The Isaqueena - 1918, June

Agnes Jenkins
Greenville Woman's College

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TO OUR SENIORS.

They go out, those women
By toil, from youth made great.
They know the work ahead;
They know the pain and hate.

They are earnest women,
To right the wrongs men made;
To solve a few of life’s problems;
And they are not afraid!

Leora Pery, ’19.
ANCE walked toward the house; rather glided for she seemed to slip along on the top of the water which stood perpetually on the ground. The rain drizzling slowly and softly and eternally mingled with the new sunshine meaning to Nance still more rain. Her bare head seemed scarcely wet, the only difference being a soft curling at the temples and at the back of her neck. She stood in the doorway. Her waxen skin fresh and glowing, her great black eyes shining with a distant light that seemed to throw on almost ethereal radiance into the room. Was it the feeble light of the sun?

"Well mother!" she greeted an old woman sitting near the open fire-place, in a voice peculiarly full and soft like church-bells on the heavy air.

"Has John been here? I went across the fields and through the forest; and the responsive mud is so nice and squishy, and the water on the ground is so funny! it just runs around as if it doesn’t know where to go."

"You went across the fields to see John?" the old woman in her shame for this seeming lack of maidenly modesty pitched her voice high and shrill.

"Yes, I wanted to see him, and we’re engaged. Oh mother dear! the world is so wet, and the trees are so full of rain, and the leaves stay so tender and young. I dread for the time when the hot sun shall make them grow old and withered."

"Ah! Here is John, Dear you are so large you catch all the rain. Why you are positively soaking."

"And you are so slender you slip between the drops." John eyes twinkled. He looked toward the sun.

"The sun begins to shine. We’ll soon have enough to dry the water so that the farmers can plow. I was afraid of a famine, but last night while we met at the church for a prayer meeting I felt all of a sudden that all rain would soon stop and the crops could be planted."
Nance spoke—

“I went to sleep early last night;—— I think I must have dreamed;——. It seemed very warm and the trees and plants had grown quite old and cried out to me as passed.”

She looked at the strong sun and the停止ing rain and the great eyes closed slightly.

John became enthusiastic—

“Doesn’t the sunlight look glorious? I just feel so happy, because there are thousands today who have hope in that sun.”

“Yes, there are thousands. I seem to hear little children crying for food even now.”

John looked at Nance with a quizzical expression—

“You seem to have a strong imagination; but there! I love you all the better for it. I must go and get in dry clothes and prepare to go to work, I must say the sun is a treat. I hate those grey days when there is only half light, they were not meant for humans.

Well—, take care of yourself. Ah! but you’ll make a winsome Bride.”

John went home and to work.

Nance sighed; the thought of conscious drudgery inked her. She loved John, but there was a difference between them. She had always felt stifled in the dry air. She remembered the time when she was a child once the dry weather was insufferable, and the crops were burning up. She had lain awake all one night panting for breath; and then, she had wished it would rain, and soon the world was relieved by a down-pour.

Tonight she sat by her window gazing into the sky. She had learned some time before that within herself was a power to cause rain and the necessity to live with it. So, she was troubled tonight. The season of the year was the time of planting. This was impossible unless the growing be allowed to get sufficiently dry. From the stars, and leaves, and grasses she heard the voices of starving children and of babes yet unborn; and she knew that she would yield.
"Let me live just for this night," and this prayer the last of a caged soul knew an immediate repson. The lightning flashed through the sky with a fierceness before unknown. The thunder shook the very earth with its crash and the rain seemed to melt every thing it touched. The wind rocked the houses as mothers rock their cradles.

The old woman, the mother ran into the room trembling. The girl standing by the window was seen in a swift flash of light. She laughed deeply a strong, courageous, joyous laugh. The mother for the first time in her life understood a little her strange daughter.

The houses all around were either blown down or torn open. The cries of women and children were heard mingled with the groans and curses of the men.

The mother spoke—;

"Why this? was it not enough that they starve?" Nance spoke in a still voice of prophecy with far-away eyes.

"At dawn the sun shall rise and strike joy to the depth of every heart. Could they not give me just one night? However it is enough. Let all be still."

As the furious night became quiet the people wondered as they had so many times before at the suddenness of the storms and the equal suddenness of the calms. It is destined that they should always wonder.

At day-break Nance felt a peculiar sence of deadness. The sun arose in all its splendor. The people joyous, worked cheerfully at their farms and gardens. They would plant the small golden grain and then gather in the abundant harvest, and save the country from famine. How well they would live; how happy they would be now that the sun was bright.

On his farm John worked early, and late, and feverishly. He would marry Nance as soon as the harvest was gathered. When he would be assured of plenty. They must have food. So John worked always seeing her as he had last seen her; young, vigorous, and strong. After days of toil he was
THE ISAQUEENA

jubilant over the appearance of the young plants. He would go over to see Nance. They would plan their wedding.

Nance sat in a cushioned chair supported by pillows. She was very weak and pale. She was steadily getting worse. Each day she became weaker. Her mother sat by and from day to day saw her slowly wither; grow old and wither as the leaves which mature in the sun-

John was anxious. "Why didn’t you let me know?"

