noises without. He stood more erect. Again he heard it, "Men, it's higher wages we're out for and we'll have 'um!"

"Yes, of course it is my Dad's voice," shouted Dick.

A spark of hope showed in the faces of each of the Powe parents.

Dick with determination, if a youngster as young as he could possess such a thing, trotted out of the room, up the winding stairs and located himself on the upstairs porch, where unseen he could overlook the entire performance of the mob below.

He folded his chubby little arms on the banister, thus forming a comfortable rest for his chin.

There was a new, shrill voice in the air, "Daddy, Daddy, make them men git off of Christine's flower garden."

The biggest of the strong men in the mob dropped his head and like an injured bird walked off down the big road toward the mill. The mob was without a leader.

PHOEBE OSWALD, '18.

The Isaqueena

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Editorial

THE FLAG.

This is a time when new claims are made on us for our country every day, and justly. In the midst of all this tumult let us remember that patriotism like charity begins at home.

We G. W. C. girls have an excellant chance to begin at home or next door I should say, by responding to the request from the Furman boys that we make a flag and present it to their best-drilled company at Xmas. All of us heard their Captain present the proposition, showing the eternal Masculine

it is true, by mixing in a goodly portion of sentiment, but showing us the practical part of the scheme also.

All authorities tell us that men who are trained, thus making themselves physically fit as well as skilful, stand a much greater chance of returning from France, than, for instance, Kitchiners first brave one hundred thousand. That is why nearly all Men's Colleges are adding Military training to their Curriculins. It is true, we girls can not get out and "do our bit" drilling (though some speak, not ill of our military streets last May Day). But we feel that it is our duty as well as privilege to encourage our "fellow men" as much as possible.

So we, the girls of G. W. C., are making a flag to be given to the company at Furman that is the best drilled by Xmas. This is certainly a great excitement in school as most every girl has a friend in one of the companies and of course each girl wants her friend to do his bit under the flag she helped to make. So I fear these unfortunate friends of ours at Furman are faring ill in an unusually arderous grilling process resulting from oft-repeated boosts from us to stimulate them to do their best and win the flag.

We offer them slight comfort, however, in the fact that Xmas is only a short time off and we expect to present the flag as a sort of Xmas gift to the winning company. So drill boys, drill, for this is the only way to find relief. And maybe there will be "rest for the weary" after Xmas if G. W. C. girls don't think of something else to do to you.

THE S. C. C. P. A.

The College Press Association was unusually favored this year in having on its program Mr. S. S. M'Clure, the founder of the first College Press Association. Though he says he was its first and last president, you see his efforts were not in vain. It was not until I heard what Mr. M'Clure had to say to us that I fully realized the worth of a College Magazine and the value of a C. P. A., to those connected

Exchange

In reading the Exchanges for the past month we are struck with their general patriotic tone. Each one is permeated with the true spirit, of the Red, White and Blue. In *The Collegian* from the Presbyterian College of Clinton especially is this true. Out of the six contributions in the Literary Department four are distinctly American in subject and ideals. The most worthy of note is "Somewhere in France," a poem in which is expressed the joy which comes from the suffering of a father's heart, who has given his son to the cause of right. Really good poems are rare in a College Magazine. We would advise the author to develop his possibilities.

The Wofford College Journal is decidedly war-like in character. Out of the nine contributions in the Literary Department six relate to our Great National Crisis. Each one is good and shows just how seriously our College folks are thinking.

In reading the *Limestone Star* we find that the young ladies of that worthy College are not merely thinking on American ideals and actions, but are up and doing. The College Life Editor tell us that Limestone College bought \$1,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in the second great Drive. This money was raised by pledges from the Literary Societies and the different classes. We see also that the students of Limestone have aligned themselves with the Cornbread-Eaters. We commend your loyal spirit. More like you will shorten the war.

