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The Isaqueena - 1918, February

Ruth Scott
Greenville Woman's College

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WINTER.

EVERYTHING is still as death,
You scarcely dare to breathe
For fear of waking mother earth,
In her white blanket snugly sheathed

She’s cuddled down for her winter’s nap.
The sentinel trees in their furry coats
Little heed the breezes chilling notes
Detailed by winter to awake the earth.

The smoke curls down and teases, too,
Or lovers close with soft caress,
With vain hopes of a great success.
Heed them not, sentinels: They’re mischief bent.

But when the sun o’er the horizon peeps,
Beware, old tree! With his sunshine host,
He’ll wake mother earth from her slumbers deep,
And rob you of your post.

RUTH B. SCOTT, '18.
THE ISAQUEENA

DUNOVANT.

The mothly crowd as usual had gathered to await the election. The politician running for the office of Mayor walking restlessly up and down addressed in an aggressively low voice an attendant.

“What sort of fellow did you say is Dunovant?” A queerly dressed man in the corner turned his head slightly.

“Hard to manage sir; made a raid on Bloom’s den and locked up a few in spite of his instructions.” The attendant answered.

“He has a pull some where; hasn’t he a past?”

“None sir, clean straight through.

“There must be a girl or something, get me the dope wont you?”

To the side sat a woman, old, faded, poorly clad, worn-out with life, answering in monosyllables the incessant chatter of a young girl.

“If he’s elected we can get married real soon. Then you wont worry and work and more, will you ’Miz’ Dunovant?

“I can’t work, the rheumatiz in my han’ is worse. If he don’t be elected we can make out on less.”

“Oh he’s such a fine man they just have to see that he must be elected. There aint no man in the bunch that’s surer to be elected.” The mother proud yet world wise looked pityingly at the naive child and smiled a smile at once pleased and cynical.

At this moment a well dressed young man of the city walked in and imperceptibly and instinctively cast a glance around the room. He appraised each occupant and approximated the wealth carried by each, his glance remaining longer on the politician of prosperous appearance.

“Five minutes before time to start. Do you suppose Dunovant will be elected?” he asked anxiously.
The unobtrusive man in the corner was on the alert. He knew 'Slick Steve,' having once been relieved of his jewelry by him. He never forgot and now 'Steve' preferred to have Dunovant left off the force. He preferred the same thing for the man had been too conscientious. 'Slick Steve' continued.

"Really you know, he isn't the man for the job at all. He sees too much.

You can't have a good officer out of a man who sees everything."

Queer Bill, the quiet one, lifted his eyebrows expressively to his reflection in the corner window.

From a groupe of carousing boys a leader in the fun stepped suddenly and spoke in admiring tones.

"He has keen eyes alright; I always said that Dun oughta be a regular detective. He hates mean things too he oughta been a preacher."

The old woman smiled cynically; the young girl proudly, the politician wisely, 'Slick Steve' appreciatively saying:

"Yes he is a goody-goody all right."

"But he isn't a goody-goody," the girl was up in his defense immediately.

"Then what is he?"

"He is the finest man I know."

"There! Didn't I say that?"

The leader in the fun among the carousing boys came to the aid of the girl.

"He's mighty fine all right, Emily."

Here the queer man in the quiet corner frowned, Why did so many people like him?

A stout, motherly woman broke in here:

"Mike says Dunovant will be put in. Mike says the force won't work without him, they all will resign if he ain't elected; ever since the boy saved the boss' child from the cow it can't be any other way."
"Who is the boss any how?" here the queer man in the corner spoke for the first time.

"The boss is Queer Bill. Don’t you know Queer Bill?"

"No, what does he look like? what does he do?"

"Uh—he looks like—Uh—he has a bald head and he is fat—. What does he look like?" The motherly woman now turned on the crowd. There were frowns of annoyance for everybody knew Queer Bill and he was just it in city politics.

"Surely you know him. What does he look like?" This question was asked of the young girl.

"Queer Bill? Why he’s tall and wears pink ribbon on his walking cane and has a hooked nose."

The old woman beside her contradicted her sharply.

"No. He is a tiny little man and chews tobacco."

"I tell you he is an ugly man and is as stingy as a toad. He never wears any jewelry and puts small change in an inner pocket."

‘Slick Steve’ corrected hastily.

The quiet man laughed.

There seems to be some difference of opinion; now what am I to believe? What makes Mr. Bill so queer?

"He does awfully queer things; he didn’t even thank Dunny for saving his baby."

Emily’s condemning voice answered.

"Whose baby?" The quiet man demanded.

"Queer Bill’s little baby girl. She was only a wee-thing and dressed in ‘mama’s’ hat and purse had wondered down street to find her ‘Dada.’ Of course she got on the car line just in front of the car——"

Emily’s voice trailed off as the spokesman for the carousing boys broke in hurriedly.

"And Dunny jumped and grabbed her off just as the car knocked his heel off the rail."

"He found the name in the purse and took the child back to the nurse." Emily finished.
"I wonder!" ejaculated the man in the corner thinking rapidly.

"Yes he did too" reassured Emily.
"Why didn't the nurse tell?"
"She must have been afraid" Emily guessed.
"But you can't tell, Bill is so queer." The motherly woman surmised wisely.
"I doubt if it was worth noticing, such things occur so often with policemen. Young Dunovant must have over rated the importance of the incident while relating it." The queer man in the corner concluded.
"He never told me," Emily hotly denied.
"I saw it and told everybody" claimed the young friend among the carousing group proudly.
"Are you sure he didn't go to Queer Bill and ask for a reward?" teased the politician.
"No!" exclaimed the old woman sharply.
"We don't ask for our honors we win them honestly." Her lips told of her contempt.
"Oh well now," soothed Slick Steve.
"There's none finer in the world I'm sure but he is not the en for the job. He knows too much."
"Are you acquainted with him?" inquired the quiet man of the corner.
"Surest thing you know, I am personally known to the gentleman." Was Slick Steve's hearty reply.
"Here it is one minute past eight, I've a date for this hour. Will see you later perhaps and I hope Dunovant will be elected." The quiet man departed chuckling.
"Who was that?" the motherly woman asked of the crowd. Everybody was amazed.
"I don't know but he did awfully queer." The politician voiced the thoughts of the crowd, which nodded assent.
While waiting they never knew just what was happening in the inner count.
"I move that all the old force be reelected with the exception
that Dunovant be promoted Chief of Police." Queer Bill
glared meaningly at Struthers.
"Second the Motion," obeyed the dumbfounded Struthers.
He was positive that Queer Bill had been objecting to
Dunovant. But nobody could just tell what Queer Bill would
do next. Of course it was carried no one dared question or
object to his plans for Queer Bill was queer and the mightiest
man in the city.

Leora Perry, '19.
A VISIT TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Ah! why can't I concentrate my mind on this eighth book of Paradise Lost. I had read and read and when I stopped I realized I hadn't heard one word Milton was saying. I was merely swayed along by the music of his verse, and no consciousness of his meaning had come to me.

The song of the birds, the spring foliage of the trees, the calm serene river were too much; I could stand the four walls no longer. I picked up my book, and stole softly past the library door to avoid the well-known words of father, "Mary have you prepared your work on Milton for tonight?" Now Father just doted on Milton and I knew he would ask me a thousand and one questions concerning that book that had been assigned to me for special study. So I really did intend getting that book down "pat," as my little brother expressed things.