Nance smiled. "How is your farm John dear? Do the plants grow?"

John enthusiastic told of his work. He told in a quiet reverence the way he prayed every night that the sun might shine the next day; so that the harvest would be great, so that they might get married.

She smiled patiently, a smile that was wise as the ages

John said—

"You must be working too hard. Just get out in the glorious sun-light. See, it has made me strong and brown. You must have a fever caused by the dampness of that awful rain. The darkness of it; the awful greyness of it make me shudder even now."

Nance spoke slowly and weakly "you want have another rain just like that."

"I hope not. How do you know? Don’t! don’t look at me like that." John turned away under an awful almost divine light that was shining from her tender eyes. He was afraid. She seemed half-way in another world.

John continued;—

"You must get well dear. At my wedding I want a beautiful Bride with rosy cheeks. Let it take place just before the grain ripens."

John worked and toiled and ploughed and planted. He repaired fences and buildings. In his own little house he worked to get a semblance of a home. The days came and went swiftly, growing longer, getting warmer.

Nance became weaker, and thinner; her great eyes shining larger, and brighter. She received frequent notes and
messages from John. Cheery notes, but like the heated breath of the laboring fields and parched grain. She looked for them, lived for them; yet after each one lay as if lifeless. The end was near. She had received a note begging her to be ready for the wedding. He would come for her on Sunday. Ah! how little he knew. How little he would always know.

On Sundays there is a quiet, stern, and heavy which even the birds and waters seem to feel. On Sundays when life is glad the sun shines his double share filling the land with golden hope. This Sunday of their wedding the sun did his part well. John set out joyous at thought of Nance. He knew she would be beautiful.

Nance lay panting for breath. The few neighbors sat around kindly offering their useless services. The windows were darkened and in the dim half-light everything was indistinct and softened into the shadows back-ground. John came in. He now knew that she was very ill. The physician had seemed vague about it and had suggested that perhaps she was fatally ill. He stood in the door-way.

"How dark it is; throw open the windows; let in the golden light."

"John dear," the vacant voice from the bed panted—
"I like it this way."
"No! I cannot see you," then more kindly—;
"It will help you dear."

As the windows were thrown open, and the light fell full on the slender girl prostrate and suffering her eyes too bright for the sight of humorous held John awed and fascinated. He bowed his head. He could no tface the almost ethereal radiance that was shining from her eyes. She spoke;—
"John Dear, I cannot resist the glare of the sun."

Then the eyes began to lose their brightness; they were seeing other worlds. They faded, faded. In the last flicker of light, from her lips perhaps, a small far-away voice echoed.
"Oh the leaves and the grain! How they call. They begin to turn brown and old; but they cry for help in vain.

_Leora Perry, '19._
A STAR’S STAR.

The new moon smiled and smiled
The little stars starred and starred
The cold night white and wild
Reality was barred.

One star small and bright,
With wonder-welling gaze
Trailed aft’ a greater light
Thru the mirrored maze.

Oh little star send far
Thy tiny light, the great
Star above, ‘thy’ star,
Gains full of thee, her mate!

Should you forget to shine
The beacon light before,
Would her swift-arrows bind
And throw her light no more.

WHEN one says short-story today, the average person thinks of it as an off shoot of the novel, as a novelette. Nothing could be farther from the truth for in fact the drama is its closest relative. The novel depicts the life career of its hero; shows the evolution of one or more characters. It tries to show all the aspects of a given situation and at the end all problems are neatly solved and dispensed with. None of this is true of the short-story writte n with a hyphen—nor is the novelette or condensed novel at all similar to the short-story because it, is straightforward narrative just as the old-time tales were.

Since we have severed relations between the novel and the short-story, let us now see wherein the drama is akin to this comparatively new species of literature. This new form of art leaves the effect of a single impression on the mind of the reader. Compression is its first law. It pictures the climactic moment in the life of one main character cumulatively led up to and effectively exposed. The short-story must also have a well-defined plot with one complete action but plot interest does not predominate.

It is really a drama in situation and effect differing only in form. Both are the natural results of the development of literature thru the ages. In the past there was the tale with its wealth of details, the plot being the chief end. The old drama held the appeal of pantomine, pageantry, poetry and sundry other things combined, the interest centering on the external struggle of two wills or one will against fate or circumstances over which he had no control. Now, however, all superflity is purged away and the inner struggle plays the most important part. The struggle is no longer between two wills but between conflicting forces in one nature. The usual three or four-act drama expresses the inner struggle by outward actions but the one act drama, which is not considered legitimate drama, by some critics, is more nearly akin
to the short-story in this respect. The inner struggle is taken off by itself, compressed with scarcely any need of outward manifestation. Matterlinck says that there is just as much dramatic interest and true representation of life in the picturing of an old man sitting alone by the fireside, the rebellious beating of his heart stilled, waiting for death, as there is in a Hamlet or an Othello. Again he says speaking of the unnecessary deeds of violence in some dramas, "Does the soul flower only on nights of storm?" A good example of this inner life expressed in a short-story is manpassant's *A Piece of String*. There is scarcely any action; an old man picked up a piece of string and hid it in his pocket, as a result of his seeming to hide something he is accused of having stolen a pocketbook. He is arrested but later vindicated. However, his mind is affected and the story is chiefly a psychological analysis of the man's mind. Stevenson's Markheim is another example of this, characteristically there is little action, attention being centered on the inward struggle.

