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The Isaqueena - 1918, December

Katherine Easley
Greenville Woman's College

The ISAQUEENA

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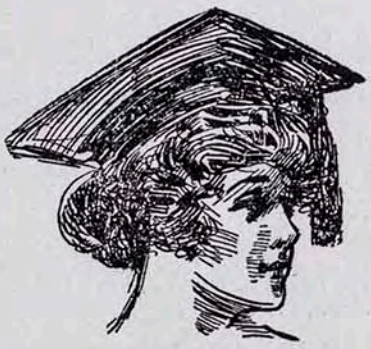

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Contents

The Isaqueena

VOL. XIII. GREENVILLE, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1919 NO. 1

NIGHT

In silent spaces while the world is still
Behold! A gripping tenseness moves and stirs
Yet nay. Enduring breathlessness around
Enthralls, And silence speaks in star-lit tones;
For Lo! The soul is bared and quick to God.

L. P. '19.

THE ALIEN

A Short Story in Two Parts—Part I.

Old Judge Clifton laid the volume he was reading on the study table, and removed his spectacles. A smile of anticipation lightened his face as he heard his daughter's voice in the hall.

"Daddy, where are you?"

Margaret Clifton pushed her face, cheeks flushed and eyes glowing, between the portieres.

"Well, Little Patriot, how was the big meeting?"

"Fine, Dad. We're to furnish the Red Cross Convalescent Home at Camp Sevier and make bandages and—oh, yes, Mrs. James Mallard is president and I'm secretary. I've ever and ever so much to do!"

The judge smiled. She was the same responsive, enthusiastic, eager little girl who used to sit on his knee, and play with his watch, and listen to the story of Gettysburg. More each day she was growing to be like the faded picture in the locket he carried close to his heart. His boy had gone to France with the British Fliers, and she was all he had left. He had been an invalid now for about fifteen years, and the sunshine of his life came and went with his little Peg. She was all; past, present and future to the old man, and he had never found it in his heart to deny her anything. She had wanted to go to school where her mother had gone, and the old judge found it not in his heart to refuse her. It had been hard; the loneliness of the old place was almost unbearable at times.

The homefolks still called her little Peggy Clifton, though her next birthday would see her out of her 'teens. As though divining her father's thoughts, she perched herself on the arm of his morris chair, and put her arms around his neck. The old man sighed, passed a trembling hand over his forehead, and brought his thoughts back to the present.

"Daddy, I believe I know what it means to love one's country, and what it was that made Bev. anxious to help even before the call came."

"What! Has your Red Cross started a mental evolution in that little head already?"

There was a deep earnestness in the frank blue eyes.

"Dad, when I kiss you it's because I love you, isn't it? If I went to fight like Bev. it would be for that which makes possible our love, our life here, our—our America; for that big something called ideals. I've always felt it when they played the "Star-Spangled Banner," but I never understood that tight little feeling until today."

She ran one long forefinger in a circle around the bald spot in the very center of the old Judge's head. The dancing lights came back to her eyes, and her chin tilted at a saucy angle. Once more she adopted the half-playful, half-motherly air which she always wore around her father.

"Yum, yum! I smell apple dumplings and butter sauce and I'm so hungry, Dad!"

Camp Sevier, just three miles northeast of Greenville, had been filled with sturdy soldiers for the last six months. The streets of the flourishing southern textile center were moving files of khaki on week-ends, when the people and churches of the city opened their hearts and doors to the finest soldiers in America. Beyond the commercial revolution which naturally attended the coming of forty thousand new residents, the spirit that had enabled the valiant French to push back the horde of Prussian wolves from Paris in the spring of '14; the spirit that had roused three-fourths of the entire world to arms against German "Kultur," filled the atmosphere, and instilled itself in the heart of the little city just as it had found its way into the unspoiled life of Margaret Clifton.

The Red Cross chapter was now firmly established and hard at work. Margaret was one of its most enthusiastic workers, and almost any time during the day the little red runabout might be seen waiting outside "Headquarters" for its ingenious owner. It had played a big part in the First and Second Liberty Loan campaigns, and proudly bore its insignia of honor on the windshield. This morning Peg smiled gaily

as she came down the walk, her arms piled high with convalescent pillows.