Reaching the river bank I sat down and began reading and concentrating in earnest. Suddenly I heard a splash and I felt myself falling, falling until at last I reached a beautiful garden, so beautiful I wouldn't dare try to describe it. Some where I could hear the low murmur of words and I decided to try to discover who were talking. Moving along among the large beautiful trees I discovered two men in earnest colloquy. I at once decided to be an angel. The other was just a big handsome man a little more handsome than the men you meet in every day life. I slipped behind a tree and decided to throw conscience to the winds, and eavesdrop. The man was telling the angel how God had made woman from one of his ribs. He became more and more enthusiastic as he talked of this companion. He described her beauty and unusual grace of manner. He became more eloquent as he talked of how even nature herself gave signs of gratulations at her creation.

Not far away under a little tower I saw a woman, so beau-
tiful that I could hardly believe she was a woman. Then the thought came to my mind that this was Eve and that I was really in “The Garden of Eden,” and that the big handsome man was Adam. Oh! how happy I thought she must feel to be loved by such a man, but listen! What is that Adam is saying to the Angel: “Ah!” he says, “you know, Her mind is the inferior but her loveliness is so great she seems wise, and sometime in her presence all higher knowledge falls.”

The Angel didn’t seem to like these last statements of Adam. He replied with a contracted brow, “Yes I know she is worthy of your honor and cherishing but not your subjection. Now don’t you ever let her think she has any power over you, if you do think so. You just see if she doesn’t see you in your weakest mood, and get what she wants.

Adam seemed a little abashed at this speech. He said “ah; we are both as one. We love each other and you said that love led up to heaven. Adam finally turned the conversation from his acknowledged short coming by asking what were the relations in heaven. The angel smiled and said, “Ah! now be satisfied just to know that we are happy there.”

The angel seeing the setting sun prepared to leave. The angels tells him to be happy in love, but first of all to obey the great God of all. He tells him to stand fast and that to stand or fall is left to his own free will. Adam thanked him for what he told him and asked him to return often. Then they parted, the Angel up to heaven and Adam to his bower.

Suddenly I found myself again on the river bank. I felt for Father’s precious edition of “Paradise Lost” with marks and comments here and there; but where was it! I remembered the splash!

SALLIE MAE WISE.
THE CATASTROPHE IN PARADISE LOST.

The author says in the introduction that unless he has pure inspiration he is going to fail. That he succeeded is shown by a study of the book. This superior excellence of the work has been waning, especially in the preceding book, but in this book he revives enthusiasm and does unusually well; in fact this part almost equals the first two books. This contains the story of Adam's and Eve's downfall; the setting before the event, the temptation, and the result of the temptation.

Milton has wonderfully described the scene before the catastrophe. Ominous quiet prevails; it is the exquisite calm before the storm. Even nature carries out the idea. The thick heavy masses of flowers are dropping. "Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, the gay carnation purple, azure, or speckled with gold hung drooping unsustained." The still, warm air does not move an atom. "Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm." Nothing seems to be stirring, and yet the whole is fraught with meaning. This artistic contrast further adds to the suspense.

And into this expectant scene comes Eve veiled in a cloud of fragrance," but nevertheless utterly unconscious of her loveliness. Creeping thru the underbrush and in a crooked path comes the vile, wily serpent who addresses the mother of man as a "celestial beauty, the resplendent Eve." With this subtle introduction to draw her attention the tempter begins his case, when Eve expresses her astonishment that he, a beast, can talk. He answers her question by giving first a most alluring word picture of the savory odor, beauty of color and form, and lusciousness of a certain fruit in the garden and ends his devious argument by describing to her the change that had taken place in himself after eating of the fruit. An alteration in reason was the first mutation. He could think of things high and deep, visible in heaven and earth. But he
does not mention hell, his home: Then the power of speech came to him. The whole tactful persuasion is ended with the very disagreeable, but to Eve perhaps a very agreeable, flattering appreciation of her beauty. She, still amazed and unwary, replies that she is desirous of the fruit, because he has overpraised it; however, she is willing to give him a chance to prove it.

When she sees the tree, she says she must not eat, but she looks at it longingly. "Ye shall not die," this wicked angel murmurs to her. He says that he ate and did not die. Life would be happier since good and evil would be known, and sin could thus be shunned more easily. "I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods. So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off human, to put on Gods," is still another of his arguments. "God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just;" God is jealous and wants to keep you ignorant and inferior, so you will worship him. Eve now hesitates. She soliloquizes weighing each link of Satan's logic and trying to convince herself. His suggestions seem all right and his reasons plausible. Her decision is made. She reached forth a rash hand, plucked, and ate. The awful event has happened. Sin has partly conquered. The pathetic fallacy increases the terribleness, "Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat, sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe that all was lost."

But the catastrophe is not complete. Adam has not sinned, and according to Milton he is the superior. Nor has Eve forgotten him, their previous conversation, and his warning. Slowly and with reluctant feet she turns to meet him. With many bland words and exaggerations but with a guilty countenance, like some child who had done wrong, she talks to him. She tells her story and uses four of the reasons that Satan gave, but she also adds that if he does not eat they will be separated and all the pleasure will be taken out of her bliss. They are equal in love, why not in joy? Poor Adam! he is amazed and horrified. His fresh, joyous hopes and pleasures are shattered just as the garland of fresh, dewy roses drop
faded and shattered. He probably doesn't agree with what Eve has recounted (according to Milton's interpretation), but her last words are efficacious. Then, too, would Eve not be superior to him? Would she be subjective to him now? He doesn't want to be separated. Thus Adam knowing it was wrong and struggling more doubtlessly than his wife did eat, rather than be parted. Again nature shows her sympathy, "Earth trembled from her entrails, as again in pangs, and Nature gave a second groam; sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops wept at completing of the mortal sin original." The unalterable is now done, and the catastrophe is complete. It is tragedy. Eve was won thru vanity. She struggled, but not as much as Adam. He knew that it was wrong and was not convinced, but he could not endure the possible fact that Eve might become the superior. His pride and desire for mastery conquered him.

Then came the inevitable and natural consequences of this deed. The sweet had become bitter, and their joy had turned into ashes. Anger, hate, mistrust, suspicion, and discord had made their entrance. Instead of a calm, peaceful spirit everything was in a turmoil. Adam now began to accuse and blame his mate; to her he makes a very different speech from any of his previous conversations. On her he puts the blame. Each condemns the other but never himself. They at least realize to a slight extent that something terrible has happened, and they are very bitter, however, they are too close to the tragedy yet to judge. These two are confused, (everything is tawdry) and in this situation Milton leaves the first parents of the race in the ninth book.

Vera Torrence, '18.
MOSES' ACCOUNT OF CREATION, VERSUS MILTON'S.

In something over six hundred words Moses has given us the story of the Creation of the World. Milton has given it to us in something over forty-eight hundred. Now there are advantages to be gained by the use of six hundred words and there are advantages to be gained by the use of forty-eight hundred. With six hundred words a perfect poem has been made, in the first Chapter of the book of Genesis. Neither too much nor too little has been said. Moses has realized that no man can decide adequately the bigness and grandeur of the Creation. He has avoided any concrete visualization of things sublime and this very avoidance has strengthened our sense of mystery and awe of the sublime, which since Milton on the other hand by his insistence upon bringing all things before our very eyes almost destroys at times. Some one has said that a play of Sophocles has the beauty and unity of a Greek column and that the beauty and unity of an oak tree characterize a play of Shakespeare's. The comparisons are applicable here. The bareness, uprightness, and sheer grace of strength of a Greek column belong most certainly to the work of that poet who could set before us the mystery of eternity and the awfulness of Chaos, and place just within the reach of our imagination all the wonder of God and Time, before the world was, by the simple words, "In the beginning, God." There is something almost ominous about them.

