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Agnes Jenkins
Greenville Woman's College

The ISAQUEENA

May, 1918

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Contents

The Isaqueena

VOL. XII. GREENVILLE, S. C., MAY, 1918 NO. 5

"AWAKE!"

NIGHT slips swiftly on
In the grey misty eve
Of day; and hark! the birds
Unseen, from every nook,
And bought call loudly words
To sleeping, sluggard men.
"Awake, away, tis day
The birds have caught their worms."
They, busy, get to work
To still the birdie squirms.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

THE SUGAR SITUATION.

NO, MADAM, we cannot sell any flour without an equal amount of some wheat substitute," Archie was perspiringly explaining the food situation to a wealthy customer. Evidently he found it hard for his sandy hair was rumpled and he mopped his brow feverishly. "Sugar, you say? No, ma'am, I'm sorry ma'am; we sold our last package a few minutes ago. Yes ma'am, it's hard to get a substitute for sugar; nothing satisfactory on the market; this sweetening business is a serious thing. Nothing else I can do for you?" and he bowed the lady out with his best "Thanks, call again" air.

As he raised himself from his awkward position, he stood transfixed with horror. On the opposite side of the street he beheld Rosie, *his* Rosie hanging on the arm of a stalwart defender of liberty, her laughing face turned admiringly towards his. What a sight to behold! Rosie would have felt sorry for him could she have taken her eyes away from the soldier long enough to see Archie looking disconsolately after them compairing his own short, stout figure with that of the tall broad-shouldered hero. Oh, well! he might have known that this would come to him even as it had come to other boys left at home. Uniforms are very fetching and who could expect a girl to remain faithful to a fat man without one. Such were the bitter thots of Archie as he stood in the doorway of the grocery store where he followed his life's calling and where, before the advent of camp Sevier, he had talked to Rosie across the counter while feeding her assorted chocolates. This was gone forever. Never again would Rosie drop in for a chat when the boss was gone to dinner, and never again would he be allowed to feed her sweet words as well as candy. Rosie had joined the ranks of the hero worshippers. In the midst of these gloomy reflections, one ray of hope came to lighten his burden. At any rate he had a date with Rosie for the evening; nothing could snatch that sweet morsel from him.

Alternating hope and despair filled his soul until he started for Rosie's home armed with a box of assorted chocolates. "Oh, hallo, Archie," she greeted him with a smile. "I was beginning to think you were forgetting me for business."

When Rosie smiled, Archie entered the seventh heaven. The bitter past was wiped out. "Now, Sug, how can you believe that, knowing me as you do, Sweetie," he beamed. "But it seems like I haven't got a stand-in anymore with these uniforms hanging on every lamp-post," he added darkly.

Rosie gave her careful Mona Lisa smile, "But, Archibald, you can't understand the situation. These men are wonderful; their uniforms are so cute and striking and their ideals so nice."

"Their what?" said the confused Archibald, puzzled by this new Rosie.

"Their ideals," explained the new Rosalind, with patient aloofness. "Don't you remember that speech we heard in the B. Y. P. U. last Sunday, all about these men who are fighting for liberty and equality. My! I shall never forget it—nor that handsome Y. M. C. A. man who made it."

"No, don't know as I do," stumbled Archie.

"Now, of course my friend don't talk much about his own affairs, but I *know* that man's got something he don't tell me about; there's such an air of mystery about him. I do love an interesting man."

Poor transparent Archie had no interesting complexities to offer, so he kept his eyes glued on Rosie's blooming countenance, while his own registered abject misery.

"I do believe it's his ideals," pursued Rosie. I know another fellow from the same town who said that my sergeant gave up $1,800 per year to go into the army."

"Maybe he felt a draft would blow him in when the weather turned, anyhow," said the trodden worm.

Rosie's color flared again, but the insistenting ringing of the telephone saved Archie the retort.

"Excuse me, Archibald," she called over her shoulder as she hastened to answer it, for Rosie was always a lady. Her exquisite manners were largely responsible for Archie's entanglements. Sweetness, softness—that was Rosie. All the sweet experiences of Archie's life were bound up with those regular "dates" with Rosie.

From the hall came a low hum of conversation broken by Rosie's gentle laugh. "Awfully glad you called me," she said. "I was just thinking of a poor lonesome boy at Camp Sevier. "Yes, I'll be glad to go. There's a friend here but—" here her voice grew indistinct but Archie, weak as was his imagination pictured the rest. He paced up and down the room moodily. Great day! who would have thought—that Rosie would throw him over for a mere soldier in spite of $1,800 worth of idealism. Alas! Alack! she was like all the rest of her sex, faithless. He would forswear girls forever. He would show Rosie that he couldn't be led around by the nose.

"I'll show her," he muttered angrily.

Roise came in her face suffused with smiles. "Archibald, Sergt. Maybery is coming to take us to ride. He drives the general's own car and it's perfectly grand. I'm so glad you are going to have a chance to meet him. It will do you good, Archie," and she smiled.

Archie almost weakened at her dimpling over the old familiar name—but he would show her that he would be the dupe of no woman's wiles. He interrupted her.

"Thanks, Miss Rosie, but I guess there won't be room for me. Anyhow, I got to go back to the store a little while tonight. Mighty hard times for grocers with the freight so tight and sugar so scarce. Of course, for my *own* prospects, the store's got to hold it's own. Thus did he seek to impress Rosie with his superiority to all who used good time by riding in other people's cars, hoping wistfully that the re-

ference to his prospects would call up in her mind the little bank account she knew he was striving to enlarge—and for what she also knew.

"Too bad you can't stay but run along, if you are busy," Rosie spoke suavely.

Archie walked away trying to draw himself up very straight but the curves of his figure forbade. Rage and despair filled his heart. "Showing Rosie" lost its flavor. He wanted to crawl off into a corner and put his head down and cry. Funny how much like children fat men are. He decided to grow thin. Perhaps if Rosie saw him pining away before her very eyes her consience would awake and cause her heart to melt. Perhaps he would even die.

