3-1-1918

The Isaqueena - 1918, March

Ruth Scott

Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA

March, 1918
Nobody’s “Hard to Please” With Our Jewelry

What “HALE’S GIFT SHOP” contains for you is everything that is new and beautiful in jewelry. For your own personal adornment or for “GIFTS” there isn’t anything so pleasing as a piece of HALE’S JEWELRY.
Sterling silver seal pins, with safety catch ______ $ .50
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105 NORTH MAIN ST. GREENVILLE, S. C.

First National Bank of Greenville, S. C.

Established 1872
Capital $100,000.00
Surplus $100,000.00

G. W. C. Accounts Given Careful, Prompt and Courteous Attention.
The Isaqueena

March, 1918
Published each month by the students of the Greenville Woman's College
# Directory

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Miss Bernice Brown .................................................. President's Assistant
Mrs. D. M. Ramsay .................................................... Lady Principal

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>Editor-in-Chief</td>
</tr>
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<td>Local Editor</td>
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</tbody>
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**JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY.**

**Alethean Division.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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</thead>
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<td>President</td>
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<td>Vice-President</td>
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<td>Secretary</td>
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<td>Censor</td>
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<th>Position</th>
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<td>Censor</td>
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<th>Name</th>
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<td>President</td>
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<td>Mary Holliday</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Position</th>
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<th>Position</th>
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Contents

LITERARY:

In a Flash (Poem) Leora Perry ’19 127
Moonshine (story) Martha Peace ’20 128
Poe (Sketch) Kate Miller ’18 132
My Highland Lass (Poem) Martha Peace ’20 134
John Monomoset Rolfe (a Story) Leora Perry ’19 135
Keats-Shelley (Essay) Mary Holliday ’19 141
The Spark of Life (Poem) Ruth B. Scott ’18 143
The Singing Wire (Story) Lillian Breazeale ’19 144
The Big Undertaking (Sketch) Margaret May ’19 148

RAGS AND TATTERS:

When (Poem) Nada Green ’19 151
Kites (Sketch) Caroline Easley ’19 151
Sometimes (Poem) Nada Green ’19 152
No. 11 Coming in the Yard (Story) Janice Singleton ’21 153
Mathew Arnold, The Poet (Sketch) Caroline Easley ’19 155
A Quiet Hour in Room 301 (Sketch) Claire Smith ’18 155

Editorials 160
Exchanges 164

COLLEGE SHADOWS:

Y. W. C. A. Notes 165
Society Notes 166
Locals 167
"IN A FLASH."

Out on the mountains a light is flashed,
    In the meagre half-pale of a dark some night
Some traveler perhaps on the rocky road
    Takes a downward step to the souls swift flight.

That steps in the dark. Dear Lord can it be
A life was lost by one step in the dark!
The traveler hastily homeward to go
Steps downward, then bruises his body mark.

Out on the mountain a light is flashed.
That dread half-space of ominous dark
Conceals the doom, Life's, crushed and torn.
But the soul soars higher as a morning lark.

Leora Perry, '19.
THE burdened cots looked very white in the semblance of a hospital. But all things considered, the old barn made a snug breathing place for the shattered souls of the wounded men, and the nurse sighed happily as she sat by the side of No. 13 of the convalescent ward. In some way he interested her strangely, and smilingly she waited for the promised story.

The drawn lips parted; deep gray eyes took on that far-away look men have when they cease for a time to live in the present, and return for a brief moment to the ever-beckoning ghosts of the past. He looked up at the nurse. His voice was thin at first but gained in strength as he spoke.

"It was just such a night as this, and memories come strong when a fellow has to lie on a hospital cot away over here in France, and look at the ceiling all day long, and half the night, when the Fritzies get too gay. Carolina is a long way off, and yet it seems like only yesterday I was there among the hills."

The man turned his bandaged head to look at the moonlight, coming in a great silver stream through the window by his cot. The gray eyes smiled at the nurse, and her look spoke full understanding. Nurse Ansley had seen hundreds and hundreds of human wrecks: Men shattered in body by the death-dealing shells; men shattered in spirit by the brute surroundings of this fiendish struggle. They always talked of college days, and home, and mother.

The man drew his left hand across his eyes and in a low voice began his story:

"The expectant circle drew closer. The fire sputtered wrathfully on the rock, as if to eclipse the chill beams of the full moon.

"I'm sorry. There's not a rhyme in me tonight. Go on, Dick."

"Trensia Key, with a poor attempt to laugh, drew closer to the fire and gazed vacantly into the shadows beyond. Her
laugh sounded hollow in the chill air; it depressed the little circle. Miss Marchant, who was chaperoning our crowd, looked anxiously, at Trensia. We were making a chain-rhyme, and it was Trensia’s turn, and she, the poet of the crowd had no rhyme in her!

‘As we were sitting on Slippery Rock,
We had a most awful shock,’

I finished the rhyme. Instantly there was the rumble of a thousand thunders followed by an avalanche of fine pebbles. With one accord everyone jumped to his feet. There was a gasping breath, a deathly silence, and into the light stepped a soldier with pistol drawn, and holding a horse’s bridle. His first look was one of blank astonishment, mingled with a cold, steely stare that meant business. As he gazed at the pale faces of the girls, rendered more pale by the fire and the tall trees of the mountain, and then at the harmless faces of us boys, his grip on the automatic relaxed, and a broad grin made his homely face quaintly attractive.

‘I thought I’d run on another bunch of moonshiners,’ was all he said, and then fired two shots into the night.

‘After much laughter and explanation, we invited him to join us in our supper of breakfast bacon and hot cakes, cooked in the open. I passed Trensia Key the cakes, and asked her a question as I did so. With hands tightly-clenched and paled face, she was staring into the shadows. I looked and there, just without the circle of light, stood the most fascinating man I had ever seen. Yes, I know I had never heard him speak; more, I had never laid eyes on him, as far as my memory reached. But one look at that square chin and close-cropped black hair won this conclusion from me. His eyes were fixed with a sort of yearning tenderness on the face of Trensia Key.

‘The next moment he was being introduced to us by our first visitor as, ‘My Pal, Danny Norton.’ As readily as he had won my attention, he now centered that of the entire party upon him. My first impression was strengthened when he spoke. There was a sort of droll softness in his voice that
sounded strangely familiar. He was telling of an experience he had had on the mountain, while on guard duty the night before. In the pauses he had an old habit of describing a circle in the air with his pipe, as if drawing memories from the atmosphere. During one of these pauses I looked at Trenzia. Her face was a glowing red, and one hand clutched her throat. There was something the matter with Trenzia Key; of that I was convinced. I had never seen her act or look as she was tonight. Had she known this man before, or had she played the movie-act, and fallen in love with him at first sight?"

The story was interrupted by a prolonged spell of coughing. Nurse Ansley smoothed the fevered forehead. With an effort the wounded man continued.