Moses has left much to our imagination. There is no attempt to describe the spectacular; perhaps its greatness as a poem is added to by what is left unsaid. The very words themselves, just in the beauty and dignity of the sound of them give us a feeling of the awe of it all. That beautiful line that closes each stanza, "And the evening and the morning were the first day." Or second, as the case may be, this
line of itself alone gives an effect of perfection and the sense that nothing need or can be said as to the rightness and goodness of the work of the Creator.

Brave must have been that soul that would attempt to do a thing already so well done, but Milton was equal to the occasion and seems to have set his heart upon the advantages of forty-eight hundred words the unity of the oak tree, the power to be gained by picturing the spectacular and the beauty of the poetry of elaborate descriptions. Moses has given us a powerfully suggestive description of what was before the world came into being when he says, "and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep," but Milton has gone farther and has attempted to visualize it—the result is magnificent description—the words are full of sight and sound and meaning. He tells us of:

"——The vast immeasurable abyss,
    Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful wild,
    Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
    And surging waves, as mountains to assault
    Heaven's height, and with the center, mix the pole."

Again, instead of the simple majesty of Moses' words, "And God said, Let there be light and there was light," we have exquisite beauty of perception in Milton's,

"Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
    Ethereal first, of things quintessence pure,
    Spring from the deep and from her native east.
    To journey the airy gloom began,
    Spher'd in a radient cloud, for yet the Sun
    Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle sojourned the while."

Another thing to be noticed is the absolute awnness of of God in the first poem. He is all, He is everywhere, and not assigned to one place. In the second, God is the dweller
in and ruler of a magnificent heaven, peopled with angels
who continually do adore him and sing his praises. We have
a feeling that here is God, and there is someone else or some
thing else; while in Genesis all is God and God is all. How
much more in keeping with our idea of the greatness of God
is Moses' realization of Him. But then these angels and this
heaven have given Milton the opportunity to give us that
magnificent triumph song of the angels which celebrates the
entrance into Heaven of the King of Glory "from his work
returned."

I think I feel that Milton is to Moses as one of the brightest
stars is to the sun rather than as a candle is to the sun. But
all the time I am thinking of the beauty of poetry and the
wonder of perception which Milton has given us, the
superiority of Moses' account is forcing itself upon me with-
out having to be thought about. It's greatness is a thing you
feel and are sure about, without being able to give the reason
for the faith that is in you.

It has that grandeur, beauty and immensity which a moun-
tain in all its bareness has, that something which gives one
an overwhelming conviction that a deep breath and the sub-
sequent expansion thereof is absolutely necessary in its
presence.

Sarah Owens, '18
SATAN, THE HERO OF PARADISE LOST.

There has been much pen scratching on the question: Is Satan or Adam the hero of Paradise Lost. Some of our thinkers have held that the Arch-Fiend could not be the hero of a Christian Epic. But the more modern point of view is much broader. The hero is not necessarily a man of good motives. He may be the very personification of evil and therein teach a greater lesson. Yet heroes technically do not even have to teach a lesson: They have simply to hold the center of the stage and our interests. This Satan does.

I have read somewhere that to make any sort of a criticism of a work of art that is created purely from the imagination, one can only record the impression received when reading it. I have found in reading Book II that I was ever conscious of a certain sympathy for Satan, and of a vague hope that his plan would succeed. In the same way I hoped for the success of Hannibal, over all the cold Roman Generals. In this book more than in any other Milton has shown us the human side of his hero.

Perhaps the reason Satan challenges our sympathy most is the pitableness of his situation. Before his sin he was the favored of the favored in Heaven. He even sat on the Right Hand of the Throne of God, a place now occupied by the Saviour of the world. His power and authority can easily be imagined when we think of the host of Angels that chose his side. They were all volunteers in the Army against the Lord. Think of the power that could lead angels in wickedness! Yet he betrayed the very God who had made him what he was. He was the first of a long line to fall prey to his ambition, the first of a long line of Caesars, Macbeths, Napoleons. Now suffering the consequences of his sin he realizes the absolute hopelessness of his situation. He can never be himself again but must always act the part of
another. Despair rooks his soul but his indestructable pride will never let him show it. The rebellious spirits that followed him must never be allowed to regret that he is their leader. Realizing that the best is forever lost to him, like Richard III, he determines to be a villain. And what villiany can be in a man whose giendishness is combined with such subtety and determination!

Satan challenges our admiration for his wonderful mind, his intellectual ability to bring things to pass. His was indeed a malignity of the intellect. Even before he called his council meeting he knew exactly how he would seek his revenge; but he was diplomat enough to make his councellors think they had thought of the plan themselves.

It is rather interesting to note that this was the first Congress held in all the history of the world—and, to be so antiquated, it has some very modern characteristics. It was very democratic. They all were there and each was given the privilege to speak his mind on the great question, before the Assembly. Satan as Speaker of the House, rose and said, “Who can advise may speak.” The Representatives were Moloch, Beliel, Mammon and Bellzebub. A hot debate ensued. Some were for open war against Heaven and some were for a war of guile. The decision was finally, to avenge their fall by polluting God’s new world with their sin. And all the while Satan who is presiding over this august assembly is laughing up his sleeve, for he knew it would turn out this way all the time. I have often wondered whether there were any women-devils. I am certain they must have voted in such a democratic gathering.

Humanly speaking, I believe it would have been too wonderfull to be true if Adam and Eve had not been defeated in this conflict with such a master mind. Of course they did not possess all the knowledge of Satan, but then, they had not eaten of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Milton scarcely seems consistent here. He makes such a point of the theory that our parents were free to stand or
fall, yet he does not give them minds equal to that of their Adversary.

Particularly in this book does Milton seem to be showing us what a power for good Satan might have been. But somehow I can’t seem to feel very sorry that he did sin for then, if it hadn’t all happened we wouldn’t be here studying Paradise Lost.

CAROLINE EASLEY, ’19.
A WISH.

Would I were a rock
Tall and bare to the Sun,
Purged by the fighting elements
Pure as a holy Nun.

Or a Mermaid fair and swift
In the swan-chase o'er the sea;
Or, delight, combing her locks
For the adoring fishes to see.

Or a wild rose hid in the wood,
My art seen just by the artist—
And the dumb refugees from men
That know not nature's theorists.

LEORA PERRY, '19.
THE VOICE OF THE WILDERNESS.

The purple rhododendron cast its rays over the crags of the cliff and the laurel flamed deep pink in the water of the ravines. Spring made a picture of beauty; but weirded shadows were thrown over the dark forest around the peak. Strange shadows probed the most deep valley, and silence howled a song of despair, echoing from hill to hill.

A man was walking in the deep valley apparently lost in admiration of all before him, when a small boy came from the mouth of the old gap with something in his hand that struck the man as incongruous with the setting—a message on yellow paper. The hills still held his mind as if in their clutches and the business world seemed far away. But he took the paper and read:

"Wire immediately what you are doing, can not understand delay.