In the days that followed his last evening with Rosie, Archie tried everything known to science to grow thin. religiously did he abstain from all sweets. To his feverish imagination there seemed a terrible congrinty in this: all that was sweet in his life had been snatched away, so why not deny himself *all* sweets, especially since the sugar situation was so grave; (why, they hardly had sugar for their most choice customers). All, all, gone, vanished, unreasonably, at once. Sadly did he climb upon the scales to find his weight varying not so much as a fraction of an ounce. It was hopeless, for even had he become a mere skeleton of a man, Rosie would never have known it, so absorbed was she in her wonderful sergeant. Archie searched the society columns daily for the wedding announcement and daily heaved a sigh of relief as he failed to find it.

However, had he but known it things were not going to suit Rosie either. Sergeant Maybery had been gone to Rifle Range for two endless weeks. She missed his every night call and counted the days until his return. Today was his day in town; surely after such an absence he would come to Greenville. She dressed carefully and, smiling introspectively at the joyful meeting, she saw near at hand, went up town. As she passed Armstrong's she walked very slowly

for here he always tarried. There was no sign of him. There was no sign of him. With a sigh she crossed over and started down the other side. A dreadful fear struck a chill to her heart. What if he had not come to town, and had called her up at home from the Camp.

Suspense became unbearable. She started home. As she crossed the street she stood transfixed with horror even as Archie had done a few weeks before. Sergt. Maybery, *her* Sergeant was looking admiringly down into the upturned face of a blushing girl. Suddenly he spied Rosie.

"Oh, Miss Rosie," he called.

She did not hear him until all traces of her chagrin and humiliation had cleared from her face. With a dazzling smile, she held out her hand. "Why, how do you do?" she purred. "I'm glad to welcome you back to town again."

"Miss Jones," the Sergeant said, "I wan't you to meet my wife. Sweety, this is the Miss Jones who has been so nice to me."

"I have heard Charlie speak of you in such nice terms," said the wife in a chirpy little voice. "I wan't to thank you for making my husband enjoy his stay in Greenville. That was the one thing I was afraid of when he left home, that he woud be lonesome without me."

"Oh, I think I have kept him from being lonesome." Rosie's laugh hinted at many hidden things. "It's been an every night affair between us."

The girl blushed painfully. The Sergeant hastened to add, "Louise came up to see me and I just couldn't let her go back, so we were married this morning."

Rosie gasped, "I didn't know you were a bride. Congratulations!" She stared at her speechless for a moment. Then—"Well, I must be going. If your wife stays in Greenville, bring her around to see me. I'll be glad to have you." She left them with a cool little nod. Clenching her hands angrily she went to a telephone booth.

"Give me 2909"—So this was his mystery—her voice

sounded as tho she had just bitten into a crab-apple. "I want to speak to Mr. Smith," she demanded. Her tone changed sweetly, "Is that you, Archie?" she cooed. You naughty man, you have neglected me shamefully. What? Why, didn't you know he was married? Been married for two years. That was just a test of your love. I wanted to see if you really cared, but I simply couldn't keep it up any longer. I'm coming around to see you in 15 minutes."

"Well, you're the cute one," sang Archie's voice over the wire. Then he spoke a parable, compact with worldly wisdom, to his fellow clerk, "Say, Sam, men are *simple;* takes a sweet little girl to show 'em up."

With unusual alacrity he turned to the austere female customer, who was morosely waiting during this edifying conversation.

"Sugar?—*yes ma'am;*—new shipment: market seems safe now," and his heart sang within him as he measured out a generous quarter's worth of sweetness.

AGNES A. JENKINS, '18.

LIFE AND THE MODERN SHORT STORY.

IN THIS head-long rush of today, it does not seem possible that we have had time to think upon the calm and lowly sweets of life, and less possible that we have actually created something. But though this life is a mad rush from beginning to end, the race is brief, and many events are crowded in that brief space. The artistic creation of such a life will be one made in the image of such a day, it will be one breathing the breath of such a day; and such a creation is the modern Short-Story. The Short-Story is not an ephemeral form, but like all great art it is moulded by the day of its inveption; tho it contains within the mould the ideas, longings, problems, asperations, doubts, conclusions, and fancies of the past and the future. The Short-Story, properly speaking, is not a new form. It has only come into universal favor in this, the 'Rush Age.' It is just being recognized as one of the highest developments of literary art.

In that a Short-Story is artistic, it is essentially a part of life; it is life. Life is art. Yes, you say, but music is art, and yet life is not music! True, but music, the harmonious mingling of sound expressive of the heart—emotions, is an essential part of life, a part so natural that we dare not separate the two. The reason music is emotional, an interpreter of the human heart, is that it contracts the time-span, brings the emotions to the immediate present, and envelops our present, past, and future for the time being, and focuses everything in one complex, yet unified pattern of sounds in time. All men, with extremely rare exceptions, love music, some love one class, some another, according to the culture, the heart-emotions of the one or the other. Shakespeare says:

"The man that hath no music in his soul
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils."

This universality of music, the expression, the mould of

which has been envolved, serves here only for an illustration of the appeal of all art, and especially for that of the Short-Story.

As it is with music, so with the Short-Story. The whole of life is contracted, suggested, ipetonized in the Short-Story. It is at once a mirror and a magnet; it reflects incidents parallel to real life, and draws all these incidents into a magnetized pattern. Further it gratifies mans' curiosity, his natural love of plot, of surprise, and suspense. Every Short-Story must have a plot of some nature. The modern Short-Story plot differs from the old in that it is not as complicated, and is not the principle interest in the story. The main interest today is the interpretation of life, of the state of the human heart, that which a Short-Story gives more poignantly, intensely, and concretely than any other form of art. With one delicate, highly developed, artistic stroke the great canvass of life is painted: very short, almost as short as life itself, and almost as intense. It is the only creation that holds life up, warm and glowing before our eyes.

Manpassant is an excellent example of the realistic writer. His stories depict the sordid, the tragic, the horrible side of life. As such they are warm, fervid glowing with living sentiment and expression. O. Henry holds up the bright, the optimistic side, and makes one lonely character so real, so living that the individual life is the cynosure of all eyes from beginning to end. The beginnings of O. Henry's stories are as a microscope laid over something insignificant, something that needs enlargement, magnetization, pattern for the sake of impression. His endings are a highly focused search-light, turned backwards upon this magnetized impression. O. Henry takes real life, real situations, and by them gratifies man's love of unity, our desire to see "one increasing purpose run" thru all the minor conglomerate incidents of life. This he does without falling into the peril of the extreme realist, Balzac, Dumas, of giving a surplus of details because they actually exist, and without yielding to the pressure of a com-

plicated, artificial, balanced plot, neatly wound up at the end.