Another big similarity between the drama and the short-story is the technique. There is a reciprocal influence between them in dialogue, situations, dramatic effects etc. Some of our best short-stories are written almost entirely in dialogue. The highest stage of exposition is reached in those stories where the dialogue gives the exposition. *The Earthen Vessels* begins with a conversation between the professor and his wife. Immediately we are furnished with all necessary information and let at once into the situation.

The situations suitable for treatment in drama are the best situations for a short-story. Devices for dramatic effects are used in both drama and s-s. Details and sub-plots are avoided, one single impression being the end of both.

Another thing peculiar alike to drama and s-s and lacking in the novel (except in old tales of mystery) is the use of fantasy and allegory. Stories of fantasy are not adaptable to the novel for while they are elusive and suggestive, they are of necessity analytical, dealing with only one phase of a
character; they do not lend themselves to chronological nar-
ration. One of the best short-stories, which is pure fantasy is the Woman At Seven Brothers. This is the story of a young woman, who loves a bright, gay life married to a man much older than herself, and who is forced to live in a lonely light-house. A young man comes to be the assistant of her husband, the light-house keeper. Strange looks pass be-
tween them; the boy is afraid of the woman who expresses the desire to wash her hands in the blood of the gay people on the boats. After she neglects her work to sit with her yellow hair stringing about her face reading the society columns of week-old newspapers. She loves the boy or rather his youth, his aliveness. When it is too late he comes to understand and love her but she is dead. Her spirit re-
turns to him alone in the light-house. She is very beautiful and very sad. But she is only a spirit which he cannot take in his arms. He causes a dreadful wreck and loss of life be-
cause he neglects the light in pursuit of the vanishing spirit of the woman, whom he believes to be alive. The Hour Glass is a one-act drama which is pure fantasy. The characters are representative; an angel of God being one of the acting characters. The Lone Way is a story which we cannot even attempt to reduce to reality. The Sunken Bell is distinctly an allegorical drama. It is a parable of the eternal effort of all artists to attain their ideals. The word spirits, Hemrich's Temple and chimes, their relation to christianity are all allegorical.

The problematic character of the drama and short-story makes them related. Both dead with a vital problem of modern society or individual life. Neither attempts a com-
plete solution as novels do nor are they didactic in tone. The lesson may be there but the pointing finger is lacking. The problems dealt with are not the same as they were in the time of Alexandre Dumas, Jr.: Whether parents sould prevent true love marriages, whether it is better to marry for love or for money, etc. As maeterlinck says these problems have
obvious answers. The modern dramatist or short-story writer deals with weightier matters without a definite solution. The confines of art makes such especially adaptable to the drama or s-s. In The Wax Doll Katherine Fullarton Gerould is presenting the problem of a woman’s duty and responsibility as a citizen which she does not solve just as Wm. Vaughn Moody in the Great Divide is placing natural instincts against religious ideas of grace and penance as a method of salvation, a key to happiness but he has no formula by which the problem can be nicely resolved. To solve the problem is not the aim but the end of all problematic stories or dramas is to project our minds into the future, to set us to thinking. Some good problematic dramas are Michael and His Lost Angel, The Truth, The Madras House. One of the best and most interesting stories dealing with a vital problem of life is The Understudy.

Both the species of art which we are considering are cross-sections of life. The dramatist has only two or three hours to present his play, consequently he cannot show everything connected with the character’s life. He must select a few incidents full of meaning and give the rest by suggestion. The short-story also deals with the crisis in one life. O’Henry’s stories are famous examples. His characters have no pasts or futures; they exist only in the present situations. The drama and s-s are compressed life. Hence, they are more intense than the novel. In a few hours time one feels and reacts to situations, emotions and impulses of a lift time.

This comparison might like Tenneyson’s brook go on forever but I wish to mention but one other resemblance—the community interest. The short-story and drama deal with real life. The same situations, characters and emotions are met with in life. We like our lives but we cannot mark a beginning nor an end. Deep down within us in a consciousness of a former existence and we know that this life is not the end. So in the s-s and the drama there is no beginning and no end. Thus in that they picture life as it is, these particular forms of literature have a community interest.
All forms of literature are evolved as the need for that particular form is felt. Certain conditions bring about certain results. This is the age of magazines, theatres and little theatre movements hence we have dramas and short-stories. Both are available for practically all the people, so again there is the community interest. A great interest is revived in community gatherings; vocal art is being resuscitated. The short-story is especially good for reading and the little one act dramas lend themselves easily to presentation at these gatherings.

At every point,—in purpose, scope, effect, method and use—the short-story and drama especially the one-act dramas, coalesce and it is to the new principles of dramaturgy, rather than the old canons of narration that we must turn for the working bases of the modern short-story.