H. G. Manley.
Pres. National Coal Co."

Neither could Mr. Grey himself understand the delay. He looked up and once again he thought of the hum back home. He was there in the coal company, but now he was overpowered; it was all greater than his country. The green rocks below, the sky overhead, even the giant pines, all in their wonderful way bound him there.

The shadows flew by him, and he turned just as little Ben's hands caught something, when the last rays of the sun penetrated the deep ravines and his hands were left empty. The eager face brightened when he was conscious of the big man's interest and he answered the mystified smile of "Dad," the name he had adopted for this man, who seemed as near him almost as the hills.
"Me and them shadows jis the same Dad, nobody can't keep me, I don't belong to nobody Dad."

A tender smile came over the grave face, but behind something made it a sad smile. The father's honest confession told the story of his old life with the moonshiners, but worse than the father's story alcohol had printed the sins of a father on the child's mind, printed a story not uncommon among the hills.

"These hills belong to you Ben, the hills with their flowers, rocks, and all the springs seem to sing to you. You are the one who loves them; that's the reason they are here for you." Somehow the big man found comfort for himself in this illusion; that after all Ben's erratic life was one with his treasures, which were bound up in this solitude.

"Reckon you air right, co'se they belong to me, cause who'd I talk to without them? Nobody but them knows my tales, they's all I got, Dad."

The purple shadows were turning to gray now, each hanging over the deep forest. "Dad" slowly climbed to the mouth of the gap. Twilight stretched down the peak, but the gap was shaded even from the moon's rays. With almost a slavish devotion Ben followed him back to the log cabin; Ben usually went only when hunger drove him there.

The couple before the fire greeted him in the mountaineer's simple way and "pap" smiled when he saw the boy with Mr. Grey.

"Damned if he ain't gitten better since you come. Never knowed him to come in at night that-a-way before. He hain't never keered for nobody 'cept me and his ma before you come," and the rough mountaineer's face brightened when he noticed the child silently arranging in circles the charcoal's which had been pushed out of the cavernous fireplace.

In the same room the snack was prepared and served from a rough table covered with oilecloth. Two beds filled one side of the hut, and a huge skin was the only thing that
covered the cracks in the floor. The big Winchester was the
thing that added the desired dignity and safety to the cabin.
The inner door led into the shed which was the sleeping
apartment of Mr. Grey.

Another day and Dad found himself going through the
mouth of the gap, where he had once walked, at first, looking
only with the appraising eye of the engineer, but he thought
of that now with something like shame when the roar of the
falls brought to his mind the picture of a mine with the dull
drill of the miners. Somehow he was not the prospector,
who had come searching the hills, for he realized it was not
his country. Everything had been business with him, for the
false of his own career, and covetousness for his company;
but now other ideas made him ask if Ben and his kind didn't
have the true title, the God given deed to those hills. The
hills to him were as much of Ben as the kid's mind or body.
The million for Mr. Grey was forgotten; that was the idol
of another people; he was torn strangely with this new
emotion created by his environment.

The ravines in the depths of the valley reflected the colors
of the rainbow against the pink laurel on its banks, and a
strange bird flew through the gap. The tall man turned into
the deep shadows and up the little ravine he saw a child play-
ing. When he was near enough to hear the childish voice, he
knew the kid had a memory.

"All these air mine, cause Dad known whose they was," and he placed some of the stones in circles, and made
mounds of them. The shining stones came from a vein of
the black solid on the banks of the cliff. Nobody dug for
it, but it was in Ben's country; and he had found the first
signs of the mineral.

"Gracious, boy what have you found?"
"Howdye Dad, these air mine, they air all mine. There
ain't nary soul but me and you been here."
"Dad dropped some of the black stones in his pocket, but
his attention was on the child more than what he had found.
When he thought of the boys he knew in the city always saturated with the commercial spirit it only served to strengthen the spell Ben and his environment cast around him. He held Ben in reverence just as a part of the other things of the hills. But even in his own mind he knew there was a change, never before in his life had he held anything in reverence at the expense of the millions. There was a wall between him and the business world—and he had forgotten, and cool, calculating business man that he was, he knew that his only safety lay in getting back to the city at once.

Another Spring brought Mr. Grey back to the hills brought him near the place where before long the drum of the miners would echo through the valleys.

All winter the commercial roar had rung in the city. He had been with the men of affairs again, back in the environment that had given him winter. Now the wail of the pines as he rode up the mountains made him eager to turn all the energy of the hills into something valuable. The birds to him sang for nothing—so far from civilization. The flower's beauty was wasted away from all who could appreciate; as well stage grand opera in the desert, he thought.

The little road had nearly grown up, but he must follow it by the cabin then walk to the peak. A soberness came over him as he viewed the scene of his mental struggle but when a stranger appeared at the door with a Winchester he hailed him, "Hello, where are all the folks?"

"There aint no folks but me—what you want?"

"I want the people who lived here last year, can you tell me where they are?"

"No, they aint lived here since that crazy kid died. He never was worth a dam these fellows here tol' me, and he died callin' for some fool man he took up with. Stayed out on the mountain 'til he took a bad col.' God don't let folks worth nothing live long; but his pa and ma took out across the valley and ain't cum back yit."
"Callin’ some fool man," and the great engineer was for a moment "Dad" of last Spring. But he set his face forward and his eye swept over the landscape and saw visions of miners' cottages dotting the hills.

When he thanked the stranger for telling him about his friends, he turned from the cabin. After all Ben was a perishable product, he was like the flowers of the mountain side, he flourished one day only to die the next; might as well turn all this into something of permanent value, he thought.

And still the purple rhododendron cast its rays over the crags of the cliff, and the laurel flamed with deep pink in the water of the ravines.

Spring made a picture of beauty, yet we'd shadows were thrown over the dark forest around the peak. Strange shadows probed the most turbid valley and silence howled a song of despair echoing from hill to hill.

But the man had ears and heard not; he reached decisively in his pocket, scribbled a telegram for immediate despatch:

"National Coal Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Rush corps of workers at once.

Grey."

Lillian Breazeale, '19.
DID YOU EVER?

ID you ever criticize all your friends?
Did you ever find fault with all the men?
Did you ever talk about any boy?
Did you ever lessen any one's joys?
If you didn't, then don't.

Did you ever go singing all along?
Did you ever bring to someone a song?
Did you ever cover your face with a smile?
Did you ever help somebody to be worth while?
If you didn't, then do it.

Did you ever say a cherry thing?
Did you ever for a person sing?
Did you ever give to any one?
Did you ever shine as does the sun?
If you haven't, then try it.

NADA GREEN, '19.
THE ISAQEEENA

STATE'S EVIDENCE.

The telephone rang insistently. Alice Lane looked up from her paper and perceiving that the office force had gone, answered impatiently. "Hello, yes this is Alice Lane. — — — Oh is that you Polly? Go out to dinner? No, I'm sorry but I am still busy on the Martin case. What? — — — no I must stay here. — — — Oh well, if you insist but at home not out. Alright about seven."

With a sigh half relief half regret she glanced at the pile of "Well, let me tell you, you're onto the wrong man. He papers on her desk she went out.

As she entered her apartment a pleasant odor greeted her and Polly with whom she shared her apartment came to meet her gaily. "Supper is already. Let's eat."