"Hello, Jimmy Duvall; why didn't you come in? Here, help me carry these pillows. I'm taking them to camp right now. They telephoned for five dozen this morning."

Jimmy chuckled and took all the pillows. He and Peg Clifton had been playmates as children and pals through high school, and now Jimmy—well, Jimmy simply adored her.

They piled pillows in every nook and corner of the car, and managed to find room for themselves.

"Peg, there's a dance at the Country Club tonight; how about going?"

"Can't do it, Jimmy. Sorry, but the Third Liberty campaign is launched tonight, you know."

"Oh, come on, Peg. You've sold enough bonds in the other two. It will be like old times—before all these uniforms drifted around."

He laughed that conscious little laugh of superiority.

As the little red car shot forward at 45 per, its driver squared her jaws and turned to the man she had known and liked best in her short twenty years. For the thousandth time in the last six months Margaret Clifton looked unbelievingly at the boy by her side, the boy with whom she had made mud-pies, the youth with whom she had pored over Latin and Geometry, the man with whom she had danced. Her country was at war, and he didn't know it. What manner of man was this? There was something of scorn and pity in her eyes, and in the curl of her lips as she smiled at him.

"Jimmy, I haven't time for frivolity until the war is over. We're playing a big game here. We are backing our boys at the front, and it's up to us to give every man of them a square deal. We are a cog in a big machine, and we have to run smooth—*every minute.*

Yes! (She mused as she deftly turned the car into the Hospital area.) That was what Bill had called her—a vital cog in a great machine. It was good to know Bill! He seemed to belong with that tight little feeling in her throat;

with this new life that came from the suffering, and the glorious sacrifice of a United World—Bill was a soldier, and a part of this new order.

With a jerk the car came to a standstill in front of the office.

"You're not going in!"

"Why not?"

"But the hospital is full of Spanish influenza. They are thinking of quarantining the entire camp."

That same curling smile played round the girl's lips.

"That's why they want the pillows. Guess they are all pretty busy; I'll just take them in the office here."

The ride back to town was silent until a truck filled with soldiers passed, and merrily hailed them.

The girl's cheeks flushed.

"It's Co. C—there's Bill."

A flashing smile accompanied by a gay wave of her hand was directed at a tall manly fellow standing on a box, with head and massive shoulders towering above the rest. The others made a great pretension of holding him in. He showed no intention of jumping overboard—just shook them off goodnaturedly and shouted, "I'll call you up tonight," and was gone.

"Who was that?"

"Bill Greenhow, of Asheville."

"Oh, the one that's been coming round so often. Nice looking chap."

"I think so, Jimmy."

"How long have you known him?"

"Oh, a month or so. You were in New York when I met him, I believe."

Jimmy ventured no further, but maintained stolid silence the remainder of the way. Now and then he gave his companion a side-long glance, as though to assure himself it was really she, Margaret Clifton, the gay little butterfly of Greenville, the old Greenville; the only one that he knew. Peg Clifton, his life-long sweetheart! Could this be the same girl who

had danced with him, canoed with him, laughed with him, and once—, but that is another story.

"Why the dreamy look, Jimmy? Won't you go over to the house for lunch? Dad would be delighted."

"Thanks, Peg; guess I'll go on home. I'll get out here; want to stop by the bank. Come on! You won't change your mind about the dance? Well, I hope you and Bill enjoy the campaign tonight."

With a formal bow he sauntered down the street.

That was just like Jimmy. Margaret looked after the tall, lithe figure with its aristocratic bearing. Yes, that was it! He was too aristocratic He had been spoiled and petted until now! Margaret heaved a tiny sigh. Always jolly and interesting he was the petted idol of the older women, and almost too good-looking and a regular sport, the girls all openly declared. You just had to listen when Jimmy talked!

He had the fighting blood, and what a good-looking soldier he would make. His father and her own had fought side by side at Gettysburg. They had called his Dad "Fighting Jim" Duvall. War had changed so many things, railroads, and coal, and schools, and governments. War had changed everything, even people. Why she, Peg Clifton, didn't want to be frivolous any more. Bill had said—. A smile came to her eyes; Bill was so different. And yet people were blind; they expected her to marry Jimmy—and she and Bill were made for each other. Jimmy Duvall, slacker! Even her Dad seemed to take it for granted that she and Jimmy should marry. Since Bev. had been in France he had seemed fonder of Jimmy than ever before. He and Jimmy talked continually of the blue-blooded patriots and the "old line." Bill was a patriot, she knew, and yet his father hadn't fought at Gettysburg, or if he had, she hadn't heard anything about it.