"I remember the surprise of everyone at the sudden shower of rain, and how we all ran for the nearest cottage on the mountain. When we reached shelter, Trenzia was talking earnestly to the attractive Dan Norton, as if she had known him all her life. I remember too well the hurt look of reproach Trenzia gave me, when I refused to talk all the way home that night. The next morning Tren asked me over to meet her brother who had run away to join the army four years before. The brother was Danny Norton Key.

"That’s him in the third cot to the left there, and a fine chap he is, too. Lord, you ought to have seen him land that knock-kneed Fritzie the night they came pretty near sending the bunch of us to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"I remember——" The eyelids fluttered, and the voice trailed off in a whisper. Dick Morgan, Private, 122 Inf., American Expeditionary Forces in France, slept and dreamed of his Carolina hills. Nurse Ansley leaned over, and tenderly smoothed the hair from his broad tan forehead. The lips of the sleeping man moved in a whisper:

"The year we married, Tren,—remember how tight I held your hand, when he pulled—that old automatic, then grinned and said:

‘Oh, thought I’d run on another bunch of moonshiners.’"
Nurse Ansley turned away. Standing by the window she looked out upon the devastated fields, ghostly and silent, in the moonlight. There were tears in her eyes, but a smile clung to her lips, as she whispered:

"Love and life! He's had love, but it will be life when he goes back. The changing of moonshine! Ah!"

Out on the night a great gun boomed, and the moon hid her face in a cloud.

Martha B. Peace, '20.
POE.

PICTURE to yourself a bright, attractive, child standing on a chair, a glass of wine in his hand, offering a toast or a pretty speech to a thoughtless dinner company. This child is no one else, but Edgar Allen Poe, born in Boston, 1809. His parents were actors who soon died and left Edgar to be adopted by a wealthy tobacco merchant.

His education was begun in a private school. Later he went to London, and at seventeen, he entered the University of Virginia.

At home Poe was treated indeed gently, and in the Virginia society he acquired a polish and neatness of appearance, which gave him the stamp of a gentleman; but neither at home, in society, nor in school did he get the sympathy which his soul craved. He had a certain aloofness, which kept him from having friends. He was too self-centered which kept him from knowing his fellowmen.

Poe’s college life was short and unsatisfactory. He made brilliant records in some studies, but, he drank, gambled and ran deep in debt. His foster father took him from school and placed him in business. He remained only a few months and then wandered into the world. He wrote a few poems and then joined the army in Boston and remained there two years.

After this he went to Baltimore and served on the staff of the Southern Literary Messenger. In 1835 he married his cousin Virginia Cleinn, and moved to Richmond. Here his life seemed to be more hopeful, and he was beginning to be famous, when he suddenly left. Here follows a life of wanderings and drink. He belonged to many magazine staffs, but made a success of none.

Finally he wandered to New York with his child wife. He established a little home, and began to work on a History of American Literature, which brought him nothing but harsh criticism and many enemies. Meanwhile Virginia grew very ill. There were no comforts in the house. The desperate conditions of the family was made known when some friend made
an appeal in the news papers for charity. This was the last drop added to the bitter cup which Poe drank to the dregs.

What it was for a poet, in a wealthy city, to watch the woman he idolized die without food and clothing cannot be put into words. As the curtain falls on this terrible scene we see a grief stricken figure falling on the foot of the grave. His shrunken body was wrapped in the coat which kept his Virgina warm while living.

We would like to close the scene here, but there remains two unmanly years, which we would like to forget. That he was ill and suffering was evident; that he was mentally un-balanced never occurred to some of his critics. He became engaged to a widow of Richmond, and life seemed more hopeful when he began another journey to New York to settle his affairs and return to love and a new life. Three days later he was found unconscious and died in a hospital in Baltimore without ever telling what had happened.

Kate Miller, '18.
MY HIGHLAND LASS.

I've wandered far from the Highlands,
I've sought the lonely plain.
But the girl I left behind me
Surpasses all my gain.

My Highland Lass is bonny,
Her heart is brave and true.
Her eyes bespeak her spirit,
In words I crave anew.

There is wealth in the Marts of Commerce,
There is work, and rush, and fame;
There's a brown-eyed girl of the city;
There're families proud in name.

I've tried it in the city;
I've money and wealth, and fame;
But a voice still whispers in me:
"To the Highlands take me hame."

Take me back to my Highland Lassie,
To the heart O' me and the hills
Where the air is pure and peaceful
And nature my spirit stills.

Martha Peace, '20.
IT WAS morning in the little settlement of Jamestown. The purling blue of the river cast an air of peace over the village. In his cabin set apart from the rest of the village, Monomoset walked excitedly up an down, the gentle expression inherited from his father and the softness of civilization now gone from him. There in the street the new governor had driven his chariot over the body of a red child. How he hated the man. There was a step on the path outside. He turned half expecting his mother, then remembered that last week of her life in that city fog across the great water toward the rising sun. Father Rolfe walked into the room.

"Another Papoose killed. The Governor does not realize the danger."

The young man turned burning eyes on his old father.

"Boy, you're just like the maid who drove me mad. Since she left us life has been nails and ashes. Don't leave me boy, ever."

"Let the Governor beg pardon and give a hostage and return the hunting land. I know the Indians won't stand more."

The young man spoke with the suppressed fire that burned from his eyes.

"May your words cling to your throat, false one. Go and read your Bible. What meant the child by getting into the middle of the street. The father said, red from anger.

"Your Bible is a heathen book which leads you to take the home of the red-man to whom it was given by the Great Spirit."

"I won't hear more. Read your Bible I say and when you repent I'll hear you." The father choked in his futile anger and left the room laughing severely.

The young man bravely and silently watched his old father leave the room. Then shaking his head slowly he mumbled:

"He knows not."

He turned to the oil painting of his pretty dark mother
which hung opposite a window so that the light fell full on
the face. It always seemed to him that it would talk. Now
the black eyes disapproved and looked troubled. If she had
loved the father so much that she could leave her own people
for him why should not he himself love the father and his
people.

He said "Mother, you loved him, so I love him."

That afternoon late, John Rolfe was brought in unconscious.
In the council meeting he had allowed his wrath to burn one
time which proved fatal, for he suffered a fit of apoplexy.
The dark son sat and solemnly and unmovedly gazed at
his father lying very still on the bed. Presently the father
moved and the son's intense gaze took in, it seemed the very
pulse beats of the man.

"Where is he? John Monomoset." Gasped the father.
"Here." The son uttered the word with a jerk.
"Bring it here son, the picture, put it there where I can see
it." He whispered the words with difficulty. The young man
brought the picture of his mother and placed it on the wall
opposite so that the waning light touched it softly. The eyes
were glad and compassionate.

"Ah! boy, you're your mother all over again." The old
man relaxed and fell back still gazing at the picture and
murmuring little words of endearment. His breathing was
slow and hard. The doctor always hovering over the patient
spoke a few words to the Bishop.

"I'll give him three hours at the longest."