When they were seated, Polly began good-humoredly, "It's just like you to sit up at that old office half the night. You always were so thoro and conscientious. I wish you'd tell me what fascination you find in going over the details of a murder case? It seems to me that I would be scared stiff up there by myself."

Alice laughed. "You wouldn't if it meant your career. The District Attorney being ill, the case is in my hands and if I win, I stand a good chance of being elected District Attorney, as the present one does not intend running next year."

"Oh, that is different, I suppose but I don't see what you want with a career. I never could understand why you didn't marry Giovanni Dominisa and be done with it. I wouldn't give John for a dozen careers." Polly ended with the superior look, engaged girls are so fond of wearing when talking to their unengaged friends.

"But," Alice was in an argumentative mood, "Have you ever had any desire to live your own life, to do something in
the world, to feel that you were in a measure shaping the destiny of those around you?"

"I confess I haven't. I'm interested in your case tho because Giovanni is the accused man. Tell me about it."

"I must say I'm puzzled," Alice wrinkled her brow thoughtfully and her keen grey eyes seemed to be trying to pierce the veil of mystery that hung around the murder of Alan Martin, a well-known artist. "Everything points to his as the guilty one but I cannot believe it to be true. His character, ideals, reputation even, are against such a thing. What his motive was is unknown. It might be that he needed the money which Martin had received as the prize for his picture or it may have been professional jealously. He had tried for the same prize. This might be true of another, but Giovanni? Yet Italians are very hot-headed and revengeful."

"Have you any conclusive evidence?"

"A very little. The janitor of the building saw him enter Martin's studio. When he came out he looked about him furtively and stuffed something, evidently the money, into his pocket. The policeman followed him to the end of his beat but he walked very fast talking to himself in a low tone. The janitor heard the man groaning and going in found him stabbed with a dagger which he used as a paper knife. He was dying but gasped as he saw the janitor, "Tell Giovanni" and could say nothing further. One of Giovanni's handkerchiefs was found stained with blood. Clearly he is the guilty party."

"How horrible," Polly exclaimed. Will you take me to the trial?"

"Yes, it is only two days off and as I'm very busy now you run along with John to something or some where." Alice turned to her desk and took out another large pile of papers. The remaining time before the trial was filled with interviewing witnesses, preparing her speech and by Thursday she was wrought up to a high tension of alternating hope and despair.
However, she was certain that she was going to convict Giovanni of the murder of Martin.

The court room was crowded and people all over the room whispered excitedly as the trial proceeded that Giovanni would be convicted. All eyes turned admiringly upon Alice as she called her witnesses and drove home her points. The council for defense in vain cross questioned and re-crossed questioned. She saw the thing for which she had been working so long, for which she had sacrificed love, her natural feminine instincts, everything a woman holds dear, was nearly accomplished. But she was thinking not of the career so nearly won, but of the man whom she was sending to the electric chair. Tho she had declared that she could love or not as she willed, she found that he was still a strong force contending with her desire for a career.

She glanced toward the prisoner's dock. Her breath came with a sob. How well she remembered his one-sided whimsical smile, his dark hair and long straight nose. She steeled her heart. "No matter how I love him, if he is guilty, he owes his life to the State and I shall demand that he pay it."

Noon recess came and court adjourned. Polly and Alice walked around the corner to a lunch room. As they were going down the steps, the sheriff led the prisoner across the street to the jail opposite. Alice looked away and Polly exclaimed, "Oh, I cannot believe him guilty. Alice how can you send him to death so coldly?"

Alice turned on her with sudden fury. "Do you think, I do it coldly? You simple child with your ready-made life. Can you not see that I love him and yet I know he is guilty. My duty to my State demands his condemnation. My whole heart cries out against it while my mind goes on reasoning out his guilt relentlessly.

Polly was dumbfounded and as they were returning to the court room was strangely silent. Suddenly their attention was diverted by a drunken man who lurched along in front of
them, aggressively addressing a well dressed man who was going to the trial. "I tell you, I gotta have more coin. Here you always gettin me to do your dirty work and you get all the benefit. What'd I have against the poor guy? What good does it do me? No, I kill the man and you pocket the money."

"Hush, you fool," the man turned apprehensively and entered the court house.

The drunken man looked after him. "Oh, yes call me a fool if you like. It's all the same to me but you'll pay for it."

As he turned away his glance fell on Alice and with a gleam in his eye he approached. Raising his hat with a remaining semblence of politeness, he asked "Ain't you the prosecute attorney?"

"Yes," she replied.

didn't kill Martin. That man just gone in done it. I — —"

At this point Alice was summoned to the court room and turning to the man who was nearly sober now said, "Come inside, please."

Polly with a slight shudder of revulsion rose nobly to the occasion and taking the man by the arm brought him inside.

The accused was taking the stand in his own defense. "Your Honor," he began, "I did kill Martin but I don't know why. I must have been insane, I don't know why but I did it."

His attorney was furious. "Your Honor," he insisted, "I think my client is momentarily deranged, if you will allow — —"

Alice arose and when she could be heard said calmly, "Your Honor the accused is not guilty."

"I am, I swear I did it." Giovanni protested.

The court was in an uproar. The well-dressed man took advantage of the confusion and tried to escape.

"Arrest that man." Alice exclaimed.

"He is the guilty party." She called the drunken man as a witness. When he was sworn in he began, "Your honor, I killed Martin at the command of Karey, who is the leader
of a notorious band of criminals. When I demanded a share
of the money, he refused. I wanted to get even so I 'peached'
on him. I found this here guy's handkerchief and decided to
put the guilt on him. I was hiding in the room till he left."

The State asked for the acquittal of Giovanni and con-
demnation of Karey. The judge charged the jury in a very
short speech. When the verdict was rendered it was as the
State had asked. Slowly the large crowd filed out talking
excitedly of the developments of the strange case. Finally
Alice and Giovanni were alone.

"Why did you do it?" she asked reproachfully. "I might
have convicted you."

Giovanni with his one-sided smile replied tenderly and also
wistfully, "Life without you was unbearable and if by dying,
I could make you happy, my happiness lay in dying."

Alice glanced up at him shyly,. her grey eyes shining, the
dimple in her cheek plainly visible, "But if I prefer you liv-
ing?"

A look of doubt followed by uncomprehending joy.
"Alice," he said at last, "If I ask you again to be my wife
would you say 'yes.'"

"Goose," she exclaimed, her slightly pug nose turning up
more than ever, as she laughed, "I've just been trying to make
you say that for the last five minutes, so I could say 'yes' im-
mediately."

As his arm closed about her, Polly stuck her head in the
door, "Aren't you two thru settling Alice's career yet? John
says I'm impatient but it does seem like you've had time to
settle the whole universe."

Agnes Jenkins, '18.
'CAUSE.

Why are the halls packed and jammed?
Why are the noises like a hurricane?
Why are the lessons such a shame?
Why are the questions ever, M'am?
'Cause the next week's exams.

Why on the faces consternation?
Why in the eyes no facination?
Why no college recreations?
Why the nights of Hallucinations?
'Cause of next week's examinations.

NADA GREEN, '19.

A CAMP SEVIER SAVAGE, CALLS.