She sighed. Why didn't Dad understand? She and Dad had been pals for nearly twenty years, and now for the first time, he did not understand.

She started abruptly. The little red car was at its accustomed place under the elms. Mechanically she had driven it

there and stopped—how long ago, she had no idea. She only knew that her father was waiting on her for lunch. She ran lightly up the drive to the old colonial mansion among the elms—her home, the house that was always pointed out to strangers as the oldest landmark in Greenville.

"The Service, the Little Woman, and Mother"—yes! that was Bill's motto.

She paused a second on the stone steps of her ancestral home. This, the elms, and the great old house—they were not changed. Strange, so strange—it was just she, she alone.

(To be Continued.)

MARTHA PEACE, '19.

LIFE OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

We have said that Emerson widened the narrow boundaries of New England thought, affording a greater channel for European ideas; but the Puritan native required something more than this enlargement. It needed beauty, sentiment, warmth and the grace of romantic associations. The life of the New England people had been upright and hard-working, but severely practical, colorless, and plain. The American Puritan needed to grow in the power to feel; they needed to have this daily life expanded and softened by the charm of poetry, legend and art. This had already been touched upon by Irving, but in poetry it first began to spread itself through the verse of Longfellow.

The first American Longfellow settled in Newberry, Massachusetts, in 1676, and married a sister of the famous Judge Sewell. Stephen Longfellow, the poet's father, was a graduate of Harvard, and a successful lawyer of Portland—"the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." Here the son Henry was born February twenty-seventh, 1807. The mother, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a descendant of Priscilla Alden, the Puritan maid who did not marry Miles Standish. She was a lover of poetry, with a sensitive and imaginative nature. Thus the blood of both Pilgrim and Puritan flowed in the poet's veins.

Longfellow was a precocious child. At the age of seven he was "half through his Latin grammar." The first school he attended was kept by "Marm Fellows" in a small brick school house. Later he went to the town school on Love Lane; and soon after, to the private school of Nathaniel H. Carter. Afterward he attended the Portland Academy, under the same master, and also under the mastership of Bezabel Cushman, who had Jacob Abbott as one of his assistants. Here he was fitted for college; and at the age of fourteen, in the year 1821, he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, in company with his elder brother Stephen.

Longfellow grew up to be a pure boy. He was fond of

the woods, hills, and sea. It is said that having shot a robin one day, he was so grieved upon looking at the dead bird that he gave up that form of sport forever. All through his early school days he showed a distaste for all rude sports. His "My Lost Youth" furnishes a delightful picture of his early period.

Among his fellow students at Bowdoin was Hawthorne. Here Longfellow studied hard and continued to write verses, while his ambitions gradually fixed themselves definitely on a literary career. "The fact is," he writes to his father in 1824, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and my earthly thought centers in it." In those days it was even more hazardous than at present to trust to literature as a support, and Longfellow's father was naturally impressed with the practical obstacles to his son's choice.

Due to the popularity of his poems in the Boston Literary Gazette, and his translations of Horace, marked attention was drawn to him, and he was offered professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College soon after his graduation. To prepare himself better for this he went abroad in his twentieth year. He studied in France, Spain, Italy and in Germany. Of these he made himself master of the languages and literature. Here he came under the influence of the Old World, which was to color so much of his future thought and work. We can imagine the vividness of these foreign impressions from "Outre-mer," the book in which he recorded his wanderings; we can learn from it, too, the ardent spirit in which he approached the Old World. He remained abroad about three years.

In 1829 Longfellow entered upon the duties of professor of Bowdoin, working with steadiness, and winning popularity as a teacher by the peculiar charm and gentleness of his disposition. He married Miss Mary Potter, of Portland, Maine, whose death in 1835 was his first great sorrow. We see his grief through some lines in Longfellow's poem, "The Footsteps of Angels." Due to his distinguished success in teaching and writing, he was offered the chair of modern lan-

guages at Harvard. Again he went to Europe to seek a better preparation for this higher place. In his first visit to Europe he met Washington Irving in Spain. He now met Carlyle and Browning. His "Hyperion" reflects his state of mind at this period, as he wandered up and down the Rhine, or lingered by the old castle of Heidelberg, steeping himself in the sentimentality of German romantic literature.