Monomoset looked out at the setting sun and slightly moved
his head. There was the yelp of a fox, the call of his mothers
tribe. He slipped through the door, almost unnoticed. At
the edge of the clearing appeared two figures of half-naked
indians. He turned away in disgust at the crudity of the men
and held himself aloof from their jabbering tongue. He spoke
few words and they were English, and disconnected.
"Powhatan dead?---------me?---------tomorrow then."

The Indians turned and sped swiftly and noiselessly through
the woods. The son walked back to the cabin, entered quietly and took his place among the watchers.

The minutes sped slowly, every one intensely anxious over every breath of the man in the bed. Finally, the son breaking the fathers reverie spoke these startling words.

"When you see her, tell her all is well."

The father said in a voice slightly weaker.

"Boy, I told them in the council to beware of the Indians, I begged them to fortify the Garrison, but they will not listen. They feel too safe, only you can.--------" The old man gasped and fell unconscious from the exertion. A little while later his breath stopped and freed his soul.

Monomoset sat motionless through the rest of the night. He did not shed a tear, he did not change the expression on his face. He merely sat and looked. Perhaps he was thinking an Indian would have said so. The Bishop having attended to the ceremonies over the dead body took his seat by the bed. Neighbor Smith departed after saying in a awkward manner.

"With deepest regards and respect to your father I extend my sympathy."

The young men courteously bowed, "I thank you."

The next day the despairing town saw the funeral procession winding its way through the streets to the little grave yard behind the church. The Indians had sent a challenge of war to the settlers, and at the same time news arrived, of the destruction of outlying farms and their inhabitants. The friends of John Rolfe already mourning for the loss of their rural friends and relatives, readily joined the little funeral procession. Wailing women and stern men saw the burial of their long admired friend and champion.

The Bishop slowly pronounced the words of interment. The coffin was lowered and the grave-diggers began to replace the dirt.

"Wait." The voice of the silent son broke sharply into the sad silence of the 'swish' of dirt being thrown.

Everyone stopped and in amazement saw the young man
step forward with the picture of his mother, and place it in
the grave of his father.

"Don't do that, Dids't not love Rebecca? The old Bishop
demanded.

"She told me when she went to the happy hunting place,
to leave with her the picture of my father. Now he is gone
to the happy hunting ground and he wants the picture.
The half-breed carefully fixed the picture in its resting place
and turning, ran through the unlocked gate into the wilderness
beyond. The picture was not moved and the people returned
to their homes and thoughts of protection.

John Monomoset Rolfe ran swiftly and came to the bend
of Little Creek. Here the two Indians of the night before
waited in a canoe.

"Ugh! get in, Heap fine warrior look for big Chief."

They pulled across and landing began the silent noiseless
journey on foot. Progress was swift for those feet accus-
tomed to such. They arrived after a few hours travel at a
small Indian village. There was much excitement. The
warriors were very evident, newly painted and arrayed in war
colors. The few appearing the most popular had a goodly
number of scalps tied together and attached from the
shoulder.

As Monomoset approached, the warriors gave way in silent
appraised of this new chief. He stood in the center holding
himself erect and proudly looking at each man in turn. Just
then the women filed out in a long procession and started to
dance slowly around him. They were robed in simple gar-
ments highly decorated with beads. The leader bore a pair
of moccasins richly embroidered with multi colored beads.
She stopped in front of him and motioned for him to sit down.
She pulled off the strong English boots, the greatest sign of
civilization and placed on his feet the moccasins. They
danced slowly around him and as he stood up they stopped.
Another squaw now stepped forward and placed on his
shoulders the robe of deer-skin worn by Indian chiefs on state
occasions.
As they moved slowly around him they chanted this:

"Your own mother was Pocahuntas,
Was she not the squaw child of Powhatan?
Was Powhatan not the child of the Indians?
Great in war, swift in the stag hunt?
Your own mother Pocahuntas, was she
Not the squaw child of Powhatan?
Are not the squaws a mighty race?
In the council the squaws said
He who is descended from the mighty,
Powhatan by a squaw shall be chief.
Yes he shall be chief of the red-men."

The women slowly danced out of the circle and withdrew to the background. Then the old men came in a great procession led by Oppechanough, the brother of Powhatan and uncle of Pocahuntas. He was bent with age, yet severe in mien. They walked slowly and formed in a circle around the young half-breed.

Oppechanough spoke:

"You are the son of Pocahuntas, the squaw child of Powhatan, you are the last of the great family, so soon as you prove yourself brave, swift, alert; when you get more scalps than the bravest warrior you will be chief of the Indians. Your companions say you are swift and alert. How many scalps have you taken? None? Let the medicine man shave your head and make the war tuft. Let him mix the paint, and change the white skin to red. Tonight is a war raid. Tonight you get scalps."

The old man retired to the background and the medicine man came forward with a sharp edged stone and shaved the sides of his head. A tuft was left on the top which ended in a long plait, of the black hair that was too fine for such a style. Then the medicine man brought the paint and in savage colors changed the appearance of the young man so that he looked as fierce as the fiercest. Then as the man fell back Monomoset was left alone, he spoke:

"You women of the red people is war declared? In your
council did you forget the people whom Pocahuntas loved? Did you forget the death-house of Pocahuntas? The sacred dwelling place of the spirit of Pocahuntas? Monomoset will go after the 'dogs' that come down from the little blue waters. Monomoset will never take scalps from the white people whom Pocahuntas loved. You women of the red people declare war on the Algonquian dogs. Let us fight them and take their lands for our people. Let the last of the chief family of the red men fight the old enemies of our tribe. Then Monomoset shall smoke the pipe of war.

The women turned slowly and walked to the tent of war in the middle of the village. While they deliberated over the new situation every body was still and intense. After a time of waiting the warriors saw the women slowly file out and advance again in their dignified procession. The leader stepped in front of Monomoset and said,

"War will be made on the Algonquin dogs tonight. The Indians can not desecrate the sacred spirit home of a squaw.

_Leora Perry, '19._
THE ISAQUEENA

KEATS—SHELLEY.

IN STUDYING the English literature and writers of the beginning of the nineteenth century, we feel that Keats was the most perfect of the Romantics. He felt that poetry has its true meaning in being devoted to Philosophy and Politics. Thus, feeling that poetry existed for its own sake, he was content to write what was in his own heart. He worshiped beauty while Wordsworth was reforming poetry, while Byron was voicing himself and the political discontent of the times and while Shelley was advocating impossible reforms. We love Keat's high ideal of poetry and his perfect devotion to the beautiful.

It is hardly possible to find a poet more devoted to his high ideals, regardless of failure or success. Keats, who lived for poetry alone, forms a strong contrast with Byron who claimed that he despised the art. Keats gives us the impression of dissatisfaction that the deed falls short of his wonderful dream. He was hurt because of his weakness and lack of ability in not being able to give the perfect reflection of Greek literature in an English translation.

We feel that Keats' soul was never fully satisfied. He so often leaves us wondering at the end of his poems but perhaps this is because no beautiful thing can enter a life and leave that life quite the same afterwards.