Although the present-day soldiers are slightly different from those belonging to the Stone Age, they seem to be considered as dangerous as their machine guns. If, in the future, one of these monsters should desire to come over to the G. W. C. camp, he must wave a flag of truce upon entering our battleground and it be known that he comes "with permission," to make terms of peace with some fair lady. If he fails to take these precautions, he will be called to halt by the sentry at the gate of our stronghold and will be given a cordial invitation not to enter "under penalty of the law." He then must needs "right about face" and "make double time." If, however, he is brave enough to have come armed with the necessary
credentials and precautions, he is allowed to enter the fort.

He first passes through the torture chamber where the feminine persecutors gaze upon this strange savage who feels as though he were all hands and feet and that every giggle and every pair of eyes are piercing through his khaki and "war paint." But he must not contemplate the murder of any of these fair persecutors, as they are all very willing to smoke the peace pipe with him since one of his tribe comes only as often as fresh air in a coal mine.

He then must report to the office of the Commander-in-Chief, who issues an order for Sergeant Jane to advance from the barracks. While the orderly is absent, the Commander-in-Chief discusses military situations with the savage who becomes so rattled that he solemnly declares that this is the most barbaric war since long before Columbus landed the Puritans at Bunker Hill.

Then the poor soldier is ordered to wait for Sergeant Jane in the Social Tent. He becomes confused and enters the Y. W. C. A. tent by mistake. There the Chaplain pronounces "Blessings on thee, little man" and acts as orderly until the khaki clad Sammy boy is safely landed in the Social Tent. Presently Sergeant Jane appears and Private Bill presents arms to her perfumed personality.

From fear of being shot at sunrise for treason if we disclose what was said in this Conference of War or Peace Party, (I know not which) we shall notice only the behavior of the G. W. C. regulars who are compelled to "walk extras" for forty-five minutes each day. During this time, they hear that a soldier from the Sevier tribe is in camp and there follows a young riot. They all pass on dress parade before the Social Tent and some superior officer says, for the benefit of her under officer, that Sergeant Jane would marry a scare crow in a melon patch and be a true and devoted wife, if it wore a khaki uniform. Then a husky five-foot Adjutant-General quiets her under officer by telling her that she might do better by following in Sergeant Jane's foot steps rather
than by waiting for some young Lachinvar, in full English to come along in a Ford car and abduct her.

At 6:30 "Mess call" is heard and Private Bill, in order to beat a hasty retreat, must run the gauntlet of two hundred feminine persecutors who line up on either side of the door. Sergeant Jane feels very important in being the first G. W. C. soldier to hold Private Conference with a Savage from Sevier, and as she views his honorable retreat with pride, she feels confident that he is the one Bone of Contention for Camp G. W. C. She boastingly declares that as soon as she saw him of the khaki uniform she knew there had been a mistake in the census reports. There was not but one man in the United States.

ELEANOR BASS.

JABBER, JABBER.

"Well, Ruth, silly child, why do you whine so? You know, if such a thing does happen, it will all be for the best. Look on the bright side. That's my motto. Why worry about a thing before it happens?"

"Just suppose he does get killed tho', Mary, what would I do then?"

Such a conversation could be heard almost any day between these two girls. By this time, poor Mary was rather tired of the like, but still she kept sweet.

Ruth, not willing for Mary to have one minute's peace continued, "Even if he does not get killed in the war, it will be years and years before he comes back again."

"That won't matter, I've heard of loads of people marrying even after they were seventy-five."

A sly glance towards Ruth showed Mary a very scowling face, all puckered up with smiles.

"Now just the very idea of your suggesting that I'll be that old, seventy-five years old, when I get married!"

"I don't see what makes you think about that now, Ruth."

"By the way, Mary, not changing the subject, but when
did you hear from John? I don’t ever hear you say a thing
about him. You just won’t mention your love affairs.”

“Love affairs—oh my gracious—love affairs! Why I have
none. Let me see, I heard from John to-day, and yesterday
too, I believe.”

“And still you say you have no love affairs. Child, if I got
many letters from a man, just any man, I’d go wild. Please
tell me how he begins them, and does he end sweet?”

“I don’t know how he ends or begins them. I dont pay
much attention. Do you hear from your soldier lover often?”

“Let me see, I haven’t heard in about two weeks. He
makes me so mad because he won’t answer my letters, and I
try to write them as cute as possible. How many dates did
you have Christmas, Mary? Why don’t you tell me some-
thing without being asked?”

“Oh, I had a good many. Had a pretty good time.”

“Did you have one every night.”

“Yes.”

“What’s that on the table—three letters? When did they
come—who are they from?”

“One’s from Will, one from Pete, and the other from Sam,
if you must know.”

Just then Mary was wondering how long this must con-
tinue.

“Did they all come to-day?” persisted Ruth.

“Yes.”

“Oh, you are some popular. Have you got any friends in
the army?”

“Those three are in it, and I know one in France.”

“Gracious me, and you don’t seem sad a bit.”

“Of course I’m sorry for them to fight, but they are no
better than any other soldier of Uncle Sam. Every man
should gladly do his duty, and every woman should do hers
by not going on so, and whining so much,” preached Mary.

Then the lunch bell sounded, and the two girls parted.

MARGARET MAY, ’20.
Alice took her seat at the table with hesitation and a sinking feeling for beside her sat the distinguished lecturer on modern science who, at the present time, was the chief topic of conversation among all the club ladies, Alice's mother one of the many, but Alice was far more interested in Johnie Hutson and his racer team lecturers even if this particular one was good looking.

After a few remarks concerning the different things to eat, salad, coffee, etc., B. the lecturer, stops talking and A. knows her time has come, but in vain did she search for something to say until finally she blunted out:

"You know I am wild about the drama of to-day, there are so many good things in it to choose from" (to herself) "I know that wasn't said right."

B. (looking at her in surprise and amusement)—"Yes? ?"
A. "I went to a perfectly grand play the other night."
B. "Ah! Indeed, what was that?"
A. "'The Beauty Shop,' I suppose you have lectured on that."
B. (with a suppressed twinkle in his eyes) "No, I hardly think so."
A. (contritely) "Maybe that isn't your style."
B. "I sincerely hope not."
A. (looking up and catching his smile) "I believe you are laughing at me, and I don't blame you one bit, for everybody, even my teachers think I am ignorant in most things."
B. (to himself) a school girl—"Oh, I am sure you are not ignorant, maybe you aren't interested in the same things they are."
A. "No, I'm not, I despise receptions but mother insists that I am old enough to make by 'debut' as she calls it so here I am tonight. I don't see why I can't do as I please. I had much rather read a good book or go to a picture show—Oh—er—I did not mean to say all that—especially after
mother had told me about a dozen times to be careful because you were a wonderful cat — — Oh — what have I done?"

B. laughing, "Now you have told me how you feel, I am going to tell you a secret—promise not to tell—I feel the same way myself about receptions, but like you I have to attend them for everything, with me, depends on the good-will of the club-ladies while I had rather be studying or writing, I am always put by some lady who is so interested in my lectures until she can't talk about anything else, altho they say 'variety is the spice of life' the ladies never seem to realize it and I hear the same thing night after night, so while you are being bored I am having a delightful time so please don't mind talking to me so much."

A. "Why I am sure I am delighted."

B. "Now wait, really and truly hadn't you rather talk to the little fellow over in the corner?" (motioning toward Johnnie).

A. "Yes, I had at first but since I've talked to you, I don't think you are different from anybody else, and I like you very much."

