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The Isaqueena - 1919, February

Katherine Easley
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA

February, 1919
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The Isaqueena

February, 1919

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SPRING

Daffodils are blooming,
    In the country lane
Frogs in ponds are booming
    Spring has come again.

Lilacs nod in dooryards
    Waving purple plumes,
Thots go winging starwards
    Borne by spring’s perfumes.

Birds are chirping gaily
    On the leafy boughs
O’er the mountains daily
    The South Wind gently soughs.

Butterflies are dancing
    On the leafy glade,
Sunlight softly glancing
    Thru the heavy shade.

But there are other tokens,
    I know that spring is here,
Old winter’s back is broken,
    ’Tis the gladest time of year.

MARY SEYLE, ’20.
With a weary sigh and a little-girl smile, Margaret entered the dining-room where her father waited.

Judge Clifton looked across the table at his daughter.

"The 'Third Liberty Loan' is launched tonight; isn't it, Miss Patriot?"

"Yes, Dad. We are planning a big lauching, too. Gov. Granville is going to open the campaign. We are to start the sale after the Governor's talk. Coming down, aren't you? It's warm today and Col. Roberts said he would take you in his car."

"I guess there will have to be one Loan Campaign without me. I'm not feeling as well as usual—a little weak. I thought I would just give you my subscription.

He fumbled in his pocket

"Tomorrow is your birthday, I believe. Here's a check that will buy you two $1,000 bonds."

With a little cry of delight the girl was at her father's side, her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dad, you are too good to me."

The old Judge tried to speak calmly, but there was a queer huskiness in his voice.

"I thought that would be the best present for my little patriot."

"It couldn't have been better. I'm going to see the girls. I'll bet the whole $2,000 they can't match my Dad."

She waved the check in the air, and started for the door.

"Marion Stearns will try. So will the rest. There will be a regular bombardment of father's office this afternoon. Watch me launch that 'Loan' before she's christened."

She was gone. The twinkle died out of the old man's eyes; a mist blurred the familiar objects of the room. A trembling hand found the little gold locket next to his heart. At the touch a thrill passed over him from head to foot. He was lost in the past.
It seemed a long, long time, and his little Peg was so like her—so like—and Beverly was gone.

Three hours later Margaret called up to say that she would not be home for supper; that the Loan Committee "were dining at the 'Hoffman.'" After many excited attempts, old Josh managed to tell her that her father was very sick; that he had been trying to find her all afternoon.

In three minutes she drove the little roadster to the door. Mrs. Groom, the old housekeeper, met her in the hall.
"He's resting all right, dear. Yes; the doctor will be back tonight."

That night was one of terrors to Margaret. Even after she was persuaded to leave her father, and to go to bed, she could not sleep. She thought and thought, of her father, of Beveridge, of Jimmy, of Bill. If only her dear old Dad would understand, everything would be all right! He couldn't get away from 'the old line' and the established order. He regarded Bill as an intruder, and would continue to do so, she felt, until on obsequious line of ancestors should be unearthed for him. She was tired of ancestors; she almost hoped Bill didn't have any. As far as her life was concerned, Jimmy was the alien, the intruder. She couldn't ever love Jimmy; she had tried. Perhaps it would have been different if this great "thing" hadn't come; this "war" that turned people's little world's all upside down. This war—
"I am only a cog in a giant machine; a link in an endless chain."

That was what Bill had called her; a link in an endless chain—and—and there was something about a golden link, too. No, no! it was best as it was. She could never have loved Jimmy. If only Bev. were here! He would understand; he was like Bill—big and splendid. The British aces called him the "American Dare Devil." What a brother he was! She was drawn by an unseen power thru the silent hall, and into her brother's room. A moonbeam fell full upon his picture on the mantel. Without a
sound she knelt down and stretched her arms out to the darkness.

Downstairs a door closed. She rose hastily, and went to her room, and crept into bed.