Agnes A. Jenkins, '18.
GREAT gray limousine rolled up the drive of the Scranton home. A diminutive figure in blue flitted for an instant in the May sunshine and then disappeared within the stately old mansion. Across the street two elderly ladies sat on the veranda and sewed, and talked of Dorothy Scranton. The entire population, (approximately by 10,000), of Scopton, S. C., was talking of the Scrantons. Had the Scrantons known (of course they couldn’t know), it would really have delighted them to have given Scopton something new to talk about or perhaps it wouldn’t have affected them in the least. I rather think it wouldn’t.

“You know Betty, I think a butterfly without wings is the most pathetic thing in the world. And to think Dot was the daintiest belle in Scopton six months ago!” With a half-attempt at a sigh, Mrs. Winslow resumed her sewing the embroidering of magnificent poppies on soft blue satin. The other woman, Miss Betty Price as the town knew her, did not look up from her work. The patient, subdued, face retained traces of having been at one time extraordinarily pretty. The delicate, fingers flew rapidly, wearing a web of roses and shattered rose—petals in a soft thin fabric. With an (half) apologetic little smile, she looked at the motherly woman who sat opposite.

“You know, I’ve wondered sometimes, if we really understand butterflies, as you call them—people like Dorothy Scranton, I think they must be very much like the rest of us—”

“No, Betty, I don’t think so. They’re just naturally different; they can’t help it. Dot and Tom had been married nine months when Tom was drafted. I wish you could have seen her the day he left for the training camp. She reminded me of the pictures in our Mission-Study books of the girl widows of India. If it were not for her mother—Oh, have you finished? How exquisite!”

Miss Betty held up the tiny garment for inspection.
"And you know she doesn't know the first meaning of motherhood. Her mother has done everything possible, but she won't understand. She is pining away with grief, and Bob is worried to death over her," concluded Mrs. Winslow.

But Miss Betty heeded not nor heard. With wistful earnestness she was counting the rose-petals on a tiny cuff.

It was a sultry day for the first of May. By the time the last of the ladies arrived the wind was blowing and dark clouds raced thru the sky. They were sitting on the Scranton varanda, but at the first flash of lightning all went inside. Everyone was embrodering but Dorothy, and she was making an attempt.

"Mother, let Jane put the windows down, and please help me make this wing. It just won't look right."

Yes, it was butterflies! There was a sort of tragic pity in the silence that followed, as each of the women—most of whom were older than Dorothy—plied her needle with averted eyes, and bended head.

Then the storm broke. For perhaps fifteen minutes it raged in unabated fury. The lightning cut great holes in the blackness and gloom that had settled on the earth. A bolt struck a tree across the street and in the tense silence that followed, a low knock was heard on the door. The effect could not have been more awful if the lightning had struck in their midst. With one accord every head was raised. Mrs. Winslow's needle was held in mid-air. All eyes turned to Dorothy. Her face was a pallid gray, and her lip trembled, but deep in her eyes there was a soft glow,—the light reflected from the knowledge and trust of a woman. Without the least bit of surprise little Miss Betty saw the glow,—and forgot the pallor-butterflies! Just like the rest of us—just like—!

"No, mother, I'll answer the door, I,—I think it must be for me."

There was only a moment that Dorothy was gone, and yet to the tense circle, there seemed to pass years and years. Nerveless fingers clutched limply at the work. No one spoke
a word. Miss Betty picked Dorothy's embroidery from the floor where it had fallen. She smoothed it on her lap, and rubbed with dainty fingers the patched butterfly with its crooked wing,—a wing that had cost much more in the making than all the rest of the little butterfly together.

The air breathed suspense as the outer door opened. Distinctly to every lady in the room came the words; “a telegram for Mrs. Scranton.”

What happened next has never been clearly told—each of the ladies tell it differently, though Miss Betty and Dorothy have said nothing.

When Dorothy entered the room all the pent-up emotions of the little group found relief in a torrent of questions. With calm, unseeing eyes Dorothy stood before her mother, the butterfly heart broke in a scarce audible sob; the woman’s soul looked from her eyes; without a tremble her hand held out the telegram to her mother.

“Ordered away unexpectedly, only two hours leave. Will write from London. God bless you.

Bob.”

“Miss Betty, bring some water please, mother has fainted.”

With calm authority Dorothy waived all attempts of the ladies to assist her. Only upon Miss Betty did she call. When the noise and excitement had somewhat quieted down, she dismissed them with a few words,—and, words spoken clearly and cleanly from the soul of a woman, and the heart of a mother. No other could say them.

“Baby shall be like his father. Bob will come back to see our baby,—oh! I know he will—God! will let him!”

A sunbeam peeped thru the window, and the thunderstorm had passed.