B. "Now, I fear you are making fun."

A. "No, I am not honestly."

B. "Well to prove you aren't won't you let me take you to the picture show sometimes?"

A. "Yes, if you will let me prove to you I am not so awfully stupid."

B. "You've already proved that," and they left the table.

Louise Hoyt.

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY.

Hastily fastening on his collar, a youth searches his rack of dozens of neckties for one particular bit of gaudy silk. To a feminine mind it is impossible to distinguish scarcely any dif-
ference between the ties, but just the same all are weighed in
the balances and found wanting.

When finally he rummages out the said bit of silk, he
spends several minutes carefully tying it, so as to get just
the desired effect. If we inquire into the "why and where-
fore" of the sad neglect of the myriad of ties which our
youthful friend banishes from use, we learn that they are
gifts from sisters, and from prim, worthy aunts, etc., simple
mementoes of disappointments in many Christmas and other
holiday packages.

Another field in which feminine taste is in no demand is
in the selection of socks for our young brother. However,
I know of only one exception to this, which is the case of an
only boy at home with three sisters. Of these three girls,
only one has any influence with their youthful brother, and
as one of them says,—"she can wrap Bob around her finger,
and if she tells him to, he will wear black socks with red
arrows shooting up the legs," a fact which is equivalent to
allowing this sister to select Bob's socks for him.

However, not only are there certain articles in masculine
attire which cannot be fitly selected by a woman, but there
are also some feminine accessories of dress which a man
cannot buy. Fancy a man's trying to select a hat for a girl,
or a certain delicate shade in hose! Remember that a man
feels just so about a woman trying to choose his neckties and
socks.

When we recall that these articles of apparel which a man
or a woman must select for themselves contribute largely to
style or lack of style, we must be careful about what we buy
for others. Particularly is this true in the selection of men's
ties, as we seldom choose their socks, and they seldom choose
our hats. A safe maxim to follow in the selection of gifts,
therefore, is "Beware of ties!"

In conclusion we may say, that, in consideration of the fact
that the tie is the last surviving relic of man's one-time
splendor in dress, the selection of man's last embellishment should be left to man himself.

Annie Parker, '21.

"ANNE BRADSTREET"

In our literature, we haven't the old ballards and the thrilling old legends to be proud of that the English people have, but we do have something that today we are even prouder of—Anne Bradstreet. It just does us good, especially at this time, in the dawn of woman's day, to know that the first poetess whom other countries recognized was our own.

It can not be truthfully said that the poetry of the Colonial Period is worthless. It may not contain the lofty inspiring thought or the beautiful painted pictures that the later poetry contained; it may seem a little rough, and some of the words a little cumbersome, but when we remember that it is the peaceful revels of hearts that had been baffled by fears, dangers, hardships, and longings for friends and homes, it really means something to us and we sympathize with the noble efforts of our fore-fathers.

A good example of these early writers is Anne Bradstreet. At first her thoughts were of England, of her home and friends.

And her first poetry did not keep in touch with the "back woods" of wild America. One of her first poems "The Prologue" reminds us of the beginning of Virgil:

"To sing of Mars, of Captains, and Kings,
Of cities founded, Common-wealth begun."

Instead of the attacks of Indians, the feeding of chickens and the milking of cows in the forest of her new home, she thought of the night-in-gales, the muses, the lilacs, the Greeks, and old Trojan heroes who were beyond the realms of primitive America. But Anne Bradstreet soon felt the beauties of her new home: "the croaking frogs whom
nipping winter killed,” “the clucking hen her chirping chickens leads,”

“Now goes the plow-man to his werry toyle.”

It makes us love her poetry better to imagine this woman’s coming into a dimly lighted log-cabin, with her rough hands hardened by the toils of a long day, and after washing little grimey feet and putting the little tots to bed, then writing such poetry as this:

“When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth, though old, still clad in green,
The stones and trees insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come and greeness then do fade,
A Spring returns and they more youthful made;
But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he’s laid.”

MARY HOLIDAY, ’19.

LIGHTS.

He said let there be light and there was light”—daylight—; but the problems men of all ages have had in getting artificial light for night have been legion. In the primitive days of our great, great grandfathers the ways of lighting the houses were limited to fat pine knots in the chimney or the small wax candles. The first was really preferable in winter for it served two purposes: warming the room and giving a bright cheerful glow. The candles gave an insufficient light and were a nuisance to dip. If the supply gave out it was not a rush trip into town for more; because the thrifty house wife had a supply of wax, mold, and cord for wick, which made it the work of only a few minutes for some member of the family to melt the wax and mold it into candles. We can imagine the expressions used when the man of the family let the mold slip and poured hot wax on his hands. I even heard of one great-grandmother who said she ate a wedding supper where the hostess used a
thousand dollar candle stick holder. When asked why such extravagance in that day, she replied that the light was a fat pine torch held by a big slavery negro.

From the candle people began the use of kerosene lamps, which are still used in many parts of the country today. They have many advantages over the candle, yet, to the housekeeper there is a decided disadvantage compared with modern lighting. What is more annoying than to want a light real quickly, you chase around in the dark, hitting your favorite corn on a rocking chair. For a minute you stand still and vow you will not go another step. At last you get up courage and go slowly fighting the thick darkness with your hands until suddenly you are aware that something has knocked the breath out of you. In this exhausted state your hands fall before you on a table and there the long sought matches. After several attempts the match strikes, you light the lamp to find the maid had forgotten to wash the lamp chimney or the oil has all burned out. These lamps are very dangerous for children or very old people to use.

Gas has been very successfully used as an illuminant. The coal gas and natural gas found in many parts of the country make a very bright light. The Acetylene gas is generally used in lighting residences in the country because of the easy method of generating it by the interaction of water and calcium carbide. When this gas is liberated through a small opening and unites with Oxygen it burns brightly. This gas is very poisonous and dangerous. Several instances are known where men unaccustomed to gas lights blew them out instead of turning them off and were killed from inhaling too much gas while asleep. The gas lights should be placed high in the center of the room or else to the wall as side lights. In the latter case there should be one over the dressing table, desk, all places where close work is done.

There is no lighting that can quite compare with the electric lights. The modern age should indeed be thankful to Franklin for the discovery of electricity. If the proper rules
for insulation and installation of wires are followed one can
to a great degree feel safe and comfortable knowing if little
Jack takes the croup in the night or the burglar gets to
bagging your best silver spoons; you can just push a button
and have light. In churches or public buildings where peo-
ple are sitting in every nook and corner, it is best to have in-
direct lighting. This really is the best for residence if you
can afford to have the side lights also. By the use of exten-
sion cords lights can be lowered to the writing desk. Can
you imagine any thing more comfortable or cozy than to sit
by a good coal fire reading or sewing with the light clamped
on the back of your chair? It is quite a comfort to have the
porch lights with push button connection, so when people
come to the door you can turn on the light before you open
the door. One town considers lorch lights such a protection
that it does not charge for them provided the owners of the
house lets them burn all night.

Alice Gasque.
WOMAN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

If some one had told you grandmother fifty years ago, that her grand-daughters and their associates would be actively engaged in the working-world, she would have looked askance—and disbelieved her ears. But today it is a common-place thing to hear of this or that girl entering business life or taking up a professional career.