In Shelley also, we find a poet seeking after ideal beauty and never being satisfied. We find also the reformer seeking to overthrow the present institutions and to establish universal happiness. We hesitate to criticize unkindly one that seemed so pure in his literary life and so appreciative of the beautiful and ethereal, yet we have to admit that Shelley was an unbalanced reformer and weak where Byron was lordly.

Bryon seems defiant in his works of revolt and without sympathy for humanity. He defies the world with a smile on his lips. At times Shelley bursts into wild passions and expresses exhaustion at the end of his verse but he is never defiant toward humanity. Mathew Arnold tells us that
Shelley is a beautiful ineffectual angel beating his wings against his cage.

In Prometheus Unbound, which is Shelley's best revolutionary work, we find a patience in spite of torture, a hope beyond suffering and a spirit-like beauty. Dr. Long calls Shelley the prophet of science and evolution.

In the poetry of both Shelley and Keats, we enjoy the delicate fairy-like expressions and atmosphere. There is an element of unreality and shadowy mythological and allegorical figures in both poets. Both were fascinated by the Greek literature and although Shelley was more able to master it, Keats gave us the spirit of the old Greeks.

Keats' conception of nature is what we may kindly term artificial, while Shelley's is more like that of our nature poet, Wadsworth. Both Shelley and Wadsworth thought of nature as being permeated by the great spiritual life, but Wadsworth found a spirit of thought and of communion between nature and the soul of man, while Shelley found a spirit of love, which exists for its own sake.

As Wadsworth's work is often marred by the moralizer, Byron's by the demogogue, Shelley's by the reformer, so Keats' work suffers from its aloofness which some have termed indifference to humanity. But remember that Keats lived only for his ideal in poetry and to express beauty for its own sake.

Mary Holliday, '19.
THE SPARK OF LIFE.

What is it in me that responds to the Bird
That sings from the tree-top high,
To the roar of the sea on its rock bound shore,
As it mirrors the blue of the sky?
Why is my heart in time with the wind
When it sighs in the tops of the pines,
Or the babble of the little brook
As around the bends it winds?
Because God made us and we're akin.

Why does the violet in her shady nook
Open her heart to the spring?
Why do the trees begin to bud?
What makes the birds to sing?
What makes the ice all melt away
Unlocking pond and stream?
What makes the youth, as he goes to his task,
Whistle and dream a dream?
Because there's a spark of divine in them all
That kindles anew in the Spring.

Ruth B. Scott, '18.
THE SINGING WIRE.

THE VAULT of the skies seemed almost talking to Ethel as she walked out from the little village. Even the sands of the desert, the greasewood, and long line of telephone posts across the desert were in perfect harmony with her soul. Why she enjoyed this walk nobody knew except Nawata, who stood listening at the foot of the towering post. Ethel went towards him and the black eyes of the Indian rested on her. Then he straightened himself, but his mystic eyes were still set.

"Nawata, you must be tired, why lean against the post?"

"The wire talk me," and the steady glance went in the direction of the long line of posts, then back to her.

"Nawata the wires are put up across the desert so that people many miles away are able to talk. They carry sound you see, and they don't reveal secrets," and Ethel tried to explain the mystery with her little knowledge of such subjects.

Since her father had brought her to grow up in the settlement of the Indians she had looked upon the superstitions of the tribe with the philosophical interest of a vivid girl of the east. In Nawata she found a personification of all that appealed to her sense of romance in the Indians; to her psychological interest in another race of beings; then, too, there seemed to be something calling for companionship, a cry of lonesomeness, of unfulfilment in this Red Man.

Today Nawata walked to the edge of the settlement with her. The silence of the desert seemed to speak, and the strangeness of the picture they made against the evening sun would have caught the eye of an artist; there was something in this curious companionship that could have fired a Burne-Jones.

Nawata was trying vainly to tell the girl for what he was listening in the message from the talking wire. But when they were able to see the houses of this curious village—like a few houses strayed away by mistake from civilization, he
turned and without a syllable left Ethel, and strode back to his own people. He walked not as Cooper's giant stalking through the forest, but with head down as one who feels the struggling of new-born desires and new impulses.

Before he reached the ranch twilight hung over the vast expanse and as his keen eyes gazed down the long line of dark posts, against the star dotted dome, he repeated—"She say—no message," then he turned and left the great civilized man's invention and on the oracle of his father.

Ethel many times in those days seemed interested in Nawata. As the friendship grew Nawata came and went in the village with a new dignity.

This mark of civilization and the inheritance of his fathers' caused a struggle, but one not reflected on his bronze face. There was never a change of expression, and even when the great country was parched and the desert plants suffering, the somber eyes revealed no anxiety.

At last he came to the village, and confided in Ethel his trouble for the Indian has no veneering of chivalry to protect "his mate" from the realities of life.

She walked back to the old site with him, to the edge of the great desert expanse, the desert that reared on high one mark of civilization, amid the stories of many tribes which had been burned into the sands, with the story of Nawata's past—and so the story of his future. He pointed to the great line of telephone posts as he told her his problem, not as a pale-face would have told it but in the Indian way. He felt vaguely that the pale-face's wire could solve his problem.

"Wire—no message?" But she smiled and didn't answer, because she knew in those days he did not go to it for such a message solely. As Nawata turned to his own land he gave the strange cry he let only the desert hear.

A permanent change in the desert is a slow process and so it must be in the nature of a race. And as usual the tribes consulted their oracles when another pale-face came to the village. He was, however, another as appealing to the
Indians as Ethel’s father; and although he was a prospector he soon became the friend of the Red Man. He and Ethel many times walked into the desert together; and Nawata still showed no signs of the change except that with his big black eyes he looked into the very soul of the pale-face. He had never thought of a time when Ethel would have another friend. The Red Man is no dissector of the soul; no wager of issues. It was something the great desert had never taught him. When he saw the two near his abode one day he moved off into the cactus, that hid him from the face of the desert. Then he strolled across the desert and walked until the white sands turned to grey in the twilight.

He saw them many times after that, and, although the bright smile Ethel gave him never changed his strong face, his great heart was not stone; and he moved off with a quicker step.

But he had to face Ethel’s decision alone. And when she married the prospector, Nawata stalked off across the desert. Once again the white sands, and desert cactus made his world. The great silence was his very voice and he seemed neither happy nor sad; but his mind hid behind the gloomy eyes and massive face, held things that the desert and even he did not understand. There was no change, the great desert sparkled in the bright sun, the somber Indian still held that grave look, but he turned and walked back. Nobody knew the lure of that walk, that view for him.

But now the Indian knew he had formulated his struggle, and the desert that had no street was a way after the heart of such a man. In the dim rays of the sun he plodded in the direction of the line of posts, the one touch of civilization. All else, the wild cactus, greasewood, and the antler on the white sand, was only natures, and man knew nothing except of their existence.

The horizon was touched with the art of Heaven, and a grey mist threw a veil over it. The bronze face was turned towards the village and said in a low voice, “She—no understand Me—understand,” post, the tall post that sang and
sang,—not only with the evening stars,—but in the burning heat of the midday sun—and then his head fell on his breast and his eyes rested on the low cropped cactus,—his cactus, that kept silence even in the heat of the night.