The soft murmur of the wind at the shutters soothed her, and the song of the little brown leaves as they jumped from the trees in their autumnal freedom whispered, "I am only a cog in a giant machine." The darkness of the room, shaped itself into the outline of the man she loved; the man who had helped her to adjust herself to this new world, this strange world that had suddenly challenged her heart and hand.

A moon-beam crept thru the shutter, and cast a slanting stream of silver light across the bed. A tiny star, strayed from its sisters, peered anxious thru the darkness, and winked at the girl on the bed.

She sighed. Two great grey eyes looked out from the darkness. Two strong arms held her close, and carried her off into a dreamless sleep.

It was a dark and rainy day a week after the old Judge was taken sick. Everything was quiet in the old Clifton house. That is, everything except Peg. She was restless, and nervous, and wandered all over the old house. Presently she found herself again in her brother's room. She liked to spend a few minutes every day in Bev's room; they had always been pals, and it made her seem closer to him. But today—the room seemed strange. She did not feel natural. What was the matter with her? That picture didn't look like Bev. Was she dreaming, or were there tears in the big brown eyes? A chill passed over her, and she shivered slightly. The ringing of the doorbell struck terror to her heart. Her steps were steady as she went downstairs; only the violent beating of her heart sent the hot blood to her cheeks.

Old Josh answered the door.

"Yas, suh! Yas, suh!"

The next moment Margaret was there. Twice she read
the contents of the yellow envelope:

"Lt. Beveridge Wellington Clifton, killed when com-
battling six German planes alone, Oct. 15, 1917. Letter
follows.

COL. F. F. STARK,
B. R. F. C., France."

Oct. 18, 10 a. m

There was no chill now; no apprehension. A deadly
calm seized her; the silence of the old mansion made her
want to scream. Her mouth opened, but no sound came
forth. Only a wretched little quivering of the lips, and
her eyes sought two flags that waved from the archway of
the great old hall—the one of Britain, the other of the
Stars and Stripes. With a little cry she stretched out her
arms to the flag she loved—the flags that Bev. had died for.

"My America!"

Outside the clouds parted, and the sun shone upon the
peaceful hills. The old mansion stood on its hill, a sen-
tinel, white and very bright, as though a light from within
vied with that of the sun.

Jimmy was coming to talk with her father, it was almost
time for him! She should have to go upstairs with
him. How could she stand it, and not tell about Bev?

An hour later she knelt by her father’s bedside, her
hand in his. He and Jimmy were talking. The daughters’
face paled as she realized that her father’s voice was weak-
ening every day.

The old man turned suddenly from the boy at the foot
of his bed to the tender face of his daughter.

"Peggy, I had a wonderful dream last night. It’s sort
of vague in my mind. It is the same that I dreamed the
night before Gettysburg, only then was about my pal, Jim
Duvell, and last night there seemed to be someone else. I
can’t just make it out."

He stopped; the boy and girl said nothing. The old man
muttered indistinctly.

"Yes, Jim was killed just as I dreamed about it. That’s
all right, Bev., my boy, you've fought till they made you stop. You're a good son of a rebel—my boy.'"

The girl stifled a cry, and threw her arms around her father's neck. With a mighty effort he rallied himself, and stroked her hair with trembling hands. The blue eyes wide with fright, looked into his.

"How did you know—about Bev? They—they told me not to tell you, and I—I wanted to! Oh, I knew you would be proud."

The spark of combat mingled with a glow of pride, shone again in the old man's eyes.

"Then it's true; it's—it's not a dream? Bev. has gone with my pal. I wish I could have been—yes, Bev., my boy—my—."

His eye caught the white cuff of Jimmy's immaculate linen, and sought his face. Fear—fear naked and horrible was written on the boy's face. The old man smiled. Margaret saw and shuddered.

The boy moistened his lips, laughed loudly and hysterically. Beads of sweat stood on his forehead.

"I don't want to go; I'll never go. Margaret how can you be glad. Blood!—it makes me sick. Ugh—oo!"

With a pitiful moan he left the room.