The supreme artistic quality of our Short-Story is suggestion. Details are spared, but not overlooked, one detail will suggest twenty. Does nature suggest, or point out? Surely she does point out sometimes. Can one look at a wild daisy, and see only the flower? No, we think of the roots of the little flower, of its food, it's origin. Then we begin to wonder what we know of life, anyway.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The fantasy, "The Flying Teuton," is wonderfully suggestive and imaginative. A German ship is bound for America just after the declaration of peace. It is discovered, when only a short distance at sea that other ships appear to run thru the Teutonic vessel cutting it in half, or to pass it by, unheeding. Gradually, as one after another ship passes, human dread and terror in the hearts of those on board is replaced by awe. Just as the ship sights the statue of liberty, the machinery reverses itself, by the power of no one on board. The awe-stricken faces are then filled with silent despondency, as the realization dawns, that never will the ship be allowed to land on a foreign shore. The story is told by the only American on the ship, who, after the German 'exile' was broken by the good-will of her neighboring nations, returned to America in a German vessel. The atmosphere of the story is intense; every word is suggestive. We are drawn into the action; we become a participant. We see the phantom ship; we feel it's motion beneath our feet.

There is a vital difference between the novel and the Short-Story. Many of us have the wrong inpression when we assign the Short-Story to the mother-care of the novel. The novel is a conventional drama of life, of artificial struc-

ture, with every string tied up and knotted at the end, a completed resolution; a figure of many themes in opposition, in parallel, and completely resolved in the final chords; a classicists' art form. Life is not a nicely patterned affair, all smoothed out at the end; *life* is a *going-on!* There is no end! "East of Eden," Katherine Gerould's recent story is an excellent example of the Short-Story without end. On a tropical isle a noted lecturer and traveller, and his naive young daughter meet the missionary, an attractive young American, and his old aunt. The young people spend many wonderful hours together at the lovely bungalow, or mission. They are attracted to each other from the very first, and are about to be married, when it is discovered that they are brother and sister. The story leaves us the picture of the girl as she leaves the man; leaves us wondering what becomes of the girl, and what befalls the man. The Short-Story is a vast ocean as much of which man grasps as he can see, and then gropes hopefully for the rest, for that beyond the horizon. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."
and so is our death, from whence we know not, to where we know not; there is no end! There is only eternity.

A Short-Story is a life! There is no end. Of course there is a material, a technical end, and this not afar off, but emotionally speaking, there is no end to the Short-Story. Eminent critics say that the test of a good Short-Story is: how far does it project my mind on it's way of thinking? The 'gentle reader is told with calm in the end that "some say there was a stranger among them, but other deny it," in Hawthorne's famous Short-Story, "The Ambitious Guest."

In the fantasy, "The Lone Wolf," published in Harpers in seventeen, we are given the picture of a man lying dead by the side of the wolf he had killed. The story is atmospheric and suggestive. There is no explanation, no comment at the consummation of the action. Only the narrative history of the mans' life explains.

Likewise the Short-Story has no beginning. Just as we

cannot see the origin of the motivating forces in our lives, so in the Short-Story, a cross-section, a living portrait, we cannot find a beginning. The climax is often the beginning; there is no time order in the modern Short-Story. There is a great improvement on the old narrative story. The exposition of the modern story is a vital necesity, an essential force in the development of the story. O. Henry's fascinating story Cupid a' la Carte has no beginning. We are plunged immediately into the middle of the story. Then with only a line or two of opposition we are given the preceding action directly bearing on the present.

There is nothing artificial, nothing secondary in the Short-Story. It is an evolution of the drama. The drama is *life,* glowing and active. The Short-Story involves not primarily a struggle between two wills, but between conflicting forces in the same mind. Other wills, other forces, other characters may enter, in keeping with the laws of unity of impression, but only as they serve to reflect light on one man, one woman, one child, one setting, one environment, one problem. It is an inner struggle; the outer struggle is non-essential. It is an individual drama of life, fluid and passable in form, intense in action.

One motive, one principle character, one predominating incident characterize this cross-section of human life. The novel tries to cover the whole of life, all sides with impartiality. Life is not known to us, is not lived by us in that manner. We know only the half-light; we are ourself today, another self tomorrow. In "A Piece of String" the stinginess and frugality of a man is played upon, and the climax, and result center solely on this one characteristic of one person. With remarkable deftness the climatic point in the life of this character is given. Man loves unity, and the Short-Story is a perfect example. It is life lived as an individual *drama.*

Though produced by the individual, and itself the personification of unity, the Short-Story is a community interest, a

fluid, glowing metal binding neighboring spirits in an alliance of common interest, sympathy, and brotherhood, because it is an interpreter of not only *one* individual, in *one* environment, but *any* individual in *any* environment. A modern Short-Story artist says: "Give *one* simple plot to a *thousand* different artists, and you have a possible return of *ten* thousand, Short-Stories." The Short-Story is a form particularly adopted to magazine distribution. We are a visual minded people; we are the great magazine-reading people of the world; this is our criterion for community art. So great has been the recent development of vocal art that every community, with rarely an exception, has it's 'Community Interest' Club, Dramatic Clubs, and various committees. The Short-Story, short dramatic, with a strong appeal to all hearts, is admirably adopted for rendition at such community gatherings. The artistic Short-Story is as beautifully written as a poem, and is a satisfactory auditory appeal. To keep pace with the rapid rise of vocal art; then, the Short-Story should always be beautifully, visibly, and artistically written. More each day is it being adapted to this rise, and is growing in favor with the community, as it has always grown on the individual.

We must come to the conclusion, as delvers of art, and lovers of human nature, that the Short-Story belongs on the highest pinnacle in the range of art. It is at once a portraiture, and interpreter of life in that: it contracts the tune-span, limiting the action to the vital present; it suggests rather than enumerates; has no end, and is moved by one central force about one object, which object is betrayed and portrayed all-in-all by suggestion and restraint, or selection and rejection, the universal law of nature.