On his return he began teaching at Harvard; and here for eighteen years he gave himself to his profession. Here Longfellow married a beautiful and accomplished lady, the daughter of Honorable Nathan Appleton, of Boston, whom he had met abroad and who is supposed to be described in his romance, "Hyperion." He lived in an old Tory mansion known as Craigie House, once the headquarters of Washington. Here his literary life ripened and his fame as a poet grew. He was surrounded by the most scholarly men of America. Thinking that leisure would inspire him to write his masterpiece he resigned in 1854. For several years he gave himself to leisure, but instead of his accomplishing greater attainments, he showed a steady decline in creative vigor. Then the tragedy of his life occurred. His wife's dress caught fire and she was burned to death. It is said he now changed from a young man to an old one, under the weight of grief, and was never his former self again. Affection for his dead wife is shown in his "Cross of Snow" written many years after her death.

In 1868 Longfellow went to England with his family. Here his fame was as great as any English poet, and he was received with love and hospitality. Longfellow received a degree of L. L. D. from the University of Oxford and Cambridge. All during his later years he showed an increased love for children, who gave festivals of the poet's birthday. The influence of these children is shown in many of his poems, which are youthful, and childlike in spirit.

The last two summers of Longfellow's life were spent in Nabant. Here he wrote very little. He took only a few volumes with him, but received impressions which he later ex-

pressed in verse. His health remained very good until about three months before his death, March 24, 1882.

Longfellow was the most popular of American poets. He is said to have lived what the poet sang, that his courtesy and gentle dignity were the habits of a life time, and that his own scholarly attainments never made him electing toward others. Kindliness was one of the chief traits of his character. As a teacher and writer he was always conscientious and industrious. The secret of his success is due to the harmony of his nature, in which was nothing discordant or out of measure. He has given expression to the general and commonplace emotions of American civilization of the better sort, with its simplicity, and its plain aspiratinos. He did much to open the eyes of the Americans to the beauty of European life. His service to American scholarship in his translation of "Dante's Divine Comedy" was great.

Longfellow's clientell is larger than any other modern poet except Burns. "The Building of the Ship" has had as much effect in developing a sense of nationality as anything ever written, not excepting the Declaration of Independence. It has been recited so much that it has become a national document.

He succeeded in putting simple things into graceful and intelligible poetic form—which marks a true genius. We honor him as "our household poet," and of all the gifts which fortune brought him we cherish these. his bust stands in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey; and the children celebrate his birthday. The one symbolizes his hold on the human heart, the other his fame among all English-speaking people.

BERTIE BALLARD.

LITERATURE IN VIRGINIA OF THE EARLY COLONIAL PERIOD

As it is well known, the first settlement in America was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in the year 1607. Since Virginia was the first state to be settled, of course she was the first to grow, the first to expand, and among the first to produce some kind of literature. It is very interesting to study the literature of Virginia, and especially so to a Southerner, as Virginia is a Southern state.

Let us for a moment consider the early settlers of Virginia. Of the one hundred and five men who composed the first expedition, nearly one-half were "gentlemen" with absolutely no experience of manual labor, and most of the others were soldiers and servants. They were of the Royalist Party and of the church of England. Many of them had squandered their ancestral estates and now camé to America, led on by dreams of sudden conquest and dazzling riches. Many were adventurers. Some were worthless idlers, and even criminals fleeing from justice. Not a single one of these dreamed of a home in the new land—all they had was a desire for speedy wealth. While many of the later arrivals, drawn by the rich tobacco plantations, were from the higher classes, yet during the first half of the seventeenth century the majority of the settlers were of inferior quality, personally and socially, and a good many of them were old and broken men, adventurers, bankrupts, and criminals. So after looking at the people it is easier to draw a conclusion as to what sort of literature these men would produce.