We acknowledge the following Exchanges: The Orion, Anderson College; The Winthrop Journal; The Woman's College Journal of Due West; The State Normal Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.; The Evothesian of Lander College; The College Message, Greensboro College for Women; The Newberry Stylus; The Limestone Star; The Furman Echo; The Collegian from P. C.; The Wofford College Journal; The Collins Magazine; The High School Life; Effingham Illinois; The Clemson Chronicle; The Concept, Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

College Shadows

STUDENT'S FRIENDSHIP WAR FUND CAMPAIGN.

Since the day of Nero Christian has been thought of as slightly mad. Only a Christian enterprise would dare call on our students to give money for actual use among our legal enemies—for the prison-camp funds are for German prisoners as well as well as for Allies. A million dollars to be raised by the students of United States before Christmas is really not such a stupendous task. Students ask "has the Young Woman's Christian Association the right to want us to sacrifice our pleasures?" On the other hand students, you must face the question, "Are you willing to have pleasures when millions are dying by the hour, for lack of food, clothing, protection, and aid?" Stop and think about the brother, father or friend who is now very comfortable in a camp in America. Some night before long he will disappear. Perhaps it will be months before you hear from him, and he is "Somewhere in France." Do you know conditions in France? Have you realized that the Allies have lost more men thru neglect than by the enemy? Our men are going to face these same conditions, and unless we help them they too will not be able to win. Girls, are you willing to have pleasures—receptions, dresses, feasts, trifles of all kind that the College girl thinks she must have, and know that while you are having them, somebody's brother is starving, freezing, dying?

Fifty per cent of the million dollars we give goes to the work administered by the war work council of the Y. M. C. A., for the prisoners of war in Europe. In Germany, and in France there are so many prisoners that a very small space can be given each man. In many cases the spaces are so

small, that the poor suffocating prisoners are killing each other to get a little air. They stand day in and day out with nothing to do, nothing to think of but to brood over their awful conditions, and they are going insane. The Y. M. C. A. is reaching these men. In nearly every prison camp pianos, victrolas, magazines, movies and other forms of amusements are brought. Classes are held for those who wish to learn, and the men are kept occupied, so they forget their dire conditions.

Ten per cent of the million dollars is given for the emergency needs of the World's Student Christian Federation, of which we are a part. This is the only international band in existence. Y. M. C. A. men from American are the only ones in the world who are allowed to pass thru the German lines.

The remaining twenty per cent goes to the War Work Councils of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Ten per cent will be given to the thirty-five million dollar fund being raised by the Y. M. C. A. and the other ten per cent to the four million dollar fund being raised by the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A.

We set our standard at three thousand dollars. We raised one thousand. Are we going to stop here? Girls, face the question squarely, what are you going to do? The motto of the campaign is "Give until it Hurts." Are you willing to do this for the men who are giving their lives that this world may be a safe place for you?

Every part of the world seems calling, silently or openly, for help from the Good Neighbor, America. The question is asked, how are we going to do it—the answer is in the legend of the return of Christ to heaven and Gabriel's question, "what method did you leave for the kingdom of God to come on earth?" "I left it with my friends," was the quiet answer.

"But suppose they should fail? What other plan have you then?"

"I have no other plan.

"DEMOCRACY IS IN DANGER!"

With such stirring words as these the Honorable Francis Neilson, sought to stimulate the patriotism of those present at the Colonial Theatre on the night of November the sixth. Hon. Francis Neilson, at the first attraction of this season's Lyceum, spoke to a large audience whose patriotism needed little stimulation. Sir Francis showed the relations of President Wilson and the United States in this World War. He remarked that when he first read President Wilson's statement that democracy was in danger he was astonished to think that so wise a man was just coming to that conclusion. But on reading further he realized that our president means that the principles of democracy were in danger, which, of course, is quite another matter. Sir Francis emphasized the fact that America was the first country to enter war with a clean slate. He reviewed, briefly, but effectively, the history of England, especially those times when the freedom of the kingdom was in danger. He called attention to the fact that England had never *gained* freedom; she started with it, and she apparently intends to end with it.