Lillian F. Breazeale.
COME here darling, real quick, and let mother wash your face again, while Bridget puts Jim on a clean blouse,” said Mrs. Jones to her eight year old Tommy.

“Well’rn, in a minute. Look here, Bill, ain’t this a cute picture I drawed of the teacher?” was all the reply Mrs. Jones got.

“Come on Tommy, right now. You remember, there are five others besides you, and I haven’t but thirty minutes to get you ready in,” pleaded the mother.

“I’m gonna pin it on her dress. Don’t you know she’ll be piping?” Tommy muttered, half to himself.

“Come to me, this instant. Thomas Jones,” demanded Mrs. Jones as she madly rushed over and snatched the absorbed miscreant by the hand, and roughly dragged him to the lavatory.

“Your face looks like I haven’t washed it once already since seven o’clock.

Scrub, rub at his face and ears she went, with a ruthless hand, until his face was red and shiny.

“Ouch, oo-h Mamma, that hurts,” yelled Tommy, but to no avail, for that face had to be clean.

“Now then, get your books and go! Jim haven’t you finished polishing your shoes yet? And there’s Jane with her dress on hind part before. William, I’ll brush your hair for you, hon,” said Mrs. Jones.

“Mama, where my books I can’t find ’em?” yelled Tommy.

“For peace sake, Bridget, help him find his books,” mourned the tired mother.

“Yes’m, I seed some under the bed dis morning when I wuz sweeping.”

Sara, the sweet, good, obedient child, so Mrs. Jones said as she told her she was all ready for school, now kissed her weary mother, and started to school.

Soon Mrs. Jones heard her ask in a timid whisper, “Bridget, have you seen my hat?”
“De last time I seed it, it wuz on top of the chicken house, and wuz nearly 'bout ruint, too.”

“Mama, make Jim give me my tie,” screamed William.

“Tain’t his, it’s mine. Hisons in the coal scuttle back of the closet door,” responded Bill.

By this time, the frantic Mrs. Jones, who was endeavoring to plait Lou’s hair in spite of her wild shrieks of pain and rebellion, was almost dead from sheer exhaustion. It was ten minutes before the time they should leave for school, and as yet only two had started. There was little satisfaction in knowing they had started, for there was no telling what would happen before they reached the gate. After a few minutes more of hard and tiring labor, Lou’s hair was neatly and tightly braided, tightly, to keep it from coming entirely down before she returned.

Lou, after searching for and finally finding her books, started on her way rejoicing. She got as far as the gate, and suddenly remembered that she had forgot to powder her face (she was twelve years old, and thought this very essential.)

She got out Mrs. Jones’ powder without the unsuspecting mother’s seeing her. In a minute, though, she succeeded in turning it all over on the floor, which attracted her much persecuted mother’s attention. As she was so urgently needed to separate Bill and Jim, who were fighting desperately over a certain towel they each wanted to use, she said nothing, only sighed.

As she had no interruption, Lou scraped enough powder off the floor to get her face looking like an ash cat’s and again made her departure.

The clock sounded eight-thirty, and yet Jane, Jim, and Bill had not gone. Jane put on one dress that was disgracefully short, and one that had the front covered with peach stain, and was now slowly laboring into another.

A shrill shriek of anguish came from the corner where Bill and Jim were washing their faces. On rushing to the scene, Mrs. Jones found that Jim had both eyes full of soap. She grabbed up a towel, and soon sent him scurrying away, still
whimpering because of his soapy eyes. There was no time to lose, so he must go.

All were gone now but Jane and Bill. After Mrs. Jones had buttoned Jane’s dress and mended a huge hole in her stocking, she kissed her (actually kissed her) good-bye, and only Bill remained.

“Hurry, William, child. You are late now. What’s keeping you so late, anyway?”

“Nothing much,” was the evasive reply.

On tipping over and peeping behind the screen, Mrs. Jones saw him working desperately trying to wash black polish out of his clean blouse. After searching for another and putting it on him with no gentle hand, Mrs. Jones ushered him to the door, and he too was gone.

MARGARET MAY, ’19.
Rags and Tatters

WHEN.

When you are mad and sad and blue
You'd like to bite a nail in two,
Wouldn't you?

When you are blue and sad and mad
You could just bust up all you had,
Couldn't you?

When you are blue and mad and sad
You'd better cuss and cry and then get glad,
Hadn't you?

NADA GREEN, '19.

KITES.

March! And with what joy we hailed those windy days, for it was then kite-flying time. From the minute we gobbled down our dinner after school until night we were busy with them. First we littered up the house with sticks, string and paper. But when our kites were finished, painted with many a gay and gaudy color, we tried them out and they went higher, higher until they were mere specks in the sky. Truely there is no one who has not felt the exhaliration of kite-flying. How it thrills you to feel the tug of an impatient kite as it pulls on the cord, trying to escape.

Did you ever work all afternoon making a grand and beautiful kite, but when you tried to make it fly, she was two heavy
and wouldn't sail? Then you looked at it with hatred in your eye because its looks were so deceiving. I can think of no disappointment I have ever felt so keenly as when my kite wouldn't fly. But experience can teach this art as she can teach you everything else.

I always hated a "store bought" kite. It was so wiggly and wobbly and light or so big and cumbersome and heavy that it would fly no higher than the house. They were made with an eye for looks, not with an eye for business. There is as much fun in making one as in sailing one, and there is such a feeling of satisfaction when you know that the little speck away up yonder in the air is the work of your hand.

We are sorry when March is over and the only signs left of the fun of those windy days are broken kites which have lodged in the tops of trees or have hung over telephone wires. But we forget about March and its kites for it is now marble-time, then tops come along, and then it is summer with its multitude of pleasures.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

SOMETIMES.

Sometime the sky is dull and gray
And all the world seems that way;
All the people go walking by
With half the gray from the sky.

Sometime the sky is tossed around
And make the world full of sound;
All the people go running by,
Jolly old wind's pushing—That's why.

Sometime the sky seems to leak
And all the world a shelter seek.
All the people trudging by
Carry a part of the leak from on high.
Sometime the sky gets bright and blue
And gives the world a shining hue;
All the people go smiling by
For they're sent their blues up on high.

NADA GREEN, '19.

"NO. 11—COMING IN THE YARD."

"Twenty minutes, you say, till the Savannah train arrives?" I asked the sleepy-looking agent of the small village station. His answer was an affirmative side nod, and accordingly I settled myself in an inconspicuous corner as comfortably as the hard straight-backed benches would allow, intending to take out my novel and pass away the twenty minutes in reading. But as I opened my valise, a little chap, sticky with a big piece of peppermint candy, toddled up and grabbed a clean white collar out—it was the only clean one left. The mother—a sallow, frail piece of humanity—hurried to us, as quickly as seemed best to drag three of four other children who were holding on to her skirts, and jerking the child away, she gave it a slap that immediately produced a yell. The next youngest child seemed to be in sympathy, but not in harmony, with the baby and joined the squalling in a tone about an octave higher. The baby held the collar, and the last I saw of it, she was feeding it to a yellow spaniel just outside the door.