It was the last week in July. The poppies nodded lazily in the morning sun, in the old garden at the Scranton homestead. The sweet southern breeze fanned the morning-glories. The bees hummed peacefully in the rose-bower, and in the distance, the clouds rose from the mountain peaks. The old
Scranton home was very still; a hushed peace was in the air. To Miss Betty, as she opened the gate, the place seemed wrapped in a strange light, the light of a new life, a new soul. As the low wall of a new-born babe mingled with the sunshine, the glow in Dorothy Scranton’s eyes burned one again into Miss Betty’s heart. Would people ever understand a butterfly! With upturned face Miss Betty breathed a prayer of thanks to the God of butterflies and bees,—the God of creation.

It was late that afternoon when Miss Betty took a cablegram up to Dorothy’s room. Dorothy must not be given anything to excite her. What if Bob was—no, it couldn’t be! Miss Betty was frantic. She called Doctor Reynard and at his advice opened the cablegram herself.

“Decorated with ‘croix du guerre’ Thursday. Fighting the good fight for you and our boy.

Bob.”

Miss Betty’s heart overflowed with sudden joy.

“The ‘War Cross!’ The ‘Croix du guerre’!”

She held the rail of the stairs tightly an extreme lightness in her head. Then she looked at the door of the room above; a room where the shades were drawn, and the air breathed peace; where a woman, only eight hours ago had taken up the cross of a woman, with a man’s courage, and a mother’s love, a room where, early that morning, the commander-in-chief of all legions had pinned upon the breast of a woman the greatest decoration in all the world; the cross of Motherhood.

A baby’s cry broke the silence. Miss Betty’s heart skipped a beat, and she stumbled upstairs to Dorothy and Bob, Jr., as the radiance of two crosses and of a greater cross blinded her eyes.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM AMONG SOUTHERN MILL VILLAGES.

In the judgment of many people the most trying problem educationally is the proper education of the children of mill operatives. But it is also one of the most important, especially in the south, where so large a per cent of the populations live at the cotton mills. In South Carolina one-fifth of the white population is found there.

This problem is important not only because of the members, but also because of the class of people it concerns. In the south much of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood is found at the mills having come there from the mountains. It is true that there are many lazy and shiftless people at the mill, but it is equally true that are many worthy people, who when properly led are some of the best citizens of our country. One of the errors made by those who have tried to uplift them is in supposing them to be all alike. One of their marked characteristics is their individuality and independent spirit. Their frequent movings are partly due to this fact. Rather than yield a point they will move to another mill.

Let us consider some of the things that make education here so difficult. One of these is their transientness. They are the greatest movers on record, in some instances moves were made on an average of once a month. The great mass of them average at least one move annually. This prevents them from developing any community spirit. Knowing that they are liable to move at any time they cannot have an interest in the church and school, a garden or flowers and the things that make home. It is easily seen how seriously going from place to place affects the education of the children. Perhaps the parents of a child will move to a community where the school is of a higher standard than that they have left. He finds himself placed in a lower grade. The new teacher and strange surroundings make it difficult for him to keep up. He gets discouraged, and if old enough persuades his parents to let him go to the mill. If too young for
that he begins to play truant, and spends his time on the street.

Another serious hindrance to education is poor home environment of the children. In many cases the mother works in the mill, and the only person left at home to look after the children is one too old or incapable of other work. Naturally such a person would not be capable of rearing the children properly. Even where the mother remains at home, she often does not know how to properly discharge the duties of a mother. She probably married as a young girl, after having spent her childhood in the mill, and so had no opportunity to fit herself for life. I do not mean that the women at the mills are any more deficient in home-making than many other classes of women. Today we are finding that all women need to be instructed in proper food values, home-nursing and such things. But I do think that the girl who grows up at a mill has the least opportunity to learn these things.

The prevalence of illiteracy is a hindrance to their development. A conservative estimate places it at twelve per cent, besides many near illiterates. It is well-nigh impossible to make such a person realize the needs of himself or his family. A father or mother who has never received any education will not be apt to see the necessity for educating their children. Of course there are many exceptions to this, it often being true that the very lack of it in their own lives makes the parents the more anxious to education the children. But too often the other is true, and for such cases we need compulsory education.

United very recently the greatest difficulty in the way educating mill children was child-labor. South Carolina has been particularly slow in recognizing and trying to abolish this evil. In 1911 when the eleven hour day was agreed to, and factory inspectors were appointed to make sure that the working day of little children did not exceed that, Governor Blease vetoed the appropriation for inspectors, thus leaving the working day unlimited. Since then however, laws have been passed making the age limit fourteen years, and children
between fourteen and sixteen can work only eight hours. Neither can they do any night work. This law is a very great improvement if well enforced as it is now done. Within the last five years it was no uncommon thing to find children less than 12 years old working for twelve hours a day, and then having a lazy, drunken father draw their wages. Even now there is need of a law prohibiting fathers drawing the wages of their children under twenty-one years of age. When this is done there will be fewer able-bodied fathers supported by the labor of children who should be at high-school.