Still the old man smiled; the smile appeared frozen on his face, so bare did it seem. Margaret did not dare raise her head; that white fear filled her with terror. The old man patted her hand.

"Peggy, I wrote another check for a bond this morning, for my old comrade Jim. Jim needs a substitute; his boy hasn't learned the code. Peggy, I reckon I was wrong about your Bill. I'm an old man, and I'd like to square myself the next time he comes."

The stars were just coming out; the wind was playing hide-and-seek with the moon around the corners of the old gray house. In the great hall Peg was waiting for Bill. She had promised her father that they would come up to see him. She had not long to wait.
THE ISAQUEENA

"Have you told your Dad about Bev?"
"He knows—he's glad, Bill. He's a good soldier, and a fine old Dad."
She turned away. "Margaret!"
His great strong arms held her close.
"Bill, if I didn't have you, I don't believe I could stand it."
"Don't say that, little woman. You've just told me you were glad you had a brother to give."
"I know—only Dad is worse, and the doctor—oh, Bill, Dad wants to see you. You were right; he does understand. He said some of the "old line" didn't fight at Gettysburg, and it was good for the world that they didn't."

Together they went to her father's room. It was not the gray old Judge, but Col. John Clifton, the soldier, that took Bill's hand in his own. It was the light of battle that leaped from his eyes, and kindled a flame in the gray ones of Bill of the U. S. A.—this, and something more, the spirit of Beveridge Clifton calling from Flanders Fields, that filled the room with a new air, burnt and cleaned in this fusion of the old and new, in the common cause of humanity. The old man's eyes grew brighter.
"I'm tired, daughter, very tired. You know the code, Bill—take my place."

His voice grew indistinct. Suddenly he raised up—a wild look in his eyes.
"Ho! We'll trim those Yanks, my lads. Charge, rebels. On!"

MARTHA PEACE.
Act I. Scene I.  Time: 3:45 p. m.  Place: Foyer.
Senior—Here I have waited 15 minutes and that Rat hasn't come yet. I certainly am getting tired of being the only one in this Christian Institution who is ever on time. (Tears her hair; rushes wildly to steps, paging for Rat.) Rat (off stage) coming! (Enters) Sorry I was late, but this narrow skirt. Have you registered? Come on then. (Senior grabs Rat by arm and they hasten to door.)
(Enter Mrs. Williams, shaking index finger.)
Mrs. W.—Girls you did not register to which picture show you are going. And are you sure you are going nowhere else?
Rat—We are going to the Majestic, that is all. Please register for us, Mrs. Williams.
(Exit Sr. and Rat.)
Mrs. Williams swoons.
Curtain.
Act II. Scene I.  Time: 4:00 p. m.  Place: Corner College and Main Streets.
Rat—Is my hat on straight? Has the wind blown the powder off my nose? Oh I do hope I'll see Jimmy. (Sighs amorously.)
Sr.—You know you cannot talk to him.
Rat—Oh, what shall I do! He will be sure to talk to me.
Enter Jimmy.
(Rat gives heart rending scream.) Whatever shall I do? (to Jimmy) You can talk to me! You can't talk to me! (Rat rushes madly down street followed by Jimmy, Senior, and officers from Ottaray porch.)
Curtain.

Act III. Scene I. Time: 4:01. Place: Corner Main and Washington Streets.

(Big crowd around policeman who hold Rat with one arm and Jimmy with other.)

Policeman—What is the meaning of this.

Rat—(Sobbing violently.) He couldn’t talk to me! He couldn’t talk to me! I told him he couldn’t talk to me!

Jimmy—I wasn’t going to talk to you. I was merely going to speak to you—and hang it! I will speak to you! Good afternoon, Mary.

Rat—(With cry of anguish.) Four weeks close restriction and maybe expulsion.

(Faints in Jimmy’s arms.)

Curtain.
The hospital system "OVER THERE."