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

VOICE OF THE SEA.

AS I listen to the roar of the sea,
To the swish of the waves on the sands,
It brings a message to me
From many wonderous lands.

Tonight the sea is restless
And loath to tell me her tale,
Even the sea birds feel it
And scream as they breast the gale.

And yes my soul is in tune with the storm,
My heart beats with the heart of the sea,
The rush of the winds makes my blood glow warm,
And I get a message from God to me.

RUTH B. SCOTT, '18.

RIFTED CLOUDS.

"BUT GRACE, why have I never met him? Why have you never told me about him?" Evelyn asked reprovingly.

Grace with her soft, low laugh answered, "It does seem queer doesn't it?" Of course I'll explain. Daddy met him in Savannah two years ago. So, quite naturally he asked him to look him up when he came to New York. You were in school when he came. Daddy brot him home to dinner very informally and unexpectedly. Mama fell for him at once, and of course I had to be nice to him. We have written occasionally since. I saw him last fall at the Exposition. That is all. I hope you will be nice to him."

The two girls stood on the little wharf awaiting the anchorage of the approaching ship. It was to bring six jolly young people up to "The Haven on the Hudson" for a week-end. One of the half dozen was by name George Radcliffe, a Southern boy, to whom Mr. Gaither had taken quite a fancy. Young Radcliffe was certainly worthy of attention as he stepped from the gang-plank. He was received frankly and cordially by Grace and introduced to Evelyn. As they ascended the terraces toward the house, they made quite a gay and striking group.

Jack Turner walked with Grace, "That fellow there, walking with Evelyn is a true sport, alright. I'm sure glad Mrs. Gaither has added him to our usual crowd. From the South too; when you wrote me the note to look him up on the boat and introduce him to the bunch, I doubted but not now."

"Thank you, so much for playing the part of host," answered Grace gaily. "Here we are. I'm sure you all know my mama."

Mrs. Gaither was well-known and a favorite among them all. After giving each a separate welcome, she sent them off to dress for dinner.

When dinner was over, they scattered to the lawn and

porches. Frank Lanes led Grace off to a rustic seat to tell her how they missed her in the city.

"Gad!" he said, "there's not a girl there that will play golf with me. I miss your steady hand at the job. Grace, won't you go over the links with me tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, after I see that everybody else has something to do planned. Come, let us join Alice and Jack on the porch."

So the evening went on. By the time everybody found themselves in their rooms for the night, plans were complete for the morning pleasures.

Evelyn put her arms around her room-mate saying, "Grace, I think George Radcliffe is fine. He seems so pure and wholesome. Grace, he wanted me to play golf with him in the morning but I'm not much at that you know, so I suggested a trip in the canoe. What are you going to do?"

"Golf with Lanes," Grace announced. "Go to sleep, dear, you must be tired."

"Go to sleep, dear," she had said to Evelyn but it was not sleep for Grace—yet. Her mind was working too fast for sleep. George Radcliffe had held her hand in greeting but a few hours before. His eyes had spoken what his letters had hinted at and yet his lips had not had a chance. He had wanted to play golf with Evelyn in the morning but at her suggestion was going to canoe instead. But his eyes had told her something so of course she forced herself to say she was glad Evelyn had the pleasure of being with him.

Sleep came to her there and banished all that from her. The morning found her early upon horse. As she was returning from her brisk run, George greeted her on the steps, "Hello, early bird, let me help you down from your high perch."

He came and held her horse but she answered, no, thank you, I always leave her at the stables. Perhaps if I had known you didn't take a beauty nap, I should have shared my ride with you. Help me down, and you may walk to the stables with me."

They talked about the good of early rising and the scenery. Suddenly Grace asked, "How do you like my guests, you loyal Southerner. Are the Yankees so bad after all?"

"No, they are fine," he laughed. "Beside yourself I have talked with only one other of you Yankee girls. That was Miss Evelyn. She is quite entertaining. I'm to canoe with her this morning. Won't you come with us?"

"Second choice, no; I'm to golf," she added. Here, Alice, show Mr. Radcliffe the dew on the roses, I must fix for breakfast."

Grace had down right tough luck in playing. She simply could not concentrate on the game. So, when Lanes said good naturedly," rotten game, Grace, entirely too hot, let's rest," she welcomed the shade and a comfortable lawn chair gladly.

"Grace," Lanes continued, "on the boat coming up we could hardly wait until we reached here so, we decided to have an argument. Alice said she was jealous of Evelyn because she had been with you all summer. Turner inquired if she didn't love you. Of course, Alice said 'yes.' I became interested because—well because I'm a little jealous of a certain young man myself. Your—your southern friend said, 'perhaps, Miss Alice, you have never thought that true love never gives birth to jealousy, but it does.' Oh, yes, then we had it out and I decided to ask your opinion about it. Does it?"

Grace meditated a long time. Suddenly she sat up. "I don't know, does it, Lanes? What is your personal experience?"

A merry laugh sounded behind them. Evelyn turning to Radcliffe said, "I told you they were fussing. Grace, we saw you thinking and got your last sentences. What caused them?"

"Thots of course." Draw up some chairs.

"Can't," said Evelyn, Lanes must keep his promise to meet the naan train at Sleepy Hollow. We only have 15 minutes.

Excuse us, pleace, she called back as she led Lanes back across the lawn.

Radcliffe followed them with his eyes. Miss Evelyn makes her intentions plain. May I sit down?"

"Surely," she answered. Radcliffe, I've made up my mind. I know now why I haven't been satisfied and happy today. Wait—"

"But no, Grace, I can't. I waited two years. Is there true, true love without jealousy? I think not. Confound Lanes and his golf games. When are you going to give me my victory in the one game?"

"Not in golf clothes and in broad daylight," laughed Grace." In answer to your first question, it breaks down one of my ideals, an ideal I'm glad is broken down for it brings me contentment.

MARY ANDERSON, '19.

SOLITUDE.

A BLISSFUL moment forever enthroned!
By the inmost spirit of a love soul owned:
Hold thou thy treasurers in thy deepest recess,
Be they offerings of peace, or sweet thoughts that bless:
They're a soul's fruit with sadness imbued;
They are thine, for a trust, O solitude!