He classes the idea that women were inferior to men as the merest, narrowest nonsense. He mentioned the equal rights of men and women in the old days before the Witanagemot; he recalled Edward I who re-established English rights. He assured us that the commons and not the barons forced the Magna Charta from John. In a brief review of the epochs of English history he enforced the idea that each struggle was simply an insistence on holding fast to that which had been found good.

"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance," and Sir Francis made it very plain that the English speaking people were willing to pay the price now, as they always have been. The Revolution, he informed us, was the most English act we ever committed. An Englishman, and he included Americans in the term, never asks for new laws, only a reaffirmation of the old. Sir Francis said: "If it is a war to save democracy it must be the last war," but he evidently does not think it is

the last war. He said that a shaken cup of coffee was a stable thing compared to conditions in Europe today. Sir Francis mentioned Alsace and Lorraine, but he refused to discuss them, for it was a mere question of going from the hands of France to Germany, from Germany to France, until, to quote directly, "By Hector, we'll get back to Adam and Even directly."

The emotions and ideals of Hon. Neilson's audience were stirred by his references to the pathos of small nations, of Alsace-Lorraine, of Poland: the Poland which literature has immortalized, the vandalism and greed have sought to exploit and blot from the map of Europe. Many an English Tommy would die glad to do his bit if only in freeing that blood-drenched Poland from that Huns' shadow—a Parisian Prince.

"The settlement must not be on national lines, for all treaties on national lines have been disastrous." America, the only power to come to the Green Cloth with no axe to grind, will send to that settlement the highest product of Democracy—President Wilson. He alone of all the diplomats will have no interest in changing boundary lines, other than to insist, as the Seer of Democracy: "Restore the old." Hon. Neilson gave vent to his surprise, rather vehemently, that Wilson's message to Congress, which was as the word and essence of Democracy itself, and provoked comparatively no thoughtful discussion in the leading literary organs in America.

Hon. Neilson's closing words, projecting upon the minds of his audience, the possibility, nay, probability, of a United State of Europe, rang like those of a prophet. Language and Kings an obstacle? What did the spirit of '76 with "King?" what of the language of this "Melting-Pot?"

The lecture, in giving the College students of Greenville, the thoughtful conclusions of a man of affairs, a former member of the British Parliament, a student of Democracy, and in voicing the vague ideas of the audience, was peculiarly fitting at this time. The Lyceum Association could not have had any opening number more pertinent to the agitations and surmises in every mind of a democratic people.

MARY SEYLE, '21.

"CHRISTINE MILLER'S RECITAL."

To the music lovers among us, the coming of Christine Miller on the evening of Nov. 14, as the second attraction of the Lyseum Association, was an event long looked forward to. Miss Miller is an American singer who has made good thru sheer merit and hard work, and we were interested in her, not only as a singer, but as a woman who has forged her own way to the top. Miss Miller possesses a mezzo-contralto voice of pleasing quality, which she uses with skill and always as an instrument of interpretation, making it a means to an end. She presented a program of modern songs, which was in itself an interesting model of program building, giving her, as it did, a wide scope to show herself a master of the art of interpretation. The opening group was a cycle of four English songs written in the olden style, composing an air, a carol, a cradle hymn, a ballad, and given with great simplicity of expression. A group of three beautiful Persian songs followed, expressing greater complexity of emotion. No better example of impressionistic music could be found than the group of the French songs selected, the exquisite musical settings giving real atmosphere. Tho an American, Miss Miller was born in Scotland, and understands the Scotch accent, which made her rendition of three Scotch songs delightful and very popular with her audience. Nothing could have been more stirring than Miss Miller's singing of the Marsell air and the Battle Hymn of the Republic as encores. The latter was both beautiful and terrible in its appeal, thrilling one to the very core. Into these she poured the whole fire of her patriotic zeal. As a closing number, the entire audience rose and joined Miss Miller in the singing of our national anthem, thus giving a further touch of patriotism to an evening of real musical pleasure. Miss Kathrine Pike as accompanist gave splendid support to the singer, and added much to the success of the evening.