What is the explanation of this launching forth into a sphere hitherto unknown to her? There are several causes
which may equally answer this question. Perhaps the main factor in this process of broadening is the changed idea concerning training. Educators of today have widened their viewpoint, and consequently, we find vocational courses offered to all. Compare the graduates of schools and colleges today with those of ten years ago and the fact is clearly seen that a much greater per cent today take up business courses than those of the last decade. As a result of this, woman has become educated along professional lines, and is therefore better fitted to fulfill these obligations. It has been tried and proved, that woman is capable in these capacities, and this very knowledge has decided the important question in the mind of many a girl.

Another factor which has hastened the crisis is due to America’s advent into the World War. The strength and vitality of our manhood has answered the call of Democracy, leaving a vacancy without an adequate source of supply—unless woman steps into the field. In this so short a time, hosts of girls have left homes and positions as teachers, etc., and are actively engaged in banks, offices, manufacturing concerns, and various other industries. That fact in itself will be an urgent plea for more specialization along such lines, for the time is not far off when no field of service will be closed to women.

HELEN A. MORGAN.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Five years ago America was a nation at peace, at rest; her citizens were peace-loving, comfortable, and easy going, as a rule, except for a few who were the nation’s leaders; her people were selfish, pleasure-seeking, not caring particularly about any deed, idea, or ideal not touching them as individuals. Are we the same today? Assuredly no! We are entirely new personalities. Since our entrance into the war, a feeling of national pride has invaded the hearts of every one (even the lowliest) which was never before known. To
a man, an audience stands when our national songs and hymns are played. "America first" is our slogan at all times. Besides this national pride, partly politics must become a shadow, for that seems something almost too petty to be noticed.

As individuals we have been bound together as by a common tie, for co-operation is the foremost factor in the present-day civilization. The call of democracy and of the rights of men has appealed to our standards of honor; and the call of suffering humanity has softened many a heart hardened by the struggles of life. In the same way, our view point on many affairs of minor importance has been completely changed. Do you realize we are better educated as a whole than we have ever been? What did the average man before the war know about the government of European countries? Of European geography and history? Who read newspapers quite as carefully as now and was posted on every current topic? Not only are we being prepared as far as a great army and navy are concerned, but along every phase of human interest, as well. Who knows what progress the end of the war will see? Let us hope the next five years will bring as great a change for good as the past five have brought.

HELEN A. MORGAN.
Exchange

The Exchange Editor finds her desk covered this month with sundry bright and vari-colored magazines. Their brightness seems indicative of a merry holiday season just past.

Well, the next issue starts a New Year for us all. May it be a year of many contributions, many subscriptions and of many advertisers—just an all round good year for us all.

The Furman Echo:—We are always glad to read the magazine from the College across the river. The December issue is especially an interesting one. The Essay "Christmas—Past and Future" is good and instructive. It works out the development of the Yule-tide celebration from its earliest stages. The author shows us how the American custom, a combination of the customs of every nation on earth, has grown a little distanced and worldly from its original meaning. He writes very forcefully on the necessity of a more spiritual and a more economical Christmas in the future. The Echo contains also one of the best short stories appearing in any College Magazine of the month, "The Boomerang." Being a detective story it naturally relies for its value on the plot. The plot is good—and what is more, it is carefully and suggestively worked out.

We regret to find in this estimable publication a few very serious grammatical errors. Just who is responsible is not known—but such mistakes are for children and the ignorant not young men in a great Institution of Learning.
We acknowledge the following Exchanges:

The College Message.
The Wofford Journal.
The Furman Echo.
The Hollins Magazine.
The St. Mary's Muse.
The Bashaba.
The Nautilus.
College Shadows

Dr. Edward Howard Griggs, appeared before the Lyceum Association on January 17th and 18th. These annual lectures by Dr. Griggs are intellectual and spiritual feasts looked forward to by the whole student body and the thinking people of the city. Dr. Griggs always studies such fundamental depths that on every occasion one is struck with the idea: "He has summed up for me the processes of my spiritual growth since his last lecture." His lectures on this occasion had to do with the related topics of "International Relations and Ethics;" "The World War and Social Philosophy." His lectures were an exposition from every viewpoint of the theme: "A Civilized nation should bear the same relation to internationality that an individual of high ethical standards bears to groups of people, to society." His exposition of this, with its scholarly and penetrating analysis of pertinent questions of individualism, democracy, in the background of social philosophy, ethics, education, political science, and diplomacy, was such an one as is seldom heard or read today, when, it must be admitted, there is much heated, partisan, and hasty discussion of these problems which are pressing around and about us.

G. W. C. has done as other schools of the country have, in that she has sacrificed a week of her year's work, in order to do her share in relieving the coal situation of the country. But—Watch Our Lessons G R O W.

Once again we are back from the holidays—and that is about all. We had scarcely crossed the thresh-hold of this
institution before we were heralded by the gruesome fact that “Exams Are Drawing Near.”

Snow—we have only had seven snow falls this year but ten more are promised by our weather man, so we have something to look forward besides exams. One bold snow man was seen to appear on the front campus, where he held his own, until Old Sol sent him his block ticket.

Roseola seems to be the lastest fad at G. W. C. Have you had it? Well, I declare. It seems to use no discretion in choosing victims for our Math exam was postponed when Roseola appeared.

Two of the girls, Misses Olga Crossland and Cassey, have not returned since the holidays as they have joined the matrimonial ranks.—There are others. ? ? ?—

A POSSIBLE G. W. C. LAMENT.

I have eaten a bale
Of spinach and kale,
And I've never raised a row.
I have swallowed a can
Of moistened bran
And I feel like a brindle cow.
I am taking a snack
From the old haystack
In the evening shadows gray.
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
To the end of a meatless day.

—Selected.
Miss Ellen Menton is back at her post at the library after a successful supervision of the Kindergarten for several weeks.

Mrs. Walker spent several days out in the city and also in the college with her daughter, Miss Elfreda.

Mrs. Martin has been visiting Miss Gene Martin. Mrs. S. L. Davis of High Point, N. C., and a graduate of G. W. C. paid her first visit back to her Alma Mater this month, as the guest of Miss Mary Holliday.

Miss Mary Frances Kibler returned to her home in Newberry before the Christmas holidays to attend the wedding of her sister. Mrs. Quattlebaum, of Columbia, has been visiting her daughter Miss Belle.

The shadow of another Waterloo will be cast over the Greenville Woman's College from the twenty-third to the thirtieth—mid years, mid years, mid years!

Roommate to Mabel Byrd: Stop flirting with those boys. Mabel: Why, Belle I'm not flirting, I was just smiling.

Miss Bristow: Margaret Edwards what do you mean by running in the hall, you disturb the whole College. Margaret: Dr. Ramsay said when the time came, for us to go after our exams, so I'm going after Math.

Miss Goodhue (In Biology): Miss Coggins when and where do adenoids grow? Aileen: I think they grow in the garden in cold weather.
Belle: What time does that 4 o'clock train leave for Anderson?
Carol: Sixty minutes after three Belle.

Miss Marshall (In Bible study): Robbie tell us all you know about Paul.
R. Coln: About all I know is that he was called Paul then he was called Peter.
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President of Classes.
Presidents of Societies.

TWO POINT HONORS.
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Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Secretary and Treasurer of Student Government.
Repartmental Editors.
Chairman of Program Committees.
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The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than any other college save one.

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

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