There was not much literature in Virginia in the seventeenth century and there are several reasons for this. One reason is the social conditions. The people did not settle in villages, as in New England, but lived far apart from each other on large estates. In Jamestown, the capital of Virginia, there were only eighteen houses. The owner of a large estate, grown rich by the cultivation of tobacco which he shipped to England, was surrounded by slaves and laborers,

and lived in imitation of the owners of English estates, a free, luxurious life, spending most of his time in field sports and politics. From this there resulted two classes of society, the rich land owners, and the poor laborers and slaves. This condition of society made free schools impossible. The scattered condition of the population, the independent plantations, the love of action and of life spent mostly in the open air, all conspired against the district school system which sprang up so naturally in New England.

Another reason for the scarcity of literature in Virginia in the seventeenth century was that between 1641 and 1677, Virginia was under the harsh rule of a royal governor, Sir William Berkeley, who did all he could to smother every effort of the colonists to establish schools and printing presses. As a result, there was no printing press in the colony until 1729, and, in the words of Burke, the historian of Virginia, "Until the year 1688 no mention is made anywhere in the records of schools, or of any provision for the instruction of the youth."

Of course, under such conditions literature could not flourish as in the North. The South stood for action rather than for the written word. "By the discipline acquired from the management of estates, the planters early learned that mastery over men and events that made Virginia 'the Mother of Presidents,' of fiery orators and astute statesmen, and successful generals."

The literature of the Colonial Age in Virginia is very uninteresting as well as scanty. Much of it was written for purely practical ends with little thought of finish or literary beauty. The early settlers wrote mostly, almost entirely, prose, and they wrote, not as men of letters, but as practical explorers, colonists and business men. They told the story of their adventures, and described the country to which they had come, and if they did try to make their narratives and descriptions attractive it was with a commercial rather than an esthetic purpose. Interspersed in these writings is the work of a few English scholars who came to the new land for a while and then went back across the ocean. Of the principal

ones of these of the first Colonial Period, all except one, Alexander Whittaker, returned to England after a few years.

Although the connection between the Elizabethan literature and the Virginia writers was indirect, it was nevertheless very important. Their love of adventure, the credulity with which men believed in the existence of wealth, the intense wonder with which they viewed the plants, animals and the inhabitants of their new home show Elizabethan characteristic or rather are characteristic of the Elizabethans. It is not necessary for one to read far into the narratives of almost any of the early Virginian writers before he realizes that there is the same attitude of mind, the same philosophy of life so often expressed by the Elizabethans.

The writings of the Period may be roughly gathered into four groups:

1. Letters to friends in England. These were written often in haste, with no thought of literary finish, and are full of observations on the strange scenes and surroundings in which the lives of the writers had fallen. They are not of any value to us now except that they throw light on the history, society, and spirit of the age that produced them.

2. Descriptions of the Indians, of the geography of the country, of the animals and flowers. Smith's "True Relation," etc., "A Map of Virginia," and Whittaker's "Good News from Virginia" are the best examples of this class of literature.

3. Scholarly works written by English of leisure sojourning for a time in America. These really cannot be classed as American literature. Among such writings may be mentioned Sandy's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

4. Letters legal, and reports to the companies in England, as, for example, Smith's answer to the seven questions.

The first American, as well as Virginian, writer is Captain John Smith. Bancroft said well when he spoke of Smith as, "the father of Virginia, the true leader who first planted the Saxon race within the borders of the United States." Captain Smith was born in Welloughly, Lincolnshire, England, in 1579, twenty-four years before the death of Elizabeth and

thirty-seven years before the death of Shakespeare. He was a man of Elizabethan stamp—active, ingenious, imaginative, craving new experiences. When just a little boy, he could not stand the tediousness of ordinary life and so took himself to the forest where he could hunt and play knight.

The achievements of this man are very remarkable. While he was a mere boy his father died and he was very badly treated by his guardians, who finally apprenticed him to a merchant. The life to which this apprenticeship bound him he did not like, so at the age of fifteen he ran away and became a soldier of fortune. Smith fought in France and the low countries; journeyed to Scotland with letters to the king, but did not have very much success as a courtier; went back to Willoughby and lived for a few months as a hermit in the woods; returned to the continent and encountered numerous experiences; was cast overboard from a vessel in the Mediterranean and picked up by a pirate. John Smith finally reached the East, the scene of his most marvellous adventures. Here he saw much of the War against the Turks, and he tells us that in every movement he played a leading part. He had a combat with three Turks in succession, each of whom he slew and beheaded. Finally Smith was taken captive and sent as a slave to a Turkish lady of rank. The relations of the two soon became highly romantic. Unfortunately for the Captain the lady had a cruel brother who hated him. Smith killed his tormentor and escaped, riding alone many days through the desert. These adventures were all accomplished before the hero returned to England in 1605; when he was about twenty-five years old.