But South Carolina has not kept pace with other states in several other ways. She has no law of vital statistics, no registration of births. Without this child-labor laws cannot be effective, since there is no method for finding out the age of a child except the parents affidavit. And there are many parents who for the sake of his paltry earnings will make false statements as to the age of a child. In the city of Cincinnati, where rigid efforts have been made to enforce child-labor laws a birth certificate is required, either from the church where a child was baptized, or from the board of health of the town where he was born. In the same city they have required work certificates whenever a child changed his position. The results have so far been very satisfactory.

Having discussed some of the difficulties let us now look at some possible ways of solving the problem of education at the mills. As to our first question of frequent moves, I have not seen any solution offered, but I believe that in the solution of other difficulties this problem will settle itself. The system of gardening and flower raising which will be discussed later in this paper, will naturally tend to reduce the practice of moving for trivial causes. The general welfare work that is being done, and will be done more in the future will produce community spirit among the operatives so that they will become attached to their own village.

Much can be done to eliminate illiteracy among grown-ups by night-schools. There are many people between the ages
of fifteen and thirty who would gladly take advantage of them. In these schools special attention should be given to simple arithmetic, as this is the subject most needed in mill work. The best teachers should be employed in these schools.

In many mill communities, especially those near large cities there is a social worker employed, one of her chief efforts being to teach Home Economics. She is the leader of a mother’s club in which the women work out questions for themselves with suggestions from the leader. They discuss many vital questions such as how to spend the family income properly, the food value of various foods in relation to their prices, and general questions about the rearing of children. This club also conducts some social functions by which the women get practice in exercising hospitality. In such ways as this the mothers of the present day are being helped to become more efficient in the art of home-making.

But those who have been striving for the uplift of these people realize that to carry out any great movement you must begin with the children. Therefore we find that the young girls are being trained in the things that will make them better wives and mothers. The John Milledge School, in Augusta, Georgia is carrying out this plan. This school is located in the centers of a mill community. It has a large modern, well-equipped building, amply fitted for teaching domestic science to the girls, and handicrafts for the boys. It has a cottage fitted up as a model home, where the little girls get training as hostesses. They have a garden, which not only burnishes vegetables for their use, but also teaches the children agriculture. This school shows the advantage of connecting the school and social welfare work. It makes the parents see the practical value of education, and makes children who were formally indifferent, interested in school work.

South Carolina has not yet passed a compulsory education law. This should go hand in hand with child-labor laws. We are not accomplishing our purpose when we force children out of the mills and do not send them to school. The op-
position to a compulsory education law comes from the mill employers and from the parents affected by such a law. The first class are opposed to it because the labor of children from fourteen to sixteen is cheap and easily controlled. The only way to meet this is to set a higher value on children.

The opposition of parents comes from various reasons. One of these is the fact that in some instances the help of the child is necessary for the family support. But this is not a sufficient reason why a child should be kept from his right. It is to such children as these that the state owes an education. A plan has been suggested, and to some extent tried out, by which children can earn after school hours as must as their wages amounted to. There is usually much vacant land near mills that can be had for low rents. Under the guidance of the school this could be laid off into garden plots, giving to each child a certain amount of land to work for his own profit. For this plan to work well the teacher must be a skilled agriculturist and must watch after each child to see that he works his land to the best advantage. In Memphis where this plan was tried a school-girl sold vegetables from her plot at the rate of $3,000 per acre. At a mill near Charlotte this farming process was carried on by children who did part-time work in the mills. They raised $6,000 to $8,000 worth of vegetables.

In this discussion we seem not to have adhered very closely to the subject of education. But at the mills, in order to accomplish its purpose the school must be linked up with every other form of activity. It should be the center of community life. All social welfare work can best be done in connection with the school. In this way the parents will get the idea that the school is an essential element in their lives. It has been argued by parents opposed to a compulsory education law that the children did not want to go to school, and so would not be benefited. It is true that in many cases where children have left school and gone to work at an early age, they did so not from necessity or the wishes of parents,
but simply because they did not like school. So one of the chief needs is to have such schools that will attract the children. The John Milledge that has been mentioned above has proven that the school can attract and hold the children. In Columbus, Georgia industrial training has been given in the schools, and it has been easier to keep the boys. The greatest need is for capable and sympathetic teachers. Very often the teachers are young and inexperienced girls.

In conclusion I would say that the work that is being done should go on to a greater extent. Comparatively few mills, those located near large towns, have been touched by welfare work. The rural mills are the most in need of uplifting. One who would try to work in this field must be fitted for the work, and most important of all must have a sympathetic attitude. Being real Americans mill people quickly resent anything that has the appearance of patronage. The opportunity is large, and should be improved.

Mattie Osburn, '18.
A NIGHT'S FANCY.

O
NIGHT of lonesome stillness,
O night of wondrous space,
Thy mystery steals upon me
In the spell of thine own embrace.
That one vast dome above me—
Heaven's wall of oceany blue;
And the stars that glow—
Just the windows o'er
That the golden streets shine thru.
You lustrous moon in the blueness
Is Heaven's own pearly gate;
And Cassiopea, the throne of God,
Where throngs of angels wait.
A music dwine is around me,
The winds, and the whip-o'-will's call;
And I'm sure on this magical evening
That Heaven is not far at all.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.
The Isaqueena

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Editorial

COMMENCEMENT.