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

EXPOSITION OF THE SHORT STORY.

THE SHORT story is an art so new that it is still in some countries considered a stepdaughter to the more ancient forms of literature. It is supposed by some people to be an outgrowth of the novel, by still others an outgrowth of the drama. Whatever it is tells a story. It is concerned with one chief incident which presents a struggle. It differs from the novel chiefly in the fact that in it the events cannot be entirely chronological and narrative; it differs from the drama chiefly in the fact that the formality of the drama is absent. It is more than anything else a drama in narrative form. A true daughter of both these forms of art.

This calling from two or more types of art forms a new type different from any other form of art. This differentiation has become more and more perfect, more and more defined with the growth of the art. With the development of an art there always has been, and always will be the development of laws concerning that art. Our laws of language and rules of grammar were thus envolved. And not only ours but all languages and grammars were similarly evolved. As with these, so with the short story.

Thus we come to the technique of the short story. Of all the technical points, the most significant is the exposition. It gives the background atmosphere, past events, all of the antecedent action, and situation which is necessary for an intense and an appreciative knowledge of the story proper. Because of the dramatic form of the story the exposition is all the more important. The story begins in the midst of affairs, emotions, and intentions and moves toward a climax. Meanwhile the exposition of delicate structure weaves into the plot gracefully, easily the necessary facts. It is this use of the exposition which makes the short-story. It is this which makes possible the type so peculiarly itself. Methinks this is well illustrated by Katherine Fullerton Gerould's *East of Eden;* a story atmospheric and beautiful. The reader is

suddenly among the subtleties of a tropical isle and loving a lover. This lover and his lass live divinely happy lives for a period of time in the sublime innocence of youth. Then step in convention alities yet all is serene until the young couple are told that they are brother and sister, having been separated while babes by the death of their mother and father. What a clumsy structure it would have been had the author told in narrative fashion that one principle fact on which hung the surprise element. In this story. we see the fine exposition of the typical modern short-story. This might almost be called a retrospective story in that the resolution of the action, the climax depends on the expository incidents.

But exposition was not always thus. The first was just as amateurish in form as would be that of a school girl. Of course the handling and management were wonderful. For instance take Hawthorne's *The Great Stone Face;* a delightful story indeed. As compared with a more highly developed short-story it has no exposition. It is pure narration from beginning to end; the story of one life from boyhood to old age. Hawthrone could write more refined species of art and he did. A good example is his *Rappacini's Daughter*. This story is intensely atmospheric and suggestive. It is nicely balanced in regard to exposition. The setting is in Italy and the atmosphere Italian. The young man is tudying medicine and fits into the scholarly environment. We follow the major episode eagerly learning more and more, but we do not find all the preceding necessary events and conditions told narratively at the beginning. However, there is a goodly amount of description, and modern technique says that all should be swift and direct. But who could say it too much? The deliberate manner of giving impression is perhaps the best for the sense of unity of the whole. It is this style which causes a reader to sit cosily in his library and read thotfully aside from the rush and sweep of life.

There was another type, the author and exemplar of which

was the beloved Poe. The type, catastrophic in nature, intricate in plot, swift in motion; thrived very well without exposition. What there was of it was simple and narrative. He made no especial effort to use it delicately. In the *Gold Bug* all the necessary information about the man is given at the first in the description of the place. We are not concerned with the past nor future of the men—only intent upon a resolution of the present difficulties. This is characteristic of Poe. When he dispenses with time, setting and character, Poe attacks his plot and takes a racing attitude. *In the Fall of the House of Usher* there is scarcely any exposition. All that is there is chiefly to brighten the uncanny atmosphere;—to prepare for the grand finale, which is the culmination of all the emotions and tremors inexperienced. It is all narration, yet narration so heightened and unified that it is more than narration; it is short-story.

There is a type slightly different from this, which is O' Henry himself. *His Springtime a La Carte* begins in the middle of action with Sarah typewriting bills of fare. Her emotions are given, her actions, thoughts, everything in order until in the midst of it all O. Henry blandly and cooly paragraphs this sentence "Sarah had gone to the country the summer before and loved a farmer, farmers have loved and wed and turned to grass in less time than that." There follows a description of the young farmer and various other preceding facts. Then the story continues. In *While the Auto Waits* the action is more episodic in character. The young woman of high social position talks on philanthropic subjects to the poor man in the park. She leaves him to get in her handsome auto to ride home perhaps, but when she gets around the corner, she goes to her work in the restaurant. He walks down the street watching her until she enters then gets into his car and drives to his club. The revelation of the antecedent situation furnishes the surprise climax of the story. This last is characteristic of O. Henry. It is as though

a curtain is drawn, revealing the hidden spring—and all is explained.

Now we see that the short-story has developed and in becoming differentiated has placed a large task upon exposition. The greatest triumph for the exposition came out in Harper's Dec. 1917, under the title, *The Woman At Seven Brothers* by Steele. The opening paragraph discovers the main character, a young man evidently in a mad-house. He insists that he is not crazy and that he ought not to be there. Naturally he has to give a reason and the story is the result. He begins his story with his youth and innocence and his unfavorable impression of the woman at Seven Brothers. As he unfolds the story she likes him but shows some cruel thoughts which antagonize him. She evidently has become crazy or has hardened into a criminal because of the monotony of her life since she expresses a desire to wash her hands in the blood of a ship-load of merry people. She tries to accomplish this by discovering the polishing and fixing of the great light in the top of the light-house.

She and her husband go to the mainland to spend the anniversary of their wedding. A storm comes up while the man, lonely, has fallen asleep. When he awakes, he is frightened by a fitful dream he has had. It is late and time to light the lamps. When he ascends he finds the woman there, her hair braided with sea-weed. She has changed and now is beautiful. She makes love to him and also attempts to keep him from lighting the lamp. He touches the match to the wick and partly lights the lamp. Her arms, which she has placed around it to prevent the lighting, are burned. She weeps so piteously that his heart melts and he realizes that he does love her. But when he starts to tell her so she leaves him and he never does quite catch up. She is elusive and evades his grasp. He falls and is hurt. When he wakes to consciousness, she is crooning over him, but when he gets up to take her in his arms, she has disappeared entirely.