On the evening of November twelfth, the Senior Class of the College entertained for the Juniors, by a reception. Amid chrysanthemums and Japanese lanterns we felt our-

selves in "old Japan." Punch was served to us by Japanese maidens, from a bower of flowers. The introduction committee kept busy, so no one left their impression on the wall for too long a time. The bell rang and the lights were flickered but still we were loath to part with our friends from town and camps. It was the largest reception held "within the history of the College" and surely one of the most beautiful and most delightful.

WE ALL WANT TO KNOW—

If the Golds now believe that the G. W. C. has a real Blue basket-ball team.

Ditto the Blues.

If Gertrude Thompson finds the road to Greer better on Saturday afternoon than on Tuesday morning.

If the Senior-Junior reception caused the heavy mail the following week.

If Frances Turner and Dorothy Starbuck would give private lessons in the art of coiffure making.

Caroline Easley wishing to impart some knowledge gained in English B., upon hearing a familiar quotation turned to Katherine Easley and said: "That was Mrs. Browning."

K. E. "Where?"

Once again the Greenville Woman's College has something entirely new to record in its annals of history. On the morning of November the fifteenth a small fire was discovered in one of the girl's rooms. The alarm was given, and the whole department responded. All classes were suspended for the time, so the campus was swarming with the girls, who watched the valient firemen in their work. Soon a suit-case came flying out of the window. Other articles followed, which were too charred to be identified. By the use of chemicals the fire was soon out and within a half hour we were again in classes in person but not in thought.

Miss Eudora Ramsay has returned from New York where she assisted in the work of the Equal Suffrage Campaign, which was so successful. We had the pleasure of hearing a wee bit of this campaign, in chapel one day, from Miss Ramsay. She is a delightful speaker and won her audience from the beginning.

The next morning we read in the paper:

Dr. D. M. Ramsay and Mrs. Ramsay announce the engagement of their daughter Eudora Woolfolk to Fitzhugh Briggs Richardson, of Virginia. The wedding will take place some time in December.

The student body offers their congratulations to the daughter of our president.

GRINS.

"Mutt" Carpening—One good thing about me is that I always learn from my mistakes.

Miss Kalberer, German Professor—Goodness! Miss Carpening, what a fund of information you must have.

Mildred Hill, seeing the Interurban cars—Where in the world is the engine?

Louise Hoyt, child of verdant hues, informs Robbie Cohn that she really believes there is more than one street car in Greenville.

Phebe Oswald—I wonder why this article is numbered II?

Miss Felt, Sociology Professor—Because there was a preceding one.

Question. How much would you be worth if you lost all your money?

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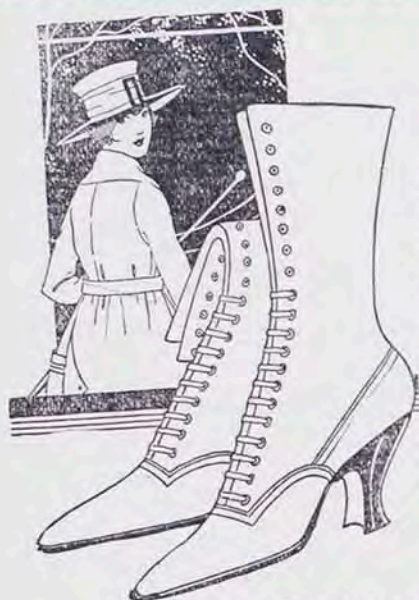
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The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than any other college save one.

The work of the College is strongly endorsed at home and abroad. For many years the number of boarding students has been limited by the capacity of the dormitories, and the annual income from college fees for local students alone is equal to the income of the endowment of any college in the State, which enables the College to give the best education at reasonable prices.

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

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is 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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