The efficient hospital system of the American Army in Europe has been the means of saving many a life that otherwise would have been lost. The nurses and doctors of the American Army have done and are still doing a great and noble work. Now that the fighting has ceased in Europe it will be the hospitals and the different relief organizations that will have the greatest amount of work to do. Before the fighting was stopped by the recently signed armistice one half of the doctors, surgeons, nurses and staff worked and lived constantly under, or close to, the range of the heavier German guns and were constantly exposed to night bombardments by airplanes. The life of one doctor over there is valued to that of five hundred soldiers and the life of one stretcher bearer to that of eight fighting men. This in itself shows how highly their work is valued. The Red Cross sign used to mean protection to the person and places that bore it, but during the World War the Germans have made it one of their main targets. When asked why they did this they replied that while they felt sorry for the wounded in the hospitals, they could not stand back for this because they had to consider that it takes from four to six year to educate a doctor or nurse, while it only takes from three to six months to train an ordinary soldier. This merely intimates what it means to be a doctor or a nurse over there, and now I want to tell about the hospital system.

First of all, first aid is received by the boys on the battle field. When a soldier is wounded on the field, in the trench, or in the woods, if he is still able, he applies his own first aid bandages. Sometimes, however, he has given his bandages away to a comrade, then he uses his belt for a tourniquit, his boot laces, or anything that he can find. If he is unconscious or too badly wounded to treat his own wounds, he lies until he is picked up by friend or foe, or else "goes west." The wounded are taken from the field
by stretcher bearers or perhaps by a comrade—the Red Cross dogs often discover the wounded and lead the stretcher bearers to them. The chaplains of the regiments go out with the stretcher bearers to comfort the wounded and dying. Those that can be taken back to the trench are treated by the regimental surgeon. Ninety per cent. of the wounded that are carried from the battlefield recover. A large share of this recovery depends on doctors getting the men within three to eight hours after they are wounded. Therefore, having doctors in the first line trenches goes a long way toward making this percentage possible.

From the trench the wounded are carried back to the advanced dressing stations. At these advanced dressing stations the first aid bandages are supplemented by better dressings and splints are applied to make the further transportation of the wounded safer and more comfortable. Here, also, the patients are given an injection of antitetanus serum, and an iodene cross mark is put on their forehead to indicate that they have received this treatment. A morphine tablet is given to the men who are suffering greatly. A hot drink of some kind is given to the men here, too. At these advanced dressing stations ambulance doctors do their work and ninety-five per cent. of the wounded reaching these stations recover. The surgical cases are taken from the advanced dressing stations to advanced surgical posts for treatment. Here they have a sterilizing room to prepare for the operations, an operating room, and a ward in which the patients can convalesce. Very urgent operations are performed here under bomb proof conditions. The patients are often able to go back to the trenches from these advanced posts. Maybe they are there for a few hours or maybe they are there for a few days—just time enough for a slightly wounded man to recover. The wounded are conveyed from one dressing station to another by different means. Some come on stretchers on trolleys, some on perambulators, some by
horse litter, some are helped by comrades, and some walk by themselves.

The wounded that are not able to go back to the trenches from the advanced dressing stations are transported to the divisional Field Hospitals. Red Cross guidons are scattered along the roads to the Field Hospitals to mark the road. Some are able to walk to the hospitals, but some have to be conveyed by other means. They may be carried by a comrade or they may be taken on a litter or in an ambulance—it all depends on the nature and degree of their wounds. The Field Hospitals consist mainly of tents. At the Field Hospitals they perform urgent operations, fix up smashed limbs, and checks hemorrhages. Often the boys are able to go back to the trenches from the Field Hospital.

Therefore, personal, regimental, and divisional aid is received by the wounded before they finally reach the Evacuation Hospitals. If a fellow is lucky he may get all this and be in an Evacuation Hospital within two to three hours. The wounded are conveyed to the Evacuation Hospitals by light ambulances and large ambulances. The Evacuation Hospitals have operating rooms where abdominal and other severe wounds are treated, a convalescent ward, and a section for overflow. The Evacuation Hospitals are the life savers. The surgical team work in perfect union. They wear white aprons, caps, and masks. One would think they would get nervous and excited, but their fingers move like lightning and are precise and sure. The wounded man is X-rayed before he is taken to the operating room and an indelible cross mark is made at the exact location of the foreign body in order that the surgeon may know exactly where and how to begin his work.