The inspector comes sometime later and announces that

the woman and her husband were drowned in the storm because he saw the man himself, and a piece of the woman's dress. Meanwhile a wreck has evidently occured and has caused a great loss of life because of the failure to light the great lamp. This seems to be the reason that the man became a victim of the mad-house when he knows that he ought not to be there.

The story is itself narration; but it is story that is itself the exposition. It gives the past events, everything necessary to understand why the victim is an occupant of the mad-house. Thus we are led to see the great importance of the exposition in the short-story. This place of honor has been evolved slowly with the heightening of the short-story form. This piece of technique, so very important is also very delicate and difficult. In fact it is the greatest problem that faces a writer of short-stories.

"How far back shall I locate my story in point of time so as to get the main facts, impression and atmosphere, and still form attention upon the major episode?" is the self-directed question of every story-writer. The major episode must be a magnet to draw all expository incidents unto it. Thus will well-balanced, graceful exposition be obtained.

Because the exposition is so important it must be all the more carefully managed. An awkward exposition is the unpardonable sin of the short-story architect. It is to the structure of the short-story as is the corner stone to a wonderful palace. To mar the corner-stone would be to mar the palace, and to remove the corner-stone would be to weaken the palace; so to mar the exposition would be to mar the short-story and to remove the exposition would be to weaken the short-story; for the short-story is "Polished after the similitude of a Palace."

LEORA PERRY, '19.

Rags and Tatters

EASTER!

Oh Easter-time! Crown of all things triumphant,
The greatest joy the world has ever known,
As in the splendour of the Reawakening
All Beauty rises, matchlessly adorned.

From darkness wreathest thou the world in sunshine.
And nature in one harmonizing chord,
Tells to the world in strains of sweetest music,
The Love and Glory of a Risen Lord.

And by His promise of a Life Eternal,
Renewed to us this happy Easter-time,
A strength we gain for all that lies before us,
And conquering, nearer to this promise climb.

CAROLINA EASLEY, '19.

HEAP SEES.

The other day I heard an argument between a very foolish young person, and a man seasoned with experience; a man whose temples were flecked with gray, and whose twinkling blue eyes revealed unplumbed depths of sympathy, and human understanding, and love for the slip-of-a-girl with whom he was talking. The girl saw the twinkle, but the love, and the rest of it,—the best of it—, she missed, or did not heed. And the twinkle made her angry; she was a very serious young

girl, she took everything seriously, but herself she took more seriously than anyone.

But, Dad, how can you say that! I'm an individual personality. I have to live my own—"

"Very well. Some day you'll understand. 'Heap sees, but but few knows.' I was eighteen once,—just eighteen, daughter."

Heap sees! That old adage rang in my ears the remainder of the day. How much we see, and how little we really know! We see the twinkle, and miss the glow underneath. Some of us grope for it; a few, like the men with the gray temples, find it,—the glow, knowledge, wisdom. They find it only to realize that it is a revelation, a light that cannot be 'handed over' to those less fortunate; a light that grows stronger, of purer ray every moment it shines; a light that has for it's fuel the soul-fruits of it's keeper.

I believe the slip-of-a-girl forgot her plan. I saw her eyes; they were blue, just like her Daddy's. A day or two afterward, I heard her tell her chum that, " 'Heap sees but few knows,' and some of us don't want to know." Yes; she's a serious girl, and the current is flowing strong; the thoughts are there. The light is breaking; the flames are groping up, up, up!

Oh, that all of us could feel the love of the blue eyes, and the wisdom of the gray temples! If only we might know, might see beneath the surface, what a world of beauty would we uncover! Life, life is a going on! The light is there, the beauty, the love, the joy, waiting for us to come, to see, to know, to *claim*, and to kindle with our soul's fuel into eternal flame.

MARTHA PEACE, '20.

OUR REBUKE.

"She knits me socks,
She knits me scarfs,
She sends me good terbacker;
And then she goes to movie shows
With some high-collared slacker."

Isn't this rather suggestive? Just what did this soldier mean to insinuate? Its up to the girls of today to say whether we deserve this rather cutting rebuke. For it is a rebuke. Its up to us to stand by the boys at the front; to hold them in higher respect than the slacker that stays at home. We tell the soldier as he bids us "good-bye" that we are so very proud of him. We tell him that we admire him for the strength and truth of his courage. And then some of us finish by saying that we will not forget him. That we will think of him each day and respect him for his sacrifice.

We say all this—he goes away. Perhaps for a few days or weeks we feel that we are very lonely—that we are left out of things. Then the time comes when a slacker "begins to be nice to us." We girls—that boast of our patriotism will smile and accept favors at the hand of a slacker. Are we holding dear the memory of the "soldier in France we claim to be so proud of?" What would he think?

Dear girls, its up to us to stand by the boys that are giving their all for their country. Let us not forget them. Let us not waste our time encouraging a slacker. But let us ignore the slacker and do something for our country. There is always something a girl can do.

"She knits me socks,
She knits me scarfs,
She sends me good terbacker."

This is only a beginning. Isn't there some man's job that each one of us can hold down instead of spending our time loafing with a slacker.

MARY ANDERSON, '19.

A WARNING.

On the day for him to sail
Their hearts were very sad
Though on their face was a little smile
They were trying to be glad.

There were tears in his voice
There was a drooping of her head.
As the minute came to say good-bye
Well—er' er—enough said.

He went away that very day
To a far distant little town
She remained there at home
But with the soldiers went around.

Did he forget—ah! yes indeed
He forgot the girl left behind
She just must do the same as he
Or fall in again sometime.

May this story be a warning
School boys, do not have your girl
Girls, do not let yourselves be swayed
And caught in love's awful whirl.

N. B. G. '19.

The Isaqueena

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Editorial

WAR, THE LIEUTENANT OF EVOLUTION.

For me to say that war is good; that it is necessary for human progress would be in direct opposition to all that I have even been taught to think or say about it—but this war is not all bad. Many good things are being brought about which might never have been accomplished or for which we might have waited many generations.