In the meantime, hurly burly, red-faced man entered the stuffy room muttering something about its being so hot, as if nobody knew it was mid-June and the sun was shining down vehemently on the glaring white sand, and was in turn reflected unmercifully into our eyes and whole countenance. The man stopped near an old woman in the corner just opposite me, and in the same grumbling tone, spoke to her. She answered in a sharp, quaky voice and picking up the hat box on the bench and holding closely to a large, worn leather pocket-book, followed him with tottering steps out into the burning road. Through the small, dirty panes of the window, I could
see them climb into a large, two-horse wagon, already containing a crowd of small children, several half-grown girls, a woman, a man and a number of dogs of several varieties.

But I never did see them leave, for a brilliant flash of red and green flying in through the door brought my eyes, ears, and organs of smell to a standstill, for a whiff of Hoyt’s cologne, and the sound of much tinkling accompanied the flash. The whiff of Hoyt’s was real, I think, but the tinkling was only the dangling of the diamond and ruby lavalière against a huge broach of much the same compound, added to the small clinking of several conspicuous rings on her large red hands.

This vivid apparition had hardly escaped when, in contrast, a rather old man entered the door. He was slightly stooped and wore a long-tail coat with trousers which once did not match, but now were not so different—both coat and trousers being rather slick with age and wear. In all, however, the new comer looked a good deal better and neater than the others around, and as all the people spoke to him reverently and he was very friendly to all, I judged him to be the village pastor. After he had gone the rounds, speaking to friends and strangers, he covered his irongray locks with a tall derby and sauntered down the village road, his coat tails flapping in time to his gait—a sort of swinging to the rhythm of the breezes.

The twenty minutes was up and the air was still steaming. The babes began once more to squall and the little yellow spaniel to yelp. Perhaps they wanted more collars! The little bare-legged boys and the small girls with braided hair were getting tired sports beneath the old oak tree across the road, and were gathering their play things to go home. Far and near, the dinner bells could be heard and even the small store was closing its door for a midday rest. At last a pleasant faced, peg-legged fellow stuck his head in the door and cried, “She’s coming.” Taking for granted that nothing else could come to that place but a train, I gathered my belongings and left the—place.

Janice Singleton, ’21.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, THE POET.

Matthew Arnold, as a poet, should be placed in the group of our highest moralists. Not to head the list, but to fill a very important place.

He is the poet of the mind, constantly thinking, constantly philosophizing. From one who writes from his mind rather than from his heart the result found in him is to be expected. There is a coldness that is unemotional. After reading his poetry we recognize the power of his mind, rather than the depth of his feeling.

It is natural that one of his intellect should turn to classical learning. His poems are full of mythical references both Greek and Roman. But these ancient stories are told by him not as a revival of the antique but as an original and vivid tale.

Philosophy is ever present in his poetry, but 'tis almost pagan at times. It is here that Arnold fails to rank with the highest moralist poets. He loses entirely the christian spirit in so completely elevating the intellect to the detriment of everything else.

His poems are as near perfect as poems get to be. "The Forsaken Merman" shows us just what spontaneity the poet possessed. Everything he writes seems to be flowing with absolutely no effort. He gives one the feeling that there is plenty more where that came from. His phrasing and choosing of descriptive words is wonderful. Should one not even understood what he is saying one could listen enraptured by the music of his words.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

A QUIET HOUR IN ROOM 301.

The poor unfortunate girl who has the tough luck of rooming with "It" namely the President of the Student Government Association of the Greenville Woman's College must needs seek some other time to study her many lessons other
than the definitely set apart space of two hours and a half from seven-fifteen to nine-fifteen p. m., called by the Association "Class Study Hour."

On a certain Monday night this poor little (?) person settled herself down comfortably at the beginning of the period to prepare a very difficult paper which had to be in by the first period of the next day. Now unfortunately this said person is not overbright in her classes but manages someway by the aid of this wonderful room-mate to "pull through." On this particular night (any other night might serve just as well) Room-mate had just gotten all of her materials together and was working away at a rapid pace when there came the first gentle "Tap" on the door. "Come" called she very politely.

"Is Phebe home?" asked Alice a little Freshman in a scared wee voice.

"No," answered the Room-mate. "She is in Honor Board Meeting but will be home presently. Won't you come then?"

"Thank you" answered the Freshman and beat a hasty retreat. Again does the girl settle back to her work after several minutes lost in striving vainly to pick up her lost thought.

Tap, Tap, on the door.

"Who's there? Come in."

"No, Phebe is not at home yet, Miss E------" in answer to the inquiry. "But she will be presently. She is in Honor Board Meeting, but won't you come in and wait for her."

"No, thank you," answered this dignified member of the faculty. "I only wanted to see her for a few minutes, but tomorrow will do just as well."

"Alright, Miss E------ I will tell her you want to see her."

Perhaps now, thought Room-mate I can get my Introduction done anyway. Just then a well known step is heard coming down the hall and in a few minutes "It" walks in.

"Hey, room-mate," down at it I see, well, we've had some fearful time at Honor Board Meeting tonight. Everything has gone wrong."
"Ah! what, please tell me all about it, you know I am dying to know," eagerly asks room-mate, eagerly pushing aside her work forgetful of it but ready for all news.

"No, I won’t either," It. "You get right back to work now, ’cause you know well enough that I am not allowed to tell anyone a thing that takes place in Honor Board, not even my dear little room-mate. Just be patient and look on the Bulletin Board in the morning for all news."

"Alright" sorrowfully.

"Room-mate" suddenly asks Phebe.

"Guess what? Dr. Ramsay stopped me in the hall when I was on my way home tonight and told me to come by his office tomorrow. He wants to see me. I wonder what he wants with me. I am just dying to know."

"So am I, yes—do come in,—yes Phebe is at home this time Ray? "Phebe," asks Ray. "Can a proctor give a girl permission to spend study hour with another girl, if her room-mate is in the Infirmary?"

"Yes, Ray" knowingly says this important president. So another inquirer departs satisfied.

"Pshaw, Phebe" sighed her room-mate "I have simply got to do this paper or you know what will happen in the morning. Please now, don’t speak to me another time tonight no matter what you want to say. Even if its interesting and exciting scandal, put it off until after lights, won’t you dear?" "Alright, girl and good luck to you," understandingly answers Phebe.

Now Phebe herself is ready to begin work, so she gathers together her many pamphlets, books, etc., on "The Feeble-minded" and resumes writing on her essay on this Intelligent subject for Education. About five minutes passes by quietly then all at once there comes out of the darkness such a knock on the door that causes both the occupants of Room No. 301 to shake and quiver for the well-known tap of Miss B——— was no unusual occurrence at this said door.