If a wounded man is in good condition he is taken straight from the advanced dressing posts to an Evacuation Hospital without being unloaded at a Field Hospital. The rapidity of a man’s recovery depends on the speed with which he can be removed to the nearest Evacuation Hos-
pital, hence, it is to his advantage if he can be moved to one without having to stop at a Field Hospital. Of course there are unavoidiable delays at times, and to counteract this the Evacuation Hospitals are moving closer and closer up behind the front line trenches—risking air raids and bombardment in order to save a greater percentage of life. In spite of this, though, it is often many hours before the wounded reach the hospitals and the wounds are sometimes infected by gas-gangrene. In order to prevent further spread of this poison through the body the wound is laid open as soon as the patient reaches the hospital, the crushed tissues are cut away, and the new wound cleaned and packed with gauze and flushed with Carrel’s solution. The wound is further made ready and the patient is often moved on hundreds of miles—to some big Base Hospital. The Evacuation Hospitals are full of surprises. Comedy and tragedy compete every day for first place. During a big offensive every one in the hospitals—nurses, surgeons, personnel—work like fiends. At this time some of the most thrilling fights with death take place. Sometimes a man is hovering between life and death—the slightest stir capable of sending him to either side. Perhaps he has shrapnel in his chest, his lungs full of blood, suffering from shock and lack of food, but he is still able to smile up into the surgeon’s face and say faintly, “I’m all right sir. Take that other poor guy. He’s worse off than I.” Lots of the wounded come out from under the influence of ether raving about going over the top, shouting, “Shoot ’em to hell boys. The dirty skunks! Shoot ’em to hell!” And the boys in the ward cheer them on, saying, “That’s the stuff, buddy! Eat ’em alive!” Then they will open their eyes on the nurse and make some feeble remarks. If they come through this far alive they are very apt to stick.

From the Evacuation Hospitals the boys are moved on back to the Base Hospitals. Most of them are moved here by train as the bases are usually too far behind the other hospitals for an ambulance to go. The Base Hospitals are
mostly for convalescent patients. Some of them treat tens of thousands of cases and have a death rate of only one per cent. and of those that recover from seventy to eighty per cent. are back on the firing line within forty days. As the hospital formation recedes the bases grow larger and larger, until at some points they are vast bee hives with a capacity of ten to twenty thousand beds. The larger ones are concrete buildings and have every convenience possible. Between the bases and the evacuation there are many differences. The base is solid immobile, permanent, while, as I said before, the evacuation creeps up as close as possible behind the front and is light and easy to move—consisting of material that is easy to move. On account of its closeness to the front the evacuation has to be able to move at a moment's notice. Then, too, the base does good, honest surgical work, such as we know in America.

This is a sketch of the hospital system planned by the American Army for its wounded, but when General Foch took command this meant that a new system must be worked out. When Americans fought with British they were taken to British hospitals and when they fought with French they were taken to French hospitals. They were terribly lonely since they did not have their own comrades to talk to and lots of them died on account of this. One American soldier wrote a little journal called the Philosophy of Loneliness, and when Major Perkins, chief commissioner for Europe of the Red Cross, found this he decided that something must be done. He decided that either American soldiers must be put in their own hospitals or else American nurses must be put in French and British hospitals. The latter plan was decided upon and has worked out very well.

ANNIE BRISTOW, '22.
A TRIBUTE

For those who by despising life
Have loved their living soul,
And placed their breasts against the strife,
The Star of Right their goal;
We ask thee, Lord, so let us live,
So guard what they have done,
That we may find it sweet to give
Our lives that they have won
Not monuments of stone or gold
That human hands could raise,
Not tale by any artist told,
Could give them half due praise;
But honor them as best we may
Who trust in us confide—
Through stormy wind, through dawns red ray—
So live—as they have died.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.
THE SEED AND SHOE BY THE OLD GRAY HOUSE

One day the West Wind came upon a little seed. He invited the seed to fly away with him and see the wonderful country. The little seed was delighted, and exclaimed, "May I go with you over the brooks and meadows and find a nice home where I may snuggle down in the warm earth?"