One of the chief benefits this war is responsible for is the advancement of science. "It is the glory of God to conceal

things, but the honor of kings to work out the matter," David, a man of war tells us. Scientists have under the compelling impetus of necessity worked out many hidden things in chemistry, physics, medicine, etc. Perfection is being reached in implements of warfare. Oh, but of what use are they to human progress, you say. True, we might very well dispense with the instruments of murder but the same principle of constructive or creative work may be and will be applied to many useful things.

The aeroplane is no longer a thing so rare that people run out of doors to see one flit by. Even as the automobile took the place of the horse, so also will the aeroplane make of the automobile a thing of the past. The largest amount of work, well done in least time is a test of the superiority of one machine over another and the aeroplane has met that test. After the war there will be an abundant supply of these machines which were built for war purposes. In this respect the war has fulfilled its mission as humanity's benefactor for had there not been the need for them 'perhaps their wider use would have been long deferred.

Surgical and medical science is being made so perfect through discoveries made in the present war that, if death were not like Newton's Universal Law of Gravitation unsurmountable, the grave would be robbed of all its future victims; the earth would be overcrowded with octogenarians and even centegenarians. To relieve human suffering and to lengthen man's life time is in and of itself a wonderful contribution to humanity's welfare.

Next to science perhaps the greatest advance is being made along educational lines. War has brought the people face to face with the necessity of compulsory education as a means for winning the victory over Germany with her far reaching system of public education and propagandists movement. In the next few years the illiteracy in every country will be greatly reduced. History is being made, Georgraphy reformed, interests in other people is awakened, scientific ad-

vance is being made; as the little boys say, "what a lot of things we'll have to learn!" What a privilege to live in these marvelous times!

Another great change being brought about by the war is that in religion. Heretofore women have been recognized as setting the moral standard and as keeping religion alive in the human heart and mind. Men delegated religious matters to women as belonging to them alone. However, when the men come back from the gruelling experiences through which they have passed, they will be the ones who will have had the direct revelation. They will have been permitted to see beyond the veil, consequently men will turn naturally toward God and women must be prepared to adapt themselves to the change. Old religious customs, narrow church conventions will become irksome, as a result of the full light which illumined the battlefield, the church will become the true church as Christ himself intended when he founded it.

Society will be broadened. The social inheritage of all will be enlarged and communication, one of the first requisites of a true society, between all societies will become possible because of the war. The world will approach the idealistic state dreamed of by the socialists nearer than ever before and never will civilization lose what it has gained by this war.

In politics, in economic relations there must be necessarily some radical changes. With the blotting out of illiteracy, the widening of the horizon of the "masses"—there can be no such under class again. It is the men, who have been led heretofore in politics, religion, who have been the "unskilled laborers" who are doing a large part of this fighting and neither they nor their children will ever be blinded or blindfolded again.

These benefits would possibly have come in the evolution of the human race but nature herself has sudden changes. So the war is the means by which many benefits are being given to the human race for which the race might have waited many

centuries more. War is the revolutionary force in the evolution of mankind. Although it originated from man's evil designs and although it may have been unnecessary yet it may be called like Catherine, the Great of Russia or Frederick of Prussia, a "benevolent despot."

LOYALTY.

There are many people who call themselves loyal Americans who are in no proper sense of the word such. Josial Royce says that the detached individual cannot be loyal because loyalty means the losing of one's selfish ends in the community interests and well-being. But the individual must not give up his individuality; that were just as disastrous. There must be a blending of the two interests in one. This is an ideal of course but one that it is possible to attain.

Loyalty does not mean mere words or passive submission. To be loyal we must be doing something more than talking.

Washington told his soldiers that loyalty to the flag did not mean blind worship of it. So it is in our own nation's welfare. If we see faults in our government, when we are loyal, we will set about correcting those faults rather than criticising or letting things slip along as they are.

There can be no loyalty in an absolute monarchy like Russia (up to the revolution). There the people were mere slaves to do the bidding of an autocratic ruler (as in Germany today). They obey because impelled to by brute force. They are ruled by fear but they are not loyal. How different are the English colonies in their relation to the mother country! All are sending soldiers to the front, several have voted for conscription but there was no coercion. They also have a system of preferential tariff. In one word they are loyal.

So, we too must be loyal to our country, to our community and to our institutions, doing all we can to make the dream of a world-wide community with love and brotherhood for all come true.

Exchange

The Clemson Chronicle for April is a well balanced magazine. It is rather slim as to quantity of literary material; the advertisements take up as much space as the rest of the magazine. We commend your advertising manager.

The poetry in well known college lingo is "bum." The subject matter is good but it is written in such faulty metre that the whole effect is spoiled. The toast "To America" is by far the best, but the mixing up of the iambics and dactyls prevents it from flowing musically. Other poems in the issue are, "The Call," "Tigers on the Battlefield."

The whole publication gives us a good insight into the patriotic spirit of the Clemsonite. This number is Hayne Literary Society issue, the contents bearing out it's title. The opening page carries a challenge to its loyal sons. There is a short biographical sketch of Robert Hayne, that patriot of the Old Palmetto state. This should be read by all of us.

The Editors are always glad to find the St. Mary's Muse among the Exchanges; it's perusal affords thorough enjoyment. Its appearance also is neat and attractive.

The poem, "A Spring Day" is the best thing in the magazine. It is a wonderfully well written bit of verse. More such authors would greatly elevate the standard of our college magazines. The page of verse "In Lighter Vein" shows a very clever wit. "The War Garden," "In Quarantine" (which we can appreciate) and "The Wages of Disorder is Poetry" are all good. "When Kitty Had a Cold" is a very attractive sketch.

All college boys and girls read the St. Mary's Muse!

We acknowledge the following Exchanges: The Furman Echo, The Clemson Chronicle, The St. Mary's Muse, The Newberry Stylus, The Bashaba from Coker, The Collegian, The Criterion, The Orian, The Nautilus, The Wofford Journal.

College Shadows

Y. W. C. A.

At various times in our Y. W. C. A. meetings we have speakers from the city and from camps. We have been fortunate in having recently both Lieut. Foster and Lieut. John McSwain from Camp Sevier. The following young ladies attended the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Training Convention at Coker College, Hartsville, S. C., on March 25.