Smith, two years later, came to America and was one of the most conspicuous of the men who founded the Colony at Jamestown. He soon became the President of Jamestown, and later he was Governor of Virginia, and labored strenuously for its preservation.

The romantic story of smith and Pocohontas is well known. Its truth is left for the reader to decide. Smith tells of it as an actual occurrence but we do not know whether to

believe him or not. He has often been accused of boasting and of exaggeration, but it is certain that he braved hardships, extreme dangers, and captivity among the Indians to provide food for the colony and to survey Virginia. So this story of Pocohontas and Smith may be true. Although we must acknowledge that Captain Smith was *awfully* vain, impestuous, imperious, and restless, we know his shrewdness, his indomitable courage, and his sound judgment more than once saved the Virginia Colony from ruin.

Of the nine works with American themes, written by Smith, three were composed in Virginia. His first book, "The True Relation, etc.," which was written in the first thirteen months following the establishment of the colony, is very interesting for two reasons, it is the first book produced in America and it tells in details the story of those memorable months at Jamestown.

His second work was a reply to the seven questions put by the London Company to him as Governor of Virginia. With this Smith sent his third American work, called "A Map of Virginia," which was published.

The most important writer of the later 17th century was William Byrd. He was a native born American, and the son of a prominent and wealthy Virginian. He was sent to England and to the continent for his education. He studied law at the Middle Temple, was called to the bar, and was given a membership in the Royal Society. After his return to America, Byrd lived on the family estate at Westover. Here, besides managing his private interests, he served the public in many ways. He was commissioned by the Virginia Colony to run a line between Vigrinia and North Carolina, and an account of his experiences during the surveying of these countries or states rather, is the most valuable of his writings. These writings were not intended for publication but were handed down to the author's descendants in a manuscript. This collection sometimes known as the "Westover Manuscripts," contains, besides "The History of the Dividing Line," "A Journey to the Land of Eden," "A Progress to the Mines"

and "An Essay on Bulb Tobacco." The "History of the Dividing Line" gives much valuable information regarding the country, plants and animals, and natural curiosities. It is also interesting for its shrewd comments on men and their ways.

Colonel Byrd was regarded, both in his and the following generations, as the highest type of a Southern gentleman. He was a man of culture and social charm. He collected a private library which is said to have been the largest in Virginia; and his writings show that he had an appreciation of literature. To education Byrd added polish and the contact with the best of families, of society. He was an observer, and not a teacher or a reformer.

Byrd is the first of all American writers to have any sort of a style. He succeeded in writing prose, that, though not very graceful, had something of polite charm. In many passages he showed a fine and genuine humor, though occasionally he indulged in a coarse jest. Byrd's chief fault is his irreverence for truth. He was so anxious to make his works attractive that he forgot the truth of the matter. As a whole Byrd's writings, though often too highly praised, are the most readable of the Colonial times.

William Strachey is an Englishman who wrote in Virginia. He lives as a writer in his description of a storm at sea, which wrecked him and his company on their voyage to Vrginia in 1609. It is thought that his account may have suggested certain passages in The Tempest.

There was one Englishman who looked upon America and Virginia as his home. "It is that country in which I desire to spend the remnant of my days," writes John Hammond in his Leah and Rachel; and he contrasts the plenty and new opportunities in America with the hopeless poverty in the crowded streets of Europe.

Alexander Whittaker came from England to America, to Virginia, too. He was known as "the Apostle to Virginia." He wrote, "Good News From Virginia," which was an appeal to England.

There was very little poetry in the 17th Century in Virginia. George Sandys, an Englishman, was the first poet on Virginian soil, and during his stay in the colony as its treasurer, he translated ten books of Ovid's Metamorphoses. It is noted for its literary art and imaginative interpretation.

The only original poem in the early Vrginia Colony was found soon after the Revolution in a collection of manuscripts called the Burwell papers. This is an elegy on the death of Nathaniel Bacon, a young Virginia patriot and military hero who resisted the despotic governor, Sir. Wm. Berkeley.