"Yes," answered the Strong Wind, and he took the little winged seed in his arms and flew away over brooks and meadows.

"I am tired now," the little seed sighed, "and I should like to rest by that old gray house over yonder."

"All right," was the cheery answer, "I'll set you down right by the side door and you will be out of the way. Tomorrow I'll come and carry you to a big mansion across the river. There, they have beautiful flower beds and children to play with."

After the Wind had left her, she looked about her. At first she could see nothing but dirt and rubbish scattered here and there. She saw an old rusty knife and an old black shoe. A wave of homesickness overcame her, and she longed to have the strong West Wind come and bear her away.

As she lay thinking, she heard a wee voice speaking: "Well, what brings you here? Tell us about yourself, will you, please." The little seed was puzzled and did not know what to say. Again the same voice sounded, "I am nothing but an old discarded shoe, but I have served the old lady faithfully. Would you like to hear my story?"

"Indeed, I should," replied the seed.

"How I wish that everybody in this wide world could see the elderly couple that live in this house. Two kinder hearts never existed!"

Just then a man came up the lane. He had walked far and was weary. "May I sit under the shade of this tree and rest for a few minutes?" asked the stranger.
"Yes," replied the old gentleman, "We are happy if our tree can serve you."

The old lady looked out upon the tired stranger, who had fallen asleep, and said to her husband: "You take this shawl and spread over him. Perhaps he is not used to our winds and he might catch a severe cold."

When the man awoke, he was surprised when he felt the warm shawl over him. The elderly gentleman hastened out and took the stranger by the arm, and led him within the house.

"There!" exclaimed the old shoe. "You can see for yourself why we like it here!"

The next day the Wind came back but the little seed refused to go with him.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Stay here and miss the beauty of those fine gardens?"

"Ah!" murmured the little seed, "the real beauty of living is not always in a rich garden. Sometimes an old gray house is more beautiful than a mansion, especially when the hearts within are beating true."
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Mrs. N. H. Alford, B. A. '13

We wish to thank the Editorial Staff for the privilege of allowing the Alumnae to bespeak themselves on this page, and for the honor in electing one of us to the Staff. Certainly, the Isaqueena should be a valuable factor in the Alumnae Association, and by this co-operation the magazine should secure a wider circulation among the Alumnae.

The regular monthly meetings of the Executive Committee are held at the home of the President, Mrs. J. D. Hughey, and the one aim and object of the Executive Committee is to forward the good of the College in any way possible. At the annual meeting last June it was decided to continue efforts for the enlargement and standardization of the College Library. This work has been sidetracked somewhat in our desire and effort to be a part in the great Educational Campaign which will bring at least $120,000 to lift the bonded indebtedness of G. W. C. The Executive Committee raised approximately $1,500. To effect this the Association was divided into sub-committees and the city canvassed by wards. The chairmen of these Committees, Mrs. J. D. Hughey, Mrs. D. M. Ramsay, Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Mrs. E. F. Bates, and Mrs. M. N. Earle, deserve the credit for the success.

The work for the Library is now resumed and all revenue for the present session will be turned into this channel. Last year, in spite of the difficulties in soliciting funds for any object other than one directly connected with the great work of the War, and the unwillingness of all concerned to urge precedence of other objects, we raised $500, with an additional $100.00 Liberty Bond donated by the Senior Class. Miss Jessie Bryant, as chairman of the Library Committee for the present session, has a strong organization and will certainly meet with even greater success this year. It is earnestly hoped that the student body will enlist themselves heartily in this work and that
leaders in the various organizations will follow the example of the Senior Class of last year, who while giving liberally to other causes did not forget the Library. In what better channel could you turn the proceeds of your various activities?