"Listen here, Phebe," said this diligent person without any ceremony or greetings whatsoever, "I just want to know if
the girls are allowed to congregate in the rooms during study hour? Well, they are and you had better see about it, right now too. I knew they couldn't (without waiting for a reply) and I went and told that proctor so but she mumbled something about room-mates being in the Infirmary.

"Alright Miss B______, I will go right now." So "It" and Miss B______ leave together to investigate and settle this difficulty.

Room-mate for the fourth time gets to work again and actually manages to finish the Introduction and begin on the first paragraph before "It" returns.

Soon Phebe returns and settles down quietly to her work again without saying a thing to the fast becoming distracted girl, trying so hard to explain why Physical Education holds just as important a place in the school work as anything else. Just then another tap, tap is heard at the door.

"Come in, for pity's sake" growls Room-mate, not even giving her important sister a time to say so politely.

"Phebe" asks the proctor next door. "Can the girls turn on the water in the tubs before nine o'clock. They say they have to because at nine they can't get it on second floor because its going on first floor."

"No, Mable! please tell them to wait until nine to do so, because it disturbs the other girls and teachers too. The halls must be kept more quiet during Study Hour, I shall speak to the girls of this during the meeting of the Association tomorrow night."

"Doggone it all" moans Room-mate as the door again closes. "I am going to bed and if anyone should happen to want me, do, please tell them I am dead. Guess I shall have to set Big Ben for five-thirty in the morning. This paper has to be done and that seems to be the only quiet hour in this place, then I bet "Mutt" Corpening can't sleep and will be up alarming this whole hall."

True to her words Room-mate crawls into bed and soon forgets all her many trials and tribulations, for even if she can't make A on her studies, she can when it comes to sleep-
ing. After about fifteen minutes this sleeper is in someway dimly conscious of the last light bell and of Phebe retiring for the night. Suddenly again out of the dark, another knock comes at the door startling her so until all sleep flies entirely. Sleepy-eyed she sits right straight up in bed, wide awake now though, just in time to hear Miss G______ apologize for coming in after light bell but she just had to report the girls on her hall for loud racing through the halls. It made her so nervous that she simply had to do so right now and it could not be put off until morning."

"Goodnight everybody" interrupts a voice from somewhere in a corner and really falls asleep at last regardless of anything or anybody.

Claire Smith, '18.
The Isaqueena

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Editorial

WELCOME TO NEW STAFF.

The old staff welcomes in the new staff. With this number we preform the obsequies of our editorialship and bury all the nightmares and dreams pertaining thereunto—but largely dreams. The cooperation of the student body has helped bring our dreams to pass, that splendid cooperation of the entire student body which has backed our effort to make our magazine a success and an asset to the college.

We take this opportunity to thank those who have helped
us. Your aid has made our task much easier and in many cases it was indispensable to us.

May the incoming staff profit by our mistakes, and may this not be an excuse for our being? We are proud to be one link in the "chain of history" of this magazine.

The old staff will do anything that you will allow us to do, that will make your task easier.

And now we can only wish you the great success that we are confident that you will have, with your qualifications and a solidified student body to back your efforts.

THE NEW HONOR SYSTEM.

For the benefit of those who do not know what our new honor system is I shall try to explain in a few words.

1. It means the elimination of all roll calling when the whole student body is concerned.

2. If any girl fails to perform the duty expected of her, her name is placed on the delinquent list and her name is called afterward.

3. A girl reporting herself before hand is allowed 3 cuts but only with the student government penalties for such cuts.

4. A girl remains on the delinquent list for a period of time equal to one quarter.

This is our honor system and it is, I think, a great step forward.

The responsibility which we assume with this new order, shows us that we are no longer High School girls but grown women, many of us going out to face life for ourselves after June 6. And if we carry this new privilege well it mean others. No college can be at its best until a thorough honor system is established. This start that we have just made, is a mere beginning. By the time the present freshman has attained the Senior class, we expect to have a full grown self governing body in everything. This will not only be for the betterment of the college and for the students while in college
but it will mean that when a girl leaves G. W. C. she will have had four years training in the all important art of governing herself. She will not be thrust on her own resources at her graduation to shift for herself as best she can with only her instinct to guide her.

The system cannot prove a success unless every girl does her part. It is up to us to make those in authority see that the student body is capable of taking care of this new system, and in time, new additions will be made to it voluntarily as a consequence.

Do your part and there will be nothing left undone.

THE NEW SCIENCE CLUB.

A science club is a new thing at G. W. C. It is now in the process of organization, a period in the life of anything that is very difficult and sometimes dangerous to write up, for one can only predict, and since the occurrence of the war most of us are loathe to deal in prophecies. Altho the club is still living in air castles, they are wonderful mansions for those interested and being among that distinguished group I'd like to tell the public enough of our aims to ally suspicions as to our mental condition when a group is seen lying flat on their backs on the ground gazing through what was once used to send a calendar in.

This mysterious instrument is a homemade telescope, with an inch and a half reflector through which the craters on the moon, several double stars, two large Nebulae, and four of Jupiter's moons are visible.

Everyone knows what a telescope is and its uses. The reason I describe this one is because it was interest in the telescope and what it revealed that stimulated us to form the club.

All girls having had three years of college science are eligible. This makes it so that every member will have a foundation and a sympathetic attitude towards what the club
is to try to accomplish. There are to be several honorary members to bring in the outside influence and views others than those in the college. These are, Mr. Swift, Mr. David Ramsay, Mrs. Padgett, and Dr. B. D. Hahan, who has very kindly offered to deliver any lectures that will be of interest along the chosen lines of work.

Miss Goodhue, head of the science department, is the motexating power that together with the dynamic force of every member is to make the thing go.

The aim of the club is twofold. First, it is for the benefit of the members and second, the college is to be made better from its existence. The members are to be better informed along the lines of science of all kinds and especially popular science, which is rarely ever to be secured from a regular college course.

The college is to have some new pieces of equipment for the science department and new scientific magazines for the library of which there is a dirth just now.

All assistance of any kind that will help to further the ends of the club will be appreciated from those who are interested more cannot be said just now of this new adventure. But wait a while and in the mean time keep an eye on that mysterious bunch of night hawks.
The Collegian—As a result of the combination of the January and February issues into one we would expect something more from P. C. However, what there is, is good but there should be more of it. The quality far exceeds the quantity. The opening number, "Devotion to truth," is a timely article and is a fair sample of the rest of the magazine. Each college student should read this article and awake to the real importance of the situation. The writer has strong convictions on the subject and sets them forth in a convincing way.

The Collegian's greatest asset is its poetry. As a rule the verse in our college magazines is very inferior, with faulty meter and scarcely any definite theme. But rarely is this true in The Collegian. "The Great Gray Ships," "He Did His Part," "Going to War," "The White Roofs in the Starlight," are all good poems in this issue.

The Hollins Magazine—By far the best publication that comes to the editor's desk is The Hollins Magazine. It is from one of our largest colleges and should be the good magazine it is. Time would fail me to write of the many good essays, stories and poems in this first issue of 1918. May this be indicative of the many issues to follow.