In conclusion, we may say early Virginian literature lacked the mental stimulus of life in towns and cities where "mind kindles mind by contact;" if books were written it was difficult to get them printed, and if they were printed there were few people to read them. In such conditions, the production of a large body of literature is not to be expected.

RAWIE JONES, '20.

TO TOM

Killed in Action, France, August, 1918

You went to the deadly fray
With hope; the light in your eyes,
Over the top in the gray
A million stars in the skies:
Just one of a million others
Comrades in arms, and brothers.

You sought to make all right,
The wrongs and desecrations,
To end all might with might;
The hope of men and nations
You—, and a million others
Champions of truth; and brothers.

You gave your life; your all
That all men's souls be free
That a just, enduring wall
Around the earth might be.
You and a million others
Died for your home, and brothers.

JUST MARTHA ANN.

A THOUGHT OF THE AMERICAN SLAIN

Dost rest in Peace Oh! spirits fine and true
Whose sacrificial blood was spilt all hot
On altars of sweet liberty and rare;
While hovering o'er those battlefields blood-red,
Dost lose the evil vision of that hell;
And blossom scented, downy breezes, cool,
And healing, breathe from fair Elysia?

Content dost lovingly remain and serve
The land thou saved and long to strive for still?
Ah! patriot spirits, lo thy mother land
Dost call, and aches to hold within her breast
The children from her lofty ideals sprung.
Art thou content, or wander restlessly;
And chafe the narrow bands confining thee
With longing eyes to this thy loved home-land?

LEONA PERRY, '20.

The Isaqueena

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Staff

Editorial

WELCOME!

We take this opportunity to extend a very hearty welcome to all the new members of the faculty and student-body. We are, indeed, glad to have you with us. We trust that you will give us your co-operation in every possible way, for to have a truly representative college publication, all the students must give it their support. The literary and local editors could write essays, poems, short-stories and local events so they would interest everyone, but how much better the result is if

the work is divided! But think of the time these editors would have to devote to this work if they did have to do it all and their studies must be kept up the same as yours. Then that would not be a college magazine, it would be a staff magazine. It would be a good magazine, though, for we have good editors, but that is not the idea of a college magazine. Each individual must be on the alert for material. If you hear a joke, you should write it down immediately and hand it to some member of the staff. Or if there is a visitor in college, some one should report it. The staff cannot know everything that is going on, so the other girls must help them out.

QUIET IN CHAPEL

Chapel! What is it? It is supposed to be a combination of business and worship. There all the students of the college, both day students and boarding students, gather once a day. At that time any announcements which concern the whole student-body are made. On the whole, though, the most important part is the worship. Should we not, then, consider chapel from a different standpoint. We should not be so noisy. Tomorrow stop and see how much noise there is in chapel when you first enter. This disorder must be very embarrassing to the officials, especially if there are visitors. Let us all give this serious consideration and be more quiet hereafter so Dr. Ramsay and Mr. Miller need not wait for us to stop talking before they can begin the exercises. Let's all sing and enter into the services with spirit. We will feel much better ourselves afterwards and it will be a big help to whoever is conducting the exercises.

Notice! All Classes!! The Isaqueena has a new plan for you! We want to start a little contest. This cnotest will be for originality. We want each class to publish a page in at least one Isaqueena issue, starting with the Seniors next month.

Each of the six classes (Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, Sub-Freshman) will have its time in succession and the pages will be judged by several members of the faculty. A prize, to be announced later, will be given to the most original.

Do you want this prize? If so, you should start working at once, every one. Remember—the *most original* page!!

Exchange

We acknowledge the following exchanges this session and hope there will be many others next month: The Winthrop Journal, The Criterion, The Nautilus, The Orion, and the Camp Jackson editions of "Truth and Camp."

The Winthrop Journal: Good editorial department; needs, we think, more literary essays, and some "pep".

Greetings to Camp Jackson; "Trench and Camp" is a good paper; we like it.