And the Tea Room—our pet enterprise—this is run solely for your accommodation, and for the revenue which it brings into our coffers, to be lavished hence upon books and magazines for your pleasure and convenience. When you would stay the pangs of hunger, go to the Tea Room—not elsewhere—(all, of course within the regulations)—and be soothed and sustained by Mrs. Carpenter’s substantial and delicacies, as well as elevated by the thought that your pennies are likewise being utilized to “feed the inner man,” and not furnish gasoline for the corner grocerman.

Miss Ila Dixon, B. A., 1916, deserves special mention, since so far as we have ascertained, she is now the only representative of our Association in active work in France. For the past two years Miss Dixon has been employed in one of the business offices of Columbia University, and is now in Lenans, France, a Y. M. C. A. headquarters, engaged in secretarial work.
EDITORIAL

DEMOCRACY

Girls, be democratic! Don't hold yourselves aloof but mix with the crowds. If you see a girl standing back, and not mingling with the other girls, don't think she is peculiar or a snob. She may be just timid! Go talk to her. Don't go only half the way and think you have done your part, but go even seven-eights of the way. Try to find something in common with her. Surely there will be something—if nothing else you both will be sure to know
somebody overseas. Keep this up all the time. Then watch the change come over the college. Try it! It’s worth while!

SENIORS

The Seniors have had a weary pilgrimage up the steep and perilous road to knowledge. Yet they kept the passport for life—their degree—ever in sight. At times the pilgrims were hardly able to remain in line. The first lap was so hard! There were many threatening dangers with life so new, so strange, so exciting. There were fierce months in the form of math biology and English which nearly destroyed them. They came out from these struggles with renewed strength and more confidence—feeling that they could cope with any form of monster.

The second lap was still step and full of dangers. Large boulders in the form of trig and physics blocked the pathway. These had to be surmounted or the course would be lost. There was only the one path leading to the goal, and if they were forced to leave this path here, they could not find it again later for there were no sidepaths leading into it.

The third lap was less steep and much broader. There were more flowers by the roadside and more sunshine. The way was still rough but there were only small rocks where there had been boulders, and the monsters were not nearly so numerous. The pilgrims had been so strengthened by their former difficulties and hardships that the traveling was more pleasant.

Then came the fourth and last lap. This was the best of all. The goal was then in sight and the way seemed shorter and easier to travel. A few of them, delayed by barriers, have dropped behind a little but they are rapidly gaining, and will reach the goal next June with the rest of their sister classmates.
You pilgrims who are now on the first lap should look forward to those who are nearing the end. They have gained strength by their battles. They have fought and won. If you need help, go to one of them and she will do what she can for you. In return, do everything you can to help her—and the whole college will be better for it.
Society Dots

According to a custom of the Literary Societies, at some time during the year each society holds a public meeting to which the members of the other societies and the faculty are invited. At these meetings unusually attractive programs are presented, so the Aletic invitation Saturday evening was received with pleasurable anticipation. However, no one was prepared for the clever and unique performance which took place.

When the President announced in a serious manner, that the object of the meeting was to present to the student body the material for our 1919 Annual, we understood that a joke was on hand. Yet the material presented would have made an Annual worthy of notice. The history was given by Father Time, himself, an impressive figure with the traditional scythe, who promised to the societies even more success for the future than they had known in the past. The dedication to Miss Mary C. Judson was received with true approval, as was the poem, a modest welcome to kind friends and a wish for a pleasant evening. A solemn testator then appeared, and willed from each Senior her most striking peculiarity to the friend who needed it least.

The most noteworthy literary feature was the short story, A Mock Tragedy, read by one of the Expression Seniors and acted in pantomime simultaneously with the reading. It ended with the entire cast dead on the stage, and the audience choked—not with tears, but laughter. The art section, entitled the "Seven Ages of Man," gave, instead, the seven outstanding events of a girl's life. Our modesty prompts us to leave you to guess them. And, not even the
advertisements were omitted, because, as we were told: "It pays to advertise."