As the time draws nigh for commencement the days seem to pass more and more quickly, perhaps because they are so full from morning till night with tasks which must be done before the poor trembling seniors can get their "dips." Were we not too busy or perhaps because we are our thots wander back thru the lanes of memory to a similar wonderful time when we were finishing High School. How our hearts beat high with proud excitement! We felt we were thoroly pre-
pared to do combat with the world. As long as life lasts, we shall remember the night of all nights when our school auditorium or as in my case on the stage of the Grand Opera House! There were many long-winded speeches but we did not hear the words of shining wisdom draped for our benefit for our eyes were filled with tears and there was a queer tightening of the throat. When at last the speeches were over and rewarding time came, our tears were dried and we sat very straight and self-consciously on the edge of the chairs. Our hearts came near bursting when our names were called and we received some kind of a medal to hang round our neck. Children of sixteen are very sensitive and would feel quite hurt (as their parents would feel quite angry) if a neighbor received a medal and they did not. Hence, there were enough medals to go around. With our arms filled with presents from our doting relatives, we went home quite finished young people.

The same thing is about to be experienced for the second time. We are college boys and girls now and quite fitted for life. For our excellent work in some phase of school work we receive a medal as a reward. Nothing is left to be desired. There is one difference between our high school and college commencement; the dignity imparted by our long black robs and our caps.

In all this there seems to me something incongruous. We reward children which to a certain degree is all right; the wearing of the cap and gown signifies acquisition of knowledge, dignity, scholarship. Yet in our commencement we are mixing childishness and dignity. Young people who are worthy of wearing the symbols of real achievement are too old to have to be rewarded. When a man in middle life receive a Ph. D. for some real accomplishment, it is fitting that he wear the symbols of true scholarship, of real learning. We are making something farcical out of it and lessening the value of the symbolism when we put the cap and gown on boys and girls, who have had but an introduction to real
learning. Indeed I am not criticising our college graduates. They are a noble army of boys and girls, who, realizing the need for preparation for life's duties and responsibilities, have tried to prepare themselves by going to college. It does seem, however, that commencement progress of the present day are apt to make the graduates feel as tho thy are quite capable of taking the burden of running the world off the shoulder of the older generation. The use of the imposing cap and gown and the awarding of medals so freely for minor achievements are responsible for this attitude. It is the true spirit, the true aim of college education we should emphasize and should strive for. In our commencement let us try to create an atmosphere of preparation, a beginning rather than an end of education. Let us look upon our college career as only a prelude to our real education. Vandyke says that Life itself is a process of education. There is no end; our whole lives are but a preparation, an education for the future life of those immortal being—our souls.

OUR PART.

"Woman's day has dawned," "It is the new era of Womanhood," are hackneyed expressions now. They have lost their thrill now adays because we hear them so often yet we should not forget what such expressions imply. Liberty, Freedom and Equality carry responsibilities as well as privileges with them. There is no liberty only licence where the duties as well as the privileges are not recognized. So when we say "woman has come into her own," we mean that she has at last been recognized as a moving force in this man-made world; that she has been allowed to assume responsibilities as well as privileges. Woman has not gained a thing if she does not shoulder her part of the burden.

Women are playing an important part in the war and it behooves us as Seniors to see how we can file our place in this army of newly awakened women. In the past year we
have not been able to do as much as we would have liked. Our patriotic impulses have been restricted by our school duties which we quite right, for, to prepare ourselves for greater service in the future is more important than rendering little services now. What we have been able to do has been done eagerly and cheerfully. We have bought Thrift Stamps, the Seniors presented the college with a $100 Liberty Bond and the girls have made scrapbooks for the soldiers. These things are important because they show the willingness of the girls to do their part in the war to make victory more certain and more speedy.

As it has already been said we have been preparing ourselves for greater usefulness. In the next year the majority of the Senior class will be teaching in the State schools. Their is a wonderful opportunity. They will have in their keeping the youth of America. The boys and girls are in the plastic stage; their future ideals and characters are being molded. It is the time to instil in their minds true patriotism, and loyalty to their country and at the same time they must be taught to have a sane attitude toward the real Germany and not to hate all Germans because of the shameful acts of Prussians. In this way not only are the youth of the country influenced but they in turn teach the home folks who are perhaps not being as loyal Americans as they should be. By teaching the young people proper ideals of world-communism we make a world community, the league of nations more practical and nearer attainment.

The teachers of next year will be able to organize Red Cross units which will be important. It is a recognized fact that unless every woman in America does Red Cross work, our soldiers in the trenches will suffer for bandages. In small communities where there is no red cross unit the women do not know exactly how to go about helping in this way. Here is an added responsibility and opportunity for teachers to serve.
War gardens and home economy are important parts of the new curriculum.

When we see what a wonderful work can be done by our teachers, the old disregard for the school teaching profession will disappear. People will realize what a great service not only to the people themselves but to the country as a whole, the teachers are rendering. It has been said that the credit for winning this war when it's over will be fifty-fifty between the men in khaki and the school teachers.