Misses Mary Holliday, Belle Quattlebaum, Isabelle Thomas, Belle Barton, Christabel Mayfield and Theo Tyler. We were represented at the State Student Volunteer Convention which was held in Spartanburg, S. C., April 14, by Misses Mary Anderson, Katherine Harris and Christabel Mayfield.

ALETHEAN SOCIETY.

Society has not met regularly this quarter on account of so many unusual attractions. We feel sure society spirit has not flagged, but we want every one to embrace the opportunity of seeing the excellent things that have been here. But, girls from now on, let us work "for our Societies as never before." t is warm enough to go back to our halls. We hope to have the new furniture ready for them, and there every girl will have a chance to develop herself into the woman she should be. Seniors, you especially need to work. What are you going to do when you perhaps have to lead a society in your own school next year? Then it will be that you will sing:

"Sure I'm an Alethean,
An Alethean so gay,
No one can touch us
For we surely had the way
Who else but an Alethean
Can ever be so fine.
Oh Alethean, Alethean
The rest are far behind."

PHILOTEAN SOCIETY.

The Philotean Literary Society has again started life anew. With the mid-term, we had the election of officers. Having been faithfully guided through the early half of the year, we now start out with something to build on. Without a past to build on we can rise no higher in the future. We have a quarter of a century, which stands as an impetus to greater work.

Twice our society has had wonderful musical offers and both times we have taken advantage. Josef Hofman, the world famous pianists and the Paulist Choristers, from Chicago have given concerts in Greenville. Then for our own programs, we have decided to undertake a new method. Twice a month we have a truly literary study, which means library work and that to produce. On alternate weeks we study topics of the day—so Philoteans have bright days ahead.

LE SERCLE FRANCAIS.

Nous avons, quelque chose a G. W. C. qui nous fait tres fieres; c'est un cercle francais Les filees qui font la note B dans les classes *B* et *C*, peuvent devenir membres du cercle francais. Nous l' avons forme pour que nous apprissions a parler mieux le francais nous parlons francais toujours et

nous payons chaque most anglais, un sou et c'est tres interressant. Nous devenons vraiment des filles Francaises. Nous jouons des jeux francais et nous chantons des chansons francais, toujours la marseillaise. Ainsi, de cette maniere nous nous familiarisons avec la vie et l' esprit de la belle France. Bientot nous esperons jouer une comedie francaise quo sera tres amusante! Puisque l' scrivain ne sait pas parfaitement le francais, ce recit est necessairement court mais nous esperons que vous auez recu quelque idee de ce que nous essayons de faire.

A. A. J. '18.

LOCALS.

Mr. Kraft had a gay, young Glee Club
That he took to the camp one night.
Not a word could they speak to a soldier!
Can you think of a sadder sight?

Misses Belle Barton, Mary Holliday, Theo Tyler, Isabelle Thomas and Belle Quattlebaum were delightfully entertained at Coker during the Student's Cabinet Convention.

On April 1st the basketball teams of Anderson College and G. W. C. played a very close game here. The April Fool surprise was the score: 19-18 in favor of Anderson.

On the evening of April 1st the Y. M. C. A. of Furman entertained the Y. W. C. A. of G. W. C. Delightful refreshments of "red pepper cream and cake" were served by dainty youths.

Misses Lillian Hendrix, Flora Manship, Florence Shaw, all of the class of 1917, Miss Elizabeth Gilreath of Winthrop College and Dr. and Mrs. Bass and daughter of Laurens spent the week-end in the college. These, together with a large

majority of the students of G. W. C. attended the recital given by Josef Hofman in the Textile Hall on April 6th.

A very full program was given at the Pupils' Quarterly Recital in our auditorium on April 8th.

Misses Virginia Barksdale, Gladys Campbell, Virginia Hudgens, Ellen Newton and Prof. Swift attended the wedding of Miss Carol Roper in Laurens on April 9th.

An occasion of expected pleasure was the annual reception given by the special class on Monday evening. The parlors were artificially decorated in pink and green. The color scheme was also carried out very beautifully in the dining room. Pink and green candles afforded the only light. The little fairy who hovered over the punch bowl, half hidden by trailing vines and ferns, produce a pleasing effect. Another feature that added much to the enjoyment of the occasion was the orchestra which rendered a very interesting program during the evening.

JOKES.

Miss Walker: "Who knows what the five senses are?"
Mary Singleton frantically waving her hand "Nickles."

Carrie Rembert struggling to write her spelling lesson as fast as the words were given out. Please wait, Mrs. Padgett, I am at asylence.

Ruth Wilson wants to know if all the people who go to St. Paul's church have to be saints.

Miss Willis: "What is the meaning of 'alter ego?"
Jennie: "It means the other eye."
Miss W. "Give me a sentence containing the phrase."
Jennie: "He winked his alter ego."

Alice G. "Doesn't this dog look as though it had lots of sense?"

Irene E. "Yes, it certainly does look sensitive."

One of the teachers when asked at the table if she wanted more biscuits replied, "Yes, since Hallie is here."

Sarah: "Say, Ruth, I didn't know until today that they had canals in the streets of New York."

Ruth: "Crazy, they haven't."

Sarah: "Yes they have too. I just read today that nearly all the people in New York lived in flats."

Essie Mears in cooking class with pineapple tarts.

Alice, stop washing that dish towel while you eat one.—(Pineapple tart).

Masculine voice over wire: "May I speak to Miss Katherine Harris?"

Asst. Dean: "Sorry, but Miss Harris is in the infirmary."

Undaunted Soldier: "Will you give me the infirmary phone number, please?"

Miss Thompson in Freshman English: "Give the derivation of the word equinox."

Freshman: "It comes from the Latin word Equus, horse nox, night and means a night-mare.

Point System of Honors

FOUR POINT HONORS.

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

THREE POINT HONORS.

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

TWO POINT HONORS.

Secretary and Treasurer of Societies.
Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Secretary and Treasurer of Student Government.
Repartmental 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.

No girl may hold offices amounting to more than six points.
By Action of Faculty, 1915.

Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

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

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

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

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

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty years of history has never lost a student by death and it has enjoyed singular freedom from epidemics of every form.

The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted, to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of M. A., B. A., B. L., are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Department of Art, Expression, Kindergarten and Domestic Science.

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

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1918.

For further information apply to

David M. Ramsay, D. D., President