A true Majestic Vaudeville performance was given by chorus girls who knew their business. Then, of course, we had the corner store, an apt representation, including even the covert glances between the clerk and maid, resulting in an over-filled bag of almonds. Next, a bewildered clerk at the Piedmont Shoe Co., tried repeatedly to accomplish the "feat of fitting the feet" of an exacting maiden, only to be rewarded with her score, because he told her that one foot was larger than the other, when she so much wanted one to be smaller.

And, now what should appear but a Piedmont and Northern car, an actual cart rolled across the stage carrying a dear old lady, who, even on the trolley, must have her parasol opened.

Now, what more could an Annual need? One and all, we declared it the best one we had seen.

Thanks to the Aletheans!
College Shadows

LOCALS AND JOKES

Misses Myrtle Brown and Zilla Smyer spent the weekend in Anderson.

Examinations drawing near! What else but a groan could you expect from a college girl when such a bugbear is staring her in the face?

We are rejoicing since we haven’t a single case of “flu” in college now. The epidemic is still raging in town. We fear we shall not be able to keep free from it.

On Monday evening, January 12, a very informal reception was enjoyed by the girls of the Y. W. C. A. and the boys of the Y. M. C. A. from Furman. We are always glad to have the boys from Furman come over the way.

We all look forward to the student’s recital which is given every Monday evening in the College Auditorium. Mr. Miller and Mr. Schaefer must be mind readers, or else they are mighty good “guessers,” because there is nothing that we enjoy more than good music.

Dr. Ramsay kindly consented to allow the girls to go in a body to see “The Hearts of the World.” This picture made us realize more clearly just what the boys, who have gone over the top, have had to pass through. We shall gladly take off our hats to them when they return.
Carolyn Cartwright, when asked to what society she belonged replied: "To the D. A. P."

Belle Barton: "I have to serve in society tonight."
Carolyn C: "Serve! What are you going to serve?"

Mabel Bryd: "Isn't the Senior play a royal play?"
Christabel M: "Yes."
M. B.: "Well, are those the costumes that came?"

Miss Perrin is very much disturbed by the sign—"Beware of the dog." She wants to know if it would be advisable for her to keep the kindergarten children in the house.

Privilege—That which everybody surrenders, but is given back to Seniors provided they do not use them.

Idea—A wireless wave, seldom detected by the faculty.
Examinations—A girl's Waterloo; a means of revenge by the faculty.

Syrup—Breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"Life is made up of marble and mud."

Pearl White wants to know if the girls in Biology go fishing and blackberrying.

Mollie Wilson, when told by Mrs. Padgett to look in her rhetoric book for a certain statement, began an immediate search for a book bearing such an unheard of name. After becoming completely exhausted she learned that she only needed to go to her English book for the desired information.
LOCALS

Lost: One pair of eyebrows. If found please return to Miss Mary Singleton.

What is "Celebrity Row?"

Sr. B. Student—Mr. Nava, what kind of questions are you going to ask us on examination.
Mr. Nava—I’m not going to ask you any questions, I’m going to write them on the blackboard.

If you think you’d like the mumps,
    Change your mind,
With two lovely, puffy bumps
    Change your mind.
When you’re tucked up in your bed
With aching jaws and feverish head,
You’ll remember that we said
    Change your mind.

See Biology one sentence read—"Many animals are cosmopolitan in their habits."
Miss Kelly—What does cosmopolitan mean?
C. H.—It’s—its—a magazine.

We hear many rumors from the Athletic Association. Now that Spring is coming there are whisperings of tournaments in tennis, basket-ball and swimming. Let us hope these will be fully developed before our next issue.

No girl’s college life is complete without the Y. W. C. A. in it. At present, they are having very attractive programs. They are practical as well as interesting. They consider things that are happening right around us every day. Next time there is a meeting, go to it. You will be so well pleased you will not want to miss another meeting.
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President of Classes.
Presidents of Societies.

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Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.
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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 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 board ing 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.

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