Not only as teachers are the Seniors to do their part. Some of us will take up government work, others are to enter the field as nurses. Many and various are the ways of serving. The important thing is not in what capacity you serve but that you serve.

After the war—what? It is but natural that we should ask such a question; it must be considered. Many changes have already been brot about by the war; in the course of events many more will inevitably come. In adjusting ourselves to the new situations, we as college women will play an important part. As such we will be able to adopt ourselves more easily to new conditions and as leaders will assist the adjustment of others.

Thus we see illimitable vistas stretching out before us with increasing opportunities for service and achievement.
From a careful study of The Orion from Anderson College the Editor is very much disappointed to find it such an inferior magazine. It is entirely too academic for a college publication. The first story "The Dark Sister" could be made an attractive one had it been written the least bit artistically. The bold plot is the best feature of the story; but when interwoven with the character portrayal and local color, it makes a short-story absolutely devoid of veri similitude. So half-heartedly is the story told that it entirely fails to awaken any interest in the reader. The other stories, "The test of Love" and "Put to the Test" are scarcely worth mentioning so very amateurish are they. They show no originality of plot or treatment. The sketches are rather attractive, the best one of them being "The Bashfulness of Thomas." The essays in the Orion, but indeed they can hardly be called essays as they are merely quotations with a few comments, are of the same calibra as the stories. The title of "Why did Desdmeona and Othello seem to Evade the Truth?" is too long but is a clew to the rambling contents of the article. "Tennyson's Treatment of the Sea in His Idyls of the King" is of the same vareity. "I Hold it Truth with him who sings" is somewhat of an improvement over the other two.

In looking over the editorials of the Furman Echo the Editor is struck with the up-to-dateness of the publication. They are all timely articles and should be read by outsiders as well as the students. A wide awake editorial staff is the making of any publication.
TODAY.

The sun rose slowly o'er the eastern hill,
The little streams slippe dand slid by the mile.
The old town clock looked half in fear
At the innocent morning so sweetly clear
A butterfly looked at a bee, nodded, spoke,
The bee buzzed, buzzed, and today's world began,
Today, a new world for every man.

Martha Peace, '20.
College Shadows

LOCALS.

The following girls, who have recently given their graduating recitals have exhibiting, a great deal of musical talent: Misses Mary Frances Kibler, Francis McKenzie, Lucille McLendon and Lois Softis in piano. Alice Todd in voice, and Mary Frances Kibler, violin.

Miss Byrd, our voice teacher, rendered a very interesting program last Wednesday evening. Miss Byrd’s singing is always enjoyed.

Recent visitors to the college have been, Mrs. Knight who was Miss Carol Roper, Mrs. Stewart, who visited her daughter now recovering from mumps, Mrs. Chapman from Newberry, Mrs. Latimer, Miss Ethel Simpson of the class of 1917, and Mrs. Boylston.

A very informal reception was given on the campus Saturday evening from 5:30 to 8:30. Everybody seemed to have a real good time. The only thing the G. W. C. girls have to fuss about is the fact that the Furman boys ate all the pickles.

An annual occasion looked forward to by both Juniors and Seniors was the Junior-Senior reception. The color scheme of green and white was very artistically carried out. Ferns and roses, with the shaded lights gave a pleasing effect to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Miss Annie Maude Wilbur, who has been studying in Boston, is now with her mother at the college.
On last Monday evening Mr. Judson League from Furman, gave his graduating recital in piano. He was ably assisted by Mr. James M. Cravey with his violin.

JOKES.

I. Dr. Ramsay in Bible Class: Discuss "The Temptation in the Wilderness."
   Miss A: "Well the Devil tempted Jesus three times but he refused the attempt."

II. One day while walking through the cemetery a brilliant Freshman informed us that when she died she died she didn't want to be buried. She wanted to be "fumigated!"

III. Annie, reading a newspaper: "Oh roommate! here is a man I know that has killed somebody."
   Eleanor: "Why did he do it?"
   Annie: "Why it seems that he killed him in self denial."

IV. Hulda, watching the French table talk: "Well one good thing, they don't have to laugh in French."
   Josephine: "Why I thought they did."

V. Ruth H. looking at an autographed picture of a great violinist: "Isn't it nice to have an epitable written on it."

VI. "Joe" C, looking at a recital program with 'David Ramsay, Jr., violin' on it asks: "Is David Ramsay a Junior in violin?"

VII. Mr. Swift says that Mary Holliday has a fit every morning and then she feels fit for all day studying.
FRIENDSHIP.

Many forms between us made a bore;
There isn’t even the touch of her hand,
But her eyes meet mine and we understand;
A moment, that the end.
Not even a whispered word is there;
Just a lingering look, piercing, clear,
To the open heart where the soul lies bare;
That’s the language of a friend.

CAROLINE EASLEY, ‘19
Point System of Honors

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THREE POINT HONORS.
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President of Classes.
Presidents of Societies.

TWO POINT HONORS.
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Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Secretary and Treasurer of Student Government.
Departmental Editors.
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Council Members.

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GREENVILLE, S. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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