The Y. W. C. A. has been particularly fortunate lately in that we that had the great privilege and pleasure of having Chaplain Foster of Camp Sevier, Dr. B. D. Hahn of Pendleton Street Church, and Dr. Foster has been with us before and who we always love to hear talk. After the meeting the center of attraction was little Master Foster, three years old and in khaki! When asked his name he replied; “Assistant Chaplain Foster of the 117th.” Everybody knows and loves Dr. Hahn. Each time he comes we are more delighted with him. As a basis of thought he took these words, “And when they had sung an hymn they went out.” From these words he brought out the happy thought that Jesus sang. He then led us up through various phases of life and in each found music. Even mathematics has music in it! His whole theme struck a responsive note in every heart. His words linger with us still.

Dr. Usher’s talk was an appeal for the suffering and persecuted Armenians. His words went to our hearts for he has seen the horrors of war that have been inflicted on these people. Being among them he himself was to some extent persecuted but the American flag saved and protected his life. Girls, do we realize what other people are suffering? I’m afraid we don’t. We think too much of ourselves, of ease, comfort, and luxury. I’m glad that there are men like Dr. Usher who have seen and under gone these sufferings and brutalities to come and tell us for it puts us to thinking, real serious thinking. That is just what we need to make us realize what an age we are living in and what we might do
to alleviate the suffering of mankind and bring Christ back to
the world and crown him the King of Love and Peace in the
hearts of all men.

ALATHEAN SOCIETY.

The Alethean Division of the Judson Literary Society can
express it's past history in the brief—but expressive and
characteristic words. "Great achievement." For the past
year it's programs have dealt largely with the problems af-
forded by the present World War. The words of powerful
war masters—literary productions, scientific discoveries, in-
vention of new method for progress, etc., have been topics of
extreme interest and benefit. But the study of masterpieces
of geniuses of the past centuries have not been omitted. They
have formed a basis for careful study and a source of enlighten-
ment.

To whom may such success be attributed? To none other
than the society's alert and active members. They have the
spirit and they unreluctantly foster that cause. Can one ex-
pect anything other than good results in any organization when
such interest is manifest and such a spirit prevails? The im-
mediate answer is no. The members are inspired by ennobling
and energetic leaders. A just cause with capable laders is sure
to meet with success.

The Society is proud of its championship in an inter-society
basket ball game in December, this revealing its spirit of
rivalry in a "wholesome sort of way." To further prove it's
championship another game is scheduled for the near future.

The society is anticipating great success in the approaching
inter-society debate. It expects to maintain it's standard and
record.

It's ideals are high; it's spirit is one of enthusiasm; it's
aspiration for greater things in the future is lofty.
PHILOTEAN SOCIETY.

Today it is the characteristic of every group of people, in whatever walk of life, to think of efficiency in their line of work. But not until Uncle Sam had sent some of his sons to France, did we realize the responsibility of the business man, literary man, and even the common laboring man.

Now our colleges are preparing to meet the increased demands made on their students. Here in our literary society we are giving programmes not merely for the culture of the members but for the immediate improvement and direction. These times demand, as never before, genuine business of the college students; and work not only for the individual but for cosmopolitan men and women.

The Philotean literary society has been giving programmes on special subjects every Saturday evening. We have appealed not only to the programme committee for its best, but in giving its carefully planned subjects each member has done much to encourage the interest in the problem as well as victories of this age. One of the most interesting subjects discussed was science in this war. But the evening the Philoteans were “Hooverized” touched nearer the mainspring of mankind today.

People are uniting now as never before, so why not the Philoteans too?

LOCALS

Miss Carol Roper of class 1917 has been visiting in the college. We are always glad to see familiar faces once again. In April Miss Roper is to be married and will retire to Virginia.

In History of Music. Miss Byrd: “Miss L——, will you tell us something that Bach composed.”
Miss L——, “Chopin is Prelude.”
Overheard at the Library. Rat to Librarian: I want Scribble's (Scribner's) Magazine, please.

Miss Gladys Padgett, of Class 1917, is enrolled with us this semester, as a special in music.—A post graduate in other words.

The Day Students have elected the following "worthies" to rule them this coming term:
President—Miss Katherine Easley.
Vice President—Miss Marion Wassum.
Secretary & Treasurer—Miss Mamie Allen.

Miss Ruth West has left G. W. C. to take up duties as a teacher.

No nervous breakdowns have been reported among the day students, as a result of overstudying during the quarantine.

Don't hitch your skates to an automobile and come flying down the hill? This is moralistic and it must be regarded as such or disaster may befall.

It is pretty hot playing basketball on a day when spring is so in evidence—also spring fever.

Professor and Mrs. Craft entertained the G. W. C. Glee Club, and Dr. and Mrs. Ramsey at their home last Monday evening. They also invited some soldiers, who added much to the pleasure of the young ladies. Everyone present had a delightful time.

Measles are no more popular at G. W. C. Mumps, however, seem to "take the day," and every girl in college is trying to be in style. Nine cases are the limit now, but several have been under consideration and finally pronounced—"Not mumps."
Mr. and Mrs. Byrd of Eastover have been visiting their daughter, Miss Mabel, here this week.

Dr. Clark from Camp Sevier gave an interesting talk to the Y. W. C. A. last Thursday evening. We have been very fortunate this year in having so many fine speakers at our Y. W. C. A. meetings.

Several of the Y. W. C. A. girls are going to Coker next Friday. The new cabinet members expect some good training to begin a good drive for next year.

JOKES.

Marye Lewis (coming from Biology) "T," can you imagine anything being as small as a parasite?
Sarah Owens: Ruth, I just can’t learn Milton’s Laws of Motion!
Irene Erwin thinks that Shakespeare’s Essay on Emerson is a wonderful insight into character.
Poor Rosada Talbert can’t remember that Chaucer wrote Othello!
Christabel Mayfield (in Astronomy): The earth is a solid substance much desired by the seasick.
Miss Goodhue (in Physics): Miss Morgan, what is a non-conductor?
Helen M.: I think its a motorman.
Idah Pitchford (in Cooking Class): Aimee, I didn’t know you were taking burnt wood art.
Aimee S. (Domestic Science Senior): Idah, this is just a pie.

"Imp" had a Math exam,
The questions stared at her.
The more she looked at them
The more her mind did blur.
Our Freshman's Language:
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.
Our Senior's Language:

Scintillate, scintillate, diminutive constellation,
Interrogatively question your constituent elements,
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere,
Similar unto the carbonaceous adamantine crystal.
Point System of Honors

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

THREE POINT HONORS.

President of Athletic Association.
President of Classes.
Presidents of Societies.

TWO POINT HONORS.

Secretary and Treasurer of Societies.
Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Secretary and Treasurer of Student Government.
Repartemental Editors.
Chairman of Program Committees.
Council Members.

ONE POINT HONORS.

Other Class Officers.
Other Society Officers.
Other Y. W. C. A. Officers.
Other Athletic Association Officers.
Other Society Officers.

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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.

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