College Shadows

SENIOR PRIVILEGES

Upon a petition to the college faculty, the Seniors are granted the following privileges:

1. Exemption from final examinations in May and June if an average of A is made.
2. To go walking on Sunday afternoons, not during "quiet hour" nor on Main Street, chaperoned by a teacher.
3. To have access to the swimming pool on Saturday night.
4. To have callers on any night during the week (excluding Sunday) convenient to party concerned.

LOCALS

On Wednesday, September 12, the opening address was delivered in G. W. C. auditorium and the session of 1918-19 was formally begun.

On the night of October 3 Paul Althouse, of the Metropolitan, sang to a large audience in the G. W. C. auditorium. He gave a most delightful program, and every one enjoyed it greatly

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Monday, October 7, the quarantine against influenza went down on the whole city to our great regret, for we are still making up back work.

The quarantine keeping the girls from all public gatherings has not been lifted yet. But they are getting plenty of exercise with five-mile hikes, and games on the basket-ball courts.

The annual basket-ball game between Blues and Golds was played the afternoon of Saturday, November 30. It should have been played on Thanksgiving Day, but was delayed on account of a sticky court. The Blues celebrated their victory with great glee.

LOCALS

Mary S.—What book is that you are reading?
M. W.—"Othello."
M. S.—Is it French or Latin?

Mutt—It takes Mabel longer to say her prayers than it does me, but you know I talk so much faster.

Cora Prothro insists that Kipling wrote the "Scralet Letter." Can some one put her straight on this point?

The Seniors asked as one of their privileges that they be allowed to have callers. The question as to a chaperon was brought up. If a member of the faculty should act as chaperon, how could she employ her time? Finally, it was unanimously agreed that if the girls would provide an extra man for the chaperon they would be given this privilege.

Myrtle Brown in Biology class discussing tracing ancestors said: "Why that isn't anything! We can trace ours back to Adam and Eve. We are all their ancestors, anyhow."

Every girl feels as though she has been let out of a cage since the quarantine has been lifted. We are rejoicing because the "flu" has flown away, and we hope it will not decide to visit us again this session. We always welcome visitors, but after an extended consultation between students and faculty we have decided not to invite Miss "Flu" again.

An annual occasion of great pleasure was the Senior-Junior reception given Monday evening, December 2, in the college parlors, which were artistically decorated in white and green. Ferns and white chrysanthemums were used. The music rendered during the evening was very much enjoyed.

On every corner you can hear this exclamation: "Christmas will soon be here!"

We were very glad to hear Dr. Ramsay's voice in the dining room again today. The "Flu" claimed him as a victim for several days.

Miss Ruth Scott, of the class of '18, spent the week-end at the college.

All the girls enjoyed, and felt benefited by the splendid talks given by Mrs. Geo. E. Davis and Miss Dixon. We are always glad to have them come.

Eleanor Keese wants to know if all the girls meet and set their watches at the morning watch service.

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.

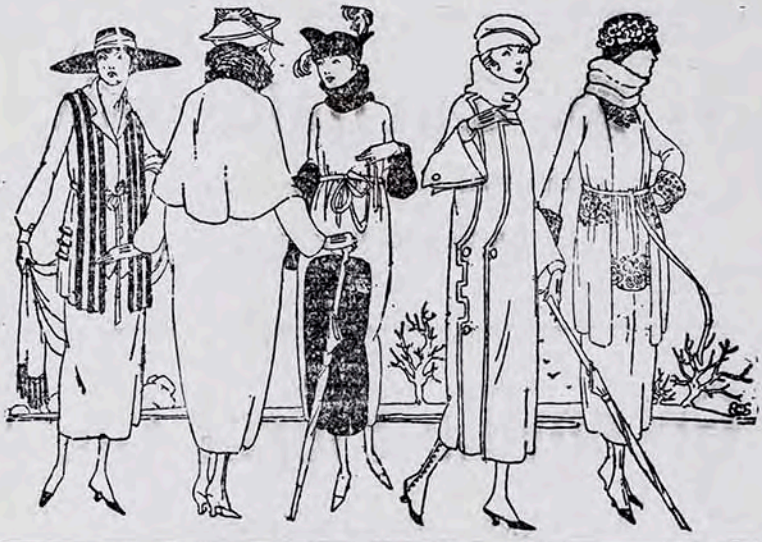
The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted, to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of M. A., B. A., B. S., 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, 1919.

For further information apply to

David M. Ramsay, D